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BELMONT—T a r n i s h. An interesing drama of New York life by Gilbert Emery, author of The Hare. Attractive cast.

BIJOU—The Goose Hangs High. New story of the Middle West by Lewis Beach, very well received by the critics. Looks like a hit.

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Rudolph Valentino

A limited quantity of art studies in full color of the above cover by Kolf Armstrong have been printed for private distribution. They are reproduced upon heavy pebbled paper, suitable for framing, or as a gift.

Mr. Armstrong is famous as a painter of beautiful women, but in producing his much-talked-of series of star covers for SCREENLAND, he has outstripped all his previous efforts.

Connoisseurs of art and admirers of the screen’s celebrities will cherish this series. It is for their benefit that this limited edition of five hundred special prints is being run off each month as the covers appear on the magazine. All lettering has been eliminated and the cover alone stands forth in all its brilliant coloring. Here’s a piece of art worth keeping and framing.

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**SHUBERT—Artists and Models.** The Shubert undress revue is more dressed up now, thanks to the censors.

**THIRTY-NINTH—Mister Plii.** A new American play by Zona Gale with considerable appeal.

**TIMES SQUARE—Andre Charlot's Revue.** A London revue of genuine merit, with the best comedienne we ever saw. The lady is Beatrice Lillie. You MUST see this.

**WINTER GARDEN—Topics of 1923,** with Delysia. Passable Winter Garden stuff.

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**The Editor's Letter Box**

**SCREENLAND.**

When Rudolph Valentino broke his contract with Famous Players it was the meanest thing that Mr. Valentino could have done, in my estimation. True, his salary compared with his popularity and the salaries of less important screen folk was out of proportion. But did not the fans give him his popularity, did he realize that he would become so popular when he signed his contract with Famous Players? True, he was mis-cast on two occasions and true is the fact that he was a "golden stream" to Paramount.

However, he should not have been so hasty; he should have put up with the salary under his agreement (was it not much greater than he was receiving the former year), and continue until his contract expired. In all probability he would have received an increase and most important of all he would have continued to please the fans with his performances.

Should Valentino return to the screen and receive a Luke-warm reception, we might say that it was duly earned.

But for his casual invasion of Motion Pictures, where would Valentino be—again giving pleasure to the fans of the screen? Always he has given us his all. In his films he has given striking performances. He has been a joy to the fan and to the critic.

---

**NERVE EXHAUSTION**

**How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health**

**by PAUL von BOECKMANN**

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

_THERE_ is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its _diagnosis_. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. No word is horrible enough to express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it seizes him deeper, his fear will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and incoherent. A lingering cause becomes immediate, and, in the madness of his despondency, his insanity comes. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is brought about through nerve strain. There is no other cause. Men strain their nerves through mental concentration and business worries; often too, through excesses and vices. Women strain their nerves mainly through their emotions, especially those involved in their domestic affairs. Indeed, we are in the midst of a nervous strain everywhere due to the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nervous strain are strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet tangibly their nerves are in turmoil and are underminding the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indications, such as breath; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; twitching muscles and trembling hands; among other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbance; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nervous system is at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious malady with which the doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you, that you are only worrying. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a fight horse run by the horn him behind it unmanageable.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may do good temporarily, but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, taxation, and how to strain their nerves.

I have made a life study of these factors, and have written many books and articles on the subject. In 1916 I published a book entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address your request to Boeckmann, Studio 634, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. By the facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice will be of incalculable value, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes like worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any kind. I have to make it prove to you that the book is worth buying. There is no substitute for the book. The facts contained in the book are for you and you alone. I shall be glad to have your reference to our book, so let me know at once if this is the case.

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_Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Spheres, Nerves, and Nerve Centers, commonly known as the Abdominal brain, is the Central Control Station for the distribution of Nerve Force._

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**Throat**

**Heart**

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**Intestines**

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**Bladder**

**Pelvic Organs**

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**SCREENLAND**

9
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Do you know how to retain a man’s affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands so soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to face the world, unmasked, deep sincerity, absolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passionate, careless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and squarely that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering.

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.85, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours.Go over it to your heart’s content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn’s stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below—and mail it to The Authors’ Press, Auburn, N. Y. before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!
years to subside. *The Ten Commandments* is real, vivid and tensely dramatic. The first part shows De Mille to be a genius, the second part proves him to be among the greatest of his kind.

Just as a director can eventually show his worth, so can an actor or actress. Anna Q. Nilsson has proved herself a great actress and I feel proud in asserting that all her directors say that she has never fallen down on her job. Fan- dom knows this. I hope *Screenland* will some day contain an interview with her. She has been offered stardom but has wisely refused.

I hope 1924 will bring into the limelight Lloyd Hughes, Ann Forrest, Mary Philbin, Walter McGrail, Raymond Griffith and Corinne Griffith. They are all great—very much so.

I think the screen is still in its infancy and years from now will reach perfection. Let's all join in and boost the pictures, the actors, the actresses and the directors, but most of all let's boost *Screenland*, a masterpiece in itself.

Good luck!

WILLIAM S. MYRON,
306 West 51st St.,
New York City.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

Although a constant reader of your maga-

zine for a long time, I have never attempted to write to you. *Screenland* to me always has been and is the finest magazine in the market.

A real fearless magazine.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine's review of the new pictures. It is at all times instructive and unbiased. I have yet to be dis-

appointed in a picture that was recom-

mended by your magazine.

Your interviewers also pursue exactly the right policy in telling the truth about actors and actresses. I am in thorough accord with everything that is published in your magazine—news, gossip, interviews and everything. I have my dislikes, but I try to keep them to myself and, of course, I have my idols and favorites.

My idols are the brains and personal-

ities behind the screen, and are:

Frederick James Smith, a 100% man who dares to tell the truth about stars and pictures regardless of the conse-

quences (please do not blue-pencil that), June Mathis, celebrated scenario writer, discoverer of Valentino, a wonderful woman, as sweet as she is.

Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of *Screenland* and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two un-

bound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to *Screenland* for $1.00.
famous. She sent me the sweetest letter that I have received from anyone. God bless her! Rex Ingram, the master director of the screen, Mickey Neilan, another wonderful director. My favorites are, first and foremost, Rudy Valentino, the inimitable. I saw him in person and I do think he has the most charming personality I have encountered. As I write I can feel my heart leaping with joy at the thought that he is soon to come back to the screen. He has too, the most marvellously beautiful woman for a wife! Pola Negri, an actress who is not afraid to act. And she surely is beautiful. Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi for their exotic beauty and personality. Gloria Swanson for her real good acting in *Zaza*, her first chance. Florence Vidor and Claire Windsor, the screen's most beautiful women. Richard Barthelmess, who stands for all that is good and clean in pictures. A real honest to goodness actor. Never once have I been disappointed in him. That is all for this.

And now I read in *Screenland* where Mary Pickford is going to play Juliet to Doug's Romeo. I wish she wouldn't. Now I like Doug because he is a typical American—he is strong and energetic. Romeo must be a much younger man than Mr. Fairbanks, with all the fire and dash of youth. If anyone is going to bring *Romeo and Juliet* to the screen, let Rudy and Natcha do it. Rudy, romance incarnate—the cavalier of long ago, is the man who fills my vision of Romeo to perfection.

And now let me tell you what I think about pictures. I think they are going from bad to worse. We have some real good actors and actresses but what we need is good stories. It seems to me that no matter how bad a story is, just so it has a big name in it, it will make a lot of money. Judging from the pictures I have seen written for the screen by famous authors, the name is the thing. Why not give the amateur story writer a chance?

Matilda Bennett,
2222 Washington Ave.,
Dallas, Texas.

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**The Editor's Letter Box,**
**Screenland.**

Why don't the film companies produce some of the pictures of the kind they used to produce about seven or eight years ago? Do you remember those William Fox productions starring Theda Bara in her vampire pic-

---

**Your FRECKLES ruin your appearance**

Be free this summer from that embarrassment! Don't have freckles all over your nose again. If you do—goodbye to good looks!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by the smart, frustum cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

**Guaranteed to remove every freckle**

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckle fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milk white. Beautiful as a baby's skin.

---

**Stillman's Freckle Cream**

**double action**

Removes Freckles Whiten the Skin

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as deeply in America as in Italy of Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to remove them. So start now!

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and $1 sizes.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what our particular type needs to look best. Unmissable with makeup box, $1. If you buy 50 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, rare size bottle perfume free. You need our many preparatory daily in your home G. C. T. 0. U. booklet.

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Here's a unique offer—an opportunity for energetic Ladies or Gentlemen wishing to register in a permanent and profitable Tangle Art Painting Business at Home. Full or part time. Absolutely no experience necessary—just learn in ten minutes by mail. Work can be done in the Parlor. $100.00 weekly possibilities. If you wish to own a real venture, you will find ground of one that will advance you socially and financially, then write of wire for particulars before your territory is taken.

TANGLEY CO., 212 Main, **•**
Muscatine, Iowa.
How do you carry your Beauty-Aids?

To carry one’s powder, rouge and lipstick separately is really a clumsy habit—not a bit fashionable or dainty.

TRE-JUR—the triple combination compact—supplies all three in one convenient case that is as beautiful as it is practical.

Powder of caressing fineness is scented with an enchanting new odor. Rouge and lipstick nestle in an ingenious sliding drawer. The case opens without a struggle and carries without a spill. Infinitely more valueful, the complete compact costs but $1.25 anywhere.

The House of Tre-Jur: United Toilet Goods Co.
19 West 18th Street New York City

$1.25
at any toilet goods counter, in your own shade of powder and rouge. Refills, 75c. By mail from us if not had nearby.

SCREENDLAND

pictures, notably Destruction; William Farnum in his courageous pictures, Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper in their stirring dramas; and the pictures that starred Valeska Suratt, Claire Whitney, George Walsh, Ann Luther and Bertha Kalich? Why don’t Fox produce some more of these pictures? Do you remember further back a little, those stirring adventurous serials that were produced by Universal, notably The Master Key, The Black Box, and the splendid acting of Herbert Rawlinson? These are the serials that once you have seen them, you could not miss a chapter, but would go to your favorite theatre every week till the end. And how exciting the pictures of Helen Holmes were in her railroad adventures! Do you remember the old Mack Sennett comedies and the Ham and Bud comedies? They certainly were good. In those days a movie actor or actress was judged by his or her ability, not by his or her popularity.

SAMUEL HERMANN,
21 Parkman St.,
Boston, Mass.

THE EDITOR’S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

I am getting all out of patience with the continual slams, purporting to be criticisms, which are flung at “patent leather” hair! What’s it got to do with acting, I’d like to know?

FANNY CANNON

It is, of course, just a reversal of the position taken some years ago, when Earle Williams used to get favorable comment because his “smooth, straight hair” was such a relief from the “marcel-waved matinee idols” of that day—Costello, Bushman, Kerrigan, et al. But, again, what has it got to do with acting?

There are critics who like to write sarcastically of John Barrymore’s Greek profile, of Valentino’s “varnished hair,” of Dix’s dimples, and so forth and so on. I have come to the conclusion that it is a sort of complex, perhaps a “suppressed desire,” or envy, or something. Only, I reiterate, it has nothing to do with acting.

FANNY CANNON,
13 East 130th Street,
New York City.

Who is the best Author in this issue of SCREENLAND? And why?
Send your answer to this department. The best replies will be published and paid for at our usual rates.
Upton Sinclair makes his appearance as a SCREENLAND contributor with this issue. Mr. Sinclair has been a leading—and militant—figure in American letters since the publication of his novel, *The Jungle*, which literally shook the whole country. Mr. Sinclair will be represented in the May SCREENLAND also.
Film Plays in Colors Coming

Changing Screen Technique

THE screenplay recently has been making interesting experiments in the field of color photography. The Biblical pageant of the first half of The Ten Commandments was filmed in color—and much of its moving beauty comes from this very thing. Now comes the announcement that Famous Players-Lasky are filming an entire Zane Grey story of the Southwest, Wanderers of the Wasteland, by the same process—Technicolor photography. Several of J. Stuart Blackton’s historical productions, filmed in England, were made in natural colors, or as near natural colors as our cameras can reach.

We can recall the early panic over the Edison talking pictures, in which sounds were synchronized crudely with the animated films. Experts anticipated a complete upset in the making of screen dramas—and sat back to await the crash. But the talking picture flopped and the screenplay went on its silent way.

But colors should be a natural and integral part of the screenplay. When color photography comes in general use—and come it must, since the film has gone as far as it can in blacks and whites—we shall see a complete revolution in the making of our screen dramas. A whole new technique will become necessary, ranging all the way from players’ make-ups to actual photography. It is impossible to foresee just how far this color revolution will reach. But it will go far.

Closed Shop in Filmland

STARTLING report was recently issued by the Authors’ League of America, disclosing the fact that, of 42,020 stories submitted by unknown writers in a year, only four had been accepted: In other words, the studio door is closed—and locked—to the work of outsiders.

Of course, this constitutes a serious menace to the screenplay. If no fresh young writers are to be developed, the screen must continue to subsist upon adapted books and spoken plays. In other words, it will depend upon arts fundamentally different for its food.

Naturally, the screenplay can not progress in this fashion. Our fiction magazines would quickly stagnate if all incoming manuscripts were to be returned unread and only the products of well known writers purchased.

This, too, means that the so-called schools of photoplay writing are getting money under false pretenses. What else can you term the taking of money on the claim that a person will be trained to sell motion picture stories? We except the Palmer Institute, which, if nothing else, purchases the work of its best students and produces it.

Censorship Always Destructive

We defy the New York Commission to show, before any sane minded jury, how its work, since its creation in August, 1921, has contributed a single constructive note to the production of screenplays. Censorship is and always will be destructive to the moral of a nation.

Let us quote Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York State. His recent statement against this evil, made in his recommendations to the legislature that censorship be shelved, follow:

“Censorship out of harmony with our institutions should not be encouraged. “State interference with literary or artistic production beyond the prohibitions of the Criminal Law is contrary to the fundamental principles of democratic government.”

Second Annual Banning of Mabel

STATED recent Hollywood shooting, which again brought the name of Mabel Normand into the daily prints, found the dear old public in an odd mood. The so-called reform element began its usual tilt against the screen luminaries mentioned in connection with the affair but, save in a single state or two, it was unable to whip up any sort of agitation. The moral vultures found that the public didn’t really give a whoop about it all.

Perhaps we are all becoming more fair minded. What right have we to judge the private lives of our celluloid favorites? Do we ban music, literature, philosophy and poetry because the private lives of its creators do not measure up to the standards set by our moralists?

Let’s be fair in future. If a player becomes involved in a bit of newspaper sensationalism, let’s wait. Let’s see what actual evidence of genuine wrong doing is brought forward. Don’t permit the moral vultures to play upon your emotions. They know that mob hysteria can be harnessed—and they would strive to mould it to their bidding.

Don’t help pull their chariots of hypocrisy.

Perils of Doing American History

THAT America is young is exemplified by the screen better than anything else. Consider, for instance, the danger lurking in the filming of our own history. One can never tell when a descendant of a historical character will protest—or even sue. The Covered Wagon is an interesting instance in point. This story of our pioneer days would seem safe from protest but it has suffered its full share. Davy Crockett was originally one of its characters but Davy was given a different name because, in several scenes, he indulged in hard licker. It was felt that this pre-prohibition phase of Crockett might upset the morale of the Boy Scouts, of whom he is a sort of patron saint.

Now comes a descendant—and daughter—of James Bridger, the scout of the plains, who is portrayed in The Covered Wagon as having a penchant for red kettles. The daughter claims that the picture maligns the reputation of the real Bridger, alleging that her dad was as pure as Will Eays himself. And she claims $1,000,000 damages.

Then, too, we find an old timer, a resident of Spearfish, South Dakota, protesting against Bill Hart’s Wild Bill Hickok. The Spearfish gentleman says there is nothing correct about the opus except the names of the characters.

Indeed, it is much easier to show the indiscretions of Louis XIV, the indiscreet errors of Peter the Great and the matrimonial high-handedness of Henry VIII. We are too close to our own history makers.

Difficulties of Filming History

SPEAKING of American-made historical spectacles, we are reminded of the protests made about the Egyptian details of The Ten Commandments. If Arthur Kenyon, F. R. G. S., Egyptologist, is correct, pretty nearly everything of the Biblical section is wrong, from the chariot wheels to the statues of the current gods. Mr. de Mille has protested that these details are Biblical—and there you are. Far be it from us to decide. But the path of the producer of film history isn’t strewn with roses.
Another Censorship Struggle

The annual struggle against censorship in New York state is on as this issue goes to press. It follows naturally upon the yearly report of the New York Censorship Commission. The details of this report are of interest.

During the past year the New York State Commission made a total of 3,881 eliminations from 586 films, approving 2,257 films without eliminations. The report shows that 29 features were condemned in their entirety. Of the eliminations, there were 620 in the way of objectionable titles and 2,260 in scenes which did not meet with the approval of the Commission.

The old standby of "tending to incite to crime" was responsible for 382 eliminations, indecency for 103, tendency to corrupt morals 126, inhumanity 238, sacrilegious 29, obscene 26.

Drama suffered most with 82 eliminations, while 159 eliminations were made from comedies, 62 from comedy-dramas, 72 from serials, eight from news reels, two from educational and one from cartoons.

We must take the word of the Commission as to what is "indecent," "sacrilegious" or "obscene." It is also interesting to note that the Commission has again been eliminating from news reels and educational films. We doubt that even the men who framed the New York movie censorship laws had such a thing in mind. But censors are constituted in such a way that they want to try their scissors on everything, if given the opportunity.

The state has been saved morally for another year. We have the word of the Commission as to that. But the heavy cost of censorship, whether paid by the state or the film producers, eventually comes out of your pocket in proportion to your screen theater attendance. Still your morals are safe.

Too Many "Long Shots"

A LLAN DWAN, the director, has just gone on record against the over use of the "long shot." This placing of the camera at some two or three hundred feet from the principal characters has come about because of the massive sets utilized by the directors. Naturally—and humanly—they want to show how lavishly the money has been spent, and so the characters are subordinated to the sets.

Mr. Dwain isn't against the "long shot" in every case—and we are with him in that. It is frequently necessary to get the requisite atmosphere and variety of shot. But the intimacy of the screenplay is one of its vital elements. The speaking stage keeps its audience at a distance, separated by that fence of artificiality, the footlights. The movie camera, on the other hand, brings the audience within whispering distance of its principals. The film audience is, indeed, a part of the story.

The "long shot" weak the telling of a dramatic story.

How About Beaded Eyelashes?

WHILE we are on the subject of the film camera's intimacy, let us go on record as protesting against the obvious artifice of make-up. How many times is the effect of naturalness knocked into a cocked hat by the plainly painted lips, the shaded eyes and the beaded eyelashes of the players?

Directors will go to the utmost extremes to gain a semblance of reality, and yet they will permit the make-up of a player to completely ruin this effect.

Make-up is a relic handed down from the speaking stage. The screen will never attain a full naturalness until it discards most of it. Right here, it is interesting to speculate upon the probable changes in players' make-ups which will come about through the general introduction of color photography.

Rudy is Back at Work

UDOLPH VALENTINO is back basking in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts of the famous Players-Lasky studios. Rudy said he would never work again for these Simon Legrees of the cinema world and the Lasky folks were just as positive that they'd never, never let him, unless perhaps at their own terms. Both sides have been forgetting certain remarks—and we're glad, for the Sheik is working again.

It is not possible to draw a copy book moral from all this. Rudy was naughty—but he's forgiven. At this very moment Bill Hart, he of the steady, plugging ways, is no longer a Famous Players-Lasky star. The copy books would tell us that Bill should reap his reward for his steadfast industry and that Rudy would come to some dire cinematic end.

But life is queer, as possibly you have noted. Rudy, who draws at the box office, is back at work, once more the recognized star of celluloid. While Bill doesn't, it would seem, is banished. If you can draw a moral from all this, go ahead. We give up, unless it's this: temperament pays!

The Waning Costume Drama

IT does not require a very long vision to see that the costume drama is soon to wane upon our screen. It will not be banished altogether, as it was once, but the vogue is done.

There's a reason. We are not constituted by training or tradition to create historical dramas and to give them the breath of life. We Americans do not feel the moods and motives of another age. We are of today, concerned only with the rushing life of our time.

Better historical plays come from abroad because of the old world atmosphere in which they are created. Surroundings, history, and the very architecture of the buildings are vital links in the daily life. Yesterday still holds today in its grip.

America can not make historical dramas possessing the vitality of those conceived in Continental studios. Historical plays of our own land, of course, are the exception.

Government Supervised Movies

AS SCREENLAND goes to press, a movement is being launched in Washington—by certain so-called reformers, of course—for a rigid government supervision of the motion picture. Doubtless some of the "reformers" hope to find a place in the supervising forces, at a healthy salary per annum.

While the current movement seems of little consequence, the screenplay needs to guard itself from any attempt at national regulation. Nothing good could ever come of such a regulation. Indeed, no one could ever gain a thing by it except the political appointees.

The so-called reformers are always hoping to hang a national censorship upon the movie. It would be the first step towards a federal regulation of the speaking stage and of literature. These people would like to regulate the every movement of every citizen. America has too much of this evil right now. These people would like to regulate the every movement of every citizen. America has too much of this evil right now.
As We Go to Press:

Corinne Griffith, cinema heroine of *Black Oxen* and *Six Days*, married Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco, prominent New York theatrical producer, at Tia Juana early in February. They plan to spend their honeymoon in a trip around the world, after which Walter, who has been a director at Hollywood, plans to go into business there.

Actual camera work on *Ben Hur* to start at the Cines studio in Rome early in March. Most of the production will be made there, although many scenes will be shot in Jerusalem.

Theodore Roberts suffers relapse and is very ill in Pittsburgh.

Richard Barthelmess recovers from minor operation and sails soon for Italy to make two pictures.

Pearl White announces retirement from screen, except as director.

Report that Famous Players intend to do Barrie's *Peter Pan* again revived. Production likely to be made in Spring.

Earle Williams returns to Vitagraph to do one picture, *Borrowed Husbands*.

Hope Hampton sails for the Mediterranean with her husband, Jules Brulanteur.

May Allison drops divorce suit against Robert Ellis and reconciliation is under way.

Anna Q. Nillson suffers broken rib in making of *Flowing Gold* in Hollywood.

Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan obtains divorce from husband, sued under name of Charles G. Sullivan.

Samuel Goldwyn purchases *Tarnish*, the Broadway success, for film production, for $75,000. George Fitzmaurice will make it, following *Cypethera*.

William S. Hart resting at his ranch; apparently out of pictures for good. Clifford S. Smith, his director, joins Universal.

Priscilla Dean signs to make four pictures for Hunt Stromberg, work on the first starting March 1st.

Billie Dove is playing the lead in Irvin Willat's production of Zane Grey's *Wanderer of the Wasteland* for Famous. Incidentally, Miss Dove is Mr. Willat's bride.

Barbara La Marr to play lead in Maurice Tourneur's production of *The White Moth*.

Harold Lloyd a New York visitor as *Screenland* goes to press. Has just finished *Girl Sky*.

C. Gardner Sullivan engaged by Joseph Schenck as supervising director of all Constance Talmadge productions.

Rudolph Valentino starts work on *Monsieur Beaucaire*, with Bebe Daniels, Helene Chadwick, Lois Wilson and Lowell Sherman in the cast. Sherman playing Louis XV.

Kathleen Key, the Tirzah of *Ben-Hur*, ill with influenza in Los Angeles.

Gloria Swanson taking a vacation in Florida, having completed *A Society Scandal*.

Lucy Fox added to cast of *Miami*, in which Betty Compson is starring.
MAE MURRAY
ROD LA ROCQUE
BIG BUSINESS
And Its MOVIES

By Upton Sinclair

[Editor’s Note—Upton Sinclair has been one of the revolutionary forces in American letters. His novel, The Jungle, brought down an investigation of the Chicago stock yards and shook America. More recently his The Brass Check, in which he attacked American newspapers and their methods, created a sensation. He is the author of a number of novels, including his recent They Call Me Carpenter. Mr. Sinclair long has been prominent in socialism and an unique force in our literature.]

Are the movies made for children, and for grown people who have remained at the mental age of children? Mr. Sinclair says so—and tells his reasons.

Flood of Anti-Russian Propaganda

The elegant young nobleman drives his prancing steeds and he so dearly loves his humble, adoring peasants and is so good and generous to them! Never, never do you see him laying the knout upon the backs of the peasants, never do you see the troops of the Czar driving them out into the wilderness to starve because their crops have failed, and they have not paid their taxes! Never does this noble young Russian waste his substance in gambling, or upon the brilliant kept women of St. Petersburg. No, the aristocracy has become a band of saints, and the only wicked people in Russia are the revolutionists. Those glorious heroes and martyrs, the men and women who gave their lives to deliver Russia from the hideous yoke of the Czar—these have become a gang of bomb-throwing conspirators with twisted, degenerate faces and the vilest personal vices!

Then comes the revolution; and these wicked ruffians begin to murder and torture the beautiful and noble Russian aristocrats. You will not need me to tell you what comes next. No propaganda of world capitalism against Soviet Russia would be complete without the nationalization of women! In this case, of course, it is a pure and beautiful American girl who is to be “nationalized”; and, of course, it is the handsome and noble young Russian aristocrat who rescues her; and, of course, it is warships flying Old Glory which achieve the final deliverance. It is a tradition of Broadway and 42nd Street that whenever George M. Cohan found he had a bum [Continued on page 97]
BEN-HUR, to me, has the odor of sanctity. Probably because it was one of the few books I was permitted to read on Sunday when I was a child. Those other stand-bys of the Sunday School library—the Little Colonel books, The Blue and the Gray, Richard Carvel and The Crisis—were all estimable but worldly books and therefore taboo for the Sabbath. But Ben-Hur dealt with Bible characters and was consequently endorsed for Sunday consumption, along with Elsie Dinsmore. The pious Elsie was never simpatica to my unregenerate soul, even at that early stage of a long and sinful career, but I reveled in Ben-Hur.

The Lure of Ben-Hur

I passed long, drowsy Sunday afternoons, following with bated breath Ben’s sufferings in the galleys of Rome, his encounters on the field of battle, his glorious triumph over the villain Messala in the chariot race, and his amours with the circe, Iras, siren of Egypt. There was a vamp, now! She knew her stuff and was hampered by no inhibitions. I wonder if my beloved mother had ever read those amorous passages, before she handed the book over to her small daughter for Sunday reading? But then, my trusting mother could find only a spiritual interpretation even in Solomon’s beautiful but voluptuous Song of Songs. However, even though most of the warm passages went over my youthful head like an umbrella, the story was dramatic and thrilling and its memory has lasted over the intervening years.

So it has been with the keenest interest that I have watched the preparations for filming Ben-Hur. In fact, I’ve been all het up over it.

The suspense has been terrible, waiting to see who was going to play the title role. Every male from Valentino, who was temporarily hors du combat, to the dancer, Paul Swan, has been mentioned.

Why was Walsh selected for Ben-Hur? “Because of his body,” says Miss Mathis. “Ben-Hur had a beautiful body; he gloried in it. It was his magnificent physique that led the Roman judge to sentence him to the galleys, manned by the cream of all the captives of Rome.”
as it were. (Probably keeping the mental reservation that the winner might get the job, providing he were on the Goldwyn payroll and handy.) Every male actor in Hollywood, including Rin-tin-tin, polled at least one vote in this contest. But at the psychological moment, when we were all developing a temperature, Ben-Hur was picked by the real boss of the lot, June Mathis.

And June Mathis chose—a moment the while I wipe away the tears that blind me—George Walsh.

Now George Walsh is probably the one actor whose loss, should Providence remove him from our celluloid midst, I feel I could most bravely bear up under. If I were picking a male star for almost any picture, Walsh would come in just about where he stands in the alphabet, way down in the W’s. But June Mathis, who has forgotten more about picking winners than most casting directors will ever learn, states without an “if” or a “but” that George Walsh, himself, in person, is going to prove as great a surprise after Ben-Hur as one Valentino did after The Four Horsemen.

Confident About Walsh as Ben

People talked about Valentino, when we chose him for Julio, just as you all are talking about Walsh now,” declares Miss Mathis. “They told me Rudolph had no personality, that he wasn’t an actor, that he would kill the picture. Well, you saw . . .”

Well, we saw. Maybe we will see a similar success when Ben-Hur flashes on the screen. Maybe.

“Just why did you pick Walsh for Ben-Hur? I asked June Mathis.

“Because of his eyes mostly. They have the so-rare quality of spirituality. You saw Rosita? You remember the [Continued on page 93]

Three principals of the Ben-Hur cast. Left to right: Carmel Myers as Iris, Gertrude Olmstead as Esther; and Kathleen Key as Tirsah, sister of Ben-Hur.
Claire Windsor tries out a real ship of the desert in the midst of the Sahara.

Edwin Carewe and his company worked on the edge of the great Sahara desert for some months, filming *A Son of the Sahara* with a company numbering such well-known American players as Miss Windsor, Bert Lytell, Montague Love, Rosemary Theby and Paul Panzer. The interiors of *A Son of the Sahara* have been made in Paris and America will soon see the result.

Burning Sands
MARION DAVIES

Her True Life Story Told Here for the First Time

By Anna Prophater

The fifth of Screenland's remarkable chronicles of our screen favorites, presents the unique story of a New York girl who came to stardom via the musical comedy chorus.

The life story of Marion Davies contains no lesson for ambitious young beginners. It is set forth as no plan for struggling young actresses, for the curious achievement of Marion Davies in turning herself into an actress after five years of empty stardom is not the sort of experience that can be copied or duplicated.

Her story is interesting as an adventure into topsy turvydom. And it is also a little glamorous because of the personality of the girl herself. Strangely enough, although Miss Davies has received more publicity than any of her fellow stars, the real character of the girl herself never has struggled through the mass of stories that have been written about her.

And what is even more strange, for five years none of her moving pictures, none of her photographs and none of the portraits that were painted of her ever showed you a real glimpse of her. She was a blonde beauty, a pretty model for artists and therefore branded "the most artificial star on the screen."

But all that was before *Little Old New York* and *When Knighthood was in Flower*. It was before she cast aside the acute
At the risk of being thought a terrible liar, I am going to tell you that Marion Davies used to be so shy and self-conscious that she was afraid of the easiest sort of scenes and that her work at the studio was barred by a thousand "I can'ts."

But to get to the facts of her career: Marion Davies was born Marion Douras. Her birthplace was Brooklyn, but she lived there only during her babyhood. Her father, Bernard Douras, was a lawyer. He is now a magistrate of the city of New York.

Marion was the youngest of a family of four girls. And, being the youngest, she has lived up to the best traditions of Messrs. Grimm and Anderson by turning out to be the family beauty. When she was a young child her sister...
True Life Star Stories

Selected because of her beauty and just a "made star," Marion Davies found confidence and acting skill through her own efforts.

Raised in Gramercy Section

Most of Marion's childhood was spent in the Gramercy Park neighborhood. It is one of the old-fashioned downtown residential sections of New York and the children who live nearby are particularly fortunate because they have a pretty little private park to play in. But, what is even better, they are also convenient to Third Avenue with its gangs of tough kids, and so they have unexcelled advantages of acquiring a fighting spirit at an early age.

Marion says that she wasn't much on looks when she was a kid. She had freckles, a perky nose and a sassy expression on her face. Also she stuttered. It wasn't a bad stutter and, in fact, it was rather cute; but it was the bane of her life. It was a sign of the same shyness and self-consciousness that was to worry her so later on.

Miss Davies still stutters slightly but she has stopped worrying about it. She has learned that it is a rather unimportant defect and that, after all, it adds a certain charm to her conversation. And so she admits it, laughs about it and lets it go at that.

Shy Because of Vocal Defect

However, it was because of this shyness of speech that she left school. The young Marion was a poor student; when several public schools proved unsuccessful she was moved to a private school. But the teachers had small patience with her. Not only did she refuse to learn her lessons but she was a victim of the lure of the corner candy store. It didn't comfort them...
any to know that the girl who was so suspiciously quiet in the classroom was the most mischievous once she was safely out of school.

Miss Davies says that she sometimes tried to learn her lessons but that her fits of scholarship got her nowhere. For as soon as she was called upon to recite, she would be stricken dumb and told abruptly to "sit down."

At the age of thirteen, Marion was removed from school. Her parents had the full approval of the principal and all the teachers when they decided to discontinue her studies. Moreover, Marion had adopted an ambition of her own and it seemed wise to encourage her in it. She wanted to become a dancer and go on the stage.

Began to Study Dancing

With Reine on the stage and surrounded by many theatrical friends, it seemed to the Douras family a wise step

for Marion. So she was sent to Alexis Kosloff’s dancing school.

"I was very happy at dancing school," Miss Davies said, speaking of the first steps in her professional career. "And I really worked hard. You see, I never had taken much interest in other lessons but I did enjoy the dancing. I had hard training, too, because I had the regular ballet course. I studied to be a toe-dancer and I can still dance on my toes."

In the professional atmosphere of Kosloff’s school, Marion got her first direct insight into theatrical life. When Charles Dillingham was casting for Chin Chin, Fred Stone’s show, Miss Davies applied for an engagement in the chorus. And got it. She was very pretty, very young and she could dance.

Began in Fred Stone’s Chorus

Beauty is never born to blush unseen on Broadway; Marion was only on the stage of the Globe Theatre for a few weeks when her photographs began to appear in the newspapers, when people began to speak of “the little Davies girl,” when she became a “featured beauty.”

There is no getting around it; she was a great success as a chorus girl. She was pink and white, blonde and demure. But she wasn’t at any time conspicuous in Broadway’s night life. She never became deeply involved in the life of the Great White Way. Miss Davies lived at home with her parents and probably both parental and managerial advice warned her against making the mistakes of the beauties who step from the theatre to the cabaret.

Naturally enough, her short

[Continued on page 86]
The quaint cults range all the way from Golden Calf Worshippers, with Mack Sennett as Supreme Grand Wink, to the Wholly Rollers of Hosiery, with Nita Naldi as unsocked priestess.

Decorations by Wynn

Los Angeles night scene as the re-formers would have it.

Hollywood CULTIFORNIA

By H. B. K. Willis

SPEAK of sects in Hollywood and they will infer you spell it with an "x." Nevertheless it is just about a toss-up between sex appeal and sects' appeal, for those who are up-on-the-bit about the former on week-days are equally keen about the latter on Sundays.

Truly the movies are made in Southern Cultifornia and on each Sabbath the devout pray that some one will some time kick the "I" out of Hollywood and make it Holywood at least for one day of the week. Why more than four hundred cults, creeds and religions flourish in the southern part of the land of the padres is a moot question.

Crop of Cults and Oranges

But whatever the answer it is a fact that in Southern Cultifornia cults are cultivated as much as the orange groves and credit at the banks. The mandate "Go and synagogue no more!" has no application here, for the religious angle is seemingly interjected into business and politics with a fervor that has no parallel in recent times.

The fervor, however, has a distinctly Californian flavor, a zip and a breathlessness that is utterly beyond the ken of a newly-arrived Easterner. Churches, which have relegated the quiet comfort and dignity of extreme orthodoxy to the limbo occupied by leg-o'-mutton sleeves and bustles, go in for newspaper advertising with a punch, turning out samples of the ad-writer's art that sell religion just as surely as it sold Eskimo pies. Persuasal of such an ad always inspires a deal of trepidation in me and I glance furtively at the bottom of the latter-day tract fully expecting to see "God & Co., Inc. Successors to The First Baptist Church," emblazoned there in bold-faced type.

Even Billy Sunday Seems Restrained

Billy Sunday is much subdued when he comes home to Los Angeles to visit his real-estateing son, George, for his methods in comparison to those of some of the dominies in the City of Angels are as restrained as Pola Negri's Bella Donna.

The ministers who are getting by with a bang out here are advance agents for brimstone hells for the wicked and archangels with husky baritones to those whom they have saved for the pearly gates. If one desires to go in for religion out here there is a notable field spread out for his or her selection. There is everything from a Mussulman to a Seventh Day Adventist bidding for your sanctimony. If you have no religion, you can join a food cult.

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Religion is a vital question out here. The middle ground between the blue-stockings and the liberal sects is populated with paynins with comfortable creeds.

**Treat Cults Gingerly**

But if one would remain ambulant under the welkin, which is the special property of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, one should go lightly, gingerly in the treatment of religious topics and it is best to keep one’s own counsel on the subject of cults in this land of Cameradia where the clergy has supplanted missals with boxing gloves and the laity discuss Holy Writ on the street cars.

The crusading clerics, whose churches are so theatrical in tone and arrangement that one unconsciously sticks out his hand for his seat-checks after having been duly “ushed” into range of pulpit broadsides, have an annoying way of sticking their noses into what has always been regarded as the business of the police department.

Recently they, full of the beauty of holiness and redolent with the odor of sanctity, which to me always savors of moth-balls, were instrumental in having nine men bundled off to the hoosegow for operating wheels-of-fortune at a Masonic circus which dispensed hams for the benefit of sweet, and needless to say, Christian charity.

**Raiding a Movie Ball**

A fortnight previously they are credited with being the causative factors behind the midnight invasion, by splay-footed pavement-patters of the motion picture directors’ Biltmore ball, just as the men and maids of the cinema were getting under way, stopping the affair because a mouldering ordinance on the civic statute books added another to The Ten Commandments, approved by Moses and adapted by Jeanie MacPherson: “Thou shalt not dance after midnight.”

Never in sympathy with proponents of things revivalistic in religion, movies dom boiled over at this. Fred Niblo did a Patrick Henry from a balcony first and then proceeded to organize a better-government league which made the political churchmen on the city council turn as blue as their socks and extend the time for ending dances until one o’clock in the morning, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

**The ‘Frisco Migration**

The Wampasses, however, picked up their “baby stars” and went up to San Francisco for their annual frolic, because, they insisted, religion was not to be allowed to interfere with their yearly program. Perhaps you recall reading all about this ruckus in the newspapers. It was some ruckus and the turmoil lasted almost a month.

Hence the cult of the camera finds the prototypes of the deacons of the days of the ducking stool about as pleasant as a potion of formaldehyde and barn-paint. Cameradia, desiring, for the most part, duplex accommodations of comfort and convenience in things celestial, carefully eschews the daredevil dominies in choosing its divines.

Film folks, for the most part, prefer New Thought because it predisposes intelligence and is different, to the evangelical offerings of Aimee Semple McPherson, healer and preacher, who has worked wonders with gypsies. Thousands flock to hear her but few camerads are in the throng.

**Catch-as-Catch-Can Cults**

People of the flicker world seem to prefer free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can religions. The Talmud, naturally, has more than a little of adherents from screenland in the synagogues. Roman Catholicism is largely represented in the land of lenses.

Protestant churches in Hollywood have a large number of members from the motion picture colony which has never been isolated. Many attend the services at the chapel at Carthy Centre and the Little Church Around the Corner, over which the genial and tolerant Rev. Neal Dodd presides, is known far and wide as the movie church.

**Nagel Leads the Scientists**

But Christian Science seems to have claimed many converts from cinema ranks. Conrad Nagel, who was dubbed “My savage Paul” by some subtly satirical title-writer for Goldwyn, although his being cast for that role in Three Weeks frayed the nerves of Elinor Glyn, is an usher at the Scientist church in Hollywood. His ivory-soap countenance and apparent asceticism completely upsets the flappers who are fortunate to come under his guidance.

Most everyone in Hollywood to whom I have talked on matters religious is a Christian Scientist. The women never fail to mention how spirituelle Conrad is. The men advance arguments in support of their beliefs.

But a religious cast rarely gets a rise from the studio denizens. They will not admit they are strong for Christian Science because it takes their minds off their pay-checks and lot shutdowns. Always non-committal, movie people are more so in the face of questions with a religious tinge.

**Theda One of New Thoughtists**

There are quite a number who have espoused New Thought. Theda Bara is held to be a theosophist. Those who swarm about the swamis, consult crystal- [Continued on page 83]
The tremendous moment in the screen super-drama, when the heroine dons her Paluska—or whatever they call it—and goes forth to "get her man."
Will motion picture production move away from California? Actual figures of the industry seem to indicate that Western screenplay making is slowly decreasing and that Eastern production is showing a corresponding increase. Yet will California ever cease to be the actual center of the cinema? In and about Hollywood there are some twenty-four studios at an actual valuation of twenty-four millions of dollars. Can the motion picture afford to move away from all this, as well as its many other investments? In order to ascertain definitely how the motion picture has affected California and to secure actual first-hand information as to these investments, Screenland appointed Grace Kingsley, the foremost screen writer of the Pacific Coast and motion picture editor of The Los Angeles Times to make a special investigation.

The Editor.

"HOW far is Los Angeles from Hollywood?"

That's the question that Charlie Christie, head of the Christie Film Company, says people are asking now-a-days, instead of "How far is Hollywood from Los Angeles?"

Probably the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce would hardly O.K. that statement, but anyhow it epitomizes the amazing and growing importance, vividness, picturesqueness and wealth of the film community.

Eleanor Glyn said something else after she had caught her breath following the shock of taking her first peek at Hollywood, land of contradictions, of glowing hopes and mad despair, of exotic emotions and prissy puritanism, of Main Street smugness and ethereal yearnings, of flat, one-story buildings.
Desert the WEST?

Kingsley

and castles in the air.

“Hollywood is a state of mind!”

That was Mrs. Glyn’s comment.

Those two remarks sum up the situation, I think.

_The Midas Touch in Hollywood_

How the motion picture Midas has turned everything he touched to gold out there in Hollywood! How unique in the world’s history indeed is the amazing skyward leap in values of real estate since the entrance of big picture interests ten years ago.

Only ten short years ago, what funny little places the studios were, what funny pictures they turned out, and how suspicious was everybody connected with them! It was as much as a reporter’s life was worth to try to get into one of the places.

“I knew Jesse Lasky when he owned only one actor,” explained Rob Wagner to me the other day, “and Mack Sennett, too!”

Which leads up gracefully to the manner in which Messrs. Lasky, Sennett, Goldwyn, Fox, Laemmle and the rest have been able to make ten pictures grow where only one grew before, and the effect it has had on the community in which the pictures were made.

According to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, the annual payroll of the picture companies is approximately $50,000,000. Ten years ago it wasn’t over $100,000.

During 1923, the picture companies produced $150,000,000 worth of film in California.

In the coming year, according to the authority quoted above, production is to be increased. Fox and Christie alone plan an
expenditure of approximately $30,000,000 in studio improvements and in the purchase of stories and production of films.

"And much of the money which is made in pictures goes in salaries," said Mr. Christie, the other day, "is paid right back into the community, i.e., invested in real estate, houses, oil wells. Directors, stars, actors, right down the line to the poorest property boy, all have investments made!"

The Christies themselves admit they have made more money in the last year in real estate than they made with their famous comedies during the whole last four years! And they are very generous with the people connected with them, allowing them a slice of their own investments at rock-bottom prices. Dorothy Devore, Jimmy Adams and Bobby Vernon are on the way to growing rich.

There are some mighty interesting stories connected with these investments. One little script girl I heard of, working on $30 a week, had bought a couple of lots on Beverly Drive, and had built a shack on them where she and her mother dwelt. Beverly Drive was cut through, became a main artery of travel from city to sea, and that little script girl found herself with property worth $10,000.

Many of the stars have fairly made fortunes in the real estate business, and only recently two well-known players, Wedgewood Novell and Mary Huntress, have quit the film-acting business to go into real estate.

How Players Have Made Fortunes

Louise Fazenda's experience with real estate is fascinating. One day five years ago when Louise was a budding Sennett comedienne, she went over to stroll in West Lake Park. On a park bench sat a woman weeping. Louise stopped and asked sympathetically what her trouble was, and the woman said her husband was ill, that she had a couple of little children, and that all she had in the world was a lot on Alvarado Street which she couldn't sell. Louise offered to buy it. The lot cost Louise $3500. She intended to build a home on it. But the other day when we

were driving by there, Louise said she didn't feel she could afford to live there! She is going to build an apartment house and rent it. The property is worth $35,000.

Harold Lloyd is heavily interested in the big Gaylord Apartments.

Ruth Roland is famous not only as a picture star, but as a real estate queen. She has made many thousand dollars out of her real estate transactions during the past year, and owns an apartment house besides an interest in a big real estate syndicate. She is promoting a big apartment at Wilshire Boulevard and Almena Street.

So the day of the impecunious actor seems to be past so far as Hollywood is concerned. Some actors have invested in shops, too, and have an income, while many have built apartment houses and bungalow courts.

So far as real estate values soaring is concerned, the Christie Brothers' experience will serve as an example of the unparalleled rise in property.

The Coming of the Studios

All Christie came west with David Horsley in 1911 and rented the studio on the two-acre property they now occupy at the corner of Gower and Sunset, with a small studio which they have since enlarged. And their rent for the whole thing
was $30 per month! This property is now worth easily half a million dollars. Four years ago, the property was worth $20 a front foot; now it is worth $500 a front foot.

Westwood seems to be the new Mecca for picture interests. Westwood is a suburb of Los Angeles on the west. Here Fox, Christie, and Harold Lloyd are to build big, handsome studios within the next year. Christie has forty acres.

In the meantime, business property along Hollywood’s principal streets has increased in value one thousand per cent. in the last five years! Three height-limit buildings are going up in Hollywood, and a large hotel is being promoted just below Gower on Hollywood Boulevard.

This is the first time in the history of the theatrical business that the actor has had a home. And the actors are taking advantage of their opportunities. Many are building houses and selling them, building again at once. But some prefer to remain where they are, even to making money.

$10,000 An Acre in Culver City

A _average_ value of land in Culver City now-a-days, especially near the Goldwyn Studios, is $10,000 an acre.

It was very timidly that I first began to knock at the flimsy portals of the studios, ten years ago. The newspapers were not exploiting pictures, and the pictures were not inviting exploitation. Everywhere suspicion greeted the visitor, for it was thought that you had come “to steal their stuff.”

But gradually this state of things thawed, and picture folk welcomed newspaper folk with open arms.

Oh, but wasn’t it exciting when we found that Universal was going to build a great studio to be known as Universal City! The old Universal studio at Gower and Sunset Boulevards, in Hollywood, consisting of some long, low buildings and a couple of flimsy stages, was considered pretty fine; but after the ride over Cahuenga Pass, a distance of some eight miles, we were overwhelmed at the sight of half a dozen low concrete buildings and a tower office where Carl Laemmle was to preside, and from which he could watch every part of his plant up to the big curve in the road leading to the back ranch. Great sets such as had never been known were to be built on that big tract. To this day it is the most beautiful and romantic studio of all to my mind, with its rolling green hills covered with scrub oak, its stream flowing amid the willows, its purple mountains in the distance, its curving roads, its odd and picturesque sets which dot the hills and lowlands.

Historic Old Universal Ranch

_Back_ of that is the old Universal Ranch, the whole comprising six hundred acres. The old ranch is the historical background for all the war pictures ever made! Here come to life the wars of the world! Here is the only spot around Hollywood where the telegraph poles cease from troubling and the Ford trucks are _now ext_, with no betraying palms messing up the landscape. Here _The Birth of a Nation_ was born, so far as the battle scenes were concerned; here _The Four Horsemen_ battle scenes were taken; here Allen Holubar, who lately passed away while making what promised to be his biggest picture, screened _The Heart of Humanity_; here Rupert Julian made _We Are French_ and _To Hell With the Kaiser_. Even some scenes of Griffith’s _Hearts of the World_, most of which were filmed abroad, were made here.

Eric Von Stroheim tells me an anecdote about a singular incident occurring during the filming of _Hearts of the World_. It seems that Griffith caught many actual incidents on the French battlefields with his camera, going into the trenches with his cameraman for that pur-
WINSTED, Conn.—Two-legged animal discovered in monkey colony. Strange freak of nature walks, talks and smokes a pipe like a human being.

MOUNT ARARAT.—First exclusive pictures of Great Flood which destroyed thousands of lives and millions in property. View of stricken region photographed from Mount Ararat.

Rushing waters swept away entire villages.

Saving livestock on board rescue-ship S. S. Ark.

A closeup of Mr. Noah and his family, sole survivors.

* * *

ATHENS, GREECE.—All sportdom turns out for Olympic games. Traffic at standstill as huge mob throngs city's streets.

Thousands storm gates. Many waited in line all night to get seats.

Judge Hector Landis throws the first discus.

Lining up for the one hundred yard dash.

Bang! Bang! They're off.

Slow motion of Kid Hapopulos throwing the javelin.

* * *

ROME, ITALY.—Many thrilling rescues, as $1,000,000 blaze destroys city.

Thousands watch work of fire apparatus.

Wind carries flames to new court house.

Emperor Nero fiddles as he directs work of firemen from balcony of his Palace.

"Business must go on as usual," says Nero.

Hundreds of fish take refuge in River Tiber.

* * *

JARROW-ON-Tyne, ENGLAND.—Lives to be one hundred and fifty and takes a drink every day.

"Smoke good tobacco and drink good liquor" is advice of Venerable Bede to men who would live to ripe old age.

* * *

RUNNYMEDE, ENGLAND.—King John signs Magna Charta. Promises drastic reforms.

Delegates arriving at Conference.

King puts his mark on document that frees all Englishmen.

Nobles present King with fountain pen used on memorable occasion.

* * *

VENICE, ITALY.—Noted traveler returns after extensive tour in Orient.

"No place like home," declares Polo, who finds conditions abroad in unsettled state.

He gives a friendly salute to the sky-line.

* * *

FIRST exclusive pictures of Columbus expedition.

Off for the New World.

The crew enjoyed themselves playing deck tennis.

Land Ho!

After witnessing these native dances, no wonder Chris thinks the American women are the most beautiful in the world.

* * *

PARIS, FRANCE.—General Bonaparte reviews his troops.

Veterans of the Battle of the Nile pass before First Consul as Paris cheers its soldier boys.
MARIE PREVOST
The Battle Ground of Drama
By Ben Hecht

Says Mr. Hecht

Mortality offers a haven for cowards and semi-idiots. It is a crystallization of all the fears, incompetencies and confusions which riot in the incomplete soul of the race. It is a system of conduct and values, varying from age to age, which does the thinking for fools.

Evil is the basis, the veritable mainspring, of all Moral Drama, says Mr. Hecht

Decoration
by
Herman Rosse

The leaders of this technique. The future will undoubtedly see an amazing development of the comic acrobat hero.

The Moral Drama depends for its interest upon the Evil it depicts. It is the machinations of the Villain who hold the attention of the public. The reason is very simple. The average citizen, regardless of private griefs or ethical lapses, when assembled in a crowd does his thinking as a crowd and becomes forthwith not himself but a part of something. His public attitudes, particularly his attitudes toward literature and drama, are not the attitudes of an individual but of a Code to which he has subscribed. It is with the eyes of his neighbor that a man reads exactly as it is in the eyes of his neighbor that a man lives. The heroine and hero whom he watches on the screen are undramatic to him because he knows they are unreal—as unreal as the pretentions he himself makes—in public. He knows, from experience, that these characters of the film are cartoons of virtue, vague animations of the bromides and pieties to which he has surrendered. They can never hope to interest him because they can never hope to surprise him.

The ideas and activities of the thousands of heroes and heroines he watches in the movie dramas are the ideas and activities in which he would indulge were life simple and unreal enough to permit him to live up to the things he calls his "ideals."

Evil in the movie plots is typified usually by Sex. There is also Greed, Lawlessness, Meanness and Cruelty. The hero or heroine of the movie plot borrows an illusion of reality from the Villain. Mary Pickford, playing Rosita, is 100% a Symbol of Morality. Her characterization, despite an attempt at hoydenism, is uninter-
Betty Compson is again a star in American motion pictures, after a brief desertion to the British studios.

Miss Compson has been signed to make screen plays for W. W. Hodkinson release, with Alan Crosland directing. The new Compson pictures are being made in New York and Florida.
Ten Best Pictures Selected

SCREENLAND has selected the ten best motion picture dramas of all time. The votes in the contest, which closed on January 15th, have been tabulated and the final results are presented on this page.

SCREENLAND went to great pains to get a cosmopolitan vote. The foremost men of the celluloid world, including such authorities as Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, offered their choice of the ten best pictures, the leading screen critics were invited to vote, and the readers of SCREENLAND were asked to send in their own individual lists. Our readers responded in remarkable fashion, the votes flooding in from all parts of America, from Mexico, Cuba, Canada, Australia, Japan and England.

Admirable Consensus of Opinion

SCREENLAND looks upon the vote as presenting an admirable consensus of opinion. The final vote is the list of ten as selected by the men who make the movies, the writers who criticise them and the people who go to see them. No list could be more substantial in opinion or more definite in its findings.

Until the very last vote was counted it was impossible to tell definitely whether David Wark Griffith's The Birth of a Nation or Rex Ingram's The Four Horsemen had won first place. The Griffith epic finally nosed out Mr. Ingram's film version of the Ibanec wartime novel. The Covered Wagon was but a short distance behind these two. Robin Hood, Broken Blossoms, Orphans of the Storm, Tol'able David, The Kid, Way Down East, Passion and The Miracle Man were within a few votes of each other. Their positions on the list of ten changed almost daily with the voting. When Knighthood Was In Flower was some little distance behind the field.

Heavy Last Minute Vote

In the second list Blood and Sand and The Girl I Loved pulled a surprising last minute vote. The Woman of Paris, too, spurred into the second ten in the last days of the voting.

SCREENLAND is particularly proud of the discrimination disclosed by the voting. When such admirable and varied screen classics as Broken Blossoms, Nanook of the North and The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari find their way into honor positions on a general vote, the screen world has occasion to think that the great film public is steadily advancing in its tastes and likings.

Very close behind the first twenty were The Christian, Foolish Wives, The Golem, Where the Pavement Ends and The Green Goddess. In fact, but a few votes separated them from the last of the lucky twenty.

The Griffith Productions Honored

The final vote presents some interesting food for thought. David Wark Griffith is the only director represented by more than two productions. Griffith has four screenplays in the first ten and one in the second. Rex Ingram, James Cruze, Allan Dwan and Charlie Chaplin each have one in the first and one in the second ten, and Fred Niblo has two in the second ten.

Stars played an amazingly small part in the voting. Only two stars are present in more than two of the first twenty selections. Both Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were in three of the first ten and Miss Gish was in one of the second ten. Which would seem to augur well for the forthcoming Barthelmess-Gish production of Romeo and Juliet. Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Marian Davies and Mae Marsh are represented in one of the first and one of the second ten selections.

Some Interesting Votes

It is not too late to present some of the interesting final votes. Anna Prophater, well known to SCREENLAND readers for her crisp and clever articles, entered the following list of ten:

A Small Town Idol, A Rascal's Wolfish Ways, The Submarine Pirate, Salome and Shanandoah, Easy Street, Married Life (Not a War Picture), Yankee Doodle in Berlin, Where is My Wandering Boy This Evening, Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court and The Shirk of Arabia. Which would indicate that Miss Prophater thinks well of comedy and particularly of Monsieur Ben Turpin.

Joseph McInerney, of 311 Bidwell Ave., Jersey City, N. J., entered an interesting vote, numbering The Mender of Nets, an early Pickford-Biograph; Primitive Woman, a Claire McDowell-Biograph; The Wharf Rat, a Mae Marsh-Bobbie Harron picture; The Birth of a Nation, Ghosts of Yesterday; The World to Live In; Revelation; Passion, The Hafy Breed, an early Doug Fairbanks-Triangle production, and Humoresque.

Charles Burriciartu, (Continued on page 93)
“I seldom read anything modern,” says Elinor Glyn. “It takes me away from my beloved classics.” And she believes that woman should keep herself mysterious and aloof. “It is only by doing so that romance can be preserved,” she says.

[Editor’s Note: With this issue, Screenland introduces Mr. Tully to its readers. Mr. Tully is the author of the sensational novel, Emmett Lawler, and is an ex-tramp and pugilist. And he is just thirty-three—with an outlook on life that will amaze you. Watch for his future contributions to Screenland.]

Elinor Glyn’s novel, Three Weeks, is the greatest and most soul-searching psychological description of love written in the last fifty years. This is the unanimous opinion of Elinor Glyn.

A man high in the film industry had told me that Mme. Glyn was a remarkable woman. Always interested in remarkable people, I met her.

She had but recently arrived in Los Angeles in order to co-operate in preparing Three Weeks for the screen.

Elinor is an English aristocrat. Observer of formalities, she can be met only by appointment. She is considered a very busy woman. It will cheer young men and women who despair of literature in America and England to know that Mme. Glyn is a great social favorite.

Mme. Glyn sat across from me, over-dressed, but well dressed. Her hair, a non-descript auburn, was straight. She was, at one time, a handsome woman. And even now, a grandmother three times, she has a form to be envied by a Broadway cloak model. Her eyes are remarkable—not for their beauty, but for their weird expression and their sea-green color. They are the shade of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun. Tense, emotional, flippant, and always swimming in affectation, all one has to do is to sit quietly and sail toy boats over the shallow water of her nature.

I lead off quickly; “What is your opinion of American literature, Mrs. Glyn?”

“Seldom Reads Anything Modern

“Now, now, I don’t know,” she answered “You see, I seldom read anything modern. It takes me away from my beloved classics. Oh, my dear classics,” and she pressed her hands together and rubbed the many thousand dollars’ worth of diamonds on them.

“But is there no outstanding figure?” I came back.

“Not since Jack London’s death,” was the reply. “Poor, dear Jack. He once wrote to me and said, ‘My dear Elinor, I will trade you twelve of my autographed books for eight of yours. I consider you the greatest psychologist in Europe.’” This jolt dazed me, and I sparred for a moment. I always did feel that Jack London was a book about women.

“But are there no modern American books at all that you care about?”

Elinor Considers Fitzgerald

“Well,” she answered, “I read one not long ago. It was on a ship, and I was bored. It was by a person called Fitz—Fitzgerald, is it not?” I wondered whether she meant F. Scott, or Edward, when she said, “It was called The Beautiful and Damned,” I think, and oh, what a very dreadful picture it painted.” I told her it was written by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

That was jolt number two—to think that F. Scott Fitzgerald, clever splashier of lavender in the pink tea of life, could shock her. “You see,” she went on, “I am an optimist; I don’t believe in pessimism at all. I believe there is a
Tense, emotional, flippant, dominating—a strange figure of the literature of today.

By Jim Tully

power that guides us.” I suddenly thought of Bryant’s “Waterfowl” going home late in the evening after a hard day at the docks. I was getting nowhere, so I switched to English women writers. “You have one remarkable writer over in England, Mrs. Glyn. She has a Hardy-like grasp on life. Her name is Sheila-Kaye-Smith.”

She shook her head slowly. “I have never heard of her,” she said.

Never Heard of Mr. Mencken

“Do you care for Mr. Mencken?” I asked.

Elinor Glyn admits that she is the author of the greatest treatise on love in the last fifty years and the most profound and searching study of Russia since the revolution. At the left, Mrs. Glyn on the studio side-lines during the making of Three Weeks.

“Many of us consider him brilliant in this country — an iconoclast.”

“No, no, I would know nothing of him. You see, I do not believe in that.”

I returned with Theodore Dreiser. She was getting ready to answer with a blank expression on her face, when a knock came on the door. When she returned to her seat, I left Theodore standing with Sister Carrie and hurried to Russia.

“What is your opinion of Russia, Mrs. Glyn? You have written of that country.”

“Yes, yes,” she half whispered the sacred news and rubbed the palms of her hands over her many diamonds, while her sea-green eyes narrowed, “I have written the most profound and searching study yet to come out of Russia since the revolution.” This was amazing. At last we were in the center of the ring. I was jubilant.

“Do you not think Lenin is a great man?” I asked.

Poor, Mad, Foolish Lenin

“Ho-ho-ho-ho,” she laughed, and moved her head from side to side. “Poor, mad, foolish, [Continued on page 102]
Phyllis invades the medieval screen drama. "The cigarette doesn't quite belong," she admits, "but what of it?"

The time of the Louis but Phyllis comes a cropper with the powdered wig.

But with a yard of cheesecloth and some crepe paper flowers, Phyllis is able to flit hither and yon through many feet of soft focus.
Phyllis Tries the Costume Drama

By John Held, Jr.

But the Civil War period! No super-drama of this period is complete without a hoop-skirt. Here you may observe Phyllis preparing for any emergency.

Then there is always the situation where the star goes in for boy's "disguise."
Their Characters
As I Read THEM
As told to Delight Evans

This young man has one of the most interesting chins it has ever been my privilege to encounter, in one way or another.

There have been various character readings of the foremost figures of the screen world; but it remains for Professor Twitch, probably the most misleading authority writing upon such subjects today, to disclose all. His revelations may shock and startle; but if you are after the Truth, and we think you are, don't fail to follow this analysis no matter how much it hurts.

Charles X. Hey, Portrayer of Rustic-boy Roles

This young man has one of the most interesting chins it has ever been my privilege to encounter, in one way or another. It recedes gently until it practically disappears into his collar when he wears one. But do not be mislead by this. It really is a chin. And to this chin Mr. Hey may, if he cares to, attribute whatever success he thinks he has achieved in the bucolic drama. There is, in the lines of this chin, a sturdiness, a steadfastness of purpose which is all too rarely met with among the actors of the screen. The bulging brow of Mr. Hey almost, if not quite, equals the well-nigh gorilla-like determination apparent in the lower portion of his countenance— I can't call it a face. That is why, when I had analyzed Mr. Hey's character, so-called, I wrote to him to tell him he was not pursuing the proper line of work. Directors have always given him parts to play such as clean-cut young farmers, etc. At a glance I could see that he is not fitted for that sort of thing. He should play pirates, pugilists and apaches, if anything. In return I received the nicest letter from his secretary thanking me for my interest in his work and enclosing a photograph of him as Josh Hawkins, Jr., in "Down on the Farm."

Jasmin Jones, of the Spritely Comedies

In this case, I shall consider the subject by and large, if you don't mind, and I don't think you will.

In this case, I shall consider the subject by and large, if you don't mind, and I don't think you will.

fact, I am compelled to, as Miss Jones' face is little known among motion picture audiences. While I do not always make a point of seeing my subjects personally, often-times being able to garner all the necessary facts merely from looking intently at a good likeness, it was not possible with Miss Jones, inasmuch as all of her photographs more or less resemble hosiery advertisements. So I went to see the sylph. She was standing on the beach and waved to me. "Hello, old bean," she cried a bit hoarsely. "We're retaking this scene but I'll be through in a sec. Stand back or you'll get shot."

I retired somewhat hastily and stood beneath a beach umbrella. Soon I heard her shout, "Where's the old owl? What's the big idea keeping us waiting?"

I found myself staring, for the first time,
By Professor Oleander P. Twitch

Head of the Piscatorial Department
University of Sponge, Iowa

Illustrations by Wynn

into the face of Jasmin Jones. Her most prominent feature, as one could
tell at a glance, was her nose—large, shining, and red—the latter, no
doubt, from the brisk breeze. It betokened, that nose, good spirits; an
open and generous nature—impulsive, perhaps, but honest and wholesome.
From the contours of her face, I ascertained that Miss Jones is sweet and
simple—too much so for her own good; that she is, in real life, innocence
and purity personified. She told me herself, in her guttural voice, how
she lives all alone with her mother in a little bungalow in Beverly Hills;
how she takes care of all her sister's children, ten police dogs, and does
all the work of the house with her own hands. She drives her own cars,
having been well coached by her late father, who drove the biggest truck
in Staten Island. When I looked at her small, deep-set eyes, close to-
gether, her low-hung forehead, her splendid nose, I read there that she is
good and kind, and certainly simple. If one eye is a trifle crossed, it is
doubtless the result of playing opposite Ben Turpin so much, and only
shows Miss Jones' devotion to her art.

Eustace Zilch, a Real, Manly Man, Hero of the Crimson Corpuscle Drama

Here is one of the most famous faces in all the
world, and one of
the most subtle. I
cannot recollect
having studied a
face so filled with
possibilities, and I am not saying what kind. Here,
my friends, are all the ear-marks of the philosopher
and the student. Mr. Zilch might, indeed, have
posed for that celebrated statue entitled, The
Drinker—I mean Thinker. There is magnetism in
that face; there is a love of nature in its finer forms.
There is, in fact, everything except character.
But why quibble about it? This is a great man.
He is practically unspoiled. One can read that in
his half-closed eyes and his habitually half-open
mouth. Mr. Zilch is a lover of the great out-doors
except that it makes him sleepy; so when not
actually engaged before the camera he sits in the
sun and dozes. It was while he was dozing that I
was able to make my analysis of him. That profile
will remain forever gravem upon my memory. Since
then I have often awakened in the middle of the
night, moaning. I had been dreaming about that
profile. I can't forget it; it will haunt me always.
Especially the ear. It is a curious ear of the type
known as cauliflower. You come across it only in
men who have suffered; men who have fought for a
cause because they believed it to be the right one.
This Zilch will astonish the world one day. He has
not yet realized his potentialities. Some time, when
he really makes up his mind to
it and can stay awake long
enough, he is going out to find
that Muggsy Muldoon and
clean up on him.

From a close-up of the far-
famed features of La Murgatroyd I deduced the one
reason [Continued on page 97]
The screen has captured the most photographed girl in the world, no other than Jean Tolly. The daughter of a Tennessee minister, Miss Tolly turned to advertising posing after all the film studios had turned her down. Her features came to adorn Happiness candy boxes, Chesterfield Cigarette advertisements and Pepsin toothpaste copy, among other things. In time she became the most pictured girl in America.

Now the film gates are open to Miss Tolly. She makes her debut in the Ralph Ince-J. E. Williamson undersea picture, The Uninvited Guest. Aside from beauty, Miss Tolly has other celluloid qualifications. She is adept at every sport, from swimming to tennis.
Making Pictures

In France

By Bettina Bedwell

THERE seems to be a consensus amongst the critical intelligensia of America that the films “ain’t as good as they used to be.” But when these super-critics bring into comparison the film product of Europe as a superior artistic achievement, they are advertising the fact that they never lived in Paris and have witnessed the nightly movie rehash of the worst in American film output coupled with inferior sets, lighting and movie-illusion devices generally.

Slim Pocketbooks of French Producers

The average European moving picture production has the faults of the American, plus a slim pocketbook, the answer to which you can set down for yourselves. This plus feature eliminates, naturally, one of the worst of modern American film faults—the big-set, big-scene-dollar glitter. It accentuates the other faults, a bad story, artificial atmosphere and over acting of the old emotional school.

In France, the movies of which country I am going to write about, there is still the mistaken notion that all actors of the stage make good motion picture actors. Generally they do not, and French productions suffer by this illusion.

However, just to show that you can prove anything, I shall speak of the best motion picture films produced the past year, and shall mention casts drawn from the traditional sources of the Parisian stage—the Comedie Francaise, the Odeon, and the Palais Music Hall. These films were all produced by younger directors, of a new school in France, who are attempting to cure the sickness of the films.

Some Prominent French Films

The Wheel, which is a story of railroad life in France, starred Severin Mars, the veteran of the Comedie Francaise and a genius of the screen, sup-

The late Sarah Bernhardt in her last screen play, The Clairvoyant, which was in course of filming when her death occurred. The Clairvoyant will be released in America this fall.
type, supported the star. The picture is magnificently presented, without the glitter of expensive sets, which Henry Roussell achieved by means of expert lighting, artistic sets and clever costuming. Raquel Meller is one of the few who gets her stage appeal over on the screen, it seems to me.

Sarah Bernhardt's Last Work

The Clairvoyant, Sarah Bernhardt's final picture which she was filming at the time of her death, is the achievement of an American producer, Leon Abrams. This picture tells a simple story in an effective manner without any blare or bunkum, and it does the extraordinary feat of presenting Sarah Bernhardt as an old woman without stripping her of the appeal her stage genius made for so many decades.

There is a power to the portrayal of that paralytic old fortune teller which gives the Divine One a final grip on our imagination and emotions. The sets are realistic and have a powerful simplicity, which the director has made the keynote to his story. With an appealing aggregation of stage and movie personalities, he has produced acting [Continued on page 94]
Our Own Fashion Forecast

Fashion authorities say that this Viennese tricorne, distinctly of the Springtime, will complete a wonderfully chic ensemble for afternoon wear in town.

Checks will be very popular during the early Summer.

For yachting the conventional blue serge and white flannels, topped by a racy sailor hat, will again be in vogue.

They say that nothing will be more essential to the wardrobe of a screen beauty this Summer than two yards of anti-censorship silk worn somewhat as a sash.
New SCREENPLAYS

By Frederick James Smith

The first celluloid biography is here! The films have invaded every field, from poetry to essays, but Abraham Lincoln is the first genuine life story to be enmeshed in celluloid as unadulterated biography.

I am glad that the last screenplay I review for Screenland—as we are about to go to press—is Abraham Lincoln. For here is a worthy thing, in many ways the most significant silver screen effort since The Covered Wagon.

Best Film Since Covered Wagon

Abraham Lincoln came into New York unheralded. It was the first ambitious production of two young brothers—Al and Ray Rockett, who hitherto had produced minor film melodramas. The work had progressed slowly and quietly in California. Abraham Lincoln seemed just another film.

Abraham Lincoln has that rare screen quality—unalloyed sincerity. It is remotely of the same naturalistic school as Nanook of the North, Down to the Sea in Ships and The Covered Wagon. Don't let the fact that I term Abraham Lincoln a biography keep you from seeing it.

It is the most compelling stretch of celluloid I have looked upon in months. It is vital. It is real. It traces Abraham Lincoln from his birth in the midst of a Kentucky blizzard to his death just as the Civil War ended—and does it with unaltering force.

Through all this moves this singular man of the people—gangling, awkward and homely; yet possessing that supreme quality that makes him of the ages, humility. Laughed at, harried and heckled, he led his people to the goal he felt was best—and died for his pains. Abraham Lincoln isn't all tragedy—and yet all the way through the tear is always close to the surface. I defy you to see it without being touched. I suspect there is no more poignant scene on our screen today than that moment when Lincoln bids farewell to his beloved people of Springfield from the rear platform of his train as he starts forward to Washington—to triumph and to death.

The Month's Best Screenplays

Abraham Lincoln

The Great White Way

By one of those odd twists of fate, a young man came to the Rockett studio as work on Abraham Lincoln was about to be started. He was George A. Billings, an ex-cowboy who had been told he looked like Lincoln. He has never acted before—but the Rocketts took the long chance of resting the tremendous role upon his shoulders. Guarded as I am with my superlatives, I feel that Billings' Lincoln can only be described as inspired. It is Lincoln—both in physical fidelity and in spirit.

Abraham Lincoln has certain directorial faults but it has that great production merit—sympathy. Philip Rosen, the director, has handled his story everywhere with understanding and tenderness. Frances Marion made a well nigh perfectly knit biograph and Harry Carr, associated in the making, deserves his laurel wreath too.

You must see Abraham Lincoln!

Miles Standish Merely Dull

On the other hand, let us consider Charlie Ray's latest movie effort, The Courtship of Miles Standish, built into celluloid from the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow poem. Mr. Ray has declared frankly that this is one of the three epics of American history, the other two being The Birth of a Nation and The Covered Wagon. Personally, I have considerable doubt regarding the accuracy of Mr. Ray's judgment. Indeed, the result seems to me to be pretty dull.

The ill-fated courtship of Standish and the romance of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins are among the accepted traditions of our history. Mr. Ray has said that the picture was made with the utmost fidelity to historical fact. Indeed, Mr. Ray said—in a curtain speech—on the night I observed the epic that they had even gone as far as to read forty-two volumes in their entirety in quest of facts. They were not permitted to take some of these volumes from the library, he went on regretfully—but his staff studied them conscientiously anyway.

Too Much of Mr. Ray

Possibly, if the staff had been able to take these volumes home the result might have been different. Who can tell?
The picture is divided into two parts, one concerned with the trip across the Atlantic of the Mayflower and the other dealing with the subsequent trials and tribulations of the adventurers at Plymouth. The action develops from a piratical uprising of the crew and, later, from the frequent attacks by Indians, much of which is shown on the screen in a series of close-ups of Mr. Ray.

I could never quite place John Alden as Mr. Ray costumes and presents him. John is a sort of unbeliever who comes to the right way of thinking—and yet he wears the costume of a straightlaced Puritan. As for the other historical facts herein garnered from the forty-two volumes, you can accept them or not, as you will. Personally, I am always able to take 'em or leave 'em alone.

I'm doubtful about a lot of them, as for instance the pneumonia undress of the redskins in the midst of a harsh New England winter—but, then, I'm a confirmed skeptic.

The acting is not much. Ray seems oppressed by the historical significance of John, and he allots himself entirely too much film. Enid Bennett makes Priscilla a simpering and almost insufferable movie ingénue. Alyn Warren's Standish is swallowed up in Ray's close-ups. The storm scenes, in which the Mayflower is tossed about Mr. Ray's studio tank regardless, are vivid enough, the best thing in the film, despite some shots of a palpable miniature vessel, but I for one, would have preferred to have seen Mr. Ray's epic filmed on the Massachusetts coast. Come to think of it, epic pictures never seem to materialize when a producer starts out to dash one off. They sneak up unexpectedly and come from hard labor and at least a measure of inspiration.

*Here's a Zippy Melodrama*

Speaking of historical films, I prefer *The Great White Way*, H. C. Witwer's romance of the life and times of Flo Ziegfeld. Witwer's tale revolves between the prize ring and the theatre, and is redolent of Broadway. The hero is a dashing pug, the heroine a dancing darling of the footlights. Through the adventure move press agents, reporters, editors, chorus girls, pugilists and all the by-products of life on New York's Main Street. William Randolph Hearst, being the producer, has taken the camera into the plant of his New York American and shown the making of a big newspaper, as well as many of the notables who assist in its creation. These glimpses, including the famous comic creators of your comic supplement idols from Spark Plug to Abie the Agent, have decided interest.

Actually, *The Great White Way* is just a Drury Lane melodrama transplanted to Manhattan. Here you will find dishonest jockeys, doped prize fighters, a fire rescue and all the other requisites of melodrama at high pressure. Yet *The Great White Way* has high interest and a curious breeziness. This last comes of Witwer's slangy and highly amusing titles. The unusual interest seems to me to come from the fact that *The Great White Way* is the first picture to catch the glittery—and sham—sophistication of Broadway. It has the spirit of New York—with the hum of the newspaper presses, the rush of life in the roaring '40's at theatre hour, the pungent smoke laden atmosphere of a prize fight and the strange incandescent lure of its night life. I stand ready to predict that *The Great White Way* will more than hold your interest.

Oddly, the cast of the opus is subordinate to its success. Anita Stewart is adequate as the musical comedy favorite, Oscar Shaw is excellent as the glorified pugilist and T. Roy Barnes is amusing as the press agent whose publicity plot brings tribulations along with happiness to the lovers. This Shaw in particular is a fresh personality to the films. You will see more of him. And yet the acting is a mere detail. *The Great White Way* has enmeshed a city's restless spirit.

*Why Not Flaming Grandmothers?*

Another screenplay sure to interest you is *Black Oxen*, adapted with considerable fidelity from Gertrude Atherton's novel. I doubt if a more absorbing topic could have been selected, for *Black Oxen* concerns modern science's fight against old age—and much more specifically deals with recent gland discoveries to combat senility. The heroine, Madame Zatinnie, a beauty of thirty years ago, finds a renewed youth in the hands of a European surgeon—and returns to New York to re-dazzle society with her new beauty.

And then she falls in love. Can this woman, with her maturity of mind, find happiness in this new love, despite her restored physical youth? That is the tale of *Black Oxen*, who by the way are symbolical of the remorseless, steadily plodding years.

The producers stuck to the title when they might well have taken a leaf from other popular pictures of the year and selected something like *Flaming Grandmothers!* For this, much thanks!

Some directorial shifts have been made in the story, as, for instance, having the countess acquire her new youth as a patriotic duty that she may dedicate herself to new work for stricken Europe. Miss Atherton has the countess go after
beauty from purely human motives. Still, the film version is adequate in its telling and pretty satisfactory in its direction. There are some scenes, as those of the Metropolitan Opera House, which fall down but, on the whole, Black Oxen has real merit.

Not a little of this merit comes from Corinne Griffith’s performance of the Countess Zatianne. For years I have been predicting great things for this orchidaceous star but, of late, I had begun to wonder if I had been dazzled rather than discerning. But her Zatianne makes me believe again. Her performance is finely attuned to catch the renewed beauty of the belle of yesterday. Without question it is a striking portrayal—one that will establish Miss Griffith among the first half dozen feminine film favorites.

Conway Tearle is pictorial as the newspaper-columnist who falls in love with the countess but there is more of the actor than of reality about his work. Still it will suffice according to our accepted movie standards. Another surprise of Black Oxen is a little flapper, Clara Bow, who first did a bit in Down to the Sea in Ships. This Miss Bow, a sort of untamed and cutied Dot Gish, has a boyish freshness. She will surprise you again, or I miss my guess.

Wild Oranges Has Color

Still look upon King Vidor as one of our best directors—and his visualization of Joseph Hergesheimer’s Wild Oranges is a melodram done with color and intelligence. Hergesheimer wrote a picturesque novel in Wild Oranges, of a girl and her nerve-wracked father living in a lonely old house in the wilds of the Florida coast, with only a half wit as a servant. This idiot is more than a servant, for he is a homicidal maniac with a mad desire for the girl. Into this maze of events drifts a wealthy young chap in his yacht. The result is a curiously, absorbing thriller.

Vidor has caught all the atmosphere and made an excellent screenplay. I call particular attention to the maniac, a half pathetic, half sinister hulk of a man. This new figure to the gallery of celluloid people is admirably played by Charles Post.

The girl is adequately done by Virginia Valli but I can not reconcile myself to Frank Mayo as the hero.

Second-Hand Russian Stuff

I was disappointed in every way by Marshall Neilan’s much heralded The Rendezvous. There are several manifest reasons for the failure of The Rendezvous. Principally, the weakness lies in the fact that Neilan is handicapped by at least a second-hand idea of the late empire of the Czar Nicholas. Secondly, because the story is developed from a plot trick, rather than from a basic idea. This trick lies in the way the little heroine, whose eardrums have been broken by a renegade brute, unknowingly locks the scoundrel in a lonely tomb. His cries are unheard—and he is left to die slowly and wretchedly.

Neilan sees Russia as a vast stretch of snow swept land peopled by very good Russians, who are former members of the nobility, very bad Russians, who are bandits and reds, a lot of American soldiers led by Charlie Ray allows himself entirely too much film in Miles Standish.

Conrad Nagel and one British comedy private strongly resembling Ol’ Bill of The Better ‘Ole and played by Syd Chaplin. Moreover, his Siberia is alongside a seaport where soldiers embark and disembark, all of which confuses me as to its exact location.

Still, if Neilan had told a story well, I would forgive all this. The story isn’t much, the love of Monsieur Nagel for a little daughter of an ex-nobleman, but even that is swallowed up in over-artistic photography. At the end of the sixth reel, I hardly knew how any of the characters really looked, with arty shadows and verge long shots. As you may gather, The Rendezvous left me cold. Except for one item, the playing of little Lucille Ricksen as the girl. Here is another young actress with real possibilities. As for Nagel, he is his usual saccharine self.

Through the Movie Hopper

Homer Croy has expressed himself as pleased with the film version of his West of the Water Tower but somehow I think that Mr. Croy was prejudiced by the check for $25,000 he received for the movie rights. I know that such a check might well upset my perspective.

This story of a middle western town—with its narrow moral prejudices and its Rotary Club outlook, such as it is in inland America—has been passed through the cinema mill. It has come out a regular movie. Mr. Croy originally had a story of some reality—i. e., a boy, oppressed by a bigoted father, a minister, comes to love the daughter of the town atheist. The so-called moral code is broken and the boy brings the structure of his life toppling about his ears.

But the Gods of the Cinema, goaded by the censors, say that our movie characters can not sin. Thus the boy and girl who gave way before their adolescent passions are made to believe that they are married. But the keeper of the local pool parlor who arranged the ceremony later tells them that the thing is a fake. Thus the town turns upon them as per schedule and yet the censors are satisfied. Later the marriage turns out to have been according to Hoyle, the pool promoter having lied for some unexplained reason, and all is well in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other censor centers.

In making the story into celluloid sausage, most of the life has been extracted from the characters. They now move about rather aimlessly, which is natural, since they all have an eye upon the censor’s scissors.

Still Glenn Hunter has excellent emotional moments as the distraught boy and Ernest Torrence has brief flashes as the ministerial father. But May McAvoy seems to me to be wholly ineffective as the girl. Throughout the whole stretch of film, she does not disclose one glimpse of reality.

Gloria too Exuberant

Curiously, the New York critics, who frowned upon Gloria Swanson’s exuberant Zaza, have given its successor, The Humming Bird, their stamp of approval. Yet her Toinette in this opus is about twice as unrestrained. All of which shows you never can tell.

The Humming Bird was a stage play by Maude Fulton. [Continued on page 95]
Lucile La Verne has been giving one of the outstanding performances of the footlight season as the Widow Cagle in Lulu Vollmer's picturesque and interesting drama of the Carolina Mountains, "Sun Up." Here is a grim, relentless and vital performance in a play distinctly un-of-the-theatre.

Walter Hampden as the homely roystering hero of Edmond Rostand's heroic comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The critics have acclaimed Mr. Hampden's Cyrano as possessing charm, poetry and intelligence—and most of them have rated it one of the big things of our theatre.

Donald Meek as Pa Potter in J. P. McEvoy's clever comedy of every-day American life, "The Pot- ters," based upon the widely syndicated series of short stories appearing in newspapers throughout America. Here is a vibrant thing of today, amusing, real and close to our own lives.
Barry Vannan—who knows his Hollywood because he lives it—here tells his first, the story of

The PERFECT

You need not ask if these stories are true, for I cannot tell. I believed they were when my friend, Jim Wellworn, told them to me, for he was a graceful and convincing teller of tales, a character actor of ability, and as full of drama as any of the busy movie lots on which he strutted.

All his life he had ambitions to write, but he could never do more than scribble his name on the back of a check—and that not often—or drop a postal to a friend which said, "Having a fine time; wish you were here."

I’ll try to tell you his stories, as he wished me to, but I cannot duplicate his delightful manner nor his convincing expressions. I tell them for what they are worth, making no claims to truth—for my dear old friend had learned to smoke opium in his latter days, and the fumes of the drug may have been his inspiration.

I will tell you first the story he called "The Perfect Type," for it was one of his favorites, and the first he retailed to me. There will be a number of others, stories of stars and starlets, some of them tragic, some of them humorous, some of them strange and weird.

Poor Jim, I’m having a fine time putting your stuff in print; wish you were here.

Stay out of the movies, lad—said my friend Jim Wellworn—there’s nothing there but heart-break and envy and woe, unless you’re one of them meant to twist your face to the director’s whims, and your heart to the whims of fate.

There must be ten thousand young boys and girls come every month to Hollywood, bound to be moving picture stars. They come from the stores and factories, the bookbinderies and the offices all over the country.

They come with little money and no talent at all, poor creatures, and they fight and hunger and sicken their souls. I knew a little girl once—but that isn’t the story I had in mind.

It is about Gus Ehrlich and his wife, and his three little girls, and Dan Tremaine, who was one of the greatest heavies on the screen.

You may have heard of Dan through his axiom, "A man is known by the women he keeps."

Aye, he was known by his women, if ever any man was; and there were few here had any use for him. He rapped your senses. You felt an instinctive dislike even before he was introduced. Something about his hard blue eyes, maybe, or his lantern jaw, or his great pot of a nose. And yet there was something about him—perhaps his egotism and his ruthlessness—that compelled a sneaking admiration. He was the perfect type of movie villain, even without his makeup. And once the heroine got into his clutches, there was drama.

"My discard is larger than your draw," he used to boast to other ladies’ men.

"But your discrimination might be criticized," Hill Hinges once said to him. "And there are no game laws— for you."

Mostly his conquests were extras, girls who thought he could make them stars. Poor little things!

I was present when one of them called him a buzzard.

"A man may be known by the women he keeps," she added, "but a gentleman is known by the silence he keeps about his women."

"There’s a good reason why you would have me silent, eh, Billiken?" he said, and there was a rumble laughing in his chest.

The girl let her lower lip tremble, and hurried out of the room. Tremaine threw himself back on the couch, well satisfied, and gathered a blonde into his arms, and mussed her hair.

This Ehrlich now, was just the opposite of Dan. A big, serious, awkward sort of chap whose life was wrapped up in his family. He came to Hollywood because he heard that stage carpenters make big wages, and he had been a carpenter for thirty years.

He came in a Ford roadster, bought a lot, put up his tent and built a little garage for the car. Later he built his own bungalow, and it was one of the prettiest you could imagine.

Gus Ehrlich was the happiest man in Hollywood. His wife was content, and the kids used to play around the house all day, fat and healthy and full of fun.

"Like coming to paradise," Gus used to say. "I wake up and see the mountains from my window; and honest they’re so pretty I can’t believe it. I drive down to the lot in the old car, work a few hours, get better pay than I ever made in my life, and everybody here is nice to us.

This is the first of a series of unusual short stories of motion picture studio life. Mr. Vannan will be represented in future issues of Screenland.

Next month, for instance, he will present an unusual bit of fiction—of a decidedly humorous twist. Watch for it!
"When I get home in the evening the wife has the supper on the table, vegetables from our own garden; I tell you, it's living! Sometimes we go out and see a show. Other times we just pile into the car and go through the pretty streets, and up the mountain roads."

And then George Howland saw Gus, and called him "a perfect type." He wanted him as a blacksmith in a Western he was making. He fairly raved over the man. "Might have looked all over the country," he said, "and not found such a specimen. Look at the fellow's forearms."

He half closed his eyes—which was a way he had—and saw how Gus would look standing at a forge, with the leather apron around him, beating a sword with a hammer. What Howland said usually went, and so Gus Ehrlich became an actor. He didn't want to act at first. He was bashful, and he had no self-confidence. He would have refused, I believe, if Howland hadn't promised him twenty dollars a day.

Funny, isn't it, what a change occupation will sometimes do to a man? Gus lost his bashfulness overnight. The little lens that stared at him, and clicked while it stared, seemed to have bewitched him. He felt that he was born to be a movie actor. And not merely an actor, but a star—a big star. And he had been so long in finding it out!

The poor fellow sold his tools and bought himself a make-up box. He went even further than that. He changed his name to Oliver Royce. He sold his Ford and bought a shiny new little car of a different make. He began taking his wife to the cabarets where the movie folks are wont to gather.

That costs money. There are few places where you can take your wife for dinner without kissing a five-dollar note farewell forever. Even in places where you

Dan Tremaine was one of the greatest heavies on the screen. He was the perfect type of movie villain, even without his make-up.
Two lines of soldiers, six in front, six back.
Olson staring grimly and malevolently.
Great work. Thrilling.

He didn’t know that Howland had no more use for him after the picture in which Gus had played the blacksmith.

He didn’t seem to realize that while he might be the perfect blacksmith type he might not be the type for other roles.

And so his days were spent mostly in waiting for new parts, and his nights in entertaining or roystering.

A few months ago he had been making good money. Now he was spending it, and all he got for it was a fifteen-dollar day once or twice a week—some weeks. But he knew that it was just a start. In a year or two he would be making four hundred or five hundred dollars a week, he believed. And in two years—there are so many like him in Hollywood!

Dan Tremaine came to be a regular visitor at the Ehrlich bungalow—for Ehrlich always had gin, and Mrs. Ehrlich was always glad to see him.

The Ehrlichs went along like this for probably a year. And the poor kids were the sufferers. They became thin, and pimply. Their mother no longer tried to dress them prettily. They were put to bed early when she gave parties, but I doubt if they slept well—there was always so much noise.

They seldom played around the house now, but you could often hear them crying, all alone in the house; cold, with no one to cover them up; lonesome, and no one to sing them to sleep or tell them stories.

And then Ehrlich’s little car was smashed by Dan’s big limousine, and Ehrlich went to the hospital. It was Ehrlich’s fault, Dan said. Dan was going north in Santa Ybarra Boulevard, and Gus came rushing out of a side-street, and, instead of trying to get out of the way, turned left and ran head-on into Dan.

Of course it was just at the time Ehrlich had run out of his savings. The mortgage was due. There was no income. There was nothing to sell. The wife and children were hungry.

You see how easy it was. Dan paid off the mortgage, stocked the house with groceries, promised Mrs. Ehrlich a chance to become an actress—and began to flaunt her in her faces.

He took her to dinner at the Coconut Grove every Tuesday night, and danced every dance with her. He drove her to the races at Tia Juana, to the auto show, to the Speedway races, to the prize fights on Friday nights in the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

He got her jobs in Superlative pictures, for, as I have said, she was a beautiful woman, and she screened well.

We wouldn’t have cared if he had taken her in a fair fight, or if her husband had not been his friend. But, under the circumstances, we had little use for the man. There was even talk of not renewing his contract when it expired.

They went to see Dan as often as they could, but they never went together. Gus told me as much one day when I took his children to see him.

Mrs. Ehrlich was a beautiful woman, and if she were over forty, which she must have been, she really didn’t look it. She had the naiveté of a maiden.

She was rather tall, and if she had been better dressed you might have called her stately. She had wonderful brown eyes, a straight nose, and a most voluptuous mouth. But her hands were reddened and roughened and wrinkled from years of work. That was the only clue to her age.

Neither of the Ehrlichs had ever tried to dance; but now that Gus was to be a movie star, it became imperative that they hire a dancing instructor. They also had to have new clothes.

They began to entertain, at first a few friends, then gradually, ten or twenty. They studiously cultivated directors, cringed, bowed, flattered, cajoled. They looked up a bootlegger.

It was a pity. Gus used to lie around the lot all day, when he wasn’t working, smoking cigarettes, and telling everybody how great he was. That’s a favorite game in Hollywood. He forgot he had ever been an honest, steady, hard-working carpenter. No, he was Oliver Royce now, a character man on his way to better things.

He forgot that thousands of young men were pouring into Hollywood every day, young men better educated, better equipped, better prepared than he for movie honors. He didn’t know he could not possibly compete with them.
He was swathed in bandages—what we could see of him above the covers—and he made weird sounds in his throat when he knew his little girls were kissing his hands.

"My poor babies," he said. "You've had a hard time of it since your fool father thought he was a movie actor. But, if I ever get out of here, I'm done with the pictures for life. I'm done with Hollywood. We'll get as far away from the movies as we can. I'll get a job carpentering, and we'll be happy again.

I couldn't go back to the movies, even if I wanted to. My face—"

The littlest girl started crying, and Gus reached out and found her yellow head and stroked it.

"Don't cry, honey," he begged. "Your daddy will be well in a little while—and he'll be a new daddy."

"An' we won't have Daddy Dan any more?" the young one asked hopefully.

The bandaged form twitched violently. I was glad I could not see his face. I tried to mend the damage the innocent little girl had done—but my voice faltered.

"Dan's been very good," I said, or something like that. "Never saw anyone kinder to the children than he—since you've been here. He brings them everything. I think, Gus—I think he feels more than a little guilty over your accident."

There was no reply. I tried, most delicately, to tell Mrs. Ehrlich that night, about the incident. But she merely laughed, and talked of other things. I never felt so near to slapping a woman's face.

I didn't go back to the hospital. And it was perhaps a month or two until I heard Gus had been discharged. It was the night of the big party in Dick Marley's house.

We had almost finished Sunset, on which we had been working four months. And, as there was only one more scene to shoot, and that would require but a few hours, we decided to celebrate. We picked on Dick because he was the lead in the picture, because we liked him and his wife, and because his cellar—or his garage, or whatever you'd like to call it—was well equipped.

The entire company was there, and many of the extras, most of us bringing our own with us—though Dick insisted every now and then on bringing "another can of gas from the garage" into the house.

It really came in gasoline cans—and it was labeled "the gas with the kick."

Dan was there, of course, with Mrs. Ehrlich, and while nobody paid any attention to them, they didn't seem to mind.

"It's a rotten shame," Di Allen said, "those two going around everywhere, while her husband is in the hospital. They ought to be fumigated, or something."

"Why, Ehrlich's out of the hospital," said somebody back of us.

We were both surprised.

"Saw him on the street the other day, and I give you my word I never would have known him if he hadn't spoke to me. He—blah, blah, blah!"

I couldn't hear the rest of it because Dick Harley was roaring for attention—just like the radio. e h? You're listening to a concert or a sermon—you might listen to a sermon, lad—and then something cuts in and the concert's lost.

Dick had seen how we had snubbed Tremaine and the woman, and he felt sorry for them. I suppose the "gas" had generated a great human pity in Dick's heart. Anyway, they were his guests, and he was going to see they were treated right.

He was holding up a little glass.

"Folks," he was saying, "the picture on which we have worked so long and so hard—and in such good fellowship—will be finished tomorrow. And the honor of putting it out of its misery goes to our fellow townsman, Daniel Madero Tremaine!"

He paused for a shout, but there was none. He looked a trifle embarrassed, but he was a determined cuss.

"Dan, as you know," he went on, "has played the German spy. And he certainly looked the part."

There was some laughter at that—mean little laughter. Dick brushed it aside as your wife might dust a cobweb off the wall.

"Poor Dan is going to be shot at sunrise. So let's give him three cheers now, and drink a bumper to his health."

We did, for Dick, but not for Dan.

Dan got up slowly, rather stupid, and more than a little befuddled. But once on his feet he was as sober as a sweet girl graduate, and as solemn.

"I, who am about to die, salute you," he said. He extended his glass toward the crowd, called "Prosit," and quaffed its contents at a gulp. [Continued on page °°]
ALL that is needed to convert Olga Petrova's latest play, Hurricane, into a successful boob-massaging movie is a sufficiently bad director. Everything else for a popular movie is there. Given a director who is firmly convinced that the greatest dramatic scene in the world is one in which a woman's scarlet past arises to smite her on the very day that pure love enters into her life, and that hardly less great is one in which the hero grabs the truculent villain by the seat of his pants and boots him downstairs, and all is over but the shouting. The play belongs on a movie lot, not a stage. It has most of the ingredients that warm the cockels of the average film heart. The only ones that are missing, so far as any staff of expert analysts have been able to figure out, are the scene in which the heroine runs through a daisy field, the scene in which the hero, coming back to his old home town twenty years later, encounters curly-headed Little Bobbie, the son of his first sweetheart, who is now a widow, and the usual press-agent story to the effect that it cost over $1,000,000 to photograph the scene showing the arrival of the Twentieth Century Limited at the depot in Sandusky, Ohio. As drama, Hurricane belongs to the epoch of East Lynne, when anything was considered a very fine and touching play that contained a dying child, or a scene in which the persecuted heroine bawled like a homesick saxophone, or a passage wherein the noble hero, learning of the stain upon the heroine's past, gulped once or twice, walked up to her and told her that no matter what her earlier life had been he could tell by the look in her eyes that she was really a good woman and one whom he would be proud to make his wife.

If there are some estimable souls left in the world who still revel in such emotional nonsense, don't blame me. Although for the last nineteen years I have been doing my best to dissuade them, I now have no more time to spare to the job, this being the period of the year when it is necessary for me to devote all my spare time to the recor-king of my wine bottles.

George Bernard Shaw wins in Saint Joan but it takes him altogether too long to do it. His victory is by no means a knockout, the decision is on points.

It was not Strindberg's Spook Sonata, the Provincetowners' production, that constituted this rare exhibit, but the audience that was invited to see it on its first night. I have observed many unintentionally comic audiences in my time, but this particular one not only took the cake, but the plate and napkin as well. Composed in considerable
part of the type of intellectual pusher who is always eager to be on deck when the richly rococo and the cerebrally recherché take off their socks and go in wading together, it had such a hard time figuring out how it ought to take the play of the evening that its resultant antics were such as to delight all true connoisseurs.

The Spook Souata, to describe it impressionistically, is a dramatization of Joe Cook's story about the four Hawaiians. Written by Strindberg when he was already fast on his way to the insane asylum, it is, save for a few flashes of penetration, approximately as lacking in any sense as "Yes, We Have No Bananas." It reminds one of nothing quite so much as the bewhiskered story of the two drunks sitting on the edge of a bathtub. Inquires one souse: "Do you know Lou Jones?" Whereupon the other replies: "Yes, what's his name?" But though the play, is this wild crazy-quilt and little more, the good souls out front were so boggled by the name of Strindberg that they didn't dare crack a smile. The most humorous passages were received with grim-visaged nods of approval; the passages that beat the Columbia Theatre's lowest burlesque show were met with stodgy reserve. It was all very profound and very artsy to this audience of miseducated boogs. Wasn't it, forsooth, by Strindberg, whom Ibsen, so the program confided, had announced a greater man than he? And hadn't it been produced, so the program went on to confide, in certain great art centres of Europe? Sure Mike!

The production made by the Provincetowners was exceptionally fine. The Messrs. Macgowan, Robert Edmond Jones and Eugene O'Neill negotiated an excellent job. But the masterpiece remains that first night audience. Nothing has been seen like it since Arthur Hammerstein last year got his invitation audience at the Nine O'clock Revue magnificently cock-eyed so it might not know how bad his show was.

III.

George Bernard Shaw's contest with the legend of Joan of Arc resembles Jack Dempsey's with Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. He wins, but it takes him altogether too long to do it. His Saint Joan, further, is by no means a knock-out; the decision is on points. Some of these points are admirable, but one has a right to expect a greater demonstration of skill and strength on the part of a dramatist like Shaw. He handles the tale of the Maid of Orleans intelligently and sympathetically, but he talks so much while he is doing it that he wears out his [Continued on page 99]
The Sennett cutie gets ready for her interview for "International Studio."

She tells a motion picture magazine, not "Screenland," of her struggle for film fame—and her dear mother.

She prepares for the special writer from "House and Garden."

The "Police Gazette" reporter is going to get a surprise.
The Perfect Bathing Girl
Poses for Her Interview

But she realizes that surroundings are everything—and she stages her chats with fine attention to details.

By Kliz

She tried out her voice before "The Musical Courier" man arrives—and finds it's a perfect thirty-six.

She is all ready for the bran expert from "Physical Culture."

She gets prepared for the earnest young professor from the "Atlantic Monthly."

Modern household details occupy her mind when she gives out a chat to the refined interviewer from "The Ladies' Home Journal."
The sheik of celluloidia, Rudolph Valentino, is back at work. As you read this he will be well into the production of Booth Tarkington’s romantic story of old Bath, *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

The great war between Rudy and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is ended, as the photograph of Adolph Zukor, the corporation president, and Valentino, in the very act of smiling, would indicate. Under the peace terms, Rudy will make two pictures for Famous and then begin his contract with Ritz-Carlton Pictures. You are not likely to see *Monsieur Beaucaire* before the late Spring, however. It is being directed by Sidney Olcott. Incidentally, Rudy is now spelling his name Rudolph and not Rodolph, as of yore. Rudy says there’s a “u” in luck but no “o.”

There is food for thought in the report that the return of Valentino occurs at the same time that William S. Hart severs his relations with Famous. The much-touted return of the red-blooded Bill didn’t seem to take. There is no sentiment in celluloidia and the serious-minded Bill can now sit back and think, while the temperamental Rudy, who kicked over the traces regardless, is back basking in the studio Cooper-Hewitts.
On the Joys and Sorrows of being an Interviewer

Flappers in the Concrete

By Anna Prophater

Drawings by Lambert Guenther

A FAN from Two Rivers, Wisconsin, writes in to say that it must be wonderful to meet all the famous stars face to face, listen to them talk and hear about their remarkable experiences in life. And especially must it be wonderful to sit down and have a little chat with the great young actresses who, although emotional artistes, are after all just girls like yourself.

Some Fan Illusions

FROM which, I take it, the fan has been reading too many interviews and still believes that old man Shopenhauer is Hollywood’s favorite author, that blonde stars never use anything on their hair but plain soap and water, that movie parents like nothing better than a romp on the lawn with the kiddies, that Charlie Chaplin really intended to marry all those girls, and that the stars own all those beautiful homes which figure in the photographs.

Some time an enterprising interviewer with more nerve than I have will take a stenographer with her on her trip to the studios and take down verbatim the conversation of her victim.

The last time I visited a studio I went to call on a youthful dynamo of the dramatic emotions. She had been heralded to me as another Bernhardt and the one Big Hope of the screen.

The Tale of a Dumb-bell

I FOUND her in the middle of a simple little scene. She was seated at a restaurant table with a young and patient man and her director was coaching her in her actions.

“Now,” he said, “pick up the glass of water and sip it.”

“But,” asked the human dynamo, “what shall I do with my other hand?”

Right then and there, I knew that there wasn’t going to be any interview.

And again—

A certain sophisticated, highly modern and extremely interesting young star came to New York and rented an apartment in the Park Avenue district. No upper West Side or Riverside Drive for her. Her dinners in Hollywood had been attended by the elect and she hoped to make a few choice friends in New York.

Invading Society Via Nerve

I SAW her one afternoon, surrounded by every luxury that can be purchased by the van-load at department stores. The telephone rang. First the star fluttered and then she made noises of great cordiality. The woman telephoning was urged to “yes, indeed; come right over.”

The star turned to me and proudly announced that Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler was coming to tea. Now, although Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler married a proud name she has no more social standing than an assistant cameraman. Moreover, she is notorious as a hanger-on in the studios where she hopes to find engagement on the strength of her society background.

“Do you know her?” I asked of the star.

“No,” she remarked proudly, “but she heard I was in town and asked if she might call.”

Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler came, accompanied by a friend, During the entire afternoon, she never [Continued on page 98]
BEFORE I begin I might as well tell you that I have never been present at "Paradise"; never been asked to peek into that celebrated chest filled with sables and sapphires and pearls and squirrel and other costly things which legend has placed in his study to be painted over by experimental young women. No. I have not visited his studio nor watched him inspire his actors to hitherto unattained heights—has he ever? His home dinners have never been savoured by me. I know him little, if at all. But I can conjecture about him, can't I?

A Man of Many Legends

There is no other man in screenland, with the possible exception of Charles Spencer Chaplin, about whom there has been circulated so many legends and lies and eulogies. He is an impressive person. He means something, whether you like it or not. The majestic Mr. Griffith has remained secluded in the shadow of his own silence. Mr. de Mille, the other outstanding director of the leaping tintypes, has never been what one would call retiring.

I have always wondered if he believed it himself. If he took himself seriously as the creator of passionate pictures, as the king of boudoir and bathroom drama. A self-appointed colossus of the cinema, or just a shrewd showman aware of his own limitations and careful not to overstep them?

Is He Subtle or Shrewd?

Cecil de Mille has made more spectacular orgies and revels and has used more silk and jewels and furs to the film foot than anyone who ever wore puttees.

I wish I could answer those questions. But to me Cecil B. de Mille is a mystery. I can't make out whether he is subtle or shrewd; whether his sense of
A self-appointed colossus of the cinema or just a shrewd showman aware of his own limitations?

By Delight Evans

Humor is assumed or real. Whether, in other words, the magnificent de Mille is a sublimated medicine show fakir, or a regular guy.

I am aware that in questioning him I am treading on the toes of half the world. He is, to so many persons, God, a genius, and a great philosopher put up in one package. But on one point I am positive. As a personality, he is what is known in the patois as a knockout. He is charming. He is gallant—I can see now why it is that lady writers come away and break their finger nails pounding out guileless gush about the great man. He has mastered that quiet deference so shattering to the female sense of humor, assuring its victim that she, and she only, is to bear his message to the waiting world. He is not ponderous. He doesn't show off. But he thinks The Ten Commandments is the biggest picture he ever made or he wouldn't have made it.

He Likes Carefully Calculated Settings

His background in this case was only the town office of Jesse L. Lasky in the imposing Manhattan home of Paramount pictures. His interviews usually take place, you know, in his own study in the Hollywood studios—a carefully calculated setting, probably. Here, he was ensconced in a commonplace chair at an ordinary desk. He wore no puttees and his shirt bore the conventional collar. If there was ever any place where Cecil B. de Mille could be himself, surely it must have been here.

He was leaving that same day for California. While I waited to see him, a secretary telephoned David Belasco's secretary that Mr. de Mille was too busy to see Mr. Belasco before he left for the coast, owing to an unfavorable and unescapable directors' meeting. Apparently I was the directors' meeting. Feeling awfully inferior I was ushered in.

Gallant—and a Gentleman

I began right away by saying that I had not seen The Ten Commandments. I hadn't. I watched Mr. de Mille's face closely for an expression of pained surprise, but none was apparent. He took it like a gentleman. His manner assured me that, although I had not rushed to view his masterpiece, all was not over between us. In fact, he seemed rather more interested in someone who had not seen The Ten Commandments than in someone who had. So he told me that I should watch out for when I did see it.

The modern story means everything, just everything, to its maker. He was interested in filming the Biblical passages, but it was the twentieth century melodrama which mattered most. Whether it was because many of the newspaper notices praised the allegory and shuddered over the tale of the church built on sand; or because C. B. felt that the latter part was all his own while the first part owed a little something to the Bible, I don't know. But he was quite determined about it. He says [Continued on page 92]

Cecil de Mille declares that the film spectacle as such is doomed. Has he deserted the boudoir and bath for all time? He says so, anyway.
Our Own
NEWS REEL

Hollywood, Cal. — Dorothy Vernon makes up The Thief of Bagdad. In other words, Doug and Mary between scenes.

Los Angeles, Cal. — Viola Dana has lunch with her director, George Baker, between scenes.

Left
Los Angeles, Cal. — Harold Lloyd on location, making The Girl Expert.
Denver, Col. — A rare old photograph of Doug Fairbanks and his brother taken, lo, these many years ago. Guess the date!

Los Angeles, Cal.—Fred Niblo, Barbara La Marr and Eleanor Boardman pause for a snapshot in an odd moment.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn Miller, in an acrobatic pose. Yes, Marilyn is going to try the pictures soon.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Pola Negri greets her new director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, the European picture maker, who is producing her newest, Men. Buchowetzki is best known to America for his Peter the Great.

Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.—Mae Busch in the garden of her home. If you look carefully you will note a sapphire on the third finger of Mae’s left hand.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Seven-year-old Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald. Little Barbara was taught to swim at the age of four and is a regular water baby.
Above

New York City.—The Baroness Fern Andra, German film star, returned to America to visit her parents in Indiana for the first time since the war. Miss Andra, an American girl, went to Berlin to study music, was caught by the world war and turned to picture work. Success came quickly.

—International

Upper Right

Los Angeles, Cal.—Jacqueline Logan poses for a picture with her mother. Of course, she's devoted to mama, she being a regular filmer.

Right Center

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mack Sennett poses with his mother, too. Mrs. Sennett has been spending four months with her son.

Right

Los Angeles, Cal.—James J. Davis, secretary of labor, calls on Will Rogers. Will says he can't understand why a secretary of labor should be interested in him.

—Wide World
At the left: The forthcoming John Barrymore production of Beau Brummel, with the famous star of the house of Barrymore as the immortal Beau and Mary Astor as a bell of old England.

Below: An attractive scene in Jack Pickford's The Hill Billy, with Lucille Rickson as Emmy Lou Spence.

Below: Dorothy Mackaill and John Harris in Kate Jordan's The Next Corner, a coming Paramount release. Screenland looks upon Miss Mackaill as the most promising girl on the screen.
Camera Glimpses of the New Silver Screen Releases

Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque in an emotional scene of Gloria’s next stellar release, based upon Sutro’s The Laughing Lady. As Screenland went to press a new title was under consideration.

One of the first published “stills” of Mary Pickford’s new romantic production, Charles Major’s Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, directed by Marshall Neilan. Left to right, Courtney Foote as the Earl of Leicester, Claire Eames as Queen Elizabeth and Miss Pickford as Dorothy herself.
After the variously announced plans regarding Samuel Goldwyn’s production of Joseph Hergesheimer’s Cytherea, it is actually being made in California. Much of the action of the novel took place in Cuba and the original idea was to shoot these scenes in Havana. Then came the report that Director George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, the scenarist, has decided to switch these scenes to Paris. This seemed to be the final plan and the shooting of the interiors was actually started at the Biograph studio in New York.

Just then Goldwyn returned from a trip to Los Angeles and vetoed the entire scheme of things. The Paris idea was discarded and the whole organization moved to California, despite the fact that this meant a considerable loss on sets already built at the Biograph studio.

Incidentally, there are interesting stories afloat of domestic
The Wampas selected its "baby stars" for 1924. Here they are, every one of them, preparatory to starting to the 'Frisco Frolic of the Wampas, held on January 19th. Left to right: Clara Bow, Blanche Machaffey, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey, Carmelita Geraythy, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill, Hazel Keener, Marion Nixon, Lucille Rickson, Alberta Vaughn and Ruth Hiatt.

By the time you read this, David Wark Griffith's America will have had its premiere in New York. As this issue goes to press, "D. W." is still at work on the production and a number of the big scenes are still in work. Griffith, you know, has a habit of working up to the very last moment and then of revising the cutting for weeks after the premiere. Lionel Barrymore is said to be contributing some notable work to this spectacle of the Revolution as the infamous Butler, the Jekyll and Hyde of the time. Butler was a popular dandy in the Tory drawing room and a hench in the field, goading his Indians on to fresh massacres. America, it is said, will reveal a new Carol Dempster, too.

Premiere of America

Hollywood Etiquette

Out in Hollywood where transient matrimony is more or less customary, it is no longer correct to ask, "And how's the wife?"

Oh, no! To be on the safe side it is far better to put it thus:

"How's the little lady?"

Abraham Lincoln Scores

The most interesting premiere to precede America was that of Abraham Lincoln, the un heralded production made in California by the hitherto unknown Rockett Brothers. Abraham Lincoln literally came into New York on gum-shoes and made a smashing success. In many ways Abraham Lincoln is another Covered Wagon. Anyway, regardless of its ultimate box office fate, it establishes the Rocketts, who are decidedly likeable young men, as new forces in the field of production. Then, too, it brings fresh laurels to Frances Marion, who labored for months on the script, and to Harry Carr, the distinguished California newspaper man, who also gave first aid to the project. Abraham Lincoln is a production of which they may well be proud.

Frances Marion Writes Novel

Frances Marion came to Manhattan to attend the premiere of Abraham Lincoln, for which Miss Marion wrote the scenario and which she had a considerable part in making. With her was her husband, Fred Thomson, champion athlete, whose activities are now confined to wild western serials. Thomson was a Princeton man with several stray letters of the alphabet after his name but they haven't done him much good as a stunt hero. Frances has finished her novel, a tale of the glittering girls of the silver screen who sprang from obscurity into splendor,
and their reactions to sudden fame and fortune. There is no one better equipped to write a real story along these lines, for the scenario writer has grown up with the movies herself and has watched the progress of famous stars step by step up the ladder. Moreover, she has always been in sympathy with them; their sometimes sordid stories are tinged with tragedy to her. Her book is to be published soon. Meanwhile she will write the scenario for the next Potash and Perlmutter story for Samuel Goldwyn, Potash and Perlmutter in Pictures, and also dash off tales for the Talmadge sisters.

Our Desert-Made Films

Edward Carewe is finishing his production of Louise Garade’s A Son of the Sahara in Paris. Carewe and his company were worked for weeks on the exteriors near Biskra, on the edge of the Sahara. The actual locale was Touggourt, one hundred and fifty miles into the desert from Biskra. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor have the leading roles.

As this issue of Screenland goes to press Rex Ingram is still on the desert sands doing Edgar Selwyn’s The Arab, with Ramon Novarro in the name part. Alice Terry, of course, has the leading feminine role. Incidentally, Ingram writes from the Sahara to deny that he has definitely given up making pictures. An interview from Paris said that he was

Starring Betty Compson

Betty Compson has become a W. W. Hodkinson star, at least for the time being. She is in Florida, making a screenplay with Alan Crosland as director. Crosland has been signed by Famous Players and Edward H. Griffith has been secured by the Hodkinsons to make Miss Compson’s second vehicle. Miss Compson’s first Hodkinson screen drama will carry the title of Miami. Crosland’s first Famous Players production, by the way, will be Olive Arden’s South Sea story, Sinners in Heaven.

The Wampas ’Frisco Frolic

The Wampas Frolic, held in San Francisco because of the bizarre police restrictions of Los Angeles, appears to have been a big success, judging from wires received from our special Wampas spy No. 21. Our spy No. 47 adds, too, that the Wampas appear to have made a lot of money on the affair. Still, we have no hard feelings in the matter.

Pola Negri seems to have been the center of interest at the ball, having made the trip accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathryn Williams). Mayor James Rolph, Jr., made the welcoming speech and Fred Niblo responded. Everybody in California screenland seems to have been present, the 1924 Wampas baby stars were brought forward and cheered, and Ben Turpin did a burlesque prize fight with Benny Leonard. A pleasant time was had by all.

Marie Walcamp Comes Back

Jesse Goldburg, who has been making pictures, starring Franklyn Farnum, has signed Marie Walcamp, long a serial star with Universal, to play the feminine leads in the Farnum Westerns. Later Miss Walcamp will be starred, according to Mr. Goldburg.

Henley to Make Specials

Hobart Henley, who has been doing particularly good directorial work with Universal during the past year, has been

Maude George doesn’t wear any stockings in Maurice Tourneur’s new picture, Torment, but she does wear bejeweled slippers costing $200 or one hundred per jeweled heel.
signed by Louis B. Mayer to head a production unit, productions being released by Metro. Mayer has Fred Niblo and Reginald Barker under contract under similar arrangements.

Doug’s Famous Haircut

Both Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks have completed work on their specials, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall and Bagdad. As Screenland goes to press, both productions are in progress of cutting. The New York premiers of both these films will occur in March, shortly after this issue appears.

The Fairbankses are planning a trip abroad, with three or four months of absolute rest. Meanwhile, Doug submitted to his first haircut of a year, the barber actually completing the job at one sitting. Gone are the sideburns that were helping to make Hollywood famous. Hollywood is back to normalcy.

Cecil’s Green Sport Shirts

Back in California at work on Triumph, which he declares will be “the simple story of a tin can,” Cecil B. DeMille is giving Hollywood something new to think about. He is wearing green sport shirts with a green diamond as an added feature. It is whispered that the aforementioned green diamond is one of the only five in existence. It is set in green gold.

Hollywood is fairly palpitating!

Nita Again a Hollywooder

Nita Naldi is back in Hollywood, playing a lead in Herbert Brenon’s production of The Breaking Point. You know what Nita thinks of California. You’ve doubtless read expurgated versions of her opinion. This time she took along her sister, Mary, with the intention of having her try the screen.

Hearst Signs Max Reinhardt

Max Reinhardt is to make motion pictures under the Cosmopolitan banner. He has been signed by William Randolph Hearst. Reinhardt is at present abroad, having returned after successfully launching his religious pantomime spectacle, The Miracle, with the aid of Morris Gest. The Miracle looks like one of the great successes of our stage and, with his new Hearst contract for an almost fabulous sum in his pocket, Reinhardt ought to be smiling at this moment. Reinhardt will doubtless direct Marion Davies. At present E. Mason Hopper has the job and the Davies production of Jan’ce Meredith is well along. This is Paul Leicester Ford’s story of the Revolution. Between Griffith’s America, Marion’s Janice Meredith and other impending dramas of the troubled time, the screen ought to have quite enough of the Revolution for one year.

Theodore Roberts Well Again

Theodore Roberts, who was so dangerously ill in Pittsburgh, has well nigh recovered. The screen will not see him for awhile, however, since he must fulfill his various vaudeville contracts, made previous to his illness, before he returns to the silver screen. Roberts was on tour in the varieties when he was taken sick.

Bill Hart Breaks with Lasky

William S. Hart and Jesse L. Lasky have reached the
parting of the ways. All sorts of reasons are given, but they all seem to indicate one thing—that the much heralded return of Hart did not smash over. Hart's connection with pictures has been exclusively with two organizations, those of Thomas Ince and Famous Players-Lasky. Doubtless he will go on making pictures, and his next releasing channel will be of interest. His last Famous Players-Lasky release is *Singer Jim McKee*.

Motion picture fans will be interested to know that the Famous Players finally

**William Haines, the Goldwyn juvenile, who was named by Peggy Joyce as the best kisser in the movies.**

will release *Montmartre*, the last European-made picture of Pola Negri. This was directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and is a story of the Parisian Latin Quarter. As made for the Continent, it had a tragic ending. However, Lubitsch also made a happy one—and America will doubtless view this climax. Anyway, we will have a chance to compare the grisettes of Pola and Gloria.

**Clara Bow was recently injured by a fifteen-foot fall from a cliff at Pasadena, while at work on Gasnier's *Poisoned Paradise*. She was badly bruised but escaped serious injuries.**

**Blackton Moves West**

**J. Stuart Blackton** is now making his Vitagraph productions at the coast Vitagraph studios. Blackton has moved his family to Hollywood and intends to remain in the west permanently. Lou Tellegen, who played in his *Let Not Man Put Asunder*, will likely be seen in his second production.

**Famous to Film—Rain**

Reports have it that Famous Players-Lasky will film *Rain*, the sensational New York footlight success of two seasons based upon W. Somerset Maugham's story, *Miss Thompson*. *Rain* will probably go through the same hopper that made *West of the Water Tower* censor proof, we regret to report. Other early Famous Players-Lasky productions will be Ferenz Molnar's *The Swan*, another big New York stage hit which will likely go to Gloria Swanson, *Merton of the Movies*, which will be played in the films, as behind the footlights, by Glenn Hunter, and Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*. Leatrice Joy has been officially promoted stardom by Famous with her forthcoming appearance in *Take It or Leave It*, directed by Joseph Henabery. Not a bad title for a new star's first picture!

**Death of Forrest Robinson**

The death of Forrest Robinson removed one of the most beloved character actors of the screen or indeed of the stage. His work in many screenplays will be recalled by film fans. Mr. Robinson was 65 years old.

**Marilyn to Really Try Films**

Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn Miller, are being exploited by Henry Ford as satisfied purchasers of the Lincoln car. Pictures of Jack standing upon the running board are being distributed everywhere, whatever that means. Incidentally, we hear that Marilyn, who has definitely terminated her contract with Flo Ziegfeld, is to try the films seriously this summer. But the stage will get her back in the fall, regardless.

**Out Where Men Are Men**

Settlement has been made of the Hudson's Bay Company vs. Famous-
Players Lasky Service, Limited, libel suit, in which the Hudson’s Bay Company sued to restrain the defendants from circulating a motion picture titled The Call of The North on account of alleged misrepresentation of the company’s methods of dealing with traders in Canada.

The picture was made in America and sent to England containing scenes which the Hudson’s Bay Company claimed were a libel on their business methods. Famous-Players Lasky agreed to eliminate these scenes, but in the prints circulated in England, these changes it was charged, had not been made. As a result of the action, the defendants, the Famous-Players Lasky Service, Limited, undertook not to circulate the film in its original condition and also to indemnify the plaintiff company for costs and responsibility in the case.

_Colleen to do Another Flapper_

_Colleen Moore, First National star, will again appear as a flapper—a characterization similar to that in Fleming Youth. The new picture is entitled The Perfect Flapper and it will bring together once more Miss Moone, John Francis Dillon, who will direct, and Harry O. Hoyt, author of the script.

Production of this picture was delayed until John Francis Dillon completed the direction of Lilies of the Field, the Corinne Griffith production for First National, and until Milton Sills finished the title role in Frank Lloyd’s Sea Hawk. The Perfect Flapper appeared originally in Ainslee’s Magazine as The Mouth of the Dragon, by Jesse Henderson.

_Loew Signs Frank Borzage_

_Marcus Loew, during a recent visit to the Metro studios in Hollywood, signed Frank Borzage to a long term contract under which he will direct a special series of Frank Borzage Productions for Metro for the 1924-1925 season.

According to the plans outlined by Mr. Loew the first of the Borzage productions will get under way shortly at the Metro Hollywood studios.

_Chaplin Starting Work_

_As Screenland goes to press, signs of actual production activities are appearing at the Charles Chaplin studios, Los Angeles, where sets are being built for the comedian’s first comedy film to be released through United Artists Corporation.

Since Chaplin’s return from New York to the Coast, where he supervised the presentation of his dramatic photoplay, A Woman of Paris, his first production for United States, he has been much secluded in his home in Beverly Hills, concocting ideas and fundamentals to inject into the necessary continuity for his next comedy.

While no title for the picture has as yet been definitely decided upon, the story will revolve around the days of the “Forty-niners” and serve as a comedy presentation of the “Gold Rush” and the early Klondike days. This, by the way, was first told in Screenland.

_The Fairbanks’ Menagerie_

_Doug’s need for animals while producing Bagdad resulted in the Pickford-Fairbanks studio in Hollywood taking on the appearance of the winter quarters of a circus before the spectacle was finished.

Occupying a cage in the center of the “lot” was “Baby,” a brown cinnamon cub-bear. Six goats which Doug purchased at the beginning of the production multiplied to eleven. There are also nine donkeys and a camel. “Florida,” a two-foot alligator which also was purchased at the beginning of the production, measures four feet at the finish and was not as much of a “pet” as he was two feet ago.

Then there were the studio pets. Included among these are Miss Pickford’s parrot, “Mike,” and her wire-haired terrier, “Zorro,” not to mention the favorite riding horses of the stars and the many work animals.

_Much has been written about the four-footed screen stars, such as Teddy, the Great Dane, and Rin-tin-tin, the police dog. But less is known about the traffic in lesser animals that is going busily on in screenland.

Mice and rats that are “camera broke” are much in demand for
dungeon, garret and water-front scenes, and one Los Angeles man makes an excellent living by trapping rodents and renting them out to directors. And when frogs and lizards are needed the studios know just where to go; one man has a "farm" on the outskirts of the city, where he raises snails, lizards, frogs and even keeps a few snakes. Has to watch out, however, to keep the snakes from lunching on the other "actors."

Joe Martin Out of Pictures

Years ago, Colonel Selig started his collection of animals for use in his own pictures. Now the jungle birds and beasts bring him in a nice sum annually by working in the movies. Mary, the Selig Chimpanzee, might well be named after Mary Pickford, so formidable is her salary. She is insured for $100,000. Joe Martin, who played in so many pictures, was valued at $65,000 by his owner, but his stock has recently gone down. Joe has "turned mean" his newly developed ferocity has led to his being sold to a circus, where he will spend the rest of his days behind specially reinforced bars.

If you have an elephant or two at your command, you can quit work right now. Elephants work in pictures for $50 a day! Lions get a nice salary of $100 a day, and just ordinary, garden variety of monkeys bring their owners from $25 to $30 a day.

Though not quite so popular now as in the days of sheik pictures, when no film was complete without at least one "shot" of camels marching across the horizon. Camels are still much in demand. They cost real money to rent, too. The desert beasts are very susceptible to colds; the least chill in the

Patsy's Narrow Escape

PatSY RUTH MILLER was recently as near death as she is likely to be, before the final Great Adventure. Patsy Ruth, in company with the son of a Los Angeles department store owner and several other young people, went for a sail in the yacht of the merchant prince's heir. They sailed back at low tide, and lo and behold, if the yacht didn't get thoroughly stuck in the mud on a tiny island about three miles from the Yacht Club Pier at San Pedro.

It was getting dark, and Patsy Ruth could see in her mind's eye the nice black headlines that would record the affair if they had to stay out all night. So she insisted that they take to the boats and row across.

They accordingly lowered a boat and piled in. They had rowed perhaps for ten minutes when Patsy Ruth discovered water in the bottom of the boat.

"I didn't say anything at first," said Patsy, recounting the adventure afterwards, "because I thought that perhaps the water had spilled in when we got in the boat. But the water in the bottom began getting deeper and deeper, and our shoes got wetter and wetter, and finally we had to bail out with our hats.
But the water came in faster than we could empty it out.

"Well, there we were, a good mile from shore, and it was pitch dark by this time. We could all swim a little, but not with our clothes on! And anyway, there was a little boy with us that didn't know how even to dog-paddle. Believe me, we were scared! The boys rowed like mad, and finally the lights of the Yacht Club loomed up. We came along-side the pier and piled out in a hurry, looking and feeling like wet cats. And just as the last of us hit the pier, that old boat sank with a gurgle."

Now it's all out! Derek Glynne, the synthetic-blond actor whom Elinor Glyn picked for Paul in her Three Weeks, only to have him rejected in favor of Conrad Nagel by Goldwyn, is an English musical comedy player. He's been doing extra work in Hollywood for eight months, doing his own cooking and everything. A London theatrical manager identified Glynne as having appeared in Sally in London a year ago.

Ray Donates Court

Charley Ray has enshrined himself in the hearts of at least five of his countrymen by donating a new basketball court to Larry Semon's basketball team, champions of Southern California in 1922 and 1923. The floor has been fixed up in Ray's old studio, and is a fine one.

Frank Mayo has been having a very unpleasant session indeed with bronchial pneumonia, and Fox officials are suffering with him. Because Mayo can't possibly resume work on his starring role inside of a fortnight, and overhead is mounting merrily in his absence.

Dagmar Godowsky Mayo recently announced that she would file suit for divorce from Mayo.

No More Cigarettes for Her

The Anti-Nicotine League has a new recruit.

Blanche Sweet used to enjoy a cigarette after a long hard day as much as anybody. She used to think they were soothing and all that. But no more!

All the time they were making Anna Christie, for about ten weeks, she had to smoke one cigarette after another in most of her scenes. Then Tom Ince started her out on another picture, and she had to smoke again. So now when anybody offers her a cigarette, she shudders and says, "Not me!"

How ever does Theodore Roberts keep it up, she wonders.

Movie Beginner's Chances

There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, and there are likewise more ways of breaking into the movies than by obvious routes of acting or scenario writing. So girls who want to look into this Hollywood life for yourselves, and yet feel that your personal pulchritude or literary skill are not up to the Mary Pickford-June Mathis standard, take heart of grace. There are at least eighteen jobs that a clever girl can hold down in a motion picture studio. And she doesn't have to be a professional, college-trained woman, either.

Take stenography, now. Several hundred stenographers are employed in every big studio, and the chance for advancement from such positions is favorable. Madeline Ruthven held down a stenographic-secretarial job in the Lasky studio. One day she wrote

[Continued on page 90]
pose. One scene he caught was the death of a man shot by the enemy. But when it came to be shown on the screen the tragedy assumed a horribly comic light! The man had leaped into the air, doubled up and fallen! It would never do. So a scene more in keeping with a movie audience’s idea of a hero’s death, in which the hero fell gracefully into a trench with the light streaming on his handsome profile, was substituted for the stark bit of tragic realism.

It was at the old Universal, too, that many of the famous film folk were trained, and that many a director got his start. Rex Ingram made his first pictures there; so did Lois Weber; Hobart Henley received his training at Universal; so did the late Wallace Reid when Dorothy Davenport, favorite, became his wife. And when first I met Jack Holt, he was one of the cowboys at Universal, having just come down from Alaska.

The Days of the Open Stages

Those were the days of the open stages. I remember coming on Lois Weber’s set one cold winter morning, and discovered all the women in evening dress, with bare necks and arms, and the thermometer down to freezing point. The actresses were quite blue with cold, among them was Maude George, and of course they had to drink ice water to keep their breath from showing in the films! When they weren’t actually on the set, they could keep fairly warm by leaning over an open stove known as a salamander.

I understand that Carl Laemmle paid around $40,000 when the property was purchased by him in 1912. Now it is worth over a million.

The Sennett Studio was a tiny place in Edendale. But it held such comic artists as Charlie Chaplin, Syd Chaplin and Mabel Normand; and you used to see these stars sitting about quite like ordinary players on the set or working on the little stages or eating their lunches in a little lunch-counter place near the studio. And none of these, even now, has ever lost the democratic feeling, though they work these days amidst luxurious surroundings as far as dressing rooms and offices are concerned.

I remember how lovely I thought Mabel Normand the first day I met her. I was to interview her on the dress fashions in the films, and she conducted me into what was considered a very elegant dressing room in those days. The rough walls were papered, there was a washbowl and pitcher in the room, and a little dressing table covered with chintz. In these days when Mabel and all other stars have suites of rooms, elegantly carpeted and upholstered, with a phonograph and chaise longue, and a tiny bath, room, I suppose such a dressing room would be scorned, but it was the cat’s eyebrows then.

Jumping from $25,000 to a Million

Mack Sennett purchased the studio property, which consists altogether of thirty acres, for around $25,000 twelve years ago. It is now valued at $1,000,000. It has eighteen hundred feet frontage on Glendale Boulevard. He may vacate one of these days, because the property is on an important car line and will be broken up into business and residence property. Sennett himself had a little old dark back office now occupied by his publicity director’s stenographer, while he himself has an elegant little suite back on the lot.

I met Charlie Chaplin when he was working for Essanay. He was working in a big, vacant family mansion, formerly owned and occupied by the haughty Bradbury family. Charlie was making a fairly good salary, but was having offers that worried him a good deal, because he didn’t know what he ought to do. I found him a charming, quiet, diffident, earnest little man.

"Why, I fairly perspire with worry every morning when I come down to the studio, wondering what I shall do next in my picture," he explained, "and now I’m wondering what I had better do about all these offers."

Building the Chaplin Studios

Now Charlie owns a tremendous piece of property on La Brae Street in Hollywood, which is the location of his picturesque English-village-street studio as well as a big house which his brother, Syd Chaplin, occupies, and which I understand is to be sold—or at least a large portion of it—as too valuable for mere grounds for a residence and location of a lemon orchard which now occupies a large part of the space.

A thousand memories cluster about the rambling group of buildings known as the old Griffith Studio on Sunset Boulevard. The place seems to whisper of Broken Blossoms, Intolerance, Birth of a Nation, even though Jack White’s comedy companies now romp about in quest of new gags.

I remember the first time I met Mr. Griffith, he led a crowd of us, newspaper folk and the big exhibitors of the day, into the projection room to see The Birth of a Nation, though they called it The Clansman then. Griffith was the only man, by the way, in the picture business at that time to realize the value of publicity, and he had the popular Bill Keefe as his press agent. Keefe was balm to the wounded spirits of the newspaper representatives who found the picture producers acting as if we were trying to steal something instead of giving them something!
Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle

The moment you put on this new kind of Girdle your Waist and Hips look inches thinner and you Get Thin while looking Thin. For this new invention produces the same results as an Expert Masseur. Makes Fat Vanish with surprising rapidity while you walk, play, work or sleep, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there. No More Heartstringing Exercises—No More Disagreeable Starving Diets—No More Harmful Medicines—No More Bitter Self-Denials.

Almost! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthful and slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages your disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stif corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines!

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

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The Madame X Reducing Girdle does the work of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

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404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name:_________________________
Address:_______________________
City:__________________________ State:_______________________
training had been so thorough, however, that as the run of *Oh Boy!* progressed she began to gain a little confidence in herself. And she needed that self-confidence. For, in the summer of 1918, came her big opportunity. She had an offer to star in the movies. It all seemed so simple and so easy. All you did was to have your picture taken. You worked at a studio, away from audiences that made you feel uncomfortable. No chance for cases of stage fright. Nothing to do but walk in front of a camera and act.

And the catch of the whole thing was that when Miss Davies walked in front of the camera she found she couldn't act. Now every film fan knows that there are lots of persons earning next salaries as movie stars who cannot act at all. They don't even pretend to act. And they aren't in the least bit anxious to go ahead and learn to act.

There—Movie Stardom

The starring of Marion Davies was not an unprecedented thing in the movie business. Plenty of other girls from the Folies had been suddenly brought to the front as motion picture stars merely on the strength of their beauty. Other girls within the studios had been lifted to stardom merely because they happened to be pretty and blonde and look a little like Mary Pickford.

Miss Davies says that she realizes now she should have begun in small parts and worked her way to the top. But she also says she would have been more than human if she had refused the starring contract that came her way. Her first picture was *Romany Where Loves Runs Wild* and then came *Cecilia of the Pink Roses*. Both pictures were exactly the sort of stories that were handed out to young and beautiful blondes in the days when producers believed that Mary Miles Minter was a perfect film type. Not only was Miss Davies inexperienced, but her producing company—the Cosmopolitan—was comparatively new in the business and had not yet struck its stride.

Decides She Has a Lot to Learn

For Miss Davies, *Romany Where Lone Runs Wild* was something in the nature of an experiment—a test picture. *Cecilia of the Pink Roses* was her first real picture. After looking at it many times, studying it carefully and observing her work, she decided that she had a lot to learn.

If she had any feeling that her natural bent was light comedy, she wasn't sure enough of it to go ahead and defy the movie tradition that branded her a 'sweet ingénue type.' Even today, when she has every reason to be sure of herself, she is not a self-confident person. In the early days of her career, she was absolutely content to follow the instructions of her directors, even when her natural instincts contradicted her actions.

No wonder, then, that both critics and the public found her a neutral personality and merely a passive actress.

But Cosmopolitan, as a company, was progressing and all its progress was built around Miss Davies. Josef Urban was engaged to design the settings for her films. The best scenario writers and directors were hired to work on her productions. Miss Davies was getting along splendidly from a professional point of view. Any actress in the business would have given twenty years of her life for Miss Davies' chances.

As for Miss Davies' own feelings in the matter, she felt that the publicity was a part of the game, one of the essentials for success as a star. But she welcomed the improvements in the studio staff as opportunities of learning something about the difficult business of being an actress.

*Study Acting and Dancing*

As soon as she saw that acting for the movies was much harder than dancing in musical comedy she started lessons in the Sargent Dramatic School. She renewed her dancing lessons. She took up again the education that she had so gladly abandoned at the age of thirteen.

At first, it seemed that she was making no noticeable progress. Her pictures became more beautiful and more interesting, but as an actress, Miss Davies seemed fated to remain merely a pretty young person. And, what was particularly hard on her, Miss Davies was accused of not trying, of being content with "walking through her pictures."

If the critics on the outside were dissatisfied with Marion Davies, there never was a question about the loyalty of the Cosmopolitan Company for its star. Not only were the officials satisfied with her, but the innumerable workers around the studio were strong for her. A few facts of temperament on the part of Miss Davies, a few unfortunate rows, a few cross words to the wrong persons not only would have wrecked her own career but disrupted the entire Cosmopolitan Company.

*Won By Keeping Her Patience*

While other stars may have forced their way to the top by the sheer force of their temperament, Miss Davies went her steady way merely by keeping her patience. She worked hard and uncomplainingly. She was prompt to report for work; she was considerate of the other members of her company. She was appreciative of what was being done for her and if she wasn't entirely happy in those few years of dull pictures, no one around her ever knew about it.

Hollywood, Cultifornia—From Page 32

gazers and seek the soothsayers are legion. There are scores who never think of making an important decision either in love or in business until they have consulted Darios the Great, a fortune-teller, whose habitat was on Pickering Pier at Ocean Park until it burned down last January. Cinema persons are intensely superstitious.

The Laurel Canyon literati have a lot of queer ideas as to cults. A census of the hillside homes there would reveal innumerable squat Buddhas amid an atmosphere heavy with incense, cigarette smoke and erudition.

Scores used to visit Peter the Hermit, a somewhat soiled and unkempt recluse who dwelt in the Hollywood Hills. But he has sought a new abode in a less peopled place. He was a sort of a cult in himself.

Hollywood's Quaint Ideas

Hollywood's idea of a cult, as is to be expected, is somewhat different than that of the thinking world. For instance the Cult of the Careless Dollar was devised to enlighten the world as to beauties of masculine larynx. Its believers made a point of that. The Camisole Clan, leading exponent, Mae Murray, is even more revealing.

The Catalina Nature-Takers include those who weekly make pilgrimages to Avalon because it is beyond the reach of the telephone and the boats are infrequent. Also one waxes romantic under the spell of the submarine gardens.

Every man in Hollywood is a member of the United Plus-Four Brethren. They would rather appear in public without their pants than knickerless. The Cult of the Uncut Locks is the playground organization of this order. I asked a prominent motion picture critic whose Hollywoodiana is very complete to tell me which he regarded as the place's most popular cult.

"Hootch," was his unhesitant reply. He was not far wrong for I have found more "hooligans" in the Presbyterian part of it than anywhere else. They have slid away from the Presbyterian part of it. Sub-cults in this classification include the Tankards, or accomplished drinkers, and the Shakers, either cocktail or shiromy. They seem to go check by jowl.
radiant bride at twenty—at twenty-five—what?

E VERY woman looks forward to the time when she shall become a happy bride—the greatest adventure of her life. And then her dreams come true: she is radiant with life and love, glowing with health and energy, vibrant with hope for the future.

In a few years, however, great changes take place; gone are the illusions; the rocks of stern reality take the place of castles-in-the-air. Tired lines are etched in her face; perhaps her health is impaired; she "doesn't have time" for this or that—the things she planned to do "after she was married." She is burdened with responsibilities which never should have been placed upon her frail shoulders, physically and mentally she is growing old. Why? Because more children have come than were fair—to her—to her husband—and, most important, to the children themselves.

Marriage—the holy thing

Why do women allow marriage—the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation? Why should a woman sacrifice her love—life—a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Margaret Sanger, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control Movement and President of the American Birth Control League, has a message vital to every married man and woman.

In her splendidly frank and inspiring book, Mrs. Sanger sends out a clarion call to the women of the world to cast off the chains of ignorance that have long bound them to their misery and embrace the new freedom for which she faced jail and fought through every court in the land to establish.

For Every Married Couple

In "Woman and the New Race" Mrs. Sanger shows that women can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not have them. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society.

And now, when modern civilization has abolished slavery everywhere but in the home, Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womanhood to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness, and life itself to women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storms of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land in her advocacy of woman's right to the knowledge that will break the chains of slavery.

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The Perfect Type---from page 63

My nerves were raw when I arrived on the lot the next morning. I hadn't had any sleep, and there was a wicked taste in my mouth that water could neither dilute nor erase. It wasn't that I had taken too much. I can hold as much as the next. But the stuff they peddle nowadays—well, you know what it is.

There were only a few of the company there, and half the actors who were to be in the firing squad. The others hadn't shown—and we couldn't find them any place.

We sat around the set, smoking cigarettes, and wishing for something to drink, while old George Howland ran around tearing out his hair, and looking for six soldiers.

