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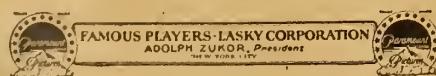
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and Conrad Nagel
By Horace Hodges and
T. Wigney Percyval
Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO-GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes
Directed by E. H. Griffith
Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Prodigal Daughters"
Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking
A Sam Wood Production

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
With Theodore Kosloff and
Charles de Roche
From a Pictorial Review story by
Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the Novel by John Fox, Jr., and
the play by Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL
YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi,
Lewis Stone and Pauline Gavon
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

Paramount Pictures

SCREENLAND

Presents

Vol. VII

APRIL 1923

No. 7

Myron Zobel, Editor

SCREENLAND

Eunice Marshall, Asso. Editor

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Partial List of Contents

*Woman's Error and Her Debt.

Two Classes of Women. Cries of Despair.

*When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?

Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Women's?

*Continence—Is It Practicable or Desirable?

*Are Preventive Means Certain?

*Contraceptives or Abortion?

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Allan Dwan will direct "Lawful Larceny," Conrad Nagle's last picture for Lasky before he starts on his Goldwyn contract. Lois Wilson will be his leading woman.

"The Vehement Flame," by Margaret Deland, has been purchased by Universal for the movies. The role of heroine is said to be a very difficult one and no decision as to who will have it has yet been reached.

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

- Astra StudiosGlendale, Calif.
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- Belasco Studios, 833 Market St., San Francisco
- Chester Bennet Prod.....Brunton Studio, Hollywood
- Blue Ribbon Comedies.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
- Brunton Studio, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood
- Berwilla Studios.....5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
- Century Film Corp.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- C. L. Chester Productions.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
- Christie Comedies.....6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Irving Cummings Prod.....1729 Highland Ave.
- Doubleday Productions.....Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood
- Ferdinand Earle Productions.....Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
- Wm. Fox West Coast Studio.....1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
- Fine Arts Studios.....4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- J. L. Frothingham Prod.....Brunton Studio
- Garson Studios.....1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
- Goldwyn Studio.....Culver City
- Great Western Producing Co.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
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- Lasky Studios.....1520 Vine St.
- Louis B. Mayer Studios.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Metro Studio.....Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
- Morosco Productions.....3800 Mission Road
- Bud Osborne Productions.....6514 Romaine St.
- Pacific Studios Corp.....San Mateo, Calif.
- Pacific Film Co.....Culver City
- Mary Pickford Co.....Brunton Studios, Hollywood
- R-D Film Corp.....Balboa Studios, Long Beach
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- Robertson-Cole Productions.....Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
- Will Rogers Productions.....Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.
- Russel-Griever-Russell.....6070 Sunset Blvd.
- Hal E. Roach Studio.....Culver City
- Morris R. Schlank Productions.....6050 Sunset
- Chas. R. Seeling Productions.....1240 S. Olive, Los Angeles
- Selig-Rork.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Universal Studio.....Universal City, Calif.
- King Vidor Prod.....Ince Studios, Culver City
- Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
- Cyrus J. Williams Co.....5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
- Cyrus J. Williams Co.....4811 Fountain Ave., Hollywood
- Wilnat Films, Inc.....1329 Gordon St., Los Angeles
- Ben Wilson Productions.....Berwilla Studios

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- Blackton StudiosBrooklyn, N. Y.
- Estee Studios.....124 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.
- Fox Studios.....West 55th St., N. Y. C.
- D. W. Griffith Studios.....Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- International Film.....2478 2d Ave., N. Y. C.
- Harry Levy Prod.....230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.
- Lincoln Studio.....Grantwood, N. J.
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- Pathe.....1900 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
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For the Children

When leasing "The Covered Wagon" to the theaters the Paramount Company is asking the theaters to provide special matinees for children with a maximum admission fee of ten cents.

It is important that future American citizens should see this picture because it gives a vivid and authentic presentation of pioneer life on the plains. It brings to life a period in American history which school histories usually treat in a dull and lifeless fashion.

These are not the first children's matinees to be instituted. All over the country, theaters have been giving special Saturday morning performances of the serial "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," which Universal is putting out. The historical value of these two, however, is not to be compared.

Bert a Blond

For the sake of art Bert Lytell has become a handsome blond. Bert was selected for the role of Rudolph Rassendyll in "Rupert of Hentzau." And Rudolph is a light-haired Englishman, according to the traditions of the story. Bert had the option of playing the role with a wig, but disdained such artificialities, and decided to brave the kidding of his friends. He applied the peroxide and for a short time enjoyed the distinction of being the one and only made-to-order male blond in pictures.

Through Three Reigns

Cecil M. Hepworth is assembling a very unique picture. "Through Three Reigns," and it is made up of news reels showing all the most important events in England during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. Coronations, reviews of troops, great trade expositions, and various visits that these rulers made to cities in their realm are graphically recorded.

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Leah Baird finds she has not time between pictures to make her proposed trip from New York to Los Angeles, via the Panama Canal.

They say that George Stewart, brother of the fair Anita, is sort of stealing Rodolph Valentino's stuff in Hollywood.

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May Adjust Valentino Contract

An article appearing in the New York World and purporting to quote an unnamed "official" of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, conveys the impression that the Paramount organization is in a receptive state of mind with respect to any overtures that Rodolph Valentino may care to make in adjustment of their differences. When Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, was asked to comment upon the New York World article he declared that the statement embodied in the interview with the unknown "official" was substantially correct.

The interview with the Famous Players-Lasky "official" is quoted by the New York World as follows: "We stand ready now, as always, to give Mr. Valentino the most artistic pictures it is possible to make. We are still holding Alan Dwan, who is ready to do 'The Spanish Cavalier,' the script for which was prepared at Mr. Valentino's request by Miss June Mathis. His pictures would have the best production resources that the industry affords, he could have the best scenario writers and directors available, and you may be sure we would give him every possible co-operation. As to his compensation, we always have been and are now prepared to discuss and readjust his contract commensurate with his present-day popularity, as we have from time to time done with other artists. All we ask in return is his honest co-operation."

The New York World also intimated that Famous Players-Lasky was contemplating court action with a view to enjoin Valentino from dancing in Detroit. Mr. Zukor, after stating that the paragraph quoted above reflected substantially Paramount's stand with respect to the Valentino controversy, was further requested to comment upon the World's report of possible injunction proceedings on the part of Paramount against Valentino's dancing act in Detroit.

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You have a good line! What does this picture, posed by Shannon Day, suggest to you? Write out your suggestions for a clever title to this picture—as many as you choose, on separate sheets of paper—and mail them in to the contest editor. Be sure your name and address are on each sheet. Envelopes should contain nothing but your address and your titles, unless you wish to compete for the GRAND PRIZES, headed by a first prize of \$100. To be eligible for these big, worth-while prizes, enclose a one dollar bill or money-order or your personal check with your title suggestions.

The titles to the picture shown above may be original, or may be quoted from some well-known author. It should not contain more than 20 words. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Make your titles short and snappy.

The contest will appear in only one more issue of SCREENLAND and will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of SCREENLAND'S staff and their decision will be final. The winners will be announced in August issue of SCREENLAND and checks will be mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, all tying contestants will receive full prizes.

Members of SCREENLAND'S staff are not eligible for this contest.

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, 423, Hollywood, California.

This subscription for the next six issues of SCREENLAND, for which I enclose one dollar, entitles me to compete for the grand prize offer in SCREENLAND. The titles I submit are enclosed herewith.

Name

Address

City State

Attach your dollar to your title, and send it in TODAY with the attached coupon.



NITA NALDI is one of that handful of screen players who persist in preferring New York. So Famous Players Lasky had to open up their Long Island studios for their most potent vamp.

PHOTO BY DONALD RIDDLE KEYES

SCREENLAND GALLERY



LITTLE BILLIE LORD looks rather pensive here. But what Man wouldn't be pensive when he found out that he had been cast to play the part of a Girl. PHOTO BY COOLEY

SCREENLAND GALLERY

Arbuckle stands before his judges. The jury of San Francisco acquitted him of any wrong-doing. What will the verdict of the public be?

KEYSTONE PHOTO



The True Story of Roscoe Arbuckle

DID WILL HAYS throw a monkey wrench into the custard pie when he gave Roscoe Arbuckle a Christmas pardon?

Scarcely had the headlines appeared announcing the reinstatement of the once-adored "Fatty," than a verbal bedlam broke loose which shook the rafters of our social structure from Alaska to the last barnacle clinging to Key West. Europe, too, felt the upheaval, and once again the famous fat man felt the white heat of publicity.

In California, where the man of girth has many friends, arguments are raging with particular intensity, owing to the fact that details of his life are better known here than elsewhere. It is easy for anyone to understand Roscoe's desire to return to stardom, for his fall from enormous popularity and great wealth to poverty and personal oblivion was swift and sure.

It is a very sober and unsmiling Roscoe who stands before his judges. But, considering the avalanche of

SINCE the writing of this article Roscoe Arbuckle has announced his intention of forsaking his original hopes for a return to the screen.

His latest feature—half completed—has been abandoned and his future activities will be turned to directing motion pictures and not to acting in them.

Will the animosity of the picture public which banished Arbuckle from the screen after he had been acquitted of crime by a jury of his peers pursue him now and hound him further from his directorial aspirations?

Arbuckle's physical appearance has been his greatest liability since his trial, just as it was his greatest asset before.

If Roscoe Arbuckle had been born a slender and well-formed man he might have escaped the obloquy of public condemnation.

disapproval which followed the plea of Hays to give the fallen idol another chance, one cannot help but admire his optimism and persistence.

Will Hays, "czar of the films," had hitherto enjoyed the full confidence of the public. His somersault from an absolute ban of Arbuckle films to the new theme of "another chance" has brought a protest that must have "well nigh ruined" the rural quietude of Sullivan, Indiana.

WHAT do the stars say about Arbuckle? What is the opinion of the film colony itself?

This is the consensus of Hollywood opinion from the angle of the star or producer: "We can't approve of Arbuckle, because it would hurt us with the public. We can't condemn him, because we have accepted his hospitality during the time of his prosperity, and to turn against him now, publicly, would be to mark us as poor sports. We can only sit tight and say nothing."

That is Arbuckle's policy, too. To sit tight and say nothing must be a herculean task for the big comedian, but he is under orders to

keep his tongue strictly between his teeth. At such critical periods, the beans are too easily spilled; one rash interview would ruin all chance of the millions of dollars tied up in his pictures to be ever recovered, to say nothing of the success of the new test-picture that Arbuckle is now making.

For "Fatty" has opened up a new tin of grease paint and has donned the old, familiar garb of brown derby, checkered shirt, cut-away coat and loose trousers. *Handy Andy* is the title of the picture; a two-reeler, its fate will determine the fate of Arbuckle himself.

The probability is that the first Arbuckle picture released will draw a good house. People will go out of curiosity; they have half-way forgotten what "Fatty's" comedies are like. They will laugh over the "gags," for "Fatty's" gags are good. But at the first hint of a love-interest in the pic-

ture, a wave of distaste may sweep over the audience. The picture of Mollie Malone in Arbuckle's embrace will dissolve into a vision of little Virginia Rappe, who is dead, and whose last embrace in this world was given to Arbuckle, perhaps.

If Arbuckle can win his way back into favor, it will probably have to be through pure, unadulterated humor with a male cast.

ARBUCKLE is thirty-five years old. For ten years, his screen antics have brought him fame, and in later years, wealth. He began his film career as an "extra" man on the Keystone comedy lot, delighted to be able to earn his three dollars a day—some days. Little by little his

grotesque figure and cherubic smile began to "get over." He began to receive "fan mail," the first visible proof of film success. Oh yes, some people do love a fat man, but Fatty's mail came mostly from benign old ladies and adoring youngsters. Not many from pretty girls.

As he slowly but surely gained a "following," his finances picked up. He no longer lived a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence, eating where and when he could. From an extra man, he began to play "bits," then "parts" and finally leads. Then success came indeed. He went over to Paramount, directing and starring. For years he earned an enormous salary.

How much has he saved during the days of his prosperity? Very little, it is said. Easy come, easy go. Fatty spent his money like water. Parties, fine automobiles, luxurious apartments and a beautiful home in the Wilshire district in Los Angeles, the latter now occupied by Joseph Schenck, Arbuckle's staunch defender. Most of his wealth is gone, if rumor be true. The cars, the apartments, all have been sold. It took money, a great deal of money, to finance his expensive trial at San Francisco. Since the trial he has been living with Schenck and "Buster" Keaton, practically living on their bounty, it is said.

THE clergy of Los Angeles have been emphatic in their denunciation of both Hays and Arbuckle. Indignation meetings in church, club and school circles still obscure the well-advertised sun.

Women's organizations have issued yards of resolutions to the press, in opposition to any resurrection of the famous fun-maker. City after city have announced decisions for or against the showing of Arbuckle films.

Dr. Gustav Briegleb, of the Westlake Presbyterian Church, declared to his congregation in Los Angeles' smart residence section that "if it were not for the two million dollars tied up in the films, the producer would tell Arbuckle to jump off the dock." (In this connection, it is interesting to note that producers who are not financially interested in the Arbuckle films have had nothing to say.)



Why did Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle make her spectacular trip to her husband's rescue, during his trial, and then retire to New York again?

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A PARABLE

A FAMOUS COMEDIAN, beloved by children the world over, is involved in a particularly revolting murder case, growing out of a liquor party at a San Francisco hotel. A jury of his peers, after long and earnest contemplation, decrees him innocent of the charge of murder.

The stain upon his character remains, however. He has brought the films into bad repute. Therefore a Great Man in the industry, to whom a trusting public looks to redeem the good name of the films, bans the Comedian from the screen.

A year passes. The case has been almost forgotten. The public looks approvingly upon such characters as Harold Lloyd, Conrad Nagel, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan and decides that perhaps the movies are not so black as they have been painted.

And then the million dollars tied up in the Comedian's films begins to worry the Producers. Under the Great Man's edict, the films cannot be released. A million dollars is a great deal of money And it has been over a year And after all victim of circumstances might have happened to anybody mustn't be vindictive

And so the Producers spoke to the Great Man. They spoke with the authority of employers, the authority due men who were paying a salary of \$150,000 a year to a man who can enlist the confidence of the public. And the Great Man listened and revoked the edict that barred the Comedian from the screen.

And Lo, the Great Man was great no longer.

Moral: A hired man cannot reasonably be expected to be a Miracle Man.

"If any school-teacher did anything like what Arbuckle has done in the past," said the Rev. Robert Shuler, President of the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles, "we would do all we could to help him come back, but we would not put him in a place of confidence by giving him guidance over our children. It is a fight of coin against character."

In other words, the Reverend Bob means that he would not protest Arbuckle's making a living, though he doesn't consider it strictly necessary, if he did it by such laudable means as digging ditches or making little ones out of big ones.

Billy Sunday, that great master

of picturesque language, is decidedly in favor of Arbuckle's return. In a recent interview he declared: "I am a minister of the gospel and the gospel gives every man a chance. From my standpoint, I say give Arbuckle a chance. The Bible says, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to ye again'. And it says 'If a brother was overtaken in a fault'—and Fatty is the brother overtaken in a fault. He was in fault when he went up there to the St. Francis, drinking with that crowd and carousing around. But the jury did not convict him of manslaughter. Everybody has been a fool sometime, but nobody is a fool all the time. The only difference between Fatty and the others is that Fatty got caught."

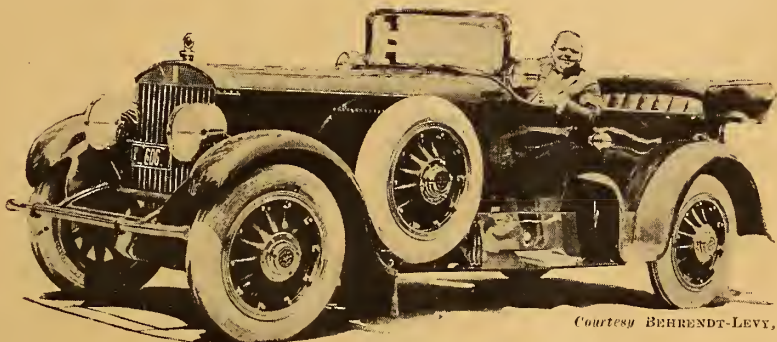
So much for the preachers who cannot agree. Now comes "Fatty"

nounced Christ and stoned him for what he said?"

Arbuckle stated that his pictures have always been clean. Which is true. He declared that reports of his wild parties were "just talk" and that he has no intention of giving wild parties in future.

People on the inside say that Arbuckle's greatest opposition will come from women. In California, the Federated Clubs are against him in every particular. The Hollywood Women's Club was so disgusted with the action of Mr. Hays that they called off a luncheon which was to be given in honor of the Hays representative, Mr. George Patten.

IN THE meantime, the verbal high-ways echo with queries. Has Hays



Courtesy BEHRENDT-LEVY, INC.

Arbuckle in the days of his prosperity, in his \$20,000 special-built motor.

himself, with a carefully edited plea for mercy. He points out that he was acquitted by the jury that tried him for the death of Virginia Rappe, but exonerated in a statement that the eight men and four women issued.

"Unlike the jury" runs his statement, "those denouncing me heard no part of the evidence, and are without knowledge of the facts." (Evidently the transcripts of the court reporters mean nothing to Roscoe.)

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," quotes Fatty. "How would my accusers like to be judged the way they are judging me? What might have happened if some of those who heartlessly denounced me had been present when the Savior forgave the penitent thief on the cross, in words that have had more influence on the human race than any other words ever uttered. Would not some of those persons have de-

betrayed the public which trusted him? What caused his sudden flip-flop? Why did Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle make her spectacular trip to Roscoe's rescue and then retire to New York again? If Miss Rappe was merely ill and accepted kindly assistance, why did witnesses scamper for points outside the jurisdiction of the court? Has Roscoe really reformed? Does he still drink or does he not? Has he manicured his language? What of the lonely grave in Hollywood?

It isn't up to Will Hays to say that Roscoe Arbuckle may or may not come back to the screen.

It isn't up to the producers who have a million dollars tied up in the Arbuckle films.

It isn't even up to the clergy who are fighting so fiercely for morality that they are forgetting something of Christianity and its though-your-sins-are-as-scarlet promise.

It's up to the public, you who pay your fifty-five cents.

LOVE is a DRUG

*In Hollywood Its Ravages
Are More Severe Than
Morphine.*

Ravages of the Love Drug

By
SYL McDOWELL



Photo by HOOVER

LOVE is a drug that deadens reason. By this compassionate provision of Nature man is blinded to the faults of his *choosing* mate and is led a stupefied captive to the scaffold of matrimony.

After the anesthesia of emotion wears away, the male awakens. He fingers the noose and with clouded reason restored, speculates upon his predicament.

Woman in the throes of romantic fervor is only slightly more rational than the male. At best she is abnormal, like a setting hen. Groping in the dark for the jewel chest of destiny—that's what it is, this marriage game. So is it any wonder that some of us lay hand on a trap door spider instead of a pearl?

Woman is the prime mover in the emotional complex. She baits the trap. In the courtship dream, she retains a faint gleam of waketime intelligence. The love drug produces total unconsciousness in the male, but not so with her. The proof is money marriages. A man is loathsome who promises to love, honor and obey a checkbook. But all predatory beauties forage for wealth. Yet we don't despise them. Miss Stonehatchet would be held foolish to shiver under a bough with Rollo Rabbitskin if Philander Flintface offered

her a swell, big bacheave to live in. So love is a drug. And its addicts are everywhere. But Hollywood is full of them. And here in Hollywood its ravages are more severe than morphine. Love's ravages are devastating Hollywood.

Why? Because stars, with their

Two individuals of separate stations can not hope for a tranquil home. Rex Ingram is not a film actor, but he is a director, so he and his lovely wife, Alice Terry, find parallel interests.

highly developed emotions, are ready victims to the love habit. Deprived, love addicts are as desperate as a hophead, maddened by starved and jangling nerves. Murder, love, theft, divorce epidemics—all the concomitants of jazzed lives follow in the wake of love like a plague.

Thousands of men—screen heroes as well as plumbers and bookkeepers and afflicted pastors—would pledge fortunes for a love antitoxin. That, or else a reliable recipe to guide aright their surges of devotion.

POOR, befuddled, pathetic man wants to know how to pick a woman to marry. A few wise ones have learned to regard circumstances without as well as within. Character and taste are the circumstances within. Environment, social and economic status are circumstances without. A harmonious blend of temperaments is essential to successful marriage of course. But having such—the circumstances within—two individuals of separate stations cannot hope for a tranquil home.

A girl star may wed her



Here is a couple who grasped the recipe for happiness. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan waited for years, until Neilan emerged from comparative obscurity to become one of film-dom's most conspicuous figures. Blanche Sweet was wise to the screen after the wedding.

chauffeur. But she must become, in mode of living, plane of thought and class register a chauffeur's wife. Or else the chauffeur must by some *legerdemain* elevate himself to become a seeming mate. On a desert island they might live in uninterrupted bliss. But surrounded by rigid social custom and the intricacies of civilization they would soon be thrust apart by the inexorable code.

Of course the star could endow the chauffeur with high position. But then she would hate him. Gladys Walton divorced a husband because she found it humiliating, she said, to support him.

So, in marriage, more than the two culprits are to be considered. There are You and I—and the World.

A male star might wed a scrub-maid. She will wring out her mop and store it away with other girlish memories. She will learn to wear a ballgown but as she crosses the polished floor her husband will think of her on bended knees obliterating the footmarks.

Doug and Mary are a perfect example of professional matrimony because they met and dwell on the same plane. If Jean Acker had achieved stardom at the same time as did Rodolph they might be happy to-

gether today. Rex Ingram is not an actor but he is a movie director, so he and his lovely wife, Alice Terry, find parallel interests, are congenial among the same associates. Marriage from unlike stations is liking mixing races. Constance Talmadge married a Greek tobacco king. As a tobacco king, he was the real leaf and as a star Constance is outshone by few. There was something else the matter.

For conjugal serenity it is not necessary for stars to wed stars. Not

in the least. Fellow quaffers at the love vial may possess kindred characteristics in some other phase of life that makes a balanced union. Bert Lytell and Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt are home lovers. So they have found marital bliss outside their profession.

Gloria Swanson as a bathing girl might have gone on content as the spouse of Wallace Berry. But Hollywood custom would not tolerate a screen villain's proprietorship of a public idol.

ARE MOVIE folk who succumb to the love potion in perpetual danger of separation? Is success a nemesis that threatens their homes? Yes, if professional sympathy is all that anchors the marital frigate.

Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet waited for years until Neilan emerged from comparative obscurity to become one of moviedom's most conspicuous figures. Blanche Sweet,

Their emotional lives make actors and actresses particular prey of the love drug. That is why conjugal affrays and divorces are so common in Hollywood. There is an analysis of the trouble—a diagnosis of the love-drugged condition.

A WOMAN's first line of defense is her lips. All actresses are cast in "kissing parts"—that is, all except Mary Pickford, who commonly refuses, or Gale Henry or Sylvia Ashton—a few who are cast as un-kissable types.

When a woman yields her first line of defense, it is like taking the first hypodermic. The next is easier. And so on until the last bulwark of convention crumbles.

To a man, the fervid kiss of an enticing woman is a powerful stimulant. Have you wondered to know the emotional thrill that screen lover's feel in the fadeout closeup embrace? The unsparing

eye of the camera demands real kisses, real sighs, real heart throbs.

Long ago the danger of a kiss was recognized on the spoken stage. It was unprofessional for a man and a girl, cast together in a love part, to kiss one another's lips night after night. So artifice was used. The stage depth

and distance from the audience provided a merciful camouflage. They touched cheeks. That's all.

Love and morphine have useful places in the scheme of things if properly prescribed and taken according to directions. But if morphine addicts lost their craving, sanitariums soon would be idle. While without love madness, jails would empty and divorce lawyers would starve to death.

And Hollywood wouldn't be half so famous.



If Jean Acker had achieved stardom at the same time as did Rodolph Valentino, they might be living together happily today.

long ago a leading screen favorite, returned to the screen after their wedding.

Here is a Hollywood couple who solved the problem. They saw love's shoals. Few other screen people show such wisdom. They grasped the recipe for happiness. Blanche Sweet was wise to return to the screen. Discord would soon threaten if Neilan would come home to tell her of his work and say: "Things are different nowadays, dear."

COL. SELIG'S Stories of MOVIE LIFE

*Reminiscence, Grave and
Gay, of Twenty-five
Years on a Studio Lot*

By COL. WILLIAM SELIG



REMINISCENCES of any kind are not unlike boarding house hash.

You remember, of course, the literary boarder who fixed his eyes upon the hash and asked his neighbor to please pass the Review of Reviews.

But even hash, well spiced, is palatable. And my quarter of a century in the fascinating game of motion pictures has been highly seasoned with ludicrous—and tragic—experience.

I am going to tell you most about the humorous incidents, however, for time has dulled a bit the poignancy of my little tragedies, and I find the laughable experiences stand out most in my memory.

Made His Own Camera

SUCH a time as we had, back in '95, when we were struggling with our camera and projection machines! The camera that I first made . . . the forerunner of the machine now in use at our Los Angeles studio, by the way . . . was worked out under the stairway of my home in Chicago. It was inspired by Edison's little kinoscope, of course.

We had dreadful

times with our film, too. The film had to be perforated by hand in those days, and it had a hideous habit of shrinking, so that the perforations would not fit the projection machine. We tried all sorts of experiments, including treating it before it was used in the camera or perforated, on the same principle that cloth is sometimes shrunk before being made up.

However, all that is technical and not highly interesting to the layman.

The first real picture I ever made was taken out in front of my house. The next one was "shot" over in the Chicago stock-yards. I sold both of them and actually made money on them, so I joyously gave up my previous occupation, which was, among other

things, managing a minstrel show, and went into the business of making pictures in earnest.

Famous Names in Early Casts

ON APRIL 1, 1896, we opened up the Selig studio in Chicago at 43 Peck Court. In that studio some of the most important pioneering work in motion pictures was done, and some of the famous actors and actresses today got their start on my lot.

Kathlyn Williams, Harold Lockwood, Eugenie Besserer, Fred Huntley and a score or more of others, destined to become famous, appeared in our early pictures. We had the original all-star casts, too.

For instance, in *The Coming of Columbus* one of our most ambitious early efforts, Myrtle Stedman, Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had important parts. For making this picture I received a silver medal from the Pope, an honor which I cherish as one of my pleasiest memories.



Kathlyn Williams and the lamented Harold Lockwood, who fell a victim to the influenza epidemic in 1918. Lockwood and Miss Williams were featured together in many of the early Selig releases.

You can't make motion pictures for a quarter of a century without accumulating a store of human interest experiences that make a reporter or a by-the-day seamstress look like an Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire. Colonel Selig has been turning out photoplays since the early feudal period of 1896, and his anecdotes are as good as his pictures.



COURTESY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

A dear old familiar scene from a photoplay of an ancient vintage. The hard-hearted landlord is foreclosing the mortgage on the old homestead, and Edythe Chapman and Charles Ogle are about to be turned out on the street leading over the hills to the poorhouse, doubtless.

Tom Mix was another star of today who started his screen career with us. Selig pictures first made his rough-riding, wild-west films popular. The first horse Tom ever rode in pictures is still at our studio zoo, pensioned after faithful service, living out his last days peacefully in pleasant pastures. Tom loved that horse.

Bill Farnum in *The Spoilers*

BIG BILL FARNUM was a great favorite around the studio in the old days. Of course you remember *The Spoilers*. It was the first really big motion picture, and Bill scored an enormous hit in it. From then on, for a good many years, Bill enjoyed an enormous vogue. His beautiful physique and great bulk fascinated the flappers somewhat as Valentino's polished manners do today. And just as the producers play up Valentino's beautiful manners, so did we play up Farnum's strength, giving him strong-man, red-blooded roles, until a newspaper bard, J. P. McEvoy,



Bill Farnum's beautiful physique intrigued the flappers of a decade ago as Valentino's polished manners do now. Colonel Selig played up Farnum's great build by giving him red-blooded, he-man roles, like his greatest part in "*The Spoilers*."

immortalized Bill's prowess in verse, a bit of which I will give here:

"Oh have you seen our Farnum
slap an engine off the track,
And chase a mob to helangon and
sometimes half-way back?
And have you seen him stand a
king upon his royal ear,
And beat a faithful army to a
palpitating smear?
How gracefully he hits a big
gazabo on the nose,
And presto! undertakers and
some flowers and repose!
So do not fear the English or the
German or the Jap,
Just notify Bill Farnum and he'll
chase 'em off the map."

Camera Was Cruel to Kathlyn Williams

KATHLYN WILLIAMS was one of our most charming leading ladies. The photographs reproduced here do not do her beauty justice. The art of make-up in those days was distinctly not so good, and she seems older than she does now. She came to us from a successful stage career. Miss Williams was featured in the first serial, *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, which made an enormous success, and precipitated a deluge of serial pictures.

Bessie Eyton, now leading lady with the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles, had important roles in many of our early pictures. Bessie was at one time the wife of Charles Eyton, now general manager of Famous Players—Lasky corpora-



Herbert Rawlinson's dimples were first displayed to screen advantage in the early Selig pictures.

tion, and husband of Kathlyn Williams.

I ALWAYS think of Wallace Reid as the nice kid who used to play around our lot. His father, Hal Reid, used to write scenarios for us (we'd call them continuities now), and Wally, fascinated as all youngsters are by a studio, was always under foot. We used to give him small bits and atmosphere to do. He did them well, too. He was such a handsome youngster.

We were a training school for directors as well as stars, in the old days. Al Green, now a well-known wielder of a directorial megaphone, played extra parts with us.

Remember Tom Santschi, he of the lovely curling pompadour? He was one of our stand-bys when we needed a sterling actor, a handsome faee as well. Back in 1907, Mabel Talliaferro was one of our players, too.

No Huge Salaries Then

I AM OFTEN asked if we had as much temperament in our actors in the old days as we do now. Well, an actor is an actor always, and something has to be conceded to genius, but it is my personal opinion that the *morale* of pictures was better in the old days.

There wasn't so much money lying around loose, for one thing. A salary of \$100 a week was a mighty large and handsome wage, and only a few featured players got it. William Farnum got more than that for *The Spoilers*; we paid him not by the week, however, but with a lump sum for the whole picture.

Dobbin's Scaffolding

THERE have been a good many chuckles during my years of picture-making. I remember one picture for which we needed a horse, a very emaciated, bony horse. We found one, the daddy of all bony equines. A visitor to the studio took one look at old Dobbin and asked his handler, "Gettin' in a new horse?"

"Aw, wottcher givin' us?" asked the stable-boy sensitively.

"I see you've got the frame-work up already," said the visitor.

This tale has gone the rounds so often that its origin in our studio has probably been forgotten.

Why Directors Go Wrong

JUST to show the unexpected problems that pop up in a studio, I want to tell about an *impasse* that occurred some time ago in another studio, not mine. The casting director was told to secure five priests and forty choir-boys for an elaborate cathedral scene. I believe a royal wedding was to be filmed. For the sake of realism he was told he must get the real thing; no "hams" dressed up in vestments at \$7.50 a day would do.

Well, the priests and choir-boys

of them had been secured from an Episcopal church and twenty from a Roman Catholic church. The Episcopal songsters refused to sing the Catholic chants and the Catholic boys refused to sing the Episcopal chants. I believe the director flipped a coin and the Episcopal boys lost, so they were marched off the set and the scene was "shot" with a half-portion choir, triumphantly warbling their own beloved chants.

ONE of the most difficult things we pioneers in pictures had to do was to educate the public into taking their films in other than tabloid doses. The first pictures were only about 25 feet long. When we lengthened them to 50 and finally to 100 the exhibitors protested. People get tired of looking at them, they said.

Finally, we made a picture that was of tremendous length, 1000 feet! We sent a print to London and our salesman wrote back that he could sell twice as many 500-foot films as he could 1000-footers.

"Sell the 1000-footers," I wrote back. "We get paid by the foot anyway."

Little by little the public got used to the longer films, until an audience ceased to be outraged when the theater manager put off on them a five-reel picture and a two-reel comedy, instead of the regular diet of six one-reel pictures.

How Mob Scenes Were Faked

IT WAS pretty hard to get good actors to work in pictures in those days. The actors from the "legitimate" looked down on the films, and we didn't have the money to offer them the fabulous salaries that might have persuaded them to "prostitute their art." We got a good many vaudeville stars, however.



The art of make-up in the old days was very different from what it is today, so that an actress looked much older than she really was. Kathlyn Williams is in the act of handing back Harold Lockwood's ring.

were persuaded to assist. The set, a beautiful thing, was ready, the actors were on the set and everything was ready to shoot, when it was discovered that the choir-boys weren't all the same brand. Twenty

For mob scenes in the old days, when a big crowd was needed, it was a common practice to march the same men back and forth before the camera. Fifty men could thus impersonate a huge army, and the

custodian of the studio bank-roll was saved much mental anguish.

The famous zoo that we maintain at our Lincoln Park establishment came about partly by accident. We needed a lot of animals for a picture, *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, which, you remember, had its setting in the jungles of India. We had so much difficulty in renting animals that we finally purchased what we needed for the picture, and kept them right on the lot in case of future use. We made a good many animal pictures after that, and little by little we added new animals until now our zoo is quite a show-place in Southern California.

The Game Was Simpler Then

MAKING pictures was a much simpler business back in the early days. The sets were very simple and inexpensive, and the audience was willing to use a bit of imagination. In those days when it was so thrilling just to see a picture move, there were no blasé and keen-eyed critics waiting to howl a protest when a young lady in a tailored suit passed through a doorway and appeared on the other side in negligee.

Cutting a picture was simple, too. Film was too expensive to be used lavishly, and we "shot" no more than we expected to use. Nowadays, in a big film thousands of feet of costly film are thrown out, in the cutting room, often a hundred

times as much film as was used in a whole motion picture in 1907 or 1908.

Being Funny Under Difficulties

WE MADE a good many comedies, short-reelers, when pictures were just striking their stride. Just plain slap-stick, with some funny costumes, some good "gags" and of course, some kind of a chase. They sold well, too, for we never had the difficulty in making our audiences giggle that Edwin Stevens that splendid actor, encountered in the person of a grouchy German vaudeville manager, when he made up his mind to go into vaudeville.

The manager was very busy and was low in his mind.

"Vell," he growled, "vat you vant, hay?"

"I would like to go into vaudeville," said Stevens meekly.



An early photograph of Mary Pickford.

"Vat do you do? Vat is your line?"

"I am a comedian, sir, I—"

"A komiker, was?" The manager scowled blackly. "Vel, make me laugh!"

Editor's Note: The second installment of Colonel Selig's fascinating reminiscence will be published in the May SCREENLAND, out April 1. Watch for it.

Notes of the Players

New Movie Papa

Richard Barthelmess is the latest Papa on record in movie-land. His wife, known professionally as Mary Hay became a mother in New York just a few days ago. The little one has a rocky road ahead in order to attain the heights of its parents, but then again look at the start it has on other kids. Time will tell.

"Riches to Rags"

Marion Davis goes from riches to rags when she jumps from *When Knighthood Was in Flower* to *Adam and Eva*, her new picture. In the former, as Mary Tudor, her gowns were a gorgeous combination

of gold and brocade while in *Adam and Eva* as "Eva," her wardrobe consists almost entirely of ginghams. All of which proves she can look nice in either.

Wanda Hawley Asks Divorce

Wanda Hawley has filed application for a divorce from M. Hawley, charging that he consumed so much of his time entertaining at the Hawley bungalow, that he could find no time to follow his chosen profession as automobile mechanic. This came as somewhat of a surprise as the Hawley's have been married for some time and were supposed, from all indications to be very happy. Also, with their occupa-

tions being so different, it was impossible for much friction there but things must of clashed elsewhere as the divorce has been filed and after all it is results that count.

Pickford-Miller to Co-Star

Jack Pickford is so tired of being 2,000 miles away from his wife, who is Marilyn Miller, star of *Sally* now running on the legit in Chicago, that he has asked the managerial boss of the Pickford family, his mother, to get a story co-starring him and wife on the screen. "Ma" Pickford has promised to do her best and judging from past performances it ought to be a —well let's wait and see the picture.

The Sex

Is Sex Appeal a Box-Office Asset to the Motion Picture Star? Just How Much an Actor Owes to His Personality, Which Is Just Another Name for Sex Appeal, Is Related in this Fascinating Analysis.



Charles Ray has only a modicum of sex appeal. He is not the lover. He is the sweetheart, your first sweetheart of the lace valentine period.



PHOTO BY HOOVER

SEX APPEAL condemned in the pulpit and condoned in the pews. To what extent do the reigning favorites of the screen owe their popularity to this appeal of the senses?

A luscious, lovely blonde walked not long ago into the offices of a film company's general manager.

"You should be a very big star with the advertising and prestige I can give you," was the manager's edict. "You were made to love. Such eyes and lips! You have every element of sex appeal. . . ."

The sex element must enter more or less liberally into any story, before the latter can attain screen proportions. Different directors handle sex in different ways, but it is always the underlying *motif* of any great picture.

It was Griffith who established the formula that the lesser lights since then have been copying. A demure maid. Her rightful lover. A scheming villain intent upon devastating the damsel's virtue. This was the basic triangle of a Griffithian story. Not new, of course; it was hoary when Boccaccio translated neighborhood scandals into the snappy stories of the day.

The "heavy" must always place the heroine in bodily harm. And it must appear to the audience that he intends forcing her to yield to his desires . . . but she must, without fail, be rescued by the hero after the last ounce of suspense has been squeezed out.

Barbara La Marr fairly breathes the vital lure of sex. She is essentially the woman of the world. Miscast as an ingenue, she is gauche, unappealing. But as the mistress of men, how alluring!

Best Sellers

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

C ECIL B. DEMILLE handles Sex in a different fashion. He presents it with every *decor* and ornamentation conceivable, making it appear delicately tinselled, inviting, but elemental as the Pyramus and Thisbe romance.

It is a peculiar fact that Griffith, who stresses sex so heavily in his pictures, invariably chooses for his heroines actresses who are almost entirely lacking in sex appeal. Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster—all the fragile, spirituelle type, seldom the kind that inflames Man's interest in Woman.

DeMille, on the other hand, will have none of the ethereal maidens. His silken women are Sex personified. Gloria Swanson; Leatrice Joy; Agnes Ayres; Bebe Daniels; mystery; lure; Sex!

IT WASN'T his dramatic ability that made Rodolph Valentino the idol of American womanhood, practically overnight. And Valentino is a superb actor, at that. It was his sex appeal, whether you will admit it or not, you women who go to see his pictures five and six times over! It is the look in his dark eyes as he crushes the heroine (the heroine who might be you!) to his breast, the fact that he makes you sigh blissfully at his romantic ardor.

For this very reason, many men do not like Valentino. Men never like to see a man more skilled in the art of love-making than they, themselves.

Lon Chaney is a wonderful actor. His interpretations are as fine or better than Valentino's. So is Noah Beery a fine actor. But do women fall madly in love with them, deluging them with fan letters? They do not. Chaney and Beery have not Valentino's sex appeal.

Bessie Love is as sweet and pretty — as her name, but she is practically lacking in sex appeal.



Mother used to blush when father mentioned his woolen underwear. Now she gets a kick out of the kinetamized B. V. D's. of Valentino, as in the dressing-room scene of "Blood and Sand."

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



Gloria Swanson, like all of C. B. DeMille's leading women, typifies mystery—lure—sex!

PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES



PHOTO BY EVANS

Conrad Nagel has charm. His manners are faultless and women like him. But he doesn't capture their emotions. Wherefore Conrad is not starred, though he is a finer actor than many whose names are emblazoned in electric lights.

IT is not a matter of looks, of beauty. Katherine MacDonald is wonderfully beautiful, but she has about as much sex appeal as an icicle. Bessie Love is as sweet and pretty as her name, but she is practically lacking in that lure of sex. Thomas Meighan can by no standards of beauty be called handsome, but his personal appeal is so great that women go mad about him.

Nita Naldi's sex appeal is her *raison d'être* in pictures. What other quality could possibly account for the great vogue of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, a year or two ago?

Why does Mae Murray appear in a pearl breast-band and a tinsel loin-cloth and nothing else in at least one sequence of every picture?

Because the men who for years have paid money to sit in the bald-headed row within squinting distance of the beautiful chorus girls now get a mental thrill out of a pair of alabaster shoulders in what are deftly termed "society dramas" on the screen.

And the producers, discovering that what's sauce for the gander is chili sauce for the goose, have taken to giving the fair sex glimpses of the Valentino torso, in such in-

stances as the dressing-room scene in *Blood and Sand*.

Mother used to blush when father mentioned his woolen underwear. Now she gets a kick out of the kine-matized B. V. D.'s. For, as the wit said in *Life*:

*Show your shape, my little lad.
You're a matinee idol now, b'gad.*

THERE is a perfectly good economic reason for the beach scenes where the strapping hero poses in a one-piece suit; for bedroom scenes, for the costume pictures, where skin-tight trousers display a shapely thigh and slender waist. Valentino, you remember, has of late appeared in snug, treader costumes in *Blood and Sand*, in tight knee breeches, in *The Shick*, and in



Lillian Gish is the spirituelle type invariably chosen by Griffith for his heroines. It is seldom that this fragile type of maiden inflames man's interest in woman.

a few strings of pearls in *The Young Rajah*.

Conrad Nagel has charm; his manners are faultless and women like him. But he doesn't intrigue their imaginations so that they place fresh flowers before his picture every day. Wherefore he is not starred, though he is a finer actor than many whose names are emblazoned in electric lights. He lacks sex appeal.

Harold Lloyd is one star who attained world-wide fame without

that peculiar appeal of sex. He is the boy-next-door; he typifies a fine comradeship rather than passion.

Charles Ray has a modicum of sex appeal. He is the sweetheart—your first sweetheart—not the lover. There is a fine distinction.

Barbara La Marr fairly breathes the vital lure of sex. She is essentially the woman of the world type. In the first part of *Trifling Women*, Miss LaMarr is cast an ingenue, a flapper. Ye Gods, how incongruous! She was gauche, unappealing. But in the later scenes, as the fair mistress of men, how alluring she was! She has poise, dignity, sex appeal!

TO HAVE sex appeal is to have personality. Sex is life. It is not something to be spoken of in hushed whispers. It is a gift of the Gods, an inheritance from our fair mother Eve and our father Adam.

Just how far the expression of sex can go on the screen is a question. It is all in the way it is handled. Sex handled crudely betokens vulgarity and is offensive. Sex handled delicately, subtly, is artistic and wholly desirable.

And the more sex appeal an actor has, the more fan mail he gets. And, incidentally, the more salary.

Bebe Daniels is the personification of sex lure, a true daughter of our fair mother Eve.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY KEYES



In Memory of
WALLACE REID, Actor
He fought the good fight.
1892-1923



"Don't you think I'm cute?" forever asks the smile of Mary Miles Minter.



When Rodolph Valentino forgets to look mysterious and smiles a nice, boyish smile like this, he becomes just a dark-eyed Italian lad who likes spaghetti and runs around with the gang at night.



The "I-am-so-beautiful-touch-me-not" smile of Anna Q. Nilsson.

By Their Prop Smiles

By ANNE AUSTIN

BY THEIR smiles shall you know them—ingenues, villains, tragedy queens, vampires, society butterflies, Cody-vamps, mothers, the children that are responsible for the loving close-up in the last foot of film; the children who are foredoomed to play "waifs and strays"; men who are Apostles-of-God's-Great-Outdoors (that phrase is patented but still useable); rip-snortin' cowboys; martyred fathers who only pay the bills and have no fun; grand dames who give the poor clerk the razz with a perfectly lady-like but chilly smile; the breezy out-door girl who is "just a good pal"—and winds up in the heroes arms while the poor vamp smokes her cigarettes in lonely splendor.

All—all—all have their smiles, and by their smiles shall you know them. A smile is as much the private and indisputable property of a particular star or class of stars as her lipstick. When a new player is assigned her place in the screen world as ingenue or vamp, she is awarded a smile by the property man, along with her wardrobe. She may get a new frock for every change of scene, but she cannot change her smile. And no one can

use *her* smile. It is her one inalienable right. And this is just. Think what terrible confusion the movie audiences would suffer if the vamp should forget herself, leave at home her one-sided, intriguing, secretive Oh-the-things-I-could-tell-on-the-married-men-if-I-would kind of smile, and by mistake smile a natural, whole-souled young girl smile, such as she invariably used before the casting director discovered her as a vamp! Quick, Watson, the needle! The whole world of make-believe would totter.

If we couldn't depend upon knowing just how mean the mysterious dark lady was by the kind of smile she served out in her first close-up; if the villain forgot himself and his mustache and put on the hero's "God's-in-his-heaven-all-right-with-the-world" smile; if the sweet old mother let her lips rest once in a while and looked as cross as she feels, with her corns hurting her 'n everything—then, oh then, there would be the devil to pay in screenland.

THE MOUTH is the truest indicator of character. No wonder the novelist goes into rhapsodies about the

heroine's mouth — curling lovely words about it—"intriguing," "tender," "drooping," "pouting," "inviting," "provocative," "prehen-sile." Think of your favorite movie star and you will find that your attention is riveted on two items always—the eyes and the mouth. The eyes are used almost as much in smiling as the mouth, but the mouth has the double-barreled advantage of being the most poignant point of contact. When the hero kisses the girl in the final emotional spasm, when he just can't keep his hands off her any longer, the whole audience kisses along with him. The emotion surges up from the toes in great nice waves to the mouth, and we all have a glorious time. Since the hero's mouth and the heroine's mouth are responsible for this superlative pleasure, let's consider the kind of mouths that our stars and starlets have, and the kind of smiles with which their producers and their press agents have endowed them.

Take Theda Bara, for instance, if you can find her. But if you can't, you won't have any trouble remembering her. Theda did darn little smiling. A smiling Theda



Theda Bara made you look for her smile — and look in vain. The mouth of the woman-of-mystery drooped intriguingly or trembled with passion. And oh, how fascinating the married men found it!



Dorothy Dalton's smile says as plainly as words: "I must show my dimples, no matter how I distort my mouth doing it."



Tom Mix's smile stamps him as an Apostle-of-God's-Great-Outdoors.

Ye Shall Know Them

would have made about as much ripple in "A Fool There Was" as Marie Prevost in an Eskimo role. Theda went heavy on the soulful tragedy, woman-of-mystery stuff. Her mouth drooped intriguingly, or trembled with passion; if she smiled, there was only a slight twitch at the mobile corners, which made you hope that next time there would be more; she made you look for her smile—and look in vain. Her little half-smile concealed, rather than revealed; was apparently for her own private enjoyment. And oh, how fascinating the philandering married men found it!

ON THE other hand, Pola Negri, the prize fascinator of the day, smiles broadly and muchly—but not so fascinatingly, unless you like your fascination dished up in generous portions. Pola smiles like a hoyden, largely because she enjoys smiling. When she remembers her role, she narrows that generous mouth and holds in the exuberance of personality. But in her tragedy scenes, that flexible mouth becomes a poem of passion and sorrow. It writhes in pain. A kiss from Pola

*The Smile
is the Star's
Identification
Tag.
He May
Change
His
Costume
But
Never
His
Smile*

when she is in one of her big renunciation scenes would make even Dr. Crane forget that he has a message for the world.

And then there's Nazimova's

smile. Imagine Nazimova grinning! Not a single reviewer would ever again refer to her as "exotic." What a time she must have curbing her smiles, narrowing them down to a

Russian expression of frustrated passion and world-weariness. Even in "The Brat" Nazimova's smile was calculated to break the heart, rather than to bring answering smiles. Possibly the largest single ingredient in Nazimova's copyrighted smile is disdain—disdain for the world in general, her leading man in particular, the electricians who sometimes make her nose look big with faulty lighting; the director who forgets himself and bellows at Alla, the all highest, and for the audience who will gape and "misunderstand." Audiences are such funny creatures that they even like to be disdained.

Then there is the conscious "I am so beautiful — touch-me-not" smile of some of our leading beauties—Katherine MacDonald, and Anna Nilsson. The smile means nothing in the world but a turning in of the eyes of self upon self, for a rapt contemplation of the beauties thereof. No wonder the audience gets mighty little kick out of their smiles.

And conjure up the smile of Dorothy Dalton, which says as plainly as words — "I positively must show all my dimples every time I smile—no matter how badly I distort my mouth to do it." No director in the world could get much aeting out of a chronically dimpling mouth.

The womanly smile, which says, "It's not quite ladylike to smile too broadly," is the smile which hovers persistently about the lovely lips of Claire Windsor, our chief exponent of womanliness.

IF YOU want to take something infinitely precious and cuddle it to your heart a while, to dream over at night and to sigh for during a bad day, take the smile of Lillian Gish—tender, whimsical,

infinitely wistful, as if Lillian were sighing for the moon, dreaming dreams of fairy-tale romance. Lillian's eyes don't smile; they seem to fill with tears as her lips curve upward.

Now Dorothy Gish's smile is something else yet. It tells the world that Dorothy is having an awfully good time in this incarnation, that people are kind to her, that her sense of humor is as lively as a kitten and as penetrating as a knitting needle; that she loves the world and the world loves her. A thoroughly nice smile is Dorothy's.

The most luscious smiling lips in the world belong to one Bebe Daniels, and if the male half of the world could have its say, those lips would be community property. Considered solely from the kissing standpoint, Bebe's lips are perfect. Second place in the kissable lips' list should go unanimously to Mae Murray—oh, those bee-stung lips! Mae's smile is a constant invitation to a kiss. Devilish, mocking, provocative—all such adjectives bubble

of Paw's and Maw's hearts, and makes would-be protectors out of prosaic business men. Take Shirley Mason's and Mary Miles Minter's sweet, little-girlie smiles as a shining example of this kind of smiling—patented especially for this class of stars. Because millions of fans know Shirley as the cute little girl by her smile, she will never be able to get away with any other kind of smile—hence will never be able to play any other role. She will never be permitted to grow up. She is condemned to eternal youth—that is, as eternal as the fans will permit. Ultimately Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Constance Binney, May McAvoy, Marie Prevost, Edith Roberts—all the dear little girls, some of them actresses, most of them not—will be buried in the same grave with our old delight—Marguerite Clarke.

THE HERO is allowed a little range in his smiling, but he must never encroach the slightest on the villain's territory. He must never be really cynical; must never smile luring smiles at women other than the heroine. He may express a little cavemanish anger, for the audience is comfortably sure that he will bring the naughty vixen to time and then spend the rest of his life adoring her and following her slightest wishes; he may show amusement, some sophistication, but not so much that a single dumbbell in the audience will mistake him for Lord Algy, the polished society villain; he may open up his mouth and roar out his delight, but he mustn't do it often, for that sort of role belongs to the fat young character actor, or the clever kid brother of the heroine. You see what a task it must be for the director to keep these smiles all sorted out, and to

keep his actors and actorines from poaching on each other's preserves.

The goof that printed the word "SMILE" on a red cardboard for business men to hang over their

(Continued on page 101)



The womanly smile which says: "It's not quite ladylike to smile too broadly" hovers persistently on the lips of Claire Windsor.

up irrepressibly when one attempts to describe the smiles of Bebe Daniels and Mae Murray.

The "Aren't-I-a-nice-little-girl-don't-you-think-I'm-cute?" is the kind of smile that warms the cockles



ALICE TERRY—Sweet Alice is lending her delicate beauty to the latest
Ingram picture, "Toilers of the Sea."
PHOTO BY HOOVER

REENLAND GALLERY



HELENE CHADWICK has been on the receiving end of so many of Richard Dix's screen kisses that the fans are annoyed when another fair lady is substituted

PHOTO BY EVANS

SCREENLAND GALLERY



ANTONIO MORENO has more reason to flash that famous smile, now that he has finished his Vitagraph contract. You saw him most recently as the gallant Don in the Paramount Picture, *My American Wife*.

PHOTO BY MONROE

SCREENLAND GALLERY



DERELYS PERDUE no doubt, must have been in the mind of the judge who decided that a woman can dress on \$200 a year. A few strings of beads make a neat, tasty costume, and the effect is pleasing.

PHOTO BY GRENBEAUX

SCREENLAND GALLERY



Bogus Movies

When You Go to the Movies, You Don't Want to Waste Money on "Warned-Over" Films

By L. B. FOWLER

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"—was the advice given me by a conscientious exhibitor of photoplays, who caters to the average class of theater-goers, and I am going to pass it on to you, in the hope that it will save actual cash.

STOP in the lobby of the theater of your choice. Do not purchase your tickets hurriedly.

LOOK over the lobby displays carefully. Do not miss reading ALL the printed matter on the posters.

LISTEN to what others have to say about the entertainment offered. Many times you can tell from the conversation of those coming out of the theater, or those who stand around in the lobby, whether or not the photoplay being shown is old, good, bad or indifferent.

I have followed the above advice and I know from experience that I have saved many dollars and moments of madness by stopping in

WATCH OUT FOR THESE FILMS!

THEY are old pictures, re-issued under new titles to fool you into parting with your good money, or doctored up with new sub-titles:

An Indian's Loyalty
Gold and Glitter
The Spirit Awakened
Fate
Heredity
Two Men of the Desert
The Isle of Love
The Bootlegger's Daughter
A Rogue's Romance
Uncharted Seas
All Night
The Fatal Marriage.

the lobby, looking over the display carefully and listening to what others had to say of the performance I was about to witness.

Undoubtedly you will admit that you have a number of times rushed up to the ticket window of a motion picture theater and laid down your money with only a glance at the lobby display. In that glance you caught the name of the picture, the star appearing and maybe that of the producer. Words printed in small letters seemed unimportant to you.

After witnessing a poor performance, however, you emerge from the showhouse much put out at the management, and at your own carelessness, for you probably found the second time you looked at the photographic display and posters, that in very small type you had been "warned" that the picture was a revision.

I have purposely quoted the word "warned." The management of that house understands the weakness of human nature. He knows

FAVORITE STAR SERIES

TWELVE WESTERN AND SEMI-WESTERN FEATURES OF TWO REELS EACH
Starring

**LILLIAN GISH - HARRY CAREY - BLANCH SWEET
HENRY WALTHALL - MAE MARSH - LIONEL BARRYMORE**

Personally Directed by
DAVID W. GRIFFITH AND W. CHRISTIE CABANNE

The first six are now ready - The second six will be ready November 15th
TO BE RELEASED THROUGH STATES RIGHT EXCHANGES



LILLIAN GISH
IN "AN INDIANS LOYALTY"
Directed by Griffith



LILLIAN GISH - HARRY CAREY
AND LIONEL BARRYMORE
IN "GOLD AND GLITTER"
Directed by Griffith



BLANCH SWEET AND MAE MARSH
IN "THE SPIRIT AWAKENED"
Directed by Griffith



MAE MARSH AND LIONEL BARRYMORE
IN "FATE"
Directed by Griffith

THESE BOX OFFICE WINNERS
were selected from
MORE THAN FIFTY SUBJECTS IN WHICH
THESE STARS APPEARED AND ARE
ISSUED UNDER THE ORIGINAL TITLES
BUT RE-EDITED AND RE-SUBTITLED



BLANCH SWEET AND HENRY WALTHALL
IN "TWO MEN OF THE DESERT"
Directed by Griffith



HARRY CAREY AND JACK PICKFORD
IN "HEREDITY"
Directed by Griffith

FOR OPEN TERRITORY AND FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS
INDEPENDENT PICTURES CORP., 729 SEVENTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY. TELEPHONE 5-29

his selfish desires and eases his conscience by putting that information in such small type that you can hardly read it at any distance. He knows good and well that you will overlook it when you go to purchase your seats.

There are too many photoplay exhibitors who deliberately advertise a rehashed picture without as much as a word of "warning." The peculiar part of it is they seem to get away with it and go unpunished for their unscrupulous methods.

Recently, I showed a theater manager one of a collection of photographs I am collecting for SCREENLAND.

"I guess that is bunking them," this exhibitor commented. "That's downright bunk and misrepresentation if there ever was such a thing. It comes pretty darn close to obtaining money under false pretense and it ought to be stopped. That fellow has no license to advertise that picture like that. I'm acquainted with that photoplay and if I ever run it, I may advertise Valentino's name, but I won't feature him and furthermore I'll tell the folks that patronize my place of business that it is a reissued film."

An interesting advertisement showing the naive manner in which an exhibitor uses one photoplay to advertise another. Evidently he cleaned up on the Paramount picture *The Sheik*; note the number of references to Valentino and *The Sheik* in his ad. Note also the next little "steal" from both book and photoplay of *The Sheik*: "When the Arab Sees a Woman He Wants - He Takes Her."

There is no real harm in showing old pictures if the audience is warned beforehand that they are old pictures. The exhibitor who books these films has no excuse for not warning his patrons. This page advertisement from an exhibitor's magazine specifically states that the films are old films, "re-edited and re-subtitled."

Moran of the Lady Letty, with Rodolph Valentino.—A splendid story of the sea. High entertaining value. A 100% picture.—Walter Coddington, Home theatre, Rantoul, Ill.—Neighborhood patronage.

that the average American is careless and shortsighted in respect to entertainment. Most playgoers read the matter printed in big type and let it go at that. Not only does this apply to lobby displays but to theatrical advertising as well.

Most Americans dislike detail. That is why the circus owners, the legitimate theater managers, and the exhibitors sell you your entertainment in large lettering that is easy to read. They have made a close study of your faults and weaknesses. They know just how to "get" you.

Every motion picture exhibitor is required by law to inform you if the photoplay he is exhibiting is a reissued one. Thus he satisfies



Story by Jules Furthman
Directed by JEROME STODOLKIN

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

JOHN GILBERT "ARABIAN LOVE"

A VIVID ROMANCE OF DESERT LIFE
There is a positive fascination for most people in stories and motion pictures dealing with the wild charm of life in the great waste spaces of the Orient—the magnetism of the desert, with its caravans, its sheikhs, its hordes of fast-riding Arab brigands, its perils and adventures.
At the Rialto theatre next Tuesday will be presented one of the greatest desert pictures ever made—"Arabian Love," produced by William Fox and starring that splendid young actor John Gilbert. It's a rare bit of romance and adventure staged in "the land of the sheik." To tell much more would spoil the treat we promise you.

In showing pictures like "ARABIAN LOVE" for an admission price of 25 Cents the people of Hamilton and vicinity must admit that we are not profiteers. This picture is worth a great deal more than we are charging you, but we made a good "g" on it, and we are letting the people in on our good fortune, and we think that our policy in trying to hold down admission prices within the reach of the masses deserves the support of the people of Hamilton, and we trust that you will materially show your approval by giving us a large share of your patronage. WE ARE TRYING TO HELP YOU. YOU SHOULD IN TURN HELP US.

RIALTO THREE BIG DAYS TUE. WED. THUR.

Don't Miss This Sheik Play—
When An Arab Sees A Woman
He Wants—HE TAKES HER

DON'T MISS--THE ARAB KISS

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT PLAY

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert—This picture is every bit as good as *The Sheik*, in fact my patrons told me that they liked it better. If I had known how good it was I would have advertised it as much as I did *The Sheik* and cleaned up.—Wm. E. Tragsdorf, Trags Theatre, Neillsville, Wis.—Small town patronage.

"Arabian Love" If Fox will send you a good print on this, you can stop on this one harder than you did on "Sheik." My patrons told me they liked this one better than "The Sheik," although Gilbert doesn't wear any patent leather hats. Advertising, did not advertise this half enough. Patronage, small town. Attendance, very good. Wm. E. Tragsdorf, Trags Theatre, Neillsville, Wisconsin.

"Arabian Love"—Another Valentino. A good program. Advertising—small town. Patronage: young. Attendance, fair.—H. B. Bailydt, Quincey Theatre, Quincey, Massachusetts.

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert—A very good picture at a reasonable rental.—C. Malphurs, Dreamland theatre, High Springs, Fla.—Small town patronage.

"Arabian Love" with John Gilbert—As a desert picture this ranks second only to *The Sheik*. Only got a handful of people not because John Gilbert is unknown here.—C. B. Scott, Fox theatre, New Lisbon, Wis.—Neighborhood patronage.

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert—Good picture. Will please most everyone.—Harry Van Noy, Starland theatre, Anderson, Ind.—Neighborhood patronage.

Now Comes More Good News—The Admission Will Be Only

25c

If you will notice the reproduced photograph of the theater you will see in the electrics over the front entrance—Valentino in "All Night." Now if you look closely you will find on the placards posted in the display cases to the right and left of the entrance that Valentino's name is exploited here in large painted letters over and beside the "action" stills of the photoplay.

That isn't all. On page 36 you will find reproduced an ad which was clipped from the city newspaper along with a criticism which reads in part:

"—he was then as now a good-looking young man with poise, gracious manners, and lent to the picture in which he was appearing an unmistakably foreign atmosphere.

"Since 'All Night' was intended to exploit the charms of Miss Myers rather than those of Mr. Valentino, there is little opportunity for him to distinguish himself in an histrionic way in the current picture at the—theater.

"It was a wise gamble on the part of the management to secure a reissue of this attraction, etc.—"

Take another look at the ad of this theater again. Do you find any mention of a "reissued film" in it? No, of course you don't. What you do find is Valentino's name printed so large that you could read it at some little distance. What is the idea? To attract the attention of the people who hurriedly glance at the theater ads and get them to this particular theater. The management doesn't care much after the money is paid in at the boxoffice window, just what the patrons say. That kind of advertising is bad business and will eventually hurt the business of every palace of amusement. People will lose confidence in the

selling argument of every showman.

If the criticism or "notice" which appeared with ad doesn't convince you that the management of this particular theater misrepresented the production he was offering, then carefully read the reproduction of the ad of the producer on page 36 over the caption of "The Right Way to Advertise." Here, again, you will discover that "All Night" is a revival; that new prints have been made of it; the new accessories for exploiting purposes accompany the film, and that a brand new campaign book has been gotten out by the producer to help the exhibitor. Down at the very bottom of the ad which appeared in a daily trade paper for exhibitors, you will see that the producer tells the prospective showman-buyer to—"See it at your Universal Exchange."

That is the proper and the only way to advertise reissued photoplays. That is real truthful advertising. Every exhibitor is warned

upon the good nature of the theater-going public is in the reissuance of a picture which is now called "The Bootlegger's Daughter" but which was made four and half years ago before bootleggers had any standing in the commercial world; at a time when nearly every corner was decorated with a saloon.

"The Bootlegger's Daughter", as it is now exploited, was Fred Niblo's first screen effort. He went to this certain studio to learn production methods. The producer asked him as a favor to play the part of a preacher in this particular film and he consented. The picture on a whole is not worth the film it is printed on. Mr. Niblo, it is said, vouches for that. Anyway it is an old film and one that should have been thrown in the ashcan long ago.

Carefully read the ad of the distributor which is reproduced on this page. Nothing about an old film in that is there. No doubt if you have seen the billboard advertisements you

wondered when Fred Niblo started acting again or when he joined that particular company.

I do not mean to say all exhibitors are selfish grafters, using their intimate knowledge of the film business to flim-flam the persons who patronize their theaters. I have met many theater-owners and managers on my trips of investigation for SCREENLAND who are just as anxious as anyone to put a stop to the

"misrepresentation evil." I have also found many producers who are honestly trying to get to the public better and greater entertainment—trying to establish confidence—who are giving all their old films "the ax."

New York houses another outfit which has purchased 12 old Charlie Chaplin subjects, 81 Mary Pickford photoplays, and over 150 other old
(Continued on page 88)



Another ancient atrocity re-issued. This was made four or five years ago when there was a saloon on every corner and the word "bootlegger" had no particular standing in the commercial world. You will note no hint that this is an old film, re-titled.

what he is getting and he "buys" the subject with his eyes wide open. The conscientious theater manager will take that warning seriously if he has the interest of his patrons at heart. He will use discretion in exploiting the names of the cast and be sure to place in all his advertising the word "revised" or "reissued" in good sized, readable letters.

Another example of how some distributors and exhibitors play



Nita Naldi warns the ingenue against smoking with a man whom she would charm. But the woman of the world may toy with a cigarette.

How to Win a Man's Love

*Pointers on the Gentle Art
of Vamping From Those
Who Love Their Art.*

life, even in our drama. The white-muslined ingenue, waiting for the hero at the vine-wreathed gate, gets the chaste kiss in the final fade-out. But the vampire is the lady who has the "fat part," the big moments in the play. Witness Dona Sol in *Blood and Sand*.

How do they do it, these charmers?

There is a technique in "vamping." It is interesting—and educational—to study the methods by which the famous charmers of the period bring their adorers to their knees.

Gaby Deslys, the petite French actress whose twinkling toes kicked King Manuel off the throne of Portugal, declared the answer was . . . atmosphere! Clothes!

Gaby never permitted herself to be seen in other than the most striking garments. She would not be ordinary. She must never be classed as just a pretty woman! She was *Gaby Deslys*, always the actress, always the charmer!

Perhaps you remember the exotic head-dresses affected by Gaby, the bird-of-Paradise sprays, the jeweled turbans. And the fantastic gowns which displayed to perfection the curves of her beautiful body. Curves were desirable in those days!

Gaby had a lisp, too—so charming—and a complexion like an apple-blossom. But trades-people used to tell the curious that she had the heart of a miser.

CECILE SOREL, the reigning enchantress of the French stage today, says she fascinates men by a studied program of all the arts

TO CHARM MEN is woman's first duty.

The thrill, the intoxicating sense of power that comes at the sight of the quickening interest in a man's eyes!

Ah, what mere knowledge of virtue can hope to equal the throb of triumph that comes to her who knows the power of the light that lies in woman's eyes.

The charmer (the ugly phrase of the day is the vampire) queens it over the world.

In history, has it been the virtuous wife, the demure girl-who-would-make-a-good wife-for-some man, whose names are blazoned on the scroll of fame?

Ah no! It is Sappho the singer, Helen with the face that launched a thousand ships, Cleopatra the Cruel Du Barry, Lucrezia of the deadly Borgias . . . all charmers of men. Their white hands have swayed the fates of nations.

It is the same today in every-day



Gaby Deslys, the petite French actress whose twinkling toes kicked King Manuel off the throne of Portugal, said that clothes was the secret of charm. Gaby affected exotic costumes and dresses such as this one,

attributed to the most famous charmers of by-gone days. It takes study as well as innate talent, you see, to be a vampire!

When she wishes to be particularly potent, La Sorel dons *blue*. Blue sets her magnetic vibrations going she asserts. She showers her victim with attentions at dinner—oh, how true it is that the road to a man's heart lies through his stomach!—and favors him with an intriguing smile at rare intervals.

While the Parisian Cecile makes a man comfortable in order to charm him, Geraldine Farrar makes him *uncomfortable* to achieve the same result. She keeps him guessing. She is audacious in a way that compels admiration. But she will not give out the recipe for bringing her victims to the last final abnegation!

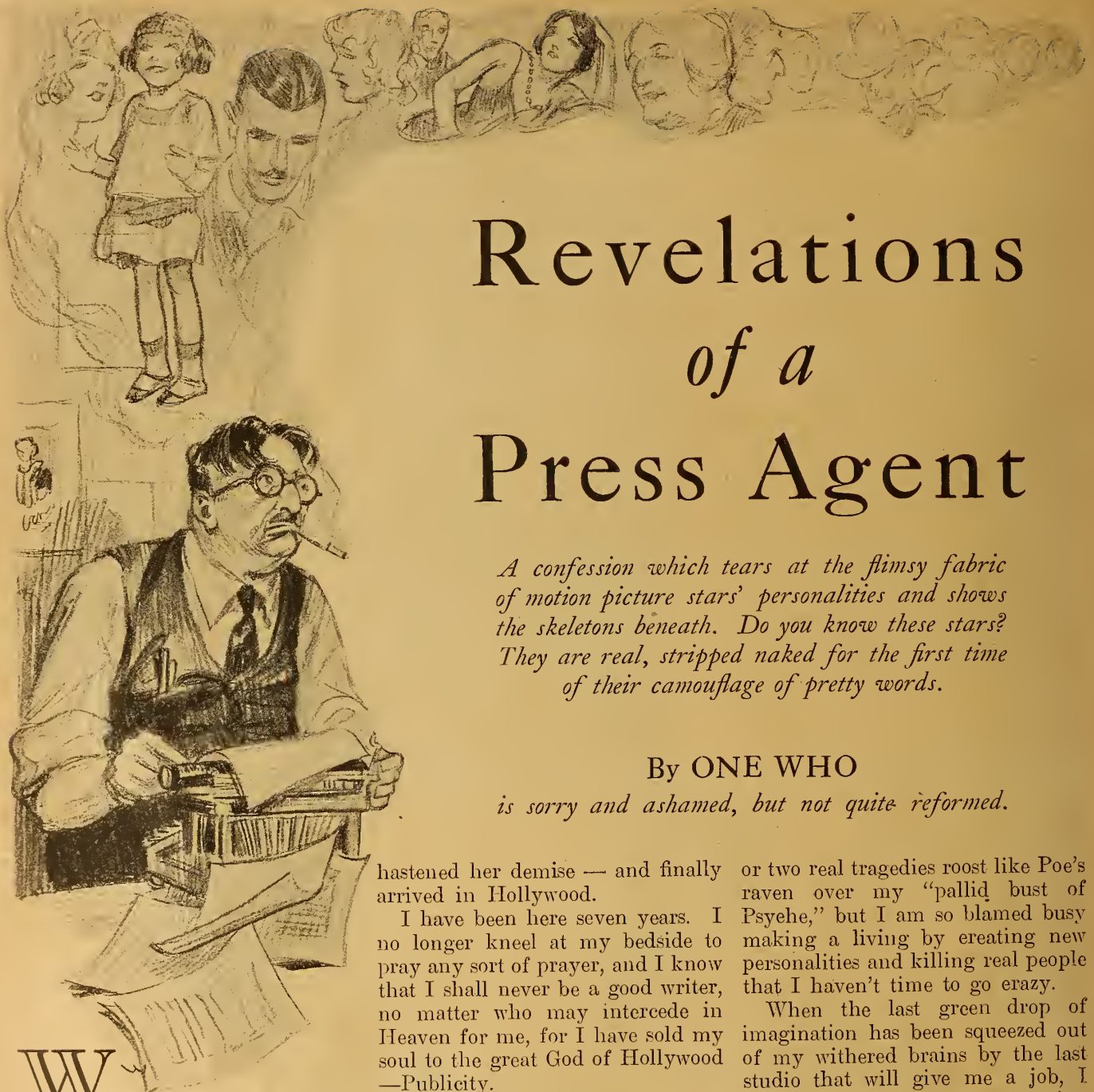
Mary Garden doesn't give a whoop for the popularly supposed aids to charm. She draws them with her forceful, challenging personality, so she says.

(Continued on page 104)

A sleeky black gown with jet earrings do not make a vampire, but they often make her ridiculous, says beautiful Barbara LaMarr. When she wishes to feel dignified she wears white. Black drapes her ego in subtlety, while red makes her vivacious.

Ramon Samaniegos and Barbara La Marr as Rupert of Hentzau and Antoinette de Mauban in Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda."





Revelations of a Press Agent

A confession which tears at the flimsy fabric of motion picture stars' personalities and shows the skeletons beneath. Do you know these stars? They are real, stripped naked for the first time of their camouflage of pretty words.

By ONE WHO

is sorry and ashamed, but not quite reformed.

WHEN I WAS young and callous but not so clever as F. Scott Fitzgerald, I had one absorbing ambition. I wanted to write. Like Merton of the Movies, I knelt at my bedside every night to pray, "Oh, God, make me a good writer, and let me get a job as a writer in Hollywood. Amen."

I grew a mustache, graduated from college with passionate admiration for English literature and a really remarkable record as a theme-writer, inherited five hundred dollars from my grandmother who had no one else to leave the money to—though the fact that it would be spent in Hollywood doubtless

hastened her demise — and finally arrived in Hollywood.

I have been here seven years. I no longer kneel at my bedside to pray any sort of prayer, and I know that I shall never be a good writer, no matter who may intercede in Heaven for me, for I have sold my soul to the great God of Hollywood — Publicity.

I have never been married, for no woman would trust me, the champion liar of Hollywood, but sometimes in my nightmares I am surrounded by my children — strangely, all full-grown. They cluster around me, these children of my diseased brain, creatures created to intrigue the interest of an insatiable public. Shadowy shapes of vampires, ingenues, "silver-haired mothers," angelic children inhabit my aura night and day. And tramping along with these shadowy people whom I have created out of nothing are the ghosts of the real personalities I murdered, to make way for my brain creatures. One

or two real tragedies roost like Poe's raven over my "pallid bust of Psyche," but I am so blamed busy making a living by creating new personalities and killing real people that I haven't time to go crazy.

When the last green drop of imagination has been squeezed out of my withered brains by the last studio that will give me a job, I shall have my choice of going crazy and being supported by the state in a beautifully sanitary psychopathic ward; of writing my memoirs to sell to the Sunday Supplements, or of living luxuriously by blackmail. The things I know about the stars, the directors and the producers, who have paid me to keep an innocent public misinformed, should net me a new Rolls-Royce every year, along with a ease of real gin—opulence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Because I knew a chap who knew a chap in one of the biggest studios on the coast, I landed in a publicity job within a few weeks. I was hired



For publication, my siren indulged only in exotic dishes with French and Italian names. In reality she adored apfel-kuchen dipped in black coffee, and the pot roast with noodles that her fat mama cooked.



The prize press agent tale of all times unblushingly informed a credulous public that Theda Bara was born within the shadow of the Sphinx. As a matter of cold fact, Theda's stage name is a combination of the two words, Arab and Death and she was born in the shadow of the Cincinnati Pyramids.

at twenty-five dollars a week—good money in those days—to write fiction under the label of truth for the Great American Press. It was my job, along with other imaginative young men, to fool all the people all of the time.

I was given a few rules as to what is good publicity and what is not good publicity. It is never good publicity for a female star to be married; a million adorers would be shocked and kept from proposing in the ten thousand letters which every screen player receives a day—according to her press agent. I was also told that while unfortunately some of the stars

had children as well as dogs, only the dogs made good publicity. Mothers watching over daughters were to be played up, even in instances where mothers had to be hired for the role, but fathers living off daughters' fat salary were to be suppressed.

All ingenues were to be pure and precious and sweet; not a breath of scandal was to blow across their fair young lives—in print. Vampires—and those were the days of the first vampires—were to be cruel, wicked, seductive, mysterious. Their homes were to be kept sacred, except for rare glimpses into black velvet salons. They were not to eat the same things as others eat. I have spent weary hours inventing exotic, colorful names of dishes, searching French and Italian dictionaries for my inspiration, while the vamp herself sat in her golden-oak dining room, dipping German apfelkuchen into black coffee and reading "The Ladics Home Journal," interrupted at times by her fat mama who wanted to know if "daughter" would like pot roast with noodles or wienerwursts with sauerkraut for her dinner.

After memorizing a few rules, I was given an assignment to create a printable personality for a newly signed ingenue, whom I might as well call Betty Beautiful, since her real name was something like Goldie Johnson. Betty Beautiful, whom I helped name as well as create, has since sunk into oblivion. She is now living on memories of the time when her name stood for

everything sweet and pure in pictures, as well as on her fourth husband's princely income as one of Hollywood's most sought-after bootleggers. Her daughter is now in pictures as an extra and her son is in college.

AND a short seven weeks ago I was commissioned to make a Betty Beautiful for the public! She was virgin material, for she had never been in pictures before, coming to the screen from a stock company that had played only in Texas. She was then past thirty, a peroxide blond with deep dimples and china-blue eyes. Although she had two children, she kept her figure as slight and childish as Shirley Mason's. Only her hands were hard to disguise. We always had to use an extra girl for close-ups of Betty Beautiful's hands in the strong, virile clasp of the hero, for Betty's hands showed every year relentlessly.

Betty with her make-up on photographed like a million dollars, of course, or she would never have won her big contract with "World-Wide," and after seeing her first picture in a preview and being told that I was the one to act as her "personal publicity agent," I was as thrilled as any fan that ever pleaded for a pass at a studio door. Betty was resting between her first and second picture, and I was sent out to her house to interview her and to get my publicity campaign lined up. I found her living in a small furnished bungalow, with her second husband and two children by the first. It was a shock from which I have never recovered. Naturally, with one of the "family," she made no pretenses, well knowing that not one line of bad publicity, about which she talked constantly, would get out.

"Now, young fellow," she set me down on a davenport in a nest of base ball bats, balls and masks, screen magazines and hats her daughter was making over, and began to lay the law down to me. "I am thirty-two years old, and I've been married twice, and I've got two children. I'm new to pictures, but I've been playing 'Little Eva'

since you were in long dresses."

She reached down to hitch up a silk stocking whose garter was loose with old age, and thoughtfully regarded a jagged rent in her bungalow apron. "Now that you've got the low-down on me, forget it, and let's see what we can do. To begin with, I suppose I am not yet eighteen?" There was nothing coy about this—merely a business question. There was no use wasting coyness on a publicity writer, hired to work for her.

"YES," I stammered, looking at the discolored hair, the two false front teeth, the slightly yellowed parchment of her round, babyish face. "Yes, you don't look a day over seventeen—in that first picture."

"Well, then, I am going to celebrate my eighteenth birthday with the preview of my first picture," she decided. "That's a good story for you. We'll play that up strong. I know a woman I can get to pose for my mother—one of the fat, smiling women, you know. She's a perfect old hellion, but she'll screen like a million dollars." How familiar I was to get with that phrase—photograph like a million dollars!

"I think we'd better have something in the first stories about my coming to Hollywood all the way from Australia, because I saw in a magazine that pretty girls were wanted in the movies. Play up my innocence, you know. Then maybe have my mother dying of a broken heart, when I cable her a thousand dollars to come to me on, when I get my contract."

She sat back, her hard blue eyes watching every expression on my callow young face. Suddenly there was an uproar outside and two young hyenas burst into the room—a half grown boy and girl—soiled, tousled, rough, ugly young brutes. They were fighting in a horribly business-like manner, as if they kept constantly at it. The mother jumped up, infuriated by the interruption, tore those two young brutes apart, and before my pained eyes gave them a first class beating—each of them. They went off blubbering, and the little crea-

ture sat down to her interview again as if nothing unusual had happened. It hadn't.

YOU get me, don't you? You see my first crime in the making? I went back to the studio, mooned around a bit and then went out and got most thoroughly drunk. If I had stayed sober, I should probably have taken the night train out of Hollywood and into the pure and simple Middle West. But I did get drunk and I wrote a masterpiece of fiction, creating and naming Betty Beautiful. I gave birth that night to the loveliest ingenue of the screen—limpid-eyed, purer than a lily, for even a lily has a little yellow at its heart; an ingenue who,



Do you recognize these hands? Probably not, because they were the only feature of the star whom we will call Betty Beautiful that betrayed her real age. We always secured an extra with pretty hands to double for Betty in hand-clasp scenes.

on the strength of the inspired publicity which came out of the holocaust of my illusions, became one of the most beloved and idealized "little girls" of the screen. During her reign as one of America's sweethearts, she very quietly got a divorce from her husband, who became slightly peeved when his wife went away for a two weeks' holiday with her leading man, and married the same leading man, who took her on condition that she put the children in boarding schools. When her popularity began to wane, her leading man, who had been living fatly on the ingenue's earnings, divorced her, still without the public getting an inkling because their real names were used, and Betty Beautiful

married the business man who is now such a successful bootlegger.

The life of the press agent is a hectic one at best. He is kept only so long as his imagination holds out. Dozens of publicity men earned their bock beer and sandwiches for writing sweet little human interest yarns about Betty Beautiful and for arranging interviews with blasé young women writers from magazines and newspapers. But I passed on, after a few months, when my stock of adjectives and my fund of ingenue anecdotes began to run dry.

BECAUSE of good work with Betty Beautiful, I stepped into a much softer job with "World-Wide's" most important competitor. The Acme Company was just then beginning to exploit vamps, to compete with Fox's Theda Bara. I was given a nice young school teacher to make into a wicked vampire with an unmentionable—and hence frequently mentioned—past.

I was given *carte blanche*. Anything went, except respectability. She was to be heartless, cruel, cynical, mysterious, subtle. Any "past" which embodied these traits would do nicely. My imagination in those days was in perfect working order. Besides, I happened to fall slightly in love with my subject, who at that time was one of the nicest, most demure girls I have ever known. We got along famously, Polly and I. A general conference at the studio had resulted in her name being changed, of course, and the name then selected became one of the most famous that has ever glowed in electric lights over the rococo entrance to a movie palace.

Polly—for she remained Polly to me—had been born in Boone, Iowa, of very ordinary parents, with a dash of Indian in their ancestry, which probably accounted for the color and fire and mystery which the camera and artful make-up were able to bring out in her face. I changed her birth-place to the African veldt, making her the illegitimate daughter of a French count and a Spanish dancer. That story was really the forerunner of all such bits of fiction, including the choice one which unblushingly told

(Continued on page 95)

His promises
to her

Will he keep them
after the
honeymoon?



Making Hollywood Safe for Matrimony

By ANNE WILLE

BUT JOHN, you promised before we were married that I wouldn't have to ask for money, that you would give me an allowance!"

"I don't care what I promised. I don't believe in a woman having money of her own. A woman doesn't know how to take care of money."

Does that sound familiar, ye married women?

"I don't care what I promised!" So many pre-nuptial promises, made in the first rapturous ecstasy of the betrothal, have died under that edict.

But the doom of the fragile, meant-to-be-broken promise between husband and wife has sounded, and Hollywood film stars with matrimonial troubles of their own are helping to sound it.

They are backing with prayers and plaudits the bill introduced by the National Woman's party, which will make ante-nuptial contracts legal and enforceable by law. And provisos agreed upon during the romantic epoch would be as

How the Marriage Contract Will Insure Domestic Harmony in Filmdom

binding as contracts between business partners.

The possibilities opened up by

this proposed bill are obvious and delectable. One of the terms of the ante-marriage contract might limit the number of location trips the film spouse may take a year. It might determine the exact length of the fade-out kisses to be indulged in. It might even determine the number of nights each week friend husband should remain at home to mind the future son and heir.

Domestic harmony in the film colony should surely be insured by some such arrangement. Though why a movie star should ever feel the need of any domestic life or love interest is one of the most incomprehensible of all the known examples of graft. They are so deluged with it on the screen. One would suppose that love would be the last diversion selected for their leisure.



Screen love scenes mean nothing, they tell us. Probably when Rodolph Valentino takes his lady love into his strong arms in the fade-out clinch, he is thinking of his police dogs . . . and she is counting them.

FANCY Rodolph Valentino desiring any more domestic perquisites than accorded him on the screen by Lila Lee in *Blood and Sand*,

with the Nita Naldi affair on the side. Yet at the very moment the lurid Spanish complication was being recorded by the camera, Rodolph was starring in an undirected triangle that convulsed the nation.

What more could Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy desire of life than has come to them on the screen? Yet off it, they are practicing matrimony . . . respectively. That Leatrice's private practice is with handsome John Gilbert is evidence of love profiteering.

After Conway Tearle had loved Norma Talmadge into a convent and out again, and had rescued Elaine Hammerstein from wrecked airships and prowling panthers, one would have supposed he would take a vacation from romance. Did he take it? Not at all. He went home to his wife. That he has been doing this for years and years and always has a wife available for the purpose is apparent from the fact that he has been married three times.



"Dontcha dare kiss me!" admonishes Will Rogers to all his leading ladies, "My contract with the Missus forbids it."

Pola Negri has had a matrimonial experience off the screen and has been considerably kissed on it. Far from being sated, she is said to be developing a taste for Charlie Chaplin.

Rex Ingram earns a good living

showing others how to make love and then spends the rest of his time in demonstrating his theories with his wife and star, Alice Terry.

So it is obvious that however edifying the love action on the screen is to the observers, there is something lacking to the performers. They do not seem to satisfy. And since the stars insist on the real, old-fashioned brand of home-made romance, the protective device of the iron-bound matrimonial contract is really desirable.

Of course, there are those who say that no contract is needed; that the love scenes on the screen are so purely impersonal that no safeguards are called for. These persons may say that when Pola Negri catapults herself against the chest of the person playing opposite, she has no other thought than the scenic effect, and that the chest is concerned only with bracing itself for the conflict. Or that when Walter Long chases a lady around

(Continued on page 102)



The wise wife knows how to make her screen star husband distinguish between love on the set and in the home. Mrs. Buster Keaton sees to it that Buster goes fasting to his love scenes; hunger has been known to chasten a man under temptation when a sense of duty failed.



Clifford McBride 23

The fattest girl in the movies says her career is dotted with smashed furniture. Her friends love her but they have learned not to invite her to their homes; after a single experience, they entertain her out in the park where she can sit on the grass.

HOW WOULD you like to be Kate Price, "the fattest girl in the movies?"

The title certainly has its advantages. Kate Price can walk right into the casting director's private office—if the doorway is wide enough—and sign her name on the dotted line of a fat contract, while the pulchritudinous quintessence of Keokuk, Twin Falls and the rest of the world waits wearily outside.

Hollywood, studded like the skies with stars in embryo, is sated with beauty. Kate, unblessed with pul-

chritude, but a perfect 56, shines the brighter by contrast.

Smiling casting directors and ample salaries are goodly things. But there are other sides to this business of being the fattest girl in the movies that are not so rosy-hued. But let Kate herself tell it, in her straight-from-the-ould-sod brogue that is nearly as broad as Kate herself:

"Oi'm the fall guy, or rather the fall goil," says she with her blue eyes a-twinkling. "Tis me that falls outa windows and off ladders and

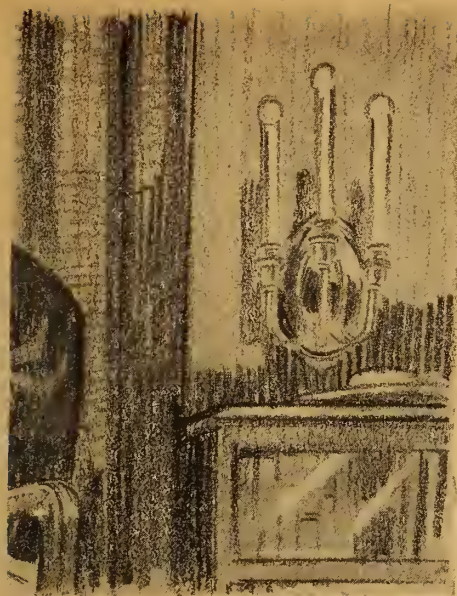
chairs for your amusement. Oi'm always good for a laugh when the hero beans me. Sometimes, though, it's divil a bit of a laugh *he* gets out of it, whin I come back at him with me good and ready right. Then 'tis me that gets the laugh, whilst they ear-r-rt him off to the undertakers."

IT'S A MONOTONOUS day when no chairs collapse under Kate's bulk. She has learned to carry her own especially constructed and re-in-

The Fattest Girl in the Movies

The Joys and Sorrows
of a Perfect 56
as told to

MYRTLE GEBHART



forced chair around with her to the studios. The other day at Metro's, where she is playing with Viola Dana in *Her Fatal Millions*, her chair turned up missing. (It later developed that some kids were using it, turned upside down, for a tent.) Viola hastened to offer her her own pet camp-chair.

KATE looked commiseratingly at the chair, which is about as big as its owner, who is acknowledged to be about the size of a pint of cider; small but potent. She shook her head. But Allan Forrest came to the rescue, drew *his* chair close beside Vi's and said, with a flourish, "Take *our* chairs, Katie, take *our* chairs." Katie did, after removing the arms. Result: more kindling wood for the studio salvagers to haul home.

Kate says her career is dotted with smashed furniture. Her friends love her, but they won't invite her to their homes; they entertain her out in the parks, where she can sit on park benches, or safer yet, on the grass. Once, a floor fell beneath her—set, furniture and all crumpling to debris when she essayed a gingerly step upon it.

"Sure, and I'm all the time black and blue from the falls I'm takin'," Katie wailed. "There's three times as much of me to get bruised as there is on the regular gurl. And whin I fall, I fall hard, with all me weight to push me down. And thin they have to call in the whole

bunch of studio carpenters and a block an' tackle to hoist me to me feet again."

"Do you ever try to reduce?" Katie was asked.

"Diet?" she eyed me amazedly.

"Eat, you should be saying. Should Oi take the money from me very pocket-book by trying to get thin?"

Katie is about the only girl on the screen who eats what she chooses. Actresses who find life a

Kate Price is about the only screen actress who can eat what she chooses. Every added pound means a raise in salary. Film stars on diet turn green with envy when they see Katie order a light lunch of cream puffs, hot chocolate with whipped cream and a chocolate soda.



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

constant struggle to keep from getting "plump," eye Katie with bitter envy when she absorbs cream puffs, ice cream sodas, hot chocolate with big dabs of whipped cream . . . anything that she fancies she eats. Every added pound means a raise in salary for Katie.

Remembering the old saying that "nobody loves a fat man," I asked Katie whether it held good for the opposite sex.

"Oi should say not," said Katie. "Oi've lots of friends. Everybody's so nice to me; they wait on me and bring me things . . ."

"Sure," interrupted her brother, who is a slim chap whom Kate can tuck under her arm, "they have to. If they didn't Kate might crown 'em. We obey her slightest wish around her."

"Wurrah, and you're the devil's hind hoof," chided Katie. "Go way and let me talk to the lady about me clothes. I make 'em all myself, and say, does it cost? For you, now, two yards for a dress maybe. For me seven yards."

SOME of the studios furnish costumes for their actresses, but never for Katie. They never have anything that will go round her. As for buying anything ready-made in the shops, not even the "stylish stout" gowns will even approach her size.

Kate Price weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Her waist is 48 and her bust a delicate 56. Her arm, at the elbow, is a mere 13½ inches in circumference, and her wrist measures 7 inches. Her hips I did not measure, for the simple reason that the tape-line had its limit and there wasn't another procurable to hitch on to it. Besides, I couldn't reach that far.

Once Katie went horse-back riding. Just once.

It was while she was doing *Arizona*, with Douglas Fairbanks. The horse didn't seem over-pleased when Katie was lifted on,

but he was a sturdy mustang and shot off at a brave gallop, with Katie clinging lovingly around his neck. The company drove alongside in automobiles and tried to stop the horse. But the horse re-

saints in Heaven, but I didn't know you were personally acquainted with all of them!"

That one try at equestrianism was plenty for Katie. She even broke a fire-escape once. Now she trusts only the ground, or a concrete floor.



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

Katie says she was a scrawny young un' back in County Cork. But now she tips the scales at 250 and it takes seven yards of cloth to make her a tailored suit.

fused to stop to argue the matter.

"So Oi motioned them back," recounted Katie, "howled to the saints to protect me, and dived off. When Oi came to, Doug said, 'Well Katie, I knew there was lots of

KATIE was not always fat. Indeed, she says she was a scrawny young 'un back in County Cork. She was married at eighteen, three years after she began her theatrical career, and she immediately began to take on weight.

They had been planning to make Katie a star, but when she began to "flesh up," they put her into character parts, and she has been doing character parts ever since.

One reason for Kate's great popularity at the studios is that nobody needs to envy her. Because they are not consumed with the ever-present fear that she may take their places in the ever-changing star roster, they can safely like and trust her.

Then, too, she's a fine person to have around on location. Out on the desert, if a sand storm happens along, the sand billows just look at Katie and change their itinerary.

In the studio, she often comes to the aid of the perspiring "prop" men, and shifts grand pianos with a mere twist of the wrist. This "Powerful Katrinka" of the films hoists guy ropes and moves furniture that others can't budge. She seldom takes sides in an argument . . . but when she does the argument fades gently away.

Being fat earns you a lot of money, but not so terribly much fun, says Katie. She can't ride, because the average horse just naturally collapses under her and she is prejudiced a g a i n s t horses,

anyway. She can't play tennis, for perfectly obvious reasons. Walking is more pain than pleasure, because carrying around 250 pounds of weight on two number sevens is

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Posed by Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady.

PHOTO BY CHESTER GRAVES

Encouraging the Extra

AN EXTRA MAN from a Hollywood studio waved aloft a check for \$7.50, the price of a day's work. "A bargain!" he cried. "Who wants this \$7.50 check for only \$6.90?"

Nobody bid. It sounded like a clear profit of sixty cents for someone. Why, then, the raucous laughter of the other extras?

An extra gets \$7.50 a day at the best studios. Usually he gets his job through the Service Bureau and one or two other film employment agencies. He has to pay a fee of fifty cents for every day's work. The check given him at most studios is redeemable only at the employment agency. Twenty cents carfare must

be spent to cash the check, for the agency is located not in Hollywood, but in Los Angeles, eleven miles away. Checks are never cashed before three in the afternoon, thus wasting a whole day for the extra.

Figure it up for yourself. Fifty cents plus twenty cents plus a wasted working day, subtracted from \$7.50. The extra who would have sold his \$7.50 check for \$6.90 would have made money on the sale.

Which naturally raises the question: Why is a Service Bureau?

Why do the studios discriminate in favor of one or two employment agencies?

Why do they pay extras in checks redeemable only at these agencies,

whether the extra obtained the job through them or not?

THE HAL ROACH studio is one of the few organizations which realizes the injustice of the system. They use the same extras over and over again. Except where mob scenes require a great number of extras, they are hired direct and are paid direct. The result is that members of this studio are like one big family; they work together with a harmony and loyalty that is delightful.

If the studios cannot take the time to hire and pay their extra people, why do they not solve the problem

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PHOTO BY EVANS

Mary Pickford is standing at the crossroads, hesitating over the step which will lead to the heights of dramatic achievement or to the level plains of mediocrity.

Four on the Mountain

By ANNE AUSTIN

FOUR GREAT ARTISTS stand in the peculiar position of having more greatness thrust upon them—or of losing out altogether.

These four stand alone in the cold, unfriendly wind that sweeps about the mountain called Fame. The searchlights of public opinion are forever turned upon them, watching with unrelenting, all-seeing eyes the paths they take.

These four — three men and a woman—were pioneers in pictures. They are all actor-producers now. Their future is entirely in their own hands. They are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and Charles Ray.

If you are not willing to let Charles Ray's name go into the list, wait until you see "The Girl I Love." You will gladly give him recognition then.

The first to arrive on the mountain was Mary Pickford. She has valiantly held her place. Will she continue to hold it? She is now standing at the crossroads. One road leads down a winding, deceptive path that seems to lead upward—at least not abruptly downhill—but in reality will take her to the foot of the mountain and either into the Dead Sea of Oblivion or into the flat, green meadows of mediocrity.

The other road leads upward. Mary has stood by these crossroads for at least two years, considering, taking a hesitant step forward and then one backward.

WHEN MARY PICKFORD announced that she was to do *Faust*, taking the role of *Marguerite*, the entire motion picture world gasped and conjectured—and shook its head. Yet *Faust* may be a big stride up the mountain for Mary. If it isn't, it may tumble her headlong into the Dead Sea. To do *Faust* well, the male role must be the preeminent one. Mephisto-

FOUR great stars have fought their way to fame. After years of success and plaudits they have come suddenly face to face with the fact that the public is tiring. They can no longer go on as they have been going, in the same old roles. They must strike out into new fields—or give way to new faces, new types. Are they doing it?

topheles is the big part. If Mary over emphasizes the *Marguerite* role and under-casts *Mephistopheles* she may have a Mary Pickford vehicle, but she will not have *Faust*. There is an important part of the public which will quarrel with any drastic liberties that Mary may take with *Faust*. Again, if she makes it a Mary Pickford vehicle, regardless of proportion and tradition, she will not have a Mary Pickford play which will appeal to the rest of the public—the public which does not know anything about Gounod's *Faust* or anyone's *Faust*, for that matter, but does know a great deal and cares a great deal about Mary Pickford.

Mary herself says she doesn't know whether this is a "turning point in her career" or not. She believes, in spite of the great brain which is hidden away under the golden curls, that she can hesitate indefinitely at the crossroads on the mountain.

"This does not mean that I am going to give up little girl roles," Mary said to the writer, when asked her plans for the future, in the light of her *Faust* announcement. "I shall do my pictures one at a time, choosing the story I believe will be a success, regardless of whether the lead is a little girl or a grown-up young lady."

"Will you go in for emotional acting?" Mary was asked.

"I haven't the physique or the temperament to play big tragedies," Mary answered.

And yet she is going to do *Faust*!

MARY acknowledges that since she became a producer and actress combined she has made some mistakes.

"In the past I have listened to the advice of others and have been misled. I made my biggest mistake when I did *The Love Light*. The public did not like to think of me as the deceived wife of a German soldier, the mother of a baby."

"What about 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'?"

"That was a mistake, too. Yet doing the picture at all, I had to be the child. The public would not have stood for my being the mother and a real child—not even Jackie Coogan—for my son. I had to be Cedric or not do the picture."

In admitting that *Suds* is her greatest piece of acting, after *Stella Maris*, Mary says: "I had a great picture there, but I compromised. Against my better judgment I allowed too much slapstick to be dragged in."

So, admitting that she has been led into making mistakes in the past, standing as she does at the crossroads, Mary still does not see her future clearly.

She must solve the problem for herself. Her friends are willing to give her advice. This is what Charles Ray, one of her devoted friends and admirers, says of her: "The public has been ready for Mary to make the leap a long time. They don't like her curls as well as she thinks they do. They would like to see her curls on top of her head, and her genius turned to bigger roles."

Mary is twenty-eight years old now. She says she will play little

girl parts as long as she can. How long will that be? And when she changes over, will she have the genius in the bigger roles that she has shown in the plays that have made her famous? We believe she will! Come on up, Mary, with Doug and the two Charlies.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS stood at the foot of the mountain three years ago. He looked up, liked the scenery, and decided to climb. It took great courage for him to make *The Mark of Zorro*—a costume picture, when exhibitors would have told you that nobody wanted costume pictures, even if the admission were free! It took a great deal of money to make that picture; Doug was producing independently, and releasing through United Artists, the organization to which he still belongs, along with Mary, Chaplin and Charles Ray.

The Mark of Zorro is still considered by many to be Fairbanks' greatest achievement. But he is still climbing. *The Three Musketeers* was a marvelous achievement, a great leap up the sheer height of the mountain. With *Robin Hood* it seems that he has sprung to the crest. But of course there are always new heights for a Fairbanks to scale. His pirate picture may take him up another ascent, or it may be the stone on which he will slip down a little distance — lost ground that will be infinitely hard to regain. But he must go forward or backward; the public will not permit him to stay on the same spot very long. If he does another picture just as good as *Robin Hood*, the public will believe it is not quite so good; hence it must be a little better than *Robin Hood* to rank with it; it must be a great deal better in order to appear at all better. It seems monstrously unfair, but that appears to be the destiny of these mountain-climbers.

Charles Chaplin doesn't seem to be bothered by the fact that he is slipping down the mountain-side, or that Harold Lloyd, an entirely different sort of comedian, is scaling the mountain from the other side and will soon be equi-



PHOTO BY SPURR

THE MARK OF ZORRO marks Douglas Fairbanks' transition from program pictures to features requiring superb characterization.

distant from the top. When Harold Lloyd attains his own company, his own financial backing, can secure his own director and choose his own stories, Lloyd will bound up that mountain-side like a gay young gazelle. He has practically all these advantages now, with a few strings tied to them, but when he becomes an independent producer he will rise like a released balloon, to mix metaphors hopelessly.

CHAPLIN skyrocketed to within a few feet of the mountain top with his wonderful stroke of genius, *The Kid*. Then he was tired and rested a long time. He had a contract to make eight pictures. He has taken about four years to finish that contract. The eight pictures are made now, and not a one of them measures up to *Shoulder Arms* or *The Kid*.

Is Chaplin permanently weary of the heights? Is he willing for Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton to be the most talked of comedians in America, where once comedy and Charles Chaplin were synonymous? If so, he is getting his wish—and his rest. It is said that Chaplin will

produce on his own now, without contract, selling his completed pictures as he wants to make them. He may stage a glorious comeback. There is yet time, but not too much time. And after all, Chaplin is our supreme pantomimist. It would be a great pity for Chaplin to choose the plunge into oblivion, through sheer inanition.

THE STORY of Charles Ray would make a wonderful subject for a Horatio Alger of the motion pictures—a regular “rags to riches” story. Charles Ray entered pictures ten years ago, after a short and hectic career of barnstorming. His fairly recent picture, “The Barnstormer,” was largely autobiographic. As a boy in school Ray was a poor student, he says, for he was always dreaming of the stage. He saw himself as Romeo, Macbeth and Othello. He refused college and went away with a theatrical troupe, as a prop boy. He got a bit here and a small part there, when no one else was available, until he had grabbed off a good deal of experience. He is grateful for that training in stock and barnstorming.

Then he went with Ince. Everyone knows the rest. He was the great discovery, the “most promising young actor on the screen”—he “stole” the picture and established himself as a personality. Chosen to support Frank Keenan in *The Coward*.—Then when his contract with Ince, at a ridiculously low salary, was concluded, he went into independent production.

Everyone predicted failure for the brash young fellow, who certainly had developed the swell head with a little success. If he knew which side his bread was buttered on, he'd stay with Ince, who had made him, etc., etc.

At first it seemed as if they were all good if not pleasant prophets. He went eighty thousand dollars into debt. He became so worried that he didn't care much what happened. During this period he got the reputation which still clings of being “up-stage,” because he did not beam with pleasure when visitors interrupted him on the set and demanded his presence in the

reception room. Every minute—at about eight dollars of expense a minute—counted, for Ray was spending more and more of borrowed capital, and couldn't be sure he wouldn't wake up a bankrupt any morning. He admits that he may have shown some slight impatience with curious visitors, who had no more serious business with him than to gaze upon his features and ask him if he really felt like a country boy.

Then success began to come slowly. *The Ole Swimmin' Hole* marked the turning point in his career—not his career on the mountain, but it told him that he would be permitted to try to make the ascent. He would not be a failure. *The Ole Swimmin' Hole* was perfect of its kind. Then came, after an unimportant picture or two, *The Tailor-Made Man*.

In many ways, *The Tailor-Made Man* is a success. It is proving itself a money-maker, which from a struggling young actor-producer's standpoint is very important. It is pretentious, and as such paves the way for big pictures, expensive pictures. It cost about \$300,000. The story, bought from Mary Pickford, cost \$75,000. Ray says of this story:

"I bought *The Tailor-Made Man* because it had been widely advertised and played on every stage. I knew it was a good stage play. But when I got home with it and sat down to read it I give you my word I turned sick. If I could have renegeed on my bargain, I would have done so. I couldn't see myself in the role at all. But I went through with it, making a pretentious production of it, and while it is not a great picture, it is enjoying a real and substantial popularity, I had to make some money, and I did."

When *The Tailor-Made Man* was safely launched, Ray set about making *The Girl I Love*. It was a work of love, a consummation of ten years of work and ambition, according to Ray.

By the time this appears *The Girl I Love* will be motion picture history. It will undoubtedly be a great success, for it is a great picture. It is not the greatest picture ever produced, but it is Ray's best



PHOTO BY
HOOVER

"*The Girl I Love*" has won for Charles Ray his position upon the mountain peaks, and marks the end of his country boy roles.

picture, and that is saying a good deal. Among the great pictures of all times, it will stand almost on a level with *Broken Blossoms* for poignancy of appeal and simplicity of conception.

But whether the public likes *The Girl I Love* or not, Charles Ray likes it and is happy that he has done it.

"It is the perfect example of my 'country boy' characterizations, the product of ten years of portraying that sort of role. *But it is the last country boy picture.*"

That is Charles Ray's declaration of war with the public. The public believes that Charles Ray can do nothing but country boys well. He believes he can. To prove it, he is working on a great, spectacular costume drama, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. It will cost a great deal of money, more than *The Tailor-Made Man*, and will be Ray's
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PHOTO BY HOOVER

Charles Chaplin doesn't seem to be bothered by the fact that he is slipping down the mountainside of fame, while Harold Lloyd is scaling the heights from the other side. It would be a pity for the great comedian to slip into oblivion, through sheer inanition.

Do You Believe In Hunches?

*The Screen Stars Play Hunches the Same as the Rest of Us.
They Cross Their Fingers When They Ridicule
Hunches in This Article*

By GENERVRA HOWES

PRIZE-FIGHTERS are superstitious, Heaven knows; and Southern darkies could scarcely be called fatalists, by any stretch of the imagination. But when it comes to pure unalloyed faith in "hunches," the motion picture actor has any other credulous class or cult simply backed off the boards.

A hunch is as sacred as pay-day, and no more to be ignored. Playing a hunch saved ZaSu Pitts a painful accident and perhaps her life.

"I was riding on the L train in Chicago with a girl friend," explained ZaSu. "When we were half-way down I suddenly had a hunch to leave that train. I can't explain it, but I suddenly knew that I should not stay where I was. Without a by-your-leave I jumped off at the next station. My girl friend stayed. Fifty minutes after I got off, the train was wrecked, and my poor friend was carted off to the hospital."

Talking about ZaSu naturally and logically leads to Tom Gallery (ZaSu's husband). Tom had a strong hunch that his little baby was going to be a boy and prevailed upon ZaSu to prepare pink clothes for the new arrival. His hunch failed for once, though, for the new baby turned out to be a fat little girl.

ERIC VON STROHEIM also claims that he owes the fact that he is alive today to a hunch, a hunch that he stuck to though it caused him to be called "yellow" by some of his associates.

It was during the filming of *The Hearts of Humanity*, a few year's ago. In one of the scenes a shell was to strike a building and completely wreck it. Von Stroheim

in the role of a German officer, was supposed to be hit by a falling beam. The director and staff arranged in minutest detail just where and how Von Stroheim was to stand so that the beam would appear to knock him down.

Von Stroheim protested. He had a premonition, in Americanese, a *hunch*, that if he played it that way, he would be killed.

The company argued and expostulated; they even intimated broadly that he had a large streak of ochre in him. Von Stroheim played his hunch and insisted that they use a dummy. At last, unwillingly, a dummy was used, the scene arranged, the shell exploded . . . and presto! the beam fell and completely demolished the dummy. The measurements and plans and calculations were wrong. Had Von Stroheim ignored his hunch, he would have departed this life with undue celerity.

BULL MONTANA invokes a hunch with all the fire of his Italian blood. When he gets one, he takes it right down to Tiajuana and shoots his wad on the ponies. Getting a hunch puts money in Bull's pockets sometimes . . . and then again it takes it out. But let the Bool tell his latest hunch:

"At Tanksgeeving Day I had what you call a "hunch," oh such a grand beeg hunch that the black horse would ween. The oder horses . . . bah! all dogs! So I put my monee on the black horse, twentee to one, and the black horse, he come down the stretch and ween by half a length!"

What we slangily call a hunch is often born of a deep desire and is developed by applied thinking. Sometimes a hunch is merely

intuition, that strange sixth sense that women have. Gloria Swanson uses hunches or intuition, call it what you will, to interpret dramatic situations, even against the advice of her director, Sam Wood.

"I'd bank on a woman's intuition every time," says Sam Wood. "When Gloria intuitively interprets a scene for me, even though it may be directly opposed to my conception of what the logical action should be in that scene, I urge her to act on her hunch.

"For instance, in shooting *The Impossible Mrs. Bellow*, Gloria poses as a partially draped statue in order to turn her lover against her. Gloria and Monte Katterjohn, the scenario writer, and I had discussed this scene and mapped out the action. Without any warning, Gloria introduced several comedy stunts when she posed as the statue. 'I had a hunch', she said. 'If I had just posed as the partially draped statue, it would not have appealed to the more refined sensibilities of my audience. By introducing the little comedy touches, it broke the tenseness of the scene'."

VIOLA DANA believes in hunches . . . ever since she got the repair bill from the garage that fixed her new Cadillac speedster. A big bunch of important visitors from the East were visiting the Metro studio. Viola came breezing out in her usual vivacious manner and, as she stepped into her gorgeous new car, remarked, "You know, I have a hunch something is going to happen to my car."

Was it the hunch or merely the exuberance generated by the admiring gaze of her important admirers that made her forget to release her

*These
Fair
Ladies*

*Have
Faith In
Hunches*



Agnes Ayres

Gloria Swanson



Viola Dana



Marie Prevost

brakes? Result: a burned-out brake band and lining and locked wheels.

After her grand entrance, poor Vi had to see her beautiful new toy towed away to the garage, because she had a hunch and didn't heed it!

HUNCHES do not keep union hours, according to June Mathis, probably the best known woman scenarist in pictures. Miss Mathis acts on hunches, even in the wee, small hours of the morning. But when a gorgeous idea comes, Miss Mathis doesn't jump out into the cold to jot it down, like many writers. She snuggles deeper under the covers and ponders the idea, letting it grow and develop. Later in the day she puts the idea on paper, for you and me to enjoy in the darkened theatre later.

One specific hunch is related by Miss Mathis:

"When I was in New York on my last trip, I had a most difficult time trying to find books containing information about the costumes of the times as for *Ben Hur*.

Tom
Gallery
believes in
hunches.



I had searched and researched without success and was at my wits' ends. I was walking down the street, and suddenly, apparently without any control over my mind or body, I turned into Brentano's a large book company on Fifth Avenue. As though led by an unseen force, I walked to a certain counter and asked to examine some old Bibles on the shelf. They were Bibles printed on Dutch copper plate in 1771. I told the clerk that those books were illustrated; how I knew, I cannot say. The clerk said they were not illustrated, but on opening them I found they were, containing illustrations of the very costumes I was searching for."

Marie Prevost waxed facetious when asked about her belief in hunches, and the answer she gave was no doubt true: "When I was doing bathing-girl stuff in the Mack Sennett comedies, every time I was called for a bathing scene, I had a hunch that I was going to get my feet wet. And every time I did!"

REID MEMORIAL

WALLACE REID'S monument will be a sanatorium for the cure of the drug evil, it has been announced by his widow, Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, after completion of plans of a propaganda film, to be made at the Ince studios, in which Mrs. Reid will play. The proceeds will be devoted to the sanatorium.

"I have been receiving telegrams urging me to do this from club women and women's organizations," said Mrs. Reid. "We will start work on the film immediately."

The sanatorium will be located near Los Angeles. C. Gardner Sullivan will write the scenario for the picture.

"Please make it plain there is no commercial interest involved in this picture," said Mrs. Reid. "The entire funds will go to the Wallace Reid Memorial sanatorium. No

individual will profit from the film in any way."

Club women in Los Angeles have promised their cooperation.

"We have talked things over with the biggest men in the film industry," said Mrs. Reid, "and we are assured of their cooperation also. The picture will be intended to teach a great moral lesson."

Wallace Reid died after months of fighting to regain his health, shattered by the drug and liquor habits.

Mr. Ince, who is to produce Mrs. Wallace Reid's "dope" picture, announces through his press agent that the production will have its premiere in Chicago.

Universal, with its huge picture-making facilities in California, has purchased a picture for release. In six years this has never happened before. So "Driven," by Charles Brabin, must be a remarkably good production.

Harold Lloyd announces that Mildred Davis will retire from the screen after she has become Mrs. Lloyd.

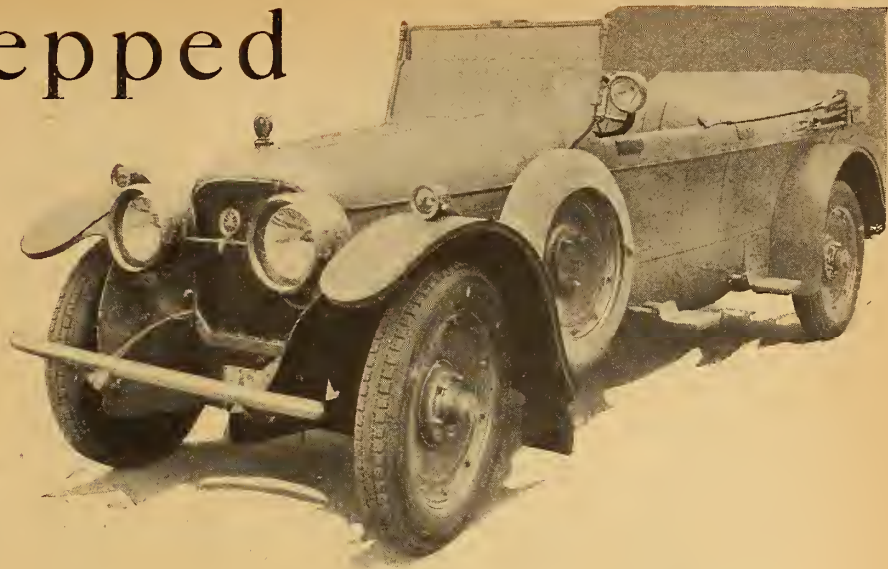
It is estimated that 15,000,000 persons visit the motion-picture theaters daily in the United States—more than in all the other countries of the world combined.

After eight weeks of unusually hard work on her new picture, "Slander the Woman," Dorothy Phillips is now resting at her home in Hollywood. It is said she spent long hours in snowdrifts waist high and tramped miles through ice covered underbrush, while out on location. Now she believes she has earned a short rest.

Mr. Lasky has announced that Rob Wagner, humorist, author of numerous stories based on studio life, artist, and for the past year a member of the titling department at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood, is to become a Paramount director.

They Stepped on the Gas

Wherefore Certain Popular Men-About-Town of Hollywood Say "Good-Morning Judge" in Speeders Court.



66 **G**OOD morning, Judge!" Thus are some of our most popular young men-about-Hollywood greeting, more or less cordially, one Police Judge Joseph F. Chambers, sultan of the Los Angeles speeders' court. The responses made by Judge Chambers are equally terse and even less cordial. In fact, his remarks are confined to sentences . . . sentences like "Thirty days!" Wherefore, if perchance you wend your way to any one of several Hollywood studios and ask for

a certain film star, the answer is very likely to be "On location."

True. But wait till you hear which location.

It seems rather crude to call it a jail. Let us rather say that our friends are taking a course—an intensive course—in the new school of Histrionic Repression, the faculty of which is distinguished from the staffs of less arresting institutions by khaki-hued uniforms and high-powered motorcycles.

come in tiers, so that the occupants may not lack company. The dormitories are playfully called tanks, adding to the picturesque charm of the place.

Meals, too, are laudably simple. Beans, coffee and a thick hunk of bread form a favorite menu for breakfast, while for lunch and evening dinner the bill-of-fare is attractively alternated by bread, coffee and beans.

PHYSICAL exercise follows the early rising practiced by the students. Many an embryo Fairbanks is developing his muscles under an expert system of calloustenics (*okeh*), with a mop, pail and broom as the principal instruments. And no invidious discriminations are made. A beautiful actress who scorched the asphalt on her way to the studio has just as fine a chance of expanding her personality with a scrub brush on the seminary floor as has the tawdriest shoplifter.

To attack the garden weed, to slink intrepidly along the trail of the slug and to stop at nothing, not even the fearsome and odorous barns and stables, is the daily experience of these dramatic students. They have become crack knife-men in the commissary department, peeling a potating unerringly at three paces.

Edythe Sterling, of the California film colony, was one of those to receive the benefits of this extraordinary institution. Edythe became eligible by running her

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AS TEACHERS of acting, Judge Chambers and his aides are masterly. They believe that restraint is the first essential of genius; and they are going to teach their proteges restraint if it takes every sentence in stock to do it. That is why several big pictures are being held up for a few days, while various screen celebrities listen to lectures on "How Not to Play on the Foot Throttle Without Notes," or "The Importance of Pedal Repression."

The spirit of democracy prevails in this new seminary of the arts. Film stars whose salary aggregates thousands of dollars a year bunk side by side with the great unwashed. There has been no foolish extravagances in decorating the dormitory. In fact, its lines might be called severely chaste. Windows are scarce, in order that the students may not catch cold and also, it may be, to remove from the novices the worldly temptations that so distract from introspection.

Cots take the place of luxury-breeding feather beds, and often



Wild Interviewers I Have Met

By MAE BUSCH

*Who wields a mean pen as
well as a lip-stick.*

WHEN SCREENLAND inaugurated its series of *Confessions of Star Interviewers*, every gal interviewer in Hollywood sharpened up her pencil to a cutting point, the while chortling with ghoulish glee. Here was where she could get even for the time Gloria Swanson failed to recognize her in the Coconut Grove! And that time, at Viola Dana's party, Bert Lytell didn't ask her to dance once! Heh! Heh! Ree-e-venge!

To let the gal interviewer tell it, gray matter is what an actress has everything else but. And the way we "stage" interviews . . . and rave about the contracts we're "considering" . . . and quote Freud . . . and put on dog generally!

You know! The gal interviewer told you all about it. Some of it was even true.

Now I'm going to go the gal interviewer one better and tell what I honestly think about the interviewers. *And I'm going to sign my name to it*, let the chips fall where they may.

THERE ARE three kinds of interviewers.

The first kind sits down in front of you, fixes you with a chilling eye and says, in effect, "Now talk, darn you talk!" Result, naturally, is mental paralysis on the part of the star. You rack your brain frantically and can't think of a single thing to talk about except the weather.

The second brand of interviewer comes to you with her story already prepared, and proceeds to insert the desired words into your mouth. If you happen to hold just the opposite views, and state said views freely and definitely, why, she simply writes the story as she had it laid out in the first place, anyway.

The third kind of interviewer is the nicest kind, in my opinion. She (or he) just comes calling and talks about things of real and vital import, such as who was that tall, handsome chap you were dancing with at the Plantation last night, and is Charlie Chaplin really going to marry Pola, and that's a dream of a hat, my dear, where did you get it, and wasn't So-an-So a fright in that jade tulle, the woman certainly gets away with murder.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS is a shining example of the last kind. She is what I call a painless interviewer. The patient never knows she is under the scalpel at all. And she has such a happy knack of getting below the surface, has Adela. I'm exceedingly proud of my friendship with her, by the way. She is one of about six persons whom I can truly call my friends.

Edwin Schallert is a good guy, but he kept me waiting a whole hour one night. The next time he asks to interview me, I shall make him wait *two* hours. Only I'm afraid he wouldn't wait, darn it.

Coming late to interview appointments is a trick of the seasoned reporter, anyway. The novice usually comes fifteen minutes early . . . and is just as liable as not to find her gorgeous being still in curl-papers.

THE MOST satirical interviewer I know is Herbert Howe. But he wrote the best interview I ever had . . . and I didn't even know I was being interviewed. As a matter of fact, neither did he. I was getting a bite to eat down at Franks, and Herb saw me. He came in to say howdy, and then he walked back to the apartment house with me, and came up to smoke a cigarette. When he went on home, some of the things we had been discussing came back to him and he wrote them up in a perfectly peachy interview.

The next best interview I ever had carried the caption, "She's a Nut, But I Like Her." Adela St. John wrote it.

THE VERY worst interview of my career was one that never took place. I didn't even recognize the name of the man who wrote it. He described me as "perching, like a sprightly angel about to flit away into space, on the arm of a great, friendly arm-chair." He kept me perching there all through the interview. Made me sick.

It always tickles me to read about how the interviewers put clever remarks into the mouths of the poor dumb-bell stars who think Camembert is a Caruso record. But I notice that when it comes to recording sprightly repartee, the interviewers never give themselves any the worst of it.

There are certain stereotyped questions that come up in almost every interview. I believe every star or near-star has been asked at some time "if marriage and a career will mix." Of course, the answer to that depends entirely on whether or not the star is living with his or her mate at that time. If the interviewee's husband had grousched about the toast being too hard for breakfast that morning, probably a waiting world quivered to hear that matrimonial bonds were fatal to one's Art.

ANOTHER dear old favorite always asked by interviewers is this: which role portrayed by you during your screen career do you consider most worth while? Well, there are two regulation answers to that. If you happen to have made a big splash in a picture and have never quite repeated since, naturally that role was most "worth while." Betty Compson, for instance, always says *Rose* in *The Miracle Man* was her favorite role. Why shouldn't she? She was wonderful in it and it made her famous.

The second regulation answer is to name the role you are portraying in your present picture. This with a canny eye to a little helpful publicity. A bit of boosting never yet hurt a picture's prospects, you know.

Another time-worn question is always put, after considerable hemming and hawing and preceded by "Now, this isn't for publication, you know, just between you and me . . . er . . . just how much is there in this idea that the woman pays for advancement in her career?" I always say, sure, the woman pays. In the hard-earned coin of long hours and hard work and sacrifice of such desirable things as chocolates and cream puffs and things that tend to go to waist. . . I'll say the woman pays and pays and pays!



To let the gal reporter tell it, gray matter is what a star has everything else but. Mae Busch, however, not only meets the interviewers on their own ground but goes them one better by writing some remarkably interesting and virile free verses.

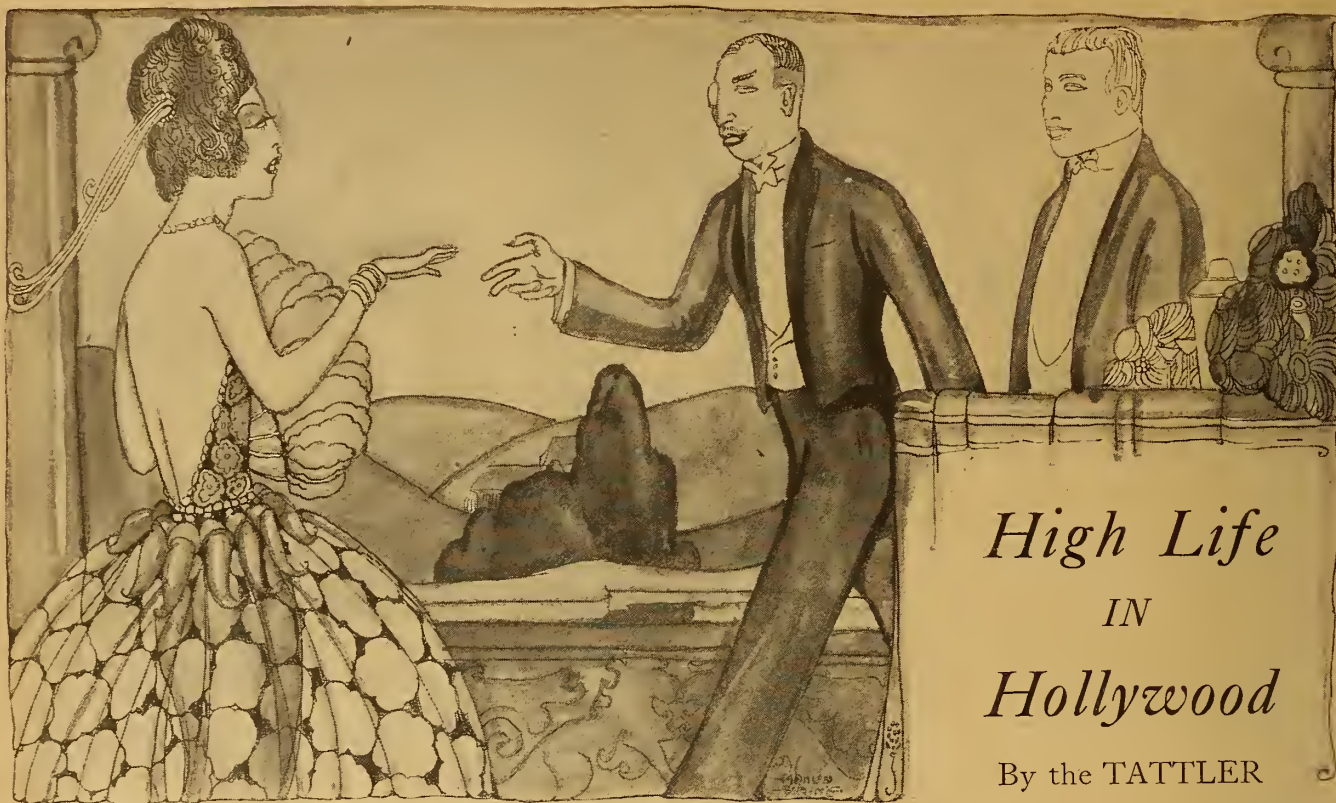
INTERVIEWERS are fun, though, mostly. It is supremely flattering to think that half a million people will spend good money to read what you have to say. Only it sometimes gives you that cold feeling in the pit of your stomach, like you used to get when you stood up to speak your piece at the Sunday School Christmas entertainment and couldn't remember the first line. You suddenly realize that your opinions on things aren't so weighty as they had seemed before; that you are only a human person very much like those fans who look upon you as a person from a higher (well, anyway, a different) sphere; and that your line that gets over so well

at Armstrong's and on the lot isn't going to look so good in print.

But it always does, somehow. Probably because these same interviewers are tactful enough to play up the nice things the star has let slip absent-mindedly and draw a kindly veil over the indiscreet remarks that, God knows, are true enough but that you'd hate to let get back to your leading man, camera hog though he may be.

I like interviewers: Adela Rogers St. John, Myrtle Gebhart, Alma Whitaker, Grace Kingsley, Herb Howe . . . even Ed. Schallert, who's a good guy though tardy in his habits. I like interviewers and I like interviews.

They're such darn good publicity!



High Life

IN

Hollywood

By the TATTLER

CUPID has had a bad year in Hollywood.

Six supremely eligible film bachelors still flaunt their freedom in the lovely faces of Hollywood misses and mammas. Will the beginning of 1924 see them still unattached?

There is Harold Lloyd, for instance. Five feet nine inches of manhood going to sheer waste; a perfect husband in embryo, if there ever was one. And though the rumors of engagement to Mildred Davis still go merrily on, with occasional variation by substituting the name of the dusky-haired Bebe Daniels for little blonde Mildred, 1923 still finds Harold a bachelor—and obviously enjoying his sad state.

Then there is Richard Dix, the strapping Goldwyn star. Twenty-eight years old, and still defying Cupid's darts. Yet Richard openly avers that he wants to be married, that he is only waiting to find the right girl. Not that he is living the life of a

hermit. Far from it. Dickie Dix's heart is extremely susceptible, bless him, and he is usually in the throes of some sentimental affair. But none of them seems to take. But perhaps now that he has a nice contract with Goldwyn, to say nothing of his beautiful new \$17,000 Pierce-Arrow car, Richard will stabilize the marriage market of our fair village by taking to himself a wife, thereby ending the suspense for the score or so of maidens who would

not present any insuperable objections to becoming Mrs. Richard Dix.

Charlie Chaplin is another Ajax who is constantly defying the matrimonial lightning. Perpetually flirting with the marriage knot, the wary Charlie yet retains his title of Bachelors, once removed. For all the world knows that Charlie has tasted the bitterness and sweet of marriage, once. His brief and unhappy wedded life with the

beautiful and canny Mildred Harris has evidently left him the determination not to be caught again. Yet rumors of engagements with any one of half a dozen film beauties continue to occupy front page space in the morning papers; Pola Negri especially engages Charlie's leisure hours. Who knows? By the time you read this, Charles Chaplin may be no more a bachelor. But knowing Charlie, we have our doots!

The Lasky lot fairly swarms with eligible bachelors. J. Warren Kerrigan, heart smasher



Charles Ray entertained some distinguished visitors on the occasion of the "launching" of the "Mayflower," in the Ray studios. Reading from left to right are Admiral E. W. Eberle of the Pacific Coast Fleet, Mrs. Charles Ray, Mrs. Eberle and Charles Ray, standing on the deck of the "Mayflower," an exact replica of the Pilgrim vessel.



Harold Lloyd enjoyed the wonderful music of Nyiregihazi, the pianist prodigy, so much that he invited him out to the Hal Roach studio, where Lloyd is making a screaming Spanish comedy.

de luxe for lo, these many years, goes his way, obstinately unmarried. What price that gorgeous aquiline nose, those piercing eyes, that brawny figure, as our English cousin would query? Is there any truth in the report that the demure and altogether charming Lois Wilson, Jack's leading lady in his new picture, *The Covered Wagon*, has at last won his laggard affections? We hope so. "The good son makes a good husband." Jack's devotion to his mother, recently passed away, is traditional in Hollywood, and the man who wins Lois Wilson for his bride is a lucky man, indeed. 'Twould be a good match.

Then there is Charles de Roche, the French actor brought over to fill the void in the hearts of flappers left by the desertion of Rodolph the Beloved. Charles is gloriously unhampered, matrimonially. True, he is said to be bestowing his attentions on Pola Negri, which is reprehensible and much to be deprecated. 'Tis no treat to a European demoiselle, the foreign courtesies, the continental genuflections that so delight our susceptible American maids and matrons. Foreign Actors for American girls is our slogan.

Antonio Moreno is another romantic actor who has escaped the wiles of feminine minds for many and many a moon. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, with all the romantic appeal of his beloved Spain, Tony may be at last trembling on the brink of conquest. Dame Gossip has it that Tony is only awaiting the necessary passing of a year to claim a lovely society matron as

Senora Carrida Monteagudo, or Mrs. Moreno, as the courts have lately decreed.

Ramon Navarro, too, is altogether too handsome to be permitted to remain a bachelor longer. Why is it that the foreigners seem to repeal Cupid's entanglements longer than the domestic brand of suitors? Something should really be done about Ramon. Now that he has a nice new contract with Metro and a name that somebody can pronounce — and spell — there is no further excuse for Ramon remaining in single un-blessedness. Hollywood should look to it. Perhaps the clergy and the Hollywood Woman's Club can do something about it in their occasional spare moments.

The Launching of the "Mayflower"

CELEBRATING the successful beginning of his new picture, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Charles Ray threw open his studios for an interesting event, recently, the launching of the good ship "Mayflower."

The vessel, an exact replica of the Pilgrim ship, was set up on the Ray lot. A direct descendant of Priscilla Alden dashed against the bow a flask of water brought from Plymouth harbor.

Mrs. Charles Ray and Miss Enid Bennett, who is playing the part of *Priscilla* in the picture, were hostesses at the charmingly-appointed luncheon that preceded the ceremony. Mrs. Ray wore a gown of buttercup-yellow velvet with yellow slippers, and a coatee and

hat of ermine. Miss Bennett was charming in a long-waisted gown of brown velvet with a small toque of the same shade.

Small china plates bearing the coats-of-arms of prominent "Mayflower" families, and boxes of candy, were given as souvenirs. The guests signed their names in the "Mayflower" "log," a most fascinating volume that looked as if the weight of centuries had marred its leathern, brass-bound covers.

Fitzmaurices Are Hosts

MR. AND MRS. George Fitzmaurice (Ouida Bergere) were hosts at a delightful dinner party at their Hollywood home, recently. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Miss Gloria Swanson, Miss Pola Negri and Mr. Charles de Roche.

Stars Judge Dancers

RUTH ROLAND, Charlie Chaplin and Jesse Lasky were judges at a dancing contest held at the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. The first prize was awarded to Miss Marjory Daw and her partner, Mr. Dana Todd. Over one hundred couples participated.

Mack Sennett Entertains

DR. AND MRS. GIANNINI were the guests of honor at a dinner given at his home by Mack Sennett. About thirty guests were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Miss Constance Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) and Samuel Goldwyn.

Hollywood Bride Is Sensation

MR. AND MRS. JOHN HOWARD (Ora Carewe) are said to have created a sensation in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where they visited on their honeymoon. Mrs. Howard's "straight-from-Hollywood" gowns were declared no end stunning at the smart Pentucket Club and other social resorts.

Stars Attend Concert

THE ELITE of Hollywood flocked to hear the youthful pianist marvel, Nyiregihazi. Mrs. Frank Mayo

(Dagmar Godowski), herself the daughter of a famous pianist, entertained a party of friends at the concert in Los Angeles. Others who had boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray and Mr. Antonio Moreno, and Harold Lloyd.

Von Stroheim Is Honored

IN HONOR of Eric Von Stroheim, who has signed a long-term contract with Goldwyn, Edward Bowes recently gave a notable dinner party at the Ambassador Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Mae Murray), Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Miss June Mathis, Mr. Richard Dix, Miss Claire Windsor and Miss Patsy Ruth Miller were among the guests.

Miss Sweet was lovely in ivory velvet. Miss Windsor wore a gown of lace and seed pearls over a slip of silver cloth. Miss Miller was gowned in tea-rose chiffon over charmeuse, with little French flowers.

Kitchen Showers For Natalie Keaton

NATALIE Talmadge Keaton was the guest of honor at a kitchen shower, given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), recently. The Keatons are soon to go into their new home, after residing with the Schencks since their marriage.

Dorothy Phillips Entertains

WHEN it comes to novel and smart entertainment, Mrs. Allan Holubar, known on the screen as Dorothy Phillips, is always in the front rank. The elite of Hollywood were recently invited to get down their ice-skates from the attic and come to a snow-party at the studio. The ice-skating rink used in the latest Phillips picture, *The White Frontier* swarmed with screen celebrities, some of whom could skate well and some of whom could not. But all were ornamental. It was the most fun lots of film folk had had since the Christian Endeavor sleigh rides back in Punxsutawney, Pa., and many an ermine coat bit the dust (snow-dust), to ribald applause from the sidelines.

Stars Shine At Coconut Grove

AMONG the interesting screen folk who had parties at the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador the other evening were Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. 'Buster' Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), Antonio Moreno, Kenneth Harlan, Samuel Goldwyn and James Young.

Kenneth Harlan was with Miss Marie Prevost, as usual, his dainty fiancée. Harold Lloyd included in his party lovely little Mildred Davis, also as usual.

Dinner For de Roche

AN EVENT that caused the gossips to nod and whisper significantly was a smart dinner given recently, in honor of Count Charles de Roche. The bonny Charles is a really-and-truly count, it is said, but he democratically dispenses with his title for professional purposes. Which is wise . . . and economical.

Hollywood Hotel

THURSDAY night at the Hollywood hotel is always a gala occasion. The other evening saw a brilliant crowd gathered to dance and dine in the famous hostelry. Among the

most interesting were Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson (the diminutive and adorable Anita Loos), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts), Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Miss Carmelita Garrity, Miss Sylvia Breamer and Mr. and Mrs. George Melford.

Charles Ray Gives Preview

AN EXCEEDINGLY smart audience was present at the invitation preview of Charles Ray's new picture, *The Girl I Love*, given at the exclusive Beverly Hills Hotel. The guests of the hotel and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ray, including members of the press, viewed the picture with much pleasure, and many a stately society matron wept the mascara off her eyelashes, just as the film folk did.

Niblos Return Home

THE Fred Niblos are back from Mexico City, regaling all their friends with tales of the color and romance of Old Spain that has been retained in the capital city of our turbulent neighbor across the border. Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett) is starting work with Charles Ray in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, in which she is portraying the coquettish Priscilla.

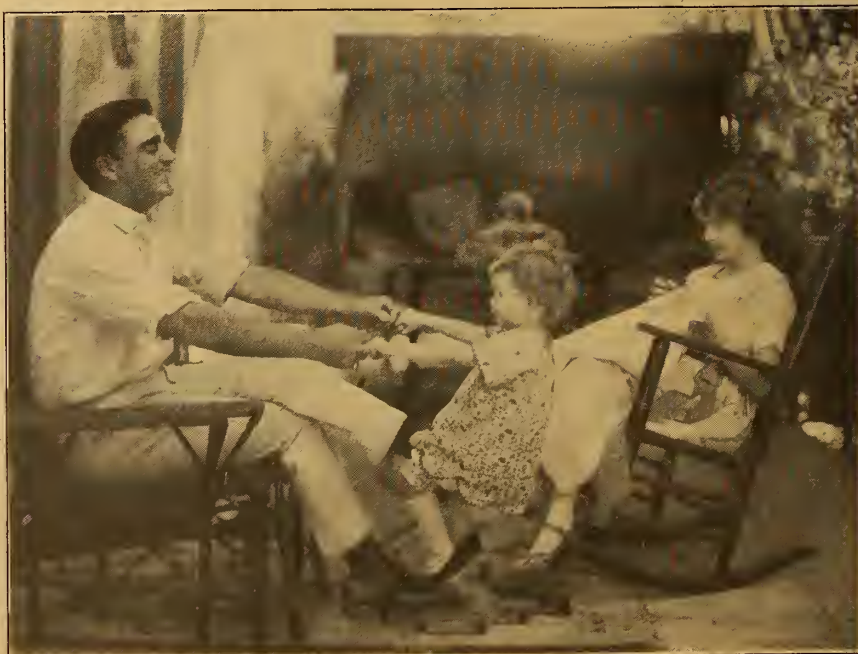


Photo by SYKES-EDWARDS

An exclusive "at home" affair at the charming residence of the William Desmonds. Cunning little Mary Joanna considers Daddy Bill just the best sort of a pal, so does Mama Mary McIvor Desmond.

Caught in the Act

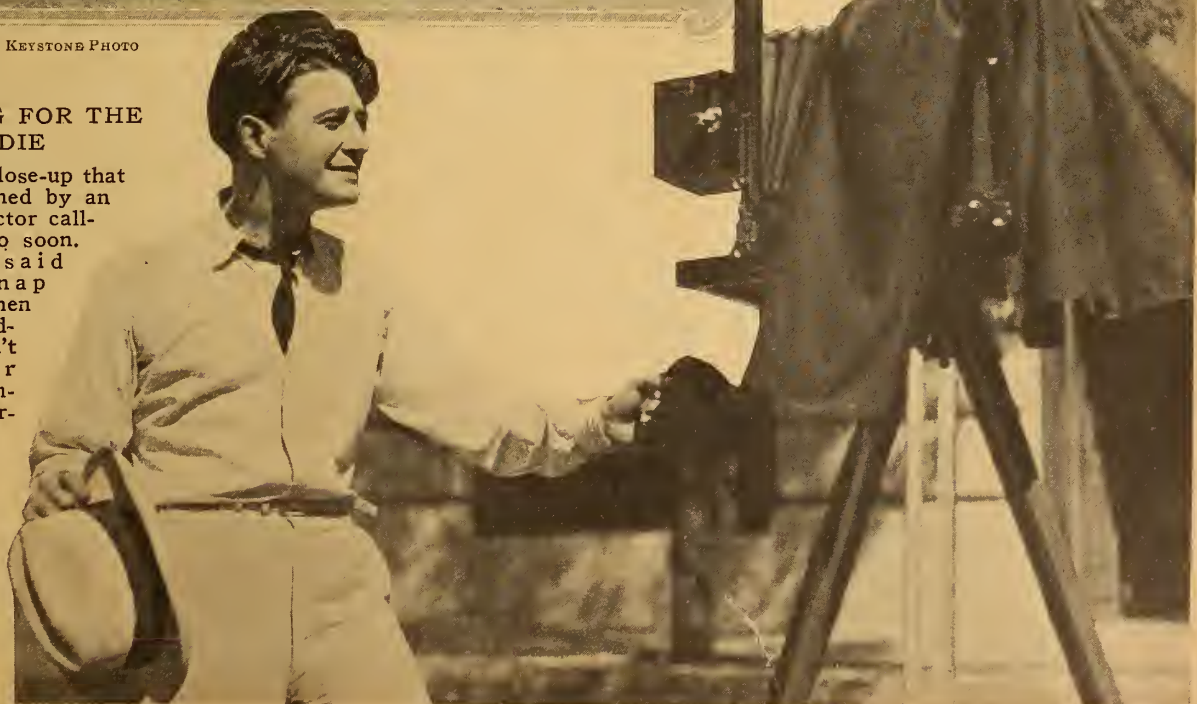
*Unusual Photographs That Show Movie Scenes
Not Seen in the Theatres*



KEYSTONE PHOTO

WATCHING FOR THE BIRDIE

This is one close-up that won't be ruined by an officious director calling "Cut" too soon. Richard Dix said he had to snap this one when Helen Chadwick wasn't around, or she'd have insisted on sharing it.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

"WELCOME TO OUR CITY"

says Mary Pickford to National Commander Owsler, American Legion head, on the Robin Hood set at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. Mr. Owsler doesn't need anyone to tell him to smile pretty at the lady. Doug says the bandage on his hand stamps him as a disabled veteran of the (matrimonial) war.



DID YOU HEAR THIS
ONE?

Bert Lytell has just told Betty Compson what Pola Negri said when asked if she were going to marry Charlie Chaplin. "Now you stop!" says Betty.

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



GOLDWYN PHOTO

MAE GETS A TRIMMING

"Cut it short and shave my neck," says Mae Busch to the Goldwyn barber, as she snatches a moment between scenes. Mae is trying to look as if she didn't hear her director bellowing at her to get back on the set.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING

Mrs. Douglas McLean has just told her husband that he ought to be in church this minute. The thought seems to make Douglas enjoy the Sunday "funnies" all the more. Can you make out what Mrs. McLean is chocheting?



"YOU FIRST, MY DEAR GASTON"

Pola Negri and Director George Fitzmaurice are certainly polite, and seem to enjoy working together. Fitzmaurice directed Polain BELLA DONNA, her first made-in-America picture.

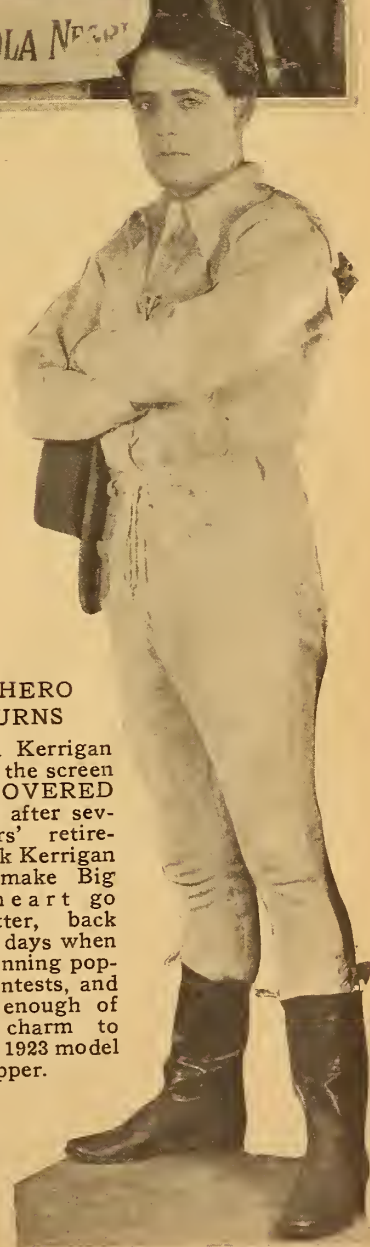
PARAMOUNT PHOTO



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR BEAD BAG YET?

Lois Wilson and May McAvoy are hard at work on theirs. Lois is crocheting hers with navy silk and iridescent beads, while May is making a gay little bag of scarlet silk with cut steel beads.



THE HERO RETURNS

J. Warren Kerrigan returns to the screen in *THE COVERED WAGON*, after several years' retirement. Jack Kerrigan used to make Big Sister's heart go flutter-flutter, back in the old days when he was winning popularity contests, and still has enough of his old charm to please the 1923 model flapper.

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



**"GIDDAP" SAYS
DICKIE**

Richard Headrick takes an early morning canter. The name of his spirited mount is Anna May, one of the Featured Actresses in **HEARTS AFLAME**.

LOUIS B. MEYER PHOTO

**BRITAIN'S HAND-
SOMEST ACTOR**

Ivor Novello, whom English matinee girls concede to be restful and soothing to the eye, has left England flat to come to this country. Ivor expects to put the shapely noses of our most beautiful male stars quite out of joint.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



**HEART WHOLE AND
FANCY FREE**

How nice it seems not to have a man under foot, remarks Pauline Frederick to her mother. Mother evidently agrees. Polly has just found the matrimonial sea too stormy, for the fourth time.

KEYSTONE PHOTO



"C'MON IN, THE WATER'S FINE"

coaxes little Jackie Ott, swimming champion of Miami, Florida. But Nita Naldi and Rubye de Remer prefer to bask in the sunshine on the beach. Beach costumes like theirs aren't meant to get wet.



Photo by UNDERWOOD



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

Once upon a time Dorothy Gish, a star in her own right, gave a good-looking young chap a chance to make good as her leading man. The good-looking young chap was Richard Barthelmess. Here we have Dorothy as she appears in **FURY**, in which she supports her former leading man.