It would be easy to take the first six extras he saw, but the men of the firing squad had to be six-footers and look like veterans. Howland wanted types.

It must have been noon when he got them all. And when he had them he wasn’t any too pleased.

“Well, it's the last shot,” he said. “I suppose I'll have to be satisfied.”

He was all ready to go when away across the lot he spied a stranger—“a perfect type.” A six-footer with saber wounds on neck and chin, and a bayonet scratch running from his forehead down one side of his nose, across the lips, and almost to the point of his jaw!

“A find!” he said, and ran to the man.

“What's your name? You've got to play a part in this picture. You don't need any experience. I've got to have you. Give you fifteen dollars. Not bad for an hour's work, eh? All you've got to do is look like a soldier. Not hard. Is it?”

He brought the man over to us, introduced him as Peter Olson, took a man out of the squad, and made up Olson himself and costumed him, while we waited.

There was a short rehearsal—and it was easily seen that Olson would do. You remember the part? Dan comes marching out with the firing squad, arms tied behind him. He takes his place, and the lieutenant and the men stand opposite. Dan sneers at them. The lieutenant offers to bind his eyes, and Dan registers deep scorn, and shakes his head.

The lieutenant steps back, asks Dan if he has anything to say. Dan shakes his head, coldly, and the lieutenant turns to his men, and snaps out an order. The rifles come up, snap, snap. Those six extras new men all, brought up their rifles prettily. Not a slouch among them. The war has done much for the movies.

“Take aim!”

Dan draws himself up proudly, waiting for death, and not fearing it.

“Fire!”—and the empty rifles click while Dan falls backward and the lieutenant steps toward the body.

“Very good,” said Howland pleased with himself. “Olson, you are perfect.”

He shut his eyes half way—as though seeing Olson in another role and liking it immensely.

He turned abruptly and motioned to his assistant. Blank cartridges were put in the rifles. Everybody looked at himself in a mirror. The camera men squinted through the sights. Electricians tested their lights. The musicians tuned up.

“All right. Action!”

The music started. The lights hissed on. The cameras clicked. The firing squad came in through the gate. Grenadiers. Veterans. One, two, three, four! The march step.

Brisk commands. Prompt obedience. Beautiful and awful! War! A man is about to die!

Tremaine sneers at the twelve rifles pointing their little holes at his chest. Two lines of soldiers, six in front, six in back. Olson with the saber wounds and the bayonet scar, staring grimly and malevolently. Great work. Thrilling.

“Snap out those commands,” cries Howland. “Don’t spoil this scene.”

“Take aim!”

The rifles are steadied.

“Fire!”

The rifles spit flame. Dan falls forward, the savage grin on his face giving way to a look of shocked surprise. The lieutenant steps toward the body. A woman screams, comes running toward the set. Mrs. Ehrlich.

The lieutenant stops. He looks at Howland, stupidly.

“Blood!” he says. And he points. We never could prove who murdered Dan Tremaine. One man out of twelve, of course. But which one? The rifles had been inspected. And the cartridges. There was no question that all blanks had been put into the guns. One of the twelve soldiers had made the substitution. But no one had seen him. And the guns now lay scattered, and there was no way to tell what certain gun any one of them had used.

But then—we didn't want to prove anything. Best hush it up, if we could. Scandal—ever did the movies any good.

We never should have guessed the answer had not the new man, Olson, the man of the scarred face, walked over to the woman sobbing at the body of Dan Tremaine, and seized her arm and pulled her upright.

She looked at him, and laughed strangely, and they walked out of the studio, arm in arm.

The Listening Post---from page 85

A short story and sold it to a fiction magazine for $25. She called it The Renegade. Marshall Neilan saw it, recognized its screen possibilities and bought it, for $3,000! The purchase price was divided between the author and the scenarist who adapted it to the screen. Recognizing Mrs. Ruthven’s talent, the studio promoted her to the reading department, where she scans modern literature in search of possible film stories.

Girls who are clever with a needle find interesting employment in the wardrobe departments, where yards and yards of gleaming satins, shimmering tulle and silks are converted into the gorgeous gowns of the stars. The drapery departments require specially trained seamstresses to handle the heavy velvets and stiff metal brocades. The heads of these wardrobe departments, such as Sophie Wachner of the Goldwyn studio, and Ethel Chaffin of the Lasky plant, have to be fashion prophets and skilled in the art of playing up an actress’ good points and concealing her less fortunate ones. Miss Wachner shortens a tall girl’s height by dressing her, for evening-dress scenes, in a gown with the skirt short in front and with a long train behind, or by adorning her frock with ruffles running around the skirt. To accentuate height, Miss Wachner suggests hats that are dark next to the face and brightly colored as to the crown.

Changes in Wardrobe Departments

A unique position in Hollywood is held by Milba Lloyd in the plaster shop of the Lasky lot. Miss Lloyd designed the sphinxes and the figure of Rameses, used in Cecil De Mille’s The Ten Commandments. In the plaster shop, “props” such as the stone art benches and spouting fountains of “society pictures” are turned out.
Big Business and Its Movies

—from page 23

show, he would save it by rushing on the stage waving two American flags.

Is This Deliberate Class Lying?

This kind of deliberate class lying now constitutes practically all of what feeble intellectual life our moving pictures possess. Some years ago I had the pleasure of talking with Mr. D. W. Griffith and voiced my abhorrence of the incitement to race hatred which makes the essence of his picture, The Birth of a Nation. His answer was that he had not been thinking about that aspect of the matter; he had merely been concerned to tell an effective story, and had not cared what it was about.

But since that time the movies have come to full consciousness; they have now a Big Business director, at a salary of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and they have gone on a huge scale into the business of protecting organized greed by making it holy to the people of America. I understand that Mr. Griffith is now completing a mammoth picture, intended to preach what is called patriotism — that is to say, capitalist imperialism.

Mr. Griffith's Next Picture

American financiers are forcing their loans upon China, and all the states of Central and South America; and when these loans are not met, American battleships and American marines are to be used to collect the debts, and the moving pictures are to be used to keep the people in a frenzy of delight over this "patriotic" course of action. Mr. Griffith has now had the backing of Mr. Hays; he has had the free use of the American army and navy. We may be sure that this time he won't pretend to anybody that he was just interested in telling a story; this time he will be a real and devoted patriot.

And if the producers should not be strenuous enough in protecting the exploiters in their rights to what the rest of us produce by our toil, why then there comes the censor to teach them better. Ten years ago I assisted in the production of one fairly honest moving picture—that is, one which tried to follow out at least a few of
the author's ideas. The picture was the
"Jungle," and it is interesting to note
that the concern which made it was
forced into bankruptcy almost before
the picture was shown!

Tried to Make Films for Masses

Three or four years ago an effort
was made to organize a company to
make and distribute pictures in the
interest of the workers. This company
tried to show "Jungle," to make a
little money and get a start; and all
over the country they ran into the
censor. The picture was barred from
Chicago absolutely, and the secretary
of the censorship board made no bones
about the reason; the picture was an
attack upon Chicago's biggest and most
powerful industry. Then came the
National Board of Review, ordering
the removal of a caption describing
the United States of America as "Not just
the sweet land of liberty." Also they
ordered the removal of a caption in a
court scene, "Pleading for Justice." This
seemed to convey the idea that
workingmen sometimes did not get
justice in the United States without
pleading for it! I should like to get
this movie censor to read a book called
"Justice and the Poor," which tells the
facts on this subject—and tells them
without the mordorment of Chief
Justice Taft of the U. S. Supreme
Court!

Movies Man of Mystery—From page 71

that he has been criticized for
the way in which he entered the modern
episode; but argues that the dramatic
let-down was deliberate and if he had
kept up the tension the audiences would
crack under the strain.

De Mille Says the Spectacle Is Doomed

The spectacle director somewhat
startled me by announcing that the spec-
tacle as such is doomed. That it never
really stood for anything anyway. If
there is an excuse for spectacular scenes,
by all means put them in. But—

"Blowing up a train means nothing," said
Cecil de Mille, "unless a human
heart is blown up at the same time."

Somewhere I could see that flashing on
the screen as an embroidered sub-title
by Jeanne MacPherson.

And—

"There is no sense in a thousand horses
galloping somewhere. You will never
thrill your audiences with such a
scene. If the horses are galloping
somewhere in particular—to save a
kingdom or a heroine—then you will
have them sitting on the edges of
either orchestra chairs."

Again—Cuties on Rope Ladders

We will forbear asking Mr. de Mille
if he thinks that his orgy in the Biblical
episodes of 'The Ten Commandments'
was entirely uncalled for. I knew that
no matter what subject he selected
he would still find a way to show cuties
swinging on rope ladders over the
revellers.

Again—

"We have had thousands of waving
torches," said the director. "But what
do they mean when waved for no rea-
son at all? No matter how many
torches there may be, they are of small
consequence unless they also ignite a
spark in a human being."

The man who has filmed more spec-
tacular orgies and revels and has used
more silk and jewels and furs to the
film foot than any one who ever wore
puttees is following 'The Ten Command-
ments with Triumph.' And he is stick-
ing to his story. In 'Triumph' there
will be no crowds and, as far as can
be ascertained, no orgies. Or if there
are orgies, they will be of the nice,
quiet kind. It is, briefly, the tale of a
tin can. Leatrice Joy and Richard Dix,
two young people whose pictorial place
has always seemed to be in the home,
however humble, will have the leading
roles. Apparently a plain, wholesome
texture, free from frills.

Has He Shot His Last Bedroom?

Does Mr. de Mille mean to keep his
word? Has he shot his last bedroom
scene? Will his heroines never again
star in the shower?

If such is the case, has he lost your
allegiance? Or can you be counted on
to follow his plots into the front parlor
as readily as into the boudoir?

We can't clear up the great de Mille
mystery right now. Time alone, as the
titles say, will tell. It may even be a
little matter for the ages. But just to
be fair about this thing, to present C. B.
to you in a new and practically
unjudged light, I'll tell you what he
said about 'The Ten Commandments,'
which, despite his declaration that it
is the cheapest picture ever made, cost
nigh onto a million dollars.

"It should be called 'The Ten Gray
Hairs.' Five for Mr. Zukor and five
for Mr. Lasky."
ANOTHER GUN FIRED!
See April Real Life!

A NOther gun will be fired in the fearless campaign to expose a literary fraud that REAL LIFE opened in the March issue. A mother has written sincerely, in desperate need of help, about the gradual breaking down of her fourteen-year-old son's fine moral sense and literary appreciation. Her article is called DEBAUCHING THE ADOLESCENT.

The following stories bring romance, adventure, love, solutions to every-day problems — in fact, real life as it is really lived:

A PLACE TO DIE, by Maria Moravsky.

THE GOLD DIGGER, by Ben Hecht, first of a series of "Little Stories of Real Life."

THE FLAPPER IS REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY, by Penryn Stanlaws, famous artist.

THE SOUTH SEAS FLAPPER, by Captain Frank Hurley, noted Australian explorer, famous for his explorations in New Guinea, and as the discoverer of the "Lost Tribe of Israel."

WHAT'S A START'S REPUTATION WORTH? by Rhoda Montade; another brilliant news feature.


NEW PLAYS AND PICTURES, reviewed by Anne Austin.

FIND THE VILLAIN, by Louis Weadock; another Mr. Bloom Story.

SATO'S BUMP, by Ben Hecht. Further brilliant anecdotes of Chicago newspaper days.

SISTERS OF JEZEBEL (Conclusion).

THE COBBLER'S TALE, by Paul Everman. A love story.

THE DEADLY SEX, by Harrison Dowd. Part Two.


Real Life Stories
145 West 57th St., New York City

What Will Happen to Ben Hur?
—From page 25

A dungeon scene, where Walsh took the sacrament! Did you see the spiritual look in his eyes — the light of one who dreams and dreams and sees visions? That was the spirit that I wanted for Ben. Too, he has an 'old world' face.

Then his body. Ben-Hur had a beautiful body; he gloriéd in it. It was his magnificent physique that led the Roman judge to sentence him to the galleys, manned by the cream of all the captives of Rome, rather than send him to a leprous cell, which was the fate of his mother and sister. The theme of the story, you know; and June Mathis' own eyes glowed as she told the story over for me. "Is the spirit of revenge conquered at last by the message of the Christ; a man of enormous strength and virility, motivated for years by the lust for revenge for a terrible wrong, softened at last by a spiritual love. The moral conquest of a weakling would not be dramatic. It was Ben-Hur's great strength that made his spiritual awakening the great and forceful thing it was."

When the screen rights for Ben-Hur were purchased from A. L. Erlanger some two years ago, the word went out that the man chosen for the title role must have two qualifications: broad shoulders and a spotless reputation. Well, naturally, that narrowed down the field to Conrad Nagel at once. And as at the time of choosing, Conrad hadn't yet recovered from the strain of being Paul of Three Weeks, our perennial moral champion was declared ineligible. Anyway, his complexion was against him; Ben wasn't a blonde.

Born in New York

IN spite of Walsh's "old world face," he first saw the light of day in a strictly American community, in New York.

The prelude to his nefarious career in Fox "mullers" consisted of an excellent education at Fordham and George Washington Universities. His first screen appearance of any note was in the Fox films, The Book Agent; Some Boy: This Is Life; Help, Help, Police, and others. Oh, many, many others.

Francis X. Bushman starts the second phase of his dramatic career as Messala, the false friend of Ben-Hur. First a star of great popularity, acclaimed as the favorite actor of his time, before whose picture countless maidens have offered incense. Then, as the relentless years press upon him,

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PROMINENT women in society, business and the theatrical profession give unqualified praise to Dr. R. Lincoln Graham's prescription, NEUROTIKS, for reflex reaction. "Sliender last! Oh, how wonderful it feels!"

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the inevitable character roles.

He should be perfect, Miss Mathis declares, in the role of the man of the world who is skilled in the arts of both love and war. It is Messala who reads the hearts of women as an open book.


Bushman as Messala


And by the way, the filming of the picture among the grandeur that was Rome, will have all the aspects of a reunion. For June Mathis wrote several scenarios for Bushman when he was a great star. And it was with Charles Brabin, who is to direct the film, that she got her first start at scenario writing.

"When we set upon Carmel Myers for the role of Irias, we completed the trio of the three most physical personages of the screen," June Mathis told me. "Walsh, Bushman, Myers—their appeal is almost wholly to the senses."

Carmel Myers, who used to play ingénue roles but is now vamping for a living, typifies the spirit of Egypt, according to Miss Mathis. One can find her prototype in the ancient friezes of the land of the Nile. At least so says Miss Mathis.

Carmel is that rare thing, a native Californian. She has lived almost all her life in Los Angeles, where her father was a rabbi. She made her screen debut opposite Harold Lockwood in The Haunted Pajamas. Leading parts in Universal pictures followed: Sirens of the Sea; My Unmarried Wife; The Dangerous Moment, and others. Her first important lapse from virtue (screenically speaking) occurred in The Magic Skin.

The thankless and unexciting role of the virtuous sweetheart who receives the somewhat battered heart of the hero, after the vamp has had all the fun, is in Gertrude Olmstead's keeping. Like Walsh, Miss Mathis says, Gertrude has that spiritual look so desirable in heroines. It was that look that got her the part.

To Ben-Hur via Beauty Contest

The manner in which Gertrude Olmstead entered pictures happened something like this. It seems like Gertrude, who lived in Chicago, went to the photographer to have her picture taken, as we all do occasionally in moments of weakness. She had just been graduated from high school. The photographer got some very pretty shots and, her press agent declares, sent some prints to the manager of the beauty contest that the Chicago Herald and Examiner were putting on, in connection with the Elks. And when Gertrude and her man heard what that wretch had done, we are led to believe, they both of them practically had hysterics right there on the new rug in the photographer's ante-room. But the damage had been done. Gertrude was awarded the prize, and Carl Laemmle offered her a job with Universal, and, after a terrible mental struggle, Gertrude accepted. So that's how Gertrude got in the movies and won the chance to be Mrs. Ben-Hur, all by having her picture taken. Pick your exit now; walk, don't run, girls.

The only remaining member of the cast to be chosen in America is Kathleen Key. Kathleen has the part of Tirzah, sister to Ben-Hur. Her resemblance to Walsh won her the part, says Miss Mathis, together with a haunting, pathetic quality that is expected to reach the heart.

All the other actors will be engaged abroad. Charles Brabin is now in Italy, with a staff of technical experts. June Mathis is soon to join him. The sections described in so much detail in the book are all to be filmed in Rome.

Of one thing we are assured: Ben-Hur will not be merely a spectacle. We will not be asked to sit through seven reels of mobs storming the Coliseum or Nero's palace, nor will we be given an animated travelogue, the Sight-seers' Delight. The human interests, the conflict of strong wills, is to be the cake; the Roman setting is merely the frosting. So predicts Miss Mathis, but we shall see—we shall see.

It all sounds great. But oh, June Mathis!

We wish you hadn't let George do it!

Making Pictures in France

From page 54

which is humanly possible and appealing.

In the cast are Harry Baur of the Odeon, Mary Marquet of the Comédie Française, Lily Dameta of the Casino de Paris, and Georges Melchoir, the light-haired movie heart champion of France. The director, who is also the author of the story, lays its scenes in old Montmartre, around the familiar Place Pigalle, Place Blanche, and up the hill in a quarter practically unknown and unheard of by the average American tourist.
est. It was the wicked King of Spain intent upon seducing her who furnishes the drama of the piece.

Movie producers, learning from experience, that a heroine can be made appealing and effective chiefly by showing her at grips with Evil, and that a movie depends almost entirely for its moral success upon the extent of diabolery overcome, have extended themselves in the inventions of villainy. The public watching an abandoned wretch endeavoring to rape a golden haired girl in an isolated log cabin knows the heroine will not be raped. The hero will arrive on a dog sled, a bolt of lightning will intervene or a regiment of U. S. Marines will suddenly materialize.

Anna Christie is not a Moral Drama. The result is that, despite its central character being a prostitute, there are no sex scenes in the picture. There are no scenes in which the libido of the spectators is stirred by wrestling matches between a villain intent upon a seduction and a trapped heroine. The drama of Anna Christie is contained in the character of Anna herself and her conflict as a human being with the morality of others. The drama of such a film as The Lights of Broadway is contained in the conflict of a Moral Symbol—the heroine—with the human-ness (evil) of others.

The movies, concerning themselves almost entirely with the triumph of Morality, have revealed to the world an orgie of kissings, huggings, and attempted rapes the like of which has never been known in any art or semi-art form of any other civilization. The movie producers observe only one law. This is the law of the Virtuous Finish. The citizen, reveling in the attempts at seduction portrayed on the film, must be shown that, regardless how fate, locality and opportunity conspire to assist the Villain, something will always happen to defeat his low sexual purpose—be it only the pealing of church bells in a neighboring prayer house. The citizen desires this assurance because, in a way, it vindicates his abstinance from villainy.

Women of course have the best of it as movie spectators. They can vicariously identify themselves with the heroine and enjoy the thrill of illicit overtures during the five reels as well as the thrill of romantic victory in the sixth reel.

If you will keep track of the scenes you are shown in the movie plays you will find that two-thirds of them are, theoretically, lewd. Were the heroine involved a human being, whose emotions and attitudes were not dictated by a moralistic plot, these scenes would be downright "obscene." The unreality of the heroine minimizes the realism of the attempted "love crimes" in which she figures.

The movie industry today is, aesthetically, as degenerate as the novels of Laura Jean Libby or Elinor Glyn. The average movie plot is based upon the vicissitudes of virginity. The public discussion of female virginity, which preoccupies the moralist, is an intensely more sexual stimulus than the public discussion of prostitution or sexual promiscuity. Write your own psychological caption. If I were to draw a cartoon of the movie heroine I would draw a picture of a pretty girl with her head buried in the ground offering the rest of her person as the battlefield of drama.

New Screen Plays—From page 58

It concerns a little Apache by-product of Montmartre, a gamín who dresses as a boy and is known throughout under-world Paris for her thievery as "the humming bird." An American newspaper man comes to love her—but along comes the world war, with plenty of old shots from 1914-16 news reels. The American joins the foreign legion and Toinette marshall the wolves of Montmartre to the colors. Then she is arrested for her old thefts and sent to prison but she escapes during a Zep raid in time to visit the bedside of her wounded—and apparently dying—hero. He is restored to health and the movie seems rosy when the chief of the Paris detectives enters. Must Toinette go back to prison? No, indeed. France has forgiven her. Didn't she march the wolves to Flanders fields? Fade-out!

Director Sidney Olcott has told the story with considerable glamour and much fidelity to detail. (This Olcott, by the way, has hit his stride this past year.) And yet there are glaring slips. As for instance, the way the chief detective, on visiting the American's apartment in the...
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These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer, I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day’s work.

If that isn’t enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn’t know anything about selling. In his first month’s spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $800 and $4,200 a month.

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Effective—But Full of Holes

Through the Dark is a momentarily effective melodrama if you do not question events as they appear. But when you look back over the preceding I am pretty sure you will find this screen-play, built upon a Boston Blackie story by Jack Boyle, to have as many holes as a Swiss cheese.

It is full of gags, crooks, most of whom want to go straight, and detectives and stool-pigeons who try to prevent 'em. Then there is a kindly grey-haired widow

early morning before the war, asks to be introduced to Toinette. This seems to me to be hardly in the true spirit of Paris. And I could get along with a few less clips of old news reels.

The Humming Bird will be a popular picture. Yet Miss Swanson’s Toinette is not as good as her Zaza by a long shot. She frequently strives for a Kiki abandon and an Apache hardness with palpable effort. And she frequently-overdoes both. Yet the very unrestrained of Miss Swanson has suddenly given her a new public interest. Our screen is wrapped in repression—but Gloria has kicked loose from it with a vengeance. Now and then she may achieve a lot of bad acting but she has hit the popular appeal. So there you are! Edward Burns isn’t much of a hero and the rest of the cast is indifferent—but Gloria is all over the place, so who cares?

Where Pan is Making Last Stand

William de Mille adapted Julian Street’s Rita Cooney into Don’t Call It Love and the result is passably entertaining, although little more. Mr. Street satirized the idiosyncrasies of the opera world and its passionate indiscretions, where the God Pan is making his last stand before the inroads of the Haynes and the Landises.

Rita, the diva, is momentarily interested in Richard Parrish. She goes away clandestinely (if the word can be applied to a notable trampled by an army of reporters and cameramen) to Atlantic City with him—and the adventure might have turned out disastrously did not her fancy suddenly turn to a young piano tuner. Mr. De Mille has endeavored to treat all this lightly and amusingly but his touch is as heavy as a concert grand at times. His opera folk do not appear very authentic to me, but I do not pretend to know, my field of acquaintance in the music field being entirely limited to a sitter player. Still, I have my doubts about Nita Naldi’s as a Farrar. The other combatants, Jack Holt as Parrish and Agnes Ayres as the homely little gal who really loves him, did not intrigue me.

Don’t Call It Love is one of those screen-plays to see if you haven’t anything else to do with your evening.
of a jail-bird who died in prison, she keeps open house for second story men and gives them all nice, motherly advice. Imagine a half dozen yegg's gathered in a semi-circle around the widow, listening to a bedtime story! Her daughter is in a finishing school, oblivious to her papa's reputation and fate. But, of course, the police prevent the girl going on with her illusions. She gets tossed out of the aforementioned finishing school but ultimately marries a famous crook, no other than Boston Blackie, who reforms, of course.

Colleen Moore is the girl and a bit better than in Flaming Youth. But Forrest Stanley makes Boston Blackie strongly resemble the gentry standing outside the Lambs' Club on a warm Summer afternoon.

Reno is Rupert Hughes at his worst—which is considerable. Hughes starts out to show how the divorce laws of our various states are wholly different, so that a person may be divorced in one and yet still married in another. His numerous characters have an assortment of matrimonial tangles, until Mr. Hughes solves his great problem by having the villain, played by Lew Cody, tossed some two hundred feet in midair by an annoyed geyser. But I exploded before the geyser did—and never did see this event. reported to me to be very exciting.

In the company you will find practically the whole Ben-Hur cast, from George Walsh, he of the spiritual eyes, to Carmel Myers. Perhaps they were giving them practice working together—or something. Anyway, the whole Ben-Hur cast is in Reno except the horses.

Their Characters
—From page 51

company any more. There is obvious in her heavy-lidded eyes, her curved lips, her high-arched nose and her strong jaw, a deep-rooted love for the sacred things of life.

I called at her home to tell her of my conclusions. When I saw her standing there—her six feet two of magnificent womanhood attired in a flowered cretonne apron—I knew that I was the man who was to teach Maude Murgatroyd the lesson of real life and love.

“Miss Murgatroyd,” I said as gently as possible. “Not for you the leopard skins, nor the divan scenes. You are just a real, good, womanly woman, with all the instincts of such. Come with me and I will show you life as it is.”

Miss Murgatroyd smiled at me—a slow cryptic smile. Then she took me by the collar and opened the door. “It's only three flights,” she said before she threw me down.

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TARA STUDIO 1133 Broadway - Desk 2C - NEW YORK
Ten Best Pictures—From page 45


Ivy Dayrell of The View, Lower Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, England, named: The Birth of a Nation, Orphans of the Storm, Intolerance, The Four Horsemen, Robin Hood, Smilin' Through, The Covered Wagon, Nanook of the North, 50,000 Miles with The Prince of Wales and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

In many instances, the selections of ten represented the composite choice of a whole family. This was, for instance, the case of the vote cast by the Alva Ulrichs of Somers, Mont. Here Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich and their three children made out an excellent selection.

Flappers in the Concrete—From page 69

"I don’t see why they make such a fuss of her," she complained, "why, she wouldn’t find well at all. And, anyway, she is a German or something."

Nor do the feminine flappers supply all the solid concrete in the world. A certain male flapper, upon coming to New York, was asked to speak at a dinner. A few days before the dinner another movie scandal had broken in Hollywood and the front pages of the New York newspapers were shrieking with glad tidings.

Naturally the star felt called upon to defend the old home town and so he spoke as follows:

"I don’t see why the New York newspapers make such a fuss over the shootings in Hollywood. Why out there, we think nothing of a murder!"

Joys of Being an Interviewer

Of course, there is always the classic remark of Mildred Harris who, upon parting from Chaplin, complained that he used to read a book all the time. And there is also the story of the girl who was so dumb that she thought the senators kept their liquor locked in the President’s cabinet.

It is great to meet the stars face to face and hear them say things and do things that you wouldn’t have believed possible.

It is lovely to sit through an interview with an ingenué who persists in denying that the man who came in with a latch key and flung his brown derby on the hat-rack is her husband; who blithely claims she never has been married and never wants to be; and who pathetically

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Ten Best Pictures—From page 45


Flappers spoke to the star except to order another cocktail. When seven o’clock came, she asked if she might remain to dinner. And, after borrowing the star’s limousine, she simply announced that she wanted to play a part in her next picture and departed, without thanks.

Spelling Games for Stars

Another star, or rather a young actress who can’t see why she isn’t starred—told me that she had joined the reading club. "We get together once a week," she said, and ‘choose words out of the dictionary. Anyone who doesn’t know the meaning of a word is fined ten points. We play for a quarter of a cent a point."

The club broke up when one of the girls’ mothers complained that her daughter lost too much in gambling.

An ambitious newcomer took the money she had saved from a lucrative engagement in a big picture and decided to have her portrait painted.

The portrait was painted and the hopeful artist sent it around to her.

The actress sent it back with an indignant letter saying that she had been grossly cheated. The paint was spread on with miserably thinness and she had paid enough to get plenty of paint. Either the artist must put on a couple of extra coats or lose his money.

Doubled Jeritza’s Film Possibilities

At a luncheon, a star from the Coast told me that she had been to the opera to hear Marie Jeritza.


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inquiries if you, too, do not believe that marriage is a detriment to a career—
when it is made public.

It is also wonderful to welcome a West Coast star on her first visit to New York.
It is marvellous to see her in her suite at the Ritz explaining to a group of weather-
beaten Manhattan reporters that she is asleep at half-past nine every night at
home and that she is absolutely be-
widere by New York's habit of going to
the theatre every night.

In the exchange of tourists between the East and the West, the Eastern greenhorn
who tries to eat olives off the tree is fully
matched by the bunches of movie queens
who, upon pulling out of Grand Central
Station, tell the world that they wouldn't
live in New York if they gave them the
place.

Think they wouldn't?

Dramaland

—from page 65

most enthusiastic admirers. Of course,
it is more soundly satisfactory to listen
to a man like Shaw boring one than it is
to listen to the average Broadway play-
wright interesting one, but there are
limits. And the venerable G. Bernard
in late years does not seem to appreciate
the fact. After he has convinced you of
something, and beyond dispute, he promptly
buttonholes you all over again and
tries to make you sure that you have
not changed your mind in the moment
he has paused for breath. Furth-
ermore, we are all beginning to get a
trifle tired of the jokes on England and
the English that the old boy is so proud
of. He has worn them out; they are
today about as novel as Joe Jackson's
bicycle act. His play is worth seeing,
but I promise you that, if you are not
given to affection, it will pretty well
tucker you out before its final curtain
comes down.

I hear that the Theatre Guild has
improved its production of the play
since the opening night. It needed to.
On that night, it moved with all the
graceful alacrity of an Elk's funeral
cortege.

IV.

Madrid, by Rafael Orbera, is a
Spanish opus that is guaranteed to put
you to sleep by nine-thirty. It is one
of those Castillian nonsense full of
passionate allusive drives up like an
old beer-garden "Bohemian Girl" opera
troupe. The stage is full of Damiens,
Faustinas, Sancho's, Franciscos and
Marcianas who are bursting with emo-
tion and who take it in black looks

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ments of healthy meat. For details see, 20 cents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for Bulletin No. 120, Hyg. Lab., Wash. Also contains tests on bees.

Medical Methods Changed

Replenishment, or, was previously sup-

posed due to a germ; the equation now is dietary, oxygen, or mineral. Now diabetes is proved by these experiments to be a "deficiency" disease, due to deficiency of certain essential elements of nutrition. Similarly other diseases will be traced in public experiments, because replenishment of these elements is the one essential law of living.

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20 years, in the course of instructing over 6,000 pupils, who had been suffering from all varieties of disease, proven the root of every disease. Exaggerated fears before and injury in the ACCUMULATED, RETAINED WASTE PRODUCTS which leak into tissues and organs from wrongly proportioned feeding, greasing of tissues from, too weakly proportioned feeding as well as from tissues to be made by feeding a style. Right FEEDING, i.e., REPLENISHMENT is the only true food of disease.

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while someone plays a guitar softly in the wings. With a few notable exceptions, the average modern Spanish play is about as exciting as a debate between two deaf mutes. There is to it something as recalcitrantly humorous as a Sardou drama played by a company of child actors. With all the good plays in the world, it seems as foolish to import these old-fashioned, empty, modern Spanish alarms as it would be to export near-

beer to Germany. Nance O'Neil is the star of the occasion. She enjoys herself immensely, which is more than may be said of her auditors.

V.

Thrust your right hand in the bosom of your Prince Albert, strike a pose that would make a college president green with envy, proclaim as gravely as you will all the deficiencies in Sutton Vane's Outward Bound and the fact remains that this play is yet as interesting a thing as the New York stage has seen this season. It is original; it is humorously, yet sincerely, devised; it is ably written, it is expertly staged; and it is admirably acted — which should be enough for anyone's two-fifteen. It would, incidentally, make such a first-rate moving picture that it is doubtful that any movie company will take a chance with it, so I advise you to see it while you can.

The tale of a number of men and women who find themselves mysteriously on board a strange vessel bound for some know not where and who suddenly discover that they're all dead and moving across the stage to a port in each case unknown, the play holds one so strangely as Chesterton's Magic. Although they are wholly dissimilar, these two plays have one element in common: the action in each takes place less on the stage than in the spectator's mind. Don't be frightened, dear film fans, however. There is no more disturbing intellectuality in Outward Bound than there is in a copy of the Police Gazette or a Griffith movie. It is just a good play devoid of stiltiness that will hold your attention as closely as a well-written detective melodrama. (You see, I am trying to trick you into seeing it. After you have been thus tricked, you will forgive me, I am certain.) It will thrill you; it is cleverly so constructed that the heroine jumps from a moving freight car onto a moving automobile and thence onto a moving van. It will stir your emotions as they have never been stirred by the picture of some cow-eyed ex-slampoo being kissed back of the ear for three minutes by some passionate ex-street-car conductor dressed up as a Spanish toreador. If, after view-

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ing the play, you do not agree with me, I shall be glad to prove to you anew that you are completely and thoroughly wrong.

VI.

The best of the more recently produced musical shows are George M. Cohan's The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly and Ziegfeld's Kid Boots. Cohan's show has the most amusing libretto, and Ziegfeld has in the person of Eddie Cantor the most amusing comedian. If any other comedian worked as hard to get laughs as Cantor does, you'd feel like heaving a large, thick sausage at him, but somehow you don't particularly mind Cantor's herculean efforts. There's a laugh in every drop of his perspiration. And he gets these laughs without recourse to the usual comic dodges. He doesn't wear a burlesque show moustache; he falls upon his pant-seat only once or twice; he doesn't trip over his own left foot; he doesn't wear a zoo derby; he doesn't call the orchestra leader Oswald. Mary Eaton is featured in the same exhibit. She is a pretty girl; she has learned something of singing; but her dancing is stereotyped. In the Cohan entertainment there are no especially noteworthy performers, but Cantor's direction of his lesser celebrities is so good that he gets almost as much out of them as another producer can get out of as many Rolls-Royce salaries. The new Mary Hay show, Mary Jane McKane, is largely the venerable stuff. La Hay is not nearly so engaging as she was in Marjolaine, and the rest of the troupe, except the Keene twins, who negotiate some agile stepping, is not distinguished. The libretto, further, is as old as the James J. Hills.

VI.

In adapting Bourget's French original for American audiences under the title of The Other Rose, George Middleton has taken out the sex motif. The result is a Mack Sennett bathing girl in a hoop-skirt. Just why American playwrights continue in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary to believe that sex is offensive to an American audience, my negro statistician, the Rev. Dr. Lucullus Wurzburg, has thus far been unable to deduce. Why they should believe that an audience will get right up and walk out if they show it a young man who is not a cumch or a young woman who isn't a sexual great-grandmother, is something that the late William Pinkerton died trying to solve. Mr. Belasco has staged The Other Rose very ably; it is excellently played in its two central roles, and Miss Luana Paré and Mr. John Lacy come off without a hitch. The setting is cleverly done, and the programme is a most interesting one. The dialogue is well written, and the acting is on a high average.
The Optimistic Elinor

—From page 47

stupid Lenin," and she laughed again. I was becoming quite a comedian.

"Trotsky—" I stopped.

Her eyes narrowed again and she snapped her fingers. "Ha, ha—a fly to brush from the window-pane." That was too much, and I said, in that superior manner we all assume when we think we are saying something, "I think he's a great guy myself."

Elinor was as horrified as if someone had asked why Paul had not swung a pick for Three Weeks and thereby done his fair share of work in the world.

"Your literary struggle, Mrs. Glyn, was it long?"

"I Believe in Truth," Says Mrs. Glyn

"No—I merely wrote and published. You see, I had a remarkable memory, a very remarkable memory, and I believe in truth, and so—I had an immediate success."

"Of course, you had every educational advantage. Do you consider a fine education necessary for a writer?"

"Yes, I cannot conceive how one can be a great writer without a profound education." I looked across the room and Conrad, Masefield, Gorki, Shakes-
peare and a crowd of others stood bowing at me.

"You spoke in high praise of optimism a moment ago, Mrs. Glyn. Don't you think it can be carried too far?" I asked, the while thinking of Ibsen's "the supreme optimist is a damn fool."

"No, no, I do not. Suppose a young man were very ill, and the doctor told him that death was certain in ten days. Would that doctor be wise?" I made no answer, but thought that it would not make so much difference to one who wanted to live hard enough.

Further conversation proved that Elinor Glyn believes in the great English and American forward march. That the poor boy can rise to great heights despite every handicap. "Look at Lord Reading, a poor Jew boy, and look at his position now."

"Yes," I ventured, "but even every poor Jew boy cannot become a Lord Reading."

Opportunities for the Boy of Today

Perhaps not. But they can rise far by their own intellect."

I thought of the hundreds of young boys I had known from orphanages and reform schools who were now degenerate, broken and pitiful, carrying dwarfed souls and shrivelled lives over the rocky road that leads to the last oblivion.

A slight turn in the road can wreck a life. What then must be the plight of the boys who learn more about the viciousness of life at 20 than any of our social leaders have the capacity to imagine. Has any one ever noticed the weary expression in Judge Lindsay's face? He knows.

Are these boys without appreciation of their real friends? Seventeen years ago I stood in front of the Art Museum in Chicago with three other boys. A venerable and wonderful-looking woman passed us. A boy, now serving life for murder, said: "Take off your hats, kids, here comes Jane Addams."

When Elinor Danced

But Elinor Glyn sits across from me and she is talking about a dance she had with a potenatate from St.iam, name happily unremembered. Her diamond necklace sparkles on her white throat and recalled to my mind a saying of Kate Barnard's that I have remembered for years. Kate Barnard was, or is, a power in Oklahoma politics, if I remember correctly. She said: "I'll never wear a diamond so long as there is a hungry child."

"Three Weeks," she was saying, "has been translated into every language and it still sells fifty thousand copies a year."
.aspect)

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

“WHAT IS the secret of that success, Mrs. Glyn?”

“Truth,” was the terse reply.

“Why is it,” I went on, “that most of
the great delineators of female char-
acters have been men—Balzac, Hardy,
Dreiser, Zola, Sudermann—nearly all?”

Women Cannot Tell the Truth

BECAUSE,” was the decisive answer,
“a woman cannot tell the truth about
anything.”

“Why is that, Mrs. Glyn?”

“Because a man deals with big
things and tells the truth. A woman
deals with little things and always lies.
I write like a man.”

I recalled a pamphlet she had written
about her best-known book. After try-
ing to remember a passionate case of
love in England, she decided to invent
one. In other words, she had not seen
cuch a case of love as she wished to
write truth, she invented it, which is,
I suppose, a paradox. She wrote:

“And finally the vision of Three
Weeks came to me suddenly in
the autumn of 1906 and I retired to
the pavilion in my garden, where I used
to write in those days, and began.

“It seemed as though some spirit
from beyond was guiding me—I wrote
breathlessly for hours and hours on end,
hardly conscious at times of the words
which were pouring into my brain until
I came to read over the chapters and
found what I had written was exactly
what I had hoped and meant to say.
The original MS, shows this—it flows
on with hardly a correction or altera-
tion. I felt intensely as I wrote: I lived
in imagination every moment of their
two lives. For me they were vital
human beings. And that is the reason
they have remained of magnetic inter-
est to the readers for all these years and
will go on doing so to the end of time.”
Which is—almost—immortal.

In defending the book from the
prudes, she quotes a chapter end:

“And this night was the most divine
of any they had spent upon the Burgen-
stock, but there was in it an essence
about which only the angels could
write.” (The last five words in italics.)

Great Love Not Sensuality

“HOW could any low thought of mere
sensuality have entered into a love like
this?”

“I maintain that Three Weeks is a
deep and elevating tragedy, and as such
will live far beyond my life, when preju-
dice will be less and truth seen more
clearly.”

The question of truth settled, we
spoke about the motion picture.

The name of Victor Seastrom, the
Swedish director, came up. Seastrom
Woodbridge, 105


doesn’t believe in co-education

Mrs. Glym is not in sympathy with the American system of co-education. She believes that it brings boys and girls into too close contact in and out of the schools.

Close association frightens away the procreative instinct and destroys all reserve so that the only thing that comes to them later in life is what comes to animals in the mating season, real love being impossible. Woman, according to Elinor Glym, must keep herself mysterious and aloof. It is only by so doing that romance can be preserved.

It will be seen that Mme. Glym is not stepping ahead of Havelock Ellis and Ellen Key as a modern thinker.

The business manager of the studios knocked at the door. We both rose, Mrs. Glym saying, "I have a message for the world which I shall deliver everywhere. My latest book tells it. It will be out soon." I wondered why writers always try to push their latest books on other writers, and so wondering, I walked out into the California air, leaving the author of the greatest treatise on love in the last fifty years and the greatest book on Russia alone with the man of business.

is intellectually and artistically the greatest director in the world today, it seems to me. His picture, The Stroke of Midnight, is, in the opinion of the keen Charlie Chaplin, “the greatest picture ever made.” I was anxious for Mrs. Glym’s opinion of Seastrom.

“We Don’t Want the Drab in Pictures”

She expressed none, but said, unmindful of the great Swede’s capabilities, “As I was telling Mr. Seastrom the other day, we do not want the drab in pictures. They should end in a note of optimism and hope.” She did not tell me Seastrom’s reply.

In an effort once more to get an opinion of American woman writers, I asked, “Do you care for Dorothy Canfield?”

“I have not heard of her,” she replied, and then said quickly, “but Gertrude Atherton is a marvelous writer. Her psychology is wonderful and will endure.” She then launched into a long discourse on the Anglo-Saxon and Nordic races, which I will not attempt to record, feeling that it matters not at all.

“Mrs. Atherton is of the same opinion—are you her disciple?” It was a brutal question—which she ignored. As though Mrs. Glym could be anybody’s disciple.

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Firing the Second Gun in a Crusade of National Importance

"Debauching the Adolescent"

By A Mother

IN March Real Life the first gun was fired in a fearless attack against a certain group of magazines which make a business of trading on sex, of creating vicarious sex thrills for the extremely young, the ignorant or the vicious-minded. We pointed out how these magazines perpetrate their crimes deliberately, cloaking their viciousness under the guise of "truth."

In April Real Life we are firing the second gun. A mother has written us just how the "confessional" magazine is ruining her son, endangering his morals, perverting his mind and causing him to fail in school. We are publishing this document because we feel it a duty to other mothers and their sons and daughters to warn them of an insidious, probably unsuspected evil which has crept silently into their homes and as silently undermined the wholesomeness of American family life.

And a Book full of Real Life Stories and Articles

Beginning with the April issue of Real Life, we are giving the public a remarkable series of miniature short stories, by Ben Hecht, America’s most talked of and most fearless writer of realistic fiction. The author of Erik Dorn, Gargoyles and other famous books is at his best in this series of "Little Stories of Real Life," of which "The Gold Digger" is the first—and one of the best. Mr. Hecht’s newspaper anecdotes began in the March issue, and continue in the April number under the heading of "Sato’s Bump—And Other Adventures in News Faking."

For the first time in the history of literature a realistic story is being written about newspaper life—not fiction, but truth; not pretty truth, but stark, naked truth, by a man who loves the game and yet who is not fooled by the power of the press, or awed by it. A faithful, photographic study of Chicago newspaper life which you cannot afford to miss, for it will reveal many things to you which have long been shrouded in darkness.

The South Seas Flapper, By Captain Frank Hurley

Captain Frank Hurley, famous explorer and discoverer of the "Lost Tribe of Israel," has contributed an amazingly interesting article—a comparison of the South Sea Island flappers with the Broadway type of girl.

And the book has its full quota of realistic fiction—Fly Paper, by Mary Arbuckle; A Place to Die, by Maria Moravsky; Conning Through, an unformed "gentle grafter’s" story, by "Mark Mellen" and Travis Hoke; Sisters of Jezebel, the conclusion of a powerful novel denouncing present day tendencies; Find the Villain, another Louis Wadock story about the charming and amiable "Mr. Bloom"; The Cobbler’s Tale, by Paul Everman; The Deadly Sex, by Harrison Dowd; and The Witness Fixer, by Mabel Lockman.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, noted artist and creator of the famous "Stanlaws" girl," writes authoritatively and humorously of the American flapper as "the real American beauty," in striking contrast to Captain Hurley’s article.

What’s a Star’s Reputation Worth? Read Real Life for April and find out!

Real Life Stories

145 West 57th Street, New York City

Out March 15. 25c the copy
He called them by their RIGHT NAMES
and made the world blush for shame

With a ruthlessness that brought a nation-wide
gasp, he tore away the cloak of smug respectability and laid bare the secret sins in the heart of men and women. He snatched away the silks and jewels of society, he pulled down the trappings of position, he brushed aside the gilded veneer of wealth! Stark naked in their shame, the victims of his astounding exposures cried out to stop him. The powers were invoked to silence him. In desperation, assassins were hired to kill him. But before a bullet finally laid low his flaming spirit, he had given to the world a message of truth about society that still resounds through the land. He calls them by their RIGHT NAMES!

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This wrist vanity is worn like a wrist watch on a ribbon bracelet with an attractive clasp to match the case in gold or platinum finish. Inside is a small compact of daintily scented powder, a mirror which reflects your whole face and a tiny puff.

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If you prefer you may send cash. C.O.D. orders are sometimes delayed.
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Anne Austin
has some good things in store for next month

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is one of them

Watch for the June Screenland
On all newsstands May first

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—and a dozen other features—

Published monthly by The Myron Zobel Publications Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
Fair, white skins come down from the days of your cave woman ancestors. Ages spent in the dark, cloudy forests of northern Europe gradually brought about the blonde.

But you—living in a sunny country as far south as Africa and Italy are in constant danger of losing the lovely complexion you inherited.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles, or money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

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Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy $3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful large size bottle of perfume free. You need our many preparations in your home daily. Get our booklet.

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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, clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Rolf Armstrong Paints Anita Stewart in Words

I had been dreading the experience of witnessing the heavy toll time takes of beauty when I should approach the painting of this Anita Stewart, whose history is linked with the early days of motion pictures. Her unchanged screen appearance through the years I had classed as a miracle of modern photography. So I was totally unprepared, one snowy February day, to answer a knock at my studio door, and find June smiling at me across the threshold. Most defiant of red tams, most demure of Eton blouses,—and brown, lilting, shimmering Irish eyes.

This mystery of perpetual youth proved to be no mystery at all. If I hadn't been a serious minded artist, occupied with matters somewhat far removed from the vital statistics concerning the weight, color, age, and matrimonial histories of the motion picture luminaries, I might have been aware that Miss Stewart made her debut on the screen at a tender age when most little girls are still safely at home cutting paper dolls.

But just in case some of you are as uninformed as I, I present her to you in my sketch just as she looked to me in my doorway, Eton collar, tam, Irish eyes, and all.

Life
By Dorothy Quick.

Life let us be playmates, you and I,
I adore earth's playground bound by sky.
Let us take no heed of passing hours
While we have the sunshine and the flowers.

Life let us be lovers, you and I,
Let us grasp the moment ere it fly.
Oh, I beg you hold me to your breast,
Think not of tomorrow, today is best.

Life let us be comrades, you and I,
I will count no loss as time slips by
If, whate'er betide me at the end,
I can truly say, Life was my friend.
Thousands upon thousands of women to-day marry with the bloom of youth upon their cheeks. A few years of married life rub the bloom off. Children come, too many. And instead of the energetic, healthy girl we have a tired and be-draggled young-old woman. Why do women allow marriage, the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation?

MARGARET SANGER, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control movement and President of the American Birth Control League, has a message vital to every married man and woman. Every married woman knows only too well the tragedies resulting from too frequent child-bearing.

Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life— a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Mrs. Sanger’s splendidly frank and inspiring book is a clarion call to the women of the world to cast off the chains of ignorance that have long bound them to their misery. In her advocacy of women’s right to the knowledge of the truth that will make her free, Mrs. Sanger has fought through every court in the land, and braved storms of bitter denunciation.

In “Woman and the New Race” she shows that woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society. Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womankind to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness and life itself to the women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storm of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land in her advocacy of women’s right to the knowledge that will break the chains of slavery. Her message is one of the greatest that it has been the good fortune of women to receive.

“Woman and the New Race,” Margaret Sanger’s courageous book, should be read by every married man and woman in America.

It is a book of astounding facts that will open the eyes of worn, tired womankind. In truth and honesty it may be said to be the clarion call of woman’s salvation.

Every woman in the country should have a copy of this remarkable and courageous work. For this reason we have arranged a special edition of “Woman and the New Race” at only $2.00 a copy.

Send No Money

The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, has artistic black lettering and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 234 interesting pages. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. It is sent to you in a plain wrapper. When “Woman and the New Race” is delivered to you by the postman, pay him $2.00 plus postage—but send no money with the coupon, and if after reading it you are not entirely satisfied return it to us and we will refund your money. There will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—at once.

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The Editor's Letter Box

Dear Editor:—

In my opinion one of the greatest criticisms of the screen is that when a star has reached his or her height of popularity they are overdone. By this I mean they are on the screen too much during the showing of a picture. This doesn't give the rest of the cast a chance to do anything.

I think the public is expecting better pictures than we are now getting and prefers the featuring of more than one star in a picture.

Grace Coldenstroth
1329 Belmont St.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:—

It seems to me that it is high time that someone says a word in defense of Mae Murray. In the first place we all agree, Mae rakes in the shekels. In the second place the main object of the theatre is entertainment. Mae offers more entertainment than any one I can think of excepting possibly Nazimova or La Negri. She is as exquisite as an orchid, as graceful as a reed in the winds and full of life and pep. Her dancing is a joy forever. It thrills me more than all the Pavlowas in the world.

I feel like eating nails every time I hear one of these falsely modest prudes (who, by the way, have figures like sacks of flour), lift up their nose at "that Murray creature—half naked." Mae wears as few clothes as most of our musical comedy girls (though no one kicks about them), and with more reason. She has a beautiful body. Why not show it? And her plays are not suggestive. If you want to see a suggestive play go to one of Corinne Griffith's. In my opinion

(Continued on page 83)
They Said
It Couldn’t Be Done!

—but these screen authors did it!

Announcing
The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by the Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, carrying prices of $500 each and bronze Medals of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thereby Genesis and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

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(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitions to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unaided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of someone who knew.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship proffers. Palmer Course teaches photoplay writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student's creations become good enough for sale, the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new in American letters. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique. Today more than ever before do screen writers insist on the brilliant renderings of the new methods and Palmer training is the world away from out-worn methods of instruction.

It is a sheath of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique. As just as photodramatists find that Palmer cooperation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so do fiction writers find that Palmer training aids them in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or are now enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success can be duplicated.

Imagination is Like—World thinkers like Wells voice the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative how to harness their imagination and put it to work—produtibly.

It instills that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social and industrial life. It inspires the habit of thinking creatively—the habit that carries men and women to the unenvied positions in the world's affairs. It energizes and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaire, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazine through Palmer cooperation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Mailing of the coupon below will bring "The New Road to Authorship" and the Scholarship bulletin free.

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2205

Announcing Palmer Photoplay Corporation.
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me without cost your book "The New Road to Authorship" and your Bulletin containing details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation.

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All correspondence strictly confidential.

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YOUR happiness, like every woman's, lies in your being attractively beautiful. You may have eyes radiant with love; cheeks reflecting the bloom of youth; lips simulating the perfection of the rosebud. And yet a single unwanted hair mars your charm and your happiness. Can you afford to ignore objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck and limbs, or shaggy brows? Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts off the hairs with the roots, gently, quickly and painlessly, and thus destroys the growth? Such is the action of ZIP, and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary depilatories which merely burn off the surface hair and leave the roots to thrive; so far superior to the electric needle with all its agony and danger of marring the skin; and so much more effective than pumice with its massaging and hair-growing effects.

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Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder, and your Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

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Remember, ZIP is not a depilatory—it is an EPILATOR, and actually destroys the growth. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless; contains no injurious drugs; is easily applied at home, and delightfully fragrant; leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a babe's; and above all, is acknowledged by experts as the scientifically correct method for really eliminating all your superfluous hair.

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RUTH ROLAND
The Speaking Stage

CHIFFON GIRL—Loiswe Theatre. Perhaps this is a fair musical comedy when Eleanor Painter is in it. It is certainly terrible without her. She was A. W. O. L. the night we saw it.

MOON-FLOWER—Astor Theatre. The charming Elsie Ferguson at her best is the outstanding feature of this good play containing an interesting plot and beautiful scenery.


HIPPODROME—The old landmark given a new lease of life with Keith vaudeville.

KID BOOTS—Earl Carroll Theatre. Eddie Cantor in white face and black face too. He plays the part of a caddie at a Palm Beach golf club. Marilynn Miller is the poor little rich girl. The leading man is handsome. A Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., production. Need we say more?

LOLLIPOP—Knickerbocker Theatre. Ada May Weeks is a show in herself. There is one good song (Dance a Little One-step). Good entertainment.

NEW TOYS—Fulton Theatre. Ernest Truex provides most of the laughs in this amusing comedy of married life "after the first baby."


RUNNIN' WILD—Colonial Theatre. A colored song and dance fest with two song hits (Runnin' Wild and Old Fashioned Rose), and the patter of many little darkly feet. Excellent dancing and singing.

RUST—25th St. Theatre. Just another one of "them things." Typical Greenwich Village melodrama with the acting of Clarke Silvernail as the one outstanding feature.


The Silent Drama

Brief Reviews of Current Screen Releases

"ICEBOUND"—Paramount. This is a screen version of the 1923 Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis, but William de Mille’s interpretation will win no such honors for the photoplay. It is a hokumized edition of what the dramatic critics had declared a first rate stage production. Icebound on the screen smacks of the vintage of 1910. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in the leading roles offer creditable performances which are lost in a maze of trite and stagy situations. The photography is poor. The supporting cast is weak.

"THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN"—Herman J. Garfield. Being the cinematic diary of an exploration trip into the jungle fastness of Dutch Guinea in which are revealed some astounding scenes of life among the headhunters on one of the last of the Cannibal Isles. This is more than a travelogue. It is a startlingly vivid narrative, probably never to be told again, of a remote and picturesque tribe that is fast becoming extinct—a race of vanishing men. Splendid photography.

"THE LAW FORBIDS"—Universal-Jewel. The darling Baby Peggy in a child-shall-lead them play of the diabolic court. Playwright, living apart from his wife, writes a play that brings her back and Peggy does the rest, clad in her nightent and registering a mamakiss-papa appeal. Direction is very good and the supporting roles are well handled. This picture has lots of heart interest—the kind that makes for thorns neth the maternal breast.

"POISONED PARADISE"—Preferred Pictures. Director Gasnier makes a hectic melodrama of Robert W. Service’s little known novel. Clara Bow fails to register the same charm that made her in Black Osen and Kenneth Harlan is getting a little heavy, both physically and from an acting standpoint. Not real. Little heart interest. Carmel Myers vamps industriously.

New York to the South Sea Islands and back. Lover jilted on the eve of his wedding goes to the South Seas to forget. Saves shipwrecked lass from the "brutish desires" of Louis Wolheim, heavy, wins the gal as well as her fortune and returns to New York to live happily ever after. Some interesting under water shots add beauty to an otherwise dull photoplay. "Lefty" Flynn, Mary MacLaren and Jean Tolley in fair interpretations of fanciful roles.

"HAPPINESS"—Metro—Laurette Taylor in a Pollyanna role romps through a comedy that for plot conveniences would put a Horatio Alger to shame. Little shop girl by dint of hard work and some marvelous cinematic coincidences becomes Madame Epinard, modiste to Gotham’s 400. A dippful from the old hokum bucket though it is pleasant enough to the taste. Save that of Miss Taylor, the performances are mediocre. The direction is good.

"JULIUS SEES HER"—The first of F. B. O.’s “Telephone Girl Series.” The first of a series of side-splitting two reelers from the mirth-provoking Witwer yarns of the “Hello Girl.” Hi-larious throughout, offering the finest comedy situations that have ever been done in celluloid. The rare Witwer slang gets a guffaw with every subtitle. Alberta Vaughn is the typical type for the queen of the switchboard and her imp-like characterization leave nothing to be desired.

"THE SONG OF LOVE"—First National. The Sheikh and The Song of India have nothing on this picturization of Margaret Peterson’s Dust of Desire for cave-man love in the desert and mystic romance ‘neath Eastern skies. Norma Talmadge, as an Arabian dancing girl, has never before looked quite so beautiful, so alluring. Joseph Schildkraut plays opposite the star, but Arthur Edmund Carewe in a supporting role takes the masculine honors. Entertaining for those who like the “Sheik stuff.”

Additional Reviews on Pages 50, 51, 84
The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by everyone—man and woman alike. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know what that most irritates a man? Or disgusts a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make a marriage a perpetual honeymoon?"The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unfathomingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mindlessly fling out its problems. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and absolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she lists strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and so tactfully that the book can safely be read by all women. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl. It would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unorthodox character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay the amount of $1.25 plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly. Over 1,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 153, Auburn, N. Y. Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's master-piece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.25, plus a few pennies postage. I understand, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not live up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition in top-grade leather—limited numbers only. This edition—handsomely bound in luxury leather—contains a separate gold leaf"The Philosophy of Love"—sent to each purchaser at no extra charge. I will be glad to accept this offering—although it means no extra charge for me. Please stamp my order in this box and mail it to THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Auburn, N. Y., right away. Please write "sent the book," and the I will be sent the book. Regular Edition, $1.25. De Luxe Edition, $3.12.

WARNING!
The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, do not fill out the coupon below.

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Address: ___________________________

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IMPORTANT: If it is possible that you may not be home when postman calls, please send $1.25 in advance. Also, if you reside outside the U. S. A., payment in advance. Regular Edition, $2.12; Leather Edition, $3.12.
Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasantly simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiring exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can apply in the privacy of your own room, putting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days. In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for permanent reducing. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days

3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredients, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put under your direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

I Take All The Risk—You Are The Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are being sold at from $3.50 to $5 a jar, at Retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign The Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay postman $2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage); and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage).

IDEAL FIGURE CHART

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proportions</th>
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<tr>
<td>12 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>A slender neck</td>
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<td>36&quot;</td>
<td>Well proportioned bust</td>
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<td>25&quot;</td>
<td>A trim waist</td>
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<td>36&quot;</td>
<td>Slim hips</td>
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<tr>
<td>22 1/4&quot;</td>
<td>Perfectly modeled thighs</td>
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<td>14 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>Graceful calf</td>
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<td>8 3/4&quot;</td>
<td>Dainty ankles</td>
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The McGowan Laboratories, 710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 526, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducing Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days' time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later; and the third 14 days later. I will pay the postage $2.47 (plus few cents postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me at the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name
Address
If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose $7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.
Alfred Cheney Johnston

Whose work consists of photographing pretty girls, is recognized as America's greatest decorative camera artist. Just what makes his work so picturesque may be judged by looking over the latest products of his studio reproduced on pages nineteen to twenty-two and thirty-nine to forty-two.
Radio, Endurance Fans, Inter

Radio Aids Producers

Movie producers have a canny faculty of turning obstacles into aids. Everything is grist that comes to their mill.

Remember a few years back when stage and movies were considered bitterest rivals. Today producers take unwonted pleasure in paying exorbitant figures for "legitimate" stage successes, and in renting "legitimate" theatres along Broadway to show their pictures in at almost "illegitimate" prices.

Foreign productions came next and the acting and direction from abroad was considered a menace to Fair Hollywood. This obstacle was overcome by bringing the foreign menace to our own side and Americanizing it.

And then came the much-feared Radio. No one—the calamity howlers predicted—will go to the movies when they can sit home in comfort and listen to prize fights, weather reports, grand opera, stock market quotations and sermons. But such was not the case. The public has an insatiable appetite for entertainment. In the two years during which radio has become popularized, attendance at motion picture theatres has been on the upward grade and it is greater today than ever. Meanwhile film magnates have been quick to enlist the services of their late rival. Marcus Loew controls Station WHN through which his chain of New York houses becomes known to thousands. S. L. Rothapfel, managing director of the Capitol Theatre, broadcasting the programs from that house, has brought increased patronage to it. From the stations in Los Angeles, the screen stars speak to multitudes and from scores of other points, photoplay reviews and news are sent out on the air gaining new friends for the motion pictures.

Long Live the King

It is with marked pleasure that we learn of the elevation of Adolphe Menjou to stardom by the Famous Players Lasky Company. Particularly fortunate was the choice of his first starring vehicle, The King.—Leo Ditrichstein's stage success. Here is a type of actor of which there are all too few. He is not only an actor of distinction but a gentleman of broad culture and attainments. Many are the dissertations we have listened to from you, Adolphe, at the little Round Table in Arm-

Woodrow Wilson

It seems logical now to look forward to a film version of the life of Woodrow Wilson. People are beginning to take hold of history faster than they did in the old days. There was a time when a man had to become a memory centuries old before his character was considered as "epic"; but things move so much faster in our day and age that even Clio, the muse of history, seems to have been effected.

Even Republicans—now that the necessity of denying it is no longer apparent—will accede to Mr. Wilson his seat with the mighty. His misfortune was not that—like Lincoln—he died too soon; it was that—like Roosevelt—he lived too long. Had he been carried off with the first flush of high ideals still on him—at the opening of the Peace Conference—he would stand already in the niche where he belongs—beside Washington and Lincoln.

Dealing with Endurance Fans

A NEW and original method has been discovered for easing out the "sitters" in smaller movie houses who come when the show opens in the morning, bring fruit or candy, and remain all day. "We simply move these endurance fans down front," says an usher of the Little Hippodrome of Buffalo, "where the eyestrain is so great that they can't stand it and move out fast."
views and Woodrow Wilson

MYRON ZOBEL

A Story for Title Writers

A NOOTHER story told about the Stern brothers—the world's most quoted producers—is this one: A title writer did some titling on a two reel comedy just filmed. The work was well done but the bill she sent in was for $500.

The girl herself came in the next morning and Stern said to her: "The titles you wrote for me were first rate but why should you charge me $500 for them? There are a dozen free lance title writers around Hollywood that I could get to write those titles for $50."

"All right," said the girl, "I will only charge you $50 for writing those titles. Give me the bill and let me change it." Stern handed her the bill and this is what she wrote:

To writing titles ............... $ 50
To knowing how to write titles $450

Total ........ $500

Stern saw the point and paid the bill.

Rupert Hughes Tells One on Edison

RUPERT HUGHES told us a good one about the Edison luncheon, to celebrate the great inventor's birthday, recently held in New York City. Mr. Hughes was waxing satirical and humorously declared: "There—(pointing to Mr. Edison)—sits the scoundrel responsible for all the moral turpitude in the world today. He invented the motion picture thereby inspiring crime, fostering deceit and teaching our young people to spoon on dark porches ..." "Yes," came a voice from the crowd, "and then he invented the electric light and spoiled it all."

Advantages of Biblical Subjects

FOLLOWING the success of The Ten Commandments, we may expect to see a swarm of religious pictures. The Book of Job and Pilgrim's Progress would do well for a starter and then some daring producer is sure to force censors into a delicate predicament by filming the story of Potiphars Wife and the Temptations of Saint Anthony. There are at least three advantages to biblical subjects. They are unquestionably moral. They have had wide publicity. And the author's royalties have expired.

The Grand Old Man

WE note with relief that Theodore Roberts is now recuperating in Pittsburgh from a severe attack of pneumonia which nearly cost him his life.

As this is written the papers report that he is sitting up in bed smoking his famous long stogie. Here is indeed the Grand Old Man of the screen. Hollywood is pretty full of Movie Mamas and every studio lot boasts two or three character actresses whom the younger players all call "mother," but film "fathers" deserving of the name are pretty rare. Theodore Roberts is just that to everyone who knows him.

Don't Call Them Interviews

THIRTY-ONE of SCREENLAND's forty-two issues have been edited by us and, to the best of our knowledge and belief, never have we run an interview in a single one of them. For interviews with screen stars have come to mean so much that is conventional. So much that is stilted. Such false sentimentality. The movies and its people mean too much to us that is human, too much that is sincere and fine, for us to grind them into mush and turn them out as plain press yarns and movie interviews.

With this issue we take over the reins of editorship—for the past seven months in other hands. It is no light duty, carelessly to be discharged. For SCREENLAND takes the movies seriously; though it may kid them frequently for what it honestly believes is their own good.

We have been much maligned in months gone by for handling our subject without gloves. We have been attacked. We have been truced. Throughout these months our readers have stood by us. Many are the letters they have sent in pledging their support to a policy of fearless independence. Our circulation has grown steadily—proof sufficient of their faith in our sincerity and honesty.

And so it is with renewed faith—strengthened by the championship of added thousands—that we resume our editorial duties. Our purpose is clear—to treat the subjects of the screen without prejudice or favor; to describe the personalities of the screen as human beings, not as gods.
**As We Go to Press:**

1. Screenland mourns the death of George Randolf Chester, the greatest chronicler of film history. His stories of screen people were contemporaneous portraits recognized by all.

2. Pola Negri to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch after completion of present film.

3. Winifred Westover Hart seeks to set aside clause in contract with Bill Hart in effort to return to the screen and use the name of Mrs. William S. Hart.

4. Louise Fazenda to be starred in Jack White comedy.

5. Conway Tearle has famous mole on face removed by electrolysis.


7. Barbara La Marr asks mercy for H. L. Roth, attorney, charged with attempted blackmail. Says she cannot bear to carry thought that she has sent man to prison, perhaps to death.

8. Thomas H. Ince Studios reorganized with John Griffith Wray, Director of *Anna Christie*, as Production Manager.

9. Marriage of Betty Compson and James Cruze to be solemnized in Ghost Town of Frisco, Utah, Betty's birthplace, one of gold rush boom towns afterward abandoned.

10. Nine pound son born to Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton.

11. Lillian Gish cables denial of her reported engagement to Piero Frois, Italian naval officer.

12. Sam Wood resigns from Lasky following release of his last picture, *The Next Corner*.


14. Cullen Landis ordered by Los Angeles Court to pay $100 a week temporary alimony tor support of wife and children.

15. Ruth Roland starts own producing company with Tod Browning directing.


17. Milton Sills chosen Raisin King at Fresno, Cal., festival.

18. Dagmar Godowsky denies rumors of her return to married life and says that divorce proceedings against Frank Mayo are now in process.

19. Harold Lloyd's first independent picture *Girl Shy* will be released Easter Sunday in New York.

20. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry return from Algiers and announce intention of retiring after completion of *The Arab* to return to Algiers and live in their home recently purchased in Tunis.


22. Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Tom Mix, Lucille Carlisle and Mrs. Sydney Chaplin undergo operations for nose surgery.

23. Frank Keenan in automobile collision suffers serious injuries.

24. Jack Pickford to be starred by Thomas Geraghty, independent producer.
There are really three Mabel Normands, rolled into one, and this is the story of all of them.

Scandal loves a shining mark; so it lives in Hollywood that it may watch the stars.

Scandal loves to hit a movie star and see him squirm and hear him make denial—but Scandal is cross-eyed and bigoted and blind, and even its microscopic lenses will not aid it to clear vision.

It has spattered Herbert Rawlinson, smirched Bill Hart, driven Fatty Arbuckle off the screen, and now is crushing Mabel Normand.

And Rawlinson and Hart and Arbuckle are the cleanest trio of men that have ever played in pictures. And Mabel's is the warmest heart that ever beat on a moving picture lot!

There is a jinx that walks with Mabel, a jinx that is Scandal's friend. Let her bury herself among her books for years and years; let her busy herself with work at the studio, or over her drawing board at home; let her live her life as she may; someday the jinx will take her to the home of a friend.

And then there is talk. Women's clubs in narrow little towns throughout the land will bar her pictures from their sanctimonious theaters; chivalrous censors will condemn her immediately; ministers who zealously follow the gentle Nazarene in all His ways, show her no Christ-like mercies.

Victim of Circumstances

Two years ago Mabel stopped at the home of William Desmond Taylor, to return a book she had borrowed, to have a chat with him, and run along. Taylor took her out to her car, and raised her hand to his lips—in the Continental manner that distinguished him—and said "Goodbye, little lady"—and was found in his home next morning, dead, a bullet hole in his side.
There was a girl who lived next door to Taylor, and she came home at midnight with a wealthy clubman friend. She was drunk. She insisted on going into Taylor's home and having 'another lil' drink.' She almost staggered into the open doorway. She fought her companion with loud words, with vulgar profanity, and with uncertain and trembling hands.

The neighborhood was aroused. All the neighbors knew of the affair. But not a word was said. Her reputation was at stake. She might have given material testimony about that open door. But she was never called. There was no jinx on her.

Mabel had come in the daylight, and had gone away in the daylight. But it was Mabel who got all the notoriety out of the murder—Mabel and Mary Miles Minter.

Mary came into the case but slightly—her letters were found in Taylor's house. Some of them were printed. She was only a child, however, an innocent lovely child. She said she was engaged to Taylor, and that they would have married. And she remained the innocent child—as far as the censors knew.

Ah, Mabel might have kept out of it—but her sympathy was too great. She must tell the world how fine a man this Taylor was, and how she had liked him. It was the only tribute she could give him—and she would not hold it back though it put a brand upon her.

It was not the thing to do—perhaps. Only a man should have been as brave, and as scornful of public opinion.

Recover from Experience

Mabel was sick for months. Mabel went abroad. Mabel returned and made some comedies. Mabel took up life where she had left off when Taylor died. The jinx seemed to have been satisfied.

And New Year's day she went to see two friends—stepped into an apartment for a little while—and the jinx laughed, and Scandal rocked with glee.

Come with me to Mabel's house. You'll love to hear her talk. She's interesting. She reads philosophies. She's a highbrow, but you'll not learn that from her. She's the most natural of the stars, the most human, the most original. And she loves to talk in the argot of the studios, the slangy patter of the lot—"that part is out"—"it's all wet"—"hold it for a still." It takes real brains to appreciate the niceties of slang.

Oh, she'll spatter the room with English undefiled if you wish—and does it often. But she prefers quaint slang—and she can make it turn handsprings as well as the great George Ade.

The Star's Favorite

You will meet stars in Hollywood who talk in stilted phrases, and smooth involved sentences—when they deign to speak to you at all. And they will quote you lines from authors whose names they may remember—bits they have learned for the impressing of newspaper men. Their words are cloaks to hide their ragged minds.

But talk to Mary Pickford, Viola Dana, Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet, Helen Ferguson or Mabel Normand—they have things to say—and say them naturally.

Come on, let's talk to Mabel.

She's going out as we enter, and she bids us come along.

"My flowers," she says, "are withering. I can't endure them. We ourselves wither fast enough. Let us not have dying things around us."

We escort her to the Japanese florist down the street, and Mabel goes into little ecstasies over sweet peas and violets, and poiquets, and lilies and fresh green ferns; arranges them in pleasing combinations of color; smells them; loves them with her eyes.

A little thing, Mabel, with black hair, and big brown eyes —and the lines of suffering still in her face. You will hear no slang today from Mabel—for who that knows good English speaks in slang when he is sad?

She isn't the same Mabel we used to know; the rollicking, joyous, chummy, prank-playing star of the Sennett lot. She is a chastened woman, a suffering little girl who cannot understand why fate should whip her as it has.

"Only a little while ago," she says, "I started again to take up my drawing. You know I used to draw when I was a little girl. I had no technique, but the artists I knew said I had originality, and that was better than technique.

"I used to draw for the Butterick people long ago, you know? And then some artist got me to pose. I posed for

This is the Mabel of the Newspaper Scareheads—the butt of jibes and persecution and the victim of a Jinx that has pursued her relentlessly.
many of them—in New York. The Leyendeckers, Flagg, Gibson, Stanlows, Christy, Hutt—lots of them. I got $1.50 in the morning; and $1.50 in the afternoon. I spent 30 cents in carfare going and coming, between Staten Island and New York.

"I loved to pose. I would stand so still and look out at the clouds, and the tops of great buildings. And I would dream. Such dreams as I had!

**Shocked by Pitiless Publicity**

**N**ever then did I think the day would come when I would see my name in ugly headlines in every newspaper that I saw. Never then did I think I would hate and loathe my name; or that the nights would come when I would put my hands to my eyes and try to shut out the vision of that name.

"Never then did I think that my brain would rock, saying to itself over and over—Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand!!!—saying it over and over and over with a kind of horror at the repetition—saying it over and over until a merciful sleep would blot it out.

"A young girl's dreams—money enough to keep my mother and sister from want—money enough for lessons in painting and music—money enough for all the books and the flowers and the beautiful things I wanted—dreams of a little home, and children, and peace, and happiness!

"I didn't take the movies seriously then. It was just posing in front of a camera instead of a man with a brush and a box of pretty paints. I posed as a page for Griffith, and I didn't get home until morning. I could not be bothered with that. I didn't like to stay up so late—and I had to pose in the morning. I felt I couldn't afford to lose the $2.70 net a day to pose in the movies, and so I didn't go back.

"One day I ran into Mack Sennett and Henry B. Walthall and some others, and they said Griffith was looking all over for me. They explained that I had held up the picture. I had registered in some scenes, and hence I must be in all the rest of that sequence. So of course I went back."

That was Mabel's start, and it was only a little time until she was getting $100 a week, and the world was enjoying the freshness and the beauty and the charm and the sympathy that were hers. Hundreds, then thousands a week; fame; everything she had dreamed of, looking at the clouds as she posed.

There are stars who have saved their money; there are stars who have squandered it; there are stars who have lost it in stocks. Mabel gave it away.

**Extremely Sympathetic**

She would see a girl weeping and ask her what was the matter.

"Your mother's going to die unless you can get her to the hospital? And you haven't got a cent?"

Great anger would ride Mabel.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"—she might never have seen the girl before. But mama was taken to the hospital, and Mabel paid the bills.

She had so much—and there were millions who had so little! Mabel—the star whom the censors condemn—used to cry sometimes because she could help so few.

She listened avidly to the studio chatter, sifted it for clews, hurried to the bedsides of carpenters or electricians who had been hurt in accidents, or who had been laid off because of lack of work.

Show her misfortune, and she would steal away from her work, taking flowers with her, and money, and a woman's sympathy.

(Continued on Page 105.)
A daring expose of the barefaced and shameless methods employed by a horde of so-called "Scenario Schools," "Studios," "Agents" and similar high sounding schemers. Through these "sucker chasing" organizations ignorant and gullible amateurs are being mulcted annually of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By Rup

For the purposes of this article a very interesting test was made. On this page will be found a facsimile reproduction of a letter and of several pages of a manuscript, submitted to a number of these scenario concerns. The entire manuscript, entitled Revenge, is also reproduced herewith word for word. It should be read by everyone, for it is, in its way, a remarkable document.

It was dictated by the writer's secretary, to her little brother. Her instructions were to concoct as drivelling and rubbishy a story as it was conceivable to imagine, in order to test the integrity of these various concerns, who claim in their literature that they only accept those stories which have promise.

The writing, it will be seen, is obviously that of a child or of a very uneducated adult. The contents speak for themselves. In fact, upon reading it before it was sent out, the writer wondered whether perhaps the thing was not too palpably ridiculous.

The Test

Here is a transcript of the letter sent out, the original of which is reproduced on page 28—

Feb. 6, 1924.

Continental Photoplay Studio,
154 Nassau Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

"I read to-day your ad in a magazine to send in ideas for the movies as there is big money in it and as I am a widow making her living as a housekeeper with 2 little children I want to try my luck and am sending you a story called Revenge. I didn't have a good education as a girl but I believe I have pritty good talent. If you like this one I have some more which I write after I put my children to bed. Please let me know immediately if you like this. I would give anything to see one of my storeys on the screen.

Yours truly,
JOSEPHINE DIAMOND,
1413 Ave. J.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"P. S. In case it cost some money to fix my Story up a little I am willing to pay as I have a little money saved up."

The Scenario

A transcript of the original scenario—reproduced in facsimile on page 28—is as follows:

Revenge

by Josephine Diamond

Mamie was a poor servant girl who was very sweet and lovely with gold curls and inosent blue eyes who worked hard to make
As a result of the facts revealed in this article the advertising of these unscrupulous institutions has been thrown out of Screenland and details of this investigation have been sent to the editors of all of the other magazines in the screen field.

Ert Allen

a decent living for herself and here poor old mother. One day as Mamie was coming home from work she walked into the house and saw her poor old mother lying on the floor in a faint.

Mamie quickly splashed some water in here mothers face and then her mother told her that Yank Mink the village bully and villen was there and told her if Mamie dident marry him he would make her lose her job and spoil her reputation in town. Mamie turned purpule in the face and said The dirty bum Ill sho him.

Mamies mother was frightened and begged her not to do anything and Mamie told her not two worry. The next day Mamie saw Yank in the street and he stoped her and grabbed her by the hand and said liyes here Mamie Im going to get you yet even if you try to escape Ill be on your heels. Mamie was so angry that she slapped his face good and hard And told him to beat it.

Then Yank had his revenge and he got Mamie to lose her job by telling liyes about her and everything. Mamie and her mother dident know what to do. They dident have any money and no body would hire her. Pretty soon Mamie dident know where her next meal was coming from and she went out to hunt for work. To her sprist who should she see coming up to her but her live long sweetheart Ned Tims who just came in form Japan where he made a big fortune selling parasols. Ned and Mamie kissed and then she told him how poor they were and cried very much.

Ned bought them somthing to eat at the grocers and told them not to worry as he would take care of them and get a job. The next day Ned started off to get a job and beat him up.

While he was away Yank snuck over to Mamies house with some evil friends of his and putting a sack over her head they kidnapped the poor girl. When Ned came home that night Mamies mother told him what happened and she did not know what to do. Then Ned said be calme and leave everthing to me and everthing will be all right. So the old lady sat down and started to do her knitting and Ned ran out to look fore his sweetart. Ned knew were Yanks secret shack was in the Mountains and he took his bicicle and made a wilded dash for the Mountains and just came in time to see Yank trying to kiss Mamie. He jumped off his bicicle and rushed over to Yank and almost choked him saying you swine lay offa that girl. Wereupon Ned and Yank started to fight and just as Yank was going to throw Ned off a high cliff
Mamie grabbed one of Yanks guns which was in the shack and shot him full of lead.
Then Mamie cried but Ned told her not to worry as she done wat was right and God would forgive her. So Ned and Mamie got down on their knees and prayed and when they got up agan they went strait to the minister and got married with a smile on there face.

The End

The Replies

It is to be noted that every one of the three letters received in reply is a “form” letter, the opening paragraphs of which have been typed to give it a “personal touch.” The fill-in in most cases is very cleverly done. Each of the letters emphasizes the fact that no training is necessary. The letters bear such a striking similarity to one another that they might all have been written by one man. We are quoting herewith sections from one of the letters as a key to the facsimiles reproduced on page 29: (The italics are ours.)

CONTINENTAL PHOTOPLAY STUDIO
Author's Representatives
Tribune Building 154 Nassau Street
New York City
February 9, 1924.

Mrs. J. Diamond,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Madam:

We are immensely pleased to have received your story, entitled “Revenge,” for examination.

After a careful study of your story, we are glad to be able to truthfully state that we consider it a suitable subject for a moving picture production . . . .

FROM PHOTOPLOY PLOT TO THE SCREEN
You Will Be Cordially Welcome by Our

Photographs taken from a pamphlet issued by the Earle Photoplay Studios.

Acting upon the invitation expressed in the title over these pictures, we sent one of our staff writers to visit the Executive Staff in their Offices. The “Offices” consisted of a single room about 10 x 12 in size, containing the desk of the Managing Editor and the Director of Sales.
(The next step is asking the pupil to sign a prepared contract, reproduced on this page.—Editor.)

We are submitting the contract to you because we think your work worthy of consideration and it is our opinion, that when properly worked up, it will make a good, salable photoplay, which we endeavor to market for you . . . Our methods spare you the trouble of many weeks of tiresome study to secure the knowledge of plot construction . . . We also submit one copy of your story in neat typewritten form and attractively prepared to ten different producing companies, in an endeavor to effectuate a quick and profitable sale for you.

(The letter ends with a final exhortation to sign one of the contracts and send remittance—)

If you will return one of the contracts, properly signed with remittance, we will be able to start your work at once.

Yours for co-operation,
A. Arlatt,
Continental Photoplay Studio

(and concludes with a penned note from the so-called "Studio Editor")

Your story interested me. Consider theme excellent.

The replies of the various concerns, also reproduced, likewise speak for themselves. This incredible rubbish, purposely made as futile and ridiculous as possible, is cheerfully accepted, and the author informed that her work shows promise. By their own correspondence these concerns stand condemned.

(Continued on page ??)

FROM PHOTOPLAY PLOT TO THE SCREEN
Executive Staff If You Visit Our Offices

This illustrates the petty misrepresentations practiced by these concerns.

In order to hold one of the "frequent conferences between the Editorial Department and the Sales Director as to the most probable market for photoplays," as referred to in the caption under the picture, all that is necessary for the Director of Sales to do is to turn around in his chair.

Facsimile of the replies accepting the scenario "Revenge"—reproduced on the opposite page—as "a suitable subject for a moving picture production" and holding forth hopes to the author of a "quick and profitable sale."
The Movie Kiss!

By Herbert Crooker

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

"Each kiss a heart-quake, for a kiss' strength
I think it must be reckoned by its length"

---Byron.

A KISS, someone has said, is nothing divided by two.

If that is a fact, then a kiss on the motion picture screen is something divided by millions, for before them, countless audiences will see two people of the opposite sex present their lips and indulge in a kiss—a kiss, of course, of the permitted amount of footage—just before they reach for their hats and prepare to depart from the theatre.

And what a stirring thing a kiss on the screen is to an audience—even though it is all make-believe!

Each young person seated watching the screen will have memories brought back of a certain kiss that is as yet unforgotten, and, no doubt, there are any number who will make a mental note of the exact attitudes of the osculatory couple as an aid for the future. For a kiss on the screen is unquestionably correct as to technique.

But to go even further than that, I'll warrant that each young person will gaze in envy at his, (or her), favorite hero, (or heroine), and permit that wish to flash through the brain, "Pretty soft, this movie acting! Pretty soft to be able to kiss such a wonderful girl, (or such a handsome actor), in the different scenes that flash forth."

But do they consider the actress or actor?

Does the idea occur to them that just such a bit
of action is perhaps extremely distasteful to one of the participants that they see before them on the screen?
They watch the scene eagerly, through the rose-colored glasses of youth. They dream dreams and fancy themselves in the same position.

"Pretty soft for you, old man," an enthusiastic young motion picture fan said to a star of the screen. "Pretty soft for you! Here I am off to China on an engineering job and you stay in the U. S. A. rescuing lovely maidens from villains, and then kiss the breath out of them in the final fade-out, if not before."

The film star laughed loud and long.

"Well, I'll be gum-swoggled!" he ejaculated. "I could understand a struggling player envying me my success in pictures, but I'll be darned if it ever struck me that anybody would envy me kissing these young women in motion pictures!"

"Say, she's a little peach," he told his friend in an aside. "She is that," the star replied, "you wouldn't mind kissing her now, would you?"

"Just try me," the visitor exploded.

"I'm sorry, but I can't even do it myself right now. The only kissing that's done in the studio comes under the head of work."

(Continued on Page 102)

The Joke of the Season

He laughed again, as though it were the joke of the season.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he volunteered suddenly, "I'll take you out to the studio this afternoon and you can see for yourself just what a lucky dog I am. We're just finishing up the last reel of my new production and I'm booked to kiss little Nina Harts. In fact, I believe that I will have to kiss her a number of times."

"That would be a lot of fun to watch you kiss her, wouldn't it?" replied his young friend. "I'll see the whole thing on the screen later, anyway."

"But it won't look the same," the star told him. "You'd better come along while you've got the chance."

They arrived at the studio the same time Nina Harts did. The movie star introduced them, and his friend was smitten immediately.
Heart-Break Town

This article was written by a beauty contest winner who went to Hollywood with high hopes of stardom and who tells here of her discouraging experiences of recent date in the ranks of the extras.

I am not going to sign this article, because my frankness about what happens to movie extras when the studios close down might get me in wrong at the studios. And an extra girl, who depends on her few days work a week for her bread and butter, cannot afford to offend the higher-ups.

Hollywood is just showing signs of coming out from under a slump that has paralyzed the industry for two months. When the newspapers announced that the Famous Players-Lasky studio, which hires more extra players, probably, than any other West Coast plant, was going to close down for ten weeks, those people not connected with the profession undoubtedly read the notice and dismissed it from their minds without a thought of what that blow meant to the industry, and particularly to that largest and least considered class in Hollywood, the extras.

The closing of the Lasky plant started a panic that spread to most of the other studios. Out at the Goldwyn studio, where eight or ten companies had been working in the spring, only one company functioned at all: Rupert Hughes’ company. Warner Brothers shut up shop, although the word never went out to the papers. A few companies were in the midst of pictures at Lasky’s, but this didn’t help the extras much, for about 650 men and women who had been working in the offices or in the ward-robe departments lost their jobs temporarily. To keep these departmental people handy, against the time when the studios would open up again, Lasky used them as “atmosphere” in the few scenes where extras were required, instead of employing the regular minor talent. That was nice for the clerical help, but not so nice for the jobless extras.

There are—or were—about ten thousand extras in Hollywood. Even in boom times, with every studio going full blast, there are many more extras than there are jobs. And with the welcome off the mat at the studios, the percentage of jobless ones jumped many times.

It was pathetic to see the people lined up before the casting offices, hoping against hope that there would be a day’s work for them. Discouragement and disappointment could be read on every face, when the word came, “Nothing today.” Then to some other studio, to try again, or to the agencies which supply the studios with extras.

Sometimes the word would go around that they were using a few people in a big scene at United, or at Metro, and everybody within hearing distance would hurry over and melt into the mob of those waiting.
The surest sign of the hard times was the slump in salaries. 

Extras, as you probably know, receive either five, seven-fifty or ten dollars, depending on the nature of the set. Street scenes usually bring the five or seven-fifty checks. Evening sets, requiring more elaborate costumes, call for the lordly ten-dollars. Extras who have worked for ten dollars refuse ever to work for less, for if they do, it is extremely difficult to work up to the larger salary again. But when jobs grew scarcer and scarcer, how different! Men and women who had been getting seven-fifty and ten dollars per day—some days—now worked for five and even two-fifty per day. But they adopted aliases when they did it, and many were the embarrassing moments when they would be spotted by friends or assistant directors.

The old men and women were the hardest hit. I heard an old man of about sixty-five speaking to another, in the most discouraged tone. “I used to be able to get five dollars a day,” he said, “but the other day they offered me two, and I accepted it, because even two is better than nothing.”

You might think that men and girls who are earning seven-fifty and ten dollars a day ought to be able to save enough to tide them over the slumps. But in Hollywood, very few extras are ever lucky enough to work six days a week. Two or three days a week is a very good average, indeed. And out of the money, one must buy clothes that are smart, for in no place is it so true that “to him that hath will be given.” The one who looks as if he doesn’t need a job is the one that gets it. In Hollywood you simply have to keep up appearances, even if you don’t eat. And board and room are high in Hollywood. And don’t think because Hollywood is in California that it doesn’t get cold here!

I know a girl who has been in pictures for about a year. She worked rather frequently, but she couldn’t save much. So when the slump hit us, she had only about fifty dollars. She gave up her room and moved into a smaller and cheaper attic room, and ate only one meal a day. But even with those economies, her money ran out and she had to give up her attic room. She slept out of doors, with the stars very much in evidence. Finally she conquered her pride and asked for a few nights lodging at the Studio Club. She had not eaten a real square meal for two weeks, and when she got up from the hot lunch that they gave her at the club, she fainted. She was seriously ill for several days. They managed to get a few days work for her, and when she was well enough, she rented a garage for five dollars a week, furnished it with a bed and a chair and is still pursuing her art.

It was only a few months ago that a girl from Massachusetts with a long line of Mayflower ancestors arrived in Hollywood. She came immediately to a girls’ club, and her fascinated curiosity about the rumored “wild life in Hollywood” led the girls to concoct for her stories of wild dissipation. She was terror-stricken, and repeated some of these stories in her letters home. Her parents wired her at once to come home from such a sink of iniquity, but she refused. She was here and she was going to stick it out. She tried and tried to get work, but couldn’t. She finally took a job as a telephone operator, but when your heart lies in another vocation, you cannot be happy doing something else. At the end she packed up and went home, much to the joy of her family, who will never be convinced, however, that Hollywood is the small hometown that everybody who lives there knows it to be.

The slump was easier on the men than on the women. It seemed that all the companies who were working at all had the occasion to use men all through their pictures. Another thing, too, in favor of the men was that there are many more women extras than men. So most of the young men got along somehow, although when I asked one young chap how he had been getting along, he said, “Oh, I just slumped with the rest of them. I got out of the habit of eating and smoking, because I couldn’t afford much of either.”

A girl living near me had been moderately successful in pictures, when the studios were working full blast. The other day, she came to me and said, “Do you know, I’m sick and tired of the struggle of trying to get ahead in this business. A few weeks ago I was getting along nicely. Now, with the slump on and things at a stand-still, I am just where I was when I entered the profession. I’m ashamed to go home and admit I’m a failure. I’m going to marry the first man that asks me.” Yesterday I heard that she had carried out her threat. She has nothing in common with her meal-ticket, for that is exactly what he is, and I am afraid that there are rocks ahead for both of them.

The wiser people, who could conquer the terrible fascination that pictures influence on us film-addicts, turned to other jobs when they could get nothing at the studios. I know several girls who are taking care of children in private homes. This is a favorite stunt, because the meals are regular, which is a delightful novelty after experiencing a movie slump. A few lucky ones who knew stenography brushed up on their short-hand and took jobs in offices.

The actors and actresses who play very small parts suffered, too. And they usually didn’t have much more laid by for a rainy day than the extras, though their salaries were high. We “movies” seem to live up our salaries as we go along, and few of us learn by experience. There was one leading man who was hitting on all six in the boom days. He went out with a lot of the most famous women stars, and he had a fine apartment on Hollywood boulevard and a cabin up in Laurel Canyon and a beautiful Cadillac limousine. The slump hit him hard. There wasn’t a job in sight, and his creditors, of which he had plenty, came down on him hard when word of the slump went round. First he gave up his apartment; then he sold his cabin and some of his clothes. Finally he let his chauffeur go, but he kept his car. Because, as I said before, Hollywood insists that everyone put up a front, even if it is a false front. If you aren’t successful, you’ve got to look as though you are, or presently you will be still less so, if possible. So this chap lived in his limousine. He would park it over night in some deserted street and sleep there. And by day he would turn his collar inside out and drive grandly around to the studios, and presently he landed a good job again, and now he has a contract.

Practically the same situation existed with a clever girl who used to do publicity for one of the big studios. The slump cost her her job, but she got another one with an independent producer, as a combination script clerk and publicity writer. She got $75 a week, and her first act was to turn in her flivver coupe and buy a $1,500 coach, a lovely, shining blue thing. Her payments were $100 a month, and so she was pretty sick when her boss ran short of money and had to lay off work. It was mighty hard work to make Warning! Don’t Try to Break Into the Movies in Hollywood Until You Have Obtained Full, Frank and Dependable Information From the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. It May Save Disappointments. Out of 100,000 Persons Who Started the Climb Up Screenland’s Slippery Ladder, Only 5 Reached the Top.
A dignified fat man is almost as rare as a price tag on a Christmas present.

The reason why so many of filmdom's masculine stars are unable to act might well be ascribed to the fact that they keep one eye riveted on their bank balance and the other on the waistband of their trousers. Ben Turpin is the only one who can successfully refute this statement.

But we can exclude Ben from the category or, better be it said, the purgatory of those for whom obesity will write a screechdom obituary. For if he should try to lamp any possible increase in his abdominal upholstery and noted any untoward distension it would not mean any deflation of his credit but rather an added charm. Increased girth would mean increased mirth-provoking powers for him. A dignified fat man is almost as rare as a price tag on a Christmas present.

The darlings of the flickering drammer know that convexity where they should be concave or at least perpendicular means loss of potentiality as a pulse-bounder. The pleated pants just now in vogue have given a number a reprieve from the firing squad of frivolous females who only condone fat when it is a basis for heavy sugar. In fact I believe some leading man, warned of his impending acquisition of an over-stuffed outline by the propulsion of a pants button from the customary bursting-point, conceived the idea that longitudinal tucks in his trousers would prolong his employment as a photoplay palpitator at least until he could make his last payment on his alimony.

Pleated Pants Prolong Employment

Frank Mayo, whose rockbound visage has oft withstood, without faltering, the charge that he was a product of the Swift school of acting, was the first of Hollywood's horde of Handsome Harrys to appear in breeches which boasted of room for equatorial expansion without any added inches in the waistband.

But this screed is not devoted to the fat-fighting of Frank and his fellows. Their fat is not in the fire of this missive inspired as it is by the
Douglas at his morning dip was sure a “moving” picture. It would pack ’em in at Vassar.

G. H. Klisbee

Wields a Wicked Pen

Adipose

ablutions of one of the high gods of the cinema, Douglas Fairbanks. "Venus at the Bath" inspired a flinger of pigments to perpetrate a canvas (copies of which were much in favor as mural decorations in the chateaux du suds in the sodden days) but "Douglas at His Dip" was a more “moving” picture. It would pack ’em in at Vassar.

Realizing that most men enjoy somewhat more privacy than an epileptic doing his stuff in Times Square, little did I think, when I stepped off my journalistic treadmill one day not long ago to interview the mighty Fairbanks, that I should get a glimpse of him bound for his bath with naught but a pair of rubbers. Abdul the Turk was one and another burly the other. But that is another part of the story.

Doug's Reducing Game

It had reached the ears of my Simon Legree that Fairbanks was planning to float down the Danube on a raft as part of his personal survey of Europe this summer and so my city editor must need have the details of it.

I found Fairbanks and Raoul Walsh playing the game, which Douglas and several of his cronies invented, on a court built within a lofty set constructed for The Thief of Bagdad.

The game was a cross between battledore and shuttle-cock and tennis, the players being greatly engrossed in wallowing a befeathered pellet with tennis rackets back and forth across a volley-ball net.

Set followed set until Fairbanks apparently wore two sets of pants; one, sartorial, the other, respiratory. Later I found I was wrong when Abdul the Turk peeled a pair of gutta percha knickers from the legs of his lord and master.

Disatisfied with the monosyllabic responses Fairbanks vouchsafed amid puffing to my questions anent to his intentions of making the Blue Danube bluer, I followed him into the lair (Continued on page 101)
George Billings—an obscure carpenter by trade—has lived again, for the screen's immortal record, the struggles of Abe Lincoln whom he so strikingly resembles. Shall he now be obliged to sink back into obscurity and poverty, maintaining a sordid struggle as an extra or player of "small parts" in Hollywood? Read the story on the following page and then write to the editor of this magazine and say whether the man who has done such a service for his country does not deserve a pension from his country.
The Man Who Was LINCOLN

By Anne Austin


That is the tragedy of George Billings, snatched from obscurity to reincarnate the martyred president, the idol of a nation. And no more perfect characterization than Billings' "Abraham Lincoln" could be imagined. It will stand the test of all times.

For George Billings is Abraham Lincoln—outwardly. Line for line, hair for hair, eyes, teeth, build, mould of head—everything there is to make a perfect counterpart. As the tall, ungainly figure of George Billings, wearing the frock coat and the peculiarly cut beard that Lincoln affected, walks the streets of New York, a gasp goes up.

"A dead-ringer for Lincoln." "The old boy himself." "A ghost!" are among the comments. When George Billings walks into a restaurant or a theater, he attracts even more attention than Richard Barthelmess or Valentino.

The thing is uncanny. Theories of reincarnation are hastily reviewed. Maybe there's something in that idea—but as the gossip and the speculation and the neck-craning go on, George Billings marches awkwardly along, headless.

A World War Victim

He doesn't hear what they say. He can scarcely see the faces of the new crop of "fans" that admire him so much. For George Billings is slowly going blind and deaf, an aftermath of his experiences in the world war. I don't know just why he served in the war, for he is certainly far past the age limit. He looks to be between fifty and sixty. And he has a bed- ridden wife. Probably he served because he is really like Lincoln—inside.

But serve he did—overseas. And he came back practically disabled. He enrolled for special vocational training, he told me, but somehow it was a little hard for an old dog to learn new tricks. They wanted to teach him a lot of new-fangled stunts, like electrical engineering and probably wireless operating, but soon he dropped out discouraged, and took up his old trade of "construction work." Maybe Mr. Billings isn't a carpenter. But I've known several carpenters who always referred to their "trade" as "construction work," so I think George Billings must have been just that—a sort of glorified carpenter.

But with two fingers off his right hand—I know, because that's his hand-shaking hand—it was not so easy to make a living as a carpenter.

Hard times came a-knocking at the Billings door, and didn't bother to go away. At last he got work as a building inspector for the city of Los Angeles. And mighty glad he was to have a steady job, though the salary was pretty poor.

One day a friend of George Billings came to see him, all excited.

"Say, George, here's the very thing for you. They're looking for a guy to play 'Abraham Lincoln' and you know you're a dead ringer for Abe. Say, if you'll stick a beard on and go over to see the Rockett boys, who are going to film the life of Lincoln, I'll wager they'll fall on your neck."

Abraham Lincoln—beg pardon. George Billings, hardly stopped work to argue the matter.

"I'm too busy to go looking for a job as a movie actor," he retorted and went on inspecting his building, or whatever it is that building inspectors do.

Urged to be Actor

The friend persisted, however, and at last he volunteered to pay for a set of photographs of Billings made up to look like Lincoln, if Billings would go with him to the photographer on his noon hour. Billings did, and the kindly friend—a man in the vaudeville business—took the pictures out to the casting director. The call that went out for Billings was so imperative that he decided to knock off on his inspection work for at least half a day and give the Rockett boys a chance to hire him.

Fifteen minutes later he was cast as "Abraham Lincoln." And then the work began.

Billings is not an actor. Even now, with one of the most remarkable characterizations in film history to his credit, he is not an actor. He will never be an actor.

Billings himself explained it this way to me: "You see, I've always made a hero out of Lincoln. I had read every book I could lay hands on about Lincoln. I suppose some of my interest was due to the fact that I knew I looked like Lincoln. Every day somebody would speak of it. And it made me proud and happy. In France they called me Abe."

"I think I must have been thinking like Abe Lincoln and acting like him for many years. The thing had sort of become a part of me. In my own mind I used to think I was Lincoln, and then I'd wake up with a jolt to the fact that I didn't amount to a thing. If I was really like Lincoln, I'd have made my mark long before."

"Well, when it came time to act 'the part' I was just saturated with Lincoln. I walked like him and talked like him and made awkward gestures like him. But I couldn't act. I can't act now. Mr. Phil Rosen, the director, was the real Abraham Lincoln. He made himself think Lincoln night and day, until he was really Lincoln, though he didn't look a bit like him. I was just a medium for the expression of Phil Rosen's Lincoln. I give all the credit to Mr. Rosen. I simply did what he told me to. Of course I understood the part, but I'd never have been able to get (Continued on Page 100)
SUCCESS
and the Movies
By Upton Sinclair

The Second Article of a Series of Three by the Celebrated Author of
The Jungle, The Brass Check, and They Call Me Carpenter

Some ten years ago, when The Jungle was produced as a moving picture in New York, I was invited to address the producers of the country at a banquet in one of the big hotels in New York. At that time the industry was younger than it is now, and I was also younger, and thought it might help to appeal to the masters of the world. I made an appeal to these movie gentlemen, and the substance of it was this:

You are new to the world of power and success. You have come from the people; you have known the bitterness of poverty, you have known struggle and possible failure. Do not in your new triumph forget entirely the world from which you have come. Do not adopt all the thoughts and pretenses of the ruling class, but stand by the people. Give them at least a little of the truth about life. Give them some guidance in delivering themselves from poverty and fear and war.

Such was my speech, and all the movie gentlemen seemed to be touched; at any rate, they applauded cordially, and some of them shook my hand and said that I had done them good. But now I look at the movie world, and I do not see any signs that my plea took effect. The movies are of the ruling class, and they deal solely with the interests of the rich. The glory of riches is their theme, and the lesson to the poor is that everybody can become wealthy if he will try.

Big Fish Devour Little Ones

I came the other day upon a fable by the Italian writer, Pestalozzi. The small fishes in the pond complained of the pike, that they devoured too many small fishes. Something must be done about it. So the pike held a council, and agreed that the situation should be remedied by permitting every year two small fishes to become a pike.

If anybody who reads a movie magazine ever stops to think about anything, I would beg him to stop and think about this little fable. A thorough understanding of it will make anyone a wise man or woman; for this little fable contains in itself the whole philosophy of America at the present time. Any time you point out social injustice in America to a ruling-class statesman, or editor, or college professor, or clergyman, you get, automatically and invariably, one answer: everywhere in America a small fish is now and then permitted to become a pike, and have a chance to devour his former companions!

A friend of mine employs a school boy in her garden after school. This boy comes from a working-class home; he is a fine, handsome high school student; he is getting an education, and is on his way up, according to the fashion in America. The other day he was talking to my friend, and said that policemen do not pretend to enforce the law against the rich. He had seen a man in a big, expensive limousine deliberately violate some essential traffic regulation, and the policeman standing on the corner had watched him and merely grinned. Said my friend to the boy: "If you notice things like that, the first thing you know you will be turning into a Socialist like Mr. Sinclair." "Not much," said the boy; "none of that for me." "Why not?" The answer came: "I am going to be one of them, and be able to do what I please."

Here, you see, is the smaller fish who is going to be a pike, and knows it. Here is a boy, trained in our public schools, as fine a type as you could meet in a year of hunting; and the schools have taught him that it is all right for the rich to go on violating the law, because when you get to be rich yourself you also will want to violate the law!

Movies Exaggerate Man's Opportunities

Such is "success;" and such is the philosophy which you find in the movies. If you come along and point out the obvious fact that under the competitive system only a few can become rich, that ten must fail for every one who succeeds—why then you are considered to be a "knocker," a "grouch," a "sore-head," and nobody wants you at the party. If you come proposing that anybody should put into a moving picture a suggestion of the fact that the great mass of the people do not become wealthy, and do not get opportunity to violate the law—why then the producer looks at you and asks if you think he is in business for his health.

We have certain evils in our (Continued on page 103)
I SUPPOSE you've heard how hard some directors work to get the effects they want—it is my grease paint friend, Jim Wellworn, talking—and how sometimes they are cruel only to be kind.

Did I ever tell you how Sniffen—the great G. W.—locked Lillian Haines in a hotel room for three days, and kept her there without food? Yes, sir, three days and three nights. Wouldn't let anyone talk to her—telephone operator wouldn't answer her calls.

And then, when she was thin and wall-eyed and all on edge, he came into the room, talked to her like he wouldn't talk to a dog, and then half dragged her to the elevator, took her down stairs, slammed her into an auto, and took her out on the set.

"Now act," he said, and he cursed her.

That girl never acted any better in her life. That little scene made her a great star.

Well, I could name lots of so-called actresses who could stand a little of that treatment without being harmed any. And there's a lot more that should be locked up in a hotel room or some other place for the rest of their natural lives.

But what I was thinking of when I started this rambling...
yarn was a trick Sam Kesser played to get some feeling out of a stone. A little fat, bald, middle-aged fellow, this Kesser, and to look at him you’d never guess he was shrewd. And yet he's got more $5 bills than Wesley Barry has freckles.

You know how he made Drury Dean and Merry Morrow? Didn't I ever tell you that? Or about the press agent baby? I've been neglecting your screen education.

It started in Kesser's office one day a couple of years ago. Kesser had called in Drury Dean, and Jerry Graham, his prize press agent, and it was agreed that “we got to do it something different, Drury.”

Drury Dean had been known as a male vamp. And his popularity was dying.

"You ain't getting the letters you used," said Kesser. "You ain't getting the publicity. And you ain't getting the crowds." Drury raised his lovely eyebrows and looked in the mirror. He opened the neck of his shirt a trifle wider, and peered at his finger-nails. They were very lovely.

"We got to make you a he-man," said Graham, not without a little malice. "I'll stage a fight. You'll knock out a husky teamster who has been beating his horse."

Drury gave him a dirty look, and muttered something about vulgarity.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Jerry quickly. "The teamster will let you do it for three or four bucks. Well—" catching Kesser's frown, "for two or three. And you become an up-standing male immediately, with hair on your chest included. The male vamp dies. No, this guy hasn't been beating his horse. He's insulted a girl. That's better. Chivalry, see?"

"We'll do it," said Kesser, "but that ain't enough yet. Maybe two, three stories. But we got to do something else too. This domestic stuff, now, Drury—"

Kesser looked out the window before he went on.

"By the way, Drury," he ventured,
“you ain’t living with your wife no more? And such a nice girl, too.”

Drury stood up and began taking off his pearl gray gloves. “It’s none of your damn business,” he declared.

Sam swung around in his swivel chair, and made placating gestures with mouth and eyes and hands.

“So much temperament has he got!” he said. “I mention his wife, and he gets mad. I don’t mean nothing personal, Drury; but you and Merry Morrow, you should ought to live together again. Then Harry here could play up the domestic stuff. That’s what brings the mammas and the childrens to the theaters. So?

“You ain’t got a baby, Drury, and it’s a shame. Think what Jerry here could do with a baby! Maybe Merry could write yet a column in the newspapers about how you should feed it a baby, eh? Harry could write it out of the doctor books. Give him a typewriter and that boy writes anything—except maybe now a prescription. Sit down, Drury. Have a cigar? Wait, I get you a good one.”

He went to the vault while the perplexed Graham tried to solve the puzzle. Merry a mother? That meant a year off the screen—and she was one of Sam’s best money-makers. Could any star stand a year’s absence? Was Kesser crazy?

Sam returned with a box of perfectos.

“Take a lot, Drury. Take two. That’s good, eh? Heard it last night. Here, Jerry, you can have one too. You been a good boy, Jerry.”

Drury cleared his throat and would in all probability have pronounced words. But Sam patted him on the back.

“Sall right, Drury,” he said. “I know what you’re thinking. But listen here once. Merry Morrow is going to be the best advertised mamma in the whole world. And Drury Dean is going to be the best known papa. Don’t you worry, either, ‘cause I got four pictures Merry Morrow made ain’t never been released yet. And the public ain’t going to have no chance to forget her.

“And say—Drury—when the time comes, I’ll be the little dicken’s god-papa mineself. What you think of that?”

Drury Dean, Jr., was born in May, an eight-pound angel with great blue eyes, golden curly hair. A lusty animal. A perfect boy.

America knew about him months in advance. Reporters had interviewed Merry and Drury repeatedly. Did they talk? They talked their heads off. Jerry Graham’s scrap book with the word “Baby” pasted on it—a monstrous big book that belied its name—was soon filled with clippings, stories, pictures, editorials, bright paragraphs from the columns. Sam bought him a new book and didn’t ask the price.

The Deans moved into a beautiful home in Hollywood, with great wide lawns around it, with fan palms and star pines and acacia and pepper trees, with flowers blooming everywhere. There was a big sand pile in one corner of the lawn, a little shallow pond meant for the sailing of toy boats and battleships—a dream city waiting for a child.

Every time a picture starring Drury or Merry was the attraction at any theater one might see long lines of fans. Merry asked for a new contract.

“Human nature’s fierce, Jerry,” Sam observed. “Here I make her a great star, and right away she wants more money. Better you should keep up the publicity, Jerry. We need it.”

On the day Drury, Jr. was born, Sam gave $5,000 to an orphan asylum, in Drury, Jr.’s name. He also bought a dozen milk goats, a squad of private nurses, and four physicians. The physicians and the nurses decided, after a conference, on the day Merry might bring her child to the Hollywood house—and they rode over a path of hot-house roses, the bill for which was marked “publicity.”

The President of the United States was asked to be godfather to the wonder child, and (Continued on Page 98)
Hollywood has its Petroushka
By Eunice Marshall

DROPPED in at the Petroushka Club on upper Hollywood Boulevard the other evening, principally to discover why so many of our best people consider a beef sandwich at $1.25, served by a gent in Russian pants, so infinitely preferable to the same viand at ten cents, served at the corner soda fountain. The difference, I learned, was $1.15, plus atmosphere. If anything, the drug store sandwich had a little the best of it in the way of mustard.

The Petroushka Club is Hollywood’s newest panacea for boredom. Special-built motors roar up to its doors as grandly as if they had been paid for, depositing gorgeously gowned ladies and slick-haired young men. Society sends its leaders to watch, and whisper behind fans, and peer through lorgnettes. Young office clerks, brought reluctantly thither by the force of circumstances and their lady friends, think sadly of the lunchless week stretching before them.

The rooms are in the Russian style. Draperies of purple and vivid blue. Ceiling lights discreetly shaded with amber tissues; becoming lights. The walls bearing painted snow scenes, with a grimacing clown, the Petroushka after whom the cafe is named, delighting some buxom Russian peasants with his antics. And Nobility benignly shedding the radiance of its presence on the assembled multitude.

Hostess of the Petroushka Club is the Princess Dagmara Saricheva, said to be of a branch of the royal Romanoff line and a refugee from Petrograd. Poverty brought her to her present state, but her dignity is regal. She moves graciously among the guests, dispensing a smile here, a word in quaint, accent-marked English there. She pauses at the table where sit Viola Dana and Lottie Pickford, squired by Allan Forrest, husband of Lottie, and an unknown male. Lottie palpitates under the accolade of her smile, but Viola hails her with gladsome comradery. It takes more than royalty to abash Viola.

A crash of cymbals. The orchestra players, vivid in blouses of orange silk over baggy Russian trousers tucked into shiny, high boots, swing into a rollicking strain. A singer takes up the strain.

The swing of the music is enticing. There is a general movement to the dance floor. Constance Talmadge, a flame in orange, foots it lightly with Irving Thalberg. Charles Chaplin treads a measure with Mary Miles Minter, blonde and slightly defiant. The halo of Mildred Harris' (Continued on page 80)
New York has its Algonquin

By Delight Evans

JUST a little hotel with an Indian name on a side-street in New York. That's all. There's nothing pretentious or imposing about it. And yet—it's the only place in the East where you can go at any time and be certain of meeting, face to face, at least one or two of your cinema gods or goddesses; rubbing your shoulders on their sable ones; breathing the scents of their imported perfume—and cigarettes; tripping over the same rugs!

It is one of the mysteries of Manhattan, the Algonquin. Why it should have become a rendezvous for the great and the near-great of the screen and the theater; why it should be a meeting place of the real and pseudo-intellectuals—critics, humorists, columnists, playwrights, publishers; why it has been running longer than any other comedy on or around Broadway—nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. It's there, and that's all there is to it. It's a tradition, and, like most traditions, it doesn't matter how or when it began.

With its modest sign over the door; its little lounge with its blue-upholstered chairs and couches; its newsstand and its potted palms; its two small dining rooms—it has the general air of the small-town hotel. Only the leading hotel in a town is apt to be much more elaborate.

A star of western pictures, on for a rest, stopped there because someone had told him it was the thing to do in New York. He emerged and looked around. "Where," he grunted, "is the horse block?"

People with Ritz-Carlton incomes come there to spend it. Often they will tell you, apologetically, "All the other hotels are filled." But they always come back.

Its proprietor is not the paunchy, genial host of fiction. He is somewhat lean, and some have said he has a hungry look, doubtless induced by eating on the premises. But Frank Case knows more celebrities than anyone in the world. A word or a bow from him is an accolade to the uninitiated. Bill Farnum stays at Mr. Case's inn because of his long friendship for the manager. That may explain other preferences.

Come in at luncheon time—on a Tuesday. Because, for some quaint reason, it is on Tuesday that you are sure to see everybody and really get your money's worth. If it's around one o'clock you will have difficulty finding vacant chairs. Your favorite ingenue just took the last one. She's tapping her pretty foot. How dare he? (Continued on Page 80)
New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

ANY old revolution has always been great motion picture material. The French provided a pretty good one and it has been re-enacted on the screen more times than we care to count. If the continental cousins could put up such a good fight, what, queried a Certain Great Director, was the matter with our own little revolution? The costumes, perhaps, weren't so pretty, and there wasn't any guillotine for a head-rest for the golden-haired heroine; but still, give America a chance. After all, there's nothing like a good revolution.

So, here we are. America: Series One, The Sacrifices. A picture sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution and directed by David Wark Griffith, featuring the birth of freedom right here at home and accompanied not by the Star-Spangled Banner, less familiar perhaps, but just as stirring. The American revolution ups all right against its foreign competitor; in fact, it goes the French conflict one better by supplying the most thrilling ride in all history.

Thrilling Ride of Paul Revere

That dark horse simply ran away with the picture. Paul Revere and his steed are the real stars in their own particular brand of thrills. Never again will audiences be impressed with Mr. Hart and his Pinto. They are all very well in their way; but they can't compete with the famous nocturnal dash through the Massachusetts scenery. This ride just had to be thrilling; there were no two ways about it. It was not David Wark Griffith's doing that the horse hurdles fences and gates and streams. Paul and the pursuing Red Coats did their stuff just as the historians set it down. Mr. Griffith has often been accused of tampering with history but not this time. It wasn't up to him. He had to take it as it was or let it alone. As a result, the intrepid patriot, summoning the sturdy souls of Lexington and Concord with his cry of warning, provides one of the biggest wallop the screen has ever seen. It is as thrilling as the gathering of the clans in The Birth of a Nation. I know; I'm tired of that ancient comparison, too. But both episodes are unforgettable.

Naturally, anything after the gathering of the Minute Men is bound to be an anti-climax. Nothing could be so stirring; and the second part of the picture is a rather laborious attempt to sustain the excitement. But why blame the director? The Revolution was written that way. The midnight ride is enough of a thrill for one evening anyway. If there had been another the audience would have had to be carried out.

Washington Characterization Lacked Life

Every time you start to criticize a picture like this one you are disarmed by the thought that it is a worthy effort and that it should be shown in the schools. I know it. And still it seemed to me that it lacked life—always excepting the spirited ride. That it was, in fact, designed with the idea uppermost that the children of the future will learn their American history from the screen. They will. But they would be much more impressed if George Washington, for example, had been made a man and not a super-man. It's a safe assumption that any man who earned the title of Father of his Country was one of the good scouts of his time, and certainly considerably more sympathetic than the majestic figure who stalks through America. As far as giving him a semblance of life is concerned, Mr. Griffith might just as well have used a bust of the General, "First in the hearts of his countrymen"—and we are made to see him as a cold, remote personage. Washington should be portrayed as intimately as Lincoln—a far more difficult task, but entirely possible. In his anxiety to paint a reverent portrait the director failed to find a likeness.

Fault has been found for the omission of Lafayette and of picture postcards of the Spirit of '76 and Washington Crossing the Delaware. I'm glad these were left out. The Spirit of '76 is present but not in a group still. Griffith makes no effort to place the Revolutionary conflict upon his canvas; he has chosen the particular episodes which seem to have most of the elements of a popular Griffith picture. There's the base and covetous villain; the winsome heroine; the inevitable ride to the rescue. But the first part is free from formula. It is faithfully and at times magnificently painted.
Lionel Barrymore Takes Acting Honors

The story by Robert W. Chambers has for its bloody background the villainies of Captain Walter Butler and the Indian raids in the northern grain region. We follow the fortunes of the girl, her father, a Tory converted to the fight for freedom, and her lover, a brave youngster who performs as many deeds of daring as a serial hero. There are moments of suspense when the spectators kid themselves into believing that the outcome is doubtful, when everybody who has ever seen a Griffith picture knows to the minute when the rescuing forces are due to dash up. The gel, ha, ha, is enabled to flutter at Washington's inaugural address, which provides the conclusion. It's a worthy effort and unlike most things like that it has its bright moments. Griffith's naïveté is once again apparent. He is ever the romancer; the genial weaver of fairy tales and never could happen. His fanciful ramblings include an orgy conducted along the usual Griffith lines. When the loathsome Captain Ware, grimaced, not acted, by Louis Wolheim, calls for the camp women, in trips as beautiful a bevy of cuties as you could wish to see—well-groomed, dainty creatures who look as if they had just dashed out of their Park Avenue apartments to look at those quaint Indians. For me, Lionel Barrymore as Battling Butler is the suavest and most satisfying screen villain of the fiscal year. The Barrymore boys always uplift the screen and they are doing very well this month. (See "Beau Brummel.") Lionel's bad end, a fall face-downward into the mud, taught him, I hear, by a Hippodrome clown, is as pretty a flop as a camera ever caught.

Neil Hamilton's good looks are against him but if he continues to contribute the sincerity he shows here he may in time live down his profile. As a Revolutionary knight he does not give an imitation of Richard Barthelmess. He doesn't have to.

Charles Mack is hardly my idea of a studio Salvini so his omnipresent dimple almost spoiled my patriotic evening. Riley Hatch's Tammany Indian was as imposing as could be expected. Erville Anderson and Frank McGlynn, Jr. stand out. Carol Dempster, always graceful, is a little lady every minute. She's so well behaved. But she's decorative and she doesn't flutter—much.

"Glass" backgrounds are used, and often. They may have been absolutely necessary but they weren't heard of at the time of Intolerance.

The first night of America was the occasion for tremendous applause at every scene of any consequence at all. A little love scene—applause. A close-up of Miss Dempster—more applause. A glimpse of Washington—cheers. But the midnight ride of Paul Revere deserved the huzzas.

Yankee Consul—Thoroughly Enjoyable

You'll have the time of your life at Yankee Consul. Everybody, from the director and Douglas MacLean to the theater ushers, enjoyed themselves. I caught an usher chuckling. Proof.

Frankly farce, its plot is so old-fashioned it wheezes. There may be a few people alive today who saw it as a musical comedy but if there are they don't brag. But it bonds along with all the speed of a plucky flivver. Just a movie, and proud of it. This is how it runs. Another one of those young men with an obese bankroll is the victim of a practical joke designed to show him he is still alive. The bright ones out front are in on it and have a lovely time nudging one another and laughing at the goit. He obliges by participating in some lively South American adventures. If you're one of those who take your humor seriously you will probably roll right out of your seat and down the aisle at the finish.

Douglas MacLean has made so many darned good comedies I wonder why he's not fuzzed about. He has imported to the screen the finished technique of the expert stage farceur. He's given me more legitimate laughs than any other screen actor except Chaplin. So I am convinced he is a more accomplished comedian than Harold Lloyd. What? Well, we all have a right to our own opinions, haven't we?

Patsy Ruth Miller is present, too, the little cut-up. She conducts herself in a manner worthy of the finest traditions of our Club. Perhaps I had better admit that I can't be fair to our Patsy Ruth. You may think she gives a great performance. I don't.

Beau Brummel an Almost Perfect Motion Picture

Beau Brummel is sheer romance. It's a costume picture without a single battle except one fought over a lady. There's a king in it but not one conference with responsible royalty grouped about a carved table in crested chairs. It portrays the private life of the prince who became George III—odd, how he has changed when you meet him in America—and of another George, Mr. Brummel, who becomes the royal favorite and arbiter of manners, fashions and morals; and of various ladies and gentlemen who are involved in the highly unimportant social events of the day. There is no historical significance and no world crisis, so it may not be a costume picture after all.

The Month's Four Best Performances

Q John Barrymore in Beau Brummel
Q Holbrook Blinn in Yolanda
Q Douglas MacLean in Yankee Consul
Q Lionel Barrymore in America

Q Marlon Davies acquires, in Yolanda, a childlike clauseliness often reminiscent of Mary Pickford.
No actor is as well equipped as John Barrymore to play the Beau. John himself is said to have remarked that he owes a great deal of his success to his shapely underpinnings. His performance is matchless. I say this disregarding, with an obvious effort, the handsome figure he makes of Beau Brummel in the first reels and recalling the pitiful, shabby man in middle-age and obscurity and finally the broken wreck he becomes before the picture ends.

Next to the work of Mr. Barrymore and his director, Harry Beaumont, comes Willard Louis’ priceless caricature of the fat and fatuous prince. Altogether, Beau Brummel is one of those rare events—almost an exact perfect motion picture.

Yolanda a Lovely Spectacle

A costume picture about which there can be no doubt is Yolanda. There is a battle every so often and all sorts of skirmishes just as it begins to look as if the extras may have a little breathing spell. The Cosmopolitan spear-carriers are the hardest-worked supernumeraries in the world.

Another one of those billion-dollar dime-novels in rare bindings, with Marion Davies, five thousand men in armor, genuine antiques, and a moat. The moat deserves all the publicity it receives on the program. It is all that it’s cracked up to be. A good old trusty moat even if it did cost $21,000. Handicapped with gothic tapestries, all, we are assured, the real article; a palace extending over two city blocks; and the largest outdoor set ever constructed. Yolanda provides good entertainment, if you like to see masquerading royalty and tournaments and romance.

Robert Vignola directed and if anyone could make this pageant real it’s this signor. He manages mobs and Marion with equal skill. The gold-and-white Miss Davies, under his guidance, becomes alert and interested; she acquires a childlike elusiveness often reminiscent of Mary. And surely she is a lovely picture in her medieval robes, as human as possible weighted with gemladen gowns and crowns.

The acting honors belong to Holbrook Blinn. As a creator of kings his only rival is Herr Jannings. He makes the crafty Louis Eleventh plausible and terrifying, particularly in the most imaginative scene in the picture—that in Louis’ dreadful orchard, with the bodies of his victims hanging from the trees. Marion’s moment of honest emotion occurs soon after this; her Princess Mary becomes a very real and a badly frightened little girl. In all her costly costume plays Marion reminds me of an excited youngster parading in gorgeous grown-up clothes and having a wonderful time doing it. Her appeal, like Pickford’s, is that of a sweet, ingratiating and slightly spoiled child.

When a Man’s a Man Insipid Hokum

I...is as I wrote it,” runs the solemn advertisement of Harold Bell Wright’s epochal novel, When a Man’s a Man. “Greater than the book” is another way they have worded it. They can’t prove it by me because Harold, right or wrong, is not one of my passions. However, judging by the fact that the film ran for some weeks in Manhattan, he has his following, and if they liked it why should I complain? The New Yorkers wallowed in his conception of the great open spaces, which seems to prove you can’t kill a thing by kidding it.

After innumerable satires have been indited on this very subject, with red-blooded heroes and distressed damsels from the effete east and God’s own outdoors coming in for a complete kidding, here is Mr. Wright, the principal exponent of Nature in her gentler aspects, the most faithful champion of the silent hills, the ardent advocate of western sunsets, still going on about it at great length and, what is stranger, still entertaining multitudes with his murmurings. It is all beyond me because I refuse to admit that because a man lives in a nice house with good plumbing and dresses for dinner, he must necessarily be a weakening or a bum; and that the moment he discards his manners he becomes God’s own gentleman. Sombrero, a swagger, dirty hands and a horse are, in Mr. Wright’s opinion, the apparent qualifications for initiation into that noble fraternity of Men, who are Men.

I won’t go into detail about this thing because if you like it you like it and won’t want your fun spoiled; and if you don’t like it you won’t care. Except to remark that its cast is possibly as insipid a collection of actors as has ever been assembled under one all-star banner. John Bowers is somehow invariably chosen to play a man who is a man. I don’t want to be hard on him because after all he didn’t write his own role and as far as I know he may prefer Remy de Gourmont to H. B. W. But the shot of him here that I liked best was the long one showing his descent into an especially splashy sunset.

Shadows of Paris Not Worthy of Pola

Shadows of Paris, or, Twixt Love and Dooty,

When I see Pola Negri in such slush and remember her Carmen and her Du Barry I could cry without calling for my glycerine. It’s a shame, that’s what it is. Yes, I am worked up over it. I, as a fair-minded reviewer, had to sit through all six reels—it seemed twelve. You can walk out on it if you want to.

If it weren’t for the lavish settings and the expensive Pola you would suspect it of burlesque tendencies. It is almost, but not quite, funny enough for farce. A weak edition of The Humming Bird, it has its motion-picture-Paris society, its apaches, its “Forward, wolves of Montmartre” motif. Charles de Roché as an apache is an unconscious caricature. The only reason for seeing it is Vera Reynolds. She, not Colleen Moore, should be the screen’s stellar flapper. Hers is an electric personality, and if she doesn’t go far—in the right direction—I am perfectly willing to eat my spring chapeau, feather and all.

The prize sub-title of the month happens here. It is, “And now, my beauty, I want you!” The title writer was evidently unaware that this title is no longer being used except by Mack Sennett—and even Mr. Sennett doesn’t use it any more. (Continued on page 84)
Home Life of the Stars

*Screenland’s artist — the well known Kliz — gives his impression of Charlie Chaplin on his day at home.*
I nearly lost my self respect in those bathroom scenes.

It's Gone
Far Enough.
I Can't Stand it
Much Longer. I've
Simply Got
To Cry
On Somebody's Shoulder—
And It Might as Well
Be Yours.

Nobody Knows
What I've Gone Through!
I'm Not Sure, Myself.
I'm
Only Seven—
By Actual Count, not
My Press Agent's—
But Oh,
How I have Suffered!
Life
Holds Nothing More
For Me.
I've Seen Everything,
Shaken Hands with Everybody,
Been Everywhere,
And Earn More Money
Than the President.
Nothing
Could Possibly
Give Me a Kick—
Not Even
The Key-hole Privilege
At the Studio.

I was the Original
Orphan of the Storm.
A Girl
Carried Me Out into It
Wrapped Up in her Cape
—they always
Wear Capes.
I Remember Distinctly

That I Struggled; but
She Pinched Me and I
Howled Instead—the Hussy!
When my Mother
Read the Reviews
In the Papers
They Said
That my Performance
Was Well-Nigh Perfect.
One Critic Raved About
The Indescribable Pathos
Of my Crying Close-up—
He didn't Know the Half of it.

I was Sick of Rattles
Before I was Six Months Old.
I Soon Got on
To the Director and his Tricks.
He'd Yell

I was the original Orphan of the Storm.
By Delight Evans

Decorations
- By Wynn

For a Rattle, Hold it Up, and Gurgle at Me.
"See Pitty Sing?" he'd Say—
The Darn Fool!
Nobody can Call Me Names
And Get Away with it.
The First Time I Admit
I Fell for it. But
After That
I Just Gave him
A Haughty Stare, and
Turned my Head Away, and
Pretended to Go to Sleep.
Didn't that
Get his Goat, though—you never
Heard such Language!
He'd Howl about
Overhead, and
Things like that; while I
Would Lie There
With One Eye Half Open
And Laugh to myself
Until my Cradle Rocked.

I thought
As I Added Inches
Things would Improve.
But
They Only
Got Worse.

Heaven Knows
If I'm
A Howling Success
On the Screen, it's
My Own Fault.
I Never
Needed Glycerine
Or Pins or Pinches.
Although they Seemed to Think
I was a Pinch-Cushion,
All Right.
I Cried as Often
As I Could.
If I
Had Been Able
To Toddle
You Can Bet Your Life
I'd have Walked out on them.

I was Always
The Unwanted Baby.
Now I Ask You!
A Good, Healthy Kid
Like I was—and
Nobody Loved Me.

My Screen Poppa
Would Reel In
And while my Momma
Covered in a Corner,
He'd Break the Furniture—
I Always Rather Liked
That Scene.
The Trouble with it was
The Flying Furniture
Never Hit Momma.
It Got on my Nerves—
I Never
Begged to be Born.
I Might have Had some Fun
In the Comedies, with
Freddy the Dog; only

They Pulled a Double on me
In all the Best Scenes.
Said I was Too Valuable
To Take any Chances
with—they'd
(Continued on page 97)
SOMEONE has said
sorrows that make
edies, the heart-
life, leave us dry-

A close friend of hers said that Dorothy Phillips, since the
death of her husband last November, had not shed a tear. Not
for her the hysterics; the gasps and the sobs. Just a new look
in her eyes—a look that might bring the tears to yours.

If, the next time she is called upon by a director in a studio
to portray grief for a close-up, she lets you look into her eyes
—naked eyes, sombre and deep—you will say that she is even
a finer actress than you had thought her. You will be wrong.
It won't be acting. It will be real.

For Dorothy Phillips, her career is a thing apart. She has
always shrunk into herself. When she left the studio she lost
her screen identity. She became another person. A woman of
great dramatic resources, she has thrilled you with passionate
outbursts on the screen. In real life she would have none of
that. Unanimously voted the quietest actress in Hollywood.
Known of, but not intimately by the motion picture colony.
Ask a stellar friend of yours about her; you are answered:
"A fine girl. No—I have never met her. Why, I've never even
seen her on the street."

Dorothy Phillips, when she removed her make-up, practically
disappeared—as far as professional Hollywood was concerned.
She went home.

Home, to this film star, was more than merely a place to park
her new chapeaux. It contained things other than her Persians
—kitten or carpet. She had her imported perfumes there, but
also her private life. Dorothy Phillips always has been a
puzzle to me. How she ever elected to become an actress is
more than I can understand. Not that she isn't well equipped.
She has beauty and intelligence and actual ability. But she
is such a demure person. Such a shy, reserved little thing.
The kind of girl-child you want to put your arms around and
pat on her pretty head. Hardly a girl to fight the world.

But she was an actress all the same. If she had not, early
in her career, met the one man of her life, it might have been
different. She might—just might—have lacked the necessary
aggressiveness to go on. She might—instead—have made a
marriage to a successful banker or merchant, have settled down
and become a youthful matron in Baltimore. But she chose
the stage, and was cast in "Everywoman," as Modesty.

She was a good selection. Modesty! Her gentleness; her
violet-like loveliness. No wonder that "King Love" fell in love
with her!

He was a handsome young actor, this "King Love." I do
not doubt that the minute he saw (Continued on Page 96)
Introducing Mary
the little known sister
of famous Nita.

Another
Naldi
By Eunice Marshall

MARY NALDI was in town.

We had heard rumors of this mysterious little sister of
Nita’s: how the child had spent most of her seventeen years
in the peaceful confines of a Florentine convent; how Nita
has been sister, mother and stern duenna to the girl since her
school days were finished; how Nita had guarded the little
Mary from contact with the harsh world which she herself
had to face so early and alone. We had heard of Mary, but
nobody had ever seen her. She had become almost as mythical
a person as Santa Claus or Gloria Swanson’s baby.

So when the papers stated that Nita Naldi had brought her
young sister out to the coast on this, her latest grudged visit
to California, we hastened to drop in at the Naldi apartment
at the Biltmore to observe the convent maid’s reactions to
Hollywood.

“** ** and I told her it was a baby police dog and she
believed it!” came to me over the transom, followed by a
gust of strictly American laughter.

Has Pronounced British Accent

The door was opened by a beaming young person who
ushered me in with a large gesture. Under one arm she
snuggled a microscopic dog that looked exactly like a Mexican
hairless pup but was a black-and-tan instead; evidently the
animal so basely put off as a police puppy. “Yes, I’m Mary.
Come in and meet my little friend, Miss Del Mar.”

The convent-bred Mary’s education obviously hadn’t ceased
when she left the cloister! Black straight hair, bobbed and
banged in severe Egyptian style. Black eyes, large and snapp-
ing. Red, red lips made up into a Cupid’s Bow that would
surely have sent the good sisters to their prayers. A Forty-
second-and-Broadway accent that had once been as British as
the Prince of Wales, the nuns preferring English as it is
spoken in London rather than the strictly American brand.
That was Mary!

No, she hadn’t come to Hollywood on purpose to break
into pictures, though she wouldn’t break down and sob if a
good part dropped into her lap. Nita wanted her to wait for
something big; none of this extra stuff at $7.50 per. No, she
didn’t want to do vamp parts particularly, unless she could do
something like Ira in “Ben Hur.” The kind of things Norma
Talmadge does, now. She’d like to try her hand at them.
Yes, she was having a great time, sitting around on Nita’s set
and meeting the movie people for the first time; Nita had
never let her meet any before.

Born in Italy

Yes, she was born in Italy, though Nita had been born right
here in the U. S. But then she went back to Florence a little
while ago on a visit, everybody said, ‘My God, Mary, you’re
a regular American now!’ And (Continued on page 89)
F or the past five years producers have been proclaiming loudly their intention of doing away with the star system. Every year more and more talk is heard about the all star cast, the importance of the story and the subjugation of the personality of the individual actor and actress.

The public reads and chuckles to itself. For it knows all too well that the history of the screen is based upon the worship of personalities, and that these personalities will continue to be created for it and by it year after year, in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

In the beginning, the producers gave no screen credit to any of their players. “The little blonde Biograph girl” became known only many years later as Mary Pickford. In her we may see perhaps the actual dawn of the star system.

Since that time the system has grown and grown in spite of its disastrous effects upon production costs, until today it is no longer possible to wait for the public to pick its stars; it has become necessary because of the great quantity of annual film output to select a list of stars in advance.

Some girls achieve stardom; some have stardom thrust upon them. The latter system is now being employed in order to speed up the star system.

A great deal has been said about the power of suggestion. We know that the proper advertising of an article multiplies its sale many times over. The same thing applies to motion pictures.

One well known producer once said to me: “I would rather have a poor picture properly exploited than a good picture that the public knows nothing about.”

Of course this statement will meet with terrific popular disapproval, for the public feels that it is very quick to recognize merit by itself.

The fostering of the baby star movement as an annual feature from within the industry itself is an effort to apply the psychology of suggestion on the screen public. Thirteen baby stars are selected and widely advertised as the prospective inheritors of screen glory. The idea is a good one, but unfortunately not so much can be said of its execution.

The choice of the 1922 aggregation of Baby Stars scarcely proved the gift of second sight on the part of the sponsors. They picked winners in all but three instances, which is an excellent average, but the winners had already “arrived.” Bessie Love, Pauline Stark, Helen Ferguson, Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor and Lila Lee had all reached the leading lady class. As a matter of cold fact, Bessie, Pauline and Lila had had their fling at stardom; their progress has been limited. Louise Lorraine, Katherine McGuire and Maryon Aye never justified their choice.

The remaining two Baby Stars did really become stars: Mary Philbin and Jacqueline Logan. Mary’s progress has amply justified her nomination; she has proved her genius under Von Stroheim and Julian in Merry-Go-Round. Jacqueline Logan’s rise to fame may perhaps be dated from her splendid work in Java Head.

The 1923 Baby Stars have so far cut no dramatic ice. In personal beauty, personality and dramatic ability they seem to be merely mediocre. Most of them get by as leading ladies as foils for some male actor of vivid personality.

Now for the 1924 Baby Stars. Three of the Wonder Girls have proved their dramatic mettle: Dorothy Mackail, one of the most interesting personalities in filmdom, who stood out so strikingly in Dick Barthelmess’ The Fighting Blade; Lucille Ricksen, who emoted with the best of them in Marshall Neilan’s The Rendezvous; and little Clara Bow, the wholly adorable runaway of Down to the Sea in Ships, and the less adorable but capable flapper of Black Oxen. Stardom waits for these girls, if the promise of their youth does not fail: not the meaningless stardom of their names in bigger type than the rest of the cast, but stardom that connotes dramatic genius.

There is quite a lot of feverish prophecy about Dorothy Mackail, who had already won distinction before she was picked as a baby star. Some critics believe that her lack of real beauty may hamper her as seriously as it hampered Pauline Stark, who undoubtedly can act with the best of them. The public demands beauty with its brains and talent, and the greedy maw of the box office must be appeased daily with fresh young pulchritude. Sad but true. And the not so beautiful girl who believes that force of personality alone can carry her past the handicap is likely to get a nasty fall. Look at Zasu Pitts!

Dorothy Mackail is not, strictly speaking, only a “star of tomorrow”, since she was billed by the producers as star of Mighty Lak a Rose. One starring picture does not, of course, make a star, but still Dorothy Mackail is a mighty good bet.

Lucille Ricksen is a baby of yesterday, a featured player of today, quite bewildered by her grown-upness, and a star of tomorrow, according to the press agents, met in solemn conclave.

Lucille is Goldwyn’s contribution to the aspirants for fame.
Undoubtedly Goldwyn has signed up the wistful little girl, too suddenly plunged into leading-ladyhood, and this bit of national publicity is a very good thing for her contract.

But is it wise to thrust Lucille into the limelight as a star of even so distant a day as "tomorrow"? She has scarcely cut her eye-teeth yet, and her wisdom teeth will not be causing her dentist worries for another five or ten years.

For Lucille is really only a kid, probably the first player ever press-agented as older than she actually is. About ten years from now Lucille is going to have a lot of bother making people believe that she is only twenty-four or five.

Lucille Ricksen was a thin, rather anemic looking little girl who played in the Edgar comedies, written by Booth Tarkington. She got the job largely because of her yellow finger-curls and her demure little smile. Then one day we saw a picture in which a nervous, fidgety little lady seemed to be doing a good bit of acting, in spite of her evident self-consciousness. It was in a married-dapper picture of Marie Prevost's. The program gave us the astonishing news that it was Lucille Ricksen, little Edgar comedy Lucille, playing at being nearly grown up. At that time Lucille was positively not more than fourteen years old.

At the time she was cast for The Rendezvous by Marshall Neilan Lucille was fifteen, and press-agented, probably in fear of public opinion, as seventeen. The timid, shrinking little girl of that somber picture was made to think thoughts and face situations which no child of fifteen should deal with. In the hothouse of stardom, she may lose the wistful childishness which has made her a fondly remembered figure in kid pictures for the last few years.

At that, Lucille will probably make screen history, if they can find plays to suit her. It is a safe bet that Goldwyn will know better than to star her for another four or five years yet. Lucille is probably doomed to play leading roles opposite Conrad Nagel and other male stars for an indefinite but needed period.

As for the others, Time alone will reveal their capacity as actresses. But physically, the little dears present a soothing eyeful. As an aggregation of pulse-quickeners, they are there. The press agents proved themselves excellent judges of optical values when they chose as Baby Stars cuddly little Gloria Grey, Norma Shearer of the cameo-like features, Hazel Keener, the artists' model, sloe-eyed Carmelita Geraghty, cunning Alberta Vaughn, Elinor Faire, Ruth Hiatt, Blanche Mahaffey, graceful Julianne Johnstone, Marion Nixon and Margaret Morris.

Julianne Johnstone has just finished the leading feminine role in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, The Thief of Bagdad. That picture will be the proof of her ability as an actress. If she is as good an actress as she is charming to look at, her success is assured.

Elinor Faire had a long and inconspicuous engagement in Fox pictures. She emerged out of obscurity in Charles Brabin's Driven. Since then, nothing of note or interest.

She will also be dimly remembered as the invalid miraculously healed in The Miracle Man. But as far as starring goes—well, somehow Elinor Faire does not seem to have the strength of personality or the background of success to be a real candidate for stardom "tomorrow."

Norma Shearer had her chance in Pleasure Mad. There was a lot of talk about Norma when young Benny Schilberg hired her. Seems like she was a Toronto society girl, or something like that. At any rate, she is pretty and very slender—has a wealth of frizzly golden-brown hair and piquant features. But in Pleasure Mad her eyes failed to register—probably because she was not accustomed to the harsh studio lights. Pleasure Mad was not a great picture by any means.

Something of the local "fame" that the other Baby Stars enjoy may be deduced by the fact that the writer, who has been in intimate touch with Hollywood and pictures for three years, had never heard of the girls until their names were mentioned as Baby Stars; that the dramatic editor of a Los Angeles newspaper could give me no bit of information about them; that one prominent casting director had never used any of them even as "extra talent;" that a woman publicity writer for one of the big studios was equally in the dark about them; and, most strange of all, that one of their fellow Baby Stars could tell me nothing about them except that "she had heard somewhere that Gloria Grey was a dancer and had the lead in The Girl of the Limberlost."

Maybe the 1924 Baby Stars can all act. Maybe they will all come to that Promised Land, where their names will always be in electric lights four feet high. But, anyway, they're awfully cute. And when you come right down to it, that's more than Duse is.
MARY THURMAN, a likeness of whom can be seen at your immediate left, is the same Mary who several years ago was the Queen of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. In fact it was Mary and Phyllis Haver who made the bathing beauties famous.

It is popularly supposed that Mr. Sennett recruited all his famous beauty squad from ladies of the ensemble, known in days gone by as chorus girls. But such is not always the case and most certainly not in that of Mary Thurman. This young lady is a graduate of the University of Utah and during her college days taught school. She not only taught the young idea how to shoot, but also to swim.

During the progress of one of her swimming classes an emissary of Mack Sennett's cast his gaze in Mary's direction and decided she was of the type that should be seen and not heard. Hence he waved before her an attractive contract calling for her appearance in the silent drama which at times can say so much.

But with all due respect to Mr. Sennett, Mary Thurman was destined to become something more than the means of exploiting the Pacific Coast one piece bathing suit. It was Bill Hart who discovered this and he immediately offered Mary an opportunity to try her hand at dramatic roles. With a sigh of relief, more than one of regret, the Queen of Beach laid aside her bathing suit and donned the gingham gown of a simple girl of the golden West. This was in “Sand,” one of the first Hart pictures made for Famous Players-Lasky.

Miss Thurman was a success as a dramatic actress from the start. Following her appearance with Bill Hart she appeared in several productions opposite James Kirkwood, among which were “The Heart of a Fool” and “The Scoffer.” She was also the star of “The Sin of Martha Queed,” produced by Allan Dwan.

A couple of years ago Mary deserted the Pacific Coast and came East to play with Richard Barthelmess in “The Bond Boy” and she has been in New York ever since. Her most recent screen appearance was with her old friend and colleague of the Sennett days, Gloria Swanson, in “Zaza.”

Mary sometime since bobbed her auburn tresses. Looking at Mary can you wonder she got so many apples accompanied by notes saying, “I love my teacher.”
There are advantages in being a Chinese vamp ---even in America.

By E. V. Durling

JOHN ROBERTSON, who suffers from an acute case of artistic temperament, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. So was his household, his wife, his maidservants and his maidservants. Mr. Robertson in directing "The Bright Shawl" had assembled with ease the supporting cast for Mr. Barthelmess until he came to the part of the aforementioned Chinese vamp.

There were Chinese actresses galore but none could play a vampire, and vampires by the score but none could play a Chinese. Files were turned upside down, agencies visited, casting directors harassed but all to no avail. There was nary a Chinese vamp East, West, North or South of the Mississippi.

Finally he became desperate. The customary kindly lines of his face became severe, his gentle tones became hard as tempered steel, firm resolve permeated every portion of his features. Striding with quick nervous steps to the studio, he entered the gate, slammed it behind him, crashed menacingly on the set and grasping Dorothy Gish by the arm with a viselike grip said:

"You are to play a Chinese vamp!"
"Who? Me?" asked Dorothy tremblingly.
"Yes, you a Chinese vamp."
"Oh, Mr. Robertson," cried Dorothy, and fainted dead away.
All seemed lost but just then John Emerson, Anita Loos' husband, came into the studio to see how moving pictures were made.

"How are things?" said John Emerson to John Robertson.
"Rotten," said John Robertson to John Emerson.
"What's the trouble?"
"I want but little here below," said John Robertson, his voice shaking with emotion, "but I can't get it. I need a Chinese vamp."

"A Chinese vamp?" said Mr. Emerson, who might well pose for efficiency on a monument smiling at obstacles. "Ah! just the one. Can I use your phone?"

Twenty minutes later Jetta Goudal, our heroine, appeared on the scene. Forty minutes later "The Bright Shawl" was started and the rest is history or something like that.

For five long years Jetta Goudal struggled but never gave up hope and the moral of this story is "Trust in God and get acquainted with John Emerson."

Jetta insists she is not a vamp. This point we discussed freely and finally compromised by agreeing she might be an unconscious vamp. Anyway she is not a woman who does not care and if she breaks your heart you have nobody but yourself to blame.

But to get to the point, men. Jetta is not married. Says she won't be until her success is assured. As I see it that means the lady will be willing to listen to reason very shortly.

Now, if you will gather around closely and not interrupt I will tell you the way to Jetta's heart, and may the best man win.

First, no matter how Jetta looks on the screen or appears in person you must conjure in your mind a picture of her in a gingham gown. The reason none of the boys has made a hit with her to date, Jetta confided in me, is that they take this French actress, vampire stuff too seriously.

For instance say John Dough, the millionaire poultry king, is introduced to Jetta. He has seen her in "The Bright Shawl." He has heard she is from that dear Paris and so forth. Immediately he invites her to take a ride over to the Montmartre and then suggests a road— (Continued on Page 89)
Drumalang

The principal elements of the average American revue are a flight of steps down which an assortment of tall huskies dressed up like so many Chinese restaurants troop majestically at intervals of every twenty minutes, a ballet in which a toe dancer whirls around rapidly for a dozen times, falls in a heap and thus depicts, according to the program, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," one joke about the income tax and another about monkey glands, a song number in which the coy girl star is flirtatiously chased around the stage by the male chorus in evening clothes, and a sketch in which an actress who bears a striking resemblance to Marie Dressler gives an imitation of Jeanne Eagles by putting on a blonde wig and a pair of white stockings and striking an attitude like Benny Leonard. In this revue, save on rare occasions, there is approximately as much jollity as one finds in a case of White Rock. Two hundred thousand dollars is spent for costumes, scenery and expensive performers and then, a few hours before the dress rehearsal, the producer telegraphs Tommy Gray or Ring Lardner a couple of hundred dollars to get busy and think up something funny to stick into the $50,000 Diamond Horseshoe scene. Charlot, the London revue producer, works the other way 'round. He first lays in enough good comedy to fill the evening and then thinks up the expensive decorations and embellishments. After he has thought up these expensive decorations and embellishments, he promptly proceeds to forget them. And the result is a revue that is twice as amusing as the majority we get from our native impresarios. The Charlot "Revue of 1924," currently on view in New York, is excellent light entertainment. For every three hundred dollar costume, there is a five hundred dollar joke. And in Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence it has the two best music show performers of the London stage.

Charlot's Revue is excellent light entertainment. For every three hundred dollar costume there is a five hundred dollar joke.

The Way Things Happen is too stale to pop present day interest.

The Living Mask is a stage-struck novelette.

Gypsy Jim is sentimental walla walla.

Says Mr. Nathan

Clemence Dane's "The Way Things Happen" played in Philadelphia before opening in New York and made a profound impression. You now know what it is like. Over in Philadelphia, any play in which the heroine surrenders her person to the villain in order to get the papers that will save the honor of the hero still works the populace up to fever heat. The dramatic taste of the Pennsylvania metropolis continues to linger in the Henry Arthur Jones and early Pinero epoch, when women's virtue was regarded as the strongest of all dramatic themes and when any scene that showed a girl about to give herself to an actor in a gray toupee and with a gardenia in his button-hole—thus identified a villain—was certain to be a subject of discussion for the next three or four weeks. Miss Dane's play carries a wrong date line. It is at least twenty years behind the times. It belongs to that period of the Anglo-Saxon drama when no woman ever left a bachelor's chambers without leaving a tell-tale wrap or pair of gloves behind her and when the news of the villain's painful death in South Africa always arrived in
By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

time to pave the way for the more or less happy ending. There are instances of good writing in the Dane opus, but the whole business is too stale to pop present-day interest. What interest attaches to the hoopdeedoodles centres in Katharine Cornell's excellent performance of the leading role. The rest, while excessively noisy, is silence.

III

Pirandello and Mah Jong are the two leading New York fads up to the time of going to press. Doubtless by the time the ink is dry, both will be in the discard and succeeded by the latest Serbian dramatist and strip poker. But as I write, Pirandello is the leading favorite of the local intellectual petting parties. The natives are doing everything to Pirandello, in fact, but understanding him. He is hailed as the greatest dramatic genius of the day, and is being given receptions by Otto Kahn, dinners by the American Society of Stamp Collectors, balls by the Elks and embroidered handkerchiefs by the sweet ones of the Junior League. His plays are being put on by his fellow Italian, the Signor Brocco Pemberton, at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre; everybody is dolling up in evening clothes for the occasion; the ushers have temporarily stopped chewing gum in honor of the great event; and even the actors have magnanimously lent their share to the festivities by learning some of the lines.

Of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," you already know. Of his "Henry IV," more recently produced under the title "The Living Mask," it may be said, as I once observed of a play of Zoe Akins, that it is a stage-struck novelette. For all its very interesting and intelligently manoeuvred theme, it is as lacking in theatrical and dramatic properties as an essay by Dr. Jacques Loeb. The considerable theatrical to-do that has been made over it in certain quarters may be laid to the intellectual pushing that is so characteristic a part of the New York stockbroker kultur. Arnold Korff, who is the star of the piece, had such a bustling cold on the night I reviewed the performance that he might better have been cast for the snowstorm in "Way Down East."

IV

Once in a while I hear it said of me that I talk about everything concerned with a play but the play itself. In other words, that my method of criticism often neglects to tell my flock exactly what the play I am eloquently writing of is about. So that there may be no complaint on this score in the instance of "Gypsy Jim," by the Messrs. Hammerstein and Gropper, let me change my customary tactics—and see how you like it. "Gypsy Jim," therefore, is about a romantic millionaire who dresses himself up like a Webster Hall ball and in this guise prowls around the country on a Pollyanna mission of cheer. Accompanied by the Knickerbocker Grill string quartette that plays sad music (Continued on Page 94)
Popular Pets of Picturedom

OGS are by far the most popular pets in Hollywood, as elsewhere. The exotic pets, like Viola Dana's little pig, or Sigrid Holmquist's Whosit (nobody could quite figure out what species Sigrid's pet was supposed to be) are strictly for publicity purposes. I doubt very much whether the dainty Viola ever murmured, "Wasim a sweetest little sing ever was?" to her little porling, when the camera's eye was not trained on her. Pigs are simply not simpatico, somehow, even little pink baby pigs.

Though as a rule we never like to touch on scandal in the movie colony, we feel we really must tell you about Ignatz. Ignatz is Alice Terry's white Spitz, a most amiable dog who allows visitors to Alice's set to stroke him at will, especially if they will scratch him gently just at the base of the ears. Ignatz was given Alice by an Eastern dignitary on one of her trips to New York, and on the way back, some heartless baggage man or brakeman must have booted poor Ignatz off the train, for Ignatz was lost in the wilds of Arizona. Railroad officials took one look at Alice's pleading face and burned up the wires with instructions to get that dog back if it became necessary to throw the brakeman off after him. The dog was finally found, his white fur matted and stuck full of burrs, his tummy very empty, but otherwise intact. He was returned to Alice's welcoming arms and quickly became the pet of the Rex Ingram company. But we mentioned scandal. Lean closer, and don't say who told you. Ignatz one morning presented "his" mistress with a fine litter of silky white puppies. Rex and Alice thought at first they would have to change Ignatz's (Continued on Page 78.)
EVERYBODY knows the Coconut Grove dining-room in the Ambassador Hotel of Los Angeles. It has become famous to screen fans the world over as the gathering place of screenland's socially elect. Tuesday night is the night to go if you would see Charlie and Pola and Claire and Viola and scramble madly with your favorites for the toy balloons that are dropped at midnight from the artificial cocoanut trees overhead.

And now comes Palm Beach, Florida, trying to ween the movies away from Hollywood and claiming the distinction of possessing the original Coconut Grove. There you may sit under real cocoanut trees beneath the canopy of heaven with the glory of a real Florida sunset coming down about your head and the twinkling little Japanese lanterns lighting up as the sky grows dusky.

Broadway Jones and his orchestra is there too. Art Hickman's only rival. And as you dance there beneath the trees, from which real cocoanuts instead of toy balloons may topple on you, may be seen so many stars that you might think almost you were in Hollywood.

Betty Compson, on her way to Miami to film her new picture by that name; and Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Dalton and June Caprice—vacationing.

For that is Palm Beach—the (Continued on Page 89)
Beware the Ides of March!

Julius Caesar had his Brutus, Fatty Arbuckle his Will Hays—and the movie stars—the stars have the income tax collector.

If this be treason, make the most of it.

The Ides of March have come and gone. And many a bright new dollar that came to Hollywood to get into the movies, has gone to Washington—perhaps never more to return.

"I've sent more than a million friends upon their way to Congress," weeps Bill Hart, "more than a million sweet green paper dollars. And this year—"

The double-barreled hero of the wide open spaces grinned pleasantly—

"I wish I had a million to send this year—but there'll be enough young Bills representing me anyway."

Yes, the facts about the real incomes of the stars and the producers—washed out by the Ides—make the movie industry gleam like a tale from ancient Sybaris.

Floors of gold, ceilings of precious stones, pillars of hewn marble, walls of jade and amber, chariots of beaten silver and hammered platinum—Uncle Sam takes mighty tribute from this modern city of the Sybarites.

The Tax Collector Talks

In case you think that's too flowery, let the Los Angeles collector of internal revenue, Mr. E. C. Goodell, tell it in his way:

"Moving picture stars are earning tremendous salaries, larger than even the public imagines. Salaries of $2,000 a week are not unusual. Some of them get much more.

"However, the number of stars isn't large—and the number of people making big money who are little known in the pictures is amazing.

"I could astonish you, if I dared, by telling you what some of the big producers make each year—and showing how insignificant those sums are compared with the incomes of second-rate actors. No, it isn't always the big name that draws the big salary.

"And here's something else again—Uncle Sam gets more money out of the small salaried people than he does out of the stars—because God made so many of the little-time folks."

Bill Hart's Tribute to Uncle Sam

Well, Bill Hart has a big name, and he gets a big pile of dollars every year. It is stated he never made a picture that didn't take in more than half a million dollars—and Bill's takeoff hasn't been so undersized, either.

He has paid over $1,000,000 to the government in a few years. Which, if you figure it out, is more than the President of the United States would receive—even if he were allowed to serve three terms.

But then—ask any

(Cont. on page 92)
Collector of Hollywood

Salaries per week

$5,000  $5,500  $10,000  $15,000  $20,000

Uncle Sam's share

Jackie, age eight paid a tax of $260,720

$1,000 exemption for unmarried man
MISS LOIS WILSON, a brown-eyed, timid slip of a girl, sat behind the teacher's desk of an old country school house in Morris, Alabama. She was watching her hulking, twenty-year-old pupils gamboling at recess. It was time to ring the bell—but her thoughts were elsewhere! Just how did girls, without money or influence, get into the limelight, how did they become famous? Why, yes, the Harold Bell Wright ladies of luck usually did a solo dance on the greensward—and positively fascinated the right man! But that was out of the question here. And at her boarding house she would surely upset the kerosene lamp, and there'd be a 'hot time in Alabam'—Oh, my, who was that?

She clapped one hand to her head and the other to the bell rope. For the august members of the School Board, whiskers, goatees and all, were stalking in to visit "teacher." Hastily she garnered her flock together and tried to demonstrate the latest method in the rule of three. But, as far as the husky lads and lassies were concerned, recess was still on, in a slightly modified form. Between fear of the grave henchmen staring rigidly at her, and the strain of trying to keep order, the little school ma'am could hardly hold on to the chalk.

But the hour passed, and the girl was soon packing to go home—for school was dismissed by the revered gentlemen during cotton picking time. Happily Miss Lois thought of the winter's session—she would be earning money, money for a trip to Hollywood, to the door of the Silver Screen. The world was a beautiful place, and this little vacation at home would be a taste of Heaven after three weeks of that terrible schoolroom.

But one day came a letter into the midst of her roseate plans, and the envelope bore the portentous name of the School Board inscribed thereon. In fear Lois carried it to her mother. "You open it, please, I don't dare," she pleaded.

With cold formality these tried men and true regretted that they had found Miss Wilson not the person to teach their Future Presidents—no reflection, personally, just youth and inexperience.

Her heart was broken, her bubble of dreams burst! But father Wilson took his weeping little daughter into the shelter of his arms, and reminded her that some of the most famous people had made failures of their first ventures. But the way they had used this defeat to spur them on—this was the measure of their success.

Inspired by his faith in her, Miss Lois made out some rules for future reference—and awaited her chance, which didn't come to Alabama. So she went more than half way to meet it—to Chicago, where she found an opening wedge as "atmosphere" in the Pavlova pictures. Beyond weaving the web of grease-paint fascination more tightly about her, this offered no great opportunity—and Miss Lois went on to Hollywood.

If you crave a sensational story of fatal, persecuted beauty, of an innocently questioning face that lured every director to plot the heroine's downfall, of sweet helplessness that intrigued all the old routs to acts of misunderstood devotion, and a rescue from the midnight bathing party—if that's what (Continued on page 92)
The Girls that Men Forget

A Chat in the New Manner with Richard Dix

By E. V. Durling

After a terrific hand-to-hand fight with a crowd of wild-eyed subway commuters I finally came up for air in Astoria, Long Island, where the Famous Players-Lasky company has built a studio apparently for the purpose of making their stars appreciate Hollywood and discouraging ambitious extras. Crashing through the gate, walking across the stage and winding my weary way through a maze of corridors I came upon Richard Dix in his so-called dressing room. With his chair tilted back at an unbelievable angle, smoking a particularly vile smelling pipe and reading the American Golfer, sat the man who is reputed to have broken a thousand hearts.

"To what," asked Mr. Dix with a tinge of sarcasm, "do I owe this honor?"

"I have come," I replied simply, "to interview you."

At this remark, I am sorry to say, Mr. Dix extended me the none too respectful raspberry.

"Say," he said, "why don't you go to work? You've been in the newspaper business long enough."

"If you can find any harder work," I replied, not without some heat, "than to spend an afternoon traveling over to Long Island to talk to actors, name it."

"Why, you poor sap," said the pride of St. Paul, "the actors do all the talking."

"You said it, kid," I answered, "and that's what makes it work, hard labor in fact. But let's get down to business. Here you are eating regularly, getting a haircut once a week and on somebody's payroll. To what do you attribute your great success?"

"Are you kidding me?" inquired Mr. Dix suspiciously.

"Perish the thought," I said. "Let me repeat, I have come to, as the saying goes, interview you."

"Forget it," begged Poor Richard, "just have me holding a copy of the magazine and write what you want. I've been insulted by experts."

"To what," I said firmly, "do you attribute your success?"

"Have you got a cigarette?" asked Mr. Dix, shaking out his pipe.

Grudgingly handing the gentleman the package I had foolishly revealed I suggested as politely as possible that he open up his heart and buy some himself once in a while.

"I'll walk a mile for one," he said, "but that's my limit. Out in these wide open Long Island spaces you have to walk ten to get anything."

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"Do you drink anything?" asked Mr. Dix, opening a drawer in his desk.

"Ah!" I exclaimed enthusiastically, "Richard is himself again. Don't mind (Continued on page 85)
Observation----says
Alma Whitaker----
not experience, has taught me
what I know about
Slaves to Beauty

I WAS at a party with a score of successful young maidens recently, three of them right in the inner circle, all of them at least past the first barrier and basking inside the outer circle. I was the only homely—and comfortable person there. Try as we would to get the conversation round to other subjects, somehow we always came back to the cult of beauty. So presently I teased them about it.

"Oh, forget your charms for a spell, you vain little girls, you all seem to be worrying about how you look and your chief obsession is new forms of beauty treatments. Don't you get sick to death of beauty treatments?" I teased.

"Oh, well, it is our business you know," piped up one little beauty well known to fame. "We have to worry about our looks."

And then they began to tell me how they have to consider every little part of them. One exquisite little thing was most unhappy about her elbows—and we are not wearing sleeves this year. Oh, the time and attention and fussing that dear child puts in on elbows.

Another had to take a role in which she showed her ears. And the director had said her ears were too large for her face. She was almost ready to weep about it. There wasn't any torture she would not readily undergo to shrink those plaguey ears.

Another suffers from imperfect hands. "And oh, hands are so important," she wailed. Hence mountains of creams, rivers of lotions, hours of careful massaging are lavished upon those hands. In any other walk of life those hands would not have occasioned her a moment's pang—but in pictures they were an ever-present misery.

Still another little beauty was heavy-hearted because she was heavy-footed. It appears that with all her obvious charms she cannot walk with that gay and springy, sprightly step. And a brute of a critic had noted it in a newspaper story. Now it was getting worse than ever because she was self-conscious about it. "Clumsy"—perfectly ghastly word as applied to a lovely little picture star.

Hair, it appears, isn't so bad. Wigs can be so clever. But still one beautiful little creature who had a bob and a permanent wave only to discover that it was wholly unsuited to her style, was allowing that factor to blight her young life. It would take at least a year for it to grow in again, and in the meantime the only solace was a hair-net.

Actually there was not one girl at that party, successful and distinguished though they were, who was not worried sick about some defect. And these were the girls, the very young ones. Can't you imagine the even greater misery of the older beauties? How they scan their mirrors and see hazy little lines that no one else has noticed. How they quiver with fear and misery at each tiny bit of new evidence that beauty
I used to envy beautiful women; now I realize that they are slaves—slaves to their beauty.

cannot last forever. And every time they quiver, they hasten the dread proceeding.

Why, some of these lovely creatures even fear to smile. Smiles, you see, bring lines round the mouth. And yet they know that the glad and lovely smile is an asset, too. So they are torn between present necessity and future laugh-lines.

I was enjoying a confidential chat with a very famous star recently and, turning over a book of cuttings, I found a mean cartoon from a French comic paper. It was a picture of a lovely girl serious, and then the same lovely girl laughing. The laughing girl’s laugh-lines were hideous. It was a brutally clever drawing. And my star gazed at it, fascinated. “Yes, you know, laughing does that,” she murmured with awful seriousness, stepping to the mirror and intently inspecting the lines around her mouth. And really that beautiful woman’s soul seemed to be in unspeakable anguish, like a mother watching a dying babe, as she spied the evidence of reckless laughter once-indulged. Oh, she is so thrifty of her smiles now. Caught off guard she will start a merry silvery laugh, only to remember hastily, and suddenly compose her face into an unsmiling mask.

I know one young beauty who has been out of a job several months. She is worrying terribly. Her little store of money is giving out. She is miserable and afraid. But that doesn’t prevent her spending every penny she can scrape together on beauty treatments. She goes on short rations, she has moved into a cheaper room, she pinches and screws in a dozen cheap and paltry ways—on everything but the beauty treatments. And then she cries and ruins the artist’s work. Crying, you see, is just as bad for beauty as laughing. And worrying is the worst of all.

I used to envy beautiful women. How I longed to be beautiful. But after living in the capital of filmdom, after realizing the daily tears and agons of beauties, I am not so sure. They are slaves, slaves to their beauty. More than half of them live in terror of “putting on weight” and restrict themselves to a most unattractive diet—or, when the self-control falters, suffer agonies of fear and remorse and rush straight from the weighing machine to the anti-fat expert. And the irony of it! Every male admirer who yearns to shower affection on these lovely damsel always wants to feed them, always wants to stuff them with rich and epicurean food.

You have only, for instance, to hear Charlie Chaplin make a succinct comment on Edna Purviance’s contour to appreciate why Edna famishes on lettuce leaf lunches and spends bitter fasting hours with her masseuse.

But in their beauty is their fortune and, if they are self-denying enough, they are passing rich. And still always, bitterly, with an accent on the “passing.”
WHEN Hollywood puts on a party, it likes to strut its stuff big-town fashion. So when the city fathers enforced the law forbidding dancing after midnight, the movie folks took their doll rags and went up to San Francisco to play. The Wampas Frolic, which marked the social debut of the 1924 crop of Baby Stars, was a red letter day in the calendar of the Bay City, and San Francisco was so exhilarated at seeing so many stars at one time that they practically handed the town over to the Hollywood pilgrims.

They donated the use of the Civic Auditorium, draped with blue and gold crepe and wreaths of redwood that lent a pleasant pungent odor. A gorgeous Oriental palace was the stage background, against which the stars appeared to make their bows to the audience that packed the great place to the doors and beyond.

Pola Negri was the sensation of the evening. When she appeared in the powdered wig and crinolines of her Madame DuBarry in Passion, she received an ovation that might have healed in part the hurt that she has felt over the coldness she has encountered in this country.

Bebe Daniels and Carmel Myers sang for the crowd, and did it very nicely, too. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason did their now famous imitation of the tango as done by Valentino and Rambova, and won a great hand.

Estelle Taylor has made a pet of "Samson," the peaceful lion of the Al G. Barnes Circus near Los Angeles.—photo by International.
Strongheart Makes Personal Appearance

Strongheart, very much on his dignity, was there with the rest of the stars. Lillian Rich had him in tow. Tom Mix and Tony were right there on the job, too. Antonio Moreno made his entrance to the Auditorium, trying to look as if he didn't hear the piercing whisper of a fan to "Look at the shiek!" Hoot Gibson won a crushing victory over Tom Mix by wearing a sombrero at least two inches wider around the brim than Tom's beaver. It quite spoiled Tom's visit, we hear. And Bill Hart received a welcome from the fans at the train that must have convinced him that his troubles have not alienated his friends.

Sam Goldwyn tells this one on himself in his book, "Behind the Screen":

It seems that Goldwyn very much wanted to film some of Bernard Shaw's plays, and one happy occasion he met Shaw. He started right in to garner in the screen rights to the Britisher's works. He talked eloquently for an hour on the artistic treatment he would accord the plays, promising to engage the finest artists of the screen to act and direct the stories, and the real contributions to art that the finished products would be. And when he stopped from want of Breath, Bernard Shaw rose, put on his hat and said:

"I am sorry, sir, but I am afraid we can never understand each other's point of view. You think of nothing but your art and I think of nothing but money."

Fashion Note

If you happen to be a girl, and especially a girl with a none-too-robust bank account, you're bound to be interested in Ethel Chaffin's statement that calico is going to be the material for frocks this summer. And not only that, but the styles are to be so simple that any female woman that knows how to thread a needle can make them herself.

The sort of calico that grandma used to cover quilts with is going to be most favored, so if you have any old comforters up attic, rout them out now. In addition to calico, Mrs. Chaffin says, gingham and organdie are again going to be very smart for summer. And by the way, the calico left over from your dress can be used for a hat and also for a handbag with a tortoise-shell top. Calico and gingham bags are the very last word in chic, Mrs. Chaffin assures us, and several of the girls on the Lasky lot are going to carry them in their new pictures.

Becoming a little bit bored with hitching his wagon merely to a star, Fred Niblo decided to hitch his to a prince. And sent the following cable to the Prince of Wales:


We'll bet the prince would like to come, at that. There are lots of pretty girls and good dancers in Hollywood, and that's about the fondest thing the prince is of, we hear. And maybe Hollywood wouldn't like to have him! (Cont. on p. 86)
CLAIRe WIndSOr wears some of the most delectable and adaptable of the fashions of filmdom. In her new starring vehicle, brightly christened Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, I see her in frocks of a loveliness that will fill every Feminine Film Follower's heart with delight and envy. And after all there is no cause for the envy to remain for every one of the F. F. F.'s just mentioned may quite easily emulate Miss Windsor's taste in wardrobes.

Even though many of us are not as munificently rewarded for our labors as the so ravishing Miss Claire, we can still adapt expensive ideas—if we are clever. Why not seize the inspiration of the lovely bouffant frock she wears in one of the later reels (sketched at the left of this page). This costume was itself quite obviously inspired by those airy dreams in shaded tulle that Callot recently launched. As you doubtless know, Callot is one of the greatest Paris couturiers.

This model with its fluffy daintiness is an ideal summer evening dress. It could be developed in several shades of chiffon—as it is in Miss Windsor's dress—or in tulle, which is even newer. The front panel of the skirt and the underbodice are of shimmering silver lace. The scarflike drapery of the overbodice strikes another new note. And it adds flattering softness to the many other charms of the gown. For dancing this dress should be much shorter. Brevity does not in the least detract from its chic.

The evening wrap pictured at the top of the next page is one of the smartest models appearing now in exclusive New York shops. Its collar and deep hembands are of that novel and interesting trimming ostrich fringe. Miss Windsor wears this wrap in velvet. But for summer wear I recommend two thicknesses of Mallinson's indestructible voile (silk, of course). The outer part might well be of orange and the inner of yellow with the ostrich trimming a blend of yellow and orange. It was in this delightful sunset-coloring that I saw it at one of our very best shops.

And because we must all have smart little frocks for every day wear as well as lovely frivolous things for evening I have chosen two very attractive and simple dresses from the same picture. The demure dotted Swiss morning frock pictured at the right is the sort of thing that every woman needs. Its collar, cuffs and fluted bandings of organdie give it the ingenious freshness
Looking Glass
Sees
of Filmdom

that is so charming for mornings at home. Miss Windsor shows that Nellie is a practical as well as pretty girl by choosing such a useful little dress.

The other daytime dress worn by Mae Busch as Nellie’s friend in the early part of the picture, is characteristic of the type of dress being worn by four-fifths of the girls in New York now. It is typically boyish and correct, from its Bramley collar and string tie to its ultra smart plaid belt. It is the dress one sees everywhere in twill or vivid flannel. And it is the dress that is most worn at Palm Beach in Rosh-anara or heavy crepe de chine. It is pictured at the bottom of this column.

The belt of this dress deserves special mention, for it is quite the smartest and most outstanding thing in an otherwise beltless season. These belts are called hatband or harness belts, because the belt itself is of gaily striped or plaided men’s hatband ribbon and the fastenings are of tan or black leather. The hatband or harness belt is worn with all types of sports costumes and is especially smart with a plain colored boyish dress or slip-over sweater.

Charming and wearable fashions from pictures that are just being released will be presented Through the Looking Glass every month. Anything I show here will be of the type that is lovely to wear as well as to see. You may write to me—
care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,
145 West 57th Street, New York City—and ask any further details of the clothes shown or ask advice about those you plan to have. Articles mentioned in this department are actually available in the New York shops and I will be glad to tell you their cost and where they may be purchased if you care to know. It is possible to actually see all these costumes in Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, which the Goldwyn company released during March.

Yours,

Alice Anesley

Q Wrap worn by Miss Windsor of velvet with ostrich trimmings on collar and deep hems; bands. The same design may be used to good effect in voile.

Q Miss Anesley will be pleased to answer any questions concerning fashions that our readers may care to ask of her and to conduct—quite without charge—any shopping service they desire in New York City.
Hollywood, Cal.—Raoul Walsh, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Jack Pickford and an unknown gentleman strum a mean racket on the Fairbanks tennis court after a day's work.

New York City.—Below is shown June Mathis, noted screen editor and writer, with her grandmother, Mrs. Emily Hawks, pictured as they sailed for abroad.

©—International.

Our Own News Reel

A Cinema News in Picture Form

London, England.—Not an anti-Klan costume, but a hood to prevent "Klieg eyes": This weird head covering is worn by players in a London moving picture studio to rest their eyes from the intense glare of the studio lights. It helps to prevent "Klieg eyes", the studio malady from which many American stars have suffered lately.

Hollywood, Cal.—By the time this is published, it will be April and Spring will again be with us. Here's a tip on how to spend the hot summer days. Pretty soft for Doug, eh?
Hollywood, Cal. — Abdul the Turk, trainer for Douglas Fairbanks, brings the year-old thatch under the rule of brush and comb while "Jazz," the bootblack plays "blues."—Underwood

New York City—Among the many notables who sailed on the Mediterranean cruise were Mr. and Mrs. Jules E. Brulatour. Mrs. Brulatour is popularly known as Hope Hampton International.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Pretty Lola De Lillies, film actress, likes to play golf and also likes dogs, especially her pet "Ranger", so Lola has taught Ranger to be a regular caddie.—International.

Culver City, Cal.—That Rupert Hughes can do other things than write novels and direct pictures is demonstrated here, when the camera caught him hanging a right to the jaw of Jim Tally, boxer and author.

Hollywood, Cal.—The inimitable and the incomparable, Chaplin and Pavlova, are good friends. Anna recently visited Charlie at his Hollywood studio, and, without a suggestion from the nimble press agent, Charlie did an unusual thing—he posed for the camera, and the pose was real chummy-like too.—Keystone.
The Palmer Photoplay Corporation's production of *Judgment of the Storm* marks an interesting era in the history of the screen, representing a real endeavor to unearth new film writers. The author, Mrs. Styles Middleton, is a Pittsburgh housewife. She receives $1,000 and five-year royalties for her work. The screenplay, which was directed by Del Andrews and has Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Rickson, George Hackathorne and Myrtle Stedman in the principal roles, is being released by Film Booking Offices.
Mail Order Movies—An Expose of Fake Scenario Agents—From page 29.

Worked on "Editorial Staff"

Two years ago the writer of this article was almost as ingenuous as the "sucker" who tries to learn how to write scenarios by correspondence. Almost—but not quite. He did believe at that time, however, that there were honest concerns which rendered to their clients a vital service. He therefore entered the employ of one of these scenario mills, on the "editorial staff." Her last vey soon, however, that no editorial discretion whatever was permitted him in the rejection of obviously impossible manuscripts, and therefore promptly severed official connection with the concern. Subsequently, however, on a piece work basis, he "revailed"—happily euphemism—over two thousand pitiful efforts of amateurs. He is in a position, therefore, to write with some feeling and some authority, regarding the "inside" methods of these flourishing concerns.

While they may vary regarding the actual promises of the premises they make and the "service" they render, nearly all these concerns have various factors in common. They use sucker lists, which they trade among themselves for a few dollars a thousand names. These are obtained in various interesting ways. Stenographers and clerks in the employ of big motion picture producers are bribed to obtain lists of the names of all those who have submitted synopses to the scenario department. Editorial assistants on popular magazines are likewise offered inducements to obtain lists of those who have mailed in contributions.

The clever gentry who run these scenario concerns know very well that the belief in literary ability is one of the most common gambles, and by far the hardest to kill. They are shrewdly on this psychological truth, and as a result, thousands of luckless amateurs are added each month to the list of suckers.

Not Actually Illegal

Bucket shops and fake oil-stock promoters are definitely illegal, and can be stamped out by due process of law. The danger of the scenario school, or what not, lies in the fact that it is not actually illegal.

The advertising pages of practically every popular magazine today are full of the skillful and disingenuous advertisements of these concerns. "Write for the Movies," "Let Us Help You Turn Your Ideas Into Cash," they say, invitingly:—"Producers Pay Big Prices For Ideas," "Send Us Your Ideas For Mov- ies And Work For You." The phrases are familiar to everyone.

These advertisements are diabolically clever and psychologically perfectly sound—from the advertiser's point of view. It so happens that ninety per cent, or more, of the average audience at a movie theatre are not thinking to themselves: "Gee, I bet I could write as good a movie as that." You have only to stand in the lobby of any movie theatre and overhear the snatches of conversation as the audience files out after the performance, to be convinced of their mental processes. It is almost universal this belief of a man or a woman in the ability to write as good a movie as any they have seen.

Similarly, nearly every man believes himself capable of editing a magazine, or running a successful hotel.

Misleading Promises

Now, the postal regulations are so strict that the operations of nearly all these concerns are perfectly legal. They are far too shrewd to attempt anything too raw. They have no desire to open their files to Uncle Sam's inquisitive inspectors. It is only indirectly that they hold out promises which they know can never be fulfilled, and they are also extremely careful of anything they say in a mass of pretentious verbiage, so that it requires no little intelligence actually to divine what it is all about. Let us examine the nature of these various institutions and speculative promises.

The worst of all is the man who undertake to elaborate the rough ideas submitted by amateurs and "put them on the market." It is with them that this article will deal.

How it Is Done

Briefly, under the promise of helping him to sell his story by "putting it into the proper form," sums of money are extracted from the ambitious writer. In one instance, known to the author, the initial sum demanded is thirty-six dollars. A small percentage actually pays this amount in full. There are, however, dozens of appropriate form letters gradually reducing the price and tempering the wind to the stormy lamb, so that quite often the "service" goes under way upon receipt of the first payment of $4.00 on a total of $12.00, "the balance of $24.00 to be paid when we have sold your story." There is, of course, not the remotest chance that this happy event will ever take place, but meanwhile $12.00 is better than nothing. The "service" consists in re-writing the author's story to a length of approximately eight hundred or nine hundred words. This may entail boiling it down from a full-length novel or over a hundred thousand words, or, on the other hand, it may leap from a few scribbled words on the back of a post-card.

The finished manuscript, which could easily be contained on one sheet of single-spaced foolscap, is made to appear far longer by using immensely wide margins so that not more than four or five words are placed on a line. There is triple spacing between paragraphs and approximately three inches left at the top and bottom of each sheet. The result is a manuscript consisting of from four to six pages of typed matter. These are to be delivered as attractive "art folders" and lo! and behold! the master-piece is ready for the second stage of the service, namely, to be submitted to the various producers.

The nature of this finished work may be judged when the writer confesses that he has dictated as many as ten of these "scenarios" to his stenographer, inside of two hours.

Anything Accepted

That no editorial discrimination is exercised in the acceptance of manuscripts, has been amply proved by the test case quoted and illustrated earlier in this article. With much profession of sincerity the printed literature of these concerns states that "only stories of photo-play merit will be considered." This is not the case. Manuscripts which, to the inexperienced eye of any normally intelligent office boy, must appear impossible at first glance, are cheerfully accepted—provided the money is forthcoming. Occasionally a manuscript is rejected and a form letter is sent, stating that the plot is "too familiar." This, however, is only done where the covering letter sent with the manuscript indicates a state of financial embarrassment on the part of the author which renders his payment for the service extremely problematical.

The general procedure, however, is to mail the author who submits the manuscript an enthusiastic form letter, telling him that the work shows great possibilities—all within forty-eight hours of its receipt. At that time, it has not even been read.

Some Actual Cases

Among the manuscripts accepted by one concern and alleged to possess photo-play merit, which were subsequently turned over to the writer for revision, have been the following:

1. A school boy's valedictory speech.
2. A short-time type story by a small girl about a bunch of flowers—submitted by her fond mother.
3. A copy of a letter from a woman to a friend, describing her operation for a fractured hip in a hospital.

4. The obvious ravings of a lunatic, describing in bloody detail the crucifixion of three women.

In each of these cases the writer, under protest, has completely ignored the submitted manuscript and has dictated a few hundred words of banal rubbish. This form has been returned to the author in its beautiful art cover as "our version of your story."

In justice, however, it should be stated that in most cases the unfortunate authors have been perfectly satisfied according to the terms of the ornate and meaningless contracts made between themselves and the company. This "satisfaction" of the client's is the Sine quæ non of these contracts. Good care, however, is taken to impress upon the author that, after all, he knows very little about it, and this form of sophistry is usually successful in avoiding complications and objections. Inasmuch as the
Claim "Pull" With Studios  

With any basis in actual fact many of these concerns claim to be in close touch with the producers, creating the false impression that they have a "pull" with the big executives. With the exception of the "scenario-editor-in-chief" (a "has-been" who lends his name for $50 a week), this writer does not know of one person connected with a certain one of these concerns who has ever been inside a studio. If they had been, common sense might tell them that it is nothing short of robbery to accept payment for the revision of a "slap-stick" comedy in which it is well known that these are never bought under any circumstances from outside sources, "Gag" men on the studio lot being employed exclusively for this purpose. Ethical considerations, however, do not as a rule enter into the calculations of the promoters of these concerns, which are run mostly by mail-order men who find in it a very profitable source of income.

In proof of the utter insincerity and worthlessness of the promises made by these concerns, several instances may be cited. Numerous manuscripts were received by many of them, and such obvious, gushing and impossible things as incestuous marriages and venereal disease. In each case, the form letter went out as usual, telling the author that his story has been read and found to contain excellent photo-play material.

Some of these are made in the literature of several of these concerns, and bolstered up by facsimile letters, that clients have been enabled to sell their scenarios for several thousand dollars on the strength of the revision and service rendered by the concern. These statements are, almost without exception, false and misleading. The name of the company purchasing the story is carefully withheld, as is frequently the name of the alleged story. If that were a bona fide statement, the concern would emblazon those names on their advertising and shout them from the housetops.

With the exception of the Palmer Photo-Play Corporation of Hollywood, Calif., who maintain a Sales and Production Staff, it is doubtful whether all the "scenario schools," "studios," or "agents" named, have ever enabled a student to sell—on behalf of a student—one single scenario.

Disgrace to a Great Industry  

The evil is growing and it is an offshoot of the motion picture industry of which no one can be proud. The industry has grown to a point where it should no longer be possible to "trim suckers" in its name. That it is a "sucker-trimming" business, none can deny. The first requisite, in fact, in starting such a business, is a sucker list.

If you have ever contributed a story to a magazine, and subsequently received letters from any of these concerns, you need no longer be enabled to know how they obtained your name.

Fearless exposure of these concerns and their methods is a duty and a service to the public and it is a duty which this magazine is glad to assume. It is high time that the eyes of amateurs all over the country were opened by the colossal proportions of this lawful larceny.

The great fact to remember is that these concerns all operate within the letter of the law. They are nearly all extremely careful to leave themselves a loophole of escape in their ridiculous literature and pretentious "contracts." When pressed, they occasionally refund the money demanded by their clients. Far more often, however, they gently kid the sucker along," and not only avoid refunding the money, but actually take a little more of it. They appeal to the vanity and egotism of the "sucker" with uncanny skill. The desire to see one's name in print is strong in most of us;—and they trade on this. As part of their service, some of them print a "bulletin" every month, containing several hundred "thumb-nail synopses" of the scenarios revised during the previous month. This weird document is mailed to the scenario editors of the large producers, and the ingenious author who receives a dozen or so copies for himself is assured the name is being put before the producers so that they become familiar with his work.

Scenarios Mail Out in Bulk

Naturally, the scenario editor referred to drops this printed drivel into the waste-paper basket unread. The typewritten scenarios in their pretty "art covers" are likewise mailed out in bulk to the producers and frequently returned unopened. When the producers have mailed back the bundles of "masterpieces," the terms of the "contract" have been fulfilled. The concern is richer by a goodly sum, and the "sucker" has a beautifully printed "contract,"—which means nothing; two copies of his scenario, as many copies of the "bulletin" as he wants, and innumerable form letters full of high hopes and encouraging promises.

But is he any richer by experience? Not a bit of it—he promptly submits another piece of rubbish and goes through the whole business again. Hope certainly springs eternal in the breasts of the amateur writers.

It is truly amazing how they come back for more. The writer has seen many genuine and pathetic letters from widows, orphans, servant-girls, school children, illiterate immigrants, and others, telling of their same base to raise the money necessary for first payments on stories, which any one who is not a half wit must recognize as the most pitiful nonsense. These people beg, borrow, pawn, and steal in order to finance their pathetic flights into literature.

But all is grist that comes to the scenario mills, and for the same base and sterile service is rendered to all these poor unfortunates, provided they can somehow scrape together the necessary money.

It is in the hope that the eyes of the public will be opened to this poisonous form of fraud which brings discredit to the whole motion picture industry, and which is yet within the letter of the law, that this article has been written.

Q Popular Pets of Picturedom—From page 62.

name, but "he" had grown so attached to it that they didn't after all.

One of the most traveled pups in Screenland is Rambourc, Pomoranian. Everywhere that Natacha goes, Pom goes, too, and Natacha has commanded to Europe lately as often as Tommy Meighan used to from New York to Hollywood. Natacha's puppy plays around its home with the monkey that Rudolph Valentino himself is a huge, black and white monkey who isn't permitted the advantages of foreign travel such as the Pom enjoys.

There are more police dogs in Hollywood than a hound dog has fleas. Every star with any pretensions to keeping up appearances has one. The police dogs sit in stern dignity on the front seats of their owners' cars, evincing the most superb scorn of any common canines that may yap at them. But the dignity of Kenneth Harlan's dog was pathetically compromised by his recent trip to Las Vegas, where he was to ride in a big Cadillac shoot by and draw up before a dog hospital on Western Avenue. There was something seriously wrong with the poor beastie, for his ears drooped dejectedly, and if ever a dog looked sick, he did. We hope it was nothing more than aummy-ache.

Have All Breeds

Max Busch has a police dog, a magnificent animal named Baree. So has Agnes Ayres. Her police dog rejoices in the title of Thor, and quite ignores Agnes' other two pups, a cute little snub-nosed Boston bull named Tinker and an Irish terrier named Kif. When Rudolph Valentino lived in Holly-

wood, he used to promenade with his police dog up and down the Boulevard every night, at about eight-thirty. The flappers used to line up and wave for the parade. Rudie and his dog and two or three other slick-haired, foreign-looking characters would hog the sidewalk like a bunch of little girls out wheeling their dolls. One night a bull-dog picked a fight with Rudie's dog and very nearly choked it to death, before Rudie ended (Continued on page 90)
The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw, you, too, can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to DRAW

This wonderful new method makes it possible for anyone to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America’s foremost Commercial Artists—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes’ study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists’ jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that “it’s all a ‘gift’.” Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest fall in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you From $50 to $500 or more. Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing!

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, YOU can earn big money as an artist, regardless of your present ability. Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, “New Easy Way to Become an Artist,” has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells you how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes’ daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist’s position. Booklet gives full particulars about our “Free Artist’s Outfit” Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.

Washington School of Art, Inc.

685-1115-15th St., N.W.

Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 685-1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, “New Easy Way to Become an Artist,” and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

Name ........................................ (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address ...................................
City ........................................ State ..........................
Own Your Own Hohner

Wake up, fellers! Here's a lad with a whole pocket orchestra! Who said this was going to be a peepless party?

GET-TOGETHER HARMONY

It's always fair weather when there's a Hohner in the house. Get yourself one and delight your friends. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "H. Hohner, New York" for one. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—She up.

Q. Petroushka—From page 46

golden head is seen against the black shoulder of a tall, lean man who is recognized as C. C. Julian, a Los Angeles oil promoter. Theda Bara, from her ringside table, observes the throng through a be-jeweled lorgnette, thereby looking strangely dowager-ish.

The music ceases, and the dancers surge back to the table. A rustle of menus. A scurry of black-clad waiters. Flourishing of white napkins. Clinking of glasses. Ginger ale at eighty cents a bottle, gurgling as loudly as if it were aware of its new importance. Caviar at three dollars an order.

Local bon vivants trying to look as if they really liked it. Lobster Pavlova for gentlemen of erratic digestion who will regret it presently. Parfaits for plump ladies who have spent the afternoon in reducing parlors. Gossip. Craning of necks. A patter of applause. Prince Hollioff is about to dance.

Prince Hollioff is also from Russia, that unhappy land so prolific of royalty and revolutionists. Late of Moscow and even later of Paris. He is a toe dancer and dances superbly the Caucasian dances. Bravo! Stupendous! Isn't he handsome? Cake eater! You men are so jealous of any man who can dance on his own feet! Is that so! An applause-riden exit.

See, there's Mildred Harris, sitting right opposite Charlie Chaplin. There, the blonde girl in white with the pearls. Charlie won't see her; see how he slides his glance past her when he looks up. Mildred is whispering something to her man. That's Julian, you know; the man they're having up in court about this big oil scabble. I wonder what she said. They're looking—Look! Julian's getting up! He's going over to Chaplin's table! Watch him lean up against Mary Miles Minter, would you! The man must be pie-eyed, Charlie's mad; see how he tightens his lips. Wonder what he said. Mary Miles looks furious. Charlie's getting up. What did he say? I couldn't hear. Oh, "Please do not annoy Miss Minter." Oh! Oh! Oh, boy, what a wallop! Charlie ducked just in time. Good night, it's a free-for-all, Julian's friends are getting in on it! Look out, Charlie. Oh, he ducked again. The boy's light on his feet. Ooh! A dart, right on Julian's eye! Atta boy. Charlie! Looka Charlie's nose bleeds. Gee, the place will be pinched! Oh, they're stopping it. Who's that holding Julian? Mary Miles looks as if she were going to cry. Mildred doesn't. They're taking Julian. He's running that napkin; they'll never be able to get the blood out of it. What's he say? What's he say? Sah! "If anybody else wishes to fight me, I am ready." Well, the darn little sport!

The prices are high at the Petroushka, but the entertainment, on occasion, is worth it.

Q. Algonquin—From page 47

keep her waiting. Ah! There he is—the brute. Her frown vanishes as a prominent playwright hurries in and hustles her to the dining-room—for at noon there is a standing room absence in the dining-room—that one presided over by George. The "other" room is just as good for all practical purposes, but nobody wants to eat there. "Everybody" eats in George's, no matter how long the wait. It is like a queue at the box-office of a successful play, one with a real all-star cast.

Other head waiters, in George's place, might be inclined to hauteur; might show favoritism, and usher in the author of a current hit ahead of the leading man whose show has just closed but who has been waiting longer. George is a benign tyrant. He is as suave to press agents as to producers. Perhaps George knows life—at least life on Broadway; perhaps he has seen too many stars rise and fall, experienced the temperament of the prima donna, in the smalltime vaudeville; perhaps George has also seen a good many plays, without being there—thanks to those same press agents. However that may be, certainly George knows his customers. He is always there—suave, smiling.

You may see John Drew playing with his grandchildren—or somebody's; Pauline Garon gossiping with Billy Beardon, Irene Castle's dancing partner; Rex Beach and Hugo Burz; Robert Sherwood looking down on his wife—she's Booth Tarkington's tiny niece; Matt Moore hurrying by, shy; the two reigning musical comedy queans, from England—Beatrice Lillie—who whose lunch is almost always a glass of milk and who has nev no small— and Gertie Lawrence; Margalo Gilmore, looking bored; Marc Connelly, looking for her; someone accosting Larry Reid, motion picture critic, and calling him Louis; someone accosting Louis Reid, motion picture press agent, and calling him Larry; Rita Weiman, who writes columns, and Peter Milne, who writes "continuances"; Thyrä Samter Winslow, who writes; Mrs. Leslie Carter, looking as she looks in the third act; Theodore Roberts and his wife; John Robertson and his . . .

Of course, the food at the cooking is kidded. It would be. There may be several explanations of this. One is that many of the folks who eat here never eat anywhere else; and we have been told time and again that even mother's cooking will give indigestion in time. Another is that the food may not really be very good.

"Come on over to the Algonquin and have pr-month poisoning," runs a frequent facetious suggestion. All in a spirit of good clean fun, of course, Mr. Case.

If you like some other place better why don't you go there? There isn't any other place. At least, no place you can see everybody you know. Now that the Claridge is gone and its grandeur almost forgotten, and the Astor's atmosphere a bit thick, why, what is there left?

(Continued on page 88)
Marvelous New Discovery
Grows bobbed hair back to normal — in half usual time

Milady! If you are tired of your “bob,” but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America’s leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again when the flowers bloom—giving you softer, curlier, lovelier hair than you ever had.

But this news is not only for “bobbed heads.” It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair before summer.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will see and feel new “life,” new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent at the end of a single week. And if you have a “bob” to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time. These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman’s call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox.

Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair growing product science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and bottled her ozone and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balsams and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives to it wondrous light and sheen.

One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bedtime—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

Not For Sale But Sent to You Direct

McGowan’s Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox at $10 a bottle—for it seemed easily worth that to any woman to save four or five months in getting her hair growth back to normal. But that price would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don’t delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in—you can pay the postman $2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

M. J. McGowan
President

The McGowan Laboratories
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 910, Chicago.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, on your guarantee, that Nitrox will grow my hair at twice the normal rate of growth, that it will thicken, soften and beautify my hair, rid it of any dandruff or scalp troubles. You will send me a full size bottle, and I will deposit $2.47, the special introductory price, with the postman on its delivery (plus a few cents postage). This is with the understanding that, if I am not delighted with the results from the very outset, I can return unused contents of the bottle, within five days after its receipt, and you will refund my money.

NAME

ADDRESS

If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose $2.60 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.
The Movie Clock

Recording by weeks the record runs in New York screen theatres of five feature productions.

Feature productions of the screen are rivaling in length of run even some of New York's best dramatic hits. The public which once paid 5 cents to attend a fifteen-minute "moving picture" of a railroad train in motion in the local livery stable made over into an impromptu "nickelodeon" has grown accustomed to the spectacle of the so-called legitimate theatres being turned over regularly to the screen.

New York's magnificent movie palaces—such as the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Strand, the Cosmopolitan, the Criterion, and the Capitol—are famous, but the screen drama has spread beyond these and is encroaching upon Broadway's older playhouses, long sacred to the spoken drama.

As New York City constitutes a fairly accurate indication of the nation's taste in amusement, we have decided to run The Movie Clock as a regular monthly feature in SCREENLAND. On it will be listed monthly the five leading screen plays in the order of their longevity. As we go to press—March first—the list is as follows:


Other pictures which give indications of long runs are as follows: Yolanda, which opened at the Cosmopolitan Theatre Feb. 19, 1924; America, which opened at the 44th Street Theatre Feb. 21, 1924, replacing Scaramouche.
Here's $200 a Week
for any Man or Woman and a Special Offer for Quick Action—Grab It

I KNOW that there are thousands
of men and women who are inter-
ested right now in making more
money. They want immediate ac-
tion—without red tape, and without
delay. Now I am going to make
d a personal, special offer that will
enable any man or woman to make
from $100 to $200 a week, depending
upon how much time is devoted to
my proposition.

How Much Can You Make?
I want a man or woman in each
community to act as my representative—to call
on our customers and take
their orders for raincoats.
That's all there is to it.
If you take four average
orders, I will pay you
$96 a week. If you take
only one average order a
day you will make about
$24 a week, and that is easy.
Hundreds of my represen-
tatives are earning that
much just in their spare
time. For instance, George Garon
made $40 clear profit his first day.
And there is Harry Swartz of Penn-
sylvania whose commissions on one
day were $66. And W. S. Cooper,
who has averaged over $5,000 a
year for six years, working only four
hours a day.

No Experience Is Needed
It is not necessary for you to have
been a salesman. You do not need
any previous knowledge about rain-
coats. I will give you all the informa-
tion you will ever need. There is no
trick to taking orders for Comer All-
Weather Coats and the reason is
simply this—they are such big bar-
gains that they sell themselves. Peo-
ple like to buy direct from the factory,
for the money saved by this method
of selling is passed on to the customer.
We manufacture our own coats and
sell them direct to our customers by
parcel post. Our representatives
simply take orders. The values speak
for themselves—and with such values,
styless, and materials as we offer, our
representatives often take from 2 to
4 orders at a single call.
And because Comer Coats are such
big values and sell so easily, E. A.
Sweet, of Michigan, made $1,200 in
a single month—Spencer earned $625
in one month's spare time—McCray
increased his earnings from $2 a day
to $9,000 a year

This Is All You Have To Do
All that my representatives do is take
orders—and they get their money
immediately. If your profit for one
day is $10, you will have that $10 in
cash the same day. You don't carry
a stock of coats. You don't deliver
anything, and I do my own collecting
through the mail.

Accept My Special Offer
Now—the important thing is to get
started. I know that you can make at least $100
within one week of today and have that $100 in cash.
I know that within a short
time you can be making
$200 a week—every week.
The important thing is to get started and get started
quick. If you will fill out
the coupon with your name
and address, I will send
you without any prelimi-
nary correspondence, and
with absolutely no deposit
whatever on your part, a complete
selling outfit with full instructions,
samples of raincoat material, style
book, order blanks, and everything
that you will need to make money.
I will write you a letter that is so
clear, complete and concise that after
you read it you will know absolutely
where to go, what to say, and how to
make money.

Within the past few weeks I have paid my
representatives hundreds of thousands of dollars.
And I am willing to make this concession to you
—and you the complete outfit, confidential
information and instructions at once. So if you are
one of those men or women who want a real
opportunity to establish a big, permanent, sub-
stantial and profitable business—if you are sincere
and earnest in your desire to make more money,
sign and mail the coupon at once. In less than a
week you will be making more money than you
ever thought possible.

Dept. 26-LS
Dayton, Ohio

Just Mail This NOW!
The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 26-LS, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me, without expense or obligation,
your special proposition, together with com-
plete outfit and instructions, so I can begin at
once to earn money.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
Print or Write Plainly

(Continued on page 91)
All day or evening this Rouge stays on!

INDOORS or in the open, through the heat of a gymnasium, or the friction of constant powdering, Port Rouge remains on! Its natural rosiness lasts all day or evening, until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water.

Port has a light fluffy cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At Last—a Port Waterproof Lipstick to match your Port Rouge. Made with a wholesome oIl of sweet almonds. Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail. 75c each. Send a dime a-day for a generous sample of Port Rouge. For another dime, you will receive a sample of Westfor, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
235 W. 18th St. New York

Q. Delight Evans Reviews the New
Daddies Too Sticky Sweet and Kittenish

I

began by liking Claude Gillingwater. Now I discover to my horror that the excellent actor has become my particular aversion. It isn't his fault that he is just the type for these crusty old bachelor parts—these fussy fossils whose hearts melt automatically at the machinations of infants whose weekly salaries triple mine. In Daddies Mr. Gillingwater does it again. This time it is even worse. He falls for the child's mother as well as the baby prattle and the patter of little feet. His susceptibility is shocking.

Daddies is great stuff if you like your sweetness and blight in large doses. It is Formula 16, upholstered with a good cast and Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh is so human she seems out of place in a role any ingenuous could have played. But in the one or two moments she is granted in the merry melange of melting bachelors and hard-boiled babies she is herself, which is enough for most people, or should be.

Don't bring the children. They know enough tricks now. The director has just turned the infant actors loose and let them wreck the place. Whatever remuneration the kiddies or their parents received for their participation in the awfully-cute scenes was overpay.

The Next Corner Very Poor

The Next Corner is one of those pictures which prejudice people against the movies. Its titles tell the story. The company which produced it might just as well have issued a list of the titles and saved money. Even intelligent acting doesn't help. Dorothy Mackaill, one of the most interesting young women who ever trooped, makes it seem a little better than a bad dream. Ricardo Cortez is present with the slightest coiffure ever seen outside an ad, for hair polish.

Name the Man Realistic

Remembering the amazing photoplays he made in his native Sweden you will be disappointed in Name the Man, Victor Seastrom's first American effort Possibly if left to himself Mr. Seastrom would not have insisted upon a story by Sir Hall Caine. But he has done wonders with his material and the result is a production far above the ordinary and with an incident or two that approaches great drama. He can impart to a scene a stark power that is equalled only by Von Stroheim.

Screenplay—From page 50

Seastrom has made few concessions to the motion picture book of behavior. The hero, leaving his love after a quarrel, does not glide out gracefully as is the way of screen leading men. He trips over a rug. And this director has provided a seduction scene which is the first one in cinema to ring true. Mr. Griffith should see it.

The heroine's home life isn't all it should be. Again the atmosphere is decidedly unethical according to movie regulations. The audience is shuddered at the crippled mother's maddened outburst against her brutal husband in defense of her unfortunate daughter. Too long, it is still a superb episode, unique for its fearless realism. In fact, realism is present in large chunks; and those accustomed to the light fare usually served may suffer from slight indigestion.

Mae Busch proves that she is absolutely original as an actress and an individual. At times her repression actually irritates. But she is not at home in a role requiring naiveté and girlish charm. I want to watch her sometime in a woman-sized part which calls for everything she does.

Marriage Circle Excellent

It is too late to tell you that The Marriage Circle is a charming picture. You know it yourself by this time. A gay quartette rendered by the Misses Prevos and Vidor and Messrs. Blue and Menjou. Menjou, of course, does some splendid work. But the bit I liked best belonged to Marie. Do you recall that after her emotional Waterloo with Monte she calmly filed her finger nails? Ernst Lubitsch knows too much about the inner workings of a woman's mind. If he keeps on revealing the secrets of the make-up box he'll give the whole thing away.

The Ant a Microscopic Classic

But if we were asked to consider gravely and name the best performance of the month I would present the gelatine medal to The Ant, whose engaging work in Louis Tolhurst's microscopic close-up is entitled to immortality. This diminutive actor is as acrobatic as Doug, as amusing as Charlot, and with full command of all the emotions. The Ant is not merely informative; it is much more fun than several of the month's fiction films.

(Additional Reviews Will Be Found on Page 12)

Delight Evans

Most reviewers feel too heavily their responsibilities as critics. Either they grow tedious in a recital of the plot of the picture because they lack the originality required in critical work, or else they sacrifice an honest criticism of the picture to a desire to show off. Miss Evans has the happy faculty of being able to see a picture and transmit her impressions of it to the reader without garbling its good points or falling over herself in condemning its bad ones. And, by the way, she has asked us to inquire of our readers if they prefer the character sketches by Covarnius, run in this department, or if they would rather have the old fashioned "stills" from the pictures we review. Which shall it be?—Editor.
If I do."

"Try and get it," he said, taking out of the desk a box of matches.

How a guy like that can be popular is beyond me.

"Look here," I said nastily, "to what do you attribute success or in plain words how do you get away with it?"

Putting my pack of cigarettes into his pocket and handing me his matches Mr. Dix replied, "To a heluva lot of nerve, good luck and Charlie Chaplin."

"Charlie Chaplin?"

"Sure, Chaplin, said I would never screen well. Somebody gave the story a lot of publicity and within a week a hundred producers wanted to prove Chaplin was wrong."

"Well, I suppose all these producers are now saying to Chaplin, 'I told you so.'"

"No," Mr. Dix, "that's what Chaplin's saying."

"There's a matter on which some of our feminine readers want an expert opinion," I continued, "and that is, what sort of women do men forget?"

"Say," protested the world's most elusive bachelor, "who do you think I am, Valentino? I don't know anything about that. My trouble is that I can't forget them."

"I have an idea," he said suddenly, "let's hire a hack and drive out to Coney Island. Great place this time of the year. Or maybe you would rather go over to the club and play handball? After that we can sneak into Dinty Moore's and kill a couple of steaks. Then you can go home and write the interview. Say anything you want."

"Now look here," I said determinedly, "I want your opinion. Let's get to the point. What sort of women do men forget?"

"Well," answered Mr. Dix, sighing submissively, "there's the girl of only thirty-eight who bobs her hair."

"Very good, excellent, in fact," I exclaimed, handing him a fresh cigarette.

"And there's the plump, jolly damsel who talks baby talk and calls everybody honey."

"Immense," I cried, "continue."

"There's the girl who won't ask you in when she's only met you once and there's her friend who imitates Ethel Barrymore by saying, 'that's all there is, that isn't any more.' And the sweet, young thing, with the girlish laughter and the dead, dumb pan who can't say anything but 'too cute for words' and 'just perfectly wonderful.'"

"And what is your ideal girl?"

"Now," said Richard, "you're getting personal. But along about June that question may be definitely answered."

"By the way," he said, "must you be going? Too bad. Come and see me again soon."

"How about coming over to the studio Thursday?" I asked.

"Fine! Great!" said Mr. Dix, "I'll be on location that day."

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

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Or even knowing that Lon Chaney was married or anything, we were surprised to learn that Lon had a pet dog six feet or so of son. The boy is just about ready for college, and he is among those sons of famous when who are not ruined by prosperity. Lon gives his strapping son a small amount of spending money every week. And the boy earns the rest of the money he wants, by working out of school hours.

**Bull Montana Buys Home**

**B**ull Montana has bought himself a luxurious new house, and is as proud of it as a boy with his first long pants. The new home is brown studded on the outside, and is fixed up inside with pink silk curtains in the bedroom, and everything. The piece de resistance is an imposing portrait of Bull himself, done in oil, which takes up practically one whole wall of the living room. Bull lives there happily, by himself, playing the phonograph and watering the lawn for recreation.

**W**hen you send your most adored hero candied cherries, you may or may not be scoring what the critics call "a personal hit." Some ardent lady fan sent such a gift to Rod Laudee the other day, and all the ten-minute eggs around the Lasky lot thought it was just too dear for anything.

Rod himself just simpered and started to pass the cherries around, gurgling. "Miss LaRoque will pour." But he tripped over one of the cherries, and scattered that there "grips" are always leaving underfoot, and the cherries all spilled out on the floor. But Oscar, the well-known bootblack, picked them up and washed them off, and everybody ate them anyway.

**Real Life Drama**

A DRAMATIC incident that narrowly bordered on a tragedy was acted in real life recently by Nell Shipman and her husband, Bert Van Tuyle. An accident to Van Tuyle's right foot resulted in severe injury and infection. Desperate to get her husband to a doctor, Miss Shipman left their camp in Northern Idaho, with her husband out of his head with pain on a dog sled. For twenty-five miles, through snow and over treacherous ice, she struggled, with her husband raving in delirium. Once Van Tuyle left the sled and walked upon his injured foot, now infected by gangrene. While crossing the thin ice of Priest Lake in Idaho, near Coolin, Miss Shipman and her husband broke through the ice several times, falling into the icy water up to their waists. That night, when their strength was almost exhausted, they came upon a ranch house, when a motor boat was obtained. The next morning they continued the journey in the boat, breaking a slow and tortuous path through the ice. The last three miles were covered by Nell Shipman alone on foot, and a rescue party was sent back for Van Tuyle.

Van Tuyle suffered the amputation of his infected foot, and his brave wife was on the border of collapse from her terrible ordeal.

**Film stars are heroines sometimes in their own right.**

**Flexible Flesh**

A FILM star has to take on pounds or dispense with them on order as casually as she produces tears. Estelle Taylor was given the role of *Miriam* in the *Ten Commandments*, on condition that she take on a little more weight. So she gowned herself to weigh 140 pounds. Then Mary Pickford chose her for *Dorothy Vernon*, and the role required a sylph. So Estelle went in for massage and a strict diet, and soon weighed a mere 105 pounds. And now her doctor has ordered her back to her normal weight of 125 pounds for the sake of her health. Estelle is hoping she'll be allowed to remain that way for some time.

**Cowboy Tearle's Story**

**C**onway Tearle got a great laugh with this one at the Writers' Club the other night:

The Irishman and the Hebrew were arguing. As usual. "Aw," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "I'm sick and tired of seeing Cohen and Isaacson and all these Yiddish names on all the windows. I'm going where it's too doggone cold for any Hebrew."

"And where?" asked Mr. Cohen politely, "is that?"

"The North Pole!" said Mr. O'Flaherty. "Vell," drawled Mr. Cohen, spanning his hands and smiling gently, "uv course, if you call Izeberg an Irish name!"

**A Delicate Situation**

ACT is what some stars have nothing else but. Occasionally they need it. Adolphe Menjou and Lew Cody, along with three Hollywood actresses whose names are not relevant here because we don't know them, were making personal appearances in a small town not so long ago. After the picture, the audience was given permission to ask questions of the stars. Somebody from the audience pipped up and asked Lew and Adolphe:

"Say, who's your favorite picture actress?"

Lew looked at Adolphe and Adolphe looked at Lew. They retired for consultation. Presently they emerged and announced casualty, "Baby Peggy!"

**It** is not true that Bill Hart got mad at Paramount. It is equally not true that Paramount got mad at Bill Hart. They love each other just as well as they ever did, and Bill is going to continue to make pictures for Lasky. Charles Eton says so. There are.

**A Martyred Maiden**

**P**oor little Lila Lee! Because her foster father became embroiled in an ugly affair concerning some missing funds, one of the nicest girls in Hollywood or elsewhere is suffering the cruellest sort of notoriety. The black head-lines scream her name.
The newsboys proclaim on every corner the fact that "Lila Lee's father" is wanted by the police. Every newspaper mention of the case, no matter how brief, "plays up" the fact that the fugitive is the father of a famous film star. And so poor, sensitive Lila is being hounded to the point of retiring from the screen, from the shame of it all. And all through no fault or deed of her own.

Don't leave the screen, Lila Lee! The films need just such an earnest, fine little actresses as you. The public knows that all this hurly-burly is your misfortune and not your fault.

**Color**

We wonder if Ethel Chaffin, head designer at the Paramount West Coast plant, designs Cecil DeMille's costumes as well as the stars, or whether his sartorial triumphs are his own creation. The other day we saw him directing some scenes in his new picture, Triumph, and indeed, he was restful and soothing to the eye. A soft sport shirt of a delicate green was visible under his tweed jacket, and the color note was repeated in the gem that blazed on the little finger of his left hand—a green diamond set in green gold, one of the five jewels of the kind existing in the world.

**Bill Hart Tells This One**

They tell this story about Baby Turner, the two-year-old youngster who is playing in Bill Hart's new picture, The House of Youth. Baby Turner seems rather young to hang it on, but it's a good story, anyway.

It seems that Bill was telling about wars and generals with Phyllis Haver, who is turning the bad man of the plains from ways of violence these days—on the screen. Bill happened to mention U. S. Grant. The youngsters, who was listening in, turned to Phyllis and asked:

"Is that the Grant we pray to in church?"

"Why, honey," said Phyllis, "we don't pray to Grant in church."

"Oh yes, we do," the child is alleged to have insisted. "Last Sunday the preacher said, 'Grant, we beseech thee to hear us!'"

**Bigamy?**

There have been plenty of movie actors who quit acting to direct, but not so many directors who gave up directing to act. But in Norma Talmadge's new picture, The House of Youth, Frank Borzage is going to both. He's going to direct a spell, and then he'll put on his make-up and act a spell, as one of Norma's leading men. The other one will be Eugene O'Brien, who is giving Conway Tearle a chance to rest up after supporting the combined Talmadge family in goodness knows how many pictures. We like Conway—when he forgets to look noble—but somehow when he embraces Norma he's not so nice. The other one, we think of his love scenes with Constance. And vice-versa. It looks sorta bigamous to us, somehow.
New York has its Algonquin—from page 80.

Sometimes, at the Knickerbocker Grill you can still see magnates scribbling figures on the table cloths; but they are not always there; and if they are they do not always scribble. There's the Ritz, where Hedda Hopper, Mabel Normand, Anita Stewart, and often Tommy Meighan like to lunch. Alma Rubens prefers Pierre's; Lucy Fox and Lilian Tashman the Plaza. The Gishes go to Sherry's. But you may run into all of them at the Algonquin.

And Ann Pennington's dimpled kisses with Brooke Johns. And Frances Marion lunches with her publisher. And Betty Compson, on her way to Florida. Dagmar Godowsky, all in black—and it seems only the other day she was kissing her then-husband, Frank Mayo, in this same dining room. May McAvoy sits next to you at one of the tables against the walls, May, demure in a boisy suit and hat, and May's mother. Again, Bebe and Mrs. Daniels.

There is the Round Table, that solemn gathering of the great—well, anyway, they look important. They are the men and an occasional woman; or wife who make and break Broadway's stars, actors, authors; who write the columns that New York would rather miss its train and its breakfast than go without; who make millions laugh—sometimes intentionally. They are a little Algonquin all to themselves, bless their hearts. No one else ever sits at their table. Perhaps, one day, someone will elude George, slip in and take a chair there. But when the Others come in for their lunch—for even Great Men must eat—they won't even notice him, and he will get up and slink away.

There are strange sights in the Algonquin. There is the fur-collared coat which Alexander Woollcott wears—he, the august critic. And the cap on Heywood Broun's head when he comes shambling in—the cap which looks as if he stole it from an umpire in the days when he was a baseball gambler; and the fur-lined great-coat of Edmund Goulding, who has found scandal writing remunerative. There's Strongheart, without his wife, Lady Julie. Sshh!

Chorus men and actors out of work. Dancers and dramatic artists and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Doug's dad used to live here with the Mrs. Fairbanks. Leatrice Joy being interviewed and looking as if she enjoyed it—Leatrice is an honest woman. H. L. Mencken, in but not of it. Conrad and Ruth Nagel. Morris Gest, performing another miracle with his lunchroom.

You'll never find George Jean Nathan no matter how long you sit there or how hard you look. He eats across the street at his bachelor abode.

"Ladies are requested not to smoke in the lounge" by means of dainty cards deferred on silver salvers by obsequious servants. Ladies continued to smoke in the lounge and now nice ash-trays may be found at every chair.

Romance and intrigue. Ambition and heart-break. Brave smiles and run-over shoes. Flashing tis and walking sticks, and hope of a cordial, "Come on and eat with us, old chap." A little world all to itself—a mimic world. Of course, it's unreal. You look for a director and a grinding camera. Then a boy pages Theda Bara and you wonder if someone has a sense of humor or if she ever really does appear here in person. But ah—here's Anita Loos.

They say that in Hollywood the motion picture people have become too professional; that they live too much among themselves; that they lack perspective and the vision of the rest of the world. California has its Hollywood. New York has its Algonquin.

Except that the hotel is not monop-olized by the flickering tintypes and their fleshly incarnations. You'll find there Carl Van Vechten, who wrote "The Blind Boy," and Fania Marinoff, his wife, Burton Rascoe and Ernest Boyd and the Liverights. And perhaps today is slumber day when the lunchers are mostly made up of Aunt Saras from Indiana who point out Cousin Kates from upstate as Betty Compson or Mary Pickford. Mary herself always visits when she's in town.

On Tuesdays the Woman Pays. It's a club. Composed of well known newspapermen and motion picture writers—all female—and every meeting is attended by a famous guest. Hardly a motion picture star of consequence has failed to rise before them and begin, "Unaccustomed is I am—" But outside of all this, there's really no reason for the popularity of the place. It's near Broadway and all that, but so are scores of other hotels. It serves food, but so does Childs. It is rumored—only rumored, mind you—that every Christmas the barber shop is turned into a bar; but then Christmas comes but once a year. After all—

What? You're running along now? Well, I'll see you Tuesday. Make it one—at the Algonquin.

Make Money! Taking Pictures!

Next month

Delight Evans is a versatile writer. Tragedy, comedy, satire—stories of every kind flow from her pen with equal facility. Next month she will contribute a story on D. W. Griffith and another on Lillian Gish—different types of writing, alike in only one respect, that they are equally good. Watch for the June Screenland. Ready May first.
How the Shape of My Nose
Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me down. But each picture of the shape of my nose. "Why?" I asked. "I haven't had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and I wouldn't photograph well—but my nose was a 'plug' nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same frown. I began to analyze the matter, generally I am plain, but have friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent four months studying Art in a famous studio. And an amateur theater group. I then asked myself: "Why? What had I done?" I learned in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing."

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappoint- ment," I stopped to smoke a single cigarette. An interesting woman of Miss Els— a well-known star. Extravagant curls wind, arranged the demurely posed. "Look up and over there," she said the photographer, "pointing to an object in my right profile. Do you see it?"

I did not. "I'm afraid it's a suggestion to assume a pose in which she looked more charming than ever," I whined. "I understand this is Miss Els in the privacy of her home!"

"Nailed," I thought and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had blunted my progress was now open to me. I was beginning over with new hope. I had been in the habit of writing to Miss Trinity for information. I set my teeth and swore never, ever again, to be satisfied with any shallower talent. It was my own fault if I didn't have a bigger nose. I accepted the challenge and was determined that I should purchase it at once. To buy my story short—in five weeks my nose was in perfect position and I was ready to work for a productive company. I am now climbing fast up the ladder and I am happy, dear me."

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowa- days essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look pretty well" at all times.

M. Triley's latest improved Nose Shaper, "Trilety," Model No. 25, is stamped to prove it. M. Triley, Noble Noses of the ages. His 15 years of experience make him the most fortunate possessor of ill-shaped noses. He offered a different, and material, An- nouncement. His latest model has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all his previous shapes and other nose adjustable by a large margin. This new model has every requirement that you might need. The adjustments are simple and each that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is con- structed to apply to either side. No nose will be refused a very accurate regulation for adjustment in any case. The Trilety is sui generis, and a very effective device for correcting the various nasal deformities, and was the object—what should have been done—will give wonderful results in sculpturing the desirable or unattractive nose. There are no straights to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

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the battle with a neatly implanted boot on the bull-dog's head. It was a surprised
and battered dog that Rudie led home that
night.
Al Christie breeds prize terriers when he isn't making comedies. When the dog
fanatics of Southern California hold their
shows at Pasadena or Hollywood, the
Christie dogs are always very much pres-
cent when the blue ribbons are given out.
Christie favors the wire hair terriers.

"Whiskers" Rated Cutest

A

nd speaking of wire haired terriers,
Charles Ray's Whiskers is about the
cutest pup in Hollywood. An actor
of parts, too, is Whiskers, though he does
feel that acting interferes somewhat with
his real vocation, which is adoring Charlie.
Whiskers really should be named Shadow,
because he clings to Charlie just as tightly
as Charlie's shadow-self. We saw Whisk-
ers almost go into hysterics on the Ray
lot, when the lot was all cluttered up
with descendants of the Mayflower pas-
sengers, at the "launching" of the May-
flower set for the new talkies. Fino had
adventurously become separated from
Charles, and he was frantically searching
through the crowd for his master, sniffling
at strange heels and squirming out from
under the hands of plump matrons who
sought to get him. Finally Charlie
whistled to him from his pool, and the
deck of the Mayflower, and Whiskers shot
up the gangplank and catapulted against
Charlie's legs as if he hadn't seen him for
years.
The real boss of the Harold Lloyd
household is Pat, a diminutive Boston
bull. Mildred Davis Lloyd bosses Harold,
you see, and Pat bosses Mildred. Mild-
red started out to be very stern with
Pat, but inside of three weeks, Pat had
Mildred excellently trained. Pat ran
away one day. Or rather, stepped out to
see a little more of the world than she
could be shielded from the grassy back-yard
of the Lloyd home-on Irving Boulevard.
That night he didn't come home. Tragedy
reigned in the Lloyd menage. Mildred
couldn't eat her dinner, and Harold didn't
have much of an appetite either. The
next day came and passed, and no Pat.
Then Harold sent out an S. O. S. to the
newspapers, which published a description
of the missing pup. And on the third
day Pat came back, towed by an angel
in rays of light who had found Pat
curled up asleep on his front porch, quite
worn out by the strain of being a dog-
about-town.

Mary's Dog Disappears

I

t was the newspapers that brought back
Mary Pickford's little wire-haired ter-
rier, Zorro, named after Doug's picture,
_The Mark of Zorro_. Zorro rides home
then the driving-carriage, riding on the run-
ning-board of Mary's cat. One night, no
Zorro. The studio was scoured for traces
of the missing puppy, but to no avail.
The newspapers were notified, and a few
days later Zorro came back. He had
picked the wrong automobile and had
curled up on the running-board of a

strange visitor to the studio, who had not
noticed the dog's presence until he got
him home.

Helene Chadwick is another star who
has a terrier, a snow-white little animal
with sharp eyes and a most inquisitive
little black nose. He can "speak," stand
up on his hind legs and beg and do other
tricks appropriate to the pet of a famous
star.

An educated puppy who understands
French is Fino, the puppy belonging to
Jeanette Davis, the little French actress
who is working with Pola Negri in her
pictures, "Man," and "The Shadow of
Paris."

Fino's mother must surely have con-
tracted a mesalliance at some time, for
Fino has the head and stocky frame of a
bull terrier, and short legs of a dasch-
und. The rear view of Fino dashing down
the walk reminds one strangely of a bat-
tleship on wheels, but Fino has the cutest,
most understanding face and is almost
human in his comprehension. His prize trick is to play hide and seek up in a
corner, with a stick in his paws to serve
as a musket. Fino comes to attention
and stands stiffly erect until little by
little his short legs slip on the polished
floor and he collapses in his corner like
a picket overcome in his cups.

Miss Daw's Formidable Pet

J

t is a case of Beauty and the Beast
with Marjory Daw and her great bull-
dog, Jocko. Jocko is so ugly that he is
beautiful, with his bowed legs and great,
undershot jaw. He looks as formidable
as Jack Dempsey, but is really an amable
beast. Of course, he doesn't have to be
across; his fighting face gains him imme-
diate respect.

Gail Henry kills two birds with one
stone by making her pets work for their
living. Her favorite of her seven dogs
is Pat, a huge Irish wolf-breed that is
only seven months old but is already
the size of a grown dog. Pat has three
principally, but harbors the idea that
he is a curious little lap-dog; he loves
to curl up in your lap. When this is done,
the holder is completely eclipsed, and
about two yards of dog legs hang over
the sides. Gail occasionally puts him on
a leash and parades him along Hollywood
boulevard, where he invariably draws as
big a crowd as Ben Turpin doing his
favorite stunt of directing the traffic on
the corner of Western and Santa Monica
Boulevard.

Gail Henry has pups of all assorted
sizes. Pat is the biggest. The littlest
is a tiny black ink-spot of a dog. He is
small enough to be held in the palm of
your hand, but has a voice out of all
proportion to his size. He cost exactly
one dollar. Gail's mother picked him up
in a garbage can out of the country and gave
it to Gail. Gail's husband, Henry
East, trains dogs for the movies, is fast
teaching Nigger to be a breadwinner.
Trained dogs get anywhere from $50 a
week up. Gail seems sure to realize on
her dollar dog, both in affection and
profit.
Q. Editor's Letter Box—From page 83

DEAR EDITOR:—

It seems to me that a rejuvenation of some sort would improve Conway Tearle a great deal. He looks so tired and careworn. Just why Tearle should be so enormously popular and Norman Kerry so unappreciated is something I never expect to understand. I admire Clara Bow but her makeup is very crude and obvious. As for her flapper characterization—well, I'd like to see a girl behave like that with my father. He'd roar at her just once and tough flapper would become as meek as a lamb.

I wonder why it is that we have so few realistic death scenes in our pictures. Mae Marsh's histrionical demise in The Birth of a Nation was a piece of realism never to be forgotten. The average cinema death is crude and stupid. Dying people don't usually trash about their bed and execute a detailed farewell of all their friends and relatives; neither do they emote prettily and request that sentimental songs be sung.

MADAME DRAKE, 732 S. Coronado St.,
Los Angeles, California.

DEAR EDITOR:—

SCREENLAND reminds me of T. R. It has the courage of its convictions. Thank God—here at last one magazine comes forth monthly minus the usual sugar-coated interviews.

Please let me state here, now, and with the rumbling of per chance a thousand Windsor fans in my ears. Here is one who has been pushed ahead, exploited, raved over, press-agented, until I'm absolutely sick of either seeing her pictures or plays. She is no beauty—and furthermore whatever it is that is called The Spark—Duse has it, Nazimova, Pola, yes and even May McAvoy (witness her acting in Kick-In). Claire is about as active as—well, we'll let it go at that—but why do they call her the "Most beautiful woman extant"?

Here's another—I like Corinne Griffith. I think she has some claim to beauty—and as such is somewhat handicapped in her acting. I didn't like Black (Continued on page 95)
 Petite Beauty School, Inc.

112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Toilette to advantage.

Q. Ruth Mary Harris Tell of a young veteran—From page 66

that keeps one a star more than the customary three years. She had figured out the advantages of that staple diet—and saw that it had its points above Meringue Glace and Puff Pastry!

When, for instance, other ingenues were sunned and temperamentally, from midnight parties and other merriment, Lois was ready and awaiting her chance—and to her came parts of increasing distinction.

A Versatile Actress

When she sat in her dressing room, the other day, attired in the costly and gorgeous finery of the time of "Monsieur Beaucaire," I figured out to myself what those years had done to her—seven of them. For one thing, I didn't know then whether she was to be the Queen or Lady Mary Carlisle of Bath—and the choice item was, that she could play either. There was the truth of the famous Belle of Bath in her soft, happy brown eyes—and the stately poise of a Queen to the manner born—the part she finally received.

She has arrived, today, with a clean record, and is so schooled by experience that she can take any given part, with equal sincerity. She was the leading lady in "Only 38," you remember—for the lines of young maturity that come only from a cruel struggle, were hers, and also the smooth complexioned freshness of a young girl, when "Only 38" rejuvenates herself.

She should call her the young veteran of the screen, as we name those youngsters who bear the traces of a lifetime, lived in two years of the World War! And faces do not lie, especially before the pitiless Kliegs.

Q. Income Tax Collector of Hollywood—From page 65

small boy whether he'd rather be president than Hart!

Bill claims no exemption for either Winifred Westover or his son, Bill Jr., though it would save him a few dollars and cents. He is not living with his wife—and he is therefore only a single man.

Winifred must make out her own income statement—and there's been quite a few items in the twelve months of 1923 that might have missed the tax collector. Bill's been giving her her $1200 a month for 18 months. Now she's receiving the interest on the $100,000 trust fund he established for her when she left his bed and board.

Hart has returned to the pictures recently after being away for two years. But don't worry. You should be as flat as William S. Hart!

Bill's books have brought him in a number of nickels and dimes; and there are bales and bales of tax-exempt securities in the bank—an interesting collection, and the interest doesn't come. And another thing about the hero of the boys—he doesn't waste his money on wild parties and fancy automobiles and treatments in the beauty parlors and exquisite raiment like many a Hollywood star. Bill's just a regular boy-guy, with no frills, and no foolishness.

Mabel Normand Pays $35,000

ow Mabel Normand—there's a gal that gives her money away. Hers is not the neatly catalogued list of the earnest Lady Bountiful. Rather it is the rollicking good will of a Robin Hood. She has her own crew of valve-equipped whole regiments with silver cigarette cases, put many boys and girls where they could earn some jack, and foiled the villain with the mortgage more often off the screen than on.

And yet Uncle Sammy delights to look at Mabel's figure. Not getting naughty—but honest her figure is as sweet to the star-splashed old gentlemens, as is the biggest figure in a bank clearing statement.

Last year she gave him $55,000, after her lawyer had made her claim exemption for $10,000 spent in charity—it was all Mabel could remember—and for her dependents. Yes, Mabel supports her parents and her sister and her brother. And then of course there was the money spent in sending out photographs to fans,
and the money invested in stamps and stationery and ink—it costs some stars $30,000 a year to keep in touch with the fans—and for secretary hire, and for chauffeurs and other.

Helen Ferguson is one of those actresses who are not so well known as others, but who get their money every Saturday, rain or shine; the kind Mr. Goodcell may have had in mind when he made those wise cracks I have already listed.

Helen is a model to tell how much her income is—but she does carry the household cares on her slim shoulders. She has a sister of school age, a mother, a nice little brown bungalow, and a car. She's earned the money for five years, and puts it toward more pictures than the Prince of Wales.

And Helen has never fallen off her horse! (London papers please copy.)

**Special Exemption for Screen Actors**

I've hinted at some of the exemptions allowed a harried moving picture star. But I've said nothing about clothes. And clothes—ah, where would the stars be without clothes?

I know—you were going to mention Mae Murray and some of the other dancing girls.

Naughty! Naughty! A star has to buy her own clothes for each picture, unless her contract makes the producer pay the bills. And they are allowed by the government to claim exemption for half the amount so spent.

It comes under the head of "advertising."

There's Tom Mix now. See what he does with clothes. A red and green and blue and grey checked shirt—especially if the red is a loud red—attracts Mr. Mix from a far distance. And when Mr. Mix wears said shirt, it attracts everybody within a radius of a mile.

"I'm claiming exemption for all my clothes," Tom told a friend.

"Thought they couldn't afford enough to speak for themselves," the friend responded. "But what's the idea?"

"Advertising," Mix explained. "You don't think I wear those outlandish things for any other reason, do you?"

Mix is said to be collecting $5,500 every Saturday night at the Fox studios; and he has a yacht with his name on it and his horse's picture, and automobiles with his name on them and fancy advertising leather.

Barbara LaMarr's galumptious jewels and scrumptious clothes also go under the general classification of advertising.

**Jackie's Little Tax**

And you can't link stars and taxes together without mentioning Jackie Coogan for there is no one else.

"And a little child shall lead them." Jackie got a contract more than a year ago which gave him half a million dollars in his little pants' pockets, a salary of $1250 a week, 60 percent of the net for every picture he made, and no production costs to pay.

Poor little Jackie. Right away Uncle Sam sneaked up and beamed him for $260,720 of that bonus. Jackie hasn't married yet—although there has been some talk—and therefore he is given exemption of only one thousand dollars.

And then he has to pay taxes too on that salary of his, on that 60 percent, and on the fleet of oil wells that he owns. Jackie's papa gets $1,000 a week as Jackie's director—under the contract.

Legally he could claim $400 exemption for Jackie as a dependent son—but if there are any exemptions for "dependents" going around, why not give them to Jackie.

And, Just to make you feel bad, we'll consider Baby Peggy, dependent daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery.

Baby Peggy signed a contract with Principal Pictures last August, whereby she got a very nice bonus that was placed in a trust fund for her, and something over $1,000,000 a year for three years.

Peggy is a thrifty little lass, and even if she does work while other children play, she probably will never have to learn how to run a typewriter or a carpet sweeper.

Her income tax alone will top the earning capacity of all the business men in many and many a town.

**Neck and Neck With the President**

Doug and Mary and Charlie and many another Hollywood millionaire must pay a fee for the purpose of finding out how much they owe to Uncle Sam.

Doug's not worried anyway. His income tax battle has already done its dirty work; and Doug's all washed up and ready for travel. He's spent $2,000,000 on The Thief of Bagdad, sent his check to Washington—and still has enough to tip every bellboy in the world.

Calvin Coolidge is the head of a nation. He gets $75,000 a year. He doesn't have to pay that $36.50 a month rent any more. He gets his rent free.

June Mathis is the head of a scenario department. They call her an editorial director. She gets $75,000 a year, but she's got to pay an income tax, and so does the president.

**Tom Gallery and Zazu**

Tom Gallery and Zazu Pitts made individual returns, although they are married. Each claims $1,000 exemption, just like unmarried folks. And they split poor little Ann in two, Tom claiming $200 for her support, and Zazu $200.

Ann is only 20 months old. When she's older—well, there are many couples in the movies who wouldn't object to having a child. It would mean exemption of $400 to the actors who were working steadily—and it might mean money in the sock in the long run. Many people wish they could travel thousands of miles to put their babies in front of the camera.

Buster Keaton got another little exemption not long ago; but it came too late to put it on the blank this year. That's Wally Wales, Mrs. Earl Williams, and Doris May are expecting exemptions soon.
of stage whenever he gives the signal, he enters a household that is in the throes of despair. By crafty use of his money, he persuades the adults that their son is happy if only they put their minds to it. In the last act, true enough, the Pollyanna Peruna has worked. All their ills are cured and they are each as rich and handsome as Charlie Schwab. When the final curtain falls, the beautiful young daughter of the household, who through the heroic Dr. Frank Crane's efforts has become a writer as great as Johnny Farar, is found gurgling matrimonially in noble Gypsy Jim's arms.

In other words, dear reader, reverting to the deplorable George Jean Nathan species of criticism—sentimental walla-walla.

Leo Carillo is the star. The Mons. Carillo is the kind of actor who is very fond of the romantic charm of his own eyes. He raises them, drops them, casts them sidewise, narrows them, blinks them, gazes ardent-eyed at the stars, and employs them as constant substitutes for histrionic ability. Martha Bryan Allen is an attractive heroine.

V.

"64 THE MIRACLE." As directed by Reinhardt, designed by Norman-Bel Geddes, and set into motion by Prof. Dr. Morris Gest, is by all odds the most thoroughly beautiful spectacle that the American theatre has known. So much has been written about it already that doubtless the natives of even remote Kansas are by this time as well acquainted with it as they are with long-sleeved undershirts, embroidered suspenders and the poetry of Edgar A. Guest. All that remains for me to say about it is urge it upon your notice. It is everything that one of the numerous million and a half dollar moving pictures claims by being a film. It is stupendous in taste, in splendor, and in its emotional effect. It has converted the Century Theatre, once a dramatic poorhouse, into a cathedral of sweeping dramatic grandeur. To come to New York and not to see "The Miracle" is to come to New York and miss the greatest new sight that the city has boasted since "Abie's Irish Rose" was a bud.

VI.

The usual play elaborated from a vaudeville sketch consists of an available ten or fifteen minute idea surrounded by two hours of cheap and imitative dramatic writing. The first act is generally patterned after the first act of Smith's "Fortune Hunter"; the last is an imitation of the trick finish of a George Cohan comedy; and all of the second act save that portion of it that is consumed by the original sketch is modeled more or less faithfully after the middle act of Roy Cooper Megre's "It Pays to Advertise"—whether it fits the idea of the original sketch or not. George Kelly's "The Show-Off" is an elaboration of a vaudeville sketch, so my agents report to me, but what I have observed of the majority of such elaborations does not apply to it. Kelly has carefully elaborated his sketch as a careful writer elaborates a character and a theme, not as a theatrical hack amplifies a character merely by keeping him on the stage two hours instead of twenty minutes and a theme merely by taking two hours to tell it instead of ten minutes. What results is a thoroughly amusing and vital study of a typical young American master of bunk and a comedy which, while decidedly uneven, yet comprises an effective background for that character. It is the character of the young braggart, a thirty-two dollar clerk in the freight department of the Pennsylvania Railroad who passes himself off as an official of the road, that is actually the play, however. There is more real drama in this single character than there is in nine-tenths of the plays along Broadway. It is so completely vivid that it seems as if it were a part of the actual life, and so vivid is it it is embodied by a newcomer named Bar- tels, it becomes one of the most perfectly recognizable portraits in the album of native drama.

VII.

Zona Gale's attempt at character drawing in "Mister Pitt" is not nearly so successful as Prof. Kelly's. La Gale's efforts in this particular case remind one of the numerous writers of detective stories who followed in the wake of Conan Doyle and his celebrated bloodhound Sherlock. These writers, believing that elaboration was an absurdly easy business and set about to negotiate it by identifying one of their sleuth heroes simply as an invariable smoker of purple cigarettes and that one simply as an omnivorous reader of cook books. La Gale similarly adopts the device of making her newcomer perfectly necessary to the identification of a stage character is to put the hard pedal down on his chief peculiarity. As a result, her Mister Pitt has no more shading than the Arizona desert. It is less a character than a single trait of character. And it, together with the play that surrounds it, is accordingly monotonous. Walter Huston is an effective actor, but the role deadens his performance.

VIII.

"The Goose Hangs High," by Lewis Beach, is still another play dealing with the Younger Generation. I am tired of hearing about the Younger Generation. The next time I go to the theatre and a flock of ingenues and juveniles trot on with bobbed hair, white flannels, copies of Freud and tennis rackets, gable loudly about jazz and cocktails, and sass the older actors who play the roles of their parents, I am going to write a letter of protest to the newspapers. Scott Fitzgerald will surely have a lot to answer for on Judgment Day!
Q. Editor's Letter Box—From page 91.

Oxen. I think it was absurd to cast her in this role. She was not in character at any time, although she worked very hard. And right here I rise up to state that the absolutely adorable Clara Bow stole the picture entirely. Here is a mere slip of a girl with a personality like La Negra. Why Colleen Moore, here is another manufactured "star," outside of being Irish, and being able to "flap" successfully through several pictures, why make the mistake of starring her when there is so much better material at hand? Consider Zazu Pitts. Here is a genuine actress who can act—why doesn’t someone star her? Oh, she has no sex-appeal. Bah! E. B. McCrennell, 703 Maryland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I frequented the movie houses 4 times a week but I haven’t seen yet one young man capable of making love to our beautiful screen stars—M e i g h a n Tearle, N a g e l, etc., are all mediocrities when it comes to courting a girl—They twitch their mouths, they raise their shoulders, they make sour faces, they cross their hands, they raise their fists, they shut their eyes, they look over the skies, but they positively cannot and don’t know how to make love to a girl. I ask myself should one of the so-called stars attempt to court in real life one of our beautiful screen girls—will they ever succeed to conquer their hearts if they would employ the same mediocre mimicry as they often exhibit on the screen.

Jeanne Villate, 1885 7th, Ave., care L. Goulet, New York City.

In addition to the regular payment at space rates for all material published in The Editor’s Letter Box, SCREENLAND is offering monthly a $10.00 cash prize for the best, and five free one-year subscriptions for the five next best letters grading the stories and illustrations in this issue according to the following rules:

90 to 100%—The stories or illustrations that pleased you perfectly.
80 to 90%—The stories or illustrations that you considered very good.
70 to 80%—The stories or illustrations that you considered pretty good.
60 to 70%—the stories or illustrations that you considered only fair, and under 60%, the stories that you considered poor.

Reasons may be given, when necessary, to explain the grades awarded. Please list the stories and the illustrations separately. Address letter: Editor, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.
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A Sydney Valentine Tell of a Great Love—From page 54.

her he called her "Queen"—in his own heart, at least. And she, even though her part did not call for such an emotion, fell in love with him.

And so they were married. Their romance is one of the sweetest and cleanest in the records of the world, and they may not have heard much about it. They never employed a press agent. They didn't need one. To them it was enough that they loved each other. Not for them posing for the public on the front porch, arms about each other's shoulders; nor the home and fireside chronicles to grace the pages of the papers. They were too happy to call in the press and summon the photographers. Just because their faces, cheek to cheek, did not adorn the magazines, don't think that they were not as devoted, as affectionate and as loyal as a husband and wife can be.

Not Seeking Publicity
Possibly because she feared that if she refused she would be accused of deliberately holding back her husband's existence from the world, Dorothy Phillips posed with her for mother and daughter pictures. Only, I happen to know, at the urgent request of the editors. She never sought publicity. She almost t'rank from seeing her name emblazoned here and there. Interviewed will tell you she is the most difficult of all the picture people to pin to paper. Always charming, always gracious, but always aloof. That's why the world knows so little about her.

She has been content. She wants it that way. But she expressed a wish,—a wistful little wish—that the world of pictures and picture followers would not forget him. And so she should not mind if her heart is held up and dissected by a sympathetic surgeon.

She is so quiet that, if you had not known her, you would never guess that she has interviewers with tremendous emotional upheaval. Women like her, so frail and shy, are often indomitable; of splendid courage. That's why she is going to carry on. That's why she has smiled instead of crying.

With her sister, she has just spent a few weeks in New York. The Manhattan motion picture world hardly knew she was in town. One of the few she saw was a little bridle. A very new bride whose very new home is far uptown. The bride's husband called at the Biltmore for Dorothy and her sister. He whisked for a cab. But the staid little girl wished, "Why, the subway's right there!" and started for it on foot. It was rather long ride—almost an hour's, in fact. It was also the rush hour. She laughed it off. She would rather spend an evening eating an amateur culinary effort and claiming over the wedding present a little dimention far from the "heart of things," than anything else.

Does Not Believe in Mourning
She has not been in mourning. She doesn't believe in it; and she knows that he would not have wished her to be. He is still a part of her life.

It is only when you see her pause in front of a shop on Fifth Avenue, with men's ties and shirts displayed, that you realize just how lost she is without him. She was one of the old-fashioned wives who sought and found the gentle Maids of the Debutant era. She was one of the real American spinsters.

And he was one of the old-fashioned husbands who really enjoyed holidays, and remembered birthdays and anniversaries.

This last Christmas in the home in Hollywood was not a merry one. Instead of the family, only a housekeeper. A faithful housekeeper who wrote to her mistress in the east, "Christmas don't seem like Christmas this year, without him trimming the tree."

He enjoyed things like that. A more than capable director in the studio—businesslike, attentive, keen. At home, Doro thy Phillips' husband. Not that anyone ever referred to him as that. Nor to her as his wife. They preserved their identities.

My most vivid recollection of him is one of those personal appearances at a New York theater several years ago. He wasn't only directly in a group of stars who were to make their bows to the audiences. He stood a little way off from the others, smiling. The insinuace "messages" of the stars to their dear, dear friends out front left him a little amused. His heart wasn't in it. He couldn't pose. He didn't belong in that crowd of glittering cuties. His was not so superior; he simply seemed to think that the joke was on him.

Allen Holubar

A LLEN HOLUBAR was only thirty-five when he died. One of the most promising of the younger picture-makers, he was scheduled for big things in his screen career as an actor with Universal. Then he became a director, and his wife became his leading woman. Their first big picture together, "The Heart of Humanity," employed the best talent of both. They worked well together, and he did her finest acting under his direction. Her presence on the set inspired him. It was a fifty-fifty combination. The exigencies of the business took them apart professionally, but it did not, as in so many cases, affect their co-starring combination at home. She was his star whether she appeared in his pictures or not.

"Broken Chains" featured another actress, but no one was prouder of its success than Dorothy Phillips. Her encouragement and criticisms meant more to him than any producer's.

They would have done greater things together.

But the Great Director de creed other-wise. The star is going on alone—often, it must seem to her in her loneliness, without anyone at the megaphone. But she is not the sort to hide away. She will face the camera holding her small daughter in her arms even if her heart is shattered.

There will be a new Dorothy Phillips picture soon. She is back in Hollywood now, going on. Still, not quite alone. There is a living memory for inspiration.
Save me for the Close-ups.
They Never Knew
What Chances they Took.
Oh, for—
Crying Out Loud!

Still, It Got Worse
As the Boy Grew Older.
I Almost Preferred
The Unwelcome Arrival
To What I Walked Into
Later On.
I Became
The Little Child Who Leads Them.
What a Life!
As Soon as I was
Big Enough, they Cast Me
In Parts like that—you know—
I Never Wore Anything
Except a Nightie—and sometimes
Not Even that.
I Nearly Lost
My Self-respect
In those Bath-tub Scenes
That Draw Delighted Gasp
From the Ladies in the Audience.
I Wish they'd Mind their Own Business.

I was always
Asking Papa
If he Loved Mama—when
I Knew All Along
He would Like
To Knock her Cold—she
Was Always Trying
To Steal his Scenes.
I Had to
Climb out of Bed
In my Prop Nursery, with
The Duckies and the
Doggies and the
Wooly Lambs, and
Come Down Stairs
One Step at a Time when
I Wanted
To Slide Down the Bannisters—
And Take Mama and Papa
By the Hand
And Bring them Together—and
Then Ride Upstairs again
On Papa's Back—

How I Loved
Kicking the Leading Man
In the Scene—

I'm Broad-Minded, though.
When
The Leading Lady
Asked me to Stay one Night
For some Retakes, I said,
"Sure, I Don't Mind the Scandal
If you Don't."

But Now,
It's Come to this!
I've Been Made a Star.
Of course, I Fought my Way
Up the Ladder
Rung by Rung; what little
Success I have Achieved,
Has been Earned,
And
In the Right Way.

But
As soon as I Could Lisp,
I Asked
For a Pair of Roller Skates.
Instead, I was Handled
A Contract
To Star in Kiddle Pictures
At a Thousand Bucks a Week.
I've Got to Remember
That I'm in the Public Eye—
Like a Cinder or Something.
I've Got to Pretend
That I'd Rather Ride
In a Rolls-Royce
Than an Express Wagon,
And Play with
A Pedigreed Pup
When what I Want
Is a Mut.
The Only Time
I'm Allowed
To Thumb my Nose
Is in my Comedy Stuff.
The Only Way I Can
Get Even with 'Em,
Is to Get Too Big
To Play Kiddie Roles.
I Wish to God
I'd Grow Up!

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

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HEROES ARE NOW DOING THEIR HAIR

H B K WILLIS

We can't make up our mind which one of these subjects to choose for Willis' article next month. They are all good hunches. Write in and help us make the choice, and watch for the result in the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.
Q. Barry Vannon's Story of One Little Scene—From page 45.

deeply regretted that he could not accept the honor. General Pershing, Senator Johnson, and the governor also sent re-
mary and Doug were finally selected as sponsors, although Sam plainly didn't like it.

"For why should I advertise Mary and Doug with my money?" he demanded. He gave up only when Graham convinced him that the famous couple didn't need the advertising.

"Why the people call it Doug and Mary furniture now," Graham said.

Merry soon began to play young mother roles, with the baby in the cast. The little one proved a hit at some theaters. Perambulators, bassinets, tiny frocks, booties, rattles, dolls, and maternity gowns were named after her.

She asked for a new contract.

"Oy, Jerry," the old man wailed to his press agent. "Nothing but troubles since I started this, you should ask me. It's like me leaving yes, but it's made Merry Morrow a miser. Jerry. Like a stone she is.

"And the kid, Jerry"—he sighed pitiably—"she don't care for him, and neither does the papa. Me, if I had that kid yet, Jerry, the money wouldn't mean nothing—or nothing much anyway. Ah, such a baby! He should be mine once. I am his real papa, Jerry, so?"

It was even so. And the parents realized it themselves.

"Everybody's crazy about our baby but ourselves," said Merry one night. "The only time I pick him up is when there is a man near with a pencil or a camera.

"I can't bear his crying. I can't bear to dress him. I even hate to hold him. Sometimes I think I hate him."

"He was sure a little booby to pick us for his parents," added Drury.

"He's a real Jerry," Merry continued. "If we'd been like other married couples, and there hadn't been such a tremendous palaver about him, we would have loved him. But he isn't really a baby at all. He's only a press agent story. And we feel like hypocrites when we read how we nourish the. I wish to God he had never been born!"

 samp Kesser took up the scenario of a popular novel and tossed it to Jerry Graham.

"We'll put the baby in this, Jerry," he said, "and feature him in support of his father. You should tell Eddie to write ninety scenes into it, about the kid. Maybe you can give it him a couple hints, Jerry, eh?"

Graham was going out. Kesser stayed him.

"Hey, Jerry, wait a minute. Sit down."

He bent his head in deep thought. "Jerry, you think maybe Merry Morrow she really loves her baby, Jerry, and don't know it?"

"Mebbe," said Graham. "But I doubt it. If she had a speck of affection for it, she could act with it. Did you see the rushes on 'Angel Child'? Terrible. Abs-

olutely terrible. Take that one little scene where Merry's holding her sick baby in her arms, and she's supposed to be frantic. She's just peevied."

"IT KNOWS," said Kesser wearily. "We did that scene over and over thirty-seven times. I taught her everything I knew—and still she's rotten. Oy, Jerry, we got to make her act! It's the biggest picture of her life, and she's nothing but a stick. You think of something, eh, Jerry?"

He sat long in his swivel chair, munching a cold cigar, and suddenly he jumped up and smashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Maybe that does it!" he shouted, and bit the cigar in two.

The scenario concerned a big game hunter, a young girl in a beautiful evening gown lost in the jungle, a band of savage tribesmen, a battle, a smashing big ship wreck scene, the slaying of a wild elephant, and a few other thrills. It had nothing whatever to do with a baby.

But Eddie had his orders, and he put the baby into ninety scenes. Of course nothing better came of it and money was cut out. The plot had to be twisted and pulled and pulled and twisted around the baby. The girl was the baby's erring mother, abandoning her child in the jungle, hoping some nice man would come along and save him and make him his heir. The jungle by the way, was the desert, and the baby's saviour was the cowboy son of an eastern millionaire. Eddie was quite proud of his "adaptation."

When the continuity was finished the company went on location in the Mojave desert. Merry went along. She had been "resting," but that was no excuse. Sam Kesser made her go. She didn't want to. She pleaded her fear of snakes, and her dread of the desert heat.

"You got to," Sam answered. "What would people think if you let your baby play without a maternal scene for even one day? Can't you see, Merry— to you he's the most wonderful baby what is. You—you idolize him, see? You can't let him out of your eye-eigh, eh?"

She would have felt better if he had slapped her.

An August day in the desert. The sun blinded. The winds scorchred. Lips cracked. Tongues dried and swelled, despite the fact that there was all the water needed. The sands, the Joshua trees, the cactus, the greasewood, the very air seemed to shimmer with the heat. Everyone wore colored glasses, everyone curtailed.

"Quit whining," Kesser shouted. "You ain't half hot yet. Put them tripos right here. We'll put the baby by that big cactus, and the dog is guarding him, see? There's some shade there, and the baby won't feel the heat. Where is the little feeder, anyway?"

The nurse brought him forward. He was holding out his arms and saying, "See Sam! See Sam!"

Sam snatched him from the nurse, and kissed him.
"Your own baby, Drury," he said vehemently. "The damndest finest kid in the world, you should ask me."

He leaned closer to the baby's ear and whispered.

"But today, I think you get a mamma and a papa, and you lose old Sam. I hope you do, Baby, as God is good."

He sat the child down in the cactus shade, and summoned the nurse. He drew her to one side, out of ear shot, and talked to her a long while. She seemed to be protesting. But Sam drew something out of his pocket, and she grinned and they shook hands. Naturally everybody expected something mysterious to happen.

"Where's the dog?" Sam demanded suddenly.

Vance Jones, who owned the animal, brought him forward. He winked one eye at Sam.

"He'll do just what you want," he said.

"Shut up"—Sam seemed fighting mad.

"Did I ask you something? You stand over there, out of camera range, and do your stuff when I give you the signal."

Jones grinned the grin of a man who grins when rebuked in public, and stepped back, silent.

"Now we're all ready," Sam said, collecting the company around him—all save Merry Morrow, who sat under her sun shade, very cool, very bored, and very wooden. "I tell you just what you want, and maybe we make only one rehearsal."

"Drury Jr. here is playing with his rag doll. His mother—that's you, Rene—has just left him. Drury here comes riding up. He doesn't see the baby at first. He just sees the dog. He whistles. The dog perks up his ears—and he will, too. He’s the best actor I got. But he won't leave the baby."

"You’ll let me, Drury, and then you dismount, and come up. The dog won't let you get near the baby at first—not until the baby puts out his arms to you, see. Then you take your baby up, kinda awkward like you weren't used to it. You won't have no trouble about that, and you say, slow, so the camera catches it, you say—"Well I'll be darned."

Like that. You poke a finger in the baby's tummy. Then you give him some water out of your canteen. See? Then you take him up with you, and ride off. And the dog will follow, see?

So looked at make-up and costume, rolled a brown paper cigarette, lit it and pinched it out, then stuck it in a corner of Drury's mouth.

"All right," he said. "Nurse, when I yell, you get out of the camera range. See? But wait till I yell."

The scene was shot. It looked well done to me, but Sam insisted it be done over again.

"All right," said Drury. "But this saddle's hot as blazes."

"Put some water on it, and do your stuff," Sam advised him; "and come slow this time. All right. To your places."

Drury loped away. In an instant—and so quietly that few observed—a studio set was erected back of the baby. It looked like the wall of a nursery, with pictures of ducks and rabbits and cub bears and other animals on it.

And then Sam looked at Jones, and swung his arm. Immediately Jones yelled. The dog began to bark, and attack the baby. The nurse screamed, "Mad dog! Mad dog! My God, he's bit the baby!"

The cameras started to grind. Merry Morrow's hand went to her breast. She sprang up. She ran through the sage and the greasewood to the child, not caring if all the snakes in the world were in her path, not fearing the mad dog, not stopping for anything.

She picked up her son, and kissed him and hugged him, and called him all the tender names she had ever heard. Tears streamed from her eyes. She was frantic with mother love and the fear that her child had been hurt.

Drury, riding west, heard the commotion, looked backward, turned his horse and came on the gallop. He too was crying. He too was suddenly filled with love and fear. He tried to take the child from Merry, but she would not have it so.

And Sam and Jerry Graham and the camera men stood back and grinned. The only thing Sam said was, "This is the camera man when Drury came galloping up."

"Well, it cost us something, Jerry," said later. "But it's worth it, eh? Forty-five to the nurse. And fifty to Jones. But Merry and Drury, they find out they love the kid, Jerry, and he gets a real home now."

And I get the one little scene I wanted for 'Angel Child,' and it's a bear, Jerry, a bear-wolf. Merry Morrow holding her sick child in her little nursery."

"Say, Harry, if Jones sells that dog, I buy him. You ask him Jerry, eh? Whatever he wants. That dog he is an actor."

COUNTERFEIT

That is the alluring title that Barry Vannon has chosen for his story next month. It is one of Jim Wellworn's favorite fables of Hollywood and it may well have served as an inspiration to the author of Black Oxen. You must not miss it. In the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.
Pyorrhea

Indurations of the gums, otherwise known as Riga's Disease, or Periodontal Pus, is a menace of mankind. Every reputable dentist will tell you that found as a local affliction, it is incurable. All local operations are a crust destruction. Pulling teeth cannot eradicate it. Eventually the unmanageable, it cannot be done. All teeth because the plate over the inflamed and cherry-colored gums. Bone and blood are lost. This difficulty in treatment leads to poor nutrition, to various forms of disease—especially to hospitals, to insanity, to tuberculosis and premature death.

MEDICAL METHODS CHANGED

Postman

Progressive dentists and physicians will tell you that the most efficient and effective methods for dealing with pyorrhoea is to use a new article as well as Nov. 25, 1919, in the Dental Digest, "Pyorrhoea Corrected by Proper Nutrition," written by Alfred H. Billings, M.D., New York.

GEORGE BILLINGS, against his will almost, has been led by the mountain and shown the promised land—fame and wealth and honor and achievement. Now he will be led back down again, or allowed to wander back alone, forgotten after the first flush of his triumph has died down.

For George Billings is not an actor. His six feet five of awkward, gangling, ugly body is marvelous for "Abraham Lincoln," but for nothing else. If he were another Tully Marshall or Lon Chaney or Raymond Hatton, he could create role after role, each challenging the last for the medal of perfection.

But he is not an actor. He has played the only role of which he is capable. Like Lincoln he rose abruptly from meager labor to national prominence. But unlike Lincoln he will not hold the center of the stage for years. Whereas Lincoln was murdered by a lunatic actor, Billings will be a martyr to the insatiable movie monster, which makes his daily meals off human hearts.

A man said laughingly, "Oh, the old boy has had his fling. He's had a rip-roaring good time while it lasted. There are thousands of middle-aged men in the United States who would be perfectly willing to go back to their old jobs if they could do one big thing like Billings has done."

Maybe so. But have you ever seen a child who was demoted at school? Have you watched a workman who has been a foreman placed back in the ranks? Not much joy in the work, is there?

Billings has been wearing a frock coat and a dress shirt with studs, and patent leather shoes. He has been dining with celebrities, making personal appearances at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, addressing the Rotary Club and the Lions and the Indiana State Society—playing the celebrity for weeks. How will it feel to go back to Los Angeles and hunt work? His building inspecting job has passed on to someone with no talent to sell to the movies. And there are only two fingers on his right hand. And he is nearly deaf and blind.

His salary as an actor? Probably you didn't know that the courageous Rockett boys—Al and Ray—made "Abraham Lincoln" on a shoestring, that some of the actors took their salary in stock. Because George Billings had a bed-ridden wife and there was no money in the bank, the Rockett boys paid him his salary in cash weekly. I imagine it was less than a hundred a week, possibly not more than seventy-five. For a hundred is a very good salary for an inexperienced actor.

Will Screen Lose Him?

That money is gone. He is on a small salary and expense while he is making personal appearances with the picture, but when that is over—what next? There were hundreds of small expenses attached to his job, which he bore himself. He had to dress better, felt constrained to mingle a bit with the other actors. And the neighbors expected him to live a bit better, since he was a movie actor and a star and all. A hundred—maybe less—doesn't go far under such circumstances. At any rate, the salary is gone now. And there is still a sick wife to care for.

As an extra in Hollywood, Billings might make his seven-fifty or even ten dollars a day when he worked. I can imagine a call going out for backwoods lumbermen or for a rawboned old-fashioned preacher. And I can see George Billings hastening with dozens of others to snap at the chance.

Sacrilege

What sacrilege to tarnish a matchless performance by becoming a Hollywood hanger-on, a half-starving extra! Undoubtedly some producer will attempt to cash in on the publicity which George Billings is getting by giving him a role in a picture. But George Billings himself says he is no actor. Will not Billings himself be happier to have given to the world one perfect thing, a thing no one else could have given it, than to tarnish the perfection of that gift by failing in other roles, perhaps even by making himself ridiculous, grotesque. For Billings is no actor.

So—if you have envied George Billings his sudden rise to fame, the plaudits of the multitudes, be a little sorry now for the carpenter who was Lincoln.

ANNE AUSTRIN has written us a story for next month in quite a different vein. Cupid as a Press Agent is the title. It will be one of the many good things in store for you in the June SCREENLAND. Ready May First.
HELP EDIT SCREENLAND

H. B. K. Willis is SCREENLAND’s literary battleground. Our readers either like his stuff better than anything else in the book or it doesn’t get over at all. Nathan is another one that comes in this class, and Upton Sinclair and Cotturrubias and Ben Hecht and Wynn. What is your opinion of all these? Who is your favorite author in this issue? Who is your favorite illustrator? The best letter received during April that lists every article in this issue and rates them will be awarded a $10.00 cash prize. Five free one-year subscriptions will be awarded to the five next best letters. In case of a tie, full prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. Grade stories as follows:

90 to 100% — The stories or illustrations that pleased you perfectly.
80 to 89% — The stories or illustrations that you considered very good.
70 to 79% — The stories or illustrations that you considered pretty good.
60 to 69% — The stories or illustrations that you considered only fair, and under
60%, the stories that you considered poor.

Reasons may be given, when necessary, to explain the grades awarded.

Please list the stories and the illustrations separately.

Address letter: Editor, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City
"Pity the poor laboring man," remarked his friend sarcastically.

The star excused himself for a moment, and while his friend was waiting for him he was approached by a small person wearing a charming organdie frock, but looking at the young man expressed it "as though she'd been buried and dug up again." It was not until she spoke that he recognized her.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Are you Miss Harts?"

"Why—yes!" she stammered, taken aback. "What's the matter? Don't I look all right?"

And then it dawned on pretty Nina Harts—it was her make-up! She surrendered to the desire to laugh—indeed, so hearty was her laughter that it caused several of the studio hands to look in her direction.

"There!" she said, suddenly sobering in the midst of her mirth, "you've made me laugh so hard that I've ruined my make-up."

The girl clapped her hands for her makeup and then the instant saw what she never expected to see in a sane world—two damp, black eyes suddenly removed, blacked over deftly, and a smooth coating of yellow grease-paint and powder applied to the damaged portions of Nina Harts' face.

"Now, Mr. Dunale, Miss Harts," commanded the director, "this is the betrothal embrace. The girl is shy and a bit frightened—the man masterful and tender. All right, Mr. Dunale, now speak the lines, 'Is it — it — possible — that — you—love—me!'"

And then—the Kiss!

And the ghastly Mr. Dunale took the livid Nina Harts in his arms and spoke the fatal words. When that business was done an endless number of times for retakes, the couple clinched for the kiss, which the onlooker knew would be a fearful and wonderful conglomeration of yellow, pink and red.

"Time!" the director shouted. And then there were more re-takes, for the kissers seemed slow in giving the director just what he wanted.

"Lights out!" he finally shouted, when the kiss was performed as he approved.

"Thank heavens, that's over with," said Dunale, coming smilingly toward his friend.

"Yes," agreed Nina Harts. "Wasn't it sticky today?"

"Well, what did you think of it, old man?" the star asked his visitor.

"I think I'll stick to engineering, if you don't mind," he answered apologetically.

And that's one of the insights into the studio where the famous film kiss is daily manufactured.

A Friendship, Spoiled by a Kiss

Before the Ernst Lubitsch production, "The Marriage Circle," went into production, Florence Vidor and Monte Blue were good friends. When the picture was finished they were almost enemies. Why? Simply because the energetic Lubitsch insisted that every time a kissing scene was done it should be absolutely correct. Monte Blue and Florence Vidor each probably thought the scene something about kissing, but the famous director convinced them they did not. Forty re-takes were made for one scene before the oscillating couple satisfied Lubitsch. Now mention a kiss to either of these splendid screen personalities!

There are many other insights. There is the famous star whose mother sits off the set and watches to see that the kiss is not being overdone when her daughter is the featured participant. There is the wife of the star, who watches her husband kiss his supporting leading lady, and who makes up her mind that this screen kiss will not cause a rupture in her home life.

But to most of the motion picture lovers, a kiss is considered merely a part of the day's work—sometimes a pleasure and sometimes distasteful.

But at the same time there are the mimic romances of the studio that have endured. Some kissing scenes before the camera have led to actualities. Is it the perfect kiss of two screen personalities that has brought this about, or is it the lines of Fate that have cast two congenial souls together in their similar line of fascinating work?

When two pairs of lips meet, there is a flash of souls, or there is not. And when there is a flash of souls, there is the flash that endures, or the flash that is merely tragic. There are evidences of these differences with all their queer twists among the studio folk.

Tragedies in Kisses

Let us look at the tragedies first.

The romance of Geraldine Farrar and Louis Wolheim, during a romance as ever recorded itself among love stories of the films. Who will forget that memorable night when the famous diva was carried away by her husband's acting on an opening night in a Broadway theatre? Forgetting the audience, forgetting everyone, she sprang from her chair in the box to the stage and publicly kissed the man she loved. But this love was not enduring! Was the first kiss a lie?

Owen Moore was considered the most fortunate of men when he won the heart of Mary Pickford. It began when he played opposite her, but the romance snapped. The same can be said of his brother, Tom, who married Alice Joyce, only to have the result a divorce. His second studio love match, with Renee Adoree, also went on the rocks.

Among other screen sweethearts who could not carry their romances into real life are Paul Whitem and Wally McCutcheon, the serial lovers; George Walsh and Seena Owen, who found and lost romance in the films; Anita Stewart and Rudie Cameron, whose comradeship ended when it should have continued everlasting; Bill Hart and Winifred Westover, who faced thrills and movie struggles together which led to the happy ending, could not find a happy ending in matrimony.

But the studio kiss has, on the other hand, brought happiness to many. The love scenes, urged on by the shouts of the director, now need no urging with these happy, contented folk, whose first love contact was a cool studio kiss in sticky make-up. For three years Harold Lloyd made bashful love to Mildred Davis. Their friends still watch them, happy in the throses of a real love affair which is not before the camera, but in their own home.

A Lucky Studio Kiss

A boyhood and girlhood kiss ripened into romance when little Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee renewed their friendship in a studio kiss and thereupon decided upon a happy continuation. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie fanned the flames of love, and were contented and rejoiced in the flame that followed.

James Kirkwood and Lila Lee Kirkwood found the studio kiss altogether desirable and something they could not live without—they are now living with! Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne emerged from love tragedies of the past and found real love when they first embraced before the camera.

And there are quaint touches to these love matches that evolve from the studio kiss. In Japan kissing isn't done. Motion picture kissing scenes are eliminated from all pictures shown there. And yet, Susse Hayawaks and Tsuru Aoki, stars from Nippon's Isle, found pleasure in the great American pastime. They kissed after being instructed by a director—they liked it—they were married!

But for a glimpse of the future.

Rumors creep on now and then—rumors which are smilingly denied. Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy have scribbled forth words of love beneath the Klieg lights. They are reported to be engaged. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix have played love scenes together in numerous pictures. They have become attuned to one another in scenes where love dominates. They are now constantly seen together, but they smilingly deny all reports of approaching nuptials.

Now all this should prove that kissing is not only universally indulged in. But give the movies time and the kiss may yet penetrate the wilds of darkest Africa, Greenland, China and Japan, where it is now eschewed. When such a startling act as kissing first invaded Russia, most of the horrified citizens grew beards as a preventive.

But the motion picture is a universal instructor. It instructs the indulgers and it instructs the onlookers.
world—evils we might easily remedy, if we were willing to take the trouble. But some draw their income from these evils—and so don’t want us to think. Those who profit by our system of organized greed insist that the moving pictures shall entertain and beguile us with sentimental fairy-tales. Their view was expressed by our new propaganda master, Mr. Will H. Hays, who said at a banquet of bankers in New York: “Unless people are properly entertained, this country may go red; but shake a rattle at the baby and it calms down.”

Pictures Invite Social Discontent
Well, I will tell Mr. Hays something about this new “rattle.” I will tell him that the moving pictures are—in spite of themselves, and in spite of everything the masters of capital can do—the greatest inciters of social discontent yet discovered in the world! The reason is because they accustom the masses of the people to the idea of the free spending of money. They place on exhibit before millions in the loneliest mining and lumber camps, in the most degraded factory and mill-towns, all the latest inventions in costumes, jewelry, furniture, plumbing, automobiles, and house construction. To see these things is to want them.

Not merely in America, but in the jungles of Central Africa, in the deserts of Arabia, in the snowy wastes of Greenland, in the swarming cities of India and China—everywhere comes this miraculous picture of America, the land of infinite and unlimited wealth! Mr. Hays thinks this is propaganda for capitalism, because America is the classic land of capitalism, and this wealth has been created under capitalism. But just wait a while! Wait until the masses, both at home and abroad, have come to be thoroughly convinced that all this free spending is for their masters, and not for them. Wait until all the small fishes have definitely given up the hope that they may become pikes!

UPTON SINCLAIR
Mr. Sinclair will contribute the third and last article of his series next month. These articles have caused much comment throughout the country. Mr. Sinclair is considered the greatest of American social writers and his contributions to this publication may be looked on as one of its most distinctive features. His final article entitled “Money and the Movie” will appear in SCREENLAND for June. Ready May first.

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SCREENLAND for June contains
STORIES and ARTICLES by

Delight Evans
Upton Sinclair
Anne Austin
Eunice Marshall
George Jean Nathan H. B. K. Willis
and a host of others

ON SALE EVERYWHERE MAY 1st

AHeart Break Town—From page 33.

those payments, but she managed to do it, and she got another job on the strength of
that car. She picked up a producer whose chauffeur had misunderstood orders,
one day, and gave him a lift out to loca-
tion. Her conversation impressed him, and
so did her obvious prosperity, and as a
result he gave her a job at $100 a week
** when the slump is over. She
wouldn't be on salary until they start shoot-
ing, and they won't start shooting until
the producer can persuade his banker to
come through with some more money, but
anyway, the car was a help.

Extras can't afford "props" like that.
It's a hard game, getting ahead in the
movies, even if you are a beauty contest
winner. There are hundreds of beautiful
girls in Hollywood, who have won beauty
contests. There is too much competition.
Hollywood is full of Kansas beauties or
the Eiks' Favorite Daughters. It doesn't
help much. The girls are sent to Holly-
wood with promises of contracts and other
wonderful things. Sometimes she gets them,
but in the majority of cases all she gets is a tryout, perhaps a screen test,
and that doesn't mean a thing. After
a few weeks of showing her around the
studios and meeting the stars she is
dropped and left on her own way in the
world. Inevitably she joins the ever increasing ranks of extras. Publicity? Yes, she gets
publicity, but what good is it if you are
new and haven't proven what you can do?
The directors are afraid to use you as
anything but atmosphere.

Now let's see what gray to the extras in
Hollywood. The word has come that the
big spectacles are to be discontinued and
program pictures are to be in evidence.
What are we extras to do when no big
mob scenes are made? Perhaps for some
of us there will be the fate of the girl
who took an off screen romance, from
disencouragement of ever achieving the suc-
cess of which she had dreamed.

I can't understand why any woman
would leave a home and a husband to go
into pictures. There are many who do,
hower. I know of one woman who
dreamed of pictures until she left her
home and came here. Her husband and
dather disowned her. When she came,
she had quite a bit of money and several
very good pieces of jewelry. Her money
is gone, and her jewels are reposing in
an obscure pawnshop, and she is scrw-
ing her courage to the sticking-point of
asking her husband to let her come home.
The situation has become so serious
that the Hollywood Chamber of Com-
merce is sending out thousands of posters
descrying the scarcity of jobs here, to
inland towns. But the horde of movie
struck girls and men still pour into Holly-
wood and Los Angeles. Some leave with
high hopes utterly dashed, but many others
take their places.
The slump was due to end about the
first of the year, but as this is written, it
seems to be still. Let us hope, for the
sake of the people in the profession,
that it will end soon and things become
endurable again.
One time in New York she was speeding along in her car. A big shiny car, and warm. She was wearing a new ermine coat. It cost some thousands of dollars. Outside on the snowy sidewalk she saw a girl, walking, bending into the wind, dressed in a thin skirt and a thinner jacket.

She stopped the car, got out, put her ermine coat on the girl, and jumped in the car again and cried "Drive on" before the girl could thank her.

Ever a tear in her eye, ever a laugh in her heart—before the jinx got busy. A man's brain, a man's endurance, a man's courage, a man's same outlook—but a woman's sympathy and an imp's love of fun.

There was a woman writer in Los Angeles who had just been married. She was sitting in a theater box with the bridegroom, waiting for the play to begin, when Mabel walked into the box.

She knew the writer, and had heard of the wedding; but she didn't know the groom.

Yet she threw her arms about him, and whispered in his ear—loud enough for the bride to overhear—"Oswald, Oswald, I have found you at last, my darling. Oh, Oswald, life has been so bitter for us since you left. But you'll come back now to your wife and your little chee-ld? Oh promise me!"

"Mabel, you humbug," said the writer, "you almost frightened me!"

But the jest was so good it was repeated—and there were dull ones who knew not Mabel, and saw no jest whatever. They looked serious, and said, "where's smoke there must be fire."

Calls Taylor a Gentleman

A
d then the Taylor tragedy.

"He was a gentleman," says Mabel.

"An aristocrat who loved only brilliant minds. Many a girl has loved him—but I doubt if he loved any girl.

"He never did more than kiss my hand when he left me at my home. And he'd say, 'Goodbye, my clever little lady,' or 'Goodbye, little friend; when shall we meet again?"

"Nothing more than that. He always did the correct thing—sent flowers, books, candy. He was an elderly man and a scholar, a gentleman always.

"And the stories they told of him when he was dead—and the stories they told of me!"

"Well, maybe he was peculiar. Maybe he was all they say he was. I don't know. Looking back I can see little things—things I passed over at the time, not understanding.

"Oh, have you ever felt that no one in the world was honest and sincere? Haven't there been times in your life when you knew that all the world was false? That's how I felt then."

Yes, Scandal was almost satisfied. But his job was incomplete. Nearly two years, he waited, to enter the Dines' apartment.

"I went to Mack Sennett's New Years eve," says Mabel. "But I left early, without seeing the New Year in. I was depressed and lonesome. I wanted to be alone.

"I came home, and wept most of the night, silly tears for myself. And I started to write a letter to my mother—a letter I finished next day."

She was addressing and signing New Year's cards—and the phone kept ringing. At 11 o'clock New Year's morning Edna called up and invited her to the Dines apartment. But Mabel was busy. At 1 o'clock, and at 2, and at 3, and 4, and 5 o'clock she rang.

"I thought there might be something the matter," says Mabel. So I went. Dines started joking about the Christmas package that Mrs. Edith Burns, my companion, had bought for him, and forgotten to give him.

"I called and asked Mrs. Burns to send it over with Joe—who the chauffeur I knew as Joe Kelley, not as Horace Greer. And Joe came, and Dines had been drinking, and Joe shot him."

"A joke over a Christmas package, and I took it seriously, and once again my name danced before me in the headlines of a thousand daily papers—and once again my brain repeated 'Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand!' until I thought I should go mad."

I was Mabel who wrapped the wounded man in blankets; Mabel who called the doctor; Mabel who made arrangements to have him taken from the receiving hospital and its police doctors to the Good Samaritan and her own surgeons.

It is Feb. 1. Incidentally it is the second anniversary of the "breaking" of the Taylor Murder story.

Greer is at liberty pending the outcome of the hearing. Dines is in the hospital, under bonds to reappear on the witness stand and say who shot him. He has sworn he does not remember. Mabel and Edna have testified, and made statements to the district attorney.

Perhaps you have already realized it was only Mabel's sympathy that placed her there with the Jinx.

Perhaps the censors will admit they were hasty, and the women's clubs they were wrong. Perhaps you will see her soon again on the screen, and laugh with her once more—and never remember her as she looks sitting alone in her home, anything but the Mabel of the films.

"We all make mistakes," she says as you murmur goodbye. "I have made many. But life is making mistakes, and learning from them. I have made mistakes of course—but in all my life I've harmed nobody but myself."
Are You Afflicted with

"The Money Malady"?

H ave you ever wondered what you would do if someone gave you a fortune? Has it occurred to you that you might catch the dread disease, the money malady, along with the dollars?

That is what happened to Daniel Waterbury, Sam Clinton and Hazel Spence, the strangely assorted trio, to whom a hundred thousand dollars each was given by a mysterious stranger.

Begin THE MONEY MALADY in the May Issue — a novel of mystery, romance and adventure.

And these good things also for May REAL LIFE:

"LAVENDER and OLD LACE", THE RED CIRCLE—More of Ben Hecht’s “Little Stories of Real Life”.

THE TRIPLE GYP, by “Mark Mellen” and Travis Hoke. Another of the “gentle grafter” stories by the authors of “Conning Through.”


THE LIGHTING OF THE LAMP—by Edward Lawrence. When the “city man” went into the lumber region, a-seeking easy conquest, he met his match.

MARGOT—by Gertrude Robinson. The story of a triangle that was broken by a voice in the night.

PARIS NIGHTS—by Robert M. Coates. A real picture of the real Paris; a story that reeks with romance and mystery.

SMOTHERED WITH GOODNESS—by Helen Kent, who writes with peculiar vividness of married life’s hatreds and inhibitions.

THE DEADLY SEX—Part Three of the “so different” novel by Harrison Dowd.

THE STRAYED SONG—by Maria Moravsky. A story of love in Lithuania.

REAL LIFE STORIES

145 West 57th Street, New York

Out April 15 -- 25c. the Copy
Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle
Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

No matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips “almost while you wait!”

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who wear it, and who look and feel years younger! For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthful and slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Actually Reduce Fat Quickly—Pleasantly

Think of it—no more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports. Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people, and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

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You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way to become fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. The Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-365, 404 Fourth Ave., New York.

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Dept. G-365, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

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"Good health is a blessing—you'll find that out as you grow older—and good teeth are important to good health."

* * *

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No diet, exercise or drugs. Absolutely non-injurious.

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Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

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Should a bride tell her husband what she is going to wear?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection, you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with foiled, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beaten against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

— how to win the man you love
— how to win the girl you want
— how to hold your husband's love
— how to make people admire you
— why "petting parties" destroy the capacity
— why many marriages fail in the first year
— how to hold a woman's emotions
— how to keep a husband happy
— things that turn men against you
— how to make marriage a perpetual honey-moon
— the "danger year" of married life
— how to win love
— how to keep fortunes
— how to reduce it if burnt out
— how to cope with the "hearing instinct" in men
— how to attract people you like
— why some men and women are always loveable, regardless of age
— where there any real grounds for divorce
— how to increase your desirability in a man's eyes
— how to tell if someone really loves you
— things that make a woman cheap or common

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do your looks appeal to women? Often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book that deals to the very core of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn tells a sad tale a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and skillfully that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us:

"I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallaw-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on one book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to you regularly, it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded promptly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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WARNING!
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Please read me on approval. Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love," when the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. If it is not satisfactory, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and have it refunded at once.

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The Love Leather Edition. We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Red Leather Gilt edge and gilt top, and lined in Gold with Gold Page Edges and Gold Top Margins. This book is finished with Gold Stamping and a gold leaf end paper. The leather binding is colored Red, and is furnished in a gold lettered slip case. This book is a magnificent one—and is now offered in a special offer at $2.98, including postage. A magnificent volume, and a book that is fit to be put in any library. Please send me the above book at once.


The Authors' Press, Auburn, N.Y.
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This is Jim Tully

the man who wrote The Optimistic Elinor in the April last issue; that was the most talked of article Screenland ever ran. Incidentally Tully also wrote Emmett Lawler. Arrangements have been made for him to write exclusively for Screenland. His first article appears next month.

Watch for the July Screenland

On all newsstands June first

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—and a dozen other features—

Published monthly by The Myron Zobel Publications Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
The Silent Drama

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan. A costume picture about which there can be no doubt is Yolanda. There is a battle every so often and all sorts of skirmishes just as it begins to look as if the extras may have a little breathing spell. Yolanda provides good entertainment, if you like to see masquerading royalty and tournaments. Romance Robert Vignola directed and if anyone could make this pageant real it's this signor. He manages mobs and Marion with equal skill. The gold-and-white Miss Davies, under his guidance, becomes alert and interested; she acquires a childlike elusiveness often reminiscent of Mary. And surely she is a lovely picture in her medieval robes, as human as possible weighted with gem-laden gowns and crowns. The acting honors belong to Holbrook Blinn. As a creator of kings his only rival is Herr Jannings. He makes the crafty Louis Eleventh plausible and terrifying, particularly in the most imaginative scene in the picture—that in Louise's dreadful orchard, with the bodies of his victims hanging from the trees. Marion's moment of honest emotion occurs soon after this; her Princess Mary becomes a very real and a badly frightened little girl. In all her costly costume plays Marion reminds me of an excited youngster parading in gorgeous grown-up clothes and having a wonderful time doing it. Her appeal, like Pickford's, is that of a sweet, ingratiating and slightly spoiled child.

THE NEXT CORNER—Paramount. The Next Corner is one of those pictures which prejudice people against the movies. Its titles tell the story. The company which produced it might just as well have issued a list of the titles and saved money. Even intelligent acting doesn't help. Dorothy Mackaill, one of the most interesting young women who ever trouped, makes it a little better than a bad dream. Ricardo Cortez is present with the slickest coiffure ever seen outside an ad for hair polish.

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn. Remembering the amazing photoplays he made in his native Sweden you will be disappointed in Name the Man, Victor Seastrom's first American effort. Possibly if left to himself Mr. Seastrom would not have insisted upon a story by Sir Hall Caine. But he has done wonders with his material and the result is a production far above the ordinary and with an incident or two that approaches great drama. He can impart to a scene a stark power that is equaled only by Von Stroheim. Seastrom has made few concessions to the motion picture book of behavior. The hero, leaving his love after a quarrel, does not glide out gracefully as is the way of the leading men in the trips over a rug. And this director has provided a seduction scene which is the first one in cinema to ring true. Mr. Griffith should see it. The heroine's home life isn't all it

(Continued on page 13)
The Editor's Letter Box

DEAR EDITOR:—

I wish to laud the arrival of the "character" artists, and to express a feeling of gratitude that we are seeing less and less of the "butter flies," "dizzy blondes" and "beautiful but dumb" any of the strong emotions that are supposedly wringing her heart to wring her face.