WATCH OUT, HOLLYWOOD!

Chief of Police Dan O'Brien takes the first steps toward cleaning up the movies by swearing in Mae Busch as a member of his Purity Squad.



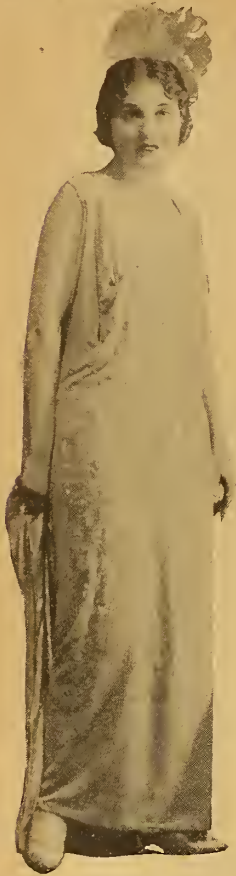
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Consulting the Stars

Trousseau Suggestions

For

The Easter Bride



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

The bride who possesses a smart dinner frock of Roman crepe trimmed with iridescent beads, such as Agnes Ayres wears so effectively, is assured of making a good appearance at any evening function.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY KEYES

For the bride who is to have a formal church wedding, ivory velvet cut on long, classic lines makes an ideal bridal gown. The beautiful gown shown above, worn by Miss Bebe Daniels, is heavily ornamented with pearls, as is also the tulle veil with its coronet of rose-point lace.

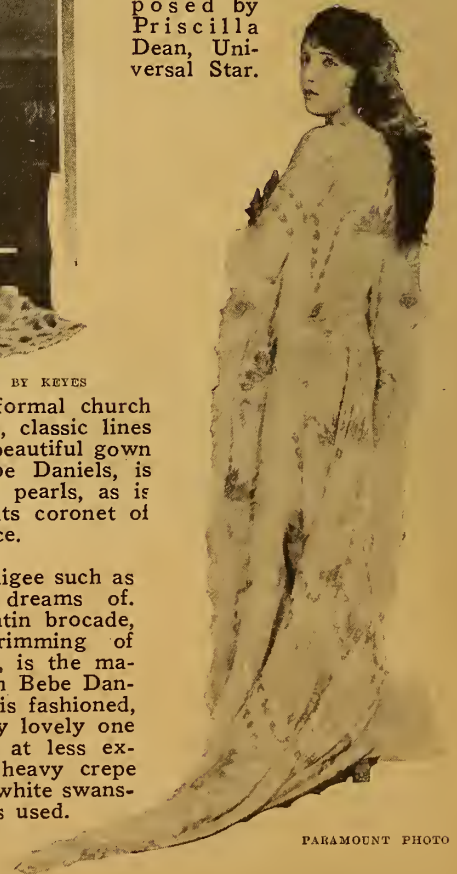
For the golf links and for country wear, a knicker suit should be included in every up-to-the-minute bride's trousseau. Ruth Roland is very smart in her outfit.

Here is a negligee such as every bride dreams of. Pale green satin brocade, with rich trimming of white fox fur, is the material of which Bebe Daniel's negligee is fashioned, but an equally lovely one can be made at less expense, when heavy crepe de Chine and white swansdown is used.

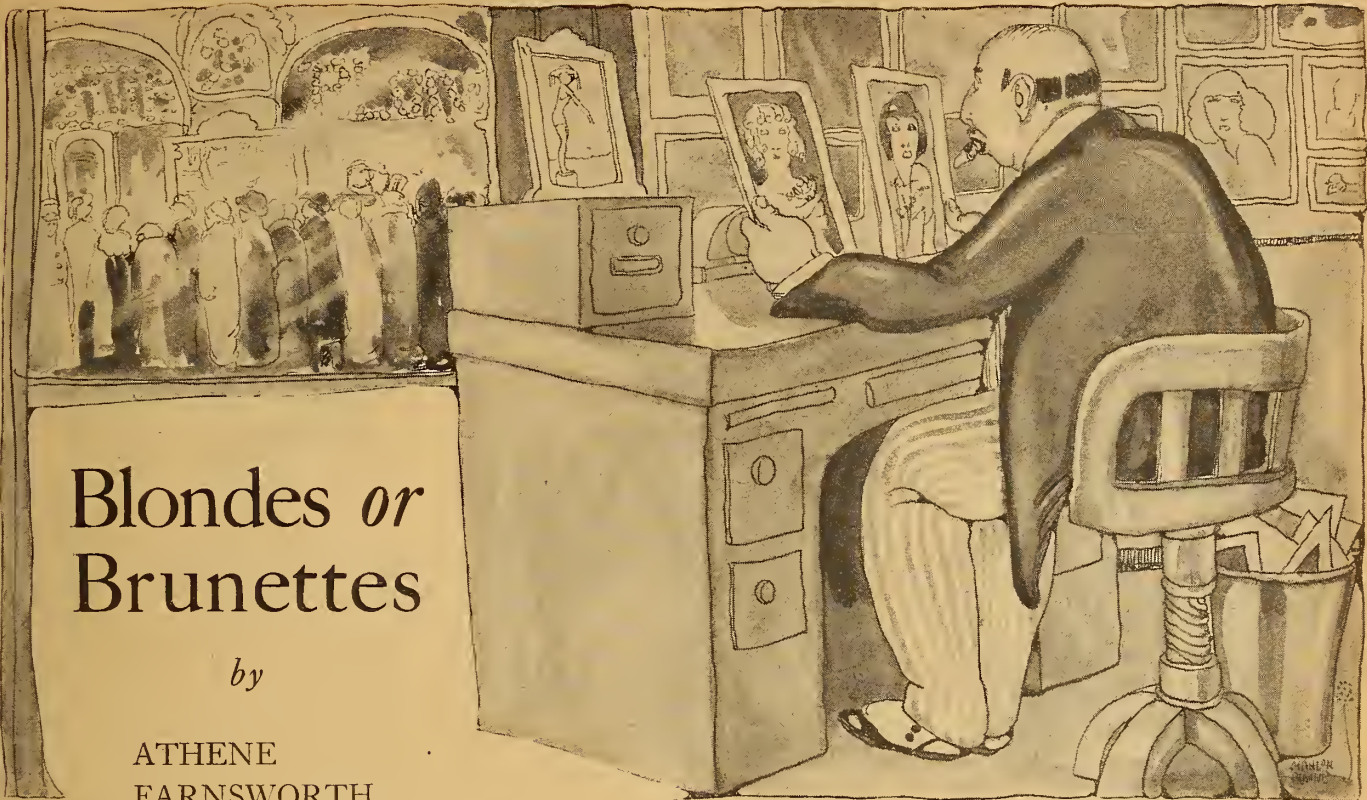


PHOTO BY FREULIOH.

A cape suit of rough Poiret and a simple hat of Milan straw makes a fetching and practical street costume for morning and informal wear. Specially posed by Priscilla Dean, Universal Star.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO



Blondes or Brunettes

by

ATHENE
FARNSWORTH

IS THE POPULARITY of the brunette a matter of personality, history, economic necessity or the henna brush?

Which is the more popular, anyway, the blonde or the brunette?

The controversy is old; it raged when Sapho banned her brunette rivals to outer darkness by her fiery wit. And with the different ages, different standards prevail. The blonde beauty of one period is followed by a brunette charmer acclaimed as the perfect Venus.

Odd how the color of the vampire changes from age to age. Fair Helen of Troy, the original home-disrupter, was russet-haired. Her close second for historical prestige in *affaires du coeur*, the fascinating Cleopatra, possessed bronze tresses. The goddess of love herself, Aphrodite, was a true blonde.

Today the vampire is dark of hair and eye. Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri, all are brunettes. Where is our blonde "vamp" of the screen?

THE SIMPLEST, albeit most unromantic way to determine once and for all the triumph of blonde or

THE OLD question still rages; who are most popular, our golden-haired ingenues or dusky-haired vampires? Are blue eyes or brown the more potent in luring Mr. and Mrs. Fan from their fire-side arm chairs? This article gives you the last word in the controversy.

brunette, in so far as the motion picture is concerned, is to judge the stars by their money-making power. The stars that draw the greatest crowds, that make the most money for exhibitor or producer—are they dark or light?

Probably Rodolph Valentino has been the greatest short time money-maker that Famous Players-Lasky ever had. He is dark as his Roman forebears, a true brunette.

Wallace Reid, on the other hand, has brought in millions of dollars over the period of years of his contract with Paramount. And Wallace was blond, with light hair and gray-blue eyes.

Priscilla Dean is Universal's bread-and-butter, it is said. She is a fiery brunette. She has no rival in studio, either blonde or brunette.

At Metro studio, Viola Dana is undoubtedly the best drawing card of any single player. She is a brunette. Alice Terry, who is dark by nature but has won her fame on the screen as a golden blonde, is very popular, but her drawing power is linked with her director-husband, Rex Ingram, who again is dark.

For Vitagraph, Corinne Griffith, another brunette, is most popular by box-office records, I understand.

Two other brunettes, Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick, bear the brunt of screen popularity at Goldwyns.

Norma Talmadge, an enormous money-maker, is a beautiful brunette of the true type. Her lovely, melting eyes and dusky hair, in addition to her unquestioned dramatic ability, have brought her great popularity. On the other hand, Katherine MacDonald, a regal blonde, is a good box-office attraction.

At Selznick studio, Elaine Hammerstein, another striking brunette, is probably the best drawing-card.

Lillian Gish is Griffith's greatest star. She is more blonde than



Rodolph Valentino

brunette, but her eyes are hazel and her hair is not golden.

Mary Pickford is a real blonde, but she photographs as almost a brunette. Her curls used to photograph even darker, owing to the poor lighting system that used to prevail.

Marion Davies is a lovely blonde. But how much of her popularity is due to good advertising rather than to real appeal?



Viola Dana

THE BRUNETTES, you see, seem to have it. Valentino, Priscilla Dean, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, Norma Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, stand against the few blondes represented by our Mary, Katherine MacDonald, Lillian Gish, Wallace Reid, and Mae Murray. But you'll have to admit that the blondes, though few in number, are good in quality.

In disposition, also. When extreme virtue is to be represented, youthful innocence and virginal charm, the blonde is unanimously chosen to portray the role. Mildred Davis is the perfect ingenue.

Has the present craze for blonde wigs any significance?

A few years ago, all that was required for the screen celebrity in embryo was a head of infantile curls, yellow and clinging. A veritable craze for ingenue types was going full blast. Then the pendulum began to swing back and brunettes looked as if they were to have a chance at cinema fame and fortune. They got the desired foothold with real life drama calling for other types than the clinging vine. Now again, however, the golden gleams are getting in some telling strokes. With the advent of the romantic costume plays, bobbed brown heads are donning long flaxen braids and ringlets in order to portray the melting heroines of past decades.

This fascination of wearing blonde wigs has gone even further. Every star on the screen seems to be bent on trying her charms under the illusion of yellow tresses. Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres, May McAvoy, Dorothy Dalton and

numerous others have all registered as blondes in at least one production. There may be some slight excuse for such peculiarities. The adoption of fair-haired wigs may not be only a temperamental whim on the part of the star when one considers the wisdom of the law of opposites—practically all the prominent male stars on the screen are dark. Contrasts always show up to better advantage in a comparison.

But, going back to the original point at issue—Are blondes greater drawing cards than brunettes? When we study history, it would seem that popular favor, though at times wavering in its allegiance, harks back to the fair hair every time. The number of decades over which the rage for the powdered wig extended seems proof positive of this fact.

YET THEY say that blondes can't stand an emotional strain put on them in screen drama. They are the ideal flapper type. Do you believe it? Maybe so, but the fact remains that the fascinating Alice Terry of "Four Horsemen" fame did not succeed as a brunette—her natural state—her personality simply did not register. Someone suggested that she try a blonde wig. She did and we all know the result. She became a distinctive personage. Her beauty acquired a delightfully patrician quality. The screen does strange things to actualities.

Practically everyone agrees that it's personality that makes for popularity rather than color. Neverthe-



Norma Talmadge



Pola Negri



Mary Pickford

less, we all have very definite ideas as to what we expect of each type of complexion. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that blondes must play the roles of the gay little musical comedy heroines or else the unsophisticated fluffy little ingenue. On the other hand, brunettes are more versatile. They are called upon to pose as the dreamy-eyed siren or portray the vivacious, vivid young thing that rushes in in the nick of time and saves the hero from the villain or whatnot. "Heavy roles" are also usually the lot of the brunette. Leon Barry, a fine actor from the French school, is a true brunette who does even "villains" with a most intriguing air. He is a real "comer."

Noting the fair damsels of the screen—Mae Murray is a real honest to goodness true type of blonde. Has she ever played a great dramatic role? Blanche Sweet is another fair-haired star. Isn't she more convincing and true to type as the clinging vine? Mary Miles Minter, Pauline Garon, Wanda Hawley — aren't they the "sweet young things?" Ethel Clayton is true blonde.

Probably the majority of the stars would come under the classification of "medium"—blue eyes and dark hair or vice versa. Gloria

Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Betty Blythe, Marie Prevost, May McAvoy—all have blue or gray eyes and dark hair. Their talents and capabilities seem to be divided between the lot of the blonde and the brunette. Some of them have been known to carry off both varieties of roles with equal—lucky mortals!

Dorothy Dalton borrows a blonde wig for "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Dorothy Gish never got very far until she enacted her roles in a dark wig.

Some people say that a blonde lacks depth, yet practically all the famous ladies in history seem to have been blondes or "red heads." Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots; Sappho, are just a few of the notable examples.

Yet, on the other hand, there has only been one blonde or near-blonde in all the history of the modern stage that has registered as a genuine artist and she—is the "Divine Sarah." Who cares though, when it's a blonde who carries off the ultimate laurels!

As to our heroes—Ah, "Rudie," you're our best bet. The incomparable "Julio" did that for you if your dark head is never "shot" again. Even the lovable, debonaire Wally Reid with his sleek blond hair and laughing blue eyes could not sway the multitudes as thou. (No, I'm not particularly a Valentino fan, but the public is.)

Conrad Nagel's popularity is assured, but then, so is Tommy Meighan's. Kenneth Harlan has an intriguing way about him—yes, indeed—but just watch the flutter of the flappers when John Bowers sets that determined chin.

Doug and Charlie and Harold Lloyd and Dick Barthelmess are all very dark. Where are the blonds to compete with them?

Well, who won? Think it over. Check on the pros and cons. I have summed up the available data but I'd never dare risk my own locks by committing myself.



Wallace Reid



Mildred Davis



Mae Murray



EDITORIAL

WHY IS a prologue?
Do you really like them, you fans?

Do you go to the movies to sit through a news weakly, a vocal imposition, the Seven Sutherland Sisters' dancing act, Rufus at the Goofus and Funny Sayings from the Stone-hatchet Gazette?

Or do you, by any quaint chance, go to the movies to look at the movies?

When we have an hour to spare between interviews and drop into a theatre to develop a little heart interest over the screen amours of our favorite actor, only to have to leave before the feature has even begun, the thoughts that arise in us are too utterly utter. No lady should have such thoughts.

How do you feel about it? If we could only get the idea across to the exhibitors that prologues are not absolutely essential to our life and happiness, perhaps they could be induced to lower admission prices, along with their overhead. Then you could treat friend wife to a loge seat on Saturday night without mortgaging the old homestead to do it.

POOOR STARS! How mean Penrhyn Stanlaws was to criticize them so bitterly in the *January SCREENLAND*! Mr. Stanlaws ought to know there is no one perfect in this world. His favorite expression seemed to be that a certain actress had too large a head for her body. Never mind, they are all right, and right here in Trenton everyone he mentioned fill a house three times a day. We love them and think them okeh, even if some of the stories they appear in are not so good."

—Eleanor Norman, Trenton, N. J.

Such loyalty ought to soothe the wounded feelings of the stars, if there were any such. But don't you feel badly about it, Eleanor. The stars who were really hurt were the ones who weren't mentioned. It is a compliment, you know, to be considered so beautiful that a criticism is news.

IT IS PLEASANT to record that the box-office viewpoint does not always blind producers to worthwhile artistic productions. Take the case of Jesse Lasky, for instance, when he insisted on filming *The Covered Wagon*, from Emerson Hough's story.

Mr. Lasky put the story over against the opposition of the whole Paramount organization. It is a western story; the public, said the staff, was tired of westerns. It has for a star Warren Kerrigan, who has been out of pictures for years. For leading lady, Mr. Lasky insisted on choosing Lois Wilson, a charming girl and a splendid actress, but one who has not much box-office appeal as yet. Why? Because in Mr. Lasky's eyes, Kerrigan and Miss Wilson were the only players who fit the roles. We haven't previewed the picture yet; it may turn out a flop, even as prophesied. But we're hoping that *The Covered Wagon* will be as good a picture as the faith that inspired it.

Jackie Coogan has a neat taste in music. For the past fortnight Jackie has crooned constantly this chaste ditty:

There aint no flies on me!
There aint no flies on me!

There may be flies on some o' you guys,
But there aint no flies on me!

Which for some unfathomed reason reminds us that Antonio Moreno refused to play the gorgeous part of the fascinating *Rupert* in *Rupert of Hentzau*, because "Rupert was a villain and it would hurt me with my public".

PLEASE, can't you do something about the censors?" writes in a reader from Philadelphia. "I am so tired of seeing the best parts of pictures hacked out, leaving us just the shell. All the real facts of life are taboo in this state, on the screen. I have just been seeing *Blood and Sand*, and from what friends in other states tell me, I know that we didn't see the whole picture. Can't something be done to keep prudish old maids of both sexes from ruining our entertainment?"

Don't tell us they tampered with *Dona Sol*! We can repeat editorially—and we do—that censors give us an extreme pain in the vicinity of the neck, and pray for a more enlightened age. Rex Ingram contributes an example of censorial logic, in connection with his *Four Horsemen* masterpiece:

"The Penny censors refused to allow Madame Laurier (Alice Terry) to be married to her husband. She must be his *finance*, because they would not permit her to kiss another man, Julio (Valentino) while married to her husband. They lost sight of the fact that this planted her as the *mistress* of Laurier, as they left in shots showing her living in the same house with him."



Hot From Hollywood

Unexpurgated Paragraphs About and By the Stars

Take one last look at Lew Cody's cunning little mustache. He had to shave it off to get his part in "Within the Law." Anyway, Lew's reformed now and doesn't need it; only villains wear mustaches.

Gloria vs. Pola Again

WHEN Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson meet, Hollywood is always sure of at least one giggle. The other evening, George Fitzmaurice and his clever wife, Ouida Bergere, gave a party. Both Gloria and Pola were invited; both accepted. The guests, knowing the rivalry between the two and the fact that they had not yet been formally presented to each other, were anticipatory.

Pola arrived, radiant in the new shade of scarlet, with her favorite band of silver cloth about her head. Her black eyes sparkled; she was stunning. Then Gloria was announced. She swept in—and the guests shrieked. Gloria, too, was gowned in scarlet, the very same shade that Pola wore so well, and about her auburn hair a silver bandeau glistened!

Pola came to the party with Charlie Chaplin, as usual, but she spent most of her evening dancing the tango, a la Valentino, with Charles de Roche, the strapping new six-footer imported by Paramount from France. And Charlie glowered. "I hate his size!" he is said to have hissed to his friends. For Charlie, though clever and *tres distingue*, is of somewhat less than medium height.

Valentino to Produce Independently

Guessing what Valentino will do next has become the nation's favorite indoor sports. The latest

rumor hints that our Rudie will produce independently, releasing through the J. D. Williams Distributing Corporations, and backed financially by Dr. Giannini, a New York banker. Joseph Sehenek is said to be acting as the little dove of peace between Valentino and Lasky. Even if his release from Paramount is not secured, Valentino can produce independently, it is said, though his pictures will undoubtedly be black-listed by the 14½ per cent of American exhibitors who show Paramount pictures.

Why Girls Leave Home

Mary Miles Minter has announced that she is now old enough to live her own life and express herself. She has left her mother's home and has taken a house of her own in Hollywood. The reason, says Dame Gossip, is the management of the million dollars that Mary Miles has made since she first secured her position in pictures.

Dicky Dix Blows Himself

Day by day in every way, Richard Dix is getting popularer and popularer, around the Goldwyn studios. Richard has just bought himself a new \$17,000 Pierce-Arrow car, and everyone, from the Big Boss to the prop boy, wants to ride in it.

Mary Pickford in Faust

Mary Pickford is hard at work, creating the role of *Marguerite* in *Faust*, for the screen. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director of *Passion* and other Pola Negri successes, is directing. At the same time, Ferdinand Pinney Earle is "shooting" *Faust* also, and a Canadian producing company is doing the same thing.

A Serial Story

Here's the way Finis Fox, the director, explains how he got his unusual name:

"My mother and dad had three children, all girls. They were very anxious for a son, however, and when I finally came along, dad said, 'Hooray, a boy! We'll call him Finis and count the family completed.'

"Only he spoke too soon. Three more children were born after me; sequels, so to speak."

Three Kinds of Husbands Says Marie

Marie Prevost, who recently announced her engagement to Kenneth Harlan, says there are three kinds of husbands.

"The first kind of husband is the one who comes straight home at night, has no vices and works for a salary," says Marie. "The second kind is the domestic sheik, whose wife's main duty is to salaam and worship her lord. The third kind worships his wife to the exclusion of everything else. This last type demands an emotional actress for a wife."

The question is, which class does Harlan belong in?

A Premature Announcement

Hollywood was mildly surprised recently to read in the morning paper the announcement of the engagement of Dorothy Dalton to Frank J. Godsol, president of the Goldwyn Film Corporation. The wedding, the paper said, would take place in the spring. The guileless reporter's scoop was somewhat marred, however, by the embarrassing fact that Mr. Godsol has a perfectly good wife already.



Photo by ROLIN STUDIO

Marie Mosquini is to be Will Roger's kissless leading lady in the new short-reel comedies that the Follies king is to make for Hal Roach.

Whadya Mean "Near Actress"

The following headline tops a lurid tale from Universal City: **SHOT AIMED AT CHINESE HITS NEAR ACTRESS.** The "near actress" referred to was Priscilla Dean. It is asserted on reliable authority that Malcolm Stuart Boylan, head publicity writer at Universal, retired to his room for three days after the publication of the above item, and refused to be lured out.

Interesting If True

The following crop of betrothals, divorces and marriages and denials of marriages is offered for your kind consideration:

Viora Daniel, leading woman in Christy comedies, admits that she was secretly married to one Wayne Cassidy, son of a Los Angeles bank president. As soon as the scion of wealth plucked up sufficient courage to announce his marriage to a comedy queen, the stern parent magnificently "forgave" them all and peace reigns supreme.

Margaret Loomis, picture actress and dancer (you remember her as the dancer in *The Shiek*)

announces her engagement to a local business man, E. I. Crook.

Pearl White was proposed to recently. It wasn't unprecedented; she had been proposed to before. But this one so impressed her that our lovely Pearl retired to a convent in Spain, devoting herself to meditation before taking the fatal step.

Constance Talmadge denies that she is engaged to William Rhinelanders Stewart, Jr., wealthy New York banker. "We are just friends, that's all." Connie remarks in her well-known original manner.

Helene Chadwick has separated "for good" from her husband, Billy Wellman, Fox director, thereby startling many of her admirers, who didn't even know she was married.

Vera Stedman, leading lady for Charles Ray in *Scrap Iron*, has sued her husband, Jackie Taylor, charging extreme cruelty.

Speaking of New Leading Ladies—

which we did some paragraphs back, Harold Lloyd has one. She is Jobyna Ralston. Never heard of her? We never did either, but we have it on Harold's own word that Jobyna is a peach and a pippin. And we take Harold's word for anything. You see Jobyna's picture on the editorial page, if the make-up man hasn't played us false and taken it out.

Rudie, Take Your Bowl

Some time ago the court took its pen in hand and granted a sweeping injunction forbidding one Rodolph Valentino to work at anything for anybody but Famous Players-Lasky Corp. The other day the court experienced a little change of heart and so far amended the injunction that now Rudie may work at anything except acting. We suggest from a perfectly unbiased standpoint that Rudie and Natasha Rambova, his wife, take his Argentine tango dance over the Orpheum circuit. Dancing isn't acting, is it? Both Rudie and the theatres would clean up on such a stunt.

Only, we *do* want Valentino to play *Ben Hur*! Please, Mr. Lasky, have a heart!

Stars Choose New Leading Ladies

There are more new leading ladies in Hollywood now than you can shake a stick at. Margaret Leahy, the beautiful English girl brought home from the right little tight little island by the Talmadges, is playing the lead in Buster Keaton's new picture. Larry Semou, finding himself bereft of Lucille Carlisle, is sending out frantic S. O. S. calls for a new leading lady. Probably the prettiest of all the new crop is Evelyn Brent, who is supporting Douglas Fairbanks in his pirate picture, as yet unchristened. Evelyn was so decorative in *Spanish Jade* that Doug put in a bid for her immediately.

Will He or Won't He?

Will Charlie Chaplin marry Pola Negri? Or is this latest and most persistent rumor merely another of the conventional press-agent affairs? "I say nossing," Pola reiterates when questioned, batting a wicked eyelash at the reporter, who promptly goes A. W. O. L. "I can't say yes," says Charlie, "and I can't say no. Miss Negri is the one to give out any announcement." And there the matter stands. Only . . . Charlie and Pola, chaperoned by Pola's secretary, took a little Friday-to-Monday jaunt down to Santa Barbara recently.

Come Home, All Will Be Forgotten

Just as Hollywood is all pepped up by the news that Griffith, long a wanderer from the California colony, is to open up his Hollywood studios again, the nasty old sport newspapers in New York, backed by the denial of Griffith himself, assert that 'the master' will remain in the East. However, the inside information seems to be that Griffith will really move his company to the coast.

If he does, will Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Carol Dempster and Charles Mack come, too? It is the freely expressed Hollywood opinion that Griffith has pulled a large and reprehensible boner by letting Lillian Gish go off on her own. It is said that Lillian was getting an insignificant salary; that Griffith refused to give her more money or to star her because "she

couldn't act with anybody but Griffith. Carol Dempster hasn't Lillian's appeal. Lillian has contributed as much to Griffith's success as Griffith has contributed to Lillian's.

That Wicked Hollywood

The "dope" scare has become so acute that an actor in Hollywood is afraid to step up to a drug store fountain and ask for a "cherry coke," lest he be reported as a "hop-head." But light breaks through the leaden clouds. Colonel Nutt (officer, put that man out) national narcotic chief, says Hollywood is not so bad as Kansas City, for instance. He insists that not one-third of the alleged forty per cent of Hollywood's picture colony uses narcotics.

Big Doin's in Hollywood

Selznick Picture Corporation is being moved to Hollywood. Soon we shall have Theda Bara in our midst again, thus making Hollywood unsafe from such husbands as have escaped the fascination of Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi. Theda is all revamped, ready for vamping, Selznick says.

What Shall Fatty Do?

Fatty Arbuckle has been rendered positively incoherent by the suggestions which kindly clergymen have been offering, regarding the Arbuckle future. One good Samaritan suggests that the comedian go back to the kind of work by which he made a living before he was dethroned. But since Fatty was a porter in a saloon, the suggestion is a total loss. Another reverend helper suggests he try plumbing, as being remunerative in the extreme, with no particular moral scruples necessary.

A Sacrifice to His Art

Lew Cody was given a role in *Within the Law*, providing he would shave off his mustache. Lew had cherished his mustache for six years, but in the interest of his art, he sacrificed. Now that Lew has reformed and is playing heroic roles, he doesn't need a mustache, anyway. Only villains wear those cunning little lip-brows, so you can tell them from the heroes.

How to Be Friends Though Divorced

The problem has been settled amicably by Ruth Roland and L. E. Kent, formerly husband and wife, or vice versa. They are now business partners. Ruth owns a lot of Hollywood real estate and Kent manages it for her.

And Now It's A Brother

Tito Valentino, heralded as Rudie's little brother and singularly like Rodolph, makes his film debut in a Leslie Peacock production, *The Midnight Flower*. Only Rodolph (it does seem that somebody is always picking on Rodolph and his money-making name) protests that he hasn't any brother by that name or any other on this side of the Atlantic. So that's that.

Moreno Retires From Bull-Ring

Antonio Moreno was a bull-fighter once, he says. Just for the sport of it. But that was back in Spain. The climate in California must have an unpleasant effect on bulls, because—

"Watch me bull-dog this bull," said Tony the other day on location. The bull was in a pasture. Tony jumped the fence. The bull was low in his mind. Probably his breakfast wasn't setting right. He looked at Tony. Tony looked at the bull. The bull took a step forward. Tony took a step backward. The bull started to run. Tony beat him to the move by one leap. Tony jumped the fence. The bull went right through it. Tony jumped into his car, a nice bright red one. The bull tried to get in with him, but Tony was already on his way.

Tony is now reconciled to the fact that he didn't get the role of Gallardo in *Blood and Sand*.

In 1919 about \$700,000,000

was taken in by motion-picture theaters in the United States and Canada.

Lucretia Lombard, by Kathlyn Norris, has been purchased by Warner Brothers for screen presentation.

Johnny Hines has completed *Luck*, his latest picture. Here's hoping it's as good as *Sure Fire Flint*.

One of the successes of the New York theatrical is *Merton of the Movies*, a burlesque of the films starring that excellent youngster Glenn Hunter.

It is a notorious fact that movie heroes pride themselves on their handsome features. Richard Dix in *The Christian* hides his good looking countenance behind a growth of formidable beard.

The first man to project motion pictures on a screen was an Englishman living in California, named Edward Muybridge. This great event took place in the summer of 1877; and the subject of the picture was a race-horse in action.

The Miracle Man made in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars; and up to June first of last year it had been shown 7,800 times.

Evelyn Brent is Douglas Fairbanks' new leading lady in his pirate pictures, now in the making.



Hays To Retain Position

Reports that the movie dynasty established by Will H. Hays is in for a fall and that his power has been curtailed by the allied producers and distributors were scouted as absurd by Cortland Smith, secretary of the board of directors of the American Producers and Distributors' Association.

Rumors which have been current in the screen world for some months that a crisis loomed in the reign of the film emperor gained new impetus with the "rebellion" of Douglas Fairbanks, several days ago, and were seemingly further verified when it was reported that the Famous-Lasky Corporation, former producers of "Fatty" Arbuckle pictures, had refused to lift their ban against the comedian despite the fact that "the Czar" had announced his intention of giving Arbuckle "a chance."

Smith declared rumors that "Hays might be asked to resign or that he was being used as a cat's-paw by the great motion picture corporations were entirely false. He scoffed at statements that action taken by Fairbanks and his combination of stars had caused trouble.

"Mr. Hays signed a contract with the Producers and Distributors on January 17, 1922, the contract to start on March 5, 1922, and continue until March 5, 1925," he declared. "Any talk of Mr. Hays leaving his position until that time is untrue. During the past two years our organization has practically doubled in membership, and I know of no time that there was ever any questioning of a decision made by Mr. Hays.

"As to the Arbuckle matter: There is no room for conflict over that. The Famous-Lasky Corporation wrote the Arbuckle pictures off their books in November, a month before Mr. Hays issued the

statement saying he had decided to permit the comedian to seek a livelihood in his profession.

"In taking this step Mr. Hays simply took a stand that he has taken all along—that he is in no sense a dictator. He did not wish to bar Arbuckle and did not wish to give orders to Famous-Lasky.

"Mr. Hays seeks only to improve and safeguard the standards of the films and to aid the industry."

Smith laughed at stories that there was ill feeling between Fairbanks and Hays and showed a copy of a telegram from the star to the

work in the direction of color harmonics. By placing a mask in the movie camera a blank border around the film would be obtained, and in the laboratory various colors can be stenciled into this border.

Then on the screen there would be the actors as usual, only about them on the four sides of the silver-sheet would be a thin border of color. Human emotions react to colors the same as to music.

Throughout the photoplay there would be a color symphony in keeping with the action of the silent drama, in addition to the usual musical accompaniment.

Tiny Auto Used

The smallest automobile in the world was used in making *A Spooky Romance*. Century comedy, directed by Al Herman. The car used in the picture is the property of Arthur Anderson, and operates under its own power. It is six feet long and goes under the name of a baby Packard, because it has the body of a Packard. The motor, however, is composed of parts from practically every car on the market. The miniature carries extra tires, bumpers, in fact every-

thing that a regular car would have, and while any normal person can sit in it, use the shift gear and self-starter, yet the entire car weighs five pounds and is two and a half feet high.

Motion-picture distributors in America, for one year from June 1920 to June 1921, paid \$119,023,754.60 in rentals on films.

New York has the largest number of motion-picture theaters of any state in the union—namely: 1,695. Pennsylvania comes next with 1,533; Ohio third with 1,095; and Illinois fourth, with 1,027.



Harold Lloyd in one of the nervous crises in "Safety Last." Harold assures us that there's a giggle for every gasp in this thriller.

movie arbiter which gave the text of Fairbanks' statement issued declaring "reports that I have an unfriendly feeling toward you are untrue."

"If Fairbanks and other stars wish to organize independently I am sure that neither Mr. Hays nor the members of this association have any objection," Smith declared.

Color Music

Color music for motion pictures may be the next development in the cinema art.

Watterson R. Rothacker, film laboratory chain owner, has commissioned a scientist to do research

The Picture of the Month

This is dedicated to the fastidious minority which appreciates delicate characterization rather than broad farce; emotional restraint rather than dramatic abandon.



The Girl I Love

UNITED ARTIST PRODUCTION

A STORY of a great love. In this poignant picture of a tortured heart, Charles Ray reaches dramatic heights which he has never before attained. All the pathos of the James Whitcomb Riley poem has been transferred to the silver screen, intensified by the superb artistry of Ray and a splendid supporting cast.

As the tow-headed country kid who is suddenly endowed with a wholly unwanted adopted sister, only to discover, little by little, that perhaps girls aren't so unnecessary as he had thought, Charles Ray is delightful. His bashful mannerisms and all-boy deviltries give way in time to a more mature charm, as

the responsibility of caring for his mother and foster-sister weigh upon his young shoulders. And with the years, his devotion for the little sister ripens into another sort of affection. He discovers that "a brother's love wuz one thing; a lover's wuz another."

But with the discovery comes another: the little sister, too, has fallen in love—with another. And to the boy comes the sorrow of seeing his little sweetheart given to another, never guessing how her sisterly kisses torture the heart of her "big brother John."

The adapter of the picture has wisely ended the story here, not weakening its force by the anti-

climatic ending given the poem by Riley. As *John*, Charles Ray proves himself without a peer in the art of emotional restraint and facial control. His characterization of the half-crazed boy is one of the finest pieces of dramatic interpretation in the history of motion pictures.

Patsy Ruth Miller, as *Mary*, the dainty little sister, is altogether splendid. Edythe Chapman, as the mother, and Ramsay Wallace, *Mary's* lover, are equally satisfying.

The Girl I Love comes as a joyous surprise to those friends of Charles Ray who had lamented the lack of distinction in his later pictures. It augurs well for his next production, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

Little Hints

For PLAYGOERS

"RACING HEARTS" Paramount

A crack-a-jack racing picture, with Agnes Ayres and Richard Dix enveloped in a cloud of dust from start to finish. The up-to-date daughter of a conservative automobile manufacturer sets out to prove to her sire that it pays to advertise. She wins her point, the Vanderbilt Cup race and a brand new, grade-A husband. Agnes is pretty and more capable than usual, while Richard Dix fits into the semi-comedy role very pleasingly indeed. Theodore Roberts and cigar are very much present and Robert Cain makes a nice hissable villain. It's a good picture.



SECRETS OF PARIS— Whitman Bennett

A real thriller. The story involves the love of a Prince and a thief for a beautiful girl of the Paris underworld, whose virtue, of course, remained unstained by her Apache environment. Lew Cody, Gladys Hulette, William Collier, Jr., Montagu Love and Dolores Cassinelli form a splendid cast, whose excellent work triumphs over a rather disjointed continuity. Not for children.



GARRISON'S FINISH—
Allied Producers

After a longdrawn beginning and a touch or two that stretches the credulity, Jack Pickford and his horse are off in a cloud of dust, flicked with drama, to a smashing climax. Of course you know all along how it's going to end—that the young jockey will redeem himself and win the race—who wouldn't with Madge Bellamy holding a kiss as reward?—and that his poor old Mother just scrubs the floor because the director told her to. A composite of all the old horse-racing pictures of the cinematic past; the surprising thing about the picture is that you find yourself liking it. For it is unquestionably well done, this surefire hokum of the track, and Jack displays his pantomimic gifts to better advantage than at any time in his career. If he keeps up this tempo, they're liable to quit calling him "Mary's Little Brother." Furthermore, the racing scenes are authentic—which is more than we can say for most pictures of the track.



**JACK AND THE BEAN-
STALK—Century**

Another little gem for juvenilia is Baby Peggy's second fairy-tale comedy. The beloved tale of Jack and the Beanstalk steps from the thumbed pages of the old book and lives again to delight the young in the persons of quaint little Peggy-Jack and the perfectly ferocious giant. With each new picture the diminutive Peggy shows an amazing progression and is fast acquiring the hauteur of a Naldi. Papa Century deserves a whole sack full of gold medals for this series.



THE CHRISTIAN—Goldwyn

Pictorial beauty alone would make this picture one well worth standing in line to see. Maurice Tourneur has given scene after beautiful scene, so poignantly beautiful in setting as to hurt. The scene in the monastery chapel, where JOHN STORM takes the solemn vows of a monk, is a delight to the artistic soul. Richard Dix gives a fine portrayal of John Storm, the Christian, for which give him credit. It must have been a severe test of dramatic ability for such a full-blooded, young chap as Dix to achieve a convincing characterization of the ascetic. Mae Busch is interesting, though a bit hart, for whom Storm broke his vows.



"TANSY"—Burr Nickle rod.

As a motion picture drama, "Tansy" is an excellent scenic. For sheer beauty, some of the long shots, showing a great flock of snowy sheep moving over a typical English landscape, have not been excelled in any picture. But as a story it fails to stimulate the imagination. It is a perfect specimen of the Mary J. Holmes English romance, in which the poor girl marries the rich lord, after many trials. The atmosphere is certainly English. The best actor is the shepherd dog, Arabella, who rather takes honors away from Alma Taylor.



GIMME—GOLDWYN

A sermon in five reels. Like most such, the collection would be larger if the sermon were shorter. The text sets out to prove that Satan finds some evil yet for busted wives to do. Helene Chadwick is pleasing as the young wife who discovers that "a woman who lives with a man earns every cent she can get from him."



ONE WEEK OF LOVE
—Selznick.

Contrary to the title, love does not provide the thrills in this tale, but rather a series of marvellous stunts. The w. k. shiek story gets a new angle in this picture; an American kinsman to the desert despot gives a rich flapper a week of the strong-armed Arab's treatment. Conway Tearle's characterization is as vivid as Elaine Hammerstein's isn't.

PEG O' MY HEART—Metro

Laurette Taylor makes her screen debut in her own famous stage play, "Peg O' My Heart," romping through it as a rather intriguing combination of Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge and Laurette herself. She is not quite camera-wise yet, and the picture had its stagey moments, but Laurette Taylor, if she chooses to follow a screen career will undoubtedly win a secure place for herself. The play interests in spite of its familiarity and its obviousness.



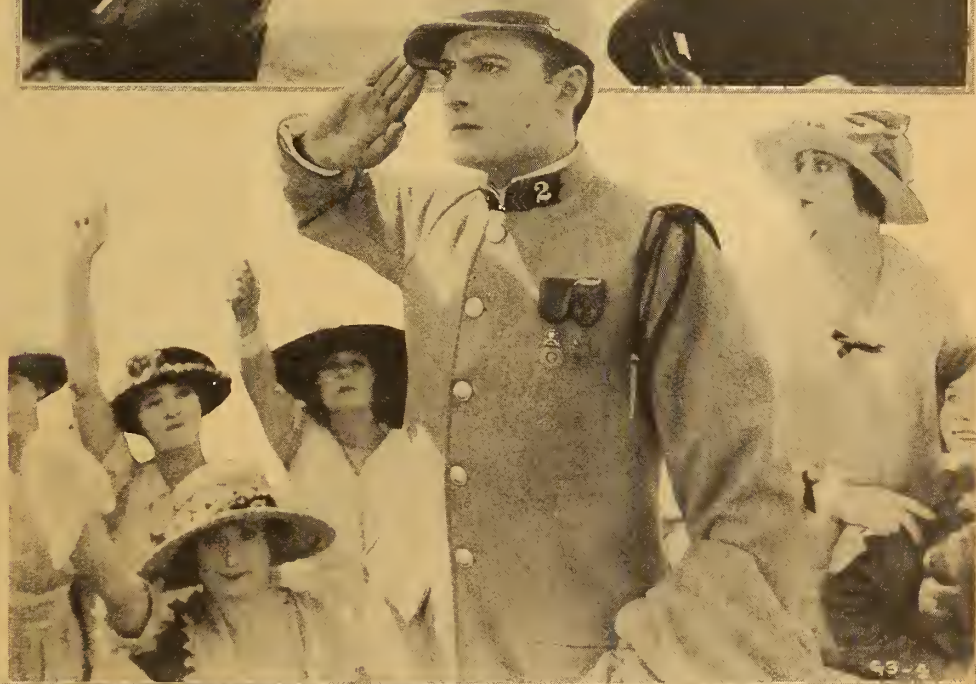
BACK HOME AND BROKE—Paramount

If you've ever had wild dreams of making a few millions, buying up the town and fading out with the best girl, you'll spot yourself as the hero in this sprightly tale. It is told with all the humor of the author, George Ade. Some of the situations creak with old age but Thomas Meighan smooths them over until the fun begins. A fine film for the whole family.



**AS A MAN LIVES—
American Releasing Corp.**

A production that strengthens the conviction that the movies are still in their infancy. The plot is based on the old saying that a man's face reflects his mode of living. The development of the story is stupid and unconvincing. The only thing that makes you sit through the picture is Robert Frazer's resemblance to Valentino.



THE HERO

—B. P. Schulberg

Find the hero. This picture gives you food for thought, a couple of heroes of entirely different ilk—take your choice—and two lovely ladies for heroines. Barbara La Mar, in spite of about fifteen pounds of excess weight, is as lovely a creature as the movie suns shine on. She doesn't have a chance to dress up, for it is a small town play, but—watch that woman. Doris Pawn does some pretty good emoting as the betrayed Belgian girl, by whom the pseudo-hero, Gaston Glass, "Does right" in the end. Frankie Lee is in it, too, as Barbara's son, but John Sainpolis, that splendid character actor of "Four Horsemen" fame, walks away with the acting honors, in his marvelously real characterization of the insurance agent, loving, but commonplace husband and father—an every day life's real hero. Gaston Glass will bear watching, too, for that twinkle in his eye will always offset any devilishness he may be guilty of, and flappers and grandmothers alike will adore him. Eve Unsell made a splendid adaptation of Gilbert Emery's successful stage play.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

Leo Nomis putting the punch in Manslaughter by driving his motorcycle smash into a racing motor car.

Real HEROES of the Screen

*All Honor to the Stunt Man; He Risks His Life
and Never Gets a Close-Up*

A GREAT crowd had assembled when the word went 'round that a stunt-man, doubling for Bill Desmond, was to perform a dangerous feat. Skimming gracefully against a cloudless blue sky, soared an aeroplane, a rope ladder dangling. Along the track rushed a railroad train, its hungry wheels eating up the miles. A figure was dimly discernible atop a string of flat-cars, poised for a spring.

The plane dipped, the man reached, missed, caught the ladder and swung, like a pendulum, back and forth, etched against the placid sky. A great, unanimous breath of relief. He had made it!

But something went wrong. The

plane swerved, spun crazily and crashed to earth, the man crumpling beneath its weight like black paper crushed in a ruthless hand. The cry hushed, as the awed crowd surrounded the pitiful heap, dragged from the wreckage.

The man had but a few hours to live—that was certain. What would he do, what epochal thing would he say? The scene had a certain psychological interest. But Jean Perkins, the dare-devil stunt man, didn't say anything of interest to future generations.

He merely—asked for a cigaret!

And when, next day, his death was announced, nobody wrote any memorable eulogies of him; only

his intimate friends sent flowers to his bier.

He wasn't a star. Just a life crushed out in its prime—he was but thirty-five—just another "double" who had given his all that the audience might enjoy a thrill second-hand.

YOU who was elated over the dashing heroes of the screen, pause for a moment in your rhapsodies and contemplate the heroic deeds of the one man to whom is given no credit: the stunt-man.

Few stars actually perform the hazardous feats that the scripts call for. When you see your favorite screen idol leap blithely from a



PHOTO BY RICHEE

Leo Nomis is one of the most daring of the stunt men. Swinging from an airplane onto a racing express train merely gives Leo a good appetite for his wife's steak dinners.

lofty cliff into a swift stream below, the chances are ten to one that a humble stunt man is really performing the dangerous leap.

Stars with large "followings" are much too valuable property to be permitted to risk their lives and looks unnecessarily.

Hence, when the script calls for a horse and rider to roll precipitately down a cliff, an auto to jump a wide chasm, or for some thrilling aeroplane stuff, the handsome star stays at home and manicures his nails while a double performs the deed. The long-shots show the double, dressed in the hero's clothes, while the star steps prettily forward to receive the fainting heroine in his arms for the close-up.

The stars are not to blame for wearing the mantle of glory won by another man; often they are brave and willing enough but their producers won't let them risk spoiling the afore-mentioned eyebrows and cupid's-bow lips. Tom Mix, for instance, performs all the hazardous stunts that you see in his pictures. But another star in Westerns—a man famed for the daring of his exploits who is now in temporary retirement—actually does none of these things himself, owing to the fact, not generally known, that his age is over the sixty mark.

What of these modest fellows who get the game without the name? At least, they must be in it for the game, as they certainly get little else out of it except the fun of risking their necks, their exploits to go down in anonymity. Their salary is by no means commensurate with the chances that they take with their lives—Such stunt men usually received around \$150 a week. And remember, their employment is not continuous.

Some, however, are more astute in striking bargains. Leo Nomis, injects thrills into many Paramount pictures, demands \$500 a stunt, even though it take but a few minutes to perform.

"But I spend hours and sometimes days beforehand getting all set," Leo told me. He's a likeable young fellow of thirty, is Leo, and the proud father of a ten-month's-old wonder named Stratton—who, according to papa Leo, is most emphatically *not* going to be raised to be a stunt man. "Some fellows trust to luck—and they're the ones that usually 'go West'. I go over the ground thoroughly, plan every bit of the stunt. And I'm boss."

He is. I've seen the highest-paid screen director, a man who just thrives on puttees and megaphones and importance, before whom everybody quakes in fear—standing at the side and ordering things fixed the way Leo says. Because he realizes that should something go wrong and the man be killed—well, it not only would be hard on the chap's wife and kiddies, but it would be poor publicity. To be sure, though, some of the directors are actuated by humane kindness in the consideration that they give these skilled performers. When Leo did his memorable stunt of riding his motorcycle smash into a car for "Manslaughter", he had Cecil DeMille's word of honor that, should he be killed, his wife and baby would be cared for.

"Aw, that wasn't much," said Leo modestly. "But I had to calculate my distance and speed accurately. Had I gone too slow, I'd

have just been mangled up with the wreckage. I had to make a speed of forty-five at the moment of colliding with the car so as to be hurtled over it by the force of the impact. They had re-inforced the car with steel beams so's it wouldn't skid and I'd hurl over. All I got was a wrench of the knee, a twist of the collar-bone and some lacerations. Pretty tame, that."

One evening I watched Leo turn a plane over and land it upside-down for a Gloria Swanson picture. Before he went up I cautioned him to remember his sensations so that I might transcribe faithfully them.

When he crawled out from under the wreckage, I hastened up, notebook in hand.

"What'd I feel as I came down, with my eyes lookin' up at the clouds?" he grinned. "Somethin' important, lady. I kept wonderin' if my wife would have lemon-pie for supper."

And what of these wives who sit at home, patiently waiting for news? These men are refused by the insurance companies, owing to their dangerous habits of life. They are able to carry no protection for their loved ones. So at home their wives wait, listening for the telephone, yet dreading its summons with its possible message of death. When it comes—the loved voice saying, "Everything's all right and gosh,

(Continued on page 89)



Ray Thompson, better known as "Red," who weekly risks his life in dare-devil stunts in the films.



Kid McCoy, former middle-weight champion and now a Fox featured player, speaks with authority on matrimonial matters. The kid has been eight times married . . . and he is only fifty, with the world full of beautiful women

What Every Husband Knows *Helpful Hints for Wives*

By NORMAN SELBY
(Kid McCoy)

THE WISE husband will choose a wife ten years younger than he. But if it's a toss-up between an old one and a young one, I'll take the chicken.

Happiness in married life? Who looks for continual happiness? When the charm, the novelty, has worn off there's always another candidate waiting somewhere. Men don't marry for life companions, any more—they marry for sweethearts, to be amused. When a wife ceases to be interesting, why prolong the agony?

You ask should a wife be a sweetheart or a pal? A wife must be everything to her man—sweetheart, pal, mother, vampire—if she expects to retain his love. She has to be versatile.

No single-purposed woman could ever hold my love. Man has many moods, many demands, and all have to be satisfied. If one woman can't qualify in general utility, there are always others.

I LIKE brilliant women who can talk intelligently about the world's events, and not just ape their husband's opinions or else nag him to death. A fellow doesn't want to be ashamed of his wife, but likes other men to admire her too. He wants to be envied the possession of so much beauty and wit. But when a wife has a career, it should lie in

The wise husband will choose a wife ten years younger than he. But if it's a toss-up between an old one and a young one, I'll take the chicken.

A wife must be everything to her man—pal, sweetheart, mother and vampire.

Harping jealousy will kill love quicker than anything else.

Take wives as they come. You train a perfect blossom—and some other guy comes along and picks it.

Men don't marry for life any more. When a wife ceases to be interesting, why prolong the agony?

the same profession as her husband follows, or should be closely allied to it.

For instance, lots of times when I have taken my homewomen wives (one at a time, of course) out to dinner, I'd meet women of my acquaintance whom my wives had never met. Often I'd even forgotten their names—a fellow meets so many women—but would remember their faces. Well, they'd probably say, "Hello, Kid, how's the dear boy?" using those little pet phrases flung over the shoulder which mean nothing.

But could I convince my wives they meant nothing? Not by a long shot! When I'd disclaim any memory of the woman, the wife would say, "Now, don't hand me any of that stuff!" and wreck

the party with her own jealousy.

That's why I say a wife should follow her husband's profession, if she must have a profession. If she has no career of her own, she should interest herself in her husband's career and in his friends.

And good God! they mustn't nag. Harping jealousy will kill love quicker than anything.

I SUPPOSE the ideal age for matrimony is from eighteen to twenty-eight. But I'm fifty and have lots of good years ahead of me. And the world is full of beautiful women.

Once I started out to raise a girl to be the perfect wife. She was the sweetest little kid, about twelve. But her mother made her marry a banker—after I'd spent lots of money training her so she'd be just the kind of a wife I wanted. After that, I decided I'd take 'em as they come, even though they lack perfection. You train a perfect blossom—and some other guy comes along and picks it.

My first wife was Lottie Piehler. She was eighteen and a homewoman. I was only twenty-one then.

My second wife was also my third and fourth mate. She was Julia Woodruff, a stage-star, and a mighty nice little girl.

Wife No. 5 was Indianola
(Continued on page 99)

What Every Wife Knows *Some Sidelights On Matrimony*

By CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



THE IDEAL age for a husband is two years old.

The ideal age for any male is two or three years. I love boy-babies. But they grow up and become men. And then. . . .

People say I am a cynic, where marriage is concerned. I admit it. I am a cynic, not alone because I have failed to find complete happiness in marriage, but because I have seen so many marital ships go on the rocks.

But if one must marry, I believe the best age is between thirty and thirty-five. That applies for both the husband and wife.

No girl under thirty knows her own mind. And very young men are too occupied with having a good time, or too selfishly interested in their business careers to take matrimony seriously. And Heaven knows, marriage is a serious business.

We change so as we grow older. The boys and girls we admire intensely in High School we would never look at twice in later life.

Youth is covered with a sheer mantle of romance, which Experience rends to tatters. When that romantic veil is lowered and we look life in the face, we learn values; we learn the art of judgment. We realize that the kind of love we feel in youth is not dependable.

Marriage resulting from a momentary flash of desire, lacking the

The ideal age for any male is two years old. I love boy-babies, but they grow up and become men. And then. . . .

I am a cynic about marriage. But if one must marry, the best age for both husband and wife is between thirty and thirty-five.

Nagging is the curse of matrimony.

Love is undependable. It is a flame; it flares high; *pouf*, it is gone!

true spirit of camaraderie, cannot last. The early passion is beautiful but transient; it passes, burning itself out like the ashes of a cigaret.

The successful marriage must come to fruit gradually as the bloom of a long understanding.

THE woman who relies upon her physical attractions solely to retain her husband's love, is foredoomed to a bitter awakening. Once he has attained his desire he loses interest in her. But if she builds upon the firm ground of respect and understanding, waiting until she is of a mature age before taking the fatal step, there is more chance for happiness.

There should be no great difference in the ages of the husband and wife. When I married James

Young, I was but 19 and my husband was many years my senior. A marriage between a man and a girl separated by a wide gulf of years can have no happy fulfillment.

As a man grows older, he seeks the homespun paths. He has seen the world, has tasted of its joys. And now he prefers to sit by the fire in his slippers, his evening paper gradually falling at his side as he snores.

A young wife does not get many thrills out of the evening paper and hubby's snores.

The man is not to blame. Neither is the girl, frivolous, eager for life's pleasures as youth must be always. It is just that they are mismatched. For that reason, I believe that more mature couples have a greater chance for happiness, and that there should be but little difference in their ages.

One of the greatest causes of marital unhappiness is the young wife's eagerness to submerge her own personality in her husband's.

Woman is no longer a chattel. She is an individual.

By that I do not mean that I approve of the woman who renounces her femininity for a manish pose. Such women are detestable. But the American woman of today may be individually herself, with a soul and a brain of her own,

(Continued on page 98)

Why Fido Leaves Home?

*He Makes Good Money
in the Movies*



Camisole, nicknamed Cameo for short, is of the famous "lingerie" family. He is a son of Teddy, the famous Sennett dog. One of his brothers is named Knickerbocker, Cameo is a \$200.00 a week doggie.

Cheeko has one of the nicest dispositions around Hollywood. He could win a popularity contest any day. Cheeko earns ten dollars every day he works in pictures.



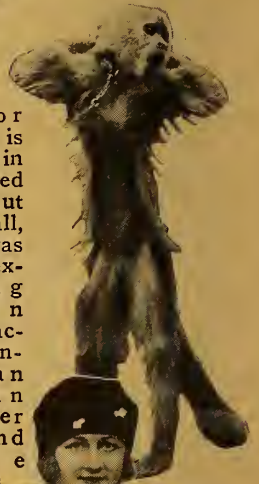
Scotty is providing the proper salt-sea atmosphere for Maurice Tourneur's picture, "The Isle of Dead Ships," but he has done extra work lots and lots of times before. He has a "line" that would do credit to a long-shoreman. He gets \$10 a day.



If you're tired of working for a living, train up a dog like Teddy, the Mack Sennett Canine wonder. Teddy draws a salary of \$275.00 each and every week for his master. Every six months Teddy goes to the dentist and every two months to the chiropodist, to have his paws attended to and his nails manicured!



Josephine registering ennui. Josephine earns \$25 for every day and is carried around in a velvet-lined basket. But after all, life was more exciting when she accompanied an organ grinder around the streets.



Bruno is not an extra. He plays 'bits', if you please, and is a high-salaried actor. \$50.00 a day is his salary. Bruno is chummy as can be with his fellow-stars, especially if an occasional lump of sugar is forthcoming.



Lancaster Mike and Lancaster Spike — or maybe it's the other way round—are two of the fastest racing English grayhounds in the west. They are very exclusive and associate only with stars and directors, on the set. Anna Q. Nilsson induced them to pose for this picture.

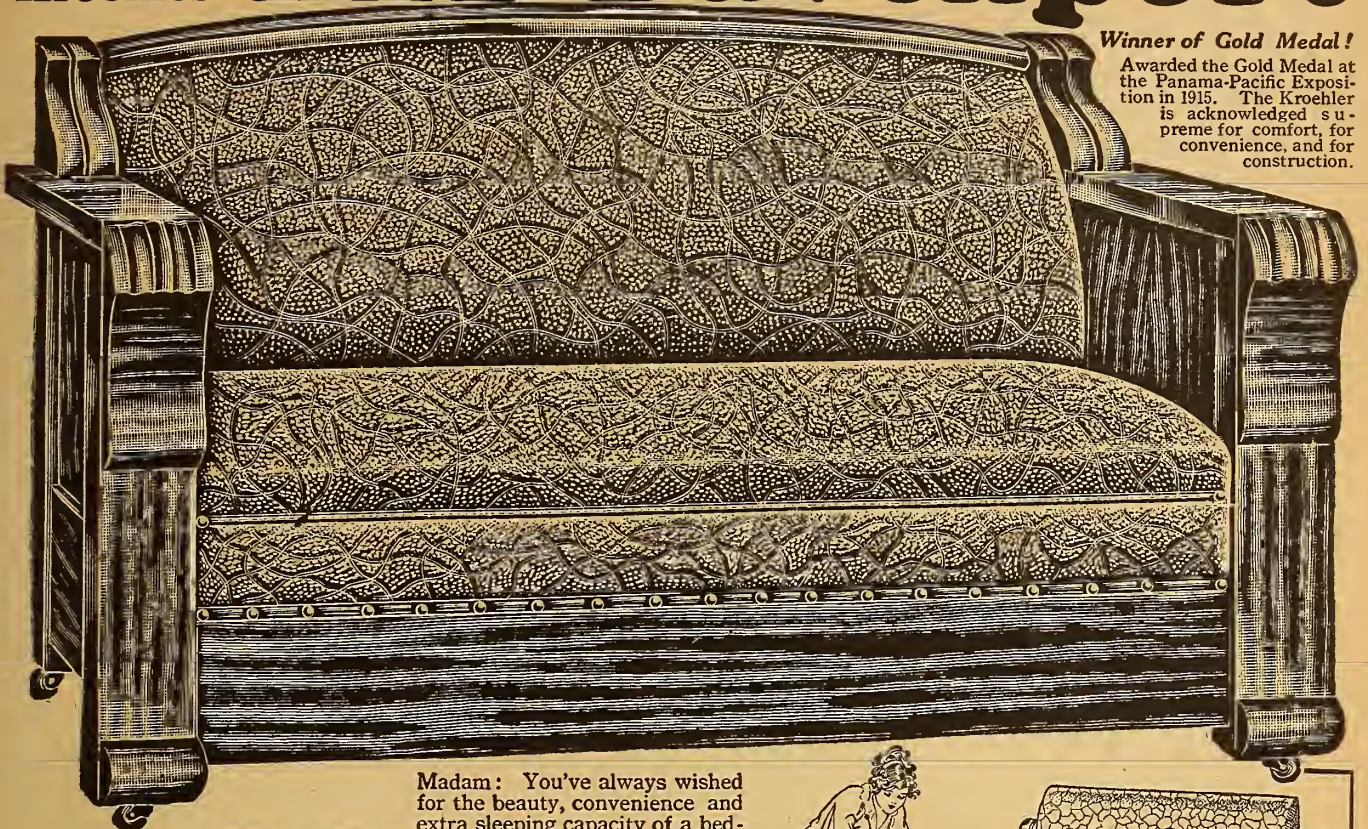


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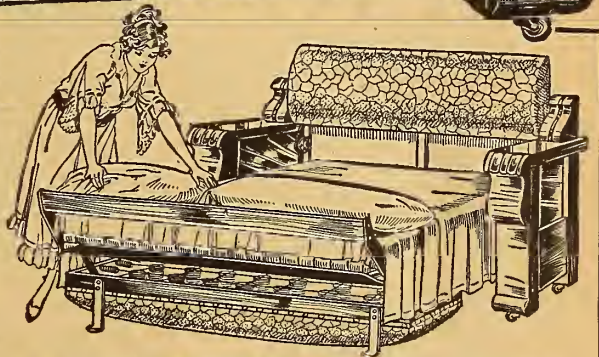
\$4.50 a Month If you decide to keep this Kroehler bed-davenport pay only \$4.50 a month until you have paid only \$47.90 in all. Can you match this price for spot cash anywhere? And we give almost a year to pay at the rate of only 15c a day. What could you spend 15c a day for that would give you more real, lasting, worth-while satisfaction than for this famous Kroehler bed-davenport? Decide now to save those nickels and dimes for something worth while. Send for this bed-davenport now. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. *No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C.O.D.*

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Check finish desired: Golden Oak Fumed Oak Mahogany
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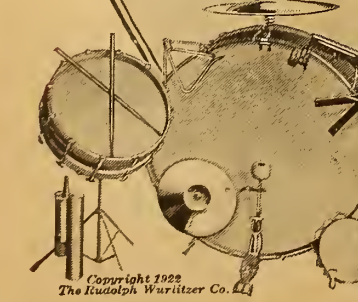
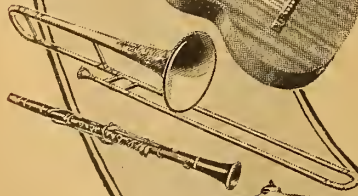
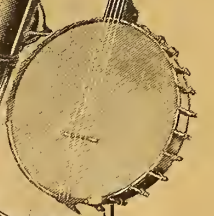
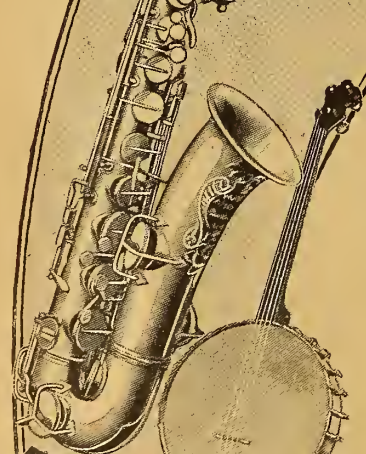
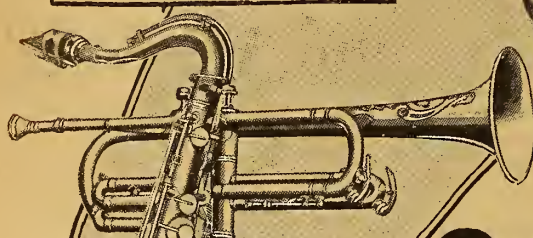
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Bogus Movies

(Continued from page 37)

films which will be reissued, revised and doctored and put back upon the market again. Some of these will undoubtedly be renamed, new titles inserted, and wished on the public as "brand new" subjects.

The reissuance of old films under new titles has been declared unfair business practice by the Federal Trade Commission in a complaint issued against the Signet Film Co., Incorporated. This concern, too, makes its headquarters in New York. It seems that the commission took particular exception of the fact that this outfit was showing films previously exhibited under other titles, as new pictures and not making any mention of the fact that the photoplays were reissues.

Nearly every exhibitor is well acquainted with the film market. His eyes are open when he "buys" his entertainment from the "wholesale" man. If he wants to give you quality for the money you spend with him he won't try to wish "warmed-over" photoplays on you. If the dollar sign hangs in front of his nose and he can't see any further then—

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

—he'll probably exploit the most popular player in the cast of the old stuff in such a way that unless you are careful you will get what the "honey tender" got—**STUNG!**

Watch the list that **SCREENLAND** will print very carefully of the names of photoplays to "watch out for." You will save yourself time and money if you do.

In the next "Monkey Gland Movies" article I am going to tell you about some experiences with an outfit who tried to sell stock to promote their "film doctoring" organization. Maybe you have received a letter from one of these companies telling you how quickly you can "double" your money. If you have you will be doubly interested in the expose. If you haven't you will want to guard yourself against being "hooked" for a sucker. Watch for it.

It is said William S. Hart contemplates ropin' his way into the "Follies," according to report.

Real Heroes of the Screen (Continued from page 83)

but I'm hungry," the suspense is over—until next day.

"Aw, my wife's a good sport—she doesn't worry," these chaps all say. But they can't tell me those women don't have their hours of agony when they pray for the safety of the father of their children—who is out risking his life that a pinkchecked hero may win applause.

Leo Nomis specializes in auto stuff, racing, skidding cars, collisions, driving machines over 100-foot cliffs, and in aeroplane thrills and parachute jumps. Only once has he failed to make a plane behave, upon which occasion, contrary to all Leo's expectations, the darn thing got apoplexy or something, fell four thousand feet and settled, upside down, with Leo blissfully unconscious beneath it. But he suffered only a broken nose—and when they pulled him out and brought him back to consciousness with a sip of the good and reliable, he wanted to do the stunt over again before he lost his temper!

JEAN PERKINS, the man who gave his life that you might enjoy a momentary thrill, also specialized in aeroplane feats, while Ray "Red" Thompson does hair-raising stunts on horses. His most notable achievement was riding his horse at breakneck speed over a bridge two feet wide, 130 feet long, suspended over a chasm ninety feet deep. The bridge swayed so perilously and was so insecure that no one would attempt it on foot, but "Red" and his trusty mount danced nimbly over it to safety. In *The Toll Gate*, he allowed himself to be tied securely and thrown from a train going at sixty miles an hour, and in *Quincy Adams Sawyer* he did a roll on horseback down a steep cliff, diving into the water.

Most of these dare-devils have had adventurous careers, "Red" Thompson was a jockey and circus-performer. Leo Nomis for several years did high-diving water stunts and parachute-drops at festivals.

And they are not a superstitious bunch, none of them carrying any luck charms. "Red's" philosophy sums up their attitude: "If you make it, your wife cooks you an extra-thick steak for dinner. And

Let me tell you about the remarkable discovery which removed my superfluous hair at once—then forever

To look at my face today—to see my skin as free from hair as a baby's and as clear and rosy looking as that of a young girl—you would not believe that I was once literally a "bearded woman" with hair on cheeks, chin and lips, and with a skin coarse and blemished.

numerous ways to relieve the condition—even the painful electric needle.

Now I want every woman who suffers from unsightly, embarrassing hair growths, to know about this discovery which removes the hair at once, and with a few applications removes it permanently. I want to tell women how they can use this method themselves, in the privacy of their homes, and prove, without risking a penny, that it is all I claim for it.

I say that this discovery will remove superfluous hair *permanently*, and that it is the *only* method that I know of which will do this.

The discovery which Science brought to me is unlike anything else you have ever tried. It is not a powder, not a paste, not a wax, not a liquid, not a razor, not electrolysis. It causes no pain—no burning, no itching, no scarring. It not only removes the hair—it gives the skin a new beauty—makes it soft, clear, rosy, free from pimples, roughness and other blemishes. It does not have to be applied by a beauty specialist. You use it yourself. It's the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.



A Woman's Experience

The transformation has been marvelous—all through a truly wonderful discovery of Science which immediately banished every vestige of the hair and gave me this perfect complexion. This, after I had suffered from embarrassing hair growths for years, and tried

My Free Book Tells the Secret—Send for It

I have written a book which tells how I came to discover this amazing method and how any woman can get rid of superfluous hair, and know that it is permanently gone. Don't send a penny—don't make any promise. Just write to me. The book is free. A post card brings it.

Address Annette Lanzette, care Hygienic Laboratories, Dept. 54, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

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WITH **Miss Dorothy Gish** I N

"FURY"

By Edmund Goulding
Directed by Henry King

A sea tale with the tang of the fresh, salt breeze. Scenes of rare and wondrous beauty in a romance that will make you thrill and cheer. Watch for this picture and watch for the *First National* trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the ultimate in pictures, both in artistry and entertainment.



Real Heroes of the Screen

(Continued from page 89)

if you don't, they say, 'Don't he look natural?' and stick a 'Rest in Peace' wreath on your chest. It's all a gamble—but say, how'd us fellers look sittin' at home readin' poetry?"

Of them all, "Red" alone has never been injured. Though he has spent seven years doing perilous stunts for the camera and served in the worst fighting of the World War, his natty little red mustache has never been misplaced nor has the laughter in his blue eyes ever been dimmed by pain.

Leo Nomis rode his motorcycle smash-into a racing car for the "punch" in *Manslaughter*. In *Intolerance* and other spectacles he did difficult "back falls" off of high walls and buildings. He has turned innumerable planes over, swung from trains to rope ladders suspended from aeroplanes, and made parachute drops. While riding his motorcycle in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, he roped a steer; but the rope broke, dragging him about the field, tangled up in his motorcycle, and severely lacerating his legs.

"Red" Thompson has done many falls, rolling his horse over and over down hills—being the first man to prove to producers that a horse could be "fallen" without shooting the poor beast, for which the League of Equines should give him a fancy embroidered glass saddle. Once he jumped from a high trestle into a machine going at the gentle clip of sixty miles an hour, landing nonchalantly on the back seat and lighting a cigaret.

In *All the Brothers Were Valiant*, for Metro, he jumped from a boat to the back of a whale that didn't seem eager to be killed, speared it with a lance and, when it went under, spouting geysers of blood, dived into the water infested with sharks, swimming among them for two hundred yards before being picked up.

Who, I ask you, are the real heroes of the films? The stars? Or these brave lads, unsung, ungrieved, woefully underpaid, who risk their lives—and give them—that you may have a thrill? Valiant to the last, asking only for a cigaret when the breath is ebbing from their crushed bodies—the real heroes who never achieve a close-up.



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To Work For Us At Home**

If you are worried, discontented and skimping along from day to day, simply because you are not earning enough to cover your immediate needs and lay some away for a rainy day, then I will, providing you mean business, and are energetic, teach you our Art Painting work of Landscapes and Portraits, in ten lessons by mail and start you in the Studio Painting business right at home. No experience necessary, outfit furnished, anyone can learn. \$3000 to \$6000 yearly. Only table room required. No muss or dirt. Clean, pleasant work. Free literature.

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Four on the Mountain

(Continued from page 53)



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first real chance to show his ability as an actor outside of his "type."

With *The Girl I Love* Ray leaps far up the mountainside. He joins the lonely, illustrious company of Douglas and Mary and the other Charlie. If *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is what he hopes and believes it will be, Charles Ray will be as great as the greatest of the three others on the mountain.

Of Charles Ray in *The Girl I Love*, Mary Pickford said to the writer: "I know many who believe Charles Ray is the greatest actor on the screen. I am beginning to believe them. I have never seen a greater piece of acting than his in the buggy scene, where he is about to propose and learns that Mary is to marry Willie Brown."

The "buggy scene" will make motion picture history. The camera is on Ray's face steadily during the entire transition from shy, expectant happiness in his proposal to Mary, his adopted sister, to abject despair. There are no cut-backs, to give him a chance to pass from one degree of emotion to another, from

stunned incredulity to disbelief, from disbelief to realization, then to despair, then to the determination that Mary must not know, then finally to heartbreaking pretense of joy in her news. All this time Mary with bent head is telling the story of her proposal from Willie Brown and fails to see the pitiful effect.

AND SO we find the four on the mountainside, only one of them hesitant, only one afraid to take the big leap, out of "type" into "art." One is apparently lazy, tired after his big successes, rather indifferent; one is abundantly energetic, bent on making every picture "the greatest picture ever produced"; the fourth is brave and almost humble in his sudden accession to the proud eminence, prayerful that he will not stumble back down the mountainside, or that, if he does, he can climb up again.

And the searchlights of public interest play about them relentlessly. And there is so little time to dawdle.

The Fattest Girl in the Movies

(Continued from page 48)

hard labor. She can dance, however; fat people are proverbially light on their feet. But it is so difficult for an ordinary-sized male partner to get a leverage on her. And as he cannot see around her, dancing is just one crash after another unless Katie picks her partner up under her arm and leads herself.

One of the pioneers to the silver-screen, she appeared in many of Mary Pickford's early pictures, also with Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello and in those inimitable John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies. Throughout the years her avoirdupois has been her call of "Open Sesame" and the doors of the studios have swung wide at her entrance—when they could. And when even so the gap remained inadequate, the doors were removed from their hinges that Kate Price might walk in and sign on the dotted line while beautiful, slim young things gnashed their teeth in the outer offices.

"I should worry," Katie sums up the tribulations of the fattest girl in pictures, "'tis lots of fun, an' what's a bruise or two, a busted chair or head, whin you make folks laugh an' forget their troubles?"

For Katie, you see, is a philosophical soul and multiplies her chuckles along with her avoirdupois.

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Revelations of a Press Agent

(Continued from page 43)

a credulous public that Theda Bara was born in the shadow of the Sphinx on the Sahara desert, of Arabian and Spanish parentage. As a matter of fact, Theda Bara, whose name was Esther Goodman, was born in the shadows of the Cincinnati Pyramids and her name is a combination of the words Arab and Death.

Polly, who was clever, used to help me manufacture yarns about herself. She read the newspapers and magazines for the names of bizarre places and romantic peoples, so that they might serve as pegs to hang our pleasant fancies upon. When an obscure Austrian was shot by a playful duelist, we immediately got into the papers with a gory story of how Polly had been engaged to him once, and that the duel was in reality about her. We got by with murder in those days, and strangely enough never had a libel suit. Polly had in her manufactured past an affair with the Russian Czar, hinted at so broadly that Main Street's crassest dumb-bell couldn't miss the identity of the supposed victim of her charms; the ruler of Luxemburg had given her a ten-carat diamond; had been the mistress of a French count, who had murdered his wife when she objected to the intrigue; a matador in Madrid served to keep her in practise until a peevish senorita tried to vivisect her with a stiletto.

The thing I hate to remember about my playing God with Polly's past is that it over-stimulated her imagination, and she developed a craving for the very life she was supposed to have led. She early became anathema to all the women, of course, even in Hollywood, for there is no more credulous colony in the world than our own little sophisticated movie center. We believe in nothing—and give ear to every rumor. There was nothing for Polly to do but to play around with men, men who more than half believed everything that was printed about her. It tickled her vanity to be called a siren, and she hated to acknowledge her purity to these men who were giving her admiration because of her supposed immorality. She became a vietim to pub-

licity—and eventually became so depraved that it showed up in her work and she lost out completely. Innocent, she looked the perfect vamp; immoral, she looked the hag. I am sorry about Polly.

Thus began my life of erime. I have since press-agented every sort of player from Norma Talmadge down to the dog with the human brain. I have worked in the publicity department of almost every studio in Hollywood and the east, and have at times broken away from studios to represent a star on tour or merely as her personal publicity representative.

I envy the dog with the human brain, about which I have written so convincingly. The dog hasn't a conscience, nor has he prostituted his art. I might have been a writer of fiction, so labeled; instead, I have woven lies — of later years mixed judiciously with facts, because the public is growing more and more hard to fool — around people for whom I care little or nothing and for which I get no credit. No press agent ever gets a by-line. It is his imagination, his resourcefulness which keeps such people as Katherine McDonald, Marion Davies, Hope Hampton daily before the public; it is the star who reaps all the benefit. But since I have chosen to sell myself in this way, I suppose I can't blame anyone for the fact that I am a tired, disillusioned, oldish young man, who wouldn't believe a word he saw in print if it was signed with his own mother's name.

Among my least pleasant press agent stunts I rank my experiences with a certain child star, now at the "awkward age," thank heaven, and temporarily or permanently out of pictures. This spoiled little brat, pretty enough and a good enough little actress, took a vicious delight in giving the lie to all the most charming stories I wrote about her. I sympathized with the newspaper reporter — an intelligent girl who suddenly got sick of the whole elaptrap and wrote the interview with my "baby star" as it really took place. She upstaged the reporter dreadfully, slapped her father, made faeces at her governess, and made herself altogether detestable, secure in the belief that the

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SCREENLAND

PUZZLE PICTURE

on page 10 of this issue.

Revelations of a Press Agent

(Continued from page 95)



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reporter would write the usual "reel kiddie, just like any other unspoiled child; but of course more charming, more poised." When the Kansas City Post came out with a humorous, but faithful account of the interview, the baby's father fired me, for he believed I had something to do with it; anyway, I made a convenient scapegoat.

ONE OF my saddest and most hectic jobs was that of personal publicity agent for a famous male screen star, who gradually slipped into the morphine habit. Keeping the secret from the public, working strong on the note that he was still as boyish and charming as he had been in earlier years, and keeping him from showing himself in too drunken a state in public, were among my duties. I was a terrible killjoy, for I was always snatching the needle from his hand or hiding the whiskey bottle, even on the studio lot. He hated me, but he couldn't do without me or someone as clever and low as I was. In his best moments he was charmingly reminiscent and melancholy, swearing to be good, and in his worst, he was a mad beast struggling to get the forbidden drug or the disastrous bottle. Morphine and whiskey got him, of course, and the truth finally got into print. A great pity. A wonderful chap.

Since it was my duty to arrange interviews and to be present whenever the reporter would stand for a third party, coaching the star for his or her tilt with the press was also among the thousand and one little things I learned to do so well. If we had decided that a star was to be intellectual, which has been going awfully well lately, I gave my star a ten-minute resumé of the latest books of the more highbrow variety. In the most "beautiful and dumb" cases, I typed the reviews and the stars memorized them. She was safe unless the interviewer went too eagerly into details. But the star was also coached on how to switch the conversation to other well-oiled tracks. Rodin's latest achievement in sculpture, the jazz crime, an appreciation of the Russian influence in music, Freud's

theory of the mother-complex, were always safe. I crammed my star with my own hastily formed opinions, and turned her loose with prayer and trepidation, to be made the most of by the more or less sympathetic interviewer. It was usually easy enough to hoax the reporter, for reporters like to be hoaxed and to hoax the public, just as well as a publicity man does.

Occasionally, however, an astute reporter has stuck his tongue in his cheek and written a satire on my laboriously built star of the moment. Needless to say, in the resulting pyrotechnics, I always lost my job and walked the weary until the incident was forgotten by other stars.

Those of the public who may be inclined to censure me as stiffly as I censure myself should remember that the life of the star really offers little to write about. A woman in the pictures works hard, has the ordinary reactions to life; likes hot dogs and a party at the beach; enjoys conviviality when the rest of the folks are hitting it up; reads current magazines and an occasional book when it becomes so popular that it sticks out of the book-shelves like a sore thumb; falls in love, gets married and falls out of love and gets a divorce, much as other people do. That sort of stuff naturally doesn't make good publicity. The public would be grieved to hear the real truth, even if its worst fault is that it is boresome, about their favorites. It is only kind, in many cases, to manufacture news about them, to clothe them with romance and mystery and intelligence.

Personally, I believe the day of the old-time press agent is over — and well over. I am beginning to seem old-fashioned, even to myself. The new press agent strives for what the profession calls "legitimate copy," which means that a large per cent of it is true or near-true.

But so long as the life of the star depends upon publicity and so long as the public adores and idealizes stars, just so long will the press agent be with us. Personally I think that will be forever and I am learning the new tricks of the trade and expect to go to work for Mary Pickford, if she will give me a job.

What Every Husband Knows

(Continued from page 84)

Arnold, star in *The Wizard of Oz*. We were married in 1904.

I THINK it was in 1905, though I'm not exactly sure about the date, that I married Mrs. Edward J. Ellis, a young and charming widow.

My next wife was Edna Valentine. She was a widow and her non-professional name was Heinz. This marriage took place about 1910 or maybe it was 1912, I can't say off-hand.

My last (or should I say latest) spouse was Dagmar Dalgren, whose real name was Carmen Browder. She was only nineteen and charming.

I believe the character qualities of Julia Woodruff promise the most happiness for me; we were very happy when we were married, at times. Julia has recently lost her second husband, George Wheelock, by death. And who knows? Perhaps Wife No. 9 will be. . . ?

Encouraging the Extra

(Continued from page 49)

by establishing in Hollywood an agency of their own, co-operatively. The expense, shared by all the studios, would be nominal and would be more than repaid by the improvement in the morale of their actors. It is clearly to the benefit of the studios that they get the right type of extras, and that they be contented and encouraged in their dramatic training. The extras are the back-bone of the industry; from among them the stars of tomorrow will be recruited. Valentino, Betty Compson, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd and a host of box-office attractions of today rose from the ranks of the extras.

It is good business to encourage the extra, Mr. Producer.

Clara Kimball Young's next picture is to be "Cordelia the Magnificent," adapted to the screen by Frank Beresford.

Claude Gillingwater, who played the bachelor role in "The Three Wise Fools" on the stage, is to have the same part in the picture.



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Jean Hersholt is to have a part in Eric Von Stroheim's first Goldwyn picture.

"Men of the Desert" will be Harry Carey's next picture for F. B. O. Marguerite Clayton will appear with him.

Jacqueline Logan, who did such splendid work in "Java Head," appears with Charles Ray in his latest production, "A Tailor Made Man."

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The high cost of premieres reminds one of Fred Niblo's witty explanation of Grauman's financial methods. But let Fred tell it:

"Every once in a while Sid Grauman gets ashamed of only owning half a dozen of the biggest theatres in town. So he goes to a contractor and tells him to build him a grand new showhouse. 'Go as far as you like,' Sid tells the contractor, 'but don't spare expense.'

"Well, by and by the contractor calls Sid up and tells him the theatre is all finished. 'How much?' asks Sid. 'Two million dollars,' says the contractor. 'Awright,' says Sid, 'I'll open her up with a premiere tonight and pay you in the morning.'"

Gloria Swanson was the honor guest at this latest premiere, for her new Paramount picture, *My American Wife*, was selected for the feature. And Gloria was radiant! All in white, wrapped in a regal ermine wrap, with diamonds sparkling in her lovely auburn hair and around her white neck, she proved her right to her title of the best dressed woman in pictures.

There were so many beautiful women in the audience that packed the huge house to the very windows that it is hard to select any particular star to describe. But Barbara La Marr stood out from among the beauties. Her gorgeously colorful figure attracted attention on all sides. Barbara was like a snow queen in her favorite white, very décolleté, with her dark hair dressed high on her lovely head.

The picture was good, and in spite of the superabundance of entertainment, the evening was a red-letter occasion. It's worth five dollars just to see so many lovely women and so many gorgeous costumes all at one time!

Ruth Roland, who is still making serial thrillers, was charming. She wore a simple frock of deep blue tulle against which her vivid coloring stood out magnificently. Ruth is always a good sport at a premiere, and she was one of the few stars who accepted Grauman's invitation to be introduced from the stage, to the huge audience.

The Metropolitan is surely an achievement in the building of superstructures. Its style of architecture is most unique and embodies many unusual features in mechanism and lighting detail.

The moving picture industry may well be proud of this latest edifice erected by one of the greatest showmen in the world.



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SEE the Screenland
Puzzle Contest
on page 10.

By Their Prop Smiles Ye Shall Know Them

(Continued from page 30)

desks, should never hang one over Rodolph Valentino's dressing table—unless the psychology of the thing is that when you are told to smile you never do it! For chronic smiling would be the ruination of our Sheik. He has a smile all his own, a smile that would make any respectable married woman get at least as far as the garden gate on a pilgrimage to his shrine. That smile is a subtle, poised thing that is suddenly shot with the very essence of the Valentino personality. You are perfectly content to wait through a whole picture for that one smile. Imagine Rodolph grinning boyishly every few feet, as Charlie Ray does. Maybe he used to, and that is why no one noticed him particularly until Rex Ingram saw him looking sad over a poorly digested hot dog, or something like that, and saw his possibilities. When Rodolph grins out of character, just a nice sort of grin, he loses all that mysterious charm, becomes just a dark-eyed boy who likes spaghetti and runs around with the gang at night. But reticent, secretive, mysterious—smiling only once in every picture and then right into the heroine's eyes—ah!

Tom Mix, Bill Russell, Buck Jones, are examples of the out-in-God's-country smilers. Bill Hart is the somber leader of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Not Smile, for in Hart's unsmiling countenance is the irresistible charm of sternness and misunderstood tender impulses. Buster Keaton, on the other hand, has the unsmiling map of a wooden Indian. If he should forget himself and smile, his vogue would be collapsed; one more idol would be shattered.

So—for the movie audience, the optimist's Pollyanna plea for SMILES, SMILES, SMILES is all right. But for actors and actorines smiles are something else again—a stock in trade, an identification tag.

TRY THE SCREENLAND PUZZLE CONTEST

Shown on page 10
of this issue.

A Magazine

With a New Idea

For the first time in the history of magazine publishing in America a publication is now available which is able to present *dramatic screen stories in fiction form being filmed*.

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Changing needs of the producers are set forth.

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Making Hollywood Safe for Matrimony

(Continued from page 45)

a ship to scorch her youth and innocence with his hot kisses, he has no interest in overtaking her but merely keeps up the pursuit until the direct calls time. Or that when Rodolph Valentino takes his screen lady-love slowly in his arms, looking deep into her eyes and presses his lips lingeringly on hers, he is thinking about his police dogs and she is counting ten.

But are they? Life is so fleeting; its highways so rough; the rent man so inevitable; the bluelaw crusaders always with us. So fill the cup—

If the matrimonial troubles of the screen folk do center about the difficulty a few performers feel in distinguishing between love on the set and in the home, the marriage contract bill is a sure panacea. The young wife of the handsome screen hero merely contracts to send her husband fasting to the fadeout clinch; hunger has been known to chasten a man when a sense of duty failed. Movie husbands could put in a clause specifying that their wives shall never submit to another man's embrace unless restrained by a tight slipper. A shoe that pinches can keep a woman pure under almost any circumstances. But when the arms are Valentino's, she had better be required, as a special precaution, to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

YOU CAN SEE that the possibilities of a marriage contract are infinite. Besides lessening the dangers that encounter the fragile matrimonial bark, the marriage contract would lessen also the arduous labors of the clergy who are striving so nobly and so audibly to "clean up" Hollywood.

Of course, just how the ministers of the gospel acquire their fund of information about indiscretions said to be practiced in our fair village, Hollywood, is one of those mysteries that will not be revealed until the last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

On which occasion, it is probable that the revelations regarding the movie stars in Hollywood will be equalled in interest only by the revelations regarding the ministers.

Charlie and Pola's New Home

Charlie Chaplin is building a palatial new home in Beverly Hills, Calif., in anticipation of his approaching marriage to Pola Negri. It is to be one of the most beautiful homes on the coast and is said to conform to every whim and desire of the beautiful Pola.

Harold Lloyd to Marry

Harold Lloyd, Comedian De Luxe, will be married some time in the near future to no less a personage than his beautiful little leading lady, Mildred Davis. Although this has been rumored for some time it now is a sure thing having been officially announced at the Hal Roach Studios. The wedding, it is said, will be a very quiet affair.

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She uses no filling, nor does she do any cutting: it's simply a treatment combined with nature. I really think that Mrs. Harris should be as widely known from this art as Edison or Burbank and were she a man, she would be.

To prove my honest belief and knowledge of this art I am giving up both the stage and motion picture work to give my time in full to this treatment: to help Mrs. Harris demonstrate to the public that this is the only facial art, restoring youth which remains always, stands all kinds of wear and tear, illness, grief or anything.

Very respectfully yours,
IRENE HOBSON.

P. S.—I neglected to mention that I have just had another facial treatment, and it looks like A MILLION DOLLARS.
February 17, 1922.

About 18 years ago (at my Institute on GEARY Street, in San Francisco—before the earthquake and fire) I first treated Miss Irene Hobson, as stated in her letter above. She told me at that time that she was 42 years old. Her face today has the youthful contour and smoothness of a girl's—a convincing demonstration of the permanence of my work. Eighteen years without a wrinkle! And only two 10-day courses, and one 30-day course during the whole time! Just three short courses in 8 years to keep the face perfect! YOU can afford that many days to conquer Father Time!

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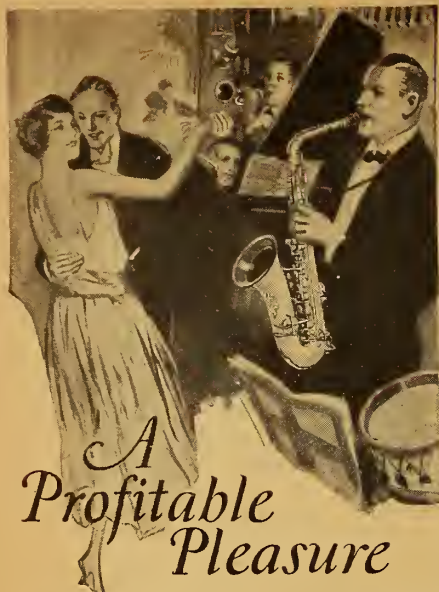
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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

How to Win a Man's Love

(Continued from page 39)

But it has remained for Barbara La Marr, one of the most potent of the new screen vampires, to give a new slant on the art of fascinating.

She uses her ears to charm men!

The really successful charmer is the one who *listens*, completely absorbed in what her male adorer has to say, says Barbara. She makes no attempt to hypnotize with studied wiles. She appears so transparent that the man feels perfectly safe. He revels in his natural vanity, believing himself the one and only male who understands her. Her best line is "How strong you are" and "I think you big men are wonderful!"

Woman must be content to charm one man only, says Barbara. At a time. Every man wants to marry a charming woman, but he wants her charm for himself alone. Other men may look at his fascinating wife, may even envy him his possession, but they must not touch!

Clothes are an invaluable aid in being fascinating, the beautiful Barbara maintains, but they must always be in harmony with the wearer's personality. A slinky black dress with dangling jet earrings does not make a vampire, but it often makes her ridiculous!

66 WHEN a woman dons clothes that were never intended for her type, she reminds one of the vain young crow who lived in a wood inhabited by many other birds of gay plumage", relates Miss La Marr. "He believed his somber black coat prevented him from charming the lady birds he admired. So, at moulting time when the other birds were dropping old feathers for new, the silly young crow went through the wood, picking up the gayest feathers and sticking them on his own coat. Soon he rivalled the peacock in splendor! He became obnoxious in his boastfulness, until the other birds grew tired of humoring the young coxcomb in his self-deception, and one by one they walked up and picked off the feathers

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belonging to them. Stripped of his artificial aids, he realized they had not supplied the charm that he had hoped."

When Barbara La Marr wishes to feel dignified, she wears white. Black drapes here go in subtlety, she says, while red makes her vivacious, full of fun. When she combines these colors, which she claims are her psychic colors, she is at her scintillating best.

THROUGHOUT the ages, perfume has been supposed to inspire love. The ancient's scented their couches with rare perfumed oils, with musk and amber. Barbara has not the perfect confidence in its potency that many of our famous charmers have.

Perfume offends the fastidious man as often as it excites him. If used at all, it should be faint, elusive, tantalizing. A drop behind the ears, on the finger tips, on the lips—never on the hair. Perfume tends to make hair gray.

As for cigarettes.

You can always tell the vampire on the screen by her cigarette. You remember the exquisite grace with which Nita Naldi as the ever-to-be-remembered Dona Sol handled her cigarettes in *Blood and Sand*? How beautiful her hands were! No wonder *Gallardo* was fascinated!

CIGARETTES have there proper place in the lives of many charming women, Nita Naldi holds. But only for a certain type of woman. The ingenue, the unsophisticated girl should never smoke with a man. It offends his sense of propriety.

But the stately woman of the world, the grande dame, may with safety light a cigarette after dinner or tea, when the male companion is at peace with the world. And when he stoops over you to light your cigarette and your eyes meet, the faint scent of jasmine drifts up into his nostrils—ah, there are possibilities there, mes amis!

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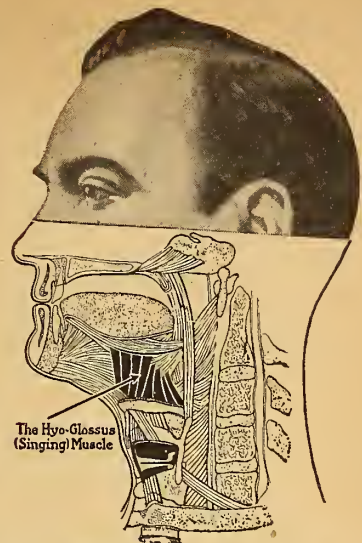
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For three generations, the family of Feuchtinger has been famous in the music capitals of Europe. Grand Opera stars have been trained by their method. Voices apparently lost, have been recovered. Until a few years ago, America knew nothing of this method.

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Arthur Murray
Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts

Arthur Murray has perfected a method by which you can learn in the privacy of your own home, to dance any of the latest dances in a few minutes—and all of them in a short time. Instructions are so simple that even a child can quickly learn. In one evening you can master the steps of any single dance. Partner or music are not necessary. After learning you can dance with the best dancer in your town and not make a single misstep.

Learn Without Partner or Music

Arthur Murray's remarkable method is so clearly explained and lucidly written that you don't need anyone to explain the instructions. The diagrams show every movement—just how to make each step of every dance, and the written instructions are concise and easily remembered. After you have quickly learned the steps by yourself in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be

quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. Dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him—and it is a fact that more than 90,000 people have learned to become popular dancers through his Learn-at-home methods.

Free Proof You Can Learn the Latest Steps in an Evening

Private instruction in Mr. Murray's studio would cost you \$10 per lesson. But through his new method of teaching dancing at home, you get the same high class instruction at a ridiculously low price. And if you aren't delighted, the instruction doesn't cost you one cent.

To prove that he can teach you, Mr. Murray will send you his full sixteen-lesson course for five days' free trial. Through these sixteen lessons you will learn, The Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom.

Special Proof Offer

Satisfy yourself that the new course can quickly teach you all of the new dances and latest steps. See for yourself how easily you can master all of the newest dances and be able to enjoy yourself at the very next affair to which you are invited. Just fill in and mail the coupon—



or a postcard or letter will do—enclosing \$1.00 in full payment and the special course will be promptly sent to you. Keep the course for five full days. Practice all the steps—learn everything the lessons teach, because that is the only way you can prove to your full satisfaction that Arthur Murray's method is the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn how to dance correctly and expertly. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so, you may return the course and your deposit will be promptly refunded without any question. But should you decide to keep the course, as you surely will, it becomes your property without further payments of any kind.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Several times Arthur Murray has been asked how one can learn by mail to dance? The answer and the proof that you can learn is found in these special lessons. After reading them over and practicing the steps as shown in the diagrams, no one can help but feel fully convinced that Arthur Murray's course does teach everything promised. And so positive is Mr. Murray that he can teach you that he absolutely guarantees your complete satisfaction or your money will be fully refunded.

You have always wanted to learn to dance—you have always promised yourself that some day you would learn. Here is your best opportunity. And remember, you now receive the 16 lessons for only \$1.00.

ARTHUR MURRAY

Studio 677, 801 Madison Ave. New York

Arthur Murray, Studio 677,
801 Madison Avenue, New York.

To prove that you can teach me to dance in one evening at home you may send the sixteen-lesson course in plain cover. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment, but it is understood that this is not to be considered a purchase unless the course in every way comes up to my expectations. If, within five days, I decide to return the course I may do so and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name

Address

City State

(Price outside U. S. \$1.10.)

to You Most—and Why"—See Page 89.

Here's What a Few Say

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.

WM. S. MEYERFELD,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. Tonight I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph and had no trouble in leading or balance.

J. M. MEALY,
Flatwood, W. Va.

I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.

ALBERT J. DELANEY,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time, like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.

BEGGI THORGERISON,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.

Your Initial in two places on every piece



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places on every piece; decorated in blue and gold with gold covered handles, consists of:
 12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
 12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in.
 12 Soup Plates, 7 1/4 inches
 12 Cups

12 Saucers
 12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
 12 Fruit Dishes, 6 1/2 inches
 12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 in.
 1 Platter, 13 1/4 inches
 1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches

1 Celery Dish, 8 1/4 inches
 1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/4 inches
 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/4 inches, with lid (2 pieces)
 1 Deep Bowl, 8 1/4 inches
 1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
 1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
 1 Gravy Boat, 7 1/4 inches
 1 Creamer
 1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)



FREE

1 Brings 110-Pc. Martha Washington Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

Send only \$1.00 and Hartman will ship the complete set. Use it for 30 days on Free Trial. Then if not satisfied, send it back and Hartman will return your \$1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, TAKE NEARLY A YEAR TO PAY—a little every month.

Your Initial in Gold, Surrounded by Wreath of Gold, in 2 Places on Every Piece (Gold Covered Handles)

Beautiful Colonial Martha Washington shape. All handles are of solid design and are covered with gold. Every piece decorated with a rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and 2 pure gold initials in Old English design with gold wreaths. Beautiful white lustrous body. Guaranteed first quality; no "seconds."

FREE Mercerized Tablecloth, Six Fine Napkins to Match and 6 Coin Silver Knives and Forks

We want to prove to 50,000 more customers that Hartman gives the best merchandise, biggest values and most liberal terms ever known. And to get these 50,000 new customers at once we send FREE a 50-in. mercerized damask tablecloth, 6 napkins, 17 inches square, to match, 6 extra silver plated knives and 6 extra silver plated forks, fleur-de-lis pattern. Only 50,000 will be given FREE with the Dinner Sets—so act quick. Send the coupon—now!

Order No. 320EMA18, Bargain Price, \$32.85
 Pay \$1 Now. Balance \$3.50 Monthly.
 The Mercerized Tablecloth, 6 Fine Napkins to Match and 6 Coin Silver Knives and Forks FREE.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG FREE GIFTS

368 pages of the most astounding bargains in furniture, rugs, carpets, sewing machines, silverware—everything for the home; also farm machinery, etc.—all sold on our easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial. Also explains Hartman's gift plan by which you receive many splendid articles such as lemonade sets, glassware, dishes, silverware, tablecloths, napkins, etc., absolutely FREE with your purchases. Send a postal for this big free bargain catalog today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"



Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co. Dept. 5370 Chicago, Illinois

I enclose \$1 first payment. Send 110-piece Dinner Set No. 320EMA18 as described, and with it the tablecloth and 6 napkins; also 6 coin silver knives and 6 forks absolutely FREE. It is understood that if I am satisfied, I will send you \$3.50 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, \$32.85, is paid. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied, after 30 days' trial, I will ship all goods back and you will refund my \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Print Initial You Want Here

Name _____ Occupation _____
 R. F. D., Box No. _____
 or Street and No. _____
 Post Office _____ State _____
 If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below.
 Send shipment to _____

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co. Dept. 5370 Chicago, Ill.

Copyright, 1923, by Hartman's, Chicago

Remember that Boncilla Is the *Clasmic* Pack

This is important. The action of a Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack goes on deep below skin. You spread this gray, silky-smooth *clasmic* pack on the face and at once its work commences. A "lifting" sensation tells you of pores being cleansed, of nerve centers stimulated, of sagging muscle-tissues nurtured and rebuilt. When entirely dry, the *clasmic* pack is quickly removed with luke-warm water, and lo! from your mirror's image years have been erased!



The Written Testimony of 839 Men and Women Shows Why You Should Mail This Coupon

WE asked 839 individuals, men and women, to tell us in their own words what the Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack had done to improve their complexions.

What They Told Us

- 447 said it removed pimples and blackheads.
- 105 said it removed wrinkles and gave facial muscles a youthful firmness.
- 47 said it removed the oil from their skin.
- 119 said it closed the pores.
- 45 said it gave them a vigorous feeling.
- 8 said it took away sallowness.
- 17 said it removed tan, sunburn and bleached their freckles.

Can Testimony Like This Be Ignored?

We can add little to statements like these. These 839 men and women have told Boncilla's story completely. We have nothing to add but one question:—

In the light of this testimony, can you in fairness to yourself, refuse to try a Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack?

This trial will cost you just 50c and this coupon. You will receive four complete Boncilla *Clasmic* Packs, as well as Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder. It is the greatest "buy" obtainable. For your own sake we urge you to make the same test these 839 men and women made.

The Boncilla Laboratories
Boncilla Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Simple Test at Home

A few days after sending this coupon, you will come home and find the Pack O'Beauty has arrived. Perhaps you will be tired from the day's activity. Then you will realize to the fullest the refreshing, revitalizing effect the Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack will have. One simple test in the privacy of your home and you will realize, too, that here is the road to the skin of girlhood.

Mail This Coupon for the Pack O'Beauty

The Boncilla Pack O'Beauty is a truly remarkable value. It contains four complete *clasmic* packs, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder. This coupon and 50c will bring it to you. Mail the coupon now. It affords you a quick, easy and inexpensive way to make this worth-while test.

Boncilla

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
Boncilla Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose 50c. Please send Pack O'Beauty to

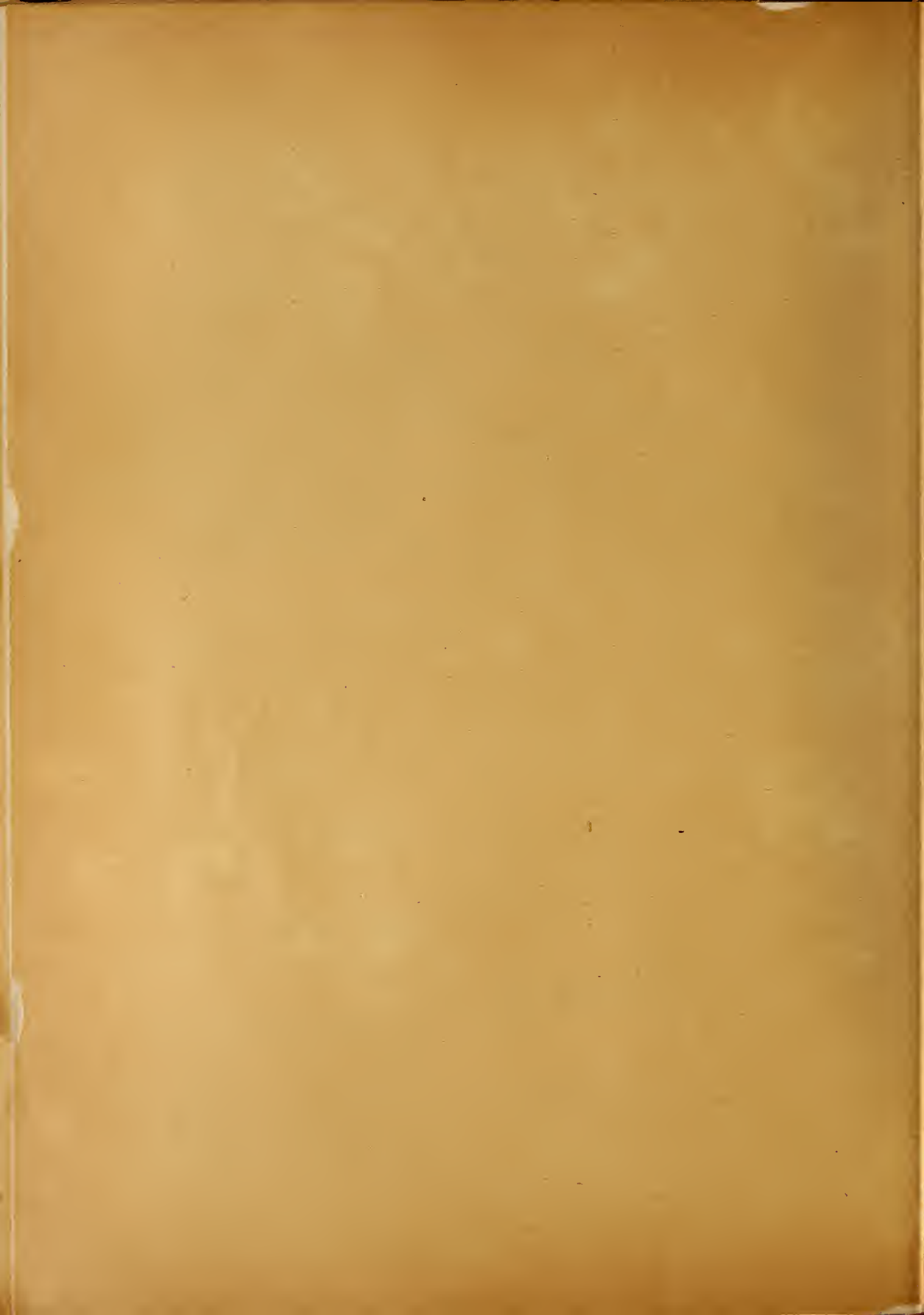
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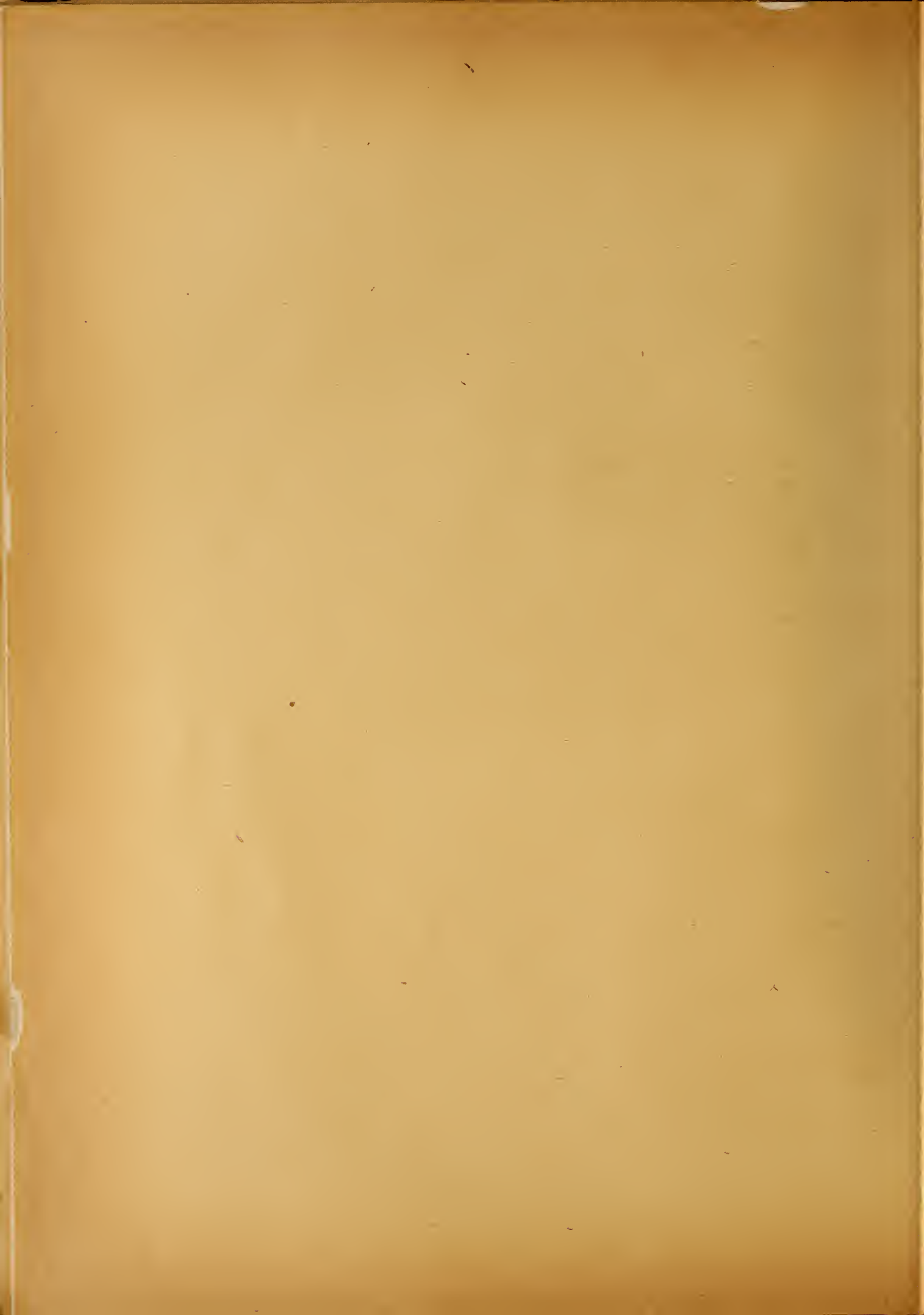
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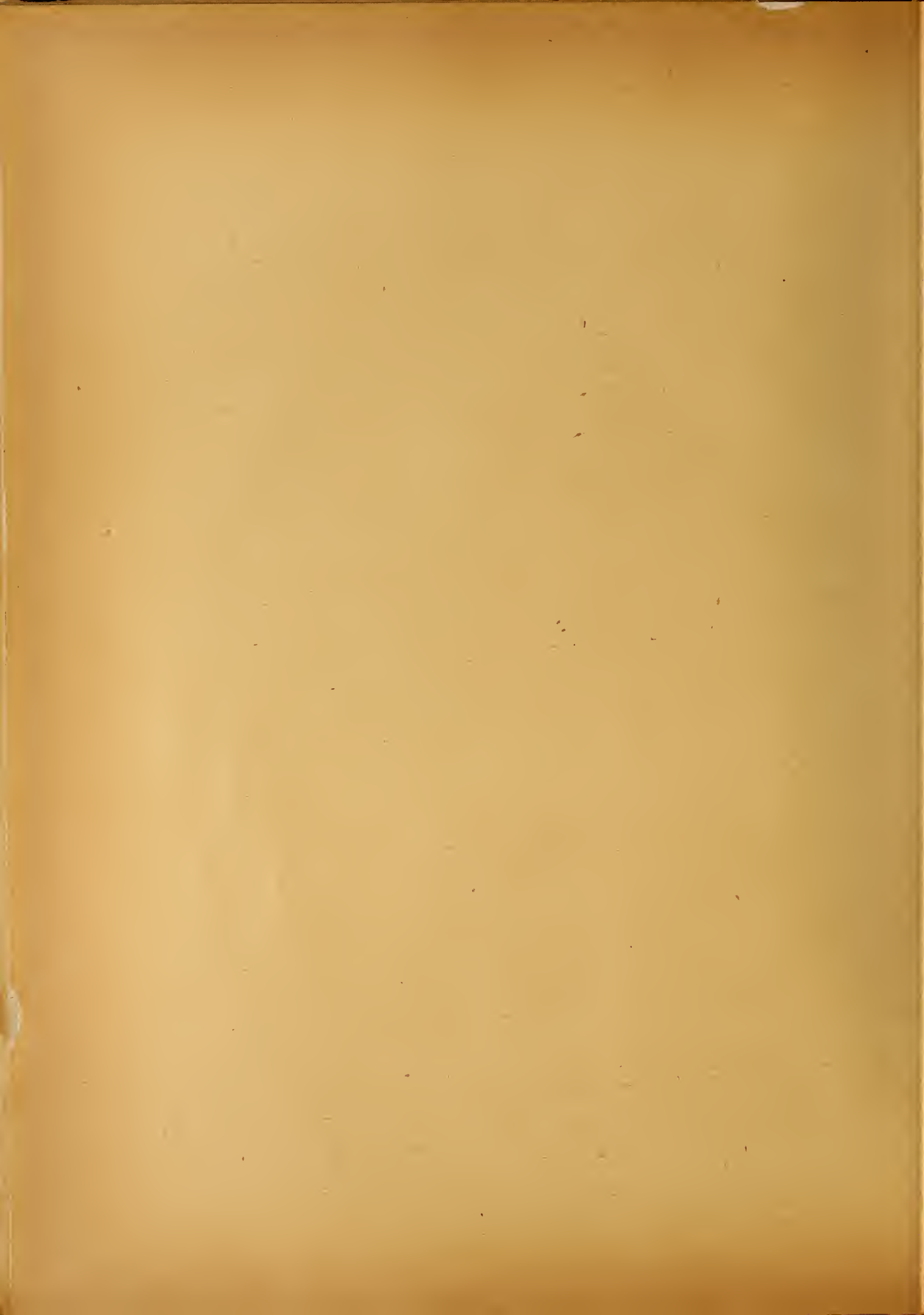
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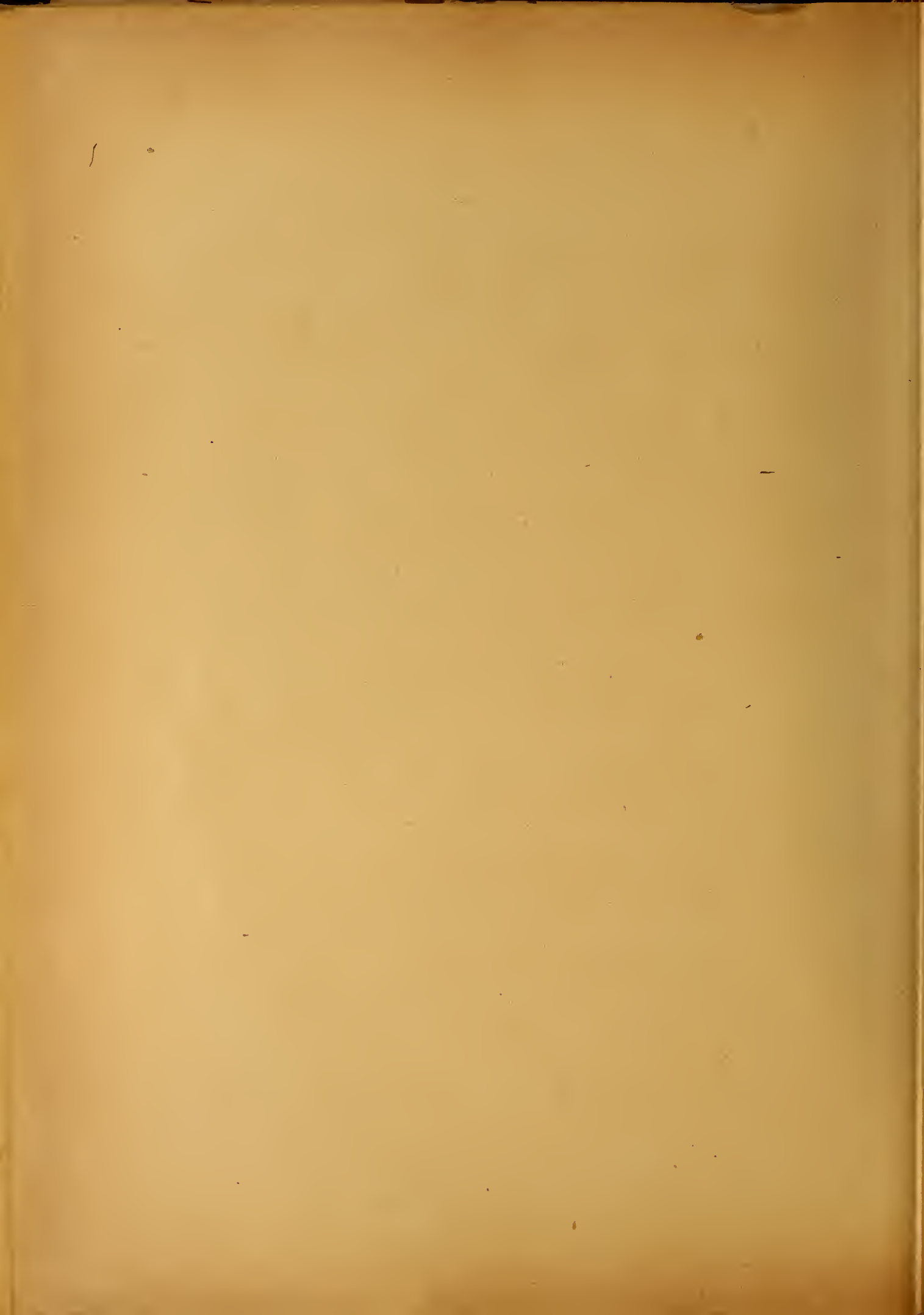












17#3



Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.

And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



June 1923 v. 7 #3

Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

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

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

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

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

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

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

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

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

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

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

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

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

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

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

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay) Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 67 Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not delighted with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name..... Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



A Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls

Hollywood

A James Cruze
Production

by Frank Condon

Adapted by Tom Geraghty
Presented by Jesse L. Lasky

*An entirely new kind of
comedy-drama about a girl
who tried to get into
the movies!*

—a real presentation on the screen of the life of Hollywood as it is lived today, with the absorbing story of the girl who went there seeking fame and fortune!

Angela, the heroine, is the counterpart of a million American girls, and she leads a life that a million girls will envy, and that will make every patron laugh and thrill.

This is not an exposé of Hollywood, but the genuine picture-story of screen-ambition's appointments and disappointments—all in an atmosphere of melodrama, love, mystery and humor.

Does Angela reach stardom or not?

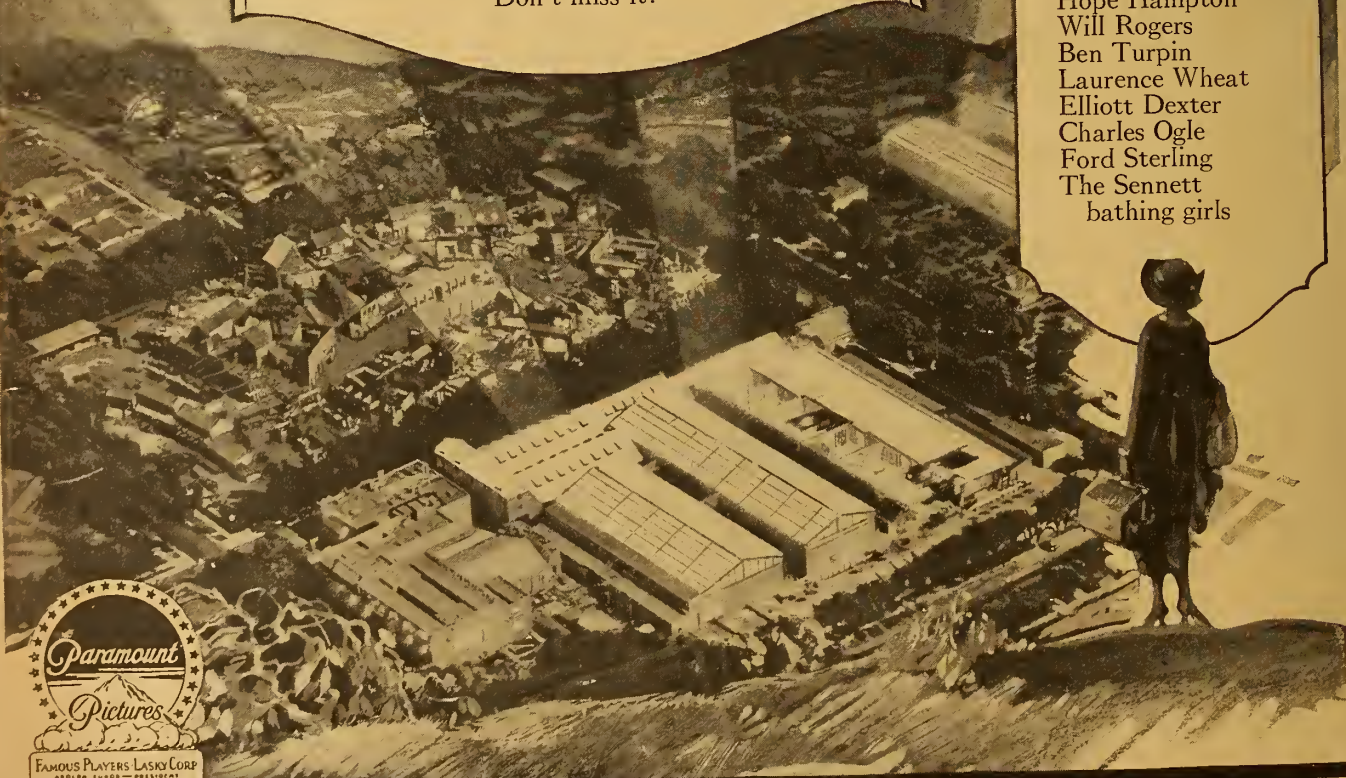
That is the thrill of it, the excitement of finding out what makes screen success.

Don't miss it!

—and the cast!
Just about every-
one big you can
think of!

Included are:

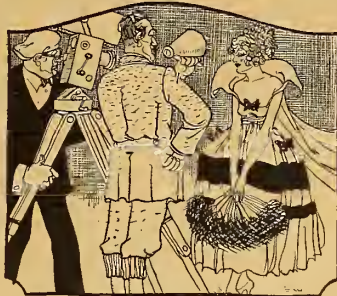
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Thomas Meighan
Agnes Ayres
Jack Holt
Betty Compson
Leatrice Joy
Walter Hiers
Lila Lee
James Cruze
Lois Wilson
Alfred E. Green
Jacqueline Logan
George Fawcett
Nita Naldi
J. Warren Kerrigan
Mary Astor
Hope Hampton
Will Rogers
Ben Turpin
Laurence Wheat
Elliott Dexter
Charles Ogle
Ford Sterling
The Sennett
bathing girls



It's a Paramount Picture

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

SCREENLAND



MYRON ZOBEL, Editor
 Vol. VII EUNICE MARSHALL } Associate Editors
 ANNE AUSTIN }

No. 3

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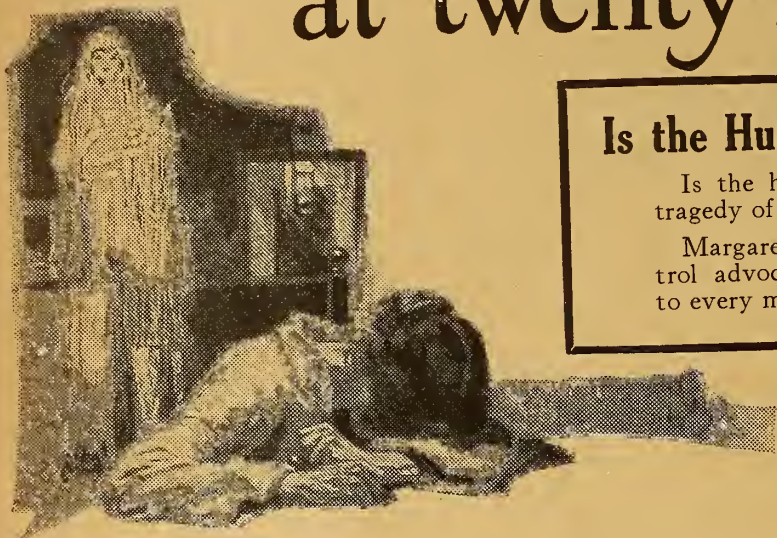
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A radiant bride at twenty— at twenty-five—what?



Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

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 bedraggled 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 the answer for this most momentous problem of womankind. Every married woman knows only too well the tragedies resulting from ignorance of birth control.

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?

In her daring and startling book Margaret Sanger gives to the women of the world the knowledge she dared to print—the knowledge for which she faced jail and fought

through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

"In *Woman and the New Race*" she shows how 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 to-day—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut her out from the thing she cherishes most: her husband's love.

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. And now for the first time Mrs. Sanger shows the way out. And she brings to the women of the world the greatest message it has been their good fortune to receive.

"*Woman and the New Race*" is a book that will be read wherever woman-kind struggles with the ever-present danger of too many children. It is a startling, mighty revelation of a new truth, a work that will open the eyes of tired, worn woman-kind. It can with truth and honesty be called woman's salvation.

Partial List of Contents

- *Woman's Error and Her Debt.
- Two Classes of Women. Cries of Despair.
- *When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?
- Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Woman's?
- *Continence—Is It Practicable or Desirable?
- *Are Preventive Means Certain?
- *Contraceptives or Abortion?
- Women and the New Morality.
- Legislating Woman's Morals.
- Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America?
- Progress We Have Made
- *Any one of these chapters alone is worth many times the price of the book.

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 pages of priceless information. 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. 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.

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. T-636 1658 Broadway, New York City

Truth Publishing Co.
Dept. T-636, 1658 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, Margaret Sanger's book, "*Woman and the New Race*." I am enclosing no money, but will give the postman who delivers the book to me, \$2.00 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by money order.

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Irene Hobson, young at 53, and made so by her own treatment; a treatment that makes one young not only in appearance but in mind and body.

Call at her luxurious institute where Irene Hobson will be pleased to give you proofs of her work and all necessary information pertaining to this wonder treatment. This is the only institute whose treatment embraces the youth of the body combined with the perfect rejuvenation of the face and hands.



WITZEL, HOLLYWOOD

And it is possible for everyone to regain the bloom of youth. Irene's Beauty Institute in Hollywood is now open to all who would be beautiful. Wrinkles removed, sagging cheeks corrected, and the skin of the entire face tightened leaving the appearance that of a girl.

Madam Irene Hobson

Phone Hollywood 2617

6671 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood, California.

By mail - - - something new

Irene's Beauty Mask

A superior beauty paste. Apply in the evening and while sleeping this wondrous paste will work leaving the face as smooth as that of a child. A real smooth-out for wrinkles and is to the skin what the dew is to the rose, keeping the face firm and beautiful.

Especially priced at \$3.00 the jar, postpaid.

Phone, write or call for further information.

Velvet Whitener

A transparent beautifier. Does not rub off and will give a wonderful evening effect, making the face as soft as petals from a flower.

This whitener may be ordered by mail at the special price of \$1.25 postpaid.

Use the Coupon

MADAM IRENE HOBSON,
6671 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Enclosed please find \$4.25 for which send me your special combination postpaid.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Get Rid of That Double Chin

Marvelous *Reducine* Restores Girlish Neck Lines in Amazingly Short Time!

NOTHING does more to destroy youthful looks than a "double chin." However attractive the face or figure a double chin often ages a woman's appearance.

And now a double chin is no longer necessary. The famous Century Laboratories—world's research headquarters for beauty specialties—have discovered a delightful reducing formula, scientifically termed *Reducine*, which, used as a neck massage twice daily, will banish enlargement in the neck lines.

A double chin is not always a sign of overweight. Many women find that dieting and exercise—while reducing overweight, have no effect on the double chin.

Only a local treatment will banish superfluous neck flesh—without leaving the neck skin loose and flabby. And at last this treatment has been found.

Applied With Patented Reducing Brush

Reducine (private laboratory formula) is applied to the chin and neck with a remarkable new invention—a rubber reducing brush with soft vacuum cup tentacles—which strengthen and vitalize the sagging tissues. The treatment itself is delightful.

Reducine fairly seems to dissolve the fat—contracting the superfluous tissue while leaving the skin taut, firm and velvety.

Results come in an amazingly short time—two or three treatments often show astounding improvement. And a faithful use of the cream and brush for a few weeks will banish the double chin—restoring the slender contour of maidenhood.

Restore Your Beauty Lines

Any woman anywhere may try this new cream and brush treatment without a penny of risk. The coupon is all you

need send—we do not even ask for references. And the results are guaranteed—or there is not a penny of charge.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Remarkable No-Profit Offer

Wonderful new reducing brush with every jar of *REDUCINE*

We are willing and eager to distribute the first ten thousand jars of this wonderful neck reducing cream without a penny of profit. You'll tell your friends—and that will bring us hosts of orders.

Reducine and the Reducing Brush will retail in drug and department stores at \$3.50 for both. But on the first 10,000 orders we will include the beauty brush absolutely free—and will forward the cream at \$1.87—actual cost, without one penny of profit.



If the first five days' treatment does not prove to your satisfaction that improvement is certain—you may return the cream and brush—and we'll refund your money by return mail.

SEND
No Money
SIMPLY
MAIL COUPON

Century Chemists
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Dept. 61, Century Building, Chicago
Please send me, in plain wrapper by insured parcel post, your complete "Double Chin" Reducing Treatment (Brush and Cream), regular retail value, \$3.50. I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage on delivery, with understanding that if after five-day trial I am not clad with results, I may return brush and cream and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon and everything will be sent to you postpaid.

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

- Astra StudiosGlendale, Calif.
- Balboa Studio.....East Long Beach, Calif.
- Belasco Studios, 833 Market St., San Francisco
- Chester Bennet Prod.....Brunton Studio, Hollywood
- Blue Ribbon Comedies.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
- Berwilla Studios.....5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
- Century Film Corp.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- C. L. Chester Productions.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
- Christie Comedies.....6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Irving Cummings Prod.....1729 Highland Ave.
- Doubleday Productions.....Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood
- Ferdinand Earle Productions.....Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
- Wm. Fox West Coast Studio.....1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
- Fine Arts Studios.....4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- J. L. Frothingham Prod.....Brunton Studio
- Garson Studios.....1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
- Goldwyn Studio.....Culver City
- Great Western Producing Co.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Thos. H. Ince Productions.....Culver City
- Lasky Studios.....1520 Vine St.
- Louis B. Mayer Studios.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Metro Studio.....Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
- Moroso Productions.....3800 Mission Road
- Bud Osborne Productions.....6514 Romaine St.
- Pacific Studios Corp.....San Mateo, Calif.
- Pacific Film Co.....Culver City
- Mary Pickford Co.....Brunton Studios, Hollywood
- R-D Film Corp.....Balboa Studios, Long Beach
- Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
- Robertson-Cole Productions.....Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
- Will Rogers Productions.....Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.
- Russel-Griever-Russell.....6070 Sunset Blvd.
- Hal E. Roach Studio.....Culver City
- Morris R. Schlang Productions.....6050 Sunset
- Chas. R. Seeling Productions.....1240 S. Olive, Los Angeles
- Selig-Rork.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- United Studios...5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood
- Universal Studio.....Universal City, Calif.
- King Vidor Prod.....Ince Studios, Culver City
- Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
- Cyrus J. Williams Co.....5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
- Cyrus J. Williams Co.....4811 Fountain Ave., Hollywood
- Wilnat Films, Inc.....1329 Gordon St., Los Angeles
- Ben Wilson Productions.....Berwilla Studios

EASTERN STUDIOS

- Biograph Studios.....807 E. 175th St., N. Y. C.
- Blackton Studios.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Estee Studios.....124 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.
- Fox Studios.....West 55th St., N. Y. C.
- D. W. Griffith Studios.....Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- International Film.....2478 2d Ave., N. Y. C.
- Harry Levy Prod.....230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.
- Lincoln Studio.....Grantwood, N. J.
- Mirror Studios.....Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
- Pathe.....1900 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
- Selznick Studios.....Fort Lee, N. J.
- Talmadge Studios, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
- Vitagraph Studios...E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Girl who Failed

The True Story of an Extra Girl

“**H**OLLYWOOD or bust!” was the motto I cribbed from the Pike’s Peak climbers, and used all through my four years at Central High.

If I had known then what I know now, I would have made it, “Hollywood and bust.” I’m just back from Hollywood. I learned about movies from ‘er.

Had the Movie Craze

I’M A Minneapolis girl, born and brought up here. I went through the grade school and Central High, enjoyed a feud with West High as all good Centralians do, skated and tobogganed at Powderhorn Park and spent my summers at Lake Minnetonka.

It was a good life. Father is comfortably well off—he has a big printing and stationery shop down by the Court House—and I had a generous allowance and the use of the car whenever mother didn’t want it. I was happy, too, but I had the movie craze.

I wanted to go to Hollywood. Oh, how I did want to go! It just seemed as if life was going to be dead sea fruit in my mouth if I couldn’t get into the movies. But do you think I got any sympathy? I should say not! Everybody pooh-poohed me, even Jimmy.

Jimmy is a dear. He’s a college man, a senior at the University! You can imagine how pleased I was when he began to rush me—and how envious the other girls in my class at Central were. Jimmy is the best half-back Minnesota has had since Bert Baston’s time, and he dances like a sweet evening breeze!

But when it came to sympathizing with my ambitions, he just failed utterly! I remember how my whole evening was spoiled at the Class Day Ball. I had a flame-colored chiffon frock—if you knew what a time I had getting it, instead of the girly-girly white or-

FOREWORD

The Incidents and Experiences Quoted in this Story are Authentic. SCREENLAND can Vouch for their Accuracy.

gandie mother picked out!—and I looked every day of twenty-one! Jimmy ducked a Kappa party at the “U” to take me, and I was perfectly happy, until I told him my great ambition to be a film star, sitting out a dance in the botany green house that we use for a conservatory on party nights.

He laughed. After I had confided to him my dearest ambition, he laughed!

I was furious, naturally.

“You cute little mad thing, you,” he gurgled, tucking me under his big arm and tilting up my chin.

“What would *you* do in Hollywood? You’re going to take a year or two at the “U” while I’m getting a start, and then you’re going to be the blushing bride of a rising young lawyer, *n’est-ce pas?*”

I was so mad that even being called “little,” which usually flatters a woman dreadfully, didn’t soothe me. The nerve of the man! First to scoff at my aspirations, and then to propose in that cocksure, unromantic fashion, as if he was telling me to put my rubbers on! Not even Jimmy, who’s a foot-ball hero and a Phi Psi and everything, can do that to me!

So I jerked away and flirted outrageously with Bob Randall, who is a mere high school boy, but who was the only unattached male in sight. And Jimmy didn’t even have the grace to be jealous, but sat



For two days I lived on canned tomato soup, the add-hot-water-and-serve kind.



"You cute little mad thing, you," gurgled Jim, holding me tight and tilting up my chin.
"What would you do in Hollywood?"

and grinned like a hyena or something from the stag line.

A Chance at Last!

I was still grumpy the next morning when father, the duck, gave me my choice of two things for my graduation present. He said I could have \$200 in cash or a Ford coupe of my own. He advised me to take the coupe, because it would come in mighty handy in getting over to the "U" campus in the fall. I knew, too, that owning a car of your own didn't hurt your chances any for making a sorority.

It's like Francis, the boy who lives next door, who was pledged Beta mostly because he could play the piano, and the Betas hadn't had a real-piano-player in the chapter for two years and needed one for impromptu hops.

But with two hundred dollars cash I could go to *Hollywood!* The thought thrilled me. I knew better than to mention Hollywood to father, though, for we had had it out about a month before, and father had been perfectly impossible. He had actually been uncouth enough to say that if he heard an-

other word about Hollywood or getting in the movies, he would take somebody over his knee and spank some of the foolishness out of her. Not that he would, of course, but still. . . .

"I'll take the money, father, and thank you. You're sweet!" And I kissed the thin spot in his hair and felt guilty but determined. Fathers cannot understand that a girl must live her own life, and I knew that I had a career before me, a career that must not be blighted by hampering home ties.

I must leave the old nest and

carve out a career for myself! I would face the world and conquer it! And I could. Had I not been the big success in our class play, *The Man From Home*, so that even the Journal declared that I was "appealing" as the heroine?

I Leave Home

ONCE I had made up my mind, I lost no time in carrying out my decision. I accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight with my cousin Berta in Aitkin, with mother's consent, and packed my clothes joyously. I had a terrible time getting all my clothes packed, for mother couldn't see how I was going to use so much in a fortnight's time, in a dead little place like Aitkin, Minn. I had to leave a good many things behind, as it was.

When it came time to go, by great good fortune, father was called out of town and mother had to go take care of my aunt Linda, who was ill. Aunt Linda lives out by Lake Harriet. So mother kissed me good-bye at the house and said she was sorry she couldn't get to the station to see me off, and to be a good girl and to *please* not put any of that nasty black stuff on my eyelashes while I was out of her sight, because the charm of a young girl was her naturalness.

The words were not new; I had heard them many times before, but the fact that I would not hear them again for a long time, maybe not for years until I had become a famous star, made the tears come to my eyes and I cried a little on her dear shoulder. Mothers are . . . well, they're just mothers and there's nobody like them, that's all.

Anyway, I boarded the train, saw the station slide past the windows and was fairly started on my career!

Hollywood at Last

I won't say anything about my trip, because scenics are never interesting to anyone except the one who takes them.

On the third day the train brought into the Santa Fe station a girl who was fairly intoxicated with excitement. Having still the lordly sum of almost \$100 in my pocketbook, I boarded a taxi and ordered the driver to drive to the Hollywood Hotel. I hadn't read the fan magazines for four years for nothing!

Well, when I descended from the car in front of the comfortable, mission-style hotel, to see Bert Lytell in white tennis clothes just coming from a hot game on the hotel court, I felt that my dream was true at last! For in the lobby, engaged in cheerful conversation with the bored clerk, was a handsome chap whom I recognized at once as Richard Dix. And Mae Busch, swinging a bag of golf clubs, waited for some lucky escort on the sunshiny verandah. I was in Hollywood and the stars were visible to even the naked eye.

Temporary Plans

THE very next morning, I set out to look for a boarding house, for I knew my \$100 would not last long at the Hollywood Hotel. When I had become a star I would come back there to live, or perhaps I might take a suite at the Garden Court Apartments, a gorgeous white marble edifice with beautiful grounds and pergola-covered tennis courts. But for the present, I would

find an inexpensive place somewhere near the studios.

Finally I found a tiny room with a gas plate for \$5 a week. I could cook my own meals if I didn't leave stuff around, so that it attracted ants, the land-lady told me.

There was another girl, who was in pictures, who lived in the room across the hall from mine. Her name was June de la Marr and she had been in pictures a long time. She was a "trouper," she said. June came over to my room the first night, and we had a long talk.

She looked at me in such a strange way when I told her how I had left home to get into the movies.

"Do you mean to say you left a comfortable home, where you could eat regular and all, to do extra work?" she said.

"Why yes, for my career," I said.

"Well, well, the old one-a-minute birth-rate still keeps up," she said.

She was queer like that, June was, but she was friendly, and I was beginning to feel just a bit—not

"What color is Floria Gay's hair?" June wrinkled her forehead. "Let's see, I haven't seen her since she got back from abroad this last time, but I think she's wearing it blonde this season."



R. E. CURTIS

homesick exactly—but as if I needed somebody to talk to. So I asked her to tell me about the stars.

"Which ones do you want to know about?" June asked. "I got the low-down on all of 'em."

"What color is Floria Gay's hair?" I asked eagerly. Floria Gay is my favorite actress and I have always insisted to Betty Davis that her hair is black as a raven's wing, but Betty was perfectly obstinate in holding that it was auburn.

"What color?" June asked, wrinkling her brow. "Let's see. Haven't seen her since she got back from Europe this last time. I think she's wearing it blonde this season."

"Help Wanted, Female"

THE brilliant California sunshine awakened me early the next morning. I jumped up and looked out. A veritable hedge of geraniums, six feet tall, sent a pungent odor up to my window. I marvelled at the size of the scarlet flowers; at home we planted them in pots and thought a geranium that grew to be a foot high was beautiful. The eucalyptus trees that lined the avenue were taller than any trees I had ever seen. Did all things grow so lush and plentiful, out here, I wondered? Including jobs?

I went out to breakfast and read the want ads over my cup of coffee. I was simple enough and green enough then to think that the studios advertised for help. So I was terribly excited as I read this ad:

"Forty well-dressed men and women wanted immediately for motion picture work. No experience necessary. Apply today, B. Goldstein, Chamber of Commerce Bldg."

I put on my very best hat and a very nifty top coat and caught the first car for Los Angeles.

A Shabby Office

I was certainly disappointed in the office of B. Goldstein. It was just plain shabby, not at all like any of the offices in father's stationery shop back home. Grubby walls with a few unframed pictures tacked around, a rail and one chair. That was all.

I was received by an untidy boy who kept his hat on while he grunted,

"Whadya want?"

"I—I called in answer to your

advertisement," I said faintly.

"Oh, yep," he said and disappeared into an inner room. When he reappeared he ushered me into the private office with a perk of a dirty thumb.

Mr. Knapp Receives Me

AT AN untidy desk sat a sleek, oily looking young man, whose name I learned afterwards was Mr. Knapp. He was very busy sorting some papers on his desk and did not look up. I stood first on one foot and then on the other. But Mr. Knapp went right on sorting. Finally—

"Well, what can I do for you?" still without looking up.

"Why, I called in answer to your advertisement," I explained again.

"Oh. Oh yes. Well, that caste is complete. But I am casting for thirty-eight studios and shall be needing a great many people next week. Had any experience?"

"No, but your advertisement says experience is not necessary" I reminded him, my hopes falling.

"That's so. But you have to know how to make up. That's very important."

"Oh dear," I said. "Is it very difficult to learn?"

Make-up Course is Necessary

"Nor very, but it requires special training," said Mr. Knapp, smiling at me in a way I did not like and knew Jimmy would never approve of. "All the stars have to make up their own faces before they go before the camera, you know. You would have to, too. Especially if you are interested in good parts. Would you be interested in a part at, say, \$150 a week?"

\$150 a week. Was I interested? I informed him breathlessly that I certainly was. He smiled at me again and said,

"Of course I could send you out today in a mob scene, but a nice girl of refinement like yourself would not like such rough stuff. And it only pays \$3.50 a day anyway."

"Oh, but I wouldn't mind" I assured him. The chance at a job right away looked good to me. "I wouldn't mind the mob a bit."

"No, no, you couldn't consider a mere \$3.50 a day, a nice, refined girl like you. Why, all the studios are looking for girls of just your type."

I was so happy! I was so glad that I had had the courage of my convictions to come to Hollywood. To think that I was just the type they were looking for!

"You take our course in make-up and I will absolutely guarantee you work at \$7.50 a day up, next week, and I will get you a job later at \$150 a week and look after your interests."

I asked how much the course was.

"Only ten dollars down and five dollars later, out of your first salary, if you like," he said kindly.

But fifteen dollars . . . I only had about \$65 left, after paying my hotel bill and my room-rent two weeks in advance and buying a few little things.

"I have only a little capital," I said hesitatingly, "and I have no friends to whom I could appeal. Are you sure you can get me the work?"

"Absolutely sure. Get you work right away. Guarantee you a part in three pictures if you join the class tonight. You can make big money!"

I Join the Class

So I paid over the \$15, while he told me again that all the studios were looking for girls of just my refined type.

But that wasn't all. I would have to have make-up material, he said, and I must get it at a certain place. He gave me a little card bearing the device:

Max Factor, 326 S. Hill Street.
Theatrical Make-up.

On the back of the card was a little list of things I had to get, cold cream, powder, make-up, liners, powder-puff, mirror and two towels. Without the mirror and towels, this came to \$2.35. With my money reduced to about \$45 I began to worry a bit, but I kept recalling Mr. Knapp's absolute guaranty of work in three pictures.

I was to be at class at five o'clock that afternoon, at the Mason Opera House. But before class-time I went to answer another ad in the Mason building. When I asked the elevator man for the proper floor, he eyed me cynically.

"Answering an ad about the movies?" he asked.

(Continued on page 98)

Has Barbara La Marr Matrimonial Aphasia?



Photo by EVANS

"I am through with marriage," says Barbara La Marr, the much-married star. But is she?

Barbara La Marr says she is through with men. But not until bees ignore the clover and children leave jam-pots untouched on pantry shelves will men be through with Barbara La Marr. She is the woman irresistible.

FORMER husbands should have the grace to keep silence in regard to their erstwhile wives, but when one's erstwhile spouse is a famous movie star, the temptation to spill the matrimonial beans must be too hard to resist.

Phil Ainsworth, one-time husband of Barbara La Marr, the year's sensation in movie circles, so far forgot his chivalry as to say, when arrested on a bad check charge, and queried as to his former wife's whereabouts, "I don't know where she is. That woman has matrimonial aphasia."

Probably Phil hadn't consulted the dictionary on just what matrimonial aphasia is. Minus the matrimony, aphasia, according to the dictionary, is:

Loss or impairment of the power of speech.

Now what did Phil mean? Certainly he did not mean that as a married woman Barbara La Marr was at a loss for words. Barbara would never impress any one as ever at any time at a loss for words. Talking is one of the best things she does.

Could he have meant that Barbara suffered from matrimonial amnesia? In view of the dictionary's

definition of amnesia as "loss or impairment of memory; morbid forgetfulness," it is quite likely that Phil simply confused these scientific terms.

For Barbara herself admits that once she is through with a person, he—or she—means no more to Barbara than a candle flame that has been blown out. He simply ceases to exist for her. She does not remember him.

To illustrate her point, Barbara pointed to a pair of giant candles in beaten brass candlesticks on her living room mantel. It is a new house, just moved into, and utterly manless, except for the small new son, who, Barbara says, as she coos at him in orthodox mother fashion, is her only sweetheart.

Barbara is not married and she is not single. There exists between her latest husband, Ben Deely, former vaudeville star, and herself a legal separation, but not a divorce.