I have always been passionately fond of Pauline Frederick, and this fondness has stood the strain of some very mediocre pictures. I have never missed a picture of Nazimova's either, in spite of the fact that she's been running wild.

ELISIE PLUMMER,
426 1-2 1st Ave. South, Great Falls, Montana.

Dear Editor:—

I am a young Frenchman, and a most devoted reader of: the numerous motion picture magazines. I found SCREENLAND the only one willing to admit that photo play industry is not all "eau de rose" (Attar of Roses).

SCREENLAND is brave enough to criticize silly films and so-called stars, but always first to recognize a newcomer or a worthwhile film.

SCREENLAND is like the up-to-date movie fan, glad to applaud a real success, but strongly against the favoritism and partialism reigning amongst some circles of the cinematographic world.

JEAN REYMOND,
124 West 80th St., New York City.

Dear Editor:—

For the past fifteen minutes I have been burning with a terrific fire of resentment, so great that unless I open a safety valve I fear I shall be consumed. The cause of my heated wrath is none other than the result of just having read Mr. John Tully's article on "The Optimistic Elinor," in the April issue of SCREENLAND.

Do not misunderstand—my resentment is not for the fearless, splendid Mr. Tully. To him I figuratively remove my hat—but rather to the ridiculous personality of Elinor Glyn.

Q. W. D. Seidler.

Dear Editor:—

The veiled sarcasm of Mr. Tully made me rejoice, and unconsciously I held my breath for fear he would ask the Madam whom she considered the greatest writer of all times. Poor old Shakespere and the rest would have turned over in their graves at her question.

Because I was forbidden to read "Three Weeks"—I read it. I was quite young at the time, but old enough to understand it and never will I forget the disgust that surged through me as I read such rot. "Beloved Classic"—"The greatest, most soul-searching psychological description of love."

Blah! "The unanimous opinion of Elinor Glyn."—Honestly, words fail me.

(Mrs.) Verna Wichern Voelker.
436 Shelley Road, Racine, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:—

We movie fans are queer. Our likes and dislikes for the screen players are so pronounced. We seldom have a tolerant middle ground. I, myself, entertain an active hostility for three shadow artists. The unfortunate three are Douglas Fairbanks, Agnes Ayres and Naomi Childers. I saw Douglas Fairbanks in just one picture and his smile made me awfully peeved and irritable. I have never dared to risk seeing another one for fear I should go quite mad and bite somebody. Agnes Ayres makes me want to lie right down and die—life seems so dull, so blank, so utterly nothing.

Then there is Norma Talmadge. I don't dislike her really (who could?) but she doesn't interest me. She has no message for me, or if she has, I am too much of a dumb-bell to get it. In order to see if at some time she would strike a big moment in her acting, I have gone to see many of her pictures. Too many. She is beautiful but she never allows

Q. Elsie Plummer

Dear Editor:—

Nor does the combination of Norma Talmadge and George Arliss work. I took a chance on "The Doom of Dolores," and I was disappointed.

It seems to me that when Mr. Fairbanks is not on the screen we are not quite as good. Mr. Fairbanks seems to have a very definite influence on Hollywood. Mr. Fairbanks not only makes us better but Mr. Fairbanks makes us think. Mr. Fairbanks makes us feel.

Q. M. E. Kains.
1817 El Cerrito Place, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Editor:—

Dear Miss Ayres and Naomi Childers. I saw Douglas Fairbanks in just one picture and his smile made me awfully peeved and irritable. I have never dared to risk seeing another one for fear I should go quite mad and bite somebody. Agnes Ayres makes me want to lie right down and die—life seems so dull, so blank, so utterly nothing.

Then there is Norma Talmadge. I don't dislike her really (who could?) but she doesn't interest me. She has no message for me, or if she has, I am too much of a dumb-bell to get it. In order to see if at some time she would strike a big moment in her acting, I have gone to see many of her pictures. Too many. She is beautiful but she never allows

Q. Elsie Plummer

Dear Editor:—

Dear Miss Ayres and Naomi Childers. I saw Douglas Fairbanks in just one picture and his smile made me awfully peeved and irritable. I have never dared to risk seeing another one for fear I should go quite mad and bite somebody. Agnes Ayres makes me want to lie right down and die—life seems so dull, so blank, so utterly nothing.

Then there is Norma Talmadge. I don't dislike her really (who could?) but she doesn't interest me. She has no message for me, or if she has, I am too much of a dumb-bell to get it. In order to see if at some time she would strike a big moment in her acting, I have gone to see many of her pictures. Too many. She is beautiful but she never allows

Q. Elsie Plummer
New York night life. I didn’t see the picture myself and regret it exceedingly (too bad they don’t revise it). But I did see To Have and To Hold and it was the best of the costume pictures to my mind. And I saw Robin Hood, When Knighthood Was in Flower, The Spanish Dancer and Ashes of Vengeance. Fitterman made Kick In, which has flaws but was very interesting and about the best crook melodrama I ever saw. I hope that in Cytherea, the Hergesheimer novel, he fulfills his promise.

Rex Ingram made a marvelous picture in The Four Horsemen, and I thought The Prisoner of Zenda worth while. But Trifling Women was a trilling picture and Where the Pavement Ends was a stupid, banal, incredibly dull thing. If The Arab, his new picture, isn’t any better, I’m off Mr. Ingram.

I don’t like Sidney Olcott. I saw both Little Old New York and The Green Goddess. The latter was dull, to say the least, and the former was mediocre stuff. I failed to find the spark of genius in either.

W. D. Seidler,
207 West State Street,
Hammond, Ind.

Dear Editor:—

I sometimes wonder why movie fans do not protest against the misleading advertising of motion pictures playing at local theatres. Of course a true-blue fan knows nearly all there is to know about the films his theatre is showing, but often a fan goes to a film he has heard nothing of, or very little, and is very much disappointed on finding that the advertisements were greater accomplishments than the film itself.

Daniel Carson Goodman’s The Daring Years is advertised as “a smashing drama of the younger generation—reckless youth!” and is plentifully sprinkled with *** *** lying lips, moisting eyes, seductive form luring to destruction the unsophisticated!” Yes, indeed, luring the unsophisticated into a theatre to see about the worst film that has ever been made.

I am only taking the above picture as an example. Nearly every picture is advertised as was this one, and when a truly worth-while production is shown, despite the fact that we know it to be good, the advertising will oftimes hold one back for fear of another disappointment.

Gerhardt Hoffman
R.F.D. 1, Mamaroneck Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—

The movie art and industry are based upon the fact that the image made upon the retina of the human eye persists until another picture comes and causes a new image to displace the preceding one. This produces the moving picture effect.

It is well-known that this principle or property operates in the psychological world as well as in the world of optics. It is interesting to note how fully the moving picture producers have exploited the possibilities of this principle.

Producers frequently leave all manner of gaps and illogical situations in the development of the plots of pictures. They seem to believe and hope that the momentum of thought will carry across such places without breaking the thread of thought or otherwise marring the effect.

S. E. Weaver,
Santa Anna, Texas.

Dear Editor:—

It just occurred to me that perhaps your readers would like to hear of some of the experiences I have had writing to different movie stars.

I wrote to Alice Calhoun about two years ago and she sent me a wonderful large photo of herself and one of the sweetest letters I have ever received from anyone. Since then she sent me a whole stack of letters and several beautiful photographs. She is one of the most charming and sincerest girls I have ever known and I’m very proud of her friendship.

Another charming girl is Lucille Ricksen. I have been corresponding with her for only a month and I already have four delightful letters that I will always treasure. She is a wonderful little actress and under proper direction she should go far.

I wonder if many fans have ever received a telegram from a popular actress? I have, and Vera Reynolds is the thoughtful little actress that sent it to me. I think she is one of the most promising players of all and she certainly is one of the most charming. Anyone who has seen her in “Prodigal Daughters” or “Woman Proof”, or “Shadows of Paris” will agree with me, I’m sure.

Others that I have received lovely letters from are Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Priscilla Dean, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Julia Faye and several from Allene Ray.

(Continued on page 9)
How Wonderful it Feels

Prominent women in society, business and the theatrical profession give unqualified praise to Dr. R. Lincoln Graham’s prescription, NEUTROIDS, for flesh reduction. “Slender at last!” Oh, how wonderful it feels!” write hundreds of grateful women. Dr. Graham has more than 50,000 letters on file at his famous sanitarium on Eighty-ninth Street, New York. Without the annoyance of diet, bulks or exercise, it is now possible to regain and retain the slenderness, and consequently the vitality of youth much longer than most women expected.

Dr. Graham’s Prescription is Harmless

Neutroids, the prescription developed by Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, famous New York stomach specialist, after a lifetime of research, merely reduces the yeast cells in your stomach. This causes your food to turn into firm tissue instead of fat. Neutroids have just the opposite effect of yeast cakes and preparations taken by people who wish to gain flesh. They relieve you of that bloated feeling, nausea, headache, blood pressure and all the ills of obesity — at the same time reducing you to your desired weight. Neutroids are guaranteed harmless, containing no thyroid or other dangerous drug.

Personal Consultation Without Charge

Dr. Graham would be pleased to have you consult him personally at his sanitarium or if you can not conveniently call, you may feel quite free to write him for professional advice regarding your case. This offer is open to all who order Dr. Graham’s prescription Neutroids, using the coupon below.

GUARANTEE ELIMINATES RISK

Dr. Graham guarantees Neutroids to give satisfactory results and that his prescription may be taken without safety by any one. Every woman or man who wishes to regain or retain the youthful appearance and vigor of youth will use this coupon without delay.

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, 211 East 90th Street, Dept. 611—

in The Graham Sanitarium—Reno, New York—Will send me a 4 weeks’ treatment of Neutroids which entitled me to a free professional mail consultation service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postage & (plus the postage) or arrival of the Neutroids in plain package. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 4 weeks’ treatment.

Name

Address

photo by George Edward Drury

May McAvoy poses for Rolf Armstrong, Screenland’s celebrated cover artist, at his studio in Greenwich Village. Mr. Armstrong is the only cover artist who paints the screen stars from the life. The original painting—one of his finest—is reproduced on the front cover of this issue.

Rolf Armstrong

Paints May McAvoy in Words

As I studied May McAvoy, for a point of view from which to sketch her, I was reminded again and again of the beautiful coral carvings produced by the cameo cutters of a century ago. Here in flesh and blood I saw the same frail perfection, the transparent shell tint, the arched poise. And to intensify the illusion—Miss McAvoy’s size. Ninety-four pounds, I believe she boasts, but in proportion to the massive Spanish chest on which she posed, her weight seemed more like ninety-four ounces.

Herefore, I had never had any desire to be a cameo cutter. Nature designed me, both physically and mentally, along totally different lines. But the diminutive perfection of this Scotch beauty was a challenge. So I sharpened my pastels to needle points, and brought to bear upon my portrait of her the same exacting finesse as if I were etching it on coral.
DEAR EDITOR:—

Allow me to congratulate you upon acquiring Jim Tully as one of your contributors to your most worthy magazine. I’d like to shake him by the hand, for his illuminating article of that most esteemed aristocratic lady, Elinor Glyn.

Now, I have read many magazines on moving pictures, in fact still do and hope to as long as my eyes hold out, and I can safely state that yours is my favorite. I admire your fearlessness. You are the only one that is not afraid to speak the truth.

It is very difficult for me to choose who is the best author for this month, as I adore George Jean Nathan’s scathing comments upon the drama. Ben Hecht is another. In fact all of your writers are interesting in their line of work. But to Jim Tully, I hand the “Kat’s whole outfit,” for his keen, penetrating portrait of one whom to my knowledge is more to be pitied than condemned.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. A. Simon,
Hicksville, L. I.
March 7, 1924.

DEAR EDITOR:

It is indeed a pleasure to read this latest issue of SCREENLAND, for April. It has some of the most interesting screen news that I have ever had the occasion to read. One of the best articles that I have ever read was that written by Upton Sinclair, your new contributor. He is a very frank
THE Talmadge Sisters

An intimate story of the world's most famous screen family
Illustrated by many hitherto unpublished photographs

How can you get into the movies? Achieve screen success? What will be required of you? How does it feel to be for the first time in a motion picture studio?

All these questions, and many more, are answered for you as you follow the fascinating career of the Talmadge Sisters in these intimate and informative pages, written by their most constant companion, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of the "world's most famous family."

The price of this delightful book is $1.50 net plus 10c postage. Write to Dept. B.

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TANGLEY CO. 212 Male, - Muscatine, Iowa

DEAR EDITOR:

There were so many fine articles in April's issue of Screenland that I found it a difficult task to decide which I thought the best. But after reading them all I finally came to the conclusion that Upton Sinclair's article "Big Business and Its Movies," appealed the most.

It was a fine article!" Mrs. Dan Dyer, satire on the way things are run in "Movieland," and as money talks louder than truth—money wins.

Truth is lacking in the way things are presented before the people—whether they swallow it or not lies with just how much knowledge they have regarding the true state of affairs.

Just as long as "money" rules this outrage will go on. It is sad to think that an "industry" which could be such a potential influence for good in this world is ruled by the almighty dollar.

Anything that would make the masses "sit up and take notice," as the saying goes, is promptly squelched.

I liked Upton Sinclair's article because it shows how the people are mis-led and shows to what extent the real truth is hidden. However, I beg to take issue at his statement, namely, "movies being made for grown people who have remained at the mental age of children." You will find at the "movies" intelligent, well-read people, for they need a diversion as well as those not so well-educated. But outside of that statement I think Mr. Sinclair's article "hits the nail on the head."

Screenland shows splendid judgment by adding him to its staff of writers.

Here's hoping his articles will draw the wool from the too-easily hood-winked public.

Mrs. Dan Dyer,
5016 Navarro Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Dear Editor:

For a long time I have wanted to tell Miss Delight Evans how much I enjoyed her articles, but I did not know just how to reach her. Now I say, as I have often remarked before, I think she is one of the best Betty Walter authors contributing to Screenland.

I have followed her articles in Screenland for a long time and some of my present delight in this magazine has come from them.

Her ruthless manner of tearing away your cherished illusions of famous stars is stimulating as well as interesting. Each time I get my Screenland I hastily turn to her articles to see if she has at last dethroned the idol I hold nearest my heart, and each time I find myself reveling again in the clever, satirical remarks of her reviews.

Some months ago Screenland published a picture of Miss Evans, and I received the biggest shock of all in finding my favorite author, this young, adorable girl. Somehow I had expected her to be older, or at least a little queer looking.

However, I think she gives me and many other readers of Screenland many interesting ideas and more than one good laugh. And after all what is more refreshing than a good hearty laugh.

Here's to Delight Evans, may she continue writing for Screenland just for—forever.

Betty Walter, Punxsutawney, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Having a moment to spare, I will write and tell you what is the matter with the movies. Of course we can start with the hypothesis that they are all wrong; if anyone doubts that fact they need only be referred to some of the "best minds" who from time to time indulge in the popular pastime of movie-mocking in our current journals. Mr. Upton Sinclair says in the April issue of Screenland: "... the movie world is a world of sticky, sweet sentimentality, of rigid propriety, and of hard and fast conventionalism," while in the same issue Mr. Ben Hecht commences a diatribe with "It is unfortunate but true that Evil is the basis, the veritable mainspring, of all moral drama." Mr. George Jean Nathan, the enfant terrible of contemporary scribings, says—I don't know what he says, but if he doesn't poke holes in the silver screen with his satirical pen I miss my (Continued on page 88)
THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—Truant. One of the few really exciting mystery melodramas that have come to the screen. An adaptation of the play of the same name, the film is even more weird than the original. Henry B. Walthall is in a perfect characterization of chemist turned master crook supported by a cast that includes Helen Ferguson, Stuart Holmes, Ethel Grey Terry and Alice Lake. It will make your hair stand on end. Thrills galore.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro. A tale of women who weep and wait for their men folk out on the Western main. An excellent story, but poorly interpreted by a cast that includes Barbara Bedford, Robert Frazer and Frank Keenan. Some good deep sea fishing scenes in a la “Down to the Sea in Ships” but not nearly as thrilling. Reginald Barker directed. Probably not the best picture in town, but neither is it the worst.

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal. Gentleman crook mystery play with lots of thrills. Has enough excitement to make “The Bat” look like a Sunday School concert. Herbert Rawlinson plays the mystery role but you’ll find your self pulling for him.


MRS. DANE’S CONFESSION—Herz Film Corp. Released by F. B. O. A foreign film that shows only too plainly the lack of modern equipment and capable screen players in the studios abroad. Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten, successful wooer of Millicent Rogers’ millions, plays the heavy in a badly handled mystery melodrama. See it if you’re curious to see the Count. Otherwise, don’t.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—Universal. A melodramatic romance of a smouldering feud in the mountain regions of the South. Lots of hokum laid on thick and a last-minute stay of execution by the Governor. It’s a real thriller for all o’ that. Perley Poore Sheahan is the author and director. Charles Cruz and Gladys Hulette do some really

worth-while acting in the leading roles. First rate entertainment, this, and well worth seeing.

YankeE MADNESS—F. B. O. Revolutionary stuff in Central America in which the hero squelches the rebellion and marries the daughter of the President of the republic. Has an intriguing plot, plenty of romance of the O. Henry variety and enough fist fights to satisfy the blood-thirstiest film fan. George Larkin has the masculine lead while Billie Dove is charming as the senorita. Charles Seelen directed. A really entrancing romance.

SINGER JIM McKEE—Paramount. Wishey-washy sentimental slush with wild Bill Hart dishing it up. Not a typical Hart picture for there is a marked absence of his famous shooting irons. He sings and he weeps; he keeps house and he amuses the kiddies, but there’s nary a sign of Bill, the he-man. Clifford Smith directed; Phyllis Haver has the feminine lead. A disappointment for the followers of Two-Gun Bill.
The Silent Drama — from page 5.

Q should be. Again the atmosphere is decidedly unethical according to movie regulations. The audience I sat with shuddered at the crippled mother's maddened outburst against her brutal husband in defense of her unfortunate daughter. Too long, it is still a superb episode, unique for its fearless realism. In fact, realism is present in large chunks; nad those accustomed to the light fare usually served may suffer from slight indigestion.

Mae Busch proves that she is absolutely original as an actress and in individual. At times her repression actually irritates. But she is not at home in a role requiring naiveté and girlish charm. I want to watch her sometime in a woman-sized part which calls for reverything she does.

MARRIAGE CIRCLE—Warner Bros. It is too late to tell you that The Marriage Circle is a charming picture. You know it yourself by this time. A pay quartette rendered by the Misses Prevost and Vidor and Messrs. Blue and Menjou. Menjou, of course, does some splendid work. But the bit I liked best belonged to Marie. Do you recall that after her emotional Waterlooo with Monte she calmly filled her finger nails? Ernst Lubitsch knows too much about the inner workings of a woman's mind. If he keeps on revealing the secrets of the make-up box he'll give the whole thing away.

THE ANT—First National. But if I were asked to consider gravelly and name the best performance of the month I would present the grotto medal to The Ant, whose engaging work in Louis Tolstoi's microscopic close-up is entitled to immortality. This diminutive actor is as acrobatic as Doug, as amusing as Charlot, and with full command of all the emotions. The Ant is not merely informative; it is much more fun than several of the month's fiction films.

SHADOWS OF PARIS — Paramount.

When I see Pola Negri in such slush and remember her Carmen and her Du Barry I could cry without calling for my glycine. It's a shame, that's what it is. Yes, I am worked up over it. I, a fair-minded reviewer, had to sit through all six scenes which seemed twelve. You can walk out on it if you want to.

If it weren't for the lavish settings and the expensive Pola you would suspect it of burlesque tendencies. It is almost, but not quite, funny enough for larc. A weak edition of The Humming Bird, it has its motion-picture Paris society, its apaches its "Forward, wolves of Montmartre" motif. Charles de Roche as an apache is an unconscious caricature. The only reason for seeing it is Vera Reynolds. She, not Colleen Moore, should be the screen's stellar flapper. Hers is an eccentric personality, and if she doesn't go far—in the right direction—I am perfectly willing to eat my spring chapeau, feather and all.

DON'T Give Yourself Away!

Smearing eyelashes for beauty's sake is easily detected. You can remove the curl Nature intended—and emphasize it—with KURLASH (NOT A COSMETIC) This little.exquisite cake gives you the sweep, beautiful lashes of a Movie Girl without paste or wax. Rinses as a miniature curling iron. No heat required—safe, simple and quick. A minute a day gives the curl for all day. Kurlash is nonpervasive and lasts a lifetime; nothing more to buy, nothing to break.

Order Kurlash, But Send No Money! Simply pay the mailman $3—plus a few cents postage. Or, forward $3 to us and Kurlash will be sent postpaid. It is guaranteed to please—or you can return it at once.

THE STICKEL COMPANY, Inc. Dept. S 130 COTTAGE STREET ROCHESTER, N.Y.
...when you've ten minutes to rest, before going to an engagement, what do you do?... here's what I do: I LIE on my back... spread out my arms and feet... let my shoulders sink into soft cushions... smooth some Pasteurized Face Cream on my throat and face... close my eyes and "let go"... and call to memory, well, perhaps Lake Como... or the music of violins... anything beautiful.

You'll find my way more comforting than an hour of just resting in a chair.

For it's the Pasteurized Cream that so beautifully induces relaxation... so luxurious is it, so velvety smooth... there's a caress about it.

Let's open this jar and look at it... it's deep cream-color like Devonshire clotted cream we used to eat with those wonderful big English strawberries... and so pure and as fresh too!... lovely for a child's skin!

Can you wonder that it's the deepest satisfaction of my life that I can to-day offer the pleasure of my Pasteurized Cream to every woman everywhere?... for until last year I could make only enough for a few women and only for women who could feel justified in paying ten dollars a jar... even though they were getting the most wonderful cream in the world.

But to-day!... why, to-day, with the laboratories I built on purpose... just think, a dollar!

At leading stores or direct from:

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46 West 57th Street

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Detroit, Michigan
1540 Washington Blvd.

Paris
126 Rue du Fbg. St., Honore

London
24 Grafton St., W1
Delight Evans

Facile of pen—equally adept at tragedy, comedy, satire. The readers of this magazine need no introduction to this young woman whose stories have appeared as one of its distinguished features these many months past. We take pleasure in presenting a new and interesting study of Delight Evans.
Reissues, False Alarms, the
Editorials By

Griffith Goes to Italy

ARRANGEMENTS have been made
for D. W. Griffith to produce in
Italy under Italian management a
series of pictures among which are
numbered Faust, The Last Days of Pompeii,
and The Quest of the Holy Grail. One mil-
lion dollars capital is put at his disposal. The
object of the enterprise is not so much the mak-
ing of profit as the rehabilitation of the motion
picture industry of Italy which was so badly
crippled during the war.

It seems to us a lamentable fact that the
father of the American screenplay should have
been first forced to leave Hollywood, the home
of his early triumphs, for lack of proper back-
ing and should be now about to abandon the
"series" of American historical films which he
so valiantly undertook in order to carry abroad
the genius which American business enterprise
has failed to recognize.

Ingram Quits

ANOThER director who threatens to
quit the commercialism of the New
World for the paternalism of the Old
is Rex Ingram, who is preparing to
give up his job and go to Tunis to live. "I do
not like motion pictures," Mr. Ingram is
credited with saying, "so why should I direct
them?"

Strange sentiments these, from the youngster
who five years ago walked the streets of Holly-
wood in a frayed out uniform pleading with
the studios to give him a chance.

Famous Players Show Annual Profit

FAMOUS PLAYERS has issued a finan-
cial statement for 1923 which shows
clearly the advantages of the home-
made product. While other companies, galli-
vanting around the globe in search of new lo-
cations, have succeeded only in putting dan-
gerous ideas into the heads of their actors and
directors, Famous, in its Hollywood and Long
Island studios, has been grinding steadily at
it, rolling up an operating profit for 1923 of
$4,605,784.93. Here is food for thought.

Re-Issues

THE open season for the re-issuing of
old Valentino pictures under new titles
is now on. We have warned our read-
ers before of this practice of releasing
old prints which feature present day stars who
in these films played only bits. Valentino
is one of the worst sufferers in this regard. His
rise to fame was gradual and during his lean
years he played in many films. All of these
discarded negatives are now being carefully
gathered up, re-edited to feature him as
strongly as possible and offered for sale to the
small theatres against the time when Valen-
tino's return and the releasing of his first new
feature picture will make of value any film
that bears his name. An amusing example
comes to mind of one producer who owned a
print featuring a woman star with Rudolph
Valentino appearing only for a flash in one of
the cafe scenes. The producer, however, con-
trived to cut the film in such a way that in re-
response to the applause of the spectators, the
little cafe dancer was obliged to give an en-
core. And sure enough, in the new reissued
version of the film that portion of the picture
is run off twice and Valentino does two dances
that are exactly alike!

The Soldier's Choice

BY what standard do you think these
choices were arrived at? They are—
according to the Exhibitors' Herald—
the result of a campaign to determine
the most popular star in the Sixth Corps
Area, U. S. Army:

1. Mae Murray ............ 5,000
2. Viola Dana ............ 4,820
3. Shirley Mason ........ 4,002
4. Claire Windsor .......... 3,994
5. Lois Wilson ............ 3,540
6. Agnes Ayres ............ 3,005

Many stars on this list are conspicuous by
their absence. Those listed are, without excep-
tion, very estimable and entertaining young
ladies. But where, according to the soldier's
choice, are the artistes of the screenplay?
Where is Pola Negri, where is Gloria Swan-
on, where is Norma Talmadge? The answer,
oh Sixth Corps Area, we crave to know!
Soldiers' Choice and Ingram
Myron Zobel

Movie Workers All

THE Board of Inquiry of Toronto, has decreed that the minimum wage for female employees at picture theatres shall be $12.50 per week.

It is interesting to speculate on the wide range that separates the little girl working for a pittance in the movie theatres of Canada, from the proud star drawing her thousands weekly in the studios of Hollywood. Both of them are serving the same master and each in her way is part of an industry that embraces great and small. And to their proud family and friends these little girls are above the run of other people's children, for are they not all "working in the movies?"

False Alarms

DISREPUTE was brought upon the screen industry recently by the exposure of a publicity stunt perpetrated on the daily press and published in some of the screen magazines. It had to do with the purported finding of Spanish treasure at the bottom of Nassau harbor by the star of a company on location in that place. As a result of this deception the company was made the laughing stock of the local community when the hoax was discovered and the local paper which threw out much valuable advertising to carry what it was told was a true account of the finding of the treasure will surely not look on screen press agency in the same light again.

The publicizing of motion pictures is just beginning to take on a dignity and a love of truth in keeping with the improved quality of screen productions. To this new order of publicists we will look for the squelching of the old type of space snatchers who sought to gain free publicity throughout the country by the circulation of false alarms.

Bebe Daniels to Star

We wish to congratulate Bebe Daniels on her forthcoming elevation to stardom, by Famous Players. No girl in pictures has worked harder or better deserves the right to have her name in electric lights along the Broadways and the Main Streets of America. Bebe has had a long ap-

prenticeship to the screen—dating back to the days of her work as leading lady with Harold Lloyd. She is a friendly, sensible and charming girl. Welcome, Bebe, to the ranks of stardom.

Lifetime of a Film

TWO years is said to be the lifetime of a film. Within three months the larger cities net for it 50 percent of its total income. At the end of one year, 88 percent of its value is gone and when two years have elapsed the life of the film has virtually passed away.

And yet the selling cost is very high—under present methods of distribution—in the small towns from which this latter profit is derived. It runs in most cases to forty per cent of the gross income.

The average film rental of the small town is $7.50 a booking. To secure these little bookings each of the important distributing companies maintains a staff of salesmen who visit the towns of their territories once a month. These salesmen, with travelling expenses, cost about $150 a week to maintain. For one of them to do a steady business of $400 a week is considered very good.

The Film Daily suggests joint distribution and the use of Ford trucks as "traveling film exchanges—loaded with as many varieties of subjects as the body will hold." This would cut down the high cost of distribution. The high cost of distribution is one of the worst problems of the industry. And whatever is a problem of the industry is a matter of concern to the screen patron.

Page Mr. Hays

THE poor movies have been accused of many things from arson to mayhem; but here, apparently, is a new one.

Says a dispatch from St. Louis:—Proprietors of some of the cheaper-priced picture houses in this city have objected to the activity of the Police Department in selecting their houses for special treatment in a drive against crime. A special squad has been detailed to watch them on the theory that criminals use the darkened seats as hiding places. Police are stationed at the entrances to make arrests as suspects enter or depart.
As We Go to Press:

Q Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford reported to be about to sign with Famous Players under very heavy guaranty per picture.

Q Harold Lloyd said to be leaving Associated Exhibitors in order to join up with Inspiration Pictures.

Q James Cruze, director of the Covered Wagon, reported to have received salary increase from $600 to $6,000 a week—the largest salary ever drawn regularly by any director.

Q Agnes Ayres, engaged to marry Ricardo Cortez April 19. She is wearing his diamond, which is so big that insurance on it comes to dollar a day.

Q Sam Wood will direct Dorothy MacKail in Associated Authors Production.

Q Charles Ray has signed with Ince to be directed by Ralph Ince.

Q Jack Pickford to have Ann May as leading lady in next picture.

Q Stork is coming to homes of Harold Lloyd, Leatrice Joy, Doris May, Lila Lee and Barbara Bedford.

Q Priscilla Dean to do Siren of Seville, directed by Jerome Strong, a Stromberg production.

Q Universal to spend as much money on new Rupert Julian film We Are French as on Hunchback. Madge Bellamy and Charles De Roche featured.

Q Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost to go back to Sennett for one picture: The Hollywood Kid.

Q Alice Lake weds Robert Williams, movie actor. Couple now on way to New York.

Q Loro Bara, sister of Theda, here to break into pictures.

Q Viola Dana finishes Along Came Ruth.

Q Reginald Denny is putting finishing touches to The Missourian.

Q Joseph Henaberry is directing Agnes Ayres in The Guilty One.

Q Fred Niblo to go abroad to film own story, The Red Lily, with Enid Bennett and Ramon Navarro.

Q Dorothy Davenport Reid to star in new picture of problem of bringing up sons.
If an intrepid producer today decided to do Cleopatra, who would you select as the most likely interpreter of the title role? Cleopatra, enchantress of the Nile; with Salome, holding the vamp champion ship of the ages; Egypt’s luscious queen called Cleo by the vulgar varieties and tin-pan alley.

Nita Naldi?
Barbara La Marr?
Theda Bara—she made it once, you know.
No.
Lillian Gish.

Now that the uproar has subsided and the hoots and hisses have died in the distance, let me repeat: Lillian Gish. That same Lillian whose last name has come to be a verb among film followers. Famous as the Little Nell of the silent drama; the most persecuted heroine of all time; the victim of more unfortunate circumstances than any other girl who was ever cast out in a cape into the night that was forty below. In short, the sweet seducee of hundreds of celluloid chromos—what, she, Cleopatra?

Exactly. Lillian Gish is the only logical candidate for the role. You may picture Cleopatra as a large and luscious lady; a voluptuous creature with black, black hair and sloe eyes; a mouth that looks always as if it has just been kissed. A combination of Naldi and Negri and La Marr with a dash of piquance à la Alma Rubens.

Wrong again.

Cleo Was an Ingenue

Cleo could be classified, according to type, only as an ingenue. She was essence of ingenue, de luxe. She was very, very slender; she had wide, innocent eyes. Feminine, soft, soothing and sweet. She had her own way, but in her own way. She caressed and enjoled, as ingenues have always done. She would have fitted in beautifully in any gathering of the Ladies' Aid of Alexandria. She was a little lady—and the most dangerous one of her day.

Oh, yes, Cleopatra was an ingenue. A devastating darling with an iron will and a fixed purpose. A slim, bright sword in a shimmering sheath.

It was a noted archaeologist who said that her twentieth-

Is it because Lillian Gish’s life has been devoid of glamour that she shrinks from the uncertainties and perils of romance?

By Delight Evans
famous机型 incarnation was none other than Lillian Gish. The girl who has been for years the screen symbol of female virtue, modesty, and meekness.

He looked at her, so the story goes, and exclaimed: "Cleopatra!"

"What?" said the surprised maestro, Mr. Griffith. "Miss Gish?"

"Ah—she is the perfect type! She has everything any actress needs to play the part."

"But she's an ingenue," protested her great teacher.

"That may be," smiled the authority on dead ages and living ladies. "Nevertheless, she has it—that inflexibility, that subtlety that Cleopatra exhibited, to the ultimate degree. If, my dear sir, you do not film Cleopatra with Lillian Gish in the leading role you will be overlooking an opportunity—a very great opportunity, indeed."

Doubtless the showman side of D. W. G. foresaw the public's inability or reluctance to view a re-creation of Cleopatra other than in the well-upholstered person of Nita Naldi. He smiled and said nothing. And Lillian Gish went her own way with her own company, and D. W. went his. Hence Cleo-

Disillusioned by Hard knocks

T here was one time of her career when she lived in a little hotel near Washington Square and cooked all her meals over a one-burner gas stove. When she actually did not get enough to eat. David Belasco told her afterward she thought she was wasting away. There were times when she and her mother and Dorothy could not be together; when the exigencies of their uncertain profession called them apart. Her training was a stern school. She has known all the hard knocks, all the disappointments; and I have always thought her a little disillusioned.

In the years I have known her I recall a glimpse here and there that interests me—for no particular reason except that it reveals something of the real Lillian—a creature as varied in mood and mind as anyone I have ever known. She has always seemed to me to be an unusually complex individual. Exteriory, she is somewhat of a Pollyanna, with a respect for the good, wholesome, middle-western things. I saw her after she and Dorothy and Mr. Griffith had plunged at the White House with the Hardings. She marvelled a bit that the President and his wife were so much like other human beings—just plain, simple folk like ourselves. It was apparent, too, a long time ago, when I went with her and her mother to see Broken Blossoms. The audience contained several repre-

Really Old-Fashioned

S he is really old-fashioned. Her dressing-table drawers are neat and orderly. She used to keep piles of pretty silk undetherings, and hundreds of handkerchiefs, and never wear them. Her sister and James Rennie once escorted her to a smart hotel where the youthful fashionables were wont to cavort. Lillian couldn't believe young people really acted like that. Her visit to the suburban home of a famous novelist and his wife opened her wistful eyes still wider. "And they say that motion picture people are gay," she exclaimed. "Why, I never saw anything like it in all the time I have been in pictures!" An eminent and elderly French artist asked her to pose for him. He did some charming things of her and called her his most entrancing subject. I heard him rave. He bent over her hand. He gave her a rose and asked her to pose for another head. Lillian thanked him prettily and told me later that she always took someone with her to the sittings. Her shyness and her

(Continued on page 84)
Almost without exception the girls that Lillian Gish has been called upon to play have been dumb-bells; they suffer, but only physically. You feel that they have learned nothing from life. Lillian has absorbed. She has a receptive mind and a retentive memory; and, unlike her heroines, she has grown up, with the potentialities for honest emotion and drama.
In his previous article, entitled Mail Order Movies, which appeared in the May, 1924, issue of Screenland, Mr. Allen exposed the farce of the so-called "Scenario Writing Schools" showing the shameless manner in which these concerns are prostituting the motion picture industry, and robbing thousands of ignorant people of their hard-earned savings in a futile search for the screen playwright's fame and fortune.

By Rupert

As I write this article, I have before me, on the one hand, a small newspaper clipping, and on the other, a pile of flamboyant literature.

The clipping is a brief paragraph from a Los Angeles newspaper, telling of the suicide of a young and very pretty girl. Hunger and despondency over her fruitless efforts to find work as a movie extra are given as the motives for her self-destruction.

The literature is that of a concern which purports to teach you how to become a star in your own home. It is literature of the sort which is poisonous, wicked, and pernicious, for by such pamphlets young girls and boys are subtly and indirectly being lured to leave their quiet occupations, to seek easy money and fame in that hectic welter of human commerce—Hollywood.

The tragedy of that unfortunate girl's suicide is not isolated. The files of the papers might be searched and dozens of almost identical cases would be found. Hollywood is the city of disillusionment, and the sooner that fact is deeply impressed upon the young people of this country the better off they will be.

"Teaching movie acting by mail!" There are, it would appear, no limits to human credulity. I have shown in a previous article how poor, ignorant, illiterate people are being robbed of their savings by the lure of fabulous wealth at the hands of the "Scenario Writing Schools" and similar concerns.

The object of the present article is to turn the spotlight of ridicule and publicity upon the conscienceless companies who fatuously offer to teach amateurs how to act by a series of lessons by correspondence.

The brazen futility of such a proceeding must be apparent to all. No matter whether the lessons are prepared by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and the Barrymores combined, it is obviously impossible to teach even the rudiments of acting by mail. Occasionally one hears of a "born actor" or a "born actress" and even in such cases it is only after long training and experience that the inborn talent can be effectively demonstrated on a stage. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, movie actors and actresses are not born, but made—made very laboriously, by constant coaching and patient direction.

The mail order movie acting schools, like their cousins the "scenario schools," are, first and foremost, "sucker-trimming" concerns. They very shrewdly capitalize the tremendous lure of the screen with its grossly exaggerated press-agented figures regarding salaries and contracts. When reputable papers give front page space to stories so palpably absurd as that Aurelia Amour is to receive one million dollars a year for her services, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Mamie Snooks, of Little Rock, Ark., should burn with a desire to trade her steady $12-a-week job of clerking at the village store for a chance to "break into the screen" via the correspondence-acting schools.
The following article deals with another offshoot of the industry, which is even more dangerous and futile—namely the attempt of certain concerns to "teach movie acting in your home"—than which there has never been a more ridiculous proposition.

Allen

As in the case of the "scenario schools," however, we are confronted at the outset, in trying to deal with these people, by the unfortunate fact that their operation is in no way illegal. It would be far easier to cope with the evil were the law in any manner transgressed. But it is not. Fundamentally, we are forced to recognize that there is probably nothing more fraudulent in trimming a sucker fifteen dollars for a course of acting lessons, than in charging him fifteen dollars for, let us say, a "spinal adjustment" to cure him of chilblains. The one is no more (or less) fraudulent than the other. In fact they are both likely to do him an equal amount of good.

The Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich.

The particular concern under investigation in this case is an organization calling itself the Film Information Bureau, of Jackson, Mich. It's a good name, and a nice little town—but inasmuch as it is some thousands of miles away from any motion picture producing centre; one is led to wonder why it should have been selected as the place from which to broadcast acting lessons. However, that is not highly relevant, and in dealing with a theme so fundamentally inane, becomes merely another foolish detail.

It has ever been Screenland's policy to publish the exact facts about extra life in Hollywood without glossing over the situation with the sickly hue of romantic sentimentality. We have hoped in this way to cool somewhat the overheated imagination of screen-struck boys and girls, in order to lessen—as far as lies in our power—the heartache and the misery of the countless thousands of impressionable youngsters who annually sacrifice all in a futile effort to attain screen fame.

Hollywood Chamber of Commerce Issues Warning

In quoting the following misleading statements from the garish literature of the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich., the reader's attention is called to the official statement of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, reprinted from last month's issue of this magazine:

WARNING!

Don't try to break into the movies in Hollywood until you have obtained full, frank, and dependable information from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. It may save disappointments. Out of one hundred thousand persons who start the climb up screenland's slippery ladder, only five reach the top.

With these authentic facts well in mind, consider what must be the dire effect of the following appeal—quoted verbatim from the pamphlet entitled MOVIE ACTING—How To Learn It in Your Own Home—when it is made upon the minds of children. For it is children and grown-up persons of the men-
tal age of children who write for and devour literature of this description.

Be a Movie Player!—thus starts the pamphlet reproduced on pages 26 and 27—Fame, Fortune, and Joy of Succeeding Are United in This Newest Avocation. . . . Join the silent army of favorites of the films! Let millions learn to applaud your appearance on the screen! Be loved and lauded by the mighty public! Be known in the palaces of the great and wealthy and in the cottages of the lowly!

No Long Years of Hard Study or Great Expense. . . . The student of medicine, law, architecture, dentistry, or the other professions must put in four years of good, hard study at college, and go through a starvation period of perhaps as many years more. But here, within a few weeks, you are put in a position to learn all of the requirements of movie acting, scenario writing, film advertising, managing a picture theatre, and the numerous other things of which we have told you.

It makes no difference what your size or complexion may be! All kinds of people are needed in the movies! There is room for thousands.

Whip your ambition into action! Say farewell to old cares, worries, and disappointments. Get into the light of public favor. You will enjoy the fun of Filmland—the new friendships—the different people you will meet. You will thoroughly relish being pointed out as a real movie actor or actress. It's like stepping into a different world. It's like being born over again.

"Satisfied Students" Cannot Be Found

To discuss further the claims of the Film Information Bureau in the face of their statements—quoted above—seems futile. And yet when notified that their advertising was about to be thrown out of the columns of Screenland they sent us, in support of their claims, five letters from "students who report that they have secured employment."

These letters—emanating from Denver, Colorado; Port Arthur, Texas; Rockford, Illinois; Los Gatos, California, and Force, Pennsylvania—are all written in obviously childish handwriting; but in order to test their genuineness, letters
were sent to each of the individuals, asking them if they could recommend the Bureau. Not one of these "satisfied students" has been located, for no replies have been received, although a stamped addressed envelope was enclosed by us. One of our letters has been returned unclaimed.

The methods adopted by the Bureau are similar to those used by the "scenario schools." Windy and wordy form letters are used extensively, and a "Twelve-Hour Talent Tester" takes the place of the worthless and pretentious contracts of the scenario schools.

Twelve-Hour Talent Tester

Some of the statements in this twelve-hour talent tester are so naive as to be amusing. Witness the following:

Think of some very sad incident in your life. Carry yourself back to it. Keep a mirror before you. THINK HARD about that sad affair. Do the lines in your face look shadowy? THAT IS ACTING.

Think of a romance—one you have had, or expect to have. Imagine yourself experiencing that romance. Does a look of EXPECTANCY come over your features? Do you have a look of PLEASURE? Then you really DO possess the power of expression.

Think that you are a criminal—escaping the police. Every footfall on the walk or in the hall fills you with horror. Every moment you expect to be arrested. Does your face SHOW this horror? Does FEAR creep into the lines of your features? Then surely you have the power of EXPRESSION.

Typical Boob-Lure

A typical boob-lure is reproduced on this page in the shape of a "coupon" for fifteen free lessons. This nicely engraved piece of nonsense is sent to every sucker and "will be accepted as the equivalent of five dollars in cash if accompanied by remittance."

Strangely enough, in these enlightened days, there are people still so unsophisticated and simple that they fall for these absurd inducements. In exposing the hollow farce of the Bureau's pretensions, SCREENLAND has been merely following out the fearless policy which, in the interests of better motion pictures, it has constantly maintained.

NOTE: While this story was going to press, the following letter was received from one of the "satisfied students" referred to in the body of the article. It is a reply to the inquiry sent out by the writer's secretary, Miss Herbert. This reply is such a human document and testifies so (Continued on page 85)
One of Charlie's first posters—on his American tour with the Fred Karno troupe. You can tell the date by the cut of Charlie's clothes.

Charlie Chaplin in the costume he wore when "doubling" for his brother Syd.

Here's how they used to bill Syd in England—he's standing beside the billboard.

Sydney Chaplin in the leading role of Skating, one of the famous Fred Karno pantomimes.

TEN YEARS AGO

The above photographs are rare ones—never before published. Notice the billing that Syd Chaplin got in Europe and compare it to that which Charles got in San Francisco. Movies work strange miracles, but none stranger than this quirk of fate which has made Charlie a popular idol while Syd, his equally talented brother, is known as only "Charlie's brother."
Charlie's Brother

That's what he is called now. But before the tables turned, it was "Syd's young brother—Charlie," who got his chance to come over from England with a "second company" because Syd himself could not be spared.

By Eunice Marshall

Time works strange changes. Speak of Sydney Chaplin when the talk veers to pictures, and nine out of ten of any group will say, "Oh, yes, Charlie's brother." The tenth will say, with George Jean Nathan, "an actor head and shoulders above the run of the industry."

It wasn't "Charlie's brother" back in England, when Syd was a famous pantomimist and vaudeville headliner, nor before that, during the days of savage poverty and bitter despair of their unhappy childhood. Charlie was "Syd's young brother" then. In fact, it was because Syd could not be spared to make the trip to America with Fred Karno's "A Night in an English Music Hall" company that Charlie Chaplin got his chance to come to the United States.

I tell this story over Syd's protests, he being desperately unwilling to seem to detract from any of Charlie's glory. The mummers' show, A Night in an English Music Hall had been running merrily in England for five years, with Sydney Chaplin in the leading role. Fred Karno, the manager, wanted to send a second company to the States, and Syd wanted to go along. But he had built up a tremendous reputation in the part, and the London theaters refused to book the show at all unless Syd Chaplin was retained in the cast. No such stipulation was made regarding the cast of the touring company, however, and Syd arranged for Charlie to go to America in his stead.

It was while Charlie was dancing in this piece that Keystone signed him up for a series of short-reel comedies. When Charlie wrote his brother that he had been (Continued on page 86)
WHEN Fannie Hurst proclaimed her now famous "breakfast - together-once-a-week" formula for marital happiness, an amused but sceptical world declared that the scheme would never, never work.

In the first place, the wives pointed out, what good was a husband who wasn't on hand to put on the screen windows and fix the furnace when it smoked and get up in the night to see what was that mysterious noise down in the dining room? And, furthermore, what man could be trusted for six whole days out of the seven, with no one to keep tab on the time he got in nights?

Even the husbands, while admitting that the proposition had its really excellent points, felt that it was apt to fall down a bit in the matter of a sufficiency of buttons on shirts, and waffles made properly with cream instead of the paper-hangers' paste concoctions served at the corner restaurant.

Just how Fannie Hurst's how-to-be-happy-though-married plan turned out in her own case, we cannot state. Mr. Fannie Hurst may be still happily breakfasting one morning a week with his charming and gifted wife, and keeping bachelor's hall in his own private apartment the rest of the time. Or he may have converted his wife to the more conventional habit of living with her husband seven days a week; or, failing that, may even have departed to other fields where the business of matrimony is run more intensively, on a day and night shift. However that may be, the Hurst theory that occasional absences make married hearts grow fonder is being practiced in other vicinities. To wit: Hollywood.

The Allison-Ellis Menage

May Allison and her handsome husband, Bob Ellis, are willing to tell the world that Fannie ejaculated a mouthful.

The Ellises have been married about three years; perhaps a little less. The first year was gloriously happy, as first years are apt to be. During the second year, the glamour began to wear a little thin in spots. There were disagreements, quarrels, followed but not effaced from memory, by ecstatic periods of "making-up."
Perhaps Husband Bob Ellis forgot to do some of the little things that made him so delightful a lover in the sweethearting days.

Perhaps May Allison, wife, did not make the effort to charm, as she had done two years before.

At any rate, the matrimonial bark of the Ellises veered dangerously close to the rocks, so near that May actually filed a divorce suit.

But the memory of the past was too dear to them. They had too many interests in common, too many dreams and aspirations.

So they decided to go back to their courtship days.

May was to live in one apartment, Bob in another. They would go Fannie Hurst one better; instead of one breakfast together a week, they would have none. But occasionally they would dine together. Conditions would be exactly the same as when May was still Miss Allison instead of Mrs. Ellis. And perhaps, they hoped, the happiness that they feared had fled forever would come back to them.

And do you know, it actually looks very much as though it had!

How it is Done

Mr. Ellis calls May up on the telephone and asks her if she wouldn't like to go to dinner at the Montmartre and to the theatre afterward. May says she'd love to, and would he like her to wear the blue dress?

You see them everywhere together; dancing at the Biltmore or the Plantation, or sitting spellbound under the dramatic magic of Duse, or laughing at the comedians' jokes at the Orpheum. From Bob's devotion and May's coquetry, many imagine them to be honeymooners.

"It's fun, being courted again," May says. "We're going to be very sure, this time. We're going to wait until we know. Perhaps . . ."

But the other day, May had her divorce suit dismissed. So perhaps, after a while, the Ellises will be back in the same apartment again, and the Fanny Hurst theory of marriage-at-intervals

(Continued on page 88)
Let your mind's eye rove back to the days when John Bunny was regarded as "perishingly droll" and Mary Pickford was only the little Biograph blonde.

If then the hero caressed the heroine before that last dismal, eye-straining flicker, your girl looked at the screen through the fingers of one hand while she slapped your affectionately exploratory arm with the other.

The Anthony Comstocks of the villages also took a hand. The film was branded as harmful to the growing mind unless the concluding caress was preceded by the sub-title: "I've got the license!" And the small town Will Hazes were not always sure that Our Nell had been treated white even then.

The adolescent youth of that day never hesitated to reproduce the sound, originated by lethargic cows as they pulled laggard hoofs from muddy and sodden barnyards, whenever the principals in the early cinemantics fell into a clinch. They scorned sentiment and made mock of it openly.

Maidens with emotions in the same uncertain state, though they secretly approved of treacly twosomes in that heart of hearts, discovered by Laura Jean Libbey, waxed wroth when the yokels of their choice sought to put in effect those same simple principles as taught by the equally simple principals.

And this secret approval is the reason why necking has become the strongest weapon in the armory of the men-at-arms of the movies; the reason why most producers will understand that you mean footage when you refer to the length of one of their products as "lippage."

The rule by which and with which one measures a film today is not a yardstick, but a lip-stick.

Movies Made for Maidens

One must always remember that movies are made for maidens, either early or antique, and that the maidens are made for the movies.

The movie-mad maidens tired early of chaste caresses and demure surrenders, of five reels of fight and fifty feet of frenzy. Just before olive drab became the correct thing for the man of the hour, box-office cash-drawers coined the adage that one could trap more frills with mush than with muscles.

During the hectic wartime days the movie male with verdant chest and a penchant for portraying primitive passion had his inning.

Today the neophytes of the new art neck and neck and neck through more celluloid than ever came out of Troy, N. Y.

Charlie Ray, in The Coward, baled buckets of brine from feminine tear-ducts but for another reason. His success as a heart-throbs, dating from that early day, cannot be raised to flaunt and taunt me. He twanged the maternal strings in damosels who had sent their one best bet off to France to balt the cannon and the mademoiselles. The man of mush and muscles still hit them where they loved.

Imported Products

But when the Johns came marching home again, wartime ways of the movie men-at-arms became all
& Neck

G. H. Klisbee

Shows: the science of screen-necking in five reels and a stagger.

And then came the specialists in sweet nothing—the specialists who are with us today in this age of specialists.

These boys have something on the ball for they make the flappers curl up in their seats like potato-bugs caressed by Paris green.

Dandies at Dalliance

Look over this list and see the variety offered by screenland dandies at dalliance:

Grace Kingsley terms Valentino substitutes, with Ramon Novarro and Joseph Schildkraut in the van. Rodolpho has the girls so bewitched he could sell them tanglefoot for face clay. Ramon does not scare 'em much, while Schildkraut would have been a cinder in the Ashes of Vengeance.

John Barrymore in Beau Brummel is bored but volatile, while Conway Tearle is only bored.

Rod La Rocque is superficial and artificial. He glitters like the stud of a Nubian gambler. He is the antithesis of Milton Sills, the honest two-by-four hero in homespun.

Jack Holt is the favorite of wives with errant spouses, just as Herbert Rawlinson is the husbandly type which is supposed to work well on schedule.

Walsh Can Wear Tights

George Walsh is soulful and can wear tights, while Carl Miller is bovinely unconvincing on the screen.

Edmund Lowe is restrained, the opposite of Eugene O'Brien, strained and vacuous in his shadow-world amours.

Warren Kerrigan and Bryant Washburn are favorites of the Ladies Auxiliaries whose banner is "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." They are as upsetting as modified milk.

Lou Tellegen is fervid; so much so in fact that the censors are forced to measure his kisses with a taximeter. They do not seem so long that way.

Charles De Roche, on the other (Continued on page 87)
Mr. Griffith is a cinema tradition. He is the most romantic figure in the whole world of films. A girl who had never seen him before, and knew little about pictures, rode in the same elevator with him one day. "He didn't even look my way," she gasped, "but I knew he was somebody. He gets you."
Like all great men, Griffith is a bit pathetic. He has made very little money compared with the directors who have done much less for pictures than he.

Mr. GRIFFITH keeps his Date

By Sydney Valentine

It was the opening night of "America."

The audience, slightly hoarse, was still cheering. It had been applauding more or less, off and on, all evening, as parts of the picture inspired it to enthusiasm. It went quite, quite mad at the ride of Paul Revere. But now, with the final scenes flickering off, it wanted more. It rose to its feet—its dainty little feet in French slippers, and its bigger, broader feet in shiny shoes—and demanded—"Speech!"

For a while there it looked as if there would be no response. And then from the wings came a slow figure—a rather gaunt man with flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes. "Mr. Griffith!" greeted the audience.

He bowed. He placed one hand over his heart in a familiar gesture. He waved for silence. His lips moved, but for a moment no sound issued. Was he overcome by emotion? "Thank you," came in a hoarse rumble, hardly audible. Then he added, though only those in the first rows could hear, "Can't say more—cold in chest—thank you."

That wasn't the half of it.

While the audience was out there thrilling and sighing and smiling over the fortunes of Revolutionary heroes, there was a little heroism going on behind the scenes. Back there, in a little draughty dressing room, the master of the movies was still at work. At the very moment when the friendly folk out front were applauding his patriotic screenplay, the director was actually cutting the final reels of the film for them to view a few minutes later.

Griffith always works up to the very last minute. "America" wasn't really ready at the time of the premiere. But the theater had been rented, and if the picture didn't open at the scheduled time it would mean the loss of much money. Besides, its premier had been advertised for the eve of Washington's Birthday. And all the Daughters of the American Revolution, and important personages from New England, not to mention the eastern film world, were already assembled. "America" had to make good; it had to keep its date with New York.

It did. But Mr. Griffith came very near not keeping his with the audience.

For weeks before the world saw his latest picture, he had been working, a steady grind of sixteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. Occasionally he took a Sunday off. But mostly he was at his studio at seven and sometimes he worked all day and all night, too. It was even more strenuous on location. He toiled more earnestly than the most ardent of his extras. He did as much riding around the camera battle fields as Paul Revere on his famous famous. And all the time he was vaguely aware that he wasn't feeling as fit as usual; that, in fact, he seemed to grow more and more tired as the filming of "America" progressed. But he brushed it off. He couldn't be bothered. Besides, it was just a cold.

But it was a rather tired man who sat in the dressing room in that New York theater the afternoon before the opening. The last few days and nights he had done nothing, thought of nothing except "America," which was in its final stages of cutting, titling and editing. And now he sat there in a little corner back-stage supervising the last-minute work, and often taking a hand himself in the actual mechanics of cutting and splicing the film. His staff was with him. Griffith's staff is composed of quiet, clever people who know their business thoroughly and know what he wants and how he wants it—they have all been with him for years. But would he give it up and leave it to them? Not on your life. He was going to stay with it until the finish. The doctor said it would be his, too.

Someone had sent for a doctor the day before. Griffith didn't want one around. But he came, anyway; and after one look at the director he assumed the sternest expression and growled, "You're a sick man. Go home and go to bed."

Mr. Griffith paid no attention to him. He just went on cutting.

The doctor became less stern; almost pleadingly he protested. "But look here, man! You're all in. You've got a bad throat and your lungs—"

"Doctor," said Mr. Griffith—not very loudly because he wasn't talking much above a whisper just then, "I never felt better in my life." He coughed as he continued. "Besides, even if I didn't, do you think I'd leave this picture? I can't I've work to do."

The doctor told him just what he thought about his picture and pictures in general. Then he added, "Well, be a fool if you want to. But I'm going to stick around here and see that you get the best attention possible under the circumstances. Open your mouth. Say a-a-a-h." (Continued on page 89)
WHEN I was a boy my mother would say to me: “Do you think money grows on trees?” In those days it didn’t, but the movie world is the place where it does. In the movie world it is no trouble at all for a young fellow of twenty or twenty-two to go out into the world and pick a million dollars off the bushes in a year or two. Particularly he can do this if he is inspired by the love of a pure and beautiful girl—and has to have a million dollars before he can marry her.

I say “no trouble at all”; but I realize that is not quite accurate. He will have a lot of trouble—that is what makes the story. But he will always overcome the trouble, and he will always get the girl. Never can it possibly happen, in this wonderful movie world, that a modern young male doll could fail to grow rich, and to fold in his strong arms the sweet young darling. And never could it happen that they would have any troubles or problems afterwards. The thing for which these darlings are paid a million dollars a year is to marry the strong young male doll over and over again, in story after story, in China, Alaska, Mexico and Brazil, in the millionaires’ palaces of New York, and in the old-time castles of England and France—wherever else the search for new costumes may inspire the director to take them.

And yet there are people who produce movies, who really think they are telling the truth about life, and would have their feelings hurt if I told them they never do, and would never be allowed to. A friend of mine, a very famous producer, once wrote me that he had made a drama of the struggle between capital and labor; he had really told the truth, he said, and I would be interested. So I went. Here were scenes in which the tent colony of the strikers was burned down by the mine guards—quite an unusual lot of industrial truth. But in the very beginning, the scene in the miner’s cabin, I noticed that the movie star had had her hair dressed by a hair-dresser. I don’t know whether she had a Marcel wave, or what. But I know that every little hair was in place, and if I had not been told on the screen that this was a miner’s cabin and a miner’s daughter, I would not have recognized it—despite the fact that I lived among the miners quite a while before I wrote King Coal.

The strike was fought through, and the problem of capital and labor solved. And how was it solved? Why, of course, there is only one way to solve the problem of capital and labor in the movies; it was solved by the daughter of the miner marrying the handsome, young son of the owner of the mine. Or may be it was turned about—I forget at this distance of time—maybe it was the handsome young labor leader who married the beautiful, only daughter of the capitalist. Either way, it solves the problem—in the movies.

You see, that is one more way of making money in a hurry, and so it suits the movie formula. A friend of mine remarked sarcastically that if the daughters of the capitalists were willing, undoubtedly enough labor leaders could be persuaded to accept this solution of the industrial problem. But what about the poor devils who slave in the mines, at risk of life and limb, and cannot get a living wage?

Of course we are supposed to assume that after this movie solution, the owners of the mines will be good and generous, and will pay a living wage. But if you put this up to the owner of any coal mine, he will tell you that he is competing with other coal mines, which do not pay a living wage. Also he will tell you that if he made terms with the union which didn’t please the coal mine owners’ association, he would be blacklisted and have his credit cut off; then he would find that he couldn’t get coal cars, and before he knew it he would be out of business. All this is a kind of truth which the movies could not tell. At any rate they do not tell it!

I have been trying to break into the movies ever since they started, and so perhaps you will say I am a “grouch.” Let me hasten to state that I have had many opportunities to write for the screen, provided only that I would consent to write what the movies wanted, instead of what I knew to be the truth. As it happens, I am in the business of writing the truth, so I generally let the movies alone.

Several times I did try it, and I will tell you just one of my adventures. Shortly after the great panic of 1907, I published a novel called The Moneychangers. In this novel I told the story of that panic, how it was deliberately brought about by J. P. Morgan, the elder, in order to put out of business certain independent trust companies which had got in his way. That was the truth; I knew it from a dozen different sources, several of them first hand. But it wasn’t until twelve or thirteen years later that a man came to me proposing to put this story of The Moneychangers on the screen.

I won’t name the man, he is an (Continued on page 93)
Counterfeit

A Jim Wellworn sponsors here
a fable of Hollywood that
may well have inspired
the author of Black Oxen.

As told to Barry Vanon

Illustrations by A. W. Sperry

FANNY BARR, "the great Fanny Barr," the star of
stage and screen, sits in her boudoir and weeps for
her lost old age.

A little girl she seems, looking into her mirror.
Her face is soft and smooth and full. Her lips show the curves
and the pout of youth. Her butter-colored hair is bobbed.
Her teeth are white and small and even—baby teeth! Her
hands are slender and white—and neither old nor young.

"Give me back my age," she murmurs through her pouting lips.
"Give back the wrinkles, the hollow cheeks, the
crow's feet about my eyes, the dear gray hairs you used to
show me."

Her face is smiling into the glass. But there is heartbreak
in her voice, despair in her old eyes. She brushes the yellow
clouds from her temples, and two new moons shine forth.

"There are my wrinkles," says the old voice in the young mouth.
"There my years are held, there my comfort, my
peace of mind, my husbands, my lovers, and my child.

"If I could die!"

Fanny Barr removes the baby teeth from the baby mouth
and puts them in a glass. She hides her moons beneath her
hair.

A lying face is covered by honest fingers and an old woman
weeps old tears.

The wind elbows in through the window and taunts her with
the echo of a laugh.

FANNY BARR was the infant wonder of the stage some
fifty years ago; and at one time there was no more fam-
ous woman in the world. But you of this generation never
heard of her—all fame is grass—until the movies gave her
reincarnation.

Sam Whipple, the producer, who once had been a call boy,
whispered in her ears the name of a surgeon; and she went
to Paris. She returned to Hollywood a blushing girl, the

secret of her years buried in the moon scars made by the
surgeon's knife.

Nobody knew her, my friend, Jim Wellworn, told me, and
it was great fun, at first, twitting old men about old love
affairs until they walked from her in awe; reading old ladies'
palms until she frightened them.

Sam Whipple announced her rejuvenation in newspaper head-
lines and billboard bulletins—and so made her an outcast in
Hollywood. She was too young for her old friends, too old
for her new ones. Her only intimates were the
sleep-walking moon and the star-dripping sky—and the counterfeit sky her window overlooked—
Hollywood lit with a million lights.

She would talk to the moon and the skies.

"I was old, and I am young. I am
young and beautiful and alone. I must
have love."

Now and then a pair of meteors
flashed through the counterfeit heavens beneath her. "Young folks, speed, laughter and no cares. I must find me a man. I must buy me a roadster to-morrow."

The great cities called her, curious to look upon the miracle of recovered youth. She was glad to go. She packed the theaters wherever she went. She sang old songs and acted bits of half-remembered dramas.

But she found no happiness anywhere, for she was both young and old, and she wanted only to be young. It was not like her first youth, for she tired easily now, and she was weary of old ballads and old dramas and old memories.

And so she rested in Chicago and fell in love with Tommy Loyal, for she fell easily into love—and easily out of it.

Tommy was young and tall and beautiful. Under the spell of him, plain little girls and fat and red-faced women became romantic, and sighed for the unattainable.

He was leading man in the Azure Theater stock. He sold his photographs at 25 cents apiece, and made more money thus than he received as salary. Ah, you should have seen him as "Armand!"

"You were wonderful," Fanny said when they met.

Her voice was the wind on a peach, seductive, ripening. And her laugh was a gentle rain, cool and satisfying.

He held her hand.

He had heard of her. He had seen her on the screen—an impish little thing, a sweet rogue. He remembered telling Dick Little she was the madcap of the movies, and that, with a little more experience, she could become a marvelous actress.

He had heard of her—but the memory was confused—for he remembered little that did not concern himself.

And when he peered into her skilled, sure eyes he remembered nothing at all.

Poor, dumb Tommy! One look, and the great Fanny Barr had scented her years with lavender and put them away. She was really young now—for a young man's love has greater wizardry than any plastic surgeon.

There was no time lost through a long engagement. Fanny saw to that. A judge who stuttered, asked the questions. And Fanny, who knew them by heart—and the answers to them as well—almost snickered aloud.

How Hollywood howled!

"Old Fanny Barr and her juvenile lead!" "Fanny's bought her a new husband to go with her new face!"

But the Loyals, far from the laughter and the jeers, were happy with each other.

"Oh, Chin-Chin, dear," she would say, "it was worth all these years to find you."

"I'll charge you with obtaining matrimony under false pretenses," said Fanny, laughing scornfully, while Tommy stood abashed in all his Arab glory, and Eckstein, the director, bellowed with rage.
“Years?” and he’d laugh his nice dumb laugh. “Why, you’re only a baby yet.”

Then would she take his chin gently in her hands and stain it with little red kisses. Always, it embarrassed him. Always, he touched his chin with a funny gesture when she was done. She liked that.

“I love every bit of you,” she would say. “But your chin is so strong and handsome, I think I love it best of all.”

She dreaded taking him to Hollywood—for she knew it meant a fight to keep him, a battle with young generals eager for the fray and better equipped. But Whipple had promised him a chance in Hollywood—and she wanted him to have it.

She dreaded it, but she never quailed.

“I still am Fanny Barr,” she said.

Tommy had never been to Hollywood. He was prepared to let it bore him, but he loved it at sight.

A glorious stage, this Hollywood, with the foothills and the mountains for back drop, blue and gray and brown and purple and black, an unreal drop, a beautiful crinkled impossible curtain.

Nice wide streets, frothy pepper trees, shaggy eucalyptus, wide-spreading palms, magnolias, acacias. Lombardy poplars. Houses in fantastic shapes and designs, white or pink or mauve or blue, strange tints he had never seen, green lawns and hedges. Gay shops and busy stores, tall buildings on the boulevard, thousands of autos, a gas-filling station with blue and orange turrets and minarets, men in shirts and knickerbockers and funny shoes. men with bangle bracelets on their arms, and long hair and no hats, women in sports clothes, beautiful, beautiful women.

“Here we can surely be happy,” he cried.

But it was not so, and as the days grew the great Fanny Barr came to realize it. She fought valiantly, but the young generals were crafty foes. Old stratagems she had put aside with her first divorce were used against her. Tactics she thought too simple gained victories for the enemy. They laughed at her, even as they smote.

And Tommy learned her years, and all the pillows her fulvous head had known.

He did nothing, for he had need of her—her money and her influence. It was not until Sam Whipple gave him a contract that he bade his wife goodbye. He wanted Fanny to divorce him. But she would not.

That meant divorcing her youth, the false youth that she loved and must retain.

“I will show him I am really young,” she thought. She hired a physical director. She danced every night, rode horses every day, and day and night kept herself surrounded with young men.

But he did not come back. she began to seek him—timidly. She would go to the set where he was playing, and stand where she might watch him. The tears came easily. If she could only kiss his chin—and see him make that funny little gesture once again!

He wrote her, one morning in August, saying he had arranged with his lawyer, and the divorce would be filed. He would charge desertion—that was the most chivalrous thing he could do. And he hoped she would not contest.

Fanny rent the letter hastily, and flung the pieces into the waste basket. No man had ever divorced her before—and this, this child—

She jammed a girlish tam upon (Continued on page 90)
The KID himself

The tragedy of Jackie Coogan is that he is growing up

By Grace Kingsley

"Say, kin you cast a fly?"

Sounds just like Tom Sawyer, doesn't it? Not a bit like a Midget Midas, whose touch turns everything to gold,—even the toy which he may happen to fancy, and which is at once turned into a million dollar syndicate enterprise to exploit the Jackie Coogan Tiddledewinks, the Jackie Coogan Woolly Sheep.

There in the bosom of his family, or anywhere else for that matter, you find Jackie as hard to interview as the lady who has just married a second husband without having divorced the first.

Jackie just will keep changing the subject to play. Yet he plays little with other children,—doesn't seem somehow to belong in their world.

"Play is the business of childhood," said some wise man. And Jackie is going to tend to business every minute he isn't working.

When I first knew Jackie, he lived in a tiny flat; now he lives in a big mansion. But he is the same little Jackie, with his eagerly inquiring mind, his passion for play.

Jackie will be a perfect little tyrant at play, if you let him. He wants you to be the horse and giddap; he wants you to build the sand houses for him to knock down; but this is just a combination of the powers of pleading and commanding within himself that has nothing at all to do with his fame. I don't think he cares the snap of his finger about his fame or his wealth. There is a mysterious superiority to it all in his dark-brown eyes.

And, oh, but Jackie is of an investigating turn of mind!

I took my cat over to the Dog and Cat Hospital in Hollywood one day, and Jackie kindly loaned me his limousine and himself as escort. When we arrived, Jackie was deeply interested, and had to take a look at every animal in the place. When we went back to his home, we saw him looking over a dog from next door. Finally Jackie found a tiny sore place on the dog's neck which the animal had gotten in a fight. Jackie showed the place to the dog's owner, and solemnly declared the animal must go to the hospital. The neighbor humored the boy, and next thing we knew Jackie had popped the animal into the limousine, and we were all again on our way to the hospital. Jackie's mother wisely let him have his way, feeling, no doubt, that he would learn lessons of kindness to animals by this experience. Jackie duly deposited his charge and every day thereafter, until there wasn't the smallest excuse for the dog's remaining in the hospital, the little boy went and called on the animal. He took the canine home, paying for his keep out of his own pocket. Usually he wouldn't be permitted such extravagance.

Jackie's father kidded Jackie, declaring that Jackie took the dog violets every day!

So much for Jackie's activities. But there is another side to the child with the big eyes that have the unearthly look in them. He is a great little dreamer.

One day at his home, when we had exhausted the possibilities of his toys,—many of which, by the way, were given him by Charlie Chaplin,—he began to tell me (Continued on page 91)
My friend
BILL HART

Some hitherto unpublished facts about the leading exponent of the two-gun drama

By E. V. Durling

WHEN I first met Bill Hart in Los Angeles he was getting $50 a week from Tom Ince and considered himself particularly fortunate. His chief trouble at that time was trying to learn how to ride a horse.

For a good many years Bill and myself were members of a group that dined every night at what was known as “the round table” at Hoffman’s Cafe in Los Angeles. This group was made up of newspaper men, press agents, actors, directors and so forth. It was something like the table occupied every noon at the Algonquin Hotel, New York, by the “inteligencia” merely churning to have good sense.

Now when you interview a man he is apt to be guarded in his conversation and the picture you get of him is often as accurate a portrait as the minister gets of the juvenile portion of his congregation the week before the Christmas party. But when you have met a man nearly every night over a period of years it is safe to assume you have an idea what he is really like. So basing my remarks on that premise I will tell you all I can with propriety what I know of Bill Hart.

Several years ago when Marshall Neilan was engaged in making a film version of In Old Kentucky he sent his able assistant, Al Green, from Los Angeles to Kentucky to get some special scenes to lend realism to the picture, the most of which was being made in California.

“Get me some real, good Kentucky scenes, Al,” were Mr. Neilan’s parting instructions.

Two weeks later Mr. Neilan received a telegram from Mr. Green saying “No Kentucky scenes in Kentucky, will have to make them in California.”

That’s an old story in the movies. They can’t find a typical New Yorker in New York, a typical Parisian in Paris, or a typical Westerner in the West. The public has its own ideas on these things and as the people pay the money they get the choice.

W. S. Hart, the so-called two-gun man of the movies, is more typical of the West than any Westerner ever painted and yet he was born in Newburgh, N. Y., and spent the greater part of his life as a resident of (Continued on page 92)
New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

In the latter reels of The Thief of Bagdad you expect any minute to have the scene switch to a rich young man's boudoir with the valet, pronounced vall-ay, bending over the recumbent hero and shaking him, with a title following, "You wished to be awakened early, sir."

But the picture proceeds to a finish without a dream ending. And Douglas Fairbanks once again proves himself the screen's greatest gambler, a hero as brave as he is handsome. Doug, producer, is ten times greater than Doug, actor. He has a broader vision and a keener imagination than any other man engaged in film production with the exception of Charles Spencer Chaplin. Anyone but Doug would have thought twice before making Bagdad and concluded that an Arabian-fairy tale is not what the public wants. Doug knows that the public hasn't the remotest idea what it wants. He has been making up its mind for it ever since he embarked upon the high seas of pure romance beginning with The Three Musketeers. I hand it to him for Bagdad; it's the longest and the highest jump he ever made.

Just take the pleasanter features of all your best nightmares, group them against a somewhat Maxfield Parrish background, and you have the screen's first real fantasy. It's great because it defies exhibitorial and every other tradition; it's in a class all by itself—and not because of its trick photography or the Morris Gest presentation which includes, in Manhattan, the beating of tom-toms by alleged Arabs and the tempting of the audience with deadly demi-tasses in the interval, as we say in England. Not because of Doug's performance, which calls for little besides his lithe legs and ready smile. But because it captured the elusive charm of all the fairy-lore in the world, never coming down to earth in an instant, never losing its dream-like delicacy and gossamer grace.

Doug is a leaping, thieving knave whose prankish ways take him inside the Caliph's palace. But he sees a sleeping beauty—the princess—and comes away with only her slipper, leaving all the loot behind. Then he dedicates himself to her service; to win her he slays dragons, fights fire, overcomes all obstacles—riding to rescue her on the well-known winged horse of all fairy fiction. His magic chest conjures a vast army out of nothingness—and provides one of the biggest thrills you ever saw on the screen. The photographic magic is amazing. There are genuine gasps when the magic carpet sails through the air, bearing the hero and his princess to some enchanted land as the film fades out.

All the children in the world should see this picture. Parents should be punishable by law who refuse to let their little darlings watch all their favorite tales come to life. True, it may keep them awake or give them dreams of dragons and things; but then dreams like that are a part of childhood and they might just as well be inspired by such a gorgeous spectacle as The Thief of Bagdad. Doug will delight small boys and girls of every age as the cavorting thief. Julianne Johnston is the beautiful princess of every fairy-tale. She is a vision and she should never be seen except in the costumes of the time—which cannot be questioned as to accuracy since it's all a dream and certainly will never be questioned on any other score. Three bits of carved ivory are the lovely little orientals, Anna May Wong, Winter Blossom, and Etta Lee, who are even more decorative than the scenic effects. As for acting, you wouldn't criticize a Dulac illustration for not displaying emotional ability, would you?

Elderly ladies in the audience were overheard observing that they liked it, but they didn't believe they'd care to sit through it again. That isn't exactly the point; but I knew just the way they felt. In the course of a showing of Bagdad there comes a time for every member of the audience when he will wish he had brought a pillow with him; or that an usher would turn off the incense. I left the theater with that Thanksgiving feeling—a case of too much dessert. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Secrets Proves Norma's Greatest

Secrets should be advertised as "a cross-section of a woman's heart." I don't know why its exploiters failed to make use of this catch-line. That's the sort of picture it is. But you won't resent its slightly sweetened sentiment because it has been sugared by experts who will make you like it whether you want to or not. Women will love it and husbands will love it too, or their better-halves will know the reason why. Hard-boiled individuals may be bored but I doubt it. It will have the same effect on them that the singing of "Home Sweet Home" has on the tough eggs in the movie-dance-hall scene.
It is the most home-like picture you ever saw. Its sub-
caption might be, ‘What every woman knows.’ It might happen to
anybody at all—with the reservation that some of us could
find the wild-west episode a little strenuous. But you know
what I mean. The action is right here on terra firma and the
actors don’t go rummaging around the clouds on winged steeds
for adventure. Bagdad left me as limp as my first airplane
excursion when the pilot decided to do a falling leaf without
any warning. Secrets is just a nice, quiet evening at home with
the family.

This may sound is if Secrets will put you to sleep. Far
from it. It’s one of the most entertaining motion pictures of
any month. Chiefly because it re-introduces Norma Talmadge.
No more the Norma of The Song of Love and similar atrocities;
but a brand-new Norma with all the verve of Panthea
and Poppy plus the poise of early maturity. If anyone had
asked me, as I was leaving the theater, who is the greatest
actress of the screen, I’d have piped up in my tremulous treble,
‘Norma Talmadge’. Nobody asked me; and now it’s too late.
But I won’t be thwarted; I hereby proclaim her the most
versatile. Mary and Lillian will have to move over and let Norma
sit down on the Bernhardt-Duse bench; and I wouldn’t be sur-
prised if Norma in her crimolines shoved them both off.

She has here four separate and distinct characterizations—
four, count’em, f-o-u-r. Ingenue; young matron; middle-aged
wife and old lady. And while you may suspect without the aid
of the handsome program that Norma Talmadge plays them
all, her talents are explicit enough to keep up the deception.
If we were having one of those old-fashioned voting contests
to determine the best ingenue, etc., of the gelatines, she would
grab all the prizes. Her youthful Mary is a delicious flapper
in hoop-skirts; her gun-woman of the second episode is thrill-
ing and touching; and as the middle-aged and elderly Lady
Carlton she is a real revelation. A black silk dress and lace
cap, a white wig and wrinkles—and any good actress is a
convincing grandma. But creating a portrait of middle-age
is no mere matter of make-up. As the silver-haired heroine
Norma forgets she is a movie queen and becomes the real,
genuine article, accept no substitutes.

This is a woman’s affair. And so I suspect that ranking
right with Norma’s work is the scenario of Frances Marion.
It is the second splendid thing that Miss Marion has done
lately; her Abraham Lincoln was an achievement even for
the screen’s premier scenario writer. She is a star in her line
as Norma is in hers; and her performance is just as remarkable.
Besides these co-stars, there is Director Frank Borzage, who has
given the cast a chance; Eugene O’Brien, at his best opposite Miss
Talmadge; Emily Fitzroy, a fine character actress; the charming
Claire MacDowell, seen too seldom these days; George Nicholls, usu-
ally Mabel Normand’s film partner but just as enjoyable as Norma’s
parent; and clever Patterson Dial make it almost an all-star
affair. In fact, it must be apparent by this time that I
consider Secrets worth your time and money. I liked it so
well that I paid to see it again.

QBest Performances of the Month:
†Norma Talmadge in Secrets
†Richard Barthelmess in The Enchanted Cottage
†Ernest Torrence in The Fighting Coward
†Jackie Coogan in A Boy of Flanders

QFighter Coward Another Cruze Hit

This is one of the months whose celluloid products would
convert almost any unbeliever to the thank-God-it’s-silent
drama. Here’s another picture you mustn’t miss—The Fight-
ing Coward, directed by James Cruze, who is doing his best
to live down his reputation as the driver of The Covered
Wagon. He’s done some good things since that classic,
remember.

Whenever I hear someone say that James Cruze is
certainly a lucky guy, having all those directorial
plums hurled his way this season, insuring a success
with every release, I think of the first
time I ever saw James Cruze. It was in person. He
was touring the theaters to shake
hands with the fans who admired
his villains in The Million Dollar
Mystery. I wish I could say that,
even as he stood there shaking
my eager hand, I felt with a thrill of
prophecy that here was a man destined to do great things
for the screen; to scratch its surface, in fact. But all I
thought of was whether I ought to ask him for his autographed
photograph or not. I didn’t because I liked heroes then;
but I wish I had.

Cruze has had the highest batting averages of any director
in several seasons. The Manhattan reviews and the exhibitors’
comments on his films have read practically the same, word
for word; and this has never happened before or since. Some-
how he manages to combine popular appeal, heart interest and
all those something which make box-office attractions with-
out losing his balance. Strangely enough his success hasn’t
upset his sense of humor; and The Fighting Coward will
please everyone except those southerners who are still fighting
the Civil War... It’s a deft satire on the old south, more ex-
pertly directed than the original by Booth Tarkington, which
was Magnolia.

You will see Cullen Landis, who is a butterfly-chaser at heart
scorned by his family as a coward. He sets out to become a desperado
aided by the advice of Ernest Tor-
rence, a gambler, that all he has
to do is to put up a good bluff.
He returns home a hero to ev-
ybody but the gentle girl who loved
him all the time; and, of course,
eventually goes back to chasing
butterflies again. There is another
one of those admirable etchings
which we have learned to watch
for from Ernest Torrence. His suave presence is a positive
delight. Noah Beery is almost as good as a genuine desperado.
The heart interest is handled by Mary Astor and Phyllis Haver.
Miss Astor has moments of charm; but Phyllis, even in crim-
olines, is as captivating as she ever was as the world’s favorite
water-baby. Her comedy training is apparent in everything
she does. She has learned her lessons in screen technique
without losing any of her original wallop. She reminds me of a
particularly sprightly kitten.

The Enchanted Cottage is definitely a worth-while picture.
There is no doubt that The Enchanted Cottage is a really
worth-while picture. It has a message, It is clean. It
is suitable for every member of the family. And it stars
Richard Barthelmess. Perhaps because I am always prejudiced against a picture which does all these things except the latter, I don't call it the best of the month's offering. But there are many who will.

It is adapted from Pinero's play about two unfortunates who believe each other beautiful because they are in love. It is all very Barrie-esque and John Robertson was just the man to direct it. For me it hasn't the appeal that Sentimental Tommy had; but it must be my own fault. I liked Tommy because he was human. The lovers of the Pinero romance are too good to be true. His me if you want to; but I stick to it.

Everything is intelligently presented. Robertson is a fine director and he has able aid from his actors, especially Dick, who makes the best of his opportunities. I don't have to tell you that; you know what the screen's first young man can do with a part. May McAvoy is entirely adequate as the girl.

Boy of Flanders Charming

I am as foolish about Jackie Coogan as a maiden aunt. I have no perspective on him at all. Ever since The Kid he has been my favorite actor. If he turned cute on us I'd like him anyway. I tell you this so that when I say A Boy of Flanders is a perfectly delightful picture you'll know how to take it.

The Ouida tale has been trilled with a little to permit Jackie to occupy the center of the screen; but the original leading man, A Dog, is present, too; and there is nothing to disappoint any kid who liked the story. For a film which has no adult love interest, no pursuit and no seduction, it holds the interest admirably. I would rather watch Jackie and the lugubrious Teddy drag a milk-cart around than see a chase from tree to tree in the approved movie manner. There was more suspense, as far as I was concerned, at the children's birthday party wondering whether Jackie's feminine disguise would be penetrated than in a million rides-to-the-rescue. And I dislike child actors intensely.

Jackie Coogan is no child actor. He is a mature artist, and that is what's getting to be the trouble with him. He is growing up too fast for his age. He has to strive now to keep within childish limitations. Artistically he is years older than most male stars; and now and then an expression will creep in which is incongruous with his stature. His pantomime is as perfect as that of Chaplin or Pickford. He and Teddy are a great team. The Sennett dog has done it, too—deserted comedy for emotional work; and his success is striking. If there is any more charming picture than these two old-timers in art afford in A Boy and Dog of Flanders I'd like to see it.

Gloria Saves Society Scandal

I for The Laughing Lady could see herself as A Society Scandal she'd die laughing. Her histrionics would be occasioned by the caricature the film people have made of her. It's a very expensive caricature by Gloria Swanson, posed by Allan Dwan against a background of New York motion picture high-life.

When I saw it the spectators laughed, too; but it was indulgent mirth without malice. The audience liked it. I liked some of it. You will, too. Gloria is gorgeous in gowns and gestures which would be ridiculous under other auspices. She is a vivid, if harassed heroine, and she is made to suffer and suffer; but does she make her tormentors pay? Well, you just should see Prosecuting-Attorney Rod La Rocque when she's finished with him! If anyone but Gloria acted it; if any other director supervised it, A Society Scandal would seem a horrid dream. But the way it is, with a flash of humor now and then, and the always-interesting and pictorially ravishing Swanson, not to mention three leading men—if you don't like Ricardo Cortez you may like Allan Simpson; and if they bore you there's always Rod La Rocque—you're not likely to walk out on it.

Gloria has a new personality; a mental face-lifting. Her sartorial obligations do not weigh as heavily upon her as they used to. She has stopped posing and has begun to act.

Lillies of the Field Tiresome

Lillies of the Field has one scene which got by the censors all right, but goodness only knows how. It is quite the most daring thing I have ever seen and will undoubtedly bring the blushes. I am not at all sure that young people should bring their parents to see this Corinne Griffith picture because of it.

It is the scene, my dears, in which Corinne Griffith exposes to the camera an entirely uncovered ear! Her hair is all right on one side but when she turns, there it is. To the best of my recollection it is the first feminine ear we have ever seen in celluloid. I suppose Corinne knows what she is about but she should consider her public—all the little children who flock to see her pictures, and who have set her up as an idol of all that is good and sweet and beautiful. However, it is her own affair; she'll just have to make the best of it.

Outside of that, there is nothing so shocking about Lillies of the Field. I wouldn't call it a wholesome picture because its moral is false and its preachment unreal. It strives for piety but its sparkle is forced. It endeavors to portray the divinity of mother love and succeeds only in becoming tiresome. There are bits of real humor and character furnished by Myrtle Stedman and Charles Murray. I hate to call such an attractive woman dependable, but Miss Stedman is. She's never failed to present a human portrait.

Corinne Griffith has always been one of my candidates for glory, but all she does here to live up to the future predicted for her is to look exceptionally lovely. It was a terrible part and Corinne may have disliked it as much as I did. I hope so.

Happiness has Sprightly Humor

 Peg o' My Heart in another costume and minus Michael—that's Happiness. Laurette Taylor is the supreme gamine of the stage and she brings almost as much sprightly humor to the screen. She is the Peter Pan of both. The play by J. Hartley Manners has been translated into scenario by the author. It's just a slight (Continued on page 94)
The much monogrammed Mr. Mix dashes home for a fitting with his tailor.

Second of a Series by George H. Klisbee
New Noses for Old

Bobbed noses are the latest fad in merry Hollywood

"Just let me get a glimpse of a girl's nose, and I'll tell you what her fate in pictures will be," a famous director said one day at a studio cafeteria, as he finished his plate of wiens and sauerkraut, and prepared to go back to toil on the movie lot.

"Yes, sir," the director continued. "A nose is the most important feature. Take a certain little blonde star addicted to jazz roles, for instance. One day the dainty little actress sought the aid of an Irish attorney in Los Angeles, in trying to hold her producers to their contract made to star her in a series of pictures. After seeing the rushes on the first picture, the big boys decided the star wouldn't go over. She did not screen well, but they couldn't quite decide what was wrong. She is the Nell Brinkley type, blowy hair, laughing mouth, and upturned little nose lying flat against her rounded face. The attorney asked to see the close-ups and after a moment exclaimed: 'Why, girl, it's that little flat nose that's queered your contract.'

"The star was in a rage, but the lawyer finally persuaded her to go to a plastic surgeon, who built her a classic nose out of the material on hand. The result was a swollen nose when she reported for work the next morning, but when the nose had gotten well, new tests proved that the plastic surgeon had saved her contract for her. The joke of it is that the little screen star posed as 'a poor working girl' and got her nose remodeled and her contract cinched for twenty-five dollars."

The director went on:

The Bossy Nose

"Just analyze the next girl you see. You say to yourself on meeting her, 'A disagreeable, managing sort of person; I bet she nags her husband—won't even let him go to the mystic shrine.' Ten to one, that woman has a prominent nose, an 'I'll go before and prepare the way' sort of nose, a buttinski nose, if you get what I mean? Her eyes may be limpid blue pools, her skin may be like rose leaves; but can she live down that nose? I'll tell the world she can't.
"Take a girl—any girl—with a well, pug nose—you know what I mean. An old-fashioned pug nose. Little stubby nose, that seems to be scenting the air eagerly, aquiver with demure interest, but not 'nosey'—oh, no! That sort of girl means a cuddly, dimply girl, the kind of girl a man just must protect. She may have freckles—probably has—and straight mouse-colored hair that means an eternal hair-dresser's bill; and her eyes may have a squint in them. But I'll wager every girl with one of those cute little pug noses gets married. Ever notice how many long-nosed old maids there are?

Winning Out by a Nose

That was one of the troubles with Lillian Walker. She had everything that goes with a pug nose—except the pug nose itself. Understand, I don't say a girl should bob her nose, like she bobs her hair, but if Lillian had taken a quarter of an inch off her nose she'd probably still be one of our foremost screen flappers. Marguerite Clarke held on as long as she did by her nose, and believe me, there was no hook on it to hang by, either!

"If Helen of Troy had had a knob on the end of her beezer, no amount of beauty lavishly distributed over the rest of her map would have launched a single ship. Believe me, history or no history, I'll wager Helen's nose was petite, and not strictly Grecian.

"You just can't get chummy with a classic nose. Maxine Elliott, for instance, was ranked a reigning beauty, but I'll bet no one wanted to cuddle her in a taxi-cab. Her swains probably kissed her hand reverently as a good-night salute. And no girl wants to be left that way. As Geraldine Farrar once said to me when we were working together on the Goldwyn lot, 'I envy the cuddly girl. Most women don't want men to respect and admire them as goddesses; they want to be babied and cuddled.'" The director slipped the last of his apple pie beneath his Grecian nose and felt that he had done his duty by the industry for the nonce.

That was—that!

Helen Ferguson Sets the Fashion in Hollywood

Whether these remarks had anything to do with it or not, Helen Ferguson went and had her nose bobbed. She had been able to withstand the mob influence in the matter of bobbed locks, but to go about longer with a nose which did not express her personality was a trial Helen just couldn't meet bravely.

And Helen is one of the best little press agents in the business. Count that day lost that does not see an account of Helen Ferguson at a meeting of the Thirteen Club, or considering the offer of a producer, or teeing with Mary Pickford, or delivering a speech in the First Methodist Church, or something; anything. Just a good business woman. Part of her job. So when Helen made up her mind to have her proboscis shortened, she saw in it a good publicity stunt. Her last conscious act was to pose for the picture which accompanies this article.

We have not seen a picture of the liquid-eyed Helen since her nose has lost its aquiline definiteness. Undoubtedly, Helen now has a charming little sniffer, with no annoying hump—slight though it was—to stand in the way of her screen success.

Fannie Brice started all this craze for bobbing noses. Irene Castle, who usually has the honor of inaugurating fashions, the bobbed hair vogue for instance, couldn't oblige in this case. For she is the proud possessor of one of the finest noses in the whole theatrical profession. (Continued on page 96)
Song of a Spinning Wheel

A Betraying Confidences Overheard in a Studio Prop Room

By Delight Evans

The Spinning Wheel Spoke First.

Said she:

"I Declare
I Never
Get a Moment's Peace
These Days. Just
As I Compose Myself
For a Little Honest,
Well-Earned Rest,
Along Comes Peter,
And Drags Me Out Again.
I Never Used
To Complain. But
You Know, I'm
Not as Young
As I Used to Be."

"Oh, Shut Your Face!"
Whirred the Phonograph.

"Don't You Go
Trying to Hand Me
That Old Line.
I Suppose You'll
Be Telling Me Next
That You're a Gen-u-ine
Antique."

The Spinning Wheel Spouted.
She Began
To Revolve a Little.
"I'll Have You Know,"
She Buzzed, When
She Could be Heard
Above Her Own Revolutions,
"That Martha Washington Herself
Used Me Once; and George
Rested His Hand on Me.
I
Am No Common,
Noisy,
Twentieth-Century Upstart.
I have been Handed Down, and
Handed Down—"

"You Look It!"
Laughed the Phonograph.

"Why, You're All
Worn Out. They Don't
Even Use You
In Important Pictures
Any More. The Last Time
They Sent for You,
For that Epoch-Making
Revolutionary Drama,
The Director
Touched that Look at You
And Said,
'Take that
Decrepit Old Thing
Away; and Tell the Carpenter
To Make me a Nice New One.'
Pete Said,
'But she's
The Real Article—"

Martha Washington
herself used me once
—said the Spinning Wheel.
I belong to the younger generation — said the Phonograph.

The Spinning Wheel was sobbing:

"Peter
Is Loyal. He Still
Likes Me. He
Knows the Real Thing
When he Sees It. Not
That I Wasn't Grateful
For Not Being Put to Work
In that Super-Feature.
It would have Meant
A Long, Hard Grind; and
I Can't Stand that
Any More. But Now—
Now—"

All they use you for,"

A sputtered the Phonograph,

"Is Vision Scenes. You
Can't Stand the Close-Ups,
Old Dear, and
You Might Just as Well Get Used to It.
Now, I—
I have been
In Constant Demand Lately.
Director Buldge
Is Doing
Dirty Daughters; and
There are any Number
Of Snappy Scenes
For Me to Be In.
I'm
A 1924 Cabinet Model,
My Dear Girl.
I'm
In the Pink of Condition.
I Shine. I Sparkle.
Inside of Me,
Are all the New Jazz Records.
As for Close-Ups—
Well, in my Last Release,
Passion's Paradise,
My Face was Photographed
At Least Three Times, with
My Very Latest Record
Running. The Leading Man Himself
Has a Scene
Leaning on Me."

"I wouldn't be seen
In Such Company,"

Said the Spinning Wheel,
Her Dainty Form
Trembling with Anger.

"No,"

Shrieked the Phonograph,
"You Never Will.
You haven't Appeared
With a Principal
In Two Years. And then
You Fell Down on her."

"Oh, oh," Moaned
The Spinning Wheel.
Her Spokes Quivering
In Inarticulate Anguish.
"I Don't Want
To Be Hard on You. Old Girl,"
Continued
The Cabinet Model, in a
Milder Key. "Because,
After All, I
Have been Having
Everything my Own Way.
I Belong
To the Younger Generation, and
We're All
Pretty Much in Demand
Right Now. Besides,
I Have
A Surprise for You."

Her Curiosity
Got the Better of
The Spinning Wheel.
She Whirled a Little.
"Well?"
"Well, Old-Timer,"
Blared the Phonograph,
(Continued on page 91)
She's a riot, positively!

Such was the verdict of Alberta Vaughn's publicity writer. The verdicts of publicity writers have been known on rare occasions to veer from the line of strict impartiality, but——

The best known photographer in filmdom states flatly that Alberta Vaughn has the most beautiful figure on the screen.

Furthermore, Hollywood's Famous Director has declared that Alberta Vaughn has the most sex appeal of any girl in Hollywood.

In a profession of Gloria Swansons, Nita Naldis and Corinne Griffiths, that statement carries a wallop!

"I would observe this riot," I mused. "I wonder, can she act?"

I found Alberta huddled in an ermine wrap on the sidelines of an F. B. O. set, observing, with lively interest, two speedy lads battle a fast round for a fight episode in The Telephone Girl, the film version of H. C. Witwer's celebrated stories in which she is being starred. Alberta is Gladys Murgatroyd, the slapy telephone operator heroine. Across from us and beneath the ring, a couple of hundred extras filled the bleachers, earning their seven-fifty with a minimum of effort. On signal from the director, they cheered. On signal, they lapsed into apathy, as automatically as water is turned off from a tap. Albert Cooke, in his checkered vest and ever-present cigar, leaned against the ropes, exuding satisfaction with the world and himself, and Kit Guard, his battle-scarred face wreathed in an crooked smile, waved an encouraging towel at his battler.

Alberta smiled radiantly and hospitably patted a near-by chair. We chatted clubbily of ships and shoes and sealing wax, and the chicken sandwiches her mother made for Alberta's party for her new club, "The Climbers", and where did I get the blouse I was wearing and did I think she could buy some silk like it, and the relative merits of lamb chops and pineapple or prunes as a reducing diet. Alberta held out for the former, on the grounds that you could get filled up on chops and not on prunes. Then we viewed several installments of The Telephone Girl.

For those who are interested in biography, let me state that Alberta got her first job at Lasky's because of her beautiful back and lost it because she was naive enough to admit she was only fourteen; that she has since been leading lady in Fox and Christie comedies and recently played opposite Harry Langdon in Picking Peaches; that (Continued on page 90)
The DUKE of Hollywood

That is his title along the Boulevard; but, to the people who know him best, Theodore Roberts will always be—The Grand Old Man of the Screen . . . . . .

By Alma Whitaker

If ever Hollywood was hushed and misty eyed it was when the dread news came through that Theodore Roberts was on the brink of death.

Hollywood always knew it loved this grand old man of the screen, but not until then did one realize how much, how deep-seated and vitally sincere was that affection. It was as though the life of a deeply beloved father hovered in the balance. Even the most frivolous of merry little extra girls hushed their voices and forgot their mascara. Yes, and even the haughtiest of screen nabobs waxed sentimental and throaty as the daily bulletins were discussed.

Not for nothing is Theodore Roberts thus loved. For while the film fans know him chiefly as a jolly old dog with an everlasting black cigar with which he can do more things than most actors can do with a hundred stage "props", Hollywood and his host of personal friends know him as a peculiarly kind, cultured, delightful old gentleman, just bubbling with the joie de vivre, witty and keen, but never sacrificing a friend to his wit, a lover and collector of all sorts of strange pets, and a vivid, understanding sympathy with, and for, every kind of human.

For sixty-four years Theodore Roberts has been making friends. He was born in San Francisco in 1861 and went on the stage at the age of nineteen.

Before that he had had some sea training (and, incidentally, he is a wonderful swimmer, as was proven in the famous shipwreck scene of Male and Female). So his people bought a lumber schooner for him to lure him away from the stage and for two years he sailed the bounding main. But the stage was his first love and he returned to it—with the added tang of the sea which must have helped to give him that beloved rugged personality.

And he was playing as leading man with Fanny Davenport and delighting theater audiences as Svengali in Trilby, and as Simon Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin soon after that.

But it was as a character actor, in a Denver stock company, that he met Cecil de Mille in 1903, when that now august gentleman was but a juvenile extra, and that great boy-and-man friendship ripened into a fast and concrete thing. Together they roughed it, starved, hoped and feared. So that when, in 1909, de Mille, then a Lasky director, heard of Roberts' whereabouts, he sent for him to come to California to share his then uncertain picture future.

The very first picture Roberts played in for de Mille was Puddin'-Head Wilson, of which he played the title role. After that he was the Hudson Bay factor in The Call of the North, then the Yankee Consul, then in Old Wives for New, and then as the fantastic Lord Loam in Barrie's Male and Female. And, of course, his latest and greatest screen role was that of Moses in The Ten Commandments.

One of the most touching incidents which proclaims the beloved personality of this father of filmdom, often affectionately dubbed "The Duke of Hollywood", was when he recently played in William de Mille's (Continued on page 99)
THERE is a press agent in screenland who doesn’t get a cent of money, yet he works for every company on the two coasts and gets more “dope” in the papers than any other publicity man in the game.

He is never idle, this pini-size, censorable little press agent—for he’s shockingly nude—and he enjoys his work more than any weary dopester in the whole business, no matter what his salary.

“Daniel Cupid, Esquire! Free publicity of the most valuable kind! The public eats it up,” reads the card which he ingratiatingly hands out to his prospective clients—every unmarried player in the whole screen world.

For be it known that there are two kinds of publicity—desirable and undesirable. It is undesirable publicity to get a divorce, to be sued as a co-respondent, to be mentioned in a suit for recovery of damages or back salary; to be arrested for bootlegging, speeding or non-payment of alimony.

These comprise the daily litany of the star, to which he or she fervently adds: “Good Lord, deliver us!”

Desirable publicity consists of signing new and advantageous contracts, trips to Palm Beach, being among those present at a party given by Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks or by the Charlie Rays, who are “society,” you know; of touching accounts of how the gracious star supports her family and gives away ten thousand every year for charity; of accounts of the star’s trip to Europe to film scenes for a great historical play; of verbatim reports of the great speech the great male star made on Armistice Day. And lastly, desirable publicity consists of rumors of engagements, announcements of engagements, denials of engagements, confirmations of engagements, and ultimately the golden notes of wedding bells! For all these, see Mr. Daniel Cupid, Esquire, the ubiquitous press agent, the only reliable purveyor of information on matters of the heart.

Cupid loves the stars, male and female. He loves to see their names in the paper when he himself writes the story. And Cupid has the right idea. We Americans are incurably romantic. We get a vicarious love kick out of reading that little May McAvoy, who is our idea of an adorable sweetheart, is engaged to Glenn Hunter, though they both primly deny it.

If there is a single old saying that is absolutely true, it is that one about all the world loving a lover—and his sweetheart. Strangely enough, we don’t care so much about them after they are married, but we are as excited as debutantes over an announcement luncheon for their most popular member when we read that two of our friends—and to all fans the picture folk seem to be personal friends—are romantically interested in each other.

But even Cupid, who seems to want the whole world to be in a tangle of engagements, rumored, denied, broken or in good working order, seems to have his favorites.

Else, why is he so partial to Constance Talmadge? Before Connie married her Greek tobacco king, she was rumored to be freshly engaged at least once a month. The screen magazine that had the courage to come out without a new announcement or rumor regarding the vivacious and wholly desirable Constance was doomed to be scorned by the disappointed reading public. The sympathy of the public was wholly with Connie in her reported dilemmas over whom to marry. Why shouldn’t she be choosy, a pretty, smart girl like Connie? Lucky dogs to be even mentioned as prospects! And the rejected suitors got scant sympathy in their forlorn condition, for Connie’s very capriciousness was loved by her fans.

When Constance finally married her Greek, who was the dark horse in the matrimonial race, her public felt distinctly cheated, but was willing to wish her luck. Probably there was not a single fan who mourned with the handsome tobacco merchant when Constance found that she
as a Press Agent

had made a mistake. Again Connie was free! Again the delightful game of picking suitors was open to her, and, vicariously, to the public. There have been many candidates for the fair Talmadge hand since the divorce was granted. Good-looking, successful Irving Thalberg, the boy wonder of the Universal plant, who is now with the Louis B. Mayer studios as production manager, seems to have had the inside track at various stages of the interesting race. Irving Berlin, the New York song writer and impresario, formed grist for Dan Cupid’s typewriter on many occasions, and it is doubtful if the little press agent is through with him yet.

The two Irvings are almost lost in the crowd of suitors, however. Business men, directors, actors rush into the day’s news, carefully edited by Press Agent Cupid. If Constance should marry with finality, Cupid will probably feel a bit resentful. She has been such a good news source!

But if Connie deserts him for a second trip to the altar, there is always Mary Miles Minter. M. M. M. should be eternally grateful to Cupid for his unflagging devotion to her career. There is so little that can be written about a pink and white and gold ingenue! Desirable publicity, we mean! Of course, there was that unpleasant affair of the mother and the money, with which neither Cupid nor a paid press agent had anything to do. If Cupid hadn’t stepped in to help the Lasky publicity force, and later Mary’s personal press agent, it is just possible that there would have been very little about Mary Miles in the public prints. It is so hard to get newspapers all agog over such items as can safely be printed about a little blonde ingenue who is sewed up on a five-year contract, and whose Mama sees to it that she leads an entirely secluded life.

Cupid himself almost despaired over Mary Miles. For so long as Mama reigned supreme there were not even any rumors about engagements. Mama, you know, was determined that all the world should think of her little girl as a mere infant, although they do say that Mary was of legal age considerably before she had the courage to make the matter public and demand an accounting. Remember what a shock it was when we read those childish little love letters Mary had written to William Desmond Taylor?

But as soon as Mary was emancipated, she became a wonderful client for Dan Cupid, the world’s best press agent. Cupid’s foot slipped for the very first thing, though, for in his zeal to get Mary all dated for marriage, he let it get out that she was engaged to Louis Sherwin, dramatic critic and playwright. The only flaw in this publicity was that Sherwin was already married and had two children. Even Cupid can’t always control the forces he starts. Some of the resultant publicity about Mr. Sherwin’s almost destitute family was not so good for Mary Miles.

But Cupid is an indomitable little rascal. Soon he had Mary rumored to be engaged to Hunter Kimbrough, a charming young fellow from Alabama, brother-in-law of our distinguished contributor, Upton Sinclair, of Pasadena. Young Mr. Kimbrough’s romantic southern manners probably influenced Dan to interpret a warm friendship into an engagement. At any rate, Mr. Kimbrough went back south without placing a ring on Mary’s finger.

Probably Cupid didn’t wholly approve of the fight between Mr. Charles Chaplin and Mr. C. C. Julian, at the exclusive Petroushka Club, for he neglected to make capital out of the fact that Mary Miles Minter was a guest of Mr. Chaplin on that memorable evening. We haven’t seen a single item in the papers mentioning a rumor that Mary Miles Minter is the latest enthusiasm of Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

On the other hand, Dan Cupid hadn’t neglected to make use of the occasion to further the interests of Mildred Harris, see Chaplin. For Mildred was the dinner guest of Mr. C. C. Julian on that memorable evening in that same exclusive Petroushka. And the papers have fairly bristled with prognostications about the romantic intentions of Mr. Julian toward Miss Harris.

Maybe when Cupid writes these little stories he thinks a bit sadly of the other suitors about whom he wrote so definitely such a short time ago. We can still remember when Mildred admitted her engagement to Mr. Byron Munson, tall and blond young motion picture actor, obscure, but very handsome. And we can’t quite recall the name, but we do remember the item hazily about the foreign nobleman that Mildred was going to marry just recently.

Cupid’s interest in Mildred dates back to her marriage with Mr. Chaplin. It is not often that Cupid has a chance at such a beautifully romantic story as that. “The greatest comedian marries beautiful but obscure actress”—that is the sort of thing Cupid just dotes on writing. And that we, the public, love to read. But Cupid folded his little wings and crept away when that most romantic and promising of all screen marriages began to erupt painfully into the newspapers. But Cupid is happy again that the lovely Mildred is free and once more a client of his. The busy little chap won’t let her rest until he gets her married again. According to latest dispatches he’s busy at it now.

(Continued on page 97)
The little Bonnie Brier Hotel—just across the street from the big and fashionable Hollywood Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard.

Memories

Alma Whitaker

T hey call it the Bonnie Brier Hotel—not fashionable like the Hollywood Hotel, across the street, but better suited to uncertain purses. A genteel place, dignified, and sheltering so many of those who had-been, who might-have-been and who wistfully hope that “being” may still be theirs by some happy trick of fortune.

And here I met many men, lonely men but for their lonely comrades, waiting men, hoping men, thwarted men, cynically genial men, who between them are so sure they know “what is wrong with the movies” and could, were authority theirs, redeem the industry for the great future they once saw for it.

And they love filmdom—and hate it—in a breath. They must live in its midst, hoping on, seeing and knowing every tiny detail of its life, watching the dizzy rise and glamour of its satellites, the progress, the scandals, its very soul.

Take David W. Gobbett. A name to conjure with, that, in the early infant days of filmdom. David, who saw such visions for “moving pictures,” David who devoted himself to research, studied electricity, delved into the finer technicalities of photography, applied himself to improving “projection” and made those very first motion pictures of the Boer War. 22 years ago, lovingly traces its history back to the fourth book of De rerum natura, by Lucretius, 65 B. C. David, who won triumph with his first story picture, Dolly and Her Doggie, the scenario for which cost $1.25, eighteen years ago. David, who as an expert and adventurous camera man, made the first travel pictures, Over Livingston’s Trail in Africa—really the father of the popular travel pictures today. David, who waxes fondly reminiscent about Buffalo Jones’ Expeditions, and the beginnings of the Pathé news pictures, for which he was the original camera man. It took him all over the world, amongst the great everywhere, and all the time he was making researches. Aiding in improvements, and rejoicing as the industry emerged through “vellum diffusion,” to glass studios and artificial lighting, Aristo arcs, mercury vapor and now to that condition which necessitates the electric light bill for a production being far greater than the cost of a whole production a few years ago.

Then he went to war—and somehow that caused a slipping back. Where he had once been a prince of his trade, he found himself a back number.
Oh, yes, they still want travelogues and he is still doing them—but not so frequently and not such important ones. And all the time he wants to get into a big studio and conduct their camera work, apply his vast knowledge of lights and shades learned direct from Nature, show them how certain mistakes now being made can easily be rectified—and being snubbed for his pains. And, so, behold David frustrated, wistful, ambitious, critical—but still loving this amazingly self-sufficient child of his, this industry that is breaking his heart.

A Loading Man with Fanny Ward

Or there is Paul Weigel, a merry, sophisticated, whimsical old actor—a stage success from 1885, who migrated to pictures in 1906, playing in Filmland's first sinful perpetrations—notably Tennyson's Mort produced by Universal as Naked Hearts. He joined Lasky's when that glamorous institution was but two years old, playing leading roles with Fannie Ward—Each Pearl a Tear, for instance. A brilliant scholar, he translated several foreign plays for Mrs. Fiske—he was in her company in 1900. He can talk for hours of entralling reminiscences of the used-to-be great. Loves to recall Duse, Bernhardt and Saxe-Coburg Company from Germany, all playing Magda in their various languages in London at the same time.

Pictures were pretty good to him at first—and even lately he was Gloria's papa in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, and Napoleon III. in Mae Murray's Mademoiselle Midnight. But that only means a few days' work once or twice a year—and Filmland is breaking his heart, too. His ambition is to go back on the legitimate stage. "I would rather die a success on the stage than live rich a screen hero," he says. But, all the same, he will eagerly take the very next part that is offered in Hollywood.

Hollywood is a young man's town.

But do not think that it has not its memories and its historians. Miss Whitaker has written here most feelingly of the men who carry in their hearts the memories of a Former Day.

Hoxie of Universal is filming one of his cowboy stories. Walter still sees the future before him, but he is getting a little cynical as he listens and learns at the Bonnie Brier.

From Shakespeare to Slapstick

But Barlow Borland now—does that name conjure up any memories? Borland, one of the finest and most highbrow Shakesperan actors of his day. Fine old Scotch Presbyterian stock—ran away from home in the dim and reckless past to join Osmond Tearle's Shakesperan Company (Conway Tearle's father) in Great Britain. Has played a score of Shakesperan roles, even unto Julius Caesar. He says he was propelled into pictures ten years ago—and played with the detunct Tanhauser Comedies of crude and painful memory. From Shakespeare to slapstick.

He isn't very communicative about his picture career. It is easier to wax enthusiastic about the old stage days and glories—in Romeo and Juliet with Ethel Barrymore, in The Tailor-Made Man, in Clarence. All the same he is to be seen in Little Old New York, in Potash and Perlmutter, in Her Man and a few other films—in inconspicuous roles. And, when you ask him what his ambition is, he grins cynically and says, "To be Chief of the Police of Los Angeles for 24 hours."

A Vaudeville Sketch Writer

Here, too, you can meet Robert Courtney. Robert, an old newspaper man who has worked on half the best newspapers in the country and is steeped in wide and versatile knowledge. But Robert always bankered for the theater, and privately he has been writing plays. It took long years and infinite patience. And his address was a trifle unsettled. So that it was long after that he learned he had won the Little Theatre Prize with his play, The Clock, for 1923, that it had been actually played on Broadway. (Continued on page 83)
**Jakes & Retakes**

By The Tatler

**Sketches By J. A. Ryan**

I have often wondered why Ivor Novello didn't take. He was hailed and hurrahed—a potential Valentino or Navarro. Then he went back to England. I've just found out

Ivor drank too much tea.
He'd drink tea eight times a day. He loved his tea. He couldn't get along without it. This might not seem to have much to do with his failure to knock you off your theater seats in *The White Rose*; but it had. Novello was an excellent actor; he was handsome; he was charming. But the camera was unkind to him. When he smiled, his face was ghastly. But a dentist solved the mystery. "His gums have shrunk," he declared, "from drinking too much tea." And the camera caught it, and gave him that sad look.

**Producing companies are now tying up their stars with their most successful productions.** We hear of Colleen Moore as the "Flaming Youth Girl," Lois Wilson as "The Covered Wagon Girl," Mary Philbin as "The Merry-Go-Round Girl," and so on. Let's give the fellers a chance and present Valentino as "The Shiek Boy," Adolph Menjou as "The Woman of Paris Man," and Theodore Roberts as "The Ten Commandments Kid."

A movie star and a male star, lead,
Had just decided to wed.
He'd bought the ring, the darn old thing.
Then he cracked her over the head.
When folks all asked why the thing was off—
For their love had been divine—
"On the cards, this dame, she wanted her name
In much bigger type than mine!"

**Lost:** A valuable walking stick by an actor with an ivory head.

**A Good Part for Alice**

Alice Joyce has gone to England to play

*The Passionate Adventurer* for Selznick, working at the Famous Players studio on the outskirts of London.

Just before she left I asked Alice what her part was. Alice, who looks younger and prettier than ever in her shingle hair-cut, retorted: "Eight evening gowns and three negligees!"

The motion pictures seem to be in for it. Just as Will Hays gets censorship nicely settled in some States, a certain tooth paste manufacturer comes out with the announcement that they are Fighting The Film.

Fire extinguisher companies report an enormous sale in their squirty old product to motion picture theatres since every motion picture company is producing a "Flaming Something" picture.

A certain motion picture star that I know arrived at a New York hotel, and when the clerk requested that he register, asked absent-mindedly: "What, sir? Love, hate, grief or gladness?"

**Monte Blue Most Honest Actor**

I must tell you that Monte Blue is the most honest actor I know. I have been wanting to tell this on Monte for years. He visited my office several years ago and annoyed me exceedingly. He picked up a nice quill pen one of my admiring friends had sent me—I had hoped to keep it always to prove I had a reader. Monte kept thumbing it until I took it gently away from him. But I liked him anyway. I asked him if he was married and he said, "No, I'm not." Soon after he said good-bye. He was gone five minutes. Then he came dashing back.

"I'm sorry," he said, draping his contrite six-feet-something on my desk. "I couldn't go away and let you think that I am married."

When Film Fans Get Together

When interviewed, stars—especially ladies—like to ask the interviewer what other victims he has had lately. And they also like to corner the harried questioner and give him, or her, a dose of his own bromides.

The almost inevitable question is, "Have you met Nita Naldi? Well, and what's she like?"

Nita would doubtless be flattered if she knew the amount of curiosity and interest she occasions among the other feminine luminaries. Only the other day a very celebrated lady whose name shines in large electrics said to me confidentially: "You know, I've always wondered about Nita Naldi. Is it true she never wears stockings?"

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner.
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum—
Quoth he, "It's Ben Turpin's eye!"
Two of the really important events of the day are Marion Davies' appointment as honorary colonel of a regiment stationed at Plattsburg where she went on location for *Janice Meredith* — someone suggests she should have been made a sweet caporal; and Charles Ray's return to the Thomas Ince fold after *Miles Standish* had made his bow to the public and the public had not acknowledged the introduction in a particularly effusive manner.

**Cop Befriends Mary**

Are Mary and Doug making a Cook's tour? Ouch! But they are taking their chef along to Europe so that Mary will have her food prepared in the customary manner.

The Manhattan premier of *The Thief of Bagdad* drew the usual curious throngs. Stars have been known to complain of the crushes which invariably accompany first nights at which they are scheduled to appear, positively, in person; but stars have never been known to avoid them by arriving early at the theater. Mary, to escape the crowds and their rough ways, was carried into the theater by a willing cop.

**Where the Stars Shop**

You may think all screen stars shop in search of high prices. Oh no. Most of the ladies I know are really economical. They purchase a Parisian wardrobe to be photographed in, but around the house they are quite content with "just a rag, my dear — picked it up for a mere trifle."

For instance, Marion Davies, who has a tidy little income if any girl ever did, buys many of her informal frocks at a little shop on upper Broadway, New York. Madame selects from her stock the dresses she thinks Miss Davies would like and sends them up on approval. Shopping made easy! Alma Rubens patronizes the same shop. Of course both Marion and Alma are well supplied with imported creations, though Alma says that on her last trip abroad the clothes she bought were worn out long before she sighted the goddess again.

**Lillian Gish** used to have all her quaint clothes made by a Los Angeles dress-maker. She told me once that for a long time she boasted only one evening dress. Mary and Doug shopped for her in Paris during one of their European jaunts and brought back a score of delicious dresses from a famous couturiere. Today Lillian does most of her shopping in Rome, with gratifying results. Both Gishes go in for the sweet, simple, and girlish. Lillian, by the way, used to wear high-necked flannel nighties — not so long ago, either.

As a matter of fact, most of our girls evince pretty good taste in apparel. Elsie Ferguson tops my list. She's always perfect. Corinne Griffith designs most of her own things, consequently providing, almost always, a picture of what the well-dressed girl will wear. Mabel Ballin makes many of her own dresses, and all of her own underwear. Mabel likes nothing better than to do a little fancy stitching in her dressing room between scenes. She used to make all Hugo's shirts and, what is more, Hugo always wore them.

**Is any bug safe?**

Hal Roach gathered together a flock of animals and produced his Dippy Doo Dad Comedies, and now Louis H. Tolhurst has assembled a cast of bees, butterflies and ants to uplift the Drama. Why not put one over on Doug and produce "The Thug of Bagdad," with a Mexican Jumping Bean in the title role.

**Neil Hamilton's Present**

Neil Hamilton has his first big chance in America. Griffith promoted him to the lead in the current picture. Neil hadn't seen the completed production and cornered one of Griffith's aides who had, "I say," he asked eagerly, "how is it?"

"Great!"

"Well," said Hamilton, "how — how am I? I mean, do I get over?"

"Boy," solemnly remarked the other, "you're a hit."

Hamilton's chest swelled a little.

"Am I, really?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," said the stenographer a little wearily, making a mental note that there was another young actor gone wrong.

"I sure am glad," beamed Hamilton. "Because — the aide waited to hear chatter about a new car or a swell apartment or a well-stocked cellar; "Because now I can go out and borrow enough money to send the folks to Europe."

The senior Hamiltons cherished an idea all their married lives — they'd go abroad some day. But they never quite made it. When Neil heard he was "over," he dashed out and on the strength of his success got enough money to send them on a belated honeymoon.

**Hollywood's Bad Girl**

Lois Wilson has said that she is good and tired of being pointed out as Hollywood's good girl. If Lois really wants to be wicked, which I doubt, we suggest that she adopt a fixed program and stick to it. As follows:

Discharge her Sunday-school class.

Eat pistachio nuts in public.

Stick pins in doorbells.

Go to the Hippodrome and hiss the elephants.

Trip up old ladies in the subway.
A Creator of the "atmospheric prolog," owner of the Egyptian Theatre, a born showman—

Grauman
— the pride of Hollywood

By Eunice Marshall

If you live in a small town where the motion pictures at the Little Gem are still served up to the tinny accompaniment of an ancient piano, you probably do not know of Sid Grauman. If you enjoy your film entertainment at a metropolitan temple of the silent drama, as the ad-writers put it, with be-pantalooned usherettes and a fifty-piece orchestra rendering selections from grand opera, you may still never have heard of Sid Grauman. But you will be benefiting by his showmanship every time you enter a theater.

Sid Grauman, of Los Angeles, is the showman of the West. Incidentally, he is the "father" of the prologue and the originator of half a hundred other innovations that have been copied by enterprising exhibitors the country over. He has done more to raise motion picture presentations to the dignity of high-class legitimate drama than any other exhibitor; certainly he was the first, out where the West begins, to boost admission prices to the $1.05 point and get away with it.

It was Grauman who first conceived the idea of dressing his pretty girl ushers in flaring pantaloons and jaunty tams, employing them not only as ushers, but as ornamental pieces of furniture, as much a part of the decorative scheme as the velvet draperies and soft rugs. It was Grauman, too, who made the movie theater a place of luxury, with salons fitted up with luxurious divans and art paintings, and ladies' smoking rooms—the latter an innovation indeed in the West. In his Metropolitan Theater, he installed the only disappearing orchestra platform in the country. On this platform the orchestra rises to perform its part in the program and then sinks from view as the picture comes on. It cost $125,000 to install.

Sid Grauman could no more help being a showman than a fish could help having scales. Heredity did it. Grauman's father was a showman before him, and the young Sid was born to the theater. His first memories center around a motley troupe of negro players dubbed by his father the Georgia Minstrels. Grauman, Sr., played all the one-horse towns in Minnesota with these Minstrels, and Minnesota is full of one-horse towns. Admission prices were low then, and the audiences none too large, and many were the drastic efforts made by Sid's father to pay off those fifteen hungry players on Saturday nights.

After the Minstrel show wore itself out, Sid's father opened up a family beer-garden in St. Paul. Sid was strictly forbidden the place, though it was a highly respectable establishment where Norwegian heads of families brought the wife and children to enjoy a mug of beer and the variety show offered by the management. But he remembers sitting on the balcony of their house next door to the garden, watching with delighted approval the "talent" on

(Continued on page 101)
Creator of “Classical Jazz,” and managing director of the Rivoli Theatre and the Rialto—

Riesenfeld

—the pride of New York

By Beth Brown

The audience tuck the programs under their arm, pull up their seats, button up their coats, and go home, thinking the place shut tight for the night.

But when they have gone, a little army of ushers with flashlights come mousing around the aisles looking for lost things, and cleaning women with bucket handles for bracelets descend the balcony stairs like ghostly queens, and from backstage, comes a loud murmur of voices and a great thumping of feet.

It is Friday midnight. The orchestra always rehearses then, with lights up, but a house as empty and quiet as a church after a sermon. Such strumming of strings and scraping of feet. Enough of a racket to give a strong man a headache!

"Throo! Throo!" grunts the bassoon. The cello has a retort for that. "Thrump! Thrump!" it answers triumphantly.

A dancer, the only performer left of the evening's program, comes curiously to the door, dressed in two breast plates and a crimson sash. She smiles through her make-up, finding more magic in the deserted theater than lemons in circus lemonade.

"I'd love to dance!" she tells herself, but a bad case of stage-fright comes over her, and she runs away. She knows that if she dances to those rows and rows of empty, staring seats, the absence of applause will leave her with a heartache.

Everybody waits impatiently for the leader to appear. Someone comes to the little trick stage door and through it, but it is not he.

At last the door flies open and the leader comes out, small, swift, laughing, as he touches his court favorites lightly with his baton, threading his way between chairs. Max, the plump drummer is one favorite, and Willie, the fiddler, another. But come to think of it, they all are, since he spreads their bread and butter equally thick with praises and scoldings.

"Riesenfeld! Riesenfeld!" the whisper goes through the ranks, and all eyes are turned his way. The strumming ceases.

He stands there, fresh and flashing, after an arduous 18 hour day. Here is the man himself, not as he is caricatured in the newspapers of the country, nor seen, as he stands with that straight, black back to the audience, while he leads the orchestra into a frenzy. New York no longer asks, "What is playing?" but, "Is he conducting?"

A humble and a modest man, despite the fact that he is Manager of the theater which occupies the most famous and enviable location in the world. The Rialto is at Broadway and 42nd Street, if you please.

Just now there is a light rat-tat of the baton on the wooden stand. "I thank whoever left the flowers on my desk," he begins, and the orchestra leans forward expectantly. He always has a story or two that is good to hear and cheers a fellow up. "In the old country, the boys used to bring me cheese, butter, eggs. Here they (Continued on page 101)
Westwood, Ho!
Westward to Westwood, California, the course of Movie Empire takes its way
By Eunice Marshall

HOLLYWOOD is in the throes of a movie hegira. Producers, keeping in mind Greeley’s advice to youth, are preparing to go west and let the infant industry grow up with the country. Or to be more exact, they are going to Westwood, that rolling tract of land midway between Hollywood and the beach already designated as “the second Hollywood.”

"Why are the studios leaving Hollywood?" is the question asked on every hand. And "What will the effect of the exodus be on Hollywood?"

The cause of the movement is a simple one of dollars and cents. Land costs too much in Hollywood.

A decade back, when the pioneers in pictures looked about for a place to turn out their crude and amateurish films, they looked for two essentials: cheap land and sunshine. They found both in Hollywood, then a placid, pastoral community in a setting of lemon groves and drooping pepper trees. Today, the sunshine is still the same, but the price of land has catapulted skyward. Where shady lanes wound sleepily through fields of mustard or fragrant groves of orange and lemon trees, traffic now surges on paved boulevards lined with business blocks. Banks, agencies for expensive motors, jewellers’ shops, metropolitan hotels and modistes’ shops whose costly appearance is not misleading bear mute witness to the growth and prosperity of the city which Hollywood has become.

A modern studio is a great, sprawling thing that eats up acres of land. The office buildings alone cover many hundreds of square feet. Add to this the space required for the great stages, the shops, the actors’ dressing-rooms and the hundred and one other departments of a properly equipped studio, and you can estimate clearly how essential low-priced land is in the business of putting the annual profits on the right side of the studio ledger.

Famous Players’ Hollywood Plant

THE land on which the Famous Players-Lasky Hollywood plant now stands was once occupied by a barn and stable. Today the property is valued at approximately $1,000.00 a foot. Each working stage takes up about 150 feet by 400 feet, and there are four of these stages, occupying about 32 per cent of the ground space. If you’re handy with figures, you will see that just the land for these four stages alone costs Famous Players-Lasky about $800,000.00 or its equivalent in rent. And this constitutes only a third of their holdings in the Vine street plant. In these unhappy days of picture making, with the slump still a vivid and painful memory, this question of land values gives a producer “furiously to think,” as the French have it.

The overhead first drove Fox to Westwood for financial relief. The extensive Fox plant in Hollywood stretches for a solid block on either side of Western avenue, right in the heart of Hollywood. The comedy lot on one side, the drama lot on the other. The sudden and rapid growth of Western avenue as a business artery has boosted the value of the property enormously. Only half of the land on which the studio is located is owned by Fox, however, and the company is at present forced to pay huge rents on the leased portion. Moreover, the company loses hundreds of dollars every month in time and labor spent in carting materials over the traffic-swept avenue, from one lot to the other.
The new studio location is a beautiful tract in Westwood, a stretch of gently rolling acres with the blue Hollywood hills to the north. With a financial acumen inspired by Harry Culver's success, Fox purchased a large number of lots adjoining the studio tract. Two-thirds of these lots have already been sold for more than enough money to pay for the studio tract. And the company still has a third of the lots left.

**Harold Lloyd's New Studio**

The choicest portion of the Westwood land is to house the splendid new studio of Harold Lloyd. Lloyd has forty acres fronting on Santa Monica Boulevard. This property used to be the old Wolfskill ranch, and includes the family mansion of that pioneer family. The house will be moved off when work begins on the new plant, which may be within the next few months or may not take place for a year yet. The Lloyd company's lease with the Hollywood studio still has a year to run. The new studio will have three stages, which seems to hint that the Lloyd corporation will be enlarged. It is possible that Mildred Davis will be starred in pictures by her husband's company.

Christie Comedies will soon be turned out in Westwood instead of in the present plant on Sunset Boulevard. Al Christie has forty acres also in Westwood and plans to start on his new studio shortly. When he can get $800 a front foot on his property on Sunset, he figures it nothing short of criminal to operate it while Westwood property is selling for a fraction of that sum.

Hal Roach already has work well started on his ranch property out on the road to Culver City.

There have been rumors current for some time that Charlie Chaplin is to sell his present holdings on La Brea and move to Westwood. Nothing definite has been settled as yet. However, it is true that the La Brea property has leaped in value since its purchase in 1918. The whole property, including the fine Colonial mansion in which Charlie's brother, Syd, now lives, was bought in 1918 for $37,500. Chaplin was recently offered $300,000 for the frontage alone, not including the house!

The second question—what will this studio movement do to Hollywood?—is easily answered. It probably will not affect Hollywood much, one way or the other.

**Hollywood Not an Artists' Colony**

If the exodus had come even three years ago, the result might have easily been disastrous to Hollywood as a town. For the movies made Hollywood. Today, however, Hollywood is not dependent upon pictures for its being, though undoubtedly pictures contribute materially to its prosperity. Hollywood is a city of homes and business people, not an artists' colony. Comparatively few of the big people in the industry have their homes in Hollywood. They live in Beverly Hills, or in the fashionable West Adams or Wilshire districts. And many of the studios have never been located in Hollywood.

The Mayer-Schulberg studio lies five or six miles from Hollywood, away up on Mission road in the industrial section of Los Angeles. The Mack Sennett studio is also a goodly distance from Hollywood, on Glendale Boulevard in Los Angeles. Universal City lies up and across Cahuenga Pass, on the road to Lankershim. While at the end of a ten-mile motor ride you find Big Three of Culver City: Goldwyn studio surmounted by its electric-studded lion; the white-pillared Colonial home of the Ince pictures and the Hal Roach studio.

**Culver's Folly**

The exodus from Hollywood really started when Harry Culver read the handwriting on the wall and bought up all the land in sight where Culver City now stands. The property was farm land then, and sold for a song. That was five or six years ago, perhaps a trifle more. He offered generous inducements to the Hollywood film studios to locate there, practically donating the ground sites to the companies that accepted the invitation. As always, progress followed the studios, and today Culver City is a rapidly growing community of cozy bungalows, a smart country club, three great film studios, splendid schools and the most zealous motorcycle cops outside of Orange County. And Harry Culver has cleaned up. Culver City land is now valued at $10,000 an acre. "Culver's Folly" turned out to be a bonanza.

The suburban film plants will and do enjoy every facility of the Hollywood studios. The only added expense is that entailed in the upkeep of trucks and motor cars for transportation between the city of Hollywood and Westwood. And the cost of that ten minutes ride is infinitesimal when contrasted with the difference in land values in Hollywood and the suburbs.

So all in all it looks as though Westwood was going to become a little Hollywood, Jr. Owners of property in that direction certainly hope so anyway, and in California the interim between the hopes and the realization is frequently a short one.

Hollywood probably will not change much with the new exodus. Perhaps it will grow right out to Westwood and absorb it. You can expect anything in this unbelievable country. Probably it will go right ahead establishing itself as a real estate dealer's paradise. But, as a matter of fact, Hollywood has already become a symbol of filmdom, rather than a specific home of pictures. The label, "Made in Hollywood" must be taken figuratively, not literally.
THE play in which the poor crippled girl is miraculously cured in the last act is with us again under the title of The Outsider. The present author is Dorothy Brandon who, herself a cripple, has infused her hokum with such an intense sincerity and passion that it takes on a measure of theatrical warmth. In only one particular does her offering depart from the many displays on a similar theme. In the majority of these displays the cripple, who has not been able to walk since birth, suddenly finds that a belief in God has converted her into a regular Edward Payson Weston. In Miss Brandon's version, it is not faith, but a mechanical device perfected by a healer without the fold, that accomplishes the trick. Yet, even so, the author hearkens sufficiently to the established dramatic echoes. Faith and Love are brought in to help out the mechanical device. Without Faith, it appears that the mechanical device, in the peculiar metaphysical way that mechanical devices have, can accomplish little. And even when the mechanical device has done its work, it appears further that the cure is not complete until the cripple feels stirring in her bosom the tonic and beautiful tremors of Love.

Although it is certainly none of my business whether a play runs three years or closes on the Saturday night following its opening, I can't resist the feeling that Miss Brandon's therapeutical ballet would achieve greater success in the theatres of the Republic had she effected the cure of her cripple without the aid of an electrical stretcher and relied entirely on the usual theatrical mental and emotional orthopedy. The introduction of this element of comparative sense into her drama will doubtless work to its financial disadvantage. The credo of the American box-office numbers among its stoutest faiths the convictions that Christian Science can handily cure everything from bowlegs to dandruff, and that against a Pure Love everything from curvature of the spine to bowel complaint is helpless.

The local presentation of the play is in general superior to that made in London. Miss Katharine Cornell gives another of her remarkably able performances in the role of the cripple, although Lionel Atwill plays the unlicensed practitioner in much the manner that Charles Judels might play the role in a Casino musical comedy. Atwill is never a subtle actor, but on this occasion his subtlety is of a piece with that of a saw mill. Robert Milton's direction is decidedly proficient.

The Moon-Flower, by Zoe Akins, out of the Hungarian, is a romantic play that, as one envisages it currently in the theatre, is approximately as romantic as a case of hives. This is due largely to the performance of an actor named Blackmer in the leading male role. The role in point is that of a young man who longs passionately for one crimson night in the
By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

arms of the most beautiful courtesan in Europe and who is willing to sacrifice everything, including his life, for that privilege. The young man, at least in the manuscript, is fervent, daring, hot, wild. But this role of a fervent, daring, hot, wild, young Hungarian is taken over and played by the M. Blackmer precisely as if it were the role of a vicar in an English suburban comedy. His idea of intense passion appears to consist in drooping the eyelids and affecting a pervading lassitude, like a man who has been bitten by a tse-tse fly. His notion of romantic daring is to walk up to the object of his passion and talk to her in the lackadaisical manner of a man who is just recovering from a severe attack of the influenza. The Moon-Flower is anything but a good play—it is, in fact, a pretty bad play—but the performance of Professor Blackmer makes it seem twice as bad as it actually is. Casting him for the role of the incandescent young lover in the Akins drama is akin to casting Sam Bernard for the leading role in A Prisoner of Zenda.

The Moon-Flower is nothing to brag about in the original Biro version—its title in that version is The Last Kiss—and it offers even less reason for braffing in the adaptation. The story, discernible through the thick growth of whiskers, is of the bejeweled mistress of a rich duke and of a poor young man who meet on the terrace at Monte Carlo, have an affair that breaks the young man's heart, and then separate—she to go back to the duke and he to go back to his humdrum world.

This venerable yarn is here retold with most of the familiar stencils and, to make it worse, Miss Akins has brought to it all the fool nonsense with which of late she has been embellishing her writings for the theatre. It seems to be La Zoe's idea that the way to impress an audience is to make her plays for the most part lectures on the best brands of champagne, caviar, pate de foie gras and Egyptian cigarettes, to fill the stage with personages the very least of whom is the first cousin of a king, to paint up the backdrops to represent the most expensive European resorts, and to drop a hint every now and then that she herself, Zoe Akins, is thoroughly up on everything that is anything. It is all very silly and it is rapidly making the otherwise talented Miss Zoe ridiculous. Elsie Ferguson is the star of the present exhibit and acquits herself creditably.

III.

Fata Morgana is in essence a typical Sacha Guitry farce converted, through a somewhat deeper insight into character and a somewhat profounder understanding and sympathy on the part of the Hungarian Ernest Vajda, into an extremely sensitive and hilariously amusing sardonic comedy. As a comedy of sex, indeed, it has not often been surpassed in the theater of the more recent years, for underneath its surface rills and ripples there runs a very real current of the wit and wisdom that are born of experience and reflective observation, and of the recognizable adventure (Continued on page 100)
A Drawing the fangs of the Foreign Invaders

Hollywood’s Melting Pot

By W. R. Benson

About a year ago a snake wriggled into the Eden of Filmdom. There was great consternation. Skirts were drawn high, brave men made violent gestures at the snake, and long newspaper laments rose upon the peaceful air of Hollywood.

The snake was called “The Foreign Invasion.” Producers had procured the snake at great pains, transporting it from its native jungle, to frighten the pretty little stars of Hollywood and to turn all the local snake charmers green with envy.

For it was a very big and gaudy snake. And very dangerous. So the American public thought, along with the actors and actresses and directors whose lives seemed threatened.

The producers had bagged the big game because they were afraid it would attack in another form—that it would wear the label of “Foreign Pictures,” than which there is no more feared calamity in all Filmdom.

The snake has been with us for more than a year now. Many of the actor folk in Hollywood have forgotten about it—almost. They even get chummy with the snake these days; some brag about having made a pet of it. No one fears it now—particularly.

For Hollywood has assimilated the Foreign Invasion. Most of the foreigners were found to be merely fourflushers and pretenders, snakes-in-the-grass, rather than one of Kipling’s “Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snakes.”

Of the vast horde of foreigners who threatened to make the average Hollywood actor look elsewhere for his livelihood, very few remain to boast of their conquests.

Americanized Alien Actors

Those who remain are strangely American now. They have tried to make us forget that they are foreign. If they could not melt in the great Hollywood melting pot, they have for the most part slipped quietly back to those foreign parts from which they came.

A recent article in the New York Times, signed by William A. Brady, veteran stage producer, shows that the legitimate stage is in the throes of excitement which attended the foreign invasion into films.

Mr. Brady laments: “Our young people have been advised to go and worship at the shrine of these foreign artists, when it is a matter of fact that the kind of acting these Russian players have shown us is a style that has been tabooed in the American theater for a generation.”

Mr. Brady mourns the fact that a foreign star, visiting our stage, wins plaudits and hysterical praise from audience and press that a native star can never hope to equal. That is natural. We all like “company.” That is exactly what most of the foreigners invading our films have been—exciting “company,” whose foreign manners intrigued at first by their very
novelty, but which have palled now—for various reasons we are too polite to mention.

Mr. Brady's Opinion

In reprinting Mr. Brady's well-founded lament on the foreign invasion of the stage, the Los Angeles Times says:

"The American theater and the American screen have been captured by foreigners. The big hit of the season in New York is 'The Miracle,' staged by Max Reinhardt, a German. In collaboration with Morris Gest, a Russian. The rival sensation is Eleonora Duse, an Italian. Gilda Gray, a Pole, is the most prominent dancer in New York. The Moscow Players have been another New York sensation. On the screen the niches of fame are occupied by Pola Negri, a Pole; Rudolph Valentino, an Italian; Ramon Novarro, a Mexican; Mary Pickford, a Canadian; Charles Chaplin, an Englishman, and the most famous directors are Ernst Lubitsch, a German; Victor Seastrom, a Swede; Erich von Stroheim, an Austrian, and Rex Ingram, an Irishman."

The Los Angeles Times surely had some foundation for its outburst, but it seems a little ridiculous to jump upon poor Mary Pickford, who has been America's sweetheart since the beginning of the industry, and upon Charlie Chaplin, who is the dean of American film comedy. No one, most surely, thinks of Rex Ingram as a "foreigner." These celebrities, all, made their start, their struggle and their fame in America, according to American ways. We cannot possibly have any quarrel with their place on the American screen.

As for the others: Ernst Lubitsch, Victor Seastrom, Pola Negri, Valentino, Novarro, and Erich von Stroheim. There is certainly a nice little nucleus of foreigners, who might be expected to form the very backbone of the snake, if snakes had backbones.

But, somehow, on looking the bunch over we find that the fangs have been drawn. For the snake is no longer dangerous.

Ernst Lubitsch was brought to this country on a Famous Players-Lasky contract, which, for some reason or other, he has never filled. Possibly Pola Negri, who is said to have had bitter quarrels with Lubitsch in Germany, may have had something to do with it.

But Lubitsch got a splendid job over at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. He directed "Rosita," and a remarkably clever piece of direction it was, too. That it lacked the fire and vigor of Lubitsch's German work may have been due to the change of atmosphere, and was probably partly due to the fact that he did not have a Pola Negri or an Emil Jannings to direct.

Lubitsch Almost a Yankee

At any rate, Lubitsch unostentatiously took on American ways, adapted himself to American methods of producing. He has never, however, been able to conquer those economical, efficient German ways of his. We have been told that "Rosita" was kept to an unbelievably low overhead, considering the size of the effort and that it was a costume picture.

Then Lubitsch was taken on by the astute Warner Brothers, who have unhesitatingly pursued the policy of getting the biggest bets in the industry, from the standpoint of ready-made advertising. (Witness their signing of Belasco and many of the best known stage stars, their purchase of nothing but well-known books.) Lubitsch looked like a good publicity bet, and the producers were wise enough to let Lubitsch alone.

"The Marriage Circle" is the result. So far as we can see, "The Marriage Circle" is the only definite cause for worry over the foreign invasion that the picture world has yet had. It is thoroughly continental in its appeal. If Lubitsch had been permitted to get actors who knew Vienna and its ultra-sophistication, he would have produced one of the few perfect motion pictures. As it is, it seems a little funny to see Marie Prevost playing the faithless wife to a Vienna professor. Marie so obviously wants to sink into the American idea of the baby vamp. She occasionally slips a coy pout in when the director is directing her hands or feet, instead of her face. By the way, Lubitsch can do more with the feet than any director on the screen.

As it is, "The Marriage Circle" is a splendid picture of the ultra-sophisticated type. It is subtle. It is deliciously humorous. It is piquant. Adjectives which we seldom need in describing an American-made, American-directed picture. But—and here's where more fangs are drawn, for the peace of Hollywood—"The Marriage Circle" will not be a success outside of the large cities. It is not a picture for what is called in technical filmdom, "the provinces." Which says that it will not go over in small towns. It has no hokum, no home and mother stuff, no erring wife sentimental (Continued on page 103)
A few delightful costumes. Magnificent the length veil part popular and distinctive.

Miss Aileen large sheer veil. It makes what one knows to be a more the perfect costume. This month I have chosen accessories worn by well known moving picture actresses appearing in current screen-plays. Sketched here for you are: The right veil for the dress hat, the newest novelty jewelry, a collar and cuff set that makes a simple frock smart and the correct gloves for two types of costumes. Then, finally, there are two sets of attractive underthings. All these little details are what smart women consider carefully.

Fashion Takes the Veil Again

Veils are again fashionable—if one chooses the right kind of veil. And nothing has more allure than a pair of eyes given mystery and depth by the delicate shadows of a veil. One of the most flattering and the smartest of new veils is sketched on Miss Gloria Swanson (in the lower right hand circle). It is the new mask veil—a mere wisp of net embroidered and cut in crescent shape so that there will be no unsightly thick ends to tie at the back. This veil has daintily, embroidered flowers in two colors to give it additional distinction. As you see, it is worn with a small hat and is the only trimming necessary.

By placing such a veil over a simple little cloche such as that shown in the sketch of silk or straw one has a dress hat of picturesque charm. Bordered millinery meshes are the appropriate veilings for wear with tailored clothes. The most severe cloche—and nowadays everybody wears some version of the cloche—can be made flattering if one softens the harsh brimline with a length of sheer veiling.

The tremendous vogue for necklaces causes a new kind to be brought out almost hourly. But only a few prevail, and the creamy pearl is always one of these. Of course, the pearl knows that to hold its popularity it must adopt new sizes and arrangements. The newest arrangement for the ever-present pearl necklace is the one Miss Aileen Pringle wears in Three Weeks. (Sketched in the lower left circle.) In the sketch she is shown wearing the very smart, new, triple strand of medium size pearls. The necklace fastens with a large colored stone clasp. (Emeralds or sapphires are most fashionable.) Miss Pringle’s bandeau, shown in the same sketch, deserves attention. The only really smart type of bandeau this season is the small coronet of rhinestones worn well back on the head, Queen Victoria fashion, as Miss Pringle wears hers. Quite often curved bars of rhinestones similar to those used to trim hats are worn in this way. It is these small bandeaux, shaped like a countess’ coronet, that are affected by the debutantes who frequent the fashionable dancing places around New York. And, to return to beads, the square cut topaz beads worn by Miss Swanson in Manhandled (a picture that will be released later in the summer), are the ultra thing for day-wear. Square cut beads of all kinds—whether they be
Neckwear of Distinction

The unusual collar and cuff set that makes a simple frock seem truly chic, is a weighty trifle no wardrobe should lack. With the severely simple modes of today such a set is often the principal feature of the frock. The collar and cuff set shown in the top center are worn by Eleanor Boardman in True As Steel, her new picture. The charming originality of her collar is due to the cut and the combination of white organdie over a darker shade of organdie. The jagged-point edges and two thicknesses of material give the effect of a delicate petalled flower from which her white throat arises.

The Correctly Gloved Hand

The glove that covers the ruling hand of fashion, and is itself ruled by fashion, is almost always short. And the cuff effect is essential to the fashion life of the short glove. No self-respecting glove is without it. Although sometimes the cuff effect is achieved by means of wrinkling an eight button glove around the wrist. Two types of these very smart cuffed gloves are shown in the sketch where two hands are extended in cordial greeting. One hand is wearing a fawn colored silk glove with the new eyelet embroidery decorating the cuff. This glove is suitable for summer wear with a silk dress. The other hand wears a glove of grey silk with touches of darker grey to accentuate its tailored trimness. It is an excellent accessory for the smart tailored suit.

The short glove is the correct glove for practically every kind of costume except the very formal evening costume. And it was only during the recent opera season that I noted long gloves worn at all. The short pull-on glove is worn even with short sleeved afternoon and sports dresses. This vogue for short gloves worn with short sleeves, leaving a long expanse of bare arm, seems odd at first but it comes straight from Paris and has undeniable chic.

Underthings Echo the Simplicity of the Mode

But it is not only the little things that one wears as accessories to the outer costume that swell the sum total of smartness. There is the proper basis for the sleekly fashionable exterior. One must consider the choice of underthings so carefully. With the fashions of today, lumpy, clumsy lingerie is fatal to a smart effect. The important thing is to have underwear that clings. At the same time one wants style and practicality. The two chemise and step-ins illustrated, happily combine the three desired qualities of clingyness, prettiness, and durability. They are of glove silk, which will cling and launder in the most desirable fashion. One of them is quite a dressy affair combining filet lace and motifs of the new petit point embroidery. The flesh tints of the silk bring out the pastel colorings of the embroidery. The other, more tailored set has interesting embroidered oblong monogram motifs in opposite corners of the chemise and step-ins. The monogram motifs are emphasized by the use of black embroidery on the white or yellow background material. These two suits of underthings typify the smartest lingerie I know for practical wearing purposes.

The simpler and more tailored the lingerie the smarter it is today. Impractical and fussy underthings are completely passe. Where lace and ornamentation are used the effect is subtle. Lace is always applied flat so that the tailored lines of the garment are kept. The illustration shows how both filet lace and petit point embroidery may be used in the same garment, still giving the desired tailored effect. All of these things are available in New York shops and many of them can be found in your own town. I will be happy to give you the cost of any article I mention, or purchase it without extra cost.

Alice Anslez.
Our Own News Reel

Q. Cinema News in Picture Form

Q. New York—Claire Windsor feels gay after a few weeks' film engagement in Egypt, and does a little cane jumping when the ship reaches New York. Bert Lytell is holding the cane.

Q. Hollywood, Cal.—That Charlie Chaplin has an eye for beauty is proven by his selection of Miss Lita Grey, with whom he is shown. Below to be his leading lady.

Q. Astoria, L. I.—Rudolph Valentino makes his return to the screen in a film version of Monsieur Bebe. The costume is an exact reproduction of a model now in the Paris museum.

Q. Culver City, Cal.—Will Rogers, Sr., preparing for a hot summer.

Q. Los Angeles, Cal.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., proving himself a chip off the old block when seeing the Fairbanks party off to New York on their latest jaunt. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is on the platform with Doug, Sr., and Mary.

Q. Plattsburg, N. Y.—Marion Davies was created first honorary colonel of the 26th Infantry Regiment and as such is entitled to wear the uniform and insignia of rank. She is shown here reviewing the troops.
THE new German film of the Nibelungen, produced in Berlin on February 14, by Herr Fritz Lang, for the Decla-Ofa Company, is described as a spectacular masterpiece. The most remarkable scene, and one which will doubtless prove highly popular with the spectators, is the slaying of the dragon which guards the Nibelungs' treasure in the giant forest. The part of Siegfried is played by Herr Paul Richer, who makes a typical fair-haired hero of German legend, and the forest of fairyland is a fine piece of imaginative setting. But the height of realism has been reached in the representation of the dragon. This enormous monster, which looks like a prehistoric reptile brought to life, is seventy feet long and weighs a ton and a half. Its movements are actuated by a "crew" of thirty men (10 inside the body and 20 in a trench), and thus it crawls about breathing fire.

Behind the scenes: King Attica's bloodthirsty warriors enjoying a poker game during recess.

Right Top—Siegfried, to be invulnerable, takes a bath in the slain dragon's blood. (Note the lime-leaf on his shoulder resulting in the one mortal spot through which Hagen's spear penetrated.)

Center—Behind the scenes: invulnerable Siegfried proves to be rather ticklish when a hole is being bored into his armor.

Lower left—Kriemhild and Siegfried's love story.

Lower right—The murder of Siegfried, pierced through his vulnerable shoulder.
We all remember the story of O. Henry which told about the little working girl who kept on her wall a photograph of Lord Kitchener and modeled her entire life up to the ideal which the character of this distinguished man represented in her heart.

Every one of us has such an ideal—someone perhaps foreign to our own sphere of life—who appeals, however, to our romantic imagination or who stimulates our intellectual curiosity.

Screenland has sought to discover for you the idols of the stars. Some of them are humorous—some of them are serious—but each discloses that subtle, and often incomprehensible, affinity which binds together twin souls.

Ben's Beauty

Ben Turpin in reply to our wire of inquiry as to his choice replied tersely: "I can see as well as any man and consider Peggy Hopkins Joyce the most fascinating of women."

The editor of this publication desires to congratulate Mr. Turpin upon the unerring accuracy of his vision and to inform him that he does not stand alone in his opinion, but is backed up by, one might almost say, a group of fellow enthusiasts.

Patsy—Her Man

Patsy Ruth Miller shows judgment and discrimination in one so young by her choice. Her reply to the wire as to the handsomest man was this: "I consider Gouverneur Morris the handsomest man I know. Stop. He has character and distinction as well as good looks and I always was partial to horn-rimmed spectacles."

Niblo Knows

Mr. Niblo is in a position to talk with authority on the subject of the world's handsomest women.
the Stars

Hollywood’s film favorites wire replies to Screenland’s inquiry regarding their secret affinities.

He is married to one of them and has directed a great many more. Many of our readers will agree with his apt choice.

"Maude Adams," said Mr. Niblo, "is the most elusively beautiful woman I ever saw."

Bennett’s Beau

Eud Bennett agrees with the heroine of O. Henry’s story for she, too, is an admirer of the much admired Lord Kitchener. She says of him: “Lord Kitchener was and always will be my hero. Stop. A fascinating and gallant gentleman.”

Chaplin’s Choice

Syd Chaplin lapsed into his characteristic comic vein in his very excellent and apt selection of the charming and talented Lady Diana Manners. Though the message is bantering, we feel that the selection is a very good one. He says: “If Cleopatra looked as good as Lady Diana Manners, who could blame Marc Antony?”

Windsor’s Winner

Miss Windsor apparently is a lover of horsemanship as revealed in her choice of the world’s most handsome man. Hers is a most aristocratic and, we might say, popular selection. She wires, “The Prince of Wales is the most potent male charmer I ever saw. Long may he wave.”

Alberta Vaughan wires, “Down in Kentucky lives a young man by name of Paul K. Stewart. Stop. I think he is the best looking man outside of stage or movies. Stop. In addition has lively personality, is clean cut and would be a success in comedy, drama. Stop. He is young but that is no handicap.”

Madeline Hurlock wires, “Eugene O’Neill is the most brilliantly fascinating man I know.”
ANY hotel that houses the Naldis is certain never to be dull.
The other day Nita Naldi was supposed to take on a deep tan for a picture. Having no mind to acquire a coat of tan by the usual beach process, it being chilly in March for bathing even in California, the ingenious Lasky vamp emptied a bottle of iodine into her bath water. The bath produced the desired tan effect on Nita and also on the bath tub. And all the Biltmore hotel chamber maids and chemists and orderlies couldn't scrub that tub back to its original gleaming whiteness. At last report, it was still a rich ecru, and so was Nita. But the hotel management was very, very blue.

And then Mary, Nita's young sister, started something. Or to be exact, Mary's dog Shrieks emanated from the Naldi apartment. Jimmie McCabe, the gentlemanly assistant manager, followed by a house detective, sprinted down the hall.

"Mimi!" cried Mary, her black bob flying. "She's gone!"
The whole service force was commandeered to find the missing pup, which is a black-and-tan, about as big as a minute but full of noise for its size. Not a sign of Mimi, until—
The kitchen steward looked up from his dishes to note a dark, fuzzy something reclining in a casserole, sliding down the dish conveyor that carries soiled dishes from the apartments to the dishwashing department. Bending nearer, the steward was startled to see Mimi, decorated about the head and ears with custard and asparagus tips, leap from the casserole and scuttle across the kitchen floor, shrieking indignantly in dog language. Mimi, it seems, had taken a nap in the casserole, it being handy and comfortable, with refreshment facilities and all.

Corinne Griffith to Retire from Screen

They don't always mean what they say. Corinne Griffith, who declared herself "through forever" with matrimony after her divorce from William M. Campbell last November, has just returned from an ecstatic honeymoon in Honolulu with her new husband, Walter Morosco, Jr. They were married in Tiajuana, Mexico, a few weeks ago. She is going to make three more pictures, she says, before she retires to give her full attention to her home.

It will be remembered that Walter Morosco, Jr., was Betty Compson's devoted swain at one time, before Betty became engaged to the director, James Cruze.
POST

By Eunice Marshall

Barbara La Marr has been a good bit in the papers here lately, she being the star witness against H. L. Roth, the Hollywood attorney who attempted to blackmail her through her manager, Arthur Sawyer. The papers gave a lot of space to the description of Barbara on the stand, dressed somberly in black and weeping into a black lace handkerchief. The morning after the court session, Lew Cody met Barbara on the Mayer lot.

"Hello," said Lew. "I saw your ad in the paper this morning."
"Yes," said Barbara. "I'm head-lining this week. It takes a sense of humor to do it."

Novarro Wins Popularity Contest

Ramon Novarro is a better screen lover than Rudolph Valentino—in Minneapolis. A popularity contest that has just ended in that city established him as the most popular male star, triumphing by a narrow margin over Rudie. And most of his votes came from middle-aged women.

The Rocking Chair Craze

We have had directors who couldn't direct without their puttees, and directors who were known by their loud golf stockings. William de Mille is wedded to his famous slouch hat, and for a while no directorial costume was complete without a felt sun visor. But the latest is the rocking chair director.

Roy Neill, who is directing "Rose of the Ghetto" out at the Grand-Asher studio, just simply refuses to work without his patent rocker, and carries it around with him, on location and all.

A Young Motorist

Jacqueline Logan came on the set one rainy morning recently and found young Mickey McBan tearing some dirty old rags into strips and tying them around the wheels of his toy automobile.

"What's the idea?" Jacqueline wanted to know right off, she being a woman and therefore curious.

"Skid chains," said Mickey briefly.

New Club in Hollywood

Life in Hollywood these days is just one club after another. First there was "The Interior," the bungalow of a certain star whose watchword was: "Lips that touch nicotine shall never touch ours." Then came "The Regulars," a group of good girls trying to get along. The aim of the club was to help each member advance in her profession. And last, or anyway latest, was "The Fairies." Kathryn McGuire is the president, and the feature that will distinguish the club from its sister organizations is the fact that it will have a man for its honorary president. The distinguished gentleman is as yet unnamed.

High Cost of Stetsons

If it seems hard to ante up $20 for a new spring hat for the wife, just be glad that you haven't any movie actors to buy hats for. When Jack Hoxie, the Universal cowboy-actor, buys a new chapeau, it nicks his bank-roll exactly $75.00. They used to cost $35.00, but the battery that makes Jack's sombreros to order recently came down ten dollars on the price.

It costs real money to be one of these hard-living, hard-riding men of the plains, if you dress the part. Buck Jones' wife presented Buck with a new saddle the other day as a birthday gift, and it cost $375. But it's certainly a grand saddle, hand-carved and all decorated up with solid silver and 14 karat gold studdings, not to mention assorted ivory ornaments.

Alma Rubens on West Coast

Alma Rubens is out here on the Coast again for the first time in several years, and if she is happy to be away from New York she is concealing it nobly. Alma is spending most of her days in Clare West's studio, being fitted for her costumes for "Cytherea," which George Fitzmaurice will direct.

A Resurrected Comedy

If you giggled a few at Will Roger's comedy, "Two Wagons, Both Covered," you will probably be interested in knowing how you happened to get the chance to see it.

Hal Roach hired Rob Wagner to direct Rogers in this picture last fall. Wagner has a gorgeous sense of humor, but his humor is subtle; perhaps you remember the articles he used to write for Screenland a couple of years back. Anyway, he and Will began to work out the scenes and the big guns on the Roach lot couldn't find a chuckle in them. So, 'long about the middle of the picture, work was stopped and Wagner quit.

The film that had been shot was left lying around on a dusty shelf until a newspaper critic asked to see it. So they ran it off for him, apologizing profusely, and the critic got a stitch in his side from laughter at Will's stuff. So the big guns took a second look at the film, patched it together and ran it off at a neighborhood theatre one night. The audience whooped.

The picture is going over as one of the biggest comedy successes of the year, and Rob Wagner is directing Rogers again out on the Roach lot. And some folks aren't so certain that they know all there is to be known about comedies as they used to be.

Winifred Westover Wants to "Come Back"

Winifred Westover Hart wants to go back on the screen again. So she has asked the court to pass on her right to act in pictures again. At present she is constrained from acting in the films by the terms of a trust fund established for her by Bill Hart shortly after their separation. The terms of the fund, to which she agreed, provide that she will receive the entire amount of the fund, $103,000, upon the death of Hart or on the occasion of a divorce between them, and that meanwhile she will receive the income from the fund in monthly installments.

Mrs. Hart declares that the income is not sufficient to meet her needs and that the clause preventing her from earning a living is contrary to the law of the state. Mr. Hart has also established a trust fund of $100,000 for his baby, and the income from that also goes to Mrs. Hart as the custodian of the child.

About Hiers, Compton and Wilson

There are as many ups and downs in the movie game as there are in an elevator operator's life. Walter Hiers, recently raised to stardom by the man who lucked, went out by that studio, and, after doing a few turns in vaudeville signed up to play in Christie comedies! Sic transit gloria. The genial Walter is to play opposite Dorothy Devore. We're sorry. We always laughed at Walt's stuff. It was hardly fair to pass on to a chubby Romeo like Walter stories meant for Wally Reid, and expect him to get the same reaction from the audience.

And speaking of changes, Lois Wilson is also to leave Paramount, after finishing her work with Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire." It seems that the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation had Betty Compson under contract. Paramount wanted Betty back, and to get her, traded Lois for her. Lois is doing her consistently excellent work in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and May McAvoy has come back to "Merton of the Movies," recently engaged by Lubin. It couldn't be a more beautiful Lois in her regal roles in the Valentino film. We can believe it. They may talk all they like about Lois being just a plain, wholesome girl, but we have a vivid memory of her at the Actors' Fund benefit performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at which her radiant beauty shone out above all the rest of Hollywood's most stunning femininity.

Screeland

McAvoy Denies Engagement to Hunter

Yes, and May McAvoy says, right out, that she isn't engaged to Glenn Hunter, although she has had a very wonderful friendship with him. So you can expect to see the announcement of their marriage any time now.

The Movie Stork Busy

The stork has been one busy bird in Hollywood this past month. First he dropped in at the Buster Keaton place and left another boy there. Then he stopped off at Thompson Buchanan's and deposited a seven pound scenario writer. Following that, he flapped over to Bert Glennon's, who is C. B. de Mille's head camera man and consigned to Mrs. Glennon's-adoring care a nine pound girl baby. Mothers and children are all doing nicely, and the dads are all wearing 14 inch grins.

The new Keaton heir has been receiving gifts from all over the country ever since his arrival into this vale of tears. A battery sent him a miniature hat modeled after Buster's famous cap, and another firm presented him with a pair of corduroy trousers having an intricate assortment of buttons, permitting the garments to be let out as the boy grows. Warranted to last young Buster until he is nine years old, the doting state. And the gifts lavished upon the baby by his uncles, Norma and Constance Talmadge, are too numerous to mention.

Charlie Murray Plays Straight Drama

Giving a comedian a chance at straight drama is exactly like feeding red, raw meat to a lion cub. Neither is ever just the same again.

For years and years Charlie Murray played around in slap-stick comedy for Mack Sennett. He's probably stopped more custard pies and fallen in more mud-puddles than any other comedian in the business. But somebody gave him an emotional role in a straight drama and he emoted so well that he got another such part in "Sundown." Then he came back to Sennett. And the first time they wanted to toss a nice soft dish of ice cream in his face, he put on such a burst of temperament as Hollywood hasn't seen since Pola Negri's first week here. And they had to write the ice cream incident out of the script.

McAvoy to Freelance

May is freelancing again, having completed her contract with Inspiration pictures. She is going to play the feminine lead in a William de Mille picture and will follow that up by a role in an independent production, after which she will go on tour with Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies," behind the footlights.

Mildred Davis' Anniversary Present

Anybody in the immediate vicinity of Mildred Davis has to wear blinders these days. Mildred is wearing a
magnificent prism-cut diamond on her right hand, the same being the gift of her doting husband, Harold Lloyd, on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary. The central stone is encircled with many tiny diamonds and sparkles like a head-light and the price tag must have looked like the national debt. Altogether it is a gen-u-wine, knock-em-dead ring, and we smash into bits whichever commandment it is that forbids covetousness whenever we see it.

Brennon Celebrates Anniversary, Too

Just to prove that some marriages are dyed-in-the-wool, guaranteed-not-to-fade propositions, Herbert Brennon gave a party at one of our expensive hostleries, to celebrate his and Mrs. Brennon's twentieth wedding anniversary. The elite of filmdom was present, as the society editor would state, and there were more jewels to the square foot than could probably be found anywhere west of Tiffany's. Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was there. Pola Negri, and Conway Tearle and Patsy Ruth Miller and Nita Naldi and Blanche Sweet and about $100,000 worth of talent besides. And so it was as how it was Brennon's china wedding anniversary, somebody suggested that the guests ought to present the host with a piece of china apiece. Everybody agreed that it was a noble idea, but how to achieve it, with all the china stores closed up many an hour ago? Mickey Nellan saved the day and the reputation of the Irish, however, by buying a whole set of dishes from the hotel manager and presenting it to Mr. and Mrs. Brennon.

Nita Naldi was an optical delight in a gown of garnet. Nita confided to a newspaper friend that she wanted to wear another dress, but the darn thing had long, droopy sleeves that just will get into the soup, so she has to keep that for dances where no refreshments are served.

William Desmond in Vaudeville

WILLIAM DESMOND is preparing a skit called "The Timber Wolf," which he expects to take over a vaudeville circuit soon. Mrs. Desmond is a member of the cast, also.

Kidding the Spiders

WANT to know how they make those cobwebs you see in attic scenes in the movies? No, they don't wait for a spider to come along and spin 'em. They just put a little shellel between two flat pieces of board. Then they rub the boards together and jerk 'em apart. And the shellc shell stretches out in tiny threads. That's all.

Cruze Directs Compton

BETTY COMPTON, who is soon to become Mrs. Jimmie Cruze, had her first dose of dictation from her future lord and master the other day, when she started work on The Enemy Sex, directed by Cruze. They were both a bit nervous at first, never having worked with each other before, but they soon settled into the harness nicely.

Charlie's New Leading Lady

CHARLIE CHAPLIN went East some weeks ago to pick a leading lady for his next picture. But what with one thing and another, he forgot all about what he came for, until the afternoon before the evening of his departure. He was sitting in a restaurant with a party of friends, when he suddenly realized that he had not yet picked his leading lady. Jumping up, he dashed out onto Fifth Avenue, and spent the afternoon watching the passing throng, hoping to see a face that should intrigue him. He had no luck, however, and mournfully returned to Hollywood minus his leading lady. He found her practically on his doorstep.

Lita Gray had worked for Charlie in The Kid. You may remember her as the lady to whom -- filled Charlie in that delicious heaven scene? That was several years ago, when Lita was 15. Since that time Lita has been in school. The other day she dropped in at the studio to see if there was an extra bit for her to do. Charlie saw her, recognized her and decided that here was his leading lady. Lita will be the only leading lady, besides Edna Purviance, that Charlie has ever had in pictures.

Leap Year Party

ON April 3rd "Our Club" feted the men of Hollywood at their leap year party. The bills were footed by the charming members. May McAvoy, diplomatic child, brought her press agent, Al Wilkie. So did Carmel Myers—one Joe Jackson, who has more than a story interest in Carmel's career. Carmelita Geraghty paid the dinner check for John Considine and Julanne Johnstone escorted John Patrick, an actor. The rest of the girls brought their husbands to chaperon, not to escort them.

Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Virginia Fox and Darryn Zanuck, Vola Vale and Al Russell, Virginia Valli and Demarest Lamon, Gloria Hope and Lloyd Hughes formed the marriage circle.

Helen Ferguson had the thrill of the evening when Jack Dempsey asked Bill Russell if he might dance with her. Jack enjoyed watching the knockout blow the flappers being dealt in the cardiac regions of their guests.

Chiffon was the favored fabric of the evening. Helen Ferguson was in apricot chiffon and gold lace. May McAvoy's gown was rose and gold. Virginia Valli was in black and gold chiffon.

Screenland's Commuter

THOMAS MECHAN is looking forward to another summer of traveling. Having completed "The Confidence Man," he is now resting at White Sulphur Springs. Tentative plans for his future activities call for a trip to the next picture at the Long Island studio its finish at the West Coast studio and then a trip to Alaska to film James Oliver Curwood's "The Alaskan."

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WILLIAMS CO., 4750-S Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.
The Movie Clock

Question: What is the record by weeks the record runs in New York theatres of screen feature productions?

The Movie Clock

LAST month we started The Movie Clock Department. In the five weeks that have elapsed, several changes have taken place.

Scaramouche has been replaced at the 44th Street Theater by America; The White Sister has been replaced at the Lyric Theater by the Thief of Bagdad; and the Hunchback of Notre Dame has left the Astor Theater.

Yolanda, which opened on February 19th at the Cosmopolitan Theater, gives promise of a long run. America, D. W. Griffith's latest—and, as many say, greatest—opened in the same week. It will be interesting to note the progress of these two plays, one of them an epic of France, the other of America.

Abraham Lincoln, a really remarkable film biography, went the way of many independent productions. It came to the Gaiety Theater, January 21st, to remain for only seven weeks. Lack of proper exploitation is the attributed cause for its short run.

It is interesting to note that all the productions scheduled in this month's list are drawing top prices, namely $2.20.
SCREENDLAND

Q Memories— from page 61.

New York, under the auspices of the New York Drama League—and that press notices were hailing his wildest dreams of glory. So far so good—but there doesn't seem to be any re-
numeration attached to the glory and Robert sees himself a "successful" dramat-
ist at last—without the financial where-
that would accompany it. Still, he writes vaudeville skits and Edythe Chapman and James McNell are even now now starting on the road with his The Water Hole.

In that rise lay, The Clock, Robert has proved that action is not necessary to intense drama—his central figure is deaf-dumb, blind and destitute still through-
out the performance. Voila—what an in-
novation for Hollywood! Can't you see what Robert feels he could do for film drama? So that is one reason why the Bonnie Brier shelters him today. But he has a marvellous screen story, The Life of Christ, in which Christ is never named, never mentioned, never hinted at—and yet enthralls and impresses you as just that. He treasures it—but fears to even offer it to filmdom—fears denial, and fears its desecration if accepted. This play of his is a holy thing to him. In the meantime he subsists on vaudeville skits!

Anything from Bums to Bankers

Then there is Frank Norcross—sev-
enty-two years young—the pet young leading man of America, the matinee idol of Broadway, forty years ago. Our grand-
sires remember him—and loved him well. But he, too, drifted to Hollywood and the Bonnie Brier. And he carries a little pro-
fessional card which bears the plain offer, "character parts—anything from hu,

MARRIED

or about to be, you will find just the infor-
mation needed to insure marital happiness in that ex-
traordinary book, WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEANS HAPPINESS. Park other books do not discuss are here plainly set forth. One

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mation needed to insure marital happiness in that ex-
traordinary book, WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEANS HAPPINESS. Park other books do not discuss are here plainly set forth. One

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modesty are genuine, not assumed.

But I do not doubt that, if her role called for it, she would do a Lady Godiva without a murmur. When she is working she is impersonal. I spent a week-end with the Gishes when they lived in Mamaronack. The family retired early. On Lillian’s bed-table was her prayer book with its "L. G." on the cover. The next morning she was up at six and at the studio at six-thirty. It was Sunday. She was directing Dorothy in a comedy while Mr. Griffith was in the South. She made it a good comedy by sheer determination and desperately hard work. Everything happened to hinder her that can happen in a studio. The electrical apparatus wouldn’t work. It was a grind. In her severely simple suit, with a green shade over her eyes, and a huge megaphone, she was L. Gish, director, and a darned good one. Not a vestige of the girl the world knows. She was the most personal director I ever saw on a set. Her own sister might have been a casual acquaintance. Patient, tactful—yes. But business-like. She hardly had time or the inclination to pose for publicity stills. I have always handed it to her for her work with that comedy. It was an achievement entirely unassisted by personality.

A Good Sport

When, the first time she left Griffith, the company that was to have starred her in a series of features fell through, she was a good little sport. She had made up her mind it was time for her to make money—compared to the salaries of other stars, her Griffith renumeration was small, indeed. But when her company failed she went back and quitted the game of play and organization again. It must have been a keen and bitter disappointment; but if it hurt her nobody knew it. She played her parts in the Griffith pictures more exceptionally than ever before. She shared, more than any other Griffith player, the director’s triumphs. At one of the premier, the audience called for Mr. Griffith; and after his speech, applauded thunderously for his heroine. Griffith smiled. “You are looking in the right direction,” he said, waving at her box. Somehow a Griffith first night has never seemed so colorful since she has left.

Now she is an established star in her own right. She has made The White Sister and Romola in Italy. She shops in Paris and Rome. She has met and grown to know men and women of the world; the substantial things of life are hers. And has she changed?

Of course, she has. She has taken on a new poise and a fresh charm. Her contact with another world—the bigger, polished existence outside a studio—has left its impression. She is mentally more alert—and more silent than before.

A Trifle Tired

The thought has occurred to me about her that she is a trifle tired. She has accomplished so much in a few short years. Not yet thirty, she has been accorded a niche next to Duse. Her personal popularity is greater than Maude Adams’ ever was. John Barrymore has called her a truly great artiste. So have many others. With the illusion that she, a real actress, a conscientious, devoted artiste, loved and lived only for her work, I once said to her: “But, of course, you wouldn’t be happy if you weren’t always busy.”

She turned to me, and her lovely eyes—the only eyes I have ever seen which could be called limpid—were a little weary. “Oh, yes I could,” she said. “Do you think any of us would work if necessity didn’t demand it? I would love to have money enough and time enough just to follow spring around the world.”

Her earnings have been considerable. And the Gish family has never lived exorbitantly. Theirs has been the life of the usual prosperous home. But the long and serious illness of Mrs. Gish, with its heavy expenses—for nothing was spared that their beloved mother might be well and strong again—was a severe drain on the finances and the courage of the sisters.

Speaking of courage, Lillian has it. Mrs. Gish lay ill in the hospital while Orphans of the Storm was being made. Lillian and Dorothy often dashed to town from the suburban studio for a moment’s visit. They did the greatest work of their careers while their hearts were heavy and their nerves at the breaking-point. Their mother has always been their first consideration. Studio mamas have been kidded, and often with justice. But here is an exception. Mae Gish is one of the finest women whose fortunes have ever been associated with the films. Slight and pretty, with Lillian’s gentleness and Dorothy’s sense of humor, she has sympathy and savoir faire. Her son-in-law adores her. What higher praise? She is well again and with her girls in Italy.

Lillian is Old-World

Somehow I think Lillian has always belonged there. She is old-world. I can imagine her among the ruins of the Renaissance; in those serene places where the lustrous ladies she rather resembles used to linger. I’d like to have her play Beatrice d’Este, that capricious girl of Milan, with her dwarfs and her festivities and her gem-encrusted gowns. Lillian would rather play Isabella, I suppose!

If she could only be persuaded that her destination, future lies along different lines. She has played them all—courage, poetry, romance. Except in a few of the old Triangle films, such as Diana of the Folies, she has been the instrument of a cruel fate. If she would shake off the shackles of conventionality, she would be truly great. She has courage. Why not use it and play Cleopatra, or Mona Lisa, and the careless click of the camera; let her marry and even retire for a while—and the screen will be richer for her experience. Is it because Lillian’s life has been devoid of glamour that she shrinks from the uncertainties and perils of romance?

And I’m longing more than ever to send her poems, all nicely bound and expressively of his undying devotion. Lillian was pleased with them, and showed a little-girl eagerness for the next edition. Will life cheat her of the passions and perplexities she has never enacted before? Will she resolve itself into a repetition of the passive part she has played on the screen?

You may answer that in Way Down East; her Anna Moore suffered, and suffered, and suffered. I know she did. But Anna Moore was a dumb-bell. Almost without exception, the girls she has been called upon to act have been dumb-bells. They suffer, but only physically. You feel that they have learned nothing from life. Lillian has absorbed. She has a receptive mind and a retentive memory; and, unlike her heroines, she has grown up with the potentialities for honest emotion and drama. Lillian Gish is not a dumb-bell. She is a remarkable woman. And the sooner she proves it upon the screen the better.

MAE MURRAY

Delight Evans has chosen a colorful figure to write about next month, the blonde star with the “bee-stung lips”, the exotic Mae Murray. In Screenland for July. Ready June First.
directly to the truth of our statements concerning the folly of attempting to teach film acting by mail that we publish it herewith in full:

San Francisco, Cal.,
March 11, 1924.

Dear Miss Herbert:

I received your letter today. I will do anything possible to help you. As you know, I like you, have chosen that wonderful art, “Movie Acting,” as my life work.

I purchased a course in acting from the concern in Michigan about three or four years ago. To tell the truth I gained very little by it. All I can say is this: no correspondence school or any school right in your home town can teach a person screen acting. It’s a fact because I have had experience with these schools. To learn acting, you must learn in a picture studio, it is the practical experience that teaches you. Miss Herbert, you know what this means. You must go to New York or Los Angeles. I have been to the latter city twice without success, but they say the third time is a charm. I shall never give up hope and courage. They say one in a thousand succeed. It is true, very much so.

It is “Hell” to go to a strange city alone, especially you, a woman, so think twice before leaving home. If you make up your mind about going, try to get your folks to go with you, and, remember, it takes money to live in the city for six months or a year looking for work. I know the little I had vanished very quickly.

After reading over my letter it sounds more like a sermon than anything else. But I do hope this little information will help towards gaining your life ambition. I should like very much to keep in touch with you, wishing to know how you make out.

Miss Herbert, I wish you all the success in the world.

Yours very truly,

ALVIN CARLSON.

177 De Haro Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

NEXT MONTH

The daily papers in Los Angeles recently brought to light a group of so-called “Make Up Schools.” The gross abuses that went on behind these walls will shock and astonish you. Read the details of the Movie Make-Up Schools in SCREENLAND for July. Ready June first.

offered the colossal sum of $175 per week in pictures. Syd cabled in great alarm to investigate thoroughly the financial standing of the company. It seemed incredible to him, that salary. But it wasn't long afterward, as Charlie's business manager, that he was demanding for Charlie's services sums that made the industry gasp.

It's a standing joke in Hollywood that whenever it came time to sign one of those amazing contracts, Syd has worked on the contract and Charlie has been out of town. Charlie didn't have the nerve to ask the sum that Syd demanded for him, they say, and ducked out of sight until the deal was over.

Syd came to America to study the business end of pictures and, perhaps, do something in an acting way while he was studying film economics. But he soon realized that Charlie was a gigantic asset, and Charlie, like most geniuses, was—and is—no business man. So Syd put aside his own personal ambitions for the time and retired behind the scenes to advise and work and plan for Charlie's success. Charlie's Utility Man, he called himself. The rest of the world who knew of him at all called him just "Charlie's brother."

It was Syd who brought Charlie's films out in the open market, sounding the death knell of the antiquated footage basis of film selling, by which all film, regardless of actor or subject treated, sold for the same amount of money per foot.

Syd Engineers Million-Dollar Contract

It was Syd who engineered the famous $670,000 contract with the General Trust, and the still more famous million-dollar contract with First National. Charlie lost money on the contract, because he took four years to complete the eight pictures which he should have done in one year, but the contract was a stroke of financial genius on Syd's part, just the same.

If you have laughed over Charlie's pictures, during the last six years, you probably have chortled at Syd's antics without knowing it, for Syd has featured in almost every one of his brother's pictures. Whenever a particularly difficult bit called for special treatment, Charlie would draft Syd for the action.

Do you remember the hot-dog vendor in *A Dog's Life*, from whom Charlie stole the sausages? That was Syd. The bit required perfect "timing." Two men were tried out and rejected, and Charlie, in despair, was about to cut out the scene altogether. But it was a good gag and he hated to.

"Why don't you put on a 'muff' and do this for me?" he asked his brother. A "muff," by the way, is in stage parlance, a mustache.

Syd hesitated. He thought that to play a "bit" after his extensive stage and screen experience in "leads" might hurt his reputation with the industry.

"No one will recognize you," Charlie coaxed, and Syd consented. That episode was one of the most hilarious in the picture.

In *Shoulder Arms*, Syd played the part of the Kaiser, and also took the part of the sergeant who slept next to Charlie in the water-filled dug-out. You remember, doubtless, that deliciously funny bit where Charlie rubbed the numbness out of Syd's foot instead of his own.

**Syd's Part in Charlie's Pictures**

Syd had three roles in *The Pilgrim*. He was the eloping lover in the opening scenes, the conductor on the train, and, funniest of all, he was the visiting church member whose derby hat figured in the plum pudding incident.

If Syd ever wants to go into the diplomatic service, he can say with truth that he has had excellent training. He has been Charlie's emissary more than once in *affaires de coeur*. It is said that, after Charlie's separation from Mildred, whenever Syd would show up at Mildred's house, she would burst out with, "Oh, I know what you want; you want to see how cheap I'll let Charlie off!"

When Charlie outgrew his old studio headquarters, he began to think of building his own studio. Wherefore, after his custom, he sent Syd out to find the tract. Syd nosed out a five-acre tract that seemed to be just what he wanted, out on LaBrea and Sunset Boulevard. In addition to the ground, there was a fine old house in a setting of palm trees.

"Go in and see if they'll sell," Syd instructed a real estate friend. "And don't say it's for the pictures." Hollywood looked down upon the picture industry in those primitive days of 1918.

The owners needed money and were willing to sell, so the deal was closed. But no sooner had the word spread that a film studio was to be built right in the heart of Hollywood's residential district than a fine hullabaloo arose, and all of Syd's diplomacy was needed. The churches protested. So did the teachers of the near-by high school. But the deal was already in escrow, and when Syd showed the architects the architect's drawings of the proposed studio, beautifully done in colors suggesting a row of quaint English cottages instead of the ugly shacks that the neighbors had feared, the opposition died down. When the studio was finished, it so little resembled the usual factory-like studio that one little old lady waxed very indignant when she was not permitted to rent one of the "cottages" for her own use.

After very nearly six years of behind-the-scenes work for Charlie, the old longing for the footlights that never deserts an actor has led Syd to the acting game again. His brother firmly established on the pinnacle of fame, Syd is about to resume the furtherance of his own career. His decision was hastened by his recent staggering loss of $350,000, wiped out in a day by the failure of a broker with whom he traded in the stock market.

His clever and convincing characterization of the British sergeant, Winkle, in Neilan's *The Rendezvous*, was his first contribution. He followed that up by two more comedy successes in *Her Temporary Husband* and *Ince's Galloping Fish*, and is now at work supplying the comedy relief in Colleen Moore's new picture, *The Perfect Flapper*.

QEnunice Marshall promises us something unusual in her article for next month. She calls it--The New Pola. We have given Delight Evans the assignment that goes with it. The New Gloria will be the title of Miss Evans' article. The last time the Mademoiselles Evans and Marshall combined on one of the East and West articles they produced Petroushka-Algonquin, a study in restaurants. That was last month. The Negri-Swanson combine promises to be even better. Watch for it in the July Screenland.

READY JUNE FIRST
hand is simply frenzied. He makes love madly in all directions.

Norman Kerry is turgid even if he did give a creditable exhibition as Little Phoebus in The Hunchback of Notre Dame while entirely surrounded by tinware.

The frigid Conrad Nagel is as inspiring as an Eskimo pie except to little girls who still believe in Santa Claus.

Lew Cody is turbulent while Walter Hiers is only corpulent.

Bill Hart with his quarter-sawed, unfinished face is pure and loves horses. He has appeal for the Joans who find Ray and Dick Barthelmess too chaste.

Adolphe Menjou is virulent and Frank Mayo flatulent.

Tony Moreno was as passionate as a pork-chop until Pola Negri caused him to find himself, or perhaps it was impending marriage.

Bill Haines, despite Peggy Hopkins Joyce's dictum to the contrary, is timid.

Douglas Fairbanks as a gay Lothario is a dandied good acrobat.

Many in this list of the lovable are deserving of the rating of "actor, first class," but doggone it, they seldom get an opportunity to prove it.

Art is for the few, while hearts are for the many.

The reasoning of directors and producers seems to be that grasping at nuances is futile as long as necking knocks 'em off their seats.

O. K. AS "BEST MAN" But N.G. As a BRIDEGROOM?

UNFITNESS for marriage is the most humiliating thing in life. It stings like a lash to see your friends stride masculinely to the altar with their hearts' beloved...to feel your own bachelor circle growing sparser, emptier, lonelier, until you perceive in yourself an outlaw of Nature, a flat, stale, incompetent specimen of man.

Yet what can you do? It would be sheer cruelty to wed a pure and lovely girl whose mate you are physically unfit to be, of whose children you can never honestly become the father, whose fate and contempt would be upon your head as surely as you led her to the altar.

Slipping, Slipping, Doomed?

You can only let yourself go just so far...and then you're done for, squeezed dry, scrapped. Nature will stand for only so much defiance of her laws and when she punishes the penalty is a fearful one. No form of capital punishment ever yet devised by man is so cruel, so devastating as the sentence of Sexual Death...the dissolution of a consciousness existence from youth unto the grave.

But Here's the Cheerful Side of It

There is more power, more vitality, more come-back ability locked in that body of yours than you would ever dream of. All you have to do to become a healthy, virile and dynamic man is to release the forces of nature in you by the Master-Key of intelligent and non-experimental body culture.

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**Breakfast Together—A Story of Marriage a la Mode—from page 33.**

will have gained a victory.

With the Viders, it hasn't worked quite so well.

You remember, some months back, that gentle Florence Vidor announced that she and King Vidor were going to take a "vacation from marriage." She was going to Honolulu for a holiday. Perhaps when she came back, she has been back for six long months, and things are no better.

The rift in the lute of their happiness has widened. New interests have led King, the youngest director in the business, far afield. The young couple no longer feel the unity of spirit that led them, fresh from and a tense village, to the continent in a rickety flivver to the Promised Land of Hollywood. Even the common bond of a chubby, small daughter, Susanne, cannot avail to link them together in the old close comradeship.

So the marriage vacation continues. But she has been back, maybe just because of it—love still exists, unless we are very much mistaken; a strong, steady flame in Florence Vidor's heart; a flickering flame in the young director's breast, but still a flame.

Some day we think, when Life has had its way with them, the old love will call more urgently than fleeting fancies of ambition or adventure, and the Viders will be happy again.

**Lestrice Joy and her Husband**

LESTRICE Joy and her strapping actor-husband, Jack Gilbert, have given the intermittent matrimony formula more than a fair try.

Ever since their romantic and hasty marriage, just over the border-line in Mexico, their married life has been a constant, "in again, out again, gone again, Fimmegan" affair. They are either suffering from "mads" on each other and are parted for ever and ever, or have just "made up" and are never, never going to be separated again.

At present writing, they have just "made up." Their latest "marriage vacation" has proved an effective tonic.

Cullen Landis and his wife, Mignon Le Brun Landis, conscientiously tried the absent treatment theory on their marriage, but the recent filing of Mrs. Landis' suit for a divorce seems to prove that in their case it did not work.

Rumors of their matrimonial differences have been current for several years. Only the birth of their second baby some two years ago kept them together then, it was said. Then Cullen left home and went to San Francisco, remaining quietly in seclusion while waiting for absence to make the heart grow fonder. Unfortunately, Mrs. Landis feared for the safety of her missing husband and appealed to the police for news of him, thus interrupting the experiment before its full value could be determined.

The handsome Cullen has filed an answer to his wife's charge of cruelty, by a cross-complaint of mental cruelty and desertion.

Fimmegan's theory is rather like the Cane system or sulphur-and-molasses; sometimes it works and then again, it doesn't. Perhaps it all depends on how you stick to it.

**The Editor's Letter Box—from page 11.**

guess. Everyone enjoys diagnosing the illness of the movies and wagging their heads solemnly from side to side after the manner of doctors at a consultation. But perhaps the most unkindest cut of all comes from Mr. Sinclair in the same article quoted above, not in his accusation that the movies are controlled by capitalists (Incredible though it may seem I have known some human capitalists with more aesthetic appreciation than coal heavers), but when he says: "The movies are made for children...?" Mr. Sinclair, may I ask you what you have against children?

The business of producing moving pictures is easy. One can turn on a generous board and afford an affair to permit of much time being spent in answering self-appointed critics, but every now and then some harassed director who has practically been accused of being a mental moron will drop his megaphone long enough to plead with a ten-year-old Tomoko: "Dad, he has hard on us; movies are in their infancy!"

And that is just what is the matter with the movies—they are not in their infancy; they have had no childhood to speak of; they were born old and have been shackleed from birth with the traditions and conventions that all the other arts have been building up from the time Man first started fashioning images out of the materials of the earth. They are suffering from an over-dose of inherited knowledge too hastily assimilated; they have not realized that where creative art is concerned there is no need for such a demand.

For art is creation, and creation presupposes beginning at the beginning. In the case of the movies, producers have been dissipating their energies in trying to weld together the innumerable tag end conventions of art, literature, and drama and on top of the wickler conventions resulting they have placed a dash of whipped cream and a cherry that they may slip easily down the public throat. Though it is doubtful that they ever will, producers would do well to disregard artists, dramatists, critics, interior decorators, and the whole crew of professional aesthetes with their boxes of tricks; they would do well to start all over again and, with the assets of ignorance and enthusiasm, use their new medium of expression creatively, inventing and experimenting until they either discovered a new stimulus to produce new emotional responses, or arrived at the conclusion that their world was in a shadow world only capable of echoing the most blatant noises of the real world. Critics would regard more leniently mistakes made in an effort to attain aesthetic independence than movies that are "artistic" mongrels.

But the Public would howl. Good—that proves our point, for we can accept it as axiomatic that the public is always wrong, you and I, dear reader, being the exceptions.

**DELLWYN PARISH, Clmont, Delawar.**

**Dear Editor:**

When I sent my subscription order a few days ago, I felt that I was contributing to a worthy cause as well as subscribing to a magazine. I admire your wonderful fight against hypocrisy and bunk in moviedom. You're going up against some strong opposition, but truth and reason are on your side, so you'll win out.

The "sassy" telegram from the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, reproduced in your February issue, was amusing. I wonder if you heard about the grand annual ball that this organization "pulled off" in San Francisco during January? You know, they usually hold their annual blowout in Los Angeles, but this year the wise Angelinos didn't support the project to the Wampas' satisfaction, with the result that they transferred their allegiance to San Francisco.

Twas a wise move, for they took away from San Francisco several times the amount of cash they had been accustomed to garnering in Los Angeles.

Judging by the daily papers, it was a grand and glorious affair, but the story is quite otherwise, according to many who attended. The Wampas advertised that many stars would be present. They were there all right, but the darned advertising men sold so many thousands of tickets to ordinary citizens (at $4.40 and up) that the poor stars were lost in the shuffle.

The Wampas also advertised that the stars would "put on" many stunts. There were rumors, occasionally, that the stunts were being performed, but so great was the crowd, and so poorly was the affair arranged, that only a limited part of the audience could see the said performances.

Incidentally, only one paper had the courage to tell the truth about how disappointing the affair was. The others, with one eye on the advertising department, hailed it as the seventh wonder.

More power to you, SCREENLAND!

RALPH PARKER ANDERSON,
606 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
Mr. Griffith Keeps His Date—from page 37.

The work was almost done as the audience assembled that evening. But not quite. So while the first part was projected the latter half was still in the hands of the film physicians, while the producer was still in the hands of his. That doctor was probably the most unpop ular person in the dressing room at the time. But he persisted, and whenever he could get a firm hold on the director he swathed his throat and chest with cold compresses, demanding all the time that Mr. Griffith get out of this place and go to a hospital—or die a little.

Mr. Griffith, needless to say, did nothing of the kind. He may have admitted to himself after a while that there might be something in what the doctor said, but when he heard the appreciative audience demanding his presence before the footlights, he answered their call.

A Griffith first night without a speech by Mr. Griffith? Unheard of and unthinkable. So he appeared. And he hoped nobody noticed that he swayed a little as he walked off the stage.

His word of thanks was the last one he spoke that night. His voice left him entirely alone. He became a pantomimist through necessity. They finally made him go to bed—not, however, in a hospital; and at the Hotel Astor for the next week he was muffled in blankets and immersed in medicine with the telephone service completely cut off and isolating him from the world. A little illness is evidently the only thing to make Mr. Griffith stop working. And, after he was sufficiently recovered to be up and about, did he run down to Palm Beach or Miami for a vacation, to bask in the sun with obese millionaires and to pose for the news weeklies? No. The only time Mr. Griffith was in Florida was to shoot exteriors for a picture.

Griffith is a cinema tradition. He is the most romantic figure in the whole world of film. Perhaps no one has put his stamp on the art. He's a Great Man. See him on Broadway, his spare frame in well-cut clothes; or on the set, where he wears an old suit and a battered hat and never, never puttees—and you'll have to admit his magnetism. A girl I know had never seen him before, and she knew little about pictures. She rode in the same elevator with him one day. “He didn’t even look my way,” she gasped, “but I knew he was somebody. He gets you.”

She was right. He has a curiously compelling charm. Perhaps those who have dubbed him a Svengali are correct. His deep, slow voice; his smile; his courtesy—he never addresses a player by his first name on the set—make him a figure of fascination and incessant conjecture. That is why he has that weirdly phlegmatic little girl, without beauty and without sex appeal, and make her an interesting actress. That is why he has withstood the storm of poor screen plays and the influx of amazing talent from Europe. He remains our Great Director. He inspired loyalty and tremendous devotion. Of the old school, he alone has not altered his methods. Other directors have adopted theirs to the chang-

The world of the screen is obviously注意到 the mocated sequences, the more smashing effects of the present-day screen. Not Griffith. His technique stays the same. He represents the heroic order of things; he believes implicitly, for film purposes, in the pure heroine; the stalwart hero; the shameless villain. His celluloid world is populated with perfectly good and hopelessly bad men and women. His philosophy of life, if it can be called a philosophy, is that of the mid-Victorian era. His outlook has not been influenced in the least by the moderns—possibly because he never knew what they were. He lives in a poetic past—a dreamy, distant time of knights and fair ladies, where right is always right and wrong is wrong, and the villain bites the dust and the good folk study the sunset.

But he is comfortable in his beliefs. And what would we do without him? We might not get excited over the von Stroheims and the Lubitsches and the Seastroms, with their slashing, ruthless realism and their contempt for the conventional, if it weren't for the Griffith pictures. We might laugh a little at his theatricalisms; his absence of ideas that do not belong to the old good days; but we watch them and we applaud them and sometimes we even weep over them.

And, like all great men, he is a bit pathetic. He has made very little money compared with the directors who have done so much less for pictures than he. He has worked hard. He has put a little of himself into everything he has ever done. He has believed. That is more than many have done. If “America” is a great picture it is because the director worked under high pressure. His finances have never been excessive and right now, it is rumored, they are low. He didn’t have money enough to make “America” as he would have liked to make it. The backgrounds of glass were not of his choosing. But he put them under the “artificially lighted sky. He is well to himself to the fact that to build villages just for a single shot would be useless expenditure.

The village of Lexington, which was built on the Mamoreck studio grounds, was a faithful reproduction. So faithful, in fact, that two hilarious customers, wandering from a nearby town, walked down the main street discoursing upon the nice lil’ village that had gone up over night, and discoursing thus calmly off the sea-wall. They woke up, sober, in a hospital.

Did you notice that in the battle scenes of “America” there was a peculiar fairy-like atmosphere—a dream-like effect that made them so attractive you would have enjoyed being a participant? Here’s the reason. Mr. Griffith, despite the poverty of the sets, had trumps a horrid, mountainous day. He filmed the scenes. In vain did his photographers argue that the scenes would be total losses taken in that weather. D. W. donned galoshes and slicker and set the smoke from the guns to float on the air, giving that peculiar, ever-changing, daydream effect.

Probably that’s where he caught his cold. But Mr. Griffith kept that date. And he always will.
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**Barry Vannon's Story of Hollywood Counterfeit—from page 45.**

Barry Vannon, the great Fanny Barr, sits alone in her boudoir and weeps for her lost old age. And a fresh young wind elbows in through the window and taunts her with the echo of a laugh.

---

**Q. Alberta Vaughn—from page 56.**

She has only worn a bathing suit in a picture once; that she was born in Kentucky seventeen years ago and is a whiz at horse-back riding.

But we consider it a matter of much more interest that Alberta is the most delectable cutie that we have glimpsed for many a day; that she calls everybody "honey" from her director down; that she confessed that her ermine wrap is not "really good"; that her nose crinkles adorably when she laughs, which is often; that she lets her mother make her dresses; and that she is a coming comedienne who will make Mabel Normand look to her laurels.

It's a riot, positively!
"I did not spend your rupees," said the Burmese girl-wife to her English lover, "I saved them all — and when you told me you were to leave me, I gathered them all together and took them to the old silversmith whose shop is not far from the bazaar of my father. * * * He melted the silver and it became cold and then he hammered it, as I ordered him. I could not watch him do that, though! He—was hammering me—the inside of me. * * * When the silversmith returned to me your rupees, they looked like this," and she held out a cigarette case, hand-hammered and with a representation of the Temple-Pagoda, where the two had first met.

A story of love "without benefit of clergy" that will wring your heart with its lyric tragedy and its ironic ending. A story lit with the radiance of passion and painted in the harsh, bright colors of India.

And that is only one of the thirteen fiction stories that await you in our June issue.

Have you wondered what grisly and relentless game is behind the mysterious, unavenged deaths of Dot King and Louise Lawson? STALKING SWEETIES, by Rhoda Montade, gives you an insight into the most ghastly sport of those warped minds which make Broadway their hunting ground.

DOES HEART BALM HEAL? A question that is aired by clever Eileen O'Rell, author of SHEIKS IN REAL LIFE and MALE GOLD-DIGGERS, articles which have aroused a great deal of comment in former issues of REAL LIFE.

And last, but not least, a new department, MY SLANT ON LIFE, in which you can air your own philosophies of life, and from which you can glean sterling bits of humor.

A book of exceptional fiction, by such well known authors as Carl Clausen, F. Hugh Herbert, Hal White, F. H. Hicks, Winifred Van Duzer, Leavitt Ashley Knight, Travis Hoke and Roy Griffith.


You can no more afford to miss June REAL LIFE than the first circus of the season or the first May picnic in the woods. In fact, it's a treat the whole family will enjoy.

REAL LIFE for JUNE
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From Nice—a Secret of l'Elegance Francaise

NICE! The Carnival! Gaiety enthroned! Here indeed may we mingle with Beauty of the Old World and the New. Here, truly, may we admire the charm, the verve—the subtle allure—of the smart Parisienne.

What is the secret of that charm—that intriguing touch so distinctively French? It is this: "Always, in the toilette, let but one single fragrance pervade. Let each necessity of the dressing table possess the same French odeur."

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GRACE KINGSLEY

has written a story for next month. It is a tale of the pluck and tragedies of the Hollywood Extra, whose slogan is “Smile When You Say ‘Goodbye’” and that is the title of her story. In SCREENLAND for July. Ready June first.
Q. E. V. Darling tells of Bill Hart—from page 47.

dear, old Brooklyn, the city of churches, rubber plants, baby carriages and tail-end ball clubs.

When Bill finally sought the West to make his fortune he was already a middle-aged man. For over a quarter of a century he had been a Broadway actor starting as a leading man for Mme. Modjeska. In those days, according to old George Fawcett, Bill sliced his hair back of his brow much after the manner of the present day finale hopper and spent his idle hours cruising Broadway featuring a pair of yellow spats and a bamboo cane as important cogs in his sartorial equipment.

Bill's best friend then, and the same is true today, was his sister, Mary Hart. They were inseparable. During the off season they retired to an old farm up in Westport, Conn., and there the ambitious Bill studied Shakespeare the aging, some day to appear on Broadway in Macbeth, Hamlet and the rest. The nearest he ever got to so-called classic acting was to play in Ben Hur and that wasn't very near, though Bill played Messala, one of the best parts in the show. William Fawcett played Ben Hur in the same company.

It was Thos. H. Ince who discovered Bill Hart's resemblance to the Westerner of fiction, though his appearance on the stage in The Square Man had given the general public some inkling of it. So, Bill was taught how to ride a horse, rope a steer and handle a gun. For something like ten years he has lived the life of a story book Westerner.

Bill Now Believes it Himself

Bill has been playing this part so long that now he actually believes himself to be an old plainsman. The cynical are inclined to say that Bill's repeated statement that "a man's best friend is his horse" is due to his matrimonial experiences, but I feel differently. That is part of the charm he brings to his role. When introduced to a lady, this erstwhile Broadway Lothario smiles in a shy manner, sidesteps a bit and then says sheepishly, "Glad to know ye, ma'am." Others may claim to be the originators, but it was Bill Hart who popularized the styling of one's sometimes better half as "the little woman." It was he too, who astonished a lady, who had known him in the old days, by suddenly saying, "I know, I'm rough and Western, gal, but I've got a heart and you've touched it."

Recently, when Bill's matrimonial adventures were receiving special attention from the press, several of the older employees of the New York Post Office recalled Bill Hart as a clerk in that establishment in bygone days. He was, they said, a mild-mannered, retiring, well-behaved young man with an ambition to go on the stage and become a Shakespearean actor.

The remarkable thing to me with regard to Bill's transition from a Broadway actor and a Brooklyn resident to an old plainsman, on and off, is that he has absorbed the ideals of the old West as well as he wears its habiliments.

Bill's one thought is to treat everybody fair and square, or as he would put it, "a' r an' squar." His word is as good as any man's bond and in every detail of his life he is the soul of honor. He lives cleanly and decently. There is absolutely no show about him. In short, when you see Bill Hart in a picture you come pretty near seeing the man he wants to be and is trying with all his might to be.

Bill was a bachelor for years but that was no fault of his own. He always wanted to be married and "have kids." I remember distinctly, when he received a letter from President Wilson complimenting him on his work during the war, that he said proudly, "If I ever have a son, I'm going to give him this." When Bill was married I am sure his one desire was to get together enough money, retire from the screen, settle down in a little house by the side of the road and raise a raft of children. That things turned out otherwise is a great misfortune, as I am sure no kid could have a better father than Bill Hart, nor no wife a better husband.

PICTURE PESTS

By Vivien Chandler

WILLIE SHRIMP asked Hortense Brady, A most up-to-date young lady,
Out to have what he supposed, a lovely time.

She prefers cafes and dancing,
So her language was entrancing,
When he tried to entertain her for a dime. * * *

"Well, Willie, I hope you're satisfied now you've got me here... Oh how it smells!... Just like the lion house, in Lincoln Park!... Lets move!... I can't sit here!—The man next to me has been eating onions... Come on! (She wedges her way across the aisle)

"Look out for your feet, Willie!... That woman tried to trip me!... Here are two seats (sits down) Good Lord! (jumps up hastily) "Well why did you park your baby there, if you didn't want it sat on?... I couldn't see it in the dark! Why, Willie, I am not disagreeable!... I simply am not accustomed to such places. (watching screen) So that's Chaplin... Well, I don't see anything so funny about him... Awfully ordinary, I think... My! Such clumsy feet!... No wonder Bebe Daniels isn't married!... But Why, did you say it was Pola Negri?... Well all these screen persons are alike to me... Don't laugh out loud like that!... You're attracting attention... Isn't that organ terrible? Have you heard the new orchestra at the College Inn?... Harold Jones took me there last night... He's going to take me to The Folies tomorrow night... Oh, Willie!... There's that man with the onions again!... He's moved right behind us!... Now stop that, or I'll go and tell him. He's an insect. He breathes and breathes... Tell him to stop!... You won't?... Well I can't stand it!... I'm going out in the lobby, where I can get some air!... You can stay here, and snit him all you want to!" * * *

THE LOVERS

In the dim, dark picture palace, Jim gets mushy... So does Alice.
For they haven't any place at home to spoon.
So they take some awful chances, While they're watching screen romances, And you wish that they were on their honeymoon. * * *

"O-oh, Jimmy!... Isn't it dark here?... Honestly I can't see a thing... Is that your hand, Jimmy?... Now you stop!... You promised you'd be good, if I'd come out with you tonight!... Now, don't be nosy... Say, do you think I look like Lila Lee?... Well perhaps I do have more expression... My forehead is higher than hers, is what makes the difference... I wish I had a Spanish comb like hers... Why I wasn't hunting, Jimmy!... Now you behave!... I just know that woman saw you then!... Oh, Jimmy you're killing!... You ought to be in the movies yourself... Why you're perfectly scandalous!... If you don't stop, I'll—Say, those people are getting up!... Let's go over there where it's darker!" * * *

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER

Mr. Hezekiah Crumpett Will not purchase an ear-trumpet, And his wife will not wear glasses... (She's too proud.)
Though he's deaf, and she's near-sighted,
With the movies they're delighted. For their daughter reads the titles all aloud. * * *

"Ma, do you suppose this is near enough for Pa to hear the music (shouting)—""PA!—CAN YOU HEAR THE MUSIC?... ALL RIGHT... ARE YOU COMFORTABLE?" (to mother) "He says he's all right." (to father) "OH, PA!... BUT MA WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU LEFT THE KEY OUT, FOR THE ROOMER... NO!... NOT RHEUMATISM! (Continued on page 95)
old friend, and it wasn't his fault. He agreed to do the story just as I had written it. But after he had the scenario made, he came to me in distress, and said that The Moneychangers wasn't a moving picture, it was a grand opera.

I was very much impressed by that piece of criticism; I didn't know just what was the difference between a moving picture and a grand opera. But later on, when the picture was made, I saw the difference, and it isn't so complicated as it sounds. In my novel, The Moneychangers, the heroine commits suicide at the end; in the moving picture, as it was finally produced, the heroine marries the hero and lives happy ever afterwards. That is the difference between a grand opera and a moving picture.

My friend had a new scenario made for The Moneychangers. I was busy with a book, and didn't bother about it—until one day I went to see the finished product. My story of how J. P. Morgan, the elder, caused the Wall Street panic of 1907 had been turned into a story of Chingtown and the dope traffic. The only thing that was left of my novel was the names of three or four characters, and the fact that the heroine worked in a settlement.

There was the usual attempt at rape, the heroine staggering about with her clothing half torn off, and her hair in disarray—the only time that the Marcel wave or the Fauntleroy curls are permitted to be disturbed in the movies! Also there were several Chinamen stabbed to death with bloody knives—when I saw this picture I vowed that I would not permit it to go out under my name. But the contracts had been signed, and my name was a part thereof, and the distributors wouldn't give it up. So there I was, an inciter of race prejudice and a slanderer of Chinamen, who do not all spend their time selling dope and stabbing people, but who as a rule work eighteen hours a day making our dirty clothes clean.

Just now I am reading a very charming book, called "The Book." If you don't know it, hunt it up in your book store. Here is a criticism of magazines.

"Three-fourths of the income of the magazines come from their advertisers—consequently the advertising idea permeates the whole thing. In advertising, there are no really poor people, and no melancholy endings. Just fancy how sillily an advertisement for chocolates would be if it ended: 'And so she ate them and died.' Most of the characters in advertising are either waving flags at a college football game, or inspecting the beautiful new clothes that are sold for $5.00 a suit, or trying on natty suits of clothes."

In other words, everybody in the magazines is spending money freely. And everybody in the movies is doing the same.

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**New Screenplays in Review**

thing and without Miss Taylor's enlivening presence it would be downright dull. But there is an elfin quality—how I dislike that expression, but what other one is there?—about the celebrated star which the camera has caught; and it is the excuse for this picture.

She is wise to make only one picture a year. I shouldn't care to see a Taylor film as regularly as a Swanson or a Compson. Our celluloid actresses must have more potent personalities than we usually credit them with. Surely no Taylor or Ethel Barrymore could stand the strain of a motion picture appearance every few weeks. To get back to Happiness—there's a corking contribution by Hedda Hopper, who is one of the most distressingly charming and winsome ladies on silver screen. She is never tiresome; and she is pleasant ointment for the optics. Pat O'Malley is good if you like Pat.

**Hill Billy Refreshingly Different**

**THE HILL BILLY** is a refreshing film. It brings back Jack Pickford, who has been doing little of late except posing for pictures with his lovely wife. Jack loses his well-tailored identity completely and comes a mountain boy—proving that there's another real Pickford on the screen besides Mary. Not a startling drama, but one you'll like unless you're fed up with feeders, and even if you are you'll find that this is "different"—yes, I mean that.

Lloyd Hamilton in Poor Five Reeler

**This Darker Self** is unique in that it contains the most fearful collection of cunning sub-titles in film history. They are so simply awful that they are almost worth going to read—almost. Lloyd Hamilton may have believed, when he left his comfortable two-reeler comedies for a flyer into the five-reeler class, that he was advancing. Mr. Hamilton is far too good a comedian for this sort of five-reeler. He has little or no opportunity to display his very definite comic talents. The result is the most dismal "comedy" in years. It concerns itself with chocolate-colored bootleggers. This was the vehicle selected for Al Jolson's screen debut. Now I know why Al went to Europe instead.

I don't mean to imply that Lloyd Hamilton couldn't be funny for five reels. He has a good business in longer films as Buster Keaton. His small cap and large feet are the least of his resources. Given a chance, Hamilton could step into the ranks reserved for the real comedians of the reels. And I just know that those puns were the worst I'd ever read!

Clyde Cook is doing pretty well these days. In The Misfit he displays a real flair for farce. Now that he has returned to the stage in Ziegfeld's Folies I suppose the films will begin to appreciate him.

Singer Jim McKee is chiefly notable for a thrilling spiff which Bill Hare and his horse take off a cliff. The star was worried for fear people would think his steed had suffered in the fall so he immediately had a strip of film made to show that Paint was alive and trotting. Phyllis Haver is in it, having made a quick change from her crinolines to a divided skirt, with equally pleasing results.

**Second Thoughts on America**

Since the opening night of the D. W. Griffith photoplay, America, the director has stood his story on its head, amputated parts of it and grafted on new scenes and incidents until it is an entirely different drama.

The second part of America, as it was shown at the premier, lacked life. Screenland's May reviews called this to your attention. Now Griffith has made over his picture until as it stands today, it is a great and splendid thing—stirring and sweeping from start to finish. He has introduced Lafayette; he has taken out the orgy; he has built his second act around the attack and the rescue of Fort Sacrifice. Therefore, the criticisms which you read in the last issue have been borne out and when you view America you will see one of the most masterful screen plays ever produced. It is now as mighty as The Birth of a Nation—the only worthy successor to that picture which made film history.

**Some Poor Ones**

**The Hoosier Schoolmaster** receives the celluloid ribbon as the month's—no year's—Camembert. It is too frightful to be funny. The photography in special is bad; but you must see it: indistinguishable from the scenery; but unfortunately many of the scenes are all too clear. Henry Hull certainly selects peculiar vehicles for his film appearances. He made his debut in One Exciting Night; and now—but maybe he never goes to see his own pictures. If he sees this one I am afraid he will retire.

The best thing about Sennett's The Halfback of Notre Dame is the title. Why didn't Maestro Mack make a real comedy with Ben Turpin in the title role? This is just a weird jumble of scenes which look suspiciously like leftovers.

**Daughters of Today** is another one of those things mortifying the American girl. It tries awfully hard to show that the younger generation is going to the d-v-i-l; but it isn't particularly convincing because the boys and girls seem to be having such a good time going there. They don't begin to reform until almost the end of the picture; so if you go in for indictments of flaming youth you may have a good time.
DRESSING THE USHERS
By Stanley Rahn

The producer started yelling: "More atmosphere," and they took it out on the ushers. The poor kids have to be down an hour or so earlier now to be garbed out from head to foot as something or other, which will flavor the picture. Only the other day I dropped in to see the 'Ten Commandments' and found them all dressed up aproper. You could have sworn you were right up on Mount Sinai. One little Ten Commandment was short with black hair and blue eyes, another tall and lean with a blonde frizzled variety, but all naughty little Ten Commandments they were, with searchlights all. However, they almost fooled me. On first entering I thought I was seeing Robin hood and they the robins. Perhaps Hebrew letters should have been cut out and pasted on but after all only a few of them needed that.

I will never forget what happened up at the English Palace when I went to see "Little Old New York." Not being acclimated to this additional atmosphere I suddenly noticed one of the Little Old New York ushers standing near me. Nudging my partner I said: 'John, look at that poor Swedish girl just over from the old country and all alone. Maybe we can help her.' So up we go in charitable fashion and approach the maid, saying in the best of Swedish: "Maj I help you?"

Imagine our dilemma when the girl replied that 'youse guys will have to speak English.' At least they could have dressed the girls as the Woolworth Building or Mayor Hylan—or something at least half way suggestive.

And then there was the Hunchback. The girls had seen the picture so much it seemed they were becoming a bit round-shouldered. Here they were all frolicking around all dressed up as a Midsummer Night's Dream, "All ready for Webster Hall" I heard one party remark.

Q Picture Pests— from page 92.

...ROOMER!" (to mother) "He says his rheumatism's better. I'll find out later about the key." (reading from screen) "IN THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE, WHEN MEN HAD NO COURAGE, AND WOMEN OF PATIENCE." "... Oh, it's one of those old Western things again! Not a decent dress it! We must have got our dates mixed. (to father) "NO, PA, THAT AIN'T GLORIA SWANSON!"

"SHE DON'T COME TILL SATURDAY—THE MINE'S POOR OLD MOTHER!" (to mother) "I can't make him understand... I think he's gettin' deeper. (Yelling to father) "I SAY THAT AIN'T GLORIA SWANSON!" (to mother) "Oh, well, what's the difference? Let him think the bandits are goin' to kidnap that baby!... Cunnin', ain't it?" (reading) "TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS, CLAUDE RE-VISITS THE SCENES OF HIS CHILDHOOD." (to mother) "Ain't it pathetic?—He don't know his own mother. (to father) "PA! MA SAYS SHE THINKS IT'S STRANGE THE CHILD SHOULD HAVE TURNED OUT JEWISH—HE WAS A SWEDISH BABY!" (to mother) "PA says they all get that way in the movies..."

But I never saw a Jewish cowboy before, did you?... (to father) "OH, PA! MA WANTS HER TROCHES! THEY'RE IN YOUR PANTS POCKET! IN YOUR PANTS!... P-A-N-T-S!"... Not Turkish Trophies; Bronchial Troches! Cough drops!... NO!... (to mother) Here they are, Ma... I'll take one too... I'll need it, if I've got to keep on yellin' like this. Why won't they all the same things as the fellows at home?... OH, PA!... HUNT FOR YOUR RUBBERS!... IT'S TIME TO GO HOME!"
Fanny's "Experiment"

But Fannie got tired of being picked on. She overlooked entirely the fact that her "beak," as Fannie herself calls it, now that it is remodeled, got her more laughs than Wesley Barry's freckles. And if a comedienne doesn't want laughs, what does she want? But before she was a comedienne, Fannie Brice was a woman. And what woman, I ask you, wants her beauty spoiled by a nose that just rambled on down her face, as if it didn't know when to stop? So Fannie went ahead—paraphrasing the old proverb—and cut off her nose to spite her race.

Now the doctor who fixed Fannie's nose is in Dutch with the American College of Plastic Surgeons, which has filed charges against him with the Illinois Department of Registration. Just how much Dr. Henry W. Siegfeld did is not made clear, but Fannie sticks up for him. She says he made her what she is today, and she for one is satisfied. Maybe Flo Ziegfeld wasn't so stuck on the job which turned his best fun-maker into just another pretty girl; but anyway Fannie's nose is bobbed and that's all there is to it.

Mrs. Tom Mix Follows Suit

Victoria Ford, who has been Mrs. Tom Mix for quite a long spell now, objected to the aquiline cast of her prominent feature, and submitted to the surgeon's knife, to the eminent satisfaction of herself and husband. The press story does not go on to say that little Thomasina Mix failed to recognize her mamma with the new nose, but Fannie's tale-bearer to the metropolitan press didn't neglect that angle. It made quite a pathetic story—Fannie coming home all happy over being beautiful, and her small son or daughter, as the case may be, howling for mamma, and refusing to be pacified by the bobbed-nosed Mrs. Nicky Arnstein. P.S.—Nicki is said to have disapproved.

Mrs. Syd Chaplin's Unfortunate Case

Not so successful, however, was the remodeled nose which Mrs. Sydney Chaplin, wife of the comedian and sister-in-law of Charlie Chaplin, is now mourning over. Mrs. Chaplin has consulted an attorney about bringing suit against the surgeon who performed the operation on her nose. She is reported to be asking a large amount for the asserted damage and suffering caused her. Ordinarily such an operation as Mrs. Chaplin underwent can be performed at one sitting and the only resultant discomfort is a slightly swollen and sore nose, which gradually becomes normal. But Mrs. Chaplin's nose, she says, is far from normal. What was to have been a line of pure beauty has proved to be marred by a sharp dip at the end. There are also indentations and puckers where firm flesh ought to be, Mrs. Chaplin says. She is going to another plastic surgeon, who promises her to be able to cure the infected organ and to remodel it along the lines she had hoped for. The new doctor says he will have to take cartilage from behind the ear and use it to fill out the nose.

Lucille Carlisle's Recovery Slow But Successful

Lucille Carlisle also had a rather unfortunate experience in trying to remedy a slip of the Potter. Or, rather, a slip from her high chair when she was a baby, which caused her nose to be slightly crooked. Now, we had always thought Lucille's nose quite a work of Nature, even though it was a trifle large. But Lucille was not contented to see Helen Ferguson and Victoria Ford and Fannie Brice get rid of their nasal g rouches, while she could see that her nose was not quite straight. So she went to a plastic surgeon and had the offending piece of cartilage straightened and bolstered up so it would stay in place, and all would have been well, except that an infection set in which caused Miss Carlisle to be confined to her home for several long weeks, while work was impossible. Now, however, the storm clouds are blowing over, for the infection has been conquered and only a narrow strip of adhesive stands between Miss Carlisle's now perfect nose and a promising future on the screen.

For the last few years women have been having their faces lifted, thereby deftly removing all traces of age. Tiny half-moon scars hidden under the hair are the only tell-tale marks. Sometimes this method of rejuvenation, when the subject is not old, really, but haggard from ill health or worry, has worked wonders. We are reminded of a very splendid actress, whose day was thought to be over because she had allowed her beauty to fade before its time. A sick heart does not make for a smooth face, you know. Then she married the man she had loved for years, and he helped her to get back into pictures. He has even directed her himself—he is one of our most famous directors. Her fans noticed immediately that she was different. Not only was her beautiful golden hair bobbed and endowed with new life, but her thin, lined face was suddenly youthful and rounder. Even her very good nose seemed to be a little more perfect. Her sudden popularity has caused great rejoicing in the film colony.

Fanny Ward's Rejuvenation

Fanny Ward has been viciously accused by her less beautiful sisters of having done all sorts of things to effect her complete and marvelous rejuvenation. She is variously said to have benefited by the wonderful Roentgen ray treatment expounded so cleverly in Black Oxen; to have had her face lifted; to have discovered the Fountain of Youth; to have used a beauty clay, and to have changed faces with some beautiful young girl on St. Catherine's Day. Be that as it may, Fanny Ward has actually done it. All photographs, even those hideous ones usually taken by the news reel companies, reveal her as amazingly pretty and youthful.

I never felt quite so enthusiastic over Edna Mason Hopper, though her experience with plastic surgery seems nothing short of miraculous. She looks not so much young as well starched and ironed. And yet her face does not lack animation, vivacity. I suppose it is the fact that she is really sixty-two years old, and that all the rejuvenating was done on the wrong side of her body. As the caption reads in Black Oxen, that she seems more like a violent contradiction of nature than like the flapper which she calls herself. Her hands betray her, even while her face belies the sixty-two years.

Edna Mason Hopper's Complete Remodeling

When Edna Mason Hopper went through the beauty mill, she gave the scientists carte blanche. She told them not to stick at a little job like remodeling her nose. If her upper lip would look better a little shorter, why go to it, do, and hang the expense. Edna wanted the job done up brown. She didn't want to come out from under the ether and find that they had neglected anything, even a wrinkle on the cheek or a flaccid dimple which needed a new puckering string. And Edna liked the results so well that she took the film which had been made during the beautifying process and showed it all over the country, along with herself. All we ask of this new craze for sculpture—using human flesh instead of clay—is that it doesn't get too far. Especially this nose-bobbing business.

What if Norma Talmadge should cut her nose by the Irish pattern? Who would believe in the depth of her suffering through seven reels if her tears caught on the turned-up end of pug nose? And what if Gloria Swanson should have her nose built up on the bridge and shortened at the end? And ah, perish the thought of a bobbed-nosed Nita Naldi!
Cupid's as a Press Agent— from page 59.

Chaplin a Stubborn Client for Cupid

Of all Cupid’s clients, Charlie Chaplin is the most stubborn. He just won’t live up to Cupid’s plans for him. And Cupid has trotted out the cream of the picture world, as well as of the legitimate stage and society, for Charlie to choose from. Cupid has conscientiously press-agented Chaplin as being engaged to May Collins, Purviance, Eleanor Boardman, Claire Windsor, and, most importantly among the many others, Pola Negri. But the rumors serve their day as rumors only and then die out. Only once since his fatal first wedding, has Chaplin admitted an intention to marry again. Maybe Cupid’s insistence on something coming of all his hard work for Chaplin and Miss Negri had something to do with Chaplin’s reluctant admission, when cornered by a squad of reporters on the golf links of a famous southern California country club. There at the fairway of the Club, Chaplin never intends to slip his head into the nose again, but it is equally certain that he will go on entertaining visits from his press-agent friend, Dan Cupid. Why not? We love to read about Chaplin’s amorous adventures; we are all sentimental, at heart. And it does help the struggling young actresses for Charlie to allow his name to be linked with theirs in an artist’s layout in which the heart motif dominates.

Charlie Sponsors Pola

Whether Chaplin ever had any intention of marrying Pola Negri or not, his decided interest in her and his announced engagement later, together with the long arguments pro and con as to whether they would or would not marry, which the press loved to carry on, and even the announcement of the breaking of the engagement, served Pola Negri extraordinarily well as publicity. It installed her in the hearts of the public, where before she had been a Polish interloper. If our Charlie liked the gal, there must be something in her. If he wanted to marry her, she’d then become an American citizen and all would be well, patriotically speaking. Pola did not meet much other publicity, nor did she need any other press agent while Cupid was on the job.

Speaking of Chaplin’s many loves reminds us that Claire Windsor is one of Cupid’s best clients, Claire Windsor is the “womanly woman” of the screen. There are only one or two others of the type, Irene Rich and Florence Vidor, notably. Womanly women have to be so careful of the publicity they get. If unmarried, Cupid is their safest bet. Claire has been married, but since her entry into the films has been free, but, according to her press agent, Cupid, never quite a heartthrob. Whenever the popular and beautiful Claire Windsor is seen at the Coconut Grove more than twice with the same man, Cupid gets an item into the paper, discreetly hinting that Claire is engaged—again.

After Cupid had squeezed all the heart-interest possible out of her reported engagement to Chaplin, he got busy on another tack. Soon it was confidently reported that Charlie had set his sights on that fascinating tenor, John Steele. We remember that one press item boldly stated that Steele returned from a trip to New York, wearing a solitaire which Mr. Steele had given her. But so far, Charlie is still a client of Cupid’s.

Compson Keeps Cupid Busy

Betty Compson gives Dan scarcely a free moment. If the small press agent’s word can be believed, beautiful Betty will be safely married and out of Cupid’s hands by the time this is printed. For Cupid assures the world that Betty is to marry Jimmy Cruse, the man who made “The Covered Wagon.” But we remember the times we almost bought a wedding present to give to the future Mrs. Compson and to the prospective Mrs. Walter Morosco. But death cut short the first romance and Betty herself severed the ties which bound her to young Morisco, son of Oliver Morisco, famous producer of legitimate dramas. And now Corinne Griffith, with whom Cupid had little to do as long as she remained Mrs. Webster Campbell, is married to Walter Morisco, and Cupid is probably suffering from a nose out of joint, for the inconsiderate couple didn’t give him a chance to press agent their newfound interest in each other, their rumored engagement, their coy denial, their reluctant announcement and their wedding plans. This ignoring of a faithfull press agent is a discourteous and dangerous thing. Cupid may get even with them yet.

When Gene Sarazen, golf champion, went to Hollywood to play around the motion picture studios and to get his pictures taken with the leading film luminaries, Dan Cupid snatched up a new quiver of arrows and preceded him by the length of a wing. One of the results of Cupid’s violent interest in the young golf champ’s heart was the reported engagement of Sarazen to Miss Derelys Perdue, slated to become a star with F. B. O. No one knows exactly why Miss Perdue’s starring career has been allowed to die out. But while it was in its incipient stage and the pretty brunette was making “Daytime Wives,” Cupid gave her a boost by broadcasting the pleasant rumor of her engagement. Mr. Sarazen consented to have his pictures taken with the pretty Derelys and did not deny his infatuation. Nor did he deny that he felt a strong heart throb when he gazed into the big brown eyes of Clara Horton, opposite whom he played in a picture.

A Flutter for Pauline Garon

But it was Pauline Garon on whom Cupid at last settled definitely. For wasn’t Gene to be seen everywhere? But, of course, seasoned movie people like Pauline and Gene knew what was owing to their grand little press agent,
Cupid. When anyone asked Gene about the rumors he would mumble something like, "Thanks for the compliment, old top, but you'd better ask Pauline." And when old top asked Pauline, she'd blush and dimple—and she can do them both mighty well—and refuse to be quoted for publication. But their press agent, Cupid, kept the papers supplied with interesting items.

Cupid, however, managed to bring things to a crisis, in spite of his hard work. Sarazen left the Kleigs flat and went to Florida, where society beckoned imperiously. Sarazen is a great social favorite, you know. And there he met a little girl whom he had known for one romantic day when he was a basketball champion and she a winner of a Mary Pickford beauty contest, or something like that. Now, Sarazen is engaged to Miss Mary Peck, who is said to be an almost exact duplicate of the cupboard. Miss Peck nor would we believe that, in Hollywood, Pauline was only pinch-hitting for Mary.

Lillian Gish has been a sore trial to Cupid until recently. The sad-eyed little tragedienne persisted in living a cloistered life. But suddenly there has broken out in all the papers, rumors of engagement to two different men and denials and confessions, and all the regular press routine. Cupid is at last working on the Gish case.

A Faux Pas

His first step, however, was a faux pas. He had Lillian engaged to Mr. Charles H. Duell, Lillian's boss, head of the Inspirational Film Corporation, who happened to be married at the time. Then came report of Mrs. Duell's divorce, which she at first denied as absurd. Then came confirmation of the divorce. Then came Mr. Duell's denial of his engagement to Miss Gish, along with Miss Gish's denial. The report persisted, however, until there came a startling new rumor that Lillian was engaged to marry Pierro Frois, an officer on the staff of the Mary Pickford Co. and Miss Gish, and her company to Italy to film Remola. It is said that, although his ship has sailed from Italy for America, Signor Frois is still in Italy—in Florence, to be exact, paying court to Miss Gish. Miss Gish cablets her denial. And Dan Cupid has an awfully good line, makes it easy to fall in love and out of love; into marriage and out of marriage. Those who are going through a chronic state of heart troubles and joys on the screen are apt to have a romantic hang-over in their private lives. At any rate, Cupid has to be eternally vigilant to keep up with all the love affairs which ripen as quickly as California oranges, and as quickly drop from the tree of romance to the sodden ground of divorce.

Undoubtedly Cupid hates a placidly married state of being. There is nothing for him to write about, when a screen star is happily married or press-agented as happily married to his wife. The Charles Rays and Conrad Nagels, for instance, are a personal affront to Cupid. But he doesn't seem to be able to do anything about it.

A bachelor in the film colony is simply nuts to Cupid. He'd rather write a palpitating item about J. Warren Kerrigan at last succumbing to his dart than to dine on ambrosia and nectar with the other gods. Dan had quite a lot of fun prophesying the marriage of Lois Wilson and Jack Kerrigan, when the two were working together in The Covered Wagon. But, unfortunately for Cupid's schemes, Lois didn't feel about him off the lot as she did in the picture.

Lois A Difficult Subject

Lois Wilson is terribly hard material for Cupid to work with. She's such a frank-spoken gal that he can't be coy about her heart affairs. If she isn't going to marry a man, she says so flatly and that's that. The latest effort on Cupid's part is to get her married to Richard Dix, who plays with Lois in Icebound. We're willing to forecast that when Lois doesn't get married, she'll stay married. So if Cupid wants to keep her as a regular client, he'd better not force issues.

Two of Cupid's favorite bachelors proved rank deserters of picture maidens. For Elliot Dexter married Mrs. Nina Underwood, and Andrew S. Ullman married Daisy Danziger—both of the brides being society women. And Cupid had tried so hard to marry these favorite leading men to screen heroines, thus killing two birds with one stone—that is, getting publicity for both bride and groom.

Cupid hasn't given Jack Dempsey up, even though he has apparently decided to let the films wobble along without him forevermore. But when Jack was in pictures, little Dan made them over opportunities. He brought to luscious Jack engaged to luscious Bebe Daniels, which rumor brought in its train the usual half-hearted and coy denials. But Bebe is still unwed, and Cupid is getting disgusted with her.

Cupid turned flip-flops of delight, thereby losing two or three perfectly good arrows out of his quiver, when he arranged the match between Winifred Westover and Bill Hart. And when the affair terminated so sadly, Cupid didn't give up hope. He did his darndest to bring the stubborn Bill back to the hopefully waiting Winifred, but it was all in vain. Bill was through, and that was all there was to it. But now the hardest working press agent in the business is lifting his drooping wings with delight, for Hart is exhibiting a poignant interest in Mary Garrett, whom he has known for years. Bill says fine complimentary things about the prima donna, and Miss Garden counters by getting coy on why she stayed in Los Angeles instead of going to San Francisco to sing. And Cupid reports it happily, hoping that his interest in Hart all these years will be
justified. But there is a little matter of a divorce between Hart and Winifred Westover to be attended to, and Mrs. Hart says she won't get a divorce. At the same time, she desires to return to the screen, using the name of Mrs. William S. Hart and Bill has a separation allowance contract with her that prevents just that. Maybe they'll compromise.

**How Cupid Works**

SOMETHING Cupid gets desperate for news. There is a cute little ingenue who can't get a bit of desirable publicity unless she does get engaged or married to be engaged. She simply acts in pictures, that's all, and sometimes the reviewers mention her, and sometimes they don't. The publicity staff of the company she works for rather overlooks her. Sometimes they think of her and then they get her to start a new style in hairdressing or to wear a handkerchief tied around her ankle, or something equally exciting, which the papers nearly always refuse to print. And Cupid gets sorry for the little thing. He sees her eating in a studio cafeteria. And he sees a good-looking screen star of the male persuasion, take the empty seat at her table. The screen star doesn't know the little ingenue, but he doesn't hesitate to ask her to pass the salt. Cupid chortles with glee. He rushes out to catch the afternoon edition with a rumor of their engagement. Tender looks across the table, hands touching as they make a pretense to pass the salt, etc., etc. Then follows a vigorous denial by the male star, who is. valuable for the publicity; a timid, blushing denial by the little ingenue, who adds that the reporters must ask Mr. Screen Star if they really want to know. Their pictures are printed, their names bandied from paper to paper across the United States; we, fans, get our love of romance satisfied. Cupid is happy, and there is no harm done.

**Q.** The Duke of Hollywood—from page 57.

play, The Man Higher Up, for a six weeks' engagement between films at the Orpheum. In San Francisco, his old home town, his old school-fellows (old men now), mustered in a body to do him honor.

Men from all walks of life, men whose fortunes had gone up or down, united only in the one bond of love for Theodore. And they applauded wildly, shouting for their hero. Theodore Roberts lost his stage presence for the first time that night. No brilliant epigrams, no dazzling, kindly humor would come. Theodore's heart was in his mouth and he was indeed stunned with happiness.

Another instance of his popularity was at the Monroe Doctrine Exposition in Los Angeles when all the stars were mustered to help fill the great 75,000 seat auditorium. A brilliant, notable gathering. And as the spotlight fell upon each star present and they rose to bow, applause greeted them. But when Roberts' turn came, it was no more applause. That great crowd simply rose and yelled itself hoarse with boundless enthusiasm for five minutes without pause. There wasn't a moment's doubt as to who was the most popular star there that night.

Talk to any of the little extra girls on the lot and you will find that they regard Theodore Roberts as a jolly, old, benign father. He seems to be able to hearten people with just a smile and a quip or two. He never forgets that he was a poor, struggling, ambitious, young colt once, himself. Why, this man is even benevolently fatherly to Cecil de Mille and Jesse Lasky and Will Hays and Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan and all sorts of superior people before whom the rest of us stand in awe.

And when the news came that Theodore would recover, that he was to be spared to them, the air was electric with heartfelt rejoicings. His precious title had been well earned, the Grand Old Man of the Screen.

**A Song**

I made my love into a song
And sang it low to you.
From out my heart it echoed long
The notes were full and true.

I sang it low, you did not hear,
You nor the passing crowd.
I made the music still more clear
And then * * * I sang it loud.

At last you heard and stayed awhile
But soon you turned away,
Yet as you went I saw you smile,
I'll sing again, some day.

By Dorothy Quick.
and misadventure that ever trim their sails to life. The tale, in simple, of the seduction of an idealistic boy of eighteen by a married and worldly woman, the play brings forth, in their persons, a twain of characters etched to perfection in the matter of the smallest detail and, further, an economy of dialogue that spells a score of shadings and meanings into its every intervening moment of silence. With the possible exception of the seduction scene in the second act of Vidvrae's Streamship Tenacity, I know of no such episode in modern drama written with more complete finish than the scene in the initial act of this play. It is as delicately done as lace-work, and it is as thorough in form and achievement as a well-sailed rifle.

Vajda is a second-rater among the Hungarians, but in this comedy he comes pretty close, at least for the hour, to the front line.

The scenes which he has written for the woman on the one hand—spoiled, selfish, sensual, desiring the desirable—and the boy on the other—young, inexperienced, dreaming and humble before the palpabilities of life that seem to him so infinitely complex and mysterious—these are uncommonly deft orchestrations of careless irony and heart-breaking tragedy, the humor, the laughing behind her hand in counterpoint to the boy's tears, yet within that laughter still a touch of amused comprehension and compassion. As these scenes are enacted by Miss Emily Stevens and Morgan Farley in the excellent Theatre Guild production, they reach to the heights of smooth comedy. Every word gets its proper shade of emphasis; every little movement has a meaning all its own. On the whole, for all the instances of padding periodically apparent in the manuscript, a comedy of the school of Lothar Schmidt and Misch and Korditz Holper across the border, but a considerably better one than any of the latter has thus far written on a related theme.

IV.

The Kaufman-Connelly success, Beggar on Horseback, is an amusing comedy but, so far as I am concerned, not one-third so amusing as the majority of my colleagues seem to find it. I suppose that the trouble with me is that I saw the play from which it was taken—Paul Apel's Hans Sonnenstosser's Trip to Hell—done in Berlin back in 1912 and what seemed awfully funny to me twelve years ago doesn't seem quite so awfully funny to me today. It is true that the Drs. Kaufman and Connelly have put some original and up-to-date humor into their version, but at bottom their play isn't so much different from the one I saw and enjoyed in the days before the war made the world unsafe for decent beer.

It seems to me that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly, both of whom are talented and diverting fellows and both of whom are still not devoid of originality, are still suffering from the assiduous backslapping of their friends and boosters on the New York newspapers. When I say suffering, I mean, of course, so far as critical overlooking goes, for this backslapping certainly does not cause them any pain financially. Indeed, it makes a lot of money for them that they otherwise might conceivably not make. It is the critical goose-greasing of them that brings about the proclaiming of their adaptation of the Apel play as a tremendous artistic feat when it is actually considerably less than what a good job and they deserve credit for a good job, but they hardly deserve the rest of the ecstatic hula-hula that has been dished out to them. And since they are both intelligent men, they doubtless appreciate this as well as I do.

The story of Beggar on Horseback is of a young composer who thinks of marrying for money and who dreams a dream showing him what life would be like if he did. He is cured of his intention and the final curtain finds him necking a Cinderella. Roland Young is satisfactory as the hero, though Kay Johnston is possessed of somewhat too fragmentary a figure to make a convincing upstage for an American audience. At least an American audience made up of George Jean Nathans.

V.

A dream play is very often the refuge and artful dodge of a lazy and unimaginative playwright. He knows that in a dream play he can get away with nine-tenths of the things he couldn't possibly get away with in a play that wasn't a dream play. The very facts that the leading character is dreaming the body of the play and that a dream is a wild and crazy thing anyhow, let him off with a lot of wild and crazy things which otherwise even a special matinée producer would boot him pretty firmly in the pantiles. He can let construction, form and most of the other things that comprise dramatic technique, and that take a deal of time to learn, shift for themselves, and do barely enough to blamed please. A dream play in the hands of a dramatic artist very often turns out to be a beautiful thing, but a dream play in the hands of an inferior craftsman just as often turns out to be an exceptionally empty omelet.

It seems strange that two such talented artists as H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine have made a mess of their attempt at a dream play, called The Wonderful Visit. It is in general so amateurish an affair that, if I hadn't known who the authors were, my guess would have been that it had been confected by a couple of bright Greenwich Village boys. The story is of a vicar who dreams that an angel has come to earth, has tried to elevate the soul of man and has found the job impossible. But, though the theme is valid enough dramatically, the esteemed authors have merely tickled it and pinched it, with the result that the evening is not much more stimulating than a bottle of pop. Margaret Mower has the role of the angel. Miss Mower may be the management's idea of an angel, but she is hardly mine. And even if she were, her performance would make me change my mind all over again.

IV.

The musical comedies that have been put on view since my last appearance in this column contain little to make one want to sit on my hat in order to see better. The Chiffon Girl has Eleanor Painger and her very lovely voice, but nothing else. Its libretto is the old stuff about the poor little East Side wop who turns out in the end to be a great opera singer, beloved by kings, dukes, earls and the tenor. Every fifteen minutes or so someone makes a Prohibition joke, and the chorus numbers have been staged by a gentleman who evidently admires the way they used to put on chorus numbers while Charlie Bigelow was still alive.

Sweet Little Devil is similarly the possession of a libretto that needs only Will Rogers, George Ade, Stephen Leacock and a few dozen other humorists to make it humorous. The generally skillful George Gershwin, furthermore, has here fallen down with a thud in the matter of the score. Constance Binney has the part every fifteen minutes or so of the Sears Binney, I prefer the one named Faire. I wonder why someone doesn't put her into a music show. Ziegfield did, for a few weeks, in Sally, but that was some time ago. I'd like to have another look at her.

Moonlight has an amusing book, but the trouble with it is that it has already served time as a straight comedy. Its edge is thus somewhat dulled. There are a couple of affable tunes in the show. The weakness lies in the principals. They are not particularly interesting. The same is true of Lollipop.

VII.

Which closes the interesting lecture for today.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN—THE YOUNGEST AS WELL AS THE MOST TALKED OF CRITIC OF THE THEATRE, WRITES EVERY MONTH FOR SCREENLAND, TO READ HIM IS TO KEEP ABRASEST OF ALL THAT IS BEST ON THE NEW YORK STAGF.
the open-air stage beneath them.

It was when Sid was fifteen years old that the family moved to San Francisco and opened the first motion picture theater in the country. The Unique was the first such theater, his father, and young Sid was the manager. He treasured today newspaper clippings heralding him as the "youngest theater manager in the country."

But in spite of his youth, he was already old in knowledge of showmanship, and he held down his man-sized job so hard that he was soon called upon to help. The house put on a combined motion picture and vaudeville bill. The films, brought over from France, were not rented as films are today, but purchased outright, in lengths of fifty or sixty feet.

"Come see the watchman jump off the dock into real water and then jump back on the dock again," Sid would advertise in all the San Francisco papers, and the crowds would flock to gaze in wonder at the new-fangled pictures that actually moved.

They played seven shows a day and fifteen on Sundays at The Unique, and the management served meals back-stage between shows. Sid's father used to part the curtains and, pointing to his actors busily stuffing themselves at the long tables, exclaim, ""The reason my shows are better than my competitors' is because I feed my actors better."

That little old theater on Market Street saw the beginnings of many a famous career. Frank Bacon put on a little sketch that he called Lighting, and Sid swore that some day he would be on Broadway with it. Almost a score of years intervened before his dream came true. Roscoe Arbuckle sang accompaniments to illustrated songs, earning a princely wage of $17.50 a week. Jesse Lasky, connected with the famous Players-Lasky Corporation, tried the boards at The Unique with his sister, the team earning a weekly salary of $75, which was good money in those days. At Jolson, too, did a song and dance act, winning with his hyperastic barytona from the audiences in the little theater as he later did on Broadway.

The Unique prospered under the Grauman management for ten years. Then their lease expired. When Sid and his father applied for a renewal of the lease, it was refused them. A rival vaudeville house had bought the building containing the theater in order to secure the lease and out the Graumans. But they never enjoyed the fruits of their victory. The last night of their occupancy Grauman and his father hired a crew of five stalwart longshoremen. Armies the huskies with axes, they left the playhouse an empty shell. And when the enraged new owners tried to rebuild the theatre, they discovered that a new city ordinance forbade the erection of any part of the old building. They were forced to wreck the edifice and build anew, from the foundation up. And as a last misfortune, two days before the opening of the new theatre, the earthquake of 1906 left not one stone upon the other of the new building.

(Continued on page 102)

Qriesfeld—from page 65.

brings flowers; I wish they’d leave something more substantial!"

A peal of laughter greets this. Everybody is in good humor now and ready for work. All Europe and America has heard of Riesfeld's Classical Jazz. It's that and then some.

The score begins, "Hey! Don't you know what legal means?" Riesfeld calls a halt to scold a rascal in the back row. "Smooth! Connected! Smooth!" The instruments are off again, rounding out the angles, perfecting themselves for the audience which has come to take for granted.

And glad and happy moment, moody as a Spring day the next, this is Riesfeld. There was a time when Riesfeld was shabby and hungry and when there were more feet to kick him out than hands to haul him in. Dr. Riesfeld's climb to the altar he now occupies was not paved with velvet. By any means. He was co-head of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, because he was the manager for a raise of salary, he arrived in America with as much knowledge of the English language as a squirrel.

For seven months he headed the list in the Blue Book of Unemployed and when he finally met a friend, who was at that time leader of the Irving Theater, and was asked: "Can you play the organ?" his response was very much to the point—and in perfect English! "I can play anything that you buy me a meal!" he declared, though he had never played the organ in his life. And he did. For three days he went about on crutches since pumping made his legs lame. But go on with the story as he tells it himself:

"The first Saturday, that was a divine Saturday in September, 1907, when I received the munificent salary of $18.00, the largest amount of money I had ever earned. I counted it over and over to make sure it was 18 and not 8, and 18 it was!

"I've never heard of the "Today, that was a divine book for me, because the work was so strenuous that I paralyzed my arm and was thrown into idleness for a month.

"Like a girl in love who consults the daisy petals, and pulling them out, says to herself: 'He loves me, he loves me not!' so I went about, not knowing which to cast, and sitting on my fortune, fluctuating next, and saying to myself: 'I eat, I do not, I eat, I do not!'

"The next opportunity that presented itself was an opening with Klaw & Erlanger. I wrote The Merry Martyr, a musical comedy. It wasn't a success."

Then came the conductorship at the Century Opera House—but that, too, went as it came. (Continued on page 102)
**Grauman — from page 101.**

The Graumans, deprived of their theater, made a virtue of necessity by erecting an 850-seat house and billing it to the terror-stricken populace as the ideal theater. “There’s nothing to fall on you,” was their slogan during the quake days. Later a permanent theater was built upon the site of the tent theater.

By this time Sid Grauman was twenty years old. He had saved 15,000 dollars and opened up a little theater in San Jose, California, which thrived. But his soul yearned for Broadway’s bright lights, and soon he thoughtfully counted his bank-roll and boarded the train for New York.

On 125th Street, across from Froctor’s he leased a theater. A rival house had booked every one of his acts away from him.

By the grace of God and a friendly bank account in New York City, he was able to book another bill. But no sooner had his heart resumed its normal beating than a city official entered his office, on the morning of opening day, and informed him coldly that the place was closed down.

“But why?” Sid moaned, with elaborations. “Man, you’ve violated 350 city ordinances,” the official said. It seemed that the wiring was all wrong, the exits were marked incorrectly, the seating arrangement was not right, and heaven alone knew what else was wrong. It was on upper Broadway, and a day or two afterward Sid encountered an old friend of his father’s, a power in city politics, and the word was passed to let the new theater open. Sid ran the theater profitably a while and then sold it to Sullivan & Consider.

Long afterward, with its next location, and in promoting the building of Grauman’s Million-Dollar Theater, at Third and Broadway paved the way to his triumphant career as the West’s greatest showman. With the Third Street house running nicely, he started work on the Rialto, and followed that up with the magnificent Grauman’s Metropolitan Theater. He held a half interest in all of these theaters, the other half of the stock being retained by Famous Players-Lasky. Recently he sold his stock in these three houses and concentrated his interests in his unique Egyptian theater in Hollywood. This theater is one of the most luxurious houses in the country, and it is probably an unusual. As the name implies, it is Egyptian in architecture, fronted by a court with playing fountains. Across the battledore pass two young Arabs, muskets on shoulders, silhouetted against the sky. Only de luxe presentations are shown here. In the year and a half of its existence, only three pictures have been presented at the Egyptian, Roon Houd, The Covered Wagon, and The Ten Commandments. Something of the success of the theater may be surmised from the fact that Sid Grauman paid $200,000 in rentals for The Covered Wagon and a quarter of a million has been paid already for The Ten Commandments, with the end of the run not yet in sight.

Grauman is the new type of exhibitor, who tamplers with the films before they are made, instead of afterwards. It was Grauman who suggested the story for Jackie Cooper’s My Boy Hoagy, the first pictures, who had the closest touch with Grauman, call him in to ask his advice, recognizing his almost uncanny knowledge of the public taste. Many of his personal experiences in Alaska are now being incorporated in Charlie Chaplin’s new American comedy. Grauman has the greatest faith in the prologue, and has demonstrated his faith for years. Those who think the prologue a comparatively recent thing, perhaps do not know that Grauman invented it as atmosphere for his presentation of The Great Train Robbery, years ago. Presently the most beautiful prologue that Sid Grauman or any other exhibitor has ever staged is the climactic scene of the tableau that precede the showing of The Ten Commandments at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. The beauty of the tableau is due entirely to the scene from the famous painting, draws tears to the eyes of the audiences. It is such features that bring people hundreds of miles to view pictures presented by Grauman and that have won for him the title of “The Born Showman.”

**Q. Riesenfeld — from page 101.**

“Last thing of all, the Rialto Theater opened up, at that time under the direction of Rothapfel, who is now managing the Capitol. He chose in my favor, and I thought surely, that here, now, from this time on, easy sailling was before me. I’ve found instead, that my troubles had just begun!”

He has picked up the baton, there is a crash of music, and the empty theater resounds from cellar to ceiling. Melodies rise and fall, coaxing all the sleepy people to get up out of their warm beds and rush back to the theater.

So the rehearsal is over. The musicians bundle up their instruments into odd shapes which resemble bottles of port and German sausages and what not. One by one the men file out through the alley, with its hand-painted brick simulating a summer garden. Daly, the doorman has imagination. On hot days he loves to business himself with the hose, sprinkling the painted vines and fancying that he is helping them grow. At night the show starts. Riesenfeld has still to close the gate behind him. There is a roll of music under his elbow. Work to take home. He looks up and down the street, with its yawning stay-ups scuttling home to their beds, and his hoarse newboys crying out some new clock with happy abandon, and its pale yellow cabs cruising about on the lookout for customers.

Overhead the electric signs light up a pathway as bright as day. Riesenfeld steps into it and is lost to Broadway.
guff. The producers like it fine; the New York exhibitors think it is "hot stuff"—for New York, and yet every audience goes away praising it as a "work apart;" but damning it as an "audience picture" in the same breath.

The Warners refuse to be terrified. They like their "foreign invasion" because of the immense publicity attached, and undoubtedly because of their belief in the artistry of Mr. Lubitsch, and are again allowing him carte blanche in choosing and making his next picture. He has decided upon that immortal French tragedy, "Manon Lescaut." It is safe to predict that will not be an "audience picture" either.

**Seastrom No Longer "Foreigner"**

**V**ictor Seastrom was widely heralded as one of the chief menaces in the foreign borde. Eagerly and fearfully the foreign Hollywood waited on its first film for Goldwyn. It is "Name the Man," from Sir Hall Caine's "The Master of Man."

Mr. Seastrom had produced the best of the Swedish pictures, which had not made much of a ripple over here, but which had seriously endangered American supremacy in the film world of Sweden. It was cheaper to hire him to make American pictures than to fight him as a Swedish director in Sweden.

Possibly there was some deep-laid plot against Mr. Seastrom's prosperity in this land of the free, for the choice of story was absurd, and the editorial direction of June Mathis certainly went wide of the mark. It is neither a sophisticated foreign triumph, as Lubitsch might have made or von Stroheim, nor is it unloved American-brand bokum. It is a queer blend of all the things that can be wrong with pictures, and yet it is not wholly a flop. There are moments—oh, most decidedly. You can imagine that Mr. Seastrom forgot all his American teaching and his little book of Studio Don'ts, and soared every once in a while. But it is not the kind of a "foreign" picture to frighten Hollywood actors with. The king-pin of the foreigners—directors, we mean—was Erich von Stroheim. When he made "The Devil's Passkey" and "Blind Husbands," American directors shook in their boots. Some planned to spend a year in Austria, learning foreign ways.

Then, without supervision, even of the exchequer, Mr. von Stroheim was turned loose at Universal to make "Foolish Wives." Mr. Carl Laemmle is still nervous at the mere mention of the name, for it was the most expensive flop in pictures. Mr. Laemmle had visions of the bread line, with himself at the end of it, so he made a quick sleight of hand motion. The result was that some of value was retained in "The Merry-Go-Round" before he had completely bankrupted the company, and then Rupert Julian was made master of the flying jenny.

**Von Stroheim Joins Goldwyn**

It was a clever trick, and the industry chuckled at this signal victory over the foreign invasion. Then von Stroheim was hired by Goldwyn. No one knows all the bloody details yet—that is, outside the carefully guarded walls of the Goldwyn plant, but it is whispered that Mr. von Stroheim has not forgotten how to spend money, nor has he developed an efficiency complex.

He has been working on "Greed," the picture from Frank Norris' powerful novel, "McTeague," for more than a year. A year on a picture is practically ruinous to any company. And by the very nature of it, "Greed" cannot be a popular success. It is a stark, grim tragedy, if it follows the book—one of the most unpleasant stories in the English language. And judging by the advance sites we have seen, the picture is a remarkably faithful adaptation. For this von Stroheim is to be congratulated.

If he chose to do this American classic of greed, lust and murder, it was decent of him not to turn it into an Austrian orgy. He does do Austrian orgies so well, you know.

The print of "Greed" which has finally reached New York is forty-three reels long. The longest "super-special features" are not shown at a greater length than twelve reels. Von Stroheim was said to treasure as the apple of his eye every scene in those forty-three reels. Undoubtedly someone else had to wield the final pair of shears. Imagine the expense attached to making a picture, which when boiled down to the satisfaction of the director, is forty-three reels long! The original film must have been somewhere near a hundred reels long—notably the most extravagant piece of directing the screen world has ever known.

So much for the unfeared directors. The actors are more interesting. Of the foreign male stars, one of the most feared a few year ago was Charles de Roché, a Frenchman, who arrived in Hollywood, heralded as a successor to Valentino, at a time when Valentino was in the thick of his trouble with Lasky.

But time has gone on and still de Roché is not a star. His latest role is that of Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments," not a leading role by any means. It is safe to say that de Roché will not keep ambitious young American leading men awake nights, looking to their laurels.

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**S**creenland's Melting Pot— from page 71.
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PERSONAL


Valentino and Negri American Successes

R odolpho Valentino is a foreigner by birth, it is true. We believe he is an American citizen. At any rate he has made his way entirely on this side of the Atlantic. He began his film career as an extra in Hollywood. He learned everything he knows from his odd jobs in studios, and he is certainly a typical example of American success. The same can be said in toto of Ramon Navarro. It is the invasion of the foreign celebrity which has so terrified Hollywood.

Pola Negri is a good example of this sort of invasion. She has done two splendid services to American pictures, both of which, from indirect consideration, prove that you can't make an American pretty girl out of a fiery, temperamental Polish tragedy queen. And she's undoubtedly been an impetus toward making Gloria Swanson into what promises to be America's most versatile emotional screen actress. Rather a mouthful to say about Gloria, but have you seen her in "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird"? And do you realize what it means that she has been chosen to play "Peter Pan"? The film world would have laughed at such an announcement a year ago. Now it is considered only a just tribute to her acting ability.

The explanation of both statements about Pola's service to America is simple. Lasky brought the Polish star over here at tremendous expense and at a salary hitherto undreamed of by the actress of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." As a celebrated foreigner, the chief reason for the hysteria over foreign pictures, Pola was undoubtedly a good publicity bet. She was uprooted from the soil which had given her career its birth. But she was spoiled with sudden prosperity.

Pola Negri was huddled into a strange, and to her a fearful, studio life. She was glutted with fine clothes and maid service and directors and assistants and unlimited authority.

Then Pola's generous mouth was Bebe-Daniela. Her hair was oh, so neatly bobbed and marcelled. Her face was so beautifully made up, that Pola was afraid to omote for fear of ruining her complexion.

Thus Pola Negri spent a bewildered, resentful first year in America. She was feared as a foreign invader. She had usurped the throne of Gloria Swanson. She had annexed the most eligible male in Hollywood.

But the fears proved groundless. While Pola Negri is still very popular, a large part of her popularity is a hang-over from "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood.""The Spanish Dancer" has, we have been told, failed to make the money its producers had every right to expect it to earn. In "Tella Donna" was a financial disappointment, for it did not come anyplace near reaching the gross mark set.
for it. The overhead had been tremendous.

As for her service to the screen through Gloria Swanson: The rivalry between Pola and Gloria was, as the children say, "something terrible." Gloria had been Queen Bee at the West Coast studies. Her word had been law on the lot. Their highest hopes, next to those centered on Gloria's pictures.

It was a real blow to Gloria Swanson when Pola Negri was thrillingly press-agented into her place. It is undoubtedly due in part to Gloria's resentment of Pola and their constant antagonism, that Gloria is now producing at the East Coast studios, while Pola queens in on the West coast.

Be that as it may, it was Pola's assumption of superiority that stirred Gloria to put forward the very best that was in her. In Hollywood Gloria had spent quite a lot of time "queening it." Now Gloria, in New York and very much in earnest, has settled down to terrifically hard work and is astounding even her fond producers by making such pictures as "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird." In the latter she proves herself one of the most versatile character actresses on the screen.

And now, it is with sincere pleasure that we note that there is strong hope for Pola in the offing. She has a fellow-countryman for a director now—Dimitri Buchowetzky. They are making "Men." The report from the Coast is that the unhappy and misunderstood Pola of a year ago is gone, and in her place is the old Pola of Berlin days. If the foreign director helps Pola to find herself in America, surely his invasion cannot be seriously resented.

The last of the triumvirate of charges made against Pola Negri was that she had promptly annexed the most eligible male in Hollywood—Charlie Chaplin. That dread result of the foreign invasion has likewise failed to pass. Charles the circumcised, the wary, is still unattached, though there has been no formal breaking of the engagement—in public prints at least. But no one except Samuel Goldwyn, who professes in his book, "Behind the Screen," to believe that they may marry and that Chaplin is as much in love with Pola as she is with him, believes that there will ever be a marriage.

Chaplin was undoubtedly strongly attracted to Pola Negri. She had zest, novelty for him. And she was a celebrity. Chaplin is not exactly averse to being associated with famous people. But Chaplin has an equally well-known reputation for being fickle. No one of the long string of infatuations and reported engagements has materialized, since his fiasco with Mildred Harris. Chaplin is certainly bride-shy. Pola's determination to annex the famous comedian was not as strong as Chaplin's determination to keep his freedom.

So it really seems as if America—or Hollywood—has been able to draw the snake's fangs. The only other field in which the dreaded menace may strike is in the fold of the extras. As long as we continue to make costume pictures, just so long will there be a heavy demand for foreign types. But when that cycle has passed into cinema history, and the "early American" period has definitely set in—as it really has with "The Covered Wagon" and "Abraham Lincoln"—then the foreign menace will automatically and painlessly—pass out of the picture.
THE scene was Mae Murray's suite in the Plaza Hotel, New York. The time was lunch time. (It is usually that time when magazine writers and movie stars get together). The characters were Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, representing the Pictures; and Delight Evans and the editor of Screenland, representing the Press. Conversation turned to food, and theatres and weather conditions. In fact to everything in the world except Miss Murray herself. And then they got around to clothes.

"Well," said Miss Murray, "I've had to get twenty-two gowns made and fitted in ten days. And, my dear—hats to go with them, gloves, furs—you can't imagine..."

For those who desire to carry this thing still further, we suggest the purchase of a copy of the July Screenland. It will contain, in addition to Miss Evans' personality story of Mae Murray, some dozens of other choice and delectable bits. To wit:

**Betty Compson**—A study in character. By Anne Austin.

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Other writers who will contribute to this unusual issue are:

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Betty of the Hungry Heart, The story of a soul struggle ............... page 30
Class, A screen short story of distinction ............................... page 43

ROLF ARMSTRONG
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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
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Screenplays Reviewed

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TARA STUDIO, 1133 B'dway Desk 2-F, New York
The Silent Drama

Brief Reviews of Current Screenplays

"THE SILENT STRANGER" — F. B. O. Fred Thomson and his white charger, Silver King, again—this time in a western mystery play based on "mail" and a female. Thomson is introduced as a deaf mute bronco buster, shell shocked in the war, but he turns up in the final reel as a Secret Service man assigned to round up a gang of mail bandits. What? Sure he gets them, and he wins the gel, too. It's Hazel Keener. Lots of excitement, some excellent "horse play" and some of the toughest looking hombers this side of the Rio Grande. Just a good, old-fashioned Western.

"EXCITEMENT" — Universal. Story of a girl with an insatiable capacity for excitement who suddenly finds herself with more than she can handle. An incredible plot and a running fire of smart aleck sub-titles that fairly crack of cheap wit make this film just an hour of boredom. Laura La Plante, though, is a charming bit of femininity and tends to relieve some of the monotony which must be charged to Robert Hill, the director. An also-ran that should have been scratched before it started.

"A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST" — F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's best comes out in this extremely interesting drama of a four-cornered puppy love. She proves that adolescence is sometimes made of sterner stuff than nefarious necking and the allied arts. With Gloria Grey, Gertrude Olmsted, Raymond McKee and Cullen Landis in the important roles, this film is exceptionally well enacted and should offer you as pleasant a seventy minute entertainment as you are likely to find in your town. A picture play for the family—it's wholesome.

"THE STORM DAUGHTER" — Universal. Priscilla Dean in a tempestuous thriller of the briny in which George Archainbald evinces a peculiar adaptability as a director of sea stories. Tense, gripping, thrilling, teeming with suspense, this attraction ranks with the best that have come from the Universal studios. Thomas Santschi is magnificent in the role of a brutal sea captain whose regeneration forms the basis of the story. Superbly staged. Enough excitement to last you all summer.

"GAMBLING WIVES" — Arrow. Another one of those screen sermons with the moral, The Wages of Indifferent Matrimony is Divorce. Naughty papa forsakes mama and the baby and gads about with the other woman until friend wife gets the bright idea to win her husband back by making him jealous. Recognize the formula, don't you? Very trite and as dull as it is stereotyped. Marjorie Daw, Lee Moran and Betty Francisco in the cast. Old stuff done in the same old way.

"THE MORAL SINNER" — Paramount. Don't be misled by the title. No tinselied cabaret scenes, no authentically swimming pool shots in silhouette, no scofflaw's orgies—no nothing, in fact. Just Mr. Ralph Ince's conception of Leah Kieschna, with Dorthyl Dalton in the title role. Leah, you know, is a bobbed haired bandit who gives up the delicate art of safe cracking when she loses her heart to a perfect sheik of a sleuth who is assigned to run her down. Intolerably slow moving crook meller about as exciting as a picturization of Hearts and Flowers. Something you can pass up.

"FORTY HORSE HAWKINS" — Universal. Hoot Gibson has a trunkful of trophies for bronco busting, roping steers and rodeoing in general, but here we see him as a jockey driver, bell hop, hotel clerk, stage hand, ham actor and in a hundred other capacities from waiter in a half-way house to taxi driver in New York. Talk about versatility. Sedwick has made a picture that bristles with action, one that'll chuck you a chuckle a minute. A bit far fetched but a good comedy for all o' that.

"NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL" — Goldwyn - Cosmopolitan. Not a satirical burlesque of the famous Owen Davis play, but straight, honest-to-goodness mellerdrammer that makes no pretense of being anything else. Enough hokum to make East Lynne look like a Theater Guild pet, but you'll like it because it's undiluted and uncampaflaged. Everybody enjoys a good, old-fashioned melodrama and the producers ought to give us more of them. Nellie is as good as a paper covered copy of Dead Eye Dick in the hayloft. It's a treat.

"THE WOLF MAN" — Fox. Short but exciting bit of screening with a perfect wow of a fight in which John Gilbert rocks 'em and socks 'em like a champion. Lively, pulsating, full of action, this film has much ado about a young fellow who couldn't quaff a snifter without offering to fight anybody and everybody in sight. And he quaffs lots of them. Hardly nice entertainment for the more staid members of the community, but great stuff for the young bloods.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND" — F. B. O. A poor interpretation of William J. Locke's novel, so atrociously miscast and amateurish in its presentation that it seems hardly worthy of a serious criticism. Carlyle Blackwell is sponsor for the film, supervised its production, stars in a dual role and generally monopolizes everything in sight. He looks like a post graduate student in the school of the tragedy. A banal bit of film not worth a walk around the block.

"RIDERS UP" — Universal. An interesting though a bit vulgarly interpreted story of the race track in which there are several vivid glimpses of blanket finishes at the Tia Juana track across the border. Creighton Hale and George Cooper are corks as a pair of nifty touts who are not nearly as bad as their checkered suits would paint them. There is rather an abrupt ending which leave the spectators danging on the end of a thread of circumstances which might have been terminated to better advantage. Keep the youngsters away—they'll learn too much about books and bookmakers.
Brief Reviews
REPRINTED FROM JUNE SCREENLAND

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selenick—Another one of those things morbidly American girl. It seeks to show her going rapidly to the devil, but she has such a splendid time on the way, that the moral is rather lost.

THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW—Paramount—Pollyanna once more bobs up, this time in the person of a little London cockney, well played by Jacqueline Logan. Uncamouflaged melodrama, and, as such, quite good fun.

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. O. B.—A real movie for a real boy. wholesome excitement, charming romance, and diverting story.

THE HALF BACK OF NOTRE DAME—MacSonneet—The best thing about this farce is the title. The picture is a weird jumble of scenes that look suspiciously like left overs.

HAPPINESS—Metro—Laurette Taylor looking very young and cute, gives variation number 332 of the Pollyanna theme.

THE HILL BILLY—United Artists—Jack Pickford, in the role of a mountain boy, shows that in addition to being Mary's-brother and Marilyn's husband, he can act. A feud story that is absolutely different.

HIS DARKER SELF—W. W. Hodkinson—Lloyd Hamilton in a dismal comedy of chocolate colored bootleggers. This is the picture Al Jolson quit to go to Europe. We are not surprised.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—W. W. Hodkinson—A terrible combination of poor story, indifferent acting, rotten photography and uninspired direction.

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National—Caroline Griffith glamorous as ever in an artificial comedy that strives desperately, but unsuccessfully for piquancy.

MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—Herz Film Corp.—Released by F. B. O.—Served up for those who are curious enough to yearn for a peek at Count Salm, who plays the heavy. Made in Europe and looks like it.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—Universal—A melodramatic romance of a mountain feud, with hokum laid on thick. It's a thriller for all that.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN—Universal—Light and easily digestible entertainment of the ride-em cowboy type, with a stage coach hold-up and all.

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount—Pola Negri and her director intent upon showing that in spite of her magnificent Chi Young and Carmen, she can overact as well as anyone when given a sufficiently bad playboy.

THE SHOOTING OF DAN MAGREW—Metro—Subtitles taken verbatim from Service's deservedly popular poem, lend color to a flimsy, but well acted melodrama of the great Northern spaces.

SINGER JIM MCKEE—Paramount—Wishy-washy sentimental mush, with Bill Hart weeping buckets full. No trace of old two-gun Bill.

A SOCIETY SCANDAL—Paramount—A very expensive caricature of Gloria Swanson, posed by Allen Dwan against a background of New York motion picture high life.

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal—A mystery, crook play that can make The Bat look like a Sunday School concert.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Fairbanks The screen's first real fantasy. An Arabian fairy tale, colorful, courageous and captivating. Children of all ages—and that goes for adults—will love this latest of Douglas Fairbanks' productions.

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—Street—Thrills galore in a truly exciting, melodrama, superbly acted by Henry B. Walthall and a strong cast.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro—Reminiscent of Down to the Sea in Ships but not nearly so good. Fair entertainment and skilful direction.

YANKEE MADNESS—F. B. O.—Revolutionary stuff in Central America, much in the O. Henry vein. Bloodshed galore, and a charming romance to cap it.

I Question Your Title to Manhood! You are of the male persuasion, yes? You wear trousers and the world puts a "mister" in front of your name. How do you just how good a man are you? Just how virile? Just how muscular? Just how fit are you to work, win, wed and propagate the race?

Some Inside Stuff Are your bowels vigorous? If not you're not aonne man. Does your heart beat strongly? If not you're not a romance man. Apparently the world won't bend up the gold of potency, virility, virility. You've had enough of that. World never lived a normal woman who didn't admire and adore physical ascendency in man!

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[ ] Skin Disorders
[ ] Constipation
[ ] Arthritis

Name

Address

Age

Occupation

City

State
Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM MAY SCREENLAND

AMERICA—D. W. Griffith—A magnificent piece of direction and as thrilling and satisfactory a picture as Griffith has ever made.

THE ANT—Louis Tolhurst—An educational and intensely interesting microscopic study, which has more entertainment than many a full-fledged drama or comedy.

BEAU BRUMMEL—Warner Bros.—John Barrymore of the divine profile is matchless in this stirring romance. Full of poignant touches that bespeak inspired direction.

DADDIES—Warner—Great stuff if you like your sweetness in large doses. Mae Marsh does much to redeem the picture's mushiness, and the children will love it.


THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN—Herman J. Garfield—A vivid travelogue of a trip into the jungle fastness of Dutch Guinea revealing astounding scenes of life among the head hunters. Splendid photography and first rate entertainment.

JULIUS SEES HER—F. B. O.—The first of H. C. Witwer's "Hello Girl" yarns done in celluloid. Thoroughly hilarious and titled in Witwer's inimitable manner.

THE LAW FORBIDS—Universal Jewel—Precocious and adorable Baby Peggy in a-little-child-shall-lead-them problem play of the divorce court.

THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE—Warner Bros.—An altogether charming story, directed by Ernst Lubitch with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue sharing stellar honors.

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn—A stark and realistic version of Sir Hall Caine's famous novel, made vital by the direction of Victor Seastrom, the famous Swedish producer, who thus makes his American debut.

THE NEXT CORNER—Famous Players—A trite and obvious photoplay which even the best efforts of so splendid an actress as Dorothy Mackaill can hardly redeem.

POISONED PARADISE—Preferred Pictures—A little known novel of Robert W. Service made into a typically hectic screen melodrama which is undistinguished in every particular.

THE SONG OF LOVE—First National—Norma Talmadge as a beautiful Arabian dancing girl looks most alluring and will appeal to all those who like sheik stuff.

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro—Barbara La Marr and Ramon Navarro, each exuding sex appeal in a lot of Spanish smuggler stuff.

THE UNINVITED GUEST—Metro—Some fascinating under water shots taken in the south sea islands lend interest to an otherwise incredible and over-acted play.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—Principal—If you like Harold Bell Wright, and the great open spaces where men are men, then this is the sort of thing you will like.

THE YANKEE COUNSEL—Paramount—A lively farce, that has already tickled the ribs of Broadway as a musical comedy. Douglas MacLean and Patsy Ruth Miller add greatly to the gaiety.

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan—Marion Davies scores again in a gorgeous costume spectacle that is packed with the usual alarums and excursions.

Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps, or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for $1.00.

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St. New York City
Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM APRIL SCREENLAND


BLACK OXEN—First National—The gorgeous Corinne Griffith supremely well cast in the fascinating role of the grandmother who regains her youth by surgical means. A competent and entertaining picture.


DON’T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount—An adaptation of Julian Street’s satirical novel, Rita Coventry. Will not be a box office riot but will amuse the more sophisticated.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY—Cosmopolitan—Manhattan melodrama, greatly enlivened by peeps behind the theatrical and newspaper scenes showing scores of nationally known figures. H. C. Witwer’s slangy titles are excellent.

THE HUMMING BIRD—Paramount—Gloria Swanson temporarily abandoning voluptuous clothes to play the role of a little apache. A hectic tale of Paris which will entertain if you are not too exacting.

THE RENDEZVOUS—Goldwyn—A trick plot with Marshal Neilan as scene-artist and director. The scenes are laid in Russia and do not impress by sincerity.

RENO—Goldwyn—Rupert Hughes at his worst. A hectic tale of the divorce tangle in which the author-director becomes even more muddled than his subject.

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan—Another of the well known Boston Blackie stories by Jackie Boyle. Colleen Moore makes up for many discrepancies in the continuity.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount—Homer Croy’s famous novel altered almost beyond recognition in its passage through the movie mill. Glen Hunter works hard to redeem the picture.

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn—A colorful interpretation of Hergesheimer’s novel of abnormal psychology. Extremely well acted and directed.

NEXT MONTH

When a man writes of another man, it is not so easy to slip something over. Particularly is this the case when Jim Tully is the man who does the writing. Adolphe Menjou is the subject he has chosen for his personality story next month. In SCREENLAND for August. Ready July first.

In Screenland for August Ready July first
The Editor's Letter Box

Dear Editor:

Acting ability, plus personality, defined as the state of being individual or personal, is, in my opinion, the factor which makes any actor what he is to the public.

May I presume to give a personal analysis of a few outstanding types?

Just to see a "still" of Mary Pickford makes me think of dreams, fairy princesses, and sunlight, and apple blossom memories. She represents all sunny girlishness.

Polka Negri symbolizes the primitiveness and dormant passion of all woman. She is the poppy, enticing in her pure suggestiveness, a nature so plain that it is complex. A "gypsy" girl!

Barbara La Marr is the primitive woman repressed, dominated by modern culture and civilization. In her, the fires of the ages have been banked and she is today's woman, still with the fire in her breast, but smouldering.

These three we find combined in Alice Terry, the "woman finished." She has just enough of the bouyant girlishness to offset the calm control of the "woman of the world," with the added touch of sweet passion loosed from the primitive.

Once I saw a personality vivisection of Lillian Gish, which aptly characterized her as the "clinging vine," upon that I cannot improve. Her beauty is of an ethereal sort, which inspires protection in a man, making that the way to his heart.

Claire Windsor is a wonderful silken rose, made of daintiest satin, perfect, inexpressibly lovely; yet she lacks a personal quality which would make her more than an enchanting picture.

Norma Talmadge is the wonderful girl-woman, a piece of old lace from Valenciennes. She is roses, red and yellow, soft feathers, curled and plumed, needle daggers, rich velvets speak the sumptuous Middle Ages through her.

There are scores of others of whom I would speak, that delectable flapper, Colleen Moore, the royal, piquant jestress, Mabel Normand, the burning Bebe Daniels (cooled somewhat these last years) demure Lila Lee, and—oh, I love them all.

Sincerely,

Eleanore Barnes

Post Office Box 1308

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

By Our Readers

Dear Editor:

To me, there is nothing so interesting as a colorful personality, written up in a way that enables you to get the color with a clear view of the personality itself, and in my opinion the hand painted wash rag, for the best article in your last issue goes to Mister Jim Tully. This is the first time I have read the gentleman but it will not be the last, I can assure you.

I have read reams and reams about the tiger-rug novelist, but never such a clear-cut subtle and amusing yarn as M. Tully manages to set forth. There is only one thing, that I would care to see in preference to the article, and that is the expression on Elinor's face when she reads it.

In my opinion the above guarantees much of the well-earned money it received.

I did not attend the ball myself, and the criticisms contained in my third paragraph were second-hand—the comments of a few disgruntled people who attended the ball and didn't like it. This does not mean that the affair was not a success, because, as you know, there are bound to be a few people dissatisfied with anything.

As a matter of fact, the ball was so successful that the mayor, the chief of police, the board of supervisors, newspaper managing editors and some of the leading business men have joined in inviting the Wampas to hold its next annual Frolic in San Francisco.

Sincerely,

Ralph Parker Anderson

606 San Pablo Avenue

Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Editor:

Yesterday I saw Glorious Gloria in "A Society Scandal," it should have been "A Woman Laughs."

But no matter, Gloria laughs and makes you laugh. That is what is important. She is the most beautiful actress we have in America. You should see her. She is a fiery girl and a wonderful actress.

Sincerely,

C. R. Dannells

Editor's Letter Box

Dear Editor:

Gloria, the Norse King's child?

When will the directors and the stars learn that it is work like Miss Swanson's

Space rates are paid for all letters published here when accompanied by photographs. Lack of space limits our choice of the many hundreds of excellent letters received. This is the Readers' Department and SCREENLAND cannot accept responsibility for sentiments expressed.

Address Editor SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. Send your portrait with your letter. It is impossible to return letters or pictures. Please don't ask questions. This is not an Answer Department.
Dear Editor—

Your interviewer, E. V. Durling, in his chat with Richard Dix, asks him the following question: "To what do you attribute your success?" Quite an interesting inquiry, but Mr. Dix is too pleasantly humble to speak of himself.

I met Mr. Dix but once and I'd walk miles and miles to see him again, and as a staunch Dix fan, may I briefly state to what I think he attributes his success.

Mr. Richard Dix is a man of a wonderful disposition and charming personality, which tends so much to make him the marvel of all who know him. I can honestly say, that any time he extends his hand to give you that warm and hearty "shake-hand," he buys a life-long friend.

There is none of that unapproachable air about him. He will not investigate your social standing, there is no search after character recommendation, even the name is immaterial to him. He will greet you as one of his dearest friends.

Besides his natural charm he has marvelous acting ability, which is not that studied, artificial, but real true. He lives the character he has to portray. His acting is all his own. It breathes the Dix style, human and true.

He does not hire press agents to blow his horn, but he lets his work to speak for itself, and proudly, Dix's fans can say—that actors like Richard Dix will find place in the hearts of public when all tricks of publicity will fail.

Miss Teddy Kunkel.

Ten years ago the actors and directors figured they had a difficult task to convey their meaning to the audience by this new silent medium; so they went to extremes in all they did. If a man was to die he wouldn't do so peaceably;
Photograph N. February, she is part of a group of athletes finding the use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum. Physically fit means calm and steady of nerve. The use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum is a sensible habit in the lives of many athletes.

Today's Fashion demands low cut gowns and waists of the sheerest materials, revealing arms and shoulders. This makes Del-a-tone a toilet necessity for all dainty women.

DEL-A-TONE is a scientific preparation made for the purpose of removing hair, easily, safely and quickly. Beauty specialists use Del-a-tone because it leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth. Del-a-tone is easiest and best to apply—simple directions with every jar.

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How to Banish Them

Illustrations

The Cover—90%. Screenland's artist, Rolf Armstrong, usually has perfection in his beautiful covers, but this month I found the coloring distasteful. Covarrubias—100%. By all means, tell Delight Evans that Covarrubias beats any old stereotyped "stills" that she might otherwise have for her reviews. Certificates, Scenarios, etc., with "Mail"
Order Movies”—100%. Great! Genuine evidence!

Designs with “Alice in Screenland”—10%. The pictures looked about as much like Claire Windsor and Mae Busch as Jackie Coogan does.

“Our Own News Reel”—95%.

STORIES, ARTICLES, ETC.

The Editor’s Letter Box—40%. The idea of printing letters from readers, with their photographs, is all right—if the letters are. But they aren’t.

The Silent Drama; Brief Reviews of Current Screen Releases—40%. No complete enough.

Editorials—100%. “Don’t Call Them Interviewers” as great! They are always pungent and to the point, and are expressive again of this magazine’s fearless attitude.

“As We Go To Press”—95%. One of the most interesting pages.

“Mail Order Movies” and “The Heart-Break Tour”—100%. No comments needed.

“The Movie Kiss”—30%. Cheap.

Doesn’t belong in Screenland.

“The Man Who Was Lincoln”—95%. Wonderfully told—but how tragic.

“Success and the Movies”—100%. For the reader who wants two-in-one—that is, literature plus screen dope, SCREENLAND again excels.

New Screenplays—100%. As a critic Delight Evans is about the last word—as well as the last word in several other lines. She writes in such an easy-going, fresh, vivid style.

“Remembered”—50%. Sounded lovely and sentimental and everything until I came to this sentence (page 96):

“Christmas don’t seem like Christmas this year, without him trimming the tree.”

“Another Naldi”—50%.

“No Jazz for Jetta”—70%. “Sugar coated?”

Dramaland—100%. You got the dean of dramatic critics when you picked Mr. Nathan.

“Pups”—75%.

“The Girls That Men Forget”—90%.

If this is the “new manner,” pray don’t give us the old any more. There were more good jokes in this one “chat” than in a whole issue of “Life.”

“Slaves to Beauty”—80%.

The Listening Post—40%. Interesting but old. The daily newspapers print movie news every day immediately upon acquiring it.

“Alice in Screenland”—10%. I can at least say that the title is clever.

The Movie Clock—100%. Good idea. Sincerely, 

(Miss) LEONORE OVITT.

Above is the letter that won the $10 prize for the most satisfactory rating of Screenland’s stories and illustrations. This prize is awarded every month. Give reason why you like or dislike stories and grade from 60 to 100% according to your preference. Address letter: Editor, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.
WHAT is it that out-blooms the Rose and out-glows the Lily, too? If there is an exaggerated note in that question, it is suggested by a letter received recently by Madame Rubinstein, in which one of her clients in those very words writes of the new Valaze Compacts.

HEALTH — ROUGES and HEALTH — POWDERS

These compacts, which are now made on a base of

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM

and contain compressed within them a well-balanced proportion of that indispensable skin-nutrient, prevent completely the dying of the skin which has always been such a draw-back in the use of compacts. The skillful addition of this cream increases enormously the clinging quality of the rouge and powder and keeps it from floating off the face at the first gust of wind.

The new method of compounding these compacts has made it possible to introduce new shades which are a revelation in fascinating color-possibilities. Such tints have never before been produced in the art of cosmetics, and all the sorcery of fruit and flower colors is reflected in them.

Starting with Raspberry: The pertness of its twinkling tint disarms and allures. This rouge is one of the most spellful in color. Then the vivid red Geranium, the piquant Tangerine and the subdued Crushed Rose Leaves. Each of them in dainty metal containers with puff, at one dollar. The powders are supplied in deep, mysterious rosebud; flesh; in mat, swarthy ochre and delicate ivory white, also a dollar. These same may be had with two refills for a dollar fifty.

Also Twist Vanities containing both rouge and powder with puffs at the low price of a dollar fifty. With these preparations skillfully and discriminately applied, you need no longer approach your mirror with middlings or alarm. It will henceforth cast no shadows and will reflect only vivacity and freshness.

Finally, the Valaze Lip Luster (Lipstick) Indelible, in the brilliant new Lucifer Red, or mat gold container, and in the dazzling new Flame Shade, or in light, medium or dark. The container, provided with a hinged top, and a threaded bottom which by a few turns projects the lipstick from the holder, prevents rolling of fingers and gloves. A more daintily refined lipstick or one as dainty and refined you will not find for the price of this in gold container $1, in flame $1.50.

To be had at leading stores or direct from Madame Rubinstein.

Memo: A half-hour spent with one of Madame Rubinstein’s trained operators, comfortably reclining in one of the cozy rest-courts of her.

Salon de Beaute Valaze

Listening to golden words of “beauty wisdom,” while your face is being taken through a carefully planned routine of treatment (afterwards to be followed up in your own home—and for a nominal fee only), will add months to your enjoyment of life.

Literature on application to the Secretary.