Never Again

BARBARA refuses to comment on her married life—or rather, married lives—because, as she says, "I am through with marriage. I do not want a divorce from Mr. Deely. I do not want to be in a position ever to marry again. I want to

forget that there is such a thing as marriage. And since my former husbands have absolutely nothing to do with my present life, and since I have forgotten those very unpleasant experiences, I really couldn't think of anything to say about them."

Barbara's powers of forgetfulness are indeed admirable. And who can blame her for wanting to keep her matrimonial career a thing apart from her movie fame?

But Barbara's life is so in keeping with the Barbara personality, that it is impossible to resist the impulse to tell what we know about her life. The public, in possession of the facts, will certainly feel charitable toward this irresistible woman, little more than a girl in years, who has been wedded four times, and is now "through with men." As to that last phrase, we believe the men will have more to say about that than Barbara. Barbara is one of those women who will always be getting married and unmarried; by no chance will men ever leave her alone. When bees ignore clover, when children leave jam-pots untouched on the pantry shelves, when flappers wear voluminous bathing suits—then perhaps Barbara

La Marr will be allowed to go her way in peace, untroubled by masculine importunities.

First

BARBARA LA MARR began life twenty-six years ago, the daughter of a French mother and an Italian father, but never knew her own parents. She was adopted by people named Watson, and from them got the prosaic name of Reatha Watson. Imagine "Reatha Watson" as the alluring lady of *Trifling Women!* The name, however, served all practical purposes, and was changed when Barbara was only sixteen to Mrs. Jack Lytelle.

At this period of her life, an incident happened which has given her more incorrect press notices than if she had robbed a bank.

Barbara, as she herself tells the incident, was used, because of her peculiar and arresting type of beauty, as an artists' model. The artists spoke of her, jestingly, she says, as "too beautiful." She was kidnapped, and taken away by people who wanted to collect a ransom from the artists who thought so highly of her beauty. She managed to escape, but was brought before a judge to tell her story. The judge told her that she was "too beautiful" to be alone in a large city. Ever since then, Barbara La Marr has enjoyed the distinction of being the "too beautiful girl," a distinction which is distasteful to her, for it carries a peculiar opprobrium with it.

People go to see a picture featuring Barbara La Marr, and, if they have never seen her before, they look at her very critically and query themselves: "Too beautiful? No, no! Not too beautiful! Pretty perhaps, and fascinating, I grant you, but not *too* beautiful." People who are introduced to her have that question sticking out all over them: "Am I going to find this Barbara La Marr *too* beautiful?" It is a great injustice, Barbara says, and she does wish they would forget that story as successfully as she has forgotten her various matrimonial experiences.

Just what connection there was between her "kidnapping" and her first marriage is not definitely known, but a little over a year after the abduction experience she announced that she had been married

to Jack Lytelle, Arizona rancher, and that she had at that time been a widow for two months. She is said to have declared that he used caveman tactics in his wooing.

Second

IN 1914, after she had figured in the sensational flight of an Italian lawyer named Riccardi, in



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO
"Since my own little baby died, my arms have been so empty, so aching for the weight of a little body," Barbara La Marr said.

some nebulous capacity, not fully touched on by our informant, Barbara again married, but soon discovered that her husband, Lawrence Converse, was a victim of "matrimonial amnesia," to quote his own explanation, since he had a wife and three children elsewhere. The marriage was annulled, and Barbara enjoyed single-blessedness for two whole years. Although she had been twice married, she was only seventeen when her marriage with Converse was annulled.

Third

BARBARA was nineteen years old when handsome Phil Ainsworth, a chorus man, captured her girlish fancy. But Phil sought and obtained a divorce two months later, naming Robert Carville, a dancer as co-respondent.

Was Barbara testifying to her regard for this co-respondent when she named her recently adopted baby Ivan *Carville* La Marr? Probably it is only a coincidence, for Barbara has a life-long friend named Virginia Carville, for whom the baby is undoubtedly named.

Not long ago Phil Ainsworth,

Barbara's third husband, was arrested on a bad check charge, and made the now famous remark that opens this story. But it seems that Converse, husband number two, beat him to it. A husband that will steal another husband's best lines in regard to their mutual wife is certainly not our idea of a gentleman.

Fourth

BARBARA herself says that she considers that she has had only one husband. You can easily get her viewpoint. The first three were so very temporary. Not one of them lasted more than a few months. Probably the Arizona ranchman was never really her husband. Converse recovered his memory in regard to the existence of a previous wife and three children very soon after their "marriage." All told, out of her first three marriages, Barbara netted little more than a year's wedded life.

But when she married Ben Deely, actor and famous on the vaudeville stage for his black face roles, she learned what real happiness meant. The other three attempts at married happiness had been abortive and hideously disappointing. The woman who married Ben Deely was little more than a child in years. At twenty, most girls are just beginning to wonder when those lovely things in the hope chest will be used. At twenty Barbara La Marr for the fourth time promised to love, honor and obey, until death parted her from the object of her vows.

And Barbara La Marr—by the way, the name was adopted while Barbara danced in a Los Angeles cafe, about the time of her third marriage—knew happiness with Ben Deely. She was immensely proud to be known as the wife of Ben Deely, famous blackface comedian. It is said, by a friend who has known and loved Barbara all her life, that she had dozens of photographs of herself made and sent out to Ben Deely's friends and admirers, writing across the face of the pictures, "Sincerely yours, Ben Deely's wife."

This friend of Barbara's says that the now famous "vampire" loved her husband—we mean her last one—devotedly. He was the father of the baby boy that died two years ago. When she speaks of Ben Deely, she

does so with misty eyes and softened voice.

A separation became necessary in Barbara's opinion only after Barbara had begun her studio work. She wrote originals for Fox, and as a scenarist made quite an enviable reputation. It is said that Deely humiliated her by coming to the studio drunk, and that his jealousy was easily aroused by her screen work. Barbara is sincerely regretful over her shattered romance. But she will not talk about it.

"I feel that my marriage is strictly my own affair," she says, "and that the public should not be interested in the reasons why I am at present unmarried and determined to stay unmarried."

But the public *is* interested in anything that concerns Barbara La Marr, screen beauty and our most potent vampire. For every one of Barbara's experiences has left its mark on her personality. As a vampire, we should say she has had about the most successful and specialized training of any of our film excitors. She learned all the rudiments of the game before she was twenty years old, and now at twenty-six, a graduate of the modern school of film vampire technology, she is showing the world just how husbands and lovers may be acquired.

At that, we doubt if Barbara La Marr ever had to *learn*. Her parents started this vampire career by mixing romantic French blood with passionate Italian corpuscles, and then foisted their offspring upon a world, parentless. The artists for whom the child Barbara—or Reatha as she was known then—posed probably fed her childish mind with the free and easy sex patter of the studios. Undoubtedly she stirred their blood, blase as they were, as they modeled her exquisite face in oils or clay.

Barbara is the type that matures early. In her are the ripe graciousness of Italy, the subtle mystery of France, the emotional impulsiveness of a DuBarry, the warm, languorous grace of Naples, and the almost brusque frankness of a disillusioned American girl.

Barbara's appearance is belied by her manner. Whether her extreme frankness and vigor of speech are a pose to cloak her romantic mind and heart, or whether her appeal is wholly of the body and

not of the mind, where romance is concerned, will probably not be decided until Barbara has written several more volumes of screen history. As for her doing that, bank on it. Barbara is the one irrepressible element in the motion picture world, as far as feminine charms are concerned. You can no more hold her down than you can take the flapper's mind off Valentino. In fact, Barbara is to the

screen exactly what Valentino as a man is. And just as men have to admit that Valentino has his "moments" and that he is a polished gentleman on the screen, so do women join in the chorus of praise that has suddenly been raised out of nothing into a mighty volume, extolling the fascination of Barbara La Marr.

Sex Appeal

BARBARA'S appeal is of course ninety per cent sex appeal. She is a glorious body vitalized with sex. Valentino is the only other person on the screen who can touch her for sex attraction.

Her four husbands attest the potency of this appeal, more sudden in its effects than hasheesh and twice as pleasant.

Barbara herself in analyzing her own appeal, at the request of the interviewer, says she believes it is due to the overdeveloped mother instinct within her.

"I could not rest, day or night, without a baby in my arms. I have never wanted anything in my life as badly as I wanted a child of my own. God gave me one and took him away. These last two years have been so empty that my arms ached for the weight of a little body—not for the embrace of a man. I have waked up in the night, to find myself rocking a dream baby in my arms."

Barbara La Marr holds her new little son close in her arms as she talks, looking like one of Raphael's madonnas. Sometime someone is going to write a story around Barbara La Marr, the madonna, placing her in an Italy of bygone days, giving her the quaint clothes of that strictly feminine era, and bringing out every phase of that beauty which blends the best of Italy and France. Barbara is already wearing her hair in the Raphaelian Madonna style—parted in the middle and drawn severely, cap-fashion, around her beautiful face, and gathered in a large coil at the nape of her neck. None but a perfect profile, divine eyes and characterful eyebrows could stand such a test of beauty. Barbara not only stands it but is so triumphantly beautiful that every fluffy-headed ingenue would love to copy it—and can't.

(Continued on page 95)



Photo by MILLIGAN

The mother-heart's wish is fulfilled. Barbara La Marr has adopted a six-months' old baby boy, Ivan Carville La Marr.

The Legs that Wrecked a Truck



A PRETTY GIRL.

A muddy street.

A daintily lifted skirt.

And crash! Two great two-ton trucks bit the dust!

Who was to blame for the collision? The pretty girl who didn't want to get her skirt muddy? Or the too-interested drivers?

That's what the court will have to decide.

Page King Solomon!

It's really an intricate problem. This is the way it happened:

Pretty Helen Holt was leaving the studio, after a hard day's work. She was tired; being an extra girl is no easy life. The director had been fussier than usual. The lights on the set had been so hot that her make-up had melted twice. And the ballet-costume they had given her made her look fat, absolutely *buxom*, my dears! No doubt about it, Helen was low in her mind.

The Street Was Muddy

THE street was very muddy, after the manner of Californian streets.

So Helen lifted her skirts well above the danger line. With work so scaree and all, a girl has to take care of what clothes she has . . . and Helen had nothing to conceal.

That was when the crash came!

An Appreciative Audience

HELEN turned around to see two big trucks in mortal combat, apparently. A big truck belonging to the George L. Eastman Company had struck a Hollywood Dye Works truck square amidships.

The drivers, it appeared, had been so interested in the exposure of Miss Holt's visible means of support that neither of them saw the other in time to avert the crash.

The Old Alibi

BUT from Adam's time, men have been buck-passers, so when the Eastman Company sued the Hollywood Dye Works for the damage done to

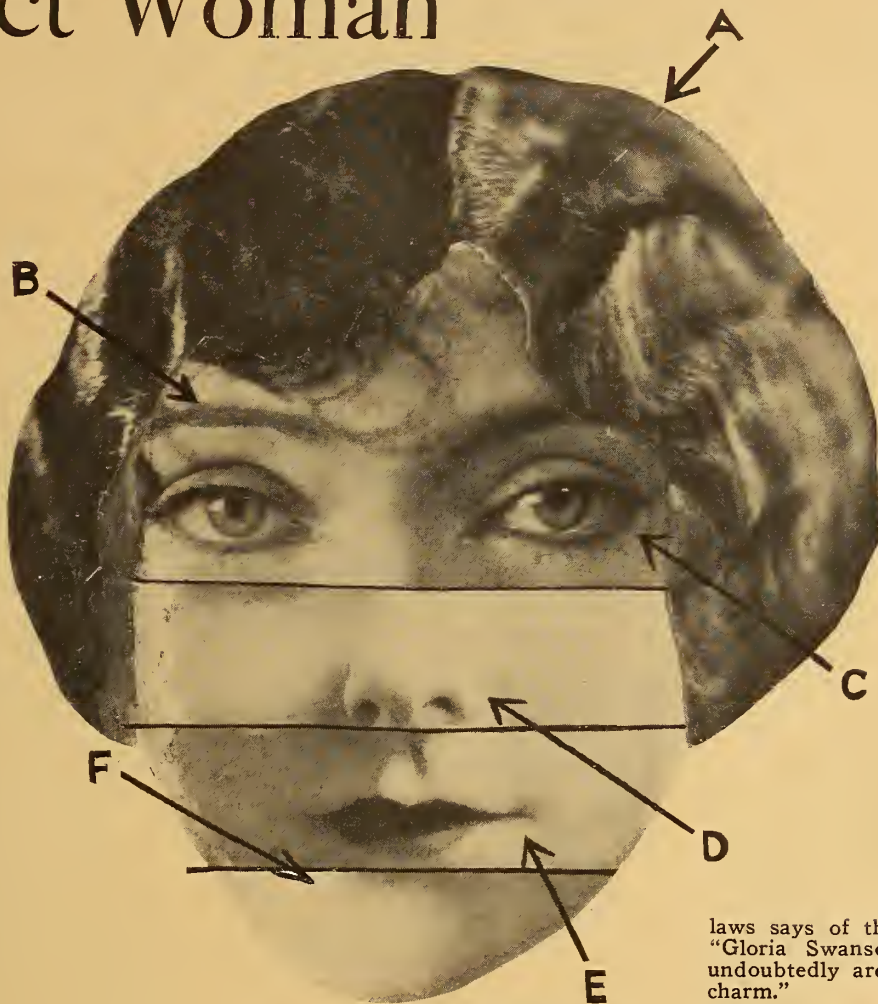
their truck, they charged Miss Holt with being partly to blame for the accident.

"If those old truck drivers were looking at me so hard that they ran into each other, it certainly isn't my fault," says Miss Holt with justice.

Which seems perfectly true. But looking at the—er—evidence from a perfectly unbiased standpoint, it seems that the drivers cannot be wholly blamed, either. It's a problem, really.

Please page King Solomon!

Penryhn Stanlaws' Perfect Woman



*Assembled
by the
Office Boy*

PENRHYN STANLAWS started something when he wrote that extremely frank and revealing article for January SCREENLAND, picking our most cherished illusions to pieces. What agony for the unsophisticated to find that Gloria Swanson has a head that is too ponderous for her height! That Betty Blythe's superb figure is muscle-bound in the hips! That Shirley Mason has horse nostrils! It was too much, too much!

Sensing our pain and bewilderment, Artist Stanlaws kindly pointed out, in February SCREEN-

A—Bebe Daniels' hair. Stanlaws says of it: "Lovely hair, soft, black, thick and luxurious."

B—Nazimova's eyebrows. The artist says of them: "Nazimova's eyebrows are a distinctive feature. She has a remarkable control of the muscles of the brow, which enables her to express herself with her eyebrows as other people do with words."

C—Gloria Swanson's eyes. Stan-

laws says of these famous orbs: "Gloria Swanson's oriental eyes undoubtedly are the basis of her charm."

D—Ruth Roland's nose. "In the upper part of Ruth Roland's face lies her greatest charm. It is expressed in a charmingly proportioned nose—" etc., according to Mr. Stanlaws.

E—Viola Dana's mouth. "Viola Dana has a delightful little mouth."

F—Betty Compson's jaw and chin. "Her whole face is artistically shaped and exceptionally well modeled, particularly the chin and jaw-bone."

LAND elements of beauty in the stars he had found flaws in. We are all feeling much better, but agree with the office boy, who says he can't be reconciled until he sees a perfect woman.

Gathering a bunch of photographs of stars together—stars of whom Stanlaws has found something kind to say—we turned the pictures over to the office boy and let him assemble a "perfect woman."

Her hair may not match her

eyes, and her eyes may give the lie to her chin, and her pouty little mouth may be extremely surprised to see itself beneath a nose like that, and the arms may be a mite too long for the legs, and the legs may be a little indignant at having to support so many stars — we wouldn't be at all surprised if those trim limbs declared a strike—but take it or leave it, here is what the office boy evolved from Mr. Stanlaws' grudging praise of our Hollywood beauties.

How Mack Sennett Picks His Bathing Beauties

*A perfect thirty-six soul is essential,
says screen Ziegfeld. If your soul
has a tendency toward bow-legs,
you're barred*

By CAROL WARREN

LIFE is just one punctured balloon after another, and there's no use trying to Coué yourself into believing otherwise. No sooner do you acquire some perfectly good theory than somebody puts the skids under the whole works and leaves you in a "where-am-I" frame of mind.

Which is merely a prelude to the statement that Mack Sennett, the Ziegfeld of the screen, picks his eye-filling bathing-girls for their *beautiful souls*.

Laugh that off!

Where Did They Come From?

THERE used to be various theories about where the pulchritudinous maidens that scampered through the Sennett comedies came from. One man who professed to be in the know vowed that Sennett was in cahoots with a pirate who operated along the Pacific coast, and that the girls had been kidnapped from the harem of some old South Sea potentate.

Twaddle, of course. No kidnapper was needed to persuade these beauties to hang their clothes on a hickory limb.

Our theory was that Mack Sennett was a man with an eagle eye for a trim limb and a formula for picking eligibles. We suspected him of having some secret mechanical test which none but a ninety-nine per cent Simon-pure Venus could pass successfully.

But according to Mack—and he is the papa—personal pulchritude is only twenty-five per cent of the

WOULD YOU QUALIFY AS A BEACH BEAUTY?

HERE ARE Mack Sennett's measurements, by which he judges aspiring bathing beauties' charms:

Height—not over five feet two inches.

Weight—between 110 and 112 pounds.

Foot size—not over five, preferably four.

The head should be four times the length of the nose. The height should be seven and one-half times the length of the head.

A bathing beauty must walk as if she knows she is beautiful, and

SHE MUST HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

Other Qualifications

OF COURSE, when you pin him down to it, Mack admits that there are other qualifications beside soulfulness that his bathing beauties have to possess.

They *must* be slender.

Other lands may admire the plump beauties; in fact history tells us that the real sirens were

test, while beauty of the *soul* is seventy-five per cent!

So girls, if you haven't a perfect thirty-six soul, stay away. Physically, you may have the tempting curves of Mother Eve herself, but if your soul has a tendency toward bow-legs, don't try to storm the Sennett studio.



The ideal bathing beauty is about the size of the "pony" of the chorus. Mildred June is an appealing bit of cuteness.

voluptuous. But in America, curves are not what they once were, and the film beauty must more closely resemble a young boy as to figure. Lines have supplanted curves.

Stars who keep their natural plumpness in abeyance by fear and fasting tell of a certain picture that was taken to Germany and there exhibited with a minor character as the star, because the real star was too slim for the German taste.

The girl who hopes to win fame under the Sennett banner, must not



Mack Sennett, the Ziegfeld of the screen.

With half a dozen Cooper-Hewitts beating full upon her, she has about as much chance to conceal even a mole on her ankle as Mary Pickford has to escape the income tax collector. Sometimes a pretty girl screens horribly. Sometimes a moderately pretty girl screens like a million dollars. In that ease, providing her height and weight—and soul—are right, she is slated for fortune and perhaps fame.

Sex Appeal Not Necessary!

BUT what about sex appeal? Surely, in a bathing beauty. . . .

But no. Mack Sennett declares *he doesn't even know what it is!*

Now of course, nobody has ever drawn a picture of sex appeal. Nobody has ever weighed, measured or taken its finger prints. We know it has something to do with that come-hither look in Valentino's eyes. But as for doubting its existence, why, it's impossible. We admit it and speak of it in the casual way that we say, "Isn't Nita Naldi getting fat?" or "Aren't you glad that Bert Lytell is letting his hair grow dark again?" So when Maek Sennett, who has literally picked enough chickens to feather a large nest comfortably, denies that he uses sex appeal as a qualification—why, we ought to believe him, perhaps, but we don't.

Ideal Measurements

THE ideal bathing beauty is about the size of the "pony" of the chorus.

Her height should be seven and one-half times the length of the head.

Her head should be four times the length of the nose.

The arms, hanging straight at the sides, should be three-fifths the length of the body.

And she must carry herself as if she knows she is beautiful. No bathing beauty of Maek Sennett's affects the debutante slouch. She must have a straight back and must walk erect.



Photo by EVANS
One of the most delectable of the Sennett beach babies, Harriet Hammond. A typical bathing beauty.

be over five feet two inches in height. And she must weigh somewhere between 110 and 112 pounds.

Phyllis Haver is Exception

PHYLLIS HAVER is one exception to this rule. Phyllis is tall for a bathing beauty, measuring five feet six and one-half inches. But she is slender, weighing only 122. She was so graceful, however, and so charming that she was taken on in spite of her height. Phyllis is a luscious eyeful, and an armful as well. In addition to which, she can act, the darlint! Wherefore the canny Mack Sennett is starring her.

A searching screen test is the next step in the examination of the aspiring bathing beauty. She is clothed only in a one-piece bathing suit.



Phyllis Haver is taller than the ideal bathing beauty, being five feet six in height, but her grace and beauty make up for an excess in inches.

Venus Is Passé

SENNETT wants no Venuses around his lot. Venus was the Lillian Russell of her day, doubtless, but no up-and-coming bathing beauty would be found dead with a waist or hips like hers.

Once the bathing beauty has been approved by the *maestro* of the Sennett studio, it is a constant battle for her to retain that shapeliness. She must exercise and she must diet; she must wage an endless war against avoirdupois.

For this purpose, there is a gymnasium at the studio, and a swimming pool. Between scenes or at the lunch hour, the wise actress will take a turn with the Indian clubs or the medicine ball. The exercise

not only keeps her fit, but gives her grace. Aesthetic dancing is splendid for this also.

The Entree to Fame

THE road to fame, via the Sennett lot, has been taken by many of our leading dramatic stars today. Mack Sennett, indeed, holds the palm as a discoverer and developer of feminine talent. His only rival is C. B. DeMille. Out of the ten girls who constituted the famous first set of bathing beauties, at least five have attained stardom. The other five are almost over the top.

Gloria Was Sennett Girl

GLORIA SWANSON was a bathing beauty once. If you saw her in *The Gilded Cage*, you saw two good reasons why. Gloria needs no introduction now except to say that in some scenes she wears less clothes now than she used to do in her bathing-girl days.

Delightful Mabel Normand is one of the few who have attained stardom and still remained under the Sennett management. Still flushed with the success of *Suzanna*, Mabel is beginning work on a picture tentatively titled *Mary Ann*.

Alice Lake Was Beach Girl

ALICE LAKE is another dramatic star who was once a beach baby under Sennett. That was when

Alice Lake was one of the first set of bathing beauties made famous by Mack Sennett. That was when she was slimmer. Drama permits of more avoirdupois than comedy.

Photo by WITZEL

Alice was slimmer than she is now. Drama permits more avoirdupois than comedy, it appears.

The modern bathing girl wouldn't be found dead with a waist and hips like the *Venus de Milo's*. Dolly Bealle's slim figure is much more appealing today.



Phyllis Haver took a fling at dramatic action in *The Christian*, just to show that she could do it. Then she came back to the Sennett lot, where she is making her first starring picture, called *The Extra Girl*. It will be a comedy, and we are hoping that Phyllis will don the old bathing suit in at least a few scenes.

Marie Burns Her Suit

MARIE PREVOST shocked a sorrowful world when she burned her bathing suit and announced that never would she don it again for any but sanitary purpose; i. e., recreational bathing strictly non-professional. Her beach antics had delighted her public more than her dramatic efforts, since. Should Marie repent her crool deed and go back to beach comedies, a grateful populace would give three cheers!

Harriet Hammond, one of the most delectable blondes of the beach squad, has essayed flights into dramatic fields, as has Mary Thurman.

All these lovely ladies, mind you, were slim, petite, pleasantly conscious of their pulchritude. And surely their souls were all that could be desired.

They had to be. For the relentless eye of the camera reveals insincerity of thought and shallowness of soul as unsparingly as it reveals bodily blemishes. And you can't put any make-up on your soul!

Kathryn McGuire, another proof that Mack Sennett is an excellent picker of pulchritude.

Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER





Would you ever believe that this was the demure little sweetheart in "The Girl I Loved," Patsy Ruth Miller?

The Beauty Strippers

"WHERE there's beauty we take it; where there's none we make it," is the naive slogan of the small-town photographer. Every giggling girl who comes in to get her picture made, coyly suggests that he will have to "make it" and he, wearily following the cue, says protestingly that he will only have to "take it." That slogan has served many a photographer well; it is a shame to supplant it with a new one, which is in vogue in Hollywood "art studios," as photographers' galleries are invariably called here.

If you want to be dubbed a provincial from Podunk, Vermont, you will walk into an art studio and tell the haughty young lady in charge that you believe this is a photographer's gallery and you want a dozen "cabinet pictures" taken.

But the slogan—"Where there's beauty we strip it; where there's none we clothe it," might be written over the door leading into the inner shrine of almost every art studio in Hollywood.

You see instantly how it works, of course. If a photographer suggests that those lovely curves, that virginal beauty of line, should not be hampered with drapery, the girl

instantly knows that he considers her a beauty. Else why strip her? If a girl is not asked to show at least her shoulders and back, she is likely to leave in a huff, sure that the photographer does not consider her beautiful enough to strip. Be it said

that few "professionals," as the picture folk are always called, leave in such a huff.

Stripping Ingenues

THIS passion for nude photography is intensely surprising to the lay residents of Hollywood, and to the world outside. One would think that only the siren type would want her body photographed in the "altogether." But it doesn't work out that way. The demurest little ingenue, who, on the screen, must be clothed completely and modestly, trips into an art studio, to get her pictures taken, for publicity purposes. She sweetly lisps out her demure ideas as to art studies, but the photographer, casting a knowing eye on the slim little figure that the new draped models for morning and afternoon wear so charmingly hint at, tells her that he sees in her possibilities for one of those "artistic studies" that he has been making for magazines, calendars, etc. The girl has to be coaxed quite a while for her first nude "study," but the next time she visits a gallery she suggests that the artist pose her as Aphrodite, or Diana at the bath, or something like that, her mythology being very hazy. That first "art



Ruth Hullman is gaily unconscious of the fact that her costume is airily composed of a string of beads and a strip of studio gauze.



Photo by EVANS

That good old stuffed parrot on its wicker stand — how many Hollywood beauties have coyly confided girlish secrets in its unhearing ears! The coy confider in this photograph is Ruth Roland.



Photo by SPURR

Billie Dove, who, outside the photographer's studio, is as modest as her name, is here clothed only in a studio prop and a beauty spot. She is probably as surprised at herself as she looks.



Photo by GRENBEAUX

It took two batiks and a string of beads to provide this interesting costume for Ann Perdue.

study" is made with a very soft focus, so that the little virginal body is hardly to be discerned among the mists and clouds and apple blossoms with which it is blended.

But as the ingenue goes on and on, this passion for the nude study grows on her, and sharper and sharper becomes the focus, so that at last, every "wrinkle and secret of her," as Rupert Brooke says, is given to the public.

Wait, not to the public, unless her face is coyly hidden. For nudes are not "good publicity" for the ingenue. Along with the nudes are taken some more conventional poses—such as a "bust" picture—pardon the vulgar term, but what does one call them now?—with a fan held modestly against the bosom. Sometimes she borrows a Persian kitten, or a tiny monkey, which she nestles up close to, or strokes lovingly, showing her highly manicured, tapering fingers. And the photo is subsequently sent out by her publicity agent as "Lovely Little Dolly Dimple, the screen's most beloved ingenue, caught in a pensive moment, with her adored pet, which she has named for Charlie Chaplin, Dolly's favorite actor." Or something like that. Maybe she wears a spray of apple blossoms, with the

light making a halo of her fair, curly hair. At any rate, pictures to be published are usually the personification of modesty and ingenuous artlessness.

For Private Delectation

ONE must conclude that the nude "art studies," to which she becomes addicted, are collected for private enjoyment. Probably when the ingenue gives a party, she passes the "art studies" round the circle of her tea-drinking friends, and earnestly asks their opinion on the *art* of the pictures.

"Of course, I would not have anything *suggestive* taken," she says deprecatingly. "But I don't think these are suggestive at all! I would do anything for art. Only the evil-minded would see anything suggestive in these, don't you think?" And her guests agree with her. And if they are very enthusiastic over the pictures—from the standpoint of *art*, of course—the little ingenue gives them their choice of the "studies."

The "hostess" of one of Hollywood's busiest temples of photographic art tells of a rising young ingenue who had only "bits" and small parts, but who wanted to in-

trigue directors with some very "different" pictures.

"How she figured that it would help her to get a job as ingenue is more than I can tell," says the studio hostess, "but she had only nude pictures made to show casting offices and interested directors. She came for the proofs, and if you know anything about nude photographs, you know that the proofs are—well—not fit for publication, if you know what I mean. There is more retouching to be done to a nude photograph than anyone would imagine. As hardened as I am, I don't like to look at the proof of a nude portrait. Every wrinkle, every bit of rough skin, every blemish shows up, exaggerated. And let me tell you this, human skin in a sharp focus picture simply isn't pretty. Well, this young player brought three men along with her to help her judge the proofs. Unblushingly she showed proof after proof of nude studies, and discussed the 'points' quite without embarrassment."

By the way, those nude studies must have been very potent, for the girl has landed real ingenue parts—second leads with vampire stars—and is getting more and more demure every day—as far as the public sees.

Same Medicine For All

Few photographers seem to sense any real difference in types. Modest little ingenues, matronly character actresses, womanly women, and vampires are ground out of the beauty mill in exactly the same way. The same props are used for Claire Windsor, the screen's most womanly woman, and for Barbara La Marr, our most potent fascinator. Regardless of her real appeal, which is that of the home-loving young matron, who goes through the picture as an uncomplaining and almost too sweet martyr, Claire Windsor in a photographer's is stripped and then decorated with the same strips of luminous cloth and wicker trays that are used to show off Betty Blythe's more flamboyant charms. Claire admits that so nearly nude was she in a certain series of "art" studies that the slipping folds, hiding only enough of her body to keep the portrait from being characterized a nude art study, had to be secured with postage stamps. Claire's slim body had not enough curves to support the retiring but necessary bit of cloth.

Betty Compson, whose charms are never unduly advertised on the screen, is another favorite subject of

the photographer who likes to strip 'em. And who would dream that Patsy Ruth Miller, the demure little sweetheart in *The Girl I Loved*, would borrow the strip of black velvet, leaving off her own nice little girly clothes? But one and all, they fall—for art.

Perhaps it is unfair to blame the photographer too seriously. The girls demand something very artistic, don't you know, and to the photographer, more art lies in a strip of luminous cloth or a swathe of black velvet cunningly placed, than in a whole trunkful of Parisian clothes.

Photos a Necessity

ONCE a year the average woman decides that she looks really stunning in that new velvet dress, or in the peach-colored evening gown, or in the cunning little Easter hat, and she hies herself to a photographer, who is expected to catch that new fashion and preserve it for the delectation of the sitter's family, forever and aye. For a family photograph can never under any circumstances be destroyed. It must be kept available, so that if Aunt Minnie says to Niece Dorothy, "Where is that cabi-

net photograph of myself I gave you last Christmas? You remember, the one with the rose in my hair and my blue evening dress," then Niece Dorothy can pull it out of the album where the other family atrocities are kept and say, "Here it is, Aunt Minnie. Don't you think Thompson does better work than Guerber? I think I'll go to him next time."

But a picture for a professional is merely part of the daily routine. A motion picture star almost never passes an "art studio" without going in to have a few more poses "shot," or to order a few more of that last set, or to arrange an appointment for a sitting next week. She visits the photographer more often than she does the beauty parlor—or as often, for a very successful trip to the beauty parlor automatically suggests an appointment with the photographer who "really understands" her and can bring out all her best points. That lovely marcel just must not be wasted. So she sallies forth to the photographer's studio, sheds all her accoutrement but her smile and her pearls, and allows the radiance of

Three "props"—a strip of luminous cloth, a wicker tray and a batik are all that are required by the pert art photographer. Here you see the batik and Claire Windsor.

Why are professional photographs more interesting than ordinary ones? The camera-wise actress knows how to calcimine her skin to photograph satiny and can focus her eyes on a wall and look as emotional and happy as if gazing into the Sheik's eyes. Witness Barbara La Marr.

Theodore Roberts without his cigar would be practically unrecognizable. He is rarely photographed without it.

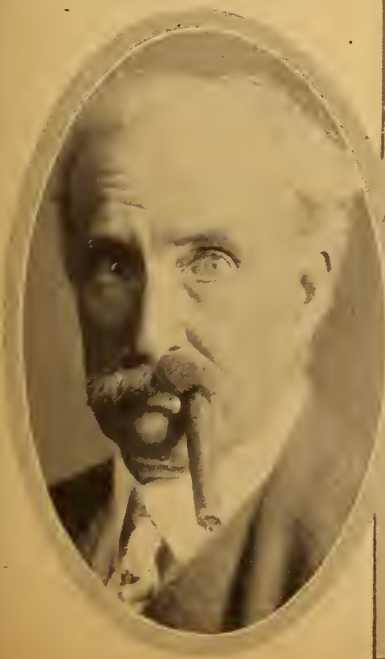


Photo by HOOVER



Wardrobe department of the Beauty Strippers' Emporium.



Alberta Vaughan has apparently just started to dress for the ball, and has stopped to muse on how pretty she is, and what a hit she is going to make. But be not deceived. Alberta is in a photographer's studio, and the two little unmentionables are really two strips of cloth, part of the studio's props. The safety pins don't show, but they're there just the same.

her newly marcelled hair and her bella-donnaed eyes to clothe her.

Special Rates

THERE is something so alluring in the phrase, "special rates to professionals," that even those who are not at all successful in pictures are constantly being photographed. Non-professionals like their photographs all dressed up in fancy folders, especially the kind that, flap stuck in just right, forms a standing easel—you know. But the professionals scorn such trappings. The real professional—of long experience—takes her finished prints in the glazed finish, so they will reproduce well in newspapers and magazines. The soft, hazy finish is more attractive, but does not show up well in print. A photographer knows immediately just how long a girl has worked in pictures by the way she orders her prints.

An old-timer orders from a hundred to a thousand of a favorite pose. Mary Pickford buys the negative from the photographer and has the printing done in her own laboratories, making sometimes as many as five thousand of an especially happy pose.

But the beginners order a dozen, or not more than twenty-five, and ask for the soft finish, because they make the subject look prettier. And for casting office and service bureau purposes, the soft finish are really preferable. They show up the subject in the best manner.

An extra calls at all the agencies, and at all the casting offices of studios, leaving a photograph—or half a dozen different poses—at each place. Naturally the proceeding costs money.

Paying the Price

THERE is a recognized flat rate of twenty dollars for twenty-five pictures, unmounted, to professional picture players. But if the prospective star thinks so highly of her own beauty that she is willing to pay the price, she can have pictures that cost as high as \$135 a dozen—and often does. Girls come out with a good-sized bank roll, coaxed from wealthy parents, or saved up from the good old pay envelope, and they rightly figure that beautiful photographs will get them farther along the road than anything else. Photography should rank next to motion picture making as the most remunerative business in Los Angeles. The photographer for the non-professional public can count on not more than a yearly repeat business, but the "professional" photographer can count on an almost monthly repeat of the least important players and of a much more frequent repeat from prominent players. Of course, the players change from photographer to photographer, seeking pictures of perfect beauty. The one unceasing cry is for something "different."

There is a hectic rivalry between these artists of the still camera,

which is almost as bitter as the war between motion picture studios.

When a photographer sees a nude study by a brother artist—not that he would call him brother—he shakes his head disparagingly and says, "Very daring—but is it art? Look at those angles!"

The maligned artist casts a critical eye over the dreamy, soft focus "study" that the photographer across the street has hung in his window as a sample of "real art," and says slightly, pityingly, "That chap's just a bug on those cloudy things, isn't he? Why did he get a model with such big hips?"

So keen are the photographers for the patronage of the big stars that they will go to any lengths to obtain a sitting from such people as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri. It is next to impossible for a new photographer in Hollywood to obtain a chance to photograph Mary. She is addicted to a certain well-known and artistic photographer, from whom she gets the exact type of picture she likes

(Continued on page 90)



ALLA NAZIMOV

PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPUR



FRED DAVIS



MARIE MOSQUINI
PHOTO BY JAMES HARRIS SPURK



LOUISE FAZENDA

Why *Some* Film Stars Can't Keep Servants

*"Back Stairs Gossip" about
the film elite, by a maid
who has worked for them*

THIS working as a maid in the home of a film star isn't what it is cracked up to be. I know. I've done it.

I'm still doing it, in fact. I am second maid in a big home out in Beverly Hills, where movie magnates are as thick as Scotchmen in Edinburgh. My mistress is mighty nice to me, sends me into town in the car on my day off and gives me clothes that she has scarcely worn. About all the work I have to do is to run a carpet sweeper over the rugs upstairs and keep the baby clean.

But it isn't as easy as that. Working for *some* movie stars!

References Required

IN ORDER to land a job with a screen celebrity, you first have to manage to quit some place where you've hated the mistress for a year or two without having any argument, so as to get references. And your references have got to be first-class.

If you've ever been drunk or have been mixed up in any scandal, your chances of getting a job in a film home is nix. These high-up stars only want nice, refined people to work for them!

The agency collects ten per cent of your first month's wages before you even go out to see if you are hired. On your way out to Beverly, you probably thrill at the prospect of an interview with a real star. But you soon discover that few stars ever hire any help, except possibly a steward or housekeeper.

The Steward Is Boss

THE steward takes all the responsibility for the running of the

household. In case any trouble arises, it is the thing to pass the buck to him—because the star must never be blamed for anything. You really work for the steward, and if you think a film star's steward is an amiable person, just try asking for a Sunday off!

It's natural, too. The stars work all week long, while the servants have it easy with the family gone. When Sunday comes, that's their play-time. They keep open house all day and night on Sundays. That means work for the help, of course; everything has to be in first-class order about the house and grounds, and every employee is on the job early and late on that day.

But it is this Sunday work that makes most of the servant problem in Hollywood. The screen people pay the best wages and are mostly good to the help, but all the entertaining on Sunday counteracts the other good points, in the estimations of the servants.

For instance, the little, dark-haired wife of one of our most prominent directors seldom keeps the same cook for two consecutive months. Why?

Well, sometimes the director-husband forgets he is not talking to an extra on the lot when he bawls out the new cook. One cook who quit said she had eaten so much liver at this house that she couldn't stand the sight of it.

She cooked lots of choice food on Sunday when the house was full of guests, she said. But the rest of the week the three servants had to live on liver and left-overs. And generally their meals were pretty scanty, at that. Pastry was a delicacy for company only, and none

of them felt free to eat all they wanted of anything that cost much.

Monday morning, the servants at this house say, the place is all littered up with tobacco ashes and dirty dishes. And when the place is finally cleaned up, it doesn't look like a home; it has the appearance of a once fine place not kept up in first-class shape.

"Pickfair" Is Fine Place To Work

"PICKFAIR," the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, is a splendid place to work. Albert, the French steward-butler, sees to it that every one of the nine servants are up at six o'clock on Sunday mornings. He runs that place like clockwork. Albert knows the likes and dislikes of his famous employers, and a "tip" from him has saved many a maid her job.

Douglas is harder to please than Mary, though they are both very particular about everything being kept just so. Mary seldom calls anyone down, but when she does, it hurts.

Here is a house where every employee lives well and has little to complain about. Sunday is their hardest day, as in other film homes, but they are paid top wages. That makes up for a lot, when one is trying to buy a home.

Mary pays her cook \$150 a month, with room, board and laundry. Her own laundry bill used to average about \$32 a week. Recently, however, she installed her own modern laundry, with an electric mangle that cost \$225. She keeps a man and wife to do the laundry work.

Moving pictures are shown in the house once a week for all the em-



One well-known woman film star needs a veterinarian, not a nurse. She has a dog that sleeps in a pine-lined bassinet, and the maid has to feed and tend it as though it were a baby.



Religion in *Hollywood*

*All Creeds and Sects Find
Devotees in Film Colony*

By MARTHA MARSDEN

HAVE you ever wondered why the screen stars never give out information relative to their religions? Sometimes it's just because they haven't any, but spend Sunday morning getting rejuvenated for next week's labor of smiling sweetly. But, in many cases, the reason they hesitate to talk upon this subject is its very insecurity; like husbands, religion hereabouts is on-again-off-

again. One may go to bed a Baptist and wake up a Presbyterian.

One week one is a devout worshiper in the orthodox church—next week a Hindu Yogi shows one the error of one's ways in being so plebeian as to drop a nickel in the box to be relieved of one's sins—far better, says the Yogi, to embrace a religion which guarantees one a slim silhouette. Of course, one does

not get the benefits of the Yogi's spiritual guidance in matters of the flesh and the soul for nothing.

Strange Sects

IN ADDITION to the old reliables, all the freak religions on earth are congregating in Los Angeles, possibly lured by the volatile temperament of screen actors, the hectic emotional aura that pervades

Another Hindu to whom our silversheet thespians lend attentive ear is the Swami Paramananda of the Vedantic Center, Boston.

Peter the Hermit

WITH the spread of Coué-ism has grown the miracle idea. Impressionable, these children of illusion flock after Peter the Hermit in the belief that he may cure their tummyaches and make the movies as pure as the fan-magazines say they are.

Now, Peter is a good old soul, harmless as a kitten, and possessing a kitten's powers to perform miracles. He makes no claim to supernatural gifts. He has a beautiful, kindly philosophy of friendship, which in the generosity of his spirit he shares with rich and poor, cinema queen and scrubwoman, alike.

But a group of "financiers" have

ence, the up-and-at-'em advertising spirit has invaded the churches. Such "stunts" as showing Mary Pickford's *Tess of the Storm Country*—widely advertised in the daily press and with posters on the sidewalk—are used to get the folks into the churches.

One advertises: "Modern Substitutes for Christianity are Sunday Evening Motion Pictures!" Need-

knew it must compete with Hindu Yogis and modern fads for the souls of our citizens.

Even in the orthodox churches one seldom hears the old "hell-fire and brimstone" sermons. Modern to the core, our dimpled darlings scorn such antiquated methods of saving their souls. Sermons now follow the keynote of industrial trend.

In a survey of our churches one Sunday I heard bits from the following "sermons": "Is Coué Scientific?", "Did the Flood Ever Happen or Noah and his Ark?", "The Story of a Man with an Ax." A talk on "The Grand Strategy of Evolution" in one house of worship was followed by public and scientific discussion of the subject of whether we came from monkeys or from God.

The subject for another was, "Has-



Temple Baptist
DR. BROUGHER PREACHES
11 a. m., "Does Everyone Have
Frank Geiger Sings "I Come
Special Numbers by Quartet
7:30 p. m., Moving Picture
Constance Balfour
Mood Harmon
Prelude: "

CHURCH OF DIVINE POWER
LEILA SIMON CASTBERG
CHURCH OF DIVINE POWER
(Advanced Thought)
MOROSCO THEATER
SPECIAL HEALING SERVICE
Tomorrow at 11 o'clock. Subject:
"THE HEALING POWER OF GOD"
Alexander
Sunday School at 10:40. Clair
Sunday School at 10:40. Clair



PLAIN TRUTHS MADE PLAIN
COFFMAN CHALK TALKS

Sund-
and at 8 p. m.
each service. Yo
about you.
ERY DAY.
T HALL
oom, 3.
or.
First Congregational Church
845 South Hope Street
Ministers—Rev. Carl S. Patton, D.D.
Holland F. Burr
by Dr. Patton
RGAIN"

taken good old Peter in tow, advertising him as far as the local authorities will permit as a Miracle Man. They even produced a two-reel picture of Peter as a sort of imitation Joseph Dowling-George Loane Tucker character.

A while back Peter was a hermit, living in the hills, content with his simple existence and the thought that occasionally he made life brighter for some unhappy soul; a picturesque figure in his loose sack-like garment, barefooted. Now Peter has become a personage, worshiped alike by handsome hero and wide-eyed demoiselle. And Peter is wondering what it is all about. . . .

Publicizing Religion

HERE where publicity flourishes, may where the very breath of life depends upon its glamorous influ-

less to say, this modern house of worship(?) has standing room only, while the pastors down the street orate to empty seats.

These methods are not open to actual criticism; indeed, they get the people into the churches and give the pastors a fine chance. But it seems a pity that the old reliable staff of religion as our grandmothers

Heaven a Daily Newspaper?" The erudite pastor propounded that, "If Heaven has a daily newspaper, its sensational items deal with the enlistment of notorious sinners rather than the alignment of the conventionally respectable." Members of the local press were in the congregation, but screen stars were strangely absent.

Letting His Right Hand Know

ONE enterprising pastor advertises himself as "a man of outstanding personality . . . a man of winsome character and passionate enthusiasm." Another Sunday service drew the crowds with a playlet entitled, *The Pill Bottle*. One advertises monthly "Pessimists' Nights," which are well attended. A still more piquant occasion was
(Continued on page 103)

Movie Murders

Actors are butchered to make a cinema holiday. How life and limbs are endangered to provide screen entertainment is related

By JOHN POWELL BLAINE

THE GOD of the silver screen is a Moloch, demanding tribute of human life.

Thou shalt not kill! That is the law, since Moses engraved the words on tablets of stone. Yet today actors are literally butchered to make a cinema holiday.

We Must Have Thrills

"GIVE us thrills!" the public demands. "Give us suspense, punch!"

So thrills are inserted, until every motion picture flashed upon the screen means the endangering of some human life. Some actor, stunt man or stage hand risked his safety to "put the picture over."

There is a sinister meaning in the presence of doctor and nurse in every studio, in the maintenance of an ambulance for stunt scenes, in the very existence of "doubles," those dare-devils who take the risks the stars must not attempt.

Hardy J. Young, Martyr

HARDY J. YOUNG was a "human fly." His was the fate that awaits all these intrepid souls who defy death to put a "punch" in a picture.

Just at noon on March 5, a white-clad figure that was Hardy started up the face of the Hotel Martinique, on New York's Broadway. On his back was a banner with the device, "Safety Last;" his feat was an exploitation stunt for Harold Lloyd's picture of the same name.

A mass of curious, apprehensive, morbid faces watched him climb. Here and there a woman gasped fearfully as he hesitated in his ascent. Occasionally a man muttered an oath beneath his breath, an oath that was really a prayer. And foremost in the crowd a white-faced woman watched, with growing fear, the climbing figure.

He reached the eleventh story. So far up was he that he looked like a fly indeed, against the sheer face of the building. A biting wind enveloped him. Clinging by fingers and toes, he hesitated, stiffened suddenly, and groped uncertainly for a window ledge and safety.

His fingers closed on the ledge. Then his body sagged strangely, the clinging fingers slipped lingeringly from the wall, twisting and turning with sickening gyrations.

That was all; a blood-spattered pavement, a limp, broken thing on a stretcher, and a white-faced, gibbering wife who had witnessed the tragedy she had dreaded for years.

The human fly had indeed put "safety last."

Death in the Air

ANOTHER victim of the film Moloch was Ormer Locklear, gallant army aviator. He died to provide a thrill for sated theatre-goers who sit safe in their orchestra arm-chairs.

It was while he was doing a difficult stunt picture for Fox that Locklear met the end. For an hour he had soared and dipped and nosedived in the heavens, while below the camera ground and spectators held their breath.

When the stunt was done—brilliantly—Locklear turned his ship's nose to earth. Then the powerful arc lights rose up to meet him as he swooped—blinded him so that he crashed to earth.

He put a punch in the picture, though he gave his life to do it.

Jean Perkins, Stunt Man

JEAN PERKINS made his living doing stunts for the movies. He came to his death the same way.

Doubling for Bill Desmond, Perkins rode the top of a racing train.

A speeding plane dipped overhead and dropped a rope ladder. Perkins deftly caught the ladder and swung far out from the train. The on-lookers sighed with relief, a sigh that changed swiftly to a groan as the plane spun crazily and crashed to earth. Jean Perkins was buried beneath the wreckage.

He lived a few hours only, another martyr to the Moloch that demands human lives as tribute.

A Fatal Accident

THEY were shooting night stuff on a Hollywood lot, not long ago. It was a rain scene they were making; a powerful wind machine sent the falling "rain" in sheets against the panes of the cabin "set." It was bitterly cold.

A stage carpenter, shrinking away from the icy spray, backed into the wind machine. Its flying propellers cut the man in two!

Wind Machines Very Dangerous

ANOTHER nearly fatal accident that was caused by a wind machine took place during a scene in a studio "tank." A beautiful woman star was supposed to be drowning in the ocean. The wind machine in the tank simulated the waves.

The camera man called his assistant to hold the camera steady. The boy refused to go down into the tank. It was too dangerous, he said.

So another camera boy was summoned. He descended waist deep in the icy water; the wind machine was started up, and the boy, too near the churning blades, had his arm cut off clean at the shoulder.

Two Lives Menaced

DEATH stalked into the Gloria Swanson picture, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, when an airplane used in one

of the scenes crashed to earth, killing one man and probably fatally injuring another.

The accident occurred during the filming of what was supposed to be a beach scene in Southern France.

Harvey Pugh, a lieutenant in the army reserve corps, was piloting the ill-fated plane. Chester Williams of San Francisco was a passenger. The pilot was jockeying for a landing when it encountered an air-pocket, went into a swift nose-dive and crashed to the ground.

Williams was crushed to death. Pugh suffered a fractured skull, broken fingers, broken legs, a broken arm and a broken jaw. As this is written, he is lying at the point of death. Moloch is about to feast again.

Injuries Are Frequent

SOMETIMES the rapacious god does not claim a life, but is satisfied with lesser suffering. Seldom is a picture finished without at least one serious accident.

In one episode of a serial picture, Louise Lovely was supposed to be trapped in a burning building. She would run from room to room of a large building, only to be met with flames each time.

Of course she did not do it, herself. She posed for the close-ups and a man, dressed in a blonde wig, braved the flames. And they were real flames. As he emerged from each scene, men waited with wet blankets to wrap around him to put out the flames in his clothing.

When he finished the sequence, he was a mass of blisters.

An Untested Net

IT WAS another fire scene that cost the life of a stunt man, whose name has been carefully concealed. The man had to leap from a lofty balcony to the street below. A fireman's net was provided for him to land in.

He jumped, hit the net squarely—and went right on through to the stone pavement. The studio people had neglected to test the net.



PAGE PHOTO

A typical stunt, showing how human lives are risked for the sake of giving sated theatre audiences a thrill.

Too Much Realism

IN A RECENT picture, the heroine was supposed to have been accosted by three villains. The script required that she draw a gun and shoot two of the advancing men and throw the gun at the third. She did—and the first two men went to the hospital. She aimed the gun point-blank at them and the wadding of the gun wounded the men seriously, one in the jaw and the other in the thigh.

Another incident of too much realism was encountered during the filming of *Three Wise Fools*, at the Goldwyn studio.

Sawed-off shot-guns used by the guards and prisoners in a jail-break scene were loaded with blank cartridges. During the excitement when an armored motor car crashed through a five-inch prison gate, one of the escaping "prisoners" lost his head and fired point-blank at E. B. Johnson, an actor playing the part of a guard.

The gun wadding tore through Johnson's sleeve and penetrated his left arm, paralyzing it.

Harriet Hammond's Injuries

HARRIET HAMMOND, the luscious blonde bathing beauty, was taking part in *The Fast Mail*, a Fox film.



Jesting with death! Ormer Locklear, aviator, snapped while trying to persuade Jack Dempsey to take a ride in the air, assisted by Viola Dana. An hour later, Locklear's plane crashed to earth. The laughing airman died, trying to "put a punch" in a picture for Fox.



Photo by J. C. MILLIGAN

If Jackie Coogan lives to be ten years old, it will be a wonder, says a noted physician of Hollywood. He is almost a nervous wreck, due to too-strenuous living for a little boy, it is said. Jackie is snapped here with Paderewski, the pianist

A large quantity of dynamite was accidentally exploded, so that Miss Hammond narrowly escaped death. She was severely burned.

She has sued the Fox Film Corporation for \$118,500, alleging that she was incapacitated by the explosion from fulfilling a Sennett contract at \$1000 a week.

Serials Cost Many Injuries

SERIAL pictures are especially dangerous to make. Practically every episode of a really "punchy" serial has been made at the risk of human life. A serial's merit is judged by the number of gasps it can elicit from an audience. And it takes a pretty sensational stunt to make a present-day audience sit up and take notice.

In a recent serial the star, a woman, is supposed to ride across a swaying bridge, two feet wide, suspended two hundred feet above an abyss; to leap from a high cliff into a swiftly-running stream; to hang by the hands from a trestle while a train crossed above her; and to narrowly escape from a pack of wolves.

Of course, the girl did none of these things. But the man of about

her build who doubled for her would have met a swift and awful death if a single slip had resulted.

Dared Death by Fire

A "PROP" fire in a William Desmond serial became a real fire that narrowly escaped being fatal to five persons.

The script required that Desmond carry Kathleen Calhoun from a blazing cabin. Flares were used to simulate flames. But the flares actually ignited the woodwork and the hero rescued Miss Calhoun with her clothes ablaze, in good earnest. Desmond was painfully burned, the leading woman was badly scorched, and the director and camera man had to be taken to the hospital.

Tragedy Becomes Comedy

SOMETIMES a narrowly averted tragedy becomes comedy.

In a Louise Lovely serial, the star was supposed to jump from a window to the pavement, 400 feet below. A double did it for her, landing safely in a net. But a close-up of Miss Lovely jumping was needed, so she was "shot" jumping into a net three feet below. She sprained her ankle!

Gambling with Death

A DIRECTOR, now dead, had to have a plane that would fall to the ground, seemingly wrecked, for a picture. So a stunt man was hired, at \$600 for the feat, to crash a plane to earth. He did and was lucky; he only suffered a broken arm. The chances were nine to one that he would be killed.

A Near Disaster

WHILE filming a circus sequence at the Goldwyn Studio, for Rupert Hughes' *Souls for Sale*, a score of injuries resulted.

A great circus tent was soaked with coal oil. At the proper moment it was set afire; according to orders five thousand "extras" swarmed around the front of the tent, registering panic. Suddenly the panic became terribly real. The flames and smoke made mad the horses attached to the great circus wagons. With the drivers powerless to check them, the maddened animals charged among the extras. Scores fell beneath the flying

hooves and the crushing wheels. No deaths resulted, by a miracle, but at least a dozen serious injuries were incurred. Just one of the unforeseen accidents that happen in every picture.

Bitten by Malamute

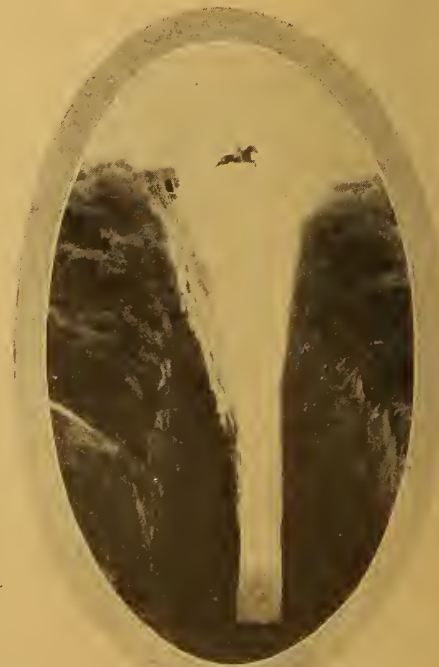
WHILE Irene Rich was playing the feminine lead in a Canadian Northwest picture, she was subjected to grave danger of hydrophobia.

Miss Rich was driving a team of dogs, savage Northern huskies, whose wolf blood makes them treacherous. Suddenly two of the huskies began to fight. Miss Rich seized one of the dogs, who sprang at her furiously. The big malamute sunk his fangs in her arm and hung on until spectators forced him off.

Miss Rich was hurried back from Bear Valley to Los Angeles, for preventive treatment against rabies.

Is Jackie Coogan a Nervous Wreck?

IF LITTLE Jackie Coogan lives to be ten years old, it will be a wonder, a prominent physician of



If Tom Mix had been the least bit less bold and the marvellous Tony a bit less sure-footed, two lives would have been snuffed out in this breath-taking leap over a two-hundred foot abyss. From "The Golden God," a Fox picture.

Hollywood is reported to have said. Jackie has had several bad accidents, incurred about the studios, including a bad skull fracture, it is said.

The boy is exceedingly nervous, and has to go to a sanitarium to recuperate after each picture. Occasionally his parents state that Jackie is to go to New York for a nice, long rest. The rest is usually a series of banquets, carefully arranged publicity stunts, and too-late hours for a little boy.

The same physician asserts that not one child actor in the movies is being brought up with proper care for his health and nervous state.

A Mercenary Mother

RECENTLY, the mother of an "extra" child was storming because a studio had only paid her five dollars to let her little girl, three years old, perform a dangerous stunt on a platform twenty feet above the ground.

"They have a nerve to think I'd risk my baby's life for five dollars a day!" she exclaimed.

"But you're perfectly willing to let her risk it for ten dollars, aren't you?" scornfully replied the director, who has a little girl at home himself, who is *never* to have a film career if daddy can help it.

Risks Life for Thrill

THE *Eagle's Talons* a Universal serial picture, requires that a woman drop from a balloon in a parachute. Ann Little, starring in

the picture, is supposed to make the leap. A double, was, of course, substituted.

The balloon swung a thousand feet in the air, when the girl balanced herself on the edge of the basket and launched herself into space. Down she fell, down, down! Would the parachute never open? A terrible period of suspense ensued, until the canvass slowly filled and floated gently to the ground.

Is any motion picture worth such a risk?

Driven to Suicide

DESPAIR, born of inability to get work, drives many a poor actor to suicide. Truly, in the studios, many are called and but few are chosen. The daily round from studio to studio, from agency to agency, with always the same answer, "Nothing to-day," is heart-breaking. And the stage and screen are similar, in that once the lure gets into a man's blood, no other work will do for him.

He will act or he will do nothing.

Despondency, caused by failure to get work in pictures, brought Joe McDermott to the end of the road, in a gas-filled room in a Hollywood boarding-house.

A little note on the dresser told the story:

"Just couldn't make the grade. Feel my mind slipping, and dread the end. May God receive my soul."

As a final tragic touch, half an hour after his body was found, there came the call for which he



Despair, caused by inability to get work, brought Joe McDermott to the end of the road, in a gas-filled room in a Hollywood boarding-house.

had waited so long. A studio asked him to report for work.

Didn't Want to Live

GEORGE MARIAN, an old-fashioned trouper to whom the theatre was life itself, found his health beginning to fail. He knew he could not get work at the studios if his health was poor, and he was 63! So he opened the veins in his wrists.

He had had good parts in *Quincy Adams Sawyer* and *Hearts Aflame*.

Truly, the film Moloch is a rapacious god!

Some Stars Won't Take Risks

SOME stars simply refuse to take any risks at all. Thomas Meighan, it is said, is the most cautious of all the stars. He insists on a double, even for driving a car through heavy traffic. Which in Los Angeles is no inconsiderable risk!

Bill Hart has a double for almost everything but close-ups. Not because he is afraid, but because the years are bearing heavy upon him—Bill is over fifty.

Tom Mix, on the other hand, does all his own stunts. He never has a double.

Let us hope that for his bravery, Tom will never meet the end that comes to most dare-devils.

Let us hope that Tony, Tom's pet pinto, will never go riderless; that the god Moloch will never gain another victim in the gallant person of Tom Mix.



Photo by EVANS

The careless explosion of unguarded dynamite so injured Harriet Hammond that she could not fulfill a Mack Sennett contract as a bathing beauty, she charges. She is shown here before the accident that damaged her beauty.

Baby Peggy

Hollywood's Pride

Peggy shows Nita Naldi a thing or two in the way of wielding a wicked fan.



Photo by EVANS

Baby Peggy, "as is,"
screenland's most
diminutive star.



If all Northwest Mounted Policemen were as attractive as Baby Peggy, no wonder they have little difficulty in always "getting their man."

Photo by EVANS

What Becomes of Beauty Contest Winners?

*Do These Fame and Fortune Contests Bring
Either to the Aspiring Contestants?*

By ELOISE ALLEN



Photo by HESSER

BOUSSUM PHOTO

Winning a "Fame and Fortune" contest has brought Allene Ray neither fame nor fortune so far. She hopes that the long period of apprenticeship is about over now, for she is under contract with Lubin.

Doris Hill's great sad eyes are getting sadder and sadder. She won Allen Holubar's beauty contest in San Francisco in 1921 and has parts in only about three pictures since.

Doris Stone won two beauty contests in England, but found that Hollywood was not particularly impressed thereby. Now, however, Doris is arriving. She has a good part in "Mothers-In-Law," Gasnier's latest, and will also be seen in Schulberg's forthcoming release "Daughters of the Rich."

WHEN Congressman Herrick, representative from Aklahoma, broke into the day's scandal about two years ago as a love-letter writer to would-be screen beauties, he gave as his alibi that he was collecting proof of the pernicious effects of beauty contests on the winners.

He may not have been so insane as he was pictured by gleeful paragraphers who seized upon this rare and juicy item in the news, with all the hungry avidity of starving Armenians.

The Congressman merely made the mi-stake of getting himself into a ridiculous situation before springing his perfectly sane bill. A Congressman who writes mushy love

letters to beauty contest winners, and signs his own name, makes appointments with them, and continues his love-making in person, is bound to come in for horse laughs and cat-calls from an amused nation. If he had introduced his bill without going to the trouble of securing personal proofs to back it up, he might have had a respectful audience.

Method in His Madness

IF CONGRESSMAN HERRICK was sincere in his intention to put a stop to beauty contests, the man should be regarded as something more than a trapped masher or a busybody bill-maker. Congressman Herrick maintained that beauty

contests were a public menace, both to the morals and success of pretty young girls. He demonstrated that anybody can write to these girls—for their addresses are printed broadcast—and make them all sorts of proposals. Congressman Herrick ought to know! His letters, published in the papers, were sufficient proof of what annoyances can happen to beauty contest winners.

Mr. Herrick believes that a beauty contest puts a girl in an entirely false position. It makes her a target for all sorts of disreputable advertising schemes, lays her open to advances of all kinds, and gives her such a swelled head and perverted idea of her own

and such other internationally important events.

Beauty in Hollywood is as common as pigtracks in Alabama. As Alma Whitaker said in a previous issue of SCREENLAND, the really plain girl is the only one who has

Gertrude Olmstead was winner in the Chicago Herald-Examiner beauty contest two years ago. She is now under contract with Goldwyn.

Photo by SPURN



Lois Wilson is one of the few winners of beauty contests who have made good in pictures. Oddly enough, Lois does not claim to be a beauty, and forbids her publicity writer to mention the fact that she ever won a contest. Her latest big role was the feminine lead in the Paramount picture, "The Covered Wagon."

a chance to make a sensation in Hollywood.

The prettiest girl of Simsbury, Ill., to crib from Harry Leon Wilson's priceless story of movie life, has small chance in Hollywood, where she competes with the most beautiful girl of France, the most beautiful girl of Sweden, the most ravishing charmer of New York, the most gorgeous twinkler of Ziegfeld's Follies, the prettiest bathing girl in the United States.

She wheedles her father into mortgaging the old homestead, breaks with her high school sweetheart, and comes to Hollywood, with every penny of the family's available cash—only to find that her nose, which the Simsbury photographer had caught at the only possible angle, photographs like a knot on a potato, and that her hair, which she had thought an exact replica of Mary Pickford's, photographs like strands of hemp rope. In fact, the belle of Simsbury is not even belle of the boarding house in Hollywood.

She manages to get a few days' work occasionally as an extra, and unless she develops a talent for character acting, she finds herself doomed to return to Simsbury or to dish up food in one of Hollywood's ubiquitous cafeterias.

Her fate is the common fate of



Photo by WITZEL

Virginia Browne Faire is one of the few successful winners of beauty contests. Dramatic ability, intelligence and beauty of soul and body have helped her.



Photo by DAY

Charlotte Stevens won the Chicago Daily Journal contest last May and took the first train for Hollywood. She landed a contract with Bobby Vernon and has been working on it ever since.

importance that she is practically ruined for life.

His scheme to prevent such wholesale slaughter of the innocents' morals and manners did not live long in the gust of ridicule which accompanied every word written about it. But it had its points—undoubtedly—as every picture producer on the west coast will gladly tell you.

Hollywood Full of 'Em

For beauty contest winners make up a neat percentage of the female population of Hollywood. Hollywood is held up as the goal toward which all pretty girls should strive. An already glutted beauty market is swelled every year with the season's crop of beauty contest winners. Into a city that boasts more beauty — and more unemployed beauty—than any other city in the world, annually come the newest beauty contest winners, armed with one-picture contracts, which are guardedly worded, so that the subject, if absolutely impossible, need not be used in anything but a minor — very minor — role. These contract-bearers are the fortunate ones. The really pathetic stories could be written around the village belles, winners of Elks' contests or Flower Show contests, or chosen as the Queen of the Firemen's ball,

hundreds of her sister beauty contest winners. Literally scores of "beauties" are annually "spurlos versankt"—to use the Kaiser's pet phrase, which means, "sunk without a trace."

The only people who remember them even fleetingly are the landladies who gave them soup and lodgings long after the flat little purses were emptied, and the credit managers of department stores who are now learning to take such losses philosophically and to protect themselves against them more and more rigorously.

Going home defeated is a very different matter from leaving, a victorious beauty contest winner.

Not All Failures

ON THE other hand, many a picture star owes her start to the chance she got as a contest winner. But wait—did we say *many* stars? Who are some of this horde of successful contest winners?

Let's see. There's Lois Wilson, and Eleanor Boardman, and Corinne Griffith, Gertrude Olmstead, Mary Philbin, Lucille Carlisle, Virginia Brown Faire, Mary Astor, Allene Ray, and—the list grows weaker and weaker.

Consider how many, many contests you have read and heard about; how many fair young faces

Ever hear of Ruth Purcell? She came to Universal City with fifty-five other beauty contest winners in 1916. She filmed the best of the whole bevy of beauties and was offered a good part in a Universal "special." But she declined politely, thanked Universal for a pleasant trip, and went back to being Samuel Gompers' private secretary.



have been printed in newspapers and magazines over such flowery remarks as these:

"Beautiful Suzie-Mae Hoffman (any name will do), who has just won the Firefighters' great beauty contest, in which five hundred pulchritudinous lasses competed, is of the tall, svelte type, a perfect screen beauty. Miss Hoffman expects to leave for Hollywood immediately, where she has been promised the lead in a gigantic production to be put on in the Such-and-Such studios, Screenland's largest motion picture plant."

Is it any wonder that the contest winner trips gaily and importantly out to Screenland, sure of winning stardom easily within a week or two? In fact, she has such a vague idea of what constitutes stardom that she feels that she is already a star, because she has a chance to play a "bit" in a picture.

Which reminds us of a woman who arrived in Hollywood recently with a daughter who had won a contest in Nashville, Tenn. She took her blonde, brown-eyed daughter over to the Fox studios, where the casting director offered



Pretty Corliss Palmer, who once attended the cigar stand at ?——? Ga., Hotel, and is now named as the "Other Woman" by Mrs. Eugene V. Brewster, wife of the Millionaire Movie Magazine Publisher in a separation suit brought by her. Mrs. Brewster asks \$18,000 a year alimony.

One reason why Eleanor Boardman's screen career has been so successful is that she did not depend on merely winning a beauty contest. She had a long and diversified stage training.

GOLDWYN PHOTO



Photo by SEELEY

Mary Philbin won second prize in the Chicago Herald-Examiner contest. Eric Von Stroheim stopped in to look over the contestants' photographs and was so delighted with Mary's ethereal beauty that he chose her for the feminine lead in "Merry-Go-Round."

Dorothy Seay has won several beauty contests and has played in nine pictures in her eight months stay in Hollywood.

to give her a screen test the following day. The mother, exuberant, exhibited her daughter in the lobby of the hotel that night, with this introduction, "My daughter, Polly, who is going to be starred by Fox. She starts to work tomorrow."

Universal's Beauty Special

HARKING back to the winners of contests who have *not* failed to make good, we find Lois Wilson, winner of a contest in Montgomery, Alabama, eight years ago. You may remember the trainload of fifty-six beauties that Universal brought to Hollywood, or rather to Universal City, to test for the screen.

Universal had just opened the great studios at Universal City and were determined to put over an advertising stunt that would make the whole world sit up and take notice. They got their wish. Fifty-six beauty contests were put on, covering the entire United States. Newspapers ran photographs of girls who considered themselves beauties, and the subscribers "voted" for the beauties, with some subscription string tied to the votes.

When the votes had been counted and a few hundred hearts had been broken, fifty-six "beauties"—some of them, in the very nature of the contest being far from beautiful,

since any girl could submit her picture and since the zeal of one's friends counted more than the shape of one's nose—were all slated for the cross continent jaunt to California, Universal City's marvelous plant, and, presumably, fame and fortune.

The "Beauty Special" as the train was called, was probably the most feted and most publicized trainload of human flesh that ever steamed out of a station.

The best of food, the quintessence of service, marked that hegira of beauty to Hollywood. But that was about all the girls got out of it. Universal got gobs of publicity; the new studios were shown off to the blare of trumpets; receptions were held—in the studios of course—in honor of these fifty-six American beauties. Wherever they went, the girls were required to wear badges and carry banners, advertising Universal.

Oh, yes, they were given screen tests, and the winner of the screen test contest was to be given a part in a big special production. Ruth Purcell, private secretary to Samuel Gompers, won the plum, and fifty-five other beauties knew that taps had sounded for their high hopes.

Ever hear of Ruth Purcell?

Probably not, for she surprised everyone by calmly telling Universal that she thanked them very much for her lovely trip to California 'n everything, but that, if you please, she was going back to Mr. Gompers. Whether a certain young man who telegraphed roses to greet her at every stop had anything to do with her decision is immaterial to this story. She went back.

And so did nearly all of the other beauty contest winners, for their fare was paid—it was distinctly a "round trip" affair.

Out of the entire trainload of beauties, how many have ever been heard of in pictures? Here are their names: Ida Frances Beardsley, Taula Jorgensen, Florence Skeffington Craig, Mayme Chapline, Edith Maas, Marie Savage, Louise Welton, Forrestine Dennison, Mollie Julian, Gertrude Fonda, Anita Liberman, Minnie Wilhainson, Anna Nessel, Lois Wilson, Ann Schrader, J. Frances Hamilton, Margaret Veronica MacDonough, Gertrude Cameron, Irene O'Connor, Esther Sutton, Nellie Bell, Alice Matthews, Madeleine Dwight Skinner, Agnes M. Chneye, Marguerita Koch, Mabel Nelson, Gwendolyn Morgan, Sarah Wooten, Daisy Fulwiler.

(Continued on page 94)

How the Screen Stars Keep Thin

*Scientific Methods for Re-
taining that Streamline
Body Effect*

By ATHENE FARNSWORTH

IF AT AND Romance just simply never have cohabited and never will—not even in Hollywood where everything else—but that's another story.

There never has been a siren who was onto her job who did not realize that when Excess Avoirdupois appears, even though she rolls luxuriously up in a limousine, Romance puts on her hiking pants and takes to the foothills.

That Pound of Flesh

It's a safe bet that if Portia could have removed that disputed pound of flesh from her own person, she would have been tickled pink to do so, even at the price of forfeiting the nice piece of publicity her "Quality of Mercy" speech gave her.

It is equally patent to the discerning eye that Cleopatra, the great grandmother of all the sirens, never spent all her time lolling around on that flower-strewn barge of hers. We'd be willing to bet our new spring hat that she excused herself long enough from Mark Antony, before breakfast each morning, to take her daily dozen, or to roll a bit on some secluded and especially hard portion of the old barque's floor.

And if the ladies of Portia's time and Mark Antony's sweetie realized the necessity for slim, undulating lines, the modern sirens, those

marcelled and bobbed-haired queens of screenland, know the truth in triple measure.

Dear old Cleo had but to pass muster before the love-dimmed eyes of one old rounder; our 1923 Cleos must daily and nightly present themselves for inspection before the whole world.

How Do They Do It?

How do they do it?

Haven't you ever sat in a darkened theatre, with your eyes glued on some shimmering, silver-sheeted beauty, long-limbed and alluring?

"EAT AND GROW THIN"

HERE'S the diet that made Colleen Moore lose twelve pounds in two weeks. Try it yourself, to speed the parting flesh:

BREAKFAST: Half a grapefruit, a thin slice of toast (no butter), and a cup of coffee, without sugar.

LUNCH: Fruit salad with French dressing, crackers and a glass of lemonade.

DINNER: Meat and one vegetable, but NO potatoes; dry toast and a cup of tea.

OR

Substitute a baked potato and a glass of buttermilk for dinner, every other night.

And haven't you ever sighed audibly as the lovely creature melted into the hero's arms? Then, the last two-in-one embrace over, out you go into the cold, unfeeling



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

This exercise, repeated twenty times morning and evening, is splendid for reducing the hips. Betty Compson says so, and isn't Betty a living example of its beneficent results?

street and suddenly glimpse yourself in one of those infernal plate glass windows.

Ye gods! What a contrast!

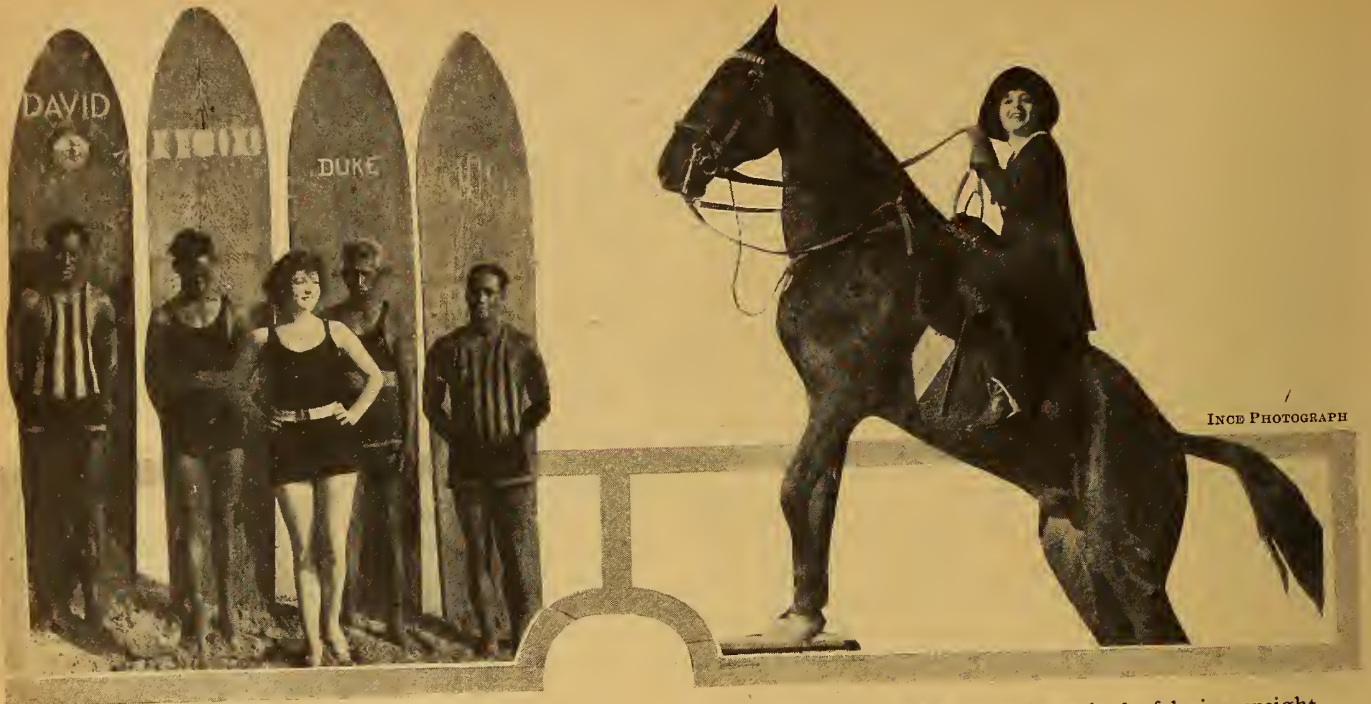
Bulges all over you—and in the wrong places! Your coattails headed in opposite directions, as though some domestic cataclysm had made it impossible for them ever to dwell together in harmony again. And you think naughty words, curse the chocolate eclair you had for luncheon and mutter: "Upon what meat do these our heroines feed that they remain so slim!"

How do they do it? Listen:

The Shimmy-Shaker Arrives

THE "shimmy-shaker" has come to Hollywood.

This unique first-aid to those who yearn to enter the lists of the



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Swimming is one of the best reducers in the world. It makes a fat person thin and a thin person pleasantly plump. And it keeps Betty Compson just right.

Horseback riding is a famous method of losing weight. The more your mount is addicted to trotting, the more flesh you will lose. If you don't grasp this fact before beginning your ride, says Madge Bellamy, you will soon afterward.

Beautiful and Damned was invented, so rumor says, for Queen Mary of England. Whether Her Majesty, after ridding herself of the necessary number of royal pounds, passed the glad word around, or whether the secret simply leaked out, is immaterial. The important thing is that, like all good things, it has come to Hollywood, apparently to stay.

The telephone of a certain little gray shop, known to the film colony, tinkles merrily all day long. Luminaries whose names twinkle brightly in electric lights on a thousand Main Streets nightly vie with one another to see who can do the most "shimmy-shaking" between calls to the set. For the eleventh commandment of stardom is this: "Thou shalt take on no superfluous flesh."

And many a fat part has been lost because of fat parts. Selah.

Shedding Excess Poundage

IN THIS little gray shop, where lurks the useful "shimmy-shaker" the chance patron can sometimes get an eyeful.

The shimmy-shaking is not done on a ball-room floor, as you have guessed, perchance. Visualize, for instance, Gloria—she of the seductive curves—clad only in a sheet, clutched in the diabolical embrace

of this up-to-date fat-reducing machine. A broad leather strap is about her slim body. Presto! The electric current is turned on, and then, Oh Boy! how she shakes. Any "fattest portion" that could withstand an attack like that is worthy to be nominated for the Hall of Fame.

Picture to yourself the stately Anna Q. Nilsson, the flirtatious mama of *Adam's Rib*, strapped in an electric chair, supporting on her tummy a fifty-pound sand-bag and squealing with little, startled "ohs" and "ahs" as the relentless electric

current plucks at any ambitious plumpness.

Male Patrons, Too

NOR are the Adonises of the screen to be outdone. It's just as necessary that a screen hero be slim as for a heroine. Picture Rodolph Valentino fat, if you can without dropping a tear. He might as well let himself get bald!

Wallace Beery mortifies the flesh every so often. Picture his two hundred and fifty pounds of stalwart manhood encased in an electric cabinet, rivulets of perspiration running down his distressed countenance as he pleads with the nurse, "Take me out! I'm nothing but a grease spot now!"

Fatty Degeneration of Imagination

LITTLE Betty Compson has an hallucination that she ought to reduce, though she barely tips the scales at one hundred and eighteen pounds. Connie Talmadge comes to the little gray shop, too, because she has fatty degeneration of the imagination. She doesn't really need to reduce.

A good many famous scenario writers visit the shrine of the "shimmy-shaker" weekly. Why? Oh well, Hollywood has a way of doing things to husbands, they say,



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

One day a week, lovely Lila Lee eschews food and lives on orange juice.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

To wear costumes such as these, Gloria Swanson shakes a wicked shimmy, they say. The result is certainly engaging.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Swedish massage keeps Agnes Ayres slim and dainty.

and the ability to hold down a job at a roll-top desk doesn't always counterbalance the kind of ability that enables one to wear roll-topped stockings gracefully.

Eat and Grow Thin

COLLEEN MOORE wants to retain that streamline body effect, so she accomplishes it by two methods. She diets and she dances.

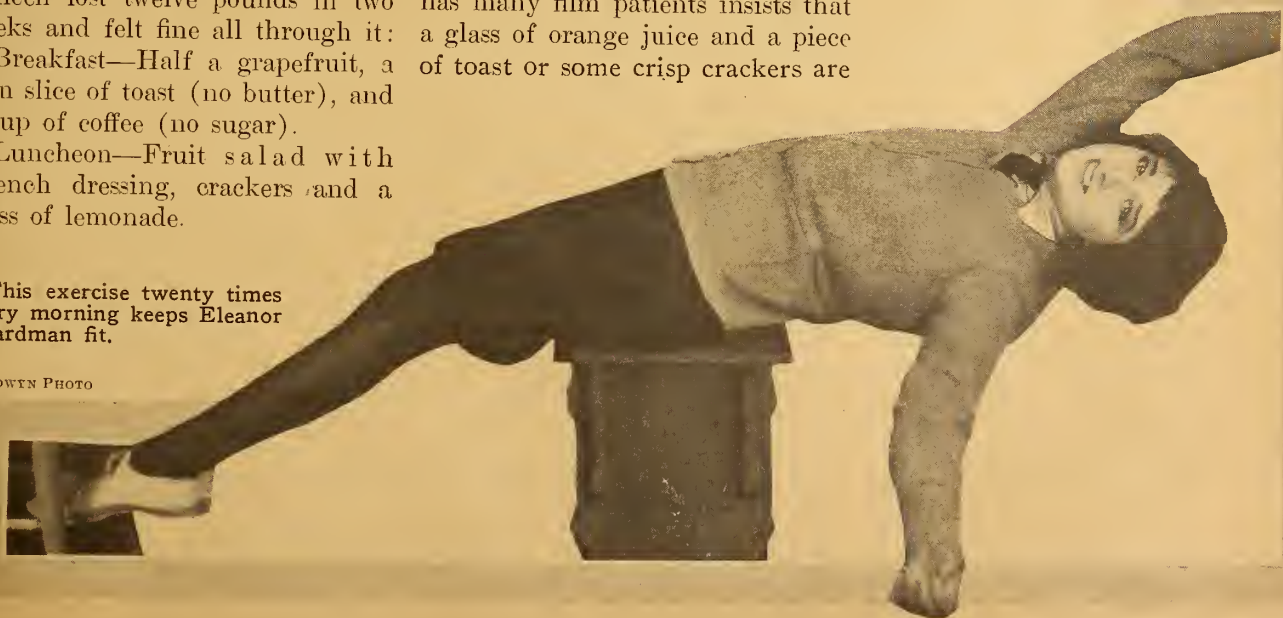
For those of you who are yearning that your too, too solid flesh would melt, here is Colleen's menu to speed the parting flesh. The menu was prescribed by a reputable physician and was so effective that Colleen lost twelve pounds in two weeks and felt fine all through it:

Breakfast—Half a grapefruit, a thin slice of toast (no butter), and a cup of coffee (no sugar).

Luncheon—Fruit salad with French dressing, crackers and a glass of lemonade.

This exercise twenty times every morning keeps Eleanor Boardman fit.

GOLDWYN PHOTO



Dinner—Meat and one vegetable, but *no* potatoes; dry toast and a cup of tea.

The Buttermilk-Potato Diet

If you shudder at such a Spartan diet, try this one: substitute a baked potato and a glass of buttermilk for dinner, every other evening. That's what Viola Dana does, and see what a trim little figure she has.

A variation of this diet is to eat your regular meals six days a week; on the seventh, live on orange juice. Lila Lee uses this painless method of reducing.

One Hollywood physician who has many film patients insists that a glass of orange juice and a piece of toast or some crisp crackers are

all the breakfast that any average individual needs. Unless you are doing manual labor, a more substantial breakfast is just laying up trouble for you.

Lamb chops and sliced pineapple is a very effective reducing diet, also. The combination seems to produce no fat.

Reducing DeLuxe

WHAT we consider to be the very last word in reducing stunts is to dissolve a reducing powder in one's

bath. The pounds, we are told, simply melt away. Perhaps—and then, perhaps not.

A good many stars use an electric vibrator. Tom Mix does, for one. Tony simply refuses to have a fat master, they say, and so Tom has to keep down to a respectable 180 pounds.

Dancing Off the Ounces

WHAT could be pleasanter, mesdemoiselles, than to keep that schoolgirl figure by merely shaking a mean slipper, a la Colleen Moore?

"Dancing is the best known means of acquiring slim ankles and aristocratic feet," Colleen informs us, cheerily. "Fancy dancing is most effective, inasmuch as it requires more strenuous exercise, but the waltz, fox-trot and one-step will do wonders in remolding a girl's figure."

Handing the Star a Lemon

A NEW saying has been coined since the battle with the calories began. "A lemon a day keeps the fat away," the saying goes. Take it at night, just before retiring, and see what a delightful fresh feeling you have in the morning. But you had better consult a doctor before you begin this. You may have too much acid in your system already.

How Barbara LaMarr Reduced

BARBARA LAMARR was beautiful and fat. She developed convexities where she should have been concave, until a magazine writer came right out in print with the opinion that Barbara should reduce.

Barbara, being a good sportsman, agreed. Her mirror concurred with the writer's edict. So, "Barbara, you're corn-fed," Barbara said to herself. "You've got to lose fifteen pounds."

Then she began to work so hard that she did just that.

So that's one way to get slim.

Agnes Ayres' Method

AGNES AYRES employs a Swedish masseuse between every picture, and goes through a regular course of training.

She begins by taking the regular bending, stretching, leg-lifting, etc., doing the exercises faithfully. Then the masseuse gives her a rub-down, with a cool shower as a final touch.

Agnes does not do these things

to lose flesh, she says, but to keep her body toned up. The effect is the same, however, for the massage breaks down the fatty tissues.

The Turkish Bath

THE Turkish bath system of reducing is very popular among the screen folk. Three good Turkish bath treatments a week will result in a marked decrease of weight inside of six weeks.

HOW TO FIND YOUR CORRECT WEIGHT

THREE-FOURTHS of the adult population of the United States is overweight. The too thin folks are in a sparse minority. To find how much you should weigh:

Get your exact height, by measuring in "stocking-feet" or barefoot, if you choose. If you are five feet tall, you should weigh exactly 110 pounds. For every inch over five feet, add 5½ pounds. For instance, if you are five feet, two and a half inches tall, you should weigh, stripped, 124 pounds. With clothing, you should weigh about 127. A few pounds over or under—say three or four one way or the other—will not take you out of the normal weight class.

If you are under five feet tall, subtract five and a half pounds for every inch you are under five feet. For instance, Mary Pickford, being four feet ten and a half inches tall, should weigh 102½. Her average weight is around 100, which is normal for her height.

These tables are for women. If you are a man, add ten pounds to the woman's normal weight for your height. For instance, a man five feet ten inches tall should weigh 175 pounds.

Get out your paper and pencil and figure up your normal weight. If you are overweight, begin eating less right now. If you are underweight, better see a doctor, for darned few people are underweight because they eat too little. That old saying about eating so much it makes you poor to carry it may apply to you. But the overweights know that they are eating so much it makes them tired to carry the surplus pounds they roll up.

But the baths are rather weakening for all but husky physiques, so many of the feminine stars take them only once a week, and combine them with a diet and exercise.

Riding is Fine Exercise

If you are fortunate enough to have access to a riding horse, and are ambitious to lose flesh, by all means ride. Madge Bellamy swears by this method.

The more your mount is addicted to trotting, the more flesh you will lose. If you don't grasp this fact before beginning your ride, you will soon afterward. Let your body swing with the motion of the horse. When you come back, take a cold shower and follow it with a rub-down. Then look in the mirror and see how your eyes shine. And incidentally, after a daily ride for a fortnight, your scales will show an engaging decrease in the number of pounds they register.

And so the battle goes.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Hamlet, prize gloom of the drama that you are, you said a mouthful!

The balance step of the fox-trot is fine for strengthening the arches. Set the phonograph going, try this step rapidly for about seven minutes, and see if your muscles don't react. The nasty little pads of flesh on your ankles will vanish under this treatment, too. And listen, if you do this constantly, inside of a fortnight you'll find that the hips are taking up less length on the tapeline.

Furthermore, the one-step increases the lung capacity and burns up the oxygen and fatty tissue at one and the same time.

To prove her point, Colleen merely asks, "Did you ever see a daneer who was fat?" and pauses for a reply.

Lois Wilson Says, "Walk"

ONCE Lois Wilson noticed that her skirtband was getting tight and that her mirror was reflecting a sort of exaggerated aura. But instead of murmuring to herself in the comforting way we women have, that a girl *should* be a little plump and who liked bones anyway, Lois started in to leave the ear in the garage and walked to the studio.

"We spend the best part of our lives indoors or sailing about in a limousine," Lois said, just as if she knew it were for publication. "Healthful exercise like a good walk every day is the best kind of a reducer."

Looking at Lois' slim grace today, we have to admit it's good medicine, and easy to take, for those of us who aren't blessed with a limousine.

(Continued on page 97)

WAIT

By ANNE AUSTIN

CHARLES CHAPLIN, out of make-up and standing in the doorway of the Armstrong-Carleton Cafe, waiting patiently for a table, was accosted by a curious tourist, hopeful of finding a motion picture player before her. "What do you do for a living, young man?" she asked, patronizingly.

"I wait," Charlie answered sadly, thinking of the hours spent in simply "waiting" on the set.

The shocked aristocrat from Boston thought she had disgraced her family tree by talking with a common waiter, little realizing that she had been listening to a plaintive wail from one of our most famous stars.

Even stars know the terrible nerve-racking tedium of waiting. If you have only waited two hours for a doctor to stick his head out of the door marked private and call "Next," you still may have some faint idea of the annoyance of waiting. But you can have little conception of the ordeals which the players undergo through just "waiting."

A star has a call for nine o'clock. Maybe she has been up late the night before and would give a week's salary just to lie abed and sleep. But the studio call is the one thing that most stars do not dare ignore. She appears on the set just a little late, and gets a call-down from the director, who gives the impression that half a dozen scenes would have been shot if the star had made her appearance on time.

Contrite and angry, the star calls attention to the fact that she is in make-up and costume and wants to know when he is ready to begin.

The director finally believes that all is set for quick shooting; the orchestra is playing; the lights are

assembled for the big cabaret scene—there is a cabaret scene in every picture nowadays, you know — and the evening-gowned extras are shaking mean shoulders to the lilt of the music.

Then—"Where is the script?" yells the director.

The assistant director looks guilty and yells for the second assistant director, who yells for the script girl. But the script girl cannot be found. A hurry up call goes to the offices, where it is learned that the script girl has been so inconsiderate as to sprain her ankle, and no one knows what she did with the script. Be it known that in the beginning everyone who can possibly need it is provided with a script, but before the picture is half finished the script girl is the only one who has one.

Time to be Bad

WAIT! Wait! Wait! The star twiddles her highly manicured thumbs this way; then that way, being original and averse to monotony. The extras perch on cabaret tables and gossip, their chief topic of conversation being how badly the star is looking today, how she can't act, how this wild night life is telling on her and she ought to know better. They almost come to blows, however, when they get off the star topic and on to how good they are themselves. The air fairly crackles with the rustling of contracts, which the extras are about to sign. When this favorite but trouble-brewing topic is finally disposed of, the talk of the "waiters" turns to how rotten the director is, how punk the story is, how fresh the assistant director is, how unjust the studios are to their help, etc., etc.

By the time the only copy of the



Stardom and jealousy are the Siamese Twins of the industry. Along with success in the movies come fame, adulation—and back-biting.

script in existence has been stolen out of the files by the girl who has been bribed by the assistant director, and has at last found its way to the set, the lights are turned on, only to discover that something has happened to the spot light that was to have been turned on the dazzling beauty of the star, as she descended the dais to the dancing floor. And another wait follows. And another and another.

No wonder no one has a shred of reputation left when the waiting players have at last finished a hard day of doing nothing. No wonder the star complains to the director that she can't work with those people, that the cast is "unsympathetic," that the story gives her so little chance. The director feels the same way toward the star, the cast and the producing company.

The assistant director, who believes he could give D. W. Griffith pointers on the close-up and mob scenes, and who is gunning most

industriously for the director's job, spends his evening telling all who will listen, or as he says, "I'll tell the waiting world," that the director is all to the bad, the star is a dud, and the story—why, he could write a story himself, just dash it off between dinner time and bedtime, that would show up this gink who thought he could write scenarios.

System Needed

THE reasons for waiting are often as ridiculous as they are serious. For no matter how ridiculous the cause of a wait, it is as serious as if the reason in itself were tragic.

Any efficiency expert will tell you that more money is wasted in the motion picture studios because of time waits, than in any other way. Of course, the producers figure these waits into their schedule of production; they simply grin and bear their agony. But if a studio could hit upon a system that would eliminate even two-thirds of its waits, that studio would make pictures almost half as cheaply as the other companies do.

One producer said in all seriousness that at least six times out of every ten times he walked out to view a set on which "shooting" is supposed to be taking place, the company was standing about in various postures, indicating fatigue and boredom, simply waiting. The producer always bellows loudly and wonders why the heck the players, for whose services he is paying a king's ransom, are not working.

The alibi-hounds rush into the fray, frothing alibis which the producer must accept. He can't do anything else. The property man explains that the assistant property man broke an alabaster vase, and that the scene simply cannot be shot without it. An imitation of the vase is being made up hastily in the plaster-of-paris workshop, where high-priced sculptors work regular union hours, faking expensive busts, statues, vases, etc.

After firing the assistant property man and charging the "priceless" alabaster vase, actual cost \$75, to the property man, the producer feels that he has registered authority, has done something to counteract the evil of waiting, and goes on back to his office, fired with new zeal, which finds expression in a

grandiloquent letter to the press, extolling the coming picture, as "a million dollar production, on which no expense has been spared to make it the finest, spectacular costume picture of the age."

The Lost Trousers

THE comedy hero, who is leading man in this little tale of the lost trousers, got about as much sympathy in his plight as the elderly gentleman who slips on a banana peeling, the fat woman whose umbrella turns wrong side out in the gale, and the small boy whose trousers are snagged in the most indispensable part. But the producer saw little to laugh at in the situation, for production was held up for five long hours.

The comedy bunch was on location. A taxi had been hired for a single scene, in which the comedy hero was called upon to emerge trouserless from the taxi, a scene calculated to create much mirth with future audiences.

The trouserless hero finished the scene, and then cast about him for his nether garments, yearning for them as avidly as any male, in pictures or out. The trousers were in the taxi, all right, but the taxi had taken its departure, to other duties in the busy city.

No one had thought to take the name or number of the taxi driver. The next scenes to be shot were of the wedding of the hero to the girl. The script did not call for a trouserless wedding. And being comedy pants, the garment could not be duplicated on short notice. A search party went out to locate the taxi and the trousers. Five hours later the deprived comic hero again climbed into his coveted apparel, but it was too late then to take the wedding scenes. Practically an entire day had been lost, and the company had to go on location again the next day. Location trips are the reason why producers go broke; to add an extra day to a location trip is one of the unpardonable sins. Undoubtedly the property man who was supposed to watch over all such details sought another job on the morrow.

Wanted—A Sheet

WHEN the desert scenes in *Bella Donna* were being filmed on location, far from human habitation,

the director suddenly discovered that one of the scenes called for a sheet—a regular-sized white sheet. There was no sheet included in the "props" or the personal effects of the company. In fact, there was not a piece of white cloth more than a yard square.

Two men were detailed to mount their trusty steeds and fare forth in search of a sheet. They rode many miles—thirty or more—before finding a human abode of any kind. Then they sighted a Mexican hovel, deserted. With little hopes of finding an article of such effete luxury as a white sheet, the men ransacked the house, finding at last, under the blankets of an unspeakable cot, a more unspeakable sheet. The sheet had probably never known water from the time it had been turned out, virgin-white, from the looms. But being men of keen discernment, they saw that this thing had once been a sheet. They found water and washed it, removing at least ten layers of accumulated soil. Then, triumphant, the two men rode campward, with the sheet stretched like a sail between them. It was dry and almost white when they reached the "set." Altogether only three hours had been wasted—which was terrible enough, considering the cost per minute of taking a Pola Negri company on location.

An Expensive Theft

THE thief who stole the "butler's outfit" out of an automobile not long ago probably did not mean to be a source of great annoyance and expense to the producers of *Three Wise Fools*. But he was. For the butler's outfit could not be duplicated easily, and the picture had to be held up until a perfect substitute could be found. Since part of the scenes using the butler had already been shot, clothes which would have differed in any particular would have been detected by the "Weisenheimers" who write in to magazines to ask "why do they do it?" Such accidental waits are of course unavoidable.

Wait on Temperament

OCCASIONALLY a star is so temperamental that production must wait on her moods. Writers and artists who can produce only when the spirit moves them sympathize

with Pola Negri, said to be our most temperamental star, although her producers probably do not feel intensely sympathetic when the bills come in. Much longer time than was allotted was required in the making of *Bella Donna*, because Pola can emote only when she feels in the mood for it. Sometimes she appears on the set, it is said, announcing that she will not work that day, because she does not feel in the humor for it. The emotional muse simply isn't working, as she tells them in her charming broken English, and that settles it. Sometimes scenes in which Pola does not appear can be shot, but this rarely happens so fortunately, for the day's schedule is arranged in advance, sets are built for certain scenes only, and players are called accordingly. More time would be wasted in making new sets, calling players, and rearranging the entire schedule than by calling it a day and taking a holiday along with Pola.

Pola is also said to refuse to work unless her champagne is forthcoming every morning. And once every hour she calls for her brandy, or we have been misinformed. If by any chance that brandy is not at hand, or Lena, her maid, cannot be found, no work goes on until these oversights have been remedied.

Viola Knits

VIOLA DANA doesn't allow the tedium of waiting to spoil her sweet disposition. She was brought up by careful parents on the admonition, "Satan will find mischief for idle hands to do," so she keeps those small hands of hers very busy. She knits every minute of the time she is waiting around on the set or in her dressing room. She has knit a total of forty sweaters, most of which she has given away. But her industry is apparent in her own wardrobe, for Viola loves sweaters.

Educated While You Wait

THERE is an ever-increasing group of stars who have joined the "Get an education while you wait" club. Lois Wilson might be called the founder of the club. Lois was a school-teacher before she won a beauty contest that put her into pictures, and she had already



While filming a desert picture, far from human habitation, the director demanded a sheet. Sheet there was none, so two property men mounted their steeds, rode twenty miles to a Mexican's cabin, appropriated a very dirty sheet from the one bunk, washed it in a pool and rode triumphantly back to camp, swinging the wet sheet between them as they rode, to dry it.

acquired the study habit. Lois is never seen idling her time away and gossiping about her fellow-players. In fact, Lois is almost a perfect satisfaction to everyone who has anything to do with her. Whenever anyone is casting about for the "nicest girl in Hollywood," Lois' name is sure to be near the top of the list. Another candidate for the honor is May McAvoy, and Lois and May are inseparable chums. They spend most of their time, while waiting for 'Camera!', if they are working anywhere near each other, reading and studying together, or sewing on dainty trifles for Lois' new little nephew.

Betty Compson missed out on a college education, but realizes the value of one in her work. She reads in her dressing room and on the set, during the tedious waits. Betty does not like to wait on the set, preferring to retire to her dressing room, where she can be reached in a very few minutes. She says that quiet reading in her own room keeps her in the correct mood for the scene that is to be shot. And incidentally, she has become one of the best-read women in Hollywood.

George O'Hara and Louise Fazenda are members of this "education while you wait" club. George is the star of those splendid "Fighting Blood" pictures, and Louise needs no introduction, as all our best speakers say. Louise and George are mentioned together intentionally, for they started their careers together on the Sennett lot, and are still chums—no sentiment, really. They buy books and "swap," and their total book bill would stagger people of ordinary salary. Louise has no comedy strain in her taste for reading, being one of the real highbrows of the film colony. She is seldom seen in screenland's cafes, and never goes to movies, except to see her own work, of course. Her leisure time, both on the set and at home, is spent in reading. George O'Hara's tastes are fully as highbrow as Louise's, his tendency being towards European classics.

Shirley Mason sews and reads during the trying waits. By the way, Shirley is said to be one of the very few stars in moviedom who has never been heard to "cat"

(Continued on page 100)

The Hollywood Inquisition

By W. ELLEN REAMY

IF THE bloody old boys who patted themselves on the back for thinking up such horrible tortures during the Spanish Inquisition could sit around a studio lot and listen to stories of the Hollywood Inquisition, they would have sickened with grief and died of despair.

Thinking up tame little things like stringing offenders up by the thumbs, or stretching dissenters on the toasting rack, or rocking a descending and highly sharpened blade over a quivering, naked body, was about the best the old Spaniards in charge of the Inquisition could do. Poor, old-fashioned things! They were lacking in imagination, in finesse, in subtlety.

The modern torture expert knows that mental torment is much more devastating than physical discomfort. And the chief exponents of this new superfine brand of mental torture live and thrive in Hollywood.

Professional Jealousy

THE motive power behind the Hollywood inquisition is professional jealousy. And practically every player in Hollywood is a victim of that disease. It eats like a nasty, boring little worm into the soundest hearts and the sweetest dispositions. As soon as a person becomes a "professional" he seems automatically to acquire the rest of it—jealousy. The two words are Siamese twins of the industry.

Scrambling up the ladder of success in Hollywood is much like the mad rush for the exit in a theater fire. There are so many, many people bent on accomplishing the same thing, and there are so few places on that top rung. The game is to get up the ladder and seize a chair filled with a famous person. The next step is to topple the chair over, dislodging the occupant; the third step is to seat oneself and then kick off the climbers who are bent

on taking the chair you have just gained. If you relax your vigilance for just an instant, you may find yourself hurtling down the ladder, due for a nasty fall when you hit the bottom. The "injuries sustained" are usually so painful that you cannot climb again.

Movie fame is probably the most coveted commodity in the world today; outsiders look upon it as the ideal avenue to riches. Along with success in the movies come all good things—adulation, applause and much publicity. Or so outsiders think.

There is probably more vaulting ambition in Hollywood than in any other city in the world. Every single, solitary person in the movies has ambition. Every extra thinks he will be a star—tomorrow. In the meantime, if there is any useful little task he can do today, such as catting the player just ahead of him, or spreading scandal about a star, or criticizing his director's methods, or balling up his sidekick's chances, why he does it cheer-

fully and to the best of his ability. He leaves no stone unturned.

The hammer is the most indispensable tool in Hollywood. Almost every player owns one. The sound of the knocking goes on, even into the stilly night. Everyone knocks everyone else; it gets to be a habit. When a player says with warm enthusiasm, "Yes, isn't she wonderful? Didn't you adore her in that picture?" smelling salts are called for. But if you stand the shock long enough to listen for the next words, they usually come something like this, "But don't you think she's getting a little fat?"

Probably the only star in the profession who gets a good word from almost everyone who utters her name is Mary Pickford. She holds the unique record of being the most popular star with the public and with the profession. The most confirmed knockers lay off the rough stuff, give their hammer arm a rest, when Our Mary's name is mentioned. Maybe it is because Mary has a little special ladder all her own, up which no one can climb after her.

But mention Gloria Swanson, for instance, or Betty Compson, or Douglas Fairbanks, or Charles Ray, or Pola Negri, and the tip-tap of the hammer begins right merrily.

A great producer said this of Hollywood: "You can't hire loyalty in Hollywood. You can hire brains and beauty and personality and talent, and even genius, but from no one can you hire absolute loyalty. In the steel business, you sometimes find a chap who knows steel better than the man who invented it, but who loves to work for his boss so well that he wouldn't think of speaking a word against him, even to God. Or in almost any line of business, you find private secretaries so devoted to the men they work for that they wouldn't



Paramount Photo by KEYES

Pola Negri, being a "furriner" and an imported celebrity, has had more than her fair share of persecution.

exchange places with a Ziegfeld Follies girl.

"But in Hollywood," quoth this wise but bitter producer, "the girl who takes my letters is out gunning for the star I have just signed up for three years. Or she wonders why she can't be the head reader or the scenario chief, or something like that, and she bends every effort to get the job. The extra who doubles for the star gets it into her head that she could make Ruth Roland look like thirty cents, if she had half a chance. So she knocks Ruth to the profession and to the public every chance she gets, and plans to bump off this woman who is standing in her way to stardom."

And so it goes. Everyone is out gunning for everyone a notch higher up or even for the top-notchers.

And it is in achieving their ends that the members of the Hollywood Inquisition Squad get in their best work.

When a victim is marked for special tortures, the society for the protection of cruelty to motion picture players should be called in.

Rodolph Valentino's Persecution

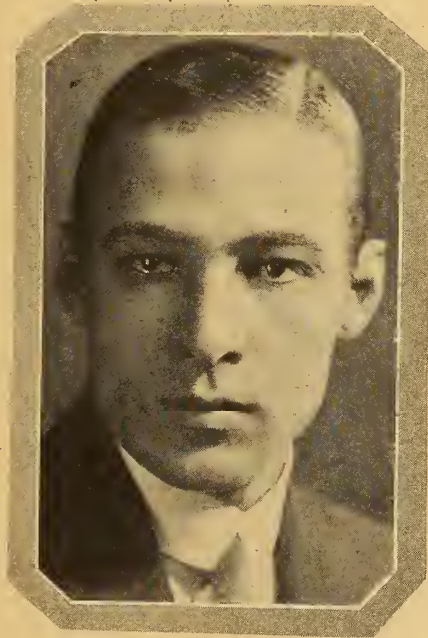
RODOLPH VALENTINO is one of the most famous victims of the Hollywood Inquisition. His sudden rise to fame from the ranks of extras brought him little joy in living in Hollywood. He became the target for particularly bitter attacks by the people he had shot past on his meteoric trip skyward.

The electricians, stage hands, carpenters, all seemed to bear him a particular malice, it is said by those who have worked on the Lasky lot. Being a "foreigner," he was audibly dubbed "the wop" and "the dago." It is said that he was able to command little personal assistance, that his life in countless small ways was made miserable for him. Professional jealousy in its most virulent form attacked extras, directors, stage hands and leading ladies who did not appreciate their luck in getting to play opposite the new star.

When he found ground glass in his cold cream, so the story goes, he let out a string of choice Italian oaths and went to headquarters with his righteous indignation, but was only laughed at for his pains. It is possible that the Valentino stories

have achieved the dignity of myths by this time, and hence are greatly exaggerated. But it is undoubtedly true that Valentino was the victim of malicious professional jealousy, and that he suffered both physical and mental torment at certain stages of his career as a star. Of course, on the other hand, he was immensely compensated by the biggest jump in popularity that any star has ever known.

But did you ever stop to think how little abstract and intangible joys have to do with the day's work, and how insistently a stepped-on corn can burn and smart, spoiling the whole scheme of things? A mother spanking her naughty son doesn't stop to reflect that she is so



Paramount Photo by KEYES

When Rodolph Valentino found ground glass in his jar of cold cream, he felt he had reached the peak of petty persecution. His meteoric rise had aroused the jealousy of studio employees.

happy in the possession of a dear little boy to love and rear. She is mad clear through and the resounding whacks and the deafening yells of the outraged progeny testify to the fact that she has not stopped to "count her blessings."

Valentino could have sat, with the scratchy cold cream in his hand, musing that he was awfully lucky to be a star, that it was so nice of the public to like him, and that even if no one on the lot loved him, Natacha Rambova did; but he thought none of these healing thoughts; he swore at the ruffian

who had maliciously planted glass in his cold cream, so that he would scratch his face all up.

The Case of Herbert Rawlinson

PROBABLY no one will ever know whether Herbert Rawlinson is a victim of persecution or whether Dorothy Clark is the injured party, in the famous Rawlinson-Clark seduction case.

Rawlinson claims that the whole scheme was a blackmail stunt. At any rate, the matter has now been settled out of court, and Rawlinson will pay a certain large sum of money to Dorothy Clark and her mother. He will never be able to live it down. He gave as his reason for giving up the fight that enough vile publicity had resulted already.

Eugene O'Brien fell a victim to the same sort of Inquisition methods. A girl suddenly appeared in New York who claimed to be the wife of the actor, but it was proved that the actor had not been in New York at the time he was supposed to marry her, and that no record of such a marriage could be found.

Every player, once he has his head and shoulders above the crowd, becomes a target at which the mob can shoot. Every imaginable sort of insane scheme for grabbing off publicity, by linking one's name with a famous star's, has been tried. The player, man or woman, who has anything shady in his or her past, is sure to hear from it sooner or later. And if there is nothing shady, nothing incriminating, there will be ingenious minds to distort facts or to manufacture facts.

Charles Ray a Victim

CHARLES RAY confesses that he has often been the victim of the Hollywood Inquisition. He has been accused of being "upstage" by those whom he has passed on the climb up the ladder, and because he mingles very little with the members of the film colony, he is the victim of almost malicious slander on this point alone. If a man is individual, loves privacy and home life and minds his own business strictly, he is picked to pieces by those who are "hitting it up." If he himself is "hitting it up," he gets slandered by the entire profession, although his slanderers are tarred by the same brush. It is impossible to escape the Hollywood Inquisition.

How the Stars Put the Sure in Insurance

*Freak Policies Granted Screen En-
tries in Insurance Handicap*

By BETTY MORRIS

Buster Keaton has to pay a high premium on his insurance policy of \$200,000, because of the many falls he takes in his comedies.

THERE'S a race on in Hollywood these days. It's called the Insurance Handicap, with all the screen entries trying to outdo each other in the amount of surety policies they can carry.

Not only lives are insured in Hollywood. Dear me, no! Just anyone can have his life insured, providing he has not already misplaced it.

Roscoe Arbuckle used to be heavily insured against losing weight. He won't pay the premiums any more. It's nothing in Fatty's life now if he gets as thin as skim milk.



Irene Castle's dancing feet are insured for thousands of dollars.

Walter Hiers tried to get a similar insurance policy, it is said, but the insurance companies suddenly woke up to the fact that Walter might quit his job and live off his insurance, simply by losing a few pounds. So they refused to grant him a policy. Or so they say.

Ben Turpin's Eyes

BEN TURPIN'S beautifully crossed eyes are insured for thousands of dollars. If he should ever refocus his famous eyes by trying to drive through Los Angeles' traffic, for instance, several insurance companies would be pretty badly bent, if not broken.

Andree's Lovely Feet

THE shapely tootsies of Mlle. Andree Lafayette, the French beauty-contest winner who is playing *Tribby* in Richard Walton Tully's picture of the same name, are insured for a million dollars, it is said.

Paul Iribe's Expensive Features

PAUL IRIBE, art director for Cecil B. DeMille, has his right hand insured for \$1,000, his right eye for \$50,000 and his left eye for a like sum. Being an artist, designer and architect, this talented Frenchman could scarcely ply his profession without the assistance of his right hand and eyes.

Irene Castle Has Feet Insured

IRENE CASTLE'S dancing feet need not cause their pretty owner any anxiety. If the railroad should annex one of her pretty toes or a

clumsy dancing partner should crush one out of a seven years' growth, Irene should worry. They are insured for thousands of dollars.

Pola Negri's Face

POLA NEGRI is amply protected against even a facial blemish that would prevent her from appearing before the camera. She is insured in Germany for a million marks. But recently she figured up that, at the present rate of exchange, she would receive from insurance companies about \$20 in case of accident. So she hurried downtown and guaranteed her beauty in an American company for \$250,000.



Harold Lloyd has his pet pair of glasses insured. The glasses are only rims, but they are specially made to photograph without halations, and Lloyd guards them with his life.

18 SOUTH BROADWAY
New York, N. Y.
California

Certificate of Insurance

This is to certify that the undersigned has procured insurance as herein specified from

UNDERWRITERS AT LLOYD'S, London

Subject to the terms and conditions of Lloyd's Regular

AMOUNT	PAYABLE	PREMIUM
\$25,000	100.00	7.00
State Tax		2.00
Revenue Stamps		2.00
Policy & Stamp		.18
		106.18


ALL RISKS Policy

Sum of

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Loss or

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Ben Turpin's crossed eyes are insured by Lloyd's for \$25,000.

It was said that when Pola first came to this country, Paramount was amply protected by a surety company in case her volatile heart should lead her to the altar. A marriage might damage her money-making qualities as a vamp and as the grass-widow of an Austrian count, it was intimated.

Pola denied this, however, and asserted in her best English that she could commit matrimony whenever she chose.

But it was noticed, just the same, that the insurance companies had men on Pola's trail and showed considerable alarm over her romance with Charles Chaplin.

Theda Bara's Freaky Policy

THE freakiest of all insurance agreements was Theda Bara's. At the height of her vampiring prosperity, it was announced to all hearers that the company hiring her was protected against her marriage. It was further stated that her contract prohibited her showing her face in public.

Theda must always appear veiled, as mysterious as the Sphinx in whose shadow this Cincinnati belle was supposed to have been born.

At this grand coup, all the little golden-curl'd girls who had been racking their alleged brains for new twists to insert into their insurance-contracts, gave up the battle and slid ignominiously out of view.



The million-dollar feet of Mlle. Andree Lafayette. Mlle. Lafayette's feet are said to be the prettiest in all France.

All of the stars are insured for enormous amounts by their organizations. The reason for this is not greed; the company is not animated by any hope that the star will pass on to a better world and leave it the richer by vast sums. It is purely self-protection. Thousands of dollars are tied up in a production. If the star is injured or dies before the completion of the picture, what then? The company loses the money invested in the partly completed film.

An instance of this was in the making of *Way Down East*. Clarine Seymour had the role of *Kate*, had appeared in several hundred feet of film when she was struck down by appendicitis, with a fatal result. All the scenes had to be retaken, with Mary Hay in the role.

Mary Has Big Insurance

MARY PICKFORD is insured for a million dollars. Norma and Constance Talmadge are insured for \$500,000. Buster Keaton's company is protected with \$200,000 on his life. Buster Keaton has to pay high premiums, because of the many falls he takes in his pictures.

Stunt Actors Have Big Premiums

INCIDENTALLY, all comedians and stunt actors pay a much higher rate of premium
(Continued on page 104)



The sweet girl graduate could choose no lovelier frock for that momentous occasion than a creation of white net combined with satin. The cunning puff sleeves with the rosebud shoulder decoration are particularly appropriate for the young girl.

Posed by KATHRYN MCGUIRE

FASHION HINTS

Suggestions for



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

A dinner dress of cinnamon Crepe Romaine, studded with sealing-wax red crystal beads is smart indeed. A drape formed at the hip falls in graceful points to the floor. This beautiful gown featured the new kerchief line, which ties at one shoulder and drops to the bottom of the skirt.



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

For the informal dinner or smart afternoon function, this gown of cinnamon chiffon, embroidered in copper thread, is perfect. The one-sided line and drape is a feature of Spring.



For the young miss, this simple but attractive head-dress of holly berries with silver leaves is admirable. This would be especially attractive with an evening dress of flame-colored chiffon.

Posed by MAY McAVOY

from **HOLLYWOOD**
Evening Wear



A stunning evening wrap is fashioned of holly-red Crepe Romaine elaborately embroidered in gold thread, with a deep edging of black lynx fur.

Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

This gown of seed lace and pearls, over a slip of silver cloth, is as lovely as its wearer. For a formal evening function, this is perfect.

Posed by CLAIRE WINDSOR



TULL RANDOLPH

Is Society Jealous of Moviedom?

Members of Four Hundred Living in Society's Glass Houses Shouldn't Throw Stones

Says GORDON GRANT

ONE of the principal products of Southern California is gossip about the moving picture colony.

And the purveyors of the most malicious gossip are invariably members of high society. It is on the broad verandahs of Pasadena's smart hotels and on the big estates at Santa Barbara that film reputations are wrecked.

Why?

Can it be that society is jealous?

The Ignorant May Be Forgiven

ONE can forgive the limited viewpoint of Mrs. Elmer Jones, who once lived three doors from a prominent character actor, and who tells everybody that "Moving picture people ain't no good, because I've saw him and her comin' home as late as twelve o'clock at night and there's always cars stopping there!"

Such statements are fairly harmless, because to intelligent people, Mrs. Jones's ignorance renders them null and void. Mrs. Vandervere Delavan of Santa Barbara lives

under exactly the same conditions, but Mrs. Jones does not know of it. Her sphere is small and ingrowing and she does not move among people who have many friends and whose playground is the world.

But it is surprising to hear the comments of society people, who are presupposed to have a more intelligent viewpoint, broadened by travel and wider opportunities.

Birth and breeding has not rendered the darlings of fortune tolerant and free from jealousy. Nor has wealth and the pursuit of pleasure given them an appreciation of personal achievement.

It is a queer mixture of envy and dislike that most society women have toward screen folk. Did you ever notice how the society woman glows with pride when someone says, "My dear Mrs. Snipstone, how much you resemble Elsie Ferguson!"

Try this on your best friend and watch her expand with pride.

The hotel men of Los Angeles capitalize this interest in picture

people. Every time they announce a "Movie Night," every table in their vast dining room is reserved days in advance. By whom? By the very society folk who pretend to so scorn the movie players!

Movie Night at the Ambassador

LET us look in upon Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader Millionbucks, who have reserved a table at the Ambassador on "Movie Night." They have invited a select circle of gem-encrusted friends to see "all the movie stars, my deah!"

Mrs. Millionbucks has been careful to include the famous novelist, Reedon Wright, "who knows all the prominent ones, you know, and only writes because he likes to—he really comes of a very good family!" Mr. Wright is given the vantage point at the table and told, "Now do show us *all the celebrities*—we are so interested in them!"

Scarcely has the turtle soup gone to its long rest, than the literary asset informs the assembled

(Continued on page 89)

Hot from Hollywood

Piquant Paragraphs About the Stars

WALTER HIERS and Jacqueline Logan were eating peanuts right merrily between scenes of *Sixty Cents an Hour*.

"Ugh!" spluttered Walter. "That last nut had a worm in it!"

"Here," said Jacqueline, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" scowled Walter. "Why should I? Let him walk!"

The Original All-Star Cast

Souls For Sale, which Rupert Hughes is filming for Goldwyn, is a story of motion picture life. To give the proper studio atmosphere, thirty-three leading stars and directors consented to appear briefly before the camera—playing extras, as it were. Besides the principals, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter, Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills and Florence Vidor, as well as a score of other celebrities, will appear.

Return of the Prodigals

THEY all come back—or try to—sooner or later. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, one of the most popular pairs in pictures of a few years back, have finished a photoplay entitled *Modern Marriage*. The Bushmans, who have been in vaudeville for several years, are to make a series of personal appearances in conjunction with the showing of their picture.

How Much To Raise a Boy?

How much money should it take to raise a boy of seven? Eric Von Stroheim thinks \$7 a week is plenty. The court thought otherwise, however, and has ordered Von Stroheim to pay his former wife, Mrs. May Von Stroheim, \$75 a week, for the support of his son, Eric, Jr.

The Newest Thing In Pets

ANN PERDUE, who was Derelys Perdue until she discovered that no

proof-reader could spell it, has a new pet. Pet's name is Archie, and is an Abyssinian ant-eater.

Archie is the gift of an American aviator whom Miss Perdue met in France three years ago.

Miss Perdue's press agent informs us earnestly that the star is quite in love with her new pet—but we'd bet our new spring bonnet that she won't touch it with a ten foot pole.

Line Forms At the Right!

"PRIVATE Showing of Edith Robert's *Backbone*" was a headline that intrigued Gotham recently. *Backbone* is the name of a picture in which Edith Roberts and Alfred Lunt co-star, we hasten to explain.

A Much Married Man

THEY'VE been having the darndest time over at the Lasky studio.

Sam Wood has been looking high and low for a Bluebeard for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. He had to have a man who looked old enough

to have had eight wives and yet young enough to be still interesting to the last one, who will be Gloria Swanson.

After trying out about fifty leading men, Wood chose Huntley Gordon, who gave such a fine performance in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*.



Walter Hiers, enjoying the first fruits of his stardom. Jacqueline Logan is the party of the second part. She is Walter's leading lady in his second Paramount starring vehicle, "Sixty Cents an Hour."

A Vegetarian Cat

HERE'S an animal that Colonel Selig ought to get for his zoo. Mrs. H. Cobbett of Los Angeles owns the first vegetarian pussy, named Friday. He has never in all his six months even wrinkled a whisker at a mouse.

He was started on a bottle, and still takes his milk that way, holding the bottle between his paws. And he just loves carrots. Result, he is sweet-tempered and never scratches or indulges in back-fence concerts. And just the other day he had his first screen test.

Gareth Hughes Now Citizen

GARETH HUGHES has become an American citizen. He also changed his name from William John Hughes to Gareth Hughes. He was born in South Wales in 1890. Would you believe that Gareth was 33 years old?

How To Get In The Movies

HERE'S how one girl did it. Edith Allen was having a wonderful dance with a friend at the Montmartre Cafe in New York. Somebody tapped her on the shoulder. Looking around, Edith discovered it was Alice Terry.

"Come to my table after the dance," Miss Terry said. A few minutes later she was being introduced to Rex Ingram, who offered

her the part of *Clemaïne* in his new picture, *Scaramouche*.

Comedienne Has Never Seen Valentino

CONSIDER this, if you will: Louise Fazenda has never seen a Valentino picture, nor has she seen Gloria Swanson acting in "dray-ma"! She just hasn't got around to it, says Louise, but she hopes to, soon.

Louise has the most interesting recollections of Gloria when they were working together on the Mack Sennett lot; she saw Gloria the other day, for the first time in years, and did not recognize her!

Louise was lunching the other day with two books on her lap. One was a Schnitzler tale and the other was by D. H. Lawrence. If it jars your sense of the eternal fitness of things to think of Comedienne Fazenda reading Schnitzler, remember there are stranger incongruities than that in filmland. We'll be finding out next, perhaps, that it is Bull Montana's secret ambition to play *Peter Pan*.

Gloria and Viola Put On a Show

GLORIA SWANSON in a madcap role is slightly unusual. But then, Gloria is versatile. We would have believed it of Viola without blinking an eyelash, but Gloria!

This is what happened:

Gloria and Viola disguised themselves by putting on middy blouses, short skirts and horn-rimmed glasses, with tightly braided hair. On amateur night at a local theatre the two girls appeared as amateurs in a try-out. They cavorted so awkwardly that the audience hooted until the manager asked them to leave the stage. Thereupon the two stars, convulsed with unholy laughter, tore off their horn-rims. Ensued recognition, of course, and loud applause from the audience.

This tickled our risibilities quite a bit.

"Contradicting the previous announcement that Jane Novak will be seen in *The Rock of Ages*, the Chester Bennett star will shortly begin work on *Divorce*."



Photo by HOOVER

Alice Terry saw Edith Allen dancing in a New York cafe, and engaged her immediately for husband Rex Ingram's new picture, *"Scaramouche."*

What Does It All Mean?

WHY does Mabel Normand wear a platinum and diamond band on the third finger of her left hand? We ask you! Mabel says both "yes" and "no" when asked if she were married, on her return from furrin parts.

If she is really married, we certainly would like to know who, where and why.

It May Mean Nothing, But—

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a most beautiful new gold cigarette case. And it bears the name of—you guessed it. Pola Negri.

The latest gossip being whispered over the luncheon tables in Hollywood is to the effect that naughty Mabel Normand incited Pola to her high-handed policy with Lasky and also advised her as to the best matrimonial policy.

"Don't take anything from 'em,"

Mabel is said to have whispered to Pola, on shipboard en route to the United States. "Up-stage them and they'll give you anything you want. And dearie, engagements are awfully good publicity, and Charlie is dear about it, so obliging. . . ."

A Bridegroom Sans Pants

IT SIMPLY isn't done, this business of a bridegroom showing up minus his trousers.

So when John Bowers. . . . But we'll tell you how it happened.

In one scene of *Desire*, John Bowers has to rush across a wide lawn from a taxicab into a house, clad airily in B. V. D's, socks and shoes and his swallow-tail coat-tails flapping in the breeze. The scene was shot and the cameras were re-arranged for an elaborate wedding scene.

The vested clergyman appeared before the flower-decked altar, the bride (Estelle Taylor) and her maids arrived, but no groom.

"Mr. Bowers—John Bowers—front and center!" paged the assistant director.

Then through the silence came a wail from Mr. Bowers:

"I can't. I've lost my pants."

He had left them in the taxi. The only other pair that fit Bowers belonged to Ralph Lewis, and he, being the bride's father, needed them himself. So the company played dominos for two hours until the missing trousers could be located.

Get Out the Scissors, Girls!

THE Trilby bang is here. It came with the revival of *Trilby*, which Richard Walton Tully is filming. Andree Lafayette of that dear Paris is in Hollywood to play the title role. Andree predicts the coming vogue of the Trilby bang, which covers the forehead clear down to the eyebrows.

But — and here's the scandal — the rest of the hair is taken straight back, leaving the ears exposed! *Quelle horreur!* Immodest, we call it!

In addition to ears au naturel Mlle. Lafayette has the most beautiful feet in all Paris.

Helene Chadwick in Court

HELENE CHADWICK is tired of playing in Goldwyn's back yard. She wants to take her rag dolls somewhere else to play. It seems that her contract with Goldwyn has expired. Goldwyn had an option on her services, she says, and after the expiration of the contract tried to take up this option, inserting a *new clause* in the contract which Helene would not stand for. She refused to sign a new contract containing this clause. Meanwhile, Goldwyn studio prevents her from accepting work with any other studio. Now the case is in court.

Hollywood's guess is that Helene has been offered a Lasky contract and that Helene wants to accept. Richard Dix, with whom Helene co-starred for so long, has been signed by Lasky, you remember.

The Pup Came Back

ALICE TERRY can smile again, and Rex Ingram is able to turn his attention on his work.

Ignatz is back.

Ignatz is a Spitz dog. He was given to Miss Terry while she and husband Rex were in Miami, filming *Where The Pavement Ends*.

Ignatz had a deep desire to see the world. He disappeared in the darkness one night while the train on which the Ingram's were riding was traversing the Mohave desert.

The lovely Alice was grief-stricken at the loss of her puppy. She turned the full battery of her sweetest smiles on railway officials, with the result that twelve men were detailed to "find that dog."

Ten days later a lean and hungry Ignatz was discovered near Rock, Nevada, thirty miles from the spot where he started his desert tour. According to the oldest inhabitant, there was nothing for him to eat there but coyotes and wildcats. He returned home full of enthusiasm and fleas and was given a hearty welcome and a bath.

Through With Operations

VIOLA DANA dispensed with a

troublesome appendix the other day. After the operation was over and Viola was able to sit up, her chum, Alice Lake, asked her how she enjoyed the proceedings.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Agnes Ayres has been very ill indeed with influenza, but we are happy to inform you that she is getting better. She is convalescing in Florida.

"Oh, it could have been worse," said Viola, "but I'll never have it done again."

Fate Tricks Agnes Ayres

THERE's many a slip twixt the cup and the hip, as the poet says. Take the case of Bebe Daniels and Agnes Ayres, now.

The luscious Bebe went West to co-star with Antonio Moreno in *The Exciters*. But appendicitis laid her low.

So Agnes Ayres was assigned the part. Agnes went to New York, and no sooner had she reached the big town when she fell a victim to influenza, and moved into the same room at the hospital that Bebe had just vacated!

And now Bebe has convalesced so rapidly that she is going to do the picture, after all. Personally and from a perfectly unbiassed standpoint, we consider Bebe a more potent exciter!

Hail the Unknown Hero

ANOTHER gem of eloquence has been enshrined in Hollywood's records!

Fair women and brave men were gathered around the festive board in a New York hotel. It was in honor of Jackie Coogan, and one who shall here be nameless rose to do honor to Mrs. Coogan, prevented by illness from being present.

"I offer a toast to Mrs. Coogan the mother of our Jackie. Drink to the goose who laid the golden egg!"

Shrieks prevented the speaker from continuing. When he would have finished his toast, a diner gasped, "Sit down, you're famous already!"

"And the Gateman Didn't Recognize Him"

ERNEST TORRANCE, we are informed by the press department of Universal City, is an expert at make-up. He has been a noted figure on the New York and London stage for twenty years. Yet he takes off his hat to his fellow screen players, whose make-ups are *so realistic that he often fails to recognize them!*

This "realistic make-up" story will now be relegated to the moth balls during the months of June, July and August. Any press agent tendering same before termination of above dates will be tipped off to the revenooers.

Baby Peggy Graduates

BABY PEGGY has been so successful in her two-reel comedies that she is to graduate into five-reelers. Just as soon as the right story and the right director can be secured for her, the jitney Juliet will start work.

You May See Rudie

IF YOU are lucky enough to live in certain cities, you may see Rodolph Valentino in person, very soon. Rudie is doing a six-weeks dancing tour at a salary of \$6,000 a week and one-half of the profits of the trip.

Thus far, he has been mobbed by women, anxious to see the star, at every public appearance.

It is whispered that Valentino was offered \$7,000 a week by Paramount, recently, which Valentino failed to accept. He would be good for only about two years in the kind of pictures he has been doing. Rudie is said to have stated that he intended to feather his nest while feathers were plentiful. He insisted he was worth more than \$7,000 to Paramount.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Bebe Daniels, looking a bit pale and wan but still cheerful, recovering at Atlantic City from the ravages of the "flu."

Probably he is. A director at the Lasky studio stated recently, in confidence, that Paramount could pay Valentino \$20,000 a week, and make money on him.

Blame Harold Lloyd For This

HERE'S one that Harold Lloyd told the other day:

"This is a case for the coroner," said the traffic cop after the crash.

"No—it's for the mayor," feebly answered the bootlegger, as he came to.

James Kirkwood to Support Mrs. Reid

JAMES KIRKWOOD has quit the leading role in *The Fool* to play opposite Dorothy Davenport Reid in *The Living Dead*, the anti-narcotic play being filmed as a memorial to Mrs. Reid's husband, the late Wallace Reid.

Ralph Graves Loses Wife

MRS. RALPH GRAVES is dead. She did not survive the birth of her baby son, born recently.

SCREENLAND offers its sincere sympathy to the young father, one of the most admirable actors in the film colony.

Those Ten Commandments

CONJECTURE as to how Cecil B. DeMille could make a picture embodying all of the Ten Commandments is now set at rest. Cecil is to make ten pictures, each one based on a commandment.

Since you can get away with al-

most anything in the name of the Bible, the censors will probably stand for every one of the pictures.

"The Pilgrim's" Progress

THE word is going out that Chaplin made a grave mistake in stringing *The Pilgrim* out to four reels. As a two-reeler, it would have netted more laughs than any two-reeler issued this year. As it is, it failed in New York to draw as well as *The Hottentot*, a comedy drama that started out pretentiously but that has been creating a furor in the industry.

But even drawn out to four reels, it gave this old flat tire more laughs than we have enjoyed for many moons.

The Odds On Matrimony

BETTING in the studios is 3 to 2 this week that Pola and Charlie will never marry.

Rudie Won't Dance for Hollywood

RODOLPH VALENTINO turned down a \$10,000 a week offer to dance at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, on the grounds that it might endanger his prestige to dance before an audience composed largely of professional people.

Bert Lytell, who has been scoring heavily in a vaudeville sketch in Los Angeles, says he has never performed for a more sympathetic audience.

Maybe Rudie is afraid that Jesse Lasky might get a ringside seat and make a "snoot" at him.

Gloria Is Lavish Hostess

GLORIA SWANSON is not at all selfish with her lovely big 22-room mansion. She has many guests, and many lights shine nightly from the hospitable windows. Her monthly meat bill is said to average \$1,000, according to servants' gossip, and her rent is also \$1,000.

Is Lila Lee To Wed?

WE HAVE been hoping to announce an engagement between Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, believing that such actually existed. But Mrs. Apfel, the fair Lila's mother, dashes our hopes by saying that "Lila isn't going to marry Meester Kirkwood. She is just keeding him along."

Warner Brothers Achieve Coup

THOSE clever Warner Brothers have achieved a real coup in luring Belasco away from the stage. Not only have they secured the great producer to supervise the filming of *Tiger Rose*, but they have also signed the beautiful Lenore Ulrich to star in it. Belasco is also going to supervise *Deburau* and *The Gold Diggers*.

Gaby's Bedstead in Hollywood

THE golden bedstead which housed the slumbers of Gaby Deslys has been brought to Hollywood. It is being used in the Louis Gasnier picture, *Daughters of the Rich*, at the Schulberg studio.

The bed is shaped like a graceful boat, elaborately covered with gold leaf and the footboard resembling a prow which supports a gold angel. The backboard is shaped like a sail.

Bryant Washburn in Accident

BRYANT WASHBURN is thanking all the gods that be for the narrow escape from death of his little son, Dwight. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn and the three-year-old boy were riding in an automobile on Hollywood Boulevard recently, when a truck crashed into their car. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were both injured and the little boy was hurled to the pavement, narrowly escaping the wheels of the heavy truck. The child incurred bruises only.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

May McAvoy would rather do almost anything than spill salt. She is sure that it presages bad luck.

Superstitions of the Stars

To What Extent Does the Occult Rule the Lives of the Film Favorites?

By L. C. KITZELMAN

IN STUDIOLAND there is a magazine writer, Elizabeth Peltret, who reads palms and tells fortunes for her own amusement. Actors, than whom there are none more child-like in their belief in the occult, flock to her, to have the veil shrouding the future torn aside. Although she does this only as a lark, an amazing number of her prophecies have come true.

She considers it bad psychology to tell her famous subjects unpleasant things which might cause them to worry, so she jots down certain predictions in a little book, and checks up on events as they happen. Among the predictions since realized are the untimely death of Wallace Reid and the marriage of Bill Hart. When Miss Peltret told Bill he was slated for wedding bells, he gave her the merry "Pooh-Pooh" and swore that he was an incurable bachelor.

Still More Fame for Mary

MISS PELTRET declares that Mary Pickford will reach even greater heights and that her very finest portrayal will be that of a young mother.

She also says that Charlie Chaplin

will be impelled by an almost uncanny force from his successful career as the world's greatest comedian to highly dramatic and historical roles. His musical talents portend the composition of an operatic masterpiece. Chaplin and Pickford fans should watch these predictions with interest.

Stars Are Crystal Gazers

MADAM Z—, a popular crystal gazer, says that most of her clients are of the "professional," as the stage and screen folk term their fascinating industry. The questions they ask her are nearly always about ultimate success or coveted engagements. Sometimes, when a new contract is offered, an actress will come to Madam Z—, to find out if the signs are auspicious, should she accept the contract.

Seldom are sentimental issues brought up, for ambition seems to come first in the minds of both men and women. Or perhaps they feel perfectly competent to deal with mere affairs of the heart, themselves.

Madam Z— thinks that most people with artistic tendencies have pet superstitions.

It is an age old superstition that to whistle in the dressing-room jeopardizes the success of the show. Mary Pickford used to believe in the whistling jinx, and at one time a young player in her company was warned that if he did not cease his bird-like tremolos, he might have to whistle elsewhere, than on the Pickford pay-roll. But now all fears have flown from Mary's dramatic background.

Douglas Fairbanks scoffs at all superstitions. He has no faith in crystals or palm-reading.

Another Old-time Stage

BUG-BEAR was the "round-top" or "camel back" trunk, which presaged disaster for everybody, and caused the owner (always an amateur innocent of stage lore) to rush out and buy a flat-topped receptacle whether he could afford it or not. There is a practical reason for this belief, in that baggage smashers could not pile other trunks upon the round topped variety and consequently they wreaked their vengeance on the offending trunklet in order to be rid of it. The luckless owner was an object of contempt

and ill-feeling until he invested in the regulation model and peace was restored. This superstition is not held to in movie circles.

Many players in the old days would not lay a hat on a bed, which was first cousin to the belief that one's shoes must never be laid on a shelf or table for fear the owner would "fall down" in his part, "go up" in his lines, or something. The fourth and queerest twist was that the famous song "The Holy City," must never be played in any theatre, or the following production would fail inevitably.

Casting directors say that actors never turn down engagements because of superstition, even though the picture is to start on Friday. Universal has one director, however, in the person of Edward Sedgewick, who positively refuses to start a picture on that day.

William deMille's Hat

THE famous DeMilles, Cecil and William, care not a jot for the day or the date, but both have individual peculiarities. William has an antique and dilapidated, slouch, felt hat, without which he will not direct a picture. This picturesque hat is so much a part of his personality that each different angle indicates his particular mood, and when jammed on in a certain way indicates that it is well to let the famous director alone.

Photo by WITZEL



Russell Simpson says the only signs he believes in are "Measles," "Smallpox" and "Keep Off The Grass." He is not superstitious about sitting down to a table set for thirteen unless there is only food enough for twelve.

Colleen Moore, being Irish, insists that if she sees a white horse and a red-haired girl on the same day, she will get a fine new contract.

Cecil has a "good luck" overcoat, which he dons whenever things are going wrong, but his main standby in a silver dollar which some one gave him as a lucky piece in the days when things were going badly and the world was a sad, sad place. Suddenly everything changed for the better and fame and fortune followed. Incidentally, the magic dollar became mixed with other dollars, one of which bore the same date, and now the busy director has

William deMille (left) simply will not direct a picture without his disreputable felt hat, while Cecil deMille pins his faith to a lucky silver dollar.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

to carry both of them, for fear he might spend the wrong one.

Theodore Kosloff treasures as a mascot, a pre-war ten rouble gold piece, which is now worth about two million in paper money. Zell Covington, the buggy-driving-doughnut-eating lover in *The Old Homestead*, pins his faith on a half-dollar of 1832. This however, does not prevent the nimble Zell from sprinting after coins of more recent date.

Theodore Roberts always wears some article of clothing in a new picture which he wore in a previous success. In *Something To Think About*, he wore a red shirt which originally appeared in his famous stage play, *The Right Of Way*.

Tommy's Mascot is Locket

THOMAS MEIGHAN carries as his good luck lure, a locket containing the picture of his mother.

Harold Lloyd, although young and extremely modern, will not raise an umbrella in front of a camera, while Julia Faye declares that she has no fear of anything. loves black cats and looks upon Friday as her lucky day.

Gloria Swanson also loves cats and so tender was her care of the two original pets of the Lasky studio, that they sent for all their friends, relatives, in-laws and descendants, until 327 cats now live on the lot. This is lucky for the butcher and the cats.



METRO PHOTO

This love scene between Alice Terry and Rodolph Valentino illustrates one of the most naive workings of the censorial mind, if any. Objecting to a married woman falling in love with "Julio" (Valentino), the censors made "Marguerite Laurier" merely the fiancée of "Laurier." But they forget to cut out the scenes showing "Marguerite" and her husband in their bed-room. Thus making "Marguerite" the mistress of "Laurier."

A goil can smoke in Pennsylvania unless she seems to be obviously enjoying the deed. Shannon Day's performance would undoubtedly be cut as "degrading."



Photo by HOOVER

out of Censorship

BONNIE WILSON

Ethel Clayton is a nice girl and all that, but she can't appear in her nightie before Pennsylvania film audiences. No siree, the censors won't let her so corrupt the state's morals!



METRO PHOTO

The Kansas censors seen their duty and done it noble when Rex Ingram tried to debase Kansas morals with a "prolonged scene in a dance hall of the underworld" in his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Rodolph Valentino's pulse-stirring tango was "indecorous," some censors thought. They probably would have preferred the schottische or the quadrille—in an Argentine dive!





Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford, son and daughter-in-law of Henry Ford, were guests of Mae Murray during their recent visit to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

High Life in Hollywood

OH YES, of course you want to know about the latest rift in the Chaplin-Negri lute. Only don't tell anyone we told you, for The Tatler crossed her heart and bobbed her heels she wouldn't breathe it to a soul.

Charlie and Pola hadn't been speaking for three or four days, it seemed, so the nosy old papers sent reporters out to the Chaplin studios to find out what was the trouble. Charlie, naturally, wouldn't talk. One reporter hung around all day (being a personal friend of the comedian's, Charlie couldn't throw him out). Just as the shades of night were falling, the reporter asked casually, "When you going to be married, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm too poor to get married," said Charlie, laughing. Meaning, probably, "Please mind your own business."

The reporter trotted blithely back to his shop and wrote a nice story about Charlie being too poor to marry, that he had to work too hard to get married, etc., etc.

Well, to make a long story longer, when Pola awakened to find that she had been publicly jilted in such a cavalier fashion, it naturally spoiled

her whole day. Fiancées have their pride.

So, after a stormy session, Pola appeared with a tear-blotted statement that she handed to her publicity man, Al Wilkie. It read simply:

"If Charlie Chaplin is too poor to get married, I am too poor to support him."

"My God!" gasped Wilkie. "You can't publish *that*."

So poor Wilkie worked out a statement that both Pola and the studio could stand for, and handed it to the eagerly waiting press men.

The new statement read tactfully that Miss Negri, too, was poor; Charles Chaplin should marry a rich wife, and she, La Negri, was never one to stand in the way of happiness of anyone. And so she gave Mr. Chaplin back his freedom and his ring.

Hollywood buzzed with the news. But Chaplin was furious. The poor press agent who had labored so hard to smooth things over was summoned to the Negri home. He sat in the drawing-room and waited for Chaplin; the atmosphere was funereal. From above came the sound of stormy sobs.

Then Chaplin came. Pola came. Mutual recriminations, accusations, denials. Chaplin damned the press and all publicity people. He had sold his very soul for fame; he had no privacy, no personal privileges! What could he do to make ridiculous the press that had so persecuted him?

"Why not go off tonight and get married?" asked Wilkie. "That would make 'em look foolish."

But no, they didn't want to do that. Not right now. But Charlie convinced Pola that he hadn't done anything and hadn't meant it if he did. So they made up. And they're going to be married. Sometime. When they get around to it.

(N.B. We didn't get this from the poor press agent, so don't blame him, Charlie.)

The Valentino-Hudnut Romance

AND so they were married—again. May they live happily "ever after."

After matrimonial vicissitudes that proved irrevocably that the course of true love ne'er runs smooth, Rodolph Valentino and Winifred Hudnut are at last man and wife, even in California.

The nuptials took place at Crown Point, Ind. The ceremony for which the whole world waited was performed by a bored justice of the peace, who little recked that Rodolph Guglielmi and Winifred de Wolfe were the great lover and his bride.

After the important event, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino went to the Blackstone hotel in Chicago, in which city they are dancing at the neat salary of \$6,000 a week.

Betty Compson Starts New Vogue

QUITE the smartest fad in months was started by charming Betty Compson, at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening. Around a pink silken clad ankle, Betty wore a brilliant kerchief. Over her shoulders was draped another and larger kerchief of matching shade.

And now that Betty has started the vogue, kerchiefs are the rage and dozens of them are seen wherever film folk congregate.

The Fairbanks Are Feted

THE Douglas Fairbanks were the guests of honor at an informal studio tea given by Carl Laemmle on the Universal lot, recently. More than five hundred actors, in make-up, stopped work to greet the lovely Mary and her athletic spouse.

Mary and King Baggott, once a popular matinee idol but now a Universal director, chatted of old times, when Mary was Baggott's leading



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Agnes Ayres and her adopted daughter, Agnes Ayres second. Little Agnes is big Agnes' niece, really, and adores the ground aunty "Agney" walks on.

lady. They laughed over the memory of *Going Straight*, a "super-special" of a decade ago, which has lately been revived. If you have seen it, you know the reason for their mirth.

That Egyptian Influence

HOLLYWOOD has gone mad over the Egyptian trend in clothes.

Clare West, the noted fashion designer for Paramount pictures, is just back from Paris, with the most intriguing novelties in fashions.

Skirts are to be twelve inches from the ground. Miss West informs us. The Egyptian twist on frocks and hats is distinctly the thing. Net stockings made of *one thread* and worn with sandals, are very chic indeed.

These sheer hose are so very thin that the effect is of no stockings at all. But why pay \$100 for a pair of invisible hosiery, query such advanced thinkers as Connie Talmadge and Nita Naldi. They get the same effect at no cost at all by simply leaving off the stockings. Connie's slim ankles, protected only by a tinkling diamond anklet, may be seen twinkling on the Cocoanut Groove floor almost any Tuesday evening.

The Morenos Flit Eastward

HOLLYWOOD's prize honeymooners, the Antonio Morenos, have wended their way Eastward for a

combination post-honeymoon and business trip.

Tony is to co-star with Bebe Daniels in *The Exciters*.

Both Hollywood and Los Angeles mourn their loss, for Antonio and his bride, who was Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, are prominent figures in social circles.

Alice Terry Bobs Her Hair

QUITE in the face of Fashion's edict that bobbed hair is passé, Alice Terry has returned from Gotham town with her lovely brown locks cut short. The effect is charming.