Paris
126 Rue du Faubg. St., Honore

Boston, Mass.
234 Boylston St.

Newark, N. J.
951 Broad St.

New York City
46 West 57th Street

Hollywood, Cal., 1780 Highland Avenue

Detroit, Mich.
1540 Washington Blvd.

London
24 Grafton St., W 1

Chicago, III.
30 N. Michigan Ave.
Herewith we present to you Rolf Armstrong, SCREENLAND’S celebrated cover artist. Perhaps this unusual study will explain why the most famous stars of screen-dom are willing to climb the six flights of stairs that lead to Armstrong’s Greenwich Village studio in order to have a cover done by him.
Three Open Letters, A New Editorials By

Dear Mr. DeMille:

LAST week I saw your latest picture, "Triumph" and it certainly isn't up to your best standard. In fact there is now running on one part of Broadway a picture that is helping to make your reputation ("The Ten Commandments"); and at another is "Triumph" which is helping to mar it.

Cecil, I think what you need is a rest and a vacation. Not the kind of a rest that one takes on a million dollar yacht. I mean a real change. Get away from the servility of the studios and the false atmosphere of pictures. Forget your "exhibitors' reports." Get past the exhibitor. Get to the people.

Take off your puttees and your olive green shirt and put on a pair of hiking pants and an old frayed shirt that your wife was ready to throw away. Then strike out alone—and afoot. And don't tell your press agent that you're going.

You'll meet factory girls on your journey; and they won't act like Leatrice Joy does in your picture. You'll meet millionaires, perhaps, but they'll be no Rod LaRoques. You'll see tragedy that is tragedy and comedy that is comedy; because the people are so busy living that they haven't time to act.

And you'll come back with a whole knapsack full of ideas for pictures that will have something in them that your pictures have all lacked since you made "The Whispering Chorus."

A Modern Crusade

ONE of the noblest projects ever attempted is the proposed trip of human kindness—a train loaded with food and clothing for the suffering children of the Near East. American youngsters in every state in the union are preparing to donate flour, milk, medical supplies and clothes which Jackie Coogan is to take by ship to the destitute children of the famine lands of Anatolia, Syria, Palestine and Greece.

The spirit of this modern crusade calls to mind a crusade that took place some seven hundred years ago—the Children's Crusade of the year 1212—when thirty thousand children, led by a shepherd lad named Stephen, set forth in ships for the Holy Land to battle there for lives instead of conquests.

Such is the mission to which Jackie is to devote three months of this coming summer. Plans may change, but these must not be changed. This trip must be made. The idea that gave it birth is too great a one to perish. What greater monument can the screen achieve than the spectacle of its tiniest hero leading a caravan across the land, across the seas, bearing the gifts of little children, bringing new hope and life to suffering humanity?

Burlesques

THOSE people who find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything" may also find some consolation in the fact that nearly every pretentious feature picture nowadays trails in its wake a burlesque or two. To some of us these are the choicest bits of all. "Mud and Sand," "Rob 'Em Good," "The Shriek of Abady" and "Two Wagons—both Covered" were among the good things of last year.

Ben Turpin now promises to do a Romeo that will knock the eye out of Shakespeare lovers, and to follow that with "Two and a Half Weeks"—a burlesque of Madame Glyn's somewhat longer story. In the abbreviated version Ben will, as befits his youth and beauty, play the part of Paul, the passionate young lover.

Three Years of Grace

DEEP sighs of relief will now go up from all those who feared for the future of the films, for lo! Mr. Will H. Hays has signified his intention of renewing for another three years his contract as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

Under the new contract Mr. Hays will shepherd the flock until March 5, 1928. And by that time the movies should be pretty well out of their infancy.
Crusade and Love Week
Myron Zobel

Dear Mr. Brenon:

They tell me that you are casting about for a star to play the role in Peter Pan made famous by Maude Adams. It is getting to be quite a game suggesting people for the part. I hear that they have run completely out of girls and are now submitting male juveniles to fill the role.

But seriously, Herbert, what about May McAvoy? There is a girl who looks the part. If there isn't youth and the hope of happiness in those starry eyes then I never saw it anywhere. And she can act. Remember Sentimental Tommy. Don't you think it's about time somebody "discovered" her?

Riding Two Horses

Editing a magazine is like trying to ride two horses at once. It is so hard to keep them both going at the same rate of speed. When one of them slows up the other one is quickly out from under you.

Now this publication is intended to serve as a college education to the screen. It is the film fare of an intelligent fan. It is calculated to entertain those who have been graduated from the elementals of screendom. Therefore much that is obvious is left out. And much is put in that appeals perhaps only to the few. For it appeals to their heads.

Yet at the same time there is a vast host of readers who love the glamorous personalities and the romantic settings of filmdom. To appeal to these readers is to ensure for a publication a large and steadily increasing circulation. But you must appeal to their hearts and to their imaginations.

So the following course has been adopted. Every story in this issue and in every other issue is subjected to this question—Does it appeal to the heart or does it appeal to the head? And two stories are chosen that appeal to the heart for every one that appeals to the head.

Look over this issue and then write in and help decide—Is this the right proportion?

Love Week

It had to come. First there was Raisin Week, then Home Town Week, then Better Babies Week. And now—Love Week. Says the press sheet announcement:

The week of May 5 to 12, which heretofore has been known as the peak of the love season, has been designed as Love Week by Samuel Goldwyn to celebrate the national release date of the George Fitzmaurice production, Cytherea—the Goddess of Love.

Having pulled through the peak of the love season with few casualties, the week of June 1 to 8 (which experts have found to be the peak of the talking season) is herewith designated as Tell a Friend Week. During this week every reader of SCREENLAND will tell a friend to buy a copy for another friend thereby increasing the circulation. Now, there's a week with some sense to it.

Dear Harold Lloyd:

Let me congratulate you on your latest, Girl Shy. It was a real old-fashioned laugh-fest. There was a line outside that wanted exactly that and the smiles on their faces when they came out proved that they got what they waited for.

It was anniversary night when I went (they saved your new film for the gala occasion) and before it was shown the management ran off some of the pictures they bought ten years ago.

I learned something from those films. They were made before pictures got ambitious. There was nothing fancy in the way of sets. The appeal was to the heart—direct. Not via the pocket-book. Those were the days when Charlie was just funny. When Mary was just sweet. No trimmings. But they got you.

Harold, it seems to me that the reason you are so successful is because you have not lost that boyishness, that simplicity that has made you great. Your appeal is sincerity. The movies are getting a long ways off from life. They're not real; they're just elaborate. You've stuck to the simple things and they've made you. You are Grandma's Boy to the public, Harold. And don't let Hollywood make you forget it.
AS WE GO TO PRESS:

D. W. Griffith sues Al Jolson for $571,000 for breach of contract. Jolson quit after few days work on picture.

John Bowers announces he has been separated from his wife three years but denies engagement to Marguerite De La Motte.

Bill Hart files reply to wife’s suit to set aside separation agreement. Mrs. Hart charged that her husband tried to bar her acting and depreciated her reputation as an actress. Bill replied that her reputation was already depreciated and that she had never earned more than $200 a week and his allowance to her was more than that.

Norma Talmadge’s $100,000 home on West Adams sold to Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Sr. Schencks will live in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills.

Jackie Coogan will make only two pictures yearly, says his father. Present Metro contract for four pictures was half completed with Boy of Flanders.

Harry Langdon, Sennett comedian, falls from horse on location and is painfully bruised. The Prince of Wales cables condolences.

Elinor Glyn chooses Aileen Pringle for lead in her latest timely film His Hour. It will be the first picture to go into production under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combine at Culver City plant.

Universal picks T. Roy Barnes for role of Cy Dwyer in film version of Kathleen Norris novel, Butterfly. Others in cast are Kenneth Harlan, Norman Kerr, Laura LaPlant, Ruth Clifford.

Will Rogers, May McAvoy, Tony Moreno, Irene Rich, Kathryn Williams, Patsy Ruth Miller, Janielle Johnston, and Virginia Valli perform at Bill Topper’s Revue for benefit of Children’s Hospital in Los Angeles.

Monte Blue has fox trot melody dedicated to him called Those Monte Blue Blues by Cinderella Roof Orchestra.

John M. Stahl is to do another domestic drama titled Husbands and Lovers with Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor and Lew Cody in cast.

First National will distribute Abraham Lincoln.

For the sixth time in her career, Myrtle Stedman will be screen wife of Hobart Bosworth in Bread from Charles Norris novel. Others in cast are Mae Buch, Robert Frazer, Wanda Hawley, Pat O’Malley.

Florence Vidor to have title role in Ince production Barbara Frietchie. Battle between Monitor and Merrimac to be feature of film.

Richard Walton Tully finishes Bird of Paradise script. Will start shooting shortly.

Colleen Moore to star in Edna Ferber’s novel So Big.

Sam Wood, former F. P. Lasky director, telegraphs: Please correct statement in your recent issue that I was to produce for Allied Authors. My first production as Free Lance will be The Female for Paramount.

Charles de Roche is ill at his home with double pneumonia.
The Riddle of MAE MURRAY
By Delight Evans

Mae Murray is the kind of girl that wives would forget, if they could. Men don't want to. She means, in the mind's eye of every good female, that beautiful blonde he took to lunch. A siren who goes about in a black georgette chemise and a picture hat. Every chorus girl. On the nights a Mae Murray picture is holding forth at the Bijou Dream and he says: "Let's go!" displaying the advertisement which pictures the star in a seductive smile and a carnival costume, the wives of the world suddenly recall that Junior has to go to bed early, or that they promised the Smiths to listen in on their radio. Apparently the only women who like Mae Murray are mothers-in-law.

She is one of the symbols of the screen. Chaplin, the spirit of slapstick; Pickford, of childhood; Gish, of purity; Valentino and Naldi, of passion; and Mae Murray, of allure. She represents the reason men leave home. She stands for the Folies, and Broadway after dark. She's the answer to that eternal question, "What can be see in her?"

You'd be surprised. You think of Mae in terms of two perfectly grand hosiery advertisements which are, no two ways about it, Mae's principal means of support. You may believe she doesn't fill her roles as well as she fills her stockings. So—we present Mae Murray, in a little homemade movie entitled, The Misunderstood Woman, or The Innocent Sinner.

"Would you believe it," said Mae the other day. "Those censors cut out some of my scenes from The French Doll because they showed my limbs!"

A heartless amputation of those precious underpinnings. And if the same censors met Miss Murray off the screen they would doubtless ask her to meet the wife. For Mae, herself, embodies all the homely feminine attributes which some wives are too busy resenting to cultivate.

This demi-tasse wife addresses her six-foot-something director-husband as Bobby, in a tone which leaves no room for doubt. "Now, Bobby, please—" she says softly. If more wives would learn to talk to their husbands as Mae Murray does, there would be fewer front-page stories about "Wealthy Clubman Calls Stenographer Oozy-Goozy; Wife Suses."

The girl who has appeared on the screen in scantier attire than any other star with the possible exception of the prize-winning babies in the news-reels is, in what little private life she has, the most discreet and decorous. She continues to make her mouth into a tiny moue, to flutter her hands. But the moue which has moved myriads of poor males to unreasonable irritation with their help-mates is actually a harmless pucker. The hair which forms a sacrilegious halo for her fuzzy close-ups is still a persistent gold, but orderly. She has no clothes-poses. If you knew her you would leave your husband with her for an entire evening without qualms or comment; no more, that is, than usual. Begging your pardon, Mae.

But when she works, she works hard. Bizarre costumes—by courtesy—are part of her job. She wears them sometimes even when the camera isn't there. Often she appears in public in a gown which looks as if it were one of the

Mae Murray is the kind of girl that wives would forget, if they could. Men don't want to. To them, she is a siren who goes about in a black georgette chemise and a picture hat.
more substantial ones left over from heratest film. But you feel that when she gets home she takes it off with a sigh of relief and slips into something simple.

When she and Robert Leonard lived in New York they occupied an apartment in the Hotel des Artistes—an early-Italian apartment but not one of those calculated to make the casual caller feel like something Leonardo left unfinished. There was an open piano which looked as if it had been touched other than by the maid when dusting; and even Mae’s Russian wolf-hound was, unlike other stellar Borzois I have met, unpretentious and friendly. Miss Murray looked like Little Lord Fauntelroy. She had surprised her hair by smoothing it and she wore a severe little dress and low-heeled shoes. She spoke softly, without an accent. She was, in short, too good to be true. If it hadn’t been for her mouth, which still had the general air of sudden surprise, I’d never have known her. Well, she couldn’t fool me. I had been sumptuously served at luncheon and the Borzoi had not resisted my overtures and Mae had not called me dear. But when I left I was wondering how I could find the mulatto in the Leonard lumber.

I stalked her in the studio. She had changed her Fauntelroy suit to her working clothes—in this case, chiffon overalls. But she might just as well have worn fur pajamas. It didn’t help me at all. She was working out a scene with Bob Leonard and she smiled and kept right on with her work. Whether it was because I hadn’t taken the course in sleuthing or Mae was being herself I couldn’t figure out.

It didn’t matter to me. The only thing I held against her precise speech and delicate movements were that they made me feel so uncouth. Invariably I tripped over a rug or knocked down a vase. She seemed to float. No—that point was that Mae had friends out there in the great big audience. She had her public. They wanted to hear about her. And I suspected that the last thing they wanted to hear about Mae Murray was that she’s a nice, quiet, refined girl who never made the front-page of a paper and who would be right at home in any gathering of earnest workers, providing they didn’t get rough.

Mae was in New York and I took up my work where it had left off when the Leonards moved to California. All I can say is, she hasn’t changed. The wildest thing she did here was dash to the modiste’s every morning at nine o’clock. She designed her costumes for Circe, the original story, as did Vicente Blasco Ibanez wrote for her, and she was superintending the stitching as well. Everything she does is concerned with work. When she sees a play, “Will it make a picture?” Her principal social appearance in Manhattan was as the only feminine speechmaker at a film dinner and dance.

In introducing Mae Murray—a little thing all a blaze and glitter of white and diamonds among the black-and-whites—the toast-master said: “Miss Murray will say a few words if she can stay stationery long enough,” immediately conjuring a vision of the Mae of the pastels—fluttering, fluttering; pursing her unbelievable little lips into an imaginably round “O”; waving her little hands; bobbing her little head. The hard-boiled diners—all film people no star could fool—waited, smiling cynically.

Mae rose, smiled, made a short, snappy speech, saying nothing in particular but saying it well, and sat down. The next speaker was a Certain Great Director who spoke until a well-known newspaper critic, filled with self-confidence and cock-tails, rose and roared, with emphasis, “Sit down!”

She has shown the same good sense all her life. She has her line and she sticks to it—perhaps that should be plural. Her career is not so much a triumph of beauty and talent as of good, hard business brains. She has the keen shrewdness of the financier, this tiny girl with the very golden hair and lovely legs. Other girls have been as pretty; others could dance. But of all the Ziegfeldians of her day, she is the only one who remains a popular figurante. And she was in the very first edition of the Ziegfeld entertainments. She won attention as the Nell Brinkley girl. She impersonated Mary Pickford in a number. At that time any girl who resembled Mary was considered a good bet. Mae was signed by Miss Pickford and her manager to be a filmster. Her first was To Have and to Hold. Her way was not easy. She encountered opposition and had to fight. She was from New York and the Follies; she had to live that down. She did, but it was a long time before she found her forte. A series of stupid pictures—and then the birth of the new Mae Murray. On With the Dance was the first screen play to establish her as the dancing star of the screen. It made George Fitzmaurice, too. Since then Mae has given a good many encores, to the evident satisfaction of her friends out front.

There is an obvious answer to the riddle of Mae Murray. She can dance. And she is the only screen star who really can dance. We have our stately and even portly emotional artistes—keep that e, printer—who indulge in sprightly contortions, wearing a Mae Murray girdle and a pinched expression. They are the worthy ladies who took a few dancing lessons in childhood and have since confined their efforts to ambles around the supper-club dance floor. Mae has danced all her life. She began as a dancer when she was a very young girl. She entertained in the Sans Souci, an almost-forgotten Times Square cafe, in the Follies—and she kept right on dancing in the films. The one desire of the dancers who are in pictures to stay seems to be to forget they ever tripped on a stage—and when I say tripped, you know what I mean. But Mae is a dancing actress and she doesn’t care who knows it.

The little daughter of the poor who wins fame through her own honest efforts—that is Mae’s own life story. And she is still re-creating it. The modern miracle—the rise to riches of a wistful-eyed blonde—will always make drama; and it is the theme of the Murray extravaganzas. The audiences who have made possible a Mae Murray continue to applaud her, because she humors and hasn’t grown up on them. But she doesn’t want to do Peter Pan.

“You, or Mary Pickford, dear,” insisted Mr. Leonard.

“Oh, no, dear,” replied Mrs. Leonard, smiling sweetly but decisively. “No one but Jackie Coogan. No one else has the elfin grace and spiritual quality. Pass the sugar, dear.”

She is another star who studies the scales. She can eat what she pleases, however, because she has a new weight. Once she had to retire to a milk farm to get plump. The Leonards will make another picture in California and then come back east. She is a child of Manhattan, and drops if she has to remain away long. She belongs there; she needs the background. I can’t imagine her in Hollywood. Her husband, from Colorado, yearns for the open spaces. As I said, they are moving back to New York.

Just as I see her solely as a busy butterfly, I remember a picture of her sketched for me by one of her best friends. Again in a simple severe suit, she is dancing for an eager audience of east-side kids—her particular pets when she lived in New York. She sent checks down there to the settlement house, but she went down herself, too, and danced for them.

She was rushing away to the modiste’s for a last fitting before leaving for the west. She looked young and childish beside her big blonde husband. She gazed up at him—her eyes widening to their celebrated stare; her mouth puckering. She looked like one of her own close-ups. I waited breathlessly. She said:

“Dear, before we go, don’t you think you had better phone down to the desk and check up on that bill? This hotel overcharges us awfully if we don’t keep track of things.”
On the nights a Mae Murray picture is holding forth at the Bijou Dream and Hubby says "Let's go!" displaying the advertisement which pictures the star in a seductive smile and a carnival costume, the wives of the world suddenly recall that Junior has to go to bed early, or that they promised the Smiths to listen in on their radio. Apparently the only women who like Mae Murray are mothers-in-law.
The author of this article was the first to conduct an investigation and expose the make-up school methods of film fakers. His research came to the attention of the State Labor Commission which succeeded in putting several concerns out of business.

By Ted

25 per cent before they equal last summer's work—and last summer was a time of lamentation and fasting for many regular movie players, who considered themselves then the victims of a slump. If that was a slump heaven knows what they've called the conditions of recent months! Five thousand extra players were sufficient for studio needs in the palmiest days of production. Today Dave Allen says the Screen Service can't find work for one-fifth of the regulars. Observers at the studios place the number of extra players getting a living nearer 200 than 1,000.

So much for the possibility of registering with Screen Service, which serves most of the large studios.

The "Casting Clubs"

There remain the smaller casting agencies, or "clubs," of which there were ten or twelve prior to March. But the state labor department's investigation brought about the closing of nearly every one of these.

There is no doubt, however, that the independent agencies will open up again. They have been closed before—for a time. But like gambling houses and other places subject
Many of these concerns, however, still flourish and this article is an attempt to expose their methods and to warn our readers against a fraud that is undermining public faith in the integrity of screendom.

Taylor

to occasional surveillance, the first time the eye of the law blinks they are at their old tricks.

When this type of agency is in business it acts merely as come-on for the make-up and acting schools.

Then ads appear in the classified columns worded something like this:

MOTION PICTURE exchange wants well-dressed men, women, all ages. Experience unnecessary.

Register free. PHOTOPLAYERS EXCHANGE.

The address will be an office in downtown Los Angeles. In the older business section the office will be little more than a bare box with a counter, desk and chair. Farther downtown in big modern buildings are found luxurious dens with awe-inspiring waiting rooms, a stenographer busy, and an inner private office furnished in mahogany, richly carpeted, and with a framed photograph of a screen celebrity or two hanging on the wall.

How They Work

But the procedure is always the same.

"Are you a stranger in Los Angeles?"

Nineteen times out of twenty, "Yes."

"Have you had any motion picture experience?"

"Well, I played the lead in the class play at school. Or: My friends told me I'd do wonderfully in the movies. Or: When I was a little girl I used to recite at entertainments—wait I'll show you some of my newspaper notices. But it really doesn't matter what the answer is.

"Well, you see," explains the dapper young gentleman or the kindly woman. "You would have to have some experience before we could register you for studio work. You can't get on unless you at least know how to make-up for the camera. Do you?"

Of course it's No.

"You'd really be admirable for the screen. Sort of a Lillian Gish type." (Or Louise Fazenda, or Mary Carr, or Gloria Swanson—according to the age and temperament of the hopeful applicant.) "Now if you only knew make-up . . . . The phone rings and the "casting director" seizes the receiver in one hand and a pencil in the other. He (or she) rapidly scribbles on a pad during the conversation: "Photoplayers' Exchange . . . Hello Mr. Datig . . . 14 men evening dress, yes . . . 18 women evening gowns, yes . . . on Stage Four at 8 o'clock . . . made-up . . . all right Mr. Datig, they'll be there!" And the buzzer is buzzed, the memo torn off and given to the steno, and the "casting director" swings benignly about again. "Now there, you see, would be an opportunity for you—at Universal. If you only knew make-up!" The regret just wells up in his (or her) voice.

And the applicant asks querulously: "Well how am I to learn make-up if I don't get a job?"

Q: When the studios were busy last year, often as much as $40,000 a week worth of extra talent pay checks were handled through Screen Service. For the past four months the average has been less than $6,000.

up SCHOOLS
Ah! That's all your casting director needs.
Switch to the desk again, scribble on the pad again—the same pad that just received that magic message from the studio, tear off the slip and thrust it in the girl's hand.
"There my dear, just present this at the address I noted. My name will fix it up for you. They are the best instructors in town. And when you've completed the course come back and I'll register you. Then," benign smile, "you'll be a regular movie actress!"

The Make-Up School

Then our little girl! who looks like Lillian Gish or Gloria Swanson or nobody at all in particular, hastens to the make-up school with thumping, tumultuous heart. Maybe it's right next door, or maybe it's across the street. And the instructor may be the "casting director's" brother, or wife, or only his partner. Again it doesn't matter. Procedure is again the same.

The Ad

OK maybe it was the movie-school's own ad the screen struck girlie answered in the first place. Saying probably:

SCREEN ARTISTS ASSN. will interview men and women who wish to make motion pictures a profession, who realize they must start at the bottom. Experience not necessary. Assistance will be given those qualified.

Let's follow behind Marjorie Butler, girl reporter for a Los Angeles daily, who pretended to be a stenographer in search of stardom, and see what she experiences:

"Clutching the paper bearing the priceless ad, I entered through the ground glass door and sat down on the well-worn bench along the wall of the empty anteroom.
"Presently a smooth young man with the punch in his voice advocated by salesmanship schools popped through an opposite door and declaimed stentoriously: 'Next!'
"'Inside the little office, decorated with photographs of many famous movie stars, he began briskly.

"'Castallo is my name,' he asserted. 'Casting director, you know.' He smiled engagingly as he shook my hand.
"'So you want to get into the movies.'
"'I admitted it.
"'Any experience?'
"'Not on the screen, but—'
"'That doesn't count. You can't get a movie job if you don't know something about what to do.' He snapped out each word assertively, beligerently, almost.

"'You've got to know how to put on make-up.'
"'Make-up, it appeared, was the most important part of the education of a coming star.

"'You've got the face, and there's nothing to the acting but doing what the director tells you, but if you go out there and don't know the first thing to do—why, you wouldn't stand a chance!'

"'Here's what we'll do. We teach make-up, takes about three weeks, for $20. Then we send you out on our jobs, for 7 per cent of your earnings as long as you work for us.

"'You can pay $5 down, and start right in tonight's class—'

"'But wait a minute,' I gasped. 'Suppose I pay you $20, and then don't get a job. You don't guarantee anything—'

"'Of course we'll get you a job!' the 'casting director' broke in. 'That's how we make our bread and butter!'

"'The $20,' he waved the trifling sum aside airyly, 'merely pays us the expense we are put to in teaching you to make-up. Our real money is from the commissions on your work.'

"Then why don't you guarantee it?'

"'You'll never get anywhere with an attitude like that!' He was not so friendly now. 'When you're working with movie people you have to take their word for things; they're like that. There's just one of two things—you are seriously interested in getting in the movies or you're not. If you are, you can give me the deposit, and if not—'

He waved his hands in a gesture eloquent of dismissal.

One Case Out of Many

The "stenographer" said she'd "think it over." But evidently others were willing to take the "casting director's" "word for things." The following item appeared in a Los Angeles paper a week or two after the interview described:

FILM FAME HOPE GIVEN HARD JOLT

Aadder and wiser Kerouanjian reported to police yesterday that his dreams of high salaried motion-picture positions have vanished and that $150 he had borrowed from his best friend is likewise gone.

The blowing out of his dreams of having his name on a thousand film bill-boards came simultaneously with the disappearance of Richard Castallo and the $150 which he had borrowed, Ounjian stated.

He had enrolled in a film make-up school. Castallo was his teacher. Castallo informed him that he would soon produce a picture and that if he wanted to have a part in it at $75 a week he could have his wish by depositing $150 to be used in advertising and purchase of costumes.

Work on the picture was to have started yesterday but Ounjian said that when he reported to Castallo's office he was informed the latter had packed and was seeking more comfortable climes.

Detective Lieutenant Katenberger was assigned to investigate the case.

In seeking more comfortable climes the said Castallo, "casting director," was acting for his own best interests. For even then Dr. Louis Bloch, statistician for the California state labor department, was in Los Angeles investigating the activities of make-up schools and actors agencies.

Make-up School Closed

Dr. Bloch caused an uncomfortable two weeks for James O'Hara, proprietor of Tid Bit Productions, a make-up school. He caused O'Hara's arrest for violation of the state labor laws in representing his concern as an employment agency, and for agreeing to teach make-up and obtain positions in the movies for a flat fee of $25. Later O'Hara was released on his agreement to conduct merely a trade school and promise nothing in the way of studio work.

Among other concerns closed by Dr. Bloch were the Screen Actors' Club agency and the agency conducted by Ben and Joe Goldstein and Otto Pollo, who were accused of accepting registration fees in advance of employment, and of operating in collusion with (Continued on page 87)
Photograph showing actual session of make-up class. This picture was "kidnapped." That is, the photographer got his camera focused and flashlight powder ready. A newspaper reporter then kicked the door open. There was a flash and the picture was taken.

Above is reproduced a photograph of the make-up class conducted by Michael J. Lynch, who organized the Screen Players, Inc. after his previous Classic Film Actors' Agency was put out of business by the Labor Commission. Lynch was later arrested and sentenced to six months in prison for assaulting a disabled war veteran who demanded the return of twenty dollars fee.

At the bottom of the page is a membership card of "a casting club." Membership dues are $1 per month but after receiving the initiation fee of $10, the club doesn't worry much whether its members continue. This fake agency service will be exposed in the August SCREENLAND.

At the right is a contract between the Scripture Films, Inc. and a girl client. This contract is not worth the paper it is printed on. Frances Engel, president of the Scripture Films, was arrested on a battery charge by a man from whom he was alleged to have stolen $1,000 and who was thrown out of the office when he requested an accounting of his money. The signature "counter-signed" R. B. Wilcox, is that of an instructor in a make-up school. The contract was void without his signature and he signed only after enrolling the investor in a course of grease paint smearing. Although Wilcox closed his school and turned state's evidence at Engel's hearing he was later arrested on the charge of an old woman who alleged that he had taken $600 from her, promising to star her and her two children. In the September SCREENLAND, the subject of fake producers will be dealt with.

Above is a contract given an ambitious girl by Scripture Films, Inc. It guarantees "work to start when Scripture Films, Inc. start active production." Although advertising literature stated that 500,000 shares were being sold at $1 a share, no picture was ever made.
I know a face that gleams with the bright radiance of a thousand candles. A delicate, white glow, as if all the tender brilliance of consecrated tapers on the shrine of the Virgin had been imprisoned behind a little heart-shaped face, to shine through the clear windows of a clean soul—a pair of unbelievably beautiful gray eyes.

And I know a passionate, twisted, restless mouth whose crimson quivers are never quite stilled to the hush of the sacred music that has been imprisoned along with the votive candles from the Virgin's shrine.

Heaven and hell captured in the same heart-shaped, lovely girl-face. The frenzied beat of tom-toms breaking the soothing harmony of hymns. The physical at an eternal war with the spiritual.
A Says Betty:

"I shall never marry a man who could not be a spiritual inspiration to me as well as a lover."

It is no mean triumph for Jimmie Cruze.

That is at once the charm and the curse that has set Betty Compson apart from other girls, whether they be demure little convent things too well sheltered, or bits of girl flesh being daily offered to the Great God Film.

Physical and spiritual. Soul and sex fighting for mastery. A Lillian Gish glows steadily like an angel's halo, a Pola Negri consumes and is consumed with the blood-heat of a supreme and persistent passion, sex-lure in primitive grandeur.

But Betty Compson! With her eyes shining with the light of altar candles, she promises a purity and soul perfection that makes a Rafael madonna seem oxlike and earthy.

But with her mouth—that upcurled, sensuous, insatiable, seeking mouth she (Continued on page 90)
HOARY tradition has it that George Washington once threw a dollar across the Potomac. If George were a movie star in this year of grace, 1924, he would have had a hard time making a dollar go half that far. Expenses are something Hollywood folk have nothing else but!

A surprisingly large number of motion picture players land in the bankruptcy court every year. They find their debts have piled up hopelessly; perhaps their earning power has failed or sickness has impoverished them. ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, Virginia Pearson and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, and most recently, Miss Dupont, the once famous star of *Foolish Wives* and also Mildred Harris—one time spouse of Charlie Chaplin—have all filed petitions to be helped out of the quagmire of debt.

"Inexcusable extravagance," perhaps you say, mentally contrasting the fabulous salaries paid to stars with your own income. Extravagance undoubtedly played its part in the toppling of the players' finances, for the picture people are apt to purchase beyond their means, even as you and I, but with the added excuse that a display of prosperity, albeit mortgaged, is an economic necessity in a community where the great god Four-Flush is worshipped. But not extravagance entirely, nor ordinary misfortune has put the crimp in many film fortunes. It is the fame-tax that runs up the overhead.

Supposing that you were to stop in at your favorite shop to purchase a new hat. You choose a hat that is becoming, and the price is reasonable; say fifteen dollars. "Charge it," you tell the clerk. "The name is Miss Blank."

"Ah," says the clerk to herself. "The wealthy and famous Miss Blank can afford to pay more." And then she tells you smoothly: "Pardon, madame, but I have made an error in the price. The hat is thirty dollars."

That would not be so pleasant, would it? But that is exactly what happens when the stars go a-shopping. They pay a tax for fame, whether they buy hats, houses or husbands.

By Vivian

Paying for Starting Pets

There is an animal hospital in Los Angeles which caters to the film trade. Motion picture celebrities pay as much again for the care of their pets as the ordinary run of clients. And often they pay for the act of having their pets fast.

"Most of the expensive police dogs and chows that come here are brought by picture people," said the doctor in charge. "And most of them are suffering from too much luxury. The pups get indigestion from rich food. We just starve them for a day or two, and they come around all right. But of course, we don't tell the owners that."

Gloria Swanson has been a consistent sufferer from this form of brigandage. She relates how she has sent her maid to price a certain article, time and again, and always the price has been raised when she herself comes for it.
witnessed such an incident myself. It was the Christmas season in a down-town Los Angeles shop, while Gloria was still on the coast. I had admired a certain beaded bag. "Fifty dollars," the saleslady told me. That being about forty dollars beyond my limit, the bag went right back in the case again. While I stood waiting for my change from another purchase, Gloria came in, smart and trim in an ermine coat and a little cloche hat draped in a veil. With her were a friend and an English maid carrying little Gloria. Miss Swanson stopped at the counter and pointed out the bag I had admired and priced.

"Very chic, just arrived from Paris," said the saleslady, taking the bag reverently from its resting place. "And only seventy-five dollars!"

Gloria did not share the saleslady's enthusiasm about the smallness of the price, for the bag stayed in the shop. But if she had taken it, I suppose the clerk would have split the rake-off of twenty-five dollars with the firm.

Mrs. Logan Shops for Jackie

Jacqueline Logan has had many such instances. She told me how almost invariably when her mother purchases articles on her daughter's charge account, the prices rise mysteriously. When she buys in her own name, no such increase is noted.

It is the small, exclusive shops that are the greatest offenders in this respect. The large department stores are not so free to alter prices according to the individual. Merchandise is marked for all to see, and the red-tape of price-tags, invoice slips and receipts prevents the juggling of prices. But the ultra-chic gowns and other articles of wearing apparel that stars desire are more easily found in the small, smart shops than in the standardized department stores. And a clientele of celebrities has lifted the mortgage from more than one of these exclusive salons of dress. Better to be a Jones than a Talmadge or Pickford, while shopping in these emporiums.

Tribute is levied right skilfully in other lines than dress, however. In apartment rentals, for instance, The sign "No dogs or movie actors allowed" decorates more than one apartment house in Los Angeles and its environs. Bel Air, a new and highly expensive subdivision just opened beyond Beverly Hills, strictly prohibits picture people from buying into it. Where the film folk are welcomed, a surtax is tacked neatly on to the rent. Where Mrs. John Jones can rent a furnished apartment or a bungalow court for, say, seventy-five dollars a month, it's a clever movie actor of any prominence who can get the same apartment for less than one hundred and twenty-five. Of course, there is something to say in defense of the landlords. Parties are hard on the furniture, and gin is the very dickens to get out of the rugs without staining. A bookkeeper isn't so apt to put on entertainments of a hilarious nature; he can't afford to.

Who Gets the Publicity?

Protesting that they give away many hundreds of dollars worth of publicity a year to screen stars, the shopowners come forward with their grievances.

"We place the photographs of the stars in our shop windows," said one Los Angeles business man indignantly. "One ready-to-wear store on Broadway has models made in the likenesses of stars. (Continued on page 91)
Pola Negri, the stormy petrel of filmdom has been recreated into a tractable, hard-working actress.

The New Pola

By Eunice Marshall

MERICA, aided and abetted by Jesse Lasky, has created a new Pola Negri.

The Pola imported for Bella Donna, the stormy petrel of filmdom, the Katherine whom no screen Petruchio could tame, has voluntarily transformed herself to a tractable, hard-working actress. Her art is benefitting by it, but from the point of view of the chronicler of screen events, what a loss was there, my countrymen!

The old Pola was such good copy. How the press used to revel in the stories of the foreign star’s tantrums! Even on the dullest days when not a single sensation could be found to snap up the front page, Pola could be depended upon for a column at least.

First there was her delightful feud with Gloria Swanson, the reigning queen of the Lasky lot. With what gusto the papers related how Pola rejected the dressing-room prepared for her, because Gloria had a bungalow all to herself, and how she ousted the poor scenario writers from their quarters in the bungalow once occupied by Mary Pickford. Then there were other colorful episodes. Pola banishing the studio cats and Gloria countermanding the edict; the never-to-be-forgotten banquet given by Jesse Lasky to celebrate Pola’s arrival, when Pola’s carefully calculated late entrance was totally ruined by the even later entrance of Gloria, arrayed like unto the lilies of the field and ushered into the strains of triumphant music, nefariously hired for the occasion.

When Gloria, packed up and moved to New York, there to garner greater dramatic laurels, a new interest was injected into Pola’s affairs by the famous Negri-Chaplin romance. Never was such a thrilling story as this conjunction of the queen of tragedy and the king of Harlequins! From the moment of their first meeting, through the tempestuous course of their romance to the dramatic breaking-off of their engagement, the public formed an ecstatic gallery.

For Charlie Chaplin to be rumored engaged to a new beauty was no novelty. But this rumor seemed to be based on fact. The radiant Pola and her Charlot were seen everywhere together. They danced at the Cocoanut Grove and took week-end trips together, chaperoned by Pola’s secretary. In fact, it was on one of these jaunts to Del Monte that the definite announcement of their betrothal was given out.

(Continued on page 93)
Gloria Swanson has recovered from the "clothes-horse" complex and has blossomed forth with a new screen personality.

The New Gloria

By Delight Evans

There's no doubt about it. We have a brand-new star. She has been famous under the same name before, but her former fame and following was that of a small-town stock company leading lady compared to that which she enjoys today. Meet Gloria Swanson—a Gloria rejuvenated, begging her pardon, rehabilitated, revamped. A made-over star but not a warmed-over one. A smashing new personality, as different from her celluloid presence of the past as your snappy sports model roadster from a two-wheeled bicycle—ask the head of the family; he understands.

What has happened to Gloria? She looks almost the same, if you overlook her shingled bob, as if anyone ever could. She hasn't changed much, except to add poise and piquancy. No. The actual change took place under Gloria's smart shingle, in that portion of the physical equipment which many insist is not included among a screen star's talents—the brain.

Gloria must have had a mental face-lifting. She is a brighter star and a smarter girl because of it. Now, who or what was the skillful surgeon to perform this highly successful operation? Opinions vary, as opinions will. The understanding and sympathy which added years and experience bring to the unafraid? A real romance? A keen rivalry with Pola Negri which put the American star on her mettle? It may be one or all of these. And then again, there's another theory.

Gloria has recovered from an inferiority complex. Not that Professor Freud ever studied and added her to his long list of growing girls similarly afflicted. Freud never heard of her case and Gloria may never have heard of Freud's. But someone who knows her has said that this complex serves as the solution for the new star. Gloria, renowned in three continents as the screen's silken butterfly; the goddess of the Mille marbles; the model for the world's most bizarre and intricate gowns—Gloria, earning fame as a clothes-horse, to put it vulgarly, began to believe it herself.

People said that that was all she could do—wear smart clothes well. Women went to see her pictures who pronounced her modiste's latest creations as chick. Critics crowed over her marvellous ability to lend herself to the most exotic apparel—and over (Continued on page 93)
Where do they

Av
HE

ever

wondered as you watched the latest movie flapper kick back her leg in that cute manner—which does duty for all sorts of emotion—have you ever wondered, as I say, whether they were born that way?

I mean, the movies are still so young, that nearly all the most favored screen luminaries must have earned their room rent in some other manner, before they became known to millions via the celluloid route.

Well, if you have ever spent any time on such random speculation, the little verses printed above—for which due apology is hereby made to the shade of W. S. Gilbert—will set your mind at rest.

The movie stars, the glorious, glamorous, heart palpitating creatures, have been recruited from every walk of life.

The Gentleman:
When I was a lad I went to work
By jerking sodas as a drug-store clerk,
I washed the windows and I scrubbed the floor
And the Sundays I invented—that just made that store,
I attracted the girls each day of the week—
So now, of course, I'm a movie slick.

The Lady:
When I was a girl out of business school
I adhered most strictly to the golden rule—
As a typist to a fellow in the movie game
I learned quite a lot—and I'll never be the same
For now I'm no longer a stenographer
But I'm starring in the movies at a thousand per!

There's a invisible长江

So, it would seem, that Jack Mulhall was a shoe clerk; and that Madge Keen—

Mae Murray was a cabaret entertainer.

The great emotional actress Norma Talmadge, learned the ABC of emoting in a shop, for she, like her sister, the winsome Connie, spent some time amusing women daily that "this hat is very chic, dearie".

Charles Ray was a doorman at the old Los Angeles Burbank Stock Company.

Pola Negri is a splendid violinist.

Doraldina was a dancer.

Mabel Normand shot her Boston by modeling bathing suits.

Doraldina was a dancer.

Mae Murray was a cabaret entertainer.
come from?

Both girls worked in shops until Norma's loveliness elevated her to the portion of an artist's model.

Mabel Normand Shocked Boston

Mabel Normand shocked good old Boston many years ago, when she was only sixteen, by modeling bathing suits. She was the first girl to do this. Mr. Freud would tell us that this was so strongly impressed upon her subconscious mind that she did not feel comfortable in any greater covering than a bathing suit. It was surely this that led her to the Sennett studios to display her charms before millions via the camera rather than to select few who watched her model. Bathing suits and acting seem to be very far apart, but bathing suits and fame are closely allied in the minds of most producers.

Grace Darmond and Hope Hampton were others who, beginning as department store clerks, later found their respective ways to fame via the Harrison Fisher route.

Gloria Swanson played the role of Nellie, the poor cloak and suit model before she went into pictures, as did Barbara La Marr and Theda Bara.

But don't think that they were all shop girls. Oh, dear no! The profound vocations come in for their share. School teaching is a favorite. Lois Wilson, Irene Rich, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Thurman and Florence Vidor all "taught to the tune of the hickory stick," in their younger days and Barbara Bedford taught sewing in a small town high school. Isn't that a nice thing for an ingénue to have done? And can't you picture the bigger boys thinking up deviltry so that they might have to stay late after school?

High School Heroines

On the other hand, many step right into pictures from high school. Witness Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Mildred Davis, Mildred Harris, Kathleen Key, Patsy Ruth Miller, Clara Bow, Mary Philbin, Marjorie Daw, Louise Fazenda, Pauline Stark, Colleen Moore and many others. By the way, most of these have gone to Los Angeles and Hollywood High Schools and on the strength of past evidence, can you wonder that landladies in the vicinity of those schools charge inflated prices to young bachelors looking for room and board?

Society is bad training for a picture star. Real society men and women just can't forget that they are society people. They insist upon acting simply and unostentatiously like real society leaders do, and that simply doesn't register in the pictures.

We refer you to the fact that Craig Biddle, Jr., the multimillionaire extra boy, is now selling California dirt to pay for the midnight waffle. Talulla Bankhead, the daughter of a well known Alabama family, has made scant success in pictures. Oh, it is ever so much better to watch society folk from behind a counter and to learn it that way, than to have been born into one of the First Families of Virginia.

Many popular leading men are college graduates. Edward Burns knowing nothing of make-up or camera technique, stepped right from the graduation exercises before the camera. Maurice Flinn is a Yale man and Rex Ingram boasts of a diploma from the same college. Ralph Bushman is from Princeton; and Creighton Hale, Dick Barthelmess, and Conrad Nagel, the latter being a musician and orator as well, are also college men.

Professional Professors

Paradoxical as it may seem, many leading men and character actors have been professors. Before entering pictures Elliott Dexter was a professor of entymology. We wish that Elliott were more of a heart breaker now, so that we could say that he still has an eye for the butterflies, but poor Elliott is nearly always cast as the safe and sane and loyal family friend; Milton Sills was a professor of philosophy at Boston Tech.; H. B. Warner was an M.D., and Monte Blue and Cullen Landis were both admitted to the bar. No—not the bar you mean.

Of course, there is a long list too numerous to mention of those who have had their training on the speaking stage. Many have been dancers. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason were vaudeville toe dancers. Mae Murray was a cabaret entertainer, and Douglas Fairbanks, Elsie Ferguson. (Continued on page 86)
THERE has been no end of palaver lately to the effect that “the screen needs new faces.” This is all tommyrot. The screen now has more good old faces than it is making proper use of. What the silent drama is really in need of is not new faces—but new brains. The gentlemen who now have the destiny of the silent drama in their hands are in the mental status “Now that I’ve got it, what am I going to do with it.” They are small men. In the days of one and two reelers they fitted in nicely and did some creditable pioneering. But they have served their purpose. Like the old darkey’s mare, “they were all right in their younger days but they’ve done broke down.” The motion picture industry has outgrown these fellows but they don’t seem to realize it. This old crop of producers, directors and distributors must give way to young blood. They are a barrier to progress. In the average film studio of today a premium is being placed upon inefficiency, stupidity and decadence. Give the screen new brains and the new faces will take care of themselves!

Sydney vs. Charlie

It is no doubt with twitching crepe hair mustache and shuffling feet that Charlie Chaplin is watching the rapid rise of brother Sydney in the cinema heavens: For, let it be known, there is a friendly, but keen, rivalry on between these two freres. The scenario goes something like this: Several years ago just as Charlie was coming into prominence, Sydney appeared in a Mack Sennett film called The Submarine Pirate. His excellent style of humor in this comic showed that he had the makings of a big-time comedian. To kill off the possibility of one Chaplin competing with another Charlie persuaded brother Sydney to retire from the screen by paying him a fat salary with some sort of a camouflage title such as “business manager.” For the past few years Syd has been drawing down this pay check for doing little or nothing.

Recently, however, his artistic inclinations asserted themselves and he announced that he was going to do a little histrionic work himself, no matter what effect it might have upon the Chaplin name and honor. After the clever work Syd has shown in Her Temporary Husband, Rendezvous and other films, theatregoers are rather tickled that he has made the step. But Charlie, perhaps, is mentally wishing that he could reach out with his comedy cane in regular camera fashion and Yankee brother Sydney back from the Kleig lights.

Seastrom, judged by his last two efforts—Name the Man and Mortal Clay—is not entitled to be ranked among even the first five best directors.

The mistake of appointing June Mathis commander-in-chief of all Goldwyn activities was in thinking that Neulan, Vidor and von Stroheim would submit to the arbitrary power of anyone—much less a woman and a scenario writer.

The Fighting Coward is a significant production because it is the first first-rate satire that has appeared on the screen. he reads this) was on his way to Hollywood to look over production activities, they did some fast thinking. The affairs of the studio were not in such good shape, and neither were some of the lately completed productions.

It was finally decided that the best thing to do would be to divert Mr. President's attention from studio matters. So a nice handball court was built on the United lot. They rigged it all up to a fare-thee-well, and furnished it with gym suits, handballs and gloves galore. As soon as the Big Chief arrived in town the local officials started challenging him to games of handball. (Continued on page 96)
THERE was nothing genuine about Fanette.

Her name had been Fannie until she left high
school at the age of sixteen to go to work. Fannie
Bischel became Fanette Bischel, very much ac-
cented on the el.

Business to Fanette meant one of three things—being
on the wrong side of a counter in a department store,
manicuring, or doing that vague and genteel thing known
in the Help Wanted Female columns as “clerical work.”
Fanette chose the latter and answering an ad for “Bright
girl, experience unnecessary” became duly installed in the
offices of Wilcox and Jones, Real Estate and Insurance.
The circuit of her duties comprised a large filing cabinet,
a dusty letter press and an old typewriter on which she
eked out applications for mortgage loans with two fingers.
She had to cut from the newspapers endless notices of liens
and transfers and foreclosures and paste them into large
books with dirty black covers. She never knew just why
she did this, but no one ever asked her, so it didn’t matter.

The work she disliked least was sending out circular let-
ters. During the mechanical process of folding, enclosing
and stamping her mind was free to ruminate over social
events, to recall the story of last night's movie and to picture herself in the role of the heroine. This was particularly pleasant if the hero happened to be Richard Chandler. Chandler, in his impeccable evening clothes, the high-light on his black pompadour vieing with those on his patent leather pumps, was to Fanette the paragon of class. His fervent love-making the last word in Shiekdom. She not only saw every picture in which he appeared, but read its plot first and its review after. She devoured all the publicity concerning him from the diverse and glamorous accounts of his romantic childhood to the brand of shaving cream he endorsed and his views on the Future of the Motion Picture Industry. She aspired, some day in the vague future, to gaze upon what the managers term "Richard Chandler, Himself." In the meantime, she contented herself with a signed photograph which, in a pale blue celluloid oval frame adorned her birds-eye maple dressing-table.

One of Fanette's ambitions in life was to get a permanent wave, the other to get a permanent meal-ticket. At twenty-two neither prospect seemed bright. Permanents were ten dollars a curl and the little flat in Harlem had to be maintained by Mr. Bischel's slim insurance and Fanette's pay envelope. Occasionally Mrs. Bischel augmented the family exchequer by taking in sewing. Nevertheless Fanette managed to wear the first straw hat in February and the first velvet one in August. What with her mother's nimble needle and friends who got her various things wholesale, Fanette usually dressed up to the minute and sometimes a little ahead of it.

The Crystal Palace was the ultimate syllable in ostentation and Fanette felt convinced that this was life.
Marriage to Fanette meant changing from the Harlem flat with its long hall, from which the bedrooms blossomed one by one until the inflorescence reached its head in the square dining-room with its golden oak furniture and its pictures of gasping fish, to a three-cluster-room apartment in Washington Heights with a walnut bedroom "set" and old rose "drapes," a mahogany gate-leg table in the living-room, and a floor lamp. It meant staying home from work and cooking and cleaning; it meant going to the afternoon performances. That was marriage. Romance wore a faultless full-dress suit and registered a boyish laugh, righteous anger or supreme tenderness as the occasion demanded.

Fanette had plenty of boy friends but they lacked class. She would not have married any of them if they had asked her to, which they hadn't. Colorless youths with unformed features took her to the movies and to occasional dances.

They danced cheek to cheek on the crowded floor. Chester could perform more intricate steps on less ground than anyone with whom she had ever danced. "You'd make a wonderful bloodhound," he complimented, "you follow easily."

Passing her mother's bedroom she would call, "Good night, Ma, wake me at seven." Mrs. Bischel had insisted on this as she could not sleep until her daughter was safely at home.

In the morning she would call Fanette at seven as per instructions and Fanette would grumble and turn over on the other side. She never rose before seven-thirty but insisted on being called at seven. Perhaps it was to enjoy the sensuous pleasure of not getting up, or perhaps she formed a resolution each night and never having quite enough sleep, broke it each morning. She seldom retired before twelve. The nights she (Continued on page 98)
SAYS ERNEST TORRENCE:

"When I was in Hollywood, broke and discouraged, I made the rounds of the Casting Directors and the answers they gave were always the same. I was always 'too tall,' I was always 'too something.' One time I nearly got a job as the villain; then the casting director decided I had 'no menace.'"
The Man Who Lacked MENACE

ERNEST TORRENCE is a kindly man whom the hard grind for success has not made cynical. He has learned life on many a rocky trail; and having learned it, the epic quality of his struggle has given him tolerance and a broad sympathy. This, perhaps, is the supreme test of a temperament. One should fashion, and not be fashioned by life.

When I called on him at the Algonquin in New York I found a far different personality than the screen presents. For be it remembered, Torrence is an actor of the first grade who is permeated by the character he portrays on the screen. I found a man well over six feet with enormous shoulders that were slightly stooped. His voice is well modulated and has a musical quality, as well might be expected of one who had studied for three years under Pruckner, who in turn, was a pupil of Liszt.

Having mutual friends in Hollywood, we were quickly at our ease. It was a roaring April day. Outside, the wind shook immense feathers of snow in all directions. We looked out of the window. "Not like California" we said in unison. "Not quite," we answered one another.

"Well, tell me about yourself, Ernest, everybody’s interested in you, even the producers."

"Not much to tell," he said, and right away I knew that there was. Somehow, it is the man with nothing to say who is always trying to say something. It being a hard job, they turn malicious. Torrence is a happy person who has lived and suffered greatly without being aware of it.

"How long have you been an actor?"

"About four years," was the quick answer. Surprised, I retorted. "I’ve been reading about you for fifteen years or so."

"I wasn’t an actor then. I was serving my apprenticeship."

"But I’ve heard many things about you—your study of music, your winning of a medal at the Royal Academy, your teaching the piano, your years in musical comedy, and your eventual success in pictures!"

He looked out of the window at the flurry of snow. The habitual smile left his face, and the jaw, rather heavy, set for a second.

"I did have rather a bumpy road, I guess, come to think of it, but all people do who ever get anywhere, I think. Winning is only half of the game—to play it with a smile is the big thing—and to hold your head when you win is something else again. Some people lose the minute they win. The quality that makes for success is not always the quality that knows how to hold success when it gets it."

Such sensible talk jolted me for a moment, though I had heard on all sides that Ernest Torrence was a “bright fellow.” I wondered for a second or two why most keen people in speaking of actors often prefaced their remarks with the words: “He’s a pretty bright fellow.” One does not speak that way of other professional men. But then perhaps the reason is that so many shallow egos dressed up on stage and screen are responsible. From my own observation in Hollywood I would say that screen players rank far above the average intellectually—that is the genuine people there. They at least have a sophisticated outlook and are broad in their views. But Torrence was speaking: “You know, my struggle is pleasant to look back on, though it was not so pleasant to live through at the time, but then I had wonderful help. You see, I married my wife when we were almost kids. We traveled with the same theatrical company in the provinces of England, and we were both penniless. I had always had a strong desire for the stage, while my father wished me to become a famous singer and man of music, and he educated me toward that end. Financial reverses came to my father when I was about twenty years old, and I turned at once to musical comedy. Allowing for my prejudice in the matter I have always felt that Mrs. Torrence gave up a sure career to help further my own rather uncertain one. She had also studied music, and was a soprano who had attracted some attention in London, but she gave it all up cheerfully, and stood by me with such loyalty for ten terrible years of poverty that I can hardly think of it to this day without tears.”

Torrence rose from the chair, a blended wistful determined expression on his face. “Tully,” he turned to me, “I’ve been through hell and back again, I can feel the flames yet. But the little woman who is my wife—well, she kept me from burning up. My career is half hers, for she gave up all of hers for me, and now (he pointed a long arm) you cannot drag her into this room to share in the glory with me. She’s not only a brick—she’s a whole ton of them.”

Torrence is Scotch, of an old Edinburgh family, and knowing something of the psychology of nationalities, I did not wish to say a word that would stop the flow of repressed emotion in the man; for I wanted some of the warmth that I knew was in him. So I remained silent, with understanding and sympathy, feeling that the thought waves would be carried to him.

“For ten years,” Torrence continued, “my wife and I were musical comedy vagabonds (Continued on page 103)
S
O glad you could take lunch with me today, dearie," said the Vamp, beckoning a waiter. "I'm not a bit hungry. I don't seem to have any appetite any more; at all, but you see anybody who is anybody here. I'll have the buffet luncheon, waiter, and I'll start off with some of that spaghetti Italiane and perhaps a bit of the ragout. Oh, yes, and a poached egg, since they're handy. I'm really not hungry."

"They really should call this place the Tourist's Delight," remarked the Ingenue, gazing around at the fine flower of Kansas present, on the qui vive to observe the advent of the stars.

"I'd call it the Robbers' Roost," grumbled the Vamp, frowning at the menu. "The idea of making you pay extra for coffee, and forty cents for ice cream!"

"Well, you should weep over the price of ice cream, dearie," soothed the ingenue. "It's fattening. I thought you were dieting.

Luncheon at Hollywood's Montmartre is in full swing. White-aproned waiters glide, soft-footed, from table to table, proffering steaming chafing-dishes and trays of meats. A buzz of small talk rises above the subdued clink of glasses and the click of fork on plate. From time to time, new arrivals appear in the entrance arch, poised for a moment on the dais steps and are ushered grandiosely to their seats by the statesman disguised as a bead-waiter. As the newcomers pass down the aisle, heads turn to follow their passage, as a field of young wheat is swept by a sudden breeze. At a ring-side table two extra girls, a blonde ingenue and an aspiring baby vamp, view the passing show.

"Why should I? Nita Naldi doesn't."

"Oh, yes, she is. By request of the management. And so is Virginia Valli, and so is Phyllis Haver and so is
Jacqueline Logan, though you wouldn't think it necessary to look at them. Jackie lived on lamb chops and pineapple for three days, until she got so fed up on lamb that she was afraid she'd bleat if she ate another chop, she said. So she's just cutting her meais in half. Her mother is such a grand cook, though, that it must be a strain on Jackie to get up from the table hungry."

Eleanor Boardman Wants to Gain Weight

"It's just the other way round with Eleanor Boardman," said the Vamp, helping herself to the Ingenue's butter. "She's just back from a dairy farm where she's been drinking gallons of milk, to get fat. Fancy anybody having to try to get fat! She gained five pounds, and now she's back here in Hollywood playing the lead in a picture, with eight—count 'em, eight—leading men. And they all have to kiss her. It's a hard life, yes?"

"It depends on who they are?" countered the Ingenue, cautiously. "Now if one of 'em happened to be Ben Turpin, now, or Bull Montana—"

"The Bool's on the stage now, a regular actor, by gosh. But these eight are eligible: Jimmy Morrison, Niles Welch, Bobby Agnew, Creighton Hale, Ben Lyon, Buster Collier, Johnnie Walker and Bill Haines."

"Bill Haines?" asked the Ingenue, placing her hors d'oeuvres out of reach of the Vamp. "Isn't he the youth Peggy Hopkins Joyce picked as the best kisser in Hollywood?"

"Yes. A little more of that spaghetti, waiter. Peggy must like her kisses underdone. Personally, I'd back Lew Stone's technique against any of these baby sheiks. Boy! but that man has his moments! Not that I speak from experience," regretfully.

"Oh, so that was why you sat through Why Men Leave Home three times!" accused the Ingenue.

The Vamp evaded the question by nudging her friend.

"Look! No, not there, the third table from the door. Connie Talmadge lunching with Buster Collier. He's certainly giving her a heavy rush, did you know?"

"Did I know?" asked the Ingenue indignantly. "I have eyes. Everywhere I go, I see them together. Last night they were dancing at the Petroushka Club, Buster gazing into her eyes as if they were alone on a desert island, and Connie as mischievously indifferent as she always is. And over at a side table was Irving Thalberg, looking daggers at Buster."

(Continued on page 84)
New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

The popular conception of a sex picture is six or seven reels of assorted orgies—modern revels featuring a long table laden with luscious viands from the prop room, upon which is placed a solemn gold-laced servitors a huge floral basket, which suddenly expels six chorus girls who entertain the merry-makers with coy contortions; and flash-backs to ancient Rome or Babylon—it's all the same to directors—with banquet scenes presided over by a fat emperor with a laurel wreath on one ear, who drinks doubtful nectar from a sandal belonging to the beautiful star of Belshazzar's or Nero's Follies. Of late, the sex appeal has been furnished by the flapper, toiling over-time to prove that the modern girl is no worse than her great-grandmother, even if she does have to dance all night to a roadhouse radio on account of the storm. Sometimes a single cabaret scene has sufficed to put over a sex picture, providing enough confetti is thrown and paper caps worn. It was a very wild winter, as any title writer will tell you. There were more orgies, banquets, storms, paper caps and what nots, especially what nots, in the film year of 1923-24 than ever before in screen history. And when the announcements of Cytherea urged exhibitors to have a Love Week in their theaters, it looked as if the censors were in for a grand time. It was rumored that Will Hays had taken aside Samuel Goldwyn, "not now connected, unfortunately, with Goldwyn Pictures," when he heard that Sam had purchased the screen rights to Joseph Hergesheimer's story and, with tears in his voice, asked him if he really meant to film it. Mr. Goldwyn might have said, "No, you dear soul, of course not. That's why I paid out $50,000." But instead he sobbed too, and replied politely: "I cannot tell a lie. I am about to make a film version of Cytherea; but, Papa, I promise you it will be clean!"

Will Hays was present at the premier.

Perhaps I should say right now that little children—if there are still such things—should not be taken to view Cytherea, "the Goddess of Love." But why? Children accustomed to the sort of sex pictures which include orgies will be bored and go to sleep; their parents and others may appreciate a most intelligent screen play.

Don't let that word intelligent stop you. Cytherea is a sex picture. There may be arguments over the pronunciation, but none at all about the theme. It is a fair, frank narrative, without a revel or an orgy, sticking as close to the original story as a plaster, considering that the scenario writer and the director had to keep an eye on Mr. Hays, the audience, and the box office when they weren't worrying about the author's idea. Strangely enough, the author's idea is actually touched on in the picture.

Cytherea Caused Break Between Fitzmaurice and Bergere

It was Cytherea which signalled the final professional break of George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere. The Bergere scenario and many sets were scrapped; and Frances Marion was called in to write another continuity. In this case, everything was really for the best. Only a woman of Miss Marion's skill and sympathy, and a scenario writer of her subtlety and experience could have put the Goddess of Love on the screen without encountering catty opposition; only a Fitzmaurice could have told a straightforward tale and still retained the delicate poetry and imagination which is the excuse for filming the novel. It is a far cry from the pallid pantomists with which the director has been identified; always in good taste, it is an indication of the Fitzmaurice future if he continues to deal with human beings instead of moving picture morons.

Three stars named Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, and Alma Rubens are supposed to enact Cytherea; but I know very well that they are really Lee Randon, Fanny Randon, and Mrs. Savina Grove. They're not actors at all. Well, anyway, there's nothing I can tell you about Lewis Stone except that his Lee Randon is by far the most wonderful and wayward of all the husbands he has played. He is so darn good, I will make a bet that not one honest woman in the audience is going to sniff and call Fanny a fool for welcoming him back home after his adventure in search of an ideal, Irene Rich completely submerges her own radiance and humor to
become the wife with one eye on the clock and the other on her husband. If I didn’t know her I would vow that Fitzmaurice had induced the most typical cartoon spouse of his acquaintance to step on the set. You may not like Fanny but you will be forced to place Irene Rich on your list of the girls who have made good in the movies.

Alma Rubens is Savina

By far the hardest job is Alma Rubens’. She never dares descend from her perch on the mantel-piece; she must remain the shadowy symbol of the love goddess—the beautiful doll-dream of every man’s imagination. She is not given a single close-up to fall back on, but learned to use her body and her hands as others use their eyes, mouth, and dimples. She has great beauty, but beauty alone was not enough to make her Savina an unforgettable portrait. She felt and thought Savina—and left Alma Rubens out of it. By the way, there are splashes of color throughout—the most intelligent use of colored photography in a long time.

Those trifles which, when you see them masquerading as drama, make you start and wonder how on earth anybody else knows your peculiarities, which you fondly believe are not shared by the Smiths across the street, have hitherto been labelled Micky Nellan touches. After Cytherea they will have to be known also as Fitzmaurice touches, although it may be that Frances Marion had something to do with it.

Girl Shy a Good Comedy

I will have to retire to the hills to forget after this review of Harold Lloyd’s latest, Girl Shy. Everywhere I go I will be tracked by a mob of angry Lloyd lovers wanting to lynch me—or so I would like to believe. All because I can’t crack my knees in a low obeisance before Harold. I know that he is a perfectly charming man—a clean-cut chap; a credit to his profession; good to his wife, and devoted to his work. I am convinced he is a modest, upstanding fellow, because I once went to a theater with him and he didn’t even notice that nobody recognized him. He makes clever comedies in which millions find mirth and forgetfulness,—I read that somewhere. But I can’t, so help me, call him a great comedian. I’ve tried; I’ve seen every one of his pictures; I’ve even managed several hollow ha-ha’s. The only time I ever died laughing—cries of ‘loafer!’—was at Safety Last; and then not at Harold himself, but at the marvellous dummy chauffeur who got mixed up in the proceedings. A glimpse of Charlie Chaplin sets me off; and after a Chaplin picture I usually have to be removed from the theater by anxious ushers. It is only Lloyd’s calm in the midst of mad hilarity which amuses me, and not very much.

However, Girl Shy is a good comedy. And Harold had a great time as a young tailor with literary leanings, even if I didn’t. He leans also, to a young lady of wealth, and to capture her he stages the longest and wildest chase a camera ever caught up with. It’s a fine chase if you like chases. As a matter of fact, it’s more of a ride-to-the-rescue; he’s after the girl who’s about to become a bride at the home of swell parents. He utilizes every known vehicle, from a kiddie-car to a truck. Take the youngsters, so that when you almost expire from mirth and excitement you can say you were laughing at them all the time.

Jobyna Ralston is the leading lady, and enchantingly pretty. But Harold needs a vivid bit of color in his comedies—color which Bebe Daniels used to lend. I am not recommending that he sign up Florence Mills, but rather the little girl who plays the flapper-vamp in Girl Shy—a small roughneck who would liven up Harold’s polite amours in no uncertain manner.

De Mille Players Are Tagged

They say all Griffith actors bear the stamp of his school. I believe the de Mille players are tagged, too. They have a slightly smarty air, as if to say, ‘Look at me; I’m worth watching; I act for C. B.” Leatrice Joy, one of the few refreshing women of the screen, bears the de Mille brand now. In Triumph, de Milles’ latest, she plays her big scenes with conscious cleverness; her own sense of humor is gradually being molded into the knowing graces of deliberate comedy. I wish she’d get fired and go back to work. Rod La Rocque is almost unbearably boisterous but, he can’t be blamed for it because that’s what he is paid such a good salary for. Victor Varconi, the third member of the featured trio, is too new to de Mille pictures to have acquired a polish, consequently he gives a splendid account of himself in a ridiculous role. But the best bit is supplied, as so often happens, by Raymond Hatton, who sketches with a few strokes, an admirable portrait of a park bench bum.

The Galloping Fish has been produced on a large scale. Now that’s over, we can go on. It’s glorified slapstick and great fun. You’ll think you have gone by mistake to a Mack Sennett festival because there are all the ingredients of the good old comedies—including Louise Fayenda, Syd Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, a lion, monkeys, and a flood. The title role is assumed by an industrious trained seal. This seal is a great actor. He has emotional opportunities which would make a less modest trouper lose his balance. ‘By Himself”—funny name even for a seal, isn’t it—will probably be starred next season. La Fayenda dives through the mad mélange and asserts herself as one of the few who can be funny without forgetting her femininity. Chester Conklin as a taxi-driver is a small riot; in fact, everybody seems to be having a good time. You will, too, unless you’re one of those who consider Chaplin vulgar and walk out on a comedy just as the barking beauties walk on. Serves you right.

Best Performances of the Month:

Q Best Stone in Cytherea

Q Raymond Hatton in Triumph

Q The Trained Seal in The Galloping Fish

If anybody had told me I would like a picture called Between Friends, written by Robert W. Chambers, directed by J. Stuart Blackton, and featuring Lou Tellegen, I would have laughed gaily and punched him in the nose. My previous opinions of this trio would not bear repeating in a family magazine. And now, my dear, guess what? Why, these three boys have got together and somehow produced a
whether those quiet Moore. crooked, Tommy's what even satisfactory. less role violent might olently conventionally the falling all; Cuba Bermuda Lou Alma Rubens and Lew Stone dashed away to Cuba—where they are consumed with remorse, and Anna's conscience compels her to end it all. So far it is splendidly managed by the Commodore Blackton, whose experience in the British studios directing Lady Diana Manners apparently taught him restraint and imagination. After Anna is heartlessly killed off, half the audience loses interest. However, her blond beauty is present later in flash-backs and such, so stay to see it through. Besides, other things happen. Lou is a cynic now, though he never suspects his best friend is to blame. Lou wouldn't. Besides, he has his art, which is sculpture; and his model, who is Alice Calhoun. Norman falls for Alice. Stuart Holmes, the dog, discloses all; Lou plans subtle revenge on Norman, but spoils it by falling for Alice himself. He gets her because he wears a smock which is open at the neck and Norman wears an arrow. M. Tellegen does most of his emotional acting with the aid of his Adam's apple; but for once he fails to be funny enough to make you hope Mack Sennett will take an interest in his art. Alice Calhoun has grown up and behaves in a charming, inoffensive way in a role which might have gone to her head, that of a young woman loved by two stalwart men. One suitor is about all the average ingenue can stand.

Matt Moore Satisfactory in Breaking Point

Matt Moore, take off that moustache. We know you. Outside of that, your performance in The Breaking Point is satisfactory. Herbert Brenon deserves three cheers, a huzza, or a bravo—whichever he prefers—for bringing his puppets to life, because he was given the kind of story which must make good directors moan and cry. And he stands alone among directors in one particular. He is the only one who ever let a drunkard be himself. You know how most of those scenes are done—a very drunken party will sober up in an instant if anything happens which requires his histrionic services. Mr. Brenon permits Matt Moore to proceed to what must have been an awful hang-over, even though Matt becomes implicated in a nice, juicy murder. This member of the Moore family is just about my favorite leading man. No scenario writer, director, or heroine can make a conventional hero of him. He remains a Moore. Even when pursued by the relentless Naldi, who has gained, but not in poise. I may be wrong about Patsy Ruth Miller. Every time she appeared there were murmurs of "How dear!" and "Clever girl!" I may be wrong, but I'll be darned if I'll admit it.

Which Shall It Be is Good, Clean and Very Simple

What Shall It Be? or, Not One to Spare.

This was advertised as a photoplay with a soul and without a single cabaret scene or swimming pool. Proudly it was pointed out that here, at last, was a great picture—the picture of the year. It didn't have any of those mobs or orgies that other pictures have had to depend upon for success. No, sir. It was just a good, clean, simple thing, the sort we have all been waiting for.

Simple is right. Told in three reels it might be hailed as a miniature masterpiece. But the most cheery glad-boy and girl would crack under this strain of five reels of the plain, homely, worth-while things. The biggest mother-heart would rebel at examining every few minutes over the pitter of little feet and the careess of tiny hands. I liked it, in spots, but when I left I went right over to see Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, again. It may be I do not appreciate the finer, cleaner things; it is even within the realm of possibility that I prefer to be entertained rather than uplifted. By this time you'll have decided that nothing could keep you away from Not One to Spare.

Renaud Hoffman, the director, has for his theme the nursery rhyme:

"Which shall it be, which shall it be?
"I looked at John; and John looked at me."

The parents of seven children are promised prosperity if they will part with just one of their brood. But—they can't spare even one. A great director might have made it more poignant. As it is, there are charming scenes of a quiet farm; and the children are real, not mincing caricatures. The baby of the family is the only curly-haired screen child I have ever watched who did not bring on a violent attack of mental mal de mer.

Confidence Man Just Another Crook Film

That Big Brother of the World, Tommy Meighan, benevolently made another crook film, The Confidence Man. He made it because he just couldn't bear to think that his great public should be obliged to worry along without one, when they wanted one so. The great-hearted actor said himself this is the best crook role he's had since The Miracle Man. Those words have a familiar ring. He has played several crooks since his first great success and it seemed to me he said the same thing every time. But I may be wrong, and who am I to contradict Tommy?

It's a good crook picture if that's what you like. If Tommy's close-ups are more and more frequent; if his beam becomes a trifle forced; if his leading lady is thrust farther and farther into the background—you haven't complained, and that's the point. Virginia Valli is wasting her time and talents. She has graduated from innocuous ingenues; she's a big girl now and can do better things.

Moral Sinner Very Poor

The Moral Sinner is crooked, too. It explains why Paramount would rather pay Dorothy Dalton than play her. It's one of the last of the pictures which Dorothy (Continued on page 105)
Methods formerly adopted by Gloria Swanson to protect the infant Gloria from the pitiless press photographers.

Third of a series of impressions by George H. Clisbee.
Eight Dollars

Perhaps you read the simple announcement recently that Charles Ray is going back to Ince, where he started. To the public, that announcement means little. Charles Ray is just changing from one studio to another, you say, and go on to another item. But when I read the announcement, a shock of regret—and pity—went from my brain to my heart.

For me, that little newspaper item was the sequel of a conversation I had had with Charles Ray more than a year ago. Of all the men I have known in the picture world, I think Charles Ray is closest to my heart. You know his quality on the screen—a wistful boyishness, shrinking from the hurts of the world, yet bravely, if timidly, going forth to meet them.

I had always enjoyed going to the Charles Ray studio—a great sprawling, green affair, rather dingy in the bright California sunshine, but glamored over with hopes and romance. Somehow the atmosphere there was different. Whether it was The Girl I Loved or The Courtship of Myles Standish that was being filmed, there was always a sense of high adventure, of daring-do, of boyish pride and achievement, and young hopes and fears, and a very strong loyalty.

Those of us who go often to studios hear a lot from the publicity department about loyalty. We are told that everyone from the newest prop boy to the director is crazy about the star. Sometimes it's true, but often it's not. But in the Charles Ray studios, it was true. Charles Ray moved from building to building and from set to set, sometimes in make-up, sometimes in the rather loud clothes he loves to wear, and as he passed there was a heightening of interest, loyal quickening of the pulse from every person on every set.

Proud of his Own Studio

I think it was Charles Ray's own honest pride in his studio, his own sincerity in his work, his relentless driving of himself, his boyish willingness to listen to suggestions from
a Minute!

out as the cost to Charles Ray producer. It was this heroic ef-
plays he loved that robbed tune and nearly broke his heart.

Austin anyone who really had anything worthwhile to say, that made Ray's passing through his build-
ings a significant event.

He loved the place, sprawly and inadequate and dingy as it was, for it housed his dreams and his hopes and his fears.

He spoke of his fears to me one day, as we sat in the projection room on bumpy horsehair chairs, pondering over the scenes from The Courtship of Myles Standish that had just been run. The picture was being filmed at tremendous cost, and Ray was watching the rushes with all the anxiety a mother shows over a child with the measles.

He had been talking in eager, excited tones about the storm scene, where the Mayflower rocked and agonized in cruel waters. He loved that achievement—the successful filming of such a tremendous scene in miniature. The little boat which was used in the scene had graced the lunch-
eon table that day as a centerpiece!!! The ocean was a little tank of water no bigger than a bathtub.

Then Charles Ray drew a deep breath and fear quivered on it.

Everything at Stake

I'm betting every dollar I have in the world and every dollar I can raise, on The Courtship. If it fails, I am through. It means—back to Ince, or some other studio where I will be an employee instead of a boss. It means— failure."

Think of Charles Ray as he looks in his pictures when the girl he loves is going to marry the other fellow, and you will know just how he looked when he said that—somber-eyed, mouth a-quiver, hands making futile, pathetic gestures. I admit it—when Charles Ray looks like that, it gets me—hard.

At that time I was still buttonholing perfect strangers on the street to ask them if they had seen The Girl I Loved, and to rave about it. I don't think I have ever seen a pic-
ture which affected my emotions so strongly as did that superb film romance. (Continued on page 97)
Sing a song of sideburns,
Periwigs and curls
On dapper darlings of the screen
To palpitate the girls.
But when the barber does his stuff
And clips 'em to the part
He just unpeels a bunch of seals
Who've got more hair than art.

THOUGH sweltering July is drawing a bead on
brows the flippant and fancy-free filmland-lubbers
are still wearing their mad March hair.
It's enough to make anyone sing a song of
sideburns. Even Hollywood barbers have become quite
Ben Hechtic since the boys who think Babe Ruth is just
another movie kid began to favor felt-work on their jowls.
One cannot much blame them, for the invasion of hair
upon the faces of the filmy famous threatens to make hair
cutting a lost art in Hollywood.
The penchant of producers for ten-reelers in which leading
men can clatter around in tin pants has made it rank
heresy for anyone to make cutting remarks about the
hair-do of heroes. They want their heroes well thatched and
so the sweepers in Hollywood salons du shave aren't getting
much these days.
Of course the polls of the pretty picture playboys are
not allowed to proliferate primitively.
Occasionally they allow the head-barber to screw a
jeweler's eye-glass into his glim and clip about a bit—but
never promiscuously. More than just a clip off about
the cost collar and he might cut the languorous lads out
of six weeks' work.
And lately, since the pirate pictures like The Sea Hawk
were in the making, sideburns have crept so insidiously
Song of BURNS

Decorations
By Kliz

into beards that the unwary one, unwise to the ways of Hollywood, cantering up and down the Boulevard, thinks that the headquarters of the House of David have been transported from Michigan to Southern California.

There seems to be no reason for the camerads' preference for the uncut both in beards and in polls except in the case of Cecil B. DeMille who, were it not for his sideburns, would be quite undressed. His poll is as bare as the back of one of his heroines.

Samson, the Biblical gate-crasher, or Joe Martin, Universal simian, no doubt gave producers the idea that hair would strengthen pictures immeasurably. Chesty try-outs met with dubious success since the masculine wish-bone is not a thing of beauty.

Uncurbed hair on the head and face then had its inning or rather its outing although it is not yet out. It has swept over us like a permanent wave.

I doubt if hair-stuffed pictures have caused exhibitors to put grease-cups on their cash-registers. The lasses of Adenoldia could not thrill to a face like a sea-weed bath-mit.

At the time when the boys were posing for stills with coat collars turned up, caps pulled down, and lighting cigarettes, side-burns were fifty per cent of the props of a screen butler. Now sideburns are the ham-coefficient of Hollywood—the more hair the hammer.

The hair-doux of Hollywood heroes may be classed as sinful and synthetic, docks and orthodox.

A sinful hair-do is one that deceives. Wigs, toupees, rats, switches, and transformations are not sinful since they deceive no-one.

Robert Warwick is the most sinful of deceivers in matters hirsute. When he was out here sometime ago working with Norma Talmadge his lionine mane was the marvel of the Montmarte until he stepped in front of a wind-machine. Then, alas, he was exposed, plenty of him. The blast of the machine-made breeze revealed that his hair-dress was a matter of training. Across a broad (Continued on page 102)
By Grace Kingsley

This is a series of untold stories of the stars—of their heroic sacrifices, and their good sportsmanship. After you have read this article, you will know the meaning of the words, "a good trouper".

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER said: "The actors' motto is 'Meet 'em with a smile, leave 'em and smile when you say good-bye.'" And the players live up to it. Many is the actor I've seen whose heart I knew to be breaking, yet who put up a gay smile to hide his tragedy.

You hear often of the clown who goes out on the stage and smiles and smiles when his heart is breaking. But it's in private life I'm talking about, as well as when the actor is before the public, that he shows the brave stuff he's made of.

A certain great feminine star was engaged to another great star. The engagement was broken, and so, say those who know, was the lady's heart. But the world never saw it. She went to cafes and smiled on other men; she laughed, flirted and danced, especially one evening when she saw her former fiance in company with

Hobart Bosworth left the theatre "to die in the movies."
and apparently devoted to another woman. But her maid
says that she cried all night! And there are those who
say that the great actress will never really love another
man!

Bill Desmond Faces Death

When Bill Desmond was injured in making a picture,
and was brought home nearly dead his wife, Mary
Desmond, cared for him all through the night, and greeted
him with a smile when he came to. Of course, the first
thing that Bill wanted to know when he came to himself
was whether he would be disfigured, whether he would
have to give up acting for good. His physicians were
in grave doubts. It wasn't even certain he would live,
and on this question he insisted on learning, if possible,
the truth.

"Oh, well," said Bill, with a brave smile at his wife.
"I never did like those games that you have to die to win,
but I'm glad now I've got that insurance for you and
the baby!"

Afterward, when it was thought that he might be per-
manently incapacitated for work, and the doctors told
him so, he merely turned his head away for a minute,
then looked up and asked: "Doc, do you think I could
ever learn to knit? And I should just love one of those
high-power roll-chairs?"

So he smiled away his whole career!

Shirley Mason adored her husband, Bernard Durning.
The two were pals inseparable. He passed away, and
it was thought by Shirley's friends that she would lose
her reason. But she was quiet in her grief.
She troubled no one with it. She managed
a brave smile when anybody came near
her. She came home to California to the
house that he and (Continued on page 86)

Jane Novak who rescued her
leading man in a recent
picture.

Bebe Daniels who was
at death's door in a
hospital in New York.
NOW that the annual Harvard prize has been bestowed upon Dorothy Heyward's Nancy Ann, we may daily look for the news that this year's Pulitzer prize has been given to the author of Only A Boy. I have always wondered by what processes of mind prizes are awarded in these various competitions, and with every passing year the mystery deepens. My staff of experts, working in double shifts, has figured out that in something like three hundred prize contests held during the last three years—contests embracing novels, plays and short stories—nine-tenth of the compositions decorated with the grand prize have possessed approximately as much merit as a tin handkerchief. The average play, in particular, that has some sort of medal pinned on it, pretty generally turns out to be a charmingly sour affair. And Nancy Ann is anything but an exception to the rule.

In all probability, this Nancy Ann was awarded the blue ribbon of the first class because it happened to be the best among an exceptionally poor lot of entries. If this is the case, the committee of judges should make a statement to that effect, since otherwise their silence, combined with the play to which they have given the prize, leads us to believe that they are, to put it very politely, in need of keepers. Anyone who would seriously award a prize in the name of one of America's greatest universities to a manuscript like that of Miss Heyward's him two degrees south of his hat. Nancy Ann is machine-made stuff, naive, lifeless, amateurish. If this is the kind of thing Professor George Pierce Baker is teaching his classes to write, God help the future of the American drama! Lend an ear, if you will, to the plot:

A fashionable debutante, who is in love with an actor-manager whom she has never met but has sent her his picture, sneaks away from her home on the night of her coming out party and decides to take up a stage career. She goes around to see her idol, the actor-manager, the next afternoon and not only gets a good part in one of his plays—though she has never had any actual acting experience—but wins a proposal of marriage from him, which she promptly accepts. She gets the part and the proposal of marriage, incidentally, all in the space of two hours' time, although, as I have said, she has never smelled grease-paint and although the actor-manager has known her for only about one hundred minutes.

Now, it is quite true that plots noticeably worse have been made into entertaining plays by gifted dramatists, but La Heyward, unfortunately, in the matter of gifts very much resembles a poor-house at Yuletide. She elaborates this plot of hers with no ingenuity, no sound comedy, no imagination, no decorative skill. And the result is the master-
By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

piece upon which a gold medal has been clasped in the name of Harvard!

Francine Larrimore is the star of the occasion. She is still possessed of all the faults with which she began her acting career, but they do not stand in the way of a fetching performance. An anomaly, this Larrimore. She does three-quarters of the things she has to do in the wrong way, but she is generally an interesting stage figure none the less. In her own small way, she provides a successful refutation of what certain of my colleagues know as the art of acting.

Across The Street, by Richard A. Purdy is also a prize winner, having been given the purse of three thousand dollars as the best Chautauqua play. It has all the remarkable quality of the Harvard prize play. In theme and method, the exhibit harks back to the early days of George M. Cohan, the days when, following the estimable Giorgio's lead, half of the playwrights along Broadway were writing pieces in which two-by-four country stores were miraculously transformed into emporiums covering three city blocks in the last act, in which worthless young cigarette-smokers from the big city were converted into successful captains of industry by the pure country air and some kindly gray-haired old actresses' peach jam, and in which the final curtain descended upon the spectacle of the erstwhile yokels in full evening swallow-tail full dress suits gathered in front of a backdrop painted up to represent the new million dollar city hall. Almost all of the familiar old materials are in the opus, but they lack the M. Cohan's touch to give them life. All that Purdy has been able to do with them is to shove them out onto the stage and let them cast for themselves. This they do not manage to do. And what we get, accordingly, is nothing but a George Cohan play of the vintage of 1908 written by a man who does not know how to write such a play.

The company assembled to recite Across the Street, is headed by Robert Emmett Keane, imitator of George Cohan No. 7862, and includes some young ladies and gentlemen whose talents apparently do not include acting.

Eugene O'Neill's Welded is already in the storehouse. Paradoxically enough, it was a poor play. Whenever the gifted O'Neill delivers himself of a Strindberg imitation, he runs on the rocks. Welded was such an imitation, as was The First Man before it.

The trouble with Welded was that it so exaggerated its theme that it took on a ridiculous (Continued on page 92)
\textbf{ANITA}

\textit{A Her real life story told here for the first time.}

By Barry Vannon

I t is very still. The climax of the picture has come—
the big fight scene.
The two girls in the fifth row, center, stop eating
their candy. The kid in the balcony is hushed. The
music's ceased to trouble, and the ushers are at rest.
The hero is in the ring, the light-weight champion. He
has been drugged; and he has lost the girl he loves. The
British challenger is merciless. Again and again he knocks
the Yankee to the canvas floor.
And the hero doesn't care. That is the tragedy of it.
He fights bravely, desperately, against tremendous odds—
but he fights without hope, and without ambition.
The effects of the drug are slowly working out of him
through the violence of his efforts. But the hurt in his
heart—there is no curing that.
But wait—the girl is there by the ringside, watching—
wincing at every blow that strikes her lover, weeping bit-
terly. She rushes to his corner at the end of the round,
shoving trainers and seconds and manager aside. She
whispers in her lover's ear. Nothing matters now except
their love.
Tears have wet the cheeks of the girls in the fifth row
center. A bald headed man down front mops his face and
hopes nobody is noticing him.
"Isn't she wonderful? Don't ya wish you was her,
Harriet?"
"Yeah. Don't you? But if I had her looks you'd never
catch me bawling like that! Pretty soft for her."
Yes, it is nice to be Anita Stewart. It is nice to be
beautiful, and rich and young, and a moving picture actress.
Nothing to do but ride in her own motor
car, live in a beautiful house, or in a suite
at the best hotel in town, buy all the gowns
and hats she likes, and play in the movies
when there's nothing else to do.
How wonderful her life must be!
Do you really think so?

\textit{An Unusual Star.}

A nita Stewart is an unusual star.
She had no difficulty getting into the
moving pictures. She has gone steadily up-
wards. She has been married, and though
she does not live with her husband, she has
never been divorced.
She has not let success turn her pretty
head. She has money but she does not squander it. She has never learned to ap-
preciate an off-color story. And she neither
smokes nor drinks.
She has everything that women want, it
seems. But do you think she is happier
than you?
Wait.
Anita was born in Brooklyn and has
made that town more famous than has
the Brooklyn bridge. Of course she had
to leave it first. But then, so did the
bridge.
She finished grammar school—and a com-
prehensive course of the eastern studios at
the same time. Girls will be girls. And
she went a year to Erasmus Hall. That is,
it was a year from the time she started to
the hall until the principal asked her
whether she wanted to make something of
herself or to be a picture star.
Anita's sister, Lucille, was the wife of Ralph Ince, and a moving picture actress. And Anita was always playing hookey and running to the Vitagraph studio and getting in the camera's eye.

Those were the days when Edith Storey and Rosemary Theby and Clara Kimball Young were the big stars, and Mabel Normand and Norma Talmadge and many others were classed as "atmosphere."

There really wasn't much work to do, and Anita wanted to work. Norma was posing for illustrated slides. You know, the slides that are thrown on the screen, pictures illustrating the words of the popular song the fat tenor is singing.

Anita wanted to get into that business too. It paid well, better than the movies. She asked Norma. And Norma was nice about it.

"You are lucky, little girl," the doctors said one day. "You are going to live. But you must rest for six months!"

Six months!

She herself might afford to stay out of pictures for half a year; but the money invested in her picture could not.

"You must come back," they told her. "The leaves are falling now. You must come back. Don't you know you must walk through the falling" (Continued on page 88)

Anita Meets Norma Talmadge.

She loaned Anita a little yellow dress trimmed in swansdown, and told her where to go and whom to see. Whether it was the dress that did the trick or not, Anita got the job.

Anita and Norma met in Hollywood recently. Both were dressed in evening gowns that cost them hundreds of dollars. Both had ermine wraps, and diamonds that hurt the naked eye. And they talked about how happy they were in that cheap little yellow dress.

Anita was fourteen years old when she made her first picture. It was called The Wood Violet.

It was through Ralph Ince and her sister, Lucille, that she got the part.

Ralph showed the script to Lucille.

"It's the very rottenest story I've ever read," he said.

"Then why not let Anita play it?" Lucille asked. "It's a cinch she couldn't spoil it."

Anita left Brooklyn for the first time in her life, taking boat and train to Saratoga. And, contrary to everybody's expectations, the picture was a great success. Anita became a star.

Oh yes, it was easy for Anita. If your brother-in-law was a director, you too—eh?

Anita was a star of stars before she had reached the age of seventeen. And she was making the biggest picture of her career, The Girl Philippa.

It was then she was stricken with typhoid fever, and for weeks they believed she was dying. The picture had to be abandoned while she lay in bed.

It meant the loss of much money to the company, actors staying idle while their pay went on, the delaying of other productions, the paying of added interest as the days went by.

Anita Stewart, as she is today.
GENTLE reader, shed a tear for the poor film cutter. There are charitable souls in Hollywood who can be induced to admit that perhaps Benedict Arnold was not understood, that the Kaiser had his good points, that Grover Bergdoll might have enlisted if he hadn't suffered from flat feet or that maybe Doheny owed Fall that hundred thousand. But never yet has been discovered in screenland's capitol one who has had a kind word for the chap who cuts the pictures.

The cutter is about as popular as an umpire who has just called a third strike in the last of the ninth with the bases full and the home team a run behind.

If you would know what chance a cutter—any cutter—has of winning a popularity contest, ask the star, whose close-ups have been pared down to endurable length. Ask the director, whose orgy-scene has been made censor-proof. Or ask, if you have taken the precaution of stopping your ears with cotton, the little extra girl who acted and acted and acted, only to find herself cut entirely out of the picture. Just ask them!

But though he will probably never be presented with an elegant stem-winding watch with a hunting scene engraved on the case as a testimonial of esteem from his grateful co-workers of the Artists' Union, the cutter is responsible for much of the success of pictures that you, the public, consider good. And many of the bad ones would have been a whole lot worse if it had not been for the cutter and his trusty shears.

During the weeks that a picture is being shot, the carefree cutter flits about the lot with a dolce far niente air; he toils not, neither does he spin. But when the last reel of film is turned over to the cutting department, then does the cutter emulate the little busy bee and by his industry maketh the ant to look like unto the sluggard, for he toilth by day and by night and union hours are as naught. For many, many of the producer's dollars are tied up in those rolls of film, and the sooner the picture is released and begins bringing back a portion of those dollars, the sooner the producer will lose that haunted look and take an interest in his meals once more.
Bowed by responsibilities he leans
Upon his shears and gazes at the film,
With threats of countless censors at his back,
He cuts the stars’ long kisses to a flash.

—With apologies to Edward Markham’s famous poem
The Man with the Hoe.

The fans who sit in the orchestra chairs probably know little about the actual work of preparing the film, after the action has been shot. The process is much the same as that which your kodak films undergo; the exposed film is developed and dried. From this negative a print is made. The print, or positive, is in turn developed and dried, and it is this positive with which the cutters work in the beginning.

How Scenes are Shot

The scenes of any picture, whether it be a dramatic eight-reel feature or a two-reel comedy, are never shot in sequence. Perhaps all the interiors are shot first, or all the scenes in which a certain actor appears, in case that actor is hired for only a short time. The film, when turned over to the cutter, is a seemingly incomprehensible mass of film, without beginning or end, rhyme or reason. There are several shots of each scene, called “takes.” In dramatic features, each take is numbered, the corresponding numbers being marked on the script, so that the cutter is aided to some extent in piecing that apparently unrelated mass of footage into a coherent story.

But in comedies, often no script is used. A slap-stick comedy, such as Mack Sennett turns out, is usually a sequence of “gags.” It is the cutter’s duty to put these “gags” together in the smoothest possible fashion, to switch them around, to cut and prune and perform all manner of mutilation upon them, so that the maximum of laughs may be injected into a minimum of space.

There is more to this than meets the eye.

How the Cutter Works

The best of each set of “takes” must be selected. The scenes must be matched perfectly. If one “take” shows a gentleman in a morning coat about to receive a custard pie in the mustache area, it is a breach of professional etiquette for the next scene to show the gentleman wearing golf togs, for instance. The least error will smite the eye as forcibly as a fly in a jug of cream.

When the positive has been pieced together in the form considered by the cutter to be the most logical one he calls in the director. After the director has said his piece, when the film has been pieced and (Continued on page 82)
A
Shingled
STAR
By
Sydney Valentine

Q. Alice Joyce and her two daughters, Peggy and Alice Mary Moore.

It was just like a scene in a domestic drama. The set was in the best of taste—it must have been a Fitzmaurice picture. The sun streamed through the windows facing Park Avenue, and touched the silver-framed photograph on the grand piano—the photograph of a handsome man. There were books about—and a good etching or two. But the whole had an unsettled air, strangely foreign to the comfortable, conservative domesticity. Maids were scurrying to and fro, arms filled with frilly silken things. A French door opened into another room, which seemed crammed with open trunks. And wandering around, rather pathetic and alone in this scramble of servants, was a baby—a three year old, a beautiful little thing, who looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

A busy maid thrust a woolly lamb at her. At least she was not entirely forgotten. Someone cared about her—thank Heaven! Just another evidence of the decay of the modern home. This tiny mite left to find her own salvation. Where was her mother? Where?

Ah! The door opens—an exquisite creature rushes in. She flings off her hat. She snatches up the child. “My baby!” she cries. She runs a jeweled hand through the mop of hair. She kisses the rosy mouth. “How I hate to leave you!”

Of course! I might have known. The trunks—the maids, packing—the lonely baby—the picture in the silver-frame! Just another modern mother; just another child left to the mercy of unsympathetic nurses. But what’s that she’s saying?

“And look, Peggy!” She’s shaking her head. “Look—how do you like mother’s hair?”

“Pitty,” said the child, nodding approval of the woman’s close-cropped tresses. She was snatched up for an ecstatic hug. And then her mother turned.

“Why, I didn’t know we had an audience!” she laughed.

“I just dashed down to the hair-dresser’s for a final shingle before sailing. I didn’t want to leave the children even for an hour. How I’ll miss them—but it’s only for a few weeks, and they will probably get along very well—I have such a good governess for them. Peggy, make your bow.”

The child—how could I have believed her heart was breaking—curtseyed and rattled off a Gallic greeting. She sidled to her mother and whispered something.

“I almost forgot!” was the answer. “Here, dear—I did promise you, didn’t I?” Peggy scampered away clutching in her chubby fists a vanity case, complete with rouge and lip-stick.

Alice Joyce—for she is Our Heroine, as you have guessed—turned to me again. “While she had tonsilitis she tired of all her toys and coaxed me to let her play with my make-up box. She was so enamored of it I promised to get her one of her own—bless her heart!”

The telephone rang. It was for her. “Hello, dear,” she answered. “Why, yes, I know without looking it up—just my rings, and my pearls, and a pin or two—no bracelets. Yes, dear. Good-bye.”

“That was my husband,” she said, returning. “He said they wanted to know what jewels I was taking to Europe with me. Sounds funny, calling my few little things jewels.”

Peggy returned, looking like herself on one side of her face and like a circus clown on the other. “Now, now,” she was reproved. “Go to nurse and tell her to wash it right off. But what could I expect?” she smiled.
When Alice Joyce changed her coiffure she also changed her mind. She decided to stage a come-back to the screen. For a year after she made The Green Goddess with George Arliss she had a dozen roles, but she turned them all down. One of them was the part which Dorothy Mackaill took in His Children’s Children. Do you think she did right?

If you think of Alice Joyce as the original of that well-known song about the lady of the same name who trembled with fear when he gave her a frown and swooned with delight at his smile, or words and music to that effect, change your mind. She is suave and self-possessed and didn’t even ask her husband’s permission before she had her hair cut. Isn’t that proof that this wife lives her own life? James Regan, Jr., sighed and said: “Oh, Alice, your beautiful hair!” when he saw what a Frenchman’s shears had done to his wife. But Alice’s hair is still bobbed.

When Alice changed her coiffure she also changed her mind. She decided to stage a come-back to the screen. For a year after she made The Green Goddess with George Arliss she had a dozen roles, but she turned them all down. One of them was the part which Dorothy Mackaill took in His Children’s Children. Do you think she did right?

“It is nice to be independent and not act until you feel just in the mood,” she remarked. “But lately I made up my mind to take what they give me to play—anything, to get back into pictures again. I didn’t like myself much in the Arliss picture, although I enjoyed working with him. But I feel I wasn’t given good lighting. My face is round and not easy to photograph; but here I was going back after a long absence and I didn’t want the cameraman to think I was trying to tell him his business, so I said nothing.”

I reminded her that this would surprise the people who used to think her temperamental when she was a Vitagraph star.

“I know it. I have changed a great deal. I used to have fits of temper—not often, but rather fiery while they lasted. Now I think twice before I slam a door or bang a receiver. I find myself more considerate, and I believe it’s raising a family that’s done it for me. A mother can’t give way to temper if she expects her children to be well-behaved; and I have great hopes for mine—”

“Oh, mother!” It was a bigger girl this time—Alice Mary Moore, one of the first famous motion picture babies, whose father is Tom, brother of Matt and Owen. She has her dad’s eyes and smile—an ingratiating feminine edition.

“Oh, mother!”

“Yes, dear?”

“I’d like to go out with my skates if I may.”

“With whom?”

“Oh—with Mary, and Jack—”

“Is Jack the boy I saw yesterday? Well, run along, dear. But stay around here because I want you later. And Alice—what do you think? Mrs. Blank was at the hairdresser’s having her hair cut. How will she look?”

Alice considered gravely. “Well, it won’t be as becoming to her as it is to you, mother. She’s too fat.”

Alice went along with her mother when the Joyce shingle was achieved and wanted a shingle for herself so much she couldn’t be consolèd for days.

Where were we? I’m not thrilled a bit about going abroad for the first time—probably because I’m leaving my husband and the family. I don’t know much about my part in The Passionate Adventurer except that it calls for three evening gowns, a street costume and several negligees. But it will be good to be at work again, because I really didn’t have enough to do.”

That’s what she said, really. I didn’t contradict her because I didn’t know then what her best friend, Anna Q. Nilsson, told me a few days (Continued on page 105)
With the
LOCATION MAN
By Helen Starr

The location man is a professional borrower. He must combine diplomacy with refined begging and keep the nerve of a brass monkey in reserve for an emergency. He has to find exteriors typical of China, India, England or France on short notice. Now that we realize California's facility in impersonating every part of the globe, we wonder why those nice old gentlemen who used to sell travel views for our parlor tables thirty years ago didn't save steamship fare and fake the stuff at home!

An ambitious scenario writer begins "New York was in the throws of early spring." Just where would you go to find a scene representing the throws? Some of the problems put up to the location man are about as puzzling as that. He must know where the companies can use a stone quarry on short notice, a summer cottage, a sandy waste, a coal mine, a lighthouse, a river or a high stone wall. With his pockets sometimes bulging with the manuscripts of as many as ten scenarios at a time, he travels some two hundred miles a day to find the necessary scenes.

Amateur writers and very great authors have one fault in common—they spare nothing in the way of expenditure for sets and let their imaginations run quite utterly wild when it comes to scenery that is hard to find. Most studios keep an enormous card file with information about all sorts of buildings and locations. A photograph of the location is pasted on each card in the file. They look like this.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Photo of Address</th>
<th>Place Owner</th>
<th>Quickest route to reach place</th>
<th>Cost of rental if any</th>
<th>Details about the place of value to director</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

There is one file for homes, small and large, another for stores, another for churches and so on. A large map of Los Angeles hangs on the wall of most of these location rooms, as well as a map of the county and another of southern California on the adjoining walls. The maps are covered with thumb tacks which are numbered and each number refers to one of the location cards in the file. One of the large
western railroads keeps a room in its Los Angeles office for the use of location men. In this room, hundreds of pictures showing scenic points along the route are on file with information about accommodations for picture companies. The railroads will often stop a limited train, give the use of a Pullman or observation car for scenes or provide flat cars when the occasion demands, but if any of their cars are to be used for a movie railroad wreck, they are quite insistent about disguising the name of their line.

**Directors Love to Travel**

All directors and companies love to travel. The mice breathe more freely when miles away from the studio cat. However, choosing a story with settings in Vancouver or Havana doesn’t always insure light wine with meals, for the production office may decide that the whole thing can be shot out on the “back lot.” Every studio has a back lot where they keep English or French streets, a small western town and other ready-built locations typical of climes far removed. One company even owns some railroad tracks and stations on their back lot as well as a lake and sailing craft. The words “stage door” painted on the entrance to the studio lab. may save many companies a trip downtown. Other doors about the plant are marked “post-office,” “grocery,” etc. The L. M. who saves money for the boss knows that every time a location about the studio is used, just so many auto rides and sandwiches are saved.

The L. M. has lots of dealings with millionaires. This is interesting up to the point where the L. M. is informed that certain actors trampled the flower beds and dabbled in the goldfish pond. Sometimes the company are informed that this is their last visit to the estate. The diplomatic L. M. can usually manage to pay for the damage and keep the millionaire in an expectant mood for further visits. The clerk of each acting company keeps a tipping sheet. If servants about the place have been put to some trouble, they receive their bit. A tipping sheet looks like this:

(Continued on page 80)
Elliott
Dexter
A Gallant Actor
Quits the Screen
By Vivian Victor

The passing of a romantic figure is always an occasion for regret, for reminiscent recitals of triumphs that are past, for the figurative laying of bays on the bier of the departed.

Hollywood is wondering, a bit sadly, if the departure of Elliott Dexter into vaudeville marks the beginning of the end of the career of a great screen lover.

Elliott Dexter is not growing younger with the years. He has lived a full life; the record of his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and indulgences are etched upon his handsome face. Though still a gallant and a graceful figure, his hair is silvered at the temples. A wracking illness left a limp, as memento of hours of pain and helplessness.

When a screen player, no longer in his first youth, leaves an old and established film company to enter the fold of a young independent producing company, the act is significant in Hollywood. There were lifted eyebrows when Elliott Dexter finished a long and successful service with Paramount and signed with a new and obscure company. There were more lifted eyebrows and some "I told you so's" when, a few months later, the company ceased production. Elliott Dexter and several other stars of famous names and long—too long—years of service found time on their hands. Dexter went to New York, worked up a little act and took it into vaudeville.

The critics spoke kindly of the star but depreciatingly of the skit. "Flimsy," they called it; "a dull and moony dialog." Dexter's pleasing dignity and his obvious thorough mastery of his craft could not save the weak and inadequate vehicle.

Elliott Dexter somehow fell, early in his screen career, into secondary male roles. Many a handsome, lovable chap like Wally Reid walked off with the girl, while Elliott Dexter was left to smoke his pipe and dream of the might-have-been. Somehow life seems to have treated Dexter much the same way. The juiciest plums have never come his way, except that notable instance when Cecil DeMille allowed him to get Gloria Swanson in Something to Think About—and Elliott only got her after Monte Blue had first won her. Dexter has always been the patient, kindly, big-brother man whom the fires of youth have passed by. The audience has always loved him, but has never been excited about him. One is so seldom excited about good, patient people—the salt of the earth. It is the paprika that we remember—and ask for. The salt is always supplied, as a matter-of-course!

In real life, however, Dexter "got the girl." He is, so far as the world knows, happily married to Nina Untermeyer, who was an extremely wealthy widow and society leader at the time Dexter married her. The ceremony was performed in the home of Cecil DeMille, one of the trinity of gods at Famous Players-Lasky. Now Dexter has no contract with Lasky—only memories of good parts, but few highlights.

So far as can be learned, Elliott Dexter has signed no contracts to return to pictures. Perhaps he does not wish to return. Perhaps he has learned already the bitter truth that "The plaudits of the world are as fickle as a woman's whim." We hope he comes back to the screen. But if he has left us for good, this be his epitaph: "A fine actor, a stirring lover, a very kindly gentleman."
Sitting
Pretty
That's what
Ray Griffith
is doing now
says
Lucille Larrimer

CHEERING for the villain at the movies
is right in a class with rooting for the
bull at our Spanish cousins’ favorite
sport. It isn't done by people who
know. But whenever Raymond Griffith plays
a “heavy” role, I'm always hoping for once in
a way that the gent with the mustache will win
the gal. And occasionally, when a director lets
Griffith be the hero who clasps the heroine to his
manly breast in the sixth reel, why then I get
all set to tear up the seats, along with the
gallery-gods. I'd whistle through my teeth if I
could.

You may gather from this that I approve
of Raymond Griffith as an actor.

If I weren't afraid of making you turn the page
hurriedly to the next story, I'd tell you that
there was a moral in the tale of Ray Griffith's life.
But being well aware that morals, like spinach
and castor oil and other things that are good for
you, are awfully hard to take, I'm not going to
mention it at all. I'll just say artlessly that Ray
Griffith doesn't look like a Pollyanna, does he?

After giving him Boston for his birthplace,
Fate set out to make up for it by smiling upon his
career. The stage claimed him immediately after
his graduation from St. Anselm's College in New Hampshire.
He had a taste of every form of dramatic endeavor, musical
comedy, straight drama, pantomime and even a colorful ex-
perience with Barnum & Bailey's circus. He was a born actor,
with a flair for comedy. His irresistible humor “got over”
enormously. And then, after smiling upon him for years,
the fickle jade, Fate, played him a low tick. He lost his
voice. He became the whispering actor.

Now an actor minus his voice seemed about as good an
insurance risk as a pianist without arms. The future looked
black. But Griffith had more than one string to his bow.
He packed his troubles in his old kit-bag and caught the
first train for Hollywood, where voices don't mean so much.

Ray Griffith, the whispering actor of Hollywood who made
good in the movies without a voice.

He offered the privilege of his services to those pioneer
companies of screenland, Kalem, Keystone and Triangle.
When he could get a part, he acted. When he couldn't, he
took his trusty typewriter in his lap and wrote scenarios.
Many of Mack Sennett's most hilarious pie-dramas were
from Griffith's ingenious brain. He thought up "gags," too.

But the cry for new faces brought Griffith out.
The public was tiring of Arrow-collar males. A
marvel wave and cupid bow lips were no longer the
 sine qua non of dramatic success. Personality was the
watchword, and Griffith simply oozed personality. That
enterprising young director named Marshall Neilan, who
can spot an actor as far as he (Continued on page 91)
By Alice Anesely

Sketches By Benito

If in the spring a young man’s fancy turns to thoughts of love, in the summer his fancy will most probably turn to thoughts of the beauties of the beach. So all wise maidens knowing this direct their attentions to les costumes de bain or as we say in American, to swimming suits. There are few better ways to observe and learn about the possibilities of effective bathing costumes than to study those chosen by the so-called bathing beauties of Screenland. From the successful graduates of Mr. Sennett’s school for bathing girls one may take excellent ideas about the way to be both decorative and comfortable when the mercury hits ninety-three. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost, both so exceptional at pleasing the eye that they have progressed far beyond the Sennett Comedy ranks, furnish important fashion forecasts as to what the well dressed beach beauty will wear. Then there is Annette Kellerman. Everybody knows what Miss Kellerman stands for in the way of plain and fancy diving and all around knock-out form. And for the coming queens of the beach—those who still prefer sand piles and shallow pools—Baby Peggy is my model. All of these stars know the art of beach dressing. With the possible exception of the one last mentioned they have had years of practice. Therefore, let us see just how they do it.

Annette Kellerman, so well recognized as queen of all swimmers that bathing suits are named for her, is Exhibit A. In a new picture just being released you may see her wearing the very costume I describe here. The picture is called Venus of the South Seas. Miss Kellerman knows that beauty in swimming depends on grace, and that grace depends upon free and unhampered movement. Consequently she has always worn the knitted one piece suit that has at last been adopted by even the most conservative and proper people. Of course, the original one piece suit called by her name was a little severe for those of us who cannot quite measure up, or rather down, to Miss Kellerman’s standards of perfect form. Then too, police regulations are sometimes annoying even though misguided, so the original Kellerman suit had to be modified by the addition of a short skirt. The one piece suit that now bears her name meets the demands both for less trying lines and for beach rules. It has a skirt and is called the Annette Kellerman “two-in-one” bathing suit. Since
she is the Queen of all bathing beauties she naturally chooses this suit in heavy knitted silk. The silk suits are horribly expensive, of course, but when one is blessed with a figure like Miss Kellerman's, expense is no consideration. Even when one hasn't a figure like hers a silk suit of this kind will go a long way toward making the world think one has. It is the subtle difference between the silk clad ankle and the one with a cotton or wool covering. On a suit of material of this intrinsic beauty no other trimming than a contrasting band at the hem is necessary.

Graduates of the Sennett School.

But of course it isn't essential that one be expensive and opulent in silk to cut an engaging figure on the beach. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost prove this clearly enough by choosing the wool jersey suits shown in the illustration. Undoubtedly knowing what to wear to enhance their charms had a lot to do with their rise to fortune. It usually has, you know. Miss Haver's choice, the suit of finely plaided wool jersey is certainly new and distinctive enough to satisfy the most exacting fashion fan. It has a belt too—a detail that aside from being very smart, makes a one piece suit much easier to wear. The cap that is shown with this suit is a wrap turban—quite the most ultra thing in beach millinery. The particular points about the suit that Marie Prevost wears to set off her charms are its brilliant coloring and novel white button trim. The necklines of these two models illustrate the two newest shapes that necklines may take, the modified square and the V.
New York, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Throop, formerly Miss Ruby De Reymer.

Chicago, Ill. Arthur Hammerstein with his bride, Dorothy Dalton, who were recently married here.

Our Own News Reel

Culver City, Calif. Harold Lloyd practices to enter the national amateur handball tournament at Los Angeles.

Paris, France. — Little Jeanneau Torry, France's three year old screen wonder. He's just one inch shorter than the police dog.

Los Angeles, California. — Alice Lake receiving congratulations by Police Judge James Hope on her marriage to Robert Williams, the screen actor. At the left are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney who acted as best man and bridesmaid.
The man who finished Firpo takes a flyer in the movies

Right—Here we have Jack, the tiger man, made up as a bad man of Mexico. I wonder what Firpo would have done if he had caught him in this kind of a rig out. Now that Dempsey has had this rough training he will be able to meet challengers from all parts of the world in the proper costume.

Below—"Salt Lake City's Slugger" makes up as one of "New York's finest."

Below—Talk about tough! How would you like to meet this up a dark alley with a gold watch in one of your pockets and a roll of bills in the other?
The Listening

By Our Star Contributor

Screenland. A Sayings and Doings in Screenland from Coast to Coast.

Staged a little super-production with a real all-star cast. The invitations called it a house-warming, or rather an office-warming; and every eastern star was invited to be there. I was so pleased with my own invitation, a clever card designed by Kiz, one of Screenland’s distinguished staff, that I pasted it in my scrapbook; and more than one of my brother and sister-stars did the same thing with theirs. It was a great success—I never saw so many important and interesting people at one tea before. Besides motion picture celebrities there were well known stage stars, writers, artists, and press agents, all having the time of their lives.

Anna Q. Nilson and Alma Rubens Present

As we came up to the new offices, Myron Zobel and his staff were there to welcome us, and to ask us to sign a guest book. Alma Rubens and her mother signed first—and under “remarks” Alma wrote, “We film stars should be seen and not heard,” which isn’t always true—certainly not in Alma’s case. The decorative Rubens was asked to pose her brunette beauty—which was set off by a smart black gown with a dash of cerise—against the artistic background of the office reception room—which doesn’t look in the least like an office with its shaded lights, mirrors, and comfortable chairs—and do a little hand-shaking. She joined the staff in greeting the guests, but after a while Anna Nilson arrived to relieve her, just in time to save Alma’s right hand which she finds almost indispensable in autographing her fan pictures—yes, some of us really do it ourselves! It was Anna Q.’s farewell appearance before leaving for California, and she was a centre of attraction in her new tailleur and little hat which almost, but not quite concealed her boyish bob.

Hope Hampton Arrives

The magazine turned over an entire floor, in holiday dress, to its guests—fortunately, because everyone had such a good time and showed no desire to rush away. There was Hope Hampton and her manager-husband, Jules Brulatour,

Screenland’s guests gather on the roof to have their pictures taken. Reading from left to right: Queenie Smith, Hope Hampton, Isabel Leighton, Anna Q. Nilson, Myron Zobel and Alma Rubens.
Post

just back from a trip around the world. Hope was wearing a French creation of black satin with pink feather collar, cuffs and buttons—it sounds weird but it set off Hope's gorgeous red hair and blue eyes to perfection. I couldn't help being a bit envious as I stared rudely at her pearls—said to be the largest and costliest Paris could offer; Irene Castle's is the only necklace to rival it. Hope started to tell me about the sheik who demanded that Jules sell her for $50,000, but a newspaper man swooped down on her and carried her off for tea.

Richard Dix Idol of Follies

A group of Follies beauties, including Fern Oakley, were wondering when Richard Dix was to arrive. Richard has been rather elusive of late; he had been working desperately hard until all hours finishing *Unguarded Women*, Alan Crossland's production with Bebe Daniels; and tired of being disturbed in the little time he had to rest in, moved from his hotel to Long Island without divulging his whereabouts, even

A jolly group of merry-makers at Screenland's party. You may recognize Miss Dagmar Godowsky, Mr. Myron Zobel, Miss Alma Rubens, Mrs. Rubens, Klez, Mr. Herbert Crooker, Miss Regina Cannon, Mr. Ralph Rossier and Mr. William J. Delaney.
Herbert Brenon There Too

Herbert Brenon was hard at work finishing up The Mountebank at the Famous Players Long Island studio, but he dropped everything to come. He is quite charming enough to be a matinee idol himself. A star who worked for him told me once he was temperamental, but he never displays it outside the studio. Besides, a little temperament sometimes relieves a most monotonous day on the set! Mr. Brenon is soon to do Peter Pan, you know; and can’t wait to get to work. I wanted to ask him if Samuel Goldwyn was going to play Peter but thought better of it. One of the innumerable actresses seriously spoken of as a possible candidate for the Barrie role was present, too—Gertrude Bryan. She’s never done pictures, but has shone in musical comedy. Miss Bryan was the star of Little Boy Blue some years ago when she married a millionaire and became a smart Long Island hostess. She came back this season in Sitting Pretty, in which clever Queenie Smith is the star. Of course, as a film star I can’t help feeling that a screen actress really should get that coveted part.

Queenie Smith, by the way, was present. She’s never done pictures either, but she’s such a young and pretty girl she’d probably be a hit. She had Isabel Leighton with her—Isabel is one of the promising ingenues on the New York stage and just had her screen tests made. Dagmar Godowsky was wearing a stunning black-and-white hat and didn’t seem at all annoyed when I asked her if I might copy it. Dagmar’s ex-husband, Frank Mayo, is on his way east to play opposite Alma Rubens in a new picture.

Meets Staff of Writers and Artists

There were representatives of all the film companies; and the magazine presented its own stars—Anne Austin, Delight Evans, George Clisbee, Wynn, Benito, Covarrubias, the brilliant caricaturist, who was a great surprise to me—he’s really just a nice, shy kid. Sedate editors chatting with merry ingenues. Beautiful film stars kidding their press agents. A magnate or two; a fashion artist; popular dancers and a high-browed critic—they were all at Screenland’s party. There was a newsreel photographer too to make a celluloid record of the affair. When this story sees print it will be on the screen—released in all theaters by Screen Snapshots.

Alma and I left together and as we said goodbye we asked Mr. Zobel why he didn’t make his house-warmings a regular occurrence!

Herbert Brenon was telling of some of the difficulties a director is always up against. A white poodle plays an important part in William J. Locke’s The Mountebank and Mr. Brenon requested that the studio staff have one report to him early one morning. Mr. Brenon, a friend for work, called his company and waited, and waited. Finally a breathless assistant rushed up. “Oh, Mr. Brenon,” he puffed, “we’ve just got hold of a fine cocker spaniel!”

A Visit to Valentino

I had a brief vacation between pictures and, like the motorman on a holiday, went for a street-car ride. There were several important picture openings; a party or two; and interesting things going on at the Paramount studios. I went out there to have luncheon with Richard Dix and saw Douglas Fairbanks calling on Allan Dwan—just before Doug sailed. They were inspecting the various sets and came suddenly upon Rudolph Valentino loitering for Monsieur Beauregard. Doug, you know, owned the rights to the Tarkington play and then decided not to do it. He looked at Rudie, a graceful figure in his satin knee-breeches and laces and wig, and turned to Allan and said, “Good thing I gave up the idea—I’d look like the devil in those clothes!”

Getting Glyn’s Goat

Alan Crosland was directing Dix and lunched with us, too. He reminisced about Elinor Glyn, whose Three Weeks he transferred to celluloid. Crosland had his troubles. “Madame Glyn” was on the set every minute; making constant suggestions as to just how a scene should be done. Finally the director thought of a way to be left in peace for a while. He was supervising at the time the well known dinner scene when Paul first sees his Lady. Crosland instructed Conrad Nagel sotto voce to use the worst table manners he could thing of, including massaging his teeth with a match. Conrad gave a good imitation of a boorish glutton. Madame watched, her eyes wide with horror. “Mr. Crosland!” she cried. “You are not going to shoot this scene?” “Why, certainly,” replied the director. With a loud shriek Elinor rushed from the set, to be seen no more that day!

Did you ever hear what Tony Moreno said to Elinor? She was admiringly telling the handsome Tony that she remembered him in a former incarnation—her favorite “line”—Egyptian, or something. “You must be mistaken, Madame,” said Tony in his delightful accent. “But I have
always been Spanish." "Ah, yes, yes," agreed Elinor. "I remember now—Spain—toreros—you, in the bull-ring—"
"Throwing the bull," added Tony with a grin.

Bebe Daniels loves to tell one on herself. She met Emmett Lynn on a west-bound train on one of Bebe's and her mother's frequent transcontinental commuting excursions. The talk, strangely enough, drifted to pictures.

"Well," said Bebe, who is a young woman of convictions, "one of the worst pictures I ever saw was A Fool There Was."

"Yes," replied the young man who directed it, "I tried to get you for the lead—" And now they're good friends!

Gloria Swanson's Party

Gloria Swanson gave a party one evening at which several executives of her company were present, also her director, Allan Dwan. As a joke Gloria included among her guests a wax figure—very faithful to life—which she sat up in a chair. A certain magnate wanted to meet the lady and Gloria presented him. Said magnate in a burst of enthusiasm grabbed the wax lady's unresponsive hand and gave it a hearty shake. Too hearty—the hand came off.

The next day Allan Dwan met him and told him about it. The figure cost $300 and it looked as if Miss Swanson would have to pay the bill. The magnate was of that opinion, disclaiming any responsibility. The ingenious Mr. Dwan wrote a scene into the star's picture, Manhandled, in which the wax figure is apparently a young girl who has "passed out" at a wild party. Gloria bends over her and shakes her, then takes her hand—which comes off! The scene was a good one—and the magnate paid the bill after all.

I've often wondered what one says when meeting his ex-wife or ex-husband. Now I know. At the studio the other day Tom Moore looked up and saw Alice Joyce, the first Mrs. Moore, walking by with her pal, Anna Nilsson. Alice happened to be looking that way, too—and everyone stopped working and waited to see what would happen. Tom seemed a bit fussed, but nevertheless regained his composure and bowed to his ex-wife, who returned the greeting.

Barbara Returns to Single Blessedness

Barbara La Marr is in New York right now, and told her best friends that she is through with marriage for good. I never could keep track of all Barbara's husbands but I know the most recent was Jack Daugherty, the red-haired leading man; but Barbara assures us it's all over. "It took me five husbands to learn that single life is the only real life," remarked Miss La Marr, whom we all call Bobbie. Some people learn with less.

Sigrid Holmquist thought she needed a rest and booked passage for Cuba. Then she went out and shopped, spending over a thousand dollars in less than two hours. She ordered eighteen pairs of shoes in the same shop! Six pairs are as many as I ever bought at once. Sigrid, you know, is said to be Jack Dempsey's favorite screen star.

I've heard lately that Winnie Sheehan, general manager for Fox, may soon appoint a successor to Kay Laurel, the first Mrs. Sheehan. Winnie has been seen "around" often with Florence O'Denishawn, prize dancer of the Music Box Revue.

How the Hunter-McAvoy Engagement Happened

So many people have asked me if Glenn Hunter is engaged to May McAvoy that I might as well tell what I know about this well known romance. This is the story—as I heard it. It was a dull day at the studio and Mr. Hunter thought a little publicity would not be amiss. Apparently Miss McAvoy agreed with him. A newspaper woman happened to be visiting the set and was told the exciting news on the condition that she simply must not print it. The plan worked. The story broke in the morning paper. Glenn and May were engaged—practically.

Florence Williams, wife of Earle, is the mother of a little girl, christened Joan Constance. Connie Talmadge is the child's god-mother. Mrs. Williams and the younger Talmadge are inseparable chums and can be seen everywhere together in Hollywood.

I seldom credit reported engagements, but it does look as if Connie is ensnared again at least. Brice Collier, son of William, is the favored swain. He is somewhat younger than the comedienne—it seems only the other day that he was a kid actor appearing with his dad in a Triangle picture.

Dalton and Hammerstein Now Mother and Daughter

Speaking of marriage—Dorothy Dalton is now Elaine Hammerstein's step-mother, having married Elaine's father, Arthur. For a long time Miss Dalton was seen frequently with a well known film executive and the world thought it was a real romance—at any rate, that Dorothy's affections were permanently placed. Then along came Arthur—and now they're married. Mr. Hammerstein has had four other wives: Dorothy was once Mrs. Lew Cody.

Mary Hay—who is Mrs. Diak Barthelmess—may be obliged to retire from the stage. She left the cast of her musical comedy, Mary Jane McKane, because of illness. Dick's future plans are still unsettled; but it looks as if The Enchanted Cottage will be his last for Inspiration. "They won't like it," said Dickie to me rather dismally, "because it hasn't got a villain in it. And you must have a villain."

Laurette Taylor, before leaving for the coast to make One Night in Rome, gave a supper party at her home in Riverside Drive. Just like most other film stars, she has a projection room; and this evening she showed The Shooting of Dan McGrew, directed by Clarence Badger, who is to supervise the latest Taylor-Manners production. Among the guests were Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, Lady Diana Manners, Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Liliche, the present musical comedy toast of the town from the British Chariot's revue, and Dagmar Godowsky.

When any company has a picture which they consider somewhat unusual, they immediately plan a coming-out party for it. The latest production to have a review de luxe was Associated Exhibitors' The Chechacos, an Alaskan story. Someone suggests that when they send the prints to exhibitors they should also send interpreters! The Ritz-Carlton was the scene of the showing; and there was supper and dancing afterwards, which was very delightful.

Mary Pickford's Dorothy Version of Haddon Hall was presented at the Criterion Theater. Not to be outdone by Doug's presentation of The Thief of Bagdad, Mary had the exterior of the Criterion dressed up like an English castle. Before sailing for Europe, the star gave her press agent a list of five hundred people for first-nights Seats, The Criterion seats only six hundred. Pit the poor press agent!

Cast This One Aside

Here's a good one that they tell on Jimmy Cruze. It seems that Mabel Coleman, who does bits in pictures here and there, was working for Cruze in The Enemy Sex, starring Betty Compson. The picture was due to finish that day and Mabel didn't have a sign of a job lined up. A man with a coquetishly cocked pair of eyes appeared on the set.

"Oh see the cross-eyed man," cried Mabel.

"He isn't cross-eyed," said Cruze. "He just has a cast in his eye."

"Goody!" said Mabel. "I hope I'm in it!"
The Sheep Rancher's Objection

The L.M. is asked to find some different locations. One had to provide a sheep ranch. It was the time of year preceding Mr. Woollyut's trip to market. Not being a rancher, one would let a cameraman shoot his sheep.

"If we let you walk our sheep up and down the ranch for a week they'd lose all their fat," exclaimed the ranchers, and so the story had to be shelved until all the county fairs were over and the blue ribbons distributed.

It was almost impossible to get carrier pigeons during the war as they were all in service. Opium outfits are always hard to get. When the L.M. goes to Chinatown searching for cars, a single Oriental will admit that he has one. A certain story depended upon a race between a woodtick and a ladybug for its dramatic climax. The L.M. found that it was out of season for those insects but he had to procure them from an external experimental laboratory. It took another L.M. four weeks to locate a rattlesnake. Then there is the story about an auto which leaps a thirty foot gap between a raised bridge and the opposite shore. Engineering advice must be consulted in order to test the weight of a dozen bridges and figure out the speed of different makes of autos and the momentum necessary to make the leap.

Tricking Nature

Tricking Nature is part of the L.M.'s job. It is often necessary to change summer into winter and vice versa. One story demanded a field of blackened stumps supposed to appear as if a fire had just swept over the area. The blackened stumps were found on a mountain location but snow covered the ground. It was necessary to bring a hose from the studio, attach it to a farm-house faucet, and melt an acre of snow. And in the dead of winter, a porch was given June sun to the atmosphere by a man who sprayed paper vines over the trellis and planted fake rose-bushes near the steps. White pine sawdust is often used in summer to resemble snow and glass icicles help the illusion.

There are many typically English houses in California but they are surrounded by palms. These trees are foreign to the British Isles so the L.M. has to plan his scenes in stories of England so that the camera shots may go between palms and other tropical plants. It takes twice as long to film such scenes. Catching the sun's rays at the right angle and excluding both palms and the shadows of palms is highly in-trick-it!

A certain team of Alaskan huskies—half wolf and half Malamute dog—were to be driven through a gap in the woods in a beautiful snow scene. It was late in the day and quite important to catch the sun before it went down. In order to make the scene effective, the dogs were to be turned to the right from the wooded gap. Each time their Esquimaux master called "Gee" (meaning right) they made a sharp angle to the left. The thing was tried over and over again with the same result. Everyone "feels like dinner time," said a tired actor. The director had an inspiration. "Why, I guess the dogs feel the same way and turn to the left because its toward camp," he said. So the sled was reversed this time and the dogs at once made the desired angle from the gap as it faced their kennels.

The Indian "Supers"

At one of the big ranches near Los Angeles there are a band of regular salaried supers who have been working for the same picture company for two years. Half of the supers are Indians or Mexicans, the others, white men. Professional supers who play battle all the time as they do grow very expert in matters military.

Now, the Indians and Mexicans had played the part of Indians in every film story, and were always repulsed by the white men. One day the Indians held a council and sent a representative to the manager of the film company.

"We play battle for you long time now," he began.

"Yes, and you do it very well," answered the manager, facing a strike.

"Indians always lose," complained the other. "We want picture we can't beat once." The manager laughed and looked over his schedule of plays to come.

"In the next Civil War picture," he said, "the Indians and Mexican supers can be Northern soldiers. We don't work near the camera and your dark faces won't be noticed. The rest of the supers—the white men—can be Confederates."

The Northerners were supposed to win the battle of the film story, so the Indians and Indians pommelled their opponents in the most realistic and bloodthirsty contest ever filmed.

The "Supers" Mistake

One perfectly lovely location was marred by an errant "super." A director who wanted to take advantage of a bright sun kept his people working right through the noon hour. The supers clanked their swords and charged the hills until about three when they were ravenously hungry. Coffee and sandwiches were served.

In order to finish up the many scenes that had to be taken on that location, the heroine and leading man did not stop to eat lunch. They went on to do their dramatic close-up scenes of the story. Just as the camera was buzzing, a soldier super dashed across the path of the lens and toward the director.

"My brother don't eat ham and they won't give him a cheese sandwich," he whined. Just then the sun dipped behind the trees and the location was lost for the day.

It is becoming more and more the custom to build exteriors in interiors. That is, the studios have found it cheaper to erect a replica of some exterior inside on a set instead of going to the expense of doing a dramatic close-up of the scene on location. Just as the camera was buzzing, a soldier super dashed across the path of the lens and toward the director.

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THIS is the third month that The Movie Clock has been running. During that time many feature pictures have run down and stopped, amongst them—The White Sister, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Scaramouche, Yolanda. In fact it is quite some achievement for a picture to possess sufficient hardihood to justify a continuous run in a New York theatre of twenty weeks or more.

The Ten Commandments has begun to show promise as a "runner up." Already in its nineteenth week, it shows a good likelihood of continuing well into the summer. It is already nine weeks ahead of anything else in the field.

The exception, of course, to all rules is The Covered Wagon, which has circled the clock and is already a full lap ahead of the field. This play—which is only now being withdrawn, May 3rd, 1924, to give way to Mary Pickford's Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall at the Criterion Theater—has established a world record for longevity. It closed after having completed a continuous run of 59 weeks, a record which no other motion picture in history has approached. It played to over 500,000 people in this one theatre with receipts which ran pretty close to $600,000, since its opening on March 16th, 1923. At Grauman's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, the receipts for the run of this picture were more than $700,000, due to the larger seating capacity of the Hollywood theater. It is estimated that, including all cities in which The Covered Wagon has been "road-showed"—and it has played in legitimate houses—that this picture has been seen by at least five million people.

**Screenland**

**The Movie Clock**

Recording by weeks the record runs in New York Theatres of screen feature productions

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BEAUTY OF FORM is woman's natural birthright. It is as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for women to show an architectural and cast a sweet, sensitive, boyish figure by genuine athletic efforts. That the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree little dreamed of by the average person is an idea being accepted by the things that are wholesome and right, and since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a fully rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

**Motion Picture Actress Delighted**

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-lift increase in volume and a more firm and elastic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

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Write today for free booklet containing an article by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, telling how any woman may secure development in the shortest possible time. Simply wonderful the results produced. Let us send you a photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement to this method. Sent FREE to every woman who writes today. Simply send your name and address on a postcard it desired. (This information sent under sealed postage, if you enclose 5c stamps.)

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**So many readers have written in and asked us for a story about Mary Pickford that we have selected one of our keenest writers to "cover" this story. Read what Anne Austin has to say next month about America's Sweetheart. In Screenland for August.**

SCREENLAND for August. Ready JULY first.

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SOLAR STUDIO, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. 386
re-pieced, the Big Boss is called in to view the film. If his okay is forthcoming, the negative is cut, using the positive as a sample. As many prints as are necessary are made and the picture is ready for release.

The difficulty of the cutter's work is intensified by the huge amount of film shot. The waste is appalling and accounts, perhaps, for the increasing production costs of pictures as well as the high admission prices at the box office of your favorite, if any, theater. Some directors, or perhaps I should say, most directors simply swallow around in footage. They shoot scenes that they must know will never be used. Eric von Stroheim is the prince of film-footers. Griffin, too, shoots an enormous amount of film. So do many of his disciples who seem to figure that the greatness of the picture depends upon the number of thousand feet of film from which the completed film can be carved.

Shooting Susanna

In Susanna, the Sennett feature starring Mabel Normand, 350,000 feet of film was shot. This means a mere trifle of 350 reels. This does cut down to 6,000 or six reels. Some 344,000 feet of film was junked. With raw film costing three cents a foot, and negative film twice as much, you can figure for yourself the tidy sum of money paid out for just that raw film alone, not counting the cost of developing, or printing, or overhead!

What becomes of the rejected film?

Some few feet, such as "animal stuff," is filed away in stock. The rest is sold for junk, and fetched about ten cents a thousand feet.

The Extra Girl, another Normand feature, was cut from 200,000 feet to 6,800 feet, a little over six reels.

Probably only Heaven and Abe Lehr know how many hundreds of thousand feet of film were shot by von Stroheim in his production, Greed. Von Stroheim himself cut the enormous mass of film to 48 reels, begging and imploring Goldwyn to run the picture at that length as a serial. Before she left for Italy, June Mathis tentatively scaled the film down to 12 reels. If Greed is released at that length, it will be a stark skeleton of the marvelous drama etched on the film by von Stroheim. The heap of rejected film will be a symbol of the heart-break that actors and directors of that drama will suffer.

Eric von Stroheim does not know the art of brevity. The short story is not his forte. Were he a novelist, he would be of that vanished school that brought forth four or five novels. But the silver sheet is not the medium for drama of such length. Greed will come to the screen an

emasculated remnant of the picture he created. Dale Fuller's superb and tragic characterization will probably be cut to a mere flash. Zasu Pitts and others who rose to the heights under the fiery inspiration of the Austrian will see, perhaps, their best work lost.

Kerry Cut to Pieces

It was that way with Merry-Go-Round. They say, the wise ones of Hollywood, that it was the disappointment of seeing his excited work as Phoebus cut to the quick by the relentless shears of the cutter that turned Norman Kerry into a cynic whose motto henceforth is "A quo bon?"

But there is the semi-humorous side to this matter. There is the story of the schoolgirl who ran away from her home in Sioux City, Iowa, to become a star in pictures. By the time her anxious father located her, she had appeared in a picture with Claire Windsor. Proudly she told him of her start toward a career, how the director had said "Good!" as she finished her little bit, and how surely, surely she was on the highroad to fame. Her eloquence induced her father to promise that she might stay in Hollywood, if her work in that picture convinced him that she had talent. The picture was opening that night at a theater in Los Angeles. The girl and her father were the first ones there.

The program went on as programs do. The prologue seemed never-ending. The educational film exposing the domestic habits of the tadpole stretched out its weary length. The Floozy Sisters, vocalists, warbled and retired reluctantly. And finally the feature picture was flashed on the screen. Eagerly the girl searched the background. Claire Windsor probably never received so little attention from any two fans in all her career. She had the fadeout clinic with the lovely Claire in the honest embrace of the Arrow Collar hero found our heroine stricken and her stern parent adamant. That heartless cutter had cut the girl and her bit entirely out of the picture; she was sunk without a trace. Our heroine is now studying algebra and spelling in the Sioux City high school, perhaps dreaming dreams of what might have been, had a certain cutter been less handy with his scissors.

The Cutter Had It In for Her

Then there is the classic tale of the extra who spent a day's pay check taking all her friends to the theater to view her triumph in a Negri picture, finding to her chagrin and her friends' amuse-ment that she was about as prominent as the potted palm in the lobby scene. Only the palm was further down-stage. "The cutter had it in for me," she wailed, and to this day she is convinced that personal animus directed that cutter's shears.

But it is not only extras who suffer anguish of spirit from the cutter's activities. James Neill still harbors the hurt feet. He flashed The Woman, which Lasky made for Geraldine Farrar years ago. Neill created a fine characterization as a demented old man who doubted the voices that the Maid heard. He put his whole soul into that part, and used every ounce of dramatic art that his innate talent and long experience had given him. It took him months to finish his work. And when the picture was cut, because of the vital need to condense the action into six reels, his characterization was cut to a few feet.

Sessue Hayakawa used to have fixed notions on the proper length for his close-ups. Try to find a star who hadn't. But Sessue owned stock in the Haworth Company, which fact gave weight to his words. When the cutting did not give his close-ups satisfactory length, he would come to the cutting room and measure off the film himself. "Now thes one, see?" he would say. Then, designating a close-up of his wife, who played opposite him, he would say, "Three feet, plentees."

Picture Made in the Cutting Room

More than one picture has been literally made in the cutting room. Don't Tell Everything, a Paramount picture featuring Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid, was supposed to have been made from the film left over from The Affairs of Anatol. Recently, a Sennett comedy was rejected by the distributing organization. The film was turned over to the cutter to be resuscitated, if possible. The cutter, William Hornbeck, rummaged around in the film library, brought out some old shorts of Marie Provost and Phyllis Haver, and swapped others to different positions, jazzed up the tempo and turned out a good comedy, The Hollywood Kid.

Hornbeck is head-cutter for Mack Sennett and one of the cleverest in the game. He cut The Extra Girl, as well as scores of comedies, and is studying the game from every angle with the ambition of becoming a director sometime in the future. Nineteen-year-old Blanche Sewell, who cuts all of Marshall Neilan's films, is another clever wielder of the shears. The growing importance of cutting, in the minds of producers, is evidenced by the hiring of famous free-lancers like Frances Marion to cut special pictures. Miss Marion is cutting Colleen Moore's new picture, The Perfect Flapper.

For weary moons, the cutter has been a prophet without honor in his own country, but his star seems to be rising. The hiring of famous free-lancers like Frances Marion to cut special pictures may yet be mightier than the megaphone.
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“Lost 5 pounds in one week

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lose twenty-four pounds

more.”—Mrs. F. L. Smith, Des

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Moines, Wyo.
When Screen Stars Get Together—from page 49.

Connie Loses Sitor

Well, the Constance Talmadge Sitor's Association has lost one member, now that John Charles Thomas is safely married," pointed out the Vamp.

"There'll be just that much less competition for Buster and Irving and young Rhinelander Stewart, the pride of New-

port."

But the Ingenue had ceased to listen. Her eyes were fixed on the dapper fig-

ure of Lew Cody and her mouth was curved in an unigneous grin.

"Did you hear what Lew told that bashing girl of Sennett's, when she was complaining that she had to be vaccinat-
ed, but demanded that it be done where it wouldn't show? Lew said she had two choices: she could have it behind her or take it with a spoon."

"I believe I have some of that cold chicken, waiter, and a bit of tongue—not more than three pieces. I really wonder why I come here I have so little appetite these days."

"Look at Eric von Stroheim, sitting off there all alone. He looks rather low. Perhaps Goldwyn is going to limit him to a million dollars on his next pro-
duction."

"Oh, that's not why he's blue," broke in the Vamp, who has the low-down on everyone. "The court has just refused to reduce the allowance of $75 a week that he has to pay his first wife for the support of his son. And not only that, but the judge fined him $50 when Von got peevish with the opposing attorney and promised to 'paste him in the eye.' The judge said that anybody who made over $30,000 a year could afford to pay $75 a week for the support of his son."

Virginia Pearson Bankruptcy

Virginia Pearson was in court this week, too," said the Ingenue, smiling across the room at Lila Lee. "She and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, filed bankruptcy proceedings. You know Virginia was badly hurt in an automo-
obile accident a while ago, and the doc-
tor bills mounted up frightfully, and she was out of work for a long while. Did you see Lila over there being inter-
viewed?"

"How do you know she's being in-
terviewed?" asked the Vamp, who never lets the Ingenue get away with anything if she can help it.

"When you see a movie star having lunch with a plain-looking girl who isn't dressed as grand as a star but is sas-
sier-looking than a secretary, that's an inter-
viewer," orated the Ingenue sagely.

"Lila Lee isn't dressed grandly."

"Lila is a lady. She doesn't wear dia-
monds down to breakfast, I'm sure. She's dressed quietly in her blue tailleur, but you'd know at once to look at her that

she was somebody. She's so happy with Jim Kirkwood, and he's so proud of her. They're delighted about the baby that's com-
ing."

"The stork is certainly working over-
time in Hollywood this year," said the Vamp, accepting an order of Russian salad. "Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams are the parents of twins you ever saw. Their new baby weighed seven pounds, and they've named it Jean Constance. Isn't that pretty? And Pat O'Malley has another girl baby, too. That makes three in his family. Eileen, the eldest, is six and Sheila is two. Pat wanted a boy badly but he's optimistic."

"I hope Leatrice Joy's baby is a girl, so that she can look exactly like her mother. The Ingenue has long cherished a hopeless crush on Leatrice. They had Leatrice slated to play the leading part in a movie called 'Picture Woman,' but nuc-

rally, Leatrice wouldn't undertake a highly emotional part just now. So they gave her Roles instead. And that pretty nearly broke Jacqueline Logan's heart, because it was she who had talked up the story to the Lasky bosses in the beginning. They would have given it to Agnes Ayres at first, but Sam Wood, who was to have directed the picture, couldn't see Agnes in the role. And, between ourselves, that was why he left Paramount. Cecil De-

Mille finally ended the battle by saying that the part suitied Leatrice better than it did Agnes, and that was that. Jackie was awfully disappointed. But that's the way things go."

"Yeh," said the Vamp. "I hear Para-
mount turned down Jackie Coogan for Peter Pan because he didn't have enough sex appeal."

 Casting Babbitt

Well, I know a picture that's be-
ing cast intelligently, and that's Babbitt. Willard Louis has the title role and isn't he perfect for the part? You know, he was the Prince of Wales in Beau Brummel."

"I'm not a bit hungry," murmured the Vamp, "but I believe I'll try some of the shrimp salad, and just a taste of the pate." And she cast a long, languishing look at the waiter.

"For heaven's sake, what are you wast-
ing that mushy look on a fat waiter for?" asked the Ingenue. "He's probably got a German frau and ten children."

"I'm practicing the way I'm going to look at Jimmy Cruse the next time I see him," responded the Vamp, rolling a wicked eye. "He's casting for Merton of the Movies, and I wouldn't value a bit in the picture I'd value my right eye. Glenn Hunter is on his way out from New York to play Merton and every actor and near-actor in the industry is trying to get in on the cast. Acting in a Jimmy Cruse picture these days is just as lucky as a rabbit foot that was caught in a graveyard at midnight in the full of the moon."

"Your vampish ways won't make any impression on Jimmy. He has eyes only for Betty Compson. I wonder when they're going to be married."

"The date hasn't been set yet. They can't be married for some months yet, though, because Jimmy's divorce declar from his first wife isn't final yet."

Agnes Ayres Marriage.

Speaking of marriages, I wonder when Agnes Ayres is going to marry Ricard Cortez," said the Ingenue. "The wedding was all set for April third but it didn't come off. They were post-
poning it for a week, or maybe two, Agnes said. But so far they are still single, unless they have slipped off to Tia Juana to have the deed done. It wouldn't be the first time such a thing has happened."

"Say, do you know what Tia Juana means in Spanish?" asked the Vamp, proud-like.

"Something to do with hooch, I sup-
pose," said the Ingenue.

"No, ma'am, it means 'Aunt Jane.'"

"No!"

"Yes! Isn't that a scream? Our most exciting den of vice dubbed a prose name like that. My dear, will you look?"

Where?"

"Over there, by the window. Mae Busch. Isn't that a doggy outfit, though? I'm mad about platinum fox with heather green. She looks stunning and she's per-
fectly thrilled at grabbing off the leading role in Kathleen Norris' Bread that Metro is filming."

"Metro! I thought Mae was signed up with Goldwyn."

"She is, but didn't you know that Gold-
wyn and Louis B. Mayer had merged with Metro? They're all going to produce out at the Goldwyn studio, under Metro's supervision, but they're going to keep their own identity. Don't you read the papers, woman?"

"Certainly I read the papers," retorted the Ingenue with spirit. "And I read some funny things there, too. Only this morning I read where George O'Brien, the son of the San Francisco chief of police, announces his engagement to Doro-
thy Mackall. I do think it is so quaint the way men out here do the announcing."

"Well," said the Vamp judiciously, "a police chief in the family might come in handy, in these days when people are so quick to pick on picture people. Doro-
thy wouldn't be subjected to the per-
secution that poor Mabel Normand suf-
fered, if she happened to be present at a party where somebody was hurt. Why, down in New Orleans the other day a girl dropped her hand-bag, a gun fell out and went off, shooting her in the leg. The police came with the ambulance and asked her name. 'Mabel Normand,' she whimpered. Of course it wasn't Mabel. The police found her card in the bag, proving her to be one Hope
**SCREENLAND**

Caprice, a goofy name, if you ask me. I only hope she didn't go down on the police blower as Mabel Normand."

Mabel Normand's Troubles.

Poor Mabel! But the wave of fanatical opposition to her pictures is dying down, thank goodness. Michigan, which forbade the showing of her pictures after the Dines shooting, has withdrawn the ban.

The Vamp suddenly began turning her handbag inside out. "Looking for a letter," she said. "A kid cousin of mine down in Iowa is dying to come to Hollywood and break into pictures. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her to stay home, if she likes to eat regular."

"If such excellent advice were ever taken, the screen would never be deprived of the privilege of our association," said the Vamp grandiloquently. "But what chance has a green country kid in pictures?"

Where They Were Born.

Some kids have made the grade," said the Ingenue. "Lew Cody came from the metropolis of Waterville, Maine. Hoot Gibson hails from Tekamah, Nebraska. Chester Conklin came from Os-koosa."

"Quit your kidding," said the Vamp. "People don't really live in towns with names like that. You just hear about 'em in comedy dramas."

"Claire Windsor comes from Cawker City, Kansas, and laugh that off," went the Ingenue relentlessly. "Helen Ferguson is a native daughter of Decatur, Ill., and Conrad Nagel comes from Des Moines, Iowa. Corinne Griffith comes from Texarkana, Texas, and if you can find it on the map, you've got good eyes. Raymond Hatton first saw the light of day in Oak Park, Ill., and Margarette de la Motte comes from Duluth, Minn. For small town boys and girls, they've done right smart."

"All right, all right, I give in," grumbled the Vamp. "I'll tell the kid to check her appetite and come on. At that, I guess I'd rather eat canned soup in California than pate de foie gras in Kansas. Waiter, can you bring me a strawberry parfait. Oh yes, and a demi tasse."

"I went down to the station last night to see Carmel Myers off," said the Ingenue. She left for New York, on her way to Rome, to play Iras in Ben Hur. Kathleen Key, who plays Tiraüs, left last week. Mr. director would write in a little trip like that for me. Yes, waiter, you can give us the check now."

"That reminds me, I must rush, said the Vamp, gathering up her things. "Cecil De Mille is casting for Feet of Clay, and I hear he's looking for a vamp with good looks, personality and sex appeal. So nice of you to take lunch with me, dear. I wasn't a bit hungry. Pay the check, will you darling? Ta, ta! See you in Sunday School!"

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she had planned together.

"I'm trying to do," she said to me one day, "just the sort of things that Burney would like to have me do—just the same things that I would have done if he were alive. I haven't gone out at all, except once. I went to the theater with some friends. And I understand that people are gossiping about it yet! What am I to do? I know that Burney would want me to go right along. It is—she burst out—'it is almost unbearable in that house.'"

**Ethel Kay's Hard Luck**

Just the toss of a coin seemingly kept two girls from gaining fame. They were Ethel Kay and Lois Lee. Both were endlessly brave, and took fate's knocks like masts. Miss Kay had a very good start in pictures; so did Lois Lee. But fate intervened. Both girls perforce had to give up the fight. However, this isn't as sad as it sounds, for both girls are to be married to men they are very much in love with.

Ethel Kay was slated for the girl's part in *Hungry Hearts*. She had had a test, and had been found just suited to the role. Then before she could start work, her money gave out, she could get nothing to do. She took a cheap little room, and friends found out afterward, when it was too late, that she had gone hungry. When she came on the set to work, finally, she was so thin and ill from hunger and photographed so badly that she lost her great chance in pictures.

"And they couldn't wait for me to get fat again!" Ethel smiled with a brave little attempt at mirth, when afterward her friends got her to tell them about it.

**Bosworth Goes to "Die in the Movies"**

BEAR Bosworth says he coughed his way into the movies! Bosworth left the theater to "die in the movies," as he puts it. He was suffering from tuberculosis, and the doctors said that his one chance was to get out-of-doors.

Bosworth took the blow like a man, though his heart was all wrapped up in his stage work at the time.

"Well, I can't sell shoe-strings on the street," he carried.

Then he got his chance with the movies, in the old Morosco-Bosworth Pictures, and he adopted the pictures. He still coughed, he was far from well. If anybody asked him how he was, he would grin and say: "Oh, I'm coughing very well today, thank you!"

But the outdoor work not only cured his lungs, but made him far more famous than the stage could have done.

We all know how Wally Reid and Dorothy Reid, his wife, took their bows standing. To the very last, Mrs. Reid proudly stood by her husband, and declared that he was "improving." A brave lie, forgiven, I'm sure, in heaven. Then, when it as all over, how absolutely without any whining she took up the battle of life to support herself, her mother and her two children, one of whom had been adopted.

And poor, dear old Wally! When he was simply tottering on the set, he always had a brave and cheery smile; and if you asked him how he was, he'd exclaim: "Oh, fine! How's yourself?"

**Q Where Do They Come From—from page 37.**

Alice Brady, Lon Chaney and Richard Dix and many others got their training behind the footlights. Nita Naldi was a Follies girl and Carol Dempster and Theodore Kosloff were dancers.

Stock companies, for obvious reasons, are the most fertile recruiting grounds.

Although Doraldinia's advent into pictures was unsuccessful before she became a dancer, she handled a mean emery board in a San Francisco hotel. Many a member of the chorus-when club host of having been mancured by the famous Hawaiian dancer.

As well as being a newspaper woman, Madge Kennedy was also an artist. A poster that she painted during the war attained international fame. Pola Negri is a splendid violinist. In fact, in Russia she was educated by the public fund, as was Nazimova.

Virginia Faire and Coriess Palmer both won beauty contests. The rest are a heterogeneous collection of professions. Gertrude Olmstead was a little home girl in crisp zingham house flocks. Years ago John Bowers sold California real estate. Even then they were doing it.

Indeed, I'm firmly of the opinion that if Wally Reid hadn't been such a "good scout," he'd be alive today. He thought he simply must stand the party gag night after night; he couldn't hurt a friend's feelings by refusing.

Perhaps there never was a better sport in picturedom than little Lila Lee, wife of James Kirkwood, who nursed him all through his illness following his injury when he was thrown from his horse and picked up for dead.

I saw her one day. She was dishevelled and pale and there were dark circles under her eyes.

"You see," she said, "it has all been an unusual strain because we simply mustn't let Jim know how bad off he is. When I think he is about to wake up, I run in and put a little rouge on."

Bebe Daniels came very near to dying in the hospital in New York following her perforation for appendicitis. One day marked the turn, and as her mother watched by her side, Bebe opened her eyes:

"Mother," she exclaimed with a wan little smile, "I know just how it feels to die—and it doesn't hurt a bit!"

Jane Novak has more courage than most men. With her little child and her picture not long ago, she and her supposed lover had to swim the rapids. The boy began to go under from exhaustion. There was no chance to yell for help and be heard, so Jane just took the rescue into her own hands and pulled him out. He was pronounced in his thanks when he came to, and a little bit shame-faced, too.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Oh, just keep on being a good actor!" she laughed. "And don't do that drowning stunt again in the retake!"

**Q Smile When You Say Goodbye—from page 59.**

NATOMI CHILDERS was a commercial artist. Alan Hale was a writer, so I am told. I have never been able to find out just what he wrote, but it makes a good story and he looks intelligent anyhow.

To Lois Weber belongs the distinction of having discovered Clare Windsor. At that time Clare was a demure little housewife but Lois coaxed her away from the kitchen and plunged her into a celluloid career.

Warren Kerrigan was an office man, Imagine those well done nails being broken on a typewriter. Julia Faye was an artist's model.

Charles Ray was door man at the Old Angeles Burbank Stock Company where Bert Lytell got his training, and the seeds of his histrionic ambition were doubtless sown when he kept stage door Johnnies from seeing their favorite actresses.

But the lately discovered Charles de Roche has one of the most colorful back-grounds we have noted for many a day. He was an entertainer in a Paris cafe. Yes, sir, one of those wild places where the well known Latin quarter bunch hang out. And how did he entertain? Well, he's a violinist, a singer, and a dancer, as well as a dillatante sculptor. How that last accomplishment could help him entertain in a cabaret I do not know, unless the habilites liked a little modeling clay thrown at them during their meals. But he entertained all right, and even then the girls were all crazy about him.

So—there you are, you never can tell when you are watching you favorites act, what they were or where they came from. The screen is a great melting pot into which is poured the product of the home, the field and the market place. And who knows but that it is just this extra-ordinary conglomeration that makes the pictures of today the active reflection of such a wide and varied world as that in which we live. The screen has become a great mirror in whose silver shimmer we find ourselves portrayed. And those who show us ourselves as others know us. We know what they say, for they, too, have lived their many parts in other days and do but re-enact the experiences of part-colored and infinitely varied lives.
Fake Make-up Schools—from page 28.

Mrs. Pollo's makeup school—across the street from the agency office.

Another make-up teacher, R. B. Wilcox, got entangled with the law over a 60-year-old woman's charge that he obtained $600 from her to finance a company that was to star her and her son and daughter.

One result of the recent State drive on the schools and agencies is apparent in the classified advertising they now use. The ads are the same as before with the exception that some qualifying statement is contained in each:

"This is not an employment agency. We have no jobs to sell you, if you want to buy a job do not waste your time and ours.

"We are not selling positions in pictures. Not an agency."

"No agency or school. No fees."

Sump No Drawback.

But you may be certain that the proprietors of these schools and "production companies" are making no effort to discourage the screenstrocker. In spite of the "tight" conditions in the studios; with about 200 extras making a living, perhaps 1,000 getting occasional jobs, out of 5,000 tried and tested "regulars," and with the established agencies accepting no new registrations, the make-up schools are going merrily on.

Boys and girls, men and women who should know better, all ages and all types are shelling out their $15 or $20 or $25 for a "complete course in makeup."

What They Get.

What do they get for their money? Let's see.

They get a card to theatrical photographer, requesting the cooperation of "profession rates." The photographer's professional rates for making movie school students are from 50 to 100 percent higher than charged to professional drop-in trade from the studios. The increase is split between the photographer and the make-up school.

They get a "shopping list" calling for about $5 worth of makeup. A typical list is: Nose putty, large stick No. 3 grease paint, No. 9 powder, box of wax, medium rough dry, lip rouge, whitening, No. 16 paint, powder puff, mirror, crepe hair, two towels, comb and make-up box.

Teaching the Class.

The motley assemblage of perhaps a dozen, comprising the "class," crowds around the little deal tables of the "class room," with sickly electric lights in their faces. They remove coats and collars, as per instructor's orders; tuck a towel about the neck.

Then the supercilious instructor, an artist's smock his uniform of authority, seizes a piece of make-up and smears it vigorously on the face of the nearest pupil.

"See? Now the rest of you do it— an' get it on smooth, see?"

Then he takes a bit of brown paint on his hand and softens it, applies it to the upper eyelid of another novice.

"Everybody do that!" he commands.

Then he takes up a "liner" and runs it across the eyebrows. The class follows suit.

Then the powder puff, dusted with pink powder. The instructor jabs it in the face of the nearest victim, putting a punch behind it that he might have learned in the boxing ring.

"Do that, now," he says.

Everyone does, and the instructor glances up and down the line of apprentice "actors."

"Awright. Now take it off with the cold cream."

They do. That's all. That's the lesson.

The next lesson is the same thing over again.

And the next, the same.

School Not Needed.

Any readers desirous of learning make-up can save $20 by buying the makeup essentials at the nearest drug store and practicing on themselves in front of the bathroom mirror to their heart's content.

Or if you feel the need of more complete instruction, go down to the public library and look over the books on amateur theatricals. Most of them give you as complete information, and it costs nothing—unless you want to buy the book.

When the course is complete, and the student is a full-fledged make-up artist—as per movie school standards—he may take a screen test. It costs $25. For the additional $25, about 25 feet of film is received. Its actual value is, maybe, 10 cents a foot. And say $2.50 for five minutes work of the cameraman, and developing and printing. Actual cost, $3. Price to student, $25. Net profit to school, $20.

But as long as there's movie-mad maidens and screenstrocker sheiks, the movie schools will flourish. It's a profitable graft. Some of the schools will even teach you by mail, in case you haven't railroad fare to Los Angeles.

The pity of it all is its uselessness. If you actually got a job, you'd find many an obliging companion to show you how to put on the simple make-up without tuition charge. Some directors won't have, for mob scenes or extra work, their extras take it up all.

"If you get a job. But there's some 5,000 old-timers—experienced extra folk—in the employment line in front of you. And there aren't any jobs.
Anita Stewart—from page 63.

leaves in the picture? Six months? Six days?"

Anita, still weak, still sick, went back
to the making of The Girl Philippa. She
walked through the falling leaves for
days, dressed in light summer clothes.
And it was November, and the days were
bleak and cold.

A Wonderful Scene.

It was a wonderful scene, the pinched
little figure stumbling through the
autumn woods, shivering, weeping, sick.
Thousands of women wept. Thousands
of bald headed men wiped their faces,
and hoped that nobody saw.

A wonderful scene. But when it was
finished, Anita crept back to bed. And
though she stayed there until she was well
again, she has never really been well since
then.

Yes, “pretty soft” for her.

The picture made thousands and thou-
sands of dollars—for the producer.

Years later Anita met Mary Pickford,
and learned that all the time she lay in
her room, Mary had been praying for her.

“I didn’t know her very well,” Anita
says. “It was a beautiful thing for her
to do, wasn’t it?”

Anita went back, and made many pic-
tures for Vitagraph. She built herself a
$10,000 home at Bay Shore. She had
the idea that she was wildly in love with
Kan Kin Drew. But he never knew about
it. And she received a number of offers.

The Louis B. Mayer outfit wanted to
star her in “The Parti Productions,”
at $4,500 a week. Adolph Zukor asked
her to be his star at $6,000 a week. And
the firm that starred Olga Petrova, tried
to get her for $10,000 a week.

Anita wanted to leave Vitagraph. She
felt she was dying by Inces, so to speak.
And she believed that making her own
pictures was the best thing she could pos-
sibly do. She turned down Zukor. She
turned down the Petrova people. She
took the Mayer offer.

However she was under contract to
Vitagraph. She sued in an attempt to
break that contract on the ground that
she had signed it when she was a minor.

And the first question the company’s
lawyer asked her was this:—

“Miss Stewart, is it not true that you
are married to Rudolph Brennan?”

Anita couldn’t say a word.

Anita Marries

She and Rudolph had been married
secretly at Greenwich, Conn., while
she was a minor. He had been an aviator
during the war. He was also an actor.
His real name was Brennan. But on the
stage he was Rudolph Cameron.

Anita lost the suit; but the company
allowed her to leave with Mary.

And inasmuch as the concern that had
wanted to pay her $10,000 a week went
into bankruptcy, Anita told herself she
had chosen wisely.

Here, she felt, she had a chance to
select her own pictures. “Anita Stewart
Production!” The phrase was like music.
She could be a real actress now, she
thought, and that was worth more to her,
than the money she had lost through re-
jecting the other offers.

But looking back at it, she realizes
it is a sad mistake.

“I used to think of getting a decent
picture,” she says. “Frankly, the pictures I
made for Mayer were terrible. I worked
hard to make them, worked night and
day, worked well and sick. And I
couldn’t help crying sometimes when I
saw those pictures on the screen!”

Zukor gave Mary Miles Minter the
place he had first offered to Anita; and
it was years later that he again talked
to her. No, he didn’t make her another
offer. He merely looked at her sadly.

“If you had only come to me when
I wanted you,” he said. “What could
I have done with you! Ah, you would
now be the greatest actress in the world!”

The time and the effort and the hopes
she had wasted!

Marriage Proves Unhappy

Three years she worked for Mayer.
Three empty years. Her marriage
turned out unhappily. She and her hus-
band separated. They had loved each
other surely.

“He was the only man I ever really
loved,” Anita says. “I don’t think I can
ever love any one else.”

She lets you know how she felt
during the war, when he was in the aviation
section of the army—expecting a telegram
every hour to say that his plane had
crashed. And every time she read the
papers she expected to see his name in
the headlines.

Efforts wasted; love vanished; father
and mother separated; Florence and King
Vidor, her dearest friends, living apart
from each other; her sister Lucille no
longer the wife of Ralph Ince; nothing left
in George but her mother and her
brother, her money, and her ambitions.

And last August her brother George
was injured. You may have read the story
in the papers. Ralph Ince was accused of
beating him. George was then twenty
years old, and he wasn’t very strong.

His skull was fractured. His neck
was twisted. He had been punched and kicked
in various places. Anita thought he was
going to die.

“He called me up one morning at 4
o’clock,” Anita says. “His voice was so
queer I knew there was something wrong.
But I couldn’t get the truth out of him.
I knew that poor fellow was terribly pun-
ished, only half conscious, and every nerve
shrinking with pain—imagine him phoning
me so I wouldn’t worry about him!

“We got him out of the club and into
a hospital. And I got the best doctors
I could for him.

“George means more to me than any-
body else in the world. I think he’s always
been the very apple of my eye. I have
spoiled him all his life. When one of the
doctors told me his skull was fractured
I wanted to scream. And I couldn’t. I
went to my car, and sat down and cried.
I don’t see a fracture of the skull was al-
ways fatal.”

Yes, “pretty soft for Anita Stewart.
Life has given her everything.”

She has made some good pictures since
she went to Cosmopolitan—The Love
Piker, among others, and The Great
Wine Way.

But...”

“All I want now,” she says—and there
is a prayer in her voice—“all I want is a
good story. Not a star part exactly, just
a chance to be an actress.

“Sometimes I think that if I found a
role I really loved, I would play it for
nothing.”

That is the story of Anita—the star
who wants so much to be an actress.

“Yeah, pretty soft for her!”

13FY FAB 136 COLLECT NL.

MYRON ZOBR.

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST 57 ST NEW YORK N Y
HERE IS THE DOPE ON PHOTOPLAY EDITOR BOSTON EVENING RECORD
FOR TWO YEARS ALSO WROTE FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL BOSTON POST
AND OTHER NEWSPAPERS STOP EDITED THE SCREEN MAGAZINE FOR TWO
YEARS STOP OWNED AND OPERATED TWO MOVIE THEATRES IN NEW
ENGLAND TO GET THE EXHIBITOR AND PUBLIC ANGLE STOP HAVE CON-
TRIBUTED ARTICLES TO MOTION PICTURE AND PICTURE PLAY AND
ALSO AUTHOR OF VARIOUS BOOKS ON PICTURE PRODUCTIONS STOP RECENTLY
WOKE SCREENS FIRST CRITICAL
VOLUME WHATS WRONG WITH THE MOVIES AND AM NOW WORKING ON
A NOVEL STOP AM ALSO DEVOTING MUCH TIME TO ORGANIZING A LITTLE
THEATRE MOVEMENT FOR THE SILENT DRAMA.

TAMAR LANE

703A APR 30 1924

LOS ANGELES CALIF APR 29 1924
The MASK on the FACE

Q This is the first of a series of articles by the Internationally noted Beauty Expert, Madame Helena Rubinstein

About the year 1496, in front of the marvellous Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, one night, revealed itself the terrible spectacle of a mob in frenzy. A wave of destructive fanaticism swept the city. A huge pyre had been erected in the square before the palace. Platforms were built around the stake. Upon them were placed for destruction by fire, and duly destroyed, masterpieces of philosophy, poetry, science, and art. The works of Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Homer, Horace, Sophocles. Paintings by Leonardo and Boticelli. Musical instruments and theatrical costumes. Statues of gods and heroes of antiquity and aids to woman's beauty; articles of make-up, waxes, pastes, cosmetics of every kind—all condemned as "vanities and things accursed."

The cosmetic art, the desire to be beautiful, as the desire to own beautiful things, to create and live amid beautiful things, has always kept pace with cultural growth. Where there was no civilization, there was no luxury for beauty and no one felt the need of it. And it is this theory alone that can account for cosmetic accessories being included in the destruction of those irreparable achievements of a high civilization.

Except that fanaticism burns with a lesser vehemence in the breasts of people less given to strong passions, we are not without similar onslaughts in this country. Such back-splittings, such "decivilizing" spectacles, such falling away from the grace of the innumerable closely interwoven fabrics which positively only, and not singly, constitute civilization, are of frequent occurrence. Witness the interference with the arts, with literature, with manner of dress, with long established social amenities, with the ritual of a woman's dressing-table—with whatever gives innocent pleasure to another and gives none to us; diminishing always the fund of felicity, but rarely adding to it. The length of bathing suits is made the subject of "verboten" regulation; philosophy, biology and history are sought to be governed by legislative fiat; books are publicly consigned to the pyre; and attempts to prohibit the use of lipstick, rouge and powder are being recorded—and what not?

But my grievance here is not with the fanatic with whom it is futile to argue. It would be useless to insist that nothing is more helpful in bringing about the herent, truly characteristic beauty of the face than that certain individual accent placed by a deft, artistic stroke of brush or pencil, to retrace a blurring curve or vivify the expression. It is what the crescent is to the minaret. What the flash of the jewelled ring is to the hand. It is art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the world should be witness to our momentary frailty.

My grievance is against the great army of users of cosmetics and obviously not because they use face-coloring, but because they use it badly, inartistically, unscientifically and as such it becomes sheer distortion. Perhaps the French word maquillage gives a truer idea of the thing. It is apparently derived from masque—false face, and of the literal origin, as is the word make-up. When, then, this thick facial coloring of the theater, where it is made necessary by the flat glare of the footlights, is paraded in the street and home. When it is as far removed from the beautiful that it is not even in questionable taste, but an unquestionable bad taste. When girls, often in their teens, and young women, morbidly allow their faces a assume a hard, opaque appearance instead of the peculiarly charming transparency of the youthful skin. When instead of merely redrawing or emphasizing a feature, they don't mask which represents not themselves at their best, but something else at its worst. When, finally, it is understood that extravagance of painting is a standing detriment to the skin, it, then, cannot be accepted with approval.

Remember, please, that I am an indefatigable globe trotter. I know women of all nations as few have known before me. My claim to your attention is, therefore, not without valid title, when I say that in no other country have I met so many women of every age, afflicted with blackheads, coarseness of pores and harshness of skin, as in America, and that this is due chiefly to ill-considered face-painting.

The reason can be made plain in a few words. The skin is a wonderful fabric full of tiny pores, through which it breathes and eliminates. If you coat it with thick cosmetics day in and day out, allowing them to remain on the face for hours, it dries and coarsens, the pores clog, blackheads come, and with them loss of color and lustre. In this manner things go from bad to worse until a sense of false decency and pride compels persistent covering up of the ugly marks of ill usage of the skin. What is left is only caricature, a phantom of the former self. How to restore this former self will be told in our next.

Helena Rubinstein

Good Music—Wherever You Go!

Sixty miles on the speedometer— twelve noon by the clock—a quiet, shady grove by the roadside—a lunch basket packed with good things to eat—and five hungry people ready to sit down to a feast at nature's table.

That's the time for a little music from the pocket orchestra—a few lively selections on a Hohner Harmonica—

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There's nothing like good music for happiness; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. Anyone can learn to play real music quickly.

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SCENELAND

BETTY had told me a great deal before about her adventures into the world of the spirits. I give her the tribute of believing absolutely in her sincerity. She believes that she has communicated with George Loane Tucker since his death, and has reported long conversations she has had with him through the medium of the ouija board. Whether Betty’s messages from the Beyond are the outcroppings of the subconscious, or whether the one man who understood her and gave her the perfect blend of physical and spiritual love was really getting messages through to her by the only means at his command, I will not attempt to say. But I know that her belief in George Loane Tucker’s loving watchfulness over her kept her seeking for another earthly fulfilment of her love ideal.

I do not know how Betty broke with the man she was fearing and loving as she sat twisting her hands in spiritual agony that night. But somehow she did it. It was, to me, a beautiful gesture of freedom and of faith. It takes courage to kill a thing that has become so much a part of one as had the love of that man for Betty Compson. For he undoubtedly did love her to the utmost of his understanding and power. That he failed to reflect the radiance of those eyes upon an altar of his own was not so much his fault as his misfortune.

I asked her at last what she wanted of a man.

She want spiritual companionship as well as physical love. Oh, I must have love! I can no more change my nature than I can deny the hunger of my soul. It may be that I am paying in this incarnation a debt incurred in a previous life. I may have sinned a great sin against spiritual love. But I can’t give up the quest. If I am doomed to have but just a physical love—all my life, I hope I shall not find it out. In seeking there is some joy. Maybe, like Sir Launfal and the Holy Grail, I shall find it at last at my own gate”!

BETTY Believes in Spirit World.

Was he gracious, knowing a He shall am fetid passion will at perfect spirit for IT was that Tucker never found Betty Compson had found her Master spirit, which seems best when the flesh is weary.

The altar candles were miraculously lighted by the fire in Tucker’s eyes. Their bright gleam poured through the clear gray eyes. The red mouth, avid for life and pleasure, was drooping with such child- ish woe, or quivered with threatened tears. Tucker had found his Rose as she would look after her regeneration—washed clean of sin, shining with a glad soul, but limp with the fatigue of a great battle.

Tucker Creates Perfect Role.

It was not an accident that Tucker’s The Miracle Man brought fame to Betty Compson. It was the perfect role for her—the only one she has ever had. Betty Compson had found her Master’s Through him to the public she gave a perfect thing, because it was herself.

In Rose’s fight she fought her own hard fight—and won, temporarily.

Is it to be wondered at that Betty Compson fell in love with George Loane Tucker, that she gave him a worshiping devotion? So long as he lived Betty Compson was mistress of her soul, and conqueror of her body.

But when George Loane Tucker died and left Betty to battle alone, that tamed but not vanquished physical dragon reared Its head and blew a feint breath upon the altar candles that burn upon the altar of her soul.

All of us know the terrors of that battle within ourselves. But so few of us are possessed by such strongly dual natures.

Life for Betty Compson became a quest for love and for soul food. Too hungry and too eager, she let her appetite for physical love blind her to the absence of spiritual companionship.

A man who knew Betty Compson rather well, since he was a press agent in the studio where she worked, once said to me: “Betty is always in love, and I have never seen a man who could remain indifferent to her. I’m in love with her myself, and so are all the fellows. But even if she would look at me, I wouldn’t satisfy her.”

And none of the men to whom Betty would look did satisfy her. Restless, hungry, seeking Betty gave a bit of her sweetness and much of her shining radiance, only to find that they failed her. Her luxury had been wrapped in fine silks. She slept beneath down quilts and between hand-stitched sheets of finest linen. She moved gracefully through a gracious, dignified English house, furnished with every comfort and luxury that she could want. She was surrounded with evidences of love, the clumsy, adoring man love that contains most of us. And Betty was starving to death.

That is the report on Betty’s love life after George Loane Tucker’s death and before her engagement.

Is James Cruze Her Love’s Fulfilment?

And the question is—has she found in James Cruze the fulfillment of all that her soul and body requires of man-and-woman love?

Looking back on an evening I spent with Betty Compson, called in to listen to her almost frenzied discussion of her problem, I rather believe she has.

The man she had fancied herself in love with for some two years or so would be coming in later. He always did. She had to sandwich our talk in between dinner and his visit. He was to come after a show.

I had known Betty for some time then, and believe I had looked as far into the heart and soul of her as it has been given any woman to look. And having looked into the inner shrine when the veil had been lifted in a moment of soul need, I fell aworshipping, even as George Loane Tucker had. For those candles glow with a lovely light!

And it had touched me that Betty had turned to me in her trouble. I was afraid to lay the weight of a word between us as she talked, with her slim white fingers twisting in the soft folds of her brown chiffon dress, and her passionate, red mouth quivering upward at one corner and downward at the other—the most fascinating mouth I have ever seen.

“I feel as if I will die unless I win my freedom,” she cried. “It is always here, this struggle between the physical and the spiritual. I must have love, physical love. I feel as if passion is a living flame within me, burning me, licking right up into my soul. But there is another hunger, just as strong—oh, stronger! The intolerable hunger of my soul. This man—he’ll come soon and you’ll hear me talk to him—then I am just an ordinary girl, talking of ordinary things, thinking ordi- nary thoughts, smothering the real me. And the great pity is that while I am with him I like it! He never dreams of the other Betty! He laughs at my belief in spiritualism, makes me want to hide my soul from him. And yet—I’m crazy about him, physically. What can I do? I must be free. And yet I know that he will not listen if I try to tell him these things. He will laugh at me and—hold me!”

Betty Believes in Spirit World.

And that after all is where Betty did find it—if she has found it. Jimmie Cruze is a Famous Players-Lasky director, and Betty met him and learned to love him as they worked on the same lot together.

I can’t help remembering what Betty said to me that night, when I asked her if the rumor was true that she had been married secretly to the man who was coming later that night, the man whom Betty wanted to be free:

“I shall never marry a man who could...
not be a spiritual inspiration to me as well as a lover."

It is no mean triumph for Jimmie Cruz.

Maybe the end of the quest will mean a new Betty for the screen. Or rather, a new and more permanent vision of the Betty whom George Loane Tucker discovered. The spiritual Betty held down to earth by the demands of a beautiful and healthy body.

The public is patient. And contrary to the producers' opinions, it does not forget. In Rose, Betty Compson brought a new character to the screen. The public, hungry for things of the spirit, cherished the image of Rose in its heart. It was not her beauty or her charm that made Rose of The Miracle Man an unforgettable figure, a dear thing to hold fast to along with one's belief in God and the essential fairness of the Great Scheme of Things.

No, the public did not forget Rose. It has been going patiently to see every picture that Betty has starred in, looking vainly for a Rose, living lives that the starry eyes are still bright on the altar. Their glow comes timidly forth upon occasion, and when it does a mediocre or bad picture is saved from utter damnation by the vaguely disappointed but hopeful audience.

Can Cruz Create Another Rose?

The public does not know what has happened to Betty Compson. It only knows that a promise of something indefinitely fine and good has been broken.

The physical beauty of Betty Compson

Sitting Pretty—from page 71.

can see one, "discovered" Griffith. He was a real type. So Mickey put him to work: Griffith was the eccentric Crime Deflector in Nellie's Red Lights, that very dramatic, fact-based story of the lives that the starry eyes are still bright on the altar. Their glow comes timidly forth upon occasion, and when it does a mediocre or bad picture is saved from utter damnation by the vaguely disappointed but hopeful audience.

Can Cruz Create Another Rose?

The public does not know what has happened to Betty Compson. It only knows that a promise of something indefinitely fine and good has been broken.

The physical beauty of Betty Compson

Sitting Pretty—from page 71.

knows too well that the title of Star is like those little signs you see on the rear of trucks: "Sound your horn and this truck will move over." They're pretty, but they don't mean anything. Give him a good part in a good story, with a fighting chance to run off with the picture, and the rest of the cast can send out for a hammer and spikes to nail down their jobs. They'll need it.

So, you see, Fate's low trick was not fatal after all. Though he still speaks in a whisper, the boy is sitting pretty. He can pick and choose his jobs, and they speak very respectfully to him at the bank where he deposits his checks. And the moral of it all seems to be that the bitter draft that Fate puts to your lips may not be hemlock after all; perhaps it's just a bracer.

Now wasn't that a nice moral, children?

Fame Tax—from page 33.

including Coleen Moore and Claire Windsor, to display clothes on in the windows. Isn't that excellent publicity for them?

But one year. But the picture people come back just a little, with the flat statement that it's just as good publicity for the stores, or the stores wouldn't be doing it.

There is a restaurant in New York where no price-card is ever shown. The diners are charged according to their visible state of prosperity; the management charges all the traffic will bear. Film stars share with stage stars and millionaires' sons the honors of being soaked the most for their entertainment.

We pay a price for everything in this world. Fame, and particularly film-fame, comes high. There are compensations for the John Jones and Mary Smiths of this world, at least we can claim exemption from the fame-tax.

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O.Bale & Co., Est. 1876

21-23 Maiden Lane New York
air. This theme had to do with the hatred that is part and parcel of every great passion, with the inevitable and irresistible pull of a great love despite its traces of revulsion and disgust. But O'Neill so piled on the agony and shot off so many cannon that what resulted was perilously close to burlesque. This impression of burlesque was heightened by the playing of Ben-Ami in the role of the husband. Ben-Ami, never more subtle than a keg of dynamite, on this occasion figuratively took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, rumpled his hair and waded into the script like a bouncer at the old Haymarket. When he got through with it there was little left but the ushers. He raved and ranted, stamped and growled, yammered and grunted until the play, completely worn out, lay down on the floor at his feet and passed quietly away. Doris Keane was much better as the wife whose body the husband loved in proportion as he hated her amourous ethics.

IV

While on the subject of O'Neill, let us have a brief word on All God's Children Got Wings, the play that has stirred up more excitement in the community than anything that has come this way since the Cardiff Giant and Morris Gest. Although the play has not been produced as I write, it is scheduled for the public view before these words are emblazoned in print. The rumpus thus far has been confined to the published play, but there are plenty of indications that the idiots who are responsible for it will not desist from making further fools of themselves when the curtain goes up at the Provincetown Theatre. The cause of the rumpus, you doubtless know, O'Neill has written a play that exhibits a Negro and a white woman in the relation of husband and wife. It is this that has been responsible for all the hell. The South has got up on its hind legs en masse and has mewed itself hoarse. The Ku Klux has removed the diaper from its face long enough to let out a howl that has sounded from New Orleans all the way north to Baltimore. Various organizations the country over have held special meetings to call down the wrath of God upon O'Neill. Editorial writers have protested that it is a disgrace to Nordic civilization even to think of producing such a play. And Public Welfare societies have argued that if a real Negro is cast for the leading role, as the Provincetown directorate has announced, the police will have to guard the theatre against infuriated Anglo-Saxon mobs. Meanwhile, O'Neill has prepared to open new accounts at four New York banks.

As I have observed, the indignation that the play has aroused is but another proof of the apparently incurable mush-headedness of the average citizen of the Republic. Aside from the intrinsic merits or demerits of the play, which do not enter into the particular question, the hoopdedoodle that the theme has given birth to is beyond the comprehension of anyone with more brains than a bath sponge. Othello has a similar theme, and so have several of the most popular operas shown annually at the Metropolitian. If, on the other hand, the objection lies to the casting of a real colored man in the leading male role, the racket is equally senseless. No one complained when Peter Jackson, the Negro prize-fighter, played Uncle Tom and fondled a white Little Eva, and no one ever complained at Bert Williams' presence on the same stage with fifty or sixty half-naked white women. Miscognition, true enough, is not a pleasant subject, but then neither is syphilis, yet there has been no dudgeon lately over Ibsen's Ghosts or Brieux's Damaged Goods or Echegaray's Son of Don Juan. As the spectator in a recent musical show sagely observed: "There's a fool born every minute, and sometimes he's twins, but not one of 'em dies every hundred years!"

V

After having been proclaimed by the French newspaper critics a great Macbeth, James K. Hackett came back to New York and astonished everyone by being a good Macbeth. Privy to such foreign encomiums for the last four or five years—encomiums that have less to do with any American's authentic merit than with the foreigners' desire to warm up the entente cordiale and maybe pave the way, through good, brotherly feeling, for another nice little American loan—the local intelligencia has moved on bloc to the state that Anheuser-Busch made famous, and has demanded to be shown. Thus, when the Rev. Dr. Hackett, whose Macbeth when last seen here was an excellent Malvolio, got off the ship at Hoboken with eighty or ninety scrapbooks full of notices from the Paris scribes announcing that he was the most remarkable Macbeth seen on the stage since 1610 A. D., there was a considerable insertion of monologues and much audible sniffing. Came the night, then, when the Rev. Dr. made his re-appearance in the role in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. And came, coincidentally, the huge surprise of everyone at beholding, if not the unparalleled Macbeth of the French goose-greased least a Macbeth that was a very considerable improvement over that of Hackett's original American revelation and a Macbeth, to boot, that was intelligent, thoroughly well-poised and generally effective in the necessary theatrical sense.

The Shakespearean revival, indeed, was in the main a praiseworthy one save in the instance of Lady Macbeth. As performed by Miss Clare Eames, she who no more than a short year back was proclaimed by all the reviewers who hung out at the Algonquin Hotel to be the greatest actress who hung out at the Algonquin Hotel, this Lady Macbeth was a queer creation. Certainly Shakespeare would have been somewhat fiddlergasted to view her. There was, indeed, a rumor current in the lobby at the end of the performance that Miss Eames had, in the excitement due to the quick preparation of the play, been handed the wrong part and had learned, instead of the role of Lady Macbeth, that of Olyvia in Twelfth Night.

VI

Helena's Boys, by Ida Erlich, is still another in the long series of worthless plays which Mrs. Fiske annually elects to set up against the back wall of a stage and knock down with her comedic technique. The business is getting to be excessively tiresome. It is all very much like the fifteen year old boy of the neighborhood who associates only with the five or six year old kids that his leadership of the gang may be secure. It would seem that Mrs. Fiske is afraid to risk her reputation with any play that might demand of her a considerable sense of character and some difficulty in the projection thereof. All that she has been doing in the last dozen shows has been basically speaking, to take candy from babies.

The present opus is Version No. 206 of the Younger Generation fable. There is nothing in it to interest any half-way intelligent person, or, for that matter, any unintelligent person merely out for a delightful evening in the theatre.

VI and VII
Then came squalls. Pola dancing constantly with Charles de Roché at George Fitzmaurice's party, with Charlie biting his nails and mumuring venomously at the six-foot Frenchman, "I hate his size!"; Charlie endeavoring to keep from committing himself by stating to a persistent reporter that he was "too poor to marry"; Pola, furious, countering by writing out a statement that "Mr. Chaplin was too poor to marry, she could not afford to support a husband"; her tactful publicity man softening the statement to a mere formal denial of the engagement; Charlie in tears, pleading with his enraged goddess and damning the press for its interest in his private affairs.

Then came the underground radio that no publicity department can censor, stories of Pola's temperamental difficulties and her direction; how her arrogance drove George Fitzmaurice to resign from Paramount; how she blithely failed to turn up at a dinner given in her honor by a group of newspaper men, leaving the impecunious scribes to mourn the high cost of pheasant and champagne sans the filip in her presence; how Pola acquired a rich black eye from a Spanish boot hurled accidentally from the hand of Herbert Brenon, her director; how in a fit of temperamental fury Pola sat herself down in a large pool of grease, leaving her expensive costume a hopeless ruin.

Ah, what real artists made! How the dear public lapped it up like cream!

Pola Is Changed

But today all is changed. Pola is no longer the termagant, but a silent, reserved artiste, obedient to direction and intent on wiping out the unfavorable opinion fostered by her first American pictures. The fires of her volcanic spirit are still there, but they are smouldering, kept under rigid control and breaking out only in moments of inspiration.

What changed her? Jealousy of her lost prestige, the burning desire to prove that the failure of her American productions was not her fault, but the fault of those who tried to mould a Continental woman of the world into censor-proof roles.

Bella Donna was unfortunate. The Cheat was worse. The Spanish Dancer, while appreciably better, was still not the sort of vehicle to restore to her her pedestal as the greatest artiste in pictures. The unfavorable publicity which was the direct result of her arrogance toward the press and her intolerance of direction was severely damaging her prestige. She was a stranger in a strange land and she met only coldness and hostility on every side.

True, she had done little to win affection, but still the lack of friendliness hurt. So, being a woman of intelligence, she about-faced.

"I did not understand," she said. "The next time, when I go on ze set, I will embrace ze electricians and say, 'Oh, what nice lights you make'!"

Q The New Pola—from page 34

(how to order)

The New Pola

her abilities as an actress. Reading of herself, if she ever did, and what star doesn't?—as the screen's greatest mannequin, why shouldn't Gloria begin to think that was all there was to her, wasn't there any more?

That, at any rate, says the authority, is what she finally concluded. She developed a perfectly grand inferiority complex. She believed she was limited as a box-office attraction. She did nothing at all about it because it never occurred to her to change her meter. Perhaps she was conscious of it, but didn't care. She had everything in the world to stile any artistic yearnings which may have come to her from time to time. It must be awfully hard to want to be a celluloïd Bernhardt in the luxury of a Beverly Hills home or a bungalow dressing room. That lost provincial queen of the Lasky studio; as a financial proposition her pictures were wows, as they aver on the film rialto. Apparently there was nothing in the world for Gloria Swanson to worry about—If Gloria Swanson were the average American actoress.

But her worst enemy could never accuse Gloria of mediocrity. Her career is the best proof of her individuality, both as an actress and as a personality. She looks like nobody else on earth, except during the brief reign of "Madame" Glyn at the Lasky studio, when she dressed a la Glyn and lapped up her own eyes a la Elinor; otherwise she has best to smother the Swanson eccentricities and charm. But she recovered from the Glyn complex and emerged more Gloria than ever before.

Then came the foreign invasion. Possibly more conflicting stories have been told of the so-called Swanson-Negri feud than even about the Chaplin love affairs. But the fact remains, despite denials and despite everything else, that when an empress of the European studios encounters a foreigner who is examining her native ground something is bound to happen, possibly unpleasant. Suppose you were to hear that Pola Negri swept into the Lasky Hollywood studios one day to be received and kissed on both cheeks by Gloria Swanson, who therewith escorted Pola to her own bungalow where the two immediately became fast friends—a friendship which exists to this day—would you believe it? Of course not. And it didn't happen. Whether Gloria and Pola actually ever got to the "acute" stage is a matter of conjecture, if you go in for things like that. But if Gloria ever was inclined to look upon Pola as a scourage and a menace she should change her mind. Because Pola was the unconscious instrument of Gloria's greatest successes.

The New Gloria—continued on page 35

(how to order)

Q The New Gloria—continued on page 94

The New Gloria

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(how to order)

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Irony, yes. But the sentiment was sound and Pola Negri has acted upon it. She staged one final, magnificent scene in protest against the policy of her producers in trying to emulate a brunette Pollyanna, and succeeded in gaining roles and a director to her liking in Dimitri Buchowetzky, the Polish artist who directed her years ago in Mad Love. Buchowetzky is no Pollyanna, nor does he wish Pola to be one. Her point gained, her attitude toward her fellow workers changed. She no longer treated them like something that slipped in when the door was left open. She is gracious when graciousness is needed, and gives praise where it is deserved. True, it can scarcely be said that she has thawed to the extent that extras borrow her lip stick. Not in several degrees. But if she is reserved and silent on the set, it is because she is immersed in her part, putting herself in atmosphere for the scene which she will presently play.

A Sample of the New Pola

An incident that occurred on her set during the filming of Shadows of Paris illustrates the change in Pola.

A young French actress who plays "bits" was instructed by Herbert Brenon to seat herself on a table in an apacherien scene and embrace one of the denizens of the place. Before she was fairly seated, Brenon called out impatiently, "No, no, you cannot do it. Let some one else try."

Chagrined to the point of tears, the girl slipped from her place to hear Pola say:

"She can do it. Let her try."

The girl went through the action to Brenon's satisfaction, and Pola said, "Marvelous!"

That young actress will treasure that bit of praise and encouragement through the years, and Pola has won a friend for ever.

Her tractability under Buchowetzky in Men is perhaps due as much to her perfect confidence in him as to her change of heart. He is thoroughly Continental in thought and he understands Pola Negri. She is the depths of her tempestuous being. He is a director of subtlety and depth, soft of speech, volatile of emotion. He wrings his hands, laughs and weeps with his actors. A big scene leaves him as emotionally spent as it does his star. And in Men, his own story, that opens with Pola as a waitress in a French wine-shop and ends with her queening it over Paris as an idol of the footlights, he is bringing back to us the old Pola once more—not the artificial, inhibited Pola of Bella Donna, but the glorious, unrestrained Pola of Du Barry. He hopes by means of this picture and future pictures to come to place Pola Negri once more upon her throne as a rightful queen of drama. After his pictures are finished, Ernest Lubitsch will take up the work.

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(Continued on page 95)
The New Pola

The Chaplin Romance

With love, Pola has nothing to do now. She is resting in quiet waters after breasting the whirlpool of her turbulent romance with Chaplin. Whether she really loved him with a deep and lasting love, who can say? She found him a celebrity and therefore to be cultivated, yes. She found him a mental stimulus, a kind friend in a strange land. Desired by many women, it was her triumph to captivate him. He was experienced enough with women and wary enough to intrigue her Continental heart. But love? We wonder.

Chaplin's passion was probably equally calculated. Charlie Chaplin is an adept at letting his head control his heart. Extremely susceptible to beauty, yet he never gives his emotions full sway. Without a doubt he was infatuated with Negri, yet even in the depths of his infatuation, that still small voice which keeps a check on his emotions may have warned him of shoals ahead.

Vanity on both sides, a warm glow of pleasure at being desired by a celebrity like the other; physical attraction and mental stimulus; hardly love of the sort that suffereth long and is kind.

The report has gone abroad that Venus has ensnared the hearts of Pola Negri and most unlikely of swains—Bill Hart. The affair, if affair it could be called, was of brief duration. It was more of friendship than anything else, at least on Pola's side. Hart undoubtedly admired Pola. But William S. Hart, mellowed by the winds of some three score winters, was scarcely romantic fuel for the fiery heart of Pola Negri.

Today we have a new Pola—mellowed in the crucible of democracy—her fiery genius still unbridled; but guided by experience and a sympathetic understanding.

The New Gloria

She talks about her children—freely and enthusiastically—to interviewers. Her children are Gloria, her little girl, and an adopted boy of a year, George. They're with her all the time—and she was heard to say that she'd like to have a big house with a special wing for a nursery, said nursery to include her two barns and many more. And then, there's her book.

Oh, yes, Gloria has written a book. It is the most unexpected thing the girl has ever done. But she is said to have really written it herself, with no assistance; and Harper Brothers is to bring it out. It is as yet a child without a name. The contents include little thoughts in free verse, about love, and flowered gardens, and things like that. Which leads us to believe that Gloria is not, despite her two unhappily marriages, the slightly cynical woman some writers should have us believe.

Naturally, there are those who scoff at the new Gloria Swanson—who prefer to believe that her fresh outlook, her friendliness, her book, constitute another pose. At a familiar dinner-dance she was absolutely the last celebrity to arrive; and she hasn't sold her motors or dismissed her servants. But you can't get away from the new Swanson of the screen no matter how hard you try. She's here and evidently she's here to stay. And after all it's the celluloid record of her new personality that counts.

Q: Alice in Screenland—from page 73.

As real and earnest as some dreadful persons would have us believe. If earnings are unbecoming, there are rubber circles that will serve the same conversational purpose. It is a wise girl who gives her friends something silly to tease her about.

Caprice for Cupid.

And for the dear little toddlers (or the terrible little nuisances whenever you think them) must have their bathing hour the same as mother, no better model than Baby Peggy could possibly be found. Her cunning little cap has a pair of turtle doves billing and cooing daintily in silhouette. Her suit is of the kind that Cupid himself would probably wear if he ever has the grace to wear one. Baby Peggy's wings are less ethereal than Cupid's but they keep the dear child from drowning.

The smart and practical thing to wear to and from the beach is a sweater and skirt. A sweater never sticks—even though one hasn't taken as much time as one ought in drying. The one I am showing is quite ultra. There is the V neck with cricket striping to enliven it and the slip-over form to place it in a class with the first sweater families of the year. The material is a silk that the lady twirls in her hand so that her smart neckline can be seen is of gay Roman stripes. Anyone who isn't blind and has seen the papers for the last few months knows how good Roman stripes are—and scarfs; my eye, we'll be wearing them on our heads next.

Note.—Any of the articles mentioned in this story will be purchased for you quite without cost, if you will write Miss Alice Anesley, care of Screenland.—M. Z.
During his visit he received so many challenges that he was kept busy slapping the ball around the lot and rather overlooked production affairs except at odd moments.

As his studio comrades, with smiles on their faces, saw him off on the train, the film Mogul no doubt congratulated himself on having such a bunch of good fellows in the organization. The handball court and its paraphernalia are of course getting a little dusty from non-use since he departed, but it still offers pleasant moments to some of the property men and electricians on the lot who have a little spare time on their hands.

How Great Is, Seastrom?

After viewing Name the Man! I wish to take issue with Charlie Chaplin when he says that Victor Seastrom is the screen's greatest director, and also state that I will gladly fight a ukelele duel with anyone who has the affrontery to classify this film version of Hall Caine's gum-drop as a fine screen play.

As for Name the Man! the very fact that Seastrom would elect himself to direct such an absurd lollipop of a story is a count against him. If ever there were far-fetchèd situations, unhuman characters and mock heroics on the silversheet we have them all in this production. Seastrom made no pretense in the future, but on his last two efforts he is not entitled to be ranked among even the first five directors.

Another Good Plan Gone Wrong

When the plan of making June Mathis' commander-in-chief of all Goldwyn activities was first announced, it was felt by many that the idea would never produce the expected results. Looking back over the year's output from the Goldwyn studio it must be admitted that, while the idea of having a brilliant scenario writer as supreme boss over all production may sound well, it does not pan out when put into execution. The failure of the Mathis regime to come up to expectations is by no means a reflection upon the abilities of June herself, however, but upon the theory underlying the proposition.

The mistake of the executive who appointed Miss Mathis to the task was in thinking for a moment that such directors as Neilan, Vidor, Von Stroheim, etc., would submit to the arbitrary power of anyone, much less a woman and a scenario writer. It was a forgone conclusion that there would be friction from the top of the gong between these big directors and the young woman who had been given powers over their head. For instance, in discussing plans for a production, would Mickey or Eric or King journey to June's office, or would June have to come to their offices? In just such a minor question as that there would be a mental battle between the two forces for a moral victory.

If the Goldwyn executives had engaged a staff of young and unestablished directors instead of such self-confident men as Neilan, Vidor, von Stroheim, etc., the former would have been glad to listen to June's ideas and follow her continuities out to the letter. With such an arrangement the Mathis regime might have met with success.

What's The Use?

While James Cruze's The Fighting Coward is being commended throughout the country as an "entertainment picture," it is by no means getting the praise it merits. The Fighting Coward is not only a good picture—it is an exceptional picture. The real bigness of the film, however, seems to be going over the heads of the majority of spectators. The Fighting Coward is a significant production in the history of the silent drama because it is the first first-rate satire that has appeared on the screen to date.

Satire is one form of screen literature that has had virtually no development. It offers a virgin field for producers, but the back-draw is that satire is the most difficult of all subject matter to picturize. It demands not only originality and wit—but brilliance.

What, then does it profit Jimmy Cruze to give the silversheet such a delicious satire, and then have it pass unrecognized. Most of the reviewers termed it a "comedy-drama." One critic called it a "far fetched melodrama filled with implausibilities." That fellow probably thought that Name the Man! was a logical work of art. Talk about wasting fragrance on the desert air!

Why Some Authors Go Crazy

You have heard of the producer who pays $25,000 for a story because it has been widely advertised, and then changes the title on releasing the film version,—thereby losing the very benefits he paid for; and you have heard of the producer who buys a novel or play because he likes the plot, and then so alters the plot that it loses all merit. Here, however, is a new tale revealing the very other angle the farcical aspects of the craze for buying published works at high prices.

Three or four years ago the Select company bought the screen rights to W. E. Lancaster's novel The Law Bringers. It was assigned to Ralph Ince for production, but after the novel had been pulled apart and made into a film it was discovered that none of the original story was left. So the name of the production was changed to Out of the Snows. This left an unfilmed novel on the hands of the company, and when Reginald Barker was casting about for a story a few months ago The Law Bringers was submitted to him.

Barker read it, thought it would make
Eight Dollars a Minute—from page 55.

We spoke of *The Girl I Loved*, Ray's eyes filling with quick tears as I praised it in unqualified terms.

"I love it, too," he said huskily. "But God only knows if the public will. I'm not one to condemn the public when it doesn't like my pictures. I think there must be something wrong with the pictures, and not the public. But I know *The Girl I Loved* is good. So the public must like it. I put everything I have learned in the picture business into it, every ounce of personality and acting ability I possess. And I did not compromise with my ideals, by making it end happily.

"That's the reason I have always wanted to be able to make such pictures as *The Girl I Loved*. But the struggle has been terribly uphill. Certain big interests have made it hard for me to distribute my pictures to the best advantage. One national screen magazine has taken every occasion to knock me and my work, through a personal grudge. I started producing on my own at a shoestring, and costs have mounted beyond belief.

Eight Dollars a Minute

"Why, I nearly went crazy when an efficiency expert figured that our expenses here amounted to eight dollars every minute of the working day! That almost ruined my acting, for awhile. I dreaded retakes—precious minutes at eight dollars each flying to eternity. Waits drove me frantic. I bullied and hectored until I almost drove my most loyal people away from me. Then I woke up, and determined to forget the nightmare. I would make pictures as efficiently as I could, and let it go at that."

I had an uneasy sense of eight-dollar minutes flying past us as we sat in the projection room, and Ray, sensitive as a girl herself, smiled understandingly and reassured me.

"They are making some scenes I don't appear in," he said. "Besides, if I were needed, I'd want to talk this thing out with someone who lends a kindly ear. I'm up against it, really. If the public can't see *The Courtship of Myles Standish* I'm through. Unless it succeeds big it will be impossible for me to meet my notes. The same thing almost happened on *The Tailor-Made Man*. I paid far too much for the story and it cost too much to produce. But fortunately it made quite a lot of money."

No More Country Boys

"When I made *The Girl I Loved*, I said, and I meant it, 'No more country, I give up the picture I had given the best that was in me. That was my supreme country role. I wanted to get away from them. If the public likes *The Courtship*, I will have won my freedom, my chance to act something besides the bashful, barefoot boy. If they don't like it—well," he made another of those futile, heart-wrenching gestures with his long hands. "It means back to someone else's lot for me—it means chains again—someone else picking my stories and guiding my picture ethics—"

Fine phrases, but Charles Ray meant them.

And now the worst has come to pass. The public did not take very kindly to *The Courtship of Myles Standish*. For Charlie's sake, I am very sorry. But I can't wholly blame the public. In his effort to make a great picture, he made a long and heavy one. He and his staff had done so much research work that it overpowered their picture sense—they wanted to get everything in it that they had learned about Mayflower days.

But whatever the reason, the result is the same. Charles Ray is beaten as a producer of his own pictures—temporarily at least.

The public has been unusually insistent in Charles Ray's case. He has wanted to abandon country boy roles. The public has insisted that he stick to them. And, begging Charlie's pardon, I think the public is right. Ray is the type of boy he portrays so well. He is bashful, naive, simple, kind, boyish, inclined to be a little inflated with ego when he has done a big thing, and too prone to deep despair when he has failed—and that is the kind of role the public adores for Charles Ray.

Thomas H. Ince discovered and developed Charles Ray. I do not say he made him. Ray could make another. But, outside of my personal fondness for Ray and my regret that he had to be hurt, I am glad he is going back to Ince. We will get again the pictures that endeared Ray to his friends, and maybe as Ray and my regret that he had to be the heart of the public again, a little of the sting will be removed from his own sore heart.

NEXT MONTH: Another wonderful story by Anne Austin—about "Our Mary." Don't miss it. In August SCREENLAND, ready July first.
A Class—A Story of Hollywood—From page 45.

A rising at seven-thirty, Fanette would rush through her toilet except for the strata of foundation application of which consumed fifteen minutes. She would not have been bad looking if anyone had seen her original face. Hair which nature had made soft brown to go with an olive complexion was not only henna-rinsed and cut off within an inch of its life, but what remained of it was frizzed into kinks no white person ever came by honestly.

Mrs. Bischel would wait on her daughter at breakfast and urge her to have an egg. Fanette would murmur “no time” between mouthfuls of cold cereal and her mother would say, “If you got up when I called you,” which Fanette would interpret with “Hurry up with the coffee Ma, I’m late.” This constituted the daily dozen words between them. They were fond of each other but like many people of their type were inarticulate. Demonstrative maternal and filial love had its place and that was in the movies.

On the way to the subway she would buy a newspaper that made reading easy, telling its stories in pictures. She would peruse it from first page to last, kept from swaying as the train lurched by an equal pressure of humanity on all sides.

She reached the office just in time to look settled when old Wilcox or Jones came in. She lunched on a tuna fish sandwich and a chocolate nut sundae, except the days when it was a pimento sandwich and a banana split. If the minutes she spent in the dressing-room retrieving a cupid’s bow that had lost itself in luncheon, and putting imaginary stray hairs into place could be stretched end to end, it would take several weeks a year from her service to Messrs. Wilcox and Jones.

The evening subway ride differed from the morning one in that Fanette’s attention was centered in a serial story of married life and advice on problems of the heart.

Dinner at the Bischel home was a simple meal with plenty of food and little service. Sometimes Fanette helped her mother dry the dishes, more often not. She was an only child and “spoiled” her mother would say, proudly.

All days were more or less alike. And then a wonderful thing happened. Fanette bid adieu to dust flies, to the subway crush to drab flat. One Saturday afternoon she waved a light farewell to her mother and a few friends from the observation platform of the Twentieth Century, Ltd.

The philosopher who said truth was stranger than fiction uttered a folio-full. Some wiser Beyond was not aware of his sagacity, swept away the stakes and retire to palaces; the entire course of a coilee’s life is often deflected by the lottery, and the fluctuations of Wall Street have performed more miracles than Merlin.

Fanette had gambled and won. She had capitalized the one thing in which she excelled, her knowledge of the movies.
her of someone she knew, couldn't just place it.

The next day they met on the observation platform.

"Where are you bound for?" he asked.

"Hollywood," she answered proudly. She hoped he would think she was a movie actress.

"From New York?"

"I'll tell the world and Brooklyn." She was very proud of her home city as people are likely to be who have never seen any other.

"Where are you from?" She thought a return inquiry no more than polite.

"I'm a Cosmopolite," he replied.

"Really! You have no accent."

"You're quite a wit," he retorted laughing, and because he seemed to expect it, she laughed too.

They discovered that they both had a stop-over of a day in Chicago.

"There is a very fine Art Museum there, one of the best in the country. Do you want to see it with me?"

"No thank you," she replied, "I want to go to Marshall Fields. My girl friend has a cousin from Chicago and she says I must be sure and see Marshall Fields."

"I wouldn't bother about that. You've seen department stores in New York." The C. G. Conn Band Instruments, 707 Michigan Ave., Elkhart, Ind. Please send "Success in Music" and details of this offer on

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did the city girl who exclaimed: "It
smells exactly like Vidaud's Toilet
Water!" The fragrant orange groves,
the palms springing up straight out of nastur-
tium beds, the profusion of flambant
semi-tropical splendor brought forth
from our heroine:"it's just like the pictures!"
"Remember that house?" cried Fanette
in excitement as they jinneyed down
Wilsire Boulevard. "Where have I seen
it?"
"In 'Hearts Apart'," supplied her
companion. "That's right," said Fanette. "I re-
member."
"Just you wait till you get to Holly-
wood. Remember the desert scene in
'Adrift'."
"Veh."
"I'll show it to you. And Ocean Park,
and Santa Monica and Venice. Just you
wait."
"Is that where they took the 'Merchant
of Venice'?"
"Fanette congratulated herself on having
chosen Chester instead of Percy. Here
was someone that spoke her language.
"Percy was a dead one," she wrote
Mae. "Always raving about the scenery.
I canned him. Chester is a live wire.
He's going to introduce me to a big man-
ger, personal friend of his. He says
my name is Fanette because I am a fan." IV.

As she followed the jaunty bellboy
through the lobby of the Holly-
wood Hotel, Fanette made a rapid inven-
tory of everything in sight. Perhaps she
had expected to see Douglas Fairbanks
leap from behind the piano to greet a
smiling, hatless Mary, vampires with
cigarettes dropping from the corners
of their mouths dangling around, Harold
Lloyd lighting a cigarette under some-
thing one. At any rate she was a little disap-
pointed at the quiet well-dressed crowd,
very much like the people of any tripled
class hotel in New York.

Fanette wondered all the way up in
the elevator how much to tip the bellboy
and worried a long time after he had closed
the door whether she had given him too
much. She didn't want to appear green.
After she had hung up her dresses to
get the wrinkles out and spread her cel-
luloid toilet articles on the dresser she
was startled by the ring of the telephone.
"Hello, are you there?" queried a suave
masculine voice. "Mr. Longacre speak-
ing."
"Oh hello," said Fanette, all smiles.
"How're you?"
"I manage to sit up and take liquid
nourishment when I can get it. How's
things?"
"Alright. What's new?"
"Nothing. What's new with you?"
"Nothing."
"How about having dinner with me
this evening?"
"Thanks. I'm game."
"Would you rather go to Levy's or the
Crystal Palace?" asked Chester.

Levy's suggested her tailor to Fanette.
The Crystal Palace sounded more like
class. "The Crystal Palace, if it's all the same
to you."
"You're the doctor's. I'll call for
you at your palatial domicile at sixty-
thing by the wrist watch. Olive Oil."
"Ain't he the clip!" commented Fanette
as she hung up the receiver.

The fingers dressed one by one, trying
to decide the problem which con-
fused the female audience. The blue
taffeta looked best without a hat. She
would keep that for some little home
affair. The red velvet was too warm,
Chester had seen the tan crepe de chine,
so by the process of elimination she chose
the black canton crepe sleeveless dress.
She decided, to go to a costume course, was
to be kept for a state occasion, a Moving Picture
Ball or big dinner.

The Crystal Palace was the ultimate
syllable in ostentation and Fanette felt
that This was Life. It was named for
its sparkling chandeliers with their clinking
glass prisms and the mural mirrors that
twinkled the effect of the brilliant as-
semblage. The band was advertised with
the name of America's leading jazz
conductor in large letters. Only on second
glance one noticed above, in smaller
lettering, "Vincent Arundel, late with."

Chester demonstrated his savoir faire
by calling the head waiter "Charlie" and
demanding a table near the dance floor.
But he read the menu from right to left.
Fanette ordered Chicken a la King and
Spumoni. Chester breathed more easily
when she declined a cocktail.

"See that girl over there with the brown
dress?" she whispered.

Fanette was all attention.
"That's Marie Tuttle," pronounced
Chester.

Fanette had no idea who Marie Tuttle
was. "You don't say so!" she exclaimed.
"What's the girl with the red feather?"
"That's Paula Blake. She doubles for
Pearl White."

They danced cheek to cheek on the
crowded floor assuming the particular
vacuous facial expression which is sup-
posed to terraphean. Chester could per-
form more intricate steps on less ground than anyone with whom
she had ever danced.

"You'd make a wonderful blood-hound,"
he complimented her. "You follow so
easily."

Fanette considered the evening a great
success. How was she to know that most
of the pretty girls were sight-seers like
herself or aspirants who hadn't quite made
the grade for extra work and had become
models or saleswomen in the department
stores? It was as well that she did not
know that even as she viewed Pearl
White's double in her apron she was
...
SCREENLAND

See that Cadillac going around the corner? That was Charlie Chaplin and Madeleine Normand and Alice Joyce. Did you see them?

Fanette said she saw them. In fact, she thought she saw them and it gave her a thrill.

She and Chester went to the Orpheum where he pointed out more celebrities. At the door of her hotel she thanked him profusely. She felt that due to him she had rubbed elbows with the great.

Sunday they made a trip to the beaches. She was surprised to find the Pacific looking pretty much like the Atlantic. They had a shore dinner while Chester pointed out whole constellations.

Chester never seemed to know until noon whether or not he was to work that day. If he was free he phoned her to meet him after luncheon. When he was busy she took up residence in the shops or at a movie. One day, on the hotel clerk's recommendation, she went to see the Mission Play at San Gabriel, but she found it very tiresome and left before it was over. She preferred the two-dimensional drama.

The thing she enjoyed most was visiting the studios. She saw something of the making of A Wife's Way. She marveled at the houses represented by thin pasteboard facades supported by sticks. The fantastic make-up amazed her. She made it her business to learn technical phrases such as "plastering" herself in the shops or at a movie. "That's Willshire Boulevard," she'd say, gesturing. "I watch you there," she'd say to the producer. "I think I'm coming back," she'd say to the assistant director. She watched them shoot, fascinated. It was so different from what she had expected despite the fact that she was steeped in the lore of the little sister of the arts. She could not grasp why an apparently unimportant scene was taken over and over again, sometimes running on for days. She was confused by the lack of sequence, the taking of scenes in order of place instead of time. She felt disappointed that the principals were not alone during the love scenes, but was intrigued by onlookers from the sets, including the public. She had a sense of being at the crux of the universe. She never admitted to herself that she hoped that some director passing through would spy her and say "Who is that girl? Bring her to me."

Chester's friend the manager proved to be out of town and nobody seemed to know the whereabouts of Richard Chandler.

V.

When the day came for Fanette's departure her regret was tempered with the anticipation of being the center of an admiring circle at home. She fancied herself referring casually to "When I was on the coast." Even while she had visited the places of interest with Chester, her mind had always been half occupied with conjectures, with Mae as the tentative audience.

Chester took her to the train. They bid each other a verbose farewell, promising over and over again to write. "I was very pleased to have met you," were his parting words.

"Likewise," replied Fanette. On the train her mind was taken up with Chester and the perusal of the Hollywood Gazette to such an extent that she forgot that she had worn the sequin dress at all.

Fanette was welcomed home royally. She was quite the lion of the neighborhood. Parties were given in her honor and she was consulted on matters of style and etiquette.

Mae confided that she and her "steady gentleman friend" and that he had a friend who was crazy to meet Fanette, having heard so much about her. Fanette told Mae of Chester in glowing terms, adding to his attractions with each account.

"He's a regular Othello!" was her culminating encomium.

However, she was not averse to meeting Mae's friend's friend.

The New York presentation of A Wife's Way was a great event. The boys took Fanette and Mae to the opening. It was at one of the larger houses where the feature picture is merely the nucleus of many trappings. They talked impatiently through the interlude until they were hushed by a testy termagant in front who seemed to want to hear the music.

When the big picture began, accompanied by the solemn chords of the organ, Fanette's blood pressure ran high.

"That's Wilshire Boulevard," she'd say, gesturing. "I watch you there," she'd say to the producer. "I think I'm coming back," she'd say to the assistant director. She watched them shoot, fascinated. It was so different from what she had expected despite the fact that she was steeped in the lore of the little sister of the arts. She could not grasp why an apparently unimportant scene was taken over and over again, sometimes running on for days. She was confused by the lack of sequence, the taking of scenes in order of place instead of time. She felt disappointed that the principals were not alone during the love scenes, but was intrigued by onlookers from the sets, including the public. She had a sense of being at the crux of the universe. She never admitted to herself that she hoped that some director passing through would spy her and say "Who is that girl? Bring her to me."

Chester's friend the manager proved to be out of town and nobody seemed to know the whereabouts of Richard Chandler.

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expanse of shining pate he had draped tresses originating near the opposite temple. Until he got out of the range of the wind-machine he looked like an electric fan full of serpentes.

Since I like film heroes cut to the bone, I cannot see why synthetic hair-rum-scarum is not allowed even in the making of those costume things. Realism has been the oft-missed aim in them and not missed by a hair, either. Surely Norman Kerry in The Hunchback of Notre Dame was a rare morsel of marbles, though he did not always carry them around on his own block when off the set.

And Joseph Schildkraut, filmmaker's Bronx edition of an Arabian knight, stuck on fuzzy, semi-lunar beauty patches to augment his own temporal decorations in that sheik thing he made last Fall, with as much eclat as Valentino used his own in becoming America's leading boudoir Bedouin.

Milton Sills in A Lady of Quality must have received no mean support from the wig-maker, for it is inconceivable that he could sprout such a set of Pickfordian pretties from his own scalp.

Ramon Novarro in Scaramouche and Antonio Moreno in The Spanish Dancer, relied on borrowed bangs, for I saw them both while those classics were being canned and neither one exhibited off-stage.

The fact that these celebrities successfully put their trust in hair of anonymous origin seems to prove that sideburns and long hair are no more essential to the art of the slinger of low looks than a Windsor tie, smock and tam are to that of the slinger of payments. But the addicts to the one are as numerous as the addicts to the other.

I call the hairy ones "docks," to distinguish them from the rear of the feminine "boobs", though since shingles have become something different from the ones I knew as a boy, differentiation is difficult and well-nigh impossible on the bathing beach.

"To dock" means "to cut off roughly, crudely," and if that does not describe the Virginia creepers now adorning the homes of the darlings of the screen I hope to be fried in hair-goo.

Much research has revealed that Theodore Kosloff and not Rodolph Valentino was the first Hollywooden to become careless about his hair-cuts. He has an over-hang of hair second only to Maxim Gorky's.

Then Douglas Fairbanks began to grow his costume for The Thief of Bagdad and barber bills began to decrease. All Hollywood took Doug's indifference to tinsorial artists seriously with a consequent rise in the price of shampoos.

About this time Rod La Roque, Richard Dix, Charles de Rochef and Eugene O'Brien tore up all their fan pictures and began to let nature take her course. La Roque and O'Brien got the best results. Bus-boys the country over will become olive-drab with envy when they lump the trifles the latter grew for Secrets.

Jack Hoxie wears sideburns, too, but they sort of go with wigs.

Alan Hale will probably explain his wavy banks by saying they go well with the dirty work at the crossroads which he is forever doing in the films.

Heaven knows what excuse David Torrence, Joseph Swickard and Charles, or is it Claude Gillingwater, will advance for their tinsorial turpitude. They will probably blame it on their age.

Of the throbers whose stars are just beginning to glimmer, Robert Frazer, Culien Landis and Edward Burns sport the best developed pair of incipient Lord Dundrearies.

But for general all round development Alan Forrest, Mary Pickford's brother-in-law, by reason of his being cast in Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, has the skinniest locks since the Medussa. They are red, and black and they shimmer. From behind his head looks like the east end of a Mallard duck going west.

All of which brings us down to the consideration of the orthodox as to hair in Cameradia whose continuing popularity does not seem to be predicted on untamed tresses. Tommy Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Reginald Owen, Kenneth Harlan and Norman Kerry, which sans the period finishes the folks at the Universal joint are always foisting upon him, desire citations for their devotion to the duty of being well-groomed. Bill Hart's cow-lick is also quite recherché. George Walsh sacrificed his mop to play Ben Hur.

Many are the lads with saline on their hair who are yelling for Georgie's head on a salver but they better be careful for "the barbers'll get 'em if they don't watch out."

Raw, Raw, Raw—a story about movie vampires. Rather an intriguing subject to turn H. B. K. Willis loose on. The sparkasure to fly when Willis and Kliz collaborate and vampires are the subject. Don't miss this one. In Screenland for August, ready July first.
on the roads of Europe. We may not have missed any meals between engagements, though we did postpone a few. I remember once,” and his voice stopped, “but that has nothing to do with it. A lot of people miss meals. . . . Anyway, my wife said to me at the end of the ten years, ‘You know Ernest, our little son and myself thing you are a great actor and singer and everything, and that you are not appreciated in Europe, so I suggest that you borrow fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) and go to America and take a chance in New York. Sonny and I will rent the house for twenty pounds of the money, and join you later. I followed her suggestion and borrowed the money, and came to New York. Within four weeks I landed an engagement with Al Woods in a musical comedy. Everything went lovely for three weeks, and I cabled money, and on the fourth day they were on the boat. And on the day they sailed—the show closed.”

Torrence stopped, and smiled, then resumed. “George Marion, who got me the job with Al Woods, immediately got in touch with another theatrical producer, and I am going to get a contract for twenty dollars a week. The wife joined me, made light of the bad luck with the Woods show, became enthusiastic about New York and my future, laughed at me when I got blue, and made our little two room place a haven of rest for all three of us, and I joined the cast a week later, and managed to go to a nickel show now and then. Sometimes when we were short of money just one of us would go but we always managed somehow to take the boy to one or two pictures a week. It was the watching of these pictures that gave me the urge to try the screen, but Hollywood was many miles away. Finally I went on tour with a musical comedy that strangled in Los Angeles, and I looked about the motion picture colony, while waiting for money to get me back to New York. I ran into an extra man, and every casting director I interviewed about a job told me I was ‘too tall’ or something. I was always ‘too something.”’ When I returned to New York I was given an engagement as a Scotch comedian with The Only Girl. I made good in that, and then I had the devil’s own time convincing anybody that I could play anything else but a Scotch comedian. But I was convinced that I could make good in pictures, and so was my wife.

“One day I saw a casting director and he told me that I had ‘no sense.’ After I solved the riddle of life I’ll probably get around to understanding what that chap meant. But anyhow, I pestered all my friends at the Lamba Club with my idea of being a motion picture actor, and they all told me not to attempt it. Figuring closely, I thought I could manage to get enough money together to take the boy and three of us to Hollywood. One unfortunate thing developed. We had always been proud of our son’s size until the California trip. Then to our horror we discovered that he was ‘very large for his age’ but hoping that conductors in general would take our word we started out on the perilous journey. I talked fast about the boy at times, and really having the truth on my side, we got the boy to the coast on a half fare ticket. After being in Hollywood for six months with no luck at all save now and then taking part as an extra in a mob scene, I got word from New York that Eddie Small wanted a ‘very tall man’ for a part in Tol’able David. So I left the wife and boy in Hollywood and returned east. With four days in which to think of the perils of acting I looked back upon my life with a clear perspective. For after the time I sang for illustrated songs on Eighth Avenue, in New York, and when I was the ‘singer’ for Paul Rainey’s African Animal Picture shows. Somehow, all the varied experiences had not dimmed my faith, though to be fair, it was my wife’s faith that kept the Torrence ship afloat.

“I reached New York and was told that as I had been on Eddie Small’s ‘extra book’ for some time as a ‘very tall man’ he had finally decided to give me a real part. My next part was as Mahafey in The Prodigal Judge. I thought my part was too small, and after that, I did not get a part for six months, and with the wife on the coast and me in New York, the sledding was not easy.

“Then my brother, David Torrence, suggested that I go to Hollywood and sink or swim. I did. I bucked the extra list for the better part of a week and after that, three or more parts led to another until I found real economic shelter under The Covered Wagon.”

“Did you sign a contract right away?” I asked.

“No, after all, I’m Scotch, I thought I was doing something pretty good, so I refused all offers and waited until the picture was released. Since then, of course, everything has been easier. The wife is happy, so am I, and I am now playing what I think will be the biggest part of my career. My next part is in Wm. J. Locke’s The Mountebank.”

“Who do you think is the biggest man on the screen?”

The quick answer—‘Chaplin . . . he stands alone.’

“Who is the greatest actor developed recently?”

“Percy Marmont—I think he is a really great actor—his work in If Winter Comes is beyond question masterful to the smallest detail.”

“Who follows?”

“Adolphe Menjou keeps pace. His work in A Woman of Paris was very high class.”

“You have mentioned three men who received their early training abroad. Why?”

“They deserve it—that’s all. Sometimes I feel that the European actor gets a more thorough training than the player over here, though I know many American players who are high class.”

“The directors?” I asked.

The answer, “Cruze for delicious and humorous satire. Chaplin for subtilty, Rupert Hughes and Neilan for American middle class drama, DeMille for society drama, and Joe De-
made; she has been drawing her five thousand a week without working. This is an indecent attempt to revive Leah Keschna, who has certainly earned a rest if any girl ever had. James Rennie acts in an embarrassed manner all the way through that trouble—as a criminologist who falls in love with the innocent lady crook he has a lot to hear.

Rejected Woman is Tripe

I'll give you the list of leading characters in The Rejected Woman and you can re-write the story and sell it to a film company. I thought they had stopped using stories like this but apparently not; so you and I might as well make the most of it. Diane DuPrés, Alma Rubens; John Leslie, Conrad Nagel; James Dundas Hess, Wymann Stansfield; Samuel DuPrés, her father; Bela Lugosi.

Now that you know what it is all about you can write your own review, too, because you know better than I do if beautiful young French-Canadians who fall in love with wealthy young New Yorkers appeal to you. There is a twist, however, which you might miss if I didn't tell you. Instead of becoming a famous prima donna, when Dunbar sends her abroad to study, Diane is told she'll never make a singer. This is a highly original touch.

Alma Rubens struggles so valiantly you'd think her vehicle was a 1924 His-pana-Suika instead of a White Steamer. As in Cythera she does not depend upon her optics and other delectable graces for effect. She works hard to give a semblance of reality to the flimsy fiction. The Rubens beauty deserves a better back-ground. She isn't supported in the manner to which she became accustomed when Cosmopolitan surrounded her with luminaries; but her charm is a cameo even in the highest-salaried company.

Virtuous Liars Impossible

If I said Girl Sky and The Galloping Fish were the month's funniest I take it back. Virtuous Liars is much more amusing. Whitman Bennett wrote and directed it and strengthens my conviction that he is just the gag man Harold Lloyd is. Richard Dix is the lead but don't ask me why. Dagmar Godowsky and David Powell are in it and they should be ashamed of themselves.

A Singled Star—from page 07

later. Alice Joyce never stopped working when she retired from pictures. She just began to work. She mapped out a schedule for herself, and followed it. Like Mary Pickford and other young old-timers, she missed her school-days and determined to make them up. She enrolled at Columbia for several special courses—journalism for one; she engaged a French teacher; she had her voice trained; she practiced at the piano two hours every morning.

"I don't know how she has the patience!" said the frankly frivolous Anna. "But I admire such ambition—it's wonderful!"

Alice Joyce wants to go on the stage next year. If she doesn't entertain operatic ambitions it's the only form of artistic endeavor she hasn't planned. And all this without neglecting husband and children.

"There's no reason why I should," she declared. "No reason at all. Of course a lot depends upon the husband. If I'd had mine made to order I wouldn't have had him any different. I hope he feels the same way about me!"

It must be true because they have been married four or five years now and you still see Jack, the premiers and supper-clubs together. Alice Joyce never did retire as far as social Manhattan was concerned. She is one of the most interesting and colorful figures at first nights. Her varied activities would make the average over-worked housewife ashamed of herself.

It's typical of her that she was wondering less about her work in London than about meeting W. Somerset Maugham. A mutual friend had the Englishman autograph several books and send them to Alice, and he wrote her a letter, too. She was as thrilled over it as her most worshipful flapper fan would be at receiving a letter indited in the kidy-like Joyce handwriting.

She used to be afraid of interviewers. She would make appointments with them, lose her nerve, and fail to show. Then they would go away and recall in print her early days as a telephone operator. Her shyness and reserve are naturally mistaken for temperament; and for a long time she was as unpopular on the screen as she was popular off. But she doesn't run away and hide any more. She may long to, but she stays instead and faces the music. She managed to reduce Anna Nilsson to drop in on her during her interviews but Anna saw through her feebly subterfuge and refused to help her out any more.

The pale portraits of her entitled "The Madonna of the Movies," make her laugh. She doesn't deserve such sticky sentiment. Nessa McNair named her one of the twelve most beautiful women in America; but Alice Joyce is appreciative of the compliment, still managed to wear her tightest turban without contracting a headache.

"I saw Julian Johnson in the Famous Players studio the other day," she said, "and he told me I looked younger than I did five years ago. I told him it was a new kind of rouge I was using."

That's Alice.
A Hill In Hollywood

IF YOU live in California, you won’t be surprised at anything the climate can do. If you live anywhere else, you may be startled to hear that there is a hill in Hollywood known as “Magnetic Hill.” Screen stars drive there daily to see their cars coast up the hill and then having reached the top, turn on their motors in order to drive down under power.

We do not claim to have solved the secret of this mysterious hill but in next month’s issue of SCREENLAND, we will tell you some more about it. We will relate experiences the stars have had with this scientific phenomenon. We will show you pictures of the hill and tell you facts concerning it.

This is only one of the interesting articles we can promise you in the August issue of SCREENLAND, ready July 1st. Other features of this issue will be a story about Blanche Sweet by Jim Tully, an expose of Fake Casting Agencies by Ted Taylor, a personality sketch of Anna Q. Nilsson by Delight Evans, an article on Movie Struck Babies by Eunice Marshall, a handsome rotogravure gallery by Alfred Cheney Johnston, a review of New York’s stage by George Jean Nathan, Raw Raw Raw, a story of screen vampires by H. B. K. Willis, in addition to many other excellent features by Anne Austin Sydney Valentine, Alma Whitaker and Myron Zobel.

Also a new novel of the films, Searchers in the Dark, by Rose Gleason starts in this issue.

And, naturally, Kliz, Ryan, Covarrubias, Wynn and Benito.

In addition to the above a half score feature articles and the usual SCREENLAND news, reviews and departments.

Altogether a really unusual issue.

SCREENLAND for AUGUST

READY JULY 1st 25 CENTS
He had served his time—three years in prison—and he had come back to his wife, Ellen. As Ellen said to David, George's patient, kind brother, "I love the man I married"—but the George who returned was not the man she had married. Slack-mouthed, sneering-lipped, cold-eyed, furtive, he was like a blurred portrait of the man he had been.

But Ellen would have tried to love him, to reclaim him, if he had not made his own baby his accomplice in crime! Mother-love, outraged—who can tell to what lengths it will go?

Read ACCOMPLICE, by Perceval Gibbon, one of England's most distinguished authors, in July REAL LIFE, an amazing crime story, a remarkable study in character, a startling finish. Illustrations are by Dudley Gloyne Summers.

And eleven other distinguished short stories, by famous authors:

DEAD LOSS, by M. L. C. PICKTHALL, illustrated by Courtney Allen. A sea story that will grip your heart.

HANDLE 'EM WITH GLOVES, by CARL CLAUSEN, illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan. Two "pugs" on a cannibal island.

SKY HIGH, by F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, illustrated by William McNulty. An airplane romance, which becomes involved with a mysterious treasure hunt.

HELL'S BELLS, by WINIFRED CUNNINGHAM, illustrated by Orison MacPherson. A priceless racing yarn, laid in colorful Cuba.

THE PLUGGER, by ROY GRIFFITH, illustrated by Edward Butler. A romance of "Tin Pan Alley."

"F. O. B." by ROY DE S. HORN, illustrated by Franklin Edgar Wittmack. A "nigger" yarn, mainly concerned with a "used" ear.

A WILD RUMOR, by WINIFRED CUNNINGHAM, illustrated by Harold Denison.

In which an American newspaper woman tells of the classic battle between "The Morning Pest and the Evening Snooze,"

THE SOUL OF A DOG, by Howard Crane, illustrated by Ralph Nelson. A thrilling tale of a shipwreck and a dog's devotion.

THE LOVE EXPERT, by KAY INGHAM BRUSH, illustrated by E. Lawrence Campbell. A newly-wed comedy.

"SCOOPY," by PAUL EYERMAN, illustrated by Vera Clere. One wild night with the circus, as told by a runaway boy.


AND TWO SERIALS:


PETER—A FOOL, by HUGH HERBERT, illustrated by Edward Butler. Peter makes the supreme sacrifice for the child he loves.

AND SIX IMPORTANT FEATURES, including an illustrated poem, JUNE GARDENS, by Margaret E. Sangster; a rotogravure gallery of beautiful women; two articles—CINDERELLAS OF BROADWAY, by Rac McRae, and SPIRIT CONTROL, by Eileen O'Rell, reviews of the latest plays and pictures, and our new department, MY SLANT ON LIFE, to which you are invited to become a paid contributor.

The July REAL LIFE is a splendid book, from cover to cover. We offer it proudly, knowing that its stories are unsurpassed by any other magazine, and that its dress is so artistic as to make it one of the most attractive books you ever read.

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Photo by Edward Thayer Moro

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East Coast, West Coast—Both sides of the listening post

Published monthly by Magazine Builders Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
In the October Issue

Hamilton Thompson contributes Nothing Today, a two-part fascinating story dealing with the life of an "extra girl" in the studios and boarding house of New York.

You will be pleased with Peggy and her two gold fishes. Peggy and her roommate had named the fish Ghoulish and Foolish.

Peggy croosed to the fish bowl, Sid, watching her with adoring eyes. "You poor little fish, we haven't fed you since the Lord knows when, and you never let a peep out of you."

So, to make the fish feel better about it and in honor of the doctor who was calling on Gloria, they named them Adam and Thyroid.

You will enjoy going with Peggy on location, her adventures, temptations, disappointments and love affairs.

THE LATEST FAD

The Cross-Word Puzzle craze has reached the moving picture lots, and the stars offer you some puzzles of their own.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

"A difference in opinion makes horse races." A Pessimists' Column and an Optimists' Column. Reviews of the same films, one by John W. Knock and the other by Miss Pollyanna herself.

FEATURES

With interesting articles by Anne Austin and Delight Evans and Eunice Marshall, the October SCREENLAND is sure to continue its friend-making characteristics. Myron Zobel, from Paris, will give us an editor's reaction to the French brand of drama and his usual colorful editorials.

The heart interest story concerning all those connected with the screen which has become identified with SCREENLAND will be very much in evidence with the October issue.

The House of Hope, a story of the hospital which has been erected to the memory of Wally Reid, is a story which will appeal to the sympathy and emotions of the millions of fans who so dearly loved Wally.

A special interest in the October issue is a personality story with a real hero. Charles DeRoche is a screen star with laurels, too well deserved and abundant to need introduction to our readers, but the life that has been led by his remarkable Frenchman will be a revelation to the fans. Let them who believe that the male motion picture stars are cull-shooters and lounge-lizards, read the story of Charles DeRoche.

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Brief Reviews of Current Screenplays

By Martin B. Dickstein

THE SPITFIRE — Murray Garrison — This is a movie with more plot than there were extra people in Robin Hood. Also more screen high lights for a picture of its size and importance than there were custard pies in a 1915 Chaplin special. There are (count 'em as you go) Betty Blythe in the leading feminine role; Elliott Dexter, more adable than ever he was before; Pauline Baron in all her ingenuous winsomeness; Burr McIntosh, the man who made a reputation selling Liberty Bonds during the war — and then talked himself into a job in Hollywood; Lowell Sherman, who managed to put in a little time between curtain calls in Broadway stage productions; and Robert Warwick, one of the grandest grand old men of the cinema. There you are — a sextette of artists to do any director proud. Bill Cabanne, the man who wielded the megaphone, couldn't help making a Grade — A film. And The Spitfire is all of that. Mark it down as one of the things you can't afford to pass up.

RIDGECWAY OF MONTANA — Universal. Here we have jumin' Jack Hoxie in what would have been a tale of the open spaces if they hadn't been so economical with the spaces. Hoxie, of course, is the whole show. Probably Cliff Smith, the director, thought Jack'd be a lot more interesting to the fans than a lot of Montana landscape anyhow. Well he is, but not any more so than the little flapper who comes into the picture sitting everybody from the cattle king himself down to the Chinese cook. The flapper person isn't given screen credit but from what this reviewer saw of her work, she should have been co-starred. The plot is pleasantly different from the usual run of "westerns," there being something or other about a girl remaining all night in a ranch house and even in Montana that is considered sufficient to compromise a lady. This is a picture for the please-eases. Hard boiled fans are urged to stay away for the management's sake.

TRAFFIC IN HEARTS — C. B. C. They'll like this film down in the Gas House district because it is so morally clean, inspiring and so darn full of hokum that it'd make the toughest yegg toss his brass knuckles away and 'beat it for the Y. M. C. A. and a Gideon Bible. Dorothy Yost wrote the story which is, for the most part a lot of sentimental garbage mixed with some very incredible political situations. The hero (Robert Frazer) has the role of a clean young political reformer with a halo over his well shaped head and he sets out to "get" the graft ring hell bent for matrimony. You know the rest. He gets both. This is just another what in the long list of what's wrong with the movies.

BROADWAY OR BUST — Universal. This is one of those rodeo come-to-town atrocities in which the longhorn wrasslers come into a bit of money and put on the dog. Radium is discovered on Hoot Gibson's tumble-down ranch and he draws down a cool million for his share. Of course the city slicker real estate guy comes on the East in a yellow duster and a satchel full of greenbacks and pays him in cash. Don't blame Hoot for not wanting to take a movie actor's check for that amount though. Thus the nouveau riche from the cow country rides his bronco hell bent for election into Noo York and proceeds to paint the Gay White Way a deep dyed scarlet. If you haven't seen too much of this sort of thing before, you might like it. But you probably won't.

WANDERING HUSBANDS — Hodkinson, Lila Lee and her equally celebrated husband, Jim Kirkwood, seem to have been very, very jealous about this very, very inconsequential playground. They held the cast down to three, the party of the third part being Marguerite Livingston in the vampigest role ever we did see. Give you eighteen guesses to tell what the vamp was put there for. She vamps poor Jim Kirkwood so hard that it's a safe bet Lila won't ever tolerate her again in the same cast with friend husband. The story itself is trite and extremely dull. The characterizations are excellent, though, and altogether, Wandering Husbands ranks well up among the better program pictures of the season.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT — Associated Exhibitors. Another film with a moral. You can't go to a movie these days without being thoroughly sermonized, moralized and spiritually sterilized. William Faversham is the outstanding personality in this production, though John Bohn tops him in the number of scenes in which he appears. William Christy Cabanne, the director, has shot a lot of excess footage in the preaching of this cinematic sermon which gives the picture a tendency to drag. Where the sermonizing is thickest the film becomes irksome to distraction, Kathleen Maryn, an ex-Follies girl, plays the feminine lead. She screens poorly and is camera conscious. Altogether, The Sixth Commandment is much too morbid to be entertaining.

THE RECKLESS AGE — Universal. This obivous follow-up on Sporting Youth is a marvel of incredibility but Reginald Denney, the star, does absolutely right by his producers and does much to lift his audience up to a more or less receptive mood. Reggio appears to be quite at home in this sort of Wally Reid role. He has captured much of the Iste Paramount star's wistful appeal and with Ruth Dwyer in the opposite role they make an attractive team. The story itself is too thin and wobbles dangerously in the biggest moments. But, still, it's The Dangerous Age, you know. However, the hot weather isn't over yet and it's a pleasure to be able to walk out on a picture and know you're not going to miss much. No?

IN FAST COMPANY — Truart. Richard Talmadge in a zippy rah-rah yarn that ought to go big at Ann Arbor and in every town boasting a branch of the I. C. S. Some brand new ideas on how to stage a fast steppin' collegiate hi-jinks without bringing down the wrath of the proxy. Dicky Talmadge will make...
a lot of new friends with this picture. He reminds one a lot of the Doug Fairbanks of half a dozen years ago before *Robin Hood* gave him the million-dollar-picture habit. Mildred Harris and Sheldon Lewis are in the cast and they're happy choices—both of them. This picture is one of the good-old-days variety and who can say that they're not, "art"?

LOVE OF WOMEN—Sedwick... Maybe Whitman Bennett doesn't make the worst pictures in the world, but we don't know who else deserves the palm if he doesn't. *Love Of Women* is sufficient cause for Helene Chadwick to sue for damages to her reputation as an intelligent actress. It's another of those marriage triangles, where the little che-ild gets sick and brings the erring couple together again. Montagu Love is the "heavy", Lawford Davidson, a good-looking young chap, is the husband and poor Helene is the unhappy wife. Mary Thurman has the role of vamp—in a blond wig bobbed King Tut style.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—F. B. O. As a means of putting Alberta Vaughn before the public, this series of 12 two reels comedies is good stuff. The one I saw—*Love and Learn*, was crammed with action and carried a few good laughs. Alberta as an exponent of the jazzy working girl is all to the good, and her figure is even more so. A good trailer to the feature picture, when a Mack Sennett comedy isn't available.

**Brief Reviews**

**REPRINTED FROM AUGUST SCREENLAND**

THE DANGEROUS BLONDE—Universal. If Carl Laemmle doesn't know it already, he ought to be told that just that sort of cheap comedy which is Director Robert F. Hill's idea of comic relief in *The Dangerous Blonde* in one of the worst in what's wrong with the movies. At best, it is just chkhle food for the morons. The title of this film is a rank misnomer, so don't be misled. Laura La Plante, Universal's last word in screen starlets, is a feast for these poor, tired, cinema strained eyes, but we do wish she wouldn't overact her parts so. Yes, she's the blonde, but not so very dangerous.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—United Artists. Mary Pickford fans are pleased, but it is not Mary's greatest picture. Just another luxurious and expensive costume picture, with Allan Forrest as the leading man. Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth walks away with first honors. A good picture, but not what Mary could have done.

THE GOLDFISH—First National. The best thing Constantine Talmadge has ever done, and one of the shghtest comedies of the year. You'll not be bored a second with this frankly frivolous imitation of Majorie Rambeau's stage vehicle. It is lightweight and without a mission or a moral. Jack Mulhall keeps up with Connie, and Jean Hersholt is a constant comic cyclone as the heroine's second husband who gets the goldfish—meaning the gate.

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox. Scenes range from underworld dives in the Montmartre to more familiar stamping grounds in the Roaring Forties, N. Y. Then that most common cinematic afflication, aphasis, (it's fast becoming an epidemic) gets in its dirty work and the w. k. plot begins to thicken. John Gilbert and Mary Nixon have the leading roles. This is an exciting and amusing picture play that's sure to please.

MADEMOISELLE MIDNIGHT—Metro-Mayer. It's a Murray paradise. The Murray movie is a bit overworked, but the Murray halo is discarded for the time being; Mae wears a brunette wig most of the time. I thought at first it was going to be a good picture, for it begins with a flashback to the French court of Eugenie, introducing Maximilian, ill-fated emperor of Mexico. But after that it is just Mae Murray. Monte Blue is the cause of her reformation.

THE MASKED DANCER, I am told, was made in eight days, and not one of the players, who include Lovell Sherman, Helene Chadwick, and Joe King, knew what it was all about. I can believe it.

MEN — Paramount. Another Pola Negri picture that fails to ring the bell. They decided to let Pola be herself, and rushed Dimitri Buchowetski over her and told him to let Pola be herself. The result is pretty
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awful. It begins with a bang—lovely little waitress lured into nobleman's palace, finds herself penniless on the streets. Next we see her as "Cleo, the idol of Paris", making at least ten idols that Paris has had this season. Men is an attempt to be awfully continental. It succeeds in being awfully Hollywood.

MIAMI—Hodkinson, Unworthy of Betty Compson. Why should one of our most promising stars assume a role which requires merely shapely underpinnings when any Sennette belle could play it just as well? Another of those plots which could be cleared up in the third reel if the members of the cast used their minds instead of losing them. Seven reels of Florida and Compson scenery.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.—With a stubby little fellow by the name of Gwylym Evans playing Nap and a bosom-heaving trooper of the old school in the role of Jo, F. B. O.'s film version of one of the greatest romances in history is certainly one great big whopper of a comic opera. We'd like to sentence Director Alexander Butler to sixty days on St. Helenas for the way he muffed all the wonderful chances he had to make Napoleon and Josephine a really beautiful love story.

THE SHERIFF OF POWDER CREEK—Universal. All about the sheriff-hero's sensational capture of One Eyed Jake, wanted in the East for a bank busting and killing. So the hand-some sheriff takes the 500 simoleons reward and buys himself a love nest for him and his gal. Yeah, they're still making them that way but there's no law that says you gotta go see 'em. This is a free country.

SHERLOCK, JR.—Metro. As a daff, even one of those champion, soft shoe, shadow guys from one of our leading correspondence schools Buster Keaton is an awful flop. He gets his man, but the scenarist has made the process too ridiculous to be even funny. Sherlock, Jr. is a cinematic mess of fish with a side order of surprise dressing in the form of a hodge podge of trick photography. Enough to make a tired brain turn somersaults and flip-flops. Together too hectic to be amusing; and too much Buster Keaton, you know, is like a dose of ipecac.

THE SIGNAL TOWER—Universal. Just the kind of picture the title implies—railroad thriller in which the hero saves the Limited (ye gods, are there never any other trains on the road?) from a horrible disaster. Wally Beery is working in the heavy role as a city slicker who comes to do the switchman's wife dirt in the dead of night. Virginia Valli is the star. This picture accomplishes what it sets out to do—entertain—and save for one or two rank melodramatic sequences, it's good stuff.

SOULS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT—Universal. This is one of those eerie mellers in which a soothsayer mumbles strange words over a crystal ball and departed spirits come again to walk this earth and haunt the seven-and-a-half-a-day actors into purgatory. Lucille Ricksen is the most prominent in a mediocre cast. The play proceeds steadily from bad to worse, or rather worse to worst, and in the closing sequence we see two seemingly grown-up people riding off to school, books slung over shoulder, as they pedal their merry way on their bicycles. Collegians, they are too. Won't that hand the undergrads a laugh! Like the title, this film should pass in a night—one night.

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—F. B. O. Emory Johnson, bless his heart, has just heard that there was a war. And he thought it would be just great to make a picture about it. The snappy result of this timely decision is The Spirit of the U. S. A. Johnny Walker is the little busy bee around the farm, and his brother is just horrid. The war, that great leveler of men's souls, brings them together again. Mary Carr is again turned out of her home, and is again saved from the poorhouse by Johnny Walker, Gloria Grey is the girl.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount. The best full-length feature ever done in colors. A picture that makes film history. The Zane Grey story, in black and white, would have been just another movie; in colors it is a screen triumph. Billie Dove is exquisite as the heroine; Jack Holt does good work as the Wanderer and Noah Beery slouches away with the honors of the picture as the desert rat, Dismukes. See it by all means.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—John M. Stahl. A charming domestic comedy; don't be misled or kept away by the title, which is an insult to the picture—intelligent comedy that it is. Lewis Stone is the husband who strays temporarily and Helene Chadwick is the wife who learns how
to keep a husband. Miss Chadwick has played almost as many wives as Mr. Stone has husbands; they make a good team. You'll like the picture.

WOMAN ON THE JURY—Sylvia Bremer takes on herself the jury which is to decide the fate of poor little Bessie Love, who killed Lew Cody. Because Lew was an old and ungrateful flame of hers, Sylvia saves Bessie by telling her own story to the other members of the jury. The suspense may be terrific but it was all wasted on me. Bessie Love was particularly poignant—what a great little trouper she is!

THE LONE WOLF—Associated Exhibitors. The combination of the title and the name of Louis Joseph Vance, the author, should make this screening one of the best box-office bets of the season. Lots of hokum, of course, but it's the popular kind from which people will come away saying "ain't that a grand movie?" Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt play the leading roles. Plenty of excitement and the suspense is effectively maintained until the end.

THE LOVE MASTER—First National. Another Larry Trimble-Strongheart co-starring combination, and one of the best so far. Strongheart is one of my screen favorites, along with the Fox comedy monkeys, Teddy, Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan. It will soon become necessary, however, for Mr. Trimble to buy another brand of dog biscuit, or to install a reducing machine in his kennels. For Strongheart is taking on a little too much weight for one who is so much in the limelight. Lady Julie, Strongheart's wife, is the leading lady.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Victagraph. Between Friends is a story of a man who had a wife and couldn't keep her and who cooks up a fitting revenge for the fellow who stole her away. Lou Tellegen again plays the part of the much abused husband, a role for which he seems to be particularly well suited. There is a period of agonizing suspense toward the end of the picture but nothing comes of it. Altogether an inane and aimless bit of screening that would have been better left undone.

BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Again Adolphe Menjou is called upon to be a suave, sophisticated man of the world—for the second time since Woman of Paris. Monta Bell, the director, has really done wonders with an old Owen Davis melodrama. The persecuted heroine is played by Norma Shear, to which she brings sincerity and something more than beauty.

THE CHECAHICOS—A picture of Alaska, that, as a movie, is a splendid scenic. Best Alaskan scenes yet. It is too bad the plot couldn't keep up with the atmosphere. They put every gag known to northwest melodrama into it, and it failed to jell. The queen of the dance hall turns out to be the mother of the little heroine. Except for Alaska, not even an average program picture. Good weather scenic stuff.

REPRINTED FROM JULY SCREENLAND

THE BELOVED VAGABOND—F. B. O. A poor interpretation of William J. Locke's novel, so atrociously miscast and amateurish in its presentation that it seems hardly worthy of a serious criticism. Carlyle Blackwell is sponsor for the film, supervised its production, stars in a dual role and generally monopolizes everything in sight.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Victagraph—J. Stuart Blackton, Lou Tellegen and Robert W. Chambers—director, star and author—get together and fool the critics, by turning out a good picture, which can be summed up in a sub-title, "My wife—and my best friend!!" the wife being Anna Q. Nilsson, who gets run away with by Norman Kerry. Tellegen being left to mourn her untimely departure and her subsequent death. Alice Calhoun consoled him.

THE BREAKING POINT—Paramount—Herbert Brenon intelligently directs Matt Moore, Nita Naldi and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather foolish story. Matt is allowed to be perfectly natural in a drunken scene; there's a frenzied murder complication and Naldi relentlessly stalking our hero.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN—Paramount—Thomas Meighan gives his pleading public another crook melodrama, and says it is his greatest since The Miracle Man. Some may not agree with Tommy. Virginia Valli is crowded into the background; she is wasting her time. If you like crook pictures, you'll be vastly entertained, and Tommy is always Tommy.


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To Francis T. Howard, 320 Washington Street, goes the award of $10 for his letter “rating” the July issue. We are grateful to Mr. Howard and to the hundreds of other helpful readers who conscientiously graded every story in SCREENLAND. We are sorry that every person who made out a report card for the editor could not get a prize. The following letters are chosen for their varied appeals, to fill the small space allotted to this department:

By Our Readers

Dear Editor of SCREENLAND:

We have had all the remote and costumed days put into the films and they are quite wonderful too, but it seems to me that there is a period that has become unpopular that as a matter of fact still deserves the attention of the producers. Or perhaps I should not call it a period, but a locality. I refer to the good old Desert Island film.

I have never passed one by yet, and I would be glad to see many more. It is true that I would welcome a new twist to the plots, and the clever scenario writers could think of new situations I am sure. And, what fun these films are to watch. I suppose the sea islands that so intrigue me, are within hail of Hollywood, but what of it. These films have imagination and picturesqueness and if perhaps the beautiful heroine wears fewer clothes than the Duc d’Orleans or Lady Silks-and-Satins sport about with, that is really no disadvantage.

“Where the Pavement Ends” was fine, and the “Shooting of Dan McGrew” was cleverly set. I liked “The Marriage Cheat” too. Oh well, I suppose I like them all, and I don’t suppose I can claim that the Desert Island is really neglected, but let me tell the world of producers that these films ring the bell with a whole lot of people.

Perhaps it is the simplicity of the clothing that gives me a kick, (I hope that I am not revealing a low mind.) But I think the hero also has a more or less of a popular role. We like to see resourcefulness.

Speaking of ladies with very little to their wardrobes except curves, did you notice when you saw Doug’s “Thief” that the point of the dagger against Anna May Wong’s little body marked the very peak of interest in that gorgeous film? If you print this, I’ll bet you will find that other people will write in to tell you that—

I’ve said something.

Yours truly,

W. J. H.

Dear Editor of SCREENLAND:

After a study of your July SCREENLAND and careful comparison of it to the others of its class, I have come to the conclusion that its grand total batting average is 400! It is so clean, so American in its fair play, does not have a Police Gazette atmosphere, information—not misinformation—is laddled out in healthy chunks an dis a safe, sane and sound magazine. According to my humble and not highly developed mind, the gradings for the July edition are as follows:

Illustrations

The Cover—100%. Rolf Armstrong has succeeded admirably in imparting “atmosphere” to his portraiture of our beloved sheikess, Pola. Does it not radiate much of her warmth, lure and witchery? Coverrubias—99%. Always charmed as I am with “Covies” snappy caricatures, I deduct one cent from his otherwise perfect score as I fail to see all of Loretta Joyce’s individuality in his cartoon of her.

Addison Burbank—50%. His pen drawing is first class but he falls down on originality.

Edward Butler—75%. Would hesitate to give even this batting average for his “Screen Stars” cartoon but for his clever “Charley Chaplin” sans his dinky little mustache, sans battered derby, sans baggy trousers and sans seagoing shoes.

Kliz and Wynn—90%. In their usual good form but are writing extra in humor this time.

Benito—80%. Too many Albert Vaughs and Slim Summervilles in his beach scene. Give us a few curves.

Photogravures—99%. One per cent. is lost because one “Baby” is seen eating the lovely banana when it should be a cluster of cherries.

Stories, Articles, Etc.

The Editors’ Letter Box—50%. A worth while institution. Let us go on agreeing and disagreeing but “Remember—No Shooting!” as Jack Pickford says in his “Field Billy.”

The Silent Drama—75%. Martin Dickstein loses the other twenty-five per through no fault of his. In handling his line, he is the hippo’s tonsils but somebody is stingy with him and doesn’t give him enough space. Make him earn his salary with an extra page or two, preferably two—Editorials(?). I could place my valuation on friend Myron’s library calli- sthenics but hardly dare to. If I should say “100%,” would he be liable to go and raise the price of SCREENLAND Mum is the word.

As We Go To Press. 99%—Newsy, breezy and gossipy enough. Just a literary box score.

The Riddle of Mae Murray—100%. More power to Evans Delight for her splendid characterization of Mae Murray. I am delighted to find Delight on my side of the controversy, concerning Maes’ right to her place in the sun.

Fake Make-up Schools—99%. Good but...
Annette Reducing Garments

Positively Reduce—You look thinner the moment you put them on, and this appearance soon becomes a reality

So comfortable and thousands of women find that they serve the two-fold purpose of reducing while removing the need for a corset. Many women are wearing Annette Garments to arrest a tendency to “take on fat,” finding that they accomplish this while, at the same time, they serve the purpose of a corset without its attendant discomforts. Made of Rubber-Fabric and so ingeniously worn that no rubber touches you though worn next to the skin, Annette Garments restore those slender, graceful lines without which modish attire cannot be worn with distinction. Reduction begins at once, becoming more apparent day by day.

No. 320—12-inch “Step-In” Style Rubberic Hip Reducer, without laces, as shown on right, each . . . . . . . . . . $6.50
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On the left I picture my 12-inch Rubberic Hip Reducer, lacing either in front or back. Made of Rubber-Fabric, woven especially for Annette. Bear in mind that in Annette Garments NO RUBBER TOUCHES YOU. This is an important feature, and its value cannot be over-estimated by women.

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For Hip Reducers send measurements of waist, hips and thighs—for Girdle, send measurement of waist. Just give your measurements and I will send you the Annette Garment in a plain wrapper. Pay the postman the cost of Garment, plus a few cents for postage. If you prefer to send the money when ordering, the garment will be sent prepaid. Try it on when you receive it, and if you are not satisfied, send it back at once and I will refund your money. Mail your order today before you forget it. No C.O.D. to Canada, Hotelsor General Delivery addresses.

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YOUR WOMANLY BEAUTY can be developed. The secret of woman's charm is a beautiful, fully developed figure—a fact that sculptors, artists, and others are aware of. The tendency of women demanding the best of women is that she be thus perfectly developed.

BEAUTY OF FORM is woman's natural beauty. It is just as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for flowers to bloom in sunlight and cast a pleasant fragrance by their presence. Physical beauty can be cultivated, for the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree this dreamed of by the average person. There is always a way to accomplish the things that are wholesome and right. And since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a full, rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Dietz McCay, Marie Astor, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—resolve rumbler figure and slender contour. A number of my friends have recently benefited by this improved procedure."

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amount to much who rose mightily to the occasion once that he now has a medal from Congress which was voted to him. I read a book by Dicken's the other day— I am ashamed that I was read it before but every character in it is peculiar in some way, and I couldn't help thinking that the movie people are so anxious to make each character really individual that they develop the characters into caricature.

Milton Sill is of course wonderful in everything and perhaps one of the reasons that he is so wonderful is that he is a regular person and makes the man that he is supposed to be a real living breathing human being.

Yours,
May O'D.

Dear Editor of Screenland—I believe it was in 1909, when I was about six years of age, that I was first introduced to the moving picture. From that time to 1920, I saw one picture. I don't believe I missed a great deal for I have since the BIRTH OF A NATION which was the outstanding production of that period.

Then after taking an interest in the cinema I followed a hit-and-miss fashion of selecting my entertainment for a year or two until I finally came to recognize Wallace Reid as my personal favorite. I now have lots of favorites, but no one individual whom I personally prefer.

Where two years ago, I used little or no selection of pictures, I now have a very definite system which however, may seem huge and peculiar to some. Here it is:

I generally see the pictures made by these stars provided they are not too rotten: Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Poli Negri, John Barrymore, Gladyss Walton, Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray and Ramon Novarro. A few of these are actors, a few artists, and a few just stars, but they all have something definite to offer which appeals to me. I may be credited with versatility of taste.

Betty of the Hungry Heart—100%. smile when you say Good Bye, A Shingled Star, Elliott Dexter, Sitting Pretty, With the Location Man—Good enough.

The Listening Post—100%.

FRANCIS T. HOWARD,
320 Washington St.,
Providence, R. I.

The September number of Real Life Stories begins a new policy for this entertaining monthly. The magazine is fiction and fiction only. The stories, virile, REAL and exciting appeal to story lovers and each is complete in this issue.
$10.00 For a Letter From You

Send in your thoughts on the movies and the Editor will pay $10.00 for the best letter he receives. Every other letter printed will be paid for at space rates.

"Constructive Criticism"

The Editor invites the readers of SCREENLAND to send in letters of criticism.

Tell us exactly what you think about the films.

It does not matter whether you discuss the latest film to be released or whether you discuss films of an older vintage. If the point that you make is a good one, the other movie fans will be interested.

But—

How easy it is to wield the hammer. There are few individuals indeed who do not enjoy themselves in criticism concerning somebody else. This criticism is very valuable, even to the party criticized. But it can be more valuable, if, instead of tearing down with the hammer of criticism, that some construction work be done. Constructive criticism is the most helpful variety of fault-finding.

Let us hear what you can say regarding the faults of the films with, perhaps, some suggestions for their improvement. For example, probably some time ago, someone wrote to Charlie Ray and told him just what they thought of him, but they sweetened it by saying that in a country boy part he is one of the greatest actors on the screen. The result is that we have Charlie Ray in some more country boy parts. This is constructive criticism.

There is only one type of critic who can knock the films and get away with it and that is the skillful satirist whose jabbing pen is dipped in the ingratiating ink of wit and burlesque.

Well, perhaps you are one of these.

Address your letters to The Editor's Letter Box, SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York City.

---

New York Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, and Edna Murphy talk over "Into the Net" which was written by the commissioner.
...Yes, of course it's so!... who should know it as well as a woman like me whose Lifework has been studying other women?

One of the worst enemies of true beauty is the woman who uses the utmost misdirected thoughtfulness about "keeping herself beautiful at any cost"... who lives merely to plan costumes for herself... and who still is so much what in her heart of hearts she does not like to be...

And just because there is occasionally a woman like that is the reason that so many husbands sneer before their wives about "some women"...

But, poor child!... she is only to be sympathized...

She knows nothing of life... she spends all her time on herself... and always on the wrong track.

But you!... you have a hundred interests outside yourself... things you are planning to do!... people you are making happy!

It is for you that I have made my beautiful Valaze Skinfood... that take no hours over a dressing table... that is, may I say, "fool proof"... Why, it would not take you two minutes tonight, to put it on... and, while you are asleep, it is creating that beauty of skin which beams from your mirror in the morning.

Why not let those hours of sleep do something wonderful for you besides resting you?... Let them be making your skin fairer, finer and firmer.

Or, you can, instead, use it at any convenient time during the day,—for the clarity of your skin and the fine quality of its texture... Texture... the true secret of skin beauty, and Valaze Beautifying Skinfood is its creator!...

A dollar, two-fifty or four-fifty according to size of jar, and to be had at leading stores or direct.—Nor should you be without my booklet, "Beauty for Everywoman," which my Secretary will be glad to send you.

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Helena Rubinstein
Alberta Vaughn

Little Alberta of the "Go-Getters" has wrapped herself up in this veil because Edwin Bower Hesser says that she has "The most beautiful body in Hollywood" and such praise as this makes Alberta a little self-conscious, you know how you'd feel.
Billie Dove

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston
As We Go to Press:

Q John Golden, sponsor of Lightnin', one of America's greatest producers, signs with Fox Film Corporation for the filming of his famous dramatic successes.

Q Lon Chaney as "He Who Gets Slapped" for Seastrom who is directing the film version of Andreyer's story is creating a sensation.

Q Hail to Theodore Roberts. He's back in grease paint and overalls after an illness of six months. Mr. Roberts will assume one of the feature roles in Lord Chumley.

Q Rudolph Valentino to cross the pond again on a six months vacation, after finishing his work in "The Sainted Devil."

Q Richard Talmadge has the sympathy of all of us. His injuries sustained while filming "Stepping Lively" are serious.

Q Barbara LaMarr and Ben Lyon, the former working and the latter vacationing in New York, are rumored to be engaged. It will be Barbara's sixth wedding, if it materializes, although the court rules that not all of her marriages have been legal.

Q Prominent screen folk, including the Sidney Chaplins, are brought in the limelight in Ann Luther's suit against Jack White, Los Angeles millionaire and promoter, who reneged on a starring contract, so Ann says.

Q Brilliant opening of Janice Meredith, Marion Davies' latest and best picture, draws immense crowd of stage and screen celebrities, including Gloria Swanson, May Allison, Dagmar Godowsky, Nita Naldi, Richard Dix, Jacqueline Logan, Anita Stewart, members of the brilliant cast, excepting Miss Davis, who is resting in Los Angeles; as well as prominent society folk.

Q Imogene Wilson, who had signed with Mary Pickford to play in pictures in Hollywood, admits publicly that her suit against Frank Tinney, whom she still loves, has killed her stage and screen career, that her contract with Miss Pickford is cancelled.

Q Lois Wilson returns from London, denying her engagement to the society scion, Bernard Baruch.

Q Hope Hampton signs as lead in Mme. Pompadour, a musical comedy to open on Broadway early this fall.

Q Miss Billie Dove turns down Ziegfeld offer to be featured in the Follies as "the most beautiful woman in the world."

Q Will Rogers is again the hit of Ziegfeld Follies, and hasn't a swelled head, although he received one vote for presidential nominee at the National Democratic convention.

Q Police seek thieves who robbed Marilyn Miller in Los Angeles of thousands of dollars worth of jewels, hunt centering in Philadelphia.

Q Bert Lytell mourns in New York the abrupt departure of Claire Windsor for the coast. Rumors of an an engagement have turned into condolences for Bert.
The Meanest Man, Grit and
Editorials By

Dear Connie and Norma:

L AST night I saw The Goldfish in a little theatre on Long Island. It was one of those exclusive little towns to which the tired business men of New York return after the hard days golf is done. And, Connie, you won that audience over, body and soul. You had them laughing from start to finish. The fine folk in the boxes way back laughed at the rough stuff you pull in the opening of the picture because it was new to them and because you made them love it. The serving maids and chauffeurs in the seats up front enjoyed the “society stuff” at the end of the picture because you got away with it as a comedy queen should and still flattered them because you played to them and made your radiant smile include them in your circle of friends.

Connie, you are the last of a not so very long line of screen comediennes. You are still fascinating. Your reputation is unsullied. Screen fans pin their faith on you to keep alive a line of high class comedy drama. They need it.

And as for you, Norma. Who that saw Secrets can hesitate a moment to agree that genius is hereditary. It runs in your family. All that you and Connie need now is to adopt Eugene O’Brien as a brother and you can produce pictures with Ingenuity, Mother Role, Hero and Heavy without hiring a single person except blood relations. Brother Buster and Natalie will play the comic relief. Eugene will play the dashing lover in the first reel and the tough heavy in the second. Norma will play both bride and mother-in-law. Buster Keaton, Jr. will play the che-ild with due sanction of the censors, Ma Talmadge will write the script and Papa Schenck will produce it. If that isn’t a talented family there never was one.

Grit:

D URING the making of The River Road, not yet released, an extra was struck on the head by the revolving propeller of an airplane. His head was cut open and his brains exposed. They took him to the hospital and patched up that broken skull with clever trepanning. When the boy who had escaped death by a miracle regained consciousness after two weeks of utter darkness, he asked first:

“Will I be all right in time to finish the picture?”

And when he was told of those disastrous two weeks during which the picture had been finished without him, he asked the producer who had visited him at the hospital:

“And will you save me a bit in your next picture?”

You simply can’t discourage an extra!

The Meanest Man?

T HERE is a chap in Hollywood, so the story goes, who makes the most of his stardom. His daily mail is weighted down with twenty-five cent pieces, enclosed in payment for autographed portraits of the star. “They say” that he abstracts the quarters and lets the mail pile up indefinitely; that he has not yet mailed out any photos. He says a secretary would cost him more than the thirty dollar a week he averages in this merry little game of pillage, and that he personally can’t take the time to autograph and mail out all those pictures.

A star who thinks as little of his duty to his public as this man must is our candidate for “the meanest man in pictures.”

Betting on Babies:

T HE gossip grapevine brings us the rumor that producers who have baby stars on their hands are wishing that their mothers had the little fairies in their home, rather than in the studio. For some unaccountable reason the child star picture does not seem to be drawing as well as the powers thought it would. Two or three producers are wondering what to do with some glittering long-term contracts which they signed in moments of rare enthusiasm.

One sad bettor on babies is said to be singing this ditty in impassioned, pleading tones.

“If you know any producers who want any babies,

Just send them around to me.”

Mothers with rivals for Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy would do well to train their offspring to split rails and knit, rather than to act cute before the camera.
Troubles of an Usherette

Myron Zobel

Uncle Sam, Producer:

UNCLE SAM has joined the lists of thrill producers, with an exciting screen play called \textit{When a Man's a Miner}. The Bureau of Mines is the specific producer, and copies of the film are now available for exhibition purposes by educational, civic, and commercial institutions, and may be obtained from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It's all about "Lucky," a miner who didn't believe in safety first methods, but who was taught to respect them in a frightful mine disaster. Uncle Sam claims, as do all producers, that this is one of the finest pictures ever made. And there's a romance too—"Lucky" wins the girl and gets a medal!

Pretty progressive government we have, in spite of Tea Pot Dome scandals and what the disgruntled immigrants say about us.

The next step should be the filming of all histories used in public schools, and the installation of federal projection machines, along with the free distribution of all educational movies.

Salt:

LAST month this page carried an editorial headed "Cream Puffs." It was a request—and I believe it voiced the wishes of the average American—for fewer costume pictures and more films which picture real life as we know it—not as Rafael Sabatini and Charles Major and other romanticists picture the life of a bygone day.

And I have already had my request answered. At least three pictures released this last month are strictly American. They are not great pictures, perhaps, unless \textit{The Signal Tower} is worthy of that adjective. But at least they are honest pictures, compounded of honest American ingredients, and leavened with the salt of realism.

I speak of \textit{Bread}, \textit{Babbitt} and \textit{The Signal Tower}. \textit{Bread} is full of faults, because it was built on a book that is far from great, but there are splendid bits in it—little pages of real life, with the sturdiness and earthiness of everyday American life spread upon them. Now don't say I said \textit{Bread} was a great picture—but it might have been.

\textit{Babbitt} is almost painfully real, just as the seamy side of a theater's curtain is real. But \textit{Babbitt} builds a flesh and blood body—and leaves out the soul. Life as the Babbitts live it has something more in it than Sinclair Lewis or the director of \textit{Babbitt} was able to grasp and picture. If \textit{Babbitt} had caught, even for a moment, the soul of a Babbitt, along with his ridiculousness and pettiness and pomp and emptiness and heart hunger, it would have been a great picture. But even as it is, it has something to get your teeth into.

\textit{The Signal Tower} is a record of ordinary people—the kind of people who are known as "the salt of the earth." There is scarcely a movie situation in the whole picture. Real life is the director behind the play, and we have the illusion when the last reel is finished, that those same people will go right on, living their ordinary lives, paying for a home, raising their children, and rising to heroism when the occasion demands it.

Why not more pictures directed by Real Life?

And when I ask that question I know it will be answered by a flood of cheap imitations of \textit{The Signal Tower}, every one lacking the only thing that made \textit{The Signal Tower} great.

Troubles of an Usherette:

THIS craze for dressing the girl ushers in the movie theaters to carry out the spirit of the picture sometimes goes a little too far, according to an usherette who took me into her confidence as I waited for a seat in a crowded Broadway motion picture palace.

One of those bewigged and hoopskirted costume picture was being shown, and my usherette was disgustedly adjusting her numerous hoops and skirts, which, she said, had an annoying habit of tripping her up as she hurried down the aisles. And her wig was devilishly hot, she confided.

"Gosh! I wish this was a Palm Beach picture or something, so they'd let us ushers wear bathing suits."
EVERYONE knows the people of the films. Not only do we know the stars, but also many of the actors and actresses who do not receive any great amount of advertising. And the reason for this is not because their names may have been in some few paid ads, some interviews and some of the gossip columns, but it is because the screen itself—the photograph in motion—has the mysterious power to bring these players to us intimately and to show us their very souls. Then we love them and they are friends of ours.

What a wonderful phrase. "He's a friend of mine!"

I have never met Charlie Ray but I feel toward him a warm, understanding friendliness.

We do not forget our friends. Time may go by, even years, but it's: "Hello, you old son-of-a-gun," when a friend does show up.

The wonderful family which the movie fans make up is a new thing in the world. Money spent in advertising or in stunts could make a man's name known around the world but all the advertising on earth would not gain a man a friendly place in a million hearts. And that's what the screen has done for those who give their lives to pictures.

To realize what this means, imagine, Theodore Roberts without any baggage without a cent or a hat—imagine that he appeared upon your doorstep and that famous smile looked in at you—eyes a-twinkle and he said to you:

"Have I got a friend living here?"

What would you say to Mr. Roberts?

I know what you'd say:—

You couldn't get the door open quickly enough. You would put a chair up to the table and the missus would be all smiles and she'd dash out for a jar of her special preserve and you'd try to keep the baby from climbing into his lap while you sent sonny to the store for some cigars.

You know darn well you would! And why?—Because you feel him to be a friend of yours.

The people who go into the movies give everything, their privacy, their strength and their brains, but the screen pays them back ten times over with the friendship of Our Family.
Betty Blythe
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston
The Lion and the Mouse

By Grace Kingsley

Q Translating Aesop to Hollywood, does the Lion remember the Mouse which helped it when help was sorely needed? The answer, according to Miss Kingsley, who knows everyone in pictures, is that some lions do and some lions don't—but more do than don't!

EVERYBODY remembers the famous story by Mr. Aesop about the lion and how the mouse gave first aid to the lion when the latter found himself in a tight box.

Some of our very best little picture stars would now be struggling geniuses imprisoned in the net of circumstance, bound down to earth, if it hadn't been for some humble, mouselike individual, who came forward at the right moment to help out. Sometimes, to be sure, the helping hand was of some important person, but often as not it was some humble soul, some unpretentious and unselfish person, who gave the needed assistance at the right moment to aid aspiring genius in its moment of despondency.

Sometimes this help has been remembered and returned, usually, to the credit of the picture star, be it said, it has been—but sometimes the star has been selfish, careless and forgetful.

It was a kindly doorman, maybe, who let a little extra girl slip by when nobody was looking; or one extra helped another; or the woman who did the girl's washing or the cafe keeper who fed her, trusted her and loaned her money. A good many of the beneficiaries were men, and these, truth to tell, seem more prone to forgetfulness than the women.

But Charlie Chaplin is one of those who remembers. He has never forgotten the little boy, a member of the Lancashire Lads, who helped him get his first real engagement on the stage. Charlie spoke of him recently with the deepest affection and gratitude, and likewise of the whole Lancashire family, father and several children, who meant so much to the comedian in his start in life. I don't think he ever hears from the family now, but he did keep in touch with them for some time.

Never has beautiful Betty Blythe forgotten the Three Arts Club in Chicago nor the kindly old white haired matron, who aided her when she was hobbling about on crutches as the result of an accident, and bedridden for days at a time. The Three Arts Club took Betty in and kept her, without money and without price, for several months, until the young actress could get about again and go to work.

Betty has grown famous since then, but never does the Club ask her efforts that she does not respond. She has appeared at innumerable benefits on behalf of the organization, and has been instrumental in turning in hundreds of dollars to the Club.

"I'll never forget how sweet those people were to me," said Betty. "I wouldn't send home to Los Angeles for money. I was too proud. Besides my family didn't approve of my stage career, and I didn't want them to help me against their principles. When I got able to go about, however, I went to my uncle, Samuel G. Blythe, the well known political writer, and borrowed $75 from him to get to New York. Once in New York I soon went to work for Vitagraph, and it was my husband, Paul Scardon, who first decided that I had acting ability, and gave me a chance. My gratitude to all these will never cease."

Claire and the Mouse.

A gorgeously beautiful girl with blue eyes, golden hair, a complexion like a rose-leaf, came onto Allan Dawn's set one day, at Union Studios in Hollywood. That is, ordinarily her complexion was like a rose-leaf. But the day I speak of it looked jaundiced and awful. She was playing extra. Another girl came over and spoke to her.

"Say, kid, you look like something the cat dragged in!" said the second extra to the first. "Come with me, and I'll fix you up. Mr. Dawn won't need us for half an hour."

Claire Windsor was the girl with the burn make-up. The other girl took Claire into the dressing room where the extras made up, wiped her face with cold cream, put on a white make-up which experience taught her a blond should
Mary Pickford took Lillian Gish to D. W. Griffith, and insisted that the great man give the shy little girl a chance to act. Mary was then the lion and Lillian the mouse; now both are lions and neither has forgotten.

Charles Ray has not forgotten the unnamed friend who lent him money so that he would not have to walk long distances between studios to look for work.

Charlie Ray's Story

It was a hot day, and a weary boy who had walked fifteen miles that morning dropped down in the shade of one of these houses without any insides which adorned the Thomas H. Ince western street on the old Ince ranch near Santa Monica on the Pacific.

The boy mopped his hot, red face, rested a moment, got up and went for a drink of water at a faucet. He was a very handsome, attractive young man, and he had an air of good breeding for all that his clothes weren't of the newest or latest cut, and now were coated with dust.

As the boy lifted his head from taking a drink of water, an older man accosted him.

"Hello, Charlie Ray!" said the man.

"Hello, Sam!" said Charlie.
We shall call him Sam, at any rate.

"How is the walking today, Charlie?" inquired Sam.

"Rotten," said Charlie.

It was after this that the actor we shall call Sam loaned Charlie Ray money so that he need not walk to the studio for lack of carfare.

That's how brave Charlie Ray was. He was so determined to succeed in pictures that not even a walk of fifteen miles when he was out of funds could deter him once he had started. Things are reversed between him and Sam now; but Charlie does not forget.

Duane Thompson, a pretty little girl fast climbing the ladder of fame via the Christie Comedies, says that it was through a wardrobe woman that she got into pictures.

"My mother was working in a costume establishment down town," said Duane, "when the wardrobe woman from Christie's came and wanted some costumes one day. I was with mother, and she asked me if I wouldn't come out and pose with some of the clothes. I went out, and the first think I knew I had a job. I've been playing leads ever since."

Carol Dempster's Little Mouse

Beautiful Carol Dempster, star of D. W. Griffith pictures, admits that she owes a large part of her inspiration and aid to another beautiful little girl. But alas, this other girl as lovely as Carol herself, is lame. Her lower limbs are paralyzed, and while she remains as beautiful as ever, she cannot walk.

But she can inspire others to do (Continued on page 77)
In Hollywood there is a house which has behind it a beautiful ideal of Charity. It succors those girls who are struggling to gain a foothold on the ladder of movie fame. It saves those who are unable to get work from starvation—or worse—for a time.

The girls who wish to “make the movies” are housed in an old colonial building that squats dejectedly in the center of a tree-dotted acre in Hollywood. Everything about it has gone to seed. The stairs leading up to the main entrance are warped and sun-blistered. The balconies, from which cinema Julies look down upon embryo Romesos with rejected scenarios in their pockets, are worn and twisted looking—like beaten dreamers when the sun goes down. The wooden swings under the trees are dilapidated—having served their purpose ever and ever so long. Could the inanimate objects of life yield up their secrets, what tales those swings could tell. Here came the shallow pates from far places to rattle in pates even more shallow than their own—the whisperings of ego and the cosmic urge.

And the girls, for the most part, must have listened coyly, for they are young—but old—and wearily wise. Some of them may be chickens, but they know chaff from grain. A brilliant novelist once said to me, “Do not marry for money, Jim, that would be terrible—go where money is and fall in love.”

I write with no rancour—I love pretty girls—they represent dreams to me—and the glory and the wonder and the wild lure of living. If they are false—who would desire honesty—have they not heard from their mothers—an ancient slogan—“Better to lie a little than suffer much.”

Honest people are never invited to parties—unless they are terribly domineering and brilliant—and then, if they are, as a rule, they are too easily bored. Boredom is the price all great talent must pay to survive. The person of talent doles out the price in hearts’ blood, and broken chunks of soul.

If many of the girls have worked in goldless mines
with broken picks, they should also be pitied—for beauty must pay its prices as well as talent.

Having lived on the crumbs of charity for many of my early years and knowing the system under which the Studio Club is run, I feel that it is a demoralizer instead of a builder of character as are institutions of its kind all the weary world around.

If it had not been for the Studio Club, girls who had not the slightest chance to get into pictures would not have prolonged the dull agony of hope deferred for months at a time. All charity is for failures, unless it be the charity meted out to children. To fail in this materialistic age is no crime, for it has no doubt crushed some of the rarest natures in the world. But to fail by inches is a torture that no age should inflict. And many of the Studio Club girls fail by inches.

Failing by Inches

There is one girl, of splendid memory, name unmentioned, who walked to the different studios for a year and a half. In that time she worked three months—with a pittance as a wage. She was possibly the cleverest girl the Club has known. Of the old south, she was permeated with its charm. Witty, and with poise acquired through four generations of culture—she knew what everything was about—except that it was foolish to make the rounds of the studios.

Casting directors, with the mock chivalry of the Babbitt breed, had not the courage to tell her that she would never make the long steep grade. Beautiful, she did not photograph as many of her more homely and stupid sisters. She failed to register that evanescent thing called soul. It is not to be wondered at—those who spread their souls on the screen are rare—two people lead all the rest—Charlie Chaplin and Mae Busch—these others are lost in the fog. But the girl knew no more about pictures than the casting directors.

Had she started in the early days when stage failures turned to the screen—had she only met the MAN who would have 'put her over'—had she—but it is all futile. The one proper ‘had she’ is this—the club gave her a haven—she paid a small amount for board—and ate her heart out month after month. Without the Studio Club she would have come to her senses sooner.

It is all very well for the “none such” people of the screen who reached success through a freak of destiny to chatter success to these girls—the bare fact remains that none of them have succeeded. Some of the stars do condescend to sell their old clothes to the girls—and the girls—knowing the art of dress—look well in them—but after failure they leave the Club with their morale gone. Institutions crush individuality.

Another Little Tragedy

Another girl—almost made it. She was Irish—and had a code of morals. She was so near stardom she could touch the sparks. Then a bald-headed director sent for her. On her way to the interview an Irish assistant director said to her, “All I can tell ye, little girl, is remember what you’ve been taught.” The door closed and she was alone with the pseudo-artist in his private office. The world-old questions—but not the world-old answers—this girl was a member of a battling guard that died but did not surrender. . . . She said, . . . “Mr. . . . I may give some day with a heart full of love—but I have nothing to sell—not even for the whole damn studio.”

The door closed. The director dined that night with his wife and a party of friends. And that ended that—for the girl.

There was another girl who held the position of Club Secretary for years. She once had a good start in pictures. She worked with Nazimova in many pictures. She took a three-months’ vacation and went to her home in the east where her friends congratulated her upon such great success—for distance lends enchantment to success in Hollywood. Upon her return she found that her place had been taken by others. Not being strong enough to win back the position she had lost, she gave it all up and devoted several years to cheering other girls (Continued on page 79)
Male scribes sit up nights trying to think up new adjectives to describe the fragile, orchid-like loveliness of Corinne.

Corinne Griffith is what all the novelists of all times have meant when they described impossibly beautiful and poised and charming heroines. She is almost insolently beautiful.
Femininity Plus
By Anne Austin

Deep in his heart every man cherishes an ideal of utter femininity, and in spite of her boyish bob and easy aping of masculinity, every flapper would love to be a Corinne Griffith.

A PERT-EYED, sleek-bobbed, hoydenish little flapper who sometimes shares my movie pass with me and annoys me with her cheerful chirpings about the picture, grew thoughtful and quiet—blessedly quiet—as we looked at a not very good film, Lilies of the Field. My own admiration for Corinne Griffith was registering one hundred per cent, but my picture sense was crying out against the tinsel absurdities of the plot. But this is not a review.

"Do you know," the barber shop's best customer said as we left the theater, "I'm thinking what darned fools we all are, not to try to look like Corinne Griffith, instead of shaving our hips and our hair to look like boys? Most of the time I'm pretty much sold on me myself. I warble, 'I love me' and I admit there's usually a line forming on the right, to bid for my spare time. I've got an engagement book dated up two or three weeks solid; even breakfasts. But—I'm always dead sure when I look at Corinne Griffith on the screen that she's got it all over the best of us flappers when it comes right down to drawing power. She's Lady Beautiful and Princess Patricia and all that stuff, while we—well, I have to dance a little closer and drink a little more boisterously than the rest of my crowd to keep that engagement book pre-dated—"

Adjectives have been sprained by better pens than mine in a futile attempt to describe the charm and beauty of Corinne Griffith. Male writers for movie magazines wax lyric and forget to pose as hard-boiled, blase birds, when they report on Corinne. Fragile orchid, Golden calla lily. Purple iris against black velvet. Somehow only delicate, exotic flowers suggest themselves as dazzled scribes rummage a vocabulary practically unexercised since college days.

The hoydenish little flapper whose lips are too crimson and whose eyes are too wise explained it further:

"Corinne works the femininity gag, and I guess she knows what she's doing. I never take my sweetie to see one of her pictures. He'd want to start right in and reform me, or he'd pull that moral Frank (Continued on page 80)"
Let Your Brains

Write a Slogan for Mae Murray's Film

Q: Brevity is the soul of successful advertising. Can you write a slogan for Mae Murray's forthcoming production, which will briefly and attractively advertise this film?

This slogan must, have as few words as possible, an intriguing, catchy quality and must advertise the production or the star.

When you think of the great businesses of America, you will find identified with each, a catchy slogan which remains in the mind of the reader when all the big full-page spreads and bill board flashes have faded into a vague memory.

The captivating, teasing slogan is so important that this $500.00 will all be awarded for one slogan. There will be no second prize, there will be no honorable mentions. The contestant who sends in the best slogan will receive a check for $500.00 in a few days. This is an opportunity for all.

In the land of Motion Pictures, every day a fresh opportunity is granted to some one. The Goddess of Fame prepares a laurel wreath to place upon the brow of some hitherto unknown. Perhaps, you will write the winning slogan and thereby start on the way to movie fame and fortune.

Read carefully the synopsis so that your slogan will really say something. Consider well the characteristics of Mae Murray. Do not repeat the title as this slogan is to be used as a sub-title. The name of the picture is "Circe, The Enchantress."

Write your answer on a post card, one answer on a card, and mail to this office, address given below.

A contestant may send in as many answers as he wishes. The number of words is not limited, but of course, there are practical limits.