You will probably never have a chance to view the effect, however, as Alice always wears a blonde wig on the screen. A matter of "halations," or something technical; anyway, Alice screens better as a blonde.

Colleen Moore is Feted

A SAINT PATRICK day's party, with Colleen Moore as the guest of honor, was held at the Cocoanut Grove. It was a gay affair. Table favors were cunning Colleen Moore dolls.

Film celebrities who had parties were Marshall Neilan, Robert Frazier, Maurice Flynn and Bryant Washburn.

The Writers' Revue

THE Writers' Revue this year is to be even more of a sensation than that of last year, if advance publicity data can be believed. With



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

This is an interesting little person, Mrs. Monte Blue. Mrs. Blue, while active in Hollywood social circles, has spent most of her efforts in furthering her husband's screen career.

such a brilliant corps of backers, The Tatler avers that it ought to be the kitty's own pajamas.

Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks, June Mathis and Marion Fairfax are just a few of the famous names.

Ruth Roland Was Stunning

RUTH ROLAND was the object of much interest at dinner at the Montmartre, a new Hollywood dinner-and-dance place, recently. She was lovely in a gown of silver, shot with blue, made with a slight bouffant effect, and trimmed with silver lace and small blue ostrich tips.

Nita is So—Stimulating!

THE regal Nita Naldi has been with us for a few short days, before taking the train back to her beloved Broadway. Hollywood regrets that La Naldi likes us so little—she is so stimulating! Our provincial village thrills so deliciously at Nita's city ways.

The other evening at the Ambassador, Nita appeared in a most daring black lace gown that revealed "every line of her lithe young body," as Laura Jean Libby used to put it. Not even Gloria Swanson undresses so engagingly as this daughter of Broadway's white lights.

Leatrice Joy Weds Again

LEATRICE JOY is once more a married woman. She married Jack Gilbert over again the other evening just to make sure that the first marriage at Tia Juana in 1921 had "taken."

The first wedding took place only a fortnight after Gilbert had been granted a divorce from his first wife. The pair were happy together until the Valentino case precipitated doubts as to whether their marriage also was illegal. So they separated until husband Jack's interlocutory decree was made final.

But now they married "till death does them part," and they dare any old lawyer to deny them happiness.

Kathlyn Williams Sails for Orient

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, the lovely Mrs. Charles Eyton, has sailed for the Orient. She and her husband started for the Far East a few months ago, but their journey was curtailed because of a tiresome little war. Now, however, Miss Williams

is on the high seas, en route to Shanghai, Peking and the Great Wall.

Luncheon for Film Folk

A NUMBER of ladies prominent in film circles were guests at a beautifully appointed luncheon at the Mary Helen tea rooms in Hollywood, recently, by Mrs. Laurene Santley of New York. The table



Photo by EVANS

Miss Colleen Moore was honor guest at a gay party at the Ambassador's Coconut Grove, recently. Favors were Colleen Moore dolls.

was gay with spring flowers, and corsage bouquets of violets marked the places.

The guests included Mrs. George Melford, Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Leslie Curtis, Mrs. Alan Hale and Mrs. Carlyle Blackwell.

Party for Younger Set

CLARENCE BADGER, JR., son of the prominent director, was host at an attractive party at the Badger home, in celebration of his birthday.

Among the guests were Miss June Caprice, Mr. Lewis Sargent, Miss Billie Dove and Mr. Kenneth Harlan.

Dog Show Has Many Entries

THE elite of Hollywood has turned out en masse to enter their pets at the third annual show of the Crown City Kennel Club, at Pasadena.

Miss Dorothy Devore has entered a fine Great Dane and a blooded

Scotch terrier, acting for Charles Christie.

The finest griffons in America are entered by Miss Irene Castle.

Allen Holubar is entering in his prize Airdales, while Mrs. Holobar (Dorothy Phillips) is sponsoring a fleet of tiny Pekinese.

Al St. John, the comedian will have two fine English bull dogs competing.

William Beaudine, the director, has entered a pair of highly pedigreed Scotch collies.

Birthday Party for Anita Stewart

A LARGE birthday cake was the feature of a birthday party given in honor of Miss Anita Stewart's birthday, at the Beverly Hills hotel recently. Only members of the immediate family of Miss Stewart were present. A great bouquet of American Beauty roses was presented to the star.

Anna Q. Nilsson is Bride

ANNA Q. NILSSON, the stately blonde star, has fallen a victim to Cupid's wiles. Her marriage to John M. Gunnerson of Los Angeles was solemnized quietly, recently.

Her marriage will not interfere with her screen career, she announces.

Dinner at Beverly

MR. PATRICK A. POWERS, head of the Robertson-Cole film corporation, was host to two hundred friends at a dinner-dance at the Beverly Hills hotel.

The smart Beverly hostelry has many interesting guests. Elsie Ferguson stopped there, during her stay in Los Angeles, while appearing in a local theatre in *The Wheel of Life*. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore (the beautiful Kathryn Perry) live at this hotel also.

The Studio Club Drive

CHARITY begins at home, it is said. Perhaps that is why picture people are lending their efforts so generously to raise funds for the proposed home of the Studio Club. The club, composed of young girls engaged in picture work, has outgrown its present home on Carlos avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Patten, wife of the Hollywood representative of Will Hays, entertained her group of

women workers at tea at her home. Spring flowers were used for decorations.

A Chicago Visitor

MRS. ROSE GALLERY of Chicago is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts), at their home on Pinehurst Road. Many lunches and dinners have been tendered Mrs. Gallery during her stay here.

A farewell party is being arranged for ZaSu, who is soon to go to San Francisco on location for several months.

Dagmar Godowsky Entertains Singer.

MRS. FRANK MAYO, the exotic Dagmar Godowsky, gave a smart tea at her studio recently for Titta Ruffo, acclaimed the greatest singer since the untimely passing of Caruso. Miss Godowsky and Signor Ruffo were friends together in Europe, when they were children.

Writers' Dinner

TEN leading figures in the cinema and literary world gathered round a luncheon table at the Writers' Club recently. The luncheon was given by Miss Jeanie MacPherson in honor of her uncle, who is visiting her from the east.

Mrs. Alan Hale Entertains

MRS. ALAN HALE, wife of the distinguished actor, entertained at a gay St. Patrick's day party, at her home on Las Palmas avenue. Green shamrocks for place cards and green ribbon decorations lent a festive air. The guests were wives of directors and actors in the film colony.

Mrs. Hayakawa to Go East

MRS. SESSUE HAYAKAWA gave a delightful tea at her lovely castle-like home on Franklin avenue, prior to her departure to join her husband in the East.

Maurice, the Modest

THAT just too fascinating Maurice, the dancer, has been dragged, protesting, into another divorce suit again. As co-respondent. This is the third time Maurice has been waltzed into court in famous divorce suits. The first was with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; the second, with Mrs. J. V. Nash and then Lady Furness. And Maurice doesn't like

it at all, because he modestly disclaims all claims to being a heart-breaker.

"It seems to me," Maurice says, "that when any famous man wants a divorce from his wife, he looks around and says:

"Aha, I remember now, she danced with Maurice once,' and presto, this poor dancer is named as co-respondent," and Maurice looked too abused for words.

"My business is dancing with pretty women. It is not my fault if they all try to make love to me."

Poor, harried Maurice! His violet-like shrinking reminds The Tatler of our one interview with him.

Maurice was shaking a wicked ankle at the Ambassador and The Tatler wended her way down to ask him to pose for a series of dancing pictures for this magazine. Admitted to the presence, we put the question, expecting him to fall on our neck (figuratively, we beg to assure you) for the thousand dollars worth of publicity we were offering. But we were rash enough to show him a proof of a page of photographs of Valentino dancing with Gloria Swanson.

Maurice took one look and bridled. That was exactly what he did.

"I cannot mingle my name with these," he ejaculated, with a heavy French accent. (He was born in Brooklyn.) "I am an artist. I am Maurice, I am the father of all these dances. I cannot follow in their footsteps. If you had come to me first, yes. Then I would have acceded to your plea. But now, no, nevaire!"

Remembering our editor's orders to get an opinion on Valentino's dancing, as one artist to another, we asked him what he thought of Valentino's dancing. This was a short while after Rudie's tango dance in *The Four Horsemen* had set the flappers pulsating.

Maurice lit a cigarette languidly. "Well, of course, this-er-Valentino hasn't the fundamentals as far as technique goes," he said graciously, "but I understand he is getting along quite well in the pictures."

Exit The Tatler, quite groggy.

We Have Lost a King

THEODORE KOSLOFF has no interest at all in the social welfare of Hollywood, apparently. He has lost us our chance of having a king in

our midst. Theodore has just returned to Hollywood from New York, where he refused the chance of becoming a king of Tartary, Kahn of Kazan, to be exact. Members of the Liberal party of Kazan strove to induce him to go back to his strange little country on the Volga, between Russia and Siberia, to the kingship to which Kosloff is entitled by birth. But Theodore decided he would rather have gold in his pocket than a gold crown on his head—with the chance of losing said head. The king business is a risky one these days.

But think of the *eclat* it would have given Hollywood social affairs, to have the Kahn of Kazan present! Especially one we could slap on the back and say, "Well Theodore, old horse, that was pretty snappy emoting you did today."

The Rogers are Returning

MR. AND MRS. WILL ROGERS are back in Hollywood, after their winter's season in New York, where Will is the life of the party in the Follies. All the ponies are being brought up from the pastures and are being given the grooming of their lives, and the Rogers children are having a glorious time playing around with their long-lost dad.

Pola Wanted Gloria's House

GLORIA SWANSON's lovely new home in Beverly is to be closed up during Gloria's stay in New York. Pola Negri went out to look the house over, with a view to renting it, but after considering the matter, Captain Swanson, Gloria's father, announced for her that the house was not to be rented.

Niblos Go East

NEW YORK is claiming many of our most charming Hollywoodians. Now Fred Niblo and his lovely little wife, Enid Bennett, are flitting Gotham-ward. We hope they will not stay for long.

Star is Host

MR. AND MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS recently entertained Miss Constance Talmadge and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn at a Coconut Grove party. Mrs. Williams wore an evening gown of cerise velvet with silver. Mrs. Washburn looked extremely demure in white satin. Miss Talmadge wore black velvet.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

IT'S A HARD LIFE, MATES!

Showing just one of the many hardships befalling a screen star. Though Conway Tearle has been a screen lover for years and years, he can't seem to get the pose with Betty Compson just right. That's so Director Herbert Brenon will keep on rehearsing the scene.

In and About

PALS

Agnes Ayres and her baby police dog. Cunning things, both of 'em.

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



METRO PHOTO

THE SKY PILOT OF HOLLYWOOD

The Reverend Neal Dodd, completely surrounded by those terrible picture people. Those admiring glances are being rendered by Marguerite de La Motte (on the left) and Estelle Taylor (right). Walter Long and Director Rowland V. Lee are rendering the envious glances.



OLD MARRIED FOLKS

Married nearly two years now, and still speaking. Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, snapped on the Ince studio grounds.



SCHULBERG PHOTO

A SUMPTUOUS REPAST

You've heard of the Lucullian banquets of the effete film stars. Here's one of 'em. Doughnuts and coffee for Tom Forman, Marguerite de La Motte and Harrison Ford.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Screenland

A NEW ROLE FOR WESLEY

Wes Barry visited a newspaper office in Boston recently and decided he'd learn something about making up a paper. But when the boys set him hunting for "type lice," Wes decided he'd stick to the movies.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

STARS, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED

Richard Barthelmess takes time off from making "The Bright Shawl" to say howdy to Gladys Cooper, said to be the most beautiful actress on the English stage.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

ONE, TWO, THREE, REST—

Gloria Swanson, practicing her music lesson and having the darndest time with her fingering exercises. Wonder if she's playing "The Dance of the Demon" or maybe it's "The Battle of Waterloo" with variations.



Photo by HOOVER

Five years old, goin' on six is Billy Bowes, the sturdy little son of Claire Windsor. Isn't he an adorable little Jack Tar?



Photo by HOOVER

The Irish twinkle in baby Loris' eyes would make you swear she was born on the ould sod itself. But no, Loris is a Hollywood baby, the prized daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett.

Are *Babies* Fashionable?

In some Hollywood circles they are, extremely so. Eugenists should be interested in these photographs of film families.

Did you ever see more beautiful babies than these?



Photo by SPURN

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn and their two fine boys, in the grounds of the Washburn home in Hollywood.



Photo by SPURN

Tom Mix thinks that there never was a nicer baby girl than Thomasina. We think so, too.



Photo by HOOVER

Here's one baby who is the image of her daddy. William Desmond is mighty proud of this sweet study of Mary McIvor Desmond and baby Joanna.



Photo by HOOVER

Those great eyes that look out so gravely upon a strange world belong to ZaSu Ann Gallery, the adored new daughter of Tom Gallery and ZaSu Pitts. Little ZaSu Ann isn't quite sure whether she likes being photographed or not.



Photo by EVANS

Just as fat as butter is the huggable baby boy of Ella Hall and Emory Johnson. Any film star would give a good deal to possess such dimpled elbows as baby Johnson's. We're not quite sure, but we think he has a dimple in his knee, too.



Photo by EVANS

No wonder Jack Holt smiles proudly when he looks at Jack, Jr. A "better baby," surely. Just gaze upon those Cupid's bow lips and that beautifully shaped head.

EDITORIAL

Capitalizing A Tragedy

THE FOLLOWING significant item is clipped from an exhibitor's trade journal. The italics are our own.

"Cisco, Texas—W. H. Mayhew of the Broadway theatre, after the death of Wallace Reid, turned the showing of *Thirty Days* into a commemorative showing for the actor.

"Mr. Mayhew used large star photographs mounted on a large compo-board star, with small wisps of crepe draped over the points. This was placed in the lobby, along with the regular display, and an announcement that this was Reid's last picture.

"*This cast just the proper sanctity for the occasion.*"

"Cashing in" on a tragedy is scarcely in good taste, even though a proper air of sanctity is achieved.

* * *

What Becomes of Bad Pictures?

AT LEAST two cameras are always trained on every scene. Sometimes as many as twenty are used. Every close-up and important scene is "shot" many times. The best film is used; the others, so nearly like the chosen one that the layman could not tell the difference, are rejected. What becomes of them?

Sometimes an entirely new picture is made out of the left-over film from a feature. Did you know that the Paramount picture *Don't Tell Everything* was made from the scraps of *The Affairs of Anatol*? A smashing article entitled *The Flop Market* will tell you what happens to the bad pictures. In SCREENLAND for July. Out June first.

* * *

Care in Little Things

A VISIT to a studio would certainly open the eyes of a good many critics of motion pictures. The patience and intensive labor to make perfect a trifle that the average person would never notice is nothing short of admirable.

Charles Brabin, the director who made *Driven* and is now filming *Six Days* for Goldwyn, took us into the projection room to view the day's "rushes." A suicide of a ruined business man was being run off. The single scene where the man lies dead upon the office floor, with a little curl of smoke trickling from the gun, speaking mutely of the tragedy, was run off time and again, while a group of highly trained experts discussed lights, halation, the curve of a finger, and above all, the little trickle of smoke. Then, after having shot that scene a dozen times, Mr. Brabin decided to do it over. Which probably shows why *Driven* is the almost perfect picture it is.

In order to get the smoke from the revolver, by the way, a time fuse was inserted in the gun.

Bill Is Invincible

A READER from Connellsville, Pa., writes us to comment on Colonel Selig's remark about the efficient William Farnum and his screen ability to lick his weight in wild-cats:

"I remember seeing Bill in a picture several years ago. I forget the title, but he was holding off a big gang of villains with guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition and everything. And Bill and the heroine were in a bad way. Bill had only one gun and his ammunition was all gone. What to do, what to do? Bill discovers a big crate floating on the sea, and gets it onto the beach and opens it—and what do you think?—it was full of rifles and ammunition! So Bill and the girl were saved. The guns shot like regular rifles but I guess they must have been air-guns—because they floated so high in the water!"

* * *

The Small Town Exhibitor

WHAT does the small town exhibitor consider a good picture? The picture that you may consider a perfect knock-out is liable to strike the manager of the theatre as a terrible frost. Why? *Blood and Sand*, for instance, broke all records in metropolitan theatres and left the seats empty in the small towns, while *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* packed 'em in. The theatre owner in a small town has a most interesting viewpoint on pictures. Read about it in SCREENLAND for July.

* * *

Defenders of Arbuckle

HERE is a typical screed from a defender of Roscoe Arbuckle. It is from a reader in Calgary, Alberta:

"Is it not a shame that there should be even a murmur against Arbuckle's coming back? Are those that hiss him perfect? There are hundreds of cases which have been hushed up; if they were made public they would look a lot worse than Arbuckle's. I say, be human and give the man a chance."

Dinna greet, ye sympathizers with the fat comedian. Arbuckle is as busy as a village gossip, directing a comedy. And as he has a substantial interest in a big film producing company, he is doing very nicely, thank you.

* * *

A Correction

BY MISTAKE, the name of Charlotte Stevens was dropped by the linotyper from the caption of Charlotte's photograph, illustrating the type of head-dresses affected by the late Gaby Deslys. We regret the error.



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

The Covered Wagon

—PARAMOUNT

IN WHICH three things are proven: that a "western" can be highly successful; that a character actor in a minor role can steal a picture; and that James Cruze is a great director.

The screen version of Emerson Hough's epic of the winning of the west is a great picture. The spectacle of that long line of prairie schooners moving steadfastly forward, facing death in many forms bravely, is a moving one that will not soon be forgotten. That craving to find the "something lost behind

the mountains" drove the pioneers onward relentlessly.

The ostensible stars of *The Covered Wagon* are Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan. But the real stars, whose work shines forth most brightly, are Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence. The one priceless scene where these two old prairie-dogs "likker up" to a lush state and prove their markmanship by shooting saucepans off each others' heads is enough to award them the laurels.

Lois Wilson is sweet and appealing, but she is not the actress in this

picture that she was in *Miss Lulu Belts*. Kerrigan is almost too beautiful to be true.

It seems petty to point out trivial defects in a fine picture, perhaps, but sometimes trivial defects ruin the realism of a fine play. We wish the wagons had not come through the long journey in such a spotless condition.

James Cruze has won his spurs as a director of the first rank. We look forward with anticipation to his next directorial job, *Merton of the Movies*.



MAD LOVE—Goldwyn

Real dyed-in-the-wool vamps, who drive men mad by their lures, have become quite passé on the screen. Their charms have given way to the bold sophistication of the twentieth century flapper who has Freud and Tridon down to her finger tips. But Pola Negri, with the same divine gift that makes her pre-war gowns look like an advanced model, creates out of this trite stock character a vibrant personality of strong emotions. This spirit has been caught by the hundreds of extras who give a very thrilling and realistic performance of a surging, pulsating and very human mob.

Little Hints for Playgoers



DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS—Hodkinson

A story of the romantic and adventurous whaling days of New Bedford and Nantucket. The scenes of the sea are genuinely beautiful and thrilling, the most thrilling one being the pursuit of a whale by a sea monster. Though many of the situations are trite, the picture is a stirring one.



EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE
—Principal Pictures

The title of this picture is best thing about it. Kenneth Harlan is a little surprised to find himself among those present. Eileen Percy is plump but pretty. Irving Cummings still has the handicap of amateurishness, but gives promise of doing something interesting when he strikes his stride.

THE TIGER'S CLAW

—Paramount

A fickle sweetheart; a rejected lover; an adoring native maiden. Placed in a tropical setting, and you have dramatic possibilities. Jack Holt, as the English engineer who takes a native wife in India, to ease the memory of a lost love, has more animation than usual; his performance is good. Eileen Pringle shows marked capabilities as Chameli, the passionate, jealous native woman. Eva Novak is rather colorless. Bertram Grassby gives his usual excellent characterization as the Hindu villain, and Carl Stockdale is to be commended as the maker of magic. A program picture, but a good one.



SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn

For unadulterated public interest, Rupert Hughes' picture of motion picture life as it is actually lived in screenland is probably the picture of the season. Fascinating glimpses behind the scenes in the studio are given the playgoer, with scores of famous stars casually introduced in almost every sequence. Indeed, the first reel or two of "Souls For Sale" strangely resembles a travelogue. After that it picks up speed, unravels a swiftly-moving plot and furnishes mighty interesting entertainment. Frank Mayo does a delicious bit of work as a film star, more than a bit conceited but good-hearted withal. Eleanor Boardman is excellent as Remember Steddon, who is literally thrown into the movies from a train speeding through the desert. She falls in with a movie company on location, making "the usual desert picture, with the usual shiek carrying away the usual girl-captive." Lew Cody does some fine trouping as the villainous husband of Remember Steddon. Richard Dix makes it plain to us why so many stars marry their director. Barbara La Marr and Mae Busch are excellent, also. You'll enjoy this picture.



MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME—Paramount

Walter Hiers doesn't quite put over his first starring vehicle. We're sorry, for we like him. In spite of a good cast and a plot with comic possibilities, the picture isn't nearly as funny as it should be. Walter Hiers, as the discharged haberdasher's clerk, who goes to a banana republic in search of adventure and a girl and finds both, is only mildly amusing. Jacqueline Logan shines with her usual radiant personality—and George Fawcett and Josef Swikard are good, but the picture is a disappointment.



OTHELLO—Blumenthal Production

Shakespeare's immortal tragedy has been turned into a vital and gripping motion picture. Emil Jannings as Othello contributes another fine characterization. Ica Lenkeffy is excellent as Desdemona and Werner Kraus interesting as Iago.

SCARS OF JEALOUSY

—Thomas H. Ince

The picture is much better than the title. Frank Keenan dominates the picture as Colonel Newland. Lloyd Hughes is splendid as Cuddy Jakes. Edward Burns overacts frequently in his portrayal of Jeff Newland, but is attractive withal. Marguerite de la Motte is pretty but not especially striking.



THE SPIDER AND THE ROSE
—Principal Pictures

There is such a narrow, almost imperceptible dividing line between drama and burlesque, bathos and pathos, that the merest accident may catapult a director across the line—and make a burlesque of an otherwise fine drama. Such happens to "The Spider and the Rose." California in the days of Mexican rule is the vivid background, against which intrigue, love-making and revolution move colorfully. The cast includes Louise Fazenda, Joseph Dowling, Robert McKim, as a most handsome and wicked villain; Edwin Stevens, Alice Lake and Gaston Glass.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER
—Warner Bros.

The director, William A. Seiter, is the star of this picture. You can fairly see him pulling the strings that make the actor-puppets dance. Some good acting by a fine cast, especially the work of Pauline Starke, is almost buried beneath a deluge of hokum. "The Little Church Around the Corner" is the story of an exasperatingly pious little boy who grows up to be a minister who leads the rescue in a mine disaster, averts a labor war, saves a bloated capitalist and wins the gal. We suspect that Warner Brothers gave Olga Printzlau the title and told her to build a story around it. Kenneth Harlan as the minister is appealing, even beneath a coat of coaldust. Claire Windsor is pretty and more animated than usual. Hobart Bosworth is also among those present. But Pauline Starke steals the picture.

How Do They Do It?

THE non-professional, looking sadly at a set of stiff, prosy proofs of her latest sitting for the camera, looks wistfully at the beautiful, emotional, bizarre pictures of stars in the magazine. "How do they do it?" she sighs.

In the first place, the professional is camera-wise. She feels absolutely no embarrassment as she soulfully gazes into a crystal, or as she coos at a stuffed parrot or canary.

But the non-professional just can't do it. She smirks when she should smile. She grimaces when she thinks she is looking soulful and sad. And she just will stare owl-eyed into the camera! Oh, it's not all beer and skittles, this photographing a non-professional.

The non-professional is acutely conscious of large veined hands, or cords in her neck, of a pone of fat right under the shoulder blade, or a thick ankle. The professional sublimely forgets all defects, knowing that the retouching process will take out everything that offends the eye. She knows that nine times out of ten the right side of the face photographs best. Few stars dare photograph a profile from the left side. Of course, before the motion picture camera the star cannot always choose which side of her face to show, but a good director bears all this in mind. If he doesn't, the player never lets him forget it.

Betty Compson says she used to worry herself almost sick over profiles before the motion picture camera. It made her very self-conscious to turn completely sideways, for she knew her profile was not perfect, artistically speaking. But now she says she has overcome that fear, believing that if she is acting the part to the fullest artistry possible to her, the audience will be more interested in her expression than in her profile. But most of her "stills" are taken full front. Betty even considered having her nose worked on by a plastic surgery expert, but forebore, and luckily, for her slightly crooked nose adds to the piquancy of her elfin face.

Gloria Swanson has too long a nose too, but decided against plastic surgery. Now it is her most famous feature, next to her strange, oriental eyes. A perfectly regular face, with every feature harmonious, is undoubtedly an achievement of nature.



SHE had been branded as a thief. An innocent girl, she spent many weary months behind prison bars where the bitterness crept into her soul.

"When I get out of jail I will make him suffer as he has made me suffer," she vowed. Free, the world against her, she turned crook, within the law, and plotted revenge.

Beautiful, accomplished, she led the son of the man who had accused her to fall in love with her. She married him to tarnish their name as hers had been tarnished.

Then a strange thing happened—to her heart. You will want to see this picture to understand the transformation of a woman's soul.

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but it is not a face that will be indelibly impressed upon the minds of the audience.

The Vanity of Men

MEN are much more vain than women. Yes. Yes, indeed. So say all the photographers of Hollywood. A man has his picture taken less often than a woman, both in private life and on the screen. When a man star finds a pose that satisfies him—and heaven knows he is hard to please—he cherishes it, having thousands of prints made from it.

The non-professional male is excessively vain, extremely hard to please. He makes an occasion of having his picture taken. He makes up his mind to the ordeal but seldom, and he wants the results to confirm all his most flattering suspicions about himself. Any photograph that makes him look in the slightest ridiculous, or one about which his friends or relatives could "kid" him is out. A woman will daintily smell a rose or tickle a kitten's ear or sit with pensive eyes fixed upon an open fire, but a man—no! He shuns anything that savors of sentiment—meaning all along the non-professional of course. He prefers to gaze sternly into the camera, looking a captain of industry. A man almost never smiles in a picture, except by mistake. If the camera chances to catch him again, he tears the proof up hastily, hoping no one else saw it. Of course he doesn't look like that when he smiles!

Some non-professionals are so vain that they resent any retouching of their photographs by the artists. A wart on the chin? It is my wart, and my chin, and since it is my wart on my chin, it must be a good-looking wart, on a strong, manly chin, is the mental attitude. The very fact that a photographer would find anything to iron out of his picture would so infuriate the average man, who believes himself to be a perfect specimen, that he will take his next work elsewhere—ten years from now. Yes, it is true vanity that says, "No matter what the blemish, or apparent blemish, it belongs to me and hence is sacred."

Masculine "Props"

THE only props possible to the male star is a fancy pipe, a wicked cigarette in a luring carved ciga-

rette holder, a shirt with a sports collar open at the throat, to display the manly, slightly hairy, chest. This, of course, within the art studio. The male star almost invariably chooses to be photographed in his home. He loves to be caught, surrounded by his German police dogs, or his Airedales, or his collies. He is always kneeling to stroke the head of the most noble looking dog of them all. Another favorite attitude shows wonderful unselfishness on his part. He is perfectly willing to share this close-up with his horse. With an arm thrown affectionately around the proud neck of the steed, he grins cheerfully into the camera. A golf club, a tennis racquet, a wicked looking revolver, are all indispensable props for the studio that makes a specialty of photographing men. What matter if the full-length portrait shows our Handsome Harold with dress pumps on, and a tennis racquet in his hands? Why quibble with art?

Theodore Roberts without his big black cigar would be practically unrecognizable. Bill Hart without a bandana handkerchief or a revolver would be hard to place.

Leaving the Character In

"DON'T retouch my photographs," Elinor Glyn said to her photographer, "I want all the character left in."

But when the finished photos were submitted, Madame Glyn almost fainted with horror. They made her look about eighty years old. "For heaven's sake, take some of the character out!" she cried, shuddering. And now that she has gotten the craze for beautiful pictures, her photographs are as lineless and meaningless as any screen beauty's.

The professional is wise to make-up. She knows that red on her cheeks will come out black on the photograph. She knows how to calcimine her face and neck and arms—and back, and all other exposed parts—so that the flesh looks satiny and unblemished. She knows how to make a tiny little pouting mouth out of a generous slit in her face. Bebe Daniels, for instance, in private life exhibits a very different opening to the alimentary canal than that mouth the public considers so kissable.

As for hair: peroxidized blonde hair, unless the greatest pains are

taken in lighting it up, will take perfectly black! Brown hair with high lights in it will often photograph almost blond. Betty Compson's beautiful, wavy soft brown hair is a good example of the kind that takes a "halo" easily. Jacqueline Logan is another star whose hair photographs especially well.

They Still Get a Kick Out of It

ONE would think the stars would get so blasé about photographs of themselves that they would wearily direct the publicity men to let their conscience be their guide. But they don't. The most photographed star in the industry—probably Claire Windsor—still gets an enormous kick out of looking over proofs. The most important and pleasant duty of the day is to make her choice of the "stills" taken on the lot, and to decide which pictures shall go to which magazine.

The enormous cost of being photographed can hardly be guessed at by the non-professional. No picture can be used by two magazines. When a picture is sent out to magazines it is marked "Exclusive to you," and the negative is held until that magazine accepts or sends back the picture. In many cases magazines fail to notify a star or her publicity director that an "exclusive" picture will not be used, and the negative is held indefinitely. One publicity director says that as soon as an "exclusive" photograph is sent out the negative is destroyed, so that no temptation to use it for other purposes can possibly be succumbed to.

A New Cult

ALL things considered, the only person in Hollywood who is always sure of good business, steady remuneration and fame is the photographer who knows how to strip 'em. A new cult may spring up any day in which the photographer will be worshipped as God. For it is in his power to make a Cleopatra out of a waitress, an Apollo out of a truck driver, a rose out of a dandelion, an orchid out of a sunflower, an Ariel out of a middle-aged spinster. Let him strip 'em, calcimine 'em, retouch 'em, pare 'em down and build 'em up, and he'll make you any number of nymphs and fairies, sirens and satyrs, to order.

If this be not God-like, what is it?

All New York marveled!
at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty
Cristina Montt




Even blasé New York marveled! When this dainty Señorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film début, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

Questioned later, she laughingly replied: "Since childhood I have used only cocoa butter—the favorite cosmetic of Spanish beauties. But—since coming to America I have found a new and better way to use my beloved cocoa butter. Now I'm never without Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme.

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What Becomes of Beauty Contest Winners

(Continued from Page 52)

Marie Forhan, Pauline Turner, Lucille Walker, Dorothy Webb, Sallic Holiday, Florence Turner, Jean MacNicol, Grace Schaufele, Florence Boring, Madge Henry, Marguerite Rhodes, Gertrude Regan, Pauline Westphalen, Mae Oliver, Opal Crumbliss, Alameda Holcolmbe, Margaret Hague, Peggy Dolan, Bessie Davis, Cora Lee Bennett, Lillian A. Boltz, Clara Hoopes, Mary Kidwell, Ruth M. Purcell, Lina Hoepold, Clara M. McAbee, and Loretta Griffin.

Out of the entire fifty-six, only one name stands out as modern history — Lois Wilson. Gertrude Fonda is probably the same as Gloria Fonda, Seattle prize beauty, who starred in something or other for Universal, then went on the legitimate stage with T. Daniel Frawley, then went to China with some theatrical enterprise; came back a year ago, failed to get anything in pictures, and is reputed to have gone back to the Orient.

How Lois Did It

AS FOR Lois Wilson, she too is trying to forget that she ever won a beauty contest. That fact was a detriment rather than a help, she says. In the first place, Lois knows that she is not a beauty. Her charm lies in her wholesome sweetness rather than in perfection of features. For a moderately pretty girl to come to Hollywood with the curse of a beauty contest clinging to her is to be damned before she starts. But Lois knew she had personality and acting ability. She stuck doggedly to her purpose of making a place on the screen for herself, not for her "beauty." She has done it, as the whole wide world will agree.

Lasky's publicity chief says that Lois will not let him use the fact of her having won a beauty contest in any of the stories that go out of his office. She realizes better than anyone else the psychology of the thing, the instant antagonism it arouses in the public to have a "beauty" rammed down its throat.

Eleanor Lost Her Voice

ELEANOR BOARDMAN would not now be on the screen if she had not lost her voice. She was singing with

Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem," when her voice failed and she turned disconsolately to the "silent drama." About this time Robert B. McIntyre, casting director for Goldwyn Pictures, was in the east looking for new screen material. Eleanor presented herself, as did some thousand or more other aspirants, and won. Her work in *The Stranger's Banquet* put her on easy street, and she won the ingenue lead in Rupert Hughes' *Souls for Sale* and in King Vidor's *Three Wise Fools*.

The significant thing about Eleanor Boardman's phenomenal career in pictures is that she had a long and diversified stage career. She did not come out here merely as a beauty. Her little bag was full of tricks that could beat that all hollow.

An Endless List

BUT if one were to try to catalogue all the failures who came out to Hollywood bedecked with blue ribbons, attesting them to be prize female flesh, one would stop at the end of volume 27 and give it up as a hopeless job. Beauty contest winners are dishing up the split pea soup in our best cafeterias; taking babies out in perambulators for stars who had more to give the screen than mere beauty; are working in the cutting room or stenographer's ranks of the very studios that made screen tests of them when they brought their only asset to Hollywood. A few of these unsuccessful beauties are making a bare living as photographers' or artists' models.

But most of them, their vanity reduced to a mere pinpoint, have gone back home, cured of the movie fever, bitter against the very ones who are responsible for their blighted hopes. Under Hollywood's dazzling white paving stones are buried their poor little stillborn careers. They cannot even tend the graves with decent mourning, for to grieve over rejected beauty would mark them for ridicule rather than sympathy. They are even deprived of the only possible source of comfort—the relief of talking it over. For the only girl who can afford to remember that she won a beauty contest is the girl who succeeded.

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Has Barbara La Marr Aphasia?

(Continued from Page 21)

It was this unsatisfied mother craving that gave little Ivan Carville La Marr a beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, a slavishly attentive colored nurse, named Irene, and a foster mother who adores him.

Barbara went to Texas to make a personal appearance at an automobile show, and while in Dallas went to Hope Cottage, a foundling home housing sixty children. She went because she loves children, and wanted to hold one for a while in her arms.

But only one baby out of those sixty had a chance. From the minute Barbara La Marr laid eyes on his laughing face and saw him dimple his fascinating little right-cheek dimple at her, she knew she must have that baby or be forever miserable.

"When I want anything I want it right then, or not at all. I never take time to consider whether a thing is expedient or good publicity or wise. I just do it." Thus speaks Barbara of the four husbands. Probably that trait of her character accounts for her many marriages. In each case she wanted the man without considering whether he would be a good husband.

All in a Day

PROBABLY no other baby has been adopted with the lightning like speed with which little Ivan of Hope Cottage became the son of Barbara La Marr. Barbara saw him, adopted him and took him away, all in the same afternoon. There is a law that an adopted child cannot be carried out of the state in which adoption takes place under one year, but Barbara found ways of circumventing such a ridiculous and annoying law. She boarded the train that night with little six-months-old Ivan in her arms, and spent the night in her Pullman berth, considering the relative merits of Mellin's Food and cow's milk with lime water. One of the weightiest questions which now harass her days is whether California weather is cool enough to justify all-wool flannels. And the famous body is forever bending over to pick up a shoe which the ener-



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getic young man is always eating, as he kicks and crows in his Mama's or Irene's arms.

Minus Fifteen Pounds

THE increase in duties which motherhood brings has done two things for Barbara. It has put a new happiness and spirituality into her face, taking away the almost insolent restlessness that characterized it, and has reduced her weight from 140 pounds to 125. This loss of weight is more to be prized than rubies and fine wines, for it was just the thing Barbara needed to make her perfect as beauty. She speaks with the utmost frankness about her own person, characteristics and beauty, or rather, lack of beauty, as she sees herself.

"I am not beautiful. When the producers look at me and tell me that my beauty must be clothed thus and so, and I owe this to my beauty, and that to my popularity, I laugh. I honestly don't think I am pretty. And when I hear people discuss me or see things in print about myself, I think of the Barbara La Marr they are discussing as entirely separate from the Barbara I know and live with every day. I don't wear long, slinky clothes; I wear bungalow aprons and lie on the grass with my heels up and my elbows digging into the turf, reading. I cook a lot of my own meals, because, even with "Mammy" and Irene, there always seems to be too much work to do. I dote on Italian cooking, and I eat—well, too much. My worst enemies couldn't say meaner things about me than I say about myself, and I'm not temperamental, and I have a temper, and I forgive and forget easily."

Barbara says this defiantly, all fed up as she is on the kind of interviews she reads in fan magazines.

Since Barbara La Marr is to lure men on the screen, in order to earn bread and butter and caviar for herself and plenty of milk for little Ivan, will she have so much of men in that way that she will really not care for them as Barbara La Marr, offstage individual? Or will this constant dwelling on the graceful art of vamping stimulate the red corpuscles of her French-Italian blood so that she will not be able to resist the importunities of the next man who strikes her volatile fancy?

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come up, until a frightened cameraman brought her to the surface, her poor body still tangled in the seaweed that had imprisoned her. Her first close-up was her last.

My Money Gone

MY LAST five dollars went for a wreath of roses for June. It was the only thing I could do for her, ever.

That night I could not sleep for the gnawing emptiness of my stomach. A phrase from some forgotten church service home came back to me.

"The eternal God is thy refuge. And underneath are the everlasting arms."

". . . and underneath are the everlasting arms." Over and over I repeated the sonorous words and they brought me a great peace. I lay down and went to sleep.

A knock on the door awakened me from a heavy slumber, more of a torpor than sleep. The sun was high in the sky. It must have been late. I got up dizzily and opened the door. My landlady informed me that somebody wanted to see me downstairs.

I dressed somehow and went down, leaning heavily on the banister as I descended the stairs, for I was very weak.

And then—I was in a pair of strong arms that closed about me tightly, and I was crying on a broad shoulder that seemed made to order for the purpose, Jimmy's! For perhaps five minutes he let me cry out all my heartsick fears on his dear shoulder. Then as my sobs grew less tumultuous, he tilted up my quivering chin and looked into my wet eyes. I knew my nose was red and didn't care.

"To take up our conversation where we left it last," he said, "I have now got my start—a partnership in a law firm in Minneapolis—and you, you cute little pale thing, are going to be the blushing bride of a rising young lawyer, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, oh yes," I whispered. "But Jimmy, you'll have to feed me first!"

* * *

So that's the story of my attempt at fame. I guess I wasn't meant to be an actress. Hollywood wasn't meant for me. I'm just the girl who failed, one of a thousand. Jimmy says as an actress I'm a grand little wife. And I'm never going to fail at that!

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Next Month—The True Diary of An Extra Girl

Wait

(Continued from Page 59)

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another player. On the set she attends strictly to business or to the fancy work or book in her hands; off the set, she is Mrs. Bernard Durning, happily married wife of that big, good-looking director. No breath of scandal has ever touched Shirley, and she attributes part of her good luck in this respect to her habit of making the most of her time while "waiting," and of never gossiping with the other players. Consequently, Shirley Mason gets very little publicity. Her name never appears in the day's news; she apparently has no fads or hobbies, for publication. And if she loses somewhat because of this lack of front page space, she gains in sincere respect and admiration, which everyone on the Fox lot, and in the motion picture colony, for that matter, freely gives her.

Tom Mix and Telepathy

TOM MIX has become a convert to the belief in mental telepathy, since he was a victim of its powers on location one day not long ago. Tom is one of the most fearless stunt men in pictures, and permits no one to double for him. But his fearlessness is not always shared by all the cast, director, property men, etc.

Charles Ray's Solution

CHARLES RAY went through a terrible financial struggle when he left a salary to go into independent production. He had to make every minute and every penny count, for he was working on borrowed capital and the capitalists were not "honing" to give him any more.

It seemed vitally necessary to Ray that every minute of those precious hours be utilized to the best advantage. But occasionally, and with increasing frequency, he would appear on a set to begin work and find that things were wrong all round. It was hard to put a finger on the trouble. The director summed it up by telling Ray it was simply antagonism, working out in small ways.

At last it almost "got" Ray. He found himself unable to act to the best of his ability, for the antagonism was so thick he felt he could cut it with a butter knife. He did a little snooping on his own, and

found that it was all because the players had so much time on their hands, waiting for the call of "Camera!" While they waited the players spent their time in knocking, using the hammer with violent pleasure upon the star himself. Not that they felt any personal animosity. They simply had to pass the time away, and professional jealousy turned the current of the idle conversation starward.

"I know of no way to eliminate the waiting for action on the sets, but it does seem to me that some plan could be worked out whereby the players would wait with more contentment, and with something constructive to occupy their minds," says Charlie Ray.

"I believe the solution is a reading room, where the players can wait their turn. Of course the rule of the room would be that no talking could go on. They would be forced to write letters or read. A signal system of electric bells could be devised, by which players could be summoned, by the assistant director. The reading room would of course have to be just off the principal stage, and some small amount of waiting could not possibly be avoided. But much of the pernicious gossip would be eliminated in this way, and certainly the players would be in a better frame of mind for their work."

Charles Ray is probably right, as far as he goes. We wonder what the pirates appearing in Ray's new picture, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, would read in this off-stage library? Would they read Boccaccio or Coue, "Pickwick Papers" or "penny dreadfuls"—if there are any such left in this too-highbrow world? Would the women players dream over fashion magazines or would they read Elinor Glyn? Would Dickens have a place on the book shelves, or would Arabian Nights (unexpurgated) crowd him off? Probably "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "Du Barry" would leave scant room for Jane Austen. But whatever other classics are left off the shelves, we do hope that "Merton of the Movies" has an honored place.

At any rate, reading room or no, there is no end as yet in sight for the Hollywood ogre—WAIT!

Religion in Hollywood

(Continued from Page 43)

the recent reviewing, by the pastor in his pulpit, of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and Damned*. Fearing we might learn something at church not good for our youthful minds, we did not attend.

The Ambassador Theatre doubles on Sundays as a church de luxe, patronized by wealthy tourists and famous screen stars. Here many of our stars have spoken. Milton Sills once gave a most creditable sermon which made penitents of many bad little boys and foolish little girls. Helen Ferguson stood behind the pulpit one Sunday, her first public speech, and frankly discussed the motion picture industry with the sincerity that won her many discreet plaudits.

The Miracle Woman

TRUE, we have one brimstone-erator left, a sort of Miracle Lady, running second however to Peter: Rev. Aimee Semple McPherson, who holds regular "Divine healing services." Despite the fact that the tabernacle holds 5300 people, over 1000 are turned away at every serv-

ice. Of the old-time shouting Billy Sunday type, this enterprising woman evangelist and press agent draws to full houses and undoubtedly, beneath the publicity which haloes her efforts, does a commendable work.

The only church in Los Angeles that welcomes all creeds and takes up no collection is the Beth-El-Mission, presided over by a lovable old gentleman of eighty-two who, with his brother and the latter's wife, furnish the music also. But, alas, it is situated in a far corner of the city and is patronized mostly by the poorer and middle-class families.

The Movies' Church

THE "movie folks church," has for its rector Rev. Neal Dodd, friend and spiritual adviser of all the picture-people.

All in all, you may take your choice of religion here. All creeds, sects, personalities—and advertisements—are to be found in our churches. Right now, it is the novel that draws the crowds, that appeals to our stars' ennuied souls.

Is Theda Bara Dead?

(Continued from Page 40)

Hollywood where Brabin was directing for Goldwyn. Rumors began to be bruited about. Was the Brabin marriage to go the way of so many other Hollywood marriages?

But no. The bone of contention was simply this. Theda wanted to go back on the screen. Two years of idleness, even though she was most happily married, began to pall upon her. She had had a generous taste of the fascination that lies in electric lights. But her English husband did not agree with her ambitions.

Doesn't Want Theda to Work

IF BRABIN has his way about it, Theda Bara will cease to be Theda Bara and be just Mrs. Charles Brabin. Being a man and an Englishman, he loves domesticity and wants very much to have his beautiful wife installed just as mistress in his home.

"I hope she will not go back to

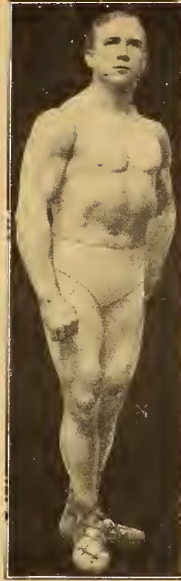
the screen," he says. "I am living at a hotel now and I am so deucedly lonely. I daren't speak to a young woman, for fear of the gossips, and I have to devote my time to the dowagers. I am so very anxious for her to come to Hollywood, to make a real home for both of us.

"Yet I know that I am asking a big thing when I say to a woman who has done big things, Stay home and darn my socks.' It's compromising my wife, I know."

And so Charles Brabin, generously seeing his talented wife's side of it, is conceding something and Theda, too, is conceding something. Perhaps Theda will do as her nice, big husband wishes.

But Hollywood, while sympathizing with his desires, is looking forward to the return of the prodigal, the most deliciously wicked woman on the screen. Hollywood wants to see for itself if Theda Bara is the Theda Bara it used to know.

"Make Your Marriage A Success"



Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself before you propose to some pure, innocent girl, whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both or sickly, defective little ones; a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the indexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. THINK now before it is too late and resolve to

Fit Yourself For Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits, or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

basic Laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

My Methods Restore Men

My entire life had been dedicated to a study of Nature's Laws. I have applied her wonderfully effective principles to my own person and have gained the world's award as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same marvelous, restorative, uplifting elements that I want to apply in your case and fit you for the Responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. I want to help you—I can help you with

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Strongfortism—Nature's First Assistant has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, discouraged men out of the bog of despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. Strongfortism has restored the manhood they thought lost forever, and has given them renewed confidence, vitality, success and fitted them for the joys of life. It can do the same for you irrespective of your age—occupation or surroundings. I guarantee it.

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| .. Hay Fever | .. Flat Foot | .. Bad Breath |
| .. Obesity | .. Stomach | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Headache | .. Disorders | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Thinness | .. Constipation | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Rupture | .. Biliousness | .. Despondency |
| .. Fear | .. Torpid Liver | .. Weaknesses |
| .. Lumbago | .. Indigestion | (Specify) |
| .. Neuritis | .. Nervousness | .. Neurasthenia |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Poor Memory | .. Prostatitis |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Falling Hair | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Bad Habits | .. Rheumatism | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Deformity | .. Youthful Errors | .. Sloop Shoulders |
| (Describe) | .. Vital Losses | .. Female Disorders |
| .. Successful Marriage | .. Impotency | .. Increased Height |
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"YOUTHGLO should be a daily habit of all women who care to preserve their appearance."

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How the Stars Put the Sure in Insurance

(Continued from page 63)

than straight dramatic players, because their work is more hazardous.

Owing to her work in serials, Ruth Roland is unable to obtain insurance from any of the companies, except at an exorbitant premium rate. Upon the \$500-a-week accident policy that she finally succeeded in getting, she pays a staggering premium.

This must give her great mental anguish, as she has to pay exorbitant rates for stunts that a double probably performs.

C. B. Likes Aviation, Too

CÉCIL DEMILLE was also an ardent devotee of aviation once, but was forced to give it up when the insurance companies threatened to cancel his policies. His personal insurance is several hundred thousand dollars, while Famous Players-Lasky protects itself against his loss at a mere half million.

Of course, all the studios are well covered by insurance. When an especially costly wardrobe or set is prepared, it is insured individually. Special protection is carried on cameras, and cameramen, also. After a picture is completed, the film's safe arrival in transit to New York is insured carefully.

Insurance On Jewelry

ALL the stars carry protection on their jewelry. Norma Talmadge's jewels are insured by Lloyd's for \$100,000. Constance Talmadge's are insured for \$75,000, while the Buster Keaton's jewelry is insured for \$40,000. The latter came in handy a while back, when Natalie Keaton lost a \$2500 diamond and platinum bracelet at the Ambassador hotel. The costly trinket was never found, so the insurance company made good the amount.

Why Not Insurance on Kisses?

So FAR, however, no star has stepped forward to get protection of her rose-petal lips from the hero's crushing caresses. Why neglect the main implement of this business of acting? Where would a leading lady be, could she no longer kiss?

We trust that the situation will be remedied immediately.



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The Furrows of Care

Squint Wrinkles

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Frown Marks

Banish Wrinkles & Worry Lines

with this New and Greater

ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

Last year close to a million women bought Terra-derma-lax—the famous English clay massage. They bought it by mail at \$2 a jar—often waiting many weeks to get it. Now comes the new Terra-derma-lax—available at any drug or department store—without a minute's wait—at \$1 a jar. Half the old mail-order price!

AGREATER Terra-derma-lax! From finer, new-found English clay. With new uses, new chemical potency, new beauty magic! Made MORE EFFICIENT by science—MORE ECONOMICAL by volume sales—MORE CONVENIENT to get—by retail store distribution throughout the world.

M. McSowan,

President, Dermatological Laboratories

Here is the most important beauty discovery of the decade! Terra-derma-lax will iron out and smooth away the most deep-seated face furrows—in an amazingly short time.

It is pretty generally recognized now that Terra-derma-lax is the world's most efficient Beauty Massage. The semi-weekly Clay Bath is a "fixture" in nearly every enlightened woman's toilette routine.

Dirt-secretions at the base of the pores cause most all facial eruptions and skin-sallowiness. Terra-derma-lax goes after this imbedded dirt on the suction-cleaner principle. It draws out all the concealed impurities from the pores as a vacuum cleaner draws soot from a carpet.

This is no news to the users of Terra-derma-lax. It is a story gloriously told to them every day, by the radiant clarity that Terra-derma-lax has brought to their complexions.

Startling News Even to Old Terra-derma-lax Friends

But that Terra-derma-lax removes

wrinkles! Here, indeed, IS news even to most enthusiastic clay-users.

We waited until we were sure. And today we are sure. Scientifically sure. We have tested this new Terra-derma-lax usage under all conditions, on faces grooved and grained with worry-lines. And we have seen those lines diminish, day by day, and finally vanish entirely, under laboratory observation. So we have no hesitancy in warranting Terra-derma-lax unreservedly to eradicate all premature marks and seams from any skin.

How Treatment Is Applied

The Terra-derma-lax wrinkle treatment is applied daily—not semi-weekly, like the Clay facial. The clay is spread, like tape, in strip formation, over the wrinkled section—just before going to bed. In a few minutes, as it dries, it sets up a tingling sensation—denoting stimulated blood-flow beneath the wrinkled parts.

The tingling shortly subsides—and the clay is left on overnight. Like a sad-iron smoothing out a piece of rumpled silk, it smooths out the seams in the skin—holding the cuticle taut and

firm throughout the night.

In the morning wash off the clay—and the improvement is immediately seen. Repeat each night until the wrinkles, growing dimmer and dimmer, disappear entirely.

The Cause of Wrinkles

Wrinkles are caused not only by age, but by repeated bad facial habits—such as the arching of the eyebrows, the squinting of the eyelids, the frowning of the forehead. These facial grimaces gradually form unnatural lines in the face, which quickly "set" if proper blood circulation does not wash them away.

Terra-derma-lax does two things to remove these unbecoming "expression lines."



It first smoothes out the creases in the skin, by its firm but gentle "ironing" action. And second, it restores the skin-health and life in the affected area by stimulating the blood-flow.

Results Are Guaranteed

Try this new and marvelous wrinkle treatment on our guarantee of quick and positive results.

Get a jar of Terra-derma-lax from your druggist (or from any toilette goods counter) and apply the wrinkle treatment three nights.

If you do not notice a decided improvement on the morning after the third treatment, return the balance of the clay in the jar, and your dollar will be refunded promptly.

A Double Delight to New Users

If you are not a user of Terra-derma-lax facials, there's a double treat in store for you. Get acquainted with the "beauty-sorcery" of these twice-a-week "clay baths." Supplement the nightly Wrinkle Treatment with twice-a-week Terra-derma-lax facials.

You'll be amazed at the new youth Terra-derma-lax will bring back into your face—the silky softness and schoolgirl full color it will return to your skin.

After the Wrinkle Treatment has conquered the crow's-feet—continue the Terra-derma-lax facials twice a week, to keep the skin in flawless condition. That's all the skin-beauty insurance any woman needs.



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THE ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

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If you are apt to be out when postman calls, enclose \$1 herewith, and jar will be sent you postpaid.

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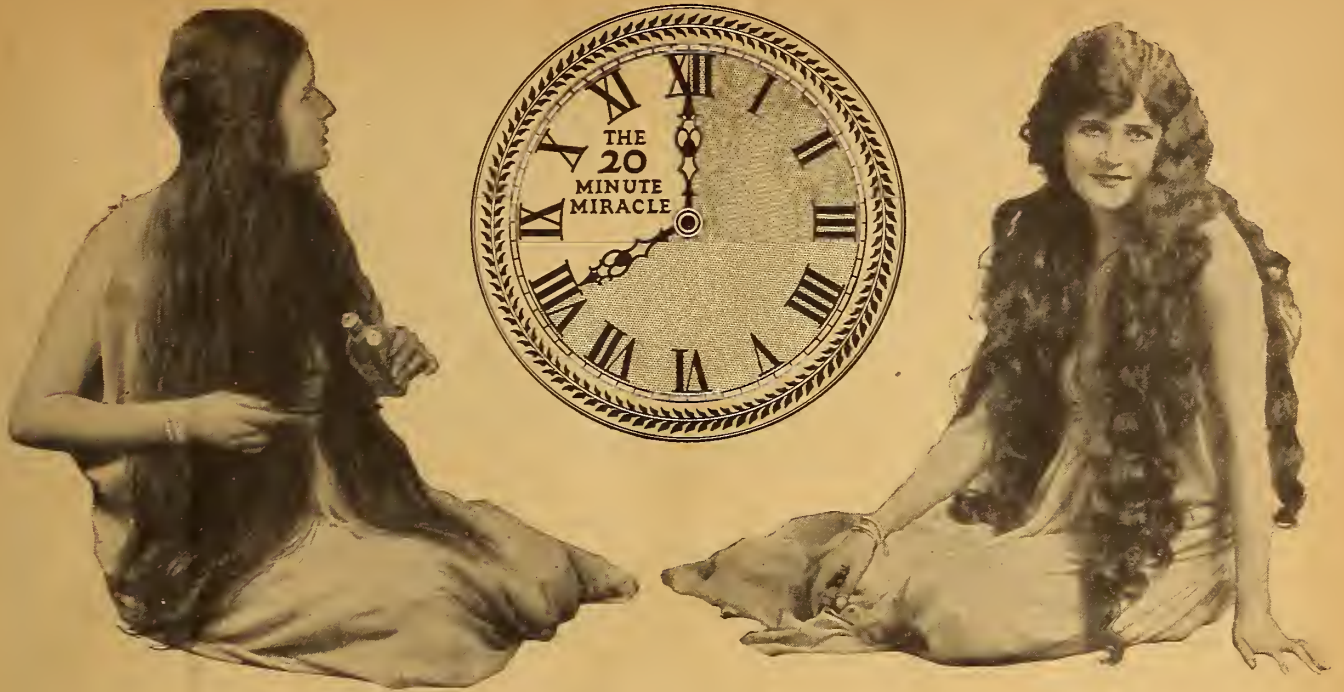
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Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charity tells of the
beggar's gift

Our house in Madrid faced a
little old beggar who I often
strode



A. M. Marcel



Lovely Curls

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

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

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

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

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

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

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

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

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

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

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

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

My hair was curly and beautiful. I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



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(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
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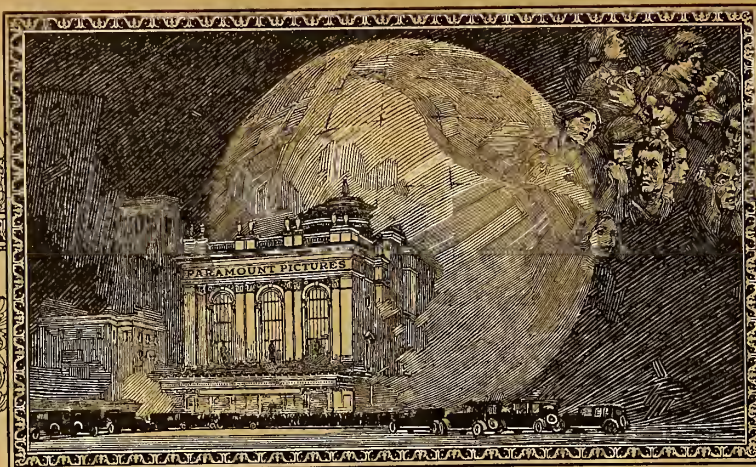
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If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.

Stars, Directors
& Featured Players
in
Paramount Pictures
Alphabetically listed

- Robert Agnew
- Mary Astor
- Agnes Ayres
- Alice Brady
- Herbert Brenon
- Betty Compson
- Ricardo Cortez
- James Cruze
- Dorothy Dalton
- Bebe Daniels
- Cecil B. DeMille
- Wm. C. deMille
- Charles de Roche
- Elliot Dexter
- Richard Dix
- Allan Dwan
- George Fawcett
- Elsie Ferguson
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The Independent Artists of the Screen

MOST of the great artists of the world have wished to be relieved of business worries.

They excelled through single-minded devotion to their art.

In the art of the screen Paramount has provided this ideal creative condition, thereby reaping the reward of leadership.

Directors, stars, players and master-technicians are extremely appreciative of the freedom from all worry of finance and organization which Paramount gives them.

They have choice of the richest material of story, personnel and equipment. Literally nothing is asked of them except that they give their best.

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This is the virtue of making to an ideal rather than to a fixed cost—and these are the real independents.

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- Antonio Moreno
- Nita Naldi
- Pola Negri
- David Powell
- Theodore Roberts
- Wesley Ruggles
- Lewis Stone
- Jerome Storm
- Gloria Swanson
- Rob Wagner
- Irvin Willat
- Lois Wilson
- Sam Wood



Pola Negri



Agnes Ayres



Bebe Daniels



Antonio Moreno



Jack Holt



May McAvoy



Glenn Hunter



Jacqueline Logan



Leatrice Joy



Elsie Ferguson



Betty Compson



Walter Hiers



Richard Dix



Cecil B. DeMille



Thomas Meighan



Theodore Roberts



Dorothy Dalton



Gloria Swanson



Lila Lee



Nita Naldi

Paramount Pictures

Screenland



Editor

MYRON ZOBEL

Associate Editors

ANNE AUSTIN EUNICE MARSHALL

VOL. VII

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MARY PICKFORD (Cover Design) . . . Flohri

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BRASS — FREE!

Charles G. Norris' Famous Novel.

"A desire to kiss the strange and lovely girl suddenly filled him. He wanted to take her in his arms and softly and tenderly press his lips to hers. It was the male instinct in him so recently awakened—innate, primitive, as natural as the bee seeking the brilliant bloom, the moth fluttering after the flame."



*From Warner Brothers' production, **Brass**, with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue.*

If you are married—if you *want* to get married—if you *despise* marriage with all the cynicism within you, you should read *Brass*. Perhaps you have seen the picture version produced by Warner Brothers, featuring Marie Prevost and Monte Blue.

Of all subjects which can form the theme for the writer of fiction or the producer of photoplays, the one which most vitally concerns every man and woman today, and the whole fabric of modern civilization, is that of marriage. Marriage can be the finest and most beautiful realization of ideals, or it may be a prisonlike degradation that hurts and defiles.

Brass is a story of marriage. It is naked modern life seen without pretense or disguise. It is marriage seen with the eyes of the realist and told so clearly that anyone would profit by the lesson revealed by the novelist.

SCREENLAND wishes to make you a present of a handsome copy of this novel absolutely **FREE!** With a year's subscription to **SCREENLAND**, the only Made-Where-The-Movies-Are-Made screen magazine, a **FREE** copy of *Brass* will be given you. It will make a splendid addition to your library or a welcome gift for some friend.

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Name
Address
City State

Hollywood's NEWS REEL

LLOYD IS THROUGH WITH THRILLS

HAROLD LLOYD is through with the thrill stuff, he announces. *Safety Last* will be his last thrill picture. Perhaps the sad fate of the "human fly", who was killed in exploiting the picture, has something to do with his decision. Harold is so thoroughly kind by nature that the accident, even though he was not even remotely to blame for it, must have caused him keen unhappiness.

The picture he is making now has a Spanish setting, and from the rushes will be excruciatingly funny. The final fade-out, filmed on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga, which is Hollywood's Broadway and 42nd St., blocked the traffic for an hour and gave the keenest joy to every tourist in the town.

BYE BYE, BETTY

BETTY BLYTHE has her first interesting rôle since *The Queen of Sheba*. The regal Betty has sailed for Algiers, where she is to be starred in a gorgeous screen production of *Chu Chin Chow*.

WE HATE TO LOSE HER

WE SINCERELY regret it, but Betty Compson has finished her contract with Famous Players-Lasky, and has signed a contract to appear in British pictures in London, so we shall lose her for a year or so. Betty Compson has been a victim to the wrong sort of pictures. Her charm and her dramatic ability has been wasted. We hope she will find another story like *The Miracle Man*, and we hope, too, that she will soon come back to us.

May McAvoy has also finished her Lasky contract. May is another actress who has found difficulty in getting the proper sort of story. But her work in *Sentimental Tommy* convinces us that there is dramatic genius in that lovely little body.

And thinking perhaps that this may be interesting by way of contrast—Gloria Swanson has a new contract with Lasky. Her salary, they say, has been raised from \$2500 or thereabouts to \$5000 a week.



JAMES Henry MacTavish was a Fightin' Devil in the war, and when he came back to his home town expecting to be a hero, the folks foisted off somebody's baby on him as a kidnapper; they refused him his own insurance money; told him his girl was engaged to be married to another; tried to steal his inheritance of \$50,000; stole his clothes and cash; called him an impostor and a liar; sicked the sheriff on him, handcuffed him and threw him in jail; and finally told him he was dead and a few other little things like that. This was some jam, but the tangling and untangling of this plot brings miles of smiles and many a thrill.

This is one of the snappiest comedy romances of the year in which you will find the hero of "The Hottentot" performing the star stunts. Don't miss it on the screen. And watch for the First National trademark on all pictures. It is the sign of the ultimate in entertainment and artistry.

Thos H. Ince presents
"The SUNSHINE TRAIL"

with Douglas MacLean

Directed by James W. Horne

Distributed by Associated

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Get Rid of That Double Chin

Marvelous **Reducine** Restores Girlish Neck Lines in Amazingly Short Time!

NOTHING does more to destroy youthful looks than a "double chin." However attractive the face or figure a double chin often ages a woman's appearance.

And now a double chin is no longer necessary. The famous Century Laboratories — world's research headquarters for beauty specialists — have discovered a delightful reducing formula, scientifically termed **Reducine**, which, used as a neck massage twice daily, will banish enlargement in the neck lines.

A double chin is not always a sign of overweight. Many women find that dieting and exercise — while reducing overweight, have no effect on the double chin.

Only a local treatment will banish superfluous neck flesh — without leaving the neck skin loose and flabby. And at last this treatment has been found.

Applied With Patented Reducing Brush

Reducine (private laboratory formula) is applied to the chin and neck with a remarkable new invention — a rubber reducing brush with soft vacuum cup tentacles — which strengthen and vitalize the sagging tissues. The treatment itself is delightful.

Reducine fairly seems to dissolve the fat — contracting the superfluous tissue while leaving the skin taut, firm and velvety.

Results come in an amazingly short time — two or three treatments often show astounding improvement. And a faithful use of the cream and brush for a few weeks will banish the double chin — restoring the slender contour of maidenhood.

Restore Your Beauty Lines

Any woman anywhere may try this new cream and brush treatment without a

penny of risk. The coupon is all you need send — we do not even ask for references. And the results are guaranteed — or there is not a penny of charge.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Remarkable No-Profit Offer

Wonderful new reducing brush with every jar of **REDUCINE**

We are willing and eager to distribute the first ten thousand jars of this wonderful neck reducing cream without a penny of profit. You'll tell your friends — and that will bring us hosts of orders.

Reducine and the Reducing Brush will retail in drug and department stores at \$3.50 for both.

But on the first 10,000 orders we will include the beauty brush absolutely free — and will forward the cream at \$1.87 — actual cost, without one penny of profit.

If the first five days' treatment does not prove to your satisfaction that improvement is certain — you may return the cream and brush — and we'll refund your money by return mail.



SEND No Money SIMPLY MAIL COUPON

Century Chemists
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Dept. 318, Century Building, Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper by insured parcel post, your complete "Double Chin" Reducing Treatment (Brush and Cream), regular retail value, \$3.50. I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage on delivery, with understanding that if, after five-day trial, I am not elated with results, I may return brush and cream and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon and everything will be sent to you postpaid.

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- Balboa Studio..... East Long Beach, Calif.
- Berwilla Studios 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
- Century Film Corp. 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Chas. Chaplin Studios La Brae Ave., Hollywood
- Christie Comedies 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Irvings Cummings Prod. 1729 Highland Ave., Hollywood
- Doubleday Productions Sunset & Bronson Ave., Hollywood
- Ferdinand Earle Productions Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
- Wm. Fox West Coast Studios 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
- Fine Arts Studio .. 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- J. L. Frothingham Prod. United Studios, Hollywood
- Garson Studios 1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
- Goldwyn Studio Culver City
- Great Western Producing Co. 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Thos. H. Ince Productions Culver City
- Lasky Studios.... 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles
- Louis B. Mayer Studios 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Metro Studio Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
- Morocco Productions 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Bud Osborne Productions 6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
- Pacific Studios Corp. San Mateo, Calif.
- Pickford-Fairbanks Studio Santa Monica Blvd., Long Beach
- Pacific Film Co. Culver City
- Principal Pictures United Studios, Hollywood
- R. D. Film Corp.... Balboa Studios, Long Beach
- Chas. Ray Studios Hollywood, Cal.
- Realart Studio .. 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
- Robertson-Cole Productions Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
- Russel-Griever-Russell 6070 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Hal E. Roach Studio Culver City
- Morris R. Schlank Productions 6050 Sunset, Hollywood
- Jos. Schenck Prod. .. United Studios, Hollywood
- Schulberg Productions 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Sennett Studios Edendale, Los Angeles
- Selig-Rork 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Universal Studio Universal City, Calif.
- King Vidor Prod. Ince Studios, Culver City
- Vitagraph Studio ... 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
- Warner Bros. Studio Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
- Ben Wilson Productions Berwilla Studios, East Long Beach, Calif.

EASTERN STUDIOS

- Biograph Studios.. 807 East 175th St. N. Y. C.
- Blackton Studios Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Estee Studios 124 West 125th St., N. Y. C.
- Fox Studios West 55th St., N. Y. C.
- D. W. Griffith Studios Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- International Film 2478 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.
- Harry Levy Prod. ... 230 West 38th St., N. Y. C.
- Lincoln Studio Grantwood, N. J.
- Mirror Studios Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
- Pathe 1900 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.
- Selznick Studios Fort Lee, N. J.
- Talmadge Studios ... 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
- Vitagraph Studios.. East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

from Hollywood

"YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED with a WRINKLED FACE"



BEFORE



AFTER

Photographs by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood, who wishes to say that if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of the above photographs, refer anyone to him and he will show them the negatives.
MELBOURNE SPURR
Hollywood

April 14th., 1923.
Apt. 101,
718 South Alvarado St.,
Los Angeles, California.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is a word of encouragement and advice to my fellowmen who look in the mirror and find that Father Time has brushed his not too tender fingers across their faces and left those telltale lines and shadows.

My mirror looked back at me and my heart sank, but not for long, for I had heard that wrinkles could be removed so I began to investigate the different methods I saw advertised.

I interviewed several operators and saw many of their patients but M. Ella Harris at 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California proved to me beyond a doubt, that she could positively remove wrinkles and all blemishes. She showed me a number of people treated, perhaps only on one side, others completely rejuvenated, with their pictures taken before which proved to me that SHE WILL SET YOU BACK TWENTY YEARS.

But the one whose face showed the most marvelous effects of M. Ella Harris' treatment, was a pupil of hers (this lady now has an establishment in Hollywood) and after seeing her who had been treated three times only in seventeen years, and still retained the smooth contour and un-wrinkled skin of youth, I WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED.

M. Ella Harris treated my face about two months ago and I am entirely satisfied and received much more benefit than I had hoped. The mental effects have made me more happy as looking well makes one more agreeable to their friends. I will be glad to tell anyone who wishes to learn more of this method.

Yours truly,

(Address) Mrs. M. Steele,
Apt. 101, 718 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

M. ELLA HARRIS

Also manufactures a splendid home treatment consisting of "Marvel Skin Tightener," "Special Double Astringent" and "Bleach Cream" which separately sells for \$7.00 but which will be mailed upon receipt of \$5.00, with full directions complete.

"They Whiten and Tighten the Skin"

Wrinkles Disappear

Send \$5.00 for this home treatment

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Enclosed please find \$5.00 for which please send me your special home treatment.	
Name
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City.....	State.....



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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



CORRINE GRIFFITH
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESS



PHILIPPE DE LACEY

PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPURR



FOOL'S GOLD

The True Diary of an Extra Girl

The first true narrative of Life as it
is lived in our Bagdad-on-the-Pacific

A NOTE OF PRIDE

Lord Carnavon had nothing on us. We are explorers, too. For years we have been searching for the screen player who could transfer to the printed page, in vivid color, the romance and glamour of life in the film colony. At last we have found such a one.

Her name is known in every Casting office from Culver City to Fine Arts. And she can write! In these pulsating extracts from her diary, you can fairly sniff the smell of grease paint, you can hear the fascinating *argot* of the studios and the grinding of the cameras. When you read this true diary of an extra girl, you will *know* Hollywood!

The final and violent attack of *movietitis* that made me sure that fame and fortune were awaiting me in Hollywood came upon me six months ago. I never won a beauty contest, nor did my family or friends even proclaim me pretty. Far be it from such. But I felt I *had* to act. I fancied that acting, without the inspiration of an audience or of spoken lines, was the highest expression of dramatic art.

So I pawned every bit of jewelry I had in the world, in Chicago, begged what I could of a sceptical family and raised just enough money to pay my railroad fare, tourist class, to Los Angeles, and to buy me one small

meal a day at the Harvey lunch rooms on the way out.

To my mind, Hollywood had been a sort of fairyland; the stars were its ladies fair and valiant princesses. They were like mythical people from the fabled land of the Table Round.

When my train pulled into the station, I thrilled. Now I was actually a part of this wonderful land of sunshine, roses, movies and disappearing beds. And I liked it.

In the telephone book at the Santa Fe Station, I found the name and telephone number of a family friend. I called her up, arranged to go right out to Hollywood, where she lived, and in less than an hour I was in a little green bungalow, covered with yellow roses, surrounded by red geraniums: and orange, lemon and fig-trees were blooming right in the back yard. This dear little home belonged to Grace Warner. My mother's people had always known Grace's family; it seems to me they must have met generations ago, for I can't remember not hearing about them, even from Grandma. Mr. Warner was away on a business trip, so Grace offered to rent his room to me, until his return, for the sum of nine dollars a week. This I agreed to pay willingly, in spite of the fact I had only four dollars in my pocketbook. I felt so certain my picture career would start the following Monday.

It is six months from that time, and yesterday was my first day's work in pictures. How have I lived in the meantime? One learns to live in Hollywood, almost as the "lilies that toil not, neither do they spin." I have toiled as much as I've been allowed to:—sung in moving picture houses a few weeks, worked in a side show at Venice, demonstrated bricks with which to build cheap houses,

CAN one tell the truth, and still live in the community which one has told the truth about? I can't answer this yet. After my diary of my experiences in Hollywood has been published, I shall let you know.

I have been in Hollywood almost three years. The following I have written from time to time, in my bedroom, intending it to be read only by myself. I have found this unburdening of my soul a solace in the moments of my black discouragement, and a joy in my moments of bliss.

Back in my mind I have had the fear that some day Fate might sentence me to live in some Gopher Prairie or Pig Hollow. Then, when perhaps all my eyes could see would be horse-hair furniture and proper people, what joy it would be to bring out my little book of Hollywood memoirs, smell again the faint odor of orange blossoms and read again of gypsy days. God forbid that this should ever be my fate, but one never knows.

And now, dear public, I have been persuaded to let you read these innermost ramblings and reasonings of my real self. So take my hand—taking hands is such a natural thing to do in tropical, lovable Hollywood—and now come with me to Hollywood.

In The Beginning . . .

August 2, 1920

THE movie germ is much like measles; once it is in your system, you are never quite the same again.



They told me to strip to the waist, as they wanted to see "what kinda figure you got, girlie." I needed the job, so I did. But instead of looking at me, they kept sheepishly looking at each other, muttering "She'll do" and "Very good type". I got the job.

squirted soda in a candy-kitchen till I thought I could never look an ice-cream soda or pop in the face again. Occasionally I borrowed money, when I found anyone who had it to lend. But I have learned to smile, chew gum, and sip a lemon coca-cola slowly, and feel as if I had eaten a full meal.

I believe more strongly than ever that any boy or girl who has the desire and ambition to follow an artistic career, should also have a vocational training of some sort, stenographic, hair-dressing, nursing, or even embalming. I knew a girl who worked as a chorus girl in the winter, and in a funeral parlor in summer. I asked her once which occupation she preferred. She said—

"You'd be surprised kiddo, but the dead ones in the summertime can be relied upon more than the live ones in the wintertime."

Many a time I have wished to be an embalmer or something, so that I could make enough money to tide me over the "starvation spells" I have had, waiting for my star to rise.

However, the Service Bureau called me yesterday, so I have really started now. This agency has the name, description, and photograph of everyone trying to get into pictures, that is anyone doing small parts or extra work. The studios call the bureau and say:

"We want twenty men and women, millionaire type," or "we need ten girls for a Western, dance hall dames."

The bureau finds them all, and sends men and women, young and old, all types, to the studios at a few hours' notice.

To the "would-be-star," however, the Service Bureau is like a Chiropractor. One goes to it after all else, personal letters, friends, and every other possible channel of entrance into the steel guarded portals of film-land have failed.

My call was to be on the lot at seven-thirty A. M., made up and ready to go on the set at eight. As a child I longed to be a clown, and yesterday with my dead white face, red lips, and green eyelids, to say nothing of the false eyelashes, believe me, I felt like one. They draped me with a very beautiful Spanish shawl, and added all the trimmings belonging to the picture, Spanish vamp, mantilla, comb, fan and rose on ear.

We worked on a Mission set, built on the lot, quite a little walk from the main buildings of the studio. From eight until noon we sat; the sun would not shine the right way, and there was much setting, and unsetting of cameras, but about noon we started to work. They shot a few scenes, and then called "lunch". As I had just six cents, I had long since abandoned the idea of eating. Think how comforting it was to have a little box handed to me, containing a dry

Oh for a job! More priceless than rubies is the certainty of a weekly pay envelope in Bohemian Hollywood, where one works for a day or a week, and then, alas, one does not work for a month! One girl in Hollywood bridged the long gaps by dancing in a cabaret in the winter and working in a funeral parlor in the summer. "And you'd be surprised, kiddo," says she, "how much more you can depend on the dead ones in the summertime than you can upon the live ones in the winter!"

cheese sandwich, a piece of soggy apple pie, an orange and a stick of gum, besides a bottle of blue milk! If I attain stardom and dine nightly in lavish lobster palaces, no food I know will ever taste better to me, than that first box-lunch.

We worked all afternoon, strolling up and down, while Ruth Roland and the villain had a desperate struggle on the balcony. Once the director called to me,

"Show some horror, when you see the villain attack Miss Roland."

This I did, and the director seemed pleased, for in a few minutes he picked me out to put me closer to the-camera, and later I was alone in a still, more to show the beautiful shawl, than anything else, but I felt I had made a hit.

We worked until five-thirty, and I was called again to-day. Our work to-day was a repetition of yesterday, all re-takes they called them.

I liked everyone so much. Ruth Roland is twice as beautiful off the screen, and as natural and friendly as a girl could be. People in the movies seem so light hearted; there is really a wonderful spirit of play. Not that

we didn't work hard, for believe me standing for hours in the broiling sun, with reflectors scorching your eyes, is not pleasant. Still it was all in an atmosphere of joy that seems so lacking in the usual work-a-day world.

To-night I possess a check for twenty dollars, and I have only worked two days for it; I expect to stay awake all night figuring out how can one pay a hundred dollars' worth of debts with twenty; now I ask you?

"Getting a Job."

October 15, 1920

THE possession of twenty dollars all at one time was quite a shock to my heretofore empty purse. So for several days I paid bills, and moved about feeling somewhat of a millionairess.

However this sudden affluence did not last long. A week later I was again in a panic about work. After a long day of job-hunting, I met a girl I knew who worked quite steadily in pictures. She told me of an Oriental picture, then in the process of casting at one of the studios. She said the casting director needed girls with good figures, their beauty of face being a secondary matter. This news gave me hope, so I started off, fairly confident of good luck. I arrived in the studio at nine-thirty A. M., to find that I was about the seven-hundred and sixty-ninth girl who had heard the same news. There we sat for hours and hours. Many became so tired they left, but I remained, hoping every minute the director would appear and say;

"Ah, the very girl I am looking for, just the type."

I spent from three to six hours for five consecutive days waiting to see this casting director. At last at the end of the fifth day I was permitted to see him. He was one of those individuals who believes that the sense of sight and hearing is not enough to make one's acquaintance, but that the sense of touch must also be employed. Apropos of this let me say, that out of fifty men one meets, forty-nine treat you as intelligent individuals, but alas, there is ever the fiftieth. This particular casting director was that fiftieth, he held my hand, pinched my arm, and patted me as though I had been in his life always. In my heart I resented this frightfully, but I felt the job was at hand, I needed it badly, and—the

day would come when I could tell a few of these "poor prunes" just what a girl really thinks of them.

After what seemed endless moments of discomfort, this casting director told me I would have to see Mr.—who was picking out twelve girls for special bits, "Vestal Virgins" or "Solomon's pet Concubines" or something equally embarrassing. I smiled my plaster of paris grin, and exited. Mr.— could not be seen till the next morning, I was told at the desk. So out I went hating all men. We are unjust to men us "poor working goils", for one experience like this will turn us for many hours against all the truly fine men who make life so worth while.

By the next morning I was over my "grouch", and again bent on getting the job. So I bathed, perfumed, and made-up for hours. I arrived at the studio before ten A. M., and didn't have to wait long. Two girls came out of the office just as I was called in. They looked rather peevish. I thought little of this then, later I knew the reason.

As I entered the inner office I saw three rather bleary-eyed looking men sitting around a table. The best looking of the three rose and said:

"We don't like to ask you to do this girlie, but if you want the job of one of the special girls, at \$12.50 a day, you'll have to strip to the waist, as Mr.—must know just what kinder shapes you girls have got."

However, I pulled myself together, my one thought being the \$12.50 a day. So I did as I was bid. I stepped into the little room he beckoned me to and let my hair down. It is long and thick, so I draped my locks about my shoulders as artistically as my nervous cold hands would permit.

When I appeared at the doorway, much of the air of bravado had left the three body-choosers, and they acted rather embarrassed. Instead of looking at me, they kept looking at each other, sheepishly muttering, "she'll do",—"very good type",—"that's all, O. K.". Anyway I got the job. Every girl went through the same ordeal.

Then we worked for weeks in little chiffon drapes, a few beads, and the warmth and protection our long hair gave us, for they found in bobbed-haired Hollywood only twelve maidens with hair that hung below their knees, and covered their bare backs like a cloak.

For six weeks we worked almost every day. We arrived at the studio at eight A. M., and worked until five, often returning at night to emote under the stars for hours.

The work was fascinating. One really lives in the era which the picture depicts. Somehow this seems to be more true of the silent than of the spoken drama. For when one works day and night for weeks, it seems easier to actually live a part.

I earned a lot of money in this picture, and bought a new suit and hat, and paid up back board, besides sending advance Christmas presents to the family. This experience should be valuable to me, for it is the first picture work I have done in which I have really had a chance. I worked a great deal, and had many scenes with the star. When the picture is released there should be many close-ups of me.

(Added in 1923.) To all the friends I wrote of being in this picture, I received the same icy epistle from each: "We all went to see the picture but we didn't see you." I myself went five times before I caught even a glimpse of "me", and when I did see myself I winked, and ere the wink was over I had passed.

A studio was casting for an Oriental picture. Hoping to get a job as "atmosphere" a score of girls rushed to the casting director. In order to get a chance at the special job of a vestal virgin at \$12.50 a day, they had to strip to the waist, so that three bleary-eyed men might "see what kinder shape you girls have got."

Not even a shadow had I cast on this Silver Land.

"Real Reel Royalty"

November 11, 1920.

SUCH a thrill, old Diary. How can I ever write about it, to make you understand how truly wonderful it all was?

Last week I received a letter from an old school friend. She enclosed an introduction from her husband to Douglas Fairbanks. Frank O'Malley and Douglas Fairbanks are real friends, so the letter gave me a lovely



Once I worked for a week as a bally-hoo in a side-show at Venice, to keep from starving.

reception from the incomparable "Doug". I spent at least an hour with him, the "Globe-Known," "World-Admired" idol, and he did not disappoint me for a single minute. He is as genuine, handsome and kind to meet as ever he is on the Silver Screen. And he has so much personality that it fills every corner of the room and oozes through the cracks of the windows and doors. Douglas Fairbanks would have been famous in some way, even if he had never gone into Pictures, for he has that something that says to the world—"I am here, you must admire and respect me, and give me of your treasures, for I'll give you all that is in me, but in return I want all from you."

Mr. Fairbanks talked of pictures and of his great desire to do classic parts, among others he spoke of wanting to do "The Three Musketeers." He also spoke of one of his greatest ambitions, to have vast land in one of our agricultural States, laid out in simple communities, and thousands of our half starved, undeveloped children from city tenements brought to this community to live. Thus he would develop them into strong, able bodied, clear minded men and women.

After a lovely visit, he asked me if I would like to come up to their house in Beverley Hills the next night to a pre-view of "The Mark of Zorro," which is the picture he has just finished. The thought of

meeting his wife, our own Mary Pickford, and of being in their own home made my head spin. It did not seem possible. Mary Pickford has always been in my mind as some sort of personality, more like Red-Ridinghood, or Cinderella, and these months in Hollywood have not disillusioned me at all. So the thought of meeting her was like an invitation to break down the portals of fairyland and enter therein.

The next night came. I drove the dilapidated car borrowed from a friend, and I wore the best dress I had. I know I looked and felt rather "country cousinish". This was all forgotten, however, when I was ushered into their lovely home and up to Mary's boudoir to lay off my wraps. I have always pictured Mary's bedroom pink and cream and pale blue, so free from glaring colors, nothing oriental or heavy. Just so it is. It seemed like the room my mind had always travelled to when Mother's voice got thin and she would say, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" Light, joy, sweetness and everlasting childhood, are surely Mary Pickford's inheritance from the Higher Power.

From her charming room I hated to tear myself, so I powdered and re-powdered my nose, until I realized that Enid Bennett, (Mrs. Fred Niblo was kindly waiting for me to go down stairs with her.

Douglas Fairbanks introduced me to Mrs. Fairbanks. Meeting Mary, when the time came, was so natural, because I felt as I stood near to these two famous people, that they were nobility, and the royal are the simple folk—they are noble in the deep, hard battles of life that really count.

A girl who wants to get on in the pictures has got to learn to smile, chew gum, sip a lemon coca-cola slowly, and feel as if she had eaten a seven course dinner.

Mr. Fairbanks introduced me to everyone there. Among the small group of guests were Mrs. Pickford, Jack Pickford, Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, and Marshall Neilan, also Doug's little son. He's a fine manly fellow, so proud of his father. It is fun to watch his constant admiration.

Among my childish dreams was one to have a large soda fountain in the middle of our parlor, and treat all my friends to soda water and ice-cream as they entered. Can you imagine having a motion picture machine right in your own drawing room? That is what they have. After a few minutes' visiting about a large tapestry was removed, showing a projection machine, and at the further end of the room, a broad shade was drawn down, making a good sized screen, on which to throw the picture.

All my life I'll like "The Mark of Zorro" better than any picture I have ever seen, for the picture itself is good, and the setting, and circumstances of my seeing it, place it in my inner "memory ring."

I left about eleven o'clock. "Ma Pickford" had quite a talk with me at the door about beautiful little Olive Thomas, who had been dead only a few weeks. Mrs. Pickford was very sincere and real to me; she had no earthly reason to be otherwise, and I feel she is misjudged by

the many sentimental, sensational "write-ups" she is always getting.

All around, I like "Reel Nobility." I have met a lot of so called nice people, and also stage people, and strictly business people and I feel that these "movie people" as a whole measure up to these various classes very favorably.

My Pie Crust Day.

January 15, 1921

I've cried for a solid hour. It's all over now,—I feel cheerful again, but this has been such a pie crust day. Promises, promises everywhere, just made to be broken.

Miss London called me up before breakfast, and told me without a doubt I was on the list for the Lost Art Studio, four days work at ten dollars a day. She said "just come in and see about your call at the costumers." I felt this was sure, so I bounded back to bed, awoke the entire room, told Pat I'd pay her the \$5 I owed her, told Phyllis I'd give her \$5 to have her wisdom tooth pulled. Promised a new pair of white stockings to the "community leg line", and I paid a week's board—all in my mind with the money I was to earn.

After breakfast I dashed to Miss London's office to be told that Rahab Joy had gotten the job I was to have had; she was a better type—so I was told!!!

I sallied forth, head high, heart low, and purse empty, but nothing was to stop my daily round of the studios.

My next promise was from W—— W——. He kept me waiting two hours then took me into his office, pinched my arms, patted me, tried to

(Continued on page 86)

Next month—Out on the desert, "on location" for *Burning Sands*, with a handsome sheik singing strange, passionate love songs under the stars, the little extra girl has a thrilling experience. She tries for weeks to get work, posing in the nude for art titles—and gets a call for a girl with long tresses after she has bobbed her hair! She works a day in comedies, and experiences the joy of meeting a custard pie, face on. She has to vamp Bull Montana, and works for a week in a harem scene. She makes the acquaintance of a pawn shop and "hocks" her one piece of antique jewelry to buy potatoes. And then the friend who gave her the bracelet comes to town and she has to commit a dire deed to get the bracelet out of hock. Don't miss a single installment of this true diary of an extra girl, in Screenland for August.

I'll never forget the time when I doubled for a star in a ship-burning scene. I was thrown over the side of the blazing boat into a small life-boat, and a real live baby, only a few months old, was thrown to me. We rehearsed this scene twenty times.



The Port of *MISSING GIRLS*

All over the country, from Hoboken to Medicine Hat, girls are saving or stealing to buy a wardrobe and a ticket to Hollywood. If your girl is missing, look for her here.

TWENTY years or so ago we were simply paralyzed as a nation with the frightful expose of white slavery. Heavens, but what thrills we got out of the horrors revealed! New York became the symbol of all that was wicked; immigration from the small towns increased by leaps and bounds—the girls fairly leaping over each other to get to New York, to see the wickedness at first hand, and the boys breaking all bounds as ruthlessly as a young bull pup pulls up his kennel stakes, determined to contribute to the fascinating delinquency that had been so well advertised.

That's always the way. Wickedness is the most fascinating study that mankind can take up. We all kid ourselves that our interest is purely "human interest"; that we can stand in the fire and not get burnt. That's one big reason why Los Angeles has so carefully guarded the secret that it is in reality "the Port of Missing Girls". And since Los Angeles is merely a station which discharges passengers for Hollywood, so far as the movie struck millions are concerned, Hollywood really deserves the doubtful honor of being known as "The Port of Missing Girls"—and boys and men, and women. But it is the girls with whom we are most concerned. Every boy has a right to run away from home at least once in his adolescence; he hardly feels that it is worth-while to have his voice change and his pants get longer, if he doesn't prove his manhood by running away from home and half starving to death.

But girls who run away are marked for life—if they get caught and are hauled back home. Barbara LaMarr will never live down the fact that when she was fifteen years old she was abducted or ran away from home or something of the sort. The "whole truth" has been told so many

times that probably Barbara herself has forgotten what really happened. But the story has become a "screen classic".

The ingenuity of the movie-struck to get to Hollywood in the first place and then to get into the studios after arrival would make a mere war strategist like von Hindenburg green with envy.

All over the country, from Hoboken to Medicine Hat, girls are saving their dimes and dollars to buy a wardrobe and a ticket to Hollywood. The thrift campaigns thought up by the banks are puny little affairs compared with the thrift urge which Hollywood-itis brings on. On the

IF YOU HAD JUST BOB-BED YOUR HAIR

And you received a call from a studio to pose in the nude for some art titles, and you needed the money to pay the over-due room rent, what would you do? Perhaps you would do just what the little writer of *THE DIARY OF AN EXTRA GIRL* did. She tells all about it in the second installment of her diary, in *Screenland* for August. Look for it.

pass book of probably fifty per cent of the flapper-stenographer's savings accounts should be written in red ink, "Savings for Hollywood". Or simply, "Account, Gypsy Blood".

Thieves in the Making

BUT A terrifying large number of girls—and boys—are stealing money and clothes. Since many of them confidently expect to shuck all their morals and principles—"Mid-West virtue" is the pet phrase for it right now—they begin by stealing the wherewithal right out of the old sock or the ginger jar.

The Credit Association, which keeps national tab on people with delinquent accounts, says that thousands of girls and women nurses an account along in their own home towns, paying up promptly for months or even years until a sound credit rating is established, and then they purchase heavily of clothes, luggage and finery of all kinds, decamp for Hollywood, change their names and are never heard from again. A nice, ladylike procedure, to be sure, but not at all surprising to the Traveler's Aid, the Y. W. C. A., the Juvenile Hall authorities, and others, who could tell stories to make your hair stand on end.

Actual Figures on Runaways

THE JUVENILE BUREAU alone, which handles only the worst cases,—that is, cases which can't be dealt with at once and without red tape and trouble,—has a record of 1048 runaways from July, 1920 to July, 1921. Boys predominate—622 as against 426 girls.

Two great factors contribute to the delinquency of boys and girls, who are picked up in Hollywood: bad home conditions—starved natures demanding expression—and the lure of romance and adventure. Hollywood is the Mecca of the Victims of Suppressed Desires, to use a Freud term that is handled as freely as the weather in Hollywood. And young girls and boys are not the only victims to this antique but newly discovered condition. Wives of all ages, from brides to grandmothers, come to Hollywood—literally run away to Hollywood—to seek illicit love and romance.

This determination to have romantic love at any cost is the hardest problem the preventive and rescue organizations have to deal with.

A case illustrates the point beautifully.



"Hallie!" cried the mother, over and over. She seized the girl's hands and tried to kiss them. But the girl drew away in haughty distaste. "I have never seen you before! What do you mean!"

A Crush on Doug

A YOUNG WIFE, seventeen years, generously provided for by an indulgent husband, ran away from her home, bringing her two babies with her, and a girl who was to look after the babies while the mother looked for work in the studios.

She said she had been corresponding with Douglas Fairbanks for a long time and had come out here on definite promises. Her story was later found to be utterly false. She had stolen the money little by little from the cash drawer of her husband's small clothing store in Kansas City, and with it had provided herself with a resplendent wardrobe and a large assortment of beautiful and artistic photographs, which she thought would be an open sesame to a marvelous screen career. One of the first things the movie-struck wife did was to hunt up a Los Angeles photographer to get more pictures made. The photographer found her easy prey. Probably she was glad to encourage him, for shortly she moved her trunk into his studio on Third Street and he provided a flat for her, the children and the other girl. There was nothing snide about that photographer. He seemed to "spare no expense".

But feeling that the photographer after all could not get her into the movies, however grateful she might be for a flat and for an endless assortment of beautiful photographs, she began to make the studios regularly, and soon had another lover, a mechanic from one of the largest studios, who became a constant visitor at the flat when the photographer was not expected. The mother worked it so that the other girl kept the babies out at picture shows most of the time.

Mrs. Lillian M. Toomey, of the Juvenile Bureau, received an appeal from the husband of the woman to help him locate his wife and babies. In some way, she got on the trail of the trunk probably through the transfer company which had handled it and which is compelled to keep records of all calls. She called on the photographer, on pretext of wanting pictures of herself made, and nosed about until she located the trunk. She threatened him with arrest and exposure if he did not reveal the whereabouts of the missing wife. He finally confessed, to save trouble—

having a wife who was not on calling terms with his mistress.

The husband was sent for and arrived post haste, to gather up his erring wife and neglected babies. But the wife, Mrs. Toomey hears from the discouraged husband, will not live with him and insists on returning to Hollywood when she can finance another trip.

"I am so good-looking that it will be no trouble for me to get into pictures," was the girl's oft-repeated defiance of the law and her husband.

"She'll probably slip into Hollywood by way of Pasadena next time, and thus elude the watchful waiters at the station," Mrs. Toomey says regretfully. "And there will be one more unfortunate, contributing to the unsavory reputation of the movies."

The significant thing is that the seventeen year old beauty did not get a single day's work in pictures during the long months she was in Hollywood.

So typical that it may be recognized by hundreds of heartsick parents as well as the girl herself, is the case of a girl of fourteen, from Indianapolis, who stole \$400. from her mother and left home dressed in plain gingham. She fitted herself out in Indianapolis with a brown silk dress, hat, shoes, silk stockings to match, and an expensive coat. In her suitcases she packed two suits of silk underwear. She purchased a ticket for Los Angeles via San Francisco. Through telegrams from her parents, she was found by the Traveler's Aid matron at the Southern Pacific station, and turned over to the Juvenile Bureau. She was a very homely, gawky, uninteresting looking little girl, according to Mrs. Toomey, but she said naively that she had come to "shine in the movies".

From Tennessee

TWO LITTLE girls from Tennessee had gotten into correspondence with two "actors" out here and had run away to come West to meet them and go into pictures, with their help. The parents telegraphed frantically to the Juvenile Bureau and Mrs. Toomey went to the train. The only description she had of the girls was of age, height and clothes. But they had of course changed their clothes before arriving. She followed each couple of girls as they alighted from the train, till at last she spotted two

with a Southern accent. The two "extras" had come to the train to meet the girls, and were waiting outside the exit, but noting that Mrs. Toomey was following the girls, they held back and did not speak to the girls.

The girls consulted together in low tones, overheard by Mrs. Toomey and at last decided to telegraph their mothers. Mrs. Toomey followed them to the telegraph desk, pretending to write a message while she watched over their shoulders. They were wiring to their mothers: "We were married today. Billy and Betty."

"You may hand those telegrams to me," said Mrs. Toomey, explaining who she was. The girls began to weep, telling each other, "We knew something like this would happen." She put the girls in Juvenile Hall until the parents could send for them. The "actors" were warned not to repeat the amusing little stunt.

The studios co-operate in every way possible with the Los Angeles and Hollywood police, Traveler's Aid and Y. W. C. A., in an effort to round up every missing girl and boy.

Goldwyn studios has recently announced a special system for the work, requiring that every girl who registers with the casting director must show credentials. If her record appears at all shady, or if her youthfulness indicates that she may be a runaway, her parents, whose names she is required to give, are notified.

Denies Her Own Mother

NOT LONG ago a mother arrived in Hollywood, heartbroken over the sudden desertion of her daughter, who had been the mainstay of the crippled mother and a sickly little half-brother. The Traveler's Aid had previously done everything possible to locate the missing girl, and so had the Y. W. C. A. and the Juvenile Hall officials. The mother, living in Emporia, Kansas, was given a purse by interested townspeople, and told to spend all the time she needed in locating the girl. She was sure she had come to Hollywood, for the girl had talked of nothing but her infatuation for Valentino and Conway Tearle. The Traveler's Aid had made exhaustive searches, with these infatuations as leads, but nothing had come of them.

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How many causes are there for suicide? If you really think you know, read

Hollywood's *Suicide Club*

By W. ELLEN REAMY

Illustrated By R. Van Buren

HALF-EMPTYED plates were pushed back, and newly filled coffee cups were drawn forward. Flickering candle flames threw eerie shadows on the darkly polished bare surface of the round table. A great black cat rubbed suggestively against the trousered knees of the men, or the flimsy skirts of the women, but her plaintive meows went unheeded—for the first time. She felt aggrieved, puzzled.

A foreign waiter hovered near the door, but the tense, white faces of his guests did not invite his services. A fat, well fed German cook came to peer over his shoulder, speechless for once, shocked at last by something that was happening in Hollywood.

"Are we all agreed then upon an organization?" The speaker was Chester DuPriest, a star of slapstick comedy. His face looked more like a tragedy mask, looming up blackly from the startlingly white shirt almost concealed by a well-fitting Tuxedo.

The three other men and five women nodded, drawing hard on their cigarettes as if to gain courage.

"Grant, have you a copy of the by-laws you were asked to draw up? Snap into it, old dear. It's getting late. My wife will come Maggie-ing after me in another hour."

"Damn fool to tell her where you were going," drawled a white-faced, black-haired woman whose scarlet slash of a mouth quivered passionately. Her extreme nervousness was painful to observe.

"Had to. She nags," DuPriest said savagely. "Well, Grant, read what you have, won't you? This damn place gives me the creeps. I've

got an eight o'clock call in the morning. Location stuff. Out into the Mojave Desert."

Compact to Suicide

"All the more reason you want to sign this tonight," Grant, tall, curly-haired, thin, blond, laughed shortly. "I'll surely commit suicide if I'm ever faced with another desert trip like I went through with that Sheik picture." He cleared his throat, grinning around the group, but his smile lacked mirth. It got no response. A little bobbed-haired girl shuddered, and with nervous irritability kicked the cat which was clawing at her dress.

"Compact and by-laws of Hollywood's Suicide Club", Grant read aloud. The crackling of the paper made sharp sounds in the semi-twilight.

"Wait a minute," DuPriest rose abruptly and strode to the door. "I'll shut out these accursed foreigners. They'll be blabbing the thing all over Hollywood."

"It will be out by tomorrow anyway. Can't keep a thing in this sieve of a town," a middle-aged woman, grotesque in girlish evening dress, drawled.

DuPriest shut the door in the faces of the waiter and the cook. With an oath he picked up the cat which had slunk after him, and thrust it through the door.

Grant took up his paper again. "This sounds pretty bloody, folks, but I gather it has the main points we talked over.

"Compact: We, the undersigned, hereby unite ourselves into a band to be known, to ourselves only, as Hollywood's Suicide Club. The object

of this club is to promote fellowship among the discouraged, to help each other to circumvent the law if it ever seems necessary to any one of us to take our own lives, and to provide as a club for the dependents left behind by the suiciding member, should there be dependents without means and incapable of earning. We further agree to protect any and all suicides of the club from exposure and resulting unfavorable publicity, which would hurt or injure the living relatives of the dead.

"Futhermore: It is agreed that no suicide will take his own life without first talking the case over with the other members of the club, and that wherever possible a prospective suicide will be so materially helped, as well as mentally and spiritually encouraged, that suicide will no longer seem expedient or necessary.

"Recognized causes for suicide: There have been arrived at a number of cases where suicide would be the dignified and only solution. First among these is injury, causing certain impairment of faculties, so that the injured could no longer work. Injury to features which would abruptly end a career and make life hateful constitutes sufficient cause for suicide, if the injured values his career more than his—our her—life.

Love Tragedy Excuses

"A supreme love tragedy will also be considered ample grounds for suicide. The recent suicide of our comrade, when he found that his wife had left him for another man and that the child he had cherished for years had been the offspring of



There was a moment of awful silence. The cat sprang to the top of the table, bent upon getting food by fair means or foul. No one stretched out a hand to remove her.

the illicit passion which had wrecked his home.

To find oneself on the down grade, after one has been a great celebrity, to feel within one's brain a slow disintegration of power, to know that an ignominious, shameful ending to a glorious career is all that is possible—that shall constitute ample reason for a severing of earthly bonds.

Finally, we pledge ourselves to absolute secrecy, pray the mercy of God, and put our souls in His Hands."

There was a moment of awful silence. The cat sprang to the top of the table, bent upon getting food by fair means or foul. No one stretched out a hand to remove her, and she lapped contentedly in a little pitcher of cream for the *demi-tasses*.

A shuddering sigh then went round the circle. A man laughed hysterically. "I believe I'll have to ask you boys to get me some cyanide of potassium now. I can never sleep after hearing that thing read."

All Nerves

"All nerves, Bess. Buck up! Your face will soon be as good as ever. You were lucky to get off with a surface burn. When dynamite explodes on a set, the best we can hope for is that all the pieces will be found," DuPriest said, with a fake facetiousness that did not fool anyway.

The paper was passed about the circle then, and with varying degrees of flippancy and nonchalance, to

cover their nervousness, the signatures were written in, all using Chet DuPriest's fountain pen, a gift to him from the man who had just suicided.

* * *

Improbable? Fantastic? Ridiculous. Perhaps. But true. I have it all on the word of a woman who has the original document, a tattered, much-folded, rather greasy piece of once stiff paper, a letterhead on which Chester DuPriest's monogram was worked with much ornamentation.

It is five years now since that Suicide Club was formed. Of the "charter members", only my friend, the woman who told me the story, is still living. Of the eight, she knows four to have suicided, one man—a famous stunt man in pictures—recently died in action; and the other two died under mysterious circumstances which point to suicide. Since their deaths occurred other than in Hollywood, my friend the survivor is not sure of the manner of their demise.

She is a character actress, a thin, nervous, highly emotional woman of between forty and fifty, often cast as a "heavy" and occasionally as a "mother"—though her strongly marked features are not typical of screen motherhood.

And no one looking into the burning, deep eyes of the woman who has seen so much of the seamy side of life in pictures could doubt her sincerity. Tragedy is written deep into every line of her face.

"We were a tragic crowd, a queer motley of puppets of an unkind fate," she told me. "I suppose it was our misfortunes that drew us together.

The Tragedy of Comedy

"DUPRIEST was loathing himself in comedy. He had been a Shakesperian actor of fine ability. The stage had squeezed him out, because Shakespere interpreted by youngsters is always rather funny. He went into pictures when his first baby came. He had a curious dislike to seeing the little thing starve. And his wife was movie-mad. He landed in comedy by the merest accident. A producer saw him giving a Shakespere interpretation in a drawing room in Los Angeles, and being a blighted lowbrow, he thought it was intended as burlesque. He hounded poor DuPriest until he got him into comedies.

That was before the really high-class actors were going in for comedy. Chaplin was the shining exception, and there were many poor imitations.

"DuPriest immediately became a great success—because of the tragedy and self-loathing which showed in his face. The audiences invariably howled when, sad-faced and stern, he stood up to receive a custard pie on his shirt front. He had the same element which has made Chaplin—a shadow of tragedy in his eyes, a sort of hurt dignity in his ignominy.

"But the baby was fed and the wife thrived on Hollywood, and another baby came along, so DuPriest stuck. His wife drove him to suicide at last. I think he would have stuck it out, if it had not been for that. She was one of those horrible little clinging vine naggers. She was as persistent as a young pastor bent on soul-saving, but her methods were even more discouraging.

"When poor Chet had enough money ahead to feel safe in breaking away from comedies, she fastened her blood-sucking little mouth on the veins of his ambition and before she was done with him, he actually thought comedies were pretty decent. He woke up to it one morning—the utter shame of his prostituted talent—and we helped him to suicide decently and without the papers ever knowing that it was self-destruction. We did our best to give him a new viewpoint, but we were rather half-hearted about it. We knew that he had already died inside.

"Accidental" Death

"DUPRIEST chose 'accidental' death, planting the accident with our help. We arranged so that it was one of us who discovered the body, crushed under his car, which had been driven over an embankment away up on Montecito Drive. We had been with him almost to the last, giving him our love and best wishes on his crossing of the Styx. One of our unwritten agreements was that we would not mourn our dead. Death had been chosen as a route to happiness—or at least escape. It was recognized as a blessing, rather than a tragedy.

"Mrs. DuPriest went back to her father and two years later married a shoe manufacturer of Chicago."

We were eating lunch at Betty's, this survivor of the club and I. A

certain well known actor—well known not for his ability but for his family connections—strolled in to gather up his mother, who had been eating one of Betty's famous "pot roast and gravy" plates.

"Tom's wife—his first wife, I mean—became a member of our club when she was in Hollywood, some time after it was formed. She did it out of bravado, but I have always believed that back in her consciousness lurked the knowledge that her life would end that way—some day.

Poison is Slow

"SHE HAD been a famous Eastern stage beauty, and her work in pictures was rather startlingly good. She was married to Tom Parker, and the fan magazines carried lush little love stories of their wedded bliss. But at last at our club the truth came out. Tom was rotten to the core, a constant source of threatened disgrace, a contemptible cad of a man. And she loved him.

"You remember her death—not in Hollywood, but far from home? She chose the hardest kind of suicide—slow poison—but it worked and she is probably happier than when she lived in hourly fear of disgrace at his hands.

"One of the boys—men, rather—but still boys to me—shot himself through the heart in New York. An accident, it was called; the old story of oiling a gun. He had often told us that he would chose that way. He had a curious mental quirk. He was a Christian Scientist, and would not take any poison into his system. At least, he had been raised by Scientist parents to abhor medicine. But a gun made him just as dead."

The speaker's low voice was attracting attention. We paid our checks and left, brushing shoulders with Carmel Myers in a new King Tut sports suit and treading accidentally on Alan Hale's big shoes. In the make-up of Miles Bjorsen, in *Main Street*, he was a queer figure in that low ceiled little dining room.

Out under the pepper trees, where we could talk without fear of eavesdroppers, she continued her story.

"The third death was a blow to me personally. I had been much interested in the only writer of our group. A genius forced to write scenarios for a living, while his soul soared to

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Twelve BALD-HEADED Men

are needed for a scene in the picture, according to a hurry call from a studio. The hour is midnight. Where will the casting director secure his men? Hollywood film agencies discover "types" in soda clerks and undertakers, and set them on the high-road to success in the movies.

By EUNICE MARSHALL

IF A CASTING director called you up at midnight and told you to have ready twelve bald-headed men with false teeth and toupees, by seven o'clock the next morning, what would you do?

You probably would tear your hair out by the roots, thereby providing the first of the required dozen of bald-heads right on the spot.

But Ivan Kahn, who manages an employment agency for screen actors in Hollywood, considers such an order from a casting department merely an incident in the day's work.

He simply flips the pages of his casting-register until he comes to the B's, and murmurs "Let's see: babies, bakers, bartenders, butlers..... oh, yes, bald-headed men. Here we are." Then he takes down the telephone receiver, gets the men listed out of their warm beds to find out if they have the necessary detachable toupees and teeth, and tells them to report at the studio at seven the next morning

Wanted, a Lloyd George

OF COURSE, it isn't always as simple as that. Recently, a casting director called up and demanded a man who looked exactly like Lloyd George, the ex-premier of Great Britain. Naturally enough, the little black book of names contained no Lloyd Georges.

So the employment agency man, whom many years of agency work have made into something of a sleuth, put on his hat and went out to look for a double for the little Welshman. And down at the Plaza, that historic square that is the sole relic of the old pueblo that Los Angeles used to be, he found his man.

"Did anyone ever tell you that



When Slim Hamilton was a long, lean, gangling boy, the other kids used to tease him about his height. But Slim had the last laugh; he's in the movies now and his excess inches provide him a good living as a character man.



Valentine Churchill came clear from Rangoon, Burma, to act in the movies. She and her little companion, Buck Black, are good character

you resembled Lloyd George?" he asked the chap.

"Why, yes, I have been told so," the man answered. And when the studio make-up man made him up, he was the exact double of the little Napoleon.

A Clearing House for Types

THE EMPLOYMENT agency is a clearing house for "types." Here come all the flotsam and jetsam of filmdom. Retired farmers, pretty little flappers, bookkeepers chafing at the monotony of their lives, babies, towed by fond mamas, and middle-aged women. . . all of them inoculated with the fatal virus of movie-itis.

Someone has said that all women believe themselves potential actresses. In which belief they are one with all men. And in a surprising number of cases they are right. Dramatic genius often burns beneath the most prosaic exterior.

Jackie Coogans in Embryo

BABIES, from infants in arms to gangling youngsters of eight or nine years, are brought to the agency by ambitious mothers. Pathetic little things many of them togged out in tawdrily elaborate garments, rather pitifully uncertain as to what all the bother is about and doubtless wishing they could go out and play. And every one of them, according to the mothers, can do anything Jackie Coogan can do, only better.

A Sensitive Point

WHEN a person feels the movie fever coming on, he comes to the agency, gives his name, weight,



C. E. Collins has two perfectly good eyes, but his ability to roll them so as to appear blind secures for him many fine parts. You remember him, undoubtedly, as the spirit of Pestilence in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

height, experience if any, accomplishments and natural qualifications which he feels should make him a useful cog in the film wheel.

One little characteristic is significant of changing feminine psychology. A woman of today will tell her age, without stuttering more than once or twice. But she *will not tell her weight!*

The Barber's Despair

THERE are men in Hollywood who haven't seen the inside of a barber shop since the year of the big

wind. Their beards rival Rip Van Winkle's fabled brush for length and luxuriance. They would as soon think of refusing a close-up as of shaving, for their beards are their means of livelihood, their very mealtickets.

"Send me up half-a-dozen whiskers," orders the studio casting director, and the agency phones the '49'ers Club for six men whose facial decorations have the most lush growth. For these bearded men have a club of their own, where they can swap yarns about the number of times they have played hermits or '49'ers or anarchists.

R. L. Frost's luxurious beard enables him to portray both religious and western rôles. He made a very wonderful *Christ* in *The Unfoldment*.

When a casting director wants a bartender, one of the real old-fashioned kind, he puts in a hurry call for Bill Quast.

King George of England has his double here in Hollywood. He is Andrew Lyle. Doesn't he look amazingly like that Monarch?



MOTION PICTURE QUALIFICATIONS OF
 Frederick A. Johnson, ("Grand Avenue Johnson")
 649 West Fifteenth St. L.A. Phone, 24003, B'way, 2359,
CHARACTER IMPERSONATIONS. " 711.695,-----
Motion Picture Experience, 7 years.
Description. Smooth-faced, but can put on any style of crepe-hair whiskers.
 Iron-gray Hair.
 Blue Eyes. Expressive
 Features. 160 pounds.
 5 feet, 7-1/4 inches.
 Fast Middle-age.
 Rides and Drives Horse.
 Swims. Dances a little.
 Screens well. General appearance decidedly Professional.
APPAREL.
 Modern Wardrobe of Evening Dress, including Inverness O'coat, Prince Alberts, several grades. Cutaways do. Business Dark & Light, Military, Priest, Western, Mining, U.S. Sailor outfit, etc.
NATURAL IMPERSONATIONS.
 Judge, Barrister, Attorney, Physician, Priest, Senator, Diplomat, Director, Railway, Bank or College President, Manager, Supt. Military or Naval Officer, Philanthropist, Merchant, Salesman. Hotel-keeper, civil Engineer, etc. etc.
EASY SPECIAL IMPERSONATIONS
 Premier, David Lloyd George, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Genl. Robert E. Lee, Actors, Edwin Booth and David Warfield, Mormon Priest. Brigham Young, Lincoln's War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton. From a *Beaver* to an *Ambassador*.
Capabilities.
 Inherently Dramatic, can be slow in action, or very active. Can comprehensively perform Parts, or Bits, involving difficult execution, in **TRAGEDY** or **COMEDY**.
OF REGULAR HABITS AND RELIABLE.

The extra who is onto his job furnishes the casting director with a list of qualifications like this: Frederick Johnson, made up, bears a striking resemblance to David Lloyd George, the ex-Premier of Great Britain. Other "easy special impersonations", as his card shows, are Henry Ward Beecher, Brigham Young, Edwin Booth and Robert E. Lee.

The Professional Butler

THE MAN who signs up to play a butler does so at his own risk. He is liable to go on playing butlers to the end of his career. Somehow, most casting directors cannot visualize in any other rôle an actor who has once played a butler. There is a girl in

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CHARGE



"When Pola Negri comes in to a shop, everybody star^{ts} around, for we never know whether she is disposed to be gracious or otherwise."

¶ Virtue is a word practically unknown to a certain movie set. They take it for granted that the business world is run like the theatrical world—everything charged to Sex. Such is the statement made by the author of this frank and startling article.

IT TO SEX!

I'M A MODEL in a smart Los Angeles shop, much patronized by the movie stars. For four years I have waited on the film folk, have been snubbed by them, patronized by them and, occasionally, have been smiled on by them.

I know them. I have seen them put on a thousand dollar gown over a dirty teddy suit.

I've seen a star worth half a million dollars haggle over a two dollar bill for alterations on a seventy-five dollar skirt.

And, many and many a time, I've seen a star whom I knew to be on the verge of bankruptcy order a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise as casually as if she were buying a pair of "second" hose, \$1.98, cut down from \$2.50 in the Bargain Basement. Not that we have any Bargain Basements in our shops, or any bargains in anything—except souls, and those often come cheap.

My experience with the picture people who come to my department has given me the impression that virtue is a word practically unknown to a certain faction of the movie crowd. They seem to take it for granted that the business world is run like the theatrical world—everything *charged to sex*.

Something for Nothing

OF COURSE, many of the film stars are straight. But few of them seem to come to our shop, somehow.

Most of them seem to be constantly looking for something for nothing. The industry spins on sex; when most of the prominent ones sweep into the store to buy clothes, they fairly radiate invitation, if poor old MacDougal, my boss under another name, is in sight.

Of course, the proprietor of a clothing store isn't the sort of chap one would want to appear with at the Coconut Grove, but he would certainly come in handy at providing clothes for a poor girl trying to get along on only \$2000 a week.

The other day, two big stars came in to look over some new models. One of them, a dashing brunette, wanted to know if I was the boss' "sweetie". Because I had been on the job for four years, she suspected me. She made believe she was kidding, but I could tell by her eyes that she wanted to know. So I said, yes, I certainly was, and if she wanted to retain her youthful beauty she had better keep away from him. She believed it, and has never come near the store since. She is now patronizing a shop where the bills are not sent her.

I learned afterward that she and her friend had both been thrown over by their "sweeties", and were looking for a man who would dress them.

My boss, who is a canny business man, kids them along until he gets their accounts. Then he is a leech for payment. A lot of the bills are paid for by other women's husbands, but they are paid, and in cash, too.

Those Parisian Lines

ONE STAR, an over-sexed foreigner, will never buy a gown until she sees how it will look in certain attitudes in which she will "emote". If a line pleases her, it has to be a suggestive one—really Parisian, she calls it.

They all gossip freely while trying on gowns. Oh, the stories I could tell, if I were minded to be spiteful!

We Like Claire

I ALWAYS like to see Claire Windsor come into the shop. She's one of the nice ones. And she wears her clothes so beautifully that it is a pleasure to dress her.

Some of the stars always want to wear the wrong things. Terrible things that never fit their type. One model I know gets around this by putting on a dress that fits the customer's type and hands the customer a pair of blue spectacles, through

which she can see just exactly how the dress will photograph. That's all a screen star is interested in—how a garment will photograph.

Viola Dana Likes to Dress

VIOLA DANA loves to doll up, and it's rather like dressing a doll to fix her up. She's a mighty good customer, wherever clothes are sold.

Enid Bennett chooses simple, conservative clothes, and looks mighty well in them.

Mrs. Charles Ray, on the other hand, wants conspicuous clothes. A bright yellow velvet frock is her idea of a snappy costume. And she gets away with it, too. She wears things that most people would not dare to, and looks well in them. She almost always wears kid slippers matching her costume in color.

An Eye for Profit

BECAUSE the stars get large salaries, it doesn't always follow that they fling their money to the birds. Not any!

For instance, one star was stopping at the Beverly Hills Hotel recently, after her return from New York. A model was sent out to sell her some new wraps. She liked them, but before deciding, she tried to sell the model her old fur coat at almost the price she had paid for it!

Another beautiful star, who is adored by the whole world, pinches her pennies tighter than any cash girl. She rather feels that things should be given her for nothing, simply because she is who she is. Her equally famous husband has the same complex.

Mary Pickford seldom goes shopping. But if an enterprising merchant sends out a particularly lovely garment for her approval, she often takes it on the spot. She does not bother much about clothes, and she laughingly admits that she has no style, but no one has ever seen her other than tastefully gowned.

Where Those Freak Gowns Come From

HAVE YOU ever wondered what happens to the freak gowns that appear in the windows of the smart shops? You have probably said, "Stunning, but of course one could never wear them." But the "movies" wear them.

The buyers send these models out to the coast for window or fashion show display, knowing the regular trade would never buy them, but knowing equally well that the film folk who like extreme styles will

snap them up. They get them at greatly reduced prices. They show good sense, too, for the public would be terribly disappointed if they should observe Gloria Swanson or Pola Negri or Mae Busch dancing at the Plantation or the Coconut Grove in a simple, conventional frock.

Sometimes a star falls in love with a gown that she wears in some picture, the property of the studio. She usually makes the producer feel cheap if he doesn't allow her to buy it for about half what it cost to create.

"We always like to see Claire Windsor come into the shop. She is one of the few really well dressed women on the screen."



Temper in the Shop

WE SEE plenty of temperament in waiting on the stars. Everybody stands around when Pola comes in, for we never know when she is pleased to be gracious or otherwise. After waiting on her several times, I can well believe the stories we hear about her tantrums on the set. Another actress who has worked on her set was telling me the other day about one time when the carpenters were making their usual racket. Suddenly Pola stopped "emoting", clutched her hair with both hands, screamed out a torrent of French that sounded awfully profane and probably was, and walked over and *sat down* in a great pool of black grease on the stage floor, deliberately ruining her expensive costume.

A nice disposition, yes? And then again she can be so sweet that you think you must have misjudged her—until her next tantrum.

Too Much Emotion

ONE REASON why the movie people are such good customers is because the muscular action of the players in warm love scenes or other emotional scenes plays havoc with stitches. If the player does not reach the desired emotional pitch sooner she will later, after more physical convulsion. Which is very hard on sleeves, underarm seams and bodices, to say nothing of the wear on a train hung from the shoulders.

When a movie star enters the shop, we all sit up and take notice, because there is one nice thing about the "movies"—they come to buy, not to "hen around". One furrier that I know of was saved from bankruptcy in the nick of time by the sale of two gorgeous fur wraps to film beauties. And the patronage of one famous star with her friends has put a struggling milliner on a side street into a smart new shop on West Seventh within the past few months.

And all of them can "charge it"—to sex!

The author of this startling article will contribute another feature story—The Corner of Last Hope—to the August SCREENLAND. Ready July first.



MARTHA MARSHALL
PHOTO BY EVANS



ETHEL SHANNON
DRESS BY LUCAS EDWIN HESSER

STAR BOUND

A Story With a Heart — By

PETER LOWNSBERRY

AIMEE TORRIANI

Star-Bound!—Magic Dream of Every Girl at a Certain Period of Her Life—To Lift Herself Above the Common Level and Reach the Goal—to “Follow the Gleam”

“**W**E’VE got to do something about Trix”, announced Gloria in her crisp, positive way. “I ran into her room to borrow her green hat this afternoon, and found her crying. Can you feature that? Beatrice Brooks in honor to God tears. But own up? Trix? Not she. Said she was only having a private rehearsal as a Tragedy Queen just to see if she could produce real ones. Now I want to know what’s wrong?” scowling like a fierce mother hen at us all.

“Just as if we were responsible for every burst of temperament in the Club,” grumbled Phyllis.

I sat thoughtfully gazing off at the patterns pricked by the myriad lights in the valley below us. For there we were, six of us Extra girls, a small patch of burning ambition perched on top of the old Krótona hill. We had formed a society called the A. T. F. (Aspirants to Fame.) This was one of its weekly meetings, only the meeting had not begun; it couldn’t without Trix.

“Speak up, Babs,” Gloria shot at me, “you were with her this afternoon, what do you know?”

“What I know would fill a thimble, and what I imagine couldn’t be squeezed into a fat volume,” I answered cryptically.

“Well, suppose you spill out the thimble first,” Phyllis was caustic and impatient.

“Pawn shop,” I began then, succinctly, “fur coat, violin, and Harry’s silver overseas name tag.”

“Volume next,” ordered Gloria.

“Oh, the usual horrid mess that goes with a vicious father; poverty and kids and beatings and never enough to eat. I don’t know for sure, but I suspect, for she had a letter from home today, that her

mother is ill, and she is ordered either to come home and support them, or to send money at once. Anyhow, she’s desperate—I’m certain of that.”

“Don’t know how much my turnip will bring, but you can have a try,” and Mary Lee handed me her new platinum wrist watch.

Daphne had reached over to pour the contents of her purse into my lap; a dollar and sixty-two cents, she counted ruefully.

“Wish there was more in sight,” she said lightly, “but you know, not a damn smell of Extra work for days now.”

Yes, I knew, so did we all of us.

I had quite a pile by the time everyone had plunked down her treasures, yet we were only too well aware that it would bring little in actual cash.

“Where’s Beatrice now?” asked Gloria.

“Gone to see about a job,” I answered. “Suddenly, she said she had a hunch and was off—said to tell you she was sorry to be late, but would come along when she could.”

“Job, hunch—at this time of night,” mourned Phyllis, moodily, studying a flaming star. “Wish her luck, I’m sure, but the game’s hopeless: star gazing and aspiring, aspiring and star gazing: that’s all it will ever come to.”

“How many of us,” Mary Lee acknowledged, “have got into Pictures since we started this illustrious Society? I think it’s the bunk, this idea of merit. Take it from me, bo, it’s nothing but a game of pull.”

A low clear whistle, the call of the A. T. F. came floating up with the night winds.

“Here she comes,” cried Gloria with an answering call. “She sounds cheerful too.”

Hastily I gathered up the plunder and tucked it out of sight.

Round a turn in the path she came, a slight swaying figure in white, dancing up hill as if she were thistledown blown among the straight trunked Eucalyptus trees.

A volley of derision greeted her. “Joined the morgan dancers?”

“Moon mad?”

“Love sick?”

“Trying to reduce?”

Beatrice laughed, throwing back her hair in a queer expressive way she had.

“No, it’s joy, joy, JOY!” she cried, lifting her arms to the stars.

“Mad as a hatter,” groaned Gloria. “Come down to earth this instant, and tell us if your hunch brought you luck.”

“Luck? Yes, a thousand times luck; money to send home, a big chance to stay on and make good, and a Man.”

“Listen to her ravings,” we all cried incredulously, “How, who? Begin at the beginning.”

“Well, you know that man Snooks, in the casting office at Tate’s who’s been making eyes at me for so long? He was my sudden inspiration. But he got fresh at once, as usual. I kept still for awhile, and then I just called his bluff.

“‘All right, old top,’ I said to him, ‘for that you can just get me the lead in THE PRICE OF FAME at a hundred per.’ Gee, he didn’t wait a second, he said, ‘Gawd, Girlie, d’y mean it? No, kiddn’ now, on the square. Have y’ come down off’n yer high’n mighty perch?’ ‘Sure I have,’ I answered, lamb like, ‘my only string is that my pals get in as Extras.’”

“‘It’s a six weeks’ job,’” he said softly.

"Fine, the longer the better" I said, holding my breath with joy, and trying to appear as unconcerned as an oyster.

"Oh, do you realize, Kids?" she interrupted her story with a catch in her voice, "that I might have been going back home tomorrow, to work at the stocking counter at Macy's?"

And of course we all talked at once then, everyone of us, telling her how glad we were, magnanimously, in spite of desperate hidden reasons why we too should have leads. But we had always banked on Trix. If anyone could break into Pictures, surely it would be she. We had always said it, but now that it had come, we began secretly to look at her from a new angle. No, she wasn't such a raving beauty as some of the rest of us, perhaps, although her screen test six months before had come out A-1, and it was only the jealousy of the Star on the lot that had kept her out of the picture then. But she possessed that elusive and rare thing called personality.

A great deal is said about that in the Uplift books. Rules are given for the gaining of it. We all meditated about it a good deal. Some think to be different is the secret, or to wear queer clothes, or to be temperamental; anything but the commonplace, conventional prig you were at home in Keokuk or Kalamazoo. We studied Science, and the movie Stars, and the Bible, and each other; we struggled with our figure and our soul. But Trixie didn't think about it at all, nor strive after it. She didn't need to. She had it. So that was that. We knew it. She came to us with Personality. She possessed it!

But Phyllis was asking in her practical way for more details.

"Nothing's so sure in this game that you can brag about it, Beatrice," she said severely. "And are you quite certain that you are equal to your new rôle of lady love? That man Snooks is a mad cur they say. Nobody wants you bitten. What's your big idea?"

Trixie smiled that little, enigmatical smile of hers, and lit the cigarette Mary Lee handed her. Then she opened her vanity box and took out a folded paper which she silently handed over to Phyllis. Daphne held a pocket flashlight over it. It was a bona fide contract, duly signed and sealed. Pinned to one corner

was her first two weeks' check in advance.

We were speechless for once. In the annals of Moviedom such a calamity was unknown; advance salary!

"It seems," Trix began explaining, "that Janith Jerome, the Tate Star, was suddenly taken ill this very day, and they were actually hunting about for another lead of her exact size and build. So old Snooks bundled me into his car and took me straight to Bob Allen's house—"

"Not the great Allen himself," we gasped.

"The very one. I was silly and scared to death at first, and all my bravado and brass that I'd used so freely with Snooks deserted me. I felt limp as a dish mop until he asked me to do things for him."

"What kind of things?" we interrupted again.

"Oh, just pretending things, like what would I do if the house caught on fire and burned my baby, or seeing my lover drown before my eyes— Oh, he was wonderful to me, and said I'd do. I wish you all knew him: he's the straightest, finest man I've ever met in all my long, long life."

(Beatrice always talked as if she were sixty.)

But we all babbled in again with plans and schemes. We would page her, double for her, shadow her, and so outwit that villain of a casting director. Nothing must mar her triumph. Beatrice herself was fearless. He was probably a coward. She could easily manage him with our help.

Then her mood changed. She was silent for a time.

"I want you all to know this," she said quietly, and even Mary Lee stopped chattering. "I believe my time has come for success. It's the Law of Compensation, of the things that are meant to be. Life can beat you, and beat you, and beat you down again, but in the end there's bound to be a turn. I feel somehow that I'm going to rise right up in Pictures now, and of course," smiling on us all, "I expect you to rise up with me."

"Like sour bread dough," grumbled Phyllis.

"The things we care for and want hard enough," Trix continued, "if they are right, they are bound to come; it's part of the Law."

We were silent then. We felt as if a benediction had passed over us,

there on the hill top under the great night sky, with only the sleepy croaking of the frogs in a Theosophical lily pool. We were one with peace, with beauty; we stood with Beatrice on the threshold of fame. It was as if we had reached up to touch the stars with our finger tips.

And then began a new life for Beatrice. We who looked on could perhaps only faintly guess its wonder and delight for her, but we loved her and love brings understanding; and besides, we could watch her whenever there were mob scenes, because she always managed to have us called. She was too new as yet to demand for us parts or bits.

Of course it was the old hackneyed story. She was first a ruined factory girl with a sick mother to support, and had to look a fright in rags; but heavens, what great eyes she had, and how she lived the part. She made it so real that Bob Allen, her director, growled at the villain who wronged her. He'd got worked up over her story, I suppose, she had made it seem so real even to him. Was he beginning to care for her, I wondered!

But when she sat all day nursing her puny, sickly scrap of a baby, we all got temperamental, even the camera men and prop boys. She was so still and so simple. She hurt so, and as she crooned to the baby all the hurt crept into her voice. She wore a kind of spiritual look on her face, but it was her voice that nearly ruined us. She was so utterly unconscious, and went right on rocking and crooning, even when Allen blew his nose hard and called Time, and made us all go into the dressing rooms to fresh make up. The mascaro was running in sooty streaks all over the grease paint; a nasty mess to get off. But I can shut my eyes now, and hear that croon; a low minor thing, with all the hurt of all the world caught and held in it.

The next mob scene was a night ballroom set, one of the Louis Quinze affairs; gold furniture and mirrors and glittering chandeliers. We were all wonderfully got up. Playing lady is such fun, for one flirts to one's heart's content, and sips cocktails and all, just as they do in modern high society.

So there we were, flirting outrageously, but without malice of course, preening our feathers in the long mirrors like so many gorgeous peacocks,



"Life has beaten us down," she whispered, while the madman who had brought her to her death gibbered in the arms of his captors, "but God is good, and our turn for Beauty and Love will come."

when the orchestra struck up, and down the great white staircase came a being. It's the only word I can find for her; a being, for, blasé as we all are to feminine loveliness, we were completely taken off our feet. You heard that little involuntary gasp of surprise and admiration before jealousy sets in. It was like coming upon the Winged Victory, in the Louvre, standing there on the prow, her body braced to the winds, her draperies blowing back. Something happens to you inside. You are never quite the same again.

Beatrice was like that statue, serene, remote, beautiful, classic, yet vibrant with life. She was no longer the little wronged factory girl, nor the mother of a thousand sorrows. She was the great lady now, and she lived her part with such unconscious grace and such supreme abandonment, that I was forced to suspect that one of her ancestors had been lady-in-waiting to the Queen, or was it history repeating itself. Had she herself in some former life on earth been born and bred in a palace instead of a hovel?

Her eyes were like two lighted stars; her lips were parted: she seemed not to walk over the polished floor, but to float in her diaphanous draperies.

And now it was as if some hidden electricity had touched Bob Allen and was communicated to his camera men. They ruffled their hair, they shouted orders. The silly mob was sillier than usual tonight, graceless, impossible. We all suffered so in comparison to Beatrice that we were not fit mates for her, even as background. Sham to reality, mud to gold, candlelight to the sun. She was

Ideal Beauty: she was Helen of Troy!

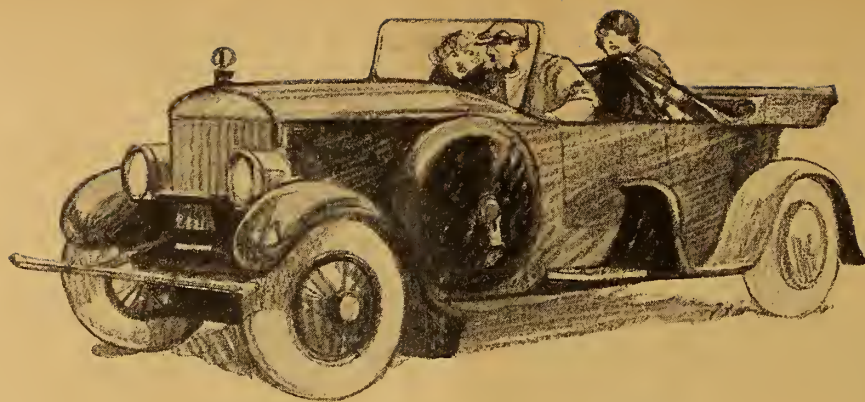
What had wrought the change in her? I puzzled, loving her the while, and then when I saw her look at Bob Allen, and watched his face as he looked back at her, I knew.

So Trixie was right, her time had come. Her personality had won. When this picture was released she would wake up to find herself famous, rich, beloved by the people, and the adored wife of one of the biggest and brainiest directors in the industry. Ah, well, I was half lifted off my own feet with sheer gladness at her joy. She deserved every single bit of it.

And suddenly, I clutched the arm of the man next to me. In a mirror opposite, as we danced, was framed the leering satanic face of Snooks, the casting director. What business had he there? My heart stood still. My mind leaped back to the game we had played ever since that night on the hill. It had been great sport and we had played it hard, always shadowing Trix; one of us being delegated to meet her at the gate the nights

we didn't work. If he insisted on taking her home, as he often did, we were constantly embarrassing him by bobbing up from unexpected quarters; the running board, or under the rug of the tonneau, or on his trunk in the rear. We were all sharp, you have to be in this game, but youth courts danger, and we loved the smell of adventure. When he got nasty a convenient pocket flask was produced with some innocent near beer concealing a large dose of aspirin, so that he at once became soporific and harmless. He used to watch the sets too with a sentimental, proprietary air, as if condescending to Allen, but in reality puffing out his chest—"I discovered her, this glorious new star; the credit is all mine; she is mine!" He was as unceremoniously brushed aside by Allen as an annoying fly, yet once when he had touched her arm, I saw fire flash up in Allen's eyes, and he abruptly commanded that the set be cleared. Snooks went off in a rage.

All this was passing through my mind. I was trying to reason away



If he insisted on driving her home, we were constantly embarrassing him by bobbing up from under the rug in the tonneau, or on his trunk on the rear of the car. Anything to keep her from being alone with him.

this horrid sense of suffocation and faintness. I would speak to Allen. But it was the sixth re-take. He was terribly hard to please tonight. He had two machines going, for double exposure, and Trix had had more close-ups than most stars get in a month. He had known all along how startlingly fresh and unspoiled was her work in the sob and human interest stuff, but tonight was her chance in a new rôle. She was choosing between two men, the dramatic climax of the picture. Her great moment had come.

Suddenly, I again caught sight of that face, distorted out of human semblance. "He is mad," I gasped, and began flying across that long, slippery ball room floor. Allen looked up.

"Go back," he yelled.

I flew on. He waved his arms at me frantically and shouted. I paid no heed: yet I made no headway across that shining surface. I felt as if I had been running through all eternity. I still waken in the night trying to run across that floor. I seemed to crawl. I had to brace each step to keep from slipping, yet I struggled on.

Now Trixie was in her lover's arms, but over his shoulder, she too must have seen, for the next instant she had wrenched herself free, and hurled her lover from her, and had turned to fly to Allen, to protect him, I suppose.

"Look out, Trix," I cried out then, in an agony of apprehension, but something sinister went singing past my head, and—Oh, God, if I could only have caught it—landed between Trixie's white shoulders.

And then it was pandemonium, for

we're an excitable people, we have to be.

Allen caught her as she staggered forward, and lowered her gently to the floor, holding her head in his arms. We all drew back then. This was not melodrama. This was real life for them. We all knew, and we suffered and sobbed for them both. To this day, when I am tired, I have a queer hurt between my shoulders.

The men dashed after the madman. He was gibbering when they caught him. Others ran for a doctor, but his science was useless; the dagger had done its deadly work. Nothing could save her, nothing but love, and she had that. For there we were, all of us, Phyllis and Gloria and Mary Lee and Daphne, all pouring out our love. And there were the rest of the mob too, men and girls, suddenly wrenched from their make-believe world to face the elemental realities of life and death and love and hate.

I have never seen anything like Allen's face. It was as if a great light had been lighted. It shone through his eyes and his mouth and his very skin. It was a great soul meeting a great soul with deathless love stamped on it. I hid my face. It was almost a sacrilege to look.

Someone whispered that there should be a Priest, but after all, Beatrice's spirit was her own High Priest. She had opened her eyes now, and was talking quietly with Allen. He bent over her, much as she herself had over her poor sick baby, and we all quietly knelt down, stifling our sobbing. And at last she raised herself, seemingly aware of us all for the first time. She

smiled, that little enigmatical smile of hers, and spoke clearly and slowly, very much as she had that night under the stars.

"We've all struggled together," she said, "and life has beaten us down again and again, but God is good, and if we struggle long enough and hard enough, our turn will come, our turn for beauty and for love—" she turned and smiled up at Allen, a smile so radiant that I marvelled at his masterly control—"and now," faintly, but clearly—you could have heard a pin drop, the great set was so still—"yes, beauty, and love, and now,—light."

And with an almost unearthly light illuminating her face, her spirit floated out, starward bound.

The picture was never released, but it was carefully cut and finished, and once each year, those of us who knew and loved her gather in Bob Allen's long, low Hollywood bungalow for a private view. To me, of course, as to Bob, it's the greatest picture ever made.

Bob has discovered many stars since then. It is his chief delight, hunting out little Extra girls who are nobodys and developing them, giving them the big chance for Beatrice's sake.

Miss Lownsberry and Miss Torriani who wrote this story know their Hollywood and love it. Next month they are going to take you with them—up the ladder to "the Loft" where the girls of the Hollywood Studio Club began their series of enthralling adventures. You will enjoy their story of Mary Lee and the Shoe Clerk. It's called "Shoestrings". In the August Screenland.

Oh Doctor, Doctor!

A Few Reasons Why the Stars Quote Their Doctors

By W. R. BENSON

FROM time immemorial royalty has had its own physician. The nouveaux riches annex a sympathetic medico as the first sign of accruing importance and wealth.

The motion picture star adds a personal physician to her staff, along with her cook and chauffeur. "My doctor says—" is the sure sign that a player has arrived. And who can begrudge the darlings this symptom of fame and temperament? Every woman cherishes the luxury of having someone who will talk to her only about herself, who is paid to listen to the most meticulous recital of her strange and mysterious maladies, so different from the trivial ailments which other women prattle so endlessly about.

But the star is in the anomalous

position of needing to look always in the best of health, even while her soul craves the satisfaction of looking interestingly pale and wan. The stenographer who works two hours late can come down the next morning minus rouge, and with her mouth pathetically drooped, in flaunting token of how cruelly the boss overworks her. But if a star works all night on a set and is called for nine o'clock the next morning to do those highly important ball room scenes, she just has to arrive looking her best, regardless of how much she would like to languish and make the mean old director sympathize with her.

But, oh, doctor, doctor! How you do get your innings! You are called post haste to the bedside of

the patient, by the trembling mother of the celebrity, who fears that dear daughter will die of overwork and nerves, and that she and Papa will have to go back to the farm or the delicatessen shop. You ooze sympathetically into the "sick room", find your famous beauty propped in a nest of silken cushions and rose-buddy satin comforters, a lace and ribbon cap on her golden curls, cunning little mules at the bedside. You are supposed to feel tempted to take this glorious, interesting, poor little sick darling in your arms and soothe and protect her against the villains

Valentino got so wrought up over a lot of things that he had to go to the hospital to recover from a nervous breakdown, and the nurses got the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime."



Borrowing From The Chinese



"Are you ready, Doctor?" asks Bebe Daniels sweetly, as she emerges from her undressing-room in the "figger-fixer's" office.

who are exploiting her for their own ghastly, mercenary reasons.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so tired! We worked until three A. M., and only coffee and sandwiches, and such vile sandwiches, too. My poor tummy feels all upset. And my nerves! Oh, doctor, I wonder if you couldn't give me a little something to bring the life back into my poor tired body—poor little me! Don't you feel sorry for your girlie, doctor?"

A Personal Interest

AND IF YOU are the regulation movie doctor, you pat her hand, or kiss her, provided you have been her doctor long enough—a week or so at most usually qualifies you for these privileges. For what earthly good is

a doctor who doesn't feel a *personal* interest in his patient?

So long as a star is healthy, is not addicted to drugs, does not need her doctor's assistance in procuring her "good spirits", the doctor is in clover. All he has to do is to keep his patient believing that she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that only his kindly, personal services, tinged with his undying love for her, can keep her off the ragged edge. He is called in several times a week, or, if he is well up on his job, he makes it his business to call several times a week without being telephoned for. Such a procedure establishes his devotion, and the fact that the patient is "delicate", is just kept going by the intelligent care of her physician.

YES, THE Hollywood doctor has borrowed a leaf from the book of the Chinese doctor, who is paid to keep his patients well. As soon as a Chinaman gets sick, the doctor's pay stops. When he recovers, the doctor is reinstated on the family payroll. A lovely system, and one which the American family would do well to emulate. How many more recoveries we would have! What a dearth of long hospital cases!

The star's doctor has to vary this idea slightly, for he must keep the star believing that she is just trembling on the verge of nervous prostration—the most fashionable of movie complaints, for such presupposed vital absorption in one's work and the artistic temperament—and yet he must do all in his power to keep his patient, when she is really ill, from becoming ill enough to have scare-heads in the papers. For illness is "bad publicity", that is, serious illness, which might impair the star's ability or ruin her looks.

One of the latest to succumb to the fashionable plaint of nervous prostration is Valentino. Maybe he wore himself out talking up that face cream he is advertising or perhaps the strain of helping to put on a beauty contest in every town proved too much for his delicate Latin temperament, but at any rate press dispatches informed us of the harrowing fact that "our Rudy" had to go to Johns Hopkins, for a rest cure. Don't you know the nurses got the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime"?

When Viola Dana had appendicitis, that was good publicity. It was rather "cute" of her. Appendicitis is so seldom serious, and since Viola is neither a vamp nor a bathing beauty, the scar does not matter—except as a matter of personal pride. Viola, who is not good copy these days, because she plugs along in the same old line of "cutey-cute" stuff, and doesn't seem to be getting married very frequently or even engaged, got quite a few "sticks" of publicity out of her little operation. She got mild sympathy from a public, ninety per cent. of which has been operated on for appendicitis, and she copped off a good rest in the hospital.

On the other hand, Mabel Normand's long fight with incipient tuberculosis, complicated with trou-

bles which have not been diagnosed, was very poor publicity and was about as welcome to her press agent as a "Wood Alcohol" label is to a thirsty man of anti-Volstead tendencies. And the doctor who would have gossiped about Mabel's condition into the greedy ears of his non-professional patients would have been fired.

A Spicy Line of Gossip

ONE OF THE chief reasons, by the way, that a doctor likes a movie clientele is that it gives him such a nice spicy line of gossip to hand out to his non-professional patients. Of course he can't say uncomplimentary things about them, for fear of the remarks reaching their sensitive ears, but he can and does give a hefty budget of newsy gossip, with sly little insinuations without names—but which the delighted non-pro patient can identify and repeat.

Every source of "inside" gossip about the stars is industriously farmed by tourists and even residents of Hollywood and Los Angeles; hence the doctor who has a long list of famous players on his books has an invaluable asset, even though picture people are rather notoriously poor pay.

One Hollywood physician has a highly specialized "trade" as a jag-breaker. When a star—male or female—quaffs too deeply and can't snap out of the jag in time to report for work, the trusty "family" physician is summoned in double quick, strong measures are taken, and the star is bullied and coaxed, physically and mentally, into soberness. A physician who specializes in souse-breaking was called to the home of a certain fat comedian, whose sun has recently set.

The voice which summoned him did not belong to the fat unfortunate, but it was thick with too much of the good old rye. The physician climbed out of his pajamas and into his professional clothes in nothing flat, hopped into his faithful roadster, broke all speed laws and was soon at the comedian's home.

He rang the doorbell until he had a crick in his wrist, but nobody answered. At last, fearing the worst, or that he had been hoaxed again,

calling a physician at ungodly hours being some people's idea of a killing-funny practical joke, the physician broke into the house by way of a kitchen window. He searched for his patient, fearing to find a corpse, but at last in the star's luxurious bedroom he found a fully dressed, very drunk and very dead-to-the-world comedian. He had never looked so comic in any of his side-splitting feature specials as he looked then, his great fat limbs half off, half on the silk coverlet, his great loose mouth open and serving as an exit for fumes and snores. His silk hat was crushed under his head; his white spats were soiled; his glassy shirt front had been treated to at least a third of the last drink he had ne-

blood-shot. His color was normal. His walk was steady. The picture went merrily on. No wonder the wonder-working physician has a large trade in stew-breaking. He practically guarantees to take the curse off of hangovers.

Prescription Writers

THE PHYSICIAN who gets a reputation for being a "good scout"—in other words, the doctor chappie who is willing to be reasonable when a star drops in and tells him with a wink that he has influenza, has been bitten by a snake and is subject to chills and fever, is sure of a large practice. His success as an author is assured. He gets on an average of five dollars a word—a sum which even our literary Kaiser William would not sniff at. And the fact that the "author" gets very trite—using the same words over and over—is not at all to his discredit. His "writing" is even more appreciated. And his public is as wide as he wants.

But Hollywood's well organized bootleggers have somewhat queered the game of the medical fiction writers. The only reason the medical man flourishes as a bootlegger is that his stuff is guaranteed to be bottled in bond and the bootlegger, even though you have trusted him for years, may fall from grace and give you perfumed poison, instead of the natural-born Scotch you believe you are getting.

Obliging Liars

PHYSICIANS who can lie handsomely and convincingly are in great demand, for an entirely different reason than those given above. When directors get to going good on a picture, they often become "unreasonable", at least in the opinion of the overworked star. A director seems to have no limit to his own strength and to expect the same of others—say the abused players. And they just naturally must slip away to rest a bit—preferably to Tia Juana or Coronado, or even Riverside. Or a night party is on and a cruel director insists on making the rain exteriors. What is nicer than to have a physician who can see that the star is suffering

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SENNETT PHOTO

Phyllis Haver is contributing her bit to the 150 pounds of excess poundage left behind in the shop of the Hollywood "figger fixer" every day.

gotiated. His face was bloated and mottled with high blood pressure, high liquor gauge, and suppressed action of the heart. For the funny man was at that stage of the game so fat that his heart action was seriously hampered at times.

And yet—the next morning the comedian reported for work, apparently as good as new. In his fat and smiling face there were no signs of dissipation. His eyes were not

Hollywood's LOVE SEERS

The real Father Confessor of Hollywood is the Clairvoyant. How he Gains the Confidence of his Victims and how he Often Fleeces them is Exposed in this Revealing Article

By JOHN REYNOLDS PARKER

HOLLYWOOD, the capital of Moronia, bows before unknown gods. Necromancy, mesmerism, spiritualism—like children, they are fascinated by the occult and unknown.

Few know it, but countless cinema lives are regulated by the advice and forecasts given by some medium or clairvoyant. Palm-readers, crystal-gazers and other "seers" are the real father-confessors of Hollywood.

There is one famous woman star, whose name is known and loved the world over, who never signs a contract until she has had an occult visitation.

Consultant to Cupid

THERE is another star, a man who has had four wives. His first marriage was contracted against the advice of all his friends. He married a regular little butterfly of a girl, sweet and pretty and gay and coquettish. And naturally, when he had married her, the qualities that had so attracted him as a sweetheart became intolerable in a wife. He expected her to stay sweet and pretty, but he wanted the gaiety to turn to "settled" contentment and the coquettishness to wifely solicitude. But it

didn't. And so they were estranged, until her flirtatious instincts led her into a compromising situation which resulted in a divorce.

Do clothes hamper the true expression of one's aura? A certain Hollywood "love seer" told his credulous clients that such was the case.

Do you know why Ora Carewe married John Howard?

How did a clairvoyant know about William Desmond Taylor's Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde life?

The answers are in this story of Hollywood's "love seers".

The husband is domestic in his instincts. He passionately desires a happy and comfortable home life. So he has tried

marriage three times since, and the second and third marriages were as unhappy as the first. So he decided that his judgment was poor and his friends' judgment was poor and he consulted a crystal-gazer for advice as to the fourth match. The crystal-gazer was a woman and a clever one. She looked him over and saw at once that what he needed was a nice, quiet little home body, pretty enough to be soothing to the eye but not so much so as to attract other moths to the candle.

She had another client, just such a girl as the one described. The girl was a newspaper writer of about 26,

who had begun to feel that a career left the heart strangely empty and was simply ripe for romance. She had confessed as much to the clairvoyant. So the clairvoyant, being a kind woman as well as



While a ghastly silence reigns, suddenly there appears a dim, shadowy form.

a clever one, predicted to the man that he would soon meet this girl, who was his soul mate, predestined for him through the ages. She sugar-coated the pill by a little romantic tale of how these two had been sweethearts in countless incarnations, and how his previous marriages in the present life had been penance for a sin committed in his former incarnation as a Spanish cavalier. Then she introduced the two and naturally, with such a start as that, a romance was soon culminated in marriage, and a happy one.

That man now swears by the crystal-gazer and goes to her for everything.

The Love Seer

Not all clairvoyants are so kindly and so disinterested, however. One rogue, recently raided by the police, specialized in romantic women.

He had among his customers many little extra girls who were terribly ambitious, as well as single women who felt that a loveless life was dead sea fruit. He advertised that he could analyze a woman's aura, so that he could tell just what kind of man she could attract most easily.

The girls would visit him in his dingy little "office", a double-room in a shabby building in an old part of downtown Los Angeles. Then, after a pseudo-scientific discussion of auras and soul radiations, he would inform them suavely that clothes hampered the expression of the aura, and would they kindly remove them?

Some of the silly little things did, until one more strong-minded woman smacked him over his leering face with her parasol and went and told the police.

Dagmar Godowsky Believes in Occult

DAGMAR GODOWSKY, the beautiful dark-haired wife of Frank Mayo, is a devout believer in the occult. So is her mother, the wife of the pianist, Leopold Godowsky. Dagmar would consult her "spiritual adviser" much more frequently than she does, were it not for her husband, who has no faith in seers.

Grace Darmond has an entirely practical and commercial use for spiritualists. She recently wanted to

dispose of a piece of real estate—selling real estate is distinctly good form in Hollywood—so she consulted a palmist. He advised her to sell, she did, and made a handsome profit.

How They Are Fooled

THE credulous and gullible clients are often separated from their money and sometimes from their good name by unscrupulous clairvoyants.

A favorite method of gaining information about a new client is to have an assistant underneath the table. The client puts her purse in her lap and her hands on the table. While the medium holds her attention, the assistant gently opens the purse, notes any card or letter that might give information as to the name or profession, and then startles the innocent questioner with information as to her identity.

The table trick is a common one, too. The medium sits opposite his client across a bare-topped table. The room is darkened. Both place their hands in the center of the table, finger-tips touching finger-tips. The medium instructs the client to "concentrate".

Any questions that may be asked will be answered by raps on the table. One rap means no; two, yes.

The medium calls on the spirits in a most mysterious voice. The clients' hands begin to tremble; fatigue from holding them still and nervousness do it. Then the medium lightly taps the table with the tip of his thumb. And then, while the client gasps, the medium, playing on the poor innocent's emotions as a musician plays on his instrument, gives the table a quick push with his knee. Spirits are moving the table!

Sometimes, the spirits of the dead are invoked to fool grieving bereaved folk. The room is always in dense darkness. The medium calls on the spirit of the departed to appear. While a ghastly silence reigns, suddenly there appears dim shadowy forms, floating about the room, now high and now low. The most sceptical are convinced. But in reality the "apparition" is an accomplice dressed in white cloth dipped in phosphorus, which gives a dim, ghostly light. He partly hides the whiteness of his garb by an enveloping black wrap, and when he wishes to vanish he engulfs

himself in the cloak. Before the lights are flashed on, he has disappeared into his hiding place.

Ora Carewe Asks Aid

BEFORE her recent and sudden marriage with John Howard, the millionaire salad-dressing man, Ora Carewe consulted a clairvoyant. She was besieged by three suitors. All of them were equally desirable and she liked them all about the same. What should she do?

The medium predicted that she would marry a brunette young man, who was an Easterner. His parents would be wealthy. He predicted that the wedding would be a sudden one.

It was. After refusing to marry Howard, Miss Carewe suddenly changed her mind and married him the next afternoon. Howard is dark, comes from Haverhill, Mass., and is very wealthy.

Predicted Fame for Barbara

WHEN Barbara LaMarr was writing scenarios, with no thought of going into the acting end of the business, a medium predicted that she would some day be a great *artiste* of the screen. And today, just as the medium predicted, she is the most conspicuous siren of screenland, popular and sought-after.

Warned William Taylor

A SEER warned William Desmond Taylor against an untimely end.

Taylor was a cultured, highly educated man, who had lived a full life. One day he went to consult a Madame L—, a recognized clairvoyant. She unfolded to him the pages of his colorful history and brought again before him the scenes of his earlier life in New York at a time when he led a weird Jekyll-and-Hyde life of Society club-man and Bowery drunkard. Police authorities afterward found that this was fact.

Fact and fancy, truth and fraud, all are found in the eery realm of spirits. And the film folk, temperamentally impressionable, bow to the edict of the supernatural.

The Movie Gamble

The Small Town Exhibitor says Booking Pictures is a Gamble that Makes Poker with the Deuces and Joker Wild

Look Like Mumblety-Peg

By ONE OF THEM

FOR THE manager of a small town movie theatre to set himself up as a critic is presumptuous, I know.

It is a well-known fact that the small-town exhibitor doesn't know a good picture when he sees one, and that his taste is all in his mouth—any high-brow critic will tell you so. But just the same he has a pretty keen idea of how the movies get that way.

We exhibitors have just one gauge of a good picture: its money-making powers. If it packs 'em in, it's a great picture. If it fails to bring the people out, it's a flop.

Small Town Taste Is Good

THE CRITICS are always accusing the people of the small town of having low tastes, pointing out as proof that high-class pictures like *Blood and Sand* and *Disraeli* go over big in the cities but fail dismally in the "provinces," as they patronizingly dub the rest of the country.

Pictures like *Blood and Sand* and *Disraeli* appeal to cultivated tastes. In the big city there are many audiences; there is an audience for the subtle drama, an audience for the risqué farce, and an audience for the sentimental love story.

The same types exist in the small town in exactly the same proportion! Only, as the population of a village is very limited, there are not enough theatre-goers of sophisticated tastes to provide an audience for such films. The exhibitor must choose a picture that will appeal to *all* of the types among his patrons. And as there are more who prefer the obvious story with a punch and a good strong love interest to problem drama, naturally the exhibitor chooses a story with a broad appeal for his theatre.

They Want to Relax

THE MAJORITY of people who go to the theatre want to relax. In my community, my patrons are mostly persons who work hard. They like to laugh and occasionally, to cry. They like to see their own lives pictured in an idealized and happier vein.

When I want to be sure of pulling a full house, I book a picture like *Pollyanna*, or *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* or *The Old Nest*. Sentimentality—that's the gravy for my patrons!

Nazimova Doesn't Appeal

NAZIMOVA simply doesn't go over with my audiences, nor does she appeal in any small town that I ever heard of. After *Camille*, I vowed "never again!" I packed 'em in, but only because that boy Valentino was featured with her. And at that, about 101 per cent were disappointed, because the only close-ups the boy got were shots of his hands or the back of his head. The last reel was terrible. If that is acting, I'm a cake-eater!

The Sin Flood caused a greater variety of comments than any picture I ever ran. Some people thought it was very good and some declared it was terrible. They argued over it so much that the next night almost everybody in town turned out to see for themselves. Which was good for me.

Booking the Films

SOME EXHIBITORS book their films by what the salesmen tell them. And very soon the sheriff's notice is tacked on their door. I note what other theatre-owners have done with the pictures, study the critic's comments

and usually copper them, go into the silence for prayer and meditation, and even then I never know for sure whether the picture I book will turn out a wow or a terrible lemon. This picture game is a gamble that would make a poker game with the sky the limit and deuces and joker wild look like mumblety-peg.

Once upon a time I used to pay out good money to book pictures that were endorsed by the exhibitors of some of the big city theatres. When Mr. Blank of the So-and-So theatre in New York came out in print, saying that *Left at the Altar* is the greatest picture of the century and that it was lifting the mortgage from the old homestead for him, why naturally, I burned up the wires trying to book *Left at the Altar*. I didn't know then that the So-and-So theatre was owned by the producing company that made *Left at the Altar*, and that Mr. Blank would have to say that the picture was a wonder or lose his job.

Photos Fooled Me

ANOTHER little trick that has cost me a good bit of money in the past is the photograph exploitation stunt. A distributor would run a photograph of a big mob pushing and shoving to get in to see *He Loved Her, but She Left Him Flat*.

Figuring that a picture good enough to make a mob break the police lines was good enough for me, I booked that "great, gripping human drama that the whole world loved," to quote from the salesman's line. I even got the village constable to be on hand to keep order when the crowd tried to rush the gate. But somehow the film didn't seem to grip the citizens of the fair village of Greensville. Only 33 persons showed up and the

(Continued on page 100)

We Scenario Writers

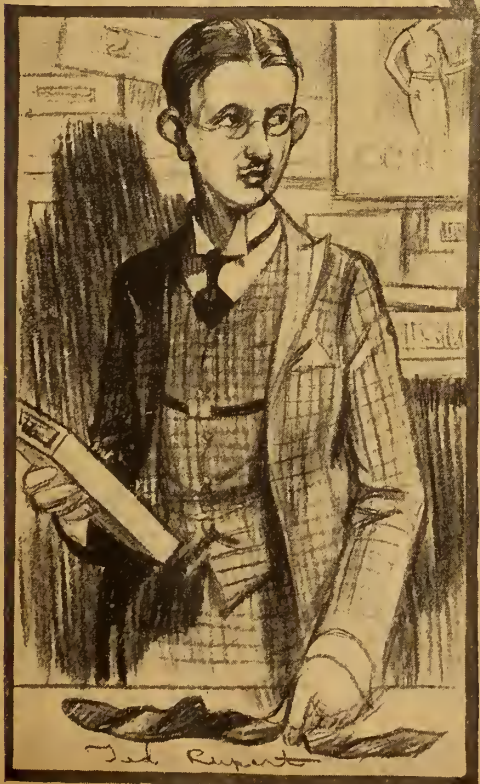


No. 18362 is writing just the sweetest little thing about a regular little sunbeam of a girl, who brings joy into the lives of all about her by her unflinching cheerfulness and falling down a fire escape. His work is dreadfully broken into but he's got lots of time after all. He's in for life.

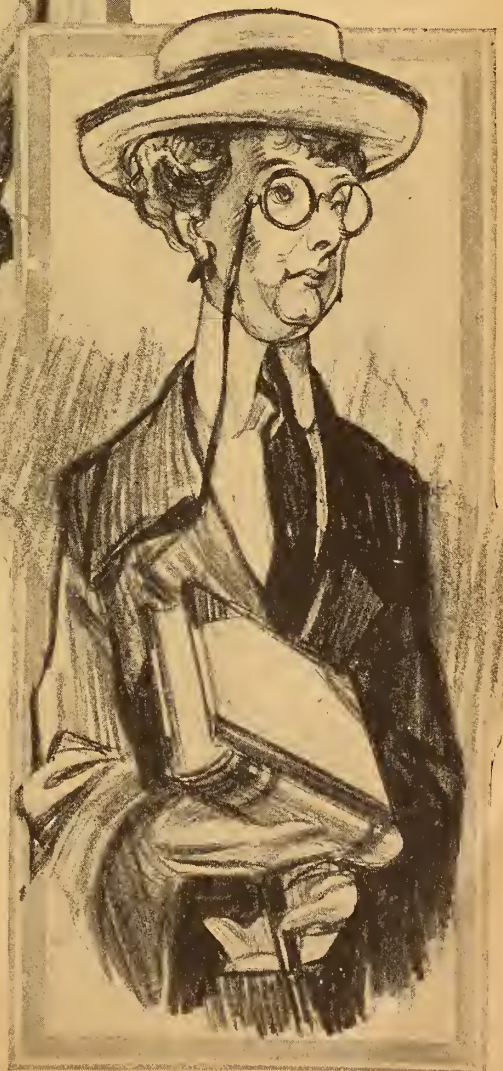
Herbert isn't going to sell ladies' lingerie *all* his life. No sir. Just as soon as he can find a producer who recognizes genius when he sees it, Herbert is going to leave Terre Haute flat and go on to Hollywood.



Mrs. Babcock (Susie Perkins as was) always used to have to read her compositions before the class, when she went to school. And now that Mr. Babcock is acting so unreasonably about giving up his old lodge that takes him out a whole evening every week, Mrs. Babcock is thinking seriously about taking up photography as a profession. She has just about decided to subscribe for a correspondence course and pay for it out of the grocery money.



Clarice has been studying Edith M. Hull and Elinor Glyn for a whole month now, and just as soon as she can get a Saturday afternoon off from the office, she's going to write a scenario for Rodolph Valentino, with lots and lots of close-ups in it. She just knows she can do it; think how many *unintelligent* persons are coining fortunes doing it. As well as really achieving something worth while.



BETRAYED!

What Treacherous Pens

Reveal

To RITA LONG



Mae Busch conceals innate refinement beneath a veneer of "hard-boiled" sophistication.

Rodolph Valentino has an aristocratic hand. His writing denotes a fencing attitude, as if he were at rapier points with life.

GLORIA SWANSON is a proud woman, an argumentative woman. She dislikes to "give in" to anyone. She is ardent and impulsive, and has a fine sense of values. She requires obedience to her will, both from her friends and her servants. She is keenly intelligent and is true to her own standards.

Mae Busch, on the other hand, is masculine where Gloria is wholly feminine in type. She is in love with life, is ardent in both work and play and expresses her emotions in physical activity. She conceals an innate refinement by a veneer of sophistication, what the slang term calls "hard-boiled". She is subject to moods.

How do I know this? I have never met either Miss Swanson or Miss Busch, nor have I ever spoken a word with them. Indeed, I have seen them rarely on the screen. Yet I am as sure of these facts as I am of my own name, for I have samples of their handwriting before me as I write.



Handwriting Betrays Character

THE handwriting is one of the surest betrayals of character. Just as lines on the palm are indicative of character, so are the shadings and lines of our handwriting significant of the passions and personality of the writer.

We cannot take our pen in hand to indite even a brief, curt business note without betraying to the trained eye much more than the context of the message conveys. Every

Harold Lloyd loves admiration, even as you and I.

stroke of the pen shows forth our education, our habits and tastes—in short, our life as summed up in our character.

In our character there are always conflicting elements. Our writing may indicate both the positive and the negative, the good and the bad attributes. One graphic sign never destroys another, but the stronger controls the weaker. If one is truly trying to overcome one's weaknesses, one's progress in the upward struggle is inevitably registered in the handwriting; little by little the negative signs disappear.

The objection that writing is merely a matter of education, the style of penmanship that one is taught in school is easily set aside. Writing under the guidance of a teacher is not individuality. As soon as the student is past this grade, he rejects all rules and conformities and

May McAvoy

May McAvoy's signature shows force of character rather than talent.

adopts a style of his own. The handwriting does not become fixed until character is formed.

Wallace Reid

The down-ward stroke of the tail of the letter d, with the appending hook, tells of the bull-dog fighting spirit possessed by poor Wallace Reid

A BEAUTIFUL script does not signify a beautiful character, any more than poor writing constitutes a bad character.

Bessie Love's handwriting, for instance, would never win a penmanship prize. It is legible, which is all that is necessary, but it is not beautiful in line nor shading. But it reveals a beautiful disposition. Miss Love

is vivacious and energetic. She is sincere and conscientious, with an ability to fight against odds. She is a quick thinker, a hard worker and has business ability.



Betty Compson is a keen thinker, possessing a fine sense of justice, and is something of a fire-brand.



Bebe Daniels is a highly nervous type, and seems to be trying to "find herself."

The Handwriting Changes

"I NEVER write the same way twice," is often told me. That is evidence that the intelligence, the moods and the state of health all control the writers. The hand that today pens words of grief may tomorrow write a purely mental theme. It is natural to suppose that the writer expresses through his fingers what his eyes and spoken words portray.



Eleanor Boardman desires admiration. She has great ability, especially along musical lines.

It is interesting to note specimens of handwriting at different stages of a person's career. For instance, at one stage a man may have the reputation of being extremely lavish with money, because he has never known the responsibility of earning it. His penmanship will unconsciously display the same lavishness—wide-spreading words, indiscriminate spacing, disregard of quality and quantity of material. But let him become dispossessed of his support or be placed in control of funds, from which the proceeds will revert to him, and note the scrupulous care with which he will handle those finances. Gradually his writing will change. It will become more compact, more cramped, and evidences of system and economy will become visible.

I wonder if this change is noticeable in Douglas Fairbanks' penmanship. Today, his writing is exactly opposite from his exuberant outward appearance, as you see him on the screen. His writing shows an extreme closeness in financial matters. He is very cautious. On the other hand, he is tender in love, and full of masculine vigor. He is temperamental, diplomatic and versatile, with a vivid imagination.

ly in character, growing more serious and womanly. She has a probing, inquisitive mind and loves pleasure. Mary Miles Minter has no force, according to her handwriting. She is sweet and gentle, but does not inspire enthusiasm. She has no "punch" to her.

Blanche Sweet is Fastidious

BLANCHE SWEET'S penmanship shows she is far-seeing, in some things. Determination and will power flow through her hand. She is very fastidious. I imagine her house is neat as a pin, always. She has an analytical, penetrating mind, rather self-sufficient, a bit intolerant but endowed with good sense. She is the kind that would be faithful unto death, a one-man woman.

Indolent, cruel and luxury-loving is Pola Negri. Her signature, a broad, ruthless sweep that looks as if it had been made with a brush, shows that she is extremely sensuous, even sensual. Whimsical but not sentimental, brutally willful, despotic, passionate, she courts flattery and will brook no opposition.

Valentino Has Courtly Hand

RODOLPH VALENTINO has an aristocratic hand. The charge that he is of peasant origin is not confirmed by his handwriting. His writing denotes a fencing attitude, as if he were at rapier points with life. He is
(Continued on page 101)



Lois Wilson is more magnetic than she thinks she is.



Mary Pickford, his beautiful wife, is an ideal mate for him. Her penmanship shows a tendency to extreme economy also. She is even a better business executive that she is an actress, independent, quick-tempered, but amenable at times to suggestions from people she cares for.

Bebe Daniels Loves Pleasure

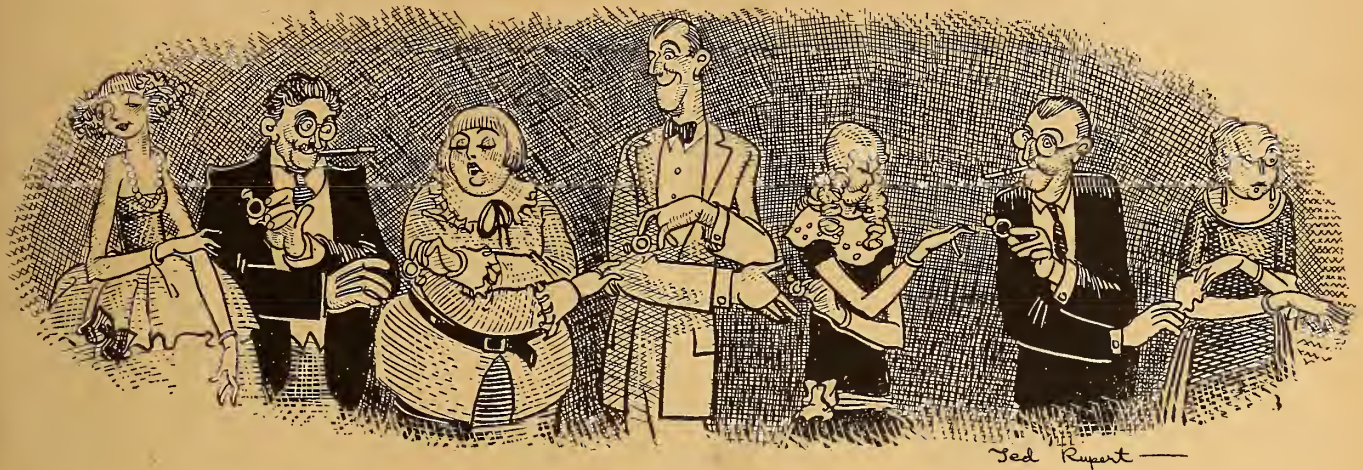
BEBE DANIELS is a highly nervous type. She is erratic and impatient, and seems to be trying to find herself. I think she is changing radical-



Conrad Nagel is forceful and aggressive. He has a passionately loving nature, full of magnetism and charm. He is large-hearted and would not betray even an enemy.

Bessie Love's handwriting belies her personal appearance. She looks like a clinging vine, but her writing shows her to be a fighter against odds, a quick thinker and a good business woman.

One Engagement doesn't make a Marriage, any more than One Swallow makes a Drink



The Betrothal Brigade

*An Engagement Announcement establishes
Somebody's Intentions to do Something if
Something Else Happens,*

opines H. H. K. Willis

WHY ALL this publishing of the banns in Hollywood?

Daily I have made my pilgrimage to the Mecca of the Movies, as the cocktail shakers sound the knell of parting day, to learn the reason why the betrothal barometer registers such high pressure over the place.

There must be a "why" for all this careless juggling of solitaires. But even when they have been left unguarded for a moment by their Pooh Bahs, the stars have been arch and reticent in their answers.

Nevertheless they are falling all over each other in their rush to pillow their heads on the matrimonial block, in such profusion that one can find every kind of engagement from perennial to perfunctory in Hollywood.

Every day is counted lost which does not mark another train of celluloid lovers for the marital loop-the-loop.

"Keeding Him Along"

EVEN the mighty have fallen, for now comes James Kirkwood, whom the Kliegs have blistered for years and years, dragging Lila Lee to the

Do you Like to Laugh?

Then you'll love this witty article, by a clever young newspaper man who knows Hollywood like a book—and likes it anyway. Here are some of his good lines.

Claire Windsor is as baffling as a tangled union suit on a wintry morning.

Pola was the greatest thing Charlie saw in Europe. When she came to Hollywood, he was on her front porch as consistently as the door-mat.

Charlie lacked subtlety as a lover. He was as open as a chicken-wire vest.

Film stars take their marriage vows as they take their baths—suddenly, but I hope more pleasurably.

An engagement announcement gives the gossips lock-jaw and precludes any cutting letters from Elder Hays.

There are many more like these in this story. Read it!

altar. Report says so, though Jeems says not. Mama Lee says "Lila is just 'keeding' him along", but Lila wears his gift, a pear-shaped diamond.

His intensely realistic portrayal of

a religious role is said to have won Mama Lee's blessing, in a momentary lapse of the vigilance she has maintained since it was noised around that Lila was a logical second Mrs. Chaplin.

An actor who could so nearly attain the angelic in the shadow-world should certainly be a good matrimonial risk, is the way she is said to have figured, though Jeems' first matrimonial vehicle developed a flat tire.

The Betrothal Brigade

ALL HOLLYWOOD is divided into four classes, as regards engagements. Every Tuesday night "The Nut House", as one neophyte vacuously termed the Ambassador's Coconut Grove, fairly bristles with the forces of the Betrothal Brigade.

There are those who want to be engaged and can't; and those who oughtn't to be and are; those who ought to be and aren't; and those who are.

My first three classes must go unwept, unhonored and unsung. My typewriter is so ticklish upon such a

hair-trigger topic that I fear its product might not balance on the edge of the libel laws.

Nor have I any fire insurance on my Underwood.

Take it from me, though illuminating instances of bizarre betrothals would make my fortune at so much a word, I needs must be silent as to those who are included by the three dangerous states, bounded on all sides by matrimony.

While these reverse English liaisons are both interesting and unusual, they have no purpose here, for though they could both adorn this tale and point a moral, Hollywood has no use for anything so arbitrary.

So, beating back to the safety zone, let me say that the last class is sub-divided.

One sub-division embraces the permanently betrothed, such as Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson, who have been openly contemplating matrimony, off and on, for at least three years.

The other holds the minute-men of matrimony and the ladies' auxiliary, who are in and out of the affianced state as often as Charlie Chaplin was reported to be, until Jesse Lasky turned importer and snared Pola Negri.

Both of these subdivisions are my concern.

The Chaplin-Negri Engagement

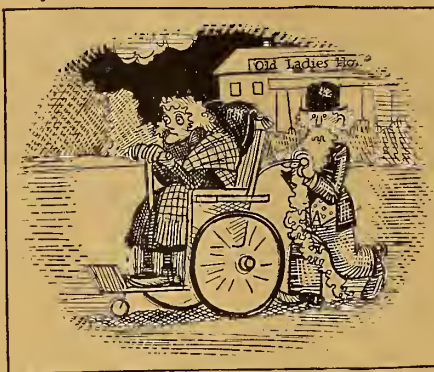
FIRST let us lamp that hardy perennial, the Chaplin-Negri engagement, which can be taken as a harbinger of this present popularity of the plighting of the troth, though it remains to be seen whether or not they have each put a foot in it.

Pola was the greatest thing Charlie saw in Europe. His assertedly invulnerable insulation against the wiles of feminine pulse-flutterers was irreparably shrivelled by her high-voltage glances.

She came to Hollywood, and Charlie was on her front porch almost as consistently as the door-mat. Everywhere that Pola went, Charlie was sure to go.

Yelps that the Monroe Doctrine should be extended to include Pola went up from motion picture mamas with marriageable daughters, when the Purveyor of Purviance became as fatuous and as fervent as a whiskerless school-boy.

Then came the clack of gossip—that still-water gossip of Hollywood, the kind that runs deep and dirty. For Charlie as a suitor lacked subtlety, an unforgivable sin in the "sau-



"On their wedding day, Charlie will probably trundle Pola from the Old Ladies' Home in her wheel chair, and go cautiously to keep from tripping on his beard."

sage" factories. He was as open as a chicken-wire vest. Hence the gossips soaked him early and often, between the watch-pocket and the belt-buckle.

What silences the spreaders of the stuff that sears?

All gossip went glimmering when Pola and Charlie, surrounded by reporters and a sixty-dollar-a-day suite at Del Monte, told the world they were engaged when everybody else thought at least they were married.

Hook on to that fact.

Their romance is fairly typical of the perennial classification of the permanently engaged. Pola still does not know whether she'll marry Charlie or not. Charlie is not doing any cave-man stuff.

But, no matter what they have done or intend to do, they have started something. And in Hollywood we defy people who start something or do something different.

Sheepish Hollywood

THE FIRST side-burns in the studios were given an ovation, while the first male to mooch toward the lot in golf breeches was followed by gawping hundreds. They are going to place a stucco bust of this gent in the Writers' Club, and keep the epochal pants under glass.

The barbers probably subsidized the first wearer of the incipient Lord Dundrearies, and the tailors endowed him who first declared for freedom of the shins and bared his calves to the eyes of the populace. But Charlie and Pola have been left unnoticed by those for whom they blazed the trail.

Hollywood is strangely sheepish in the way they play the follow-your-leader stuff, which included finances and fiancés, after exhausting the possibilities of vaseline for the hair, tieless Byronian collars, plain and fancy needle work, six reel pictures, Mexican marriages and objects d'art.

The Lodge of Joy

TO PROVE that Charlie and Pola started this era of too many wedding covenants not openly arrived at, I shall open the Lodge of Joy by calling the roll of the brethren and sistren who are happily unmarried, though their banns have been hinted:

Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke, J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson, Jacqueline Logan, Katherine MacDonald, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Agnes Ayres, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dalton, Mae Busch, May McAvoy, Bobbie Agnew, Mary Miles Minter. (If it wasn't for one thing, even Bull Montana would have a love-for-a-day. . . . and that thing is Bull.) Though all these twinklers have been mentioned in dispatches, just who is engaged to whom is difficult to determine. . . . the quotations change daily, just like the stock market.

Some have denied being engaged, while a few have admitted it. Others believe in doing their engaging early and not waiting to be entirely out of some previous matrimonial woods.

It boots not whether they have admitted it or denied it. One cannot get smoke out of a pump, but one can pump out smoke. And where there's smoke, there's something on the fire.

Some of the recently affianced are so blissfully dazed by the mystery and wonderment of it all that it would take a pulmotor to make them tell their right names. This is one reason for the denials.

"Are you engaged or are you not?" was a last desperate pumping of mine the other day, when Agnes Ayres was on the other end of the handle.

"Yes", she said demurely, proving she could think and breathe at the same time.

Cupid's Questionnaire

AT A WAFFLE hunt staged on a recent Sunday at the Writers' Club, over fifty of filmdom's prettiest had a questionnaire placed in their lily-whites, while their minds were dis-

tracted by the corrugated pan-cakes. The questionnaire asked for information as to whether they were has-beens, want-to-bes or never-wuzzes, in regard to matrimony. And since their names were to be kept secret, all were besought to tell the truth. They did, amazingly.

Fifty girls answered the questions. Of this total, four were widows of the grass variety; four, of the kind called sod; seven were married and eleven were confirmed spinsters. Thus the total of solitaire eligibles was reduced at once to two dozen, since the other twenty-six ought to have known better by reason of past performances.

Of the two dozen, nine told the truth and fessed up to unfulfilled promises, while the forlorn fifteen either signified they were open for proposals or continued to dissemble.

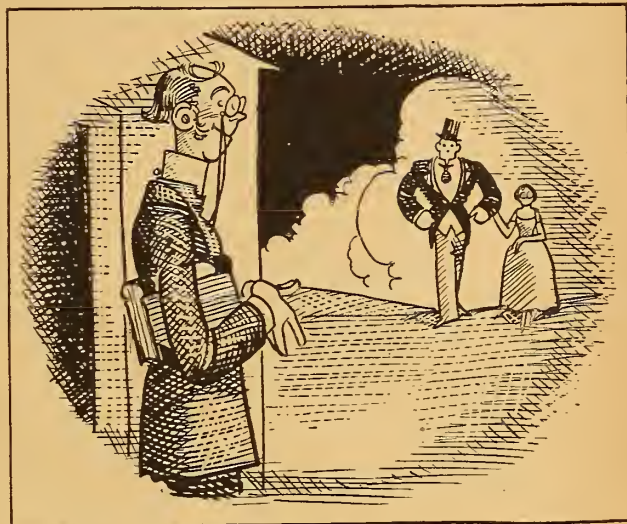
Now for the blistering fact:

The batch of two dozen admitted that in toto they had been engaged two hundred and twenty-two times, or nearly ten times apiece. Since their average age is twenty-two, it must be one of the things they do best.

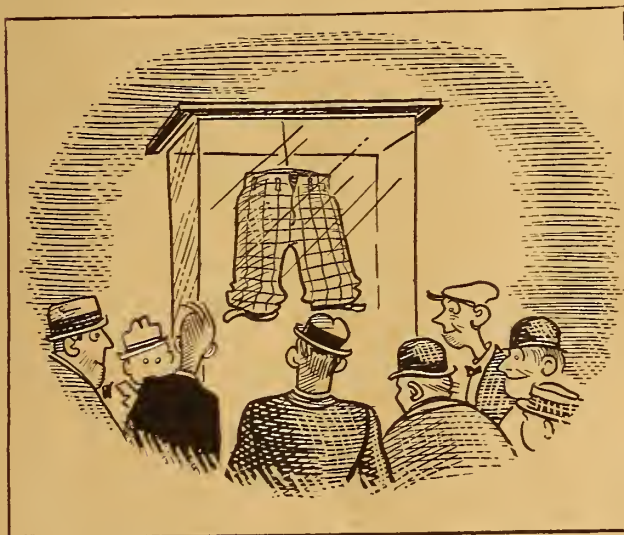
Faire, Helen Ferguson, Maryon Aye and Virginia Valli. May God have mercy on their souls! Some of these thrill-throttlers may now be in the throes of matrimony, I can't swear to it, as their matrimonial status varies rapidly, subject to strikes, riots, acts of divine Providence and other contingencies beyond our control.

What Says Claire Windsor

SHE who has overcome the name of Ola Cronk with the euphonious moniker of Claire Windsor is equally as subtle on the subject of engagements. Every week her name has been linked with another's, since Charlie Chaplin was suspected of being her fiancé.



"Now comes James Kirkwood, whom the Klieds have blistered for years and years, dragging Lila Lee to the altar. Report says so though Jeems says not."



"The first male to mooch toward the studios in golf breeches was followed by gawping thousands. They are going to place a stucco bust of this gent in the Writers' Club and keep the epochal pants under glass."

The number of scalps to each charmer's credit ran all the way from one to numerous, and one miss even testified that she used to do nothing else but.

Here are a few of the most prominent pulse-warmers who told the truth for once: Priscilla Dean, Carmel Myers, Fritzi Ridgway, Lois Wilson, Clara Horton, Virginia

from Cawker City, Kansas, where she was born."

A Little Matrimony

BUT THERE was none of this deception until Pola and Charlie mastered the art of keeping silent by saying nothing. They started all this and will be held responsible for the results. Really, the planets of pic-

turedom should be careful when they spring something new on the lesser studio lights. For although the major twinklers can get away with the bizarre, perhaps those with the dimmers still on their renown will be unable to make the grade which the

Asked if she had any immediate matrimonial prospects, she pulled a petal from a rose and allowed it to flutter to the floor.

"Even if I had," she smiled, "do you think I would tell you?"

She is as baffling as a tangled union suit on a wintry morning, and this retort has given her a reputation for being quite a wag among the reporters, whom she told that she found "New York altogether different

higher-ups take on high.

Both Pola and Charlie have learned that a little matrimony is a dangerous thing, but from now on they must bear the blame if the era of engagements does not result in more orange blossoms and birth notices and less speculation than it has to date.

Daily the beleaguered benedicts are growing fewer, there are no new ones bobbing up to be made divorcees.

If the permanently engaged aren't careful, someone will be organizing a League to Enforce Matrimony, and start writing nasty letters to the newspapers as the first step in the campaign. Really, the affianced should be forced to sign a paper—a cross between a promissory note and a first mortgage, reading "Sixty days after date or upon demand I promise to wed, etc., etc."

The present procedure has upset all the cherished old traditions of Hollywood, Mabel Normand included. When stars marry, they hop to it at once. They take their vows as they do their cold baths, suddenly but I hope more pleasurably.

Because of the infallibility of this unwritten law, I think that on their wedding day, Charlie will trundle

(Continued on page 102)

Rubberneck Escorts

It's a Wise Tourist that Knows his own Guide, says

LESLIE CURTIS



The "rubberneck busses" always point out the homes of movie stars, and not always correctly. Lillian and Dorothy Gish used to live in a beautiful white house in a smart residence district in Los Angeles. Though they have been in New York for four years, the "rubberneck" guides still announce, "On the right is the home of the famous Gish girls."

One day two large women from Iowa who now occupy the house were seated on the terrace as the bus went by. "This is the home of the Gish girls, and there they are on the terrace," proclaimed the guide. A startled silence was broken by a voice from the back seat:

"My God, how they've grown!"

EVERY GREAT industry has its parasitic hangers on—quick-witted adventurers who thrive on the foibles of the higher ups—and the very nature of the motion picture business makes it a rich playground for triflers of every type.

Thousands of people live on the fringe of the movie world, such as dress-makers, hair-dressers, photographers, publicity men (and women), maids, valets, servants of all kinds and the various merchants who cater to the trade of the famous ones. These, of course, are entirely legitimate and necessary adjuncts of the shadow industry. Without publicity, the motion picture could not exist, and without designers, modistes and

hair-dressers, where would Gloria Swanson be?

In New York and other large cities, it is now possible to rent an escort of either sex for an evening's entertainment. In Los Angeles recently, a man advertised that for five dollars an hour and expenses he would act as escort for any strange and lonely lady. One of the leading newspapers deputized an attractive sob-sister to take rooms at the Alexandria under another name and engage the gentleman for dinner at the Ambassador. This was done and the supposedly strange and lonely widow had no difficulty in securing the enterprising advertiser. He turned out to be a very handsome "man of the

world," with a wealth of small talk, but he let his foot slip when he asked about her worldly goods and just how she had invested her money. Some unsophisticated woman might fall for this line of questioning, but the clever newspaper woman saw through the scheme at once and wrote the affair up the next morning.

"Charlie Looks So Different"

THE GREAT curiosity engendered by the fame of movie stars opens up a very lucrative business for adventurers and it is surprising how many people live by showing tourists the homes of stars, the studios and the stars themselves. In some of the

cafés frequented by moving picture people, these parasites have been known to step up to a table and whisper, "For twenty-five cents, I will point out the celebrities". Naturally, old Mrs. Ezra Snodgrass of State Center, Iowa, is "just crazy to see them there movie stars," so she gladly pays the stranger for his services. It is more than likely that he does not know any celebrities even by sight, but he points out some peroxide candy girl lunching with her laundry driver, as "Claire Windsor and Charlie Chaplin". Mrs. Snodgrass is thrilled to the marrow, although she thinks "Charlie looks so different on the screen". This at least is true, but everybody is happy, for the faker gets his two bits and Mrs. Snodgrass goes back to State Center a local heroine for having gazed upon the Gods.

Sometimes most laughable incidents take place in these cafés. A party of Eastern school teachers offered a dollar to their waiter if he would point out the movie stars. He happened to be a new man who had arrived from Chicago only a few days before and he did not know one actor from another. Still, he wasn't going to let that easy dollar get away, so he pointed out a clothing salesman as Douglas Fairbanks and an extra girl with curls as Mary Pickford.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than one of the school-teachers dashed over to the extra girl's table.

"Oh, Miss Pickford," she gushed, "I am so happy to see you. You know I've read so much about you that I just feel I know you!"

The waiter was paralyzed, but the extra girl was equal to the occasion. Mary's reputation for womanly sweetness suffered not a whit in the way she responded to the impulsive greeting of the enthusiastic fan. Mary could not have done better herself and she ought to give the humble extra a rhine-stone tiara or a cut glass make-up box in appreciation. Think of the situation if the extra girl had possessed no sense of humor and had said "Say what's eatin' yuh! Can the comedy, kid!"

A Case of Mistaken Identity

CARMEL MYERS tells this one on herself. One day she was working on a Universal set, when a bustling

woman from Kansas rushed up to her and said:

"Oh my dear, I am so happy to see you in the flesh. You are my favorite actress, and my little daughter is mad about you. Your work is wonderful!"

All through the monologue, the beaming Mrs. Myers sat and exuded pride, that this popular actress was her daughter. But her beams faded and Carmel's blushes passed when the bustling lady squeezed her hand and said.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Dean, I am so glad to have met you!" Any striking brunette looked like Priscilla Dean to the lady from Kansas.

Another time, Robert Cain, one of the screens most polished villains, was pointed out as Lew Cody and had a dreadful time explaining to a curious female that he was not the famous "he-vamp." The woman would not be convinced much to the amusement of a young lady he was entertaining.

"My God, how they've grown!"

THE HOMES of stars are of great interest to fans everywhere. Many of the "rubberneck" busses feature these, and not often correctly. Lillian and Dorothy Gish once lived in a beautiful white mansion in the best residence district of Los Angeles. Although they have been in New York for nearly four years, the "rubberneck" guides are still announcing, "To the right is the home of the famous Gish girls". One day two large women who now occupy the house were seated on the terrace, as the sightseeing bus went by.

"This is the home of Lillian and Dorothy Gish," said the megaphone. "There they are now, on the terrace." The eager tourists were all eyes and exclamations. "The famous Gish girls!" "How perfectly thrilling!" But from a man in the back seat came a sincere expression of surprise, "My God, how they've grown!"

Many people who hire out as guides are rankly incompetent. They point out any imposing residence as the home of any star they happen to think of, and the innocent tourist has no way to verify the statement.

A bevy of giggling girls once descended upon the home of a hard shell Baptist Minister with the request, "We came to see Eugene O'Brien", as the direct result of misin-

formation given out by a bus driver. Whether or not the minister ever looked the same may never be known, but his "aghastrness" over this incident was not assumed.

Of course, if one knows residents of Hollywood or Los Angeles who are interested in the movie people, there is little likelihood of being deceived. Nearly all tourists are interested in their particular favorites and many local residents take great pleasure in showing their visitors around. The homes of Nazimova, Bill Hart and the late Wallace Reid are within a few rods of each other, while Charles Ray, May Allison, Viola Dana, "Doug and Mary", Will Rogers, Gloria Swanson and Tom Moore live in close proximity at Beverly Hills.

Fannie Ward's Home

FANNIE WARD'S home was for a number of years the wonder of the "rubberneck" world. A beautiful white palace, with grounds landscaped in every direction and filled with rare specimens of tropical foliage, through which peeped mysterious pergolas, lily ponds and rose arbors—was perhaps the finest home ever possessed by a movie star. Fannie was famous for her hospitality and held open house every Sunday afternoon for anyone in the profession. One can imagine the flock of automobiles which surrounded the grounds and the number of curious people who lined up to watch the celebrities alight. Following Fannie's departure for Europe, Allan Dwan took the house, and while he did not have the vast numbers who came to loiter around Fannie's sideboard, his guests were all of great interest to the neighbors.

In view of the curiosity evinced by the public, it is strange that someone does not start a bona-fide tour of Hollywood, following a regular route and giving genuine information. Thousands of tourists would be willing to pay as much as five dollars for such a trip. Stops could be made at each place of interest for camera pictures and the public would get value received instead of haphazard information.

People in public life are bothered to death by friends who wish to visit the studios. Owing to the nature of the business, the studios cannot ad-

(Continued on page 99)



Paramount Photo by Richee

Perhaps the shape of Agnes Ayres' mouth accounts for her aversion to contact with a mustache. A mustache does not fit a Cupid's bow. Gloria Swanson's luscious, more sophisticated lips, however, do not curl in scorn at mustaches. She has co-operated in love scenes with David Powell and Stuart Holmes, both of whom boast mustaches.

The Mustache Menace

*Are There Microbes in Kisses?
Yes, Says Agnes Ayres, When
the Kisser Wears a Mustache*

By BETTY MORRIS

"The lips that wear a mustache will never touch mine," declares lovely Agnes Ayres, and forces her leading man to sacrifice his budding lip-ornament.

"**T**HE LIPS THAT bear a mustache will never touch mine," said Agnes Ayres. And with the dictum work-stopped on her set on the Lasky lot.

The mustache that caused all the trouble belonged to Robert Cain, her leading man and sweetheart in the picture. The script required that he take her in his manly arms and imprint burning kisses on her quivering lips. Only the lips, kissable enough in all conscience, quivered only in scorn, as she pointed an accusing finger at Cain and delivered her edict. Never, never would she kiss him, or any other man, who wore a mustache.

"Never!" stoutly replied Mr. Cain, caressing his bonny mustache. "I have tended this lip-growth tenderly, through weary days, fearful of the outcome. At last I have grown one worthy of being compared with the famous mustaches of history. Shave it off? For no woman!"

But he did. He had to. But before he consented to apply the razor, the

lovely Agnes explained in detail why mustaches were naught in her life, because of the myriad of germs they must necessarily contain, lurking to spring upon some maiden's defenseless lips.

Not the Real Reason

THIS ULTIMATUM of the beautiful Paramount star is merely a sign of the times. Every male star of the films has at some time cogitated the question, to shave or not to shave?

Is it because of the ladies' fear of germs that the great majority of our matinee idols are clean-shaven?

Or is it because a mustache has long been the insignia of villainy? Ever since the "ten-twenty-thirty" shows of our childhood, when a man with a mustache came on the scene, we hissed him. We *knew* he was the villain. He might smile and smile, but we recognized him for what he was.

Wally Wanted a Mustache

THE LATE Wallace Reid once made an impassioned effort to raise a mustache, tending it carefully for days. But it progressed no farther than the front gate of the studio. Chancing to be seen by the big boss, Wally was told forcibly that the public had no love for mustached heroes, and would he kindly remove the offending thing at once, if not sooner?

Later, yielding to his pleadings, Wally was allowed to raise a mustache for a few reels of a picture. He played a double rôle. But the wails of anguish that went up from fans and film salesmen alike soon convinced both Wally and his bosses that mustaches were not for him.

That was Wally's one complaint about being a star. He often remarked that when he got to be fat, forty and a director, he was going to raise the longest and wickedest mustache in Hollywood. Poor Wally, he never achieved his desire.

Enter the Villain

ROBERT MCKIM long bore the hall-mark of villainy. The moment he entered the scene, stroking his silky black mustache with affectionate fingers, we knew he meant no good by our Nell. He probably intended to steal the papers and ruin the innocent country girl by giving her a glass of coca-cola.

But a couple of years ago, McKim tried to reform. He wanted to play leads. When he made known his desire to tread the straight and narrow, that he might for once live until the final fade-out—"heavies" usually get misplaced before the end of the film, you know,—the producers scoffed at the idea.

"A hero with a mustache?" they said. "If you would reform, shave it off." And shave it he did, so that for once he enjoyed the sweet sunset with the heroine at the fade-out. But of late he has been back-sliding. He's up to his old tricks again, and he's wearing a mustache.

Lew's On-again-off-again Mustache

LEW CODY's mustache is one of these on-again-off-again affairs. He takes it off and puts it on as he steps nimbly from heroic rôles to villainous characterizations. Clean-shaven, he is a debonnaire hero over whom the flappers can rave. With his lip-



Valentino, sans mustache, is a pulse-quickener par excellence. With a mustache, he is a callow youth bordering on the lounge lizard. Strange, what a few short hairs can do.

ornament in evidence, he becomes again a suave villain at whom we hiss with pleasure.

As the fascinating Rupert of Hentzau he wears his mustache, but what tomorrow will do to his cunning misplaced eyebrow, we dare not prophecy.

As soon as Robert McKim enters a scene, we know by his silky black mustache that he means no good by our Nell. His mustache is the insignia of villainy. When he plays heroes, he shaves it off.

Two men and a maid. Which shall she choose? Judging from the fact that Allan Forrest has a mustache and John Bowers has none, we predict that John will be the lucky man.

How Does Jack Holt Do It?

JACK HOLT is a head hero. He dares to wear a mustache in the face of all precedent and he gets away with it.

Women, he maintains, are fickle, but a mustache, carefully tended, can be depended upon. Even when the curly locks that grace one's noble dome fall away, still the mustache remains luxurious and glossy and pride-inspiring.

Jack doesn't give a darn whether he looks like a villain or an actor. His primary ambition is to be an actor, regardless of the niche into which the fancy of the public may propel him.

Mustaches All Right for Husbands

WHILE A MUSTACHE is taboo for leading men, they are all right for some husbands. Mary Pickford doesn't object to mustachiod kisses, when the kisses come from her husband. And Douglas Fairbanks, be it remembered, has won his greatest fame since he raised his mustache. Lottie Pickford permits Allan Forrest, her husband, to wear a mustache, too.

An Aid to Manly Beauty

TIME WAS when a cavalier without a mustache was simply not in the running with the ladies. To be
(Continued on page 96)

When Sleek-haired Aileen Pringle, with so fearsome a look, shrinks from Jack Holt in *The Tiger's Claw*, is it because he wears a mustache?



Photo by WITZEL



"I'm going to live and die an old maid!" declares Katherine MacDonald. But alas, Katherine was ruined for spinsterdom, through her marriage with the sculptor, Malcolm Strauss and her declaration was merely the result of absent-mindedness.

Hollywood's Old Maids

In order to qualify for the Order of Old Maids you've got to be married

IT's a funny thing about the Order of Old Maids in filmdom: in order to qualify, you've got to be married!

The motion picture woods are full of old maids—so called. Husbands ain't no treat to picture queens. Girls

used to hate to be called old maids. But it's got so now that they call themselves spinsters.

Instead of trotting out a new husband to show him off, the film bride keeps him dark. The expression, "single ladies and their husbands"

has taken on a new and more respectable significance.

"I'll Die An Old Maid".

"I'm going to live and die an old maid!" exclaimed Katherine Mac-
(Continued on page 92)

Flirting With Fads

Hollywood takes its fads very hard while they last. But then, what's life without its enthusiasms?

By HELEN STARR

AND TALKING of fads? Oh, they take hard in Hollywood and are as contagious as new notions in the sheep family.

Remember, a few years ago when we used to whirl up to the Athletic Club for dinner, the radiator cap of our car bearing a miniature camera tripod made of brass? That proved conclusively to the pedestrians that we were somebody in the picture business, and kept the curious public wondering whether the handsome man at the wheel was a director or a star. Yes, sporting a cute little camera tripod was a very subtle way of disclosing your business. It is so ordinary and commercial to see "Jones Flour Co." or "Ajax Oil Co." boldly painted on the doors of a car.

OF COURSE, every fad is booked for a limited engagement, so when all, the studio carpenters and electricians began making tripods for their Fords, we had to turn to something new.

When Mary Pickford came West and rented the lovely old Bogardus place on Western Avenue, all Hollywood came out in long yellow curls and girlish organdie frocks. Looking young and innocent was the order of the day as nobody can imitate our Mary, debutantes and ingenues assumed a sort of innocent idiot stare. In those old days, too, it was quite correct to live in a back yard house. Writers said it was quieter and actors thought it informal, while directors affirmed it furnished excellent atmosphere. The front yard houses were

then occupied by rich farmer pioneers from Iowa.

Autographing the Ant Book

AS THESE picturesque back yard bungalows were usually overtopped by huge pepper trees, it was the custom for swarms of ants to make frequent calls. Somebody discovered a kind of paste which discouraged this wholesale visiting. It was sold at the only drugstore known to Hollywood at that time—the one on the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. As the ant paste was poison you had to sign your name in a black book to get it. The news of this wonderful anti-ant flew around town with lightning rapidity. Everyone



The dusky make-up that swept Hollywood last fall was introduced by Gloria Swanson. For months, film beauties displayed strangely un-Caucasian complexions.

Ruth Roland introduced a commercial side-line as a smart fad for actresses. She has worked up an immensely remunerative real estate business in Los Angeles.

took up the combat and some of the most famous autographs in picture history are to be found in the ant book. That, of course, is in the plebeian past, for who can find a director or star these days who does not boast a mansion high up on a hill?

In moving picture circles it used to be the fad to hide one's family. No one was ever sure whether a handsome star had a wife or not and the existence of kiddies was kept a dark brown secret. Then, all of a sudden, it became the thing to unearth ones relatives and give them broadcast publicity. Pictures of family groups began to appear in the papers, and of stars' wives mixing cakes. To further prove the rage for domesticity, everyone sent pictures of their innocent little rose-hung cottages to the magazines. And if a film family had no babies, they went right out and adopted several to be in the vogue.

Mail-order Culture

HOLLYWOOD takes up the reading of new books en masse. A group decides to study psycho-analysis and soon everyone is talking about the subject. Then the Montessori method or self mastery in twelve lessons, or Coué may seize the popular notion. Such best sel-

Anita Stewart's beautiful little bungalow dressing room on the Mayer lot made every other star in Hollywood feel that life was not worth living without a bungalow-dressing-room exactly similar.



Photo by GREYBEAUX

Pauline Frederick was the heroine who discovered that melting musical strains enabled one to emote. Now every star and near-star demand an orchestral accompaniment to acting.

lers as "The fad" he must redecorate often and keep his brain in a whirl over innovations and service. Sunset Cafe at Santa Monica used to be the rage in the old days when Fatty Arbuckle was so mightily entertaining on Tuesday evenings. Then somebody built studies for a game like Mah Jongg and nobody enticed the crowd, Green Mill wrapped itself in flames and sent derisive curls of smoke heavenward. Armstrong's, Montmartre, Levy's and Frank's take turns in being popular, but I venture to say that the fickle faddists will all troop over to the new Chinese cafe near Vine Street as soon as it opens its doors.

Our "First-nighters"

WHEN NEW YORK dramatic critics came out to Hollywood to write for (Continued on page 94)



The Picture of the Month



Main Street

Warner Bros. Screen Classic

Now this is a picture as is a picture—a "Screen Classic" at last. Those Warner Bros. took an awful chance when they picked on *Main Street*—the most lauded, the most anathematized, the most widely discussed book of recent years.

Whether it's *Main Street* or not, we'll leave to the lofty brows who did and the low brows who *didn't* like the book, to wrangle over.

But it is a corking good picture. Hokum? Yes, gobs of it, of the sure-fire kind that keeps an audience

in an uproar or a-titter or in tears. Very cunningly the picture does what the book failed to do—it leaves you with a feeling that *Main Street* is about as broad after all as Fifth Avenue, that futile discontent and snobbish gropings for vague ideas are less lovely than honest ugliness.

Monte Blue and Florence Vidor bloom gorgeously as artists in this pleasant atmosphere of self-expression. But Louise Fazenda as Bea Sorenson and Noah Beery as the crazed Valborg almost steal the pic-

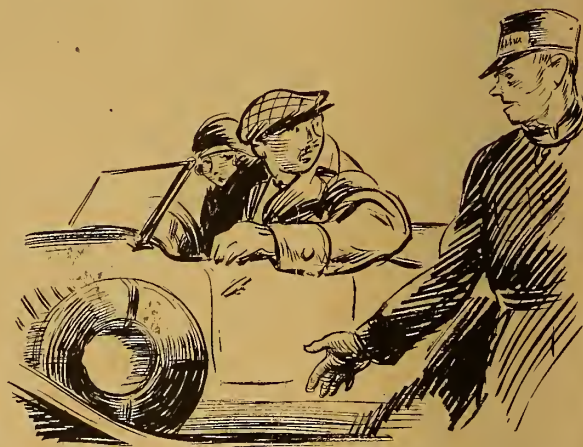
ture. Good work! And the small town types! Griffith and Ingram, our best "type-setters" could well feel a pang of envy when the village scenes unroll. God bless our elocutionist! Robert Gordon comes back in the role of the tailor-poet, and Harry Myers romps away with a magnificent character sketch. A splendid cast, a book transferred to the screen without too many liberties being taken with it, a well-balanced meal of comedy and pathos—that's *Main Street*.

Tia Juana Nights

The Tired Movie Star knits up the ravelled sleeve of care by a between-pictures jaunt over the border



Professor and Mrs. Henry Peabody from Peabody college, Kansas, are on their Sabbatical year trip. They have guilelessly dropped into one of the dance halls in old Tia Juana in search of material for the thesis the professor is writing on *The Native of Mexico, His Manners and Morals*. The professor is feeling opportunities for research work are going to be considerably hampered by the presence of the outraged Mrs. P.



Harold Handsome, the famous film star, has passed up five splendid opportunities to take home a quantity of the stuff that cheers, lest his car be searched by the border guards. And his chagrin when the guard orders him to drive on without disturbing so much as a lap-robe would melt a heart of stone.



The Stews' Bench. A hard-boiled guard who knows the potency of Tia Juana liquid cheer, makes each departing guest walk a chalk-line, to prove his ability to drive his car. The weak sisters and brothers who wobble are parked on this famous bench to sober up.

In all movie scenes of the Casino at Monte Carlo, *somebody* is just in the process of breaking the bank. But at the Tia Juana Casino, where tired movie stars go to rest up between pictures, the bank is usually engaged in breaking somebody. The genius who evolves a "system" for getting away with a thin dime left in his jeans will receive a standing vote of thanks.



Revelations of an Assistant Director

The SPOILED SISTER

*The Sin that isn't Gilded is about
as Interesting as a Hard
Boiled Egg*

HAVE you ever had a beautiful blonde charmer propose to you? Or have you been called a "sweet man" by some celebrated film star who rates her weekly salary in the four-figure class?

Have you ever been told by a man who makes more money than the President that you're his right-hand bower? That he couldn't get along without you? That your work means his success?

Or have you been confronted with the problem of seeing that a howling mob of a thousand extras is fed and sheltered—and paid?

If you have, don't read this story. You'll know all about it from having been an assistant director yourself, from having been the fall guy of a megaphone king, from having combed Hollywood and its environs in the hope, perhaps, of finding some fellow, who closely resembled Stonewall Jackson, to double for that worthy gent in a fifty-foot "shot".

He's the Fall Guy

NOBODY ever gives the assistant director credit for accomplishing anything. If the picture is good, the laurels go to the star, the leading man and the director. If the picture is bad, if the "atmosphere" of the production looks like ham-and-beans, if the cameraman or the electrician or the prop man have slipped a cog, *you* get the blame.

You're supposed to have the eye of an eagle and the disposition of a Cheshire cat. Combining these qualities with the outward calm of Saint Cecilia and the business-like aspect of Charles Schwab, and you're eligible to the great amalgamated order of mob-rushers and studio hounds.

You can suffix an A. D. to your name with as much swank as a medico. You can begin to believe some of

the honeyed things the girls say to you because they think you'll get them a job, and you can live in hopes that some day you'll be regarded as good enough to be man-Friday to some such cinematic plutocrat as Rex Ingram or C. B. De Mille.

Being merely an assistant, I have to do all the numerous things my chief couldn't be annoyed with. I have to get his actors on the set at any hour he chooses to call them. Which isn't a mere bagatelle.

Must Act as Buffer

NOT long ago, while we were filming some night scenes, our leading lady, a very lovely and gracious woman, objected to the long hours she was required to spend on the set. It was my chief's lack of consideration, having her made up many hours, day in and day out to which she objected. If she had actually worked in a large number of scenes, it would have been different. But she didn't work. The script didn't call for her except once or twice a day, and the director could easily have arranged her scenes so that he could have finished with her, within a reasonable period of time.

One day I went to her, informing her that we'd work with her the next Thursday evening.

"You told me positively I would not have to work then," she flared. "Remember, I asked you if I might make a social appointment for that time!"

"Yes," I confessed, knowing that what she said was true. "But Mr. S.—has changed his schedule. We've got to finish the picture."

"You mean he's changed his mind!" she retorted and walked away, dropping the discussion at a point where I didn't know whether she'd show up or not.

Thursday night came. All the actors were on the set, except our blonde friend. We waited and still waited and the chief decided that he couldn't work without her. I called her home. She had gone to the theatre, and the maid had sufficient presence of mind to remember *which* playhouse it was.

All this I reported to my chief, who flew into a rage and used picturesque language in instructing me to go downtown to the theatre, *get Miss N—and bring her to the studio!*

It was nearly midnight by the time she condescended to appear in make-up at the studio, and meanwhile I was turning albino by degrees.

Too Much Temperament

THAT is one of the most unpleasant duties of our assistant-directorial clan. Toward the end of productions, if work has not been actually kept to schedule, we frequently find it necessary to work over-time at night. Actors, of course, not being unionized, do not receive more pay for this additional time, and naturally are never too keen to work until the wee, small hours. Some are nasty when you approach them with news of an early morning call. Others glare when you mention night work. A very few take the edict calmly.

In the old days, Theda Bara used to drive us nearly to drink. After Fox had starred her and made a lot of money with her, she quite humanly felt her position. All day long we'd work with the rest of the cast in scenes in which the star didn't have to appear. Along about four-thirty or five in the afternoon, she'd appear on the set, impatient if we kept her waiting. For two hours then, it was a case of breaking our necks to fin-



"Sometimes you feel sorry for the poor little frump who auctions herself off to you. But you're never shocked. You get to regard this coterie as being mere gold-diggers who think less of themselves than of their ambitions."

ish her scenes, for we knew she'd leave promptly at seven.

Even now, although studio ethics and methods have advanced considerably, and though a dozen or more stars have dropped from their celluloid heaven since Theda reigned, Pola Negri maintains the same *modus operandi*.

The public calls it "temperament", but we have another name for it. We call it hellish stubbornness.

His Choice of Girls

"**D**O YOU KNOW", introspected one of my confreres while we were lunching at the Blue Front, "a fellow in our game can have almost any girl he wants."

It sounds harsh, strident, yet pitifully enough, it is true. In Hollywood there is a clique of girls who "make" the studios day by day to play in mob scenes. Not a few of these girls are burning with ambition to become stars. Having set aside private life, they are willing to take almost any step that will bring them recognition.

The assistant director has it in his power to hire or fire these extras. When the end of the day's work comes, I go to my chief's office, make out a requisition for twenty-five young women who will be used for tomorrow's shooting of a ball room scene. This list I give to the casting director or phone to the Service Bureau. If I have any types in mind, I say I would like to have Elsie Smith or Dorothy Deers or Sally Scott, for instance, on the set working for my company.

The girls know this. They know that if they do something particularly noticeable, the assistant may give them plenty of work. They know that if they succeed in ingratiating themselves their chances of employment—and incidentally of advancement—are ten to one.

And some of these young women, thinking to "get in good" with the assistants who are directly responsible for engaging them, will place themselves on the altar of sacrifice to such an extent that there is no step they will not take.

The Spoiled Sister

RECENTLY, I was making up a report after the day's shooting. My office was quiet. Nearly everybody had gone home and I was on the

point of closing my desk when the door opened and a pretty little redhead walked in.

She was piquant and feminine and attractive. We talked a few minutes about nothing in particular and smoked a few cigarettes. Finally she came out with how tired she was of mere routine; said that she'd do anything to "get somewhere", as she put it.

I have heard countless such stories. Every director and assistant director hears them. You get used to them, like having headaches, or your wife's relations. They come to mean but little to you. Sometimes you feel sorry for the poor little misguided frump who auctions herself off to you for what she can get out of the bargain, and you wonder how she can ever muster sufficient "crust" to suggest such a proposition.

However, you're never shocked. You get to regard this coterie as being mere gold-diggers who think less of themselves than of their ambitions. And because the type is so commonplace, so every-day, you listen to their "line"—which is generally the same—try to encourage the spoiled sister, take her name and phone number and promptly forget her.

We assistants rarely are impressed by these offers. The girl, by her very boldness, repels us. Better taste and better judgment on our part relegates her to the limbo of spoiled things. Her "vamping" isn't subtle. Her proposition is too broad—and *the sin that isn't gilded is about as interesting as a hard-boiled egg.*

But while this particular type of person caters to us, we in turn must knuckle down to another ilk of people who are themselves frequently just as disgusting.

Flunkeying for Stars

EVERY SO often, we find ourselves called upon to act as the veriest menials to men or women who, because they happen to be stars, imagine themselves highly-exalted personages whose word is law and whose wish is inspiration.

But what makes me sick is the actress who, like the extra girl, tries "vamping" as a means to an end. I remember one leading woman whom I'll call Jane, who has a passion for showing her importance. At the studio she must have her chair

placed in a certain place. When she is "visualizing a scene" she must never be disturbed. She calls constantly for ice-water, cigarettes and other favors, and, all in all, needs a personal servitor to attend to her whims and fancies.

In the long run, this type of actress is the least satisfactory. Fundamentally, they're cheap and full of bluff. They rarely have the goods. And the more you do for them, the more they want you to do. We call them the "Gimmies".

Training for Servitude

AS MERE directorial flunkeys, none of us expect to direct a big scene between the leading characters. That is the director's work. But in minor instances we are frequently called upon to conduct rehearsals of the company, to direct smaller and less important scenes and to "step into the megaphone" at scattered intervals.

But our real directing comes when we are making big scenes. When Allan Dwan made *In the Heart of a Fool*, four of us, dressed in character and make-up, found ourselves interspersed in a huge mob of extras, as part of the crowd. Working among the "atmosphere", it was our duty to direct our various little groups as individual integers of the whole. In other words, Dwan was the captain. We were his lieutenants, taking orders from him, and directing our divisions according to orders and our own judgment.

This is one of Griffith's great inventions. During the making of *Intolerance* he employed a score of assistants, each of whom worked among the crowd as part of it.

It is impossible for a director's voice to be heard above the howl of a thousand extras. And it would be equally impossible for him to cover every angle at once from his solitary stand behind the camera. The extras, not being trained actors, would become confused and do the wrong thing. Hence it is the assistant, who knows his chief's way of working, who understands the script, that the director relies upon during the filming of the big stuff.

It is then that the assistant can really make his worth known and can prove whether or not he will ever actually be able to direct a scene himself, alone and uninstructed.

As fresh and lovely as a June morning is this costume. The blouse is of soft yellow crepe de chine stitched in blue, worn over a box-plaited skirt of white crepe. The charming hat is a leghorn with an over drape of lace, and is decorated with blue and yellow silk roses.

Posed by Julia Faye, Paramount Actress.



When Summer Comes

Chic new styles in sports clothes are not far behind. These fashion hints come to you straight from Hollywood



A rough-weave ratine of gray on a rose background, with a collar of silver-gray caracul makes a stunning cape costume for country club wear. The cape is lined with gray crepe and ties with strips of the same soft material. A rose hat with transparent brim and yarn ornaments is worn with the costume.

Posed by Mae Busch, Goldwyn Actress.



When one rides a good deal, a chic riding outfit like this is very desirable. The sleeveless jacket is of scarlet jersey, and is worn over a tailored blouse of white silk. The snowy breeches, black silk beaver derby and black boots complete a striking and becoming costume.

Posed by Eleanor Boardman, Goldwyn Actress

Hollywood equestriennes are wearing the new puttee boot. The boot is in one piece, but gives the effect of a separate boot and puttee. It is quite the newest wrinkle in riding paraphernalia.

The fashionable new golf stocking ties in a loose tassel effect, just below the knee. We are not prepared, at this time, to say by how many strokes this improves one's golf game.



High Life in *Hollywood*

NEW GATHERING IN HOLLYWOOD is no bed of roses. While news is plentiful in Hollywood, it often has to be de-natured, as it were, before reaching the dear, trustful public.

For instance, the other evening, when the Tatler observed Elaine Hammerstein dining at the Ambassador with a certain Count, she hesitated to mention it, for fear the dear Countess might rise up en masse and denounce the fair Elaine as a husband-grabber. Painfully curbing her natural "news nose," the Tatler smothered the story, only to learn three days later that there is no Countess.

And then one day at Armstrong's, where all the tourists go to criticize the table manners of the movie stars, the Tatler saw Estelle Taylor lunching at the same cozy little table with Noah Beery. As Estelle has been twice accused of being too attractive for husbands-at-large, the Tatler scented a big story, for Noah, though a villain of the deepest dye on the screen, in private life has always been a respectable husband and father. So the Tatler waited, all agog, to see what she could see. Alas! Estelle up and paid for her own luncheon, proving that Noah just happened to sit there because the cafe was crowded.

Another black day, the Tatler spied Thomas Meighan, all dressed up with a lady, going into the Bull Pen, a down-town cafe which is nicer than its name. Sensing a juicy scandal, the Tatler followed them in and got a seat at a near-by table where she could watch every move. Tommy, too, has been a good, well-trained husband, but in Hollywood you never can tell.

Thomas gazed into the eyes of his lady friend with such Cecil De Mille ardor that we felt a "scoop" coming on. Like Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, we listened to Tommy's soup, counted the radishes he ate and estimated the size of the bill. Scarcely was our quarry out of the door, when the Tatler leaped into the arms of the head waiter.

"Tell me, waiter," we pleaded, "Who was the lady with Thomas Meighan?"

The head waiter smiled with evident pity.

"That was Mrs. Meighan," he said, as he scratched his right ankle with his left foot. Incidentally, he refused to take back the \$1.50 dinner that the Tatler had consumed, and we couldn't even get it charged to Tommy's publicity man. Life is very hard at times.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE turned out to the premiere of *The Covered Wagon* at Hollywood's Egyptian theatre, the other evening. The Tatler, attired in scratch pad and pencil, attended. So overcome were we at the glory of Gloria Swanson's rose evening wrap that many other celebrities were overlooked. Mae Murray was there with her husband, but she didn't look natural—maybe because she tried to disguise herself with skirts. The prevalence of tur-

bans among the smart set of filmdom is doubtless soon to bring forth a protest from the Hairdresser's Union. Our smartest dressers now merely wrap a dust cloth or piano cover around their heads, of an evening, and sail forth for conquest.

MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL SIMPSON gave a dinner party recently at the Montmartre. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Simpson. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were invited by Edgar Lewis, the producer, to the theatre and dinner afterward at a quiet downtown cafe, for a large party. Mrs. Simpson had a new and extremely becoming gown that she

Miss Fritzi Ridgeway, who is reported engaged to Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery, as an interested world knows, was the first husband of Gloria Swanson.



Photo by FREULICH

was dying to wear where somebody would appreciate it. So the Simpsons informed their host that they would love to go to the theatre, but they had a previous supper engagement afterwards at the Montmartre. After the theatre, they excused themselves and sallied off to the Montmartre, where the new gown and its charming wearer achieved interested attention. But the fly dropped into the amber when the Lewis party arrived also at the Montmartre, to discover the Simpsons fulfilling their supper engagement with themselves.

HOLLYWOOD is immensely stimulated by the beautiful Spanish Senora who came to Los Angeles recently in search of Charlie Chaplin. The Chaplin butler was strangely unsympathetic, so the languishing lady invited herself to a little picnic on the Chaplin lawn, where she ate an arsenic sandwich and parked for the night.

Miss Mae Busch, whose engagement to Albert Wilkie has just been broken.

After the hospital doctor decided that she might pull through, Charlie offered to pay her way back to Mexico.

Movie-struck girls back East may well take advantage of this magnanimous offer. Simply come to Hollywood with the announcement that you have come to visit Charlie Chaplin. If he doesn't like you, he will pay your fare back, and you will have had a lovely trip.

HAROLD LLOYD and his bride, Mildred Davis, have purchased a beautiful big home in Windsor Square. Now they will both find out how far comedy goes with the queens of the kitchen. If Harold can make the cook smile when unexpected company comes for dinner, he's a real comedian.

The Tatler had a wicked idea that it was going to be quite a strain, this life of a *religieuse*. The news has just come from Paris that Pearl White, who has been in a convent at Cannes, has left her place of seclusion and has returned to Monte

Carlo.

The Casino offers rather more diversion to the lively Pearl than meditation and prayer, evidently. But it made an *awfully* good publicity story, *n'est-ce pas?*

MRS. ERIC STROHEIM, she of the alluring dark eyes and the "grand manner", has motored up to San Francisco, to join her husband at the Fairmount. Mrs. Von Stroheim is one of the most stunning women in Hollywood.

An on-again-off-again betrothal that set Hollywood gossips a-buzzing was that of Mae Busch, the vivacious Goldwyn actress, and Albert Wilkie, well-known publicity writer. Scarcely had the announcement of the engagement been bruited over the restaurant tables of the film colony than the wholly feminine bride-to-be announced that she had made a mistake, that perhaps she did not love Mr. Wilkie enough to marry him, though she respected him immensely, etc. Therefore the engagement was broken.

The most piquant part of the affair is the indication of a custom that is becoming more and more of a vogue in Hollywood: that of announcing a betrothal when the ties that bind the mate-to-be to a present husband or wife have not yet been dissolved. Miss Busch's divorce decree from Francis McDonald does not become final until September 30, 1923.

It's only a rumor, and the Tatler doesn't vouch for the truth of it, but they do say that blonde little Andree Lafayette and Maurice Canonge are—well, tremendously interested in each other.

You see, they both come from that dear Paris. And when they met in Hollywood, they embraced fervently, right out before everybody. And ever since, they have been seen everywhere together. So rumor has it, they're engaged. They deny it, but what does that mean in Hollywood. Absolutely nothing, my dears, absolutely nothing!

Celebrating Mrs. Rupert Hughes' convalescence, the brilliant Rupert entertained at dinner at the Hughes home in Beverly the other evening. Pola Negri, radiant as ever and attended by the devoted Charlie, was very much present. June Mathis, the William De Milles and brother Cecil



Photo by CLARENCE S. BULL



Miss Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, with the mount she entered in the Horse Show at the Ambassador Arena.

and Mrs. Cecil, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Buchanan were also present.

"The Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun, is being read by all the literary and near-literary folk of Hollywood. Which reminds us of the now famous faux pas made by one of our most charming stars, at an afternoon function recently.

"Are you familiar with Knut Hamsun?" the star was asked, apropos of the novel that was causing so much discussion.

"Familiar with him?" haughtily said the star. "Well we get ice from him but I certainly wouldn't say I was familiar with him!"

Cupid was a busy little sprite at the rehearsals of the Writers' Revue. One of the after-effects of the affair is the announcement of the engagement of Fritzi Ridgeway and Wallace Beery. Fritzi played the feminine lead in *The Old Homestead*, you remember, and Beery, who has done so many damsels dirt in his "heavy"

rôles for the screen, was the first husband of Gloria Swanson.

The Writers' Revue was a brilliant stage version of Frank Condon's story, *Hollywood*. It was put on with much eclat at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, before a gathering of film stars and celebrities.

Among those who had boxes were Gloria Swanson, Herbert Rawlinson, Irene Rich, Viola Dana and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt.

A barbecue breakfast was tendered riding enthusiasts among the guests of the Ambassador hotel and the riding clubs of Los Angeles and Hollywood, early on a Sunday morning recently.

At Bel-Air, after a brisk morning ride, the equestrians did full justice to a breakfast of broiled chicken, fried ham and eggs, mushrooms and other delicacies, cooked over an open fire.

Betty Francisco, Gladys Walton and Alice Calhoun wielded a wicked drum-stick.

Helen Ferguson entertained at a

beautifully appointed luncheon in an exclusive down-town tea-room recently, in honor of Mr. Edgar Lewis. Covers were laid for twenty.

HOLLYWOOD has been snickering wickedly over the story of a party that turned out to be a battle.

According to the story the Tatler heard, one of our most beautiful stars gave a party at her new mansion in Beverly Hills. For liquid refreshments she depended upon a director friend of hers. The director, by the way, was not invited. As the evening progressed, the star called the director again and again, to send up some more wine. Finally, "Who's giving this party, you or I?" asked the director, and *brought up* the last supply of hooch himself—and also a beautiful blonde young lady. The star greeted him with little enthusiasm, and his lady friend with less, and before the evening ended, the two ladies "mixed," even to pulling hair and scratching. Tut, tut! Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD AND LOS ANGELES society are all agog over the advent into pictures of Craig Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles. For the heir-apparent to the multimillions of Philadelphia's richest family to start out "on his own," to carve out a career in the movies through no aids but his own efforts has set the "best families" gasping.

The really lovely part of it is that young Biddle has turned down the invitations showered upon him by the West Adams and Wilshire crowd. He came out here to work, not to juggle tea cups, he intimates. So our little Social circle must jog along without one of the most important people, socially, who ever came into our midst.

Craig Biddle was in the midst of his freshman year at Princeton, when he decided that "the play was the thing" and walked out on his chums and professors. Which makes the Tatler think that the drama is coming in for a social renaissance; Prince George, third son of King George of England, has announced his desire to go on the stage.

SOCIETY, RESPLENDENT in its finest jewels and most gorgeous raiment, turned out to celebrate the opening of the second annual Horse Show at the Ambassador Arena. Many film celebrities entered blooded

stock, prominent among them being Thompson Buchanan, screen writer, and Cecil De Mille.

Prior to the opening of the show, numerous smart dinner parties were given. Filmdom's fairest women lent a glamour to the gaiety of the affair.

Miss Pauline Starke wore a very lovely black gown, with a wrap of heavy black silk, embroidered in steel beads.

Mrs. Tom Mix was charming in an imported gown of blush-rose chiffon. Her wrap was of ermine, trimmed with bands of monkey fur.

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo wore a Bendel model of black lace over flesh colored satin.

Mrs. William De Mille was gowned in orchid, with wrap of moleskin.

PERHAPS THE MOST notable social function ever held in Pasadena, the social center of Southern California, was the twentieth annual Charity Ball, held recently at the Hotel Maryland.

A gorgeous pageant, "The Evolution of the Dance," opened the festivities. Masses of greenery, spring blossoms and brilliant Oriental hangings made the great ball-room a veritable fairyland.

Mrs. Guy Bates Post represented the screen smart set in the pageant.

THE TATLER SAW Viola Dana looking more petite than ever after her session of appendicitis, dancing at the Coconut Grove the other evening. Viola looked about seventeen in a chiffon frock of pastel blue and silver. She was accompanied by "Lefty" Flynn.

Shirley Mason, who was one of the judges of the weekly dancing contest, wore a youthful frock of pink georgette, trimmed with white marabou.

Anna Q. Nilsson looked like a veritable snow queen in a gown of white satin, draped in the new lines approved by Lucille.

LOS ANGELES WILL have a polo team, if Tom Mix's efforts toward that end are of any avail. There is a splendid polo field at one of the big hotels here, and Tom and several other sportsmen have some clever polo ponies ready for play.



Miss Gloria Swanson, who had a box for the Writers' Revue at the brilliant stage presentation of Frank Condon's story, *Hollywood*.

SINCE POLA CAME to Hollywood to capture Charlie Chaplin's heart, the great comedian has taken up dancing again. The beautiful Pola conquered the American dance step without the least difficulty, and now the famous couple may often be seen gliding over the polished dance floors of the smart hotels here.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting weddings of the month is that of Miss Margaret Loomis, who by her marriage to Mr. Wayne D. Crool, renounced the screen for private life. The wedding took place quietly at the home of her parents on Winona Avenue, Hollywood.

"Married life comes first," said Margaret. "I have been very happy in my screen work, but if it interferes with my home life, there is

only one answer—my career must be forgotten."

IT'S BRAND-NEW, bright red and it glitters like a diamond. And it's only a day or so out of the shop. What? Why, Charlie Chaplin's new limousine. It cost \$13,000 and has hot and cold running water and everything.

AT ONE POPULAR cafe in Hollywood, where scores of stars take midday nourishment, a new trade has sprung up. The tourist visitor hears a gentle whisper in his ear: "Wanta hear about the stars? I'll point 'em all out, lady, at ten cents a piece. And I'll tell you a little about each of 'em for five cents extra. That reasonable, ain't it, lady? And directors? Why, I'll point out the directors for you at a nickel apiece!"

"Don't Laugh Here"

We No Longer Emote According to Rules, says

ALMA WHITAKER

PLEASE check your sense of humor at the box-office."

Do not wonder if the above sign meets your eye, the next time you wend your way theatreward. It gives our hard-working directors such moments of exquisite anguish when audiences giggle at their most dramatic scenes. A rigid ruling against laughter seems to be the only cure for the 1923 audience's impious re-action to hokum.

DeMille Did It

TAKE *Adam's Rib*, for instance. This luscious bit of "problem drama" was designed to make preoccupied business-loving husbands and romantic wives pause ere they emulate the tragic mistakes of the leading lady and gentleman. It was intended to be very serious, a "lesson", a plea for marital fidelity and all that.

But did the audience take it in that spirit? It did not. It giggled where it should have emoted breathlessly. When the fair-and-forty wife kisses her own husband in the dark, mistaking him for her highfaluting young lover, the graceless spectators laughed joyously.

And throughout the cave-man flash-back to prehistoric times, when human passions were portrayed in all their primitive virility, did the

audience gasp with horror at its age-old predestined sorrows? You know the answer. It merely commented killingly on the fact that Anna Q. Nilsson's face was dirty and laughed smugly over Cecil's passion for "putting over that sort of slush."

That "Dangerous Age"

The situation was merely reversed in John Stahl's *Dangerous Age*. In this picture it is Papa who has the sentimental flutter in New York. Papa falls from grace enough to tell a little flapper that he is NOT married. Two tragedies, a good man gone wrong and an innocent maiden being cruelly deceived. Dreadful. But the audience howled. It howled because the gal was too fashionable and too modern to be so naive, and also because Papa made such a rotten liar. And furthermore, no audience largely made up of women could put any stock in that angel wife at home, who gave up a trip to New York with hubby, because spring house-cleaning was coming on.

Elinor's Great Moment

ELINOR GLYN rather prides herself on being a master of modern emotional writing. But in *The Great Moment*, the audience simply couldn't fall for the dear old hackneyed situa-

tions. That nice girl taking so casually to profligate lovers and profligate parties and all, with the adoring but wronged husband "knowing her for the pure, innocent girl she is"—it was all too exquisite. And the villain was Stock Villain No. 4, the same rich old bachelor giving the same lavish naughty parties and luring the heroine with the breaking heart into acting up. So the audience grinned and chewed gum and said "You gotta hand it to Elinor."

Then There Was Manslaughter

THEN there was Alice Duer Miller's *Manslaughter*, reasonable enough in story form. But after C. B. had finished with it, it was just a scream in spite of the lamentable demise of the young traffic cop.

Because there was the gorgeous profligacy yanked in again, with the cut-back to Roman sinfulness. And there was the imprisoned maid with the dear little boy of four years, who was still four years old when she got out of prison several years later. And then there was the fine strong district attorney who took one drink of whiskey and went to the dogs, but in spite of his degradation he was still man enough to buy another poor devil a meal with his last quarter (gulp)—And all this while the audience, instead of being all choked up with sympathetic misery, merely chirped, "That certainly was potent hooch that attorney feller bought. It musta had a kick like an army mule."

One Exciting Night

AND what about Griffith's *One Exciting Night*? "The Master" deliberately packed every bit of hokum ever known to the screen into those reels of film. It wasn't tragedy, nor comedy nor farce. It was billed as a melodrama, but it was howling burlesque, and the audience accepted it as

It's sacred tradition now to put riding pants on every heroine of every desert drama, even when she was never intended by nature to wear them.



such. Even a couple of violent murders couldn't make the spectators emote a nickel's worth. There was a bit of comic relief in the terror of the colored lover and maid, and the audience took its cue from that.

"Rags are Royal Raiment"

GLORIA SWANSON, in *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew*, was a dear, sweet, innocent wife. When the horrid husband kills the virtuous family friend in a fit of drunken jealousy, to save his neck wifey lets him plead the unwritten law. Then he divorces her and gets the custody of the child. So she goes to Deauville, being the wickedest place there is to go to, and curiously enough, she has a regular vamp's wardrobe along. And a grand-duke is right there, ready to compromise her and starts right in to give parties in her honor. And then the hero comes to Deauville with his clergyman papa. He believes in her all along and can't see why the grand-duke doesn't, even after she poses as a very negligee statue in his ball-room, right out in meeting.

Again we ask you, did the audience shudder for the griefs of that wronged wife? It did not. It chewed life-savers and chuckled knowingly. "Deauville must be a bit of all right ain't it?" was the chief re-action.

He Learned About Women

THEN there was Maurice Tourneur's *Woman*. Maurice himself admits that was a ghastly fizzle. Allegorical stuff, reels and reels of it. Every man in the audience knew more about women than Maurice seemed to. So they merely yawned.

A Deluge of Sheiks

SHEIKS are now a drug on the market. After the success of the original *Sheik*, we were deluged with films, all having the same old desert, the same old tents with all modern conveniences including open plumbing, the same desperate white maiden. Only they haven't the same Rudy for the sheik, which perhaps accounts for the drop in the sheik-market.

We saw a stupid version of the sheik story in *The Tents of Allah*, a more ambitious version with Pola Negri in *Bella Donna*, and a poetic version in *Omar the Tent-Maker*, and a behind-the-scenes version in



When the casting director in *Souls for Sale* coldly reproves the ambitious actress for trying to vamp him, the audience revels in his righteous disgust, and winks a knowing eye.

Souls for Sale.

So even in *Bella Donna*, we merely note with blasé prescience that "they do like putting the girls in riding pants on the desert, don't they—and none of 'em's very strong on legs, either."

The audience notes also that the first sub-title in *Bella Donna* puts the date of the story before the war. But Pola doesn't wear a thing that doesn't do Paris of 1923 the utmost credit, but would certainly have surprised 1912.

When the audience fails to snicker, it notes critically—and writes in to the favorite editor about it next day.

Souls for Sale

ONE of the most sumptuous bits of hokum now on tap is *Souls for Sale*. When the casting director in the picture coldly reproves the ambitious actress for trying to vamp him, his righteous disgust is sublime. And again the audience howls with delight. And when the sub-title looms about the dear stars selling their very souls to the great-hearted public, but never could the beauteous extra hope to sell hers to a movie magnate, then the audience revels in unrestrained joy. They just love

the idea of the heroine breaking into stardom by being run over by a car at the entrance to the Goldwyn studio.

But we, the public, are going to get an enormous kick out of *Souls for Sale* all the same. We can fairly see Rupert Hughes winking at us individually, confidentially. "Yes, old man, we both know all about it. Bully good hokum, eh?"

When We Don't Laugh

WE Americans are not hopelessly blasé. We do not laugh when a real emotional crisis is presented to us. And we weep beautifully the first and second time a bit of hokum is presented to us. But we want originality. Otherwise we won't emote.

Whether it's aged mothers, or sheiks, or trifling women or foolish wives or wrongly-accused heroes, we demand new and intelligent situations.

We do not usually laugh in the wrong places at a William de Mille picture. But then William de Mille is a director.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

"Now *there's* my favorite screen magazine," says Walter Hiers, fixing an earnest eye on his customer. From a perfectly unbiased standpoint, we think he shows very good taste.

Hot from Hollywood

THEY WALK TO WORK

POUNDING the pavement is Hollywood's latest favorite sport. Walking to work has become more than a fad; it is a rite, accompanied by prayer and meditation.

Why? Because the film colony is in the midst of a speed war. The honorable judges of the speeder's court decided that life was getting unbearably slow, or that the treasury was running low or something, and orders went out to every knight of the motorcycle to bring in every motorist who let his foot press heavily on the gas.

And did they do it? Many a home in Hollywood, bereft of its breadwinner by the heavy hand of the law, bears witness that they did. Many a picture was held up by the absence of its manly hero, doing time in the city jail. So many stars and near-stars fell by the wayside that an edict went out in one studio that "all persons working on this set must either walk to work, or must come in a hired taxi." The studio refused to risk a "pinch" of one of the actors.

Gladys Walton was one of the first victims of the war. The judge lis-

tened to her story, wavered not an inch at her pleading eyes and said, "Three Days."

Maurice Canonge, playing the role of Zouzou in *Tribby*, came to grief on the smooth roads of Santa Ana. Being a foreigner, he didn't know that Santa Ana is the realm of the dread Judge Cox, a menace to all speeders, the heartless wretch who let Bebe Daniels in for a jail sentence and a million dollars' worth of publicity.

"I call attention of ze police," explained Canonge hopefully, "that I only go feefty-three miles an hour." Which was only about thirty-three miles over the speed limit, so his alibi didn't help him much.

WHO KILLED WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR?

WHAT QUEER quirk in human nature prompts innocent persons to "confess" to murders? To date, exactly one thousand and two persons have confessed to the police that they murdered the director, William Desmond Taylor. Edward King, lieutenant detective of the Los Angeles police force, has a great desk drawer, full of letters regarding the murder,

written by cranks. The strange part of it is that the supposed "murders" don't look ahead to any possible consequences of their confession.

For instance, one chap who signs himself "Just a male movie fan." He modestly writes:

"If I get one million dollars reward, what the movie folks have promised, and also a job in the movies, that is, I want to be an actor for life time, I shall let you know who killed Taylor."

Another man, who writes like a well-educated person, wrote a long letter to the district attorney, confessing that he killed Taylor, in accordance with a promise made the director.

"I had known William Desmond Taylor for several years. I first met him before his meteoric ascent to fame as a premier director. For at least five years we were intimate friends, not in the eyes of the world but in secret chambers where we could have secret communication, as it were. He told me the innermost longings of his soul.

"One night I read to him a poem by the poet laureate of Nebraska:

"Let me go quickly, like a candle-



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

See what a heartless corporation has done to a pretty girl like Lois Wilson! You'd never think that anybody who could look so sweet in Exhibit B could appear so faded in Exhibit A, now would you? Yet that's what Lois is doing in *Only Thirty-eight*. But she's a real actress and doesn't mind.

Snuffed out, at the hey-day of its glow.

Let it be high noon, then let it be night.

Thus would I go.'

"Immediately Taylor exclaimed, 'Never have I heard my sentiments so aptly put. When I shall have reached the pinnacle, I want to be snuffed out at once.' He then explained to me the character he wished to become and made me swear by all the gods I knew, that after he should have accomplished the thing he set forth to do, he would summon me and I should send him into eternity.

"That is all. He summoned me, I _____!"

Anonymous.

At least one hundred persons saw in the murder of the director a beautiful chance to square a grudge against some private enemy. They wrote the police, informing them that So-and-So had done the deed, sometimes even describing the scene of the murder out of pure imagination. Many spiritualists wrote in information that had come to them in an alleged conversation with the spirit of Taylor.

One woman writing from Norfolk, Va., began her letter with the cryptic statement that "dreams come true sometime". She advised the police to watch the Ambassador hotel for the

murderer, who was clean-shaven and of medium build. Inasmuch as that description would fit at least three-fourths of the frequenters and guests of the hotel, the police felt that the order was a large one.

Another man in Green Bay, Wisconsin, who had taken lessons in "detecting," sent to the police a cross-section of a picture of Taylor, showing his eyes. "You have heard it said that an assassin's face may be seen pictured in the victim's eyes," he wrote. "Turn the enclosed picture up-side-down and look into the left eye and you will see a perfect photo of a man's face, wearing a soft felt hat." Of course, no such face was visible.

A psychic predicted that within five years Los Angeles would be levelled to the earth by an earthquake, for "the sins" of Hollywood.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

THE flappers of yesterday are all wrought up over the prospective filming of Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks*. Inasmuch as the entire book is censorable, the film version will probably be as kickless as near-beer. Also, 1923 standards of naughtiness are widely removed from the 1910 model. Wouldn't it be a blow to Elinor to find herself dubbed mid-Victorian?

MILTON SILLS STAGES BIG FIGHT

MILTON SILLS scored a great hit when he made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre recently. He made a sincere little speech, explaining just what the better type of picture people are trying to do for the betterment of pictures. He proved that he was as sincere in his work as in his speech, for he was leaning on a cane. For a week now he had been staging a terrible fight with Noah Beery in *The Spoilers*. On Wednesday he got a vacation; Beery had been taken to the hospital!

A MIDNIGHT SCARE

RESIDENTS of the little town of Culver City had the thrill of their lives the other night. Just at midnight wild bursts of maniacal laughter issued from the Ince studio. Seeing visions of a madman loose, the terrified townspeople summoned the police force, consisting of one bailiff and two constables. Armed to the teeth, the three officers cautiously approached the rear of the studio, blanching with terror whenever that blood-chilling laughter burst out anew. A peculiar pungent scent led them finally to a cage, where a live hyena, purchased for use in Dorothy Davenport Reid's picture dealing with



Milton Sills scored a great hit when he made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre recently. He made a sincere little speech, telling what the film folk were doing to make pictures better, and was loudly applauded.

the drug evil, was kept. The beast is now wearing a muzzle which discourages midnight laughter.

BILL FARNUM WANTS SOCIETY ROLES

BIG BILL FARNUM, who in many a picture past had deemed it but child's play to run an army out of gas, is leaving the he-man roles. He's going to leave Fox and will produce for himself, and by Jove, he's going to do society dramas only, don't you know. No more horny-handed sons of toil nor fighting rôles for him. He wants to don the soup-and-fish and juggle a mean tea-cup.

BABY PEGGIE AND JACKIE COOGAN

WHY has no enterprising publicity man thought to announce the engagement of Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan? It is the fashion for Hollywood stars to be engaged to somebody just now, and the youth of the participating parties should be no detriment, as—like most engagements—they are made but to be broken.

WHY DO THEY?

WE ARE interested to learn that Paul Bern is supervising the preparation of a film to be called, "*Why Men Leave Home*." We are holding our

breath in suspense lest the film really tell why. If it does, we hope to see it before Will Hays does.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

OUIDA BERGERE is writing a story and Elinor Glyn will get the credit for it. The name of the story is *Six Days*. This is the way it happened.

The versatile Elinor outlined one little situation on the back of an envelope, and sold it to Goldwyn for we wouldn't dare to say how many hundreds of dollars. Goldwyn turned it over to Ouida Bergere to develop. It's quite a stunt to make a whole story out of one little situation. And probably when the story is screened, this is the way the screen credit will be apportioned. *Six Days*, by ELINOR GLYN, adapted by Ouida Bergere.

JUNE MATHIS LENDS A HAND

WHO will be the next director that June Mathis helps to fame? Rex Ingram is a very talented director, but June Mathis' aid was a great help in making *The Four Horsemen* what it was. Her assistance didn't hamper Fred Niblo, any, either, in putting over *Blood and Sand*. Hollywood is looking on with great interest at the filming of *In the Palace of the King*, directed by Emmett Flynn. All the directors out at the Goldwyn studio would give some of their hearts' blood to have the vivacious June adapt their vehicles.

The success or failure of the Flynn picture will decide the question that some critics have put, whether the Mathis success is due in part to the Ibañez-Valentino-Mathis combination. Her greatest successes, you know, have been the Ibañez novels starring Valentino.

WE'RE FOR YOU, VIOLA

VIOLA DANA has got a brand-new contract which provides for some special productions. We're glad. We hope with all our heart that Viola for once is going to get a real story, something that will give her a chance to show whether she can act, or merely look cute. Such pictures as *June Madness* would cramp the style of a Bernhardt.

AN INTRIGUING COMBINATION

THE RUSSIAN SOVIET is going in for picture-making, and their choice of their first two stories is an engag-

ing one: Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and *Decameron Nights*. *Ach du lieber*, when we think of what our Pennsylvania Dutch censors would do to those films here!

THOSE TEMPERAMENTAL STARS

HERE'S a new excuse for not working, recently given by a Schulberg actress. Miss Callista Riddell, aged five months, takes a day off for teething ever so often. Louis Gasnier signed up Callista on a six weeks' contract, teething days excepted.

HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES

IF YOU are ambitious and want to get into the movies, marry a film star. John Gunnerson, Anna Q. Nilsson's shoe-manufacturing bridegroom, has been married only a month and has already been offered a picture contract. But he evidently considers that one screen star is plenty in one family, for he has decided to stick to his last.

It's the simple life after this for Gladys Walton. The little Universal star is "off" motoring, because the nasty old judge sentenced her to three days in jail, during the recent speeders' war. But Gladys had plenty of company!



WHY PRESS AGENTS GO WRONG

MILTON HOWE, one of the most genial of Goldwyn's genial publicity writers, feels that life is all wrong. The other day he had a perfectly wonderful hunch for a publicity stunt. He would offer, in Goldwyn's name, a prize of \$5000 for a sure cure or a preventive for Klieg eyes. It would make a peach of a story!

It did. Thousands of persons, enamoured of that \$5000, sent in formulae for the cure of Klieg eyes. And now Milton, a sadder and wiser man, spends his days going through piles and piles of letters, sorting out usable formulae.

ERIC DID A TOMMY TUCKER

ONCE Eric Von Stroheim was down on his luck. A friend told him a certain rathskeller wanted a singer. So, like little Tommy Tucker, he went in and sang for his supper. But alas, the patrons didn't like his song, so Eric had to pay for the supper with his last nickel. And he didn't get the job, either.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, her son, Billy, and her adopted daughter, Betty. Mrs. Reid has almost finished her picture, temporarily titled *The Living Dead*, the proceeds from which are to be used to fight the narcotic traffic.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

WHO'D BE IN HIS SHOES

JUDGE J. B. Cox, the justice who won immortal fame or infamy, as you please, by sentencing the lovely Bebe Daniels to jail for speeding, was knocked down by a motorist recently, and had a couple of ribs broken.

What will you wager that the motorist gets sent up for life?

CHANGING FILM FASHIONS

THE "Western" is in again.

The success of *The Covered Wagon* has set owners of old cowboy films ransacking the shelves for the old favorites. All of Bill Hart's old pictures are said to be in process of revamping and even the old Bison films are being pulled out of their dusty cans, where they have rested in honorable retirement for years.

This game of "follow your leader" in filmdom is a funny one. When Jesse Lasky insisted on filming *The Covered Wagon* against the advice of his staff, everybody in the industry called him crazy. Who ever heard of making a big western special when the public wanted only sheiks. Now *The Covered Wagon* is one of the big sensations of the year and James Cruze, who directed it, is one of the most talked of directors.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

WHETHER the strenuous time Rodolph Valentino has had in getting himself married to Natacha Rambova had anything to do with it or not, but anyway Rudie is slated for the hospital, suffering from a nervous breakdown. All the nurses at the Johns Hopkins hospital are aflutter over the sheik's arrival. But he can cheer up on one point. Indiana authorities say he is married at last, tight enough to satisfy even Voliva of Zion City.

BERT LYTELL LEAVES US

HOLLYWOOD will see Bert Lytell no more for many moons, as he has gone East to do a number of pictures for Cosmopolitan.

A NEW TRAINING STUNT

STUART HOLMES relieves the tedium of doing plain and fancy villainy for the screen by big game hunting between pictures. He has a new stunt for training his dog, Bojas. Stuart took Bojas over to the Selig zoo. Colonel Selig's trainer took one



Photo by HOSTETLER

Thanks be, Viola Dana has a brand-new contract that provides for a series of special productions for her. The first is going to be *Roughed Lips*, with Tom Moore playing opposite.

of the bears out of the cage and lead him around the park, while another trainer follows and lays sticks along the trail. Then Stuart "sics" his dog on the scent, and if Bojas follows the sticks, he knows the dog smells bear. Simple, eh?

Aah-CHEW!

ONE needs many accomplishments in the fillums. Now Lewis Stone who is playing the part of a French aristocrat in Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche*, has to learn to take snuff gracefully. His advent at the Metro studio these days is always heralded by poignant sneezes.

NOT FORM-FITTING

AN EXTRA man pathetically holding up his pants at a Hollywood studio the other day, begged for a safety pin or a nail.

"These costume pants are so big," he said, "that I have to take two steps to make the pants go one!"

PROPER HOLLYWOOD

IN HOLLYWOOD those conventions must be observed. At the Ambassador hotel the other evening, all observers were enchanted to behold Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, properly chaperoned by an eminently respectable dowager.



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW,

and show us kids how to make a railroad that will work, pleaded Will Roger's eldest boy. So Will finished up his season with the Follies and came back to Hollywood and his three youngsters. Here's the whole family.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

SWEET, ISN'T SHE?

She's Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady.

In and About



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

IT'S A HARD LIFE

these movie stars live. Here's Bebe Daniels, luscious Paramount actress, at Palm Beach, where she made *Glimpses of the Moon*. The natives heartily enjoyed their glimpses of the star.

THEY'RE LUCKY, WE'LL SAY

Whenever Famous Players-Lasky want to do honor to any important guests, they have Agnes Ayres meet them at the train. These Paramount officials seem well pleased at the attention. They *should* be.



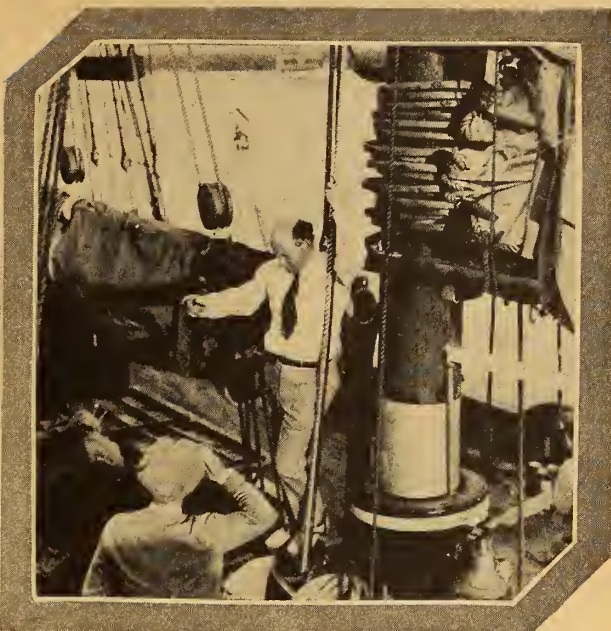
PARAMOUNT PHOTO



Photo by WIDE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S MAKING MOVIES

Even the Russian Soviet is doing it. Here's a Russian star doing a Valentino. We can't spell the players' names and you probably couldn't pronounce them if we did, so we'll merely tell you that these are the "leads" in the first picture produced by the Soviet.



UNDERWOOD PHOTO

AVAST THERE, MY HEARTIES!

Cecil DeMille aboard his sea-going yacht, Miss Cecelia, named after his eldest daughter. The gentleman saluting is his first mate.

Screenland

Photo by GENE KORNMAN



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

WONDER WHAT STORY HE'S READING

Harold Lloyd improving his mind in a wait between scenes. Harold is exceedingly fond of really good literature, which accounts for his absorption. His feet aren't really that big; he just borrowed the shoes from the giant he is using in his latest picture, as yet untitled.



Photo by WOODBURY

Such a head-dress as a queen of the Pharaohs might have worn to dazzle a royal lover is worn by Ruth Roland. Of beaten copper encrusted with gems, it makes a fascinating head-dress for a fancy dress party.



Photo by RICHEY

The Egyptian turban brought up-to-date is here worn by Agnes Ayres, Paramount star. The turban is of tan maline with a gold tubing wound through the drape. Wax ornaments hold in place fronds of gold fringe on either side.

King Tut in *Hollywood*



Photo by SEELY

Old Tut-ankh-amen's influence is seen even in the sport costumes of the summer of 1923. Carmel Myer's smart outfit shows the Egyptian trend in its cut and decorations.

From the grim "Valley of the Tombs of Kings" comes the Egyptian influence, and Hollywood fashion responds to its stimulus.



Photo by RICHEY

Turquoise blue was the Egyptian color of love, so this gorgeous costume of Betty Compson's reflects the color of the sky. Observe the huge pyramid-shaped ear ornaments; they are sure to further the vogue for striking ear-rings.

MOVIE *Maniacs*, Yes-Men, and Ladies

Movie Maniacs

SOME cranks take a special delight in annoying the stars. For instance, there is the case of the half-mad man who wrote "poison pen" letters to Bebe Daniels. Dear little Bebe, who never harmed anybody, has been bombed and black-mailed and picked on generally by these cranks. In SCREENLAND for August you will read about some of the persecutions suffered by the stars.

The 'Yes' Blight

YES MEN are the curse of movie industry. A "yes man" is a chap who always agrees with his boss, who always lauds him to his face and frequently pans him behind his back, who always assures him that the picture and the cast and especially the producer's policies are "knockouts", even when he knows in his heart that they are sure to be terrible "flops".

The "yes man" is responsible for many a fearful picture. Just how the industry is trembling on this quicksand foundation of false plaudits is exposed in the startling article, *The Yes Blight* in SCREENLAND for August. Watch for it.

Lady, We Thank You

THIS is the kind of letter that brings the smiles to an editor's face:

"I must tell you how I enjoyed the May SCREENLAND," writes Mrs. G. C. Smith of Mineola, Texas. "It was the first issue that I had read since September of last year. And do you know, I hardly knew it for the same magazine. It has improved so much. That one issue contained practically everything one wants to know about Hollywood. *Scalpers of the Films* was a revelation to me. I never dreamed the poor extras had such a hard time. I'll never be without SCREENLAND again."

We like being told we are improving better than Agnes Ayres does. Once she asked us how we liked her in a certain picture, and we told her truthfully that she was improving. And she didn't speak to us for a month.

How About Rebirth?

MANY movie stars believe in reincarnation. One beautiful miss in particular swears that this is her ninth and last incarnation. Another actress, rather plain and totally lacking in sex appeal, asserts that she is paying for sins committed in her previous incarnation, when she was a heartless coquette and beauty of the court of Napoleon. Wonder what penances some of our present movie stars will have to do in their next incarnations, to pay for some of their present slips? You'll find out in SCREENLAND for August.

"Mention Tom's Smile"

ONE of our readers writes in, much aggrieved that Tom Moore's smile was not included in the story, *By Their Smiles Ye Shall Know Them*. So we very gladly devote this space to averring

that Tom's Irish smile is probably the smiliest smile there is, and we don't see how we managed to forget to mention it in the article. How's that?

Art or Taste

THE type of gallery run in this issue—without frames or adornment of any kind—has called forth much favorable comment from SCREENLAND readers. The picture is the thing. Next Month's gallery will introduce a new style of layout. We think you will like it.

The Ladies, God Bless 'Em

SOME day we are going to run an entire gallery of unknown celebrities. No one whose name has appeared in electric lights will be admitted to the sacred circle of the seven starlets of the future. Young ladies with screen aspirations, please answer.

What She Liked Best

ONE keen reader of this family journal analyzed the May issue of SCREENLAND, and wrote us just how the various features struck her.

The portraits, she said, were very fine, the best feature in the issue.

First in excellence as an article, to her mind, was *Scalpers of the Films*; second, *Star for a Day*; and third, *Do Jews Control the Movies?* Next in order as appreciated were, *Is Pola Negri Chaplin's Mental Wife*, *Mashers of Hollywood*, and *Is Pauline Frederick Pursued by a Love Jinx?*

The fashion hints were very good, she thought, and of the departments, she liked High Life in Hollywood the best.

What do you like or dislike in SCREENLAND? We're always glad to hear.

The Chinese Like Gloria

GLORIA Swanson is just as popular in China as she is here, it would seem from a letter from Shanghai recently received.

"One reason I buy SCREENLAND is because you print quite a lot of news about Gloria Swanson, my favorite star. I think she is wonderful and so do a number of people here.

"Then, too, I think it is the best magazine because interviews are not much good and the articles you print are infinitely more real and more interesting."

Mabel, Front and Center

JOHN D. Cahill of Chicago wants Mabel Normand to appear in at least three pictures every year. It's her duty to the public, John says. We say so, too. We liked *Mickey* and *Molly O* and *Suzanna*, but it was too long a time between drinks.

LITTLE HINTS

for PLAYGOERS



Colonel Roosevelt's immortal policy guides us in presenting these startlingly frank Reviews — "a square deal for everyone" — particularly for our readers

ENEMIES OF WOMEN

Cosmopolitan

This may not be the world's worst photoplay, but it's a close contestant for the honors. In spite of a brilliant cast and a powerful story, the picture is almost turned into farce by terrible directing. We would like to see what Rex Ingram or Fred Niblo would do with this story. Alma Rubens is beautiful but awkward. Lionel Barrymore is fearfully miscast as the Russian prince, and his low-comedy falls in the midst of his big fight scenes invariably stirred the audience to raucous laughter.



QUEEN OF SIN
Ben Blumenthal

By the time you have seen half of this picture you'll be wishing it was back in Vienna where it came from. Cut from eighteen reels to eight for American delectation, it is a mediocre production, in story and detail and acting. The story is the shopworn tale of a girl who loves a poor artist, but is forced to marry another man because of her mother's indebtedness to him in the matter of a forged check. A De Mille-ish cut-back to the wickedness of Sodom lends the only kick to the picture.

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON
Paramount

Edith Wharton's hot house story reaches the screen in a series of dazzling costumes and magnificent boudoirs, strangely enough under the direction of Allan Dwan who was responsible for the virility of "Robin Hood." With the exception of the character names, the screen version bears but a slight relation to the original story.

Bebe Daniels is Susan Branch, the beautiful, poor—but not proud—girl, who with her penniless author husband lives off the bounty of their immensely wealthy friends until hubby suddenly develops a conscience.

All in all, the picture is most satisfying, due to the entertaining abilities of Bebe, Nita Naldi, Rubye de Remer, Maurice Costello and David Powell.



THE LEOPARDESS
Paramount

A story of the South Seas, in which a girl who is brought up as one of the natives is purchased by an American hunter. The hunter sets out to tame the girl as he tames his captured leopards. Alice Brady does some excellent acting. Montague Love is good, also, but the picture as a whole is dull.





THE RUSTLE OF SILK
Paramount

The Rustle of Silk is the rather dull story of a little hairdresser who falls in love with one of Britain's great statesmen, takes the position as a maid in his household to be near him, and pours out her love in letters which are never meant to be read by anyone. Of course they fall into the villain's hands, very nearly wreck the career of the hero, and at last, after five agonized reels of waiting, bring the hero and heroine together. Anna Q. Nilsson, though not mentioned in the billing, has the best part and does the only notable work in the picture. Betty Compson as the girl is sweet and pretty, but her love-sick yearnings make the casual observer fear she is dying on her feet. Conway Tearle is, as always, Conway Tearle, furrowed brow and all.

THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

This is a timely and interesting expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic trade, with an excellent love story interwoven with the plot. Just how mediums bilk their credulous patrons, with cameras hidden in vanity cases and phosphorus-coated sheets and trick slates for "messages from the dead", is shown very realistically. The story and titles are by Louis Weadock. Pauline Starke has her audience with her from the start. That perennial juvenile, James Morrison, makes a most likeable hero, and Carmel Myers enters upon a career of crime that will doubtless result in her being cast for "heavy" rôles from now on.



THE GO-GETTER
Cosmopolitan

For energy, pep and enthusiasm, Bill Peck, the go-getter in the case, and possessor of a breezy personality, is a real Spring tonic.

The story is a highly improbable one, dealing with a snappy, never-say-die salesman who is put thro the adventurous quest of capturing a vase and bringing it back in time to qualify for a job and the girl.

T. Roy Barnes plays the part with a good deal of spirit and makes it all seem plausible. An exciting airplane race, taken with night photography, winds up this amusing picture.

524-R4



When Two Is Company —and Three a Crowd!

HAVE you ever felt "in the way"? Have you ever had the feeling that somehow you didn't "belong"?

Some of us never feel entirely at ease among strangers and new acquaintances. While others converse smoothly and pleasantly, we are unhappy and constrained. While others seem to do and say the right thing without stopping to think about it—we are hesitant and embarrassed.

It is the person who does not know what to do and say on all occasions, who feels self-conscious and out of place. Those who know definitely what they are doing and why they are doing it are always well-poised and at ease. They are never humiliated by making conspicuous blunders. They are never tongue-tied during a conversation, never "alone" at a party or dance.

THERE is an old proverb, true since the world began. It is more true today, in our age of polished civilization, than it ever was before.

"Good manners make good mixers" the sages used to say. Realize how significant this proverb is. Clothe a king in tatters and his kingly manner will still command respect, but clothe a beggar in cloth of gold and his manner will instantly betray his breeding.

People like to mingle with those in whose company they feel happy and are at ease. The rude, ill-bred person not only feels self-conscious and embarrassed himself, but makes everyone with whom he comes in contact feel embarrassed, too. He is never welcome. People are instinctively conscious of his blunders. He makes "three a crowd"—and when he is in a crowd, he feels "alone." In other words, he is not a good mixer.

How Etiquette Gives Social Equality

It is the fear of doing or saying what is wrong that robs us of our poise, our self-possession.

Correct the mortifying, telltale marks of

ill manners, and you have a person who is sure of himself, at ease.

Smooth away the crudities that come from being unaccustomed to good society, and you have a person who is calm, well-poised, invested with a certain fine dignity.

Tell a person definitely what is correct and what is incorrect, protect him from the embarrassment of blunders, make it as easy for him to do and say the right thing as it is to say "Good morning"—and you have a person who is correct, cultivated—confident.

It is not the unequal distribution of wealth or of education that causes the different "classes" or "sets" in society. It is the *social inequality* that makes itself so instantly evident. Who can conceal a blunder in etiquette at the dinner table? Who can conceal a flustered, incoherent acknowledgment to an introduction? Who can conceal the blunders that betray people at once as ill-bred and uncultivated?

No one can do without a knowledge of etiquette. For your own ease, for your own peace of mind you need it. You need it that you may be a better mixer among people, a better host or hostess, a better guest. You need it that the path of life may be made smoother to travel, that you may add to your treasure-store of friends, that you may gain the polish and cultivation that is of inestimable value throughout life.

What Is the Book of Etiquette?

Most books on etiquette are written from the standpoint of the ultra-fashionable. They concern themselves with the details of elaborate functions, with matters of behavior on occasions of extreme conventionality.

The Book of Etiquette is essentially sane. It does not encourage affected civilities, contains more common sense than rules of conduct. It does not deal with the burdensome superfluities of high life. It is written not for a certain select class of people—but for *everyone*. It is a consultant, a secretary

to those who seek poise and ease in their contact with other people. It is a delightfully written, highly interesting, authoritative work on *every-day etiquette*—covering those subjects in which we are all most interested, discussing the very problems that confront us, telling us exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

Some Titles from the Table of Contents

- Why it pays to be agreeable
- The simplest culture
- The origin of manners
- Good society in America
- The secret of social success
- Announcing the engagement
- Invitations to weddings
- The wedding breakfast
- Tin and wooden weddings
- Origin of the trousseau
- The correct introduction
- Speaking without introduction
- Creating conversation
- The proper length of a call
- The woman's business call
- The dinner invitation
- Acknowledging invitations
- The "bread and butter" letter
- A word of special caution
- The young country miss
- Forget about yourself
- The endless round of hospitality
- For the shy and self-conscious
- Funeral customs
- The servant in the household
- About the American hostess
- When there are no servants
- Tea at a bachelor apartment
- A plea for dancing
- For the simple country dance
- A trip to the South
- Some social errors
- At the theatre and opera
- Hotel etiquette
- The restless urge of travel

Sent Free to You for Examination

May we send you the complete, two-volume set of the famous Book of Etiquette free for examination? We know you want to see it, read one or two of the chapters, examine the table of contents in both books. There may be some particular problem of conduct that is puzzling you—how asparagus should be eaten, how a certain invitation should be worded, how a certain gift should be acknowledged. Let the Book of Etiquette tell you.

No obligation whatever. Just clip and mail the coupon to us today, and the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once, free for examination. Within 5 days you may either return it absolutely without cost or obligation to you, or keep it as your own and send us only \$3.50 in full payment.

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Name

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Check here if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding, at \$5, with 5 days' free examination privilege. (Orders from outside the U. S. are payable cash with order.)

Oh Doctor, Doctor!

(Continued from page 41)

from high blood pressure, symptoms of smallpox, cerebral meningitis, or any little thing like that, so that said star can keep his date, his director's good will and his contract. Obliging physicians of this type are not at all rare, and certainly they have their place in Hollywood's scheme of life. How dreary it would be if life were all work and no play!

Of course he must be a convincing liar and he must not appear to doubt his own word even, for the star loves to feel that he has put it over on the doctor, too! Studios require a "sick certificate", by the way, much as a school teacher makes the truants bring in excuses in adult handwriting. And just as ingenious children can always find an obliging grown-up to write maturely for them, so can the star vacation-bent or recovering from a wild party which must not be talked about at the studio rope in a doctor's certificate.

BILL SHAKESPEARE'S Shylock has been relegated to the realm of the old-fashioned by the modern Shylocks of the movies. For many an actress has willingly given up as many as fifteen pounds of flesh in exchange for a fat contract from Shylock producers. But Shylock does not find himself foiled by a majestic Portia, neatly discovering a flaw in the contract. No blood is spilled. But oh, the sweat that drips. For reducing is a medical science in Hollywood, practised with the exactness of a fine art.

One of the most famous doctors in Los Angeles goes in solely for alterations on the forms of motion picture players. He is honored and revered. His name is written on the heart of many a contract-winner, who would otherwise have gone thick-ankled and obscure to her grave.

Before starting out with his bathing girls on the famous Revue a few years ago Mack Sennett sent eighteen of the girls to this "figger fixer" at one time, with a note requesting him to get them in "shape" within a certain specified time. Ankles had to be reduced, knees massaged, necks filled out, a few thighs and hips shrunk, and other imperfections

remedied before the Revue opened. Along with this order to the modern Shylock came instructions to take a certain number of pounds off Priscilla Dean for a forthcoming production.

The health system got busy and all those girls had the time of their lives while being "normalized". No drug or medicines, no dieting, no discomfort entered into the process of forcing the beauty buds into blossom. They simply had a frolicky good time with Swedish masseurs, jumping ropes, special reducing apparatus and games designed to transfer poundage from one area to another, to infuse new vitality into jaded systems and to give poise and grace to rejuvenated figures.

The knock-'em-cold-ers emerged on contract time, in symmetrical outlines that delighted Mack Sennett and the public about equally.

In this physical culture studio one is sure to meet stars who can afford to keep fit, or rather can't afford not to keep fit, even at the price the "figger fixer" puts on his services—one hundred to two thousand dollars a "course". Probably the first named fee is for something simple, like reducing a pair of ankles, and the last mentioned for making a Phoebe into a Venus. But judging from the enormous list of pupils and the heavy force employed, the wealth of the golden state is well tied up with the flesh pots.

The most common treatment given is to the "too stouts". The "figger fixer" says 150 pounds of flesh are left behind each day by his "patients". Among the flesh-shedders are Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Priscilla Dean, Myrtle Stedman, Barbara Castleton, and many stars of the legitimate stage. Charlotte Greenwood whose comedy depends upon her remaining "long, lean lanky Letty Pepper", Mrs. Oliver Morosco (Selma Paley), Blanche Ring, Constance Balfour, the singer—all contribute to the discarded poundage of this famous sweatshop.

WHEELER OAKMAN, Priscilla Dean's husband, and Dave Butler each lost forty pounds during the course. Director Robert Dillon

capped their record by six pounds. Colleen Moore and Helen Jerome Eddy went for the opposite reason—to build up to normal. It was a question of making Colleen from a shadow into a reality, so thin is she. Now Doris May is spending her spare time getting into "shape". She lost an awful lot of weight nursing her husband, Wallace MacDonald, through typhoid.

Mrs. Bert Lytell and Mrs. Robert McKim, as well as Director Nietz' wife, have invested in this subtle sort of "love insurance". Juanita Hansen had to take the reducing course about four years ago. Tiny Mrs. Charles Ray, no bigger than a bar of soap after a hard day's washing, to use an obsolete simile that our mothers held dear, takes reducing exercises regularly. She realizes that the time to reduce is before one gets even pleasantly plump. She is not going to have poundage steal upon her by ounces. Charles Ray is known to cherish a fondness for petite figures.

WINFRED WESTOVER HART might have been living happily today with her famous husband if she had continued the health course which first attracted Bill's interest, according to intimate friends' opinion. She was under a nerve strain which drained her vitality and made harmony in the home hard to maintain since her husband was also moody and nervous. Her mental outlook would perhaps have been vastly different if she had been in perfect physical trim. Mrs. Hart was built up shortly before her marriage into a lovely specimen of girlhood by this magic system.

A well known producer almost persuaded Clara Kimball Young that she could remain in the youthful rôles which made her famous if she would place herself in the hands of "the man who makes them young", but she has missed half a dozen appointments which she made to begin the course, and has not started to date, according to her friends.

So—WHETHER a player is fat or thin, sick or well, soused or sober, blue or thirsty, or simply hankering for a vacation—call the doctor!

The Port of Missing Girls

(Continued from page 22)

The mother arrived, very ill, and at once became the ward of the Traveler's Aid and Y. W. C. A. They fed and clothed her, assisting her in every way possible in her search, hampered as it was by her lameness.

One day the mother was eating a bowl of soup in the cafeteria across the street from Universal studios, when a girl sat down beside her. The mother rose with a cry which startled everyone in the place, crowded as it was with movie people, in make-up of every description. The girl betrayed recognition for only an instant, but this one instant gave her away to the Traveler's Aid woman who was with the trembling mother.

"Hallie!" The mother cried over and over. She seized the girl's hands and tried to kiss them, but the girl drew away in haughty distaste. She believed her heavy make-up and her hennaed hair—she had left home a brown-haired, nondescript girl—protected her from absolute recognition. "I have never seen you before! What do you mean?" She was in evening dress, a cheap, tarnished affair, hanging to her rather plump shoulders by tiny straps of soiled gold ribbon.

The mother wept loudly, calling upon God and man to witness that she had found her daughter at last. But the girl stoutly protested her claims, asserting she was from St. Louis, that she had never lived in Emporia. The Traveler's Aid, who has police authority, insisted upon taking the girl in custody and wired the people she had named as her parents. The wire was returned marked, "No such address in St. Louis".

That clinched matters, but the girl stubbornly held out. The mother became violently ill with grief and died later in the county hospital. The girl was made a ward of the state and has been put to work, and forced to care for the orphaned half-brother she still repudiates. The child recognized her instantly on his arrival in Los Angeles. Sullenly the girl goes about her work in a Los Angeles cafeteria, ready at any minute to make another break for freedom and the movies. It is a coincidence that

the day her mother found her was the first day she had ever worked in pictures. If she had made a niche for herself in the studios, she would have been given a chance by the officials who took her in charge. The evening dress she had worn on the set that day had been stolen from an "extra" who had kindly given her a night's lodging when she was completely out of funds.

Sold Too Cheap

THE SADDEST case of delinquency of girls that has come to the notice of Miss Gray, of the Y. W. C. A. Bureau of Employment, concerns a girl who had been given encouragement by a Chicago motion picture producer. After a small job as extra, she came to Los Angeles, on the advice of the producer. She came out at her own expense, but soon found that big money and big opportunities were not coming her way. Man after man told her she could get ahead if she would accept his attentions, but she refused to take the "easy" route to success. Starved out, she went to work in a restaurant, where she soon found herself hopelessly entangled with a foreigner—an employe of the restaurant. When it became evident that she was to be a mother, the girl's mother was sent for. She shook her head solemnly in talking it over with Miss Gray, and observed: "What a pity, as long as she had to go wrong, she didn't do it in the movies, where she would have gotten something for it." Can you wonder that the girl's moral fibre at last broke down, with a mother like that?

So—parents who have been combing New York for runaways, transfer your energies to the Pacific Coast, to Hollywood, the new "Port of Missing Girls". New York is passé. No flapper especially yearns to tread Broadway. Hollywood Boulevard is heaven to her now.

And please come after them, these little runaways, suffering from "Gypsy Blood". They are cluttering up Juvenile Hall "something dreadful". And the movies haven't room for them.

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL STAR PORTRAITS

For

15c.

Eight beautiful star portraits—handsome duplicates of the gallery in this issue all ready for framing—will be sent to any reader of SCREENLAND upon receipt of fifteen cents in coin or stamps.

Address:

ART DEPARTMENT, Screenland Magazine

119 West 40th Street

New York City

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS

The winners of the \$10.00 prizes offered in the March and April issues of SCREENLAND for the best answer to "Which advertisement in this issue of SCREENLAND appeals to you most—and why" are

**Mrs. L. E. Davis,
505 North 12th St.
Richmond, Va.**

and

**Mr. Edward Doran,
Edmonton, Canada.**

Both of the winning letters were masterpieces of concise, clear writing. Our only regret is that lack of space prevents our reproducing the letters in full.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Davis and Mr. Doran for their successful efforts!

WATCH SCREENLAND'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW CONTESTS!

FOOL'S GOLD

(Continued from page 19)



**Reduce FAT
this easy Way!**

Without starving, exercising, taking debilitating baths or drugs. Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer (not electric) reduces fat on any part of the body in 10-minute applications, night and morning.

**DR. LAWTON'S
Guaranteed FAT Reducer**

and Illustrated Course on Weight Control showing how to stay thin after the Fat Reducer has done its work.

Your money back if it fails! If actual reduction is not shown taking place within 11 days, the full trial period, return the outfit and Dr. Lawton will give you back your money promptly.

Only \$3.75—Send No Money—Mail Coupon!

Test the Reducer NOW on the Lawton GUARANTEE. Don't send any money. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. When your Postman delivers your Reducer, pay him \$3.75, plus a few cents post charges. If you send money in advance, add 20c for postage. That coupon is your start toward slimsness. Mail it NOW! If you want more information first, send for "How to Reduce—Mould Your Figure to Shapeliness."

.....
 DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Dept. 250,
 120 W. 70th St., New York City.
 Send me Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer. On delivery I will pay Postman \$3.75, plus a few cents post charges. If, after following directions 11 days, the Reducer fails to show actual reduction taking place, I will return the outfit to you and you will refund its cost promptly.
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will reproduce in
**SOFT mellow tone WITHOUT
 SCRATCH AND SURFACE
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by using a



DEFLEXOGRAPH
FITS ANY PHONOGRAPH
 (or Victrola) using steel needles. Play after hours. Will not disturb. Deflexograph attaches to needle holder. Filters sound oscillations. Prevents scratch and surface noises entering sound box. No metallic noises.

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GOLD PLATE, \$1.50
 (See Cut)
NICKEL PLATE, \$1.00

NONSPI For *Armpit Perspiration*

An unscented, antiseptic liquid—applied twice a week, will free you from all perspiration annoyances. **KEEPS UNDERARMS DRY AND ODORLESS**—Endorsed by physicians and nurses. **SEND 4C FOR TESTING SAMPLE.**
50c (several months' supply) at all leading toilet and drug counters, or by mail (postpaid)
The Nonspi Co., 2652 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

kiss me, all the time saying "So glad you came in—dearie, there is a part coming up to-day, a great part, and you are just the type. Can you swim? I'll say you can. Some shape I'll bet. You will be made, kiddo. This is a great part; yes, your beautiful long hair is just what we want. Take your hair down". (He was taking it down as he talked). After I had again pinned up my hair, sort of capering about the room, as girls are apt to do, during the embarrassing purposeless moments, he added "You don't mind letting me see your legs do you? I should think they are very pretty". I stood all this, and tried to figure to myself I was a bathing beauty at a beach, so I carelessly kicked a few clumsy steps, tossed on my hat, and very nonchalantly said "How's your pretty wife, and your cute little girl?" This is a great line. Don't act as though you rebelled a bit over being pinched, punched and pushed, just casually say to a man who has a wife, "How is your wife, they tell me she is such a good sport." Watch the effect!

I left this office really believing I'd get the job, for I didn't make a great point of finding out about his wife, and I had been very tolerant considering. Well, I prayed, I did so need food; there was no one left to borrow from. Later when I went into Betty's where I could phone for nothing, my answer about this job was, "Sorry dearie, but they decided you were a bit too old."

The last blow is ever the hardest. I had just nine cents left, my entire day had been bridged over by a Hershey nut bar. (God bless Mr. Hershey and his entire family.) I feel like the cat's eyebrow, but I strolled into Fox Studio. There they told me to hang around a bit as there was to be a dance hall set that night, at \$5.00. I waited.

About twenty girls were waiting. They needed only twelve. We stood expectantly as the director picked them out. He chose twelve, and lost count, then said to me, "you", then realizing what he had done, he apologized and let me go.

To-day is Friday the thirteenth. O well, if Friday comes—is Sunday far behind?

"Doubling for a fallen Star."

March 3, 1921

ABOUT a month ago I came to live at the Studio Club. My room is close to the telephone, so this morning at dawn, it awakened me, madly ringing. Six of the girls on the second tier dove for it, all meeting in a sleepy heap on the floor. I managed to catch the receiver. A voice shouted:

"Miss—be at—studio at seven-thirty, we may be able to use you to-day, if you are a good Italian type."

It has been six weeks since I've done a day's work in pictures, so I borrowed every article of clothing anyone had that looked Italian. In fact I almost tied a red bandana about my head for, I simply had to have this job.

At the studio I patiently waited from seven-thirty till eleven, a little short of the customary five hours wait. The star accompanied by his casting director arrived, they both looked me over, and registered a small degree of pleasure, then the star bent over sidewise, and got a different angle on my nose, and said:

"The nose is perfect; take her, pad her out, she's too thin."

My life's blood given for a year to take off twenty pounds, and to be told I was too thin! Is there no God?

The job was mine. I was led to a lovely dressing-room and given much service. In about ten minutes, I gathered the leading lady was ill. I was doubling for her. Finally I succeeded in learning she had only been thrown out of a blazing boat and broken two ribs, besides hurting her back, and she was now in the Hospital. But, the picture must go on. Hence I was ready to begin my perilous job, gotten not by the skin of my teeth, but by the shape of my nose.

The scenes were on a burning ship. Great flames leaped every time the camera started to grind, such realistic flames made by huge torches and smoke pots. I was madly rushed up the ladder of a ship, thrown over the side of the blazing boat, into a small life raft, about fifteen feet lower.

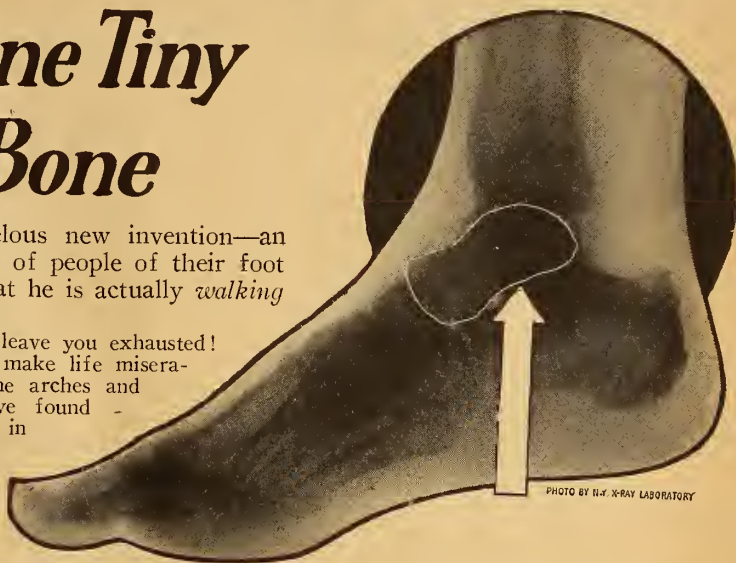
(Continued on page 88)

from Hollywood

Millions Suffer Foot Tortures -because of One Tiny Misplaced Bone

FOOT specialists have just perfected a marvelous new invention—an invention which is instantly relieving thousands of people of their foot pains—and which gives one the glorious feeling that he is actually *walking on layers of air!*

No longer need you suffer those terrible foot pains that leave you exhausted! No longer need you tolerate the aches and burning that make life miserable! Nor need you suffer those agonizing twinges in the arches and instep that make walking a torture. For scientists have found the real *cause* of most troubles—a tiny misplaced bone in the foot. Even the slightest displacement of this bone means terrible pain. But with this new invention you can gently work this bone *back* into place, with the result that every pain disappears—*instantly*—as if by a touch of a magic wand!



How Startling New Discovery Corrects the Trouble—and Relieves Foot Pains Instantly!

MILLIONS of people have the mistaken idea that their sore, burning, aching feet are due only to the pinching of their shoes. Other pains in the legs and thighs are wrongly attributed to rheumatism.

But Science now proves that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by a displacement of the astragalus bone—a small bone at the top of the foot arches. This bone supports your whole weight. It is held in place by a series of tendons and ligaments. But very often these tendons become weakened. This tiny bone, under the weight of the body, is then forced out of place. The result is fallen arches.

The arches are really the "wagon springs" of your body. They "give" every time your weight falls on the foot, thus absorbing the shocks of walking. But when the astragalus bone gets displaced, the arches instantly lose their springlike resiliency. As a result, when you walk, the whole weight of your body falls solidly on the delicate bones and muscles of your feet, causing all sorts of foot misery. Just as an automobile without springs would soon break down, so it is with your feet. The muscles become twisted out of place, sensitive bones are placed under terribly unnatural strains and delicate nerves are tortured.



Note the Instantaneous Results!

The marvelous new Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports, which slip into your shoes, are entirely different from anything known or used before. There are no rigid appliances; no special shoes; no braces; no straps; no salves; no powders; no trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Yet the flattened arch is lifted gently back into place, pain is instantly banished—aching bones and muscles are instantly soothed—all swellings and soreness disappear immediately. And every step you take *strengthens and builds up* the torn and twisted ligaments until the foot becomes normal once more! Further use of the supports is then unnecessary.

housewives, clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand or walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue.

Send No Money

Many people have paid specialists as high as \$200 for the benefits that you can now secure from the Russian Sponge Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount.

Furthermore, you do not risk one penny in trying them, for if after five days you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your feet, your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded.

Don't send a cent. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we fit hundreds in this way. When the postman brings you your supports, just pay him the amazingly low price of \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. This special low price is being made for introductory purposes only, and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say Good-bye to foot pains forever.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Dept. 367,
43 West 16th St., New York City.

LOW PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.

Dept. 367, 43 West 16th Street,

New York



If not sure of shoe size, stand on piece of paper—trace outline of stocking foot. Hold pencil upright, wearing them, I will return them in Enclose this with money without question.

Send me, at your risk, the proper pair of your new Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports. I will pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) with the full understanding that there are no further payments. If I am not satisfied after five days and you are to refund my money without question.

Name

Address

City and State

Size of Shoe.....Width.....Men's

.....Women's

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches made no attempt to bring permanent cure. The arches were merely forced into position by using hard, unyielding braces or props. These were merely "crutches," for when removed, the arch flattened out again. Then, being rigid, they did not absorb the shocks of walking. It was just as if you placed a huge rock between the springs of a wagon. Their worst fault, however, was that instead of strengthening the foot muscles that support the arches, these rigid props actually weakened them because they did not exercise the muscles.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It is made of Russian Sponge Rubber, and is in the form of a wonderfully light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch. It can be slipped into any styled shoe, yet were it not for the wonderful comfort and buoyancy that it brings, you would never be aware of its presence.

With a gentle even pressure at all points this resilient rubber at once raises the fallen arch to its natural position, gently working the displaced astragalus bone back into place. This instantly releases the pressure on the sensitive nerves and blood vessels, and takes all strain off the weakened muscles.

Brings Permanent Relief

At the same time, as this light and springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch! Its constant compression and expansion with every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

The beauty of it all is that results are evident instantly! The moment you put on these wonderful supports all pain vanishes and walking becomes an actual pleasure.

Even if you are not troubled with your feet, you will find the Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports of tremendous value. Thousands of

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 86)

Then last but not least, before I safely landed in the boat, a real live baby, but a few months old, was literally thrown at me. I had to catch it, kiss it, register great emotion at leaving my husband to die on the burning ship. After all this, I was to sink back exhausted. This last, I had no trouble in doing. Twenty times at least this was repeated, in various ways. The baby lived through it, how, I shall never know. The baby's moth-

er, a young Italian girl, fainted with fright, another girl had her hair badly burned; the "star" shouted;

"This will be a great picture, I insist on realism."

I have been sick over a week because of this great job, still I insist on pursuing the "elusive art of the silent drama." And I forgot to say, I received just ten dollars for "doubling for a star."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Twelve Baldheaded Men

(Continued from page 27)

the film colony who has played maid parts for three years now and has begun to despair of ever getting a chance to show what she can do in any other part.

so he sallied forth to search the high-ways and by-ways for a man whose ears were placed far away from his nose. He had three hours to find him.

After two hours and a half of frantic searching, he discovered an austere-looking man whose ears did seem rather far back on his head. But by this time he had looked at so many ears that they all looked unnatural. Furthermore, the man looked as if he might prove belligerent on being asked such a personal question. However, he screwed his nerve to the sticking point and put the question as delicately as he could.

"Why, yes, my ears are unusually far away from my nose," the chap replied amiably. "In fact, I had to have the bows on my glasses made longer in order to reach my ears." And he was quite pleased to be directed to report at the studio for work.

They All Like To Work In Pictures

NO MATTER WHAT physical peculiarity distinguishes them, everybody seems flattered to be asked to work in pictures. One might think that a woman chosen because she had a very long neck might have been a bit sensitive about recording the fact in comedies. But she was more than delighted to get the chance.

Another man was picked because his nose was unusually long, long enough to provide parking space for three pairs of spectacles, as a script required. (Continued on page 90)

Casting Nubian Slaves

DO YOU REMEMBER the statuesque Nubian slaves in Nazimova's *Salome*? Did you happen to wonder where those dignified Africans were found? One of them was the boot-black on the corner. Another was a porter on a Santa Fe train who had a couple of days off between trips. Another washed automobiles in a Hollywood garage. The keen eye of the agency manager found them out.

An Exotic Rôle

SOME AMUSING experiences come to the casting director. The other day an extra man came to the office and registered. "Where did you work last?" he was asked.

"With Rex Ingram in *Scaramouche*," he said. "I played the part of a French *pheasant*." He had been one of the inhabitants of a little French peasant village in the Ingram picture.

His Hardest Assignment

THE MOST difficult assignment that one Hollywood agency head was ever given was this: he was told to send to the studio a man whose ears were unusually far away from his nose!

His helpful little black book gave him no assistance in this situation,



When Swimming use WINX

YOU won't mind the splashing waves. For no amount of wetness can spoil the heavy darkness of your lashes when you have beaded them with WINX. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, WINX makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly and lasts.

Winx (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

The new daintily boxed waterproof Swimset contains Pert Rouge and Winx. At drug, department stores or by mail, \$1.50. Samples of Pert and Winx are a dime each. Send for them and enclose coins.

ROSS COMPANY

83 Grand Street New York

WINX

Waterproof

FREE PHOTO



of your Favorite Star

WOULD you like a beautiful 8x10 photograph of your favorite Star, FREE. Just mail the attached coupon with one dollar for six months' subscription to SCREENLAND, and receive absolutely FREE a handsome photograph of your choice of famous stars. Mail the coupon TODAY!

Circulation Manager SCREENLAND,
119 W. 40th St., Dept. 6, New York City.
Please send me FREE photo of

and a six months' subscription to SCREENLAND, for which I enclose \$1.00.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Would You Give 4½¢ a Pound To Lose 22 Pounds In 14 Days?

In the most pleasant way imaginable. No starving, exercise, massage, rolling, drugs, or any discomfort whatever. Results in 48 hours.

"YOUR method beats them all. I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (in two weeks) and I decided to stop at this weight. Before I started I was flabby and sick; had stomach trouble all the time. Was always sleepy. Had no vigor. If you had known me then and could see me now you would realize what a wonderful discovery you have made. I feel wonderful now.

I keep on recommending this method to others who are as fat as I once was. I hope my statement will do some good to humanity."

(Signed) BEN NADDLE,
102 Fulton Street,
New York City.

Hundreds of others have had experiences just as pleasant as that of Mr. Naddle.

Mrs. Eugene Woodhull, of 448 Lafayette Street, Utica, N. Y., says, "I lost 37 pounds, reduced my waist from 37 inches to 28 inches, and feel better than I have for five years."

Mrs. Laura Tucker of 244 West 46th Street, New York City, wrote that she "lost 16 pounds in two weeks. Could have reduced even more rapidly but didn't wish to reduce too fast!"

Those who have taken off excess flesh through this new method have pronounced it the most pleasant way imaginable. They did not starve themselves. They took no drugs of any kind. They practiced no bitter self-denials, underwent no hardships, strenuous exercises, massages, hot baths or other discomforts. And they found that far from being harmful it actually brought a wonderful new health; with freedom from indigestion, constipation and many ailments of heart, liver and kidneys to which stout people are often subject. Mrs. Wm. E. Boyer, of 9919 Ostend Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, was so delighted with this method that she wrote, "I will follow your method the balance of my life even when there is no need to reduce."

Looks Years Younger Also

Those who reduce by this pleasant new method look much younger also. Stout people always look older than they really are and just to get rid of fat from face and figure would make them look somewhat younger. But the new method is so natural and so healthful that it brings a new sparkle to the eye, a new spring to the step, a new clearness to the complexion and new vigor and renewed powers of endurance which add still further to the appearance of youthfulness. Many have been astounded at banishing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable.

A delighted Pennsylvania woman writes: "Since I lost those 54 pounds I feel 20 years younger and my family say I look it."

Mrs. Vida Speltz of 3943 Ruckle Street, Indianapolis, who reduced her bust from 40 inches to 36 inches, and reduced proportionately throughout, writes: "Complexion and eyes are also much clearer. My husband says I look as if I were only 16."

Mrs. Eric Capon of Manhasset, Long Island, writes: "I lost 44 pounds. My friends wonder at my healthful and youthful appearance. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

Miss Laura Morse of 271 West 119th Street, New York, lost 80 pounds and writes: "My friends hardly recognize me. I feel better than I have in years and I look 10 years younger."

Complete
Cost for
All Only **97¢**
Plus Few
Cents
Postage

300,000 formerly stout men and women have gladly paid \$1.97, and more, for this remarkable method. Many write that their improved appearance and health was worth hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonderful method for only 97¢.

Use the Coupon and Save a Dollar

Why You Lose a Pound a Day

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the

world-famous food specialist to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of attaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your foods properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10 DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight reduction in an interesting little course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they simply cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. Therefore, we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have had to pay \$1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97 cents plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"For three years I have weighed 168 pounds. Then I heard of and sent for your method. That was my lucky day. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has greatly benefited, and I have not had one of my former, sick headaches since losing my extra flesh."

(Signed) E. A. KETTEL,
225 W. 39th St., New York City.



E. A. KETTEL
Prominent New York
Newspaper Man



MRS. GEORGE GUTTERMAN
(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GUTTERMAN,
420 East 66th St., New York City

Loses 13 Pounds in
8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."



MISS KATHLEEN MULLANE
Stage Beauty and Famous Artist's
Model

Loses 20 Pounds in 3 Weeks

"In just three weeks I have lost 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful new way to reduce. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

(Signed) KATHLEEN MULLANE.

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY
Dept. W-2227, 47 W. 16th St., New York City

**THIS COUPON IS
WORTH \$1.00 TO YOU**

(Under conditions named below)

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. W-2227, 47 W. 16th Street, N. Y. City

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth \$1.00 (ONE DOLLAR) on my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives I will pay the postman only 97 cents (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning the course within 10 days and having my 97 cents refunded if I am not delighted with results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

(Please write plainly.)

Street.....

City.....State.....

Twelve Baldheaded Men

(Continued from page 88)



How to Beautify Your Eyes in One Minute

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your eyebrows and lashes will appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astonish and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" is different from other preparations, that is why it is the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. It will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Each dainty box contains brush and mirror. Two shades, Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE", use it once and you will never be without it again. 75c at your dealer's or direct from us, post-paid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad now as a reminder. MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-98 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

Cultivate Your Musical Bump



Conn instruments are easiest to play and highest quality, say the world's greatest artists. Write now for Free Book and details of FREE TRIAL; EASY PAYMENTS on any band instrument. C. G. CONN LTD. 784 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

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Then let your mirror prove results Write Today for Free Trial Offer Your hair need not thin out, nor need you be bald, for a way has been found to destroy the microbe that destroys the hair. This new and different method will prevent thinning out of the hair, dandruff, lifeless hair, baldness, gray hair, by strengthening and prolonging life of the hair. Send now before it is too late for the 15-days' free trial offer. AYMES CO., 3932 N. Robey St., M-369, Chicago

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Phone 62448

Male Help Wanted

WHEN THE BLACK registry book proves fruitless on an assignment, and when a personal search is in vain, the agency tries advertising in the papers. This was resorted to when Rex Ingram called for a score of French dragoons for *Scaramouche*.

In Hollywood, French dragoons are as scarce as soda-fountains in the Sahara. But the problem was solved by advertising for twenty cavalry officers.

When a "dope fiend" is wanted, the casting director haunts the pool-rooms. He usually finds just the type he wants. The man may not actually be a "hop-head," but if he looks the part, that's all that is necessary.

It's the same when a bar-tender is wanted. The agency has a list of men who look like bartenders. One of them is a plumber; one is a typewriter salesman; and most amazing of all one is an evangelist. But he looks for all the world like a bartender of the pre-Volstead era, and his evangelical conscience protests not at all at portraying a white-aproned drink-dispenser on the silver screen. Such is the lure of the films.

Chinese Are No Scabs

OCCASIONALLY WHITE actors will work for "cut-rates," but a Chinaman, never! He will pass up a job for a whole month—and jobs to last a month are rare prizes for the extra—without even a quiver, if the casting director tries to put over a \$3.50 a day price on him. He will work for \$7.50 a day or he won't work at all. And not all the arguments on tap will alter his convictions.

The Chinese flapper is the cutest little trick imaginable, with her short skirts, her pert little face and her wise little almond eyes. Her 1923-model brand of slang contrasts strangely with her Oriental features, and she knows her way around!

Following the Beaten Track

THE BEST FRIENDS the extra man and the character actor have are Marshall Neilan and Rex Ingram.

These two directors, according to Kahn, lead where others follow. They develop new talent by "discovering" new types, while the others demand established actors.

To many directors, there are only two "heavies," the Beery brothers, and only one character man, Lon Chaney. Because of this disinclination to give new talent a chance, excellent material is going to waste for want of a chance to show what it can do.

Rex Ingram took three unknown players and made them famous. Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro owe their start to Ingram pictures.

Marshall Neilan uses unknown talent constantly, and under his tutelage they cease to be unknown. Witness the careers of Raymond Griffith, Rockliffe Fellowes, Helen Lynch and Eleanor Boardman.

The employment agency acts as a scout for new and promising talent. When the casting director finds a player who is a real "trouper," he is as happy as if somebody had just handed him a block of oil stock. And when a studio director turns this new "find" down in favor of an "arrived" actor, just because the latter is well-known, his disappointment is as keen as the player's own.

Comedies Are Hard to Cast

COMEDIES ARE much harder to cast than straight drama, according to the agency people. One reason is that comedies require more eccentric types, and another is that less time is given to find them. Two or three hours is about all an agency gets to fill a comedy rôle; the "gag" man thinks out the stunts over-night or around the luncheon table. For straight drama, several days' notice is given.

Where Foreign Types are Found

WHEN AN ORDER comes in for some foreign types, the best place to find them is in the Los Angeles Ghetto. Here are found men and women from the ends of the earth. It is a casting director's Paradise.

Margaret Sanger dares to tell the truth about Birth Control

FOR centuries the world has played a game of "hush" about the one most important fact of marriage. Even to-day tens of thousands of women are doomed to a life of hopeless, helpless drudgery—and their children are doomed to privation and neglect because the mother simply cannot give so many of them the proper care or support.

Words alone cannot tell the terrible sacrifice in wasted bodies and blasted lives that has been exacted from women every year. Words alone cannot express the untold suffering tens of thousands of women—and children—must endure every year. This is why Margaret Sanger, herself a mother, and President of the American Birth Control League, dares to tell the truth about this important subject.

Will You Ever Write a Letter Like This?

Only these agony-laden letters can tell the story of woman's sacrifice in all its anguish. These are but a few of thousands sent every day to Margaret Sanger by unhappy mothers who have turned to her for help in their greatest need, revealing to her the nameless fears and terrors that clutch at their hearts. Read these letters, and know for yourself what women still suffer.

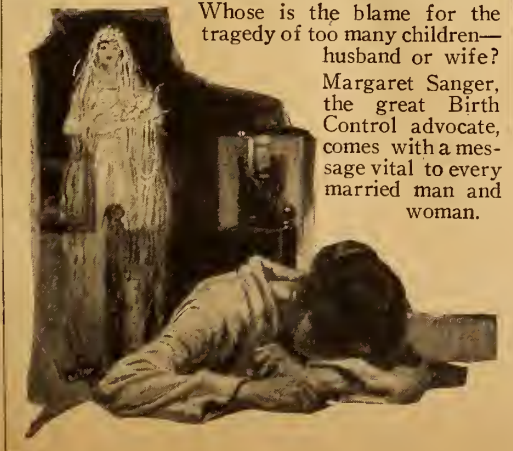
"It is terrible to think of bringing these little bodies and souls into the world without means or strength to care for them. I know that this must be the last one, for it would be better for me to go than to bring more neglected babies into the world."

"My baby is only 10 months old, and the oldest of my four children is 7. I am so discouraged I want to die. Ignorance on this all-important subject has put me where I am."

Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Whose is the blame for the tragedy of too many children—husband or wife?

Margaret Sanger, the great Birth Control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.



"Why is it," Mrs. Sanger asks, "that the women of Australia, New Zealand, Holland, France, and many other nations are permitted to know the truths that can save them from this terrible suffering while the women of America must still endure the agonies to which they are needlessly condemned?" 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 storms of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land for her right to arouse woman-kind.



Woman and the New Race

Margaret Sanger's startling new book points the way to women's freedom

In her revolutionary book, Margaret Sanger, internationally famous for her ceaseless activities in behalf of women and hailed as the liberator of her sex, shows the way out for tired, struggling womankind. With utter frankness she tears down the veil of silence that has always surrounded the subject of birth control. It is a startling revelation of a new truth that will open the eyes of women everywhere.

In her wonderful book Mrs. Sanger shows how women can and will rise above the forces that have ruined their beauty—that drag them down—that wreck their mental and physical strength—that make them an easy prey to death—that disqualify them for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut them out from the thing they cherish most, their husbands' love.

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.

A Priceless Possession

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Hollywood's Old Maids

(Continued from page 56)

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WABASH IMPORTERS, Dept. 21
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Donald, in a recent interview.

But alas! She spoke too late. Miss MacDonald had already been ruined for spinsterdom forever, through her marriage, now dissolved, with Malcolm Strauss, the noted artist and sculptor.

Just why an actress should want to advertise herself as not desirable enough to sweep some man off his feet into the matrimonial sea, is hard to tell. Perhaps husbands aren't decorative enough. Some day when I'm in a high-brow mood, I'm going to look into this.

But halt! I suppose it all comes back to the wicked men, after all.

"Men lose interest in us when they think we are married!" declared a sweet young bride of filmdom to me the other day.

Page Mr. Freud!

Do women fans like their male stars better for being home-broken husbands and fathers? Is their liking more impersonal, more idealistic? Or is it that they continue to adore their stars, despite the fact that some other woman possesses him? Page Mr. Freud!

Meantime, some of the picture queens really ought to tie a little pink or blue ribbon on a gilded stick every time she weds. She gets so careless in counting up her marriages!

Take Irene Rich, for instance. Irene was an old maid for years until she suddenly appeared with two children. Then suddenly she wasn't. It all came out. She had been married for several years, but had been separated from her husband.

Barbara LaMarr is awfully poor on matrimonial statistics. She seems to forget, all the time, about her assorted husbands.

Children Gum the Works

JANE NOVAK never had a chance to be one of these professional old maids. She was married when she was very young, was a mother when she was nineteen. Seena Owen never had much chance to old maid around, either. She married George Walsh and had a baby when she was just out of her teens.

But unless a child bobs up, a lady can spinster around, high, wide and

handsome. Unless, of course, a divorce suit comes up to cramp her style.

Carmel Myers, for instance, remained one of our most charming spinsters, for many months after her marriage.

Agnes Ayres was an old maid, too, until news of her divorce suit leaked out.

Helene Chadwick kept her husband dark until she separated from him, the other day.

Priscilla Dean remained an old maid only a few days after her marriage with Wheeler Oakman. Then a newsboy up in Reno, where she was wed, spied her and the secret was out. But I'll bet she would be an old maid for publicity purposes until this minute, if she had her way, even if she does adore her husband.

Ella Hall remains an old maid to a lot of people to this day, even though she has two children.

Anita Stewart just gloried in being an old maid, until Rudy Cameron came back from war and spoiled everything.

Anna Q. Nilsson was an expert as an old maid. She wanted to keep right on being one, too, even after having two husbands, but fate and the newspapers took a hand in the case.

But Pola Negri didn't even know it was the thing to be a spinster over here, and made no bones at all about the count, her husband once removed.

Arline Pretty is one of the sweetest spinsters in the business. And it isn't because she doesn't like her nice husband, either, for she does. It's simply a matter of business, she says.

Men Proclaim the Fire-side stuff.

PICTURE star husbands, now, are entirely different about publicizing their wives. They three-sheet the fire-side stuff much more readily than the ladies do.

There was a time, of course, when all male stars were officially bachelors. But today, admitting you're a bachelor when you're not is archaic, "early Universal". Indeed, even bona fide bachelors hang back about admitting their bachelorhood.

Even men who have had a string of wives will own up—Lew Cody, Conway Tearle, Wally Beery and the

(Continued on page 94)

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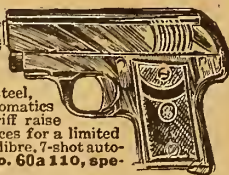
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Why good dancers are popular

Dancing grows more popular every day and really good dancers are more welcome than fine card players or excellent musicians.

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Invitations to dancing parties enable the good dancer to meet the right kind of people—to meet influential men and women in a social way and so have opportunities of forming friendships that will be very valuable as a business asset. In fact, many men, who today are making salaries of from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year, got their opportunity more through their personality and social acquaintanceship than their business ability.

Then, too, dancing enables one to overcome timidity, and embarrassment. The experience of meeting all classes of people in the ballroom on a social plane develops poise and personality. It also creates a self-assurance, which is valuable in many ways. Scientists agree that dancing is a healthful exercise which not only stimulates the brain, but makes one more efficient mentally and physically.

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Arthur Murray, known as America's foremost authority on social dancing, and who was selected as personal instructor to Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt and many other prominent people, has made good dancers out of more than 100,000 people through his learn-at-home methods. His instructions and diagrams are so easy to master that you can't have the slightest difficulty in learning the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, Tango or any of the newest dances. Once you have the Murray Foundation to your dancing you won't have the slightest difficulty in keeping perfect time, to lead and follow accurately with the best dancer in your set. In fact, after you learn the Murray way you won't have any trouble mastering the steps of any new dance after you have seen the first

few steps.

More than ten thousand people a month are now learning to become expert dancers through this new, simple, and quickly mastered method of Arthur Murray and it is certain that what they have done you can do. *Mr. Murray has successfully taught over 100,000 by his new way!*

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Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 58)



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the films, they instigated the custom of attending "first nights." Now, when a legitimate stage play is tried out in Los Angeles or a picture premiere is scheduled, all stardom is there to see and be seen. And the fad for "little theatre" clubs has taken a firm hold on Hollywood. The Mummerys began giving playlets in a reconstructed barn, while the Community Players, struggling for funds, turned a California bungalow into a tiny little playhouse. The Writers' Club tries out plays in its own beautiful clubhouse.

A beauty shop is indeed lucky if a certain star likes the place. The news is soon noised around, and the shop is swamped with business. If a popular star has her hair cut, wholesale bobbing begins. Henna supercedes peroxide in the same fashion, and clay packs sent from the crater of Vesuvius become the fad instead of facial massage. The faddists patronize other kinds of shops in the same manner. If the flowers for a certain dinner were not sent from "So-and-So, the florist," the dinner simply isn't smart. If your shoes do not come from Blank's, they're all wrong!

A La Carte Diets

THEN THERE are eating fads. Rolls must be French, or they are *declassé*. Can you imagine an artist ordering zwickback? Ice cream must be French,

too, and coffee must be Turkish. French dishes must arrive in a Russian samovar. Spaghetti and ravioli are in good standing, for they hark back to days in Greenwich Village. Home brew recipes travel about in waves. During January, everyone follows one recipe, while by the time February comes around, a new and better recipe is circulated by underground wireless.

One fad of long duration has always associated itself with heroes. They must be athletic. To be a fearless horseback rider and thoroughly accustomed to jumping from moving freight trains assured one of a movie contract ten years ago. Today, the fad for boxing is on. Golf and tennis had their day. The ultra now indulge in polo. Swimming has always been popular, whether it consists of tossing a medicine ball at Crystal Pier or gossiping beneath a big orange parasol. To stride up Hollywood Boulevard without a hat proves you belong to the intimate life of the little village.

The Copy-cat Villagers

THE STUDIOS themselves fall for fads harder than any native villagers. Remember the rage for the overlid dissolve? And witness the day of the iris to introduce the hero and the closing of the iris to end the story. Then, back in early days, someone discovered that by cutting the film in short pieces, and flashing from (Continued on page 97)

Hollywood's Old Maids

(Continued from page 92)

rest. Maybe they had to, to keep the women from pestering them. Rudolph Valentino must have had an awful time, fighting off the ladies. And now there's Charlie Chaplin, with bold ladies climbing right into his pajamas when he isn't looking.

You can get a sweet picture daddy to own up to his family, any time. In fact, you can't stop them. He is so naively proud of them. Take Bryant Washburn, for instance; he's so proud of Sonny that he'd simply burst if he couldn't talk about him.

Then there are Theodore Kosloff, William Desmond, Tom Mix, Jack

Holt and Harry Carey—nothing can keep them from garnering in the wives and kids when the good old camera begins to grind.

But what chance has Alice Terry to pull the old maid stuff, with Rex Ingram around? And unless she goes to Timbuctoo, what opportunity has Clara Kimball Young to spread the spinster talk? Not as long as the breath remains in Jimmy Young's body.

But just between you and me, being an old maid is merely a state of mind. Not all old maids are women.

But that's another story.



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The Mustache Menace

(Continued from page 55)

termed a "beardless youth" was the acme of insult. Now, however, the most heart-rendingly beautiful males of our film colony are as smooth-shaven as when they were born.

Ramon Novarro, for instance, has never grown a mustache.

Valentino without a mustache is a pulse-quickener *par excellence*. With a mustache, he seems a callow youth dangerously verging on the lounge lizard. Yet, even at the point of seeming to contradict himself, remembering the scene in the trenches in *The Four Horsemen*, he is the only man we know who can wear a week's crop of whiskers and still be charming.

David Powell Clings to Mustache

ONE OF THE FEW heroes to preserve his trick mustache through all the vicissitudes of camera romance is David Powell. How it managed to survive the razor through all the years he has ornamented the sputtering pastels we do not understand. Has it in any way diminished Powell's glory as a hero? The proverbial aversion to the mustached hero seems to have had its exception in this instance.

And we can't notice that Powell is avoided by the beautiful ladies of the screen either—he has played opposite practically every noted star without once misplacing the hirsute growth on his upper lip. Nobody ever complained that it carried germs. And despite this hallmark of villainy, nobody ever for an instant mistook Powell for the chap who would throw the heroine down the well.

"David Powell is an actor," several of the beauteous damsels replied to our question as to why the mustache-ban was raised in his favor. "Even a mustache, maybe full of germs, can be forgiven in a man who has such excellent histrionic gifts."

"Shave or Go Hungry"

AN EXAMPLE of fidelity to the dear little mustache that has proven a worthy companion and a staunch friend in need was Arthur Stewart Hull's refusal to shave off his lip-ornamentation for a rôle in Clara Kimball Young's Spanish picture, "*La Rubia*."

An interesting anomaly, Hull's case. This experienced stage-actor, then clean-shaven, went jobless for five weary months when, seeking work in the Hollywood studios, he was offered numerous engagements in character rôles, provided he would grow a mustache. He refused to thus threaten his manly beauty—until the pangs of hunger drove his scruples into retirement. And now, since growing the lip-ornament, he has not missed a day's work!

A Matinee Idol's Experience

I WAS CONFRONTED with a problem recently," Holbrook Blinn confided. "When I reached the Pickford studio, where I was to enact a rôle with Miss Pickford, I was greeted with horror by Ernest Lubitsch, the director. 'A Spanish king of the early nineteenth century with a mustache?' he roared. It would never, never do," he emphasized.

"But I was scheduled to open the following night in the leading rôle theatre—and did you ever hear of a stage bad man without a mustache? However, it's easier to put one on than to cover one up—so off it came for the Spanish-king rôle and on went the false one each evening for the stage-characterization."

Bull Montana Eschews Beard

THE HANDSOME face of "Bull" Montana, our heart-palpating comedy-star, was once graced by a mustache. But when "Bull" sought to immortalize his art in the silent drama he realized that his appeal to the flappers might be jeopardized by his hirsute adornment, so he shaved it off. Though occasionally wearing a false one, as the trim little spikes that ornamented his upper lip in "Rob 'Em Good," the "Boo!" declares never again will he eschew the razor.

Many of our directors wear mustaches—but who cares? Directors are heard of but not seen, you know. Rex Ingram is one of the few clean-shaven directors. Mr. Ingram is non-committal on the subject. Maybe his beautiful wife, Alice Terry, disfavors the ornament. Maybe, too, it's because a mustache makes a man too much resemble a broker or a banker, rather than an artist of the silent-beauty drama.

Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 98)

The fad of the present is to do something besides one's regular vocation. I think Ruth Roland must have started this idea some years ago when she used to buy and sell second hand cars successfully and followed it up with tremendous success in swapping real estate. Other players have gone into interior decorating on the side, or sculpture. Some actors write on the side, and some writers act. A scenario writer makes a specialty of raising pedigreed dogs. Truly Shattuck, former vaudeville headliner, runs a studio sea-room. Five picture stars have advanced and supervised a laundry as Hollywood. Another has a financial interest in a smart haberdashery downtown. This fad for side lines not only makes the individual more versatile and interesting, but it is mighty lucrative during the slump periods in the picture business.

Anyhow, what's life without its enthusiasms?

(Another amusing article by Helen Starr will be published in the August Screenland. Order your copy now.)

Rubberneck Escorts

(Continued from page 53)

mit the public at large, because it interferes with their progress. However, some arrangement might be made with various studios to admit a certain number at times when no great emotional scenes are going on. People escorted by a competent guide are not likely to stand in front of cameras or intrude on the scene.

Until someone does start an office for the assistance of helpless tourists, it is well to ignore the volunteer guide who must be rewarded. He is after the money, that is all, and he is apt to tell you that Harold Lloyd lives in a pea green Italian villa, when he really eats his cereal in a canary colored Colonial. It would be terrible to tell this to the folks back home, so go slow on the information, dear Mrs. Snodgrass, for fear the Heavenly bookkeepers will have to work overtime entering fibs on your clean white page.

'Tis a wise tourist that knows his own guide!

All New York marveled!
at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty
Cristina Montt



Even blasé New York marveled! When this dainty Senorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film début, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

Questioned later, she laughingly replied: "Since childhood I have used only cocoa butter—the favorite cosmetic of Spanish beauties. But—since coming to America I have found a new and better way to use my beloved cocoa butter. Now I'm never without Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme.

"I could talk for hours about Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme. It fairly melts into the skin, plumping the cells and stimulating circulation. It will bring

the glow of health to your cheeks as it has to mine.

"I want all American women to know of the wonders it has performed for me, so I have induced the makers to make a special introductory offer, reducing price from 75c to 50c that all Screenland's readers may see for themselves the wonderful results."

The supply at this price is limited, so order your jar today, money back if not satisfactory.

Coco-Bloom Laboratories
 6400 Kinsman Road
 Cleveland, Ohio

Coco-Bloom
 COCOA-BUTTER
Creme

Gives a glowing complexion



What Screen Star would you like to see on SCREENLAND'S cover?

The editors of SCREENLAND are going to let you choose the subjects for the November, December and January covers. This is your chance to boost your favorite stars. Just fill in the names of the three film players you like best, in the order of your preference, and mail it to us.

The star who gets the largest number of votes will have his or her picture used on the November cover of SCREENLAND. The star who receives the next largest number of votes will be the subject for the December cover. The third most popular star will be used on the January cover. The cover portraits will be painted by a famous Hollywood artist. Send in your choice of stars today.

Publisher SCREENLAND,
 119 West 40th Street, New York.

My choice of stars for the November, December and January covers are as follows, in order named:

1. 2.

3.

My name is

Address

City State

Save 50%

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3 648 SEND NO MONEY

9⁸⁵ 25 YR. CASE 16 JEWEL 25 YR. CASE 6 JEWEL 8

7 12⁷⁵

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No. 3. Octagon or round case. 14-Kt. gold-filled 20-yr. case, full jewel movement. 20-yr. gold-filled link bracelet, \$6.15.

No. 4. Same as above, only 10 jewel, \$7.45.

No. 5. Tonneau shape. 14-Kt. white-gold-filled. 25-yr. case, full jewel. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, \$5.48.

No. 6. Same as above, only 5 jewel, \$7.25.

No. 7. 15 jewel Lever movement, cushion shape. 14-Kt. White gold-filled, 25 yr. case. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, \$9.85.

No. 8. Rectangular movement. 5 jewel. 14-Kt. White gold-filled. 25 yr. case. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, \$12.75.

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ANYTHING IN PHOTOGRAPHY LITTLE "The Big Photographer"

Phone 437-902 5874 Hollywood Blvd. HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

The Movie Gamble

(Continued from page 44)

constable went to sleep in the middle of the third reel.

I know now that these mob pictures are snapped on Sunday nights, when a house could hang out the S. R. O. sign for *The Great Train Robbery*.

Broadway Runs No Criterion

BECAUSE A PICTURE has a Broadway run, I no longer pay out my good shekels to book it. Not since somebody tipped me off that sometimes the normal run of a big picture in a Broadway house is extended beyond its natural time, just to bring a higher price from the small exhibitor. *Passion* had a long run on Broadway, but I had to put on a "Special Family Night," letting the whole family in for twenty cents, to fill the house. As no race suicide is prevalent in our town and as most families consider five children only a fair start, you can figure out that I didn't buy an automobile with my profits on that picture.

Religion Is Ticklish Matter

THE EXHIBITOR has to look out for so many things in a picture. Take religion, now. Once I booked a picture called *The Rosary*. I knew the book had been immensely popular and that the song was known everywhere, so I prepared to clean up on the film. But oh mama, what an awful flop! It was a Catholic picture, you see, and all the Protestants took it as Catholic propaganda and the Catholics didn't like it either. My patrons walked out disgusted. The first day I took in \$123.50 and the second day, after word had got around, only \$9.40.

I suppose I'll never dare to run *The Pilgrim*, Charlie Chaplin's new picture. I hear it's a scream, but in the small town we have to keep in with the church people. And I don't know why, but people seem to lose their sense of humor as soon as church affairs are mentioned.

Two Sure-Fire Bets

THERE ARE only two stars that I would buy blind-folded. They are Harold Lloyd and Rodolph Valentino. (Continued on page 101)

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No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick, thoroughly reliable.

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Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

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Send for this Free Book

THEY THREW A CUSTARD PIE AT HER

And an over-ripe tomato hit her in the eye. Then they threw her in a ditch and dropped a rubber safe on her. But she didn't care. She was working in a comedy and she could pay her board bill that night. Laugh and cry over THE DIARY OF AN EXTRA GIRL, in Screenland for August.

The Movie Gamble

(Continued from page 100)

Lloyd pleases everybody every time he shows here. Men, women and kids get an enormous laugh from his pictures.

As for Valentino, when I show him, there's not a woman between the ages of 14 and 64 who stays at home to darn a sock or bake a loaf of bread. They all turn out to see the dark-eyed boy make love. His last picture was terrible, but they liked him in it just the same. I'd book Valentino if he was cast for the rôle of Uncle Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin!

It's a great life, this movie gamble, as full of thrills as baccarat and twice as risky. But interesting. You get action for your money.

Betrayed

(Continued from page 48)

courtly and chivalrous, but, if his writing speaks truth, he is the lover only, with no instincts toward fatherhood. If he had not striven so nobly to get him a wife, I would say that he would rather have a mistress than wife. He is egotistical, acquisitive and virile. Passionate grace and rhythm and personal magnetism are revealed in every stroke of his pen.

Wallace Reid Was Generous

THE downward stroke of the tail of the letter d, with the appending hook tells in one letter the tenacious, bull-dog fighting spirit that was Wallace Reid. The rounded curves bespeak his sweetness and amenability, while the liaison between letters and names shows charitableness.

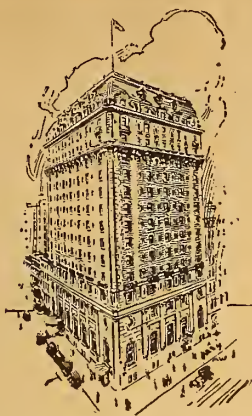
SHE WAS HUNGRY

So she pawned her last piece of jewelry, an antique bracelet that was the gift of a dear friend. Then the friend came to town. So she had to do a dire deed to get the money to get the bracelet out of hock until the friend went back home. Read about it in FOOL'S GOLD, the second installment of which will appear in Screenland for August.

44th

Cor. B'way

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Would you like to have *Your Future* foretold from your handwriting?

Then see SCREENLAND'S Special Offer on page 103

SOMETHING NEW

Science's FIRST and ONLY discovery which not only instantly removes superfluous hair but will really melt and destroy the endocrine glands, upon the secretion of which hair growth is dependent. KILRUTE works directly upon these glands, stops their secretion and thus ends the hair growth.

KILRUTE consists of a powder and a liquid both applied to the skin. It is harmless, can even be left on over-night or powdered over and forgotten. As effective for men as for women. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Sent C. O. D. or sold direct. Price \$5.00. FREE DEMONSTRATION or full charge treatment at address below.

KILRUTE CO., Dept.
247 West 72nd St.,
New York City

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Betrothal Brigade

(Continued from page 51)

Pola from the Old Ladies Home in her wheel chair, and go cautiously to keep from tripping on his beard.

Before Charlie and Pola attained prominence as the most written-up pair of davenport wrestlers in the film world, "E pluribus unum" did not appeal to the heavy lovers of Hollywood.

They seized their love where they found it, in the old days, and if confronted with a marriage rumor concerning a man and a maid, the Hollywood boulevardiers gave them "the bird". But times have changed. An engagement now gives the gossips lock-jaw and precludes the possibility of any cutting letters from Elder Hays.

Then, too, one must remember the publicity content of a good, ripe, well-chosen engagement. Before the flood of betrothals came, the news that Sylvia Gush was engaged to Tony Tureno was always good for a column and pictures in all the papers. Even now a reported engagement, even if both principals deny it, gets almost as much.

The effect of publishing an engagement rumor is just the same as printing a bona fide announcement. The players have realized that. The readers get the idea that he and she are stepping out frequently and only denying the report because they do not want to let the public in on the inside.

The reader is right, though he's off side.

But the stars get the publicity and no matter what the status of the case is, somebody's intentions to do something if something else happens are established. Then if scandal threatens, an engagement announcement acts as a shock absorber.

But Pola and Charlie started the stunt of putting on shock-absorbers first and that is why so many stars are now submitting to the yoke symbolized by the solitaire.

But one betrothal does not spell a wedding; any more than one swallow spells a drink.



EUGENIA FEINER Wires-

"Have wonderful part in Outlook's big picture. Playing opposite Lloyd Hughes, who was Mary Pickford's leading man in 'Tess of the Storm Country.' Mr. Harrison making good in comedy. Has already received offer from another company at good salary. Many thanks for giving me the opportunity to get started in pictures."
—EUGENIA FEINER.



WE HAVE A PART FOR YOU

In Outlook's \$250,000 Production

"DANGEROUS LOVE"

Eugenia Feiner and O. V. Harrison were winners of The Cloverleaf Publications' big motion picture contest and were started on Movie careers. They are making good. We are looking for more new types, men, women and children, old and young, to play in Outlook's coming big feature—"Dangerous Love," based on Sinclair Lewis' Saturday Evening Post story, "Danger—Run Slow," to be made in Hollywood. We will pay \$100 a week and expenses to start. If you want to get in motion pictures, join our next contest. For full particulars mail this ad in with your name and address written below.

F. A. KUBY,
Director,
Dept. 13 55 E. 4th St.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

In the August Screenland, this witty young writer will tickle your funny-bone with another mirth-inspiring article on the Ten Commandments, a la De Mille. Order your copy today.

Hollywood's Suicide Club

(Continued from page 25)

great masterpieces, he was the most erratic, most interesting man in the club. He had joined us to get 'copy' for his weird yarns, which suffered so in being transferred to the screen. The subtle genius that was his did not lend itself particularly well to 'program features'. He was very depressed, most of the time, but one evening, when we were all telling our ambitions, he loosened up.

A Beloved Story

"HE HAD A story in his head—had been intending to write it for years. Would some day take time off and write it—a great novel and a marvelous photoplay. He had chosen Griffith to produce it, though Griffith had never heard of the story. He had loved the yarn, mulled over it for years. It was the thing he loved. when the lights were out and sleep would not come quickly to his tired eyes. He told us something of the story, and it was immense, gigantic. and yet so splendidly simple that we all gasped our wonder at it.

"Universal sent him to New York then, and we did not see him for months. He dropped into the club's meeting at the Chateau one night. and we hardly recognized him. His face was haggard from loss of sleep, and his hands shook so he spilled his coffee on his shirt front. And the shirt was not clean. He didn't care whether it was or not.

"We were shocked into silence, but at last he opened up. Bitter. Broken. Helpless. His story—his marvelous idea—had been stolen, bodily. And he had nothing to show. The play was even then running in New York—the success of the season. A motion picture concern had paid fifty thousand dollars for the rights.

Stolen

"HE HAD told the story to a friend he had made in New York—a down

WHY BE FAT?

When I can reduce your weight a pound a day SAFELY, INEXPENSIVELY and PERMANENTLY the only NATURAL way, leaving no wrinkles or flabby flesh as a result: this we guarantee. NO DRUGS, or starvation diet (you may have all you need to eat three times a day), the very simplicity of this method of reducing is what immediately appeals to your common sense.

I reduced myself 63 pounds in 2 months. That has been 9 years ago and I haven't gained a pound of it back. THE REDUCTION HAS BEEN PERMANENT.

Mrs. W. E. Nickerson, 112 Cook St., Spokane, Wash., lost 23 pounds in 5 days. Mrs. Blanche Smith, 2018 E. Mallon Ave., Spokane, Wash., lost 90 pounds in 4 months. Esther Corbin, Vancouver, Wash., lost 86 pounds in 28 weeks, AND THEY ARE ALL MAIL ORDER PATIENTS.

There is a scale of weight for every height and one needn't weigh one ounce more than what is normal for them. Don't carry around with you continually a load of ballast you can throw off like an old garment. LEARN TO LIVE. Look and feel 10 years younger.

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to find your niche in life. I can help you *know yourself*. Without a penny's cost to you, I will give you a typewritten, complete analysis of your character, with every year's subscription to SCREENLAND magazine.

WRITE ME

a pen and ink letter covering a sheet of unruled paper, so that I may have a generous sample of your handwriting to give you a good reading, and mail it, with the attached coupon and \$2.50 for a year's subscription to SCREENLAND, to Circulation Manager Screenland, Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Allow from three weeks to a month for receipt of your reading. Inquire about special rates for entertainments and bazaars. Character readings are just the thing to pep up your home party.

RITA LONG, *Chirographer*

Circulation Manager
Screenland, Inc.,
119 W. 40th St.,
New York City.

Enclosed find \$2.50 for a year's subscription to SCREENLAND, and also a sample of my handwriting, which Rita Long will use to analyze my character.

Name
Address
City State

Armstrong-Carleton's Hollywood's Suicide Club



Don't Worry!

The young lady isn't hurt

This is just a scene shot at one of the studios the other morning. Twenty minutes later, this bold, bad villain and the beautiful star he treated so rudely were having a "tete-a-tete" lunch at Armstrong-Carleton's! They always dine there because the food is so good.

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We have a fine collection of portraits of selling of the late Wallace Reid which we are selling to his admirers at popular prices. Write for particulars.

HOOPER ART STUDIOS

6321 Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif.

(Continued from page 103)

and out playwright, who had won our friend's sympathy by his complete discouragement. The story concerned a failure made into a great success by the power of love. It seems trite here, but it was a great theme.

"It was as if his child had been murdered. I have never seen anything so pitiful as his sorrow over his loss. We talked with him all night, but he had no other story left in his system, and write he must—or die. We helped him accomplish his wishes. It went into the papers as accidental drowning."

We had walked until we stood before the Lasky casting office. A herd of extras awaited the opening of the pay window. She paused, surveyed the crowd with sorrow-drenched eyes.

"And you?" I asked gently.

"Oh, I? The last of the club! Of course we have other members, but none of the original club is left. And the few that like to meet under the name of 'The Suicide Club' now are inclined to take it all as a joke. They like the 'spookiness' of the idea—they have no guts. Spooks? Every chair in the little dark old cafe is haunted by one of my friends."

"And you are happy?" I probed.

"Happy? I'm through. Drugs. Somehow the troubles and the deaths got me more than the others. I'll take the route, too, one of these days. Probably the poison way. I'm a coward."

Who Knows?

HOLLYWOOD HAS few suicides listed with the Vital Statistics Bureau as such. But there are many deaths here. Recently Joe McDermott died of discouragement and ill health. A call from a studio came half an hour after his life had been submerged by the poison fumes of gas. Is it possible that he too was a member of the Suicide Club?

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

July Issue

Out June 15

CONTENTS

—BLIND VENGEANCE—

The story of a Klieg murder told by a court reporter.

—THE WHIRLPOOL OF HATE—

A telegraph clerk becomes enmeshed in one of the most involving love triangles that Hollywood has ever tried to conceal.

—THE OLD ROUGH STUFF—

What gratitude does a man owe to the woman who has sacrificed all to assure his screen success?

—SHAM—

If the world were suddenly set on its head and a new code of moral standards created what would happen to us all?

—THE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD—

A four-part story of the greatest criminal who ever threatened the security of Screenland's capital. Read the second installment in this issue and don't miss the thrilling installments to follow.

—THE BEAUTY SPECIAL—

The second installment of a story that tells the real adventures of a train load of girls bound to Hollywood for fame and fortune. The first installment told of the humor of movie contests. The second installment deals with their tragedy.

—THE SERPENT'S TOOTH—

The tragic story of a screen mother who lied, begged, and wheedled her daughter's way into the movies and how the roulette of events spun all these abuses back upon her.

STARDOM—BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

Can screen success and stardom buy off the idle gossip of Main street that pursues a woman who is different?

—PERVERTED PASSION—

A story of suppressed desires, erotic passion, poison pen letters and a crippled genius.

—GHOST HANDS—

Can the departed spirits of the movie world assume the role of the invisible director?

—SPOILED FOR IOWA—

A Hollywood landlady knows more about Hollywood than the Chamber of Commerce ever dreamed there was to know.

—THE LOVE NEMESIS—

The story of a professional divorce correspondent who is caught in her own net.

—A DOUBLE FOR ADONIS—

A story of a star who was yellow when the critical moment came and of the extra who doubled in the part and risked his life for opportunity and love.

* * *

Profusely illustrated with photographs especially posed by artists of Hollywood's film colony.

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

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25 cents On All Newsstands 25 cents

Rate
10 cents
a word

Classified Advertising

Last forms
September
Issue close
June 30

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START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AS OUR sole agent, selling 100 famous home products. All or spare time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. 536, Lynchburg, Va.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 172, East Orange, N. J.

HOUSEWIVES BUY HARPER'S INVEN- tion on sight. New business. No competition. Ten-Use Set is combination of ten indispensable household necessities. \$7.50 to \$30.00 a day easily. Write for Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, 137 A St., Fairfield, Iowa.

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AGENTS—\$1.25 AN HOUR SPARE TIME near home. Light, pleasant work, showing samples and distributing tea, coffee, extracts spices, food products; things people eat. 19 full sized packages and complete free outfit to first person in your locality answering. Write quick. Dept. S-62 Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

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ASTROLOGY

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Banish Wrinkles & Worry Lines

with this New and Greater

ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

Last year close to a million women bought Terra-derma-lax—the famous English clay massage. They bought it by mail at \$2 a jar—often waiting many weeks to get it. Now comes the new Terra-derma-lax—available at any drug or department store—without a minute's wait—at \$1 a jar. Half the old mail order price!

AGREATER Terra-derma-lax! From finer, new-found English clay. With new uses, new chemical potency, new beauty magic! Made MORE EFFICIENT by science—MORE ECONOMICAL by volume sales—MORE CONVENIENT to get—by retail store distribution throughout the world.

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This is no news to the users of Terra-derma-lax. It is a story gloriously told to them every day, by the radiant clarity that Terra-derma-lax has brought to their complexions.

Startling News Even to Old Terra-derma-lax Friends
But that Terra-derma-lax removes

wrinkles! Here, indeed, IS news even to most enthusiastic clay-users.

We waited until we were sure. And today we are sure. Scientifically sure. We have tested this new Terra-derma-lax usage under all conditions, on faces grooved and grained with worry-lines. And we have seen those lines diminish, day by day, and finally vanish entirely, under laboratory observation. So we have no hesitancy in warranting Terra-derma-lax unreservedly to eradicate all premature marks and seams from any skin.

How Treatment Is Applied

The Terra-derma-lax wrinkle treatment is applied daily—not semi-weekly, like the Clay facial. The clay is spread, like tape, in strip formation, over the wrinkled section—just before going to bed. In a few minutes, as it dries, it sets up a tingling sensation—denoting stimulated blood-flow beneath the wrinkled parts.



Get your jar of Terra-derma-lax at any drug or department store. Use three treatments. If your mirror does not reveal to you a softer, clearer, lovelier complexion, return the jar and get your dollar back.

The tingling shortly subsides—and the clay is left on overnight. Like a sad-iron smoothing out a piece of rumpled silk, it smooths out the seams in the skin—holding the cuticle taut and firm throughout the night.

In the morning wash off the clay—and the improvement is immediately seen. Repeat each night until the wrinkles, growing dimmer and dimmer, disappear entirely.

The Cause of Wrinkles

Wrinkles are caused not only by age, but by repeated bad facial habits—such as the arching of the eyebrows, the squinting of the eyelids, the furrowing of the forehead. These facial grimaces gradually form unnatural lines in the face, which quickly "set" if proper blood circulation does not wash them away.

Terra-derma-lax does two things to remove these unbecoming "expression lines."

It first smoothes out the creases in the skin, by its firm but gentle "ironing" action. And second, it restores the skin-health and life in the affected area by stimulating the blood-flow.

Results Are Guaranteed

Try this new and marvelous wrinkle treatment on our guarantee of quick and positive results.

Get a jar of Terra-derma-lax from your druggist (or from any toilette goods counter) and apply the wrinkle treatment three nights.

If you do not notice a decided improvement on the morning after the third treatment, return the balance of the clay in the jar, and your dollar will be refunded promptly.

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If you are not a user of Terra-derma-lax facials, there's a double treat in store for you. Get acquainted with the "beauty-sorcery" of these twice-a-week "clay baths!" Supplement the nightly Wrinkle Treatment with twice-a-week Terra-derma-lax facials.

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Write for FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" explaining the three types of superfluous hair and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful (and free sample of my Massage and Cleansing Cream). When in New York, call at my salon to have FREE

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Thousands of women have profited similarly after INECTO RAPID has been recommended. Nature has a particular color scheme for each person. Nature is, in the last analysis, the one and only great artist, creating individual types—endowing the individual with suitable color of eyes, complexion, teeth and facial features. And so, the true definition of

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You must obtain the exact shade, becoming your type, thus preserving harmony of feature.

Inecto Rapid comes in shades ranging from radiant brown to white. Among these 18 shades, you can find the exact shade for every woman, and you can make-up of eyes, complexion, characteristics and age.

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5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head of naturally gray hair any color in fifteen minutes.
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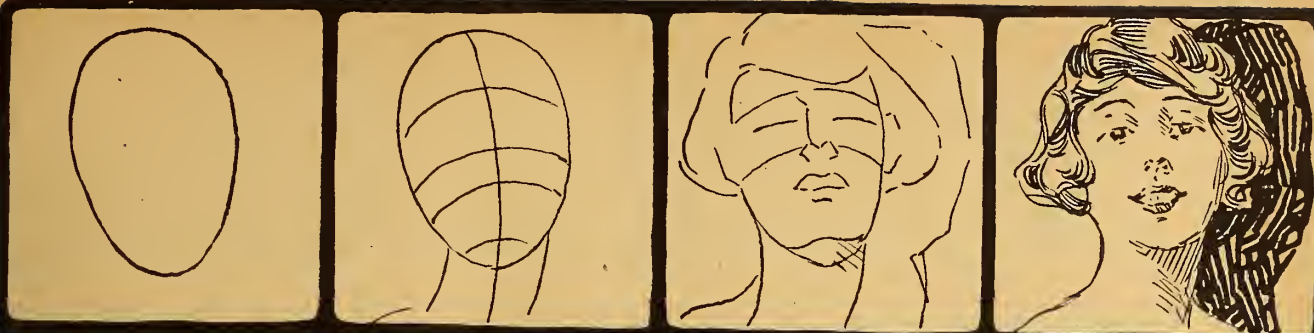
NEXT month, the first of a new series of covers by Rolf Armstrong will appear on **SCREENLAND MAGAZINE**.

Mr. Armstrong's work is already familiar to magazine readers everywhere. His magnificent pastel portraits are regularly seen on the front covers of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other periodicals.

In presenting Mr. Armstrong's work, we have adopted a new form of front cover design—so that his work will stand out, unmarred by lettering or editorial announcements. This will permit the many admirers of the artist's work to clip the covers and save them. They will constitute the most perfect, full cover art studies of present day picture celebrities that it is possible to obtain.

We are anxious to familiarize the many friends of this magazine with the new form of cover, and we have consequently reproduced a small facsimile of it at the head of this column.

Familiarize yourself with the appearance of this cover, so that you will not miss it when it comes out. Watch for the September **SCREENLAND** on the newsstand—ready August first.



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“Aimed Straight at Your Heart— —And It Hits The Mark”

(New York World)

The Critics Think it is Unusual and Great

“One of the ‘biggest’ pictures made in years because it is so very, very human—comes as near being a REAL picture as we have seen in years”
—(Don Allen in *N. Y. Evening World*).

“It easily ranks with the most important pictures made in America. The acting is magnificent; as fine as the screen can boast”—(*N. Y. Sun*).

“Try as you will to resist its appeal, it will make you smile, weep and laugh. . . . We think it is the best picture Mr. Griffith has made since ‘The Birth of a Nation’”—(*N. Y. Journal*).

“Boldly tearing away the old dual standards of morality, ‘The White Rose’, is one of the finest things D. W. Griffith has ever made. It is inspiring and moving”—(*Quinn Martin in N. Y. World*).

“A singularly fine picture, the treatment of the big dramatic moments is superb. It is beautified and exalted by the presence of that exquisite creature, Mae Marsh, the divinely inspired”
—(*Robert Sherwood in N. Y. Herald*).

“‘The White Rose’ has brought a great joy to me, as it will bring, I am sure, to innumerable other people.”
—(*Jane Cowl, “The Juliet of the century” and foremost actress*).

“Griffith is a great poet with ‘The White Rose’.”
—(*Max Reinhardt, the famous European producer for the stage*).

“This latest Griffith production should prove an attractive box office attraction, specially pleasing to those who have a penchant for pictures which bring a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye.”
—(*Exhibitors’ Herald*).

“This picture is a sermon, poem and great love drama, all in one, with laughter full of tears. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity.”—(*Sophie Irene Loeb, Pres. Child Welfare Board of N. Y. and famous Publicist*).

This picture has two features of great appeal,
the story of a girl who couldn’t stop loving
and a new, striking character in screen drama,
THE FALLEN MAN, who suffers with the fallen girl.

D. W. GRIFFITH’S

“The White Rose”

For Release by the United Artists Corporation



MARIE PREVOST
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



GLENN HUNTER
BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



BETTY BLYTHE
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



CORRINE GRIFFITH
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Movie Directors are not feminists; that's why they believe that the place of

MOVIE MAMAS

is in the home

Says Marie Gantier

A GIRL'S best friend is her mother, according to tradition and the old song. The exception to the rule is occasionally when the girl happens to be a movie star.

Some mamas of the movies are famous. Others are infamous.

To the average person, the movie mama is a keen, cunning, cold person, exploiting her fair, tender daughter for the lure of gold; flaunting her in the face of licentious producers; browbeating; elbowing casting men; pushing the young thing forward, step by step toward fame and fortune, and with each step herself acquiring brass, embonpoint and facial characteristics as lovable as those of a Gila monster.

Such is the movie mama to the lay mind.

Is the lay mind right, Mr. Gallagher?

Absotively, Mr. Shean! In some cases!

Round the inner circles of screen society there goes rolling, like the ivory balls on a roulette wheel, gossip relative to mamas of all kinds; hard-boiled, medium and raw. Wherever film folk congregate to sip bootleg and "dish the dirt", they have a few lines to swap anent the relations of the picture actress and her mother.

A Classic Example

"MINTER'S mother was turrible!" So spoke a certain assistant camera man, with the unbiased point of view of a dispassionate nobody. On the lot, by the way, stars are invariably spoken of—not to—by their last name, sans respectful prefixes.

"She was turrible! The way she butted in around the lot was enough to spoil Mamie's career!"

It is common Hollywood talk that the mother of pretty Mary Miles Minter is the classic example of the dominating movie mother. It is generally conceded that Mrs. Minter's shrewd business sense negotiated her daughter's Paramount contract, by which she is said to have received the noble salary of \$7000 each and every week. And it was well for Mary Miles that she did have her mother to back her.

The lure of gold and the lure of girl are the obsession of the screen today. The girl symbolizes that youth and beauty that all the world's a-chasing. Being young, she's immature. She generally makes up in beauty what she lacks in gray matter. She needs someone with keen business acumen to haggle over a contract with business men sharp enough to stand behind a ten million dollar concern.

Hollywood stands in awe before Mrs. Shelby's *coup* in landing the big Paramount contract for Mary Miles, on the strength of Mary Miles' golden curls and her faint resemblance to Mary Pickford. And the same gossips chuckle over the tidbit that "so tightly was the noose bound about the neck of the party of the second part of this contract,

that his final wiggles to escape looked frantic." There's no denying mama was bright.

In some things. But she was so desirous of retaining her daughter under her thumb, the gossips say, that she kept her under too tight a rein. She denied her natural girlish friendships. Mary Miles was not permitted to choose her own friends. Mama did this for her. Mary Miles was not permitted to handle her own money. She was a minor, and mama collected it and invested it for her.

The result was obvious in daughter's first act upon attaining her majority. She threatened suit against her mother, alleging an incorrect accounting of her great estate. She even left home for a while. Finally the matter was settled peaceably. But it would seem that when a film daughter suspects she is being exploited, good old-fashioned filial devotion dies.

"Mama Buttinsky"

ANOTHER of the dominating movie mamas is a woman who used to be a laundress, before her beautiful daughter attained stardom. She loves to be on the set, and she loves to dictate to the director. The director and producer have to be polite to her, even when their souls long to do murder. And the daughter stands it as long as she can. Then she will turn and say,

"Get out of my sight! I don't want to see you here any more!" Then she'll feel sorry and kiss her.

Who's to blame? The parent, unlettered, fat and forceful, lacks diplomacy in dealing with this child, forceful too, but not yet fat. The daughter can stand alone upon her reputation. She does not need her mother.

The scene is set for heart-break. But a star's salary is a powerful antidote for even a mother's broken heart, it seems.

Bebe's Maternal Background

THE mother of Bebe Daniels is not miscast in the part. She has had a tremendous effect on the success of her daughter by making herself a helpful background. She has learned from her own professional experience; she has dropped all of her own interests for those of her daughter. She is her chum, her balance wheel, with a wisdom that cannot but reflect in the acting and conduct of her daughter.

Those who know the story of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason truthfully assert that without the patient mother who started their stage careers when they were tots, a woman of strength and character, they would doubtless have fallen short of their present attainments as comediennes.

Likewise, Edith Roberts' mother has made the most of her childish ability for dramatics, thus preparing her for a screen career.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

C Betty Compson's mother presents Betty with her valuable good looks instead of with much invaluable advice.

A Mother's Place

THE screen producer is no feminist; he has a firm conviction that a mother's place is in the home. On the set, she is often an ungodly nuisance.

Such a woman once mothered a sweet sixteen bathing beauty of the Fox Sunshine Comedies. The girl was a whiz as a dancer, but in all other respects was an absolute moron. Mother stuck closer than porous plaster to the girl. She was with her on the set, in her dressing-room, everywhere, demanding favors as rights for her daughter, gumming up the directorial works in a fashion that caused her director to lift his hands in silent prayer. Silent because he was too mad to talk.

Finally, the management gave orders that unless the girl would leave mama at home, her contract was a scrap of paper.

There are two sides to the question. Naturally a producer does not want a parent always on the job, to take sides with a spoiled daughter on every occasion. And a mother sometimes fears to leave her impetuous, susceptible daughter to parade, sometimes scantily arrayed, before actors, stage carpenters and directors, all past masters in the free masonry that obtains behind the scenes.

Agnes Ayres' Mother Is On the Job

AGNES AYRES is handled like a thoroughbred. . . . baths, massages, beautifying treatments. And it is mother who is on the job.

Agnes seldom sees her salary. Because pay hour comes at an awkward time, she lets her mother collect and deposit, then writes her checks for the bills her mother presents.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford manipulated Mary's affairs, before Mary manifested her all-round gifts for managing. The same wise mind is undoubtedly behind Jack Pickford's advancement—the part that isn't a reflection of sister's glory. And by the way, they say that it takes both Mary and mama to extract Jack from his scrapes and to keep him from getting into more.

Mother—God Bless Her!

THE mother of Carmel Myers never causes any profanity on the part of a director.

"Some mothers are maddening to directors," explains Carmel proudly, "but not my mother. She only suggests—and then, only when the director asks for suggestions."

The chief regret of Carmel Myers is that she can't wear her mother's blouses, though since babyhood she has tyrannically taken possession of her mother's hats.

The Family Meal-ticket

THE family meal-ticket—that's what many a screen actress becomes to the mother who gives up her own ambitions to stand in the reflected glory of an ambitious child. And because she's the main support, she must be pampered, indulged and spoiled, so long as she wins bread and butter, furs and motor-cars.

There was a certain voluptuous young beauty who had reason to believe that her contract was not going to be renewed. She and mama needed the money. Daughter was long on sex appeal but short on brains; it was vice versa with mama. The mother, perhaps not realizing her limitations, sought out a man of supposed influence in the company, and delicately offered her attentions.

The man was not interested. So mama went home and sent daughter! Daughter got a more favorable reaction, but after the affair had gone its little course, the sad truth came out that mama had picked the wrong man; he had



One wonders if Agnes Ayres will be as plump and jolly-looking as Mama Ayres, a few years hence.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

☉ *Bebe Daniels and her grandmother. What artist could dare compete with this photograph for a study of Youth and Age!*

nothing to do with extending contracts! Such bad judgment.

Sometimes a girl breaks her mother's heart—and the mother can do nothing. Witness the tragic face of one mother, whose daughter stays out o' nights. She drinks and carouses and boldly comes back to her hotel rooms in broad daylight with a male companion.

"I wish she'd marry," sighs the mother. "It might cure her." But she's not yet married—or cured.

Where's Papa?

THE more unbearable may become the life of such a mother because she's alone. The movie Papa usually figures in a fade-out, since as a bread winner he can't compete with flapper daughter. One of the unsolved mysteries of Hollywood is, "Where are the movie papas?" There's no such animal!

The scintillating exception is Papa Coogan. Many a fond Mama who has hawked her little screen boy or girl all over film land asserts with burning heart that her "young un" is just as deserving a whopping contract as is Jackie—only Jackie's Papa was a good bargainer.

In filmdom this sentiment is called professional jealousy.

Likewise are there few sons whose mothers stand out as having influenced their careers beyond boyhood. Harold Goodwin's mother, strong, sweet, is one of the exceptions.

The mother of Patsy Ruth Miller looks as young as her daughter. She keeps up with everything that can in any way further the astonishing career of her daughter. She leaves no stone unturned. Perhaps that is one reason why Patsy Ruth has been leaping up the ladder so swiftly.

Shall Stars Marry?

MAY McAVOY was about to enter into the holy bonds of wedlock, the gossips say, and of all suitors, one Eddie Sutherland was the most favored. Her mother's opposition, so the rumor goes, put the affair into the limbo of "the might have been". Now Eddie is all married up to Marjorie Daw.

"Mama" Windsor, or whatever her name is—Cronk, we believe—is so busy being a devoted grandmother to Claire's charming little boy that she has scant time to boss Claire's work and her employers on the studio lots. And yet Claire manages to keep climbing!

The Motherless

SO helpful is the mother recognized to be that many screen stars who are so unfortunate as to have no mothers of their own "adopt" mothers, choosing older women in the profession, who (Continued on page 90)

Q. Have you ever held

TRAITOR HANDS

Asks Alma Whitaker

“MY GAWD, what a hand!” remarked a vulgar voice near me at the theatre the other evening.

And, if you please, the creature was alluding to the should-be beautiful hand of the alluring heroine.

Hands can be such a give-away. In my search for beautiful hands among the film charmers, I have discovered that there are hands and hands; that beauty of face and beauty of hands do not always go together.

Only occasionally does one find a pair of hands to match a lovely face. No amount of manicuring can redeem some hands. Often they pass muster—with careful photography. But sometimes these exquisite heroines of ours have the hands of cooks and washerwomen. Perhaps it is poor photography, of course. The following criticisms, therefore,

refer strictly to the appearance of these hands on the screen. Possibly some hands, like some faces, photograph better than others.

Elsie Ferguson's Lovely Hands

I CAN find no fault with Elsie Ferguson's hands. Elsie's reputation as a “lady” will never be libelled by her long, slender, well-cared for hands, with their tapering finger points, their pretty filbert-shaped nails, their conservatism as to rings, their grace in repose. Elsie can afford to show her hands in any pose.

And I love Agnes Ayres' hands. They taper at the finger-tips, and the nails are beautifully arched. They undulate into the wrist. Yet they are strong hands that could strangle a rival beautifully, daintily. Not that Agnes would.

It took me some time to decide about Pola Negri's hands. She wears her nails long and pointed. She knows how to adjust sleeves and cuffs. Hers are expressive hands, sensitive hands, well-cared-for upper middle class hands.

Gloria's Hands are Capable

GLORIA SWANSON'S hands are not pretty. In all the pictures I have seen they appear a shade too large, a trifle bony, but strong hands, perfectly dandy for opening reluctant fruit jars or unscrewing stiff corks. And once in a while she puts them on her hips; they seem to be exactly the right kind of hands to swagger on hips. In the bathing scene in *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew* one could not help wondering if the grand-duke happened to notice the sort of hand he kissed. (Continued on page 89)

Q. Gloria Swanson's hands are not pretty. They appear a shade too large, a trifle bony. In “The Impossible Mrs. Bellew,” one could not help wondering if the grand-duke happened to notice the sort of hand he kissed.



CASTE! *The film colony is founded upon it. In snobbish Hollywood, the stars speak only to producers, and the producers speak only to Hays.*

The FILM

Extras will please not talk to Miss Ferguson.

THIS little sign, always posted on the set where Elsie Ferguson may be emoting, illustrates admirably the democracy of Hollywood. The Manchus have some simple little ideas of caste, and I understand the Brahmins were never ones to hob-nob around outside of their own rank, but even the Supreme Imperial Potentate of the Loyal Order of Brahmins could learn a thing or two about caste from some of our Hollywood stars.

The outsider might find it difficult to understand why an extra might not pass the time of day with a star, or why a camera man should up-stage a "prop" boy. But the man "in the know" realizes that caste lines are strictly drawn, and the icy stare will be the portion of the vandal who steps over the bounds of rank.

It's very complicated. A star knows only producers, one or two directors, and a few stars of their own social rank.

A director knows producers, the stars and the camera man.

The camera man sometimes fails to remember the assistant director, and the assistant director, who is really a glorified "prop" boy, is recognized only by the extra girls, who make a fuss over him in the hope of getting a job.

The caste line is drawn socially even among stars. Stardom alone does not bring social recognition; the clan is divided against itself.

For instance, Harold Lloyd, already an equally popular comedian with Charlie Chaplin, is never invited to the parties to which Chaplin goes. Charlie is in a class above him socially.

Harold is a clean, well-groomed, personable young actor of high moral character.



CLIMBERS

As seen by
Lucille Larrimer



Nobody denies that. But he has a distressing habit of talking affably to everyone, even extras! Charlie Chaplin's we-have-never-met-and-I-hope-we-never-will manner fits in with the aristocratic Hollywood social habits better, and so the snobs adore Charlie.

Fairbanks on Social Peak

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks top the social peak in Hollywood. They solve the social problem by not going out at all. The parties they give occasionally in their homes are extremely exclusive. Edward Knoblock, Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri seem to be the chief participants of the festivities at "Pickfair".

Brother Jack and sister Lottie do not share Mary Pickford's restrained social tastes. The white lights suit them better than quiet home parties with charades. Jack participates in all the dancing contests at the Coconut Grove, and he recently got quite a lot of publicity when his private bootlegger fell into the hands of the law, along with an incriminating order-book. Lottie was also down for a case or two, according to alleged newspaper accounts.

DeMilles are Social Arbiters

THE Cecil and William DeMilles are the social arbiters of the film colony. To be invited to an affair at the DeMille mansion on a lordly Hollywood hilltop is the symbol of social success. Of course, some are highly successful in

their own way without being received by Mrs. DeMille.

I recall one most interesting afternoon when Mrs. Cecil DeMille, who does a great deal of philanthropic work, and Julia Faye both happened to be in at the same charity tea. Mrs. DeMille for some reason has never found much in common with Miss Faye, and their efforts to overlook each other in the one small drawing-room were heroic.

The DeMilles often entertain the clever Fitzmaurices, (George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere), the Jesse Laskys, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson and a selected group of actors and actresses.

She Has Lived Down Her Past

BATHING beauties and comediennees do not rank very high socially in Hollywood, but Gloria Swanson has successfully lived down her bathing-girl past. It is only four years since she doffed the one-piece bathing-suits for the gorgeous gowns of a featured dramatic star, but her "grand manner" has brought her through superbly.

Gloria herself entertains lavishly and frequently at her big new home in Beverly Hills. Her guests are vivacious souls who can be depended upon not to let the party die on its feet. Viola Dana and Dorothy Dalton are boon companions of Gloria's and may often be found at her jollifications. Marshall Neilan and J. Warren Kerrigan are also frequent guests. Alice Lake, who goes everywhere Viola Dana goes, is usually present, also.

Valentino a Social Disappointment

RODOLPH VALENTINO, even at the height of his career, went out very little in Hollywood society. Occasionally he would dance at the Hollywood hotel or at the Ambassador with Nazimova and her party, but ordinarily he sought the company of Italians and Frenchmen, Bohemians of all types, painters, writers, poets, in preference to the social elite.

Milton Sills entertains a good deal, but his guests are seldom picture people. He and his charming wife delight rather in intellectual soirées, with writers and scholars as guests. Sills has a terrible past as a university professor behind him, and he finds it hard to forget. It rises to haunt him even now. (Continued on page 92)



The Spirit

Betty Compson has had the supreme happiness of having kept in communication with the man she loved above all men.

By Anne

☞ *Betty Compson firmly believes that George Loane Tucker is still her best friend in spite of the fact that his body is dust.*

IS THE fast-spreading belief in reincarnation a symbol of the colossal vanity of motion picture stars, or is it a sign that our luminaries are groping for a much needed help in adjusting their lives to the sudden glories and the equally sudden defeats of the movies?

When Betty Compson said to me: "I would be perfectly happy to die right now, for it would be a sign to me that I have finished this cycle of my development. I would know that I was slated for another incarnation, after my soul had made its adjustments, and had checked up on the lessons learned in this incarnation," was Betty fortifying herself against the disappointment which her work at Lasky's was then bringing her?

When she further said, "George Loane Tucker, with whom I have been in communication since his death, is seeking stories for me, that I may justify his beautiful faith in me, that I may achieve my height as a dramatic actress," was Betty using her belief to take the ache out of her heart and the crimp out of her vanity which a series of unhappily chosen stories had put there?

Was Mary Pickford, when she sat wistfully looking into space, her little mouth drooping, her wide grey-blue eyes fixed on a vision which only she herself could see, picturing an existence which would leave her free to be herself?

For Mary said to me, with a slight tremble of her childish



mouth, "In my next incarnation I want to be given the boon of contentment. I don't want to be ambition-ridden as I have in this incarnation. Do you know what I would love? I would love to be an *ordinary* person—living and loving and dying obscure and content in having filled, competently and wholesomely my own little niche in life. I would love to be a middle-class girl, in a small town—New Jersey has been my dream—a little cottage in a neat little New Jersey town—where I could cook and clean and sew, for my husband and babies. Babies!"

For the dream of Mary's life is to hold a child of her own in her arms. It is always that way. When we have everything, so far as the world can see, there is a great void, which no amount of fame and fortune can fill. Mary's

Love

George Loane Tucker according to her strange and almost fantastic story has corresponded with her through the ouija board.

Austin



George Loane Tucker's discoveries in religion revealed to Betty Compson through the ouija board, are interesting and startling.

existence which would wrest power and fame out of her small hands is a problem which only her soul can solve. Even as she pictures the middle-class cottage with a mechanic husband, coming home to his dinner of pot roast and apple pie, she veers to say this, "If I am cast as an actress in my next incarnation, I hope I shall be given the stature and the soul bigness to be a great tragedienne. In my heart I feel my power now. But Nature cast me in a midget mould. No person of four feet ten can sway the world as an emotional actress."

Mary's devotion to little Mary, her sister Lottie's child and the adopted daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, is a beautiful thing to see.

"Mary is an old soul," she said to me quite seriously. "She says things which startle me. I believe she has about finished her cycle. I don't mean she is a mental prodigy, but I can sense the wisdom of the ages in that baby's soul."

Hollywood's Religious Inhibition

RELIGION in Hollywood is one subject which is not handled freely. We talk with raw emphasis and analytical definiteness on every subject under the sun—except our souls. But there is a fast-widening circle of the great who acknowledge the possession of souls and (*Cont'd on page 93*)

longing for a child would have been satisfied long ago, even at the expense of her career, if she could have had her own way. But Nature, whether kindly or sternly, has withheld this supreme blessing. Is Mary reaching out with the eager hands of the spirit, for solace in her belief in reincarnation?

"In my next incarnation," Mary says triumphantly, "I shall be given a child!"

If Mary did not have this belief in a future existence, where her incompleteness can be made complete, but where she will not be burdened with the things which fill her life now, would she be able to endure so bravely the desolate emptiness of her mother-arms?

Whether Mary Pickford really could be reconciled to an

Our CHARACTER ACTORS

The character actor is giving us the finest acting on the screen today. In these pages, we tender this small tribute to the screen's



Photo by HOOVER



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Eugenie Besserer supplies her characters with a depth of human feeling that only long years of dramatic training can give. She is doing a fine bit of work in *Youth Triumphant*, a production now in the making.

Svengali, that brooding, vengeful, cunning fiend, in Du Maurier's *Tribby*, is receiving a superb characterization at the talented hands of Arthur Edmund Carew, as shown above.

Alan Hale is one of the finest of our character actors. He was a faithful, lovable Little John in *Robin Hood* and a dastardly scoundrel in *The Covered Wagon*.

GOD BLESS 'Em!

And because he goes his modest way, without public acclaim or fervid great hope—the character player! Long may he emote!

When *Oliver Twist* was being cast, they wanted a finished actress and a fine character woman to play the part of *Mrs. Corney*. So they called on Aggie Herring.

Lon Chaney is the dean of all character actors. When he played *Fagin* in *Oliver Twist*, Lon Chaney was quite lost. Only *Fagin* remained. And it is so in all of his rôles.

Ernest Torrence, shown in the center below, is one of those gifted souls who can do comedy and heavy dramatics equally well. His inspired performance in *The Covered Wagon* and in Maurice Tourneur's *Brass Bottle* are comic in character.

Tom Wilson used to play in the legitimate with Warfield and others, but he is now doing character roles on the screen. His latest part is a pirate role in Charles Ray's *Courtship of Miles Standish*.





The BABY SACRIFICE

Raising children to feed to the Films has become as important an industry in Hollywood as raising children for cotton pickers in the South

By W. R. Benson

Illustrated by S. Delevante

WHENEVER the Stork drops a squirming little bundle at a Hollywood door, the mother has one thought in mind as she looks upon his features: "Will he be the successor to Jackie Coogan?" Or if the might is a girl, she has no inclination to throw it into the ocean, as the Chinese still secretly long to do. She tries to see in that monkey-red little face a resemblance to Virginia Lee Corbin, or Baby Peggy.

In naming the infant, Hollywood parents no longer try to pick a name which will please Uncle George or Great-Aunt Isabelle. The all-important question is, will the name be easy to remember and sufficiently odd to attract attention? For the child is destined for a screen career, just as surely as little boys once were promised to be Presidents or policemen.

Have You a Movie Star in Your Home?

HAVE you a little movie star in your home? Thus queries the internal revenue man. If minors make money, someone is to be held to account to Uncle Sam. Jackie's bonus check for \$500,000 was put into his income tax report for last year, if we can believe reports, and the goblins got it—or half of it, to be almost exact. Just why Papa Coogan put the bonus on his work for this year into last year's earnings is one of the questions little Jackie will be asking Papa a few years hence, when the years are leaner and his legs are longer and his voice is changing.

In Hollywood is seen the startling spectacle of a baby Atlas supporting the world. On Jackie's puny shoulders rests a world which would make the ancient Atlas sphere look like a circus balloon. If those little shoulders should collapse under the load, what a world would totter and fall into millions of bits, as impossible of being picked up as the broken Humpty Dumpty.

A great production unit, with dozens and dozens of people, directly or indirectly, working on Jackie Coogan productions, a great studio housing hundreds of people, a great financier with millions of dollars bet on Jackie, a splendid big home, with its retinue of servants, all drawing their checks from "Master Jackie"—what a world to rest upon a little boy's shoulders! Does a youngster supporting such a world dare have measles or whooping cough or stomach-ache or nerves? Does he dare to stretch his little arms above his head and yawn, "Aw, I don't wanna work today. I wanna go on a picnic out in the country."

He does not. He cannot for a minute take his shoulders—no matter how tired they may be—out from under that great, crushing load!

Does it not seem a queer, unnatural state of affairs when an infant is pushed up against the stone wall of necessity and upon his back such a burden is placed? Does the great, long fur coat which Mama Coogan wears warm her thoroughly when little cold



chills of apprehension chase up and down her spine?

Mamas of lesser but just as dear children get up in the middle of these cold California nights to see that the little legs are not sticking out of covers, that Baby is not sleeping with his mouth open. How many times Mama Coogan must get up in the middle of the night to gaze upon that angelic yet mischievous, perhaps tired little face, to see if all is still well!

Doing Well, Thank You

MARVELOUSLY enough, Jackie seems to be doing very well, thank you. As the main support of his family, he seems to be holding up nicely. Perhaps by the time he is old enough to marry he will have had such a varied and extended experience in supporting people and institutions and orphans and such that he will feel it is quite a come-down to find himself responsible only for the upkeep of his own home and a wife, no matter how extravagant.

If Jackie were allowed to work and call it a day when five bells struck, it would not be so bad. But count that day lost which does not see Jackie's name in the papers as sponsoring some new cause or opening some new real estate division or as elected chief of the fly-swatters or something like that. He has to form a reception committee of one to welcome all celebrities to Hollywood, so he can get his picture in the papers, of course! Jackie is probably the best publicized bit of human flesh in the world. No royal dauphin ever received the press notices that our own Princelet gets—and it is certain that no royal fledgeling ever worked so hard for his plaudits.

One week's news alone nets the following little tasks for Jackie: "Champion of Children"—blares the headline. "Jackie Coogan enters lists in behalf of Juvenile Labor Measure." Poor little overworked Jackie! Will he put his own name at the top of the list for those who should get clemency?

How pompous and how contradictory is the "lead" for the story—"At the suggestion of a group of statesmen and publicists, Jackie Coogan will become the spokesman for less fortunate children of America, the protagonist of the various movements for child welfare betterment, of which the first on the program is the eradication of child labor. Associated with Jackie are such personages as Herbert Hoover, in his capacity as head of the newly organized Child Health Association of America, President Harding and Ex-Presidents Wilson and Taft, honorary members of the National Child Labor Committee."

"The eradication of child labor!" What a ghastly joke! The hardest worked infant in the world is called upon to give more of his valuable time, away from his books and his flowers and his pets and his sleep, to championing infants who paste labels on to cans and who pick cotton in the fields of Alabama. Probably not a single little pickanniny who sweats under the sweltering rays of a Texas sun knows half the agony of fatigue and longing for freedom which comes to Jackie as he works all day under the fierce rays of the Kleig lights, in a great barnlike studio, surrounded by hammering carpenters, swearing shouting technicians, directors and assistant directors, and anxious capitalists hovering in the background, hoping that the kid won't slump.

Jackie Before Congress

"**J**ACKIE COOGAN to address Congress," purrs another headline. Ain't that grand? Won't he look cute, standing up before those important bald-headed men, like the Infant Christ before the learned doctors in the Synagogue?

Yes, Jackie will address Congress in behalf of Child Labor, if some well-laid plans do not gang agley. And if he has any spare time on his hands, probably he will tell the President how to run the government, give a few

helpful hints to Mrs. Harding on how to make political pie, and if he still isn't needed in Hollywood he may take five minutes off to chase butterflies on the White House Lawn with Laddie-Boy.

A recent cartoon by Wynn, celebrated caricaturist, is entitled "The Immortals Greet a New Arrival". George Bernard Shaw, David Belasco, Constantin Stanislavsky, Morris Gest, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Shakspeare, Alexander Dumas, Richard Wagner, Henrik Ibsen, and Edwin Booth, stand by to welcome the latest arrival on Mount Olympus—Jackie Coogan.

It is Jackie who must meet Irvin S. Cobb and Paderewski. It is Jackie who must give an egg-rolling at the Ambassador for the little children of the rich, and at the same time appear at an egg hunt at an Orphanage. It is Jackie who must give of his wealth and of his prestige to the "Sea Scouts"—the kidlets who scan the turgid waters of Lake Michigan for enemy craft, or some such vitally necessary duty like that. Every day Jackie's duties pile up, adding to the world which is bowing his slight form to the earth.

Maybe some day Jackie will care far less for the shekels than for the carefree boyhood he has missed. But the great must pay. After all, who would want Jackie to retire?

In Jackie's menage, which his enormous earnings keep up, are a butler, a nurse, an upstairs maid, a cook and a yardman. The little boy's work makes a handsome living for Mama and Papa Coogan and for the little foster sister whom Mama Coogan so generously brought home with her when the child's own mother passed on. The new little sister is Priscilla Dean Moran. She will probably not be legally adopted.

In Baby's Footsteps

IN THE old-fashioned days before the films brought new standards and new customs, a father hoped his son would follow in his footsteps. Now the wise father or mother waits to see what the baby is going to do, and then follows suit. Or if Baby becomes famous in pictures, Father or Mother finds it mighty easy to step out of their own jobs into a managerial one.

Papa Coogan is one of the busiest men in pictures. As manager of the gigantic operations of which his small son is the keynote, he has a man-sized job. But Papa Coogan stepped out of his natural field—vaudeville—to attend to the more important duty of managing Jackie.

Papa Osborne, father of the once-famous Baby Marie Osborne, promptly forgot his own business to take over Baby Marie as a prize exhibit. As a Sunshine Comedy baby she made much money for her dependent family. Finally, however, the child's money became the bone of contention it is said, between the father and the mother, and they separated. Baby Marie is now far past the baby stage and is probably not half so remunerative as when she lisped and talked baby talk.

Baby Peggy is Good Provider

BABY PEGGY MONTGOMERY is the sole support of her father and mother. Her father is her manager, of course, and her mother has a good-sized job in keeping down the famous little comedienne's egoism. She does it very successfully.

Little Mickey McBan is another. He could support a wife and five children on the salary he makes, even in these days of the high cost of necessary luxuries, for he makes a hundred a week—one hundred iron men, simoleons, beans, cartwheels, dollars, if you don't get the other terms—and he has been off a payroll for only ten days altogether since the first of last October. A goodly bank roll is accumulating for this cotton-topped brown-eyed youngster. By the way he is the "champeen" swimmer of the world for children under six. He's four years old,

and has accumulated five medals for swimming. He began imitating a fish at the age of eighteen months. But he can't swim in pictures, for that would make him a "professional"—a professional is one who follows a sport for money, you know—and he wants to keep on getting medals as an amateur swimming champion.

Of course you can remember Mickey as the very realistic little weeping boy twin in "Poor Men's Wives." He has recently appeared in "Daytime Wives" and "The Man Who Won."

Virginia Lee Corbin's Job

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN started on her arduous career of supporting her family at the age of three and a half. She is now nearly twelve. Her father is either dead or making a living for himself in the offing—nobody seems to know exactly the status of the papa parent. Virginia Lee got her start in 1915 when the manager of the Balboa studios found her crying on the beach. He gave her a screen test and the result was that she was starred with Alice Maison in "The Chorus Girl and the Kid", a three reeler. A contract with Allen Holubar followed; then she went to Fox, where she made 12 pictures in five years. These were fairy tales—"Jack and the Beanstalk", "Aladdin's Lamp" and others of that series. At the end of her Fox contract she appeared at Grauman's theater in a sketch, which Mrs. Corbin later took on the road. It must have been a peach of a skit, for it earned the family bread and butter and caviar for two years, during which time the two—mother and daughter—appeared in every principal country in the world. She has just finished a rôle with Fisher Productions in "Youth Triumphant", the story of a child that begs on the streets to support a foster mother. Rather a coincidence that, eh? But as a good provider, you have to hand it to Virginia Lee. She has done well by her mother!

On Jackie Coogan's puny shoulders rests a burden which would make the ancient Atlas sphere look like a circus balloon. If these little shoulders should collapse under the load, what a world would totter



Dicky Headrick Heads a Family

RICHARD HEADRICK early relieved Dad of the burden of supporting the family. The yellow-headed little lord of the films at the age of two or three stepped up and let Dad step down from the stage. For Dad Headrick is a former theatrical man, now completely absorbed in handling his famous youngster. Mr. Headrick says he has been both father and mother to Richard, for the mother is in bad health. Dad and the boy are constantly together. There is a real and unusual sympathy between the two. When the father is sick or depressed, happy or frolicsome, clownish or brilliant, little Richard is likewise. Probably the father earns his board and keep, which little Richard supplies, better than most of our dependent parents.

Dinky Dean, son of "Chuck" Reisner, character actor and director, doesn't have to worry about finances. His papa is entirely self-supporting, and rather regards Dinky's phenomenal luck as a joke. But Universal has surrounded the four-year-old with a cast imposing enough to make any little four-year-old swell with pride—or feel overwhelmed. Among those present is Virginia Pearson! How queer it must feel to these experienced and famous players to be "supporting" a brand new child star. And what a collapse it will be if Universal has bet wrong on this new discovery of Chaplin's.

Betsy Ann Can Act!

PROBABLY the most beautiful little girl in movies is Betsy Ann Hisle. She is like an animated French doll, but she has it all over the French puppet, for she can act. Really! She has a whole bureau drawer full of beauty prizes and medals. For instance, she was declared at Venice last year to be the most beautiful child in Southern California, and there were 12,000 contestants trying to cop the honor. She helps swell the family exchequer by working in pictures, posing as a model for artists and photographers. And so the wolf will not feel at all tempted to hang around the door, Betsy Ann keeps up her practise as an esthetic dancer.

Deborants

She has recently returned from Seattle, where she made personal appearances and put on a little sketch called "A Christmas Surprise". The most money Betsy Ann has ever made was \$150 a week in vaudeville, but the cutest she has ever looked on the screen was in that adorable "Our Gang" comedy, "The Firefighters". Remember her sitting on the roof to pull the toe of the sleeping "Fire Chief", delectably played by another youthful "good provider", little Jackie Condon? Betsy also played in "The Poverty of Riches" and other big features.

Jackie Condon does awfully well by his doting parents, who believe that he is greater than Jackie Coogan. He has been in pictures since he was three weeks old.

Baby Marie Morehouse doesn't have to promise Mother that she will get her "a nice silk dress when I'm drowed up", as baby lispers are fond of saying to the self-sacrificing beings who give them everything. Baby Marie can do it now. She is only fifteen months old, but she has appeared in a number of pictures, "The Ace of Hearts", "The Old Nest", "The Poverty of Riches", and others in which her round-eyed baby charms were given full value.

Little Billie Lord feels dreadfully about not being able to clothe his Mama in silks and satins, but he has hopes. You see, he's only four and a half years old, and he's been in a number of pictures, but the cost of getting Billie started has so far kept down the profits. Overhead is so heavy, you know! He's made a brave start, however, and he's one of the most adorable and clever youngsters in the films, so he'll probably soon be supporting his family in the style to which they would like to become accustomed—perhaps before this article appears! For in our tea leaves we've seen a contract for Bill!

Babies for Sale

ARE they happy—these youngsters who have been set so early to the arduous task of making a living, not only for themselves, but for their parents? Can they possibly be getting all out of life that a wise and beneficent providence intended children to get? Is it wise to give them to us, even when we clamor for their sweetness and rosy charm on the screen?

One little screen mother, proudly displaying her own little daughter, tells her side of it and lets light into the other side.

"I keep all financial gossip away from my baby. All her money goes into a bank account for her, which will pay for the kind of education her father and I could never have earned for her. And we do not harass her with the details of getting jobs and holding them and dressing for them. We let her live as freely as it is possible for a four-year-old screen player to live. It is pitiful that she must so soon learn to obey the voice of duty—that the burden of 'making good' should so soon be forced upon her.

"But we do not let her know how important her career is to us. We belittle it to her, put it on a play basis. I go to the studios with her, of course, and I try to make a game out of the long tedious waits. I am with my baby more than most mothers are. I guard her from all the rough contacts I can, and I beg people not to make a fuss over her. This constant guarding against vanity—conceit—is the hard thing.

"But I know a mother who nags her little boy unmercifully because he does not get along faster. He was taken out of a picture one day because he could not concentrate on a scene that the director was trying to shoot. His mother jerked him off the seat and he left, crying and sobbing his heart out. I found out the reason for his inattention later. He had lost his Bull pup—it had run away and the kid's heart was broken. Of course he couldn't concentrate on what the director was saying! His mother allows him no play life. She keeps his duty to himself and to her ever

before him, urges him constantly to 'make good', dings-dongs into him that he must act, must look pretty, must smile pretty for the directors and for the people of the press. The child is dear in spite of it, but he is just a little bundle of nerves."

Well, that's one woman's viewpoint. Her own child is not so free from the taint, if she only knew it. No baby can be idolized as hers is without being spoiled, without getting an exaggerated idea of its own importance.

Little Louise Tordera is a mental wonder, as well as a ravishing little beauty. Her superb self-possession—comical in a four-year-old—and her extreme beauty make it easy for her to carve a living out of Hollywood. She came rather late in life to a mother who had given birth to twins years before. The lovely little blonde elf is idolized by her mother, but that does not keep her from exploiting that delectable baby. Louise is always dressed in silks of pastel shades, which set off her flowerlike beauty, but how much more cunning and babylike she would look in blue gingham rompers! And how much happier she would be perched in her own swing in the back yard than perched on the casting director's desk, ogling him for a choice bit? Her little line of patter is well developed; it's clever, it's cute—but is it *baby*?

One wonders what the psychology of these parents is. Can they feel comfortable in the knowledge that baby hands are bringing home the bacon? That baby hearts are swelling over false griefs, pumped into them by not too kind and patient directors, that their babies are being forced in the hothouse atmosphere of Kleig lights and grease-paint rather than permitted to develop sweetly and normally in the parks and grassy backyards which are their birthright?

The Child Provider

DOES a swirl of shame ever envelop the brain and heart of the dependent parent, who has so perverted natural laws as to let the infant do the work, while the parents accept the reward?

Here, too, is a new problem for the courts. How are the screen child's interests to be safeguarded? There is no law which restrains parents from exploiting their offspring. Since we love children on the screen, and since they are a very vital element in realistic drama, we would not want them kept off the screen.

The Coogans have wisely put all of Jackie's earnings in trust for him. They have to make a legal accounting for every penny of his that they spend.

But the state of California should enact some law which would safeguard the earnings which these screen prodigies are rolling up. It is likely to be for all too brief a time. The charming baby is often the gangling youth or the raw-boned girl. The very defects which endear children to the screen prevent their being successes as older players. In the happiest cases there is always a transition period which is extremely hard on both parents and children. Parents, accustomed to the velvet of the baby's earnings, find it hard to go back to their own restricted earnings. The glitter of screen gold is very bright. The dollars which papa as a clerk can bring in are disappointingly few, compared to the wealth which Baby commanded in his heyday.

And Baby, spoiled and pampered while he was bringing home the bacon, finds it hard to adjust himself to a public school life, where he is no better than the rest, and to a decreased scale of living. Wesley Barry is in that transition stage now. Wesley is at the unfortunate age when precocity stops and "smart Alecism" begins, when juvenile exuberance develops into something far less attractive. Whether Wesley will outlive his screen usefulness as he outgrows his freckles is still a problem.



BILLIE DOVE
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



JOHN BARRYMORE
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



BETTY COMPSON
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



PAULINE GARON
BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Another Great Story of
Young Life in Hollywood

SHOESTRINGS

By Peter Lowensberry
and Aimée Torriani

Illustrated by Rae Van Buren

"THAT green above your eyes is too heavy for you Kiddo," said Glory. "Here, have some of my blue—you don't mind my telling you, do you?"

Mary Lee smiled gratefully at Glory, whose swift, deft strokes had produced her own clown-like makeup while she had chatted a running stream of nonsense with the others.

Mary Lee's fingers felt all thumbs. One cheek was a scarlet poppy, and the other resembled a ripe tomato; she had got some smarting mascaro in her eyes, and daubed specks of it on her cheek. The steady current of comment was now directed her way.

"Some baby doll!" shouted one of the extra girls at the long dressing table of the Fine Art Studio.

"Look out, Kids, or she'll vamp the leading man right off his feet—"

There was a roar of laughter as Mary Lee turned toward them.

"Everybody for Mr. Wood, please," bawled the assistant director.

A scramble ensued. Mary Lee's eyes filled. She would never be ready in time.

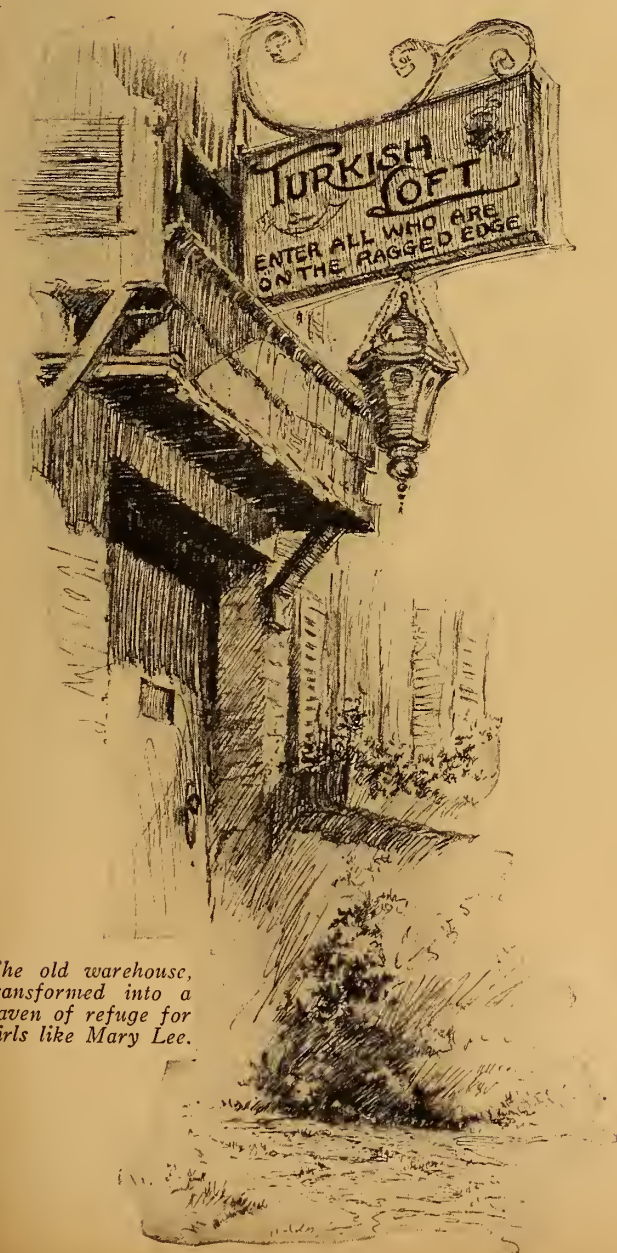
"Let me help you, child," Glory's smile was contagious. "I'm an old timer. Somebody's taught you a stage makeup. We'll take off all this and start again. Get your face completely clean first. Then we'll put on an even layer of grease paint. Then the blue over your eyes; yes, shut your lids, so."

She worked rapidly as she talked.

"Now you'd better do your lips yourself. No one can do them for you," she ran on. "A nice cupid's bow—not too thick, for red takes black, you know. Now, powder carefully, so your makeup will be smooth—that's the secret of good screen makeup. There now, that's pretty good. Mascaro and bead your eyelashes the last thing. Pull your hair down so, over your right temple, and fluff it up in the back. Come along, there's the whistle. Is this your first day? Well, stick to me; I'll teach you the ropes."

MARY LEE stuck, and very glad she was of the chance. For Glory not only saw that she was introduced to everybody of importance, including even the Star, who seemed to be her personal friend, but in between Glory's perusal of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, three Movie Magazines, and a French novel, she drew out Mary Lee's own confession of the state of her finances.

"It's a hard game at best, child," said Glory at last as they stood in line at the end of the day for their seven-fifty pay checks. "I've been at it for three years now, with some-



The old warehouse, transformed into a haven of refuge for girls like Mary Lee.



times a bit or even a good part or second lead, then long weeks and even months with nothing, and glad for even a day of extra work. You'd better be pretty sure you really want it more than anything else in the world, and are willing to pay the price. And if ever you need a bed or a friend, come to 1252 Vine Street—my Gang will always welcome you. So long, Kid."

AND it was well that Mary Lee clung to that promise like a barnacle to a rock, for next day her seven-fifty evaporated for blue grease paint and a pair of chiffon silk stockings to replace those torn on the set. When she went home, she found things in a state of uproar. A burglar had entered, and among other things had helped himself to all her remaining wealth, carefully secreted under the mattress.

A tidal wave of homesickness swept over her; for her old desk in Wall Street; five o'clock

and the rush of the subway; the pungent smell of steaming lamb stew as she entered her Mother's boarding house; her mother's flushed greeting as she bent over the stove in the hot kitchen, then adoring Joe's blue eyes as she waited on table; his gift of a new pair of satin slippers, or his shy, bank-slip note, which meant that he had saved another five dollars toward his cherished dream of an apartment on One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Street. But each night she had made her own contribution to her hidden hoardings for her secret dream of a movie career.

'We'll put her through her ed. Can you drink this



star paces tonight," he shout-
like a Roman courtesan?"

not tell them now that they were all merely the imaginings of her brain. Joe believed she couldn't hold out. She'd show him. Somehow she'd have to face things. She wouldn't tell him the truth.

"If ever you need a friend—" Glory's parting words were like warm rain in the desert.

Mary Lee sprang up, washed her face, powdered her nose, flung on her hat and coat, and sped to 1252 Vine Street.

Wonderingly she stared up at the curious sign over the

Her letters home had been glowing accounts of her increasing triumphs.

She simply could

old warehouse door.

"Turkish Loft. Enter All Who Are On The Ragged Edge."

What sort of place was this? She thought of all her mother's warnings. Did she dare, asked her Harlem mind, while her Hollywood curiosity was pushing open the door. A tiny green light beckoned in its old brass lantern, and before she realized it, she was mounting the crazy stair ladder. From above floated sounds of revelry.

"But it's not your seal skin I need, Babs—it's shoes, shoes, shoes!" Phyllis' voice shrieked above the babble. "My God, hasn't anybody got any shoes?"

Mary Lee mounted higher, to the sound of hammer blows. "Going at ten, going at ten ten, going at ten twelve—"

"Thirteen," shouted a voice. (Continued on page 82)

Stardom Has Its Troubles Too. Cranks, Poison-pen Writers and Blackmailers Consider the Stars Legitimate Prey.



FILM FANATICS

Grace Kingsley

ARDENT hero-worship, such as we used to accord to baseball players and war heroes and now render only to our film favorites, is very pleasing to the stars when confined to box-office receipts. But when it takes a personal slant, so that the adorer climbs right into a man's bed-room and even into his pajamas, it's something else again.

Take the case of Charlie Chaplin and the amorous Marina Vega, who came all the way from Mexico to try to cut out Poli Negri. She had fallen in love with the comedian on the screen—though Charlie is no Apollo in his comic scenery, no matter how potent he may be off-stage—so with the engaging directness that always actuates movie maniacs, she left hubby flat in his little 'dobe shack and came to Hollywood, where she tried to commit suicide because Charlie "kinda" thought he'd stick to Pola.

The adoration of movie fans often takes a violent and dangerous trend, and many a star has had to call in police protection to tame some too ardent admirer.

Tried to Sheik Mary.

MARY PICKFORD had a really serious time with a Swede recently, who came all the way from his native land with the avowed purpose of marrying her. He threatened loudly to carry her off. She didn't dare to move beyond the studio gates without an escort. Finally, he began to believe that maybe she meant what she said when she refused to be sheiked, and went back to Sweden, broken-hearted. She never heard from him again, so she doesn't know whether he pined away and faded like the lilies, or got a little sense back and married some rosy-cheeked maiden of his chilly country.

A far gentler fan is a sweet old lady who had lost her daughter when the child was quite young, and who fancied that Mary looked like her lost darling. She watches for Mary's pictures and always writes her opinion of them to Mary.

A Borneo Suitor.

"I've come all the way from Borneo to marry you, and I'm going to get you," was the message Alice Calhoun received one morning. To be thus warmly wooed by a wild man from Borneo was a thrilling experience, Alice says; in fact, she was frightened to death. Her admirer tried in every way to get into the studio to see her—pretended he was a book agent, a photographer and an actor—but Alice managed to keep out of his way. The man was finally put into jail,

C It is whispered that Mildred Davis really married Harold Lloyd a little sooner than they had intended, because a big, rude man was annoying Mildred by threatening to kidnap her, and Harold himself is pursued by dozens of kindly old ladies who lay claim to being his mother.

and probably came out with a chastened spirit, as Alice heard no more from him.

Not so fortunate was Lillian Gish, who has an admirer who constantly writes that he is going to come and run off with her.

"The sword of Damocles was a paper knife, compared with what I have hanging over my head," declared Lillian.

Cave-manned by an Indian.

BEING cave-manned by an Indian is something new! Viola Dana had this experience not long ago. He was a very handsome Indian, a college graduate, but one who had gone back to his people. Viola met him in Reno, when she was on location there. He followed her about, wrote her notes and threatened to drag her to his tepee. Viola said afterward that she almost believed that if he had stolen her she would have stayed!

Theda Bara drew a great many movie maniacs. One was rather pathetic. He would never tell his name. He sent her jewels and candy, and she could not return them, as she did not know who nor where he was. He wrote her wonderful letters, said that he was a middle-aged man, that he knew his love was hopeless and that he would not seek to see her. His gifts persisted as long as she stayed on the coast. She never learned his identity.

One of Miss Bara's weirdest fans was a woman, living in a middle-western town and married to a banker. She declared in numerous letters that she had a suite of rooms in her home fitted up for Miss Bara, and that if Theda ever visited her town and did not stop with her, she (the woman) would commit suicide!

Fans get the maniacal bug early, seemingly. One child who had worked a bit in pictures suddenly got the idea firmly fixed in her little head that ZaSu Pitts was her mother. The child camped on ZaSu's doorstep for days, weeping for her "mama". Her own mother was distracted.

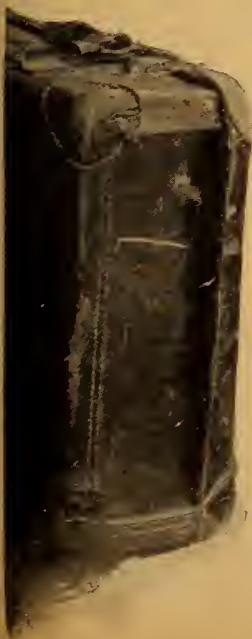
Why Mildred Married.

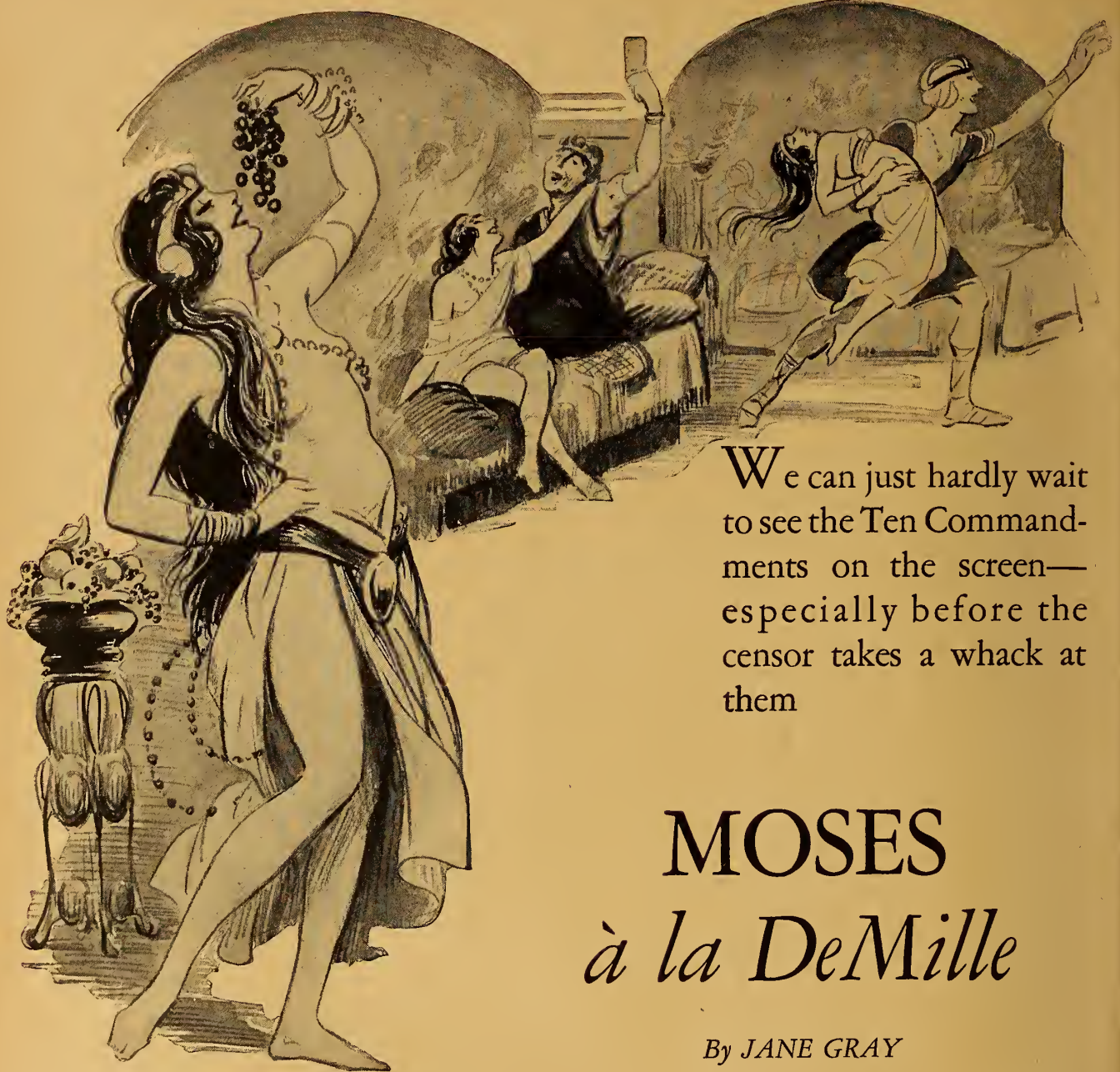
IT is whispered that Mildred Davis really married Harold Lloyd a little sooner than they had intended to wed, because a big, rude man was annoying Mildred by threatening to kidnap her.

Harold Lloyd recently had a bit of excitement on his own hands, when a woman in a little town near New York declared that Harold was her son and that he would not support her. She said her son had gone away to California about eight years ago, to get into pictures, and that she recognized him in Harold. The comedian was in New York at the time. He had his manager offer to put \$10,000 in the principal bank of the town, to be given the woman if she could prove he was her son. But this didn't help matters. The woman honestly believed Harold to be her son. Meanwhile the town was growing hostile toward Lloyd and his pictures. Finally the woman's daughter came on to New York to see Harold. The comedian talked with her, she got a good look at him, and admitted that Lloyd was not her brother. Later Harold had his own mother write the other woman a letter.

Betty Compson had a spiritualistic friend who always insisted that Betty should never marry, because her real

(Continued on page 96)





We can just hardly wait to see the Ten Commandments on the screen—especially before the censor takes a whack at them

MOSES *à la DeMille*

By JANE GRAY

Illustrated by Chamberlain

Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils will be about as sensual as the polka, if the censors have their way.

IT is with a real thrill that I learn that Cecil DeMille is to make a picture based on the Ten Commandments. How great a wealth of material he will find in Holy Writ, and how certain one can be that the illustrations of these holy injunctions will lose nothing in vividness in Mr. DeMille's translation!

But alas, there are the censors. Supposing they shouldn't like the Bible! Supposing, as seems likely if they are consistent, they don't approve of the Bible! One has to think of these things.

Let us, then, consider what the censors would do to sundry situations that are found in the Bible that would never measure up to Pennsylvanian standards of morals.

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me."

THE most dramatic story illustrating the first command-

ment is the story of Nebuchadnezzar's golden idol, which he commanded all to worship, but which the three Hebrew lads, Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego, firmly refused to bow down before.

Mr. DeMille and Jeanie MacPherson would add romance, heart interest, to this tale, I think. They might show Shadrach in love with a beautiful young maiden who is about to be sacrificed to the god. Shadrach will send her a message that if she dies, so will he also.

There will be—of course—brilliant and voluptuous scenes of worship at the altar. Sin and revelry will be typified by a girl in the foreground, feeding ripe grapes to a youth, both lightly clad. Without this piece of business with the grapes, no scene of lustful revelry could be complete. In the shadows will be seen languorous figures on couches, while a gent in a tiger skin in the middle distance will be seen bearing off a girl on his shoulders,—leaving the audi-

ence alone with its imagination at this point.

Gradually the furnace will be heated to a glowing heat, with a close-up of boys looking brave across their folded arms. Then into the fiery furnace they will go, but the flames will leap harmlessly about them. Presently they will emerge, as cool as cucumbers or Jaqueline Logan demanding a raise in salary. Then Shadrach will demand his lady's life, and Nebuchadnezzar will be so astounded by their asbestos personality that he will grant it, and the pair will walk off, in the moonlight which plays through the girl's thin garments, for a fade-out. And Jesse Lasky will wire Cecil: "Your Ten Commandments a knock-out; history staggers before its perfection; accept heartiest congratulations and a ten percent cut in salary."

But that will be before the censors get at the picture. The noble gentlemen of the flaming scissors will cut the idol scene down to a flash of a neat idol in miniature such as we use for paper-weights—a Billiken without the grin and with the fat tummy all covered up. The wild worship will be restricted to a few persons kneeling decorously. There will be no love scene and assuredly there will be no view of the brave boys fox-trotting around in the fiery furnace. The fire scenes might tempt little boys to try to walk through the back-yard bonfires!

And Nebuchadnezzar would never be seen eating grass. It might be considered a discredit to governments, which must be kept in respect.

"Remember the Sabbath Day"

"REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy". The censors nod approvingly at this phrase. If discreetly filmed, it would make a nice, moral picture. But the companion dictum that, "The Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath" must *not* be illustrated.

For the second commandment, scenes of the Creation, with sumptuous lighting and double exposure effects, will doubtless be used. DeMille could very well use some of the prehistoric stuff cut out of *Adam's Rib* here, with economy and effect.

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother"

THE great tragedy of Jephthah's rash vow and the sacrifice of his daughter will serve a fine dramatic purpose to illustrate the third commandment. Mr. DeMille and Miss MacPherson may be trusted to bring out all the drama here. They may even show the early childhood of Jephthah's daughter; give her a name, say *Marah*, which means *bitter*, and show the death of her mother and her father's grief. They may show his first gift to his daughter, a new-born lamb. Then will come scenes of *Marah's* maidenhood and of Jephthah's departure for war, with a great feast made for him, and with maidens dancing. His daughter will fasten on his sword and kiss him good-bye. Then, as the sun comes up Jephthah will appear on a hill-top, seated in a chariot, about to go against Ammon, with a great army of extras following.

Then, the return of Jephthah triumphant, his rash vow to sacrifice whatsoever living thing shall first come from

the door of his house; his grief and the rending of his garments when he sees his only child coming from the door, singing and dancing, to meet him! The daughter, paling when she hears her fate, but brave, too, will implore her father to be allowed to go away to the hills to prepare for death and to bewail her virginity. And the smashing climax in the death scene. As this is not recorded in the Bible, the most spectacular death imaginable may be given her, followed by the lament of the virgins, her friends. Jeanie need not spare her typewriter here.

The censors would find this story a little difficult. They may, in their infinite wisdom, change the story. The dancers will have to wear tights. And the ceremony of the lamenting virgins may be shown. But *Marah* may *not* be shown "bewailing her virginity." I should say not!

The story of Abraham and Isaac and the burning bush might serve also, only that Isaac's mother was so happy before he was born, and it is against the rules of censors to suggest approaching motherhood.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

THERE is a wealth of material that the ingenious Cecil may choose from to illustrate this commandment. But perhaps the most spectacular story is the haunting, marching tragedy of Samson, that man with the giant body and the flivver mind.



Delilah won't be a harlot when the censors get through with her. She will be a Chautauquan lady doing her duty for her country's sake. You can see that it hurts her more than it does Sam

I can imagine DeMille showing the great strength of Samson—his spectacular fight when he killed hundreds with the jawbone of an ass. Then there was the fox episode, when he tied the foxes' tails together, set fire to them and turned the animals loose in the fields of the Philistines to burn up their grain. The unfaithfulness of his wife, his burning of her and her father, would serve as another note. Then the episode with the harlot, while his enemies lay in wait for him. And finally the scene where Delilah shears his long locks as he lies "asleep on her knees", how he is given captive to his enemies, cast into prison, blinded and made to turn a hand-mill, how he is finally brought forth to make sport for the Philistines, but, his hair having grown again, he has regained his strength, and pulling down the pillars of the feasting-house, he killed three thousand men and women, so that "in his death he slew more than he had slain in his life".

DeMille's Delilah

DE MILLE would make Delilah a gorgeous creature, wearing few clothes. She will first be seen arising from her bath and anointing herself to meet Samson. She will put perfume on Samson's long locks and will stroke them alluringly before she gives him the fatal hair-cut. Her palace will be full of leopards and such, and a tiger will curl up softly at her feet as she shears Samson.

She will put little wreaths around Samson's head; she will play a harp for him. She will kiss him ardently, as often and as long as DeMille thinks the censors will stand for.

And the fall of the temple at Samson's hands will be magnificent! The mob scenes in foreign pictures will be nothing to it. The temple will probably be decorated in black and red with plenty of gilt and mirrors and long lengths of gold and silver cloth dangling from balconies. All that photographs a good deal better than plain cedar. Thousands of extras will be parading around trying to engage each other in interested conversation. Stalwart youths will be wearing crepe beards for the occasion and maidens with peroxidized curls will be wearing as little as the law allows, blissfully unconscious of their un-Semitic effect.

Then—Enter Samson blinded and apparently impotent. Merry laughter on the part of the extras as he gropes his way around. He stretches his arms out towards the pillars. They bend, and crash! A long shot shows the ruins toppling and falling on thousands of extras fleeing in terror. A close-up will glimpse a beautiful girl writhing under the crushing weight of a portion of the pillar—made of papier maché and weighing at least a pound.

But the Censors Won't See It That Way

BUT, oh, the censors! They will cut entirely the killing scene with the jawbone of an ass; it might encourage criminal tendencies in small boys who might get hold of jawbones.

Delilah, the faithless, will be shown as a sort of Chataquan lady, a great patriot, doing her duty for her country's sake, and sacrificing her great love for Samson to do it. Oh, you're just going to cry over that Delilah! She will feel so badly over her perfidy that she will plan to go into a nunnery but will be saved by one who understands, a good man and a pillar of the church, whom she will afterwards wed. The last scenes will show her sitting at the door of her tent with her husband and her two dear little babies, who play at making mud idols until mama slaps their little hands. A sweetly cute scene.

"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery."

FOR this commandment one finds a wealth of material. The adultery of King Herod and its disastrous consequences to John the Baptist is probably the most vivid illustration in Holy Writ.

The story has often been told on stage and screen, most recently by Nazimova, but Jeanie MacPherson will never be able to resist the temptation to do it again. For is there not the dance of the seven veils, with its gorgeous settings and with the possibility of Nita Naldi gradually unveiling? There will also be supposed to have been "something between" Salome and John the Baptist—a very spiritual affair on his side and a very carnal affair on hers—so that it wasn't altogether due to Salome's mother's hatred for John for telling Herod he should not have married her that made Salome ask for his head on a charger. In short, it was because John refused to lose his head that he lost his head, Jeanie will intimate.

Salome will be dressed in a simple costume of two yards of chiffon and eight strings of beads. She will plead desperately while John stands cold and haughty like a graven image, now and again emitting solemn reprimands. Then the subtitle will indicate that Salome's love is turned to hate. Events will move more and more rapidly till at last comes the inevitable Salome dance around the head on a plate.

Salome Censored

BUT this story, so full of passion and drama, will be changed by the custodians of our morals. They would like a happy ending, but as this cannot be, they will soften details. Salome has worshipped John the Baptist, a sort of school-girl hero-worship, they will tell us. She has sent him little things to eat in prison, and has played the harp outside his dungeon on moonlight nights. Her dance will be a cute little affair—just a few steps forward and a few steps back—about as sensual as the polka or the kindergarten dances pranced to the song, "We are so happy 'cause spring is here!"

Then it will all come out that Salome didn't know it was her John's head that she was asking for at all; she thought it was some other John,—John being such a common name. When she finds out whose head it is she has to deliver, she goes out to commit suicide, but is saved by a young prince who has long been an admirer of hers, and she marries him and cuts her mother dead whenever she meets her.

"Thou Shalt Not Covet . . ."

"THOU shalt not covet . . . thy neighbor's wife!" The story of David and Uriah suggests itself here. David's cunning in stealing Uriah's wife, his guilty passion, his placing of Uriah in battle where he would be certain to be killed, his grief and repentance, all furnish one of the great human dramas of literature.

But the censors will probably say it nay.

They will make Uriah's wife a vampirish hussy who lures poor David past all resistance. They will never allow David anywhere near the young woman's boudoir, but will be seen meeting her at the well and other fashionable places of rendezvous. He will not repent in sack-cloth and ashes, because that might set an unsanitary example, but in a clean hair-cut and shave and a modish tunic, equivalent of the Arrow collars and English tailors of our day. David will then give all his money to the nearest orphan asylum, and the mayor will make a speech, blessing him and his children.

Oh, I can just hardly wait to see the Ten Commandments on the screen—especially before the censors have taken a whack at them!



Q The First Commandment, "Thou Shalt have no other gods before Me" will show Delilah sitting at the door of her tent with her two dear little babies who play at making mud idols till mama slaps their little hands.

Q. *A movie actress is 90 percent photography, 8 percent artificiality and 2 percent strong, screenable features,*

Says Eunice Marshall

The Beauty Slave

“**Y**ou don't mean to tell me that *that* is Sylvia Sweetness!”

The anguished tones of a flapper sounded behind me, while a famous film star made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre, one evening recently.

“Oh, it *can't* be!” the voice went on. “Why, Sylvia was perfectly beautiful in *The Wife That Failed*, and this girl looks just like—oh, anybody! And Sylvia's hair is brown and this girl's is blonde, and peroxidized at that. It *can't* be Sylvia Sweetness!”

But it was. And another adorer of the famous screen star was added to the ever-enlarging ranks of the disillusioned.

Personal appearances aren't always the excellent publicity that producers and press agents believe them to be, because the camera's eye is sometimes kinder than the human optic nerve.

There are two kinds of screen beauties: those that are really beautiful and those that merely screen beautifully. And there are more of the latter than the former!

One perfectly good reason that many a film star outrages her public by looking “like just anybody,” when she appears in public is because she is just that. . . just a woman who happens to take a good photograph. And when that is her only attribute, when she has had no stage training, and has no “dramatic presence”, it is criminal folly for her to make a personal appearance before a critical audience. For it's ten to one she makes a fool of herself.

The other evening the Universal picture, *Bavu*, opened at a Los Angeles house. It was widely advertised that the stars of the picture would be there in person to greet the public. The house was jammed. Stuart Paton, who directed the picture, made a neat little speech and introduced the two actresses who had prominent parts in the film—Sylvia Breamer and Estelle Taylor. The two appeared hand in hand, took one look at the audience, developed a nice case of stage fright and virtually ran off the stage.

“If they're actresses I'm a king of the Cannibal Islands,” said my companion, in disgust. “They can't even stand up and say a few words to their friends here. Bah!”

“They're very ordinary looking, aren't they?” remarked a woman behind me. “Somehow screen actresses look so different off-stage.”

They do. Why not? They're “just folks”.

In screenland, everything is sacrificed on the altar of fame. Even beauty. For what shall it profit a woman to be as lovely as a sun-goddess if she does not screen well? If you want to believe that your favorite looks in real life as she does on the screen, you will do well to stay away from Hollywood. *'Illusions are painful things to lose.*

An actress of the screen is 90 percent photography, eight percent artificiality, and two percent strong, screenable features.

And a good cameraman has made more stars than Cecil DeMille. And didn't get nearly so much pay for it!

The screen beauty does not have delicate features and pastel coloring. They would never show up on the screen. Hennaed and peroxidized hair, wigs, faces burned and freckled by the fierce light of the Kliegs, complexions ruined by grease-paint—these are the price of movie fame.

Even babies have their hair peroxidized, to make a golden aureole around their poor little heads.

The Sacrifice of Beauty

GLORIA HOPE is possessed of a wealth of glorious dark-red hair. Wonderful hair, such as Titian would have loved to paint. But alas, her crowning glory is merely ordinary brown hair on the lying silver screen. And her beautiful transparent complexion is not transferred to the screen—grease paint covers a multitude of facial sins and a good complexion is not essential—; wherefore Gloria on the screen is merely a fragile little bit of femininity who looks as if she were nursing a secret sorrow. And when an audience speaks of her at all, it is as “what's-her-name, the girl who played with Gerald Jamison, that handsome chap with the dimples.”

On the other hand, there is a young foreigner, not particularly good-looking, except at certain angles. The back of his head is almost flat. The camera man always has to be careful not to “shoot” him at an angle that will show the broadness of his nose. His skin is swarthy, and he is not very tall. You would scarcely look at him twice, if you were to meet him on the street. Unless you knew who he was. That young chap is Rodolph Valentino, who was—and will be soon again, we hope—the idol of feminine America. He screens like a million dollars—if the camera man is careful. You see him as a handsome youth with dark magnetic eyes and because all the other players are appropriately short he seems tall by comparison.

Hair Must Be A Halo

THE sacrifices of silken locks that are daily offered as a glowing surrender of self (Continued on page 80)



G Gloria Swanson is one of the many who have been sacrificed on the altar of fame. Gloria looks out on the world with cynical disillusioned eyes.

Photo by GRENBEAUX



C Florence Vidor has long been spoken of as "Too refined for film life." Her mateless vacation failed to heal the rift in the Vidor lute.

From TWIN BEDS to

Too Much Hearthside and too Married Pair Matri-

By MILDRED

THE triple-plated puzzle, "Marriage—can it be overcome?" has been solved in many a Hollywood bungalow. And the solution has brought mellifluous currents into the well-known salty sea of matrimony.

You can't blame the stars for kicking over the matrimonial traces. Merton has spoken and there is the hand-writing on the wall, yet still we are haunted with those sweet publicity pictures of wedded stars that would drive Ma Sunday into the chorus. You know the kind. The best-known pose is that of the "best pal and severest critic" watching little Esther feed the goldfish.

And then there is the one of Hubert rumpling his heropapa's Stacomb, while mama watches indulgently in a simple sports outfit of mountain-haze chiffon.

If you were constantly heralded as the world's model husband, wouldn't you sometimes long for sin and deception? These show-cased domestic affairs must have a back door.

Where is it?

Tijuana Relief Station

RELIEF Station No. 1 is situated in Tijuana, where the wine is light and the winnings lighter. There our heckled star may find *Nirvana* for nerves worn raw after months

of domestic dialogue. True, it is only a matter of five hours by motor, but many a marriage has been salvaged by its near-Monté Carlo atmosphere.

On a blithe Saturday afternoon, one may see Minta Money sitting cosily in a box at the races with Duke Drake. Happily, Duke is not her husband.

This is Situation A, where both Minta and Duke are seeking solace with the same innocence that pollen seeks another flower.

Honolulu, Santa Barbara, New York and the Orient are other waysides where the drop stitches occur in the intricate weaving of wedlock. And for the ultra, there is always Paris—referred to lightly with a puzzled frown and a "Let's see, was it my second or third trip across?"

Too Much Hearthside

THE latest case of too much hearthside and domestic publicity has brought about a separation for King and Florence Vidor and sorrow for their friends. The beautiful Florence has been spoken of as "too refined for film life", and King has been dubbed "the everlasting husband". It was naturally too much of a strain.

There should be, beside raisin week and prune week, and Lasky week and Zukor day, a "mateless week" or an

King Vidor was dubbed "The everlasting husband" by those familiar with the home life of the Vidors. Naturally the strain was too great. They are separating.



TWIN BUNGALOWS

Much Domestic Publicity will give any monial Indigestion

FRANCE

"innocent but exciting flirtation week" in Hollywood.

The first proof of the rift in the Vidor lute was given when the lovely star wife left for Honolulu with her little daughter. She was taking Fannie Hurst's advice, that vacations from matrimony mean happiness. But after a five-weeks' vacation, still the problem had not been solved. On her return home, King Vidor moved his belongings from the Vidor home on Fairfax Avenue. Yet he and his wife are often seen together in public.

At other times, interested Hollywood has been intrigued at the sight of the director papa in the company of one of the season's débutantes who, it is sad to say, is so dumb that she thinks "iris in" is a place to dance. Or so they say.

Oh well, it is probably just a simple little matrimonial climax that will be ironed out when the wife is refreshed from her vacation and the dumb-bell débutante looks for newer and greener fields.

Far Fields are Greener

A YEARLY hejira to the Orient keeps Kathlyn Williams from coming a cropper on her present marriage, if the gossips are to be believed. Miss Williams, or Mrs. Charles Eyton, has stormed through previous marriages and knows just when she has had enough. She usually comes back

to her hill-side home with a trunkful of souvenirs and enough patience to tide her over safely until the next flight.

The fact that she is well into the famed forties and her husband is a power on the studio lot where she fills her engagements may help to lend patience to this otherwise tempestuous star.

The Films' Most Famous Pair

HELOISE and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Launcelot and Elaine and all the other great lovers of history pale beside the magnificence of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, filmdom's most famous husband and wife. But even here there is an occasional clash of temperaments.

They are racially and artistically separated. She is the little Celtic dreamer, with the seeking look in her eyes for long hours of peace. He is volatile and restless.

The time came when his volcanic enthusiasms were too much for his married partner, it is related by an eye-witness. She was rehearsing on her set. The scene demanded wistfulness—and how well she does it! Her husband blundered in with a crowd of friends, turned three cart-wheels, did a neat somersault and was about to chin himself when his wife suddenly ceased being wistful and told him icily to leave her stage—forever. (Continued on page 86)

The FOREIGN LEGION

C It Used to Be That the Easiest Way to Pay off the Mortgage on the Ancestral Castle Was to Marry a rich American. Now Scions of Old But Impoverished Houses In Europe Put Vaseline on Their Hair and Come to Hollywood to Do a Valentino



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

C Charles DeRoche, who came from Paris to go into the movies, but not—and he wants it understood—to fill Valentino's shoes. Charles admits he is a count and that all the French girls are crazy about him.

Invades HOLLYWOOD

THE Foreign Legion has invaded Hollywood. In battle array of titles, both real and synthetic, clad in the glamor that surrounds the foreigner, armored with the sword of insolence and the shield of publicity, the Legion has crashed through our gates.

Hollywood has fallen before its dominance. More, producers seem to beg for the privilege of featuring it, individually or *en masse*.

Pola Negri Began It.

POLA NEGRI began it. While an actress of considerable power, Pola was by no means a sensation in Europe, according to authentic reports. But her fame was great in America, after *Passion* reached us. And when Lasky brought her over here with a fanfare of trumpets, it was expected that she would reign as a thespian queen.

But the great inspiration that Pola was going to give our Art somehow failed to materialize. To be crudely candid, Pola has "flopped."

Had her first American-made picture approached the qualities of artistry shown in the work she did abroad, she might have continued to hold the sceptre in her white, ruthless hand. And if Pola had had tact——!

But Pola and tact were not twin sisters, nor even distant cousins. The attentions paid her by worshipful officials, the flattery of the press, the ogling to which she was submitted everywhere she went, made an impression upon Pola. She began to believe she was as great as they said she was.

Then came her first American-made picture. Her *Bella Donna* lacked the fire, the flashing genius of her *Du Barry* and her *Carmen*. She was swaggering, gauche, sometimes unlovely. Her heroine, who was supposed to be a wicked, passion-ridden thing, was only luke-warm, and didn't seem to know herself what it was all about.

"Lubitsch is Pola Negri," said the wise ones.

Can Pola come back? Will another vivid performance such as her gypsy-dancer in *One Arabian Night* restore her to her wobbling throne? I doubt it. Pola has been rubber-stamped.

But her failure to keep afire the torch of American idolatry has in no way checked the influx of foreigners who are arriving in legions. Time was when the best way to pay off the mortgage on the old manor was to marry a wealthy American girl. Now the scions of ancient but impoverished houses in Europe put vaseline on their hair and come over to put Valentino out of business.

Even Directors Should be Foreign.

ANY actor who can pin a foreign flag or a bright ribbon on his coat does not have to knock at the studio door; it is thrown wide and he is bowed obsequiously in. Even directors really should be of foreign lineage now, to get the big plums being handed out by film moguls.

Eric Von Stroheim, George Fitzmaurice, and Ernst Lubitsch, as well as Victor Seastrom, are good examples. They are earning their welcome, however; Von Stroheim only recently through his work in *Greed*, paid for many of his sins.

But many others have not proved themselves yet.

What About Andrée Lafayette?

ABOUT the gifts of Andrée Lafayette, the Parisian actress imported to play *Trilby*, we are adopting the Mik-

sourian's attitude. We see little about Andrée to cause us to rise up in great excitement. Beautiful, yes, like white gold. A vague negative personality, rather than the positive, receptive one which should characterize any foreigner seeking recognition here.

Also in the *Trilby* cast is one Maurice Canon, who modestly let the rumor wing its way around that he is a count in his own home town in France. He did not give a statement to that effect to the press. Nothing so crude! By wearing a most unique signet ring and when pressed, by admitting it to be a family seal worn only by those of noble lineage, etc., etc., the count with due modesty got the word around.

But if he proves he can act, we won't hold his rank against him. We're democratic, we are, and he can live down his title in time, perhaps!

De Roche From Gay Paree.

CHARLES DE ROCHE is another member of the Foreign Legion from that dear France. Charles is also a count, and considerable punkins in gay Paree. He admits it himself. And he has very definite and laudable, though hardly modest, notions about filling anybody's shoes.

"Me Valentino's successor?" he sighed disdainfully to the press, upon his arrival in America. "*Mais non!* I am no man's successor. I am myself, individual. My art, she is different from all ze ozzer actors' art."

With one wave of his long, slim hand, he eliminated Rudy from the calculations. In Paris he is loved by all the girls. But in America——? Time alone will tell.

From Russia Comes Thais.

A FEW months ago, came one Thais Valdemar, a Russian. According to her publicity, Thais has spent half her life in prisons. On the strength of having been incarcerated in smelly dungeons and thrown out upon the cruel, cold snow of Siberia, Thais has secured a good part in *Trilby*, which bids fair to have an All-Nobility cast. The understanding that prevails in Hollywood is that Thais' sufferings have had time in which to be dulled by forgetfulness, as she has been an artist's model in New York for quite some time. A lovely, shapely thing, is Thais.

From Vienna Comes a Countess.

IN Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche* is the Countess Marianna Lola Devcich of Vienna. She is about eighteen years old, a luscious, full-blooded type. She promises to drop her title for screen purposes and uses Marianna Moya as a screen name.

When the Countess Edith de Beaumont wore her coronet in court circles, her nose was called patrician. There was quite a bit of the Countess' nose. But when she sought a screen career in Hollywood, after appearing in several German productions, she found that directors called the de Beaumont nose something else. So the noble lady went to town one day and had a portion of the nose sliced off. Now she has only to decide between the various roles offered her, and bask in the publicity accorded her title.

History Repeats Itself.

DARK-EYED boys from the Latin countries who yearn for screen careers all ought to be good dancers. See what Valentino and Ramon Novarro got by being good dancers! And it was on the dancing floor at the Ambassador that Ricardo Cortez, once of sunny Spain, got his chance. Jesse Lasky observed him, sent a note by the waiter, asking him to come over to his table, and the next day signed him up on a five-year contract. Ricardo is appearing in *Children of Jazz*.

Blood and Sand is perhaps responsible for the importation of Don Armando, the idol of Spain, to play the lead in an independent production. Don Armando is a bull-fighter, and he bows adorably from the waist when addressed. He is a relative of the king of Spain, has a skull-and-crossbones crest on his card, and has served in half a dozen armies.

The statement that the Viscount Glerawly, lately of dignified British court circles, is to play in C. B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments", fails to excite us. Perhaps the fact that the Viscountess Annesley, his mother, is a bosom companion of the Queen of England may have something to do with the honors being tendered the titled gentleman—it may help to preserve amicable relations between nations!

Cesare Gravina is a foreigner of note who, summoned from Brazil to play in the Universal mezzo-drama, "Merry Go Round", adds dignity to the films. But he does not

☞ *Cesare Gravina, was once a famous opera singer in Milan, and was a dear friend of Caruso's. Now he's in the movies.*



PHOTO BY SPURR

☞ *Don Armando, a relative of the King of Spain, whose prestige as a bull-fighter has won him a leading rôle in an independent production.*



UNIVERSAL PHOTO



☞ *All dark-eyed boys yearning for screen careers ought to learn dancing. See what dancing did for Valentino—to say nothing of the young man above, Ricardo Cortez.*

force his importance upon you. He is a meek little old gentleman who makes himself inconspicuous and you'd never dream that he was once a famed opera singer and conductor in Milan, that Caruso was his dear friend and that he remembers when Mary Garden sang for five dollars at La Scala where he conducted.

Sigrid Holmquist also has an enviable reputation abroad, where she is called "the Swedish Mary Pickford". Playing Jack Holt's leading lady in "A Gentleman of Leisure", she is working quietly, not seeking the glamour of publicity, and we predict that she will be among the few importations to prove worthy of the attention being accorded the Foreign Legion.

Mam'selle Liane Salvor, formerly leading lady to the Champs Elysées Theatre, Paris, blew in with a sweet scent of perfume trailing in her wake, to play in a Gloria Swanson picture. Such charming interviews she gave the press in her quaint Continental accent! But what has happened to Mam'selle? One sees her no more about the studios.

Easto Ekman—you pronounce it Vesta Akman—is coming to California to make pictures for Goldwyn. He is the Swedish Valentino, though different in type.

When you see Georges Calliga, the Parisian actor, in American pictures soon, you will probably see him under another name—a more pronounceable one.

Maria Draga, a young thing of Serbian and English parentage, has played the lead in several independent productions. She is blonde and sixteen years old.

And so they come, the Foreign Legion, knocking at the gates of Hollywood, and ushered in with a fanfare of publicity. Titles for Sale? Who'll buy, who'll buy?

The Picture of the Month

BAVU

Universal-Jewel Production



A **S**OMBRE picture is *Bavu*. The tired business man and the romantic shop-girl may not care for it. But it is a grim and powerful picture of Russia under the Bolshevik terror, when the tyranny of czars gives way to the more awful tyranny of the rabble.

Bavu, played superbly by Wallace Beery, is a blacksmith grown drunk with sudden power, "a dog who would bite, when he no longer feels the master's lash." He is a savage, greedy peasant-demagogue, who sways his ignorant fellows by a sort of animal shrewdness that serves him for intelligence. He is swayed in turn by Olga, his mistress, a beautiful and calculating schemer who lusts for gold and the power the gold will bring. *Bavu* has two desires: to enrich himself and Olga by looting the hated aristocrats, and to crush one Mischka, a fellow member of the Tribunal who has dared to oppose his bloody methods. How the doom he thinks to mete out to Mischka and his sweetheart, the Princess Annia whom Mischka has saved from the rabble, reacts terribly upon himself and Olga, makes a thrilling but gruesome tale.

Stuart Paton, who directed *Bavu*, has evidently taken a leaf from Rex Ingram's book; his characters are all "types". Especially happily cast in his small role was Nick de Ruiz.

Sylvia Breamer earns praise as Olga. She is highly satisfactory. Estelle Taylor, however, is disappointing as the Princess Annia. Her transition from disdain of the low-born Mischka who dared to command her, even to save her, to the adoration she later gives him, is by no means marked enough. She is weak.

Forrest Stanley, who played the part of Mischka, at no time looked the peasant he is supposed to be. But he is pleasantly heroic and puts up a very neat battle with the wholly admirable *Bavu*. This is one case where the villain not only steals the picture; he is the picture.



Ⓒ The first authentic close-up of Hollywood as it really is.

FOOL'S GOLD

Diary of an Extra Girl

THE FIRST part of this story showed that when an extra girl takes her pen in hand, the paper is bound to sizzle. You may have read racy fiction and the new realistic literature, but this is life raw and unadorned—the true life story of struggles and tiny achievements, tears and chuckles, pathos and bathos, of the most fantastic life in the world—that of a motion picture extra girl in Hollywood. The manuscript is given just as the writer jotted it down from day to day; to polish would have been fatal

to the flavor of it. After landing a job or two as a vestal virgin—perfect “figger” required and three men to act as judges—and as a double for a star with a streak of yellow, and after having been initiated into Hollywood’s highest society as a guest at “Pickfair”—the Douglas Fairbank-Mary Pickford mansion in Beverly Hills, our vivacious pen-wielder in this month’s story becomes atmosphere in the heart of the desert and throws ink into the illusions we cherish regarding “local stuff”. It’s good!

The Diary Continues

IT'S BEEN MONTHS since any of the "would-bes" have worked. I class all the girls at the Studio Club in the acting end of the business as "has-beens" "ares" and "would-bes", meaning that some have been stars, others are now stars, and some of us perhaps, never will be, though we aspire to be. As one might imagine, the "would-bes" are in a constant state of being down and out, so when three of us landed a job to go on location for four weeks in the desert, there was much genuine rejoicing.

One of the three immediately rushed to the bank, drew out her last twelve dollars, and dashed to the drug store. Being of a most generous nature, instead of buying one each, of articles of make-up, she bought three, one for each of her comrades. She spent all but fifty cents on powders, creams, grease paints and puffs. Having lived most of her life in London she was well qualified to know the exact requisites for life in a movie camp on the desert.

We left the studio in busses and drove out to the desert, a lovely drive. At last we arrived at a camp: any army camp would look much the same; rows and rows of little white tents with one big mess tent. They were to house about four hundred men and only forty girls. The men consisted of ex-cowboys, ex-bartenders, Mexicans, and the usual number of old actors and relatives of the heads of the picture company. The girls were friends of friends. I openly admit to you, my diary, that the best way to get into pictures is to be a friend of someone. One of the three of us knew the director, one the assistant director, and the other the camera man; hence the job.

We were assigned to our tent; three little cots, a table, a mirror, a washbasin and a pitcher. We sat down aghast. I'd always longed to be a gypsy, but somehow the thrill had suddenly evaporated. The sand was dirty and hard to walk on, the tent was smelly, and life seemed empty. We made up our beds with clean linen and blankets, and got some cold water to wash our hands. Then a bugle blew. It was supper time. There was much shouting and loud talk among the men and everyone rushed to the mess tent. The dinner was good—when it started, but somehow things were stone cold when they reached us, and the white agate plates made me shiver.

Thank God for Books

THANK GOD, Betty brought some books. We spent the whole evening reading and discussing stories of Chekov and Balzac. To me, *An Atheist's Communion* is the greatest short story I have ever read. I shall always associate it with the strange feeling of that first night. The spell of the desert had caught us already, we agreed.

But next morning, the "spell" had vanished, as we rose out of our hard, cold army cots at six, and washed, or rather dampened our hands and faces with the bit of water left from the night before.

I could not eat a mouthful of breakfast. Even the coffee had a queer taste.

We were told to go to a far-away tent for our costumes, get made up as Arabian maidens and be on the set by nine o'clock.

Our costumes consisted of two pieces of Scotch plaid material, a few bracelets and necklaces, and a quantity of "bol-armenia" a liquid paint to put on our bodies so that we would photograph like brown Arabs.

We returned to our tent, painted ourselves, draped our material around our bodies, tied the scarfs around our heads and started for the set.

And the set was gorgeous. Everything Eastern; Sheik's tents, mosques, and little low oriental huts. It was sup-

posed to be an oasis in the desert. There were camels, handsome horses, baby colts, donkeys—one little baby donkey only two days old—little white lambs and goats—making up a caravan.

It is surprising how clothes make the man, for our cowboys, bartenders and poets looked like really-truly Arabs in their flowing robes and turbaned heads.

The women were given places about the tents and there we sat all day, while the men rode in and out on horseback, and the Sheik died upon a balcony of one of the little houses. We all gathered around him, and one real Arab led the mob in a prayer to Allah while we buried our heads in the sand. This scene was taken over and over again, as some "dumb-bell" would insist on peeping out of the sand before the director had decided that Allah and the Sheik's soul had finished their greetings in the Great Beyond.

A Long, Hard Day

WE WORKED until sundown, only breaking for lunch, which I ate regardless of the curious taste which still was in the coffee. I afterwards learned it was saltpeter! But we were all starving, so we ate heartily, regardless of everything.

After supper a lot of the boys assembled in our tent; a cowboy, an art director, a carpenter, some of the Extras, and two musicians, one with a violin, the other with an accordion. They entertained us for hours. One of our "three graces", who is rather cynical on the male question, and usually classifies men in comparison to an alleged director called Mr. Skunkington, whispered to me, "Not so bad as skunks and super-skunks go, are they?" I laughed, for really they were a nice crowd of boys, every one of them a personality in his own way, and so interesting to me.

We sang and played till midnight, as impersonally as a crowd of soldiers in the army camps might have done. After the boys had gone, we three girls discussed, till nearly two A. M., the futility of pursuing our careers in the elusive "art" of the silent drama.

Naked or Nude, Which?

My Birthday,
June 1, 1921.

I'VE POSED for Art Titles for over a week, and have made quite a bit of money. This, of course, is fine, but a great question has risen in my mind. I want to fathom the difference in people's minds between being naked and being nude. I have always felt that going about naked was indecent. Yet when I see some girls positively garmentless and find myself very scantily clothed, working in pictures, though we are referred to as "nude" or "semi-nude" models, I feel as decent and self-respecting as I do when playing for the Sacred Film Company.

Art Titles are taken with a still camera, and there is a large thick sheet of glass between the camera and the models. The camera is placed a long way from us. One girl who has a beautiful figure did the nude posing. I don't disapprove of it, yet I cannot honestly say I enjoy it. I wore chiffon drapes, a long beaded girdle, and large jeweled breast plates, and then my long thick hair gave me a sense of protection. But the last day of this work, I definitely made up my mind to bob my hair and go in for flapper parts.

Why do so many people have natures that do not suit their bodies? Now quite aside from any feeling of modesty, I like being clothed. I'm cold most of the time, and I hate being cold. I despise walking without heels, as one must in all Oriental costumes. I have always loathed long hair, blanketed about my neck or braided like a crown on my head. I like short hair, furs, high heels, long

shimmering, slinky gowns, yet my fate decrees that I must ever be a skin-showing be-sandaled extra girl, clad only in her own hair.

Picture directors are awful about getting into ruts. If they have once seen you act a maid's part, then you will forever be a maid. If you are a rich society girl in a picture, then eternally you must portray riches, no matter how your soul may yearn to do human interest stuff in rags. So my attempt to be a bob-haired flapper may fail, but Heigh-ho, I'm off now to the barber to be shorn of my raven locks. No more nudes or naked for me.

July 1, 1921.

IT'S A MONTH since I've written in my diary. The hair is bobbed, and as I suspected, the old naked complex still pursues me. The first call I got the day after my locks were clipped was to be a slave in a slave market set. Just hair and a sheet. I accepted, with what philosophy I could muster, rushed back to the barber for my lost hair, had it made into switches which I pinned on, and tying a band around my head, I successfully concealed my bob.

The next call was for an Indian part, I was to be a sort

of half breed. Here they gave me a few more clothes, but my long hair had to be put on in two thick braids that hung down from my ears. I have the reputation of being one of the few girls left in Hollywood with long locks.

Then came a promise of work for weeks in a large spectacular, historical, cut-back, which meant that I again reverted to type as my primitive forebear. I dared not refuse, as countless bills stared me in the face, and my blue serge suit was so shiny, it looked like satin in the bright California sunshine.

No, I have not decided what the difference is between nakedness, or nudity, but I have decided that as truly as a leopard cannot change his spots, neither can an extra girl change her type.

Comedienne for a Day

July 15, 1921.

ONE MORNING I lived in the seventh heaven of bliss. I thought I'd found my real vocation in life. Over a year ago I went to a fortune teller, who told me I'd never be a success till I went into comedies. Now I know I'm about as much a comedy type as Bull Montana is a "Tailor-Made-



They slapped me with an over-ripe tomato, hit me with a custard pie and finally threw me in a mud-puddle and tossed a rubber safe on top of me. That's the way you emote on a comedy lot.

Man" type. Still the idea clung to me, and I often sneak into the Comedy Companies hoping I won't see anyone I know, and I ask for a job. I need not add that I never get said job! But the husband of a friend of mine is directing comedies at Fox's, so last week he called me up, and said I could work that day.

Well, I borrowed the jazziest-looking sport outfit in the Club, put on baby bowed lips, and heavy beaded eye lashes, and sallied forth. I even tried to change my worldly-wise cold grey eyes to an empty baby stare, and somehow or other, taking me all in all, I felt at eleven A. M. that I was a great and phenomenal success.

They fanned me with a wet paint brush while I fainted. They threw a pie at my head, and a too ripe tomato in my ear. I liked it all; yes, really. Then I fell into a hole and tried not to look unconcerned while they threw a rubber safe on top of me. By lunch time I felt like Houdini, and I planned what jewels I'd buy when I became a great Serial Queen. Yes, indeed, comedy was my line. Why, oh why hadn't I discovered it sooner? The charming Spanish bungalow of my dreams spun round in my head with my Rolls Royce and my pedigreed pomeranian.

I told myself there were no great comedians alive now, and no really first class pantomimist, except of course Charlie Chaplin. I resolved to go to see his pictures constantly. I would not imitate him; oh no, but I would develop my own genius along my own new and original lines. The old comedies were such hokum! The same pies were slung with such clock-like regularity. How fresh and unspoiled would be my startling disclosures! In a year I would have risen to such heights that I would be emblazoned as the only truly great *Comedienne*.

I worked for eight hours that memorable first day. I had many close-ups, and by night, though my bones were weary, I felt deeply satisfied and elated. The ten dollar pay check was as nothing to the blissful news that I was to work next day. Jumping off a pier at San Pedro, they said it would be, and a few minor water stunts. I did not blanch. I would show them. I could hardly talk to anyone at dinner time. I felt I must rush up to a mirror and see myself, the future *Comedienne* of the screen.

I longed to be alone, for I had once heard it said that Pola Negri practices over and over the expression, or the walk, or the gesture she wants for a particular emotion. I would do the same. At last my great chance had come. I would be able to seize it, because I was ready. The virgin would stand with her lamp well trimmed and oiled. I feigned a headache, refused to go to the dance I had been counting on for weeks, and went silently to my attic room, still in make-up.

Not being able to fathom my strange mood, my room-mates went off to the dance without me. At last I was alone. I put out all the lights. I lighted a candle before my mirror, and began my posing. Now all this is most foreign to my nature. Gazing into the mirror has always made me dizzy, and beyond a cursory glance or two, I never indulge. But tonight I felt like a changed being, a creature with a mission in life, a laughter-maker. So for three long and uninterrupted hours I labored to produce a stock of comedy expressions.

The girls caught me leering with the candle sputtering, and my make-up rather disarranged. But I lied and said the electric light hurt my eyes. I could hardly sleep, with the thoughts of the great career ahead of me.

The next morning I landed at the studio at seven-thirty. The Assistant Director was sent to me. Strange how the dirty work is always given to the underlings. I staggered as his blow hit me between the eyes. He said:

"Sorry, Girlie, but we can't use you today. The star saw the rushes of your work yesterday, and he said: 'Gee, get another girl! This one is too damned lady-like.'"

Staggered, did I say? Only for an instant. There is nothing in my future life, my dear diary,—birth, death or tragedy of soul—that I shan't be prepared for. And meanwhile I know no better rule for keeping supple and flexible the muscles of your face than working for a day as a *Comedienne*.

"My Wife Doesn't Understand Me."

Sept. 3, 1921.

I AM wondering to-night if any wife in the world understands her husband. I've met at least six men today who assured me that their respective wives didn't understand them. In fact, they all use the same terms and the same gestures while expressing the same words, and they all have the same speech to follow up their original remark. It seems to me sometimes as if they have all played the same role in the same play.

There is a certain type of man whom you meet, and who for three or four meetings interests you. He treats you so impersonally, seems to understand you at once, gets your number completely. You say to yourself "Ah, here's a regular man." You find yourself wanting to go often to that particular agency, or casting office, or set. Then about the fifth or sixth "séance", friend director or agent will say to you—"My, but you are beautiful today. Really you are a wonderful girl."

He'll then take your hand, pat you, and say, "Do you know, dear, my wife doesn't understand me. She's a brick and a good mother, but she's not very well, and she doesn't understand me. You know I feel so contented when you are close to me. You understand me". (Action to suit the words.)

One man told the same thing to four different girls today. We compared notes at supper tonight.

One sweet little new "career seeker" liked the man quite well, and we let her talk on and on, and tell us how fine he was, and how sad it was for a splendid man like this to be tied to a wife who did not understand him.

I don't worry much about the wives in Hollywood, for "what is gravy for the gander is goose for the sauce," and I feel sure if the wives want to, they can be just as misunderstood as the husbands. Still, I do wish these particular men would get a new line.

I've been promised a part, a real part, in a picture that starts next week. It was promised to me by a misunderstood husband. But somehow I feel that I shall not get it. He says it means three weeks' work. I am to be an Oriental nurse maid. I run to maids' parts. I've been a French maid, an Italian servant, an Oriental slave and an American waitress. I also seem to specialize in harems, Western bar-rooms, and white slave dens. Often I vacillate between being an international servant and an international prostitute. My poor mother almost died the first time she saw me in a white slave picture. She wrote:

"Why don't they cast you as Evangeline or Ramona? You have such a Madonna-like expression."

Was there ever a mother who didn't think her daughter the image of the Sistine Madonna?

Oh, I am all elated about my Oriental maid job. I think I can handle my misunderstood man. He promises me fifty dollars a week for three weeks. What I can do with one hundred and fifty dollars!

First I'll have my teeth fixed. I am so tired of feeling that cavity in my wisdom tooth. I owe the dentist forty dollars, and I don't dare pass his office. I pray daily I won't meet him on the Boulevard. Then with the rest of my salary I can pay four weeks' board, buy a new pair of shoes, and pay the girls the money I owe them, and I shall have enough left to lend the "broke band" a (*Cont. on p. 94*)

SCREENLAND'S

"AND PAT SAID TO MIKE. . ."

This story, told by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., made an enormous hit at Charles Ray's lawn-party, recently. Those polite enough to turn their faces to the camera are Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Mrs. Charles Ray (a mosquito just bit her ankle, you notice), Theda Bara, Charles Ray, Fred Niblo and (with the pipe), Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Theda seems to be getting the greatest kick out of the story.



Keystone Photo



FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE

Society Debs like movie actors as well as shop-girls. At the recent 42nd Street Fête in New York, society girls turned waitresses and vied for the privilege of bringing chocolate sodas to Glenn Hunter, star of "Merton of the Movies."

AUTHOR MEETS STARLET

One of Irvm Cobb's most enjoyable experiences during his last visit to the coast was his meeting with Jackie Coogan.



Keystone Photo

NEWS REEL



ACTORS MAKE CHAMPION STEP.

Charles Paddock, crack hurdler of the University of Southern California, has two rivals in Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. Doug would rather sprint than eat, and Charlie won't admit that Doug can do anything that he can't do.



Wide World Photo



Keystone Photo

AT THE RACES

Just to show that we still have plenty of high step-pers out here on the coast, Anita Stewart offered a trophy for the winner of the races at Ascot Park, Los Angeles. Lantern, the horse who came in first, was given a personal introduction to the beautiful Anita, and a floral horseshoe.

Ⓒ Don't say we told you, but here's the low-down on what's really going on in Hollywood. Listen to this

INSIDE STUFF

BOOM TIMES are back again in Hollywood. After months of business depression, decreased production and salary cuts, the studios are fairly humming with activity. And salaries are back at the old lush state of three years back.

It's an interesting fact that it is the free-lance players that are benefiting by the boom. Actors who sign up for only one picture at a time are naming their own salaries—and are getting them.

Lon Chaney used to earn about \$750 a week, six months ago. Now he's getting \$2200 a week, and his services are much in demand. At present he is doing marvelous work in the title rôle of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, for Universal.

The wages of sin are getting bigger every day. Wallace Beery has about doubled his salary, receiving an average of \$1500 each and every pay day. Noah Beery can go out and earn \$1000 for a couple days' work on a big picture.

After her splendid work in Charles Ray's *The Girl I Loved*, Patsy Ruth Miller now rates a salary of \$1250 a week. Last year she only got \$200. Patsy Ruth is one of the most promising of the younger actresses. Her work in the Ray picture showed a sympathetic understanding and a finish that augurs well for her future.

Milton Sills isn't worrying a bit about the wolf at the door. Now that he's free-lancing, he gets \$1500 a week, and recently he worked on three pictures at a time! He used to get only \$750 a week under his Paramount contract.

Florence Vidor has jumped from \$800 to \$1500, and James Kirkwood has made about the same leap. Irene Rich has earned a salary of about \$450 a week for several years, but is now earning \$1000 for her work in Mary Pickford's new picture, *Rosita*.

It is also an encouraging fact that the pecuniary rewards are going, not so much to the Handsome Harolds of the industry, but to the character actors, who are the real



UNIVERSAL PHOTO

HER OWN SWIMMING POOL

Since Priscilla Dean moved into her new Colonial mansion, she has her own private swimming pool. A private swimming pool, like an ermine coat, is the visible symbol of stardom.



P. & A. PHOTO

'SCULPING' GLORIA

Gloria Swanson looks on approvingly as David Edstrom, the world-famous sculptor, puts the finishing touches on his clay bust of the star. The finished statue will be in marble

backbone of the dramatic system. At the recent Wampas Frolic, the actor who got the biggest hand from the audience was Ernest Torrence, homely, gangling, admirable Ernest Torrence.

Torrence, by the way, says he is fed up on unshaven, "dirty dog" rôles such as he impersonated with such success in *ToVable David* and *The Covered Wagon*. He refuses to become a type, and insists on rôles in which he can wear a clean collar, once in a while. By the way, he can do comedy as well as villainy, and has a comedy rôle in Tourneur's *Brass Bottle*.

The pretty male star and the sugar-sweet female star are on the toboggan and the skids are greased, at least at the Paramount West Coast Studio. Only three persons are to be starred there, according to the last-minute announcement of their production plans,—Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan and Pola Negri. They will be starred because they are sure-fire box-office successes. All-star casts in big specials will be the order of the day at Paramount. An encouraging sign, which means the death knell of the program picture. Allah be praised.

Ibanez Has a Movie Market

IF VINCENTE BLASCO IBANEZ wrote a Spanish version of *Ella, the Beautiful Cloak Model*, some producer would snap it up for the screen. His market is assured since *The Four*



CLAIRE COMES BACK

Back from all sorts of triumphs in the East, where she dined with members of the '400' and was fêted by society, Claire Windsor comes back to Hollywood and Billy-boy, her little son

Horsemen and *Blood and Sand*. Now it is reported that Jesse Lasky has purchased the screen rights of *Argentine Love*, by Ibanez. Oh, Rudie, where are you?

The Countess Holds Court

THE Countess Edita de Beaumont, late of Paris and now intent on breaking into the charmed circle of filmdom, is daily becoming more and more a popular hostess in Hollywood. In her cunning little bungalow, she conducts a *salon*, entertaining writers and players of the film colony. Fearing that her nose was a bit too long for screen purposes, she had a little piece cut off, so that now it looks exactly like Norma Talmadge's. The Countess, whose husband was killed in action during the war, has the most adorable small son in Hollywood. With his soft brown bobbed hair, parted softly on the side, and his broad white Eton collar, he looks exactly like a page from some foreign court. And when he greets his mother's women guests by bowing low and kissing their hands, like a cunning little courtier, his conquest of Hollywood is complete. As a gallant and a lady-killer, little Walstad de Beaumont bids fair to outstrip Charlie Chaplin.

Betty Morrissey Is Unique

BETTY MORRISSEY, young, pretty and the ingenue in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, is unique in Hollywood. She is the only pretty girl who has been associated with Chaplin in pictures who has never been rumored to be engaged to him!

Never once has she come out in the papers with the statement that "Charlie and I are only very good friends!"

Remarkable, *n'est-ce pas?*

A Sister, Willy-nilly

THE other day Priscilla Dean received a long-distance call from McKeesport, Pa. She answered the phone and a voice came over the wire:

"Priscilla? This is your little sister Eunice. I haven't seen you for twenty years, but I'm leaving tomorrow for Hollywood."

The actress declared with vehemence that she had no sister, never had had one.

"Oh yes, you have," the voice said. "I'm your sister and I'm coming to visit you in California."

And all along the way from McKeesport, Pa., letters and



JACKIE HAS NEW SISTER

Jackie Coogan has a new little sister. Little Priscilla Dean Moran's mother died and her father was too ill to care for her, so Mrs. Jack Coogan has taken the little girl under her protecting care



PHOTOS BY KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

'TWO GUN' BILLY

William S. Hart, Jr., looks just exactly like his daddy. If you look closely, you can see two crossed revolvers carved on the back of his chair, in memory of the daddy who doesn't come to see him

wires—collect—began to come to Priscilla, informing her that "sister" was on her way. Priscilla says that not only did she never have a sister, but that she never lived in Pennsylvania.

Fatty To Come Back

WE HAD never thought of Fatty Arbuckle as a Valentino, but it seems he shakes a nasty ankle, for he has been engaged to dance at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago, according to a report. His salary will be \$2500 a week, but he can only collect \$500 of it. The rest of it goes to the government as back payment on a \$30,000 income tax debt.

There is a rumor also that Fatty will do a dancing act in a Chicago theatre. How the audiences will receive him is a question. Stage audiences seem more charitably inclined than picture audiences. At a recent

performance for the benefit of the National Vaudeville Association, Fatty received a great ovation.

Fatty had made a generous donation, on the condition that his name be not mentioned. But the master of ceremonies felt that this was a good time to test the situation, and returning to the stage, held up his hand, and said:

"Friends, a donation has been made by a man in this audience who has made millions laugh. He was a victim of circumstances that any one of those millions might have encountered. It was a misfortune—for the millions and for the victim, Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle."

For five minutes cheers and applause made the theatre ring. Arbuckle would not get up or bow. He just sat still and looked straight ahead, and those near him could see that there were tears in his eyes.

Little Drops of Water

FRISCO, the eccentric comedian who made himself famous with the dance featuring his cigar, went out to Larry Semon's place the other evening. He told his friends about it next day.

"Larry opened champagne like water," he said. "It tasted like that, anyway."

Shirley Mason Follows Sister's Suit

NO SOONER had Viola Dana convalesced from her appendicitis operation than sister Shirley Mason acquired the

ailment. She underwent an operation the other day, and is now recovering nicely.

An Atrophied Sense of Humor

WHAT is there about orthodoxy that atrophies the sense of humor? We have known scores of admirable clergymen but most of them were totally lacking in a sense of humor. Undoubtedly that lack accounts for the action of the clergymen of Venice, California, in petitioning the Board of

Betty Morrissey is young, pretty and the ingenue in Charlie Chaplin's new picture. Yet she has never been rumored to be engaged to him!



Trustees of Venice to forbid the showing of Charlie Chaplin's *The Pilgrim*. The good pastors said that the picture insulted the Christian ministry and was detrimental to the morals of the people. The Board of Trustees happily could see a joke without a diagram, and refused to take action.

Evelyn Brent Quits Doug

FOR SIX MONTHS, beautiful Evelyn Brent has basked in the glory of being Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in his pirate picture. That's practically all she did, for work on the picture was postponed time after time. The other day Evelyn just decided that a job in the hand was worth two in the vague future, so she quit Douglas cold. And now Julianne Johnston, the dancer, has the part.

In commenting on Evelyn's departure, Douglas said gallantly, "I am sure the faith that both Miss Pickford and I have in Miss Brent's future success is justified."

To Bob or Not To Bob

TO BOB or not to bob—that is the question that is raging in the film colony. Fashion edicts banning the bobbed hair have been issued, but the silken locks continue to fall in Hollywood. In the ranks of unbobbed-but-want-to-be are Patsy Ruth Miller and May McAvoy. Those who have long since succumbed are Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, (those lovely locks are false, dear) Blanche Sweet, Mildred Davis,—oh, almost everybody but Mary Pickford and Louise Fazenda.

Is Pola To Have a Rival?

ANOTHER one, that is. Another foreign artiste—that's what they call 'em over there—is headed for these shores. She's Polish, too, and has shone on the European stage. Her name is Sylva Nadina.

Reflected Glory

FEMININE Hollywood palpitated the other day over a sale of stars' garments in the Lasky wardrobe. Once or twice a year Ethel Chaffin, head designer of the studio, holds a sale, and a tremendous crush ensues invariably.

At CRYSTAL PIER

Pregnant Moments at the Seashore



Gladiola realizes that the bathing gal is passé; but believes that anything to tickle the eager optic of the director should be cultivated by lady aspirants to film fame.



Kathryn dotes in hot dogs, especially when hanging around the stand forms an excuse for not risking her permanent wave in the ocean.



Mr. McGillicuddy of Four Corners, Vermont, retired, had supposed that the gentleman in the Kute Kut clothes was either Robert Warwick or Henry Walthall. Now the gentleman is offering him the opportunity of a lifetime on the ground floor in Howlin' Honey oil units. Mr. McGillicuddy thinks that as it is a California well it gives olive oil.

—SEEN by SCREENLAND'S ARTIST

on Hollywood's Most Popular Beach.

—Ted Rupert



Her escort is skilfully registering disdain, indicating that he considers Kathryn's tastes a little vulgar.



The beach athaletic gal. She's so active you'd think she'd strain a tendon, but she strains nothing but the patience of the people who try to frolic with her.

Harold Scheek has made fair progress in dress up parts, but here he goes spoiling it all in one unguarded moment, when he allows his public to see him in his 114 pound altogether.



The human clothes horse. Irma knows she can wear anything. She has just finished work in a serial and has a new fur layout all paid for. No mere California sunshine is going to make her take 'em off, either.





Moral Scruples Go By the Board When the Movie Germ Gets in Its Work. How Impostors Seek to Bask in Reflected Star-Glory is Revealed

By
**MARJORIE
STRONG**

C Every known subterfuge is used to force an entrance into a motion picture studio. Ed. Lewis, gateman at the Paramount West Coast studio, is from Missouri and suffers from chronic mental dyspepsia, so not many impostors get past him.

SECOND-HAND *G* LORY

Is the public going movie mad?

From all over the country come reports of people masquerading as silversheet luminaries, wearing the borrowed garments of glory; and the studios are besieged constantly by an ever-increasing throng of curious sightseers.

Because of the halo of publicity that enshrouds the stars of the screen, because of the intimacy which prevails between public and players and which the producers have encouraged to awaken curiosity and the thread of personal affection that ensures patronage, it seems that half the world is centering its attention upon the movies. Either in impersonating some noted star and enjoying a momentary, second-hand glory, or in storming the film mills in an effort to pass within the magic portals and meet their favorites, is this public complex expressing itself.

Practically every famous player has suffered from these pretenders to the throne of their fame. A while back, Tony

Moreno was reported in six parts of the country at once, engaged in various lurid and shady enterprises, when, as a matter of fact, Tony was peaceably working in a studio. When one of the impostors attempted to cash a check, the hotel-manager in a Southern city became suspicious of the signature and the duplicity was exposed.

A Pseudo Anna Q. Nilsson

RECENTLY Anna Q. Nilsson, in Hollywood, was surprised to learn that she, Anna Q. Nilsson, had made a personal appearance in Milford, Mass., in conjunction with the showing of one of her pictures. But later news came that Mrs. Helen Anderson, masquerading as the lovely Anna Q., had been exposed by an irate theater-manager who had "stood good" for numerous articles of wearing apparel, and by Mrs. Alice Morgan and other members of fashionable so-

ciety in the Back Bay district who had been taken in by the hoax and had entertained most lavishly for the pseudo Anna Q.

When her double's bubble had been burst by the inconsiderate pins of exposure, Helen confessed that her drab life as the wife of a very poor man and the mother of four young children had become unbearable in its monotony. Denied the halo of fame for herself, she was determined to enjoy, however briefly, its glory. Back of her impersonation of the beautiful player lay a complex of repressions, the inherent longing of every woman—be she only a plain, imperfectly educated little Swedish wife—for fine feathers and admiration.

Stealing Bull Montana's Name

BULL MONTANA is about the only star who suffers little from pretenders. The battle-scarred visage of "the Bool" is in a class by itself, incapable of imitation. However, an enterprising manager made quite a bit of coin a few weeks ago by advertising Bull in a series of wrestling-matches over the country. When the crowd, attracted by his name, would fill the hall, he would read a telegram, purporting to be from the fistic celebrity, regretting his inability to be present. Substitutes would fight and the crowd, though grumbling, had no alternative save to remain for the second-class exhibition.

The most brazen impersonation occurred when an important looking man, with the stage-actor's superb aplomb, demanded entrance to the Lasky studio on the ground that he was Thomas Meighan! He bore a slight resemblance to the star but was much smaller—Tommy is a big, strapping fellow. Besides, Tommy's face is rather familiar about the studio where he works. Did the man get in? Not so you could notice it!

Becoming a self-appointed brother to a celebrity is an-

GOLDWYN PHOTO



METRO PHOTO

other scheme by which many benighted souls have obtained lurid but brief publicity. A fake brother of Rodolph Valentino secured several good rôles upon the strength of the spurious relationship—until exposed and sent to the tall sticks of neglect.

Dorothy Dalton's "Sister"

JUST recently a young woman with a most questionable reputation, who plays small parts in pictures, rented a home

C Helene Chadwick once made the mistake of allowing her name to appear in the phone book. But after a month or two of answering calls from tourists who wanted her autographed photograph, she got a private wire.

Bull Montana suffers little from impersonations of impostors; his battle-scarred face is in a class by itself. But the manager of a prize-ring made quite a bit of money recently by using Bull's name to draw a crowd to his wrestling-matches.

in the most fashionable and conservative section of Los Angeles by stating, with fetching naiveté, to the realty agent that she was a sister of Dorothy Dalton and desired a home for herself and mother. When the "wild parties" that she staged antagonized the neighborhood, she was investigated, with the result that her claim to sisterly relationship with Miss Dalton was proven untrue, her "mother" was a myth—and she was speedily ejected.

The stars' telephone-numbers and street addresses are always kept a dark secret, closely guarded from the curious public that throngs here in droves, eager to talk with or see in person the silversheet luminaries. *Sans* make-up the actors often pass unrecognized in the streets of Los Angeles, and tourists complain that they spend hundreds of dollars on a trip to California and sit around Hollywood for weeks without once glimpsing a favorite star. Disgruntled, the visitors return home and knock the players.

It is a question of time. Were the stars to receive all those who demand admittance to their private lives, they would have no time for work. Even when a telephone number is obtained, one must first give one's name and reasons for calling to the maid who answers—one must almost catalogue one's vaccination marks!—before the dulcet voice of the star comes singing over the wires. If one be not a friend or one's name not known as that of a magazine writer, one is told that the star is "out".

Persecution Via Telephone

MILDRED DAVIS, before her marriage, made the mistake of allowing her name to appear in the phone book. And for a while, before the family learned that courtesy sometimes carries its own punishment, Mildred had to answer the phone as many as twenty times in one evening, the callers being tourists anxious to see her or to obtain her autographed picture. Helen Chadwick had the same sad experience.

Ruth Roland, because of her many business interests and real estate investments, must have her name and number in the book. But her secretary, a most efficient young woman with a positive genius for culling out those whose business is legitimate, answers the phone and courteously but speedily dispatches the merely curious.

Only an inch and a half of pine door between this movie-mad public and the studio land of make-believe romance! But it's harder to open sometimes than a burglar-proof safe.

The studio doorkeepers are the crabbiest souls alive. Somebody has said that if the diplomatic corps ever needs recruits, they can be obtained from the ranks of the assistant directors. I hasten to add that if ever there is another war, two studio gatemen will suffice to wipe out, without bullets but simply by sarcasm and verbal attacks, the enemy army.

Moral Scruples Go By the Board

ALL SORTS of subterfuges are used to obtain entrance to the studios. One man, appearing at the Lasky studio, professed to be an old friend of Sam Wood, claiming that the director had invited him to visit the film-shop; all of which sounded very interesting to Mr. Wood, who chanced to be standing nearby and who never before had laid eyes on the individual.

A favorite method is to pretend to be a representative of some out-of-town newspaper or magazine, foreign publications usually being chosen as there is more likelihood

of getting away with it as "special correspondent" for some English, French or Spanish paper. By the time the fraud is unveiled, they figure they will have had time to see and depart. But the publicity men are wise chaps and it doesn't take long to determine if the man be genuine and his credentials authentic.

A while back a chap appeared at the Paramount gate and produced letters of introduction from a New York City newspaper. Apparently the signatures were genuine, so he was given the freedom of the studio and wandered around at will, meet-

ing all of the stars, obtaining photographs which he promised to send with his feature article to his paper, and being entertained at luncheon.

Then it happened that one of the studio executives, in writing to the firm's Eastern offices, casually mentioned the man's name as correspondent for the Metropolitan publication. Soon word came from New York that the paper had no authorized representative in Hollywood. Steps were taken to locate the transgressor, but his sixth sense must have warned him of impending disaster, for he had faded away as does the day into night. He has never been heard of since—which is quite lucky for him.

Even genuine magazine writers do not pass through until their faces are known to the gate-tenders, or unless they are vouched for by the publicity office. I am one of those individuals who are always leaving credentials and such important things in the bureau drawer at home, and many times have I had heaped upon my head a rain of vituperation. You cannot blame them though, with three-fourths of the world, sooner or later, demanding admittance to the land of imagery upon some fabricated excuse.

Would-be actors also seek to make use of this scheme. The idea seems to be that if one can just get inside the magic portals, one may accost a director and obtain a job, thus assuring one's fame and future—a mistaken notion, as all employment is arranged through the casting-offices. Some, too, are merely curious tourists, who wish to view the scenes "back-stage", possibly on a still hunt for all that scandal they've heard about and have somehow or other failed to find (Continued on page 91)



STETLER PHOTO

Anna Q. Nilsson's superb aplomb was rather shattered when she learned that a Mrs. Helen Anderson had been masquerading under the Nilsson name in Milford, Mass.

I CONFESS

The Further Revelations of a Press Agent

By an Incurrible One

So many readers wrote us, praising the article, Revelations of a Press Agent, which appeared in a recent number, that the editors persuaded the clever writer of the article to give us further information concerning the fascinating and informative profession of "star-making." And here it is:

ONCE upon a time, the best press agent was a fiction writer. The more lurid his imagination, the more space he got for his clients in the papers.

The 1923 model of publicity writer doesn't believe any more that you can fool all of the editors all of the time. And he gives the people all the truth that they can, or will, digest.

Of course, I don't mean to say that we press agents are regular little Georgie Washingtons when it comes to not being able to tell lies. We *can* tell whoppers and occasionally still do. But the chap who peddles too many fibs for a living isn't respected even on his own lot, and we found that the morning sheets were afraid to recognize a real news story when they did get it.

Wolf! Wolf!

FOR INSTANCE, when Jack Pickford and his company were on location at Keen Camp in the San Jacinto mountains a few years ago, filming *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, a fire broke out in the camp. Eight or ten houses burned—huge barns full of (Continued on page 97)



Giving the Big Boss an occasional dose of pleasing publicity is accomplished by posing him with an admiral, an opera singer or perhaps a Japanese diplomat. Reading from left to right above are Rupert Hughes, Samuel Goldwyn, Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

One of the grandest bits of natural scenery in Hollywood is Malcolm MacGregor in a bathing-suit. MacGregor was a member of the Yale swimming team



The Gossip of Hart

*A Social Survey of Hollywood's
Who's Whose*

By The Tatler

WE WERE swapping tear-recipes at luncheon the other day, a group of stars and the Tatler. Mae Busch declared that the strains of "Home Sweet Home" could reduce her to a damp, tearful state any time. Pola Negri, somebody remarked, emoted best to Grieg's *Lament*. Claire Windsor declared that "Humoresque" most easily moved her to tears.

A wheezy melodion brings the tears to most of the stars, but Mae Murray, it seems, requires a six-piece orchestra. Somebody remarked cattily that Mae Murray should demand a twelve-piece orchestra and see if it wouldn't help her to act. Mae, needless to say, was not among those present. However—

The Tatler avers that the barbed-wire neck-tie undoubtedly goes to Raoul Walsh for developing the simplest method of making a star act. If we hadn't seen it ourself, we never would have believed he could do it—and with Theda Bara, of all persons!

It was down on the Fox lot, back in the old days, when Theda was vamping her way into fame and fortune. Theda was always a bit difficult to handle. She had a maddening habit of strolling in at about four p. m., and of strolling out again at about five. This particular day, she was more difficult than ever. She "didn't feel the scene," she kept saying, and she made no visible efforts to acquire the feeling.

Walsh, who was directing the picture, pleaded with her to put a little feeling into her acting. She remained listless. Then he spoke sharply to her. She answered with a pert remark. It was a hot day, and it had been a hard one. Walsh's lips tightened to a thin line. He went up to Theda, caught her by the throat and slapped her face, on both cheeks, *hard!* Then he threw her from him.

"Think that over tonight," said he. "And tomorrow, if you don't do exactly as I tell you, you'll get the same thing again!"

But he never needed to repeat the lesson. The next day, and every day after that while Walsh was directing, Theda was as mild as a milk shake!

Another potent tear-producer that never got into any



Ⓒ Craig Biddle says he is hurt and grieved at the reports that Miss Ann Perdue is engaged but he seems to be consoling himself quite nicely in this picture

press-agent's story can be credited, words and music to another Fox director whose name escapes us at this moment. This director was laboring with Elinor Fair—you know, the fragile little thing in *Driven*. Elinor was an awful stick back in her Fox days, anyway,—she hadn't yet struck her stride—and on this day she simply couldn't produce the tears that the scene demanded. She tried, but failed. Then the director talked to her.

"You dumb-bell!" he said, in low, passionate tones. "You poor hunk of cheese! And you call yourself an actress. Why, there's a cigar-store Indian over in the prop-room that's a better actor than you are. You couldn't register grief if they doubled your income tax on you. You're through!"

Then the tears came, all right. Elinor thought he meant it. Maybe he did. Anyway, she wept her heart out, and the cameras caught it and that was the only scene in any of her Fox pictures that had any real dramatic feeling in it.

The Baby Charlie Chaplin

IS IRVING THALBERG, the youthful production manager of the Mayer studio, out gunning for Charlie Chaplin's laurels

as Hollywood's *Don Juan*? It would seem so. Irving has been stepping high, wide and handsome with some of screenland's fairest daughters. Some of the gals basking in the Thalberg smile are, reading from left to right and in chronological order, Gladys Walton, Barbara La Marr, Helen Lynch and Constance Talmadge. The effervescent Connie seems to have the inside track, and the gossips are predicting that as soon as the nuptial bond that bound Connie to her Greek tobacco-king are shattered, Irving may become Mr. Constance Talmadge II.

And Speaking of Engagements

HERE'S something that must make Mama Biddle of the aristocratic Philadelphia Biddles writhe in agony. Craig Biddle, Jr., who left society and college flat on its back to go into the movies, has just issued the following notice; via the publicity office:

"I am hurt and grieved at the reports that Miss Ann Perdue, star of the F. B. O.'s production, *'Daytime Wives'* says she does not contemplate matrimony for a long time to come. I am deeply and sincerely interested in Miss Perdue.

and hope that I shall be able to make her change her mind before long. I realize that I am only one in a vast circle of admirers which includes Gene Sarazen, but perhaps luck will be with me. Miss Perdue is a gorgeously beautiful girl, and has been named as one of the 13 stars of 1923."

We fancy that Mama and Papa Biddle are convinced that 13 is an unlucky number. Those terrible movies!

Such is Fame!

WHEN Katherine Fullerton Gerould remarked in her article, *Hollywood*, in Harper's Magazine that there were more persons in the United States that would not cross the street to see Charlie Chaplin in person than there were persons who would, we thought she was overestimating. But perhaps she wasn't.



A few weeks ago, Mrs. Van Astorbilt of New York's "400" decided to give a big ball for the other three hundred and ninety-nine. As the *pièce de résistance* of the affair, she planned to present a famous opera singer. So she went to the New York agency to negotiate for the appearance of said singer. But she found that the wanted one was under contract and even her dollars could not acquire him for the evening.

"But I think I can secure a *far greater* attraction than Signor B—," said the agency manager. "I refer to a very famous dancer and actor. He is having a little trouble with his contract just now, and could not be formally engaged for the evening. But you could invite him and his charming wife to be among your guests, and they could entertain you with dances. Then you can hand his wife a little souvenir of appreciation and a check within it, for their services.

"Who is this famous dancer?" asked Mrs. Van Astorbilt, noticeably impressed.

"Rodolph Valentino!" replied the manager triumphantly.

"And who is Rodolph Valentino?" queried Mrs. Van Astorbilt, noticeably unimpressed.

Straight From Dear Old Yale

ONE of the grandest bits of natural scenery in Hollywood is Malcolm MacGregor in a bathing suit. Malcolm, who used to hold the Metropolitan diving championship and was a member of the Yale swimming team, judged the diving contests put on recently at the Ambassador Hotel swimming pool. The flappers were edified.

Uplifting the Movies

SOCIETY is going in for uplifting the movies. All our best families are contributing sons and daughters to the scenic drama, and in one or two cases, mama herself has hied to Hollywood. There is so much precedent for it, you know, since European nobility has taken up the movies. Why, even one of England's dear princes aspires to go on the stage,

They brought *Andrée Lafayette* all the way from Paris for *Trilby*, because she had the most beautiful feet in all Paris. And then, the wise ones whisper, they used a double for the feet. Little Betty Roher furnished the substitute feet.

you know! It's really quite smart!

Park Benjamin II—you can tell he comes from a really good family by his number; only ordinary people call their sons Junior now—has just passed up a banking career without a tear, in favor of the movies. Young Benjamin has a pedigree as long as his airedale dog's; he is the cousin of Mrs. Enrico Caruso, the brother of Baroness de Sain Seigene and the nephew of William Ewart Benjamin. In spite of it—or could it be because of it?—young Benjamin has a nice little part in the Cosmopolitan picture, *Under the Red Robe*.

Then there is Mrs. James Vail Converse, twin sister of Gloria Morgan (Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt). Mrs. Converse is seeking fame in the films. So is Aileen Pringle, the daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Pringle, of Jamaica, one of the largest land-owners in the world.

Oh, there's no getting around it, Lady Diana Manners has a lot to answer for besides *The Glorious Adventure*.

Marjorie Daw Marries

MARJORIE DAW, the cutest little trick in Hollywood, is now Mrs. Edward Sutherland. The wedding took place at "Pickfair," the beautiful home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks, sometimes known as Mary Pickford, before a carefully hand-picked audience.

Sutherland was in the Paramount stock company for some time, but recently decided that directing was more in his line. He is now on the Chaplin directorial staff. Eddie was long a suitor of little May McAvoy's, but it was a case of too much mama spoiling the matrimonial broth, we hear.

He'd Seen Mary

THE TATLER loves this. It happened at the recent benefit performance for the National Vaudeville Association, staged at the Ambassador. Katherine MacDonald, gorgeous in a gold brocade gown, was one of the cinema lights present. Frisco, the eccentric dancer with the cigar, was a master of ceremonies. He led the erstwhile American Beauty forward and introduced her as Norma Talmadge!

Calm and undaunted, Katherine came back with, "I'm not Norma Talmadge, I'm Mary Pickford!"

Whereupon Frisco backed off and replied, "Oh, no, you ain't. I've seen her!"

Said the Spider to the Fly

A SCENARIO editor encountered the Tatler at the Writer's Club one day.

"How's everything?" queried the scribe.

"I don't know everything," was the caustic response of the scenario editor. "I'm not a director!"

Where Syd Comes In

THE WORLD and his wife wants to know whether Charlie Chaplin is really going to marry Pola Negri or not. And everybody tries to get the information from Syd Chaplin, Charlie's brother. But Syd won't say.

"I wish I knew myself," said Syd the other day. "Charlie never takes me into his confidence until his romance is shattered and he wants me to fix things up for him."

Somebody remarked that he must have had enough of that sort of thing with Mildred Harris, the first Mrs. Chaplin.

"I hope to say so," declared Syd piously, "But when I'd go around to see Mildred, she was wise. She'd call downstairs, 'I don't want to see you. I know why you're here. You just want to see how cheap you can get me to settle.'"

Paul Swan for Ben Hur?

PAUL SWAN, the super-beautiful classic dancer, is the latest rumored candidate for the rôle of *Ben Hur*. He might play the *Hur* part, but never the *Ben*. Maybe they'll cast him for the rôle of *Ben Hur's* sister.

Must be a Centipede

MAKING pictures is an expensive business. Especially when you insist on having everything solid mahogany around you, with platinum trimmings. When the Selznick brothers were rolling up their tents to silently steal away from Hollywood a few weeks ago, leaving *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Common Law* in pawn to the bankers who backed 'em last, someone observed sympathetically, "I hear Selznick is on its last legs."

"What, again?" queried a publicity purveyor. "Selznick has been on its last legs so often, the company must be a centipede."

Paris' Most Beautiful Tootsies

ONCE upon a time, and not so long ago at that, a company started to film *Trilby*. And the heroine of *Trilby* must have small, beautifully formed feet. So the company, wise to the vogue for foreign heroines, brought to America Andree Lafayette, owner of "the most beautiful feet in all Paris".

The dainty tootsies were photographed at all angles, semi-draped and *au naturel*. To the four corners of the globe went the photographs of *Trilby* and her dainty little feet. And then—come closer, so they won't hear us giggle—came the word, whispered around among the wise ones, that they were using a *double* for the most beautiful feet in Paris!

Yes, honest, they are! You see, Andree's feet are undoubtedly lovely, well-formed and all that. But Andree is a tall girl, and her feet are in proportion to her size, and so. . . . Betty Roher, a little extra girl, is furnishing the feet that get the close-ups of *Trilby*.

One Mad Whirl of Gaiety

OUT ON A still hunt for gossip, preferably of the lurid variety, the Tatler wended her way to the Montmartre, Hollywood's newest dinner-and-dance place. On the surface, all seemed decorous. Barbara and her latest husband, Jack Daugherty, partook of spaghetti at a prominent table. There was nothing spectacular about them, except the expert way that Barbara wrapped her spaghetti around her fork, yards and yards to the piece. Never could we do that trick without stubbing our toe.

Bert Lytell, with a well-fed look, passed from table to table, smiling his most engaging smile. What shall it profit a star to lunch in an expensive cafe if people do not know he is present? His peroxidized locks are getting dark again, we noticed. Adolph Menjou bowed low over a flattered blonde's hand. A table of tourists from Kankakee stared and whispered.

No scandal anywhere. And then, just when we had lapsed into a disappointed survey of the cold turkey with the dull shellac finish, who should enter but a dizzy blonde, beautiful to behold, and towing in her wake Bryant Washburn and Elliot Dexter!

Aha! Here was news at last. For both Bryant and Elliot are wed, but neither of their wives are blondes! Bryant was particularly devoted. She smiled sweetly into his eyes. A romance, surely!

We hailed a waiter. "Who is that female?" we asked. He did not know. We hailed (*Continued on page 101*)

LITTLE HINTS *for* PLAYGOERS



Comments on
Current Plays
Without Fear
or Favor

WITHIN THE LAW

First National

Norma Talmadge, as beautiful and effective as ever. **WITHIN THE LAW** is smashing melodrama, and la belle Talmadge rises nobly to every dramatic moment. She is ably supported by Eileen Percy, who proves herself a real comedienne as the hard-boiled little gold-digger, and by Lew Cody, who gives a splendid characterization of a dope-fiend. Jack Mulhall, looking enough like Eugene O'Brien to be his brother, is quite at home in the leading male rôle. He hasn't much to do except look handsome, which is no effort whatever.

THREE WISE FOOLS

Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan

Three very human and utterly charming elderly gentlemen dominate this excellent picture. Claude Gillingwater, Alec Francis and William H. Crane make of **THREE WISE FOOLS** a mirth-inspiring, workmanlike adaptation of the stage comedy of the same name. A convict vendetta with a smashing jail-break lends thrills to the plot. The three doddering old men suddenly have a ward thrust upon them. The ward, Eleanor Boardman, routs them out of the ruts into which they have fallen, with amusing results. There is a pleasant love-interest, between Eleanor Boardman and William Haines, a nice-looking juvenile who handles his first real part very capably. The picture abounds in snappy titles and humorous situations.



THE BRIGHT SHAWL

Associated First National

THE BRIGHT SHAWL is a disappointment. The story has been ineffectively adapted from Hergesheimer's novel, and holds its interest chiefly through Richard Barthelmess' fine acting and the genuine loveliness of the Cuban settings. You probably know the story. A young American adventurer, (Barthelmess) becomes involved in the Cuban uprising and discovers that Cuban women are fascinating and sometimes false. Dorothy Gish as La Clavel, the Spanish dancer, is pretty and charming, but a Yankee throughout, thus proving that Richard knew what he was about when he so bitterly opposed the casting of Miss Gish for the role. Mme. Jetta Goudal gives a splendid characterization of a Chinese spy. Richard Barthelmess has never been more handsome or debonair.

**BELL BOY 13**

Thomas H. Ince

Not half bad amusement for a warm evening's entertainment. Douglas MacLean has never been so satisfyingly funny as when he and Doris May gave us TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS' LEAVE and MARY'S ANKLE. But even those who still regret the dissolution of the MacLean-May comedy team have to smile at the antics of the love-struck young chap who poses as a bell-hop in order to be near his actress-sweetheart. The path of true love is even rougher than usual in this picture, and the hero finally has to call out all the hotel help on strike, in order to win the consent of the stern uncle who forbids the bans. There are moments in the action that remind us of Harold Lloyd, especially when MacLean balances himself airily upon a lofty window ledge. Margaret Loomis is the lady love.

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE

Paramount

Lavish expenditure and a good cast, and in spite of it, the result could scarcely be worse. The story is an aimless affair about an erring husband, who, as far as we could see, certainly did fool his wife. It takes a nasty tumble to bring him back to normalcy. For pictorial recommendation, there are Leatrice Joy and Nita Naldi.

**THE NE'ER-DO-WELL**

Paramount

This was meant to be a Wally Reid picture. Thomas Meighan was not the man to play the just-out-of-college, happy-go-lucky youngster who caused such a "ruckus" on Broadway that he had to be shanghaied out of the country. But in spite that, he makes himself mighty agreeable in the rôle. The setting of the story is in Panama, and the scenery is gorgeous. Lila Lee is adorable as the little Chiquita who wins the ne'er-do-well's susceptible heart with one flash of her black eyes. There are several unexplained situations in the picture, but it's entertaining melodrama, nevertheless.



BRAIN BOOTLEGGERS and NAZIMOVA

The Corner of "HOLLYWOOD Lost Hope"

needs actors," declared a big studio official at a dinner recently. Being a great man in his business, his words got into the public prints and undoubtedly caused hundreds of would-be actors to give up their jobs in the cracker factory and pack their grips for Hollywood.

If they could only see the hordes of extras that mill around the doors of the booking agencies here! If they could only see the looks of discouragement and despair that greet the daily announcement, "No work today"—they would not set off so blithely.

Hollywood is a fairy city to a favored few. To those with extraordinary talent or the influence of studio powers, Hollywood has been kind. It has brought fame and wealth out of all proportion to the effort expended on it.

But to many thousands of aspiring actors and actresses, Hollywood is Heartbreak Village. So many, many colorful bubbles of hope have been pricked here by the cruel pin of reality!

On one of our busiest boulevards, two comedy studios stand. Comedies are made within, but tragedy lurks there, too. The studios are gray and dingy. The doorway is a dark cave. The wise ones call it "The Corner of Lost Hope". Why?

In SCREENLAND for September, the mystery of this tragic-comedy is revealed. Do not fail to read "The Corner of Lost Hope"; it is written in the heart blood of Hollywood.

Getting Atmosphere

ONE reason why the mountain atmosphere was so fine in *Driven*, was that the company lived for weeks in a primitive little Georgia mountain community which civilization, seemingly, had not touched. The first day there Charles Brabin, the director, saw the body of a man who had been lynched, still dangling from a tree. He saw a five-year-old girl drinking whiskey that would have bowled over a strong man. The right of private warfare has never even been questioned there. Yet Brabin was strong enough to give us for the first time a mountain picture without a feud.

The Brain Bootlegger

IDEAS for scenarios are precious things. Furthermore, they are hard to identify. So bootlegging ideas is a thriving traffic in Hollywood. One studio has a neat method of appropriating ideas by filing the idea of every story sent in, whether it is purchased or not. Thus they are never at a loss for fresh material. The whole deplorable situation will be discussed in an interesting and authentic article in SCREENLAND for September. Don't fail to read it.

Those Bad Movies

"PLEASE tell the critics not to be too harsh with the motion pictures," pleads a kind-hearted reader from Terminal, Cal. "And those who rave over poor shows, don't rave too much. Tell us enough, but not

SCREENLAND'S ro-togravure gallery this month is a tribute to the work of Alfred Cheney Johnston. In an effort to give our readers a more comprehensive view of the artists who paint with the lens, we have decided to devote an entire gallery each month to the exclusive work of one of these past masters of the camera. Next month our gallery will contain the creations of Edward Thayer Monroe

too much, of the movies as they really are. And please say a prayer that the movies will not become too good, because it would be a calamity not to be able to find any flaws."

That would be a calamity, indeed. But after sitting through *Thelma, Enemies of Women* and *Mad Love*, we believe there is little immediate danger of the movies becoming too good.

What's Wrong with Nazimova? "WHAT'S the matter with Nazimova?" asks a reader. And the question is a pertinent one.

There are two things in which Nazimova fails, from a cinema point of view.

She insists on choosing her own stories and on dominating every point of production, and she is not capable of doing it. She is an actress, not a production manager.

Secondly, she has no heart interest in her pictures. Heart interest is essential; see how it puts over even Fox atrocities. Her pictures have only an optical and intellectual appeal. And the *intelligentsia* that responds to such an appeal is such a small minority that her pictures go begging among the exhibitors.

Sorrows For Sale

A GIRL writes in to tell us how disappointed she was when she saw her first movie star in real life. He was nice-looking, yes, and polite and all but he seemed sort of—oh, she couldn't say exactly what was wrong with him.

But we can. She was just like the little girl who begged to be taken to see President Harding. When she saw him, she was terribly dashed. "Why, he's just a man," she wailed.

It is often a blow to discover that movie stars are just people. Some stars discover this when they appear before a disillusioned audience, or fail to thrill their public by broadcasting radio talks. *Sorrows for Sale*, in SCREENLAND for September, discusses this disillusionment.

Blackmail Artists

A GREAT deal is always found in the public press about blackmail of prominent society folks, but the surest prey for the blackmail artists are the motion picture people. The blackmailer knows on how precarious a ledge the popularity of a picture star is balanced. The breath of scandal is enough to tarnish the reputation and destroy the prestige of a matinée idol or an ingenue.

Don't miss the feature next month entitled *Blackmail*.

Rewriting The Truth

STORIES that give the true atmosphere of motion pictures and their people are always hard to find. It is so easy to write of actors as though they were puppets—as indeed they often are. In the stories of Peter Lowmsberry and Aimée Torriani, however, we have found the magic key to Hollywood. The stories are fiction only in that the names are changed. Next month's short story is *The Celluloid Saint*. You will enjoy it.

HOLLYWOOD'S

C *The wedding bells ring merrily this month, and*



PHOTO BY EVANS



PHOTO BY WITZEL

C "See saw, Marjory Daw,
She shall have a new master. . . ."
His name is Edward Sutherland, and
Marjory promised to love and obey
him before a select audience of friends
at "Pickfair", the wonderful home of
Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pick-
ford. The new husband used to be
in pictures as an actor, but decided
he liked directing better, so now he's
learning the art under the tutelage of
Charlie Chaplin.

Marriage Mill

five newly-married couples make their bow.



C The gentleman gazing so fondly into Anna Q. Nilsson's eyes is her brand-new husband, John M. Gunnerson, a wealthy shoe manufacturer. The photograph is taken in the grounds of their home in Beverly, so we are informed. But as we remember it, they live in an apartment on Argyle Street.



PHOTO BY SPURR



PHOTO BY WITZEL

C "I am through with men," said Barbara La Marr, and promptly went out and committed matrimony for the fifth time. Husband number five is Jack Dougherty, who is playing in Universal short-reel features. He has red hair to match his name.

FASHION'S

*Screenland's Beauties
share their wardrobe
suggestions with you*



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOR the débutante's dancing frock, what could be more adorable than Eleanor Boardman's dress of lavender georgette over a foundation of brocaded pink silk. Garlands of flowers in pastel shades are arranged in wide rows to adorn the bodice.

BLANCHE SWEET fares forth of an afternoon in this black georgette frock. The full skirt, edged with a band of pin tucks, has loose side panels reaching almost to the floor. The gown is trimmed with bachelor-button blue taffeta flowers and a tucked bow of the same material at the back. A black satin picture hat trimmed with curled ostrich of the bachelor-button blue completes the costume.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOIBLES

*Advance Notes
on fall fashions
worn on the screen*

JUST the sort of hat to make a plain girl pretty and a pretty girl beautiful is this adorable chapeau of gray Milan straw with glycérine ostrich trimming and roses. The brim is faced with rose-colored georgette.



GOLDWYN PHOTO



POSED BY BETTY COMPSON



GOLDWYN PHOTO

FOR early fall, you will love this jacquette of platinum caracul, to be worn with a white satin skirt-dress. Claire Windsor wears with the costume a white felt hat trimmed with pheasant feathers.

FOR formal evening wear, Claire Windsor is especially lovely in this gown of cream net, heavily laced with pearls over a foundation of pink metal cloth. A fan of silver metal lace and a wreath of silver leaves in the hair add charm to the costume.

Ⓒ *Eunice Marshall Explodes Another Film Illusion—Continued from page 44*

on the altar of Fame in Hollywood would surprise you.

Agnes Ayres once had dark hair, they say. She also had a gorgeous profile. She still has the profile—it photographs marvelously—but the dark hair did not screen right. So now her hair is of a golden hue that nature herself has never been known to produce. But it screens beautifully with the gorgeous profile.

Little Clara Horton reversed the process. Her hair was genuine, 14-carat gold. Somehow she got the idea in her fluffy little blonde head that she was meant to be a brunette. So she doused her shining mop into a dark dye-bath. The effect was to eclipse her personality entirely.

These sacrifices are not for women only. Men are sometimes called upon to make sacrifices for their art. When Bert Lytell was signed for Rudolph Rassendyl in *Rupert of Hentzau*, he was supposed to be a blonde. Bert is dark. A wig always looks like just a wig and nothing else, so Bert peroxidized his rusty locks. The effect was weird. His olive complexion contrasted strangely with the peculiar, brassy color that peroxide gives to the hair. But it screened very well.

Gloria Is Screen Beauty

GLORIA SWANSON is essentially a screen beauty. In real life, she looks a trifle hard and more than a trifle coarse. The heavy make-up that she affects may account for that impression. She looks out upon the world with cynical, disillusioned eyes, and her mouth has a cruel curve.

Enid Bennett screens like a lily-of-the-valley. You remember the purity, the virginal look of her in *Robin Hood*? She looks just that way in real life. She has a lovely, pink and white skin, she dresses with excellent and conservative taste, and she has a delightfully modulated voice. She is one of the stars whom it is not disillusioning to meet.

Alice Lake cannot be called a beauty at all but she screens well. In real life she is a plain woman. She hasn't even personality. Why she is starred and why May McAvoy, for instance, who is a real beauty and a real actress, is not, are two of the dark brown mysteries of this life.

May McAvoy is a luscious bit to look upon. Her coloring is marvelous. Her eyes are deep and velvety. She has a look of breeding and refinement that many stars lack so fatally.

Viola Dana Is "Cute"

VIOLA DANA says herself that she is not beautiful. She isn't. But she has something that is often more potent. She's so darned cute! She has an adorable, rounded little figure, a piquant little up-tilted nose and saucy, knowing eyes. And she has a "line"! Cuddly, that's what Viola Dana is. And she's just the same off-stage as she is on the screen. But a suggestion of hardness is beginning to show on her, as if life had begun to seem a bit empty and meaningless after all. Her gaiety, her I-don't-care attitude may, after all, be a mask to hide the hurt that Life has given her.

Probably the most famous professional beauty is Katherine MacDonald. Her name is synonymous with pulchritude. That's all she has; ask B. P. Schulberg, who paid her \$50,000 for each of six pictures and lost money on every one of them! Anybody who can get \$300,000 merely for looking beautiful must be quite a beauty, the layman would think, but in real life, Katherine MacDonald is not so thrilling to look upon. Her hair is straw-colored. She is straw-colored. She is beautiful, of course, after a fashion; after the fashion of an iceberg, say, and just as chilly.

The Beauty Slave

Lila Lee is Real Beauty

LILA LEE is one of the real beauties. Her dark eyes are just as velvety and her dark hair as satiny off-stage as on. She is real, genuine. Her sincerity shows in her acting.

The Talmadge girls film gorgeously. Nobody could be more beautiful than Norma in *Smilin' Through* or in *Ashes of Vengeance*. And few girls could be more mischievously alluring than Constance in her comedies. But when they doff grease-paint for street attire, they seem to drop their chic, also. It is said that their mother makes their street clothes, and it must be admitted that they look it. They do not look like screen beauties when you meet them on the street. They are only nice girls, quite ordinary-looking.

Alice Terry is more lovely on the screen than off, I think. On the screen she is flawlessly beautiful. Her features are softly moulded. She seems purity personified. Off stage, her features seem pointed, too sharp for perfect beauty. She loses that ethereal loveliness that characterizes her screen acting. She ceases to be the Princess Flavia and becomes the one-time extra girl who chews gum. I fancy that Alice's camera man photographs her through gauze. A bit of gauze over the camera lens has a wonderfully softening effect.

Ruth Roland Is Well Preserved

THE chief impression that the observer gets from a glimpse of Ruth Roland is that she is well preserved.

Barbara LaMarr is one of the lucky ones who retain their beauty after doffing the grease paint. Barbara's one concession to the cause of screen fame is the darkening of her hair. Once it was brown; now it is black. A vamp must have hair like the raven's wing, you know. Her *verve*, her fascination, is innate. After one meeting, you cease to wonder why she has married five times; you merely marvel that the occasions have been only five.

Nita Naldi's Beautiful Hair

NITA NALDI's beautiful, glossy black locks are one of the best features on the screen. Probably you have envied the way her hair grows back from her forehead, and the great coils of smooth hair at the nape of her white neck. Alas, Nita's hair is bobbed, and the ravaging curling iron has terribly burned the ends, a hair dresser declares. The beautiful coils are said to be hers by right of purchase only. But the effect, you must admit, is ravishing.

Betty Compson has made many sacrifices for screen beauty. She was born with nice, brown hair. It photographed just like that—just plain, brown hair. So she bleached it. It screened beautifully. Then she got tired of being a peroxide blonde; she felt chorus-girly, she said. So she hennaed it. Again it photographed beautifully, giving her a veritable halo on the silver screen. But after a time Betty grew tired of the artificiality and let her hair go back to its natural shade of brown, and that's the way it is today. She looks mighty sweet, too. Betty is just as pretty off stage as she was in *To Have and To Hold*, and you'll have to admit that that is very pretty indeed. She wore a blonde wig in that picture, but she'll never do it again, she declares. A blonde wig does something to a brunette personality, says Bettina. (Continued on page 102)

Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.



A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.

Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illumined by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home, unknown to relative, friend or acquaintance.

The discovery had its origin in famous European laboratories. Brought to America, it was developed into a product that has given most remarkable results in thousands of cases, many of which had defied all other treatments. In scientific circles the discovery has been known and used for several years and has caused unbounded amazement by its quick, harmless, gratifying action. Now, in convenient tablet form, under the name of Korex compound, it is available to the general public.

Anyone who finds the youthful stamina ebbing, life losing its charm and color or the feebleness of old age coming on too soon, can obtain a double-strength treatment of this compound, sufficient for ordinary cases, under a positive guarantee that it costs nothing if it fails and only \$2 if it produces prompt and gratifying results. In average cases, the compound often brings about amazing benefits in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Simply write in confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 818 Melton Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and this wonder restorative will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. You may enclose \$2, or, if you prefer, just send your name without money and pay the postman \$2 and postage when the parcel is delivered. In either case, if you report after a week that the Korex compound has not given satisfactory results, your money will be refunded immediately. The Melton Laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable. Moreover, their offer is fully guaranteed, so no one need hesitate to accept it. If you need this remarkable scientific rejuvenator, write for it today.



C. Another Great Story of Young Life in Hollywood—Continued from page 37

Shoestrings

"Going at thirteen—"

Mary Lee's big blue eyes peered over the edge. Through the open door, she had a confused impression of a great dim loft and of girls in all sorts of weird attire, with heaps and heaps of clothes about them.

"Oh, hello," sang Babs, catching sight of her. "Come on in—take your choice of my Alaskan seal or Madalene's Russian Otter, or this heavenly and delectable *robe de chambre*, or shall it be a Paquin gown? Each for the munificent sum of twenty-five paltry cents."

And she was drawn into the charmed circle about the auction table.

"Going, going, gone, at fifteen," shouted Glory, the auctioneer, while the hammer descended with a deafening thud.

"Oh, hello there," Glory sighted the newcomer. "Glad you came up. Here Enid, my throat's dry—you take the silver gavel a sec," and Glory drew Mary Lee into a dim corner.

"Are you all right? Anything I can do for you?"

Hesitatingly came the story of the burglary.

Glory counted on her fingers.

"How far do you live, Mary Lee?" Then, "Gang," she called, and as Phyllis and Jimmy and Babs came scurrying they put their heads together.

The next second, Glory was dragging Mary Lee after her down the ladder.

"Back in a jiffy, Kids," she called.

Mary Lee's heart sank. She couldn't bear to leave this fascinating place now that she had just found it. It was as thrilling as working in pictures. But she scrambled obediently after Glory. Round the corner of the old Warehouse, under a spreading, swaying pepper tree, they came upon "Charlotte," the Chevrolet peacefully dozing. Into her Glory leaped.

"Just give her a shove, if you don't mind, and then hop in," she commanded gaily.

"I'm terribly curious to know where we're going," begged Mary Lee.

"To get your belongings, of course, for you're coming to live with us in the Loft."

Mary Lee gasped, and rapturously squeezed Glory's arm.

Half an hour later, the two girls hoisted up a trunk and a bag by means of the ancient pulley and tackle, then skipped up the ladder.

"HERE'S the new addition to our Gang," sang Glory.

Mary Lee was surrounded at once,

and promptly taken on a tour of inspection; introduced to all the household gods—the fat Buddha, the painting of the beloved dead Beatrice, Glory's shrine, the loan library, usually, however, out.

"The auction may as well proceed" said Babs, "I'm sure our newest member has something ravishing to contribute."

So the system was explained. Everybody sold their things and bought everybody else's. Not that they weren't all common property anyhow, but it kept a little money in circulation, and as nothing could be sold for more than a quarter, it was not a frightful drain on anyone.

"Just here, is a most elegant evening gown, said to be a bona fide copy of Princess Pat's wedding gown. You, my dear, would look perfectly sweet in it."

Mary Lee slipped into the soft, shimmering folds of orchid chiffon; the lining was ripped, to be sure, and a sleeve came away in her hand, but the lines! She could not deny that in her wildest dreams she had never looked so charming as this. "Oh, if only Joe could see me now," she sighed ecstatically.

"I've got your trunk and bag open," called Glory, and as she spoke, out tumbled a dozen pairs of shoes. Phyllis pounced upon them like a hawk.

"Ye gods! Mary Lee, does your father run a shoe factory?"

"No, but I've a friend who works in a shoe store."

Glory, inspecting the name on the sole of some dancing slippers.

"Cammeyers, as I live—now can you imagine!"

With a whoop the Gang fell upon them, feverishly trying on.

"Mary Lee, you're a topping addition to the Loft. Of course, Glory, you would have to have the credit for bringing 'supply' just when I was dying for shoes. How do you get that way?"

Glory smiled, her face radiant. She was never happier than when demonstrating to her Doubting Thomas Gang her Law, that when there is a demand, there will always be "Supply."

"I've chosen this adorable pair of sandals," called Beth.

"And I worship these silver slippers," cried Babs, "they just match the silver gown I've extracted from Jimmy."

Mary Lee, still dazed, looked a bit rueful as pair after pair of her possessions vanished, but she had to own that the heaps of pennies and nickels and dimes in her lap might be of quite

as much value in the light of her recent losses. Also, as Glory had explained, the shoes would remain in the Loft, and she was quite welcome to use them whenever she could find them.

"And think what a famous collection they will sometime be," murmured Babs, "after having danced on half the ballroom sets of screenland, or ploughed across the burning sands on location."

THUS began a new life for Mary Lee. Years later she referred to it as her "adventure in vagabondage." She learned many things from the Gang. She was taught to laugh at trouble, to conceal her worst discouragements by witty remarks. She learned to argue at a moment's notice on any subject in the world, from birth control to Capital versus Labor.

As she studied their new freedom, they seemed to her to be judiciously indulging in almost everything she had been taught to shun. Cigarettes, for one thing. In the eyes of her mother and of Joe, no nice girls in Harlem smoked. She hadn't meant to smoke herself, but she tried it one night, out of sheer curiosity. And when she had got past the stage of choking, she discovered that on supperless nights a cigarette was both cheering and filling. Its chief mission, she decided, aside from nerve soothing was to invoke a subtle sense of opulence and largess. Certainly it did not destroy her character.

Again, no decent Harlem girl would be seen on the street with mascaro-beaded eyes, but according to the code of the Gang, to be beautiful was a moral duty. And since rouge on lips and cheeks enhanced one's color and brightened the eyes, and made one a vivid, speaking personality, it was an art to be cultivated, just as Hollywood husbanded its riotous, brilliant-hued gardens.

Again, the Gang wore few clothes, but as Margot said, "Let the body breathe," and they did! She was amazed at her new sense of exhilaration and verve.

Mary Lee was forced to reconstruct her entire system of reality. To her mother and to Joe, money, honestly earned and economically saved, meant security, safety for the future. The Gang found money pleasant, and the spending of it more pleasant perhaps than prudent, but it was never an essential to happiness. The essentials, the real things of life, were color, giving, laughter, happiness, love, beauty. And (Continued on page 84)

Only 97¢

-to lose 30 pounds in 30 Days!



Mrs. Denny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.



Mrs. Denny after she used the new method. Weight, now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 pounds—
Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7 1/4 inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denny,
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.



John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds



John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds
Reduces Waistline 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waistline 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoirdupois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.



Mrs. Geo. Guiterman the day she started reducing the new way.



Mrs. Geo. Guiterman eight days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep. But now I go to sleep as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. I feel better than I have for months."

(Signed) Mrs. Geo. Guiterman,
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

That is all it will cost you—and you don't even have to pay that now! You lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS' TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

TAKING off excess weight by this new method is the easiest and quickest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless and really fascinating. Almost like magic it brings a slender, graceful, supple figure and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable.

Reduce Fast or Slowly

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But it remained for Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method. He found that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat; others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. This method even permits you to eat many

delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself!

Ten Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight into an interesting course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

Those who reduce rapidly are usually so enthusiastic that they cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have to pay \$1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97c plus the few cents postage and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method, you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method, or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-2228, 47 West 16th St., New York City.



Secure the perfect figure which is the birthright of every woman

This Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You

(Under Conditions Named Below)

Corrective Eating Society
Dept. W-2228, 47 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth \$1.00 (ONE DOLLAR) on my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives I will pay the postman only 97 cents (plus a few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, having my 97 cents refunded if I am not surprised with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name

Street

City

(Please write Plainly)

State

C. *Another Great Story of Young Life in Hollywood—Continued from page 82*

through them, Mary Lee found life in Hollywood a joyous pageant.

The Gang possessed nothing without sharing it. If Babs had a man who asked her to go motoring in his Rolls-Royce, with dinner at the Samarkand, she said she had a wealthy and charming widow whom she must take as chaperon, and, accordingly, Mary Lee was dressed and coached for the part, as Madame Le Grand. Did Glory get the lead as Rachel in the Sacred Films, fair-haired Mary Lee was promptly made up in a wig, and a small part secured for her as a Semitic beauty. One could trace the movements of the Gang during the day by the contents of their vanity cases at night, as they emptied a heterogeneous mass on the bed, from monogrammed cigarettes and French bonbons to chewing gum and life savers.

Yet happy as Mary Lee was in the Loft she hadn't as yet been able to convince the studios of her great talent. In fact, she was beginning to have grave secret doubts of it herself. She had worked hard, when she was allowed to, which wasn't often. She was forced to the consciousness that in this movie game, merit had little chance. Another topsy turvy rule of life. No, it seemed to be pull, or personality, or the whim of a director, but seldom sheer merit. Her sense of justice was outraged. Besides, she hadn't had a day's work now, for five weeks, and her sturdy New England perception of independence rebelled against letting the Gang carry her on indefinitely. If she got a typing job, that would spell defeat, and she wasn't ready yet to give in to Joe, although he had been writing more and more ardently and insistently of late, with the allurements of a mysterious secret to tantalize her imagination.

"It really can't go on any longer like this," she said to Glory one day in a fit of despondency.

"**W**HY not work the Law for yourself?" Glory answered. "Supply will come to you just as surely as your shoes came to us. Jimmy is going to a party tonight at Donaldson's. Go along with her; you can wear my black sequin gown; have a good time. Perhaps you'll make a hit with old Donaldson himself, shouldn't wonder. Everything will come out all right for you. In fact, I see great happiness for you as the result of this very party."

"Come along, Egg," invited Jimmy, "though I can't vouch for the party. I'm always bored to death by them,

Shoestrings

and am only going because Steendofski is to be there. I once saw an exhibit of his etchings in Chicago, and vowed then I'd meet him some day if it took a leg."

Mary Lee had never looked more bewitching as they set forth. Her fair bobbed hair was curled until it stood out like a shining halo about her piquant, lovely face which upsoared with striking contrast from her sheath of shimmering black. Her great violet eyes were ripe for romance, but she had a disconcertingly firm chin.

Three hours later, Ted Morgan was just discovering that chin. From the moment she had entered the house, he had devoted himself to her. She was exactly the type for his new picture. He had been searching all Hollywood for a lead, he told her. He had almost decided to run over to New York, but now that he had found her, it wouldn't be necessary. Would she be satisfied with two hundred a week to start with? And Mary Lee, true to the code of the Gang, gravely averred that she must have at least two hundred and five. For she figured that this Mr. Morgan must be one of the "nuts" they had told her about and she was looking for his attendant from the Sanitarium when they were pounced upon by Donaldson, the producer.

"I've found her," shouted Morgan. "Lamp that figger, man, and those violet eyes, and I'll bet she's got legs!"

Mary Lee hastened to assure them that she had no known deformities. But Donaldson stared until she flushed to the roots of her curls; he turned her round and round, made her stoop over, sit down, pirouette.

"She's a find!" he slapped Morgan's back, as Mary Lee dropped to the couch, her eyes big with astonishment and wonder. Her mind leaped to Glory's prophecy. Something *would* come out of this party for her. Could it be possible that after only a dozen days or so of Extra work they meant to star her? Were all the fairy tales she had heard actually coming true for her?

Donaldson went off but returned presently with a tray and glasses.

"**W**E'LL put her through her star paces tonight," he winked at Morgan. "Can you quaff this like a Roman courtesan?"

Now Mary Lee had been warned

countless times by the Gang, had been told stories of sightless eyes and of mental unbalance and so should have known better. But her mind was on fire with dreams of bringing out her mother and meeting her with her own car. So with the assumed sophistication of a demi-mondaine, she drank the liquid fire. A minute later her head felt exactly as if it were in flames. It detached itself from her body and went spinning round and round in circles, trying desperately to get out into the air, but bumping itself again and again. Its struggles, violent at first, grew more and more feeble until she was forced to abandon the idea of ever again wearing her head, for she watched it slowly spinning away, until with a thud it dropped lifeless to the floor.

When she opened her eyes, she sensed dimly that she was in a garden, and held safely in someone's arms. She thought at first that she was a little girl and that her mother held her. She felt infinitesimal, like the Lilliputians in her story book. Then she was conscious of a hand stroking up and down her body, her face and hair. Puzzled, she reached up and touched the hand. It closed over hers and a voice murmured into her ear. Mary Lee sat up, suddenly aware of her position in the arms of Morgan. She felt weak and dizzy. She tried to rise. His hands held her.

"When do we start the picture?" she asked in a self-possessed tone as she could assume.

"Picture, picture," thickly, "don't worry 'bout picture, now, Sweetie,—you're mine now."

Fondly, he was stroking her slender ankle, playfully pulling off one of her satin slippers.

Mary Lee glanced down at it, Joe's gift slippers. Something in her brain snapped. With sudden, clarifying knowledge came a revulsion of her sensibilities. Like a panther she sprang from him, her chin sharp, determined. Snatching off the other slipper, she hurled it full into his face, then ran, fleet as a bird-hound in her little silk-stockinged feet, out of the garden, down the long winding hill path to the road.

A decrepit old Chevrolet had just succeeded in puffing and chugging up the grade, and now came to a shuddering halt as the flying figure, scarcely skimming the earth, reached the road, darting in front of the car lights.

Glory at the wheel turned "Charlotte" back down the hill.

"Mary Lee!" she called, with a grinding and squeaking of brakes.

Mary Lee sprang in quickly beside her. (Continued on page 90)

See How Easily You Can Learn to Dance This New Way

If you can do the step illustrated in the chart on the right, there is no reason why you cannot easily and quickly master all the latest steps through Arthur Murray's method of teaching dancing right in your own home.

NO matter how skeptical you may be about being able to learn to dance by mail, this new course will quickly prove to you that you can easily learn without a teacher on the ground to direct your steps—and without music or partner—right at home.

Even if you don't know one dance step from another, these new diagrams and simple instructions will enable you to learn any of the newest dances in an amazingly short time. You don't need to leave your own room—it isn't necessary to go into a dancing class—or to pay large fees for private instruction. All you need to do is to follow the instructions as shown on the diagrams, practice the steps a few times to fix them in your memory and there is no reason why you should not be able to dance on any floor, to either band or phonograph music and to lead, follow and balance correctly no matter how expert your partner may be.

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, or any of the newer steps you won't have the slightest difficulty in doing so through this new method. Then, the very next time dancing starts, you can surprise your friends by choosing a partner and stepping right out with perfect confidence that every step you make and every movement is absolutely correct. Arthur Murray guarantees to teach you, or your lessons won't cost you one cent.

Satisfied Students Praise the Course

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.
Wm. S. Meyerhold,
Ann Harbor, Mich.

I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. To-night I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph and had no trouble in leading or balance.
J. N. Mealy,
Flatwood, W. Va.

I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.
Albert J. Delaney,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time, like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.
Beggi Thorgerlson,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.

More than 90,000 people

have learned to become perfect dancers by mail and there is no reason why 90,000 more cannot learn just as easily. In fact, about five thousand people a month are becoming wonderful dancers through Arthur Murray's amazing new method.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Good dancers are always the most popular people in their set—they never lack partners and are invited to every social event because dancing is the most popular form of recreation, and good dancers are always in demand. But beside this, good dancers always have perfect mental and physical control, ease of manner, poise, are never embarrassed, shy or timid. Very often they meet influential people in this social way who are very helpful to them in business.

How to Prove That Arthur Murray Can Teach You to Dance in an Evening

Arthur Murray has consented, for a limited time only, to send a special 16-lesson course to everyone who signs and returns the coupon attached to this page.

You may keep this course for five days and test it for yourself. It must prove to you that you can quickly learn to dance in your own home without music or partner through Arthur Murray's methods, or the test will cost you nothing.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. The Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over have been instructed by him. Through his new, improved method of dancing by mail, Mr. Murray will give you



FIRST PART of the Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
 2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
 3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left.
- That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the footprints. Master this part before going further.



the same high-class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10.00 per lesson.

Do You Know

- The Correct Dancing Position
- How to Gain Confidence
- How to Follow Successfully
- How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes
- The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive
- The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot
- The Basic Principles in Waltzing Backward
- How to Lead
- The Secret of Leading the Chase in the Fox Trot
- The Forward Waltz Step
- How to Leave One Partner to Dance
- With Another and Also
- How to Learn and Teach your Child to Dance
- What the Advanced Dancer Should Know
- How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm
- Etiquette of the Ball-room

receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10.00 per lesson.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

Mr. Murray is eager to prove to you that he can quickly teach you to become a good dancer in your own home. Just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or post card will do—and the special course will be promptly mailed to you. When your postman hands the special sixteen-lesson course to you, simply deposit only \$1.00 with him, plus a few cents' postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five days. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons can teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly returned to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind. To take advantage of this offer you must send the coupon today—offer may be withdrawn without notice. So mail Coupon NOW.

Arthur Murray, Studio 798, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

Arthur Murray, Studio 798, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when my postman hands it to me I will deposit with him only \$1.00, plus the few cents' postage in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to do so I may return the course and you will refund my money without question.

Name

Address

City State.....

Would you like to teach Dancing?.....

(Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)

C. Mildred France lets us in on some Matrimonial Secrets

From Twin Beds to Twin Bungalows

(Continued from page 47)

There is now absolute privacy for her during the enactment of scenes, and an extra wing has been built on their home, where she may have her hot chocolate and press clippings solo.

And they are now back to pre-war amicability.

She Wants Shekels, Not Sheiks

THERE is a certain round-eyed little Sheba who has successfully vamped one of the W. G. D.'s—meaning World's Greatest Directors. She loves lightly, but with acumen. It is said she craves shekels, not sheiks, and that the affair is merely another of those director-gold-digger things about which the cynical ones chortle and the sentimental weep.

He was a Husband, capitalized and italicized in all its Babbity meaning. On more than one occasion he was heard to call his wife "mousie" and even "honey bug".

They have been married an immoral number of years, but since the advent of the ex-Follies beauty, there are now two portable detachable gas heaters where only one grew before.

The director's wife is a clever, cool woman who will probably admit her chastened spouse once more to the family swimming pool. The predatory picture girl has made good, and there is not much more need of her angel—or would you say "Uncle"? The little darling!

And while the affair goes on, the studio heads are holding their breaths lest the wife lose her head or the sweetie lose discretion and land the whole affair in the public prints. This particular studio has had more than its share of notoriety, and doubtless knows that certain syndicates have a wealth of racy material prepared in their files, waiting for just one more splashing, juicy scandal to syndicate the glad news about Hollywood broadcast. But the heads are in the embarrassing position of not being able to cast the mote from their director-brother's eye until they can remove the beam from their own optics.

They Have Religious Scruples

A LEADING man with a curly mop and a leading lady with an equally curly head have had their hearts beating a

tattoo for each other quite openly, during the past year. His wife is philosophical. He is the charming, naive boy.

"We both have religious scruples against divorce," says the wife, as she dusts off the picture of her husband's love. He insists on having it in the drawing-room.

"No divorce!" the child-husband exclaims manfully. "My wife is my wife, but May—ah, May is the sweetest, most beautiful girl in the world." Incidentally, her name isn't May.

You can see for yourself, it's all very simple.

Where a Vacation Didn't Work

ANITA STEWART'S vacation from matrimony hasn't had the desired effect. So far from coming back to husband Rudolph Cameron, refreshed from her short period of almost-single blessedness, Anita now declares that she is going to divorce him.

For several years Anita caused much tongue-clacking by being seen perpetually with her own husband. At the Tuesday night hops at the Coconut Grove, one could be sure that the nice-looking man with Anita was Mr. Anita. It was scandalously provincial.

Then one morning, Anita, charming in a frilly, rosebud negligée, looked across the breakfast table at Rudie once too often. The husband-and-wifeness of it!

So she left him. And now she announces that she will file suit for a divorce either when she goes to New York, or after her return from England, where she will go to make a picture this summer.

And About the Niblos?

THERE have been rumors of domestic strife between the Fred Niblos, but every rumor is indignantly denied by the clever Fred and wife Enid. To further refute the rumors, charming little domestic photographs of the happy pair are broadcasted everywhere. Surely two people who look so happy cannot be contemplating intermittent matrimony.

Locations Make Nice Relief

IF IT weren't for occasional location trips, many a marriage might go on the

rocks in Screenland. They form such a pleasant relief from the prosaic existence of matrimony.

Raoul Walsh was handed a real plum when he was told to take a whole company to the South Seas a few months ago. It was a wonderful trip—only it wasn't the complete relaxation it might have been, because Mrs. Walsh (Miriam Cooper) got to worrying about fever and other things that might get at her famous husband, and followed them on the next boat.

(Even the Desert)

ANOTHER director took over a desert picture because it gave him a good chance to take a nice little location trip up at Oxnard. The trip started off nicely. The first night, before starting to shoot, they—the director and the important members of the company, including the little round-eyed Sheba mentioned aforetime in this article—celebrated, with wine, women and song. News of the affair was wired back to the studio by some stool-pigeon, and New York wired a reprimand for such doings that might result in waste of time, etc. But the head of the Hollywood studio-branch wired the director that he didn't believe the account, and for him to just go ahead, making good program pictures for him. So that was that.

Why Not Mateless Days?

BUT location trips don't occur every week, or every month. There is harm for the tired business man, but seldom for the over-worked picture star piling her pitiful thousands in the First National on a Saturday afternoon.

If some kind judge would put aside two days in the week—say Tuesdays and Fridays—to call off all this true-to-you wedded stuff, and the press agents would quit running so many sweet domestic pictures, there would be fewer needs for intermittent marriages in Hollywood.

Our race has progressed from twin beds to twin bungalows. The next logical step is twin cities. Then, perhaps—only perhaps—the bridge between the cities will be well worn from the footsteps of husbands and wives, going to see each other.

No More Foot Pains!



Thousands Say New Invention Banishes Every Ache—Instantly!

No braces; no straps; no metal; no rigid appliances; no bandages; no trouble or bother of any kind. Yet every twinge and soreness disappears instantly—as if by a touch of a magic wand!

NO longer need most of us suffer the tortures of tired, weak, aching burning feet! For foot specialists have perfected a marvelous new device which, usually, the very instant you make use of it, causes the pain and aches to disappear.

No matter how long you have suffered—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without relief—this new invention is positively guaranteed to relieve you completely of all foot misery and to bring you glorious foot comfort, or it costs you nothing.

Agonizing twinges in the arches and instep—terrible drawing pains in the ankles and legs—torturous aches in the toes and heels—pains from burning, blistered, swollen joints—even pains from corns, bunions and callouses are at once relieved and you walk around with never a thought of foot pains. It's just as if you were given entirely new feet.

Why Pain Disappears Instantly

Science has proved that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by faulty arches. Your arches support the entire weight of your body. They consist of a series of delicate bones, nicely fitted together so as to form a spring. The spring of your arch cushions your weight and absorbs the shocks of walking.

Now your arches are held in place by certain muscles.

But frequently these muscles become weakened and strained, with the result that the bones of your arches, under the weight of your body, are forced out of place. Then you begin suffering all the tortures of fallen arches. The displaced bones are jammed into the tender flesh of your feet, causing unbearable agony. The foot muscles become tormented and twisted; sensitive nerves are squeezed, blood vessels are choked.

Yet, no matter how sore or aching your feet may be, the pain is relieved almost instantly by this sensational new scientific discovery. Why? Because this new device at once raises the flattened arches to their normal position, immediately relieving the unnatural pressure and friction that is causing your foot misery, and bringing you glorious foot comfort. The immediate relief from pain should actually amaze you! Furthermore, this new device strengthens your arch muscles with every step you take—so that they become strong and well again, and no further treatment is necessary!

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches was to use rigid metal props, cumbersome straps, bandages, or ugly looking specially built shoes. But instead of strengthening the arches, these old-fashioned methods in many cases actually weakened them. They did not permit the foot muscles to get exercise, and as a result the arches flattened out again the moment these unnatural appliances were removed.

But this new invention, which can be slipped into any style shoe is entirely different. It is called the Airflex Arch Support, and is in the form of a light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch of the foot. Each pair is made of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber—

one of the most resilient materials known—and to make it even more springy we actually surcharge it with air. They are so light and flexible (as you can see in the little picture on this page) that were it not for the buoyancy and comfort they bring, you would never be aware of their presence.

As you walk on them—and it is like walking on layers of air—this springy rubber exerts a marvelously gentle and even pressure at all points. This instantly raises the fallen arches to their proper position and automatically adjusts the displaced arch bones. At the same time, as this light spring-rubber yields to your weight it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch! Its constant compression and expansion at every step massages, exercises and

strengthens the muscles in a natural way, quickly bringing back their old-time strength.

Results Positively Guaranteed

With this new kind of arch support results are usually evident instantly! Note how quickly all pain disappears. Note how they give you a buoyancy—a new sprightliness. With them you can walk or stand all day—without feeling the least bit of fatigue. But best of all, these results are permanent! For by exercising and strengthening the supporting muscles, the arches are again made sturdy and strong, and no further treatment is necessary. The New Airflex Arch Supports are positively guaranteed to banish all pain and build up the arches—and, if you try them you are not more than delighted with results, they cost you nothing.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a cent in advance. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot, as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order a pair for every day we are fitting hundreds of them. In spite of the fact that these supports have regularly sold for \$5.00—when the postman hands them to you, just pay him the amazingly low price of only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. Try them five days. Then if you are not pleased in every way with what they have done for you, simply return them and your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded without question.

This special low price of only \$1.95 is being made for a short time only and may never be offered again. So fill in the coupon today—now—and say "Good-bye" to foot pains forever. Thompson-Barber, Inc., 43 West 16th Street, New York.

PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

THOMPSON-BARBER, INC.
Dept. A
43 West 16th Street
New York



Send me at your risk the proper pair of your new Airflex Arch Supports. I will pay the postman only \$1.95, plus the few cents postage, in full payment. It is outline of stock-fully understood, however, that if I am not delighted after five days' trial, I may return them and you agree to refund my money without question.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Size of Shoe.....Width.....Men's
Women's



These marvelous supports, which slip into your shoes, are so light and flexible that they can actually be bent double. In diagram above, "A" represents a thin layer of soft, flexible leather. "B" is a wonderfully resilient pad of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber. The supports conform to the exact contour of the foot in every position—not only bringing you instant comfort, but strengthening the foot muscles with every step you take.

M. Ella Harris



BEFORE

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



AFTER

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Photographs by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood, who wishes to say that if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of the above photographs, refer anyone to him and he will show them the negatives.
MELBOURNE SPURR
 6040 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

April 14th., 1923.
 Apt. 101,
 718 South Alvarado St.,
 Los Angeles, California.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is a word of encouragement and advice to my fellowmen who look in the mirror and find that Father Time has brushed his not too tender fingers across their faces and left those telltale lines and shadows.

My mirror looked back at me and my heart sank, but not for long, for I had heard that wrinkles could be removed so I began to investigate the different methods I saw advertised.

I interviewed several operators and saw many of their patients but M. Ella Harris at 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California proved to me beyond a doubt, that she could positively remove wrinkles and all blemishes. She showed me a number of people treated, perhaps only on one side, others completely rejuvenated, with their pictures taken before which proved to me that **SHE WILL SET YOU BACK TWENTY YEARS.**

But the one whose face showed the most marvelous effects of M. Ella Harris' treatment, was Miss Irene Hobson, actress, and after seeing her who had been kept beautiful by M. Ella Harris for seventeen years, and still retained the smooth contour and unwrinkled skin of youth, I **WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED.**

M. Ella Harris treated my face about two months ago and I am entirely satisfied and received much more benefit than I had hoped. The mental effects have made me more happy as looking well makes one more agreeable to their friends. I will be glad to tell anyone who wishes to learn more of this method.

Yours truly,

(Address) Mrs. M. Steele,
 Apt. 101, 718 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

M. ELLA HARRIS

Also manufactures a splendid home treatment consisting of "Marvel Skin Tightener," "Special Double Astringent" and "Bleach Cream" which separately sells for \$7.00 but which will be mailed upon receipt of \$5.00, with full directions complete.

M. ELLA HARRIS,
 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Dept. S,
 Hollywood, California.

Enclosed please find \$5.00 for which send me your special home beauty treatment.

Name

Address

City State

**"They Whiten and Tighten the Skin"
 Wrinkles Disappear**

SEND \$5.00 FOR THIS HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT TODAY

M. ELLA HARRIS

1531 NORTH BRONSON AVE.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Call 2-4 P. M. PHONE HOLLY 2170

The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 23)

acknowledge the possession of souls and their duty to them and to the world.

A star will talk of her beliefs on marriage, her convictions regarding Freud and the mother-in-law complex, her matured beliefs on the Einstein theory, and her personal reaction to Ring Lardner's brand of humor, but if she has a religion she keeps it pretty tightly locked up in the box marked "strictly private". And who can blame her? Being interviewed on one's soul would be a most embarrassing thing, and the chances for being misquoted would be far too great.

But in the course of conversation along other lines I have had the good fortune to find a few rare pearls of spiritual belief. That the public may not condemn Hollywood utterly as a place where spirituality is the unknown quantity, I am passing a few of them on.

Betty Compson is surrounded by influences which do not make it any easier for her to develop the spiritual side of her nature. Her mother is a Catholic, and her sweetheart, Walter Morosco, does not sympathize with her at all in her seeking after soul truths. Most people who are told that Betty is a spiritualist shrug and laugh, believing it is a new "publicity dodge", but it most emphatically is not. It is the one thing Betty has kept personal and free of the taint of publicity. Her long discussion of her beliefs in spiritualism and reincarnation were with me as a friend, not as a magazine writer. And I do not feel that I have violated that confidence, since my own beliefs coincide with many of hers, and since I have the highest respect for the side of her nature which she revealed.

Betty is a psychic. She says she has been psychic ever since she can remember. Her mother allowed her almost no playmates, for she was so afraid the child's mind or body would become contaminated. Incidentally, Betty had none of the childish diseases until she was grown, and then she nearly died of them. She had measles when she was making her first Paramount picture! But having no playmates of flesh and blood made little difference to Betty. She had spirit playmates, she vows, and one of them was charmingly named Delphene.

"I remember that I always felt like a fairy playing with fairy children, whom I could see but whom no one else noticed. I used to think it strange that mother could not see them."

Betty's first communication with a departed spirit came after the death of

(Continued on page 101)



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will vanish, giving you a clear, white skin, or we will refund your money.

Quickly and surely Stillman's Freckle Cream removes your freckles. It whitens the skin and brings out that peaches and cream complexion which all admire. No bother—simply apply it before going to bed each night. Two sizes, 50c and \$1 at all druggists. Be sure to ask for

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and postage, with the understanding that I am to receive my money back if not satisfied with results.

Name

Address

City and State.....

C An Extra Girl Tells You the Truth About Hollywood—

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 55)

dollar or so each.

I have really decided that money is a community commodity, just like food, air and water. I'd never refuse anyone food, air or water, if I had them and they didn't. I feel the same about money. If ever I possess any, whoever needs it can have it.

My Oriental servant job came and went. I worked only three days, and earned thirty dollars instead of my promised hundred and fifty. I had to smear on a lot of brown makeup and drape yards and yards of cheese cloth about my body. Round and round it went until I was nearly completely covered. The "nearly" represents the strangest part of my anatomy, my stomach. Why the Orientals bandage themselves so tightly, but leave poor bare "tummies" to buffet the winds is beyond me. But just to show you how blithe one can be in any and all circumstances, I must admit that when in New York I felt indecent if my ears showed, now I find myself going about the studios of Hollywood, bare stomached, but positively bluishless.

A Hostage to Fortune

Oct. 15, 1921.

FIVE, one, seven counts up to thirteen, but it's been the luckiest number in my life since I've been "fighting the films". It is the address of the best pawn broker in Los Angeles, and I feel lonely if I don't see my little man's smiling face every week or so.

The other day I was walking with a distinguished Shakespearian actor who knew me in New York in palmier days. Coming toward me I recognized a familiar face. Now as I had never before chanced to see my pawn broker outside his shop, I was delighted. My greeting was cordial and heartfelt. He bowed a smiling response. The distinguished actor, turning to me in some surprise said:

D. A.—Who is your opulent friend?
Me.—He is my "life saver".

D. A.—Oh, I suppose you frequent the beaches together?

Me.—Yes, we play a game, a deep sea game. I swim out as far as I can. He stays on shore and holds firmly to one end of the life-line. I sport with the waves, buffet them a bit, you understand, and then, just as I see a big green comber rolling over my head, I manage to grasp the other end of his life-line, and he pulls me safe in shore.

D. A.—Good gracious, child! That sounds a bit dangerous.

Me.—Oh, no, not at all. It's merely piquant and colorful and gives me a zest for living.

Of course I try not to lie deliberately about this little man who helps me so much, but I do have the most awful time with my various pieces of jewelry. One friend gave me a rather handsome bracelet. She's a family friend, and doesn't understand "picture poverty", or "actress appetites" at all, and I have passed the stage where I try to make "fire-side females" see the point of view of "free flaming flappers". So I keep quiet, and let her think what she wants about me.

However, the bracelet she gave me plays a big part in my life. I pawn it for fifteen dollars, pay a week's board, and have a bit left. Then, like a bolt from the blue, she'll wire me she's coming to visit me for a week. I dash madly about, try to get two days' extra work, or touch every friend I have, to borrow enough to take out the bracelet from "517". Then the day after her visit is over, back goes the bracelet.

In And Out of Hock

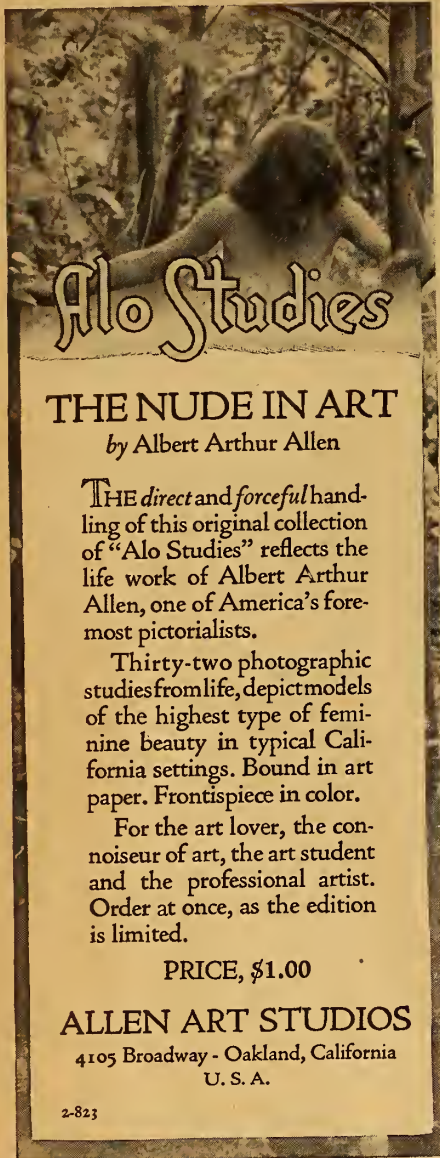
AMONG ALL my treasures that go in and out of pawn, this certainly gives me the most anxiety.

There is one thing at least that this frequent occurrence has taught me. I know when I get to be a star, and become interested in potential great ones, I'll bestow upon them, instead of chocolates and perfume, only genuinely pawnable articles, and I'll enclose a card:

"There is no string to this gift. You need not feel you have to wear it every time you see me. In fact, I care not whether I ever see it again."

I know lots of people who rush to their trunks and haul out photographs of relatives they hate, just because those relatives are coming out to the Coast. They think they have to, poor things.

People seem to think you should wear their presents, because they gave them to you. Seems so queer and sentimental. Now, truly, I feel better, lighter in every way, with my things in "517". My opulent-looking friend takes excellent care of them. I trust him implicitly. It's a great relief, to have a pawn broker you can trust, for I once lost one of my most precious and



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Thirty-two photographic studies from life, depict models of the highest type of feminine beauty in typical California settings. Bound in art paper. Frontispiece in color.

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from Hollywood

valued possessions in a pawn shop. When I went to the Police, and asked them whom they could recommend, without any hesitation I was advised "517". I suppose they had had experience too.

My Prospects Look Bright

BUT THE day will come, I suppose, when I'll have them all with me again—my rings and Italian cameo, my three pins and two bracelets, and five watches—not that they run, but they are all gifts from loving friends. It looks suspiciously as if the day were coming very soon. I've been promised a picture job, with a new company going to Mexico. It seems almost settled. I am to do the vamp. A new Company, looking for new talent,—that's me. They have plenty of money, and so far, even with both eyes open, it certainly looks all right. One hundred and fifty dollars a week!

Then they have promised me such a nice part at the Fine Art Studio. Nothing for weeks and suddenly two corking parts to choose from. Pictures are certainly "picking up". So many new companies are forming. I really dare let myself feel happy and confident tonight.

* * * * *

A week later.

Both jobs have petered out. Let this be graven on my tombstone:

"Jobs spring eternal in the Extra Girl's mind,

Jobs never are, but some day one she'll find.

Assisting Mr. 517 o'er Heavens gate to climb.

The angels will all welcome him,

The dear God good and kind Will place upon our Extra's head the starry crown she pined."

(To be Continued)

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Next Month: The little extra girl learns how bathing beauties earn their salaries; she discovers how a silk sweater can help that hungry feeling; what young extra girls ought to know is demonstrated forcibly to her; she tells how a bent pin brought her a contract and how she learned of a new use for castor oil. Don't miss the third installment of this amazingly human story of an extra girl, in SCREEN-LAND for September, ready August first.

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Dainty-Form takes off fat just where you want to lose it. You can eat anything you please.

Used by prominent stage and screen stars. On sale at leading drug and department stores or sent postpaid in plain wrapper, on receipt of money order. \$2.00 the jar; double size \$3.50.

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King Tut Face Powder is all the rage in the movie as well as the society world.

Miss Estelle Taylor, one of the foremost leading movie stars and featured in "Bavu" says:—"I heartily recommend King Tut Face Powder as being wonderfully effective for giving that Egyptian Tint. It is unusually becoming."


With the Light and Dark Shades one has a powder suitable to any skin.

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Secret "formula for luck" **FREE**. Send measure (string tied around finger.) **AHLI P. BABA, Box 55, 116 Str. Sta., New York.** Pay \$2.27 and postage to poetman on delivery.


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A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.

WM. DAVIS, M. D.



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DON'T FORGET to see the new SEPTEMBER cover shown on Page 8

SEX BOOKS Practical information all sex matters. Send 10c today, stamps or coin, for remarkable illustrated catalog. Nothing else like it in this country. **10c**

Dept. 206, Counsel Service, 257 W. 71st St., N. Y.

Film Fanatics

(Continued from page 39)



How to Beautify Your Eyes in One Minute

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your eyebrows and lashes will appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astonish and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" is different from other preparations, that is why it is the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. It will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Each dainty box contains brush and mirror. Two shades, Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE", use it once and you will never be without it again. 75c at your dealer's or direct from us, post-paid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad now as a reminder. MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-98 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

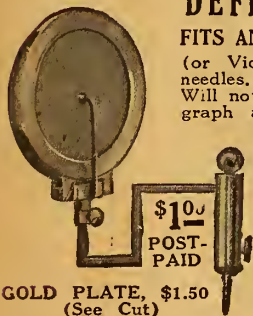
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THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR CHILDREN. Special edition of
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SEXUAL — LOVE AND LIFE!

soul mate was "on the other side."

Marie Prevost had a most annoying encounter with a movie maniac of the worst kind. She said that a crank was constantly calling her up on the telephone and writing salacious letters. It got on her nerves fearfully. Finally the man was located and jailed.

Bebe's Persecutors.

BEBE DANIELS has been the object of the persecutions of more "nuts" than any other actress.

A youth entered Bebe's home not long ago, and told her mother that he would kill the actress or divulge some secret of her life if she did not pay him. He was turned over to the authorities and was pronounced a dope fiend.

Barbara LaMarr claims as her wildest nut fan a man who really lives on nuts and works at the Battle Creek sanitarium. This chap is terribly concerned about Barbara's diet. Every time he sees her play a scene in which she is eating, he writes and tells her what she should have been consuming at that moment.

Helen Must Be Saved!

HELEN FERGUSON has a most conscientious movie maniac. He writes her regularly, telling her she must be converted. "I want to save you from yourself!" he tells her. However, he can't do it by absent treatment, apparently.

May Allison's movie maniac was perhaps the most virulent of all. He came down from the north, he said, to marry her. He sent her telegrams and letters every day, and she was very much worried and frightened about it. Finally, he was put in jail for annoying her. She thought she had heard the last of him, when one day the Santa Ana jail officials declared they had a man down there who claimed to be May Allison's husband. Miss Allison journeyed down to satisfy her curiosity. He turned out to be the same man who had annoyed her so at the Metro studio.

An Age-old Flame of Alice Terry's!

BEAUTIFUL Alice Terry seems to have escaped the nuts pretty well. However, there is one man who writes her frequently, insisting that he knew her and loved her in a former incarnation and who tells her cheerily that she will never be happy until she divorces Rex Ingram and marries him!

Tito Valentino is the assumed name of an ardent admirer of Rodolf Valentino. The youth claims to be a brother of Valentino's, but Rudie disclaims him.

They Take Star-Roles Seriously

THE movie maniac's disorder takes different forms. Bertram Grassby played the role of a crystal-gazer in *For the Defense*. Later, he heard from crystal-gazing fans all over the country who thought he really could read the translucent globe and asking that he tell their fortunes. One morning Grassby got a call on the telephone. The voice that came over the wire was that of a woman from a small town in the middle west, who had actually journeyed all the way to California to see the actor. She said the spirits had come to her and urged her to a reading from Grassby. Grassby declared that his real fortune-telling powers extended only to reading teacup grounds and very little of that! But he had a hard time convincing her.

An Irish boy in Birmingham, England, writes constantly to Matt Moore, begging him to give up acting and espouse the Sinn Fein cause.

"I don't know whether it's because he thinks that as an actor I'm a good fighter, or what," explained Moore. "He also declares that we three boys, Tom, Owen and myself, are not brothers, but that we are just pretending for the sake of the publicity. He says he is sure that Owen is an Italian!"

Bill Hart Was Lady-Killer

BILL HART has always been the idol of the misunderstood wives and disappointed spinsters. His sister says more than once she has found women sitting on Bill's doorstep. Bill was their ideal of manhood, they all said.

But it wasn't middle-aged women alone who were crazy about Hart. Two young girls arrived at his studio one morning. They were from Seattle and had walked all the way to see him! Both made no bones of that fact that they were ardently in love with him. Yet there seemed to be no jealousy between them. He gave them a good talking-to, and they went away.

Little Jackie Coogan has a train of movie maniacs on his trail. Most of these have schemes for him to invest his money in—everything from oil wells to Colonel Seller's bright idea of bottling sunshine to send to the North Pole.

Worst of all, there is the mother of a beautiful little girl who wants her child affianced to Jackie! She thinks the arrangement would be fine! Of course, they wouldn't be married until they were of age, but wouldn't it be nice to have everything all settled!

I Confess

(Continued from page 66)

live stock were burned and the surrounding forests caught fire. Our company was hemmed in with no chance for escape. Forest rangers and actors dug trenches madly and fought the blaze to save our lives and to prevent a ravaging forest fire from sweeping across the mountains.

It was a corking news story, and I got it down the valley over long distance before the line was cut off. Several Los Angeles papers believed the story and printed it, but the largest paper in town, suspicious of press agents, never printed a line of it. Later, when they found that I had told them the truth, it was easy to land all sorts of other news in their columns, for they admitted a new confidence in our publicity department.

They Spilled the Beans

AND THEN, two years ago, just when the news dailies were beginning to admit that perhaps the truth *might* be in the press agents, one of our tribe turned a trick that blew up all the bridges the rest of us had laboriously spanned over the valley of deceit.

Every paper in the United States bit on the story concerning the woman film star who had been seized by bandits while horseback-riding alone in the Hollywood hills. Some five hundred local business men deserted their desks to search the hills for the girl and her supposed abductors. Charlie Chaplin offered a large sum of money for her safe return. Two days later, the star was found in a fainting condition near the doorstep of a hillside cottage. Her hair wasn't even mussed. It was quite a mystery how she got there, as the hills had been combed again and again by the searchers. She said she had been wandering in a dazed condition. Then a rumor crept out that a house party was being held a little way up the valley, and that the star had been secreted there. The papers concluded that they had made asses of themselves in print and wouldn't do so again. It took a long time for other press agents to repair that damage.

Is Charlie Spoofing Us?

EVEN NOW, the papers admit they are occasionally hoodwinked. Until Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri are actually married, the news sheets are going to wonder if they have been spinning a charming but fictitious romance.

One occasion that caused chagrin not only to the press but to members of the company happened not long ago. A

FAT

the ENEMY that is shortening Your Life
BANISHED!

BY DISSOLVING THE YEAST CELLS THAT MAKE AN ALCOHOL DISTILLERY OF YOUR STOMACH



The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process.

Yeast cells in your stomach combine with starch and sugar and form ALCOHOL. When alcohol gets in the blood, fatty tissue is made instead of healthy, lean muscle. Fat people, even though they be TOTAL ABSTAINERS have four billion yeast cells (or more) in their stomachs—enough to make 4 ounces of alcohol a day. Destroy this excess of yeast cells and you immediately destroy Fat at its source!

NO DANGER
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

NO DIET-NO BATHS-NO EXERCISE!

Dr. R. L. Graham's marvelous prescription, known as NEUTROIDS, destroys the yeast cells, stops alcoholization and reduces fat. No bother or inconvenience; can be carried in vest pocket or band bag. Neutroids are composed of harmless ingredients that act only on the yeast cells that make you fat and not directly

on the body. Neutroids are personally guaranteed by R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., to accomplish satisfactory reducing results and, furthermore, they are guaranteed to contain no thyroid extract, no harmful laxatives, no dangerous, habit-forming drugs. Don't bother with dieting, baths or exercise when Neutroids will accomplish better results with no inconvenience.

FREE PERSONAL MAIL CONSULTING SERVICE—by Dr. Graham's Staff

R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., discoverer of the marvelous prescription known as Neutroids, although a practicing physician, has finally been prevailed upon to offer his priceless remedy to the public. He insists, however, that Neutroids must be only a PART of his fat-reducing service. You are to write him fully and confidentially, Dr. Graham, or a member of his staff at his New York sanitarium will give careful attention to your inquiries and write you a personal letter of advice. Anyone ordering Neutroids may use this service.



SEND NO MONEY—SEND ONLY THIS COUPON

Fill in and mail this coupon only, to my sanitarium. I will send you two full weeks' treatment of fat-reducing Neutroids. Pay the postman only \$2 (a small portion of my regular consulting fee) plus 15 cents postage. If the treatment does not effect a satisfactory reduction, return the empty box and I will refund your money. (Signed) R. Lincoln Graham, M. D.

Dr. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 East 89th St., Dept. 120, New York City.—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman \$2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in plain package. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

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KILRUTE Hair Destroyer consists of a powder and liquid, both applied directly to the skin with the hands. It is absolutely harmless, can even be left on over night or powdered over and forgotten and is a wonderful skin softener and beautifier.

"KILRUTE" IS AS EFFECTIVE FOR MEN AS FOR WOMEN

A guarantee to refund your money, if unsatisfactory, is enclosed in every package. Be careful of any hair destroyer which does not give a money back guarantee, if dissatisfied.

PLEASE do not confuse KILRUTE with any thing heretofore on the market as there is absolutely nothing like it. Chemists and druggists the world over will agree with us on this, so do not be misled.

Do not suffer the annoyance and humiliation of superfluous hair a day longer than you have to. Give KILRUTE a chance at this special low introductory price and learn the reason why smart discriminating people of society and the stage WHO KNOW have discarded former methods for KILRUTE. You'll eventually have to come to KILRUTE anyhow,—so why not now?

KILRUTE will be sent C. O. D. or sold direct. Price \$5.00 plus a few cents postage. FREE DEMONSTRATION or full charge treatment at address below.

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247 West 72nd Street

New York City

NOTE: News of the wonderful work of KILRUTE has caused such an overwhelming demand that we are obliged to discontinue sending out free trial samples, but we shall be happy to give FREE DEMONSTRATION or full treatment with charge at above address.

press agent wrote up a fictitious catastrophe supposedly happening to a company on location in another state. He stated that the camera man, certain actors and the director were seriously injured. Wives and sisters of the men, not knowing that the story was utterly without foundation, suffered a sleepless night at the telegraph station, trying to find out if their loved ones were seriously hurt. When they learned it was all a hoax, the things they said about the p. a. must have blistered his ears.

Press Agents are Goats

THOUGH the press agent occasionally causes trouble for someone else, he gets a lot of it himself. Because we are neither scenery, camera nor players, studio folk have always felt that we are not highly important in the making of a picture. We are the goats.

Some stars seem to enjoy having us run after them, begging them to pose for stills for the magazines, and giving us the smallest measure of co-operation.

Then some morning, when the breakfast eggs don't digest well, the star goes to the office of the production manager and presently we press agents hear the words, "My contract says. . . ." and "more publicity. . . ." through the open window. Then we pull in our belts, anticipating trouble, take a little card from our desk and trot over to the production manager's office. Our little card gives the dates and number of times the star has broken her appointment with our camera man and publicity department. We show him just how much valuable time and publicity she has destroyed by being "too busy" when we needed her temperamental self.

Helene Chadwick mentioned in her suit against the Goldwyn company that she didn't get as much publicity as other stars, especially Claire Windsor. Helene is a good actress, but she's darned hard to publicize. In fact, she snubs the publicity department. I remember one instance in particular. Through my personal friendship with a magazine editor, I managed to induce him to use a reproduction of an oil painting of Helene for the front cover of their Thanksgiving number. The magazine has thousands of readers and it meant a big scoop for our company. We secured a splendid artist for posing her. Do you think she would sit for the painting? I should say not. She had something else to do that day.

I was so disappointed and so determined to take advantage of this rare opportunity to land the cover, that I posed Naomi Childers, who was then less famous than she is now. The editor liked the picture and used it on the

Thanksgiving cover.

Claire Windsor is always charming when we ask her to pose. No matter how tired she may be, she will cheerfully change half a dozen frocks in order to give us new fashion pictures. On Sundays, our photographer may go to her home and shoot pictures of herself and her little boy. She helps us think up new stories about herself which may interest the public. She has sense enough to know that her co-operation helps with her own advancement in her work.

Swamped with Publicity

THERE is rather an odd story told about Claire. Two years ago, before her rapid growth or popularity had begun, she was completely in the dark on all matters of publicity. That is, she subscribed to no clipping bureau and therefore did not receive copies of the press notices published about her in the papers and magazines.

At my suggestion, she enlisted the services of two of the largest clipping bureaus in this country. The charge made by them is five cents for every clipping sent in and this sum seemed very small at the time.

Two months later, Miss Windsor was rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin and the newspapers all over the country began to print her picture and his. Clippings from all over the United States began to pour in on her and within a week's time the floor was knee deep with them. Her bill ran to \$175.00 that month and since that she has been obliged to limit her clipping order in quantity and scope.

He Didn't Believe in Publicity

A CERTAIN director told me he didn't believe in publicity—that the perfection of the motion pictures that he made was enough advertisement for his august self. We let him suffer in bleak oblivion after that remark, and it wasn't long before the board of directors of the studio, hearing nothing about him, began to think he wasn't important enough for the high class productions they were trying to make. And when he lost his job, he found that other studios knew nothing about him, and he had the greatest difficulty in advertising his ability by word of mouth.

Farrar Knows Value of Publicity

GERALDINE FARRAR, who was started in pictures a few years ago, was blessed by every publicity department. She rehearsed from six to eight every morning for her forthcoming concert tour, played in pictures all day, and

accepted innumerable social engagements. But she always managed to squeeze in time for interviews and pictures and her appointments were always kept on time, too.

Lately her matrimonial troubles seem to be getting on her nerves, however, for she has publicly insulted interviewers and declared that newspaper men and publicity had never done anything for her. Without publicity, the greatest singer in the world would be as little known as Einstein's theory.

She Got an Interview

NOT so long ago, we sent a star out on the road to make personal appearances. The star refused to be interviewed by local newspapermen in some of the towns she visited. We called her back to the studio, after learning the outcome of one of these refusals. In a large Ohio city, she was particularly curt in her refusal to talk to a reporter. He determined he wasn't going back without some kind of a story, so he went back-stage and stood behind a piece of scenery, on the lookout for material. He got it. After the star had lisped her little "so glad to know all you folks" and had tripped off-stage, she spied a vaudeville singer she had known in the good old days when both toured the circuits. They made a supper date. Then when the star had gone into her dressing-room to change into street togs, and the vaudevillian began to undress and don his make-up, things back stage became very playful. Somebody squirted a bottle of vichy, and the film star thought it would be fun to moisten her vaudeville friend. She squirted the vichy through the transom of his door, and he produced another bottle and squirted it through her transom, and as nobody was completely dressed, it made a lovely story in the local sheet. The newspaper man called it "My interview with Veda of the Films" and described the scene in vivid detail. My typewriter lost both bolts and screws in my frantic attempt to kill or cover the story.

Legal Complications

ANOTHER star got us into legal complications. She signed with a perfume manufacturer, allowing him the exclusive use of her picture and signature for three years. That was such easy money that, unbeknown to us, she also signed with a facial pack manufacturer for virtually the same thing. We had a hectic time persuading the judge that the little dear didn't know what she was doing.

Still another star will always pose for pictures, but he invariably dislikes

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Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage



ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS

The winner of the \$10.00 prize offered in the June issue of SCREENLAND for the best answer to "Which advertisement in this issue of SCREENLAND appeals to you most—and why" is

Alice Stevenson,
1818 Emerson Street
Palo Alto, California.

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Stevenson for her splendid letter. We regret that lack of space prevents our publishing its unusually clever contents.

WATCH SCREENLAND'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW CONTESTS!



NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF THE SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST

Will be announced in the September issue of Screenland.

Although this announcement was scheduled for the August issue, the judges were unable to complete their work on account of the tremendous number of titles submitted.

WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND!

\$2.00 BRINGS THIS RING—NO REFERENCES NEEDED

Only \$2.00 down and \$1.00 per week for this platinum fin. finest hand pierced ARTEX ring with two French cut blue sapphires on sides. Guaranteed full 1 1/2 carats perfect cut etoupe of blue white diamond radiance and beauty. For a flawless diamond of this cut and size, you would pay elsewhere, up to \$150. Our special price only \$12.00—and ten weeks to pay it. Send for yours now. State whether ladies' or gents' desired, giving finger size. Our guarantee protects you. **B. ARTEX COMPANY, 1133 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.**

SEXOLOGY Complete authoritative works on sexual and psychoanalytic problems for advanced and professional readers. Send 10c. postage for complete international catalog.

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Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

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Test yourself. Self-revealing chart and Success Guide, 10c.

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them when they are done and won't permit them to be used.

Another likes to go to business men's banquets, but he makes himself a ninny by his constant refusal to get up on his two feet and say a few words. He simply won't do it.

One of the biggest New York houses using a combination of pictures and vaudeville, wanted one of our stars to appear in person, on the evening her latest release was to be run there. She consented at first, but later, having looked over the vaudeville bill, she refused because a certain vaudeville headliner was surely going to outshine herself.

Publicity Made Her

THERE is at least one actress in Hollywood who has been *made* by publicity. I don't mean made popular; lots of actresses have gone through that process. This girl has really been made into a real actress, by a psychological reaction to publicity.

For a long time we thought this girl had emotional possibilities. We *know* she could act, if she would only let herself go. She didn't think so. She thought she was just a leading lady who got by because she was pretty. And so for several years she continued to be a pretty, pouting girl and that was all. We knew she believed implicitly in what the critics said. We took two of these gentlemen into our confidence, and induced them to write articles about her potential ability as an emotional actress. It happened that they shared in our belief in her, so they risked their reputation as "pickers" by heralding her as a real comer. The girl read the articles, gained confidence in herself, and is delighting everybody with her steady dramatic growth.

Small Fry Want Publicity Too

STARS are not the only difficult souls the publicity man must handle with care. All the small fry about the studio want publicity. Camera men and scenario writers press the subject. Every girl who ever did a script wants as much publicity as June Mathis gets. Mothers of screen babies are bears for publicity. When I am absent for lunch, people who do "bits" come to the office and swipe stills if we do not

lock our cases. And dozens of editors of tiny magazines that most people never heard of, come in for their share of attention and must be treated with the utmost courtesy. One can never tell when one of these little magazine editors will suddenly jump into a big easy editorial chair.

Giving the Big Boss an occasional dose of pleasing publicity is one of the hardest jobs on the lot. The public doesn't care a whoop what the owner of the plant looks like, and the newspapers care less. I always get around this difficulty by posing him with distinguished visitors to the studio, an admiral, an opera singer, or perhaps a Japanese diplomat.

We Hide Accidents

I THINK about the only guilty deceit we press agents practice today is an attempt to hide news of catastrophes. Aeroplane accidents usually reach the papers, for they are hard to suppress, but I know of many instances where a company has managed to hide the fact that players were hurt in mob or fire scenes. The studios have usually paid generously for hospital expense and compensation when a player was injured, and the publicity department has fibbed gallantly in denial of the affair.

Once a director at a studio where I was once employed, stole an entire episode from a current magazine story and used it in his picture. The author sued the company and got damages in court, but we managed to suppress the story in the papers. Another director made a whole town hate us. His assistants induced one hundred housewives to put smoke pots in their windows when a big fire scene was being shot. There was sulphur in the smoke pots and the entire town had to be repapered!

When a divorce or a scandal breaks in filmdom, the press gives it four times the space it allots to ordinary marital difficulties of simple citizens. Naturally, we try to suppress some of it, and to mitigate the fearful damage it does.

But on the whole, we press agents are sticking close to the truth. And if it weren't for a few cranky stars—and fussy directors—and suspicious editors, we'd have a pretty gay life of it. But it's not so bad, at that!

**DON'T FORGET to see the new
SEPTEMBER cover.
Something Extra Special—Turn to page 8**

The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 93)

her father. "Dad" was Virgil Compson, and Betty was then Lucime Compson. Al Christie gave her the name of Betty, and she is very grateful to him for it, since she has been a success ever since she took it. "The vibrations of the name, Lucime, were not correct for me, but Betty suits me perfectly," she said, in explaining her name.

Her beloved "Dad" passed on, as Betty says, shying away from the ugly word "died". She was heartbroken, inconsolable. Then began the series of attempts of her father's spirit to communicate with her, by means of raps, ringing of doorbells, etc. "Sounds like fake seance clap-trap, but I'm deadly serious. Dad did try to comfort me by showing me that the spirit lives on. I felt his presence."

Another significant incident took place while Betty and her mother were living in Glendale, near Hollywood, after Betty had gotten into pictures. Betty was making an orchid lampshade, and her mother stopped in wonder, to look at the pretty picture the girl made as she bent over her sewing.

"You look just like your Great-Aunt Mary Larson," she told Betty. "She was fond of orchid, too, and I have often seen her in exactly that pose."

"Aunt Mary was the only actress the family could boast, and she was really a great artist. I jumped to the conclusion that I was my Great Aunt Mary reincarnated, and told Mother so. I explained that Aunt Mary had probably not finished her work in that incarnation and I had been chosen as the vehicle of her reincarnation, since it was my own overwhelming ambition to be a truly great actress. Then I playfully raised my hand and patted my own head, saying, 'Hello, Aunt Mary!' I was sitting in a chair on a small rug, beside a little wicker table. I give you my word of honor that the rug was jerked violently and that my chair was pulled an inch or so away from the table, and that the table shook. I ran to Mother, crying hysterically. I was frightfully upset, but I knew in my heart that it was Aunt Mary, protesting that I was not her soul reincarnated. I have never since believed that I was."

"If you are not your Aunt Mary reincarnated, who have you been in the past?" What a question, but not at all shocking or disconcerting to Betty. She knows the answer so well!

"It is a long story, how I found out about my previous existences in the flesh. I have been in spirit communication with Emory Rogers, a very dear friend, who died in a plane accident.

"I had always wondered just who I had been. I know that I have lived in Paris. I can see whole sections of it, when I concentrate. I know the names of streets, can visualize houses. When I go to Paris I have the greatest confidence in the expectation of being able to find my way about without a guide, as easily as I do in Hollywood. I have flashes of memory of those previous existences.

"One night when Emory Rogers was communicating with us—a girl friend, named Ethel—I'd rather not give her last name—I asked him if there was any way I could find out. He said there was a record of every soul's progress in evolution, and that the records were available to all—meaning those spirits who are temporarily freed of the flesh, and awaiting their future incarnations. I asked him to find out for me and he did. The next time we talked with him he said that he had found what I wanted to know. He said he could not tell me every phase of my existence, for it would take too long, but that two incarnations were especially interesting. He said I had been an English woman of high degree, and that my name had been Ursula Magnin. He told me some of the lessons my soul had learned in that incarnation, but that the most important was humility. Before that I had been a man, Paul Abernetty, an Englishman, whose great faults were a violent temper and extreme cruelty to his wife and children.

"Paul Abernetty had overridden his underlings, to use the very language that Emory Rogers used on the board."

Betty Compson Learns Humility

FOR it may be interesting to those of you who work the ouija board to know that Betty and her friend, Ethel, use a ouija board to communicate with departed spirits. Betty admits that it is not an esthetic method, but does not know of any other except automatic writing, with which she has had considerable success. But the strain of automatic writing is very severe and not to be lightly tampered with.

Betty explains the fact that she was forced by financial straits at one time to play the part of a nursemaid—in real life, not before the camera—by her theory of reincarnation.

"I was given the experience in this incarnation of being a nursemaid, so as to learn the reverse of arrogant power. As Paul Abernetty I had overridden servants. (Cont'd on page 104)



Reduce FAT this easy Way!

Without starving, exercising, taking debilitating baths or drugs. Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer (not electric) reduces fat on any part of the body in 10-minute applications, night and morning.

**DR. LAWTON'S
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and Illustrated Course on Weight Control showing how to stay thin after the Fat Reducer has done its work.

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Test the Reducer NOW on the Lawton GUARANTEE. Don't send any money. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. When your Postman delivers your Reducer, pay him \$3.75, plus a few cents post charges. If you send money in advance, add 20c for postage. That coupon is your start toward slimsness. Mail it NOW! If you want more information first, send for "How to Reduce—Mould Your Figure to Shapeliness."

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Send me Dr. Lawton's GUARANTEED Fat Reducer. On delivery I will pay Postman \$3.75, plus few cents post charges. If, after following directions 11 days, the Reducer fails to show actual reduction taking place, I will return the outfit to you and you will refund its cost promptly.

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Please send me **FREE** photo of

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The Beauty Slave

(Continued from page 80)
Those Baby Stars

A PERFECT example of the partiality of the motion picture camera in recording beauty is furnished by the group picture of the Baby Stars of 1923. The Baby Stars are the young actresses picked by the publicity writers as the most promising of the 1923 crop of thespians. These thirteen selected girls, young and beautiful on the screen, impress the candid observer at first meeting as a group of girls of the senior class at the high school, or the junior auxiliary of the Ladies of the Eastern Star. Just ordinary, reasonably pretty girls. Pauline Garon and Jobyna Ralston are the prettiest of the group, and off-stage Pauline is not at all overpoweringly beautiful. She is a bit too plump, and her husky voice contrasts strangely with her ingenue face.

Priscilla Dean is just as attractive when you meet her on the street as she is on the screen. She has a sparkle about her, a radiant personality that catches your attention at once. She would never go unnoticed in a crowd, though she is lady-like in demeanor and decorous in dress.

It is the Priscilla Dean type that is developing a new standard of beauty—the type that screens well. Flower-like complexions, soft silky hair and natural eyelashes go unnoticed by the producers. Strong features and decided coloring is what the camera wants.

So out come the henna pack and the peroxide bottle, the grease-paint stick and mascara brush. Natural loveliness is offered up on the altar of Fame. And after a little bit of powder and a great deal of paint has made the movie actress "look like what she ain't", does she, as she faces a disappointed public, regret her vanished prettiness? Does she loathe the brassy, bleached glow of the hair that once was a soft, natural brown? Does she lament the once soft skin, now ruined by constant use of make-up?

Perhaps. But probably not. For the adoration of the thousands who are still disillusioned, and the pleasurable consciousness of a \$2000-a-week contract make up for a multitude of minor regrets. The sacrifice was not wholly un-repaid.

WATCH!

for next month's SCREENLAND.
See page 8 this issue. On sale
August 1st. Wonderful new Cover

**EIGHT BEAUTIFUL
STAR PORTRAITS**

For

15c.

Eight beautiful star portraits—an unbound copy of the gallery in this issue—will be sent to any reader of SCREENLAND upon receipt of fifteen cents in coin or stamps.

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**Vim, Vigor and Vitality
In "African Bark"**

**Scientist Produces an Invigorator
Superior to Gland Treatments—
Wonderful Power of Bark
From Africa.**

Have you lost your youth, vigor and "pep"? Does life seem dull and work a grind? Don't worry. Science has produced a new formula said to be superior even to the much discussed gland treatments. Many men and women are now quickly and easily regaining lost vim, vigor and vitality in the privacy of their homes.

The principal ingredient is an extract from the bark of an African tree. It is said to be a most remarkable invigorator. Combined with it are other efficient tonic and vitalizing elements of proved merit. In many cases the compound produces marked improvement in 24 hours. In a short time the vitality is usually raised, the circulation improved and the glow of health is felt in every part.

The laboratories producing this new vitalizer, which is called Re-Bild-Tab's, are so confident of its power that they offer new customers a large \$2 supply for only \$1 and guarantee to refund the money if the remedy fails to give results in one week.

Any reader of this paper may test the treatment without risk. Send no money, but just your name and address, to the Re-Bild Laboratories, 458 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and a full \$2 treatment of Re-Bild-Tab's will be mailed. On delivery, pay the postman only \$1 and postage. If not delighted with the results, notify the laboratories and your money will be refunded in full. Do not hesitate about accepting this offer, as it is fully guaranteed.

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Holly 9161 Hollywood.

SCREENLAND From Hollywood

September Issue Out August 1

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—PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS—

Unintelligent casting has killed more stars than the 'flu. How movie actors have been ruined, both deliberately and unconsciously, is revealed in this enlightening article.

—SORROWS FOR SALE—

Tears, love, even death's ravages are capitalized in the grim struggle for Success in the film game.

—THE BRAIN BOOTLEGGER—

Did you ever have a scenario stolen? When you read this smashing expose, you'll know how the trick was turned.

—THE DEAD DO LIVE—

Can they ever come back, the stars of yesterday? The writer of this article says they can—and proves it.

—BLACKMAIL!—

Hollywood is the hlackmailer's Paradise. If the movies are the fourth largest industry, blackmailing is the fifth!

—MOVIE HUSBANDS—

Who are they, and why?

—LYNCH LAW IN THE MOVIES—

When public opinion turns against a star, it's thumbs down for him.

—THE YES BLIGHT—

How do the movies get that way? The "yes men" of the industry have something to do with it.

—THE CORNER OF LAST HOPE—

Comedy studios are the last resort of motion picture aspirants. Over the doorway might well be hlazoned, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

—HOLLYWOOD CO-RESPONDENTS—

Wives looking for divorces keep an eye on hubby when he visits Hollywood.

—CAREERS, C. O. D.—

Like the lady in the mellerdrammers, actors who get work through agents find that they have to pay and pay and pay!

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The Gossip Mart

(Continued from page 71)

another garcon. He, too, did not know Mrs. Washburn, perhaps.

"No, no," said we. "We saw Mrs. Washburn on the Orpheum circuit and her hair was brown. That woman is not Mrs. Washburn. Some hussy is trying to break up a home. Besides, husbands don't smile into a lady's eyes that way when she is merely a wife."

So we called the head-waiter. "Oh, that is Mrs. Washburn. *Mais oui*, of a certainty. She is playing in a picture, which is ze why of the blonde weeg, madame."

We left that place, sadly pondering the advisability of moving to Zion City, where there is some real dissipation.

Nuptial Notes

WHEN JACK Daugherty became Mr. Barbara La Marr Number Five, a tactless congratulator of the couple gushed to Barbara, "Many happy returns of the day!"

* * *

Which reminds us that Barbara and Mr. Daugherty were members of a box party that helped to make Margaret Anglin feel welcome when she presented her magnificent play, *The Woman of Bronze*, at the Mason Opera House.

That famous second act proved too much for Barbara. She retired to the dressing room to repair damages to her complexion, for tears had mussed up the mascaro considerably. And Barbara, fast becoming the most famous charmer on the screen, remarked feelingly, "I would love to say to Margaret Anglin that Barbara La Marr would give ten years of her life to be able to give to the screen what Margaret Anglin gives to the stage in that second act."

An obliging friend of Barbara's who had an invitation to see Miss Anglin after the second act took the message to America's greatest emotional actress. Miss Anglin did not shrug and say, "Who is Barbara La Marr?" But she did say, "Tell her she can't take my voice away from me! That is all the screen has left us—our voices! They can't take that away from us!"

Howard Hull, Margaret Anglin's husband and manager—stage manager, we mean—loves to "kid" his stately wife. He remarked to the Tatler: "Margaret had an offer of eight thousand a week from Douglas Fairbanks today!" Then after the ripple of applause had died down he continued, patting his wife on the shoulder and winking at his amused audience, "Doug offered her that sum to stay off the screen. He's afraid she'll put a crimp in Mary Pickford's business."



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The Spirit Lover

(Continued from page 101)

A master in one life, a servant in the next, to round out the soul, and to chastise it for the abuse of power. This theory of reincarnation explains everything so beautifully. Everything! I am glad now," says Betty with shining eyes, "that I was a nursemaid. My mother was never reconciled to the poverty we knew after my father's death, but we needed it for the sake of our souls. It certainly keeps me from getting upstage when I look back on the ten years that have followed my first job—taken as a player of the violin in a cheap orchestra when I was fifteen."

Betty Compson has had the supreme happiness of having kept in communication with the man she loved above all men—George Loane Tucker, according to her strange and almost fantastic story of communication with departed spirits through the ouija board.

Betty's Spirit Lover

PERHAPS George Loane Tucker's discoveries on religion, made since his joinings of the spirit world, and revealed to Betty Compson through the ouija board, according to Betty's story, will be interesting, even if a bit startling.

"I asked G. L. T., as I always called him, about religion," Betty declares. "What is the real religion, G. L. T.?" I asked. He replied, "There is no cult on this side, but "service and brotherly love". As any religion approaches that ideal, it becomes a real religion; the God is not what we conceive him to be on earth. He is merely the essence of Love, of Service, of Intelligence. He is a part of all, open to all, confined to no plane." I ask him about Christian Science. "Poor misguided Mary Baker Eddy! She is learning now!" was all he said. Then I asked him about theosophy, in which I have been interested in my quest for a workable religion. "Theosophy has gone far, but it is not perfect. Take the good and discard the foolish", he said. "Evolution is the guiding principle in life—in all its stages. The evolution of the soul is the supreme phase of evolution. The world is held in check by fear. Help to break the bondage by believing fearlessly yourself!"

Betty firmly believes that George Loane Tucker is still her best friend, in spite of the fact that his body is dust.

Whether Betty Compson and Mary Pickford are wrong in their beliefs or not, they are happy in them. And they are not alone in this belief in communication with departed spirits and in reincarnation.

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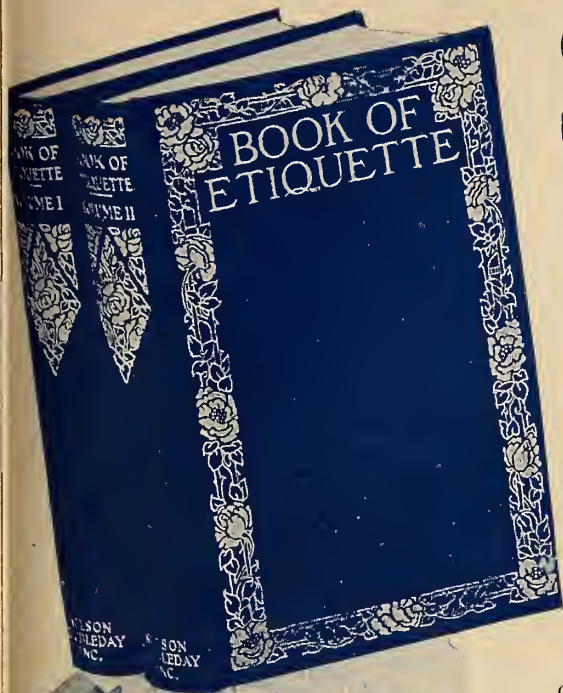
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Paramount Week Sept. 2—8

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A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the Past Season

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand." A Fred Niblo Production.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "Man-slaughter," with Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD," with Theodore Roberts. A James Cruze Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, **"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD,"** with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A William deMille Production, **"CLARENCE,"** with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Back Home and Broke."

A George Fitzmaurice Production, **"KICK IN,"** with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A George Melford Production, **"JAVA HEAD,"** with Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan and Raymond Hutton.

BETTY COMPSON in "The White Flower."

AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts," with Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix.

POLA NEGRI in a George Fitzmaurice Production, **"BELLA DONNA,"** Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.

A William deMille Production, **"GRUMPY,"** with May McAvoy, Theodore Roberts and Conrad Nagel.

GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters." A Sam Wood Production.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

A William deMille Production, **"ONLY 38,"** with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, **"THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES,"** with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless," supported by Charles de Roche and Theodore Kosloff.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the Great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

A James Cruze production
"HOLLYWOOD"
with 22 real stars and 56 screen celebrities

POLA NEGRI
in A George Fitzmaurice Production
"THE CHEAT"
with Jack Holt, supported by
Charles deRoche

GLORIA SWANSON
in A Sam Wood Production
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"
"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
with Madge Kennedy

A William deMille Production
"SPRING MAGIC"
with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

A James Cruze Production
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"

A Zane Grey Production
"TO THE LAST MAN"
with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson

A George Melford Production
"SALOMY JANE"
with Jacqueline Logan

A Charles Maigne Production
"THE SILENT PARTNER"
with Leatrice Joy, Owen Moore
and Robert Edeson

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"
with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi,
Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON
in **"ZAZA"**

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in **"ALL MUST MARRY"**



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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Screenland

a Magazine of Young Ideas

AUG 11 1923



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VOL. VII

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"I hate you! I hate you! Go away! I love only Billec," exclaimed Trilby.

But Svengali only laughed, for he knew the magic of his own strange, hypnotic powers that charmed and fascinated even while it repelled.

Here is a picture that while it carries a note of the tragic, a touch of the evil, fascinating genius of Svengali whose mysterious powers makes a prima donna of a Paris street waif only to break her on the rocks of unhappiness, yet, at the same time, it is filled with the joyous, bubbling life of the Paris Latin quarter and the glamorous, care free ways of the artist colony. A story that is famous the world over.

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With the
celebrated
French Star,
Andree Lafayette



Directed by
JAMES
YOUNG

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- Balboa Studio..... East Long Beach, Calif.
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.....5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
- Century Film Corp.
.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Chas. Chaplin Studios
.....La Brae Ave., Hollywood
- Christie Comedies
.....6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Irving Cummings Prod.
.....1729 Highland Ave., Hollywood
- Doubleday Productions
.....Sunset & Bronson Ave., Hollywood
- Ferdinand Earle Productions
.....Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
- Wm. Fox West Coast Studios
.....1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
- Fine Arts Studio ..4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- J. L. Frothingham Prod.
.....United Studios, Hollywood
- Garson Studios ...1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
- Goldwyn Studio Culver City
- Great Western Producing Co.
.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Thos. H. Ince Productions Culver City
- Lasky Studios.....1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles
- Louis B. Mayer Studios
.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Metro Studio
.....Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
- Morosco Productions
.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
- Bud Osborne Productions
.....6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
- Pacific Studios Corp. San Mateo, Calif.
- Pickford-Fairbanks Studio
.....Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
- Pacific Film Co. Culver City
- Principal Pictures ... United Studios, Hollywood
- R. D. Film Corp.... Balboa Studios, Long Beach
- Chas. Ray Studios Hollywood, Cal.
- Realart Studio .. 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
- Robertson-Cole Productions
.....Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
- Russel-Griever-Russell
.....6070 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- Hal E. Roach Studio Culver City
- Morris R. Schlank Productions
.....6050 Sunset, Hollywood
- Jos. Schenck Prod. ... United Studios, Hollywood
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.....Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
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- Fox Studios West 55th St., N. Y. C.
- D. W. Griffith Studios Mamaroneck, N. Y. C.
- International Film ...2478 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.
- Harry Levy Prod. ...230 West 125th St., N. Y. C.
- Lincoln Studio Grantwood, N. J.
- Mirror Studios Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
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HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

September Issue Out August 15

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If Burke who wrote "Limehouse Nights" reads this story, he will say that the author has done that for Hollywood—begun a series of "Hollywood Nights" tragedies, which will wring your heart. A poignant story of love and grief.

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The story of the star who yearned to forget fame and live simply and in the full glory of wifehood and motherhood is well known to Hollywood. Here you have it—the story of the "Queen of Thrills" who wanted to marry a lumberjack.

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When Charlie the Elephant ran amuck on a motion picture set, a star paid with her life. Yet that star is living today—and is well and happy, except when she dreams of a huge beast leaping over her prone body. Read this amazing story in September HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS and find the solution.

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When Innocence and Guileless Beauty knock at the door of the fake screen agent, strange things happen.

Every story gorgeously illustrated with photographs posed exclusively for this magazine by motion picture players.

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

True Stories of Movie Adventure

25 cents On All Newsstands 25 cents

About a girl who couldn't stop loving

"One of the 'biggest' pictures made in years is 'The White Rose' because it is so very, very human. . . comes as near being a REAL picture as we have seen in years. . . It is an unqualified success. . . and Mae Marsh reaches out and twangs away at a mighty sad little symphony on one's heart strings, and never strikes a discord."

—Don. Allen in *Eve. World.*

"Aimed straight at your heart, it hits the mark—boldly tearing away the old dual standard of morals, and showing man accepting blame for the sin along with the woman—inspiring and moving—One of the finest things D. W. Griffith has ever made. And if you want to see art in the cinema, see Mae Marsh as 'Teasie.'"

—Quinn Martin in *The World.*

"It easily ranks with the most important pictures made in America. The acting is magnificent; as fine as the screen can boast."—The Sun. " 'The White Rose' is indeed a triumph for its splendid cast."

—P. W. Gallico in *The News.*

"It is the best picture Mr. Griffith has made since 'The Birth of a Nation'—Try as you may to resist its appeal, it will make you smile, laugh and weep—The dawning of love between the preacher and this flowerlike girl magnificent, one of the most gloriously beautiful passages in all Mr. Griffith's pictures—Once you are into the heart of the story, it is inescapable."

—Leo Pollock, *Eve. Journal.*

"A singularly fine picture—and the treatment of the big dramatic moments is superb—It is beautified and exalted by the presence of that exquisite creature, Mae Marsh, the divinely inspired. The scenes are marvelously beautiful."

—Robert Sherwood in *The Herald.*

"For Griffith is a great poet."

—Max Reinhardt, famous German Producer.

"Another pictorial and sentimental gem—Doubtful if the Magician Griffith has ever done anything finer—An unusually superior picture, and one that reaches the heart with its presentation of a new angle of the moral code; and establishes the dual responsibility in the moral code in which the woman pays perhaps, but not alone."

—*Journal of Commerce.*

"Again 'The White Rose' proves Griffith the master of the screen technique—sways the audience—a very human bit of life with a very strong heart appeal."

—*Morning Telegraph.*

" 'The White Rose' is sermon, poem, and great love drama, all in one, with laughter full of tears—presenting the big moments in little lives; beauty in simple and even sordid things; the basic principle in which the world—yours and mine—actually moves. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity."

—Sophie Irene Loeb, famous publicist and president of the Child Welfare Board.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"The White Rose"

For Release by the United Artists Corporation



Here is the Winning Title!

"Home, after a long run."

Submitted by: W. H. Charlton,
20 Shiland Street,
Helena, Montana.

This title was selected from among the thousands submitted in SCREENLAND'S recent contest for a title to fit the above picture. The judges were so overwhelmed with the great number of answers that we were forced to postpone the announcement of prize winners a month.

The following titles were adjudged second, third and fourth best:

SECOND: "The Rent Problem."

Submitted by: Mrs. Gertrude M. Sholes,
6427 Repton Street,
Los Angeles, California.

THIRD: "Dangerous Curves Ahead."

Submitted by: Mrs. Walter Scott,
633 E. Colfax,
Denver, Colo.

FOURTH: "As Ye Sew, So Shall We Peep."

This title was submitted by the following three contestants, all of whom received prizes:

Mrs. E. V. Blanchard,
Powhatan Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

H. B. Carbray,
Stedman Hotel,
Ketchikan, Alaska.

E. B. West,
12 Cleveland Place,
Lockport, New York.

It will be interesting to the contestants to know that a great many people sent in the same titles. The one which was repeated oftentimes was, "A Stitch In Time Saves Nine," and the second favorite was, "A Run On The First National Bank."

"Inside Stuff"

*Nothing Less Than Geniuses,
We'll Say*

IT was hot. The huge enclosed stage whereon Viola Dana and the members of her company were working on *Rouged Lips* was like an enormous dry kiln, with the furnaces going full blast.

"I guess you might call this warm," conceded Tom Moore, who is supporting Viola in this picture, "but it doesn't compare with the way it gets down in Missouri. One summer it got so hot that the river dried up and the town fire department worked day and night throwing water into it with buckets to keep the ferry running."

"That may be hot for Missouri," said the cameraman, "but it doesn't compare with Central America. I was down there with a film company one winter—I remember it was during the winter—when it was so hot that we had to put asbestos shoes on and the hens all laid hard-boiled eggs."

"I never heard of anything like that," said Harold Shaw, the director, "but I did read that it got so hot in the summer of '97 down in the Imperial Valley that the anvil in a blacksmith's shop there melted and ran right out of the door into the street."

"That is certainly interesting," said Arline Pretty, "because I've often heard my father tell of the time, back in Indiana, when the heat became so intense that the corn in the fields began to pop. And that isn't all. The cows, poor things, thought it was snowing, and they all froze to death."

"That'll be about enough," interposed Viola. "If any of you are talking for my benefit, you can continue the discussion at the beach, just south of Crystal Pier. That's where I'm going right now."

A Slight Difference in Opinion

IT's interesting to observe the different audience reactions to actors in different towns. In one city, a star may be a riot, and in the next village, she may be a terrible flop, dead but unburied. For instance, here are two reviews of *The Young Rajah*, sent in by two different theatre managers.

The manager of a theatre in Glasgow, Montana, says: "Just a fair program picture wherein Valentino does his finishing act. This star is dead here. No drawing power. Business Poor."

And right next to this review, we find the comment of an exhibitor in Wayne, Neb.:

(Continued on page 9)

"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 8)

"Many told me that this is the best thing Rudy ever did, and I had swell business on it. The old ones, the flappers and the young ones come out to see Rodolph with his soulful eyes. He certainly brings in the money for me."

It's everyone to his taste, as Barbara La Marr said, when she picked a red-headed actor for her fifth husband.

Now You Stop!

OSCAR APFEL, who is to direct Viola Dana in her next picture, is filling in the time of waiting by casting the players for his stage production of *Morphine*, which is to be shown at a Los Angeles theatre. The other day a pretty young thing tripped up to him and asked if she couldn't play the title role.

"I'm afraid not," said Apfel soberly, "because if you did, you'd be a drug on the market."

Boston is Slipping

THE bodies of the reverend Boston elders must be turning in their graves. When Rex Ingram made *Where the Pavement Ends*, he shot two endings: the logical and dramatic unhappy ending which his intelligence demanded, and a sugar-sweet rice-and-orange-blossoms ending which his bosses demanded. And all the crude cities like Chicago and Portland chose to show the unhappy ending. But Boston, the home of culture and codfish, demanded the saccharine ending!

How to be Happy Though Divorced

KING and Florence Vidor, being heralded as one of Hollywood's few prize matrimonial couples, have come to the parting of the ways. They aren't going to stay married, and yet they aren't going to be divorced. They are going to keep their friendship, they say, by seeing each other less often. When boredom comes in the door, love flies out the window, they claim.

Not So Simple

PHYLLIS HAVER stepped out and bought a town lot the other day, and the next day she sold it for a profit of \$5,000. Nobody can ever call Phyllis a sweet simple little thing again. She's sweet enough, but not so simple.

On the Ingram Set

SUCH gorgeous gowns as to make the feminine heart envious are being worn in Rex
(Continued on page 98)

The Greatest Message ever written into Motion Picture History



David Belasco's
Artistic influence
in
Motion Pictures

DAVID BELASCO—the man who for a generation has captivated patrons of the Spoken Drama—has yielded to the insistent appeal that his dramatic genius should be perpetuated in Motion Pictures for the entertainment and inspiration of all people for all time.

And BELASCO has chosen to express his matchless art exclusively through

"Warner Bros. Classics of The Screen"

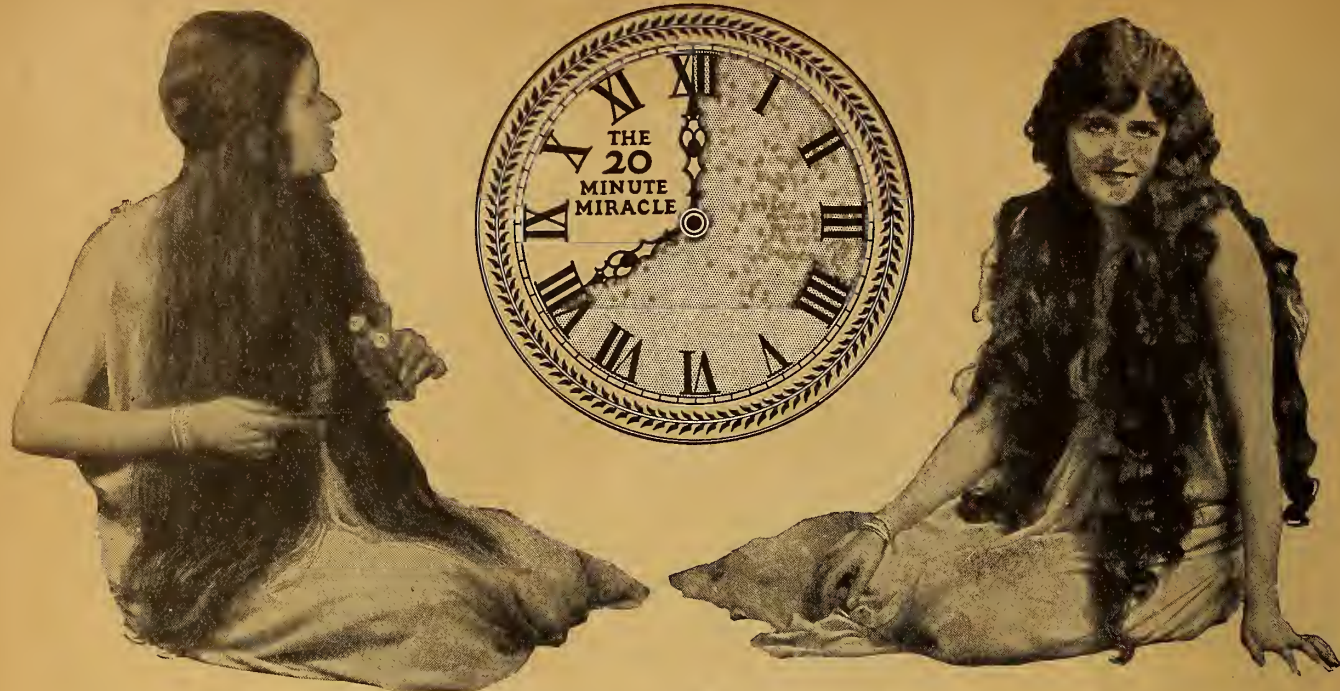
Now you will see pictures so beyond-the-ordinary that you will forget the canvas before you and feel the heart-grip of the master producer.

DAVID BELASCO'S association with WARNER BROS. is the long-sought triumph of the Silent Drama—the final proof of Warner leadership.

Watch for the first three Belasco productions—"Tiger Rose"—"The Gold Diggers"—"Daddies".

Autographed photograph of David Belasco sent free on request.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC., 1600 Broadway
New York



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

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



A Maichless Marcel



Lovely Curls

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

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

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

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

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

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

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

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

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

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

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

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generoustrial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 385
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

If apt. to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



by BEBE DANIELS
EDWARD THAYER MONROE



LILA LEE
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



by AGNES AYRES
EDWARD THAYER MONROE



by ALICE JOYCE
EDWARD THAYER MONROE

The Brain BOOTLEGGERS

By Helen Starr

THE first movie ever made had no plot to steal. It showed a train coming down a track. That was all.

But that was long ago. The infant industry has rolled out of its cradle and has begun to howl, like Thomas Aristides, for long pants.

Do the studios steal plots? I have been asked that question hundreds of times by ambitious scenario writers, who fear to trust their precious brain children to light-fingered producers.

Where there is so much smoke there is usually some fire. Not so much as the imaginative on-lookers picture. But some.

Ideas are difficult to safeguard. They are also valuable. And brain bootleggers are not averse to making away with them, when they can do so safely. But the brain bootleggers aren't all in the studios. Not by any means.

The studios are just as suspicious of scenario writers as scenario writers are of the studios. Studio officials have lived and suffered. Just ask them!

Light Fingred Adaptors

A STUDIO reader can't read everything that is published. And every so often a scenario comes in that sounds like a real hunch. It has punch, good situations, heart interest, everything. In high glee the reader sends it on to the department head, who perhaps sends it on to the producer for okeh. The producer, whose reading is confined to his bank book and the Police Gazette, okehs it.

And then, it is screened and widely advertised. And just when it is about to be released, some author writes in and says that the plot was stolen bodily from his story that appeared in the Adventure magazine, perhaps, and would the producer please remit umpteen thousand dollars or have the picture attached. The writer of the scenario had done a little bootlegging on his own account, and the producer who bought it paid the bill.

That's one reason why you find it so hard to sell your scenarios. A producer who has been once bitten is several hundred times shy of "originals." He demands stories that have been published, so that he knows he is buying direct from headquarters.

This brain bootlegging on the part of scenario writers dates back from the early days.

The first story plots just sprang from the ground, like grass plots. Somebody discovered a sawmill, and presto! the company shot a lumberjack story. A studio helper knew where a four-masted schooner could be rented cheap. Then

Q *Do the Studios steal plots? I have been asked that question hundreds of times by ambitious scenario writers, who fear to trust their precious brain children to light-fingered producers. This article seeks to state fairly both sides of the question.*

a one-reel sea story was produced. If a well with a moss-covered bucket was located, five hundred feet of New England romance was manufactured. The plots were simple affairs that a child could write.

Then Beansville and Greenburg and all the other little towns began to order canned amusement sent by express. Directors had to sit up nights to write enough plots to keep the camera cranks turning during the day. There was a big market for free lance writers.

Nice old ladies, when apprised of this easy money, would get the old copies of the Ladies Home Journal out of the attic, shake off the dust that had been gathering for a decade, and neatly lift the plots of the stories.

By naming the heroine Sadie instead of Ethel, and re-locating the setting, these dear old things felt that they had written a brand-new story. Famous plays were stolen, too.

After *Under Cover* made a success, the market was flooded with scenarios built about a personage who was believed to be a crook until the last reel disclosed him as a detective. Other stage successes were similarly copied.

No editor lives who has read everything in print. No wonder a crafty public received checks for stolen ideas, until a sheaf of lawsuits made the studios more wary.

Studio Bootlegging

AND the studios themselves were not wholly guiltless. Not by a little bit.

There was an actor, brighter than he was scrupulous, who was cast in a clever play at one studio. He wrote the story and sold it to a rival studio. Yes, he got into trouble.

A certain director refused to direct a certain scenario because "he couldn't see a picture in it." Six months later he submitted an almost identical plot to a new scenario editor who hadn't read the first story. He got away with it. The studio purchased the story from the director and he produced it. Evidently the real author never saw the picture, for no one pounced on the guilty party. A studio reader on a small salary remembered the story, but he didn't dare squeal for fear of losing his job.

There have been many cases where authors "split" with directors who enthused properly over the author's script. But inside deals such as these are found in every business.

The universal charge is that studios deliberately steal situations out of scenarios submitted and then send back the script, rejected. Undoubtedly such things have happened.

In many studios, a complete record of every scenario sub-



Marshall Neilan, returning rejected manuscripts. Neilan says that he has never received a scenario in the mail that was worth producing.

Reader's report of scenarios submitted. The real meat of each scenario is filed for future reference.

READER'S REPORT

AUTHOR W. Collins

TITLE Wings of Victory

AUTHOR Lyle Monroe

ADDRESS OR AGENCY Castle Brown

PRICE ASKED \$ 7000.

TYPE OF STORY Struggle of talented girl against misadventure

LOCALE Beheville, New York and London.

THEME OF ARGUMENT Laws of society stronger than rebellious individual

WHAT IS THE BIG POINT? Conflict of love and duty not decided till last moment.

LEADING CHARACTERS AND BRIEF CHARACTERIZATION. Another woman - girl with special ambitions. Henry - wife - commonplace friend. Spencer - lawyer.

next story. In it, the villain bribes a waiter to drop frozen cubes of whiskey instead of pure ice cubes into the heroine's drinking water.

Director Jones succumbs to temptation. He lifts the idea for his present picture and rejects the script.

A Good Gag Gone Wrong

OR perhaps a comedy director has gone stale on hokum. He needs some new business for his comedy. A wit from some small town sends in a hunch that the director knows will get a laugh. The vamp wears a regulation street-car conductor's change holder about her knee. She vamps old gentlemen and rings up receipts on the change holder every time she cashes in on their gifts.

The hunch is good for a dozen laughs. The director steals the "gag."

Comedy directors are the worst thieves in the business, anyway. They send scouts around to locate new "gags." They are the bane of producers of big specials. It takes a comedy company perhaps three weeks to make a two-reel slapstick comedy. It takes a dramatic director as many months to make a picture. The director may have a good gag in his five-reeler.

A stage-hand may have a friend in a comedy company. Casually, as one discusses the work of the day, he may remark, "Saw a good gag today on the lot." And he will describe it. And the director of the dramatic feature will have delirium tremens when he sees the comedy, two weeks hence, with his precious little "gag" in it.

Just One Situation

AN undeveloped story idea is a constant temptation to brain bootleggers. Many young writers have the germ of a good story or an interesting theme, but have not developed it. The studio should buy the script "as is" and develop it. Often it does just that. But occasionally an author sets too high a price on the one valuable situation. Then occasionally somebody yields to temptation and steals it.

If you think a lawsuit cannot be won on the theft of a single situation, consider the case of a certain well-known executive who "lifted" a clever millinery-shop episode from a magazine story and incorporated it in a screen play. He didn't touch the plot. But the author of that magazine story took the case to court and won \$7000. Not a bad price for one situation.

Sometimes a title will sell a story, or just the name of an author. A certain playwright was hard up for ready cash. He dashed off four scenarios and offered the four to a producing company for \$1000. They were downright poor stories and each had to be revamped for production, but the company was glad to pay \$1000 for the use of the playwright's name.

Not Guilty

SOMETIMES the cry of "Stop thief!" is raised unjustly. An idea may be already in production, when a flood of

mitted is kept on file. The reader reports on the title, author, price asked, etc. And then, in detail, is recorded the type of story, the theme, the big punch, and the high lights of dramatic and physical action. In other words, they have the real meat of the plot on file in their offices. And sometimes the temptation to use a situation is too great to be resisted.

Say that Director Jones wishes the villain in his new picture to give the heroine an intoxicating drink, but he wants to do it in a new way. To tell the dear little innocent that the booze is lemonade is old stuff.

Somebody hands the director a script to consider for his

C The Judgment House of Universal Studio. Here the thousands of submitted scenarios are read and their fate recorded.



WHAT ARE THE HIGH LIGHTS OF DRAMATIC ACTION
 Intense scene together in
 engagement
 Conflict between the two men
 airplane wreck

WHAT ARE THE HIGH LIGHTS OF PHYSICAL ACTION?
 Airplane wreck
 Bandit scene
 Flight from London in boat
 Morgan arrives early in time.

WHAT POINTS ARE MEMORABLE
 Fact of airman and girl slipping
 meant to be memorable, that virtue
 is rewarded in the end

REVIEWER'S OPINION AND CRITICISM.
 Story capable of being pictureized
 effectively. Several dramatic scenes.
 Action dramatic.

SYNOPSIS.
 Captain Broth's family loses its money just when
 he has decided on an operative career. He is forced
 to earn his living with his time or money for vice. Having
 and become engaged to Harriet, who is the only
 man available to her, he is back to Harriet. Harriet
 woman's place is in the home, and that his natural
 place is in the office. To a
 point as she is about
 to marry, she meets Morgan, a
 man who offers to take her and
 travel. After being married
 she meets the (airman) who is
 away from London to
 and that the scene is unjust
 in perfect she realizes the
 scene was because she is
 city police, he situation is
 like to come. Morgan's
 mother-in-law took to work a

in almost the same story, only better written. The studio accepted it, but when the scenario editor, Clarke Thomas, saw it, he said, "My God, that's that woman's story."

He wrote the woman, telling her that the writer of the accepted script had had no means of seeing her scenario and that she must not think they had stolen her idea.

The woman very cagily wrote back, "How can you prove it?"

Of course, she had them on the hip, and rather than risk any trouble, they paid the woman \$500 for the story they had rejected.

Aimee Berkeley, a free lance scenario writer, sued the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, to restrain it from exhibiting the picture, *The Flame of the Desert*. Miss Berkeley asserted that the scenario on which the picture was based was written by her, from her own personal experience.

Goldwyn asserted that the company had purchased the scenario from Charles A. Logue, who said he had written it from talks he had had with Essaid Pasha, military attache to Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit.

The court viewed the picture and decided that the scenario written by Miss Berkeley was different from the film itself and dismissed the charges against the Goldwyn company.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION

Title _____
 Name of Author _____ Date _____
 Address _____

How Disposed of

manuscripts incorporating the same idea come to the studio. People often get the same hunch at the same time.

For instance, when a newspaper story is given sensational prominence, scenario writers in Kalamazoo and Oshkosh flood the mails with scenarios using the plot. During a season, a studio will be flooded with Northwest Mounted Police stories, and during the next, sea stories will be popular.

The "hit-on-the-head-and forget-who-are-you-are" plot is perennial. So are the bank clerk embezzler plots and the "Where's Your Child" themes.

Not long ago Metro turned down a story submitted by a woman writer. A week or so later, a studio scenario writer who had no opportunity of seeing the rejected script, turned

Unconscious Thievery

It is perfectly possible for a studio reader who scans dozens of stories every day, to store up impressions and ideas in her subconscious mind. She doesn't mean to adapt them for her own use, but when she sits down to write a few months later, the most persistent of these inspirations come to the fore and get into her new story. For the life of her, she couldn't tell where she got the ideas except "out of her mind." Another reader may consciously adapt a story plot to her own uses. If she's found out she stands a good chance of losing her job. In most studios, readers are not allowed to write and (Continued on page 103)



PHOTO BY MURAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

C Who will guide the future editorial policy of this magazine, brings to us an experience of more than fourteen years in the business of making motion pictures and writing about them. Readers who have long wanted to know what makes the movie wheels go 'round will share with us the pleasure of watching our new Editor open the hunting case, dust off the main spring and show us what makes it tick.



PHOTO BY W. JAY FREDRICKS

ROLF ARMSTRONG

C Begins with this issue a series of front cover creations that will induce more people than ever before to make the not uncommon discovery that this magazine is really different. Mr. Armstrong has become so innured to the painting of beautiful femininity that even Bebe Daniels posing for him in person cannot take his mind from the business of immortalizing the screen's most pulchritudinous women. Claire Windsor is the subject he has chosen for the October front cover.

C A Pretty Young Girl wanted to get ahead in the Movies. She got a job as "atmosphere." Every time the Director waved his megaphone this daughter of Eve breathed admiringly—
"Oh, Mr. D- - -, you're wonderful."

Mr. D - - - found the audience so inspiring that he made it permanent by giving the girl a part in his next picture.

That is what Hollywood means when it speaks about—



C The Whispering Chorus—that was group of admiring extras, script girls surrounded a certain director of

The "YES" BLIGHT

ONCE upon a time and not so long ago at that, there was a pretty young girl who wanted to get ahead in pictures. Now the number of pretty girls who want to get ahead in pictures are as the sands of the sea in numbers. But this girl had something that is even more effective and much scarcer in Hollywood—brains!

She got a job in a picture directed by a man whom we will call Arnold Dunning. Just "atmosphere". But what congenial "atmosphere". For she took her stand near the camera between shots, and whenever Mr. Dunning would so much as wave his megaphone, she would say, with just the

right note of admiring awe, "Oh Mr. Dunning, you're wonderful!"

Well, Mr. Dunning, being a man and very human, found the praise not distasteful to his ears, and in order to keep such an appreciative audience permanently on the job, he gave the pretty young girl another job in his next picture. And it wasn't "atmosphere" this time!

By pulling the age-old line that every woman has used from our Mother Eve down, the girl "yessed" herself into the movies. And her example is followed daily in every studio in Hollywood, to the great detriment of pictures.



the title given to the little and film cutters that always ultra lavish production.

The Yes Chorus

THE yes blight is the curse of the movies. Pictures are being ruined every day because lack of courage prevents subordinates from pointing out flaws. The sublime conceit of the big men of the industry,—little kings whose courtiers know that the king can do no wrong—will brook no contradiction.

"Yes" your boss. That is the motto that everybody pins on the wall, from the prop boy up to the president. The assistant director "yesses" the director; the director "yesses" the production manager; the production manager "yesses" the producer. And the producer in his turn must often "yes" the banker from whom he has borrowed his last million.

No matter if the yes-man knows in his soul that the man higher up is wrong. No matter if he has to prostitute his artistic conscience. He must agree or lose his job. His voice must be added to the chorus of praise, in which a "no" sounds a discordant note. And the man who gets off the key

in the yes chorus loses his job, *pronto* and very swiftly. But few take the risk.

Who Killed Cock Robin

WHEN *Bella Donna* was in the making, a special private preview of the first three reels was held in the Ambassador theatre. Hard-boiled exhibitors who always go to a preview hoping for the worst, so that they may beat down the price of the film, sat and watched Pola Negri sweep through three thousand feet of film. And at the end, they cheered. Pola was superb. Her *abandon* was soul stirring, her beauty enchanting. The exhibitors, shaken out of all natural caution, enthused. And then somebody, some high Paramount official, hung crepe on the proceedings by bringing up the censor bugaboo.

What would the censors of Pennsylvania and Ohio do to this wicked woman? Better tame the picture down. It might kill the dramatic value of (Continued on page 100)

C The Comedy Studio is sometimes a Service on the road to Fame-and-Fortune. But oftener it is only a jumping-off place

The CORNER

By W. R. Benson



SUNSET Boulevard and Gower. If you live in Hollywood, you don't like to give that destination, even to a taxi driver. For the lord of the leaping meter knows as well as you do that the corner of Sunset and Gower is known as "The Corner of Last Hope."

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Look at 'em—just pipe that bunch of comedy studios.

There are more comedy studios on the four blocks that converge at Sunset and Gower than in any other territory of four times the size in the world. A new world's record!

Century, Hallroom Boys, Al Christie, Grand Studios (their letterheads call them The Grand Realty Corporation, but they make comedies just the same), Waldorf, Wm. Horsley, Paulis, Chester—they're all there, rubbing



elbows and probably peeping over each other's fences to steal gags.

Strangely enough it is a quiet, orderly corner. No unseemly mirth. The air is charged with deadly seriousness. It is a stern business—this comedy stuff.

First Chance

IRAN right into this corner about four years ago," said a hardened comedy "Gag" writer to me. "It looked like 'First Chance' to me then. I could fairly see the words written in gold and plastered on the walls as I romped into Hollywood to write bigger and better pictures. Comedies! I'd reform the comedies! I'd supplant that idea that clings so tenaciously in the minds of the D. P. (dear public) that a custard pie spread thin on a white shirt front and delicately sprayed on a fat man's features, is funny.

of LAST HOPE



"I—oh, what's the use? I wrote comedy gags and screamingly funny titles, so funny I changed my name so's the fellows in the Lambs' Club wouldn't know who perpetrated them on a suffering public. I stayed with old 'First Chance' for two years, then Drama took me in, cuddled me to her bosom. I was permitted to write sweet, sad tales of *'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model'*, disguised under modern monikers like *'Purple Passions'* and *'The Sin-Lure'*. I saw them buy picture rights, or rather butcher rights, to some of the best novels of the day—even succeeded in selling them two or three of my own published novellettes and short stories—then take away all but the names of the principal characters and the title of the book. Then at the last minute they'd decide that the name of the book would queer the film, and they'd change that.



"I batted around the 'drama lots' and murdered lots of drama for two years more, making four years I'd offered up to the Great God Film.

"Then I got sick—threw up my job and my contract and my hopes—and I went back to New York, to write short stories. Ever try to stage a come-back? You play to a hissing house, or what's worse, an empty one. Nobody in the old home town knew I was even trying to come back. And they no longer knew me. There was a new bunch of word-slingers, a new crop of spaghetti eaters at the Purple Cow and the Horned Frog. And the editors thought the name was vaguely familiar—oh, yes, the chap who wrote those vile continuities for Fox!

"I found I couldn't write anything but such lines as 'Melba, the beautiful, blond daughter of Felix Forepaugh, the village banker, is wildly in love with Handsome Harry, the barber, but her snobbish father will have none of him—not even free hair cuts and shaves.' That sort of stuff. Low comedy, but not low enough to get laughs out of editors who were looking for other

infant prodigies to take the place of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who was getting old—turned twenty-four as he was, and no longer infantile enough to be the champion of the best advertised graft in the world—the ‘younger set’. I found myself an antique, but not an objet d’art. I had about as much chance in the New York story market as Charles G. Norris has of recognizing his book in ‘Brass’.

“Last Chance”

THERE was nothing to do but to come back to Hollywood. And when I got to the corner of Sunset and Gower, I saw that I was looking at the comedy barns from the other side—that the words were ‘Last Chance’.

The “Gag” writer started dolefully across the street to the Log Cabin Cafeteria, where he could mingle inconspicuously with others who had fallen into the “First Chance—Last Chance” trap.

He pointed some of them out, as he took a wilted lettuce salad and a puffed wienerwurst over to a little table near the door.

The Case of Billie Rhoades

THERE’S Billie Rhoades. Remember her in drama? Little Billie Rhoades, we all called her. The movie magazines were full of her pictures for a while. Then somehow she dropped out of sight. Her husband died and pretty soon people stopped writing in to know where ‘Little Billie Rhoades’ was. There she is. ‘Last Chance’ caught her. Saw her in a Joe Rock comedy the other day and she didn’t even have screen credit. Yes, I go to the comedies to see what gags I can steal for our company. I work almost as hard stealing my gags as I do writing the original ones.

“Poor Billie! She’s as miscast in a comedy as an orchid at a fireman’s picnic. Some people just seem to be made for comedy; they thrive in it. Take Louise Fazenda, for instance. Everyone’s taking her these days, by the way, but she’s still the same old Louise. Did you see what they did to her in ‘The Beautiful and Damned’? But she was Louise Fazenda just the same, Louise without the hair knobs over her ears or the holes in her stockings, but comedy queen Louise just the same. That sofa scene was Louise’s, I’ll wager my hat. No director could have kept her from pulling it.

“And no matter how much they dress Louise up and trick her out and tell her to walk natural and not fall over the furniture, she’ll always be the Funny Fazenda. ‘First Chance’ will inevitably be ‘Last Chance’ for her. Straight drama will hold her for awhile, but she’ll never be able to play it straight to save her life. Did you see how she fell in the creek in ‘The Spider and Rose’? And her Bea Sorenson in ‘Main Street’ could have been lifted right out of any of her Mack Sennett comedies. Louise has loved a hundred men in the kitchen. And she managed to get Alan Hale dressed up as comically and as true to ‘First Chance’ traditions as herself.”

The scenarist gloomily regarded the thousand island dressing on his careless shirt front, but managed a faint grin as George O’Hara came in with a former comedy chum, once with Mack Sennett and now with the Grand Studios.

How About George O’Hara

NOW it’s a different story with George. George worked with Sennett, along with Louise Fazenda and Mabel Normand and the others, but he was never a comedian. Not really! Now he’s where he belongs—in light comedy drama as the virile young hero. Seen the ‘Fighting Blood’ series yet? They aren’t comedy and they

aren’t drama, but they’re something mighty fine to boost up a lagging program.

“But how about Phyllis Haver? If there was ever a greater effort made to hoist 130 pounds out of comedy into drama, than Papa Sennett made for Phyllis, I don’t know about it.

“You can’t blame Phyl for wanting to get out of comedy. All the comedy girls ask Santa Claus to bring them a drama contract for a Christmas present, and when Santa Claus is Mack Sennett, he usually does his darndest to keep the cute little things from crying over an empty stocking.

Look at Mabel Normand

LOOK at Mabel Normand! Mabel simply yearned and hankered to emote. She was just wasting her sweetness on the comedy air on the old Mack Sennett lot. No matter how many ‘Mickey’s’ they made, Mabel just had to have her chance at ‘straight drama’.

“Papa Sennett, liking Mabel a lot and hating to see her cry for the moon when he had a nice green cheese one to give her, let her go. Goldwyn almost killed Mabel. It was a sight to make the angels weep to see our Mabel in things like ‘The Slim Princess’. One great howl went up all over the country for Mabel to forget drama and hasten back to comedy—Mack Sennett variety preferred. Mabel swallowed her hurt pride and a lot of milk and went back to Sennett, fatter and wiser, all ready to make ‘Molly-O’, which, while it wasn’t the best comedy-drama ever made, helped a lot to make the patient public forget what Mabel had been pulling.

“Oh, yes, ‘First Chance’ is sure ‘Last Chance’ for Mabel Normand. She’ll have to stick to Sennett, and since she’s getting eight thousand dollars a week, she’s probably not thinking about hurt pride.”

The scenarist had finished his wilted lettuce salad with sorrowful and scornful determination to vanquish it completely. Out in the mellow sunshine, we strolled, looking pessimistically at the squat buildings, with their blaringly painted signs on glaring white frame fronts.

The scenarist raised a puny fist and shook it futilely at the building which houses his typewriter and his working brain—or scrambled eggs, as he calls his addled gray matter.

A Bunch of Hams

LOOK at that bunch of hams around the entrance. Dress suits, canes, stovepipe hats. All dressed up fit to kill—and ready to be killed by the agile little comedian that we toot up so high in our publicity. Dress suits after five won’t look too spick and span. But what’s a dress suit when this is ‘First Chance’—the wide-open doorway to Cinema Fame? Come on, boys, only three dollars or five dollars a day, for a dress suit part, but who cares? We’re in the movies at last! Let Monty and Charlie and Joe—God bless ’em—throw custards at us! We’re game! Maybe the director will see us and we’ll get featured for a bit, and then a dramatic producer will see in us the makings of a Valentino or a Tom Mix or a Tommy Meighan, and we’ll be made!

“But how many of them can stick in drama when they land? How many ever get around the other side of the barn, even, to see the words, ‘Last Chance’? Most of ’em, poor devils, get so tangled up with comedy that they never look up.”

The scenarist was bitter and he was slightly drunk. He stays slightly—or even more so—drunk most of the time, for he says the gags nauseate him when he’s sober. It takes a bun to make a gag, my friend the scenarist says.

And since he is bitter and slightly drunk we must not take his words of pessimism too seriously. (Cont’d on page 105)

CAREERS C.O.D.

By George Gray

CThe agent is the middleman of the show business. He is the link between the studio and the actor. But he is no philanthropist. Like the lady in the mellerdrammer, the unfortunate actor pays and pays and pays!



Name _____
 Address _____
 Telephone _____
 Date of Re. _____
 Age 22
 Height 5' 7"
 Weight 114
 Eyes blue
 Hair brown
 Complexion fair
 t Salary \$ 100
 Engagement with Metro in
 noise in Newborough

CMildred Davis got her chance as Harold Lloyd's leading lady through an agent—and paid for it for months afterward. Ten percent is the usual tribute exacted.

CAfter The Connecticut Yankee, Harry Myers should have sky-rocketed as a first-rank comedian. But his vogue waned when his agents gave him only blaa leading man roles.

WANT to make an actor howl? Either tell him he's getting old and porky . . . or else get him a job and try to collect a commission for it.

And whenever any of these puffy luminaries dream out loud about their "fabulous" film salaries, just grab the salt and—ask the agent.

Personal representatives, or agents, or managers,—or whatever they choose for a monniker,—are the bane of the show business. A necessary evil. Something you can't get along with or scrape along without. Any actor'll tell you, at the same time defining the agent something like this:

AGENT: An intelligence department of Hollywood, who's in cahoots with casting directors and may, for a consideration, get you a part in a picture, if . . .

That *if*, of course, is the string attached to it. If the agent likes you he may land you something; if he doesn't like you, you're *out*, all wet, finished.

Therefore, it behooves an actor in the flicker camp to keep in with agencies. You do this by different and devious means.

What Young Actors Ought to Know

HARRY MYERS, for example, drops in and petrifies his representatives by the deft application of good old Bowery slang. Grace Darmond has eyes—and knows how to use them. Colleen Moore's unfailing wit gets her by.

But, at any rate, if you would be popular with the lichtig-and-rothwells, the johnlancasters, the inglises of the industry, you should perforce make a "hit" in some special production, so that it won't be difficult for the ballyhoo to sell you to a producing concern.

Or, if you are a lesser light, it behooves you to pay semi-weekly calls upon said personal representative, bringing with you much information anent the picture business, your actor friends' private affairs and so forth for all of the agent's office force to digest and perhaps pass on.

If you haven't made your especial "hit"—if you are not a Lon Chaney in, say, another "Miracle Man" or a May McAvoyn in a second "Sentimental Tommy",—you must bring photographs, unretouched ones preferably, before you can hope even to be noticed.

For agents, being commercial-minded persons in hot pursuit of the thing called cash, naturally like you if you *are* Lon Chaney, or Noah Beery or Anna Q. Nilsson, because it is then understood that you screen well, have proven ability, a reputation and can command a fattish salary with which to pay commissions.

This type of actor, the celebrity, is the one not needing agents, but the latter keep continually on his trail, greet him effusively and, quite obviously, make an effort to keep him well supplied with engagements.

If, however, you are just the unknown leading lady of the never-been-heard-of "legit" stock company and have come Hollywood-wards to make your film fame...if your name isn't, perhaps, instantly familiar to the minx at the front desk when you send it in, the agent *may* take an interest in you—or then again, he may *not*, as Ring Lardner says.

Agents Can—and Do—Kill Stars

THERE are some once well-known actors in the picture industry who were "killed off" by the bad work of agents.

And there are some present-day leading ladies whom the agents alone have *made* and whom they could just as readily break tomorrow if they wanted to.

F'rinstance. Some seasons ago Bessie Love was a star. Her name over her own productions. A personality in picturedom. At the same time she had a contract with a managerial firm to handle her business affairs, keep their eyes open in her behalf and to further her interests generally.

Came the w. k. "slump" and the subsequent demise of Miss Love's company. The young star found herself on the market, needing a job—at a time when she was worth money as a box-office attraction.

Months elapsed, however, before her managers got over saying that nothing had turned up yet, and she was finally shipped into an insignificant ingenue role *in support of* a fast-dying, middle-aged star who made brutish sea stories and the like.

When this role at length expired, she had another period of idleness,—*when her name should have been kept alive before the public!* Then she was offered another ingenue part in Hayakawa's "The Swamp," a slim, sympathetic little role of the fragile child-wife.

But, on completing her first few scenes, Hayakawa, who wrote the story himself, re-wrote it and greatly widened her characterization. In fact, he practically gave her the story. Bessie Love showed herself to be a proven mistress of emotion and of fine acting.

The same firm of managers succeeded in "landing" Edith Roberts with Cecil B. deMille in "Saturday Night", when Bessie Love was infinitely better suited to the part. Whether Miss Roberts failed to live up to the director's expectations of her, or whether she was badly managed in not immediately having been put into another production equally as important to her career isn't known, but the fact remains that her name as a star died when Universal's contract with her expired.

It's not every agent who has sufficient foresight to see the possibilities of a girl like Claire Windsor. Before she became famous she had a terrific time inducing anyone to sponsor her. She haunted the offices of every agent in filmdom, but they would have nothing to do with her. Always the same reply to her quest for work, "Nothing today."

Then Lois Weber took an interest in her and gave her her chance. Immediately every job-getter on the fringe of the film colony tried to secure her signature to an exclusive-management contract.

The Exclusive-Management System

SOME agents will have little or nothing to do with an actor who doesn't bind himself exclusively to the management scheme. That was, perhaps, what proved so ruinous to bonnie little Bessie Love. She had a personal agreement with one representative, hence could accept the work-proffers of no other.

Nor did Harry Myers, either, benefit by having only one firm manage him. Immediately after "The Connecticut Yankee" was shown he should have bloomed forth magnificently as a first-rank comedy star by virtue of his truly brilliant work. But, there was his contract with his agents, and, because they were unable to unearth anything except platitudinous leading-man roles for him opposite such satellites as Alice Lake and Gladys Walton, Myers' vogue waned peculiarly.

The Agent Always Gets His!

WHEN an agent sets about getting some actor a role in a picture—a job, as Hollywood calls it—he fully protects himself to the extent that it becomes practically impossible for him *not* to collect a commission somewhere, for, in submitting a certain actor's name to a casting director, he will offer the names of at least half a dozen other Thespians of the same type, one of whom is sure to be acceptable.

Then,—whether or not the chosen actor has asked the agent to represent him, whether or not said actor would have, perhaps, gotten a call directly from the studio itself,—he finds himself telephoned by the agent informed that, through the latter's efforts, a certain role has been obtained for him at such-and-such a salary.

As recompense the agent claims ten percent weekly of the above-named salary. Ten percent! Fifty dollars a week out of a \$500 stipend merely because the agent sent in the actor's name along with a score of others!

But ten percent isn't all. If a role lasts less than three weeks, the agent claims one-half of the second week's salary—a preposterous usury.

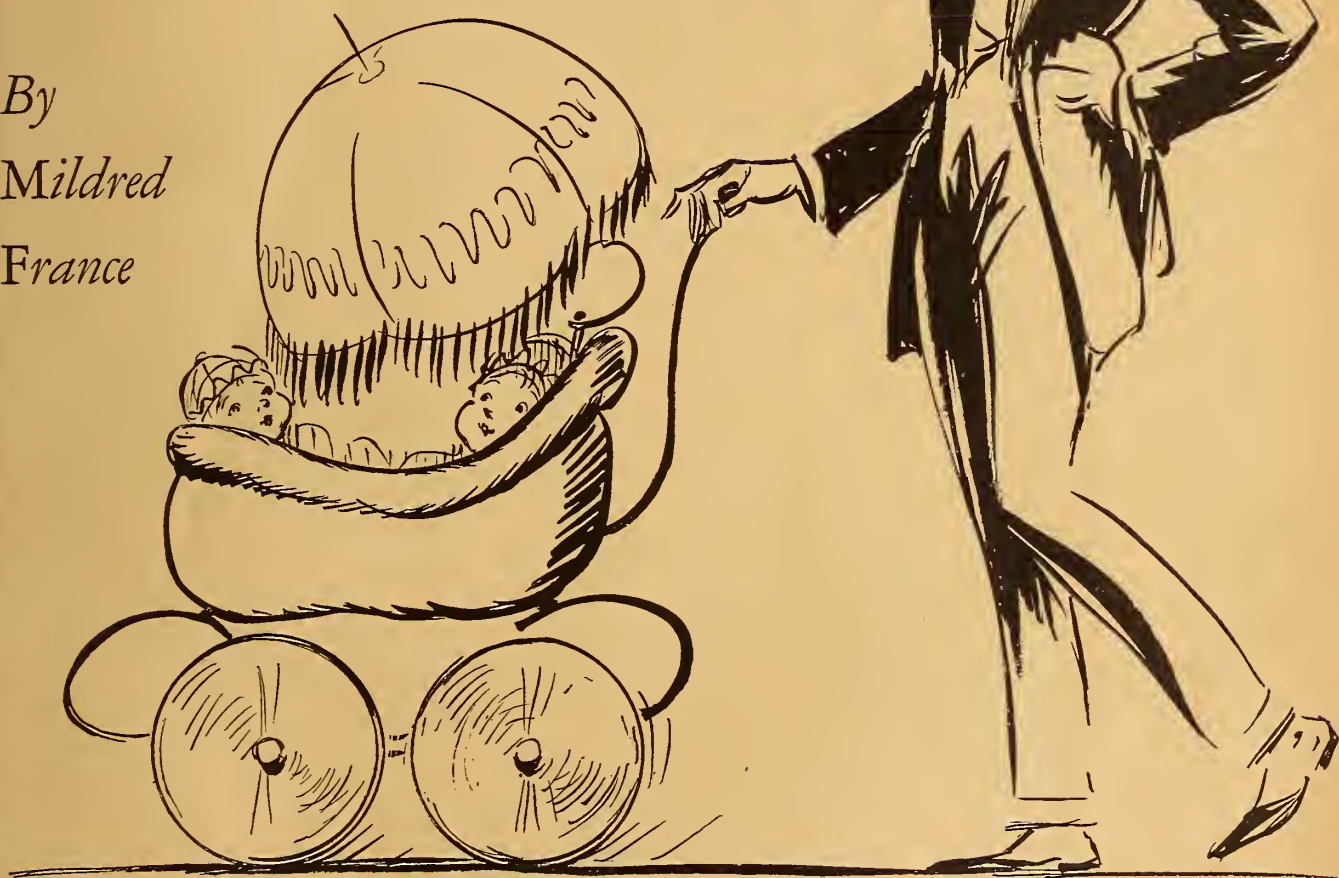
"What are you going to do?" a popular leading woman echoed. "They've got you coming and going. If you don't have an agent make overtures for you at a studio you're likely to be forgotten in the rush of job-seekers."

And if an agent gets "down on you . . . !

(Continued on page 92)

WHY is a Movie Husband?

By
Mildred
France



WEBSTER will tell you a husband is a correlative of a wife. The movie stars will tell you something else again and you won't find it in Webster. A husband, say their consorts, may range from a poor fish to an ungrateful wretch who blots up the Bevo instead of bringing home the bacon.

A movie spouse, however, is as misunderstood as a porch climber. He is the most abused, derided, caricatured creature promenading Hollywood Boulevard.

Just how his genus evolved into the fungus-clinging person that he is has never been solved. It is said that brisk press agents decided a connubial partner should be part of the great Hollywood hallucination (we all go to bed at nine, my dears, and even the drug stores aren't open!)

Of course, some of the girly stars gathered husbands in their neo-celluloid days when they were humbly glad to

C The movie spouse is as misunderstood as a porch climber. Not one of the species, say the divorce-claiming wives, can come home at 4:00 a. m. and pronounce "Tegucigalpa"

marry Frank and his elegant job in the starch works.

Stars' husbands are as easily classified as racial types, but instead of "Caucasian" it would give a better idea to use such descriptions as "willing to work—but only his wife."

What a convivial soul this star-fish, pardon, star-husband, is,—if you will believe the divorce complaint of the wage-earning wife. Not one of this specie, it seems, can come home at four A. M. and pronounce "Tegucigalpa."

She Paid—and Paid—and Paid

A MOST pathetic case is that of Priscilla Bonner and her mate, Allen Wyness Alexander. Allen paid seventy-five dollars a case for gin—and it wasn't even the real stuff. Priscilla suffered keenly. Her scant salary was paid over to



☞ *He was willing to work—but only his wife.*

the bootlegger with the regularity of a gas collector.

Priscilla waned until the casting directors tagged her "too thin for work." The suit for divorce was given an airing in the local courts, but the Santa Claus of the film industry was here at the time, and the case was dismissed.

The painful shattering of the romance between Wanda Hawley and Allen Burton Hawley caused much grief in our little village Rialto. Allen owned a garage and Wanda lent her Dresden charms to the pictures. Everything seemed beautiful—for a time. A charming picture of Wanda smiled down from the garage wall at customers.

But somehow, Wanda and Allen couldn't "jell."

"He wouldn't work," wailed his wife in her complaint. "He—he—oh dear! he drank. Nasty stuff in tall, thin glasses!"

A few weeks later Wanda, all disguised as Selma Hawley, appeared in the Federal Building and asked for a passport to Europe. Just like that—Europe.

The officials were charmed. The officials were stunned. And the officials were doubtful.

Surely this was Wanda Hawley, the beautiful blonde Lasky star? But no, the figurine smiled and said she was

just Selma Hawley, housewife, and was going abroad with her manager.

The insouciance was respected, and Wanda got her passport.

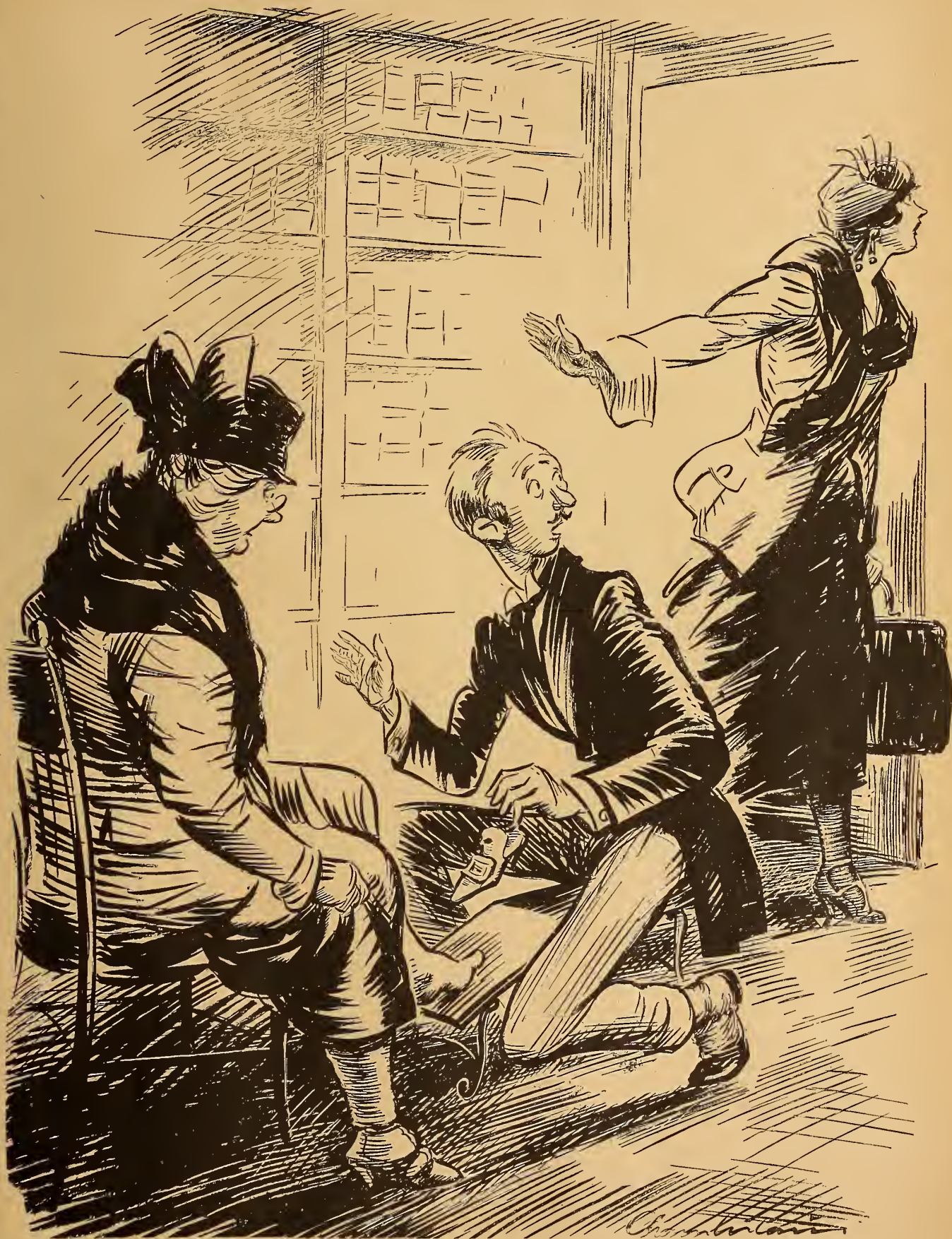
Allen, from the home of his brother-in-law in New York, growled bearishly. He hinted darkly that the life of a movie husband was not all beer and skittles. She named him for the smudge on the marriage license? It was to laugh!

The Hawley forecast is still "unsettled with indications of stormy weather" when Wanda and her manager return from abroad.

A Spiritual Causus Belli

ADELE ODEN'HAL, known to fame as Adele Howard, asserted briefly that the cash to buy calories was used for spirits frumentis. Frank borrowed her money and played the 'cello—a mean combination. Why 'cello? Now if Frank had played the zither we'd understand. Maybe Adele had a 'cello complex.

A screen actress whose life has been embittered through matrimony is Charlotte Pierce. Charlotte, who is Mrs. Ver-



It was too much to expect a great actress to remain tied to a shoe-clerk. She waved him a fond farewell and history records him not.

gil Joseph Mays, says hubby worked only one week after she slipped her finger through the fatal ring, bought himself some swell togs and charged them to her account, worked up a yen for a black onyx ring—and took \$20 from her purse to satisfy said yen.

If that weren't enough, Vergil—don't you love that name?—took his mamma to Tijuana! We don't know whether mamma had some good hunches or not, or whether she played them. But it hurt Charlotte. She wasn't invited, it seems.

What Happened to Mr. Agnes Ayres?

WONDER what happened to that army officer husband of Agnes Ayres? When Agnes was a player of bits, no one cared especially whether there was a Mr. Agnes or not.

But when "Forbidden Fruit," a DeMille dissipation, pushed her to stardom, Aggie told the world she would cut the matrimonial cord.

Exit the spouse, before he had the chance to shine, even dimly, as the other half of the house of Ayres.

Exit Miss Dupont's Spouse

MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG'S little dip into matrimony interests us too. When Marguerite was made into a star, someone thought he'd add a spice of mystery by calling her something else.

"Here there you" ~~he said~~ putting down his megaphone ~~+~~ "you ~~your~~ name's Miss Dupont from now on."

"Miss What, Dupont?"

"Just Miss Dupont."

Alas there is no mystery about Miss Dupont. She was Mrs. Paddy Hannigan of San Francisco, and everybody called her Paddy.

But when she went into the celluloid convent her hubby went to Chicago.

It was too much to expect of a great actress to remain tied to a shoe salesman. He might give her fits. He smiled a sad Pierrot goodbye. And history records him not.

Barbara La Marr, Matrimonial Addict

BARBARA La Marr has had a regular poker hand of husbands. Her spouses, however, never reached the lime-light until Barbara discarded them. She was careful, indeed, to see that they formed a sort of Barbara-background.

Even her last little flyer in "till death do us part," will not bear flowers of publicity for her husband, Jack Dougherty. He is, after all, a lesser luminary, and probably never will outshine his wife.

Barbara, somebody said, drove one husband into a prison cell; and another into selling real estate.

Ben Deely is the realtor, and Phil Ainsworth the convict. Ben is making money in lands. Phil landed in jail trying to make money out of bum checks.

Donald Crisp, the director, doesn't belong in the "I-work-my-wife" class; but he broke every marriage vow with speed and accuracy, according to his wife, Marie, when she asked for a divorce.

Marie told the judge that after Donald had completed his nefarious career in fidelity-wrecking, he deserted her—couldn't stand the choking bonds of married life.

Never, since viewing "Hazel Kirke," have we been so moved by "the treachery of man."

Audrey M. Kennedy, playwright and moving picture director, left his wife, Agnes Camille Kennedy, in Winnipeg. She sued for divorce and the custody of their three children. She said he had provided for them only spasmodically—and she wanted money, not in spasms, when Audrey felt inclined, but in regular installments.

Audrey is paying—and finds it isn't so hard. Anyway he isn't smothered. He has the right to breathe freely again, now that the Hymen-fashioned gas mask has been taken off—and the price of freedom is never too dear. Genius must not be bound.

You must not imagine that all movie husbands cause ruction in the home by bringing back a rubescent nose and empty pockets.

There are as many movie partners as there are Sennett cuties.

The Masterful Movie Mate

TAKE the masterful movie mate. Catalogued in this column are Charles Brabin and Harold Lloyd. Twenty-five years ago, this type used to twirl black mustachios and forbid Fanny to go to a matinée where that naughty Lottie Collins was singing her "Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay." Fanny sighed meekly and was glad to be protected so knowingly, glad to be one of "us ladies."

Is the modern master getting away with his stuff? He is not.

Theda Bara is acting with super-calm her little domestic drama. Nothing wrong in the Bara household. Mr. Charles Brabin desires a hearth-side companion. He said so. Theda will go back to her first love, the films. She said so. Theda will leave the canning of the gooseberries to less gifted women, and we hardly blame her when the juicy contracts are lying idle at Metro. How will they adjust their home life? Time, she said with originality, will tell.

And then there's little Mildred Davis, as rosy and cheery a little bride as you'll meet in a day's hike through Hollywood. Harold is adorable, but Mildred won't stay put under the bushel basket for long. Taffeta boudoirs, sapphire bracelets, a Beverly Hills estate, and baked Alaskas are not enough to still the itch in her actress' veins, we surmise.

Mildred carries a press clipping that praises her work in an anti-divorce film. Mildred's mama on the nuptial eve snapped her disbelief that Mildred would give up her career. Things are beginning to look interesting for Harold Lloyd, who says he wants Mildred all to himself.

Bull Montana would be a dominant husband, if he were a husband. Catch his wife flickering before the camera? Not a flicker.

Bull announced his dis-engagement to one Bessie, a nurse, recently. And he gave as his reason the fact that she wanted to hang around under the Kliegs.

"I wanta the beeg fine girl," Bull said, "but she musta stay home. You understand?"

We getcha, Bull. What we don't understand is how any pretty creature could prefer fame to Bull.

Consider the Romantic Husband

A MOST inviting specimen to dissect is the romantic husband of the films.

Douglas Fairbanks, Rex Ingram, Francis X. Bushman, Rodolph Valentino, and James Rennie, are, perhaps, our most gallant examples of connubial companionship.

Their love lives are so replete with the red rose of existence that we all worship them, with even more fervor than we do their single brethren.

That dark-eyed conquistador, Tony Moreno, is now married to Mrs. Daisy Danziger. Mrs. Moreno, who is very much "in society," is the mother of a grown daughter. But that is only another pearl to add to their white band of happiness, Antonio announces.

A great lady, and a Spanish cavalier!

Here's to you!

That Rodolph Natacha hejira! The pain in spinsters' hearts has lessened, but their

(Continued on page 83)



MAY McAVOY
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



COLLEEN MOORE
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



NITA NALDI
by EDWARD THAYER MONROE



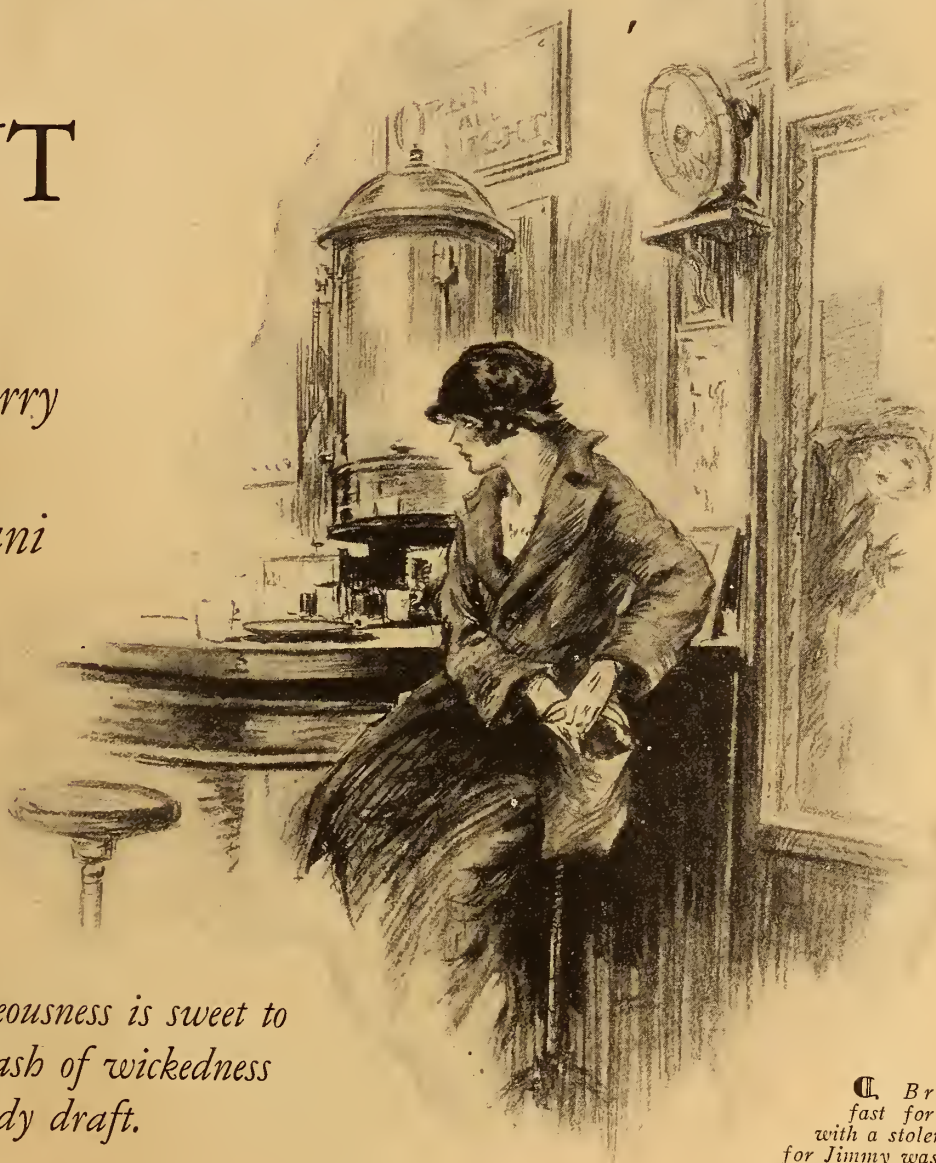
by BETTY COMPSON
EDWARD THAYER MONROE

The Celluloid

SAINT

By
Peter Lowensberry
and
Aimée Torriani

Illustrated by
Rae Van Buren



C The wine of righteousness is sweet to the taste, but a dash of wickedness makes a more heady draft.

LOREN JAMESON and Enid Squires had written a scenario. And what was infinitely more remarkable in Hollywood, they had seen it pass from the hard-boiled first reader of the Lost Art studio up to the scenario editor and thence to old Fishbein, the great producer himself.

Fishbein had read the story and had tried it out on his pet director, a crochety old Scotchman, who thought poorly of all authors, but Shakespeare and Bobby Burns—who were safely dead and not apt to annoy a director about changes in the script—but he condescended to smile briefly at one or two situations in the girls' story.

The wintery contraction of the lips that passed for a smile with MacGregor so exhilarated Fishbein that he slapped his knee and shouted:

"If it makes so great a commotion here in the studio what a knock-out it will make on the public!"

Accordingly, Enid and Jimmy were sent for, and after the Eastern manner of haggling over the price was satisfactorily exhausted by the trio, the two girls came away, fainting in each other's arms. Fishbein had even suggested that the leading role be given to Sydna Chrystoffson, the

star. Of course, to Jimmy's way of thinking, she could never register real emotion, but she was beautiful as a wax doll, and besides, she had just had a scandalous divorce suit, and so would be more than ordinarily interesting. To be sure, she would want the continuity rewritten a dozen times, but after all, that was not their affair.

Breathless with joy, they rushed into the nearest drug store for sodas, and shrieked the news through the telephone to Glory, the third member of the trio and an actress of sorts.

That night in their garret room Jimmy and Glory lay in their cold cot beds hugging their empty tummies ecstatically.

"I shall miss this dear old attic," sighed Jimmy, "the spidered rafters, and the knot holes where the mice play hide and seek. And what a strange thing it will be not to have to remember about washing out my one pair of silk stockings every night. And never another visit to the Shop of the Three Brass Balls—Really, Glory, it makes me feel a bit queer to think of having beefsteak for dinner every night if we want it."

C Breakfast for one, with a stolen bite for Jimmy was procured by the sale of a window card.

"I can't agree with you, for I already feel it the the most natural thing in the world to drop in to dine with you. I shall simply say to the butler, 'Good evening, James, is the authoress dining at home this evening? Well, no matter, in any case, James, you may as well lay an extra cover for me!'"

"Good night," said Jimmy. "Better not really build your castles till you get your check in the morning. But I have a strong hunch that success is just ahead for you. No one will be gladder than I. Good night, old rag."

Silence—with the wind rattling the casement window, and the scuttle of a mouse between the walls. Then;

"Glory, are you awake? I just can't sleep, I'm so excited and so starved. Isn't there a thing to eat?"

"Not a scrap. I myself finished the other side of that half-nibbled cookie."

"Well, how about a cigarette?"

"That's what I was wondering—my dear!" She leaped out of bed, her teeth chattering; "I remember now, Babs left one in my copy of Emerson to mark her place. If I can find my nail file we'll cut it in two."

Jimmy puffing rapturously, "Oh, it's heavenly. You *are* a lamb . . . Would you mind just sitting on my feet a little while, Glory? They feel like an ice-wagon, but do put the table cover around your shoulders."

Footsteps mounting the stair. A knock at the door.

"Oh you cigarettes," she gasped, "how warm and cozy you both look—where's one for me?"

Glory, giving her her less-than-half-a-stub, "have a puff? It's our last one for the moment, but tomorrow I'll expect a hundred or so from you two famous authors."

Enid threw out her arms.

"Don't, Glory, I can't bear it."

THEY quivered in alarm at the tragedy in her tone; her inner emotion instantly registered itself on all three faces.

"What's wrong—what is it?" they cried.

"The whole world's wrong—but I couldn't decide whether to tell you tonight or wait until morning!"



Enid threw out her arms.
"Don't, Glory, I can't bear it."

"Has the baby fallen into the well, or did your husband refuse you a decree, or what?"

"Don't be silly," moaned Enid, "it's really tragic. Oh, I can't bear to tell you."

"But the suspense for us! Have mercy! Can't you see our imaginations leaping among all the horrors and crimes of the world?" Jimmy expostulated. "For heaven's sake, tell us!"

"Well, then, so be it," agreed Enid. "I went out to the Lost Art studio tonight on a party. Thought I'd better be as ingratiating an authoress as possible; but Fishbein was cool to me, and MacGregor, the director, was frigid, and Jip Haig, the camera man, was pitying and—"



¶ *Glory, usually so valuable in moments of tragedy, was strangely dumb.*

"The point is that Sydna Chrystoffson is an imbecile. She won't have our scenario. Says it doesn't do her justice. Says it's not a dramatic enough vehicle for her. Says—"

But Jimmy had collapsed on her pillow.

Glory, usually so valuable in moments of tragedy, was strangely dumb. Then grasping her table cover more firmly about her, she demanded:

"But why not try the World's Stupendous All-Star Corporation, and The Fine-Art, and the Hollywood Planet Co.?"

"But we've gone the whole rounds. Lost Art was our last hope."

Silence—with the wind rattling the casement window, and the scuttle of a mouse between the walls.

Suddenly Glory lifted her bowed head.

"The time has come, my poor children, to go to Sydna Chrystoffson, to use my influence with her."

IF the last shell of the World War had burst through the roof and exploded in their midst, the two girls could not have been more profoundly startled. They stared at Glory as if she were an apparition.

"You," Jimmy gasped—"you know the star, Miss Chrystoffson?"

"I did not say that I knew her," affirmed Glory with dignity—"I said that for your wretched sakes I would use my influence with her."

"But how, why?" stammered Enid.

"I see it all," gloated Jimmy, "our mysterious Glory had had a liason with a man, a man who is also in Sydna's life. Or perhaps she has committed a murder! In that case, my dear Enid, we'd do a plot on it, the theme, I mean. Or no, Glory knows everybody she has some secret connection with her late scandal, and in that case, plots within plots, we could do another scenario for her!"

"No, it's not like that at all, hounds," wearily corrected Glory. "Jimmy your brain is entirely too fertile for your own good—it runs away with you."

"Then she's your mother's fifty-second cousin twice removed like the cobbler you found in Santa Ana the night we played in 'The Kittens' Revue."

"But I tell you I don't know her—however, I'll do my best, for it's only for you that I would approach her. A woman's past should not often be uncovered, and you must promise solemnly never to ask me what I shall say to her! Enid, get thee to bed, Wench, and let me sleep, both of you miserable scribblers. I still see success ahead of you, but I must have all me wits about me tomorrow."

Morning dawned. Vast quantities of California sunshine poured in through the window. Glory wakened and reached for her rosary.

"To the day's adventures," she cried, looking up from her prayers as Jimmy opened her eyes.

"To Glory's wits," sang Jimmy with a light heart, "and would you mind enlightening me as to the probable course of your movements today?"

"First to the Tavern. The nice, kind, good man there has promised me breakfast in exchange for a window card I've made for him."

"Good work," admitted Jimmy admiringly, "You wear my polo-coat with the big pockets, and I'll be waiting just outside."

"Only it might be buttered toast instead of rolls, or a mess like soft boiled eggs."

"No matter, my rubber sponge bag will fit nicely into the right hand pocket— Then where next?"

"I heard a rumor that Dubarry starts casting today for the Rachael-Jacob episode. Margot promised to introduce me. I'll try to get you in on that, too—they say all you have to do is to ride on camels' humps, but it might mean a week's steady job."

"Week's steady backache, you mean," Jimmy interrupted.

"Was it all a dream last night, about your seeing Sydna today? I seem to remember hearing you murmur something—"

"No, Jim, it's apt to be the realest thing in my day. Oh, I expect to page her off and on, every hour or so. I'd rather see her at her own home though, than anywhere else. We'll meet for dinner at 'Come On Inn.' You gather up Enid. I'll borrow something from somebody, or Betty will trust us a little longer."

During this conversation, the most astonishing preparations had been going forward. First, ablutions, then dressing in brief and abbreviated essentials, then a vigorous brushing of her silky dark curls, then makeup, judiciously administered, then outer garments, and in the end she was ready in Margot's cast-off suit, and Jane's smart New York hat of two seasons ago, turned back side to. But her freshness, her beauty, her vividness and air of chic, made Jimmy proud as a peacock as he surveyed her lazily from the bed.

"Will I do, Jim?"

"I'll say you'd do Venus herself, not to mention a mere star like Sydna Chrystoffson."

"At Betty's then, for dinner. So long, Bad Egg," which last appellation was by way of being an especial endearment.

SYDNA CHRYSSTOFFSON had never been more pleased with herself than when she stepped elegantly from her limousine that day in front of her palatial Spanish abode. She had had her own way all day long, a fact gratifying in itself even to the least of us. She had seen the day's rushes along with Mr. Fishbein, who had gently pinched her arm and deferentially bowed her out to her car. Nothing so lifted herself in her own esteem as the deference of men. In it she drank deep of adulation and of that priceless thing

she called quality. She loved to kid herself along the pathway of fame. No mortal ever aspired as valiantly as Sydna to be a really great lady.

So it was that she smiled graciously at Glory whom she discovered waiting for her on the stoop of her entrance. Fan admirers were bores, but they must be encouraged nevertheless.

"I do want a few minutes of your precious time, Miss Chrystoffson," Glory's smile was irresistible and her eyes beguiling.

The star led her across the patio, and into the library, where they found chairs drawn up before a glowing wood fire, just the atmosphere Glory would have desired.

Glory plunged at once. Her voice was a bit too loud, and her words tumbled out with the rapidity of a picture in a ten-cent movie house. A discerning ear might have caught signs of nerve strain.

"Two friends of mine have written a story they thought would be a great avenue for your genius. They submitted the scenario, 'The Man Thou Gavest Me,' but your director has refused it. They feel that you never read it at all."

"Indeed, I did read it, but it's terrible; gives me no chance."

"But the great thing my friends did for that drama is to leave you free to make your own chance. Your emotional talents need have no bounds. The play will make you famous."

"Nonsense, it's rotten, I tell you. I really cannot be disturbed by every writer who thinks he has written a masterpiece. My director knows exactly what I want."

The star rose with ill concealed irritation to usher Gloria to the door.

Gloria clutched the arms of her chair and lifted tragic eyes to the flushed faced star.

"But these girls are both at the end of their rope. They both threaten suicide because of this decision of yours. Oh, if you could have known their joy yesterday, Miss Chrystoffson, when they were told it was accepted. It was a frightful blow to them. Please, please, promise to reread it and see if you can't make a great picture of it."

The star tapped her foot petulantly.

"Once is quite enough for such trash. I can't be forever wasting my valuable time on the work of young upstarts. Tell them to go home and wash—"

Glory sprang up like a rising aeroplane.

"Indeed in your own and in your husband's life it was recognition of youth's talent that has brought you where you both are today. Don't think me rude, my dear, but you *are* going to listen to me—yes, to every word I have to say. I have a very real claim, even if my friends have not."

"Claim?" whispered the star, her eyes wide with fear.

Glory caught both her wrists, forcing her into her chair, and drew her own close.

"Listen," she began, her eyes holding Sydna's against her will. "Five years ago I was struggling in New York to get the part of Fifi in 'The Belle of Brittany'. I had worked ten hours a day at rehearsals until the manager said I could have the part. But it depended on clothes. We must furnish our own. We were to lay off for two months before opening, so I determined to earn the money for them. I was penniless, but I tried to find a job in department stores, laundries, Childs'; all time wasted. For the moment, it seemed, no one wanted a girl. I sat on a bench in the park. A young man walked by. He stared at me, then lifted his hat.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have been searching all New York for you."

"For me?" I asked wonderingly.

"For you," he repeated solemnly. "You are my dream. You are my living vision. 'Listen'— (Continued on page 96)



Glory sprang up. "Don't think me rude, my dear but you are going to listen to me. I have a very real claim, even if my friends have not."

The Trumpeter

By W. Ellen



☐ Wistful little Mae Marsh has "come back" in Griffith's *White Rose*.

AT THE clarion sound of the trumpet which some beautiful Saint Gabriel of the Film World has blown have come trooping—back into Hollywood—such old favorites, such actors rich in experience, as Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Theda Bara, H. B. Warner, May Allison, Mae Marsh, Virginia Pearson, Gladys Brockwell, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Frederick, Cleo Ridgeley, Mary Ruby, Wally Van, Eileen Percy, J. Warren Kerrigan, Henry B. Walthall—the coming is grand and imposing, the line almost endless, and the standard they bear as they troop Hollywoodward is a glorious white satin banner on which is embroidered the purple letters, "By our acting ye shall know us." A fine slogan for this company of the Resurrected.

You blew the trumpet. I blew the trumpet. We all blew the trumpet. Our united breaths breathed a prayer for better acting, for sincerer stuff, for mellowed ability, for richer maturity.

Flapperism Is Passé

THE whole world—or all that part of it which goes to pictures—is sick of flapperism. Too long have our movies been the pap which our directors and producers and exhibitors—a vicious circle, without beginning or end—have thought would appeal to the public.

So long as we as a nation have the flapper complex, so long will we be deprived of motion pictures fit for mature tastes. Now that the flapper is letting her locks grow out and her skirts sprout, we may hope to see a corresponding psychological reaction in the pictures.

So long as we seemed to demand nothing but childish youth of our stars—blonde curls and toothsome, rosebud simpers, just so long were they dead—killed by the flapper craze—kept in their graves.

Then as a nation we grew suddenly weary of children in knee dresses as the heroines of our drama. We grew sick of vaselined youth, without the added graces of character or brawn. We began to wonder why we thrilled so over Margaret Anglin in such plays as *The Woman of Bronze*, which hit us over the head from the footlights so forcibly that we knew there was something wrong with our silent drama. We saw that Margaret Anglin was neither

pretty nor young. She was fat, forty-plus and almost homely—really homely in the wrong lights and without just the right sort of clothes. How could Margaret Anglin pull our very souls from the toes of our satin evening slippers, and make us forget that she was fat, forty and homely?

Because she could act! An audience that had been surfeited with pretty young things—charming little pouters like Marie Prevost and Pauline Garon—infants without an ounce of acting ability, nothing in the world to recommend them except youth and immature, stereotyped beauty—rose up and deluged Margaret Anglin with applause, so honestly glad of being treated to a little acting that she could have had anything she wanted out of that Los Angeles crowd.

We—as a vast movie audience—have been burying our *passé* stars with the most casual lack of compunction, and greedily, like carnivorous animals, asking for more human flesh to devour.

Now we have gone back to the graveyards to dig among the bones to see if we can find any buried genius, any real, honest-to-God acting ability. Suddenly it seems to all of us that we shall simply pass away if we have to look on Mary Miles Minter or Wanda Hawley or Bebe Daniels or any one of a hundred other "baby stars," childishly faking mature emotions, scraping by because of pretty clothes and marcelled bobbed hair, and cutey-cute ways.

of FAME

Reamy

Welcome, Theda!

ONE OF the first of our buried geniuses to answer the frantic appeal for acting ability is Theda Bara. It has become quite fashionable for critics and highbrows to like Theda Bara. When she was in her heyday we thrilled and thrilled when she lured the husband away from the oh-so-good-and-true little wife, but we didn't say much about her. It was considered awfully lowbrow to rave over Theda. Just a little off-color, don't you know? Especially when Theda began to slip, ruined by a hideously poor assortment of stories, it was all one's reputation as a highbrow or a moderately lofty brow was worth to admit a sneaking fondness for the Semitic beauty who thrived on busted homes.

But now—how different! With a complete change of front critics who almost drove the poor girl to suicide a few years ago are now gravely declaring that Theda is about the world's prize actress, and that they always told you so! One New York critic stoutly asserts, now that all the world is anxiously looking toward Theda to redeem us from this awful slough of saccharine flapperism into which we have slipped, "We have more genuine esteem for Miss Bara than any screen actress we have ever met."

Yes, she was dead and she lives again!

We expect the new Theda, who will of course go back to the screen in spite of Charles Brabin's loudly asserted opposition, to bring with her a new ripeness, a mellow appreciation for the fineness of her art, a studied, exquisite technique. We saw Theda at the Montmartre in Hollywood the other day, lunching with Lois Weber. The producer. We wonder if that is significant? Lois Weber as an understanding, mellowed woman, could probably do more with Theda Bara, the new woman, than any male director.

And Theda herself looked wonderful. She has had her face done over, so that it has that firm look of youthful maturity. Thank God, she doesn't look *young*, in the callow sense that most of our film charmers look young. But she has no marks of age or of illness or of nervousness or irritability. She seems to have poise and dignity, two virtues which always come with maturity and philosophy. And over that calm wise face of the new Theda brood her age-old eyes, heavy-lidded, passionate, smouldering—the typical eyes of the sensitive Jewess. She has wisely kept her body slender and supple. Why shouldn't Theda Bara now give to us the finished art of which a girl is incapable?

Margaret Anglin did not give to the legitimate stage the richness of beauty and intellect which she now lavishes upon her roles, when she first "arrived." She was much handsomer then, to be sure, and much more "girlish" in figure. Why didn't the American stage-loving public bury her when she lost that slenderness and pastel beauty? That is the pleasant little habit we as a motion picture public have been addicted to.

The Bushmans are Back

BEVERLY BAYNE and Francis X. Bushman—the names are inseparable; it's no use trying to talk of one without the other—have "come back." And on our surfeited palates the names taste pleasant. Not sweet, but piquant. We expect drama when we see them. We expect a fineness and richness



C The Covered Wagon brought J. Warren Kerrigan back to his rightful place in pictures, and The Girl of the Golden West clinched his position.

of feeling that our curly-headed ingenues cannot possibly give us. Those who have seen their first play, *Marriage Madness*, say it is wonderful for a first effort after years of being out of the game. All critics unite in saying they bring that elusive quality which is so much in demand right now—genuine feeling and acting ability.

A New May Allison

WE never thought it would be our privilege to herald a come-back for May Allison. And even this hopeful notice is premature, for we have not seen her picture. But May Allison has shown signs of either a dawning or hitherto concealed intelligence and sense of values. After a trip around the world, May returns to Hollywood a new person. She admits that the wave in her hair was not natural, and she irons it out to prove it. She takes off the rosebud mouth and lets her natural lips show for the first time since she has been in the business. She takes the round baby stare out of her eyes and lets age and character and maturity creep into them. She slicks her hair down around her head, cap fashion, or like a Madonna. Then she elongates the whole effect with long earrings, and lo, we have a new May Allison, who would undoubtedly scorn to wheedle a new gown out of Friend Husband, who has been driven to the financial rocks by his cute little wife's extravagances. We don't know just what May *will* do, but thank Heaven, she will not be a flapper, fluffing up her curly bobbed locks and staring round-eyed into a "oh, you wonderful's man's" eyes, imploring him to spend his fortune or mortgage his soul for money to buy clothes. Which is something—something!

At that, May ought to do well. She's comparatively young, is very striking in this new exterior she has picked up, probably in Egypt, and has been in the game so long she knows every bit of the technique, and the pitfalls and the fourflush. She ought to know mighty well what *not* to do, at least!

Mae Marsh Is Here, Too

ANOTHER who has answered Gabriel's siren call, to our great joy, is Mae Marsh. There has never been anyone just like her. She was not pretty—still isn't, we suppose—and she did not have "sex appeal"; but Mae could act. And she had the most wistful appeal of anyone on the screen, barring Lillian Gish. Possibly her very homeliness made her wistful. It has that effect on most girls.

Now in *The White Rose*, a Griffith picture, we find Mae Marsh carrying the production, against the fact that it is not as big a picture as Griffith is expected to make. For years we have looked toward Griffith as the master director, the Napoleon of the industry. And since *One Exciting Night* we have been wondering, a little sadly. Now we find Mae Marsh being given credit for "making" a Griffith picture. Heretofore it has always been Griffith who was the unseen star of his every production.

Lillian Gish says of Mae Marsh in *The White Rose*, "It is a great triumph. I couldn't see where she could have been more wonderful."

Who can say what it is that these years away from the screen, years in which she could think and learn and live have given Mae Marsh? Has it been wifehood, to which she has devoted her time without thought of the studio, which have ripened and broadened and sweetened Mae Marsh, so that now it seems as if she will take her place among the great ones? Would not a little time away—a little time to dream and think and live—do all our hectic Hollywood stars more than a little good?

Hail, Blanche Sweet!

THE resurrection of Blanche Sweet has been one of the big surprises of the industry. The old Blanche was a careless sort of young person, rather addleheaded on the whole.

She dressed sloppily when she felt like it, allowed her hair to stray in wisps rather than take the trouble to re-dress it, and, all in all, allowed her career to take care of itself. There were a few notable examples of fine work,—her *Judith of Bethulia*, for instance—but for the most part her performances were rather mediocre.

Then Blanche, because of illness and many other contributing causes, dropped out of sight. Somehow she got wise to herself. She must have had a terrific awakening. Perhaps it was all part of her tremendous effort to hold Marshall Neilan, who is now her husband. It is well known in the film colony that Blanche was more than interested in Neilan for years, and that at last her hold on him slipped; her fingers were almost loosened of their grip. Neilan is said to have found other women, better groomed, more beautiful women, strangely pleasing to look upon.

But Blanche at last woke up. Somewhere between that time and her reappearance in films as Marshall Neilan's wife, she learned to groom herself and to dress herself. Her glory of ashe-blonde hair was revitalized; her face was "lifted" and practically made over. She had always kept her very slender, girlish figure, but she went in for exercises calculated to give her grace. She follows now a very strict regime of diet and exercise, for she intends that there shall be no more burials of the living-dead, so far as Blanche Sweet is concerned.

Not in face alone but in acting ability is Blanche Sweet a new woman. Her years away from the screen, in which she may have brooded a bit on life, in which she undoubtedly had plenty of time to think and read, and in which she just as undoubtedly suffered both mentally and physically, have given her a womanliness, a genuineness, a sincerity, which is painfully lacking in those who have stayed too consistently before the Kleig lights.

Dear Alice Joyce

THERE is real cause for joy in the little announcement tucked away in the corner of a theatrical page that Alice Joyce is to return to the screen. Any play that Alice appears in, no matter whether she does no more than walk through a couple of scenes, will be the better for her presence. Strange how Vitagraph squeezed Alice Joyce dry, killing her off slowly with poor exploitation, weak stories, and negligible distribution. That her memory has been kept green in spite of all these handicaps is a great tribute to the potency to the Joyce appeal.

Just as there is no other Mae Marsh, so there is no other Alice Joyce; no woman in pictures has her dignity and poise, her compelling reserve, her air of gentle breeding and vast, sweet silences. To be with Alice Joyce is like hearing a benediction in a High Church service—a thing of beauty to cherish and take away in one's heart. Alice has no brilliant conversation, no startling modern "wise cracks"; but she is thoroughly a woman. Into this flapper-weary world she should bring something infinitely precious and real.

Myrtle Stedman Heard the Call

MYRTLE STEDMAN rose from the grave ahead of Gabriel's trumpet call. She just simply couldn't bear to stay dead, she was so alive in every cell of her. Too old to play ingenues, in a flapper-crazy colony, and too young to play mothers when all the screen mothers had to have white wigs and deep wrinkles and one foot in the grave, Myrtle had no place to go. An occasional "older sister" rôle—and did you ever stop to think how few older sister rôles we have on the screen?—was all she could get to do. There was nothing for the public to do with Myrtle Stedman, or so the public thought, but to bury her and let the jazzy little heels of the smart little flappers trip over her grave.

But Myrtle rose and shook the (*Continued on page 90*)

Producers have handed us chickens-a-la-king for heroines, but our leading men for the most part are one-minute eggs. A man's place is in his clothes, says

H. B. K. Willis



God Give us MEN

Oh, for a face that only a mother could love, peering at me from the silver screen!

As the verve for classic featured bimbos is flogging producers with facial outlines as irregular as the payments on their income tax returns into further importations of the *celeste* type, I long to see a leading man, different from models for Sparrow collars and one-button union-suits, now so much in favor.

Whenever I lamp one of these "so beautiful that it hurts" I feel the same inconfidence engulfing me which a one-button undergarment inspires,—I fear it may fail me at a crucial moment.

The exponents of the careless collar, swan-like neck and school-girl complexion may be getting over with the women, but they are driving men who roll their own into the nuthouse. I've heard complaints.

The *muy simpatico* manikins are a menace to masculinity. Time was when cinema leading men evoked the whispered, trembling comment "isn't he virile!" from girlish lips.

But now the depilatoried darlings knock them speechless, so Tom Mix has coiled his lariat in favor of cotillions, while William Farnum is planning to encase the chest that flannel irked, in a forty-minute front and go in for nuances instead of knockouts.

It doesn't seem right to have one of those ex-window dressers throwing knuckles at the heavy, who is what he is because his face is unfortunate.

Whenever one of these handsome heroes ties into a tough mug, I register the same feeling that a bull-fight occasions,—I catch myself yelling for the bull, while the women near me slip me glances full of assorted cutlery, and yell for my banishment.

It's a good thing for Douglas Fairbanks that he snared his bankroll before beauty put brains down for another fall. If Doug had started ten years later he'd probably be conducting a gymnasium where the pretty boys could be taking their exercise to music, instead of making pictures when he feels like it.

A Menace to Masculinity

It's strange how things have changed. The home-wreckers used to have the beauty which gave the women, in flicker products, the urge to leave their husbands with the quarter-sawed faces. The one-man orchestras in the old nickelo-

deons used to play "Trust him not, oh gentle lady!" when they slunk into a scene.

But today the girls flock to have the boys who dare display their Adam's apples, play "O Sole Mio" on their heart strings while the plain but substantial and honest home-spun variety draw naught but flies at the box-office, and naught but wails and lamentations from the exhibitors.

"God give us men!" is the cry from the birds who earn the dough which sends their wives and daughters to the

*For months we've gazed upon a brood
Of pampered darlings in the nude,
Who trail our manhood in the dirt
By strutting endlessly sans shirt
Until our very soul's imbued
With hatred deep and crass and crude.*

*We hate their slick, pomaded hair,
We hate the dimples that they bear.
We hate their eyes. We hate their lips.
We hate their ears and fingertips.
We hate the way they smirk and kiss.
We hate their bovine looks of bliss.
We hate them now. We hate them then.
We hate and pray: "God give us men."*

film palaces and leaves the kitchen sinks piled high with dirty dishes.

This may sound like a lot of hokum to the girls who prefer beauty to biceps, but the motion picture producers themselves are realizing it.

Why then are they flooding the mails with pictures of the beautiful and debonair all decked out in boxing trunks and with the four ounce mittens of the prize-ring maulers on their hands?

Undressed Kid Vogue

WHY this sudden deluge of fighting pictures and display of masculinity south of the collarbone and north of a waspish waist?

Take Reginald Denny in "The Abysmal Brute" as an example. If a black-eye dispenser of his comeliness ever cuffed a fellow knuckle-finger into unconsciousness in a regular prize-ring, the kayoed battler's seconds would clamor for a look at his gloves and the horse shoe contained.

He's a well set-up young Britisher, though far from fulfilling any plug-ugly specifications, and not hard to look at from a masculine point of view, because Reggie hasn't too much pulchritude and probably can deal as lusty a smack with his mitts as he can with his smackers. But as "an abysmal brute," he's cup custard.

Gaston Glass is another syncopator of the senses who has bared his breast as a filmdom fighter. I remember the day his press agent proudly displayed a picture of Gaston with a pair of over-stuffed Perrins on his lily whites; his tresses all ruffled up; his tummy exposed to draughts and a fighting expression on his face. He looked as much the pug as an overdraft looks like money in the bank.

"He couldn't lick his lip," was the way Sue of the Switchboard expressed it.

George O'Hara has also been heralded abroad in the garb of a paper-weight champion. Not long ago he glared at me from a newspaper picture as an undressed kid. Toggling him out, or rather untoggling him as a slapster of the squared circle explains why a man is no hero to his valet. Georgie would have looked real rough if the camera had caught the gooseflesh he must have been wearing. The only socks he had about his person were on his tootsies wootsies.

Hail Rodolpho!

ALL of which naturally brings us down to consideration of the bird who has caused more flappers and flippers to swallow their chewing gum than any other,—the bird who taught the public that Vicente Ibanez was a writer instead of a perfume—the tyrant of the tango, king of the kiss—Rodolpho, The First, Ruler of all the Valentinos!—First in hair, first in grease, first in the hearts of the debutantes!

Rodolpho is the reason for this wholesale denuding of filmdom's demons at dalliance. 'Way back in the dark ages before he got married in two languages and in jail, in one, Rodolpho was paraded in his "undies" to satisfy the queries of can-fed husbands. He was such a cloying confection they felt that purest glucose must go coursing through his veins.

So they undressed him to prove he was a man's man, even if he did have to have help in putting on his pants.

And Rodolpho was still being Paramounted, and blunderbuss breeches were still universally flapping about the fetlocks of the young idea when Ramon Navarro, clad in leopard's skin, hung askew from his shoulder to where the pavement ends, hurled his chaplet of (we-wish-it-were) poison-ivy into the ring as a contestant for the bare facts championship.

Women say Ramon's limpid yet lambent orbs cause their

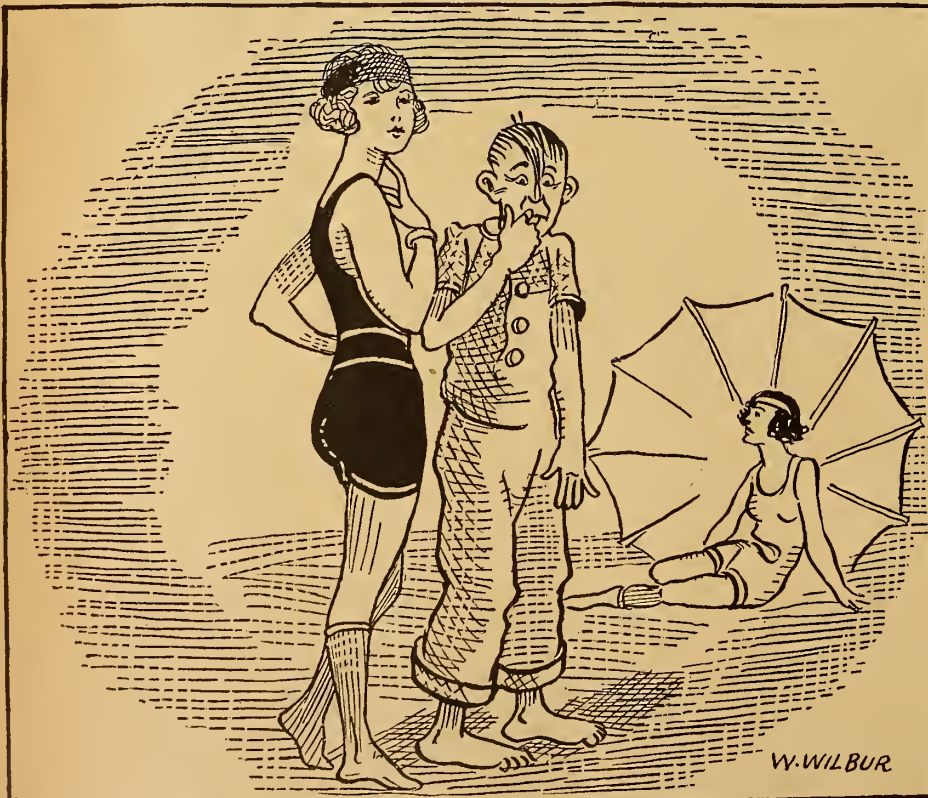
own eyes to bat in ecstasy, but he makes bald-headed men feel fully clothed and unashamed of their naked polls. Ramon always takes in so much more territory!

When will these chicken-breasted charmers have done? Romance is now impossible for the knotty-kneed, the knock-kneed and the knee-sprung ordinary guys if they dare the semi-nudity of the bathing suit, thanks to the revelations of these lollipops who have curves where we have angles and dimples where we have lumps.

The sweethearts of yesterday used to accept the surprises of their swains' topography, as revealed by bathing suits and matrimony, in a philosophical way,—one had to take utility in lieu of looks.

But now the long train of stream-line shock-dispensers in Valentino's wake has chased normal men to the showers, or at least caused them to wear coveralls when their queens take to the surf.

The sweethearts of today have become accustomed to Sheraton and Chippendale designs in men, and will have no other. The



☐ The chicken breasted male charmers of the screen have caused normal men to cover their knock knees with coveralls when they take to the surf.

hair - stuffed, lumpy - legged, bulging-armed numbers, though comfortable, are a drug on the market. They're giving 'em away as premiums for soap since Valentino and all the other undressed darlings of the films came on.

Hence the men who still go voluntarily to the movies are clamoring for leather-upholstered Mission types, complete with pipe-rack, cuspidor, and foot-rest, in parts where men are men. The wide open faces of the West demand a champion on the screen.

They long to see some honest pans, on pairs of honest shoulders in honest roles, Guys like Johnnie Walker, the Irish lad with the drinkable name, or Fred Thompson, parson-athlete-soldier, who is not well-known yet, as he works for Universal.

A Man of Parts

WALKER proved recently that he feels all that a real man feels when he threw a knotty fist full of knuckles in the face of a bird who slapped writs of attachment on everything Johnnie owned, except his wife and his spare collar.

The encounter took place near a Hollywood location in use by a company. There Walker and his erstwhile friend cuffed each other right merrily, while the traffic cop looked on dispassionately, believing all the while that the battle was just part of the business.

And what did Fred Thompson do to merit the Order of the Blackening Eye, bestowed by the Fists-and-Not-Faces League? Why, when Stevie Goosson, Schenck paint-slinger and art director, spoke out of turn Freddie slugged him on the top step of Goosson's stairs. The gardener dug the swattee out of the lawn the next morning.

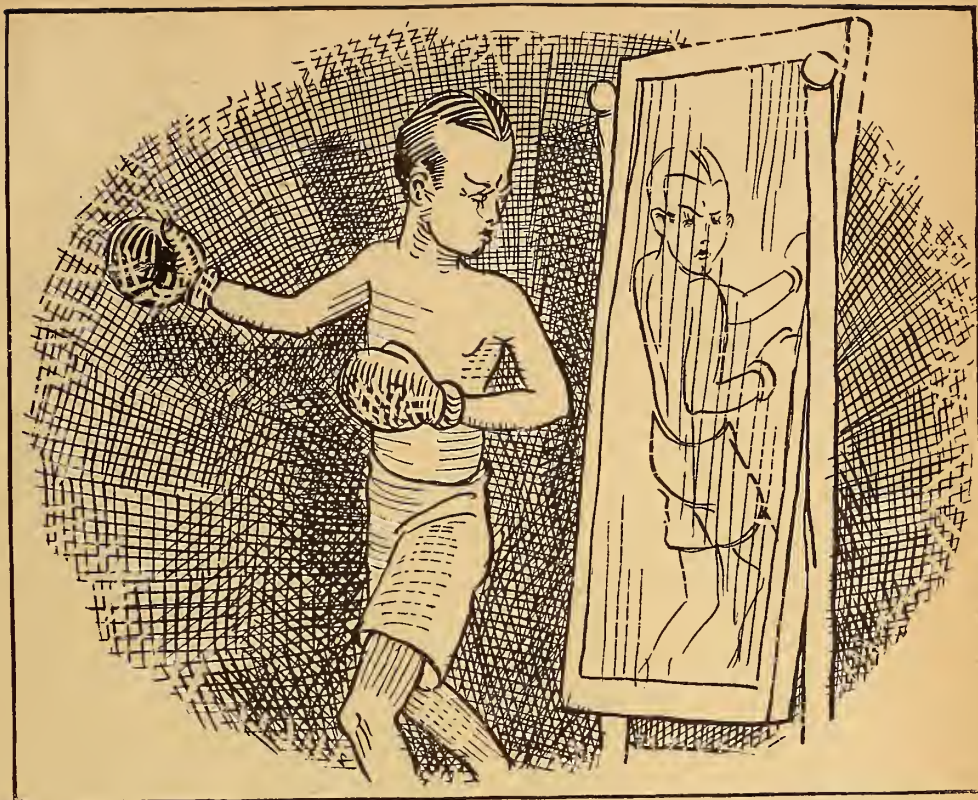
Freddie's right ham was on sick report the next day, and Goosson's right eye was the perfect picture of a disconsolate clam, but Freddie did his daily stunt of tying a 1,500-pound steer into a hard knot just for exercise just the same.

When Thompson gets through doing stunts for Universal, and his wife, Frances Marion, the queen of the scenario writers, can take him in hand in a worthwhile photoplay, all the girls from Rutlands to Oahu are going to turn the pictures of the languorous lads to the wall.

Doug Was White Hope

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS would have been the hero of my cussing countrymen, if he had not achieved success by leaps and bounds. He is still leaping and bounding in such pictures as he cares to make, and is losing the bets of the boys who hope that some day he will light.

Dick Barthelmess and Charlie Ray nearly fill the bill. Dick has a nice smile, and Charlie has the heart that used to beat under homespun, but both fall rather into the category of "nice boys" along with Conrad Nagel. Still as it is, a man can look at them and not curse under his cloves.



“He couldn't lick his lip!” says Sue of the switch-board, regarding the undressed kid on the screen.

Tony Moreno, perhaps, comes nearer to par in the man-market than anyone else now being quoted, except Tommy Meighan. But Lasky is fast putting him on the hummer with a procession of pink-tights roles.

Herbert Brenon has him all tricked out like a negro hearse in “The Spanish Dancer” in which Pola Negri risks her ashen cheek to the rather unusual early Spanish whiskers Tony's wife allows him to bring into the house.

Costume parts are all right for the birds who rightly should have lived in the days when opera stockings passed for pants, but I'd like to see Tony stick to collar and cuff roles.

Jack Holt and Milton Sills are other man's men who haven't been given a real chance to get over with the boys. If you run over Jack's pictures, you'll find him chiefly in Archibald Never-sweat roles. Producers, who, ten years ago thought polo was played with dice, are responsible for Jack's repression.

And as for Sills—they hung crepe around his picture in the smoking room when Cecil deMille shook him out of his clothes and flung him a pelt for his bare skin in “Adam's Rib”.

Wallace and Noah Beery are all to the mustard for masculinity, but neither can be the answer to manhood's prayer of “God Give Us Men” because they are of the flannel shirt era of the mounted police epoch, character men, rather than of the stuff of which heroes ought to be made. Wallace has taking ways. Look how his *King Richard* stole the picture away from “Doug” in “Robin Hood”.

Conway Is Male Katherine MacDonald

CONWAY TEARLE is a gay cavalier about whose shape, legs jack-boots flap happily, recking not of short trips from the rapier, which is always a-dangle from his baldrick.

And when you've said that, you've said it all. He has about as much kick as a clothes-

(Continued on page 93)

Hollywood's "YELLOW PERIL,"

Oriental Actors are talented, but East is East and West is West and never the Twain shall meet—as long as the jealous West has anything to say about it

By

Betty Morris



THERE are signs placarded on the green lawns of Hollywood residences that voice the long-smouldering antipathy to Orientals that has at last leaped into flame in Hollywood.

JAPS, MOVE ON!

Don't let the Sun set on you here!

The cause is an odd one. Some Japanese, hard-working, peaceful folk, heeding the councils of Christian ministers, attempted to establish a Presbyterian church in Hollywood. Straightway the outraged citizenry rose against them. Out with them; away with them! Japs must be moved on.

It is a peculiar situation. If the Orientals had sought to establish a temple of Buddha, or a fan-tan joint, the reaction might have been understood. But a Christian church—the very good souls who spend thousands of dollars to send missionaries to far countries to convert the heathen headed the vigilantes!

Of course the real reason is racial antagonism, based on a well-founded fear of monopoly. The whites have seen how the Japanese have cornered the green vegetable market in Southern California; how by working fourteen hours a day, with the whole family, down to the babies, laboring in the fields, the Japanese can exist and save money where the white farmer would starve. And now if the Japs were attempting to found a church in a white residential district, Japanese homes would surely follow. And the value of the district would be ruined.

The Oriental question is a very real problem in Southern California, and the silver screen reflects the situation.



One indication of the condition of affairs is seen in the fact that whenever there is a Japanese or Chinese featured in a picture, a white actor almost invariably portrays the important Oriental rôle. Because there are no Oriental actors? No, indeed! One hundred and ten Chinese actors are earning their living by playing "bits" and "atmosphere" in Hollywood studios. Some of them are very clever *mimes*—Jim Wang, the unofficial "Mayor of Chinatown"; George Kuwa, the Japanese whom you have seen so often as valet to male stars; Anna May Wong, as delicate as an ivory miniature; Etta Lee, a bewildering, enchanting mixture of French and Chinese blood. Why are they not given more prominence?

There are reasons, many of them. One is the thinly-veiled fear of competition—the dislike of giving fame to one of the yellow-skinned race.

Another reason is that none of these actors have box-

office names. Noah Beery and Lon Chaney, who both have done wonderful work in Oriental rôles, have box-office values which directors consider in casting.

And a third reason is that Orientals express emotion in a wholly different fashion from white actors. A Japanese or a Chinese prides himself on his self-control. Comes grief or pain, and he hides it with the stoicism of an American Indian. His face is immobile, sphinx-like. Which, of course, would never do on the screen, where facial expressions tell the story. Screen technique is a thing of gesticulation, of exaggeration.

Directing Chinese actors is a thing that has turned gray the head of many a director. Indeed, it is almost impossible, except when an interpreter is available who understands Chinese complexes. Such a man is Thomas Gubbins.

He Knows the Chinese

GUBBINS is a white man who has lived all his life among the Chinese. He was born in China, the son of an American in the consular service. Cared for by a Chinese nurse, he grew up among them. For the last eight years he has been the buffer between irate directors and confused Chinese actors.

"One of the things that makes a director maddest," says Gubbins, "is the fact that a Chinese has got to have a reason for everything he does. Once, I remember, a little Chink about four years old was told to climb up on a man's knee and smile at him. The kid refused. 'Chinese boy not do,' he insisted, 'and besides, I see nothing to smile at.'"

When Gubbins wants his Chinese to smile, he tells them a funny story in their native language. I dare say the tale with all its symbolism would not seem funny to us; but it is sufficient to bring a faint gleam of appreciation to their eyes. It is the hardest thing in the world to make a Chinese laugh.

They Want the Truth

"I NEVER lie to my Chinese about a scene," says Gubbins. "To do so would mean their distrust next time. I explain beforehand the entire story, so that they will understand the reason for the particular scene they are enacting. They refuse to play a scene in which one of their race is put in a bad light. It always used to be that the Chink was always locking a girl into the torture chamber, you know. Because of that distortion of facts, a great antipathy sprang up in Chinatown against the movies.

"But in later years, a few films like *Broken Blossoms* have presented the Chinese in a better light."

This refusal to play "heavy" rôles explains also why white actors are employed for such parts. You remember the fiend-in-human-form who pursued Pearl White through so many of her serials? No Chinaman would play so dastardly a rôle, so they had to get a white actor to make up like a Chinese.

No Discrimination Against Hayakawa

SESSUE HAYAKAWA and his dainty little wife, Tsuru Aoki, are the only Orientals who have attained stardom and an established social position in Hollywood. Hayakawa has done more to better the prestige of the Japanese than any other person in America. Yet when he returned to his native land, he was reprimanded by his fellow-countrymen and threatened with the vengeance of the gods. In his pictures, such as *The Vermilion Pencil*, they claimed that he had portrayed an unpleasant side of Japanese history. A true side, but uncomplimentary.

Hayakawa is a student and a gentleman. He composes some rarely beautiful music. (Continued on page 97)

WALTER
KINSTLER

C HANGE

C The course of James Kirkwood's engagement to lovely little Lila Lee, both shown on this page, seemed to be running smoothly until Mrs. Gertrude Kirkwood threw a monkey wrench into the works by withdrawing her suit for divorce against her husband. Now, no divorce, no marriage.

C Cupid admitted a misdeal in the Chaplin-Harris deal, and both Mildred and Charlie are contemplating drawing new cards. Mildred Harris recently announced her engagement to Byron Munson, a film actor. The Chaplin-Negri romance, of course, has intrigued an interested world.

C Becoming engaged to a new fiancé before the first nuptial bonds have been loosened by law is Hollywood custom these days. Mary Miles Minter blushing admits her engagement to Louis Sherwin, the gentleman with the spectacles. The marriage will take place, it is said, as soon as Mr. Sherwin obtains a divorce from his present wife.

C Wallace Beery, shown at the bottom of the circle was formerly the husband of Gloria Swanson. He is once more treading the pleasant but perilous path to the altar. This time Fritzi Ridgeway is his partner. You remember Fritzi as the appealing little heroine in *The Old Homestead*, of course.



Your PARTNERS!

C *The Little Blind God Shuffles the Matrimonial Cards and Deals Out a New Hand all Round*





C Some time ago, Miss Gertrude Hennecke of Chicago was chosen from the thousands of entries as the winner of Screenland's Opportunity Contest. According to Screenland's promise, Miss Hennecke has been brought to Hollywood, where she is meeting the famous stars and directors.

FACE VALUE

WHEN for a whole year you have thought Hollywood and dreamed Hollywood and talked Hollywood, until your family shudders at the very name, it's a thrill worth waiting for when you really find you have arrived in the charmed city.

I thought so anyway, when I stepped off the train in the Santa Fé station in Los Angeles. I was lucky enough last year to win SCREENLAND'S Opportunity Contest, and at last here I was to have all the opportunities to make good that could be given me.

It had all been arranged for me to get my first taste of movie life by going on location with Cecil B. DeMille, out on the desert near Guadalupe, where he was "shooting" the biblical scenes for his *Ten Commandments*. I snatched at the chance, for girls here don't value a chance to work in a DeMille picture any more than they do their right eye.

"On Location"

ON my first Sunday morning in Hollywood I started out in the cold gray dawn. I had thrills along with the chills, for I was going "on location". I rolled the words over my tongue; they sounded so professional.

I was going to have plenty of company, out on the burning sands. The Southern Pacific station was thronged with players. Extras, "bit" players, harassed assistant directors bellowing through megaphones, mothers gathering their children about them as an anxious hen gathers her chicks under her wings. For it was truly a family party. Old men and children, many of them from the Jewish colony; strapping negroes, shortly to be Nubian slaves; great, handsome, foreign-looking fellows cast as Egyptian warriors; and girls under foot everywhere, all dark of hair and eyes and most of them pretty.

Somehow "Hezi" Tate, first assistant director, and his corps of perspiring aides got the whole milling herd of us on the train. Six hours later we pulled into Guadalupe, some two hundred miles from Los Angeles. Thence by motor over a terrible trail to camp.

Out on the Burning Sands

A NEW world stretched before us. It was a gorgeous location. Up on the rim of the world, it seemed, with the white sand dunes stretching away in gentle undulations before us, clear to the horizon; beneath us, a city of white tents, row on row; and to the right, a flash of blue sea. The blue sea would presently be the Red Sea through which the Children of Israel would make their triumphal march.

There were two of us to a tent. Our palatial residences contained two army cots, an oil stove, a long table and a mirror, and a shiny new wash-basin, pail and cup.

Reveille woke us at 5 o'clock next morning. Two battalions of cavalry were quartered in camp. The soldiers were brought to drive the chariots in the dangerous charge of the Egyptians after the Israelites. So we woke to martial strains. In the tent

Gertrude Hennecke, the Winner of Screenland's Opportunity Contest, tells of her experiences in Hollywood.

across from mine was a cavalryman who every morning of his life in camp picked a quarrel with his tentmate, and his altercation could be heard the camp over. He was worse than an alarm clock; you could shut off a clock when you wanted to.

Breakfast and supper were served in the huge mess tent. Mr. DeMille, or C. B. as everybody calls him when out of hearing, and his staff ate right in the same tent with the common herd. And how everyone did eat! At home, I usually eat no breakfast at all, but in camp I dallied with ham and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter and breakfast food and a few other such trifles.

My first bit of acting came that first morning. They were shooting slave scenes. Clarence Burton as the remorseless task master was lashing the toiling Israelites to greater efforts, as they bent their bare shoulders to the task of pushing a great Sphinx on wheels to its appointed place in the avenue of Sphinxes. A slave fell from exhaustion. But

Julia Faye, Marcella Daly and I perch on the huge foot of the statue of Rameses II





Above. Out on the desert on location I meet Rod la Roque over an ancient weaving loom. At the left, my first lesson in make-up came from Maurice Tourneur.



the work must go on. At the gesture of the hard-hearted Pharaoh, the great figure was pushed on, right over the crushed body of the fallen slave. I had to register horror, which wasn't hard to do, as it all seemed so real.

The slaves had to look overcome with the heat. It was cold, and the chilly wind was not conducive to perspiration. So they put glycerine drops over the goose-flesh, which made them chillier than ever.

Later Mr. DeMille had me double for Estelle Taylor, and I was properly thrilled.

One day I worked as an Egyptian girl and the next I was a Hebrew maiden. My Egyptian costume is a lovely thing of corn-colored crepe, embroidered. My Hebrew costume, of course, was not nearly so luxurious.

The Exodus

IMMEDIATELY after our early breakfast we hastened, on foot, horseback and via cunning little sleds, according to our station in camp life of the "set." The (Continued on page 86)

STAR KILLERS

By Eunice Marshall

Unintelligent casting is Hollywood's "Black Death"; the Malady Has Laid Low more Victims than the "Flu"



Many poor stories were assigned to Mary Miles Minter but she never got mad enough to break her contract.

THE actress who walks in Fox's front door with a contract in her hand can fully expect to be carried out the back entrance—with a lily in her hand."

So spoke Shirley Mason, and her own experience has proven the force of her statement. Shirley is one of the victims of unintelligent casting, a malady that has laid low more victims in filmdom than the "flu". It is Hollywood's "Black Death."

Shirley is one of the cleverest little comediennes in pictures. She has had long and valuable stage training, beginning with Faversham in *The Squaw Man* at the tender age of four. With the proper roles, she would be fully as successful as her sister, Viola Dana. As it is, she is slowly dying on her feet, in *blaa* ingenue roles in Fox pictures.

Fox has made other martyrs, many of them. Gladys Brockwell was one. Gladys is an actress, a real, 14-karat trouper. She learned her technique in the best of all schools, the stock company. Later she appeared in vaude-

ville and with Willard Mack. Hopefully she came to the screen. And Fox starred her in typical Fox pictures, "sausage films," turned out by the thousand feet as cheaply and as rapidly as the machine could grind. You know the type of pictures they were by the titles: *Pitfalls of a Big City*; *The Devil's Wheel*; *A Sister to Salome*; *Broken Commandments*. And every one was exactly what it sounds like.

So Gladys flourished for a little while and passed on. The glamour of stardom blinded her at first to the fact that Fox program pictures are seldom shown in the big first-run theatres. Perhaps she did not know that her following could be gained only in the little theatres on the side-streets, and in the small towns. But she learned. Finally the light of her stardom flickered and went out, along with her hopes. She was a "has been!"

But though she was down, she was not out. She got her chance to show that she could really act, in *Oliver Twist*, as the frail Nancy Sykes. Let us hope that more casting



Shirley Mason is one of the cleverest comediennees in pictures. Why is her sister, Viola Dana, so much more famous?

FOX PHOTO

directors will see in Gladys Brockwell the dramatic ability that the screen so sadly needs.

Poor Peggy Hyland

Poor Peggy Hyland! Do you remember the furore that her arrival in pictures caused? Peggy the beautiful, flushed with her legitimate successes with Cyril Maude and other English productions, was brought to America by Fox. Then, after all the to-do about her into pictures had subsided, she was given namby-pamby little pictures that would have cramped the style of a Bernhardt. Peggy's glinting green eyes became dark with disappointment, and by and by she sailed back to England, another victim of mis-casting.

Given dramatic roles such as a real actress could get her teeth into, instead of milk-and-water parts, Peggy Hyland would have contributed something of real worth to picturedom.

William Farnum's Sad Fate

WILLIAM FARNUM saw the handwriting on the wall and left the Fox lot, barely in time. Another picture or two like *When a Man Sees Red*, and Bill would be sleeping in the valley, with the mocking birds a 'singing o'er his grave.

Farnum, who was a good actor when a lot of movie producers were running delicatessens for a living, is too good a trouper to waste in pictures of the great open spaces as pictured by a scenario writer in Brooklyn. He yearns to forget he-man, bare-fisted roles, and wants to wear the soup-and-fish in society parts, just to show that he hasn't forgotten how to do it.

And just as a hint, that may or may not be pertinent. Bill toured in *Ben Hur* for five years. Goldwyn announces that there are two qualifications that its *Ben Hur* must fill: he must have a spotless reputation and a powerful physique. Which qualifications have narrowed down the field in Hollywood considerably. But Bill, be it known, has a physique that would make the muscle-bound chap in the physical culture ads yell for a beef, iron and wine tonic. And did you ever hear any scandal about Bill?

And as a third qualification, which Goldwyn doesn't mention as necessary, Bill can act.

What Happened to Betty?

BETTY BLYTHE is one actress that Fox did well by. As Queen of Sheba, the regal Betty got her first real taste of screen fame. It agreed with her so well that she has been pleading for a second helping, but to no avail. She has been starred, but she has also been horribly miscast. *Fair Lady* was a fair sample of the pictures she had to carry on with.

Now, however, Betty Blythe is coming into her own again, in *Chu Chin Chow*, which is being filmed in Arabia.

Other Culprits, Too.

Fox is not alone in its dire work of star-killing. Universal has caused the demise of many a good thespian. And as for Vitagraph, when a star is forced by the pangs of hunger to sign

a Vitagraph contract, they leave an order at the florist's and undertakers without more ado.

Priscilla Dean has long been considered Universal's bread and butter. Fiery, vivacious, popular with adults and children alike, Priscilla's pictures have been highly successful financially. They have not always been good pictures. Some of them have been downright poor. But always Priscilla did her very best, and Priscilla's best goes a long way to make up for a lame story and mediocre directions.

We would like to see Priscilla Dean under Fred Niblo's direction, or Lubitsch's. Lubitsch would make her reach heights to which she has never dreamed of attaining.

As for Vitagraph's martyrs, the greatest of these is Antonio Moreno. The "Black Death" very nearly got Tony. If he hadn't had an unusually strong constitution, his long siege of serial atrocities would have killed him deadlier than King Tut and not nearly so much talked about.

Tony Moreno is one of the potential actors on the screen. I say potential, because he has had so little chance to do any real acting. What little opportunity he has had has been given him by Lasky. He did very well as the young Spaniard in Gloria Swanson's picture, *My American Wife*. Then he was given the arduous task of redeeming *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the last of Mary Miles Minter's pictures under her juicy Paramount contract. And thereby hangs a tale.

What Happened to Mary

ALL the world knows that Mary Miles Minter was a "flop." Paramount lost money on every one of her pictures—or would have, if they didn't avert such disasters by selling their films in "blocks." That is, the exhibitors must buy a number of films or none; the good films in the bunch to make up for certain weak sisters. Mary Miles got her lovely five-year contract under the impression that she was going to be a second Mary Pickford. Producers hadn't yet discovered that after the Lord made Mary Pickford, he broke the mould.

So Mary Miles wasn't the great success she was expected to be. And gradually Mary Miles got overly plump, and wouldn't take her employers' hints that she should reduce. And she didn't take pains to make herself popular around the lot, according to the story. And she had a mother, one of the regular

movie mothers at whose names strong directors blanch.

And so, according to the story, Paramount tried to break the contract. But it was airtight. Mama had seen to that. So in desperation—for it caused the company heads acute agony every Wednesday when about \$7000 dollars had to be paid over to the smiling Mary Miles—the company tried other tactics. The poorest stories and the least desirable directors were assigned to Mary; if she got mad enough, maybe she would break her own contract. But Mary Miles was canny, and didn't get mad out loud. And the contract had to be fulfilled to the bitter end.

So the story goes. But it seems unreasonable to believe that a studio would deliberately injure the value of a star while still under contract. It would be like biting off its nose to spite its face.

Apropos of this story, however, we are reminded of the charge that a certain Hollywood studio regularly starts a campaign against stars whose contracts are ending, so that the advertising already spent on the stars may not rebound to some rival studio's benefit.

One handsome leading man, now dead, bitterly asserted that as soon as his contract expired, the amount of his salary would be used to "break" him with the public. The fact that he had several serious quarrels with the studio



D Dorothy Gish was terribly miscast as the dancer in *The Bright Shawl*. Result: another good play gone wrong.

officials, regarding his keeping the "morality clause" in his contract lends an aspect of truth to his statement. There are vendettas carried on in every studio.

Miscast!

SCANNING the lists of new releases and pictures in production, the thinking observer cannot escape the idea that some directors must cast with their eyes shut. Why do they choose misfits for a role, when the obvious choice is in plain sight before their eyes?

Echo answers "Why?"

Louis B. Mayer is to screen *The Virginian* again. Good news. *The Virginian* is a fine story that should make a fine picture. But whom does he choose for the title role?

Kenneth Harlan. Harlan is a good, substantial young actor, but he is not the *Virginian*. He has the parlor finish, the evening-dress flair that Winston Churchill's hero of the plains never had.

Monte Blue would be ideal for the role. He has the softness of the Southerner, along with the virility of the plainsman.

The Virginian has been read and fondly re-read by hundreds of thousands. To see its beloved character miscast prejudices such an audience against the picture from the start. A further grievance is that none other than Russell Simpson has been chosen to depict *Trampas*, the little, wizened, miserable half-breed villain of the story. Alas, that Frank Campeau, who portrayed the part so nobly on the stage, was not chosen. And Frank was right in Los Angeles when the mis-casting was perpetrated! Simpson is a splendid actor, few better, but he is not the type. Even his villainies have dignity, and *Trampas* had none.

In Memory of May McAvoy

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely little girl, with pansy-like eyes and rose-petal coloring. She was petite and graceful and in fact was so pretty that few could believe she could have any brains. In addition to these blessings, she could act. She proved it in *Sentimental Tommy*. But she was never called upon for an encore.

Because she was small and pretty and graceful, she was made to appear in saccharine romances, in stories of no plot or value. And when she was offered a real part, unless it was a very big part, she refused it. Which went to prove that maybe the sceptics were not so far wrong.

Fred Nible offered her the part of Carmen in *Blood and Sand*. But because it was not the leading role, she would have none of it, and Lila Lee got the plum.

Then, as the star system gave way to the all-star cast vogue, Paramount offered to co-star May with Bobby Agnew, in a series of light comedies. You remember how delightful May and Bobby were in *Clarence*? The situation had possibilities, but May wanted to star. So she refused, and left Paramount by mutual agreement.

There ought to be a moral to this somewhere; let's try to find it. A real actor probably has this motto pasted in his hat: "Acting roles are few and far between. When you find one, even though it is a small part, freeze onto it."

Bebe Daniels cherishes such a motto. She has no illusions about stardom. The play's the thing with Bebe, for she has had experience. For two years she starred. She didn't act, but she starred, in spoiled baby, pouting roles in pictures like *Nancy from Nowhere*. At first she flourished like the green bay tree, because she had personality to burn. But little by little she learned that her following was diminishing. She asked not to be starred, but to be featured in all-star casts. William deMille took her in hand, gave her a faith in her own ability, brought out her real self.

A new Bebe appeared in *Nice People* and *The World's*

Applause, no longer the pouting flapper, but Bebe the Woman. She had a siege of the "Black Death," but thanks be, she is convalescing.

Alas for La Clavel

DOROTHY GISH has a will of her own and knows how to attain her ends. So when she decided that she would like to play the part of La Clavel in Richard Barthelmess' *The Bright Shawl*, she got the part. Richard stormed and raged and even ceased speaking to Dorothy, but to no avail. Dorothy donned mantilla and patches with the gay insouciance with which she wore the rags and tatters of her gamin roles.

The result—but you saw the picture? Dorothy Gish was charming and mischievous and alluring...and Dorothy Gish. At no time was she other than a Yankee girl dressed up in a Spanish dancer's costume. Natacha Rambova was the woman for the role. She was Barthelmess' choice. Another dreadful case of mis-casting and another good play gone wrong!

Pola Negri's prestige suffered a severe blow, after the showing of her denatured *Bella Donna*. It wasn't her fault, poor girl. The producers insisted on making the lady censor-proof. But all the fans who had been looking to see the widely advertised Pola Negri in an American film, and all the critics who feared that Pola was being "conventionalized" came to pray and remained to scoff.

The Cheat only confirmed the impression that Negri was Lubitsch. And *The Spanish Dancer* according to dark predictions, is going to deal the fatal death blow. After that, it will be "Thumbs down" for Pola, say the wise ones.

The Spanish Dancer is a jinx play, anyway. It was purchased and adapted from *Don Cesar de Bazan* for Valentino. When he deserted canned drama for cosmetics, the piece was hastily revamped for Charles DeRoche. But so much hostile comment was evoked by DeRoche's advent that it was thought best to turn the French actor into a "heavy." And the jinx script was again revised, making the leading role out of a small feminine part and mutilating the real part, which is the male lead.

Will Pola survive it? We hope for the best, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a pulmotor on the premises.

A Hero Doing Villains

LEON BARY spends his days doing dire deeds in pictures. He is a villain of the deepest dye. Yet he has a potent eye and a wicked smile. We won't condemn him by putting him in the would-be Valentino class, but it is a pity that some producer has not capitalized the foreign vogue by giving this polished French actor a chance to break hearts.

His potency is evidenced by the fact that in *Susanna*, in which he played the "heavy," we found ourselves wishing that he would get the gal, instead of the hero with the spit curl and the low comedy grin. Bary is an actor to his finger tips. He supported Rejane and Bernhardt, both in Paris and America.

Manhandling Nita

NITA NALDI is being slowly but surely ruined. She is contributing somewhat to the disaster herself, by letting herself get unduly buxom. She is no longer merely luscious; she is corn-fed.

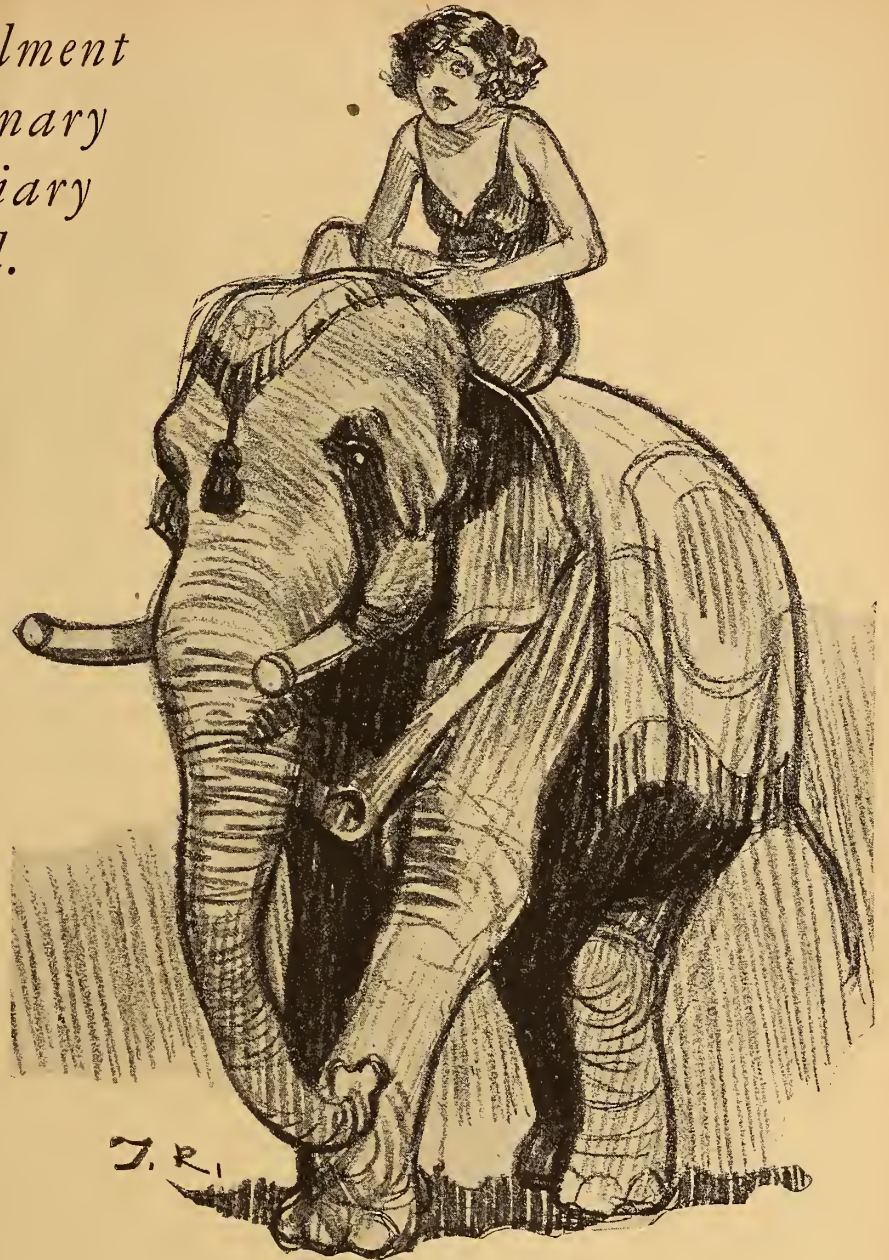
Nita Naldi as Dona Sol in *Blood and Sand* was allurements itself. She has the perfect vampire's mouth, cruel as a Medusa's.

But since that tragic masterpiece of Ibanez', Nita Naldi has done nothing worth while. At present her attraction is wholly physical, but beneath it she has a subtlety, a depth that has not yet been plumbed. We would like to see her play a Medici, or a Lucrezia Borgia.

C The third installment of this extraordinary document, the *Diary of an Extra Girl*.

FOOL'S GOLD

Illustrations by
Ted Rupert



LAST NIGHT at eleven-thirty an agency called the Club and left an order for fifteen girls. They order us as they might pork-chops or tender-loin. We were to be in sport clothes and parasols; a summer day on the Aviation field.

It turned out to be one of the few really cold days in Hollywood, the kind the real estate men use the Masonic code about. We all shivered in front of our diminutive gas stove while dressing, and prayed for sunshine. It's funny how important a rôle the old sun plays in life of the movies. Without him we can't work, and with too much of him we get blistered, so we're always praying him either out or in.

As the call was for 7.30 a. m. a taxi was ordered. There is a taxi company in Hollywood that, I'm sure, has a

C The click of the cameras — the patois of the most fascinating guild in the world — the camaraderie of the studios — life as it is really lived "behind the scenes" in screenland — all these are mirrored in this starkly true story of the life of an extra girl

special stand in Heaven for the way they treat the extra girls. Fifteen of us piled, breakfastless, into a huge touring car; make-up boxes, parasols, picture hats and sweaters, and were whirled to the studio for the enormous sum of \$1.00 for the crowd. People think us extravagant to order a taxi, but we know better!

We scrambled out of our car and into one of the huge studio busses. At least three hundred men and women, of all ages, types, and nationalities huddled together on a wild and perilous ride. But no one who hasn't driven madly over Cahuenga Pass in a packed studio bus can realize the thrill of it. The only preparation for it that I can recommend is a ride on one of the old-fashioned "Shoot-the-Shoots" at Coney Island, and even that would feel safe and luxurious by comparison.

The aviation field was reached about eight-thirty. It had been raining a bit for several nights, so the earth was damp and muddy. The foothills were snow-capped, and wintry winds blew over the bare field. There we were all camped for hours, just sauntering up and down gazing into the air at two planes that played about. It looks so simple when one sees a shot of it. It seems such easy money when the Dear Public speaks of it; \$7.50 or \$10.00 a day just to walk onto an aviation field, or a ball room set, or into a theatre; yet there is more to it than meets the eye.

To begin with, we were all so cold we shivered and our teeth chattered. Then there was no place to eat our lunch except to sit on the low bank at the road side. The milk was cold, the food soggy, and stuck in our throats. Then all day my heart ached. I'll tell you why.

My companion, with whom I had to walk arm in arm and gaze skyward, was a dear little French ex-war aviator. He wore a shiny Palm Beach suit that had seen at least four summers. In the eyes of the world he successfully covered his shabbiness, his own aching heart, and his empty purse with his French gaiety and *abandon*. But the French have a way of burning into my soul, and I could read and understand the desperation of this man between every flippant remark he made. He'd given his heart, his all, to France during the war; he'd given it laughingly, yet since his discharge from the army, he had failed in everything he had tried to do. Why? Because he had been married to his plane. His life was in the air. He was a born flier. But there was no chance for him in France. He would come to America, he decided. There they would need him to fly in the pictures. Such economy, such labors, to gather together enough for his passage. New York, then Hollywood. And now that he is here, he is not allowed even to touch his beloved planes, much less fly. No, some handsome movie star can do that. He must content himself with occasional extra work, and watch the others fly; his soul soaring with the plane; his feet stuck in the muddy field beneath. Is it any wonder I ached for him?

But of course his chance will come some day. Stars come and go. I don't really envy them a bit. I don't want their money, but I do sometimes long to say to Gloria, or Mary, or Pauline, "Have you ever been soapless, toothpasteless, powderless? Have you ever put on wet stockings and wet teddies of a morning because you had only one pair to your name, and the fog in the night didn't let them dry out? Tell me, oh, please tell me, how does it feel to have enough money to buy a whole bottle of perfume instead of one thirty-second of an ounce?"

Pay Day Difficulties

TODAY, my French aviator and the poverty of the Gang smothered me. We had just two dollars between the fifteen of us, and though we all earned seven-fifty apiece, yet we worked for a studio that pays only on Monday. Today is Wednesday, so we must live somehow, waiting till next week to collect. This studio habit never to pay on the day we work tends to make life a bright and pleasantly uncertain affair for the extra girl. For no matter what may come up, she must trip all the way back to the Studio for her day's check, or else she pays twenty cents carfare for the sixteen mile round trip to the Service Bureau and allows them to deduct fifty cents for commission.

But to return to our set. About four o'clock the clouds thickened and showered us with rain. There is really ever a bit of joy to be found, and we found it. The only house in sight was a tiny white shell. California bungalows still look to me like toy houses belonging to toy villages. Well, a crowd of us girls went over, and knocked at the door, hoping to be allowed shelter and the privilege of freshening up a bit. There we truly found the old man who "lived in the house by the side of the road and is a friend to man." For he let us in gladly, and went out into the rain himself, giving us the freedom and hospitality of the little house. We will never forget him.

In about ten minutes we heard the megaphone shouting, and found that although it was still raining, and a wonderful rainbow hung over the fleecy hills, it was thought a good photographic effect, so for an hour we scampereed about, cold, muddy, and not too sweet-tempered.

But we are all at home again now, hugging the open fire of our Studio Club, snug

and dry, and with our usual good humor restored. Thank God for the Club, and for the house by the side of the road, and yes, even for soul flights that are responsible for this mad movie career!

Kicks and Thrills

April 4

YOU get so many real thrills and kicks out of a movie set if you keep your eyes open, and your wits sharpened, and the lid off your laughter box. For so many interesting and amusing things happen.

For instance, on the Robin Hood set where we'd worked for days, there sat all the warriors in armor, and the maids in their picturesque mediaeval costumes, eating *Eskimo Pie*. It was a frightfully hot day and the Eskimo Pie man had found his way into the lot, and during a short recess, all had treated themselves to a chilly bit of painless paraffine poisoning. The effect was ludicrous.

Later that day, when we maidens were up on the turrets waving adieu to our warriors, weeping and wailing into our cheese-cloth scarfs, one dear little girl fainted. Although a green-horn in Hollywood, she was a born actress, and was so touched by her own emoting and genuine tears that she almost fell over the wall. One gets marvelous moments of realism on the mob sets.

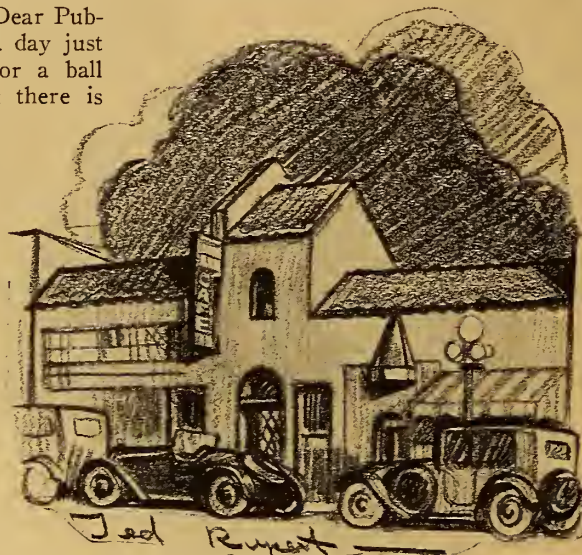
A week or so ago, I worked with Jimmy Young. Victor records should be made of Jimmy's directing, for he is better and far more amusing than "Cohen on the Telephone." Jimmy wanted a man to beat a drum in an oriental dive. The chap beat away lustily enough, but could not get the right effect. Jimmy tore his hair and hoarsely shouted:

"Are there no actors on this set? Has no one here studied the ancient art of pantomime? Can't anybody revert to type and beat a drum as your ancestors would?"

A visitor among the small crowd of onlookers, much bewhiskered and shabby took Jimmy's eye.

"Ah, here is a man," he cried, "I believe he could do it; I see it in his eye."

Manfully the man handled the drum, and sure enough, proved conclusively that he could beat it. In an instant, Jimmy had snatched the tunic off his ham-actor, and had thrown it over the shoulders of his new friend, shouted





“I ask you, could you register desire with a sharp pin sticking straight into you?
Not even Theda Bara could do it.”

"Camera", and shot the scene. It suited him. He looked about with eminent satisfaction, joyously affirming, "you see, it takes a born actor to beat a drum," intimating that of course it takes a born director to discover a born actor who is a born drummer. For I afterwards discovered that the man had been a drummer in an orchestra for years, but was now a Hollywood Hobo. But Jimmy is always right.

Another great kick I got was while on location in the desert. Nothing but sand, white, clinging, burning sand, with a few tents and camels to add to the prevailing spirit of antiquity. Peace, miles and miles of peace—in fact too much peace. Life began to smack of dullness after a week of long lazy hours of lolling in the sun before our tents, with the action concentrated between Milton Sils, the Sheik, and Wanda Hawley, his leading lady.

"Pay checks tonight," Billy Bettinger, one of the extra boys beside me, sighed audibly. "I've got to walk the whole bloomin' way into Oxnard to wire it all to Flora, too. She's stranded and is suing me for back alimony. Poor kid, she's had a streak of bad luck, but this is the first steady pay that's blown my way in a dog's age."

Five-thirty, and the last shot for the day. Saturday night and pay checks. With a bit more pep now, we wended our way back to our tents. The peace of the setting sun was

settling over the desert. Did I say peace? In half an hour the camp was in an uproar. The whole thing had been looted. Some of our charming fellow extras, it seemed, were ex-convicts and the temptation to walk off with all our portable valuables had proved too much for them.

The management was much wrought up. Everyone at dinner was excited. But the one inconsolable soul was Billy. "Poor little Flo—she won't understand, and she'll think I've gone back on her. Sick she is, too. My God, what wouldn't I do to get some alimony!"

I did what I could to console him. I let him rave on to me for an hour or so, as we tramped wearily through the dragging sands.

Suddenly the desert stillness was broken by the whir of a motor overhead. We looked up. An aeroplane was circling about our camp, which was lying like white sea gulls in the moonlight. Down swooped the plane. There was a rush to see who it might be. Two men from Lasky's with our pay check money. Our director had communicated by radio, it seemed, and here they were. Billy was speechless with the thrill of it, and trudged joyously into Oxnard to send the wire to Flo. Ah, life is very real: age-old sands, invaded by modern movies with robbers and wireless and aeroplanes and alimony. Ah, me!

The Lace Dress

May 10, 1922.

I GOT an enormous "kick" out of a remark made to me, when about twelve girls from the Studio Club were working on a theatre set, much dressed up. I'd had actually to plead for Pat's lace gown. It is so becoming to me, for the black lace just sets off my vivid wop-beauty, and I felt somehow, that I was to make a hit. The girls always lend things willingly, but on this day, Pat was a bit reluctant, as the lace

was beautiful, and rather ancient, and it must be admitted that sets are hard on clothes. But Pat has a heart of gold, and my promise to guard the dress with my life availed much, so off I strutted, proud as a peacock. It was but an hour later, when one of the girls (Continued on page 82)



Q "To whom shall I apologize for tearing the dress you have on?" asked the fiend-in-human-form.

The Social WHIRL

Hollywood High Lights, recorded by

The Tatler

PAIN and patches is the watchword in filmdom these bright days, and all the ladies are coquetting about in crinolines and snowy wigs, while the gentlemen are swashbuckling around the studio sets in flowered waistcoats, lace-trimmed coats and satin breeches so tight that not one of them would dare to stop to pick up a dollar.

The costume picture vogue is raging in Hollywood. "It can't last," the wiseacres predict, but every morning brings the news that another company has stocked up with wigs and rapiers. Even the comedienues are doing it. Constance Talmadge is all set to romp through *A Dangerous Maid*, which is the title *Barbara Winslow, Rebel*, is to bear on the screen.

Douglas Fairbanks, after months of preparation, is at last starting work on his new picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*. Doug has been hiding out for the last month, letting his hair grow long for the part. So disreputable does he look in the growing-out process that Mary threatens to make him eat in the kitchen.

"*The Thief of Bagdad* will start where *Robin Hood* left off", is the ambitious slogan of the Fairbanks company. Doug will have to come to work early and stay late to make good, methinks.

French romances are the rage now. Count them: *Under the Red Robe*, a Cosmopolitan production; *The Heart of Yoeland*, Norma Talmadge's picture; *Scaramouche*, Rex Ingrams film featuring Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro; and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, the Universal film.

Virginia Valli is flaunting herself in hoopskirts in *A Lady of Quality*, and Blanche Sweet is the prettiest thing you ever saw in the brocaded satins of a court lady in *In the Palace of the King*.

Out at Ince's, they are making *The Talisman*, with Wallace Berry swashbuckling in the leading rôle. Ever since his bit of grand larceny in *Robin Hood*, Berry has quite reformed. Even when he seems to be acting very tolerantly villainishly, we smile and remark that "heavies" will be "heavies" and Wally is very nice, really. He is simply spoiled for honest-to-goodness villain rôles.

Our Prize Publicity Boner

RAY COFFIN, the estimable publicity director for Richard Walton Tully, handed the Tatler the giggle of the month. Ray broadcasted a story about Tully having a strain of Indian blood, "being a direct descendant of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith." Considering the embarrassing fact that the dainty Pocahontas was the wife of one John Rolfe, if our historical memory does not fail us, we consider it untactful of Mr. Coffin, to say the least.

The Eternal Feminine

RUTH ROLAND is back in Los Angeles, after her trip to New York as the official representative of the Motion Pic-

ture Exposition. Ruth invited oodles of public officials out to the coast to attend the exposition.

Everybody is traveling these days. Personal appearance trips are all the rage. Which reminds us of Leah Baird and her trip to Texas.

Leah comes from Texas. So does Madge Bellamy. Madge had been talking for months what she was going to do to show the home folks when she did personal appearances throughout Texas. Leah listened silently, and then, just about a month before Madge was to start. Leah set out for Texas. She made a great hit. Most of the towns had never seen a movie actress before. But the cream had been taken off for Madge.

Feminine, eh what?

A Noble Party

WE really should ignore this affair, seeing as how the Tatler didn't get a bid. The other editor did, but not the Tatler. But by a great exhibition of will power, we rise above petty motives to state that the Grand studio party, celebrating Adam Hull-Shirk's election as publicity director, was a noble affair.

It took place on the Grand studio lot, and members of the press gathered round a table that groaned beneath its weight of food and drink. Especially drink.

Monty Banks was there. And Billie Rhodes, looking her prettiest. She's supporting Joe Rock now, you know. Joe was there, too, but we're not mentioning him, because we're mad at him, ever since he cast asparagus on the way the Tatler backs her car out of the garage. What is a few ruined lilac bushes and a stray cat or two between neighbors?

Sid Smith was among those present also.

The feature of the occasion was a punch that Jack Dempsey might be proud of. Ingredients, orange juice and T. N. T. in large quantities. A good time was had by all.

And Speaking of Engagements

EDMUND LOWE, the Goldwyn actor, is reported to be engaged to Lilyan Tashman—yes, she's a Follies girl, you can tell it by the way she spells her name. Lilyan and Edmund met while both were on the stage in New York, and when Edmund came to Hollywood, why, Lilyan got so lonesome she had to follow him. Or something like that.

"I do not confirm the report that we are to be married," said Edmund in conventional Hollywood form, when the Tatler found him in a white velvet suit, dying on a polished floor in Pauline Starke's arms. "But oh gee, no, don't say I deny the report, whatever you do."

But just the same, Edmund's parents met Lilyan at the train at San Bernardino and brought her to Los Angeles by motor. Which looks significant.



At the races. Lois Wilson congratulates the winner, Jimmy Murphy.

Will Is Rudie's Rival

WILL ROGERS is back in Hollywood again, and the film folks received him with open arms. We haven't had a good laugh since he deserted us for the Follies. In Will's farewell speech to his Follies' audience, Will said:

"The last time I went to the coast to make pictures, I went to take Charlie Chaplin's place. This time, I'm going out for Valentino. . . . All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to Mineralava!"

We Almost Lost Nazimova

ONE of our most interesting actresses, Nazimova, was almost lost to the screen by an automobile accident that resulted in a disfiguring scar on Madame's right cheek. Nazimova thought for a while that she would have to give up the screen for good. But she had her face "made over" by a plastic surgeon, and now it is better than ever.

Our Dressy Lenore

LENORE ULRICH knows what the public expects of a star. When she stepped off the train in the Los Angeles station on her arrival the other day, she looked as if she had just come from one of Elinor Glyn's teas instead of across-continent tour.

Lenore wore pale blue kid sandals, a gray and blue georgette gown, headed until it resembled a jeweled mist, a gray wrap studded with silver beads and a gray taffeta hat.

Lenore will appear in *Tiger Rose* which Belasco is supervising for the screen.

The Censors We Have Always With Us

FOR ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar. But the ways of the censor are even more unfathomable.

When *The Ragged Edge* was shown in New York, the censors barred a 24-sheet poster, showing Mimi Palmeri, the heroine, in a one-piece bathing suit. It was disapproved as "indecent, tending to corrupt morals."

A lobby card, showing the hero fighting the villain, with the heroine standing by, was barred because of the caption under it: "Take me, but spare his life." The erudite custodians of our morals considered that dear, familiar 10-20-30 line as "inhuman" and "tending to incite to crime."

A Social Butterfly

AS A SOCIAL butterfly, Dick Barthelmess is there. Dick went up to Trinity College during Commencement week, and the academic shades were shaken to their foundations. Or do shades have foundations? Anyway, Dick was the belle of the ball, and every co-ed considered the class-day dance a total loss unless she had at least one dance with Richard.

Richard is Trinity's most distinguished son. During his visit, he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Hartford Press Club.

from Hollywood

There's more to making costume pictures than knowing how to wear a rapier without tripping on it. You've got to have a vocabulary.

The other day, Matt Moore was exhorting his motley crew of cut-throats in Fred Niblo's pirate picture, *Captain Applejack*.

"Back, ye white-livered sea swine, or I'll slit your gullets," he stormed.

"Aw, shut up or I'll bust you on the nose," came back one of his crew.

"Oh, terrible, awful!" exclaimed Fred Niblo. And the scene had to be retaken, after the culprit had learned to call his mate a scurvy varlet instead of a dirty bum.

Tears, Idle Tears

ACTING in the movies has its tearful side. Decidedly!

The other day the Tatler watched Mary Alden do an emotional scene in *The Eagle's Feather*. Just as she had worked herself up to the emotional pitch necessary to bring genuine tears to her eyes, the film in the camera buckled. The tears streamed down Mary's face, wasted.

On the second attempt, just as the tears brimmed over, the lights flickered so badly that the director demanded a re-take.

On the third trial, the dratted camera ran out of film right in the middle of the deluge.

"Let's try it once more, please," begged the director.

"All right", said Mary wearily. "But please remember, I'm an actress, not a geysier."

It Was Pure Habit

MAYBE it was because Anna Q. Nilsson was so recently

a bride herself that the Los Angeles chapter of Disabled War veterans invited her to be the bride in the mock wedding they celebrated at the Ambassador recently. The affair was for the benefit of the chapter's "war chest."

It was a military "wedding." Anna Q., gorgeous in white satin with long lace veil, and Lieutenant Harry Watson as the bridegroom, passed under a canopy of swords held by fellow officers of the "groom." Bill Reid, son of our dear lamented Wally, was the ringbearer. William Desmond, all dressed up like a clergyman, performed the mock ceremony. The bridesmaids were the prettiest girls in twenty-four Southern California cities.

Our Rarified Social Atmosphere

FILM society out here on the coast is becoming so "400"-ish that there's barely an ex-barber left in our circle. Park Benjamin 2nd, noting the welcome accorded to Craig Biddle, has left Wall Street to stagger on as best it may and has come out to break into pictures.

Benjamin is a Columbia University man who got such a kick out of playing a small part in *Under the Red Robe* in the east that he decided his career lay in acting rather than in stocks and bonds.

Park is diplomatic.

"The New York society girl is a sham," said he. "She hasn't one good quality and is worthless even to herself. But the California girls, ah! I am struck by their wholesome beauty and their sparkling eyes!"

The boy ought to get along in California.

So far no actress has denied the rumor of engagement to Benjamin. Perhaps he's already married! *Quelle horreur!*



C Twenty-eight earnest eaters gathered around the festive board at the Grand Studio's party. Besides mere press people, Monty Banks, Billie Rhodes and Sid Smith were present.

Hollywood

By Barry

C "Naming" a movie star seems to be Young America's favorite sport. Bill Hart has suffered as the innocent victim on several occasions.



LOS ANGELES, the temperamental, city of lemons and prunes and beautiful—ah, so devastatingly beautiful—co-respondents, how oft thy name appears in sensational divorce stories in the newspapers of the world!

How mightily have thy daughters worked that the circulation of great dailies might be increased—how mightily, and how wickedly, and with what magic of romance!

A story right out of Hollywood, decorates the first page of your favorite morning paper.

"Film Star Named"—the headline cries with louder voice than that of the noisy gamin who sells it to you.

"Another illusion gone," you say to yourself, "I hope it isn't Ainchee Charming!"

And you stand on the corner, until you have eaten down into the story with your hungry eyes—for not always is the star's name up in the first paragraph where a good newspaperman would put it. And sometimes—when you find the name—it is utterly unfamiliar to you. You begin to wonder if you know so many of the stars after all.

Sometimes the woman mentioned isn't a star at all. Perhaps she is playing a small bit, perhaps she is an extra girl, perhaps she used to be an extra girl.

Sometimes she may even be a scenario writer, or a stenographer in an obscure studio. That was the reason the newspaperman buried her name way down in the story. A good newspaperman would have put her name in the lead, told you exactly who she was, written a couple of sticks about her—say 150 words—and let it go at that.

But the other—possibly on orders from the boss—writes a column about the poor little nobody so that the story may carry the banner—the eight column line—and the copy reader may label her a film star. This writer is clever. He calls her a beautiful Hollywood girl, a movie vamp, a cinema beauty—anything but her name, until you have read down several hundred words.

He has made you all excited. He has given you a few minutes of delight, or anxiety, or interest at least, that more than repays you for your pennies. But he has given you a false impression, and he has given the movie folks an undeserved stigma. He has distorted the story out of all proportion, and all truth. Therefore, however clever he may be, he is not a good newspaperman, even if acting under orders.

Now of course, there have been film stars—real stars or near stars—stars that shine and shines that star—who have been named in divorce complaints; or whose names have been mentioned in anger and little reverence by angry wives.

C *Non-professional wives who want a divorce keep an eye on hubby when he comes to Hollywood. But movie wives, scandal-shy, have to get along with plain incompatibility.*

Co-respondents

Vannon

And you won't find their names buried—no matter who writes the story. The top of the front page for them.

It is because of the good reporters, and the other kind—the truth and the lies—that Los Angeles, or that part of it called Hollywood, has such a piquant reputation.

Why Husbands Leave Home

TIMOTHY J. HOOZIS has read many of these stories—some honest, some exaggerated. And Timothy's nagging wife has read them too—and commented on them.

Timothy tires of his wife, and buys a round trip ticket to the coast. He makes it a point to be seen with some beautiful girl at some smart cabaret, say one of the Sennett bathing beauties. He has his picture taken with her, or he breaks into print with her—maybe in an auto accident, maybe in a fight with a bus boy at the Hotel Swellador.

Mrs. Hoozis gets wind of the scandal—and the papers have another story. Another film star has been named! A couple of thousand extra papers are sold. Increased circulation gets more advertising, and fattens the advertising ante. A man's folly and a girl's beauty have put a little money in the treasury of a newspaper thousands of miles away from them.

Perhaps Timothy wanted Mrs. Timothy to get that picture, or that little squib about the fight. Pretty slick, eh?

And Tim's example inspires Ben Zine, whose wife won't let him smoke in the house. You think this is far-fetched?

The Professional Co-respondent

IT WAS but a few months ago that Oscar H. Maryatt, who drove a car for a certain Hollywood studio, wrote letters to his wife, Mildred Gray Maryatt, telling her how much Barbara La Marr loved him.

He rhapsodized about Barbara's warm affections. He was fluent. He was lyric. He effervesced. He—well—slopped over.

Mrs. Maryatt rushed to her attorney. Things were shaping



CMiss Elizabeth MacCaulley, who falsely charged Hart with being the father of her baby, and the child whom she now confesses she borrowed from a neighbor.

up for a smashing big story that would travel around the world. And the headlines wouldn't have said: "film star named." They would have mentioned Barbara's name in barbaric type.

But at the last minute Maryatt confessed that the star didn't love him—that the only times he had ever seen Miss La Marr were when she was in the studio car. He took back all his passionate letters, he denied them up and down—before a notary and after an interview with Barbara's advisers.

Kind Deed Imperils Viola Dana

INSTANCE another case—that of the winsome little Viola Dana.

While Viola was still in the hospital, recuperating from a parting with her beloved appendix, a New York newspaper wired its Hollywood co-respondent about as follows:

"A Mrs. Stewart intends suing her husband for divorce, and naming Miss Dana. Claims she has numerous letters written by Miss Dana to Stewart. Please interview Miss Dana as soon as she is strong enough to bear the shock."

This newspaper—one with a circulation that makes it independent and an owner who believes in fair play—printed nothing about the matter while Miss Dana lay in the hospital, unable to defend herself.

It was more than a week after Viola had begun to get back her strength—via the

(Continued on page 89)

VISITING 'Round



C Extras on the chicken roost along the wall. Myrtie Manners feels the wardrobe department has done well by her. Ellabelle Ellwell has a cold and some new photographs; the costuming of the photographs explains the cold. Maryon Gay is trying to chew gum and smoke a cig at the same time

C Emma Mae Withers, the script girl who lunches alone and believes a woman can do anything a man can

C The waitress who wears her make-up continuously, in case an observant director notices that she is a "type"



In FILMDOM



C. Screenland's Staff Artist
 Joins the Noonday Throng
 at Armstrong & Carleton's

By Ted Rupert



C. Patient portions of the populace, optimistically expecting to get tables. The young feller in the foreground, who has been trying to impress his lady friend with his familiarity of things Hollywoodish, is much gratified at the way in which Mr. Armstrong has just said, "Good evening, sir", just like that

C. C. Crosthwaite Cornelius, the director and his pessimistic airedale. The canine escort not only identifies him as a director, but keeps aspirants at a distance



FILMY FANNY'S NIGHTMARE

FILMY FANNY, a pure young girl from Chicago, who had never seen any excitement, came to Hollywood, to steep herself in the film capital's well advertised iniquity.

But Filmy Fanny was hardly prepared for the violent gastronomic gymnastics which her first meal in Hollywood let her in for.

For Fanny went to a cafeteria and mixed avacado salad, artichokes and orange marmalade. Then, she staggered into an orange drink stand, and tossed off two glasses of the raw yellow juice.

She rode nightmares the whole night through.

She saw herself surrounded at a party in Cecil De-Mille's home, with every favorite she had come to Hollywood to see. And oh, what a shock Filmy Fanny got!

C And Gloria Swanson's "fighting face" had been one of the traditions Filmy Fanny had been living on—

C She had heard that Mary Miles Minter was getting fat but—

C When Bill Hart fixed her with his keen, cold eyes she no longer wondered why Elizabeth McCauley said he had a "horse face."





And Fanny just knew that fair Mae Murray had arched her eyebrows and pouted her mouth so long that she had frozen that way.



The only flaw that Clara Kimball Young revealed to Filmy Fanny's adoring eyes was a rather long nose.

But when Mack Sennett's prize bathing girl, Phyllis Haver, got stuck in the doorway because she was too plump to make it without turning sideways, Filmy Fanny gave a mighty yell and rolled out of bed.



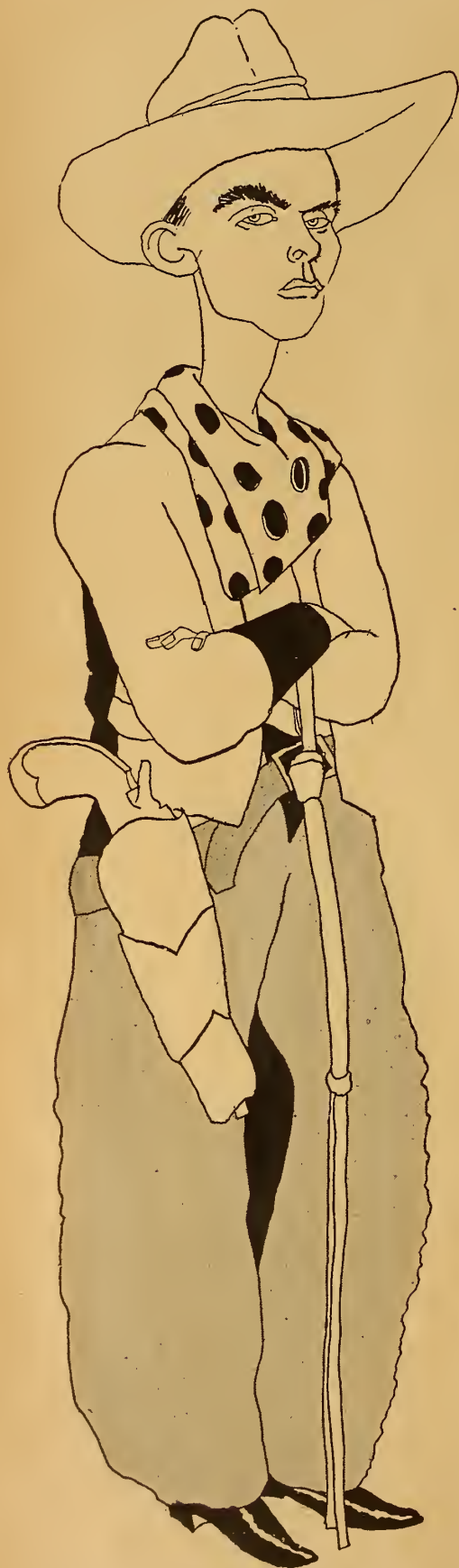
If anyone had a right to be a highbrow, it was certainly Douglas Fairbanks, Fanny argued, but oh, the difference in his looks!

She recalled with horror the stories told of Pola's temperamental soul—how she could have anything else but, with that face.



The *C*lowing Embers

Sketches by Walter Kinstler



☞ Jim Barton and his trained "dogs" are the only things in "Dew Drop Inn"; but after all, that's something.

☞ Below, Louis Mann, seated in the lap of luxury, being upheld at the last by his "old reliable" George Sidney, Douglas Wood in the role of Thos. Craig, the financier, and Neil Pratt as the country banker. The Messrs. Mann and Sidney stand toe to toe in the third act and it's "pun and pun about" while the audience and the New York newspapers' dramatic critics agree that "Give & Take" is the funniest show in town. Barnum was right.



☞ Glenn Hunter as Merton Gill, the Tragic Comedian in Merton of the Movies.

of a Dying Season



C Henry Herbert who as Mr. Sakamoto in "Uptown, West" gives a poignantly real characterization.



C May Galyer, as Grandma—Louise Huff, the Cinema Artiste, as the title role and Morgan Farley, as her kid brother, all from "Mary, the 3rd"—which is nothing to get excited over, written by Rachel Crothers, in her most solemn manner.

C "Al's here, Mr. Haul-ey" Richard O'Connor, as Al, the Bootlegger—Eva Williams, as Nellie, the Hired Girl, and Harry Beresford, as Clem Haul-ey, making Don Marquis' lines seem extraordinarily bitter in "The Old Soak" which had a run of over 350 performances at the Plymouth Theatre.

SCREENLAND'S



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Katherine MacDonald, who so recently announced her intention of being an old maid, has again taken to herself a husband, this time C. F. Johnson, a Philadelphia millionaire. The smiling pair are snapped on the boardwalk at Atlantic City.



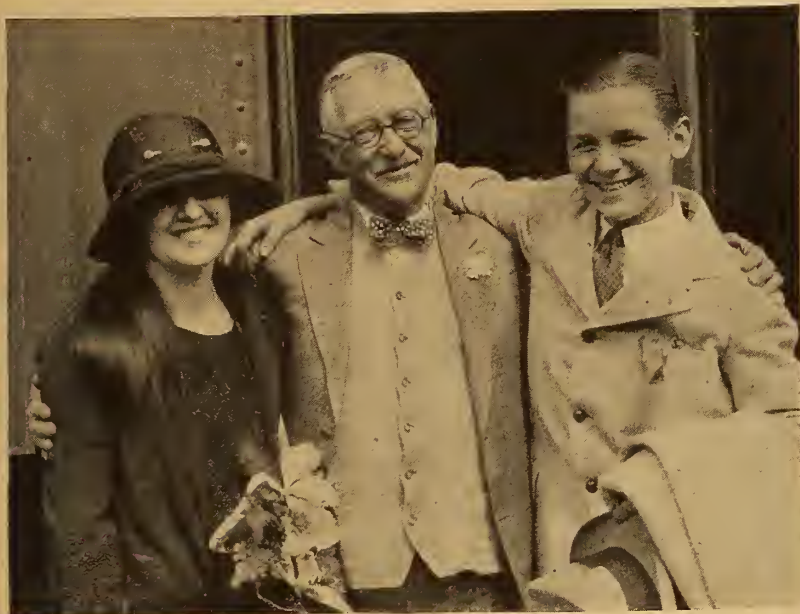
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Barbara LaMarr has had quite a few husbands, but she never had a red-headed one—until she married Jack Daugherty. Barbara and Jack are on their honeymoon, enjoying a trip around the world.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

NEWS REEL



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

☐ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arriving in Los Angeles to star in Paramount pictures. Young Doug is with his mother, Mrs. James Evans, the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and his grandfather, Daniel Sully.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

☐ We wonder if they are looking for spirits. June Mathis escorts Sir Arthur Conan Doyle about the Goldwyn studio grounds.



☐ Mr. Cecil B. DeMille entertains five out of eight individuals from all parts of the country, who suggested to him the idea of making "The Ten Commandments" as a motion picture and who were awarded \$1,000 each in a nation wide contest for a new cinema idea, which had 30,000 replies.

The ONCE OVER

JUANITA MILLER, daughter of Joaquim Miller, late poet, is married to the sun. The wedding occurred at high noon on June 19th in the palace shown at the bottom of this page. Juanita was perched high upon a column like Paphnutius, the monk. Juanita sought the love of the Sun. Paphnutius fled the love of Thais.

Two hundred and eighty feet below, the Goldwyn company of "The Palace of the King" waited for Juanita to descend. For four days and nights they had waited, coaxing her to resume her part of a court favorite in the fifteenth century.



C Doings of the Great and Near Great on the sunny shores of California

A bed was brought to her on the second night and food was hoisted to her, good earthy food that had not much to do with the bride of the Sun.

Towards sunset of the fourth day the blushing bride descended, more sunburned than blushing perhaps, but very happy.

"The setting of the story accelerated my imagination," she explained, after the wedding breakfast and just before she left for Oakland, Cal., her home.

"Spain always signifies yellow to me and the Sun is yellow. I felt as though I must marry and complete the yellow cycle through which I was passing.

"So I climbed to the top of the column on the palace and waited for the consummation of our love. Long I waited and I could not descend until the Sun had passed its meridian on the fourth day."

Here Miss Miller was reminded that the sun was obscured by a heavy sea fog on the day of her nuptials.

"Ah," she sighed. "He was sad, knowing I was sad. It was fitting that he show some sorrow."

"When my husband passed his meridian he spelled 'L-O-V-E' to me. The 'l' was for light, the 'o' for optimism, 'v' meant vitality and 'e', eternity.

"Thus 'was our wedding sealed with a spiritual kiss.

"You see I have passed through all the physical cycles and my next plane is green. Some night when all the world looks green to me I shall wed the Moon. To me the moon is always green.

"Men," she scoffed at the mention of them. "I'm through with all that. The sun, the moon, the winds—they are my everlasting lovers."

"But wait just one moment," she called to the interviewer.

"Be sure and mention my director's name, Emmett Flynn," she spelled the name carefully.

"And did you get the name of the picture right? And the part I was playing