In the event of two or more persons submitting the winning slogan, the full amount of the prize offered will be awarded to each.

The contest will close on the 15th of September, 1924.

The prize will be awarded to the slogan which, in the opinion of the Judges, is best.

Address: Mae Murray Slogan Contest, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.
Go Into The Movies

$500.00 Will be Paid for a SLOGAN for "Circe, The Enchantress"

Written especially for Mae Murray by Vicente Blasco Ibanez

The theme follows the myth of Circe, daughter of the Sun, who turned infatuated sailors into swine until checked by Ulysses.

Cecilie, who exercises a Circe-like spell over men, gives countless parties at her home on the north shore of Long Island. Discovering a new type of victim in her next door neighbor, Dr. Richard Van Dyke, the celebrated New York surgeon, Cecilie invites him to one of her jazz parties. But he does not participate in the drunken revels and spurns her advances.

Desperately in love with him, Cecilie calls at his New York office as a patient. Here she learns that he is engaged to a haughty beautiful girl of his own set, and that he wishes to have nothing to do with her (Cecilie). Heartbroken, she determines to forget everything in a wild carousal.

Consequently, that night, her home is the scene of mad gaiety and recklessness. She gambles away her money and home and finally loses her precious jewels. In a frenzy of despair, she fractures the wine glass in her hand, cutting an artery. Called to the scene, Dr. Van Dyke dresses her wound, prevents a mortal combat between two of her admirers, and leaves her after denouncing her as a modern Circe who lures men to their destruction.

Still hopelessly in love with the doctor, Cecilie flies after him in a condition bordering on collapse. Realizing her danger, the doctor attempts to calm her. She succeeds in restoring her self-control, and Cecilie, for the first time in her petted life, perceives her waywardness. A change comes over her. She casts one fond last glance on the doctor, throws her arms about his neck, kisses him, and departs for the convent in which she had passed her girlhood, to become a lay sister.

But Dr. Van Dyke has finally succumbed to Cecilie's great charm. By means of a slender clue, he traces her to the convent, but the sisters tell him no such person is there. As he leaves, Cecilie is brought in by another door, unconscious and inert, as the result of having risked her life to save a child from being run over. The local doctor tells the sisters that only Dr. Van Dyke's skill can save her.

Reluctantly, Dr. Van Dyke goes to the convent to tend the injured woman. He is startled to recognize Cecilie as his patient. Aware that the life of the woman he loves is at stake, he sets to work over her with his cool skill. The operation is successful and Cecilie has promised to become his wife.
CARMEL MYERS is a vampire who doesn’t know it.

Carmel cavorts capriciously upon the screen, luring handsome heroes to her boudoirs, lighting perfumed cigarettes for them, trailing around in soft negligees, smoothing their hair, and otherwise behaving as no perfect lady should. Ask her how she does it—her technique, her method of allure—and she’ll answer, “I haven’t the slightest idea.”

She has vamped John Barrymore—but wait a minute. “Don’t,” begged Carmel, her gray-green eyes almost glinting with unshed dew-drops, “don’t whatever you do, call me a vamp.” But as Carmel didn’t volunteer any good substitute for that tried-and-true tag, I shall keep right on calling her one. John, as Beau Brummel, coldly thrust her from him, at the director’s orders. But John, I am reliably informed, actually fell, with a thud which resounded around the studios, for Carmel’s crafty machinations with her ukelele.

Carmel, on the screen—a sometimes subtle lady with insinuating clothes and coiffure; a heartless hussy who reposes on a tiger’s skin for no good purpose; and Carmel, a girl with an ingratiating giggle which is induced when Mrs. Myers anxiously asks that her child in private life be not confused with the woman of the celluloid amours. Mrs. Myers needn’t worry, for Carmel is as unconscious of her many screen parts as if she’d never lived them. It’s all in the day’s work for her.

But Carmel, with the perversity of which only a young and pretty girl is capable, was not thrilled when a New York newspaper, usually devoted to the goings-on of beautiful bandits and villainous financiers, went out of its way to herald Miss Myers’s arrival, snapping her in her temporary domicile before she dashed off for Europe.

“They say,” objected Carmel, “that I was the good little vamp who never took a drink, never smoked a cigarette, and went to bed every night at ten o’clock. Making me out,” mourned Carmel, “an awful ga-ga.”

The Pink of Propriety

“But you are,” I reminded her, “the pink of propriety and sobriety.”

“I know it. But they needn’t rub it in.” Then she averted: “Not that I believe an actress has to live the life she lives on the screen. If I were a real vamp I’d like to be a good one; and in the pictures I have made, I’m never a real riot, John Barrymore sneered at me—it was a gorgeous scene, but still a sneer... In Broadway After Dark, Adolphe Menjou thought I was a knock-out—for a while. He even kissed me on the shoulder—I hope they don’t cut out that bit. But then I committed the unpardonable error of kidding my husband over the telephone—which no one except a total dumb-bell would really do. And Adolphe walked, as the saying goes, out on me. No—if I were living my screen parts, I’d pray to be a bigger, (Continued on page 84)
Bareback posing is one of the best things Carmel does. Carmel says she wants to be a "good girl" on the screen, that she hates to be known as a vamp. And yet her favorite photographs are those which bear no resemblance to the real Carmel, but show her all dressed up or rather all undressed in clinging gauze, jewels and a dizzy head dress.
The BEAUTY

We all cherish illusions. We like to be fooled. The little girl who looks in lily cups for fairies (not the papa ones, silly) is the same little girl grown up who looks for goddesses of beauty upon the screen—and finds them.

"Is she really as beautiful as that off the screen?" is the first question any fan asks any person who has seen any famous picture star "in person." And the answer, oh, so disillusioning to the grown up little girl who still believes in fairies, is always, "We-ell, I was disappointed in her. Her skin is not any better than mine, and her hair is bleached to make it look that way on the screen." So another fan has lost a precious idol, and the screen is just that much worse off.

I believe "personal appearances" have done more harm to the industry than anything else, more even than radio. For the radio merely keeps a good many picture-goers at home, while the personal appearance of a hitherto worshiped idol often shatters illusions and weakens the allegiance of the entire audience toward all stars.

If I were a producer, I'd write a clause into every contract, forbidding my star to be seen in public without a thick veil, and then only by blase tradespeople who are accustomed to shocks. I'd use that old Fox trick that succeeded so well with Theda Bara—I'd make my stars ladies of mystery—a mystery that could never be solved.

For it is a sad fact that "screen faces" are seldom beautiful in the way that Follies girls are beautiful. The average chorus girl on Broadway is far more beautiful than the Venuses of the silver sheet. The stage girl's beauty must be perfect in coloring and line. Her sole aids to beauty are grease paint and footlights. But the screen beauty has at her command all the tricks of an expert cameraman, plus grease paints and spotlights.

George S. Barnes, cameraman for Marion Davies, and a veteran of seven years experience in the game, despite his youthful appearance, has helped make so many beauties that he is a connoisseur of screen faces.

"Screen beauty is largely a matter of lighting," says Mr. Barnes, "and the harder a face is to light the less chance its owner has of success in pictures. I've spent an entire day experimenting with overhead lights, and spots and back lights, trying to make beauty blossom where there is no beauty. And all the time the relentless studio overhead is going on. A director is seriously hampered if he has to remember all his star's bad points while trying to get emotional work out of her."

It was George Barnes who photographed Laurette Taylor in Peg O' My Heart. When it occurred to me that the cameraman is probably the god to whom screen beauties pray and whose favors they curry with all their wiles, I asked who had been responsible for the almost miraculous rejuvenation of Miss Taylor as she appeared in the screen version of her famous stage comedy. And when they told me that it was George Barnes, I went to him.

"No, it wasn't easy to photograph Miss Taylor. She's
The cameraman is really the god to whom all good little girls in pictures should pray, for in his hands lies their fate. He can make them beautiful, or by tricks of the camera, he can rob them of the beauty with which Nature endowed them. George S. Barnes, cameraman for Marion Davies, lets us in on secrets of the trade.

not so young as she once was, and yet she had to appear to be about sixteen. She had great deep circles under her eyes, and lines from her nose to her chin. Most women have those lines, and they are the bane of a Cameraman's existence. I had to photograph Miss Taylor full face, flooding her features with light. Light flattens the face, ironing out the lines, and the circles under the eyes. For the close-ups she was photographed through gauze. All cameramen use gauze for the misty, ethereal close-ups. Alice Terry owes her beauty to gauze. Off screen, she is rather coarse-featured and entirely lacking in that delicate, elusive quality which the fans have come to associate with her. I have never seen anything more beautiful than her close-ups in The Four Horsemen—gauze did it, and scientific lighting.

Blondes are much better camera subjects than brunettes. Golden hair can be back-lighted to glorious effect, while a brunette must depend entirely upon beauty of features to get her over, says Mr. Barnes. Mae Murray is a splendid example of the perennial screen beauty of a blonde. Every cameraman revels in his chance to make haloes of her hair. But at the same time the Murray features must be flooded with light to flatten out the lines, for Miss Murray is long past the flapper age.

So that the flood of light used on a blonde's face will not make her eyes too pale, skilful make-up is required to intensify their brilliance and their long lashes. Marion Davies' eyes are the only feature which ever gives trouble to the cameraman. In fact, Mr. Barnes vows that Marion is the most easily photographed person he has worked with.

She can stand moods in lighting, as we call it. That is, part of her face can be thrown in shadow and the rest highlighted. Only a really youthful beauty can stand that sort of photography. And fortunately she can be photographed from every angle. Many stars have to be photographed entirely from their 'good side'. For instance, Anita Stewart must be photographed from the left side. I study a star's points thoroughly before a scene in the picture has been shot. Many feet of film are consumed in tests, before I am satisfied that I know the best angles from which to photograph the subject. Various types of
The tricky Camera

The camera plays strange tricks upon faces. Many a homely girl walks the streets of Hollywood unnoticed, unrecognized, while at the theaters thousands of fans worship at the shrine of her beauty. Madge Bellamy, says Mr. Barnes, is one of these queer contradictions. Off the screen is she not even pretty. She merely happens to have that most priceless possession—a perfect screen face. The camera seeks and finds hidden beauties; it transforms her rather nondescript coloring to gleaming brunette radiance. It would be folly for Miss Bellamy to make personal appearances; she would disillusion thousands who now acclaim her as one of the most beautiful stars of the screen and rightly so.

Colleen Moore is another who becomes a beauty when the Kleig lights focus upon her. Off screen she too is nondescript, lacking in verve and brilliance. The same transformation which turns Madge Bellamy into a beauty makes Colleen an optical delight, seen through the lying eyes of the camera.

Mary Pickford gains immeasurably by camera kindness, as indeed does almost every star in the business, except a few who are so unfortunate as to lose through photography. There are no lines in her face. Back-lighting brings out the beauty of her naturally golden hair. She is particularly skillful and conservative in make-up, never using the accentuated cupid's bow or the exaggerated eye-lash. She is one of the few stars who are not disappointing off the screen.

Mr. Barnes, after seeing Billie Dove in Wanderer of the Waste—

A beautiful study of Mary Pickford, showing to what advantage the photographer can employ moods in lighting. Her face does not require the strong front-lighting that a less beautiful or older face demands.—Photo by Hoover Art Co.

May McAvoy is the most beautiful dark-haired girl in pictures, according to Cameraman Barnes. He believes she is ideal actress for Peter Pan.

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Laurette Taylor, photographed so successfully by Mr. Barnes in Peg O' My Heart, requires a flood of light on her face.
The Marriage Cheat stands out of the month's pictures for the sole reason that it brings Laska Winter into the limelight. No one seems to know who she is or why, or where she has been all these years when the screen needed just such fire and beauty as hers. But this is a prophecy—other publications please copy!—that Laska Winter will some day reach stardom. The portrait above shows her "as is;" the insert on the right is Laska as the half-caste girl in The Marriage Cheat.
In a very extensive tour of motion picture theaters the writer has observed couples holding hands whose average age varied from seven to seventy.

By Rupert Allen

Investigation has shown that when Harry takes Harriet to the movies he is frequently far more anxious to hold her hand in the convenient gloom of the theater than to watch the picture. This, according to reformers, is a perfectly terrible state of affairs.

Recently there has been much agitation among the self-appointed guardians of the public morals, because investigation has shown that when Harry takes Harriet to the movies he is frequently far more anxious to hold her hand in the convenient gloom of the theatre than to watch the photoplay on exhibit. This, according to the reformers, is a perfectly terrible state of affairs, and is taken as but one more sign that the Messrs. Loew, Zukor, Laemmle et al. are rapidly leading this nation to a moral Gahenna.

Let us review some of the evidence upon which these charges are based. Firstly, is
PARADISE

If the young folk in a city can't court in a movie theater, where is the next generation coming from?

The manager claims that husband and wife are not even permitted to hold hands! Ushers patrol the aisles constantly, and where two bold spirits, carried away by their mutual affection are seen to be clasping hands, the manager is hastily informed, and they are respectfully requested to behave themselves!

On the other hand certain theatres west of Seventh Avenue, and East of Madison are not quite so rigid in their enforcement of propriety. Quite fervent embraces are tolerated, and in the course of his investigation into this absorbing question the writer became acquainted with a little theatre not a hundred miles from Union Square, where certain of the arms dividing the seats are conveniently removable, to permit of greater comfort to the petters.

In a large Eastern city a very novel and enlightening test was recently made to determine the prevalence of petting in movie theatres. A house with a capacity of over fifteen hundred had acquired the reputation of being one of the favorite haunts of the 'neckers' owing to the fact that the lights were kept so dim as to be practically negligible, while the ushers, it was said, had instructions to usher with their eyes closed. Accordingly a band of reformers obtained permission to enter...
OUT in the East she came and, after a few brief months, to the East she returned. Before, during and after her Hollywood sojourn, Paramount, though she was on the payroll, failed to emit any official huzzahs. Can it be her queenliness cost her the adulation of the yes-men and condemned her to a paucity of program pictures, furnishing the basis for the claim that Sigrid would not and could not photograph?

Perhaps you have seen her, a frightened, childlike wisp of a girl, playing opposite Jack Holt in one or two calcium bromides, a timorous Juliet to his grim Romeo. But now she has gone, departed, left and those who knew her best thus indite her screendom epitaph:

"Sigrid Holmquist, the Swedish Cytherea who could not seethe."

In the black book of an actress, whose acquaintance she made here, Sigrid is classified as "one of those things which are interesting but without appeal—a wart on the nose of an otherwise beautiful woman, for example."

"But Sigrid did not have even a wart," the entry concludes. The notation is significant although it slights many photoplaying assets Sigrid had.

Sigrid "lithps".

THE had a "lithping," distracting prattle. Her canary-colored hair was the medium introducing Parisian bobs to Hollywood. Bulging bondbinders grew protective after one long look into her pale, blue, infantile eyes.

Hence her sQUIRES were legion. The wardrobe which she had culled for her adolescent figure was as complete as a book on etiquette—something for every occasion without arousing the comment, "What's wrong with this picture?"

Early Sigrid let her critics know that to her the word, "convention" meant something political in nature.
She got the laurel wreath in Sweden but here she got the gate.

Sigrid made a great impression on me. For a long time I regarded her as a sacrificial lamb on the altar where the Kleigs are ever a light, tended by fastal (correct) virgins. But that was an error. Sigrid could not and would not be a sacrifice.

Well I remember that day in dread September when first I met her.

She was standing at the curb in front of the Lasky lot at dusk, looking wistfully, yet meaningly at the taxicab then waiting for me but not for her.

It was very obvious the lady desired a lift.

Can it be that such blonde loveliness as this failed to register? No, look deeper for the reason why Sigrid is called a movie meteor.

One big blue eye peered out from the white felt helmet crowned down askew upon her bob. A crimson blouse was visible save where a soft-leather, sleeveless jerkin of black, trimmed with steel beads, intervened. Her skirt, a billowing thing of pleats, shrieked attention to her slender ankle and the tiny foot, tap-tapping in feigned impatience and displeasure.

Adventure lurks in Hollywood and, though I have two good reasons for not being venturesome—one of them is as old as myself and the other, nine—I felt an urge like unto that which must have impelled Sir Walter Raleigh to bridge the mud-puddle for good.
STRANGE sounds emanated from the Fred Niblo set. A barking of dogs mingled with queer cluckings as of delirious ducks.

"I thought The Red Lily was a French picture," I mused. "Sounds more like an animal picture." I wandered over.

There were no animals. There was only a baby, a sad looking baby, a rattle clutched in his fat fist. Before him capered Fred Niblo, barking hoarsely. He danced; he put his thumbs to his head and wagged them comically: he tickled that baby amidships.

Emid Bennett tiptoed over and whispered in my ear, "We want the baby to laugh. The scene hinges on it."

Fred Niblo kicked his heels. The baby looked bored. He whistled merrily. The baby yawned. "Coochie, cooici," he gurgled ingratiatingly and chuckled the baby under his fat chin. The baby looked as if he had never smiled in his life.

Niblo wiped the perspiration from his brow. "All right, you win!" he said to the infant, and then to the exhausted company, "We might as well call it a day. We can't shoot that scene without a laughing baby, and that kid hasn't a laugh in his system."

And as the delighted actors went away from there rapidly, before Niblo could change his mind, the baby took his thumb from his mouth and laughed.

PUTTING baby in the movies is probably the favorite indoor sport of Los Angeles mothers. It is certainly the least popular with directors. Meaning no offense to the little darlings, directing youngsters is right in a class with directing animals, as far as difficulty goes, and there are plenty of directors in the business who would rather take a chance on the animals.

"Every baby is a new and unsolved problem," Niblo declares. "Some youngsters you must coax. Others you must impress with sternness. Others react best to indifference, to pique their desire to impress you with their merit."

One thing Fred Niblo knows: he will never, never bribe his child actors with candy. He has had his lesson.

His picture, The Red Lily, deals with a bourgeois family of the French provinces, a veritable family of discord. The mother and father, dirty, slovenly, ambitionless, fight eternally. The small son and daughter quarrel. Even the family cat and dog keep up a constant warfare. For the children, Niblo found two apparently perfect types. The little girl was an angel child. She took direction perfectly and Niblo beamed upon her. But the little brother! He was what the French call an enfant terrible, in plain English a "holy terror." He was motivated, not by just boyish naughtiness, but by outright ugliness. His bullet head and underslung little jaw suggested too plainly a potential criminal. But he was perfect just "as is" for the part of the quarrelsome child.

All morning, he gave director and cameraman incessant trouble. He wouldn't stay on the set for the few shots in which he was needed. Finally, in desperation, Niblo said, "Now if you are a good boy and don't go off the set, I'll bring you some candy when I come back from lunch."

He was as good as his word. Afternoon came and they proceeded to shoot the family battle, where everybody fights. And lo and behold! the young hellion who had sworn at the director and kicked his mother an hour before was now transformed into a pious child who followed Niblo about with a holy smile on his sticky young face. They did everything but pinch the kid to change him back.

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Q: A baby show was put on in Hollywood to recruit babies for What Shall I Do? The droves of mothers with babies who turned out in answer to the call prove definitely that there is no race suicide in Southern California.

Movie Struck

By Eunice

C"Catch 'em when they're young," says Police Judge Pope, one of the judges in the baby contest.
A lollypop had gummed the works.  
Little Eugenia O'Rourke is a born actress, Niblo declares. She is about nine years old. Two minutes of instruction, and she goes on the set and performs her duties perfectly, like a regular little trouper. But well-trained little actresses like Eugenia are not so often found.

The babies that were presented for the picture, What Shall I Do? would have delighted any Better Babies committee. The story, which featured Dorothy Mackail, required babies. A baby show was put on, with Police Judge James Pope of Los Angeles as one of the judges. The three best babies got parts, with closeups and everything. And the droves of mothers with babies who turned out in answer to the call proved definitely that there is no race suicide, in Southern California. And every mother there knew positively that her baby could make Jackie Coogan look like thirty cents, if the child could only have a chance.

Directing babies is difficult enough, but managing the mothers is something else again. No sooner would the director get the babies the way he wanted them, than an anxious mama would rush on the set to straighten the bow on her darling’s bonnet or fluff out the little skirts. But though it is a lot of work, the results are worth it. An endearing baby has put over many a scene, and the producers know it.

Almost every drama of married life requires two or three children, and almost invariably the new-born babe lying in its weak, white-faced mother’s arms. What would drama be without the little che-ld to lead the straying papa back to mama? When a new-born babe is needed for an out, out into the snow sequence, or a “little child shall bring them together again” scene, the casting director proves of little or no use. Prospective mothers don’t register their unborn babes, although that is about the only phase of registration neglected by the enterprising Hollywood sisterhood.

But a call goes out in frantic haste, stating that a three days or three weeks old child is needed. Hollywood’s most amiable obstetrical physicians are called upon to supply names and addresses where the stork has made recent calls, and diplomatically the proud parents are approached. You might think that the mama would hate to see her brand-new darling torn from her arms for even a moment, or that she would be jealous of the fake mama in whose arms her offspring would nestle before the camera.

But not so. She see in the embarrassed casting director’s appeal the hand of fate. Fame has sent out a clarion call for her darling. If the babe is old enough, she gets out of her bed and takes it to the studio in person, and hovers like a weak guardian angel while the fierce white lights beat upon its tiny red face. And for ever after she has an unfailling topic of conversation. Little Imogene or Lester has appeared in the movies. His astrological chart forecasts his fame in the screen world. The family has won distinction. Another baby is destined to be forever storming the citadel of Hollywood fame—and in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand—unavailingly. Unavailingly—who shall say! Certainly the present batch of movie makers, having arrived at perfection and prosperity, will soon retire. Who, then, will carry on the banner and carry out the fade-out?

Perhaps the very kid who did not laugh at Niblo. Certainly his early record shows control and all he will have to do is to develop speed and there you are, the perfect director.

If the mother heart of Hollywood yearned in vain for a screen career, what more logical course could she pursue than to rear some careers, in order to at least feel the thrill of the most fascinating profession l. t. w.
Alice in

When I decided it was about time for other poor working girls, I called in as I know.

May M. Hallett, assistant costume designer nobly, with the following Paramount stars posed especially for this article should be properly dressed up.

May you'll like Miss Hallett's story I never come back from that vacation!

are the fabrics for the coming season, and following are a few of the names of these lovely materials:

New Materials for Fall

DAMAS BAGDAD is a metal brocade on silk in double-face quality, featured in rich colorings.

FALL fashions, as they are flashed upon the silver screen before the critical eye of the public, show an interesting contrast to the styles of the season just past. The severe line of the tubular gown which has dominated the summer mode is losing caste, and the princess silhouette, with a decided flare to the lower part of the skirts, takes its place.

Ruffles, flounces, and godet gores are greatly in evidence, giving an air of Mid-Victorian times; while the long slender bodices moulding the figure to below the hips, with very full skirts, remind one of the modes of the Renaissance period. The influence of that same time, when all art was undergoing a great change, is felt in the sumptuousness of the fabrics and the profuse use of furs on costumes both for street and house wear.

Brilliant, lustrous, satin-finished materials, both in silks and wool, are in vogue. Laces of sheer quality and mixtures of silk and metal take precedence.

In fact the keynote of the Fall and Winter mode is simplicity of line and richness of fabric.

Marvelous brocades with novel ideas in designs and color combinations in parchment-like patterns of Hindu and Arab inspiration, shimmering metallic cloths and chiffon velvets, and panne velvets in lustrous finish and in combinations with artificial and pure silk, satin-finished cloths, such as ribbed velours, brocaded, and kasha noveltes,

All pictures especially posed for Screenland by Famous-Players Lasky stars.

Miss Helen D'Algy, who plays opposite Valentino in The Sainted Devil, is seen here in a new dance frock of taffeta and chiffon. — Lucile Staff, Inc.
little Alice to take a vacation, along with my substitute the cleverest fashion expert

rector of Famous Players-Lasky, came to brilliant analysis of fall fashions. And SCREENLAND, so that Miss Hallett's

so well you will suggest to the editor that If so, goodbye.—ALICE ANESELY.

CREPE MAURESQUE FACONNE is an artificial crepe in Moorish design.
SATIN MOULON is a combination of satin and duvetyn in two-color effects carried out on a satin ground in contrasting color.

Turquoise velvet of a deep, rich tone makes this evening wrap from H. H. Hornbeck & Son, Inc. The scarf collar and long, crystal tassels are Oriental in inspiration. Worn by Miss D'Algy.

INDIEN is a printed crepe overcast with metal brocade, also Georgines. These are similar to the Roman crepe. SATIN WINDSOR and SATIN IMPERATER are of the old-fashioned, pure silk satin of heavy quality. RUISSELANTE is a new satin marocain of great suppleness.

Chiffon velvets known as SALOME, TANAGRA and MANDARIN, continue in vogue, as does the metal moire called SOUVERAINE.

Plain metal fabrics, known as REFLIT D'OR and COTTE de MAILLE are in demand.

Oriental Influence

In designs there is a decided Oriental influence, while the colors are subdued rather than brilliant. Soft shades of rose, coral, copper, red, white and yellow dominate for evening wear, and the warm chestnut browns and spicy shades and caramel tones are good for day cloths.

Green is also favored in soft olive, and also the rich tones of claret.

Jewelry for the winter wardrobe vies with the fabrics in brilliance and richness. Pearls which are extensively worn, are strung with large cabochoon emeralds, or with coral, jade, quartz or cornelians. Earrings are extremely long and ornate, of the Italian Renaissance inspiration. Necklaces of large jade beads or coral are worn twisted several times around the neck.
WANDA GROW

By Vivian

When Revelation Viola Dana bids a
long farewell to cutie-cute roles, and
also to Metro, who wanted her to con-
tinue in program pictures. But her re-
ward is the leading role opposite Glenn
Hunter in Merton of the Movies.

If you wish for a thing long enough, and hard enough,
you’re practically bound to get it in the end. It’s a good
tory, and I can prove it. I’ve been wishing on
seven stars for seven nights that Viola Dana would
drop her cutie-cute roles and give us a glimpse of the real
acting ability that she keeps hidden away in that saucy
bobbed head of hers. And now she’s done it.

They wanted her to keep on doing program pictures, over
there at Metro’s. She was so good at it, you see. “Sure-fire
box,” the exhibitors called her, than which there is no higher
praise in the minds of the trade. If she had been a little
less cute in those daring-daughter-of-the-rich country club
tabloids, she would probably have been given her chance to
step out into real dramatics sooner. But as one flapperette
film succeeded another, Viola grew rebellious. She knew
she could act, and she looked about for a story that was
worthy of the passion of expression that was bubbling up
in her heart.

She must have a story that required real acting, real emo-
tion. Metro still owned the rights to A Rose of a Thou-
sand Years, which Nazimova played so superbly as Revo-
atilon. And Viola demanded that story. Metro officials were
aghast. It was really rather like Pollyanna yearning to be
Lady Macbeth. Viola stood pat. She would do Revo-
atilon or nothing. The fact that her interpretation of the
part would inevitably be compared to Nazimova’s version,
merely lent an added fillip to the game. Revelation would
be at once a challenge and a vindication. And it is only
fair to Viola to add that audiences in New York are crazy
over Revelation, which at this writing is being shown at
the Capitol theatre.

Viola was given Revelation, but it cost her a new con-
tract with Metro. But as the new contract would have
meant just another series of program pictures, Viola didn’t
worry. She just went over to Lasky’s, and landed one of
the plums of the season, the part of the hard-boiled extra
girl in Merton of the Movies, playing opposite Glenn
Hunter. Hardly had she removed her make-up after finish-
ing the last scene in that picture than she was signed up for Paul
Bern’s picture, Open All Night, a clever French farce. Viola
will be featured along with Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Grif-
Viola Cider, a Japanese woman, has bid girl little lines up that she is twenty-five. Newborough, the Ardway, stories played she in her old film, only to the screen, minus her curls and her cuddly ways, in Bread, a very serious affair.

Viola a Real Actress

Those sceptics who refuse to believe that Viola Dana is a real actress have either never seen her in any but the flapper roles of the past three or four years, or have forgotten her early pictures. Viola is a born actress. She was troup ing with the best of them when many of the present film producers were selling ready-to-wears. When she was only eleven, she made a hit in the stage production of Rip Van Winkle, The Littlest Rebel and The Poor Little Rich Girl. She was an engaging little thing, about as big as a pint of cider, with mischievous eyes and curly hair. Whether the curls were natural or acquired by the familiar method of rag curlers, I cannot say, but Viola had 'em, and they were very becoming.

She was hardly more than a little girl when she appeared in the old Edison picture, The Stoning, and in that picture she proved her claim to being an actress, for all time. She played the part of a girl betrayed by love, left to bear alone her shame. An old, familiar, melodramatic role, but she gave it such pathos, such sincerity that no one who saw it could forget it.

Then came Blue Jeans, in which she scored a great popular hit. It was a Metro picture, and marked the beginning of her five years with that company. She had worth-while stories at first: A Weaver of Dreams; The Willow Tree, in which she played the part of a Japanese maiden; Diana Ardway, Jeanne of the Gutter; False Evidence. Then came the deluge of cutie parts: The Off- Shore Pirate; A Noise in Newbo rough, and many more on the same model. Oh, many more. Cute, you know, but tiring after a while. Sugar as a steady diet becomes mighty monotonous.

Viola Dana is a wise little girl, and her long farewell to flapper roles is prima facie evidence of that wisdom. Viola has outgrown those roles, both in mind and in years. Not that she is old; she is only twenty-five. But a woman of twenty-five is not a flapper, even if she is only four feet eleven in height and coquettish by nature. Any person who reaches the quarter-century mark without some character- lines on her face is a nit-wit. The (Continued on page 91)
Celebrating the 250th performance of The Ten Commandments at the Hollywood-Egyptian Theater. Present are Noah Beery, Julia Faye, Malcolm McGregor, Jeanie Macpherson, Jack Holt and Cecil DeMille.

James Rennie hastens to the boat to meet his wife, Dorothy Gish and sister-in-law Lillian, on their return from Europe, where they made, Romola. Lillian denies all engagements to be married. — International News Reel.

Amelita Galli Curci, Italian songbird, loves brawn as much as any flapper. She had a good time on her visit to Jack Dempsey's training quarters at Universal City.

Baby Peggy is the busiest person in New York, what with helping to put Governor Smith in nomination, radioing bed-time stories, giving luncheons, and taking dancing lessons, to say nothing of opening her picture, Captain January, at the Strand on Broadway.

The Mark Strand Theater sent its ballet corps, along with Jean Tolley, picture star, to entertain crippled and sick children at Bellevue Hospital.
Berlin turned out en masse to welcome Doug and Mary. Their automobile had difficulty in navigating the dense crowds which closed in about the stars.—International News Reel.

Jackie is collecting the million dollars worth of milk he will take with him to relieve the starving orphans of the Near East. The dog is a great help.—International News Reel.

Three guesses as to who the fat lady is! No! Mary Miles Minter! As she looked when she appeared for depositions in the damage suit instituted against her by her maid, Mary is said to weigh close to two hundred pounds—and isn't worried.—International News Reel.

Ben Turpin gets a nice permanent wave! He suffered this torture in the interest of art, for a new Mack Sennett comedy calls for wavy hair, as well as crossed eyes.

The Parisian painter and sculptor, Spat, models Valentino in his principal roles. The statues were ordered by Valentino during his stay in Paris, Fr.—Artistic Press Syndicate.
When Screen Stars

By Lucille

silver King, Fred Thom s o n's temperamental horse, is said to be a camera hog, fighting any rival horse off the set.

The daily noon-time struggle for tables at the Armstrong-Carleton on the Boulevard is being fiercely waged. With the exception of a few tables decorated with a “Reserved” sign, all the tables are occupied, while in the little ante-room another group shoves and squirms for place and endeavors by hook or crook to catch the eye of the plump little man in the brown suit who deals out tables as a faro-dealer deals cards. The round table in the center of the room is as usual filled with extra girls and men, there on business. Their business is to be noticed by interested directors. Along the wall, with their backs to the violent azure plaster, sit celebrities and near-celebs. The tourists are there in force; they come early and see the whole show. Every curly-headed blonde there is pointed out as Mary Pickford. The Baby Vamp and the Ingenue catch Mr. Carleton’s eye. “Two on the aisle,” chirps the Baby Vamp, and it is even so.

The Vamp was talking. She had been engaged in that act ever since they had left the studio, and now she continued her monologue without even shifting gears.

“. . . Absolutely. I got it straight. A girl who lives in our court heard it from the wife of a man whose sister works out at Goldwyn’s. Ramon Navarro is going to do Ben Hur in place of George Walsh, and is already on the bounding wave. Brabin is out, too. Fred Niblo is going to direct the film instead. And they say that June Mathis will come home soon, bringing her script with her.”

“I don’t believe it!” said the Ingenue, flatly. “Why you know yourself that June Mathis is the big noise out at Goldwyn’s.”

“T know she was,” said the Vamp, dryly. “But you knew that there had been a merger out there, didn’t you? And that there are two more companies than there were, don’t you? And you know what always happens when anybody gets elected general manager or something, don’t you? Sure you do. He cleans house and throws out everybody who was hired by the old boss and puts in his own people. Well, that’s what has happened now, when Mayer and Metro came in with Goldwyn. At least, that’s what I heard, and the news came straight.”

“Of course, Niblo is Mayer’s man,” said the Ingenue thoughtfully, taking out her lip stick. “And I never did see why they gave the important job of directing Ben Hur to such a com-

Virginia Lee Corbin, in knee dresses last year, but grown up this, sent out word that she was to play Peter Pan, but Mr. Barrie hasn’t said so.

At left: Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key and Gertrude Olmsted won fat parts in Ben Hur, partly because they have long hair!
Over the luncheon table in Hollywood the Ingenue, the Vamp and the Baby Vamp exchange choice bits of gossip, scandal, prophesy and rumor—all of which can be taken with a grain of salt.

Get Together

Larrimer

Georg Walsh, the deposed Ben Hur, and June Mathis, the scenario writer whose script may be replaced by that of Bess Meredith, are said to be engaged.

Raymond McKee's orchestra, known as the "Hollywood Irregulars," composed of Gil Pratt, director; Earl Metcalfe, John Miljan, Raymond McKee, Creighton Hale, and Conway Tearle (absent on location.)

If these reports from Rome are true, then apparently, there is nothing to prevent George and June from getting married, settling down and carrying on the race. (No, not the chariot race, don't be silly.)

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New SCREENPLAYS
By Delight Evans

THE SEA HAWK should have made me feel just like a kidde again. It should have taken me back, back to those dear old days when I held a book about pirates before my bulging eyes and had bad dreams later on. It should have.

It made the most critical "film man" of my limited acquaintance feel that way. "Why," he shouted in ringing tones which could have been heard all over the Algonquin if anyone had been listening, "Why, I tell you, my dear girl, that picture has given me a new lease on life. It's made me a boy again. It's made me feel that there is still some poetry and romance in this sordid world of that all that men have done for this infant art and—" modestly—"even the little that I have done, has not been in vain."

It was all very beautiful. The film man almost believed it himself. Unfortunately, it failed to register with me. I remembered that he was remotely, oh, very remotely, connected with a certain film company not a thousand miles away from the estimable organization which made the motion drama in question—and preserved my first-night impression of THE SEA HAWK.

It is "The love story of a mighty pirate chieftain of the seas," by Sibatini, with Milton Sills, Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, Lloyd Hughes, and thousands of people—the pretty programs said so. They built the carpenters, not the cast—four sixteenth-century ships, each with fifty cannons, one hundred to four hundred and fifty sailors, fighting men and galley slaves, at a cost of $275,000. There were 3,319 performers, including cameliars, nubians and harems women. The cameliars were especially striking. In fact, so far as I am concerned, the only thing THE SEA HAWK lacks is—well, we'll call it life.

In their praiseworthy effort to be just awfully red-blooded, virile and piratical, a group of Hollywood's best people got together, narrowed their eyes, clenched their fists, and pitched right in among all the cameliars, nubians and harems women. Everybody present succeeded in remaining a perfect little lady or gentleman. Frank Lloyd is one of the more intelligent and painstaking directors. THE SEA HAWK simply yelled for a gay and reckless guide. One feels that Mr. Lloyd looked the facts squarely in the face and muttered, "This must be red-blooded—and then rushed out and hired Milton Sills and Enid Bennett for the leads. Now, I ask you!

Mr. Sills is an excellent actor who used to be a college professor. Neither qualification is particularly apropos. He works hard; he looks grand; he just isn't my idea of a pirate, that's all.

I never read THE SEA HAWK, so I don't know if the heroine, on paper, was such a sap as the scenario makes her out to be. As she appears on the screen, Rosamund Godolphin is the original clinging vine—one of those wide-eyed ones who is always saying, "Don't dare touch me," whenever things are beginning to show signs of life. Enid Bennett makes her more so, if you trail me. For this prize heroine who doesn't know her own mind, if any, Milton Sills becomes the terror of the Spanish Main, donning a variety of peculiar helmets and Algerian kimonos. The costumers must have been cleaned out for this picture.

All this sort of thing ought to be hot stuff; and while Lloyd and his aides doubtless did all they could, and turned out a costly and impressive picture, they might have made a great one. Even Wallace Beery, the silent drama's premier rough-neck, acts a bit embarrassed and refined. His responsibilities as the life of a polite party...
Best Screenplays of the Month:

C. The Enemy Sex

C. The Turmoil

C. Only two this time

weighed heavily upon his broad, bare shoulders. At that, he’s the best part of the proceedings. Next, Kathleen Key’s flash as a lovely slave; and the swarthy gentleman who played the Sea Hawk’s fellow galley-slave.

I’m just sorry that the screen has not yet really recorded the romance of that everlasting frontier, the sea. What poetry and adventure, untouched by the camera chroniclers. Imagine Conrad’s Nigger of the Narcissus! Sabatini’s best seller had glamour, at any rate; but in celluloid—well, it was just as if the Girls’ Club had banded together to present Mlle. de Maupin.

The Enemy Sex Is Great Stuff

But here, children, here is a picture! It won’t make you feel like a little boy or girl again. It will make you glad you are grown-up enough to appreciate deft and sophisticated drama.

I am still almost as excited about the Cruze-Compston combination in The Enemy Sex as I was in the theater. There, I writhed in pure joy. “Here, at last,” I said, to the vast annoyance of surrounding spectators who seemed to want to watch the picture, “is adult entertainment, designed for the full-sized bean and well-developed sense of humor. Here is comedy and here is drama, shrewder and finer than many things we’ve seen on the stage in seasons—yet always remaining motion picture entertainment. Here—” I said some more, when a rather burly man turned around in his seat and inquired in a rather warm tone why in — I didn’t hire Madison Square Garden. Tarrying only long enough to reply that the convention prevented, I hastened out. Oh, well, I’d stayed through The Enemy Sex twice, anyway.

The trouble is, this won’t be hailed as the great picture it is because it isn’t, as the casting directors say, the type. Its comedy is of characterization. Its drama is psychological. Sometimes, its situations are so swift and skilful that you are roused from the usual cinematic slumber and have to race to keep up with James Cruze. He is the most versatile of all our directors. There seems to be nothing he can’t do, and just a little better than anyone. Satire is his strong point; and here he revels in it. More than any other director, always excepting the immortal Charlot, he knows his genre. His touch is as light and sure as a surgeon’s. A master of delicacy; an artist in puttees, a cap, and a dilapidated mackinaw! Cruze has a worthy co-star in Betty. I consider Dodo her very best work. The gold-digger of The Enemy Sex is more complex than the Rose of The Miracle Man.

Best Performance of the Month:

B. Comet in The Enemy Sex

Wallace Beery in The Sea Hawk

George Hackathorne in The Turmoil

More good performaces than good movies.

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Like a fine violin, Betty needs expert handling. She has done some of the worst, and some of the finest, acting a camera ever caught. It looks as if Cruze is able to bring out the best of her talents, even surpassing the late maestro Tucker as her director. The Compson close-ups are the most poignant and bewitching I have seen since Griffith's of Lillian Gish. For the most part, Betty is breathtakingly beautiful, and constantly reminded me of Anne Austin's character-study of "Betty of the Hungry Heart"—"Betty of the passionate, twisted, restless mouth; and Betty of the eyes that shine with the light of a thousand altar candles." Betty Compson is Dodo.

And there is Percy Marmont, hitherto the gentleman of the gelatines, having the time of his staid career as the drunkard whom Dodo mothers. Marmont is one of the very few film actors who deserves a little portrait in the gallery of the great. If you have seen his Mark Sabre in If Winter Comes; and now see his glorious souse, I think you'll agree with me. As usual in a Cruze festival, all the players are featured. Betty gets no more than her share. Among the others, all corking, are Huntley Gordon, Sheldon Lewis and Pauline Bush (the former Mrs. Allan Dwan) both of whose returns should be heartily hurrahed; DeWitt Jennings and Dot Farley.

I said last month that Betty should be spanked. Betty, I take back my slapstick and hand you a wreath with "Success" embroidered on it instead. And, Betty, let James Cruze wear his old mackinaw if he wants to. After all, it's just a little thing; and he did give you some perfectly grand close-ups.

The Arab Disappoints

People were all keyed up about the newest Rex Ingram opus. This young director has come to be as much of a tradition as David Wark Griffith himself. His pictures are awaited with the same eagerness and hailed with the same acclaim. And he is such a consistent director—considering he's also an Irishman—that people, and critics, just hate to tear loose and burn up their columns with anything except the highest praise.

Which The Arab does not deserve. If it had been the first "sheik" picture instead of the one hundred and sixty-first, it might have more appeal. As it is, any picture-goer who has followed the fortunes of the handsome young desert dog who falls in love with the beautiful Christian and turns out to be the youngest son of a youngest son with a scar on his shoulder, or something—will naturally feel somewhat bored with the adventures of Mr. Ingram's particular sheik.
The sad part about these pictures for which a director and his staff and company travel all the way to the east to make, is that the California desert looks almost as convincing as the real thing in celluloid; and old Roman ruins seem to add no especial glamour to the romance at hand. Ingram has chosen some excellent types, including the girls of the Ouald Nail persuasion; he has developed his story with his usual rapt attention to detail. He picked Ramon Navarro of the flawless profile for the title role. Navarro leaves me cold. He never seems to forget for an instant that Mr. Ingram pronounced him as a better actor—I don't know much about acting—I just know what I like; and Navarro, for all his profile and poise, isn't it. Alice Terry in her very own hair is not the Alice Terry of previous pictures. In donning her blonde wig she must also have left behind her spiritual grace, which was the justification for Mrs. Ingram's featured position. If you feel I am wrong about Ingram go to see The Arab and tell me if you honestly consider it a worthy partner to Scaramouche or The Conquering Power. Don't blame me, because I'm as disappointed about it all as you are.

The Turmoil Excellent Picture

Every so often, Universal redeems itself for its many program pictures. This time, The Turmoil is offered in extenuation. And I feel inclined to accept it as a pretty good apology. If you're one of those detail hounds who watches a picture for the slightest deviation from the original plot, you may be disappointed. But Hobart Henley has translated Booth Tarkington's tale in a manner which leaves small room for doubt as to the author's intentions. It's the story of a family in the grip of the money god, and the efforts of the youngest son to break away and be himself. He has a poet's soul, which shrivels in his mercenary father's factory. His two brothers are sacrificed to the god; his little sister runs off with a dancing man—and the girl he loves misunderstands and is misunderstood. All of these complications make young Bibbs Sheridan a more than usually interesting motion picture juvenile. And as he is sketched by George Hackathorne, he's the nicest boy we've had on the screen since Tol'able David.

Hackathorne is one of those wistful young men who makes a girl yearn to put her arms around his shoulders and say, "There, there—it can't be as bad as all that." He's the foremost juvenile precisely because he can look pathetic. He's a very good actor, too, of course, which may help some to hold his jobs. Eleanor Boardman is the sweet girl on whom his affections (Continued on page 93)
mission from the management to conduct a surprise test. A score of "spotters" were scattered through the auditorium, and at a given moment, in the middle of a picture, the lights were turned on fully, without a second's warning. In all, the spotters were able to record less than thirty couples who were behaving in a manner unbecoming to a lady or a gentleman, and it is amusing to note that, of these, two were ministers of the Gospel, who, no doubt, denounced such things most eloquently from their pulpits every Sunday. The result of this great moral test was never published, and the writer is indebted for his facts to a newspaper colleague who was selected as one of the spotters.

Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, to whom the question, have morals deteriorated with dark movie theatres? was put, smilingly shook his head, and gave a very illuminating answer.

"You want to know if I think dark movie theatres have affected American morals?" he asked. "Why pick on movie theatres? They always have some light, while the legitimate theatres are in absolute darkness! Why don't the reformers insist that every auditorium be brightly illuminated throughout the performance?"

Dr. Riesenfeld, who, as everybody knows, controls the destinies of the Rivoli and Rialto theatres, believes that ninety-nine per cent of the people who visit his theatres do so in order to hear his music and see his photoplays, and not for any ulterior amatory purpose. But if a young couple elect to hold hands discretely, he is far too tolerant to cast them out upon the sidewalk.

"Long before the movies were dreamed of," says Dr. Riesenfeld, "the sun used to set and there was darkness. . . . Ever since time began, lovers have sought the darkness of the room and who can blame them? Before the movies came, the same young people who now hold hands in the gloom of the theatres, were probably out in a shady lane, holding hands under the shadow of a tree... It's the most natural thing in the world!"

So there you have one man at least, who ought to know something about it, ridiculing the idea that American morals have deteriorated as a direct result of the dark movie theatre.

A point to be constantly remembered in connection with this question is that movie theatres are only relatively dark. The illumination of the auditorium is compulsory to a certain extent, and inspectors are always on the watch to see that these regulations are enforced. It is only upon entering, therefore, that an impression of darkness prevails. Coming into a movie theatre from the bright daylight, one gropes for one's seat, and for several minutes is unable to see anything but the screen. Soon, however, the eyes become accustomed to the dimmed lights, and there are very few theatres where it would not be possible to recognize a friend sitting twenty feet away. In many of the larger theatres, in fact, the light is always sufficiently strong to enable one to read very small print on the programmes. Under such conditions of illumination, therefore, one is hardly justified in speaking of the darkness that is supposed to cover so much iniquity.

But let us grant for a moment that conditions are very much worse than they have actually proven to be. Let us assume that the practice of "petting" or "necking" is universal in the movie theatre. What would this indicate?

To the writer it seems that such a condition would reflect upon the discretion, and possibly the innate modesty of the participants, but hardly upon their morals. If Harry loves Harriet to the extent where he cannot be happy unless she strains her to his manly breast, he will not be thwarted of his desire even if every movie theatre in these United States be closed tomorrow by federal enactment. In other words if a couple have determined to "pet" they will find some convenient spot where they may do so. As Dr. Riesenfeld so shrewdly points out—there has always been twilight and the wood. And in the woods there are no ushers, and there is no other entertainment when the glamour of petting begins to pall. In the movie theatres, at least, young people may combine philandering with interesting glimpses of the unveiling of the statue to commemorate the historic meeting between Hart, Schaffner & Marx, or other stirring news events, to say nothing of the education to be derived from watching The Sins of Paris unfold their lurid length!

The movie theatre, to a large extent, the meeting place of the masses. Young people, who, for instance, do not live at home, and therefore have no room at their disposal where they can entertain friends, have the alternative of going to the movies or to a dance hall if they desire each other's company and a little entertainment. Of course if they live in the country they can sit on a stole and swing their legs, while if they are fortunate enough to live in a big city, they can go back and forth in the subway, for a nickel. Where then, if they are to court each other—and unless they do that, where is the next generation coming from?—where then, as we have already said, can they meet under more congenial atmospheric and other conditions than in the movie theatre? They must make love to each other somewhere. They can't do it in business hours. Landladies frown upon the use of the parlor too frequently. Park benches are damp and draughty. The movies are their last resort.

One could, of course, that they showed a little more discretion and modesty in their affection. It is frequently embarrassing to be seated next to a blissful young couple in a theatre, for there is such an amazing unconcern about their embraces. Perfectly respectable young people, who would probably refrain from taking each other's arm when walking along the street, seem to think that in the movie theatre it is perfectly all right to hug each other with considerable vim and ardor. The fact that they can be closely observed by everyone in their vicinity does not worry them in the least. They gaze rapitly into each other's eyes, crooning mushiness to each other, and are perfectly happy. The majority however do not make themselves so conspicuous. The young content to hold hands, and few will be so mean as to grade them this modest expression of affection. There is, in fact, something very charming and naive about the whole process. In the writer's own observation the holding of hands is by no means confined to young people. In a very extensive tour of motion picture theatres he has observed couples holding hands whose average age varied from seven to seventy. In the "test" already quoted, the average age of the miscreants was estimated at over thirty-five.

Broadminded ministers everywhere are recognizing that the movie theatres are by no means the incentives to iniquity that they are represented to be by the fanatic reformers.

A survey recently completed by a trade paper circulating among exhibitors revealed the fact that the conditions, never at any time really serious, are today very much better than in previous years. This, of course, is largely due to improved conditions of projection and illumination. It is now possible to project in a room that is comparatively well lighted, where five years ago the image was indistinct unless an almost Stygian gloom prevailed.

One progressive clergyman has even gone so far as to throw open specially reserved pews in his church for the sole use of lovers who wish to conduct their courting there. They are assured that they will not be disturbed, and are merely requested to comport themselves in as decorous a manner as if they were in a modern picture theatre with efficient and watchful ushers.

Another point which will be of special interest to 100 per cent Americans, is the fact that in Europe and particularly in England, the same agitation prevails with infinitely greater success.
THE curtain had just gone down on an amateur performance of "The Charity Ball" in Philadelphia more than twenty-five years ago. But the audience was not satisfied. Their applause had thundered continuously while the happy cast bowed before the curtain, but it was the leading lady they called for now, stamping, clapping, shouting in their enthusiasm:

"Mary—Mary—Mary—we want Mary!"

The curtains parted and a girl of nineteen, her slender figure haloed in a blue chiffon gown, her arms full of delicate pink roses, her blue eyes shining beneath the shadow of her bright hair, stepped out to receive the homage of her friends and admirers. In the sudden silence that fell upon the hall they heard her voice, girlish and tremulous:

"How can I ever thank you!"

Oh beautiful and radiant, flushed with triumph, the young Mary Carr!

In the audience that night there was a man whom Mary had not yet met, who was to change the whole course of her life. William Carr was already a veteran of the stage, but thirteen years of acting had not made him so blase that he could not be touched by the fresh eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, especially when to youth was added talent and beauty. The next day Carr met the manager of the Girard Avenue Theatre in Philadelphia and spoke to him of the young girl who had made such a sensation in "The Charity Ball". So it happened that Mary left the normal school where she was learning to be a teacher, and entered the manager's stock company.

What rosy dreams of fame and happiness the young actress had. And William Carr was part of them. His swift wooing won the girl's first love. How could she not love this tall distinguished man who had brought her her first chance, who carried the very glamour of the theatre with him, and who asked her to be his wife. She saw herself as his wife embarked on a career (Continued on page 71)
Rudolph Valentino and Doris Kenyon.

The screen's most ardent lover in Monsieur Beaucaire, Booth Tarkington's masterpiece, is an inspiration to poets and a model of behavior for the romantic.

Bebe Daniels and Rudolph Valentino.
Monsieur Beaucaire

A Rhymed Review

By

Dorothy C. A. Isenbeck

The glimmer of steel in the moonlight,
The glint of a lady’s hair;
A perfumed rose with the stain of blood
Trampled to death in the forest mud—
And crushed like a rose beyond repair
Is the sickened heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.

The glimmer of silks in the lamplight,
The glint of a lady’s hair;
A brilliant throng at the royal ball;
A promise kept though the heavens fall,
Yet crushed,—like the rose,—beyond repair
Is the cavalier heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.

The glimmer of love in the lamplight,
The glint of a lady’s hair;
A precious tear on a perfumed rose,
A lover’s kiss as the moonlight glows;
Revived forever. Romance is there
In the tender heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.
The Pathos of Walthall

It was at the old Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard, some ten years ago, and a large and expensive company had gathered on the set. It was eleven o'clock on a Monday morning, and though the call had been for nine o'clock sharp, not a camera had turned. The star had not turned up.

The director bit his nails and swore. The cameraman leaned up against his camera and chewed gum. He could do this for hours at a time. The actors' and actresses' perched comfortably on camp chairs and carpenters' tool-boxes and gossiped or lapsed into lethargy. They were paid whether they worked or not; if the star never showed up, they should worry. At ten minutes after eleven a slow and deliberate step sounded on the wooden run-way. The company stopped talking and prepared to listen. The cameraman shifted his gum. The director took out his watch.

Henry B. Walthall, for it was none other, gentle readers, crossed the set and sat down on the camp chair with his name painted on the back. He looked low in his mind and regarded the toe of his shoe gloomily. He was not made up. It was Monday morning, as I have said.

The director looked at him uncertainly, opened his mouth to speak and shut it again. Henry B. Walthall was a power in pictures, and directors addressed him discreetly. But two hours had been wasted and the set was running into money. And the star was not made up and seemed to have no intention of ever being made up. The director looked at his watch significantly, and spoke.

"Mr. Walthall," he said, "it is eleven o'clock."

Mr. Walthall sighed and turned his shoe ever so slightly so that he could get a good view of the side.

Encouraged, the director continued, more firmly this time. He was a short and pursy man.

"Mr. Walthall, you are not made up, and the call was distinctly for nine o'clock."

Mr. Walthall slouched in his chair. The company opened its (Continued on page 93)
Helene Chadwick
Photo by Clarence S. Bull
Jacqueline Logan
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston
That Boyish Figger

This is how Clara Bow got off with such a fine start.

Colleen Moore is so slender that she doesn't have to worry about poundage, but she finds garden work good for the digestion. And besides overalls are so becoming! — International News Reel.

Kathleen Clifford, playing one of her famous "boy" roles in Granada's Girl, has to do several times the daily dozen in the Christie gym to make the characterization convincing.
SEARCHERS

A strange tale of motion picture people, a story of cross purposes and hidden motives, of startling coincidence and a watchful Fate which sets at naught the kindly scheming of a director and a writer in behalf of a popular male idol of the screen. An unguessable riddle told with sparkle and color.

By Rose Gleason

PART II

WHAT HAS HAPPENED;

Jim Hoffman, popular idol of screen fans, is content with clean, wholesome stories, and refuses to play a strongly dramatic story in which a fallen woman redeems herself through kindness to the chief male character. The writer, Greaves, and his director, Kregg, scheme to convince him that there is truth behind the story, which Hoffman doubts. They get Hoffman to agree to live incognito in New York's underworld for a week between pictures, Hoffman agreeing to take up with the first woman who accosts him on a certain designated street corner. If the woman proves to have any admirable traits of character, Hoffman is to do Greaves' story; if not, he will stick to the stories he has been successful with.

Greaves and Kregg, anxious to see Hoffman make Greaves' picture, conspire to "plant" a movie character actress on the street corner. Rita, the girl chosen to play the queer role, determines to double-cross Kregg and to feather her nest through a breach of promise suit against Hoffman after the episode is over. Hoffman, ignorant of the machinations of his friends, prepares in good faith to keep his appointment with the unknown. THE AUTHOR CONTINUES;

If there had been any lingering fear in Kregg's mind that Rita would recognize Hoffman through bill-poster ads or by other means of publicity, it disappeared, when at eleven-thirty that night he surveyed the actor, for by then only the bodily outline remained of the handsome, successful young star, and in his stead stood a man prematurely old, not in years, so much as spiritually. Hoffman's black hair was unbrushed, and due to some process to which he had submitted it, it appeared dry, unkempt—almost matted. His face remained unshaven and his mouth, due to some eccentricity of make-up, looked drawn, sullen—slightly loose, despite the fact that it still retained some of his natural fastidiousness. A done-for droop to his shoulders clung to their usually level line malignantly, and there was certainly something about him morally off-shade. Obstinate, too, he looked, and more than a trifle insolent. In his deep-set eyes, that reminded one of fires that had been banked, indifference gleamed out menacingly, and since his color was sallow instead of his usual bronze-brown, he'd not impress one as enjoying particularly good health. His clothing comprised a shabby coat, and trousers that
were equally shabby. His shoes were cracked and unbrushed. In short, instead of the former immaculate actor, stood a badly-groomed young man in whom an almost burnt-out power smouldered feebly. A man who appeared worthless; not at all shiv—yet, withal—wear!

In Other Words—a Derelict

Greaves, sitting back and eyeing him banefully, made the most of the occasion.

"A guy who poisons pups could be twin brother to you. Hoff," he said complainingly, "but to just the average man in the street, you'll look like the fiend who robs kids of pennies!"

Hoffman's voice still contained an "I'll prove to you" note. but his grin came across less menacingly. The experiment had begun to assume the aspects of a lark.

"Then you think me fatal beauty isn't liable to knock anyone cold—eh, Bill?"

Kregg stood enduring the combined sensations of the manager of an unexpected hit, and those of a conscience-stricken perjurer of his best friend. Or, to state his frame of mind more graphically, the actor's plan and his own method of re-tracting it, had him all mixed up in his emotions.

"Quit your kidding," he said uneanimously, "and don't forget, Jim—O'Reilly's at headquarters—and—er—er—"

Sentiment came uneasily to John Kregg.

"I guess you know that should you need me, I wouldn't stop this side of Hell for you!"

Hoffman reached for an old hat that matched the appearance of his trousers.

"Listen to him!" he jeered, eyeing himself professionally, "pulling the sob-stuff when all that I ask is a taxi! Cheerful kind of cuss—eh? Well, come on—you started this funeral!"

Seething, sinister and full of queer sounds faint as the whisper of dead and dry leaves, is Sixth Avenue once night takes it for its own. Noisy and riotous as it is during the day, when midnight, at last, claims the long street, Shadows come tip-toeing softly. Sometimes the Shadow is slit-faced and sensuous-lipped—sometimes it's a faded-before-her-time young child-woman, tired-faced and heavily rouged.

Sixth Avenue, who wears its working blouse by day—

and who puts on its soiled, tinsel gown in the dark hours Sixth Avenue, "whose sex is woman."

Always, when at regular intervals, a lighted elevated train rushes by, the Shadows draw back and crawl away, only to re-appear when the train has gone. Always, too, at certain intervals, blue-coated officers pace their beat, but about midnight they, too, fade. It is then that as though a lamp has been extinguished, the Shadows come out and slink in between spaces of light. Lurk there. Ill-omens.
Tonight, the breath of a hot summer breeze fell like a mist on the corner where Rita waited.

"Just what Kregg's idea is, I can't exactly figure," she was saying to herself, "he's such a hardboiled nut to be turnin' philanthropist! Well, come on, kid, step into it! You booked this show for eleven-thirty!"

Her bold glance swept the street, but at sight of an approaching cab, a tremor raced funnily across her throat.

"Guess that's them," she whispered, gathering up all her forces.

Rita's eyes took on a shining glow as the taxi turned and pulled up at the same corner. Three men stepped out. The cab waited. The actress heard one of the men laugh and saw how, with a devil-may-care salute, he turned and started down the avenue. She recognized Kregg as one of the two who stood looking after him.

Tipping her hat to an exaggerated slope, and glancing down her tail length to note if everything was equally rakish, Rita stepped forth.

Tales have been elsewhere told of plans changed within the flick of a lash, but in this case, it took the full half minute that Rita devoted to that final survey, for a lurking form to dart forward.

Alert as was Rita, and quick moving, too, even more so was the other girl.

"Halloa, there!" said the latter, annexing herself to Hoffman as some small creature annexes itself to newly acquired prey.

The actor glimpsed a young face, and, smiling, laid a pacific hand upon her arm.

"Hallo yourself, kid!" he answered in the vernacular.

A minute added itself to the annals of time, during which Kregg and Greaves continued to stare. Continued to realize that much had been lost according to the terms of the bet! In that minute a girl ran up and clutched at them.

"She beat me to it! Honest to Gawd, Kreggie!" Rita exclaimed, informing them of something they already knew.

"She beat me to it!—and I couldn't help myself! Honest to Gawd, Kreggie an' it wasn't half a minute——!

Kregg continued to start ahead. It was Greaves who finally burst forth:

"Well, what you know about that!" he said, laying emphasis on every word.

The girl clinging to Hoffman's arm, was slight and thin and of an early age. Perfume, presumably thought to be seductive, but which badly deodorized the ordinarily pure air, clung about her suffocatingly. An ornate ring gleaming on one hand peered up at Hoffman watchfully, and a transparent waist revealed a cheaply trimmed underslip. Some half dozen inexpensive bracelets, strive to enhance her arms, and from her ears dangled long black rings.

As for her face, if Life, that great masseuse, had taken away any of its beauty, the girl seemed to have endeavored to make up for deficiencies by wearing a hat to which was transfixed a white plume, which in turn adorned fair-colored hair frizzed to the nth degree. A thick layer of rouge carried out an effect of strong coloring.

Round-toed, high-heeled pumps were attached to her lower extremities and her bright-colored dress was mostly of silk, trimmed with a glistening material that was ornamental and served to emphasize its gaudiness.

"D'yuh see that dame?" she inquired with a backward jerk of the head that indicated that to which she alluded, "thought you belonged to her, didn't she! Well, believe me, to get ahead of little Sadie, you gotta be there before the first curtain!"

"Sadie?" queried Hoffman, endeavoring with a side-long glance, to sum up her tiny measurements.

"My name," she said, suddenly tightening her grip as a Shadow stole by with speculative stare.

The actor laughed good-naturedly, and looked around to see if there was a place they could converse.

A crescent-shaped moon hanging low over the Astor Library, revealed an unoccupied bench in Bryant Park. A few minutes later they were occupying it.

From where they sat they could see a Fifth Avenue traffic tower. Forty-second street happened to be quiet for the time being. From a distance came the rumble of an L train.

"Sort of reminds one of an empty theatre when the sounds are heavy and roll back," Hoffman said assuming a fagged air.

Sadie remove dher hat.

"Get! nothin' about this berg ever struck me as belongin' back stage!" she said, moving herself up close to him, "What with Hyman turnin' the spot on the old dumps, an——! Say?" she asked, breaking a thought, "‘imatter with you? Sick or somethin'?"

For verily the actor looked tired and almost ill. For all of three minutes he had been trying to get over such an effect. Her question came in the form of a suggestion.

"Weak heart," he said with a cough, not knowing that a cough doesn't necessarily accompany a weak heart, "and blue at having to go away. Glad as the deuce, though, little girl, of your company!"

Sadie leaned over and under the rays of a Forty-second street arc, and a low-hanging crescent-shaped moon, inspected his features introspectively.

"Once before," she said, lapsing into pessimism, "I picked up a guy like you, and blamed if he didn't croak—before I could get rid of him!"

She saw the curl of Hoffman's fingers whiten his knuckles as he twisted them.

"This town gets one!" he said as though he were suffering mentally, "having to leave it is like losing something vital!"

The lateness and the hour settled. The girl stared, and then she laughed. And her laugh was not short nor was it shrill. Instead, it was low and it had a blunt edge.

"You've gotta beat it, then?" she questioned in a low tone.

In a way Hoffman had done many times before when registering strong and tense emotion, the knuckles of one hand sunk deeply into the palm of the other. Lifting his head he looked at the moon, or it may have been the roof of the library.

"Yes," he said, and he said it huskily, "that's the devil of it! I'm eviled!"

An L train rushed along, flinging across them great tossing shadows. Sadie stared at Mr. Astor's gray walls.

"Where to?" she asked strangely witchlike.

Hoffman's dark eyes appraised her.

"Upstate, to a farm on which I've obtained a job as caretaker. A place in the backwoods where I'll have to live pretty simply. Best thing in the world for me, I suppose, but Lord!—it's having to live—alone—there!"

Hoffman, wearing the done-for look, also previously registere don the silver-sheet, watched a Fifth Avenue bus pass the signal tower. Sadie, emphatically expressed her sentiments:

"I ain't such a dumb-bell," she said, eyeing him unsentimentally, "that I can't guess you're tryin' to make me a proposition. Well, where'd you get the idea you're the only first-nighter who's wanted to sign me up for an extended engagement? C'on, baby,—do your monologue!"

To the lips of a motion picture star came a grin he had difficulty i repressing. One of his hands covered hers.

"That's just exactly what I am trying to do," he said, "trying to get up nerve enough to ask you to go with me."
Something tragic came into his face as his free hand brushed his countenance with the gesture of a tired man who has wandered far and come back lonely.

"Will you?" he tensely questioned.

The girl leaned slightly forward.

"Say! what'd you ever see about hayseed that'd make you think it'll appeal to one of my artistic temperament?" She paused before inquiring tentatively, "Besides,—who'd be there besides me and you?"

"No one."

"No one?"

She chuckled.

"A one-act with two people, and the frogs and crickets for audience! Say,—what'd we do to kill time?"

"Work, I suppose,—and oh, there'd be other things."

"Baby," she said, rising and straightening her short skirt, "if this'd happened before they headlined Volstead, you'd be layin' in a stock of booze instead of tryin' to sign up a woman, but seein' it's this dead day and age, I reckon even a poor has-been's entitled to some little form of amusement!"

The situation seemed to call for some display of emotion.

Hoffman seized a thin hand and pressed it.

"You mean?" he asked, "you'll accompany me?"

Sadie tolerated his grip. She nodded.

"But you might as well know," she said. "Mr. What Ever Your Name is, that, while, of course, I'm sorry you gotta bum ticker, the real reason I'm acceptin' this proposition's not because you've been put out of the first row, but because that farm's the added attraction. Always thought I'd like to try livin' on one. Take it from me, if you hadn't mentioned it, I'd never played on this bill! Strollin' along the shady lanes'll be a change from hotfootin' it on dark streets, but I 'spect I'll get awful sick of it!"

Taking with him the girl's promise to rejoin him shortly at Grand Central, Hoffman sauntered east to purchase tickets with what was supposed to be advanced salary, for a night train to a city upstate, and Sadie departed westward, presumably to her room to pack a needed grip.

Four hours later, both were descending from a New York suburban trolley and facing the two mile stretch back country.

It was during that almost silent walk along a country road bordered by bushes that huddled like live figures, and trees that met and whispered above their heads, that the actor first heard the girl express herself sentimentally.

"Gee!" she exclaimed, shivering in the cool air and lifting a little tired, painted face to stars that were slowly fading, "those twinklers 're like lights in a theater, that someone's forgot to turn off! An' that little one makes me think of a peep-hole. Suppose anyone's lookin' down at us from up there behind that curtain?"

A wonder crept into her face; an eagerness vaguely wistful.

"Oh, damn!" she exclaimed the next instant, when high heels and a pebble failing to make contact, she barely saved herself from a dusty fall.

"You ought to have had sense enough to change those shoes," informed Hoffman, disgustedly striding ahead.

Sadie paused to adjust her hat which had shot away when she stumbled. She also solitiously adjusted the white plume.

"Holy Smoke!" she exclaimed crossly, "walkin' the ties with a busted road show ain't got a thing on this, and if ever we make this joint we're bound for, it'll not be of any help you've given me!"

Up-to-date, her precociousness had amused, but the fact that it was early morning, and they were tired from the trip and of each other, had put them both in a bad mood. Hoffman waited for her to catch up.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, come on," he said, irritatedly shifting her grip.

Like some tropical little bird, drooping and pathetically weary, she hopped painfully along, and if she knew that as he took her arm, the flues of her long plume brushed his cheek in a way that added nothing to his enjoyment, she did not reveal her awareness.

After a time on a high knoll, with huge trees overhanging it, and a lake glistening in the background, Sadie saw a house. A low, rambling house; a very silent-looking house around whose closed doors and windows the soft morning breeze was wreathing in little whispers. A squatly house. One of those low, square cottages to which here and there at various times, an ell or porch had been molded.

Sadie stared, for a bare second inarticulate. Then:

"Some dump!" she said, "beats the movies, an' better'n any stage set!"

The truth regarding the house was, that it had descended to Hoffman through the death of his mother's brother. Once before, only, had he visited it, and that was a month ago, and then on a hurried trip for the funeral. When, some hours previous, the argument about the play had arisen, he had recalled this as an ideal place to take the girl; play the derelict, and try to learn something of her inner nature.

Entering the house, they found it completely furnished, and, in a butler's pantry, they glimpsed shelves well stocked. Entering the dining-room they faced a yawning fire-place,—and off the dining-room was a library. Nothing, as yet, had been dismantled.

"This's the life!" said Sadie, limping to a chair and kicking her pumps as far as she could kick them.

Hoffman wearily discarded the grip.

"Scout around and make yourself at home," he said, "as for me, I'm tired! There're plenty of rooms, no doubt, where you can find a bed."

Without much ado, and as though he were glad to break away, he passed through to the library with a pleasant enough "goodnight," and began to climb a winding stairway.

Sadie remained staring after him.

She sat for a long time staring in the direction he had gone. After awhile, she rose and noiselessly locked the doors. Locked, also, the one between the two rooms. After that she turned to stare first at this then at that. Turned to the solidly-built old buffet; to the quaintly carved chairs and table. To the well-done paintings rather large for the size of the room. To other things, solid—aged. Drank in the atmosphere that seemed to hover. An atmosphere suggesting how a motherly lady, entering that room many times long ago, might have been greeted by a stately old gentleman who turned to smile at her from his stand before the fireplace. An atmosphere sweet—and ancient.

"What a lovely, lovely home!" murmured Sadie in a tone that had Hoffman heard, would have caused him to wonder at its refinement.

(Continued in October.)

Q. Start this story with this issue. You can quickly catch the thread of the plot. Enjoy now this fascinating movie serial.
Joe Laurie, Jr., is the only comedian I know who is funny in his dressing room. Joe is not a collector of wise-cracks; he is an originator of them. When you see Plain Jane you will behold the spectacle of a comic artist who can take a hold of a part and shake the life out of it. And take it from me there is a lot of life in it. I can't say enough for Joe Laurie, Jr. He's good.

In addition to Joe there's a sample of good songs and three trio dancers who deserve honorable mention. Their names are Frances Wilson, Estelle Penny and Mable Grete.

II.

Sweeney Todd, otherwise known as The Demon Barber, and if this is not enough identification, you can have the third title, The String of Pearls, did one good thing for me anyway. It reminded me of the fact that I needed a haircut.

The play is old English melodrama about a tonsorial artist who had a playful way of chopping his customers up into pies. He chopped up his first customer at a quarter to nine and I thought longingly of the fact that here in New York barber shops stay open late—having in mind my need for a hair cut and no sadistic desire to be turned into succulent meat pies. At nine by the clock the second customer was demolished and my mind turned longingly to the cool perfection of the Terminal Shop at Forty-second and Broadway where Tony holds sway over chair number three. At 9:15 Mr. Todd did away with his third customer and I walked out to get the air. The next thing I remember I was in the barber's chair and Tony had the haircut under way. In consequence of which I think the production of Sweeney Todd an eminently satisfactory one.

III.

The Ziegfeld Follies' annual production is the circus of the tired business man. How the little fellows caper when the circus comes to town, and the fellows a little bigger and no whit different in the college towns of Boston, Princeton and New Haven caper just as joyously when the Follies comes around.

To me there is no "good year" or "bad year" for the Follies.

They have the thrill of youth and color about them. To the small boy the circus is just "the circus." It is always good. To his father, Mr. Ziegfeld's production is the same.

Of course the ring leader of this year's production is Will Rogers. The jokes he cracks are sharper than the snap-snap of the whip in the hands of the red-coated riding master. And how the "ponies" in the Ziegfeld circus step and prance about! Lupino Lane as the head clown and tumbler is a roaring success. He has always seemed to me the cleverest of the movies' many
By Myron Zobel

Decorations by Wynn

eccentric comedians. Such noise, such laughter, such color! Ann Pennington is the prima ballerina. Her twinkling toes twinkle faster, her dimpled knees dimple more darlingy, and her broad smile is broader than anything on the stage this summer.

Congratulations, Mr. Ziegfeld for the great eye fest. A great and glorified time was had by all.

IV.

The cleverest lyrics of the year, to my way of thinking, are in Keep Kool. Carl Gerard Smith wrote them and if this notice should come to his attention I will thank him to send me a copy of his extremely clever burlesque on "Gunga Din" which Hazel Dawn recited in scene five on the subject of beds, bedrooms and boudoirs she has known.

The how is full of talent and the sketches have originality and sprotliness. In particular, the satire "Justifiable Homicides," stands out in my memory. It contains seven episodes, each of which offer a perfect excuse for murder in the first degree:

1. The Lithuanian ticket chopper who gives directions to subway passengers in a mixture of Yiddish and Greek.
2. The hail-fellow-well-met chap who insists on slapping the freshly sunburned chap on the back.
3. The solicitous gentleman who goes around on a scorching day and asks, "Is it hot enough for you today?"
4. The singers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."
5. The commuter who drops his bundles and misses his train in order to give a stranger a match.
6. The girl who crowds in ahead of her place in the line at the ticket window.
7. And one other which 1 forget. Ina Williams, Johnny Dooley, Hazel Dawn and Charles King are an unbeatable comedie quartet. If you miss this show don't blame me.

V.

R. I. P. Shooting Shadows passed quietly through New York during the hottest part of the summer and left no trace. It was, according to the authors, a melo-mystery farce, concerning a missing body, which refused to stay put. It contained the usual number of dumb professional sleuths and clever amateur detectives, person proving to be the guilty party—according to formula. Several shots rang out from the darkened stage and an extremely well-behaved audience only laughed once in the wrong place.

Edward M. Favor did a splendid piece of character work in it as Noah Flood.

VI.

No, it isn't Mistinguett who has the Innocent Eyes. She has headdresses—oh, many and various and weighty head-
dresses, and beautiful legs, but an otherwise rather too oppulent body. It's Cecil Lean who plays the part of the gullible and easily led-astray professor who starts the play with "innocent eyes" and ends it with that tired feeling and a headache. For it is a very wild party which the professor finds himself involved in, when he takes over the management of a cabaret for one night—a clause in a will giving the excuse for his getting into such a situation.

This Winter Garden spectacle has more of a plot thread than the usual ensemble of music, noise, talent and backdrops known as a revue. The cast fairly bristles with important names, but Cleo Mayfield stands out in my memory, chiefly because I can still see bear the echo of her enchanting whine. And Cleo is awfully easy to look at. Mr. J. J. Shubert, who admits that he "personally supervised" the big production, has an eye for color and beauty. If there's been a handsome show in town, I haven't seen it.

If you like dancing, and you won't go to the Winter Garden if you don't, you'll feel like flinging coins at the exotic figure of Vannessi, who looks like the poet's ideal of the heroine of 'On the Road to Mandalay.' See her in her 'peacock strut.' The song hits are the name piece, "Innocent Eyes," 'Organdy Days' and "Garden of Love".

VI.

So This Is Politics! was one of the regular convention crop of plays that hit New York with the hot weather and the out of town delegates. The much-heralded arrival of the delegates, by the way, proved a bitter disappointment to theater owners and restaurateurs. One of the waitresses in Child's says she served 65 delegates in one day and received 60 tips of five cents each; the other five left nothing.

Marjorie Gateson gives a competent performance as the wife whose political aspirations break up the home, but the real star of the piece is William Courtleigh, as Butch McKenna, the boss of the First Ward. Mr. Courtleigh puts life and character into this part.

One of the best lines in the play compares the political party platform with street car platforms; "they

VII.

The Four Marx Brothers blew in out of the west on a gale of laughter. They have brought a new kind of slapstick into the American revue. None of the attempts at broad sophistication are here; no nifties; no wise-cracking gentry or patter artists, but 'I'll Say She Is' has some of the most rib-tickling, side-splitting (see press agent notices for further adjectives) situations you ever saw.

Herbert Marx is, to my mind, the funniest of the Four Marx Brothers. He speaks not a single word through the entire performance, but his actions and looks bespeak volumes. He is made up as a sort of half-and-half mixture of Boob McNutt and Dinty Moore. I saw the play when it first came out in Chicago and I paid for the tickets at box office prices. When a reviewer does that and still praises the piece, it is a recommendation for fair.

East Side Wins

The Grand Street Follies proves the old saw that if a man can write a better review than his neighbor though he lived in the lower East side of New York the audience will beat a pathway to his door. It isn't only that the East side of the girls is the same,—er—that is, East side girls are the same but the show is good.
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General Manager

Q The Beauty Maker—

from page 86.

possible that a new cameraman would be speedily engaged. But while the attention of director and producer are centered upon the star, it is easy for a cameraman to neglect a lesser player, bringing out her worst points, rather than her best, and lighting her so badly that her beauty is lost or badly damaged.

"The possibilities of working off a grudge in this way intrigue me," Mr. Barnes acknowledges, "but I've never grudged its being worked. I suppose we have all neglected some of our opportunities to make beauties out of extra girls, and I've actually known cameramen who had the interest of certain girls at heart and boosted them with all his skill. But it is impossible, working under the hectic conditions which obtain in every studio, to devote a great deal of time, lighting and skill to the unimportant members of the cast. Occasionally, when the time permits, I spend more than a fair amount of time and Kei juice close-up of an extra girl, and in one case at least a contract has resulted. But such things are usually accidental."

An expert cameraman makes a salary equal to that of a leading lady or popular character actor—that is, from two hundred to four hundred a week. Considering the importance of his job, the beauty-maker is not overpaid. As Mr. Barnes expresses it, "After all, the public pays to see pictures. If the photography is bad, the picture is bad, no matter how inspired the direction or the story or the acting." Naturally, Mr. Barnes thinks cameramen are underpaid.

Q This Way Out—from page 39.

Queen Bess with his cloak.

I also realized that an opportunity was presented.

I could not spread the taxi under her agitated foot, but I felt I could at least let her sit in it.

So with a grandiloquent gesture I bared my growing bald-spot and bowed low before her, muttering my proffer of service to a fair lady in distress; how I had recognized her from her "stills," etc., etc.

Ostentatious ceased. That feminine danger signal, the tap-tapping foot, was stilled. I strove to make the unconventional seem conventional. It was unnecessary. She was already within the cab.

Thinking that perhaps Sigrid desired to be aloof, I sought a perch behind the chauffeur, seeking directions through the window. But this time I was beckoned.

"Mutter Willith! This is breathe with me!" was her command.

"Where do you wish to go, Miss
HOLMQUIST?" I murmured meekly as I slunk to do her bidding.

"Just take me home. Do you know where it is?"

I did and so did the driver.

"Theems thtrange the garage did not thend my car ath I atthked them to," she quavered plaintively as the car got under way.

"Yeth, I mean, yes, it doth; I mean, does—dammit—pardon me," I responded politely, knowing that she was then motorless, having been in Hollywood but a few days. (Lisping is strangely contagious.)

Straightway she launched a desire for newspaper publicity which, in the telling, consumed the several miles until the car was shuttling in and out of the Laurel Canyon traffic. Then she began to talk about herself.

The cars were thick and the pace, fast. Drivers with one arm about the neck of another are not to be trusted. And there were many of them hurrying their forty-horses and up less the steep and twisting roadway to hillside dovecotes. One could hear them cooing as they passed in the snorting motors.

Hence hearing what she "thaid" to the King of Portugal in Paris and what he "thaid" to her is now hazier than I wish it were.

Her enunciation of the word "Manual" was a caress. Her pronunciation of "Deauville" made me conjecture she would spell it "dough."

The car turned sharply off the main road at the second fork and then to the right into a gulch as black as a jealous briarrose's heart, stopping suddenly in the gloom with shrieking brakes.

Sigrid clambered out, trailing an unfinished sentence in her wake.

She spoke harshly in an outlandish tongue. A tiny light cut the gloom above us.

Seizing me by the hand Sigrid bounded up a series of flag-stoned steps. I felt like Alice in Wonderland in the grip of the Duchess.

We stopped suddenly in the darkness. She beat upon an unseen door with both her hands.

The door swung back. Her sleepy, young servitor, Johnson, a comely if somewhat too rount lass, gazed at her in some scrambled tongue. Sigrid returned in kind as she brushed by. Since she had regained hold of my hand, I followed.

Sigrid flitted about what was evidently the living-room, snapping on lights in the corners, snatching up an abandoned feminine garment here, flicking away cigarette ashes there.

Light from a lamp, draped with some iridescent, gossamer stuff, standing on a wicker table opposite the entrance, imparted the gleam of a topos to half a
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A tumble of liquid poised perilously near the table's edge.

Sigrid darted toward it as a child to the rescuer of a shard of some bright glass from a rubbish heap. She raised it to her lips and gulped. Her eyes grew wide with apprehension. Tilting back her head and looking at me down her nose, she replaced the tumbler hastily.

"Ugg wugg erth erble," she remarked liquidly with some difficulty, as she sped to the door. There she cast the offending fluid in outer darkness with a boisterous expectation.

"Barbouruth thufth?" Sigrid declared, making a wry face, on her return. "Pleath make yourself at home till I come back. Pahdon me."

A doorway swallowed her.

STRAIGHTWAY heated words came through crevices in the flimsy wall. Cracking syllables hissed and sputtered in intense dialogue in a strange tongue. Something that sounded like a slap ended the argument.

A tearful maid entered. She seized the tumbler from which Sigrid had recently quaffed an unpleasant potion and retraced her steps.

I was alone in the salon of a Laurel Canyon lair.

Frankly the room was disappointing. It was a welter of disorder, dingy and dusty. The maid was evidently in love. The place was utterly without character. "Fifty dollars a month, furnished" was written all over it.

I was just about to lower myself into the only comfortable chair in the room when I was deterred by a screech. A flying pink and flimsy negligence, picked out by gleaming arms and a flash of silken-clad calf, swooped down upon me and swept a dark and furry something from the seat which was to have been mine.

I staggered back and waited for things to straighten out. Sigrid, smiling maternally and cuddling a wierd animal in her arms emerged from the munk born of the rapidity of her motion.

"You almost that on Thweeheart," she crooned.

My chin was on my chest. I could feel my eyes bulge. "Thweeheart" was an animal big as a house-cat with a weasel-like head, a squat body covered with fur akin to sable and a tail seemingly a yard long. He regarded me with beady eyes full of hostility.

"What is it?" I queried, indicating "Thweeheart" with a trembling forefinger. If he had been green with pink stripes he would not have been half as upsetting.

"It ith a mongouth," Sigrid said. "An admirer thent him to me from Thouth America.

"Come in here and we thall talk. Thith room ith tho deprethng."
Wanda and Viola—

from page 45.

old gray matter isn’t functioning. And Viola is by no means a nit-wit. She looks as a normal woman of twenty-five ought to look, only better-looking than most. And as her mind has developed right along with her body, she wants parts that are worthy of her steel. She wants to act, and in the future she expects to.

Wanda Rebels Too

But Viola is not the only Hollywood cutie who aspires to dramatic honors. She has a blonde rival, Wanda Hawley, & back on the screen, with all her blonde girls slicked straight back, trying her best to look intense.

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EVEN the writer who has arrived will find in "The New Road to Authorship" information of untold interest and inestimable value. To the unknown writer—to any earnest person who has felt the urge to seek expression through the written or spoken word, the photo-play—this book opens a new vision—new avenues to success.

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The Fairy Tour

Like a smirhing veil, a har and entrancing perfume have those who use...
Wanda has a straight dramatic part in Victor Sjertzing's production, Bread, by Charles Norris. She got it by brushing out her curls and looking intense where Sjertzing could see her. It really makes her look quite different. More "soul," you know, and everything. And as far as Wanda is concerned, the Hollywood beauty shops can just close their doors before she makes an appointment for another marcel.

Wanda was one of the old guard at the Real Art Studio, and after that, at Lasky's. She was being cast in fluffy roles when Bebe Daniels was playing opposite Wally Ried in The Dancing Fool; and Gloria Swanson was swishing about Cecil DeMille's sets.

And always Wanda played the role of the sweet young thing. Her main duty was to look cunning and to wear clothes.

To be a perfect foil, by her five feet three inches of pink and gold femininity for stalwart screen heroes. But it must be confessed, that as far as honest-to-goodness 14-karat acting goes, I have never caught Wanda in the act.

Perhaps she has never had a chance. She had the leading role opposite Valentino in that fearful affair; The Young Rajah, but stronger personalities than Wanda's have been eclipsed by the colorful Rudolph. She was lovely but vapid. Never once did she stand out as a personage to be taken seriously. She was a decorative part of the stage setting, no more.

In Affairs of Anatol, Wanda did the best work of her career, I believe. I remember thinking at the time that she was better than I had ever seen her. But her characterization was not clean-cut enough to leave in my memory as I write this other than a vague remembrance of a young and cuddly person who cried on Wally Reid's shoulder.

Her starring pieces, Miss Hobbs, Her Sturdy Oak and The House that Jazz Built were all fluffy things that needed a stronger personalities than Wanda's to put them over. They all sagged in the middle. Evidently others thought the same thing, for soon after The Young Rajah flopped with such a dull, sickening thud (I hasten to add that the fault was by no means all Wanda's) Wanda's contract expired and was not renewed. Wanda went to Cairo to make a picture for a foreign company. After her return, she played the demure little housewife in her own home for a year, until the idea seized her that perhaps it was the fault of the curls that kept her from realizing her dramatic aspirations.

At any rate, with the release of Revelation and Bread you will see the gesture of two young rebels against the flapper and all her works. The dramatic season is looking up.

Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for $1.00.

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St.
New York City
are fastened. I am one of those who have found Eleanor a believable and not-too-saccharine ingenue. The most colorful feminine interest, however, is supplied by Eileen Percy—in a black wig, did you ever?—and Pauline Garon, who stages a delicious Dempsey-Carpentier—the best female screen scrap since Gerry Farrar and Jeanie MacPherson turned Carmen's cigarette factory into a prize ring.

But I shall recall The Turmoil for a long time because of one superb scene, which occurs in a barber shop. The senior Sheridan, very well played by Emmett Corrigan, steps in for his morning shave, unaware of a tragedy in his house which the whole world knows. He becomes gradually conscious of the horrified suspense with which he is regarded; and his awakening provides a bit of genuine emotion.

Those Who Dance Is Timely

These Who Dance must pay the piper. It sounds like one of those supersexy things, but as a matter of fact, it is a somber preachment on prohibition. I hand it to Thomas H. Ince because gradually—very gradually—he is working back into the same pictorial frame of mind which produced some of the most memorable motion pictures on record—the old Ince-Triangles. Ince was never one to mince matters on the screen; he had the courage of his artistic convictions and has more than once realized them—recall Anna Christie. For that one drama alone, he earned everlasting recognition.

Those Who Dance will not add to the prestige of the melodrama master, but it will keep the wolf from the doors of Inceville, being a timely treatise not too tiresome.

O. The Pathos of Waltball—
from page 58

eyes to see the temperamental star take a reprimand without resentment. The director began to work himself up into a frenzy, and as no word came from the huddled figure in the chair, concluded at last in a stinging ultimatum. He was having a splendid time, the director.

"... and I want you to know, Mr. Waltball, that when I call my actors on the set at nine o'clock, I want them there at that time."

Then the huddled figure rose. With simple dignity he spoke.

"All right, call em for Thursday morning at nine o'clock. And walked off the set. As I said, it was Monday morning. And not until Thursday did our hero come back.

But that was ten long years ago, and
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SCREENLAND

a decade in the “great unwrapping art” of pictures is as a century in other fields. The stars who shone so brightly in that year of grace, 1914, have passed into oblivion, and new generations of stars have filled their places for a brief day, only to pass on in their turn. Some have left a dear and fragrant memory in their wake; the very names of others, once famous among stars, have been forgotten.

The years that have swept to forgetfulness many and many a proud name have not obliterated the name of the finest actor of his time, Henry B. Walthall. But they have dimmed its lustre. His slipping away into obscurity is one of the saddest phases of film life, and one of the strongest counts against the sincerity of pictures as an art.

If Henry B. Walthall had been a little less finished as an actor and a little more physical in his appeal, his name might still be blazing in electric lights. But he was an actor, not a young Greek god. Even as the Little Colonel, Ben Cameron, in Griffith’s immortal Birth of a Nation, he was not handsome. His appeal lay in the firmness of his technique, in his speaking eyes and his sensitive mouth. He was, and is, unimposing of figure; he is only five feet six inches in height, and weighs about 140. His brown hair is inclined to curl, and he wears it brushed back from a high, broad forehead. He is a mental type, except for his mouth. His eyes are brown and eloquent. Though he is a Southerner, born in Shelby county, Alabama, he speaks without the, soft slurr of the South. His long years on the speaking stage have eliminated that.

It was from the stage that Walthall came to make a name for himself in pictures in The Birth of a Nation. And there he was one of a galaxy of players that made screen history, players who were scattered to the four corners of the earth and beyond now. Lillian Gish along of that brave company retains her fame. The others? Miriam Cooper? Merely a name; perhaps not even that to the newest generation of film fans. Mac Marsh? In pictures still, to be sure, but not the Mac Marsh of the Griffith film; not the pixilated Littlest Sister who bravely trimmed her shabby gown with cotton “ermine” to celebrate her brother’s return from the war; a woman now. Bobby Harron? Gone, with that blithe spirit, Wallace Reid, to the shadow land of peaceful rest.

It was The Birth of a Nation that made Henry Walthall on the screen, and it was the same picture that nearly killed him professionally, a few years later. For some four years Walthall starred. Not all of his pictures were good. Some were trival. But his technique was as sure and his charm as subtle in the poor stories as in the good. He made many pictures: A Great Love; False Faces; And
a Still Small Voice; A Splendid Hazard.

Then came the beginning of the end.

Never strong at best, under the strain of the exotic life of a famous star, Walthall's health failed. For weeks at a time he would not be able to work. His nerves grew abnormally sensitive. He was often moody, even irritable. His engagements fell off. For several years his face vanished from the screen. He took a home at Santa Monica and waited, perhaps reading in the dull booming of the waves against the rocks the final doom of all actors grown old in the harness.

A few remembered him in his exile. The faithful few wrote to the editors of film magazines, "Where is Henry Walthall? What has happened to him?" And the editors could only say they did not know. The producers were not interested. Walthall? Why, he was the chap that played in The Birth of a Nation, wasn't he? And that was way back—why, it must have been around 1910! Say, the man's old, now! This studio ain't no Home for Retired Actors, y'know. Oh, well, if he's that good, maybe we can work him in a character part.

And sometimes they did. Small, trivial parts that must have hurt Walthall to the quick to play, and surely hurt the faithful fans who remembered his past glory. It did not even occur to producers to give him a romantic part. The man was forty. In those days the romances of the screen were chronicles of puppy love. Half-baked boys of twenty-one were making half-baked love to sixteen-year-old girls who wouldn't have recognized adult passions if they had met them on the street. And so Henry B. Walthall remained in obscurity for another year.

Then sophistication came to the screen with the advent of foreign stars and foreign directors. Grow-up men and women portrayed the love scenes. Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon came into prominence. And the audiences applauded the experience of their touch and called for more. It dawned upon the producers that adult men and women could love. The just-past-adolescents fell back into their proper juvenile roles. Walthall was no longer passe, an "old man"; he was merely experienced.

For once, that fickle jade, Fortune, smiled upon him. He was given one of the principal roles in a picture that has turned out to be one of the big box-office sensations of the year, Boy of Mine.

The boy, Benny Alexander, is starred, but the real interest lies in the love of Henry Walthall and Irene Rich, as the parents of the boy, and is Walthall's struggle to understand the workings of a small boy's heart. In a most unsympathetic part, he manages to be great.

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"I have been using Merke Treatment for a month and have lost all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in."

"I must frankly state, I was skeptical as to your claim, but a faithful use of Merke Treatment for a month has removed all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and growth."

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Alois Merke.
leading to ever greater and brighter triumphs. They would become famous together—he would be Romeo, she Juliet.

The Bride, Mary Carr

Oh shining-eyed and joyous, wrapped in dreams, the bride Mary Carr!

But Mary soon found that her husband had decided ideas of his own about his wife’s career. It was for him to work in the world, to reap the triumphs and the world’s applause. Mary’s place was in the home, cherished, protected, basking only in the light of reflected glory. It was hard, but Mary loved him, and as most women have always done, she acquiesced. Was the first bloom of her illusions lost? Still she was eager and loving, the young wife, Mary Carr.

Twelve years—seven children! No time for dreams now. They came so fast, these little ones, clanging about her skirts, heavy in her arms, warm under her heart. Her blue eyes that had been so bright shone now with the soft radiance of mother love. How she loved them, and perhaps the one who would not stay most of all. Busy, busy years, years of toil, and love and suffering, spent in a world of helpless, growing things. This was Mary Carr the mother, the elemental woman, utterly surrendered to the impulse of creation.

Mary Carr, Mother

Tragedy! Six helpless little things for her to care for, and now their father a helpless seventh. How to feed those seven mouths, how to keep a shelter over them, how to clothe them? She could not leave them for the stage, even if after twelve years there was a place for her upon its boards. She must find work that would enable her to take a home for them, to keep them in the shadow of her protecting love.

The old Lubin studio was still located in Philadelphia. In happy days her husband had been a director there, and now Mary turned to men who had known him there for help. They gave her her first picture work.

Ten years of ceaseless, weary struggle. Little by little Mary Carr and her children gained a foothold in the studios, in Philadelphia only at first, but later in New York. Who can ever know what those years meant to her, the search for work, the constant worry over those seven dependent on her. This was Mary Carr, the woman at bay, her back against the wall, fighting with savage persistence for her children, holding the wolf aloof by the sheer strength of her will. No wonder the mother in “Over the Hill” carried the mark of absolute truth in her portrayal.

But now the stress has a little abated. Mary Carr has brought her brood on what seemed an endless journey through a dark and dangerous forest. Now they have emerged into the sunlit meadows, and Mary can sit a little apart and look at them as though for the first time.

Incredible! These bright and splendid youngsters are not the babies she has known and brooded over. Eager, restless, bustling with life and the sense of their own power, they are where she was twenty-five years ago, snatching at life with the greedy egotism of youth. They press around her, beautiful with the hard strength of youth, almost overwhelming, no longer the young helpless things which she has moulded, but definite, demanding individuals each.

Mary Carr sits in a low rocking chair beside the window. Her face is calm and sweet, her blue eyes are very wise, her mouth has a little humorous twist.

Q: "If you had your life to live over again, would you have it different, a little easier, a little brighter?"

Mary Carr answered—

"Not a single thing would I change in it."

Mary Carr, Philosopher

"My children love me," she says, "but I am an abstraction to them, not an individual. It is the eternal struggle of youth and age. They cannot understand that ‘mother’ has a life, a mind, an individuality apart from them. They think of me as they might of some revered image with a benignant face, and it disturbs them to have their unconscious concept destroyed. They are hurt because I wish friends of my own, and because I do not wish to give them all my thought—they think I do not love them. They are critical of me, my dress, my manners, my whole life, with a tender sensitive pride, just as I was critical of my parents at their age—as their children will be critical of them. They would like to see me sit with idle hands, while they took care of me, repaying with their reverent love and devotion what I have done for them.

"And because they are too young to understand, they suffer."

"And they cannot see how my heart goes out to them, and how I would yield to them if I could. But I cannot, without destroying myself. I was a human being, an individual, before I was a mother—I shall always be a mother, but I am individual too."

This is Mary Carr, the individualist, the rebel.

But how proud she is of those children, her ambitions for their future! All of them are handsome and with the traditions of the stage on both sides of the louse they have all naturally expected to be actors, and all have worked on the screen, but they have other gifts as well. Luella, the eldest, draws quite well, and John, the redheaded clever boy who comes next, is both poet and artist. Then comes Stephen, the wit of the family, who has never had a music lesson, but who improvises soulfully. Then Thomas, dear, lucky, plucky youngster, who never waits for things to turn up, but goes out and digs for them, and who shows a marked aptitude for business. Then Rosemary, the beauty; and last lovely Maybeth, golden-voiced, talented in music, and already in demand for picture roles which require the peculiar spiritual quality which distinguishes her beauty.

"If you had your life to live over again, would you have it different, a little easier, a little brighter?"

Mary Carr’s blue eyes flash, her head goes up proudly, as she answers the question:

"Not a single thing would I change in it. It has been hard and bitter, and I have often been weary, but it has been worth it. Life has been wonderful and beautiful to me, full of rich rewards. I have seen too many prosperous, happy women, sunk into narrow, futile, dull lives to wish to exchange with any of them. If suffering was the price for what I have gained, individuality, tolerance and broadness of view, capacity to enjoy life, then I am glad to have paid it. How could I regret any life that has brought to me my children?"

This is Mary Carr, the philosopher, the incorrigible lover of life. And as Mary Carr proudly surveys her babies we would like to have her know that the fans are proud of her.

Here’s good luck to you, Luella, John, Stephen, Thomas, Rosemary and Maybeth! And to you, Mary Carr, our love.

71
East Coast

By Billie Dove

II

I HAVE looked over the editor’s shoulder and seen that Miss Logan has explained that she is not a writer, but that she will do her best to tell what has happened in Hollywood this last month. That goes double, so without any preliminary apologies, I’ll tear pages from my notebook—I’m very proud of the notebook; I felt like a real reporter while carrying it—and present them to you, realizing that the regular conductor of these columns could have done a better job, and, as the old-fashioned after-dinner speakers say, “craving your indulgence.”

A Bright Husband

Trying to get accustomed to the position of interviewer instead of the one to be interviewed, I wandered over to the set on which my director-husband Irvin Willat was working. Miss Agnes Ayres, who is playing in the picture, most courteously introduced us.

“I would like a few words for publication from you, Mr. Willat,” I began rather haughtily.

“Well, what will I say?” he asked.

“Something bright, if you please.”

“Lights!” said he, as he turned to his electricians and went on with his scene.

This was much too bright for me.

Cullen’s “Personal Appearance”

II

I MET Cullen Landis walking on Fifth Avenue a few days ago. I had not seen him since Yuma, Arizona, where I was working on location and at which town the train on which he was traveling stopped for a short time. In this profession, one never knows where one will meet a fellow-player. Our conversation led to the picture we had made together about two years ago. We were in Sacramento, California, for a few days during which time a picture of Cullen’s played at one of the leading theatres. One morning, the manager asked both Cullen and me to make an appearance after the film on that night. We told him that we would be glad to and then hustled off to do our day’s work. It was not until dinner time that we again thought of it and realized that we had planned to do nothing. We knew how hard and formal it was to just come out on the stage and make a “speech,” and decided that we should do something different. The company offered no assistance but laughingly told us that they would all be there, which made it much harder for us. Finally, with still nothing planned, we left the hotel and on our way out, saw Cullen’s little red roadster, which he had built himself standing near the curve. It was really no bigger than a minute, and had it been standing on the sidewalk, I do not think anyone would have noticed the difference. It gave us an idea, though, and with our hearts much lighter, hurried to the theatre to speak with the stage manager.—The curtains were drawn after the picture. The stage manager appeared. With a rather hesitant voice, he started to apologize for the players who did not keep their promise to make the appearance. (Continued on page 74)

Billie Dove, called “the most beautiful girl in the world” by Florens Ziegfeld, took the job of “star reporter” for SCREENLAND this month, to “cover” the east coast. Her gentle, uncritical personality radiates from her budget of items. By the way, don’t fail to see her in Wanderer of the Wasteland, the gorgeous picture in natural colors, about which Miss Dove wrote for August SCREENLAND.

Who wouldn’t be a reporter? Billie doesn’t look over-worked nor dissatisfied. And Valentino is wearing his million dollar smile as well as a new slave bracelet.

You’d think Billie Dove is making peace between enemies, but Antonio Moreno used to work as an extra on the same lot with Maurice Costello, when that grand old actor was a star. Now they are working in the same picture together.
SO you want me to tell you all about the happenings in Hollywood this month? Well, I never attempted to write, but it is never difficult to talk, so let's just imagine that we are together and I am telling you the things I can remember.

First, where will we go to be comfortable? I know! Down to the beach. Everybody goes to the beach when they can find time away from the studio. So just imagine that we are sprawled out on the California sands (everybody's sprawls out comfortably beside the Pacific) and we will have a nice talk about folks and doings in Hollywood and around the studios.

Sitting right over there under the big beach umbrella are Shirley Mason and Dorothy Mackall. Don't they look comly? Oh, yes, that is a pretty bathing suit Shirley has on. She is so thin and demure; she is just lovable. And blue looks well on her, doesn't it?

And there is Bill Hart just wading into the water. See him raise his foot? The water is slightly cold today. Look at Malcolm MacGregor dive in without hesitating. He is a splendid swimmer. He was a champion at Yale and he certainly knows how to shoot through the water.

Gracious, the studios must be deserted today. There are a lot of actors and actresses seated around us. There is era Reynolds at the hot dog stand. Right beside her is Virginia Valli. I wonder if they know hot dogs are fattening?

Her director sent Eleanor Boardman back to nature to get fat—or at least a little less thin—and she took Dolly, the faithful brown cow along. Success is reported and art is saved.

And look! Here comes Pat O'Malley and Conway Tearle. Both of them look nice in bathing suits. don't they? Pat has big muscles, which he must just hate to show.

But we didn't come down to the beach to watch all the people swimming and lounging, did we? I was going to tell you what had happened in Hollywood this month. Well, now, let's see:

The "Irregulars" Whoop it up

Of course, you've heard a great deal about "The Regulars", a club formed here in Hollywood with motion picture leading ladies as members?

Well, trust the men to be just as clubby as the opposite sex. A group of leading men have just joined hands and formed "The Irregulars". They meet every week at the home of one of the members. Last week they gathered at the home of Raymond McKee, who really formed the club. What do they do?

Why, my dear, they are all musicians, and good ones, too. Raymond plays every instrument, but when the Irregulars get together, he confines himself to a cornet. Conway Tearle, Earl Metcalfe, Gil Pratt (he is a director, perhaps you know), Creighton Hale and John Miljan are the other members of the club. All of them play musical instruments of one kind or another, and they have quite an orchestra.

Raymond McKee said to me just the other day: "We are not so bad... but not so (Continued on page 75)
Suddenly, a loud “honk honk” drowned his voice; two headlights gleamed from one of the back “Exits” and amidst much laughter from the audience, down the aisle to the stage we drove the little red racer. The rest then, of course, was easy.

The Bewildered Captain

The most bewildered expression I have ever seen was on the face of the Captain of a yacht which was being used in a picture recently. The ship with its crew was rented for the week. The Captain, not understanding the many orders to “come on” and “go back again,” conscientiously though confusedly obeyed all instructions but was finally absolutely dumfounded as through the megaphone of the assistant director was bellowed from the shore, “Go up-stage farther, Captain, up-stage.”

Honest Boy, Lane

Lupino Lane, the likable English comedian, has deserted California and his two reeders for the time being and is “cutting up” in the Follies. Between the acts, at rehearsals, before the show opened, he kept the company amused by causing coins which he had gathered from the various members, to disappear. (Yes, I might mention, that he returned them.)

Happy Warners

H. B. Warner and his wife planned and planned—then they built and built. Now they are enjoying both the gorgeous new house in Great Neck, Long Island and the vacation Mr. Warner is taking. Theirs is one of the many happy film marriages. They have three of the sweetest children in the world. Ask H. B.—he’ll tell you too.

Ramon Navarro, so many times unfairly called one of Rudolph Valentino’s successors, stopped in New York for a few days on his way to Rome, where he is to replace George Walsh in the picture, “Ben Hur.”

One on Harrison

Bad weather caused several changes in the original schedule of the “Story Without a Name” company working on location, and there were many trips to and from New York, in-
(Continued from page 73) good . . . when we get together to play. My dog, Bozo, often interrupts us by howling as we play. Neighbors complain once in a while, and once the policeman on our beat dropped in to see if he could be of any assistance. Other than these minor troubles, we proceed with our practices unmolested.

Lots of the younger folk in motion pictures, and I include myself, hope for an opportunity to dance to the music of The Irregulars. Wouldn’t that be thrilling?

Can you imagine a feminine Jackie Coogan? It is hard to do, isn’t it? But out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they think they have uncovered just such a possibility in little Jane Hughes. She is very good, too. I saw her work in Elinor Glyn’s His Hour and you can't help loving her. Little Jane departed for the East when she finished this picture. I understand she comes into some money back there this summer. When she gets it, she will return to Hollywood and resume her picture career. I wish her success. Despite her age, four and one half years, she is a perfect-mannered little lady and all of us who know her, love Jane dearly.

These famous $100,000 legs, insured for that sum by Mack Sennett. The owner—oh, Cecille Evans a gay little bathing beauty.

Charles Ray is said to be entirely happy, back at home and doing Dynamite Smith. Good luck, Charlie!

Walter Hiers’ Good Luck

Everybody’s friend . . . Walter Hiers . . . has at last won the success he is entitled to. He is at the head of his own company. Isn’t that lovely? He has already started making the Walter Hiers Comedies. Hollywood gave him a big congratulations party just before he started to work. Mrs. Hiers was there, just beaming over her hubby’s success. We all had a peachy time, too.

Lew Cody was there and I danced with him. He is a marvelous dancer . . . the best, I believe, to have ever danced with, in Hollywood, at any rate. Lew is very clever with his tongue, too. He was toastmaster at the dinner and believe me, everybody was “razzed” mercilessly by the quick-thinking Lew.

Madge Bellamy looked beautiful. I think Madge is perfectly lovely anyway. She had on an evening gown that was a combination of the alluring lines of 1924, added to which were the winsome old-fashioned touches of 1850. She wore her lovely hair piled high on top of her head.

One thing I noticed particularly, and have seen at other recent Hollywood affairs, was the lack of jewels worn by the stars and leading ladies present. Jewelry seems to have gone out, as a fad. Claire Windsor, with pearls, wears jewelry as well as any person I know, but even Claire is making little use of them.

Of course, Walter was the life of the party. He always is. Jolly, good-natured and witty, Walter is ever ready with a sally or a cheerful quip.

Huntly Gordon Has Sprained Back

Poor, poor Huntly Gordon is suffering pains from a severely sprained back. I am not sure whether the joke is on Huntly or on Myrtle Steadman. Maybe I’d better explain from the beginning. Huntly and Myrtle were taking part in a picture at Universal titled Wine. One scene necessitated Huntly picking Myrtle up from the floor and laying her on a couch. But bless your heart, that was quite a job. Myrtle isn’t at all stout . . . in fact, she is beautifully formed . . . but she weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. Huntly went through the scene all right, but the next day he was suffering agonies from strained back muscles. He was nearly forced to resort to a cane or crutch for a few days. (Continued on page 77)
La Run for Make Pictures

PHILIP LA PLANTE, who has come to the attention of the public through the automobile accident in which pretty Helen Jessmer was injured, is now interested in pictures. He is backing a production called Born Rich, in which Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon and Barney Sherry are playing.

WELL, I tell you," said Louis Wolheim, at the end of an argument on the profits of experiences, "Twenty years ago, if a man said to me: 'You're a blankety blank-blank blank-blank!' I would up smash him in the eye. But now," he said, as he rubbed his broken nose, "if a man calls me a blankety blank-blank blank-blank. I merely answer, 'Maybe you're right, maybe you're right.'"

Gloria Upholds Bobbed Hair Too

ALTHOUGH Gloria Swanson loves to comb out the wig she is wearing in her latest picture and is thrilled at the feel of the long silken hair over her shoulders, she told me a few days ago that her own bobbed hair is by far the most comfortable. "It is so much easier to dress. Women with long hair never seem to put it up becomingly. I have always kept mine rather short and have added switches or braids to complete the coiffure." Gloria looks very beautiful in her role of a Balkan Princess and I am looking forward, as are many others, to the completion of the picture.

Engaged? Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller are said to have developed an aweful crash on each other on the F.B.O. lot, while making Fools in the Dark. Maybe they will next co-star in a farcical drama, entitled A Leap in the Dark.
**SCREENLAND**

**West Coast — from page 75.**

*Italian Sleiks the Rage*

W OULDN'T it be terrible if we should lose all of our Italian screen lovers at one time? The disaster is a possibility, I understand. I know that Rudolph Valentino, Naldo Morelli and George Beban have all been invited to Rome, Italy, to attend the opening of Europe's biggest theater, which is now being constructed in that city. Naldo, I hear, is a close friend of the architect who designed the theater and may be the master of ceremonies. Goodness, but the screen would be quiet if Italy should manage to lure these three away, even if only temporarily.

**A Leap Year Club**

G OODNESS, but thoughts of matrimony seem to have taken Hollywood and the movie colony by storm. Just the other day someone was telling me that five girls have formed a Leap Year Club. The five, I believe, are Marian Nixon, Ruth Clifford, Ann May, Dorothy Wood and Alberta Vaughn. They met one night at Marian's house, and the next thing we knew, the newspapers told us about their new Leap Year Club.

It is a jolly little club, at that. Each member put in one hundred dollars, five hundred in all. The first girl of the group to marry in 1924 will receive the entire sum as a wedding gift. If, fifteen days before Christmas, all of them are still single, the money will be devoted to some charitable use. Isn't that a nice idea?

Marian told me about it yesterday. Within a week following publication of the stories about the club, she received forty-one proposals of marriage from unknown people who resorted to the mails to present their sentiments.

I was so sorry to hear about Wallace MacDonald's and Doris May's (she is Mrs. MacDonald, you know) sad misfortune. Mrs. MacDonald was to become a mother in August, you know, and both of them were so happy, planning for its coming and future. Wally's mother came all the way from Canada to be present. Then something happened and the baby was born prematurely. Of course, it didn't live, but Mrs. MacDonald is alright. Doris and Wally both bore up remarkably well under the blow, but she confided to me how very sad she really is.

Oh, did I tell you about Charlie Ray? I have been playing opposite him in his new pictures for Thomas H. Ince, you know. The first one is titled "Smith". Charlie is very glad to get back to the Ince studio, he told me. He says that the worries of producing were too many for him. Now he is satisfied to remain a star and let someone else do the producing and releasing.

He is the same old Charlie. . . good-natured and always ready to lend a helping hand to ambitious beginners. I enjoy very much appearing in pictures with him . . . in fact, I can't say that anyone has been a more congenial working partner.

**The Lion and the Mouse— from page 23.**

things. Her name is Eila Wickersham. She dwells in Hollywood, and she and Carrol were schoolmates together. Ella had intended becoming a dancer, too, but when misfortune overtook her, she bravely made up her mind to hide her own deep grief and trouble, and to aid others all she could. Carrol and Ella used to have long talks, in which Ella encouraged Carrol to hope that she could some day be a great dancer or a great actress. Carrol and Ella's brother William were dancing partners doing exhibition work, and Carrol was studying dancing with Ruth St. Denis at the same time. Sometimes Ella aided Carrol in making Carrol's dancing costumes, for Ella could sew even though she could not walk.

When Carrol got a chance to play a nice bit in Intolerance, it was Ella who congratulated her with shining eyes; it was Ella who told her, "You'll be great some day, Carrol!"

So on the brief occasions of late when Carrol has come to Hollywood, it is her brave, beautiful schoolmate she looks up first of all.

Ofttimes it is the stars themselves who are great helpers of others stars. Mary Pickford it was who took Dorothy and Lillian Gish to see D. W. Griffith.

Mr. Griffith evidently at once sensed that the girls had screen personality and talent. For he made them act. Yes, indeed. Let Dorothy tell it in her own words:

"We all went up into the property room to see the interesting things there, and suddenly Mr. Griffith grabbed a knife and chased us about. We were scared to death! I think now that he wanted to see us register fear. He got his wish."

Mabel Normand helped an unhappy girl, who was ill and out of work, once on a time. Miss Normand gave the girl clothes and got her a job. But once the girl had risen, she seemed to have forgotten all about Miss Normand. She was the cause of the greatest unhappiness in Miss Normand's life. Her name is well known now.

A BEAUTY contest was being held in A New York by a big magazine. The name of a pretty young girl named Virginia Brown was prominently mentioned for one of the first prizes. But the owner, and publisher of the magazine was a great admirer of another girl. He held the contest down at his country place in Long Island. Mabel Julienne Scott was invited as one of the judges of the contest.

Miss Scott favored Virginia Brown. The magazine owner didn't like it at all. He told her he had invited her down there as his guest, and he expected her to vote as he wanted her to. She held her ground, and persuaded others to vote with her. Due to her efforts Virginia Brown, whom we now know as Virginia Brown Faire, won a prize which put her in pictures.

Miss Faire has always been grateful to her until recently unknown friend. She knew that some one had helped her, but she didn't know who it was.

The girls met at a party, the other evening, and got chatting. Miss Faire said she wished she knew who it was that had helped her win that contest. She said she was sure he had some unknown advocate.

"Well, here she is!" answered Mabel. "I know you had talent, when I saw that little test of you run off at Mr. Blank's home."

And now Virginia is wondering what on earth she can ever do for Miss Scott.

**We kept a grocery store and I gave music lessons. Usually the grocery store was more remunerative, and we could always live off the groceries he didn't sell, anyway."**

Ramón Novarro gives credit to a younger brother for all the help in the world when he first came to Hollywood, an unknown boy, from Mexico, seeking his fortune. The younger boy started a grocery store, and Ramon worked with him, too, when he wasn't ushering in a theater or giving music or dancing lessons.

Now Ramon is aiding in supporting his big family of brothers and sisters.

Norman Kerry aided an unknown young man to get a foothold in pictures. The young man is well on his way, but he seems to have forgotten his benefactor. Kerry gave the boy clothes, loaned him his machine, even gave him money for food and entertained him at his home.

Kerry was very patient. He never wanted the money back, he says, nor anything else, except a decent amount of recognition.

"But I thought it was about the limit," Norman told some friends, "when the
other night, my car being in the shop, and it being a rainy, nasty evening, I was standing at a corner waiting for a street-car, and I saw my erstwhile friend dash by in his machine! He looked at me, gave me an airy hello,—and went right along,—never even offered me a lift!"

Kerry is one of the kindest hearted, most generous actors in the business, and many are the beginners to whom he has lent a helping hand.

**A Writer's Mouse**

One of the greatest and tenderest romances of all times went on unobtrusively in a little apartment in Hollywood. Maybe you have seen *Abraham Lincoln*, and if so you remember the fine work of Nell Craig. Nell Craig's husband is Fred Wright. He was one of the top-notch directors at Vitagraph when Nell met him. Nell herself was an extra girl. Mr. Wright fell in love with her. He was older than Nell, and Nell rather respected than loved him. "Certainly she was hugely flattered. The pair were married and Nell became one of the most devoted of wives. Then times became hard in the picture business, and Wright was out of work. He took up writing, became so absorbed in it that he refused to go back to directing even when he had a chance.

Meanwhile Nell Craig went forth into the world to work. She had faith in her husband, and she kept the home together while he clattered away early and late at his typewriter, working on a novel. Nell faced the world three long years, always believing her husband would win. And he has! His novel, "Pandora La Croix," was no sooner on the bookstands than it was at once seized upon by the publishers, and was grabbed off by a picture company. Mr. Wright,—who writes under the name of Gene Wright,—will tell you that his success was due to his wife.

Often that young wife, out in the world, while her middle-aged husband toiled at home, had the chance to go the way of the world; often she was offered the easiest way to success; often fascinating men of the film world made advances to her. But she kept the even and deeply sincere tenor of her way. And there's no happier home in Hollywood these days than that same little apartment. That apartment, though, is going to be changed soon for a beautiful little home in the Hollywood Hills, owned by Nell Craig and Gene Wright.

**Priscilla and Her Mother**

If you ask Priscilla Dean who helped her she will answer promptly: "My mother, Mary Dean!" Priscilla's mother it was who trudged from studio to studio, trying to get her pretty and brilliant young daughter into the films. And Priscilla's mother gave up her own stage career to stay at home and work for her daughter, cook and sew for her, or go forth to do battle for the girl she had so much faith in. And Priscilla landed fairly with both pretty feet well up on the ladder of fame.

Then Priscilla married Wheeler Oakman, and Priscilla's mother went away. She and Wheeler did not get on well, she said. The saddest experience in Priscilla's life came through this rift. She cannot talk of it. Now, however, I hear that time has soothed this estrangement, as it soothes all troubles in this troubled life, and Mrs. Dean once more freely visits her daughter, with better feeling all around.

Alice Calhoun, Jacqueline Logan, and Anah Stewart, too, will tell you they owe everything to their mothers. All these mothers, when their daughters were starting their careers, cheerfully sacrificed home comfort, all luxuries, even some necessities, that their daughters might be near their work and might be always nicely dressed.

The Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, who are making such a great hit in Chicago at present in "Topsy and Eva," are to become film stars soon, if their present plans are carried out.

Their fondest memory is of a sweet-faced matron of a summer nursery at Manhattan Beach, California, established for orphans without much money. Their own mother died when they were little children, and their father put them into this orphanage at the beach. They left it and went on the stage, but no matter what their success, they never forgot Mrs. Turnbull. As soon as they arrived in Los Angeles, down they popped to the beach to see their foster-mother. Even after royalty had greeted and accepted them abroad, they didn't forget her. And one of the big sorrows of their lives came when they received word from their father, during their last stay in the east, that Mother Turnbull had been killed in an automobile accident.

**The Red Hat**

Leatrice Joy admits that it was a pretty red hat loaned her by a model and the admiration for herself plus the hat of a kindly faced old doorman down at the Goldwyn Studios, when they were the Ince Studios, at Culver City, which gave her her first entrance into the picture world as represented by Thomas H. Ince, and it was with Ince she got her first big parts.

Leatrice had been earning fifty cents an hour—sometimes—as a model in an art school in Los Angeles. She walked to save carriage to and from the school. One day she was talking to some of the other models about working in pictures. She said she wanted to call at the Ince Studios, but didn't have a nice hat. One of the models told Leatrice she might borrow a red hat which was particularly becoming to Leatrice and which she had often admired. Leatrice borrowed it, spent the necessary carfare to go to Culver City, walked up to the gate man, and said she had an appointment inside. The gate man didn't seem to believe her story; but he looked at the red hat, and at the eager face beneath it,—and he relented.

"Gee, you're certainly purty enough to get in anywhere!" said the gateman, and smilingly smuggled her in.

Of course Leatrice had done stage work and picture work before that, however.

Jackie Saunders says that she got her start in pictures through Mabel Normand, whose record of kindly deeds seems never-ending. Though Mabel herself would be the first to deprecate any unseemly poses in her own acts.

"Oh, don't be silly! Be yourself!" Mabel would say, if you tried to thank her.

Jackie Saunders went to the old Biograph Studios where Mabel was working. Jackie had long curls of a beautiful golden color. Mabel ran over to her impulsively, exclaiming: "Say, kid you ought to make good! You're a pretty kid! Here," she called out to one of the directors, "Here's a beautiful girl! Don't overlook her!" Mabel helped Jackie to make up for a test, and Jackie got work almost at once.

A good looking boy of twenty stood watching Zasu Pitts at work in one of the studios. King Vidor was directing. The boy had done a little extra work in pictures. Zasu glanced over at the boy. He was looking at the boy. He was looking at her. She glanced again. When the scene was over she asked Vidor who the boy was.

"Oh, an awfully nice boy with a lot of talent," said the director. "Want to meet him?"

That was in the day before stars were as formal as they are now.

"Sure!" said Zasu. He played a small part in that picture, and did it so well that he was engaged as her leading man for the next picture.

And that was where the romance between Tom and Zasu began. Miss Pitts is considered a star these days, and it is said she is going to be one of the first luminaries of the screen when Greed directed by Von Stroheim comes out. Tom Gallery is progressing nicely, and never misses an opportunity to say that he owes it all to his clever wife.
whose dreams were yet to be broken completely. Thus do movie values fluctuate in Hollywood.

Another girl, in a wild stagger for oblivion, tried to take veronal one night on the warped balcony. Some said a lack of work—but the house mother took the poison away from her—and she returned fast to gather the remnants of a broken dream.

The picture bcsillus is never completely cured. One girl made a moderate success in small parts on the eastern stage. And then, of course, she tried her luck at pictures. She would get a day's work now and then—just enough to keep her hopeful—and the weekly pittance for board almost paid. The months, like wounded soldiers, passed slowly by. Her wardrobe grew shabby and her spirit grew shabby with it. She borrowed money which she must have known she could never pay back. Later she dodged people on the street to whom she owed the money. Finally, she was unable to pay even her board at the Club—being months in arrears. Her moods became as dark as a storm-clouded sky. But the spell of the pictures was upon her—and even had an honest person told her she had no chance, she would not have listened. The picture ego is mightier than words. This girl has a genuine flair for writing, but being in a shallow atmosphere, she had not the strength to develop it. It were better to be a Swanson than a Willa Cather. She had brains, could talk well, even brilliantly at times, and was a decided modernist.

But earning a living at anything but pictures in Hollywood was not to be considered. This girl may have written in granite but she preferred to scribble in sand. The waves, in irony, washed away her ineffectual scribbling and she went out with the tide.

The Beauty Contest Winner

Another girl was as beautiful as the dawn on a California mountain. Her eyes held mysteries that men have tried to solve—and failed—but that is nobody's business. She won a beauty contest put on by a magazine and a producer. The producer was to use the girl for some time at one hundred dollars per week and the magazine was to pay her expenses to Hollywood. The magazine kept faith to the letter—even if it did overlook what Browning said: "Tis an awkward thing to play with souls, And trouble enough to save one's own."

But producers always seem to be ill out of town or in conference or something when so many high hopes depend upon them. This producer was ill for a while. The picture did not get under way. A year after the contest ended, the magazine paid the girl's fare to Hollywood and introduced her to the studios and even obtained work for her at the most dreaded of things in the movies, "atmosphere"—filling in the picture. She was even given a chance to write her own publicity and sign it—she magazine publishing her story of "success." The producer paid the girl's board at the Studio Club for a month. Then everything was over and she was left to shift for herself. The moss has long grown over her broken and golden dream. Any human's destiny is cruel enough—one should not play with it. The girl is still an extra.

But on they come—the lovely pilgrims to the land of shadows.

One of them walked from Seattle to Hollywood with the hope of flickering awhile. She arrived, penniless, and sick, as only a girl can be who has walked two thousand miles, and who had been married three times before she was nineteen years old. She was as sweet as sugar cane, and married three times, paradoxical as it may seem, she looked to be as perishable and frail as beautiful Chinaware. She had no physical stamina at all, though it does not require an Anatole France to explain the reason. She just could not stand the gaff. A child in mentality, with no innate ability, she had to depend on personal appeal to get by at all. Being forced to give up making the rounds of the studios, she was given work in the cutting room. It was damp, unhealthful work, with long hours, and she was forced to give it up. She then solicited subscriptions for a newspaper. Some of the girls tried to induce her to return to her mother, but that parent had married a second time, and the girl's stepfather had an unholy lust for her. She was alone in the world, with neither ability nor the physical strength to fight even the weakest battles. But if courage was the password, she would get into the shifting movie hall of fame as a Pickford-Negri. She married a fourth time. Frail atom floating in a sea of atoms—she seems to like men.

A girl friend of mine often heard her sobbing in the night. They were soul-breaking sobs that shattered her frail body. She finally went away and was heard of no more.

Ah, destiny, ruler of vagabonds and kings—is there no mercy—but I must step and choke back the sob in my heart—for I am afraid the Pseudo Young Intellectuals will whisper me for I live life—and I must not be sentimental. Sentimentality is merely sentiment that has boiled over the fire of life too long. Damn the younger intellectuals—My heart aches for this bruised traveller with the broken dream in her head.

I have never been one to quarrel with the morals of Hollywood. I quarrel with the heartless mediocrity. Unless a spiritual flower be of terrible strength it cannot grow in Hollywood.

If a girl wishes to gamble with fate with the hope of winning out, she should at least be told that she has one chance in three hundred thousand. She should know that merit in pictures does not always count.

But then it may be thought that I paint too dark a picture of the Studio Club. The girls do not all fail—though none of them succeed.

Were I a moralist, which, fortunately, I am not, I could draw a picture of five girls who once chatted with me in the reception room of the Club. They seemed to like me, for I was a penniless broker of destiny like themselves, and I said things that the girl from the south called "provocative." These girls debated with me the question whether it were wiser for a girl to sell beauty and youth for success when it was all one had to sell, or to retain the Ivory soap percentage of purity and never get anywhere. I kept in the middle of the road, as a clever man will who walks with five beauties. But four of the girls thought it wiser to sell golden fruit when it was ripe. One girl decided otherwise—she was the Irish girl who had the interview with the director. I am no moralist, and this may, or may not be, the female psychology of Hollywood. I only record a fact.

Somehow it makes me sad to see love go begging. And these beautiful girls are made for love, of the old-fashioned, dream-touched kind—"provocative." These girls debated with me the question whether it were wiser for a girl to sell beauty and youth for success when it was all one had to sell, or to retain the Ivory soap percentage of purity and never get anywhere. I kept in the middle of the road, as a clever man will who walks with five beauties. But four of the girls thought it wiser to sell golden fruit when it was ripe. One girl decided otherwise—she was the Irish girl who had the interview with the director. I am no moralist, and this may, or may not be, the female psychology of Hollywood. I only record a fact. Somehow it makes me sad to see love go begging. And these beautiful girls are made for love, of the old-fashioned, dream-touched kind—"provocative." These girls debated with me the question whether it were wiser for a girl to sell beauty and youth for success when it was all one had to sell, or to retain the Ivory soap percentage of purity and never get anywhere. I kept in the middle of the road, as a clever man will who walks with five beauties. But four of the girls thought it wiser to sell golden fruit when it was ripe. One girl decided otherwise—she was the Irish girl who had the interview with the director. I am no moralist, and this may, or may not be, the female psychology of Hollywood. I only record a fact.

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Mayo uses in *The Perfect Flapper* about men wanting girls like me for playthings and queens like Corinne for wives! Believe you me, if I had long hair Id be tempted to try Corinnes line. I want to get married before I'm twenty-five, and would you believe it?—I've only had three proposals this season, and not one was what the old-fashioned girl would call eligible. But my hair's boyish-bobbed and it takes an awful long time to grow out—oh, say, there's the cutest new cut, called the mannish bob, and my dear, there's hardly a hair left on the female head! But it's so chic! Well, when I'm bald, Ill buy a wig just like Corinne Griffiths hair—"

But I doubt if my flapper friend can put it over in any such simple fashion. For Corinne Griffith means more than long hair. By the way, her hair is really bobbed, but she's letting it grow and is able to dress it so that it gives every appearance of being infinite in its length. I suspect her of what the sisterhood calls side pieces.

No, Corinne is Femininity Plus. The knowledge of perfect loneliness dwells deep within her, giving every movement that gracious poise and languor that have made her a different screen personality. She has the sort of face that every woman would cheerfully buy at the price of brains, and yet she has brains, too, or enough of them to give the appearance of having them. It doesn't really matter which.

In her acting, as in her personal contacts, she gives the appearance of thinking. Sometimes I think it is laziness that restrains her acting so admirably. Then I forget that criticism in seeing her thoughts slowly materialize on the screen. She thought her way through Black Oxen—scarcely acted a scene of it.

"I'm so glad you think that," she told me in her rather ugly and very big sitting room at the Plaza Hotel the other day. "I've wondered if anybody realized that I was consciously attempting to make thought rather than facial contortions register. I loathe acting. I would never have chosen acting as it used to be conceived; I had rather have remained in obscurity. Some actresses believe that if they dress the part and make up for the part and follow the director's orders, they are creating the role. I force myself to concentrate. I forget Corinne Griffith. Oh, I know it sounds trite to say that while I am playing Mary Zatlany I am thinking Mary Zatlany. I am Mary Zatlany, but it's true. I used to get that feeling in looking at Sessue Hayakawa's work. He stood perfectly still, his face impassive, masklike almost, and he thought, and slowly the thoughts drifted out from the screen and entered our consciousness like spoken words. I determined to learn that trick."

In that rather ugly hotel room, with its stiff, hotel-like furniture, there were quantities of withering flowers—duty-flowers, they seemed to me; the masses of blooms that producers tell their secretaries to order so that the visitor will feel adequately welcomed. Great baskets of withering, blackening peonies, roses curling up discouraged in the New York heat. But on a little table beside what looked like an Episcopalian prayer-book but was an engagement book there was a beautiful little crystal vase with two crisply fresh orchids, as ephemeral as butterflies, as poised and gracious as Corinne herself. I think there is a real affinity between Corinne and orchids. She feels it, is happier when there is an orchid in the room—as indeed most women would be. The new husband had laid them as a daily offering upon the shining threshold of honeymoon love.

But Corinne talked little of beauty and femininity and orchids and honeymooning. She talked business.

"I'm not happy in pictures. I've been accused of temperament. Just because I won't permit ugly, suggestive things in my pictures certain people believe I am wilful. I am wilful about what goes out as a Corinne Griffith production, starring Corinne Griffith. In making Single Witwe, for instance, out of the remains of Warner Fabian's Flaming Youth, they wanted me to beg a doctor to perform an illegal operation for my sister, to relieve her of an unwanted child. I refused, hated even to discuss the thing, refused to rehearse the business with the actors, much less to allow it to go out on the screen. I don't care if it is in the book. I'm not responsible for the book, but I am responsible to the public for the things that go into my picture."

Temperamental, perhaps. But not in a stormy, impetuous way. Just stubbornly determined, sure of herself. And always poised. Outwardly as soft and fragile as the orchid in the twinkling crystal vase, but inwardly as indomitable as Joan of Arc. Isn't that often the way with feminine women?

Corinne's fragility is largely a matter of screening. To look upon in the flesh—to use that handy but unlovely phrase—Corinne is gloriously healthy and strong. Very slender and graceful, with small feet and muscular ankles. Her skin has a warm, healthy glow, independent of her skilful rouging. There is no suggestion of the lily-like pallor which the screen creates. Her lips are firm-cut, richly-colored, breaking in easy, frequent smiles over her perfectly shaped teeth—not tiny pearly teeth, but good substantial tooth-paste ad teeth, that look as if they bite with healthy appetite into satisfying foods. Her hair is brightly brown, marcelled with an utter lack of that mechanical, crimped effect that some stars seem to think indicates careful grooming.

Corinne has less of the "show girl" effect than almost any star I've met, exhibiting always the most professional jealousy, seems to scorn posing. She has not cultivated her voice. It still has that negligent ease of the born Southerner, and is as little musical as the voices of most southerners, begging tradition's pardon. She says over the telephone, which interrupts our talk constantly, "Yes, this is Mitz Morosco," and she says it unhurriedly, rather than with a drawl.

She is tired of it all. Tired of never belonging to herself, of fighting for her principles, of maintaining her hold, of straining upward.

"It's the hardest life in the world," she said that day on which she had had not five minutes alone. "I sometimes think it is like a nightmare I've often had. I dream that I'm hurrying frantically to catch a train. I pack my suitcase, watching the clock. Then I have to pack it all over again because I've put in the wrong clothes. I cry on the street corner for a taxi, and no one will heed me. And I run, the suitcase knocking at my knees. It is terribly important that I catch the train. And I never do. I run and run until I wake up exhausted. That is the way with the picture business. You run and run for years, trying to catch phantom trains. And at last you wake up, wet with sweat, to find there was no train to catch. I've had enough. I love some phases of the game, but mostly it tires me dreadfully, and keeps me wondering what all the mad scramble is about. Eight years of it! I used to think when I did dreadful things for Vitagraph that if I could get with a big producing company I would be happy. Then I did and I'm not. It seems to me now that I want peace and a home like obscure women have, with my husband to love and serve, and a baby or two. Every woman dreams those dreams, I suppose, and maybe it sounds like a bid for favorable publicity, but it happens to be true. I'd rather get out now, while my popularity is at its height, than to find myself coasting downhill a few years from now, a lonely woman without husband or children or friends. It is hard to keep friends in the picture business. Professional jealousy.

Changings conditions. Irritated nerves. No I mean it when I say I'm going to quit and be Mrs Walter Morosco. And I'm selfish enough to hope the public will be a little sorry and sentimental about it."

Frankly, I will be. Won't you?
Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

Here's the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention makes a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries. When the Curling Cap is removed, you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marceles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, in that it's easy to bring your bob of Spanish Curling Liquid—Spanish Curling Liquid alone can cure your hair. Or, if you prefer to keep your hair as it is, simply fold and carry it in your bag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan was satisfied with the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.57 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. As this same bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid has always sold for $1.87, you can see that you are really getting the Curling Cap for the ridiculous price of one dollar, which is just about what it cost to make.

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You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.57, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you can't get it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marceles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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Gossip of the Stars
By Lucille Larrimer

"Well, I'm getting so that I'm not surprised at anything, any more," said the Ingenue. "Now that I've learned that Eric von Stroheim is to direct Mae Murray. Can you feature that combination?"

"I don't even believe it."

"Yes indeed. Von is going to direct Mae in The Merry Widow. I can't quite imagine stank realism connected with Mae Murray, somehow. But it sounds interesting, anyhow."

"Oh, my dear! Were you at the opening of Three Weeks? No? Well, then, you missed something. Lew Cody made a speech introducing the picture, and I'd rather hear Lew make a speech than eat. The nerve that boy's got!"

"Well, go on. What did he say?"

The Baby Vamp snickered, then remembering her role, laughed silently, quirking her lips a la Barbara LaMarr.

"He said: 'Mrs. Glynn is a timely writer. First she wrote Three Weeks, then Six Days, then His Hour, and I fully expect that her next will be titled Come On, Kid!'"

"And what did Mrs. Glynn say to that?" gurgled the Ingenue.

"Oh, she just sat and smiled behind her glove. You know she thinks Lew is a very interesting boy."

"Well, so do I," sighed the Ingenue, who had worshipped at that popular shrine for almost two weeks now. "I wish he'd pay some attention to me."

"Write him a letter," advised the Vamp genially. "He's in a wonderfully good temper just now."

"Oh, look! There's Pauline Frederick. Isn't she stunning? You know, Lubitsch is directing her, and he has only the highest praise for Pauline. E. M. says she has distinction, poise and discretion. She does nothing too much," he declares.

"I've always had a crush on Pauline," agreed the Vamp. "I've already seen her twice in Spring Cleaning at the Playhouse, where she is appearing in person, and I'm going to see her again."

"I want to see Gloria Swanson... and that reminds me!" broke in the Ingenue. "You know those three-sheet posters you see on bill-boards everywhere. Imagine! Our Gloria, Man-handled!"

Marjorie's Martial Mix-Up

"There's Virginia Valli. Doesn't she look adorable with her hair bobbed? She just cut it recently."

"Oh, no, dear. It's been cut for over a year, only nobody knew it.

Scientific Face-Powdering

Having spoken at some length of the use of rouge it is relevant to say a few words about face powders.

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Science has given her attention to this article of woman's toilet as she has to other accessories of her dressing table, and in doing so has dispelled once for all several superstitions that lingered for many many years in the minds of the public. One of these bugaboos has been that powders are injurious to the skin. The other that if the face is to be powdered at all, only pure 'rice' powder or flour should be used for the purpose.

When one considers that dusting powders of one sort or another have been used since time immemorial on the bodies of children from earliest infancy, this charge of harmfulness of powders as such must forever remain an unsolved puzzle. There is hardly any face powder used but contains one or more of those very ingredients, which, singly or in various combinations, have been used by physicians as dusting powder in many skin affections where these powders frequently came in immediate contact with raw surfaces of the skin. If their influence was a healing one when dusted over sore and open tissue, how could these same powders be harmful when dusted upon an unbroken, healthy skin?

However, the prejudice against the use of face powders as other similar prejudices fostered by ignorance has gradually died away and the medical authorities themselves now admit the usefulness of face powder for protective, antiseptic and moisture absorbing uses and have, moreover, admitted them as legitimate toilet accessories, provided they are desirable from the point of view of quality and purity.

Another superstition was the notion that preference should be given to rice powder by reason of its vegetable character. That view also has been consigned to the limbo. Powders of a mineral character which have had to fight their way to the fore for years, have now practically supplanted altogether the various vegetable preparations. The scientific reason, for the change was that the mineral powders such as talc, zinc-oxide, and the like, are not subject to alteration. They always remain the same, while vegetable compounds are subject to contamination by germs, mould, and to decomposition generally. Moreover when coming in contact with moisture on the face, these powders swell and are therefore apt to clog the pores and to enlarge them. The science of chemistry brought to bear upon the manufacture of powders has now such skill, such refinement at its disposal that it is capable of determining almost to a nicety the character of a powder suitable or essential, in fact, to one person rather than to another.

With the exercise of a little discrimination in the choice of the make or brand of a powder, and ordinary common sense and judgment as to the standing and reputation of the maker for scientific methods of production, a woman nowadays is without excuse if she uses a face powder that disagrees with her skin and which is in the least degree harmful to her.

And now, may I be forgiven for saying that it is to me as the originator of the theory and practice that the use of face powders has been classified and made so simple that it is almost impossible for any woman to be in error as to what sort of powder is suitable to her individually. All that the principle amounts to is this: When your skin is dry, use what I call a 'pasty' powder. By that I mean a powder which contains a certain quantity of cream in order to keep the skin from further drying and to relieve in a measure, the dryness already existing. When the skin inclines to be oily or is normal, use an ordinary or 'absorbent' powder of a good pure quality.

This same distinction is now observed in the production of powders in compact form as well as in what is known as liquid powders and by putting this strictest scientific differentiation into practice— you will not only insure the sticking of the powder but you prevent deterioration of the skin. It is just as well and just as cheap to proceed even in this apparently simple matter on a scientific basis. To use unscientifically prepared powders does not cost you any less than you pay for the scientific ones. By getting the latter you get greater comfort, greater beauty results and preserve the healthy condition of your skin.
30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was trying to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun.

Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Someday I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But now? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which, I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course. I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No," I retorted. He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I would come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mailbox—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow, I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to amuse them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have fun and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner led, and how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling.

I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause.

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and just 3 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight.

You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 150,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray's remarkable new method.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons which tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and years to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

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6. S. S., 74, Peoria, Ill., writes: "The ring is so comfortable to wear."
7. S. S., 74, Peoria, Ill., writes: "The ring is so comfortable to wear."
8. S. S., 74, Peoria, Ill., writes: "The ring is so comfortable to wear."
9. S. S., 74, Peoria, Ill., writes: "The ring is so comfortable to wear."
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A Statement by Porter M. Farrell,
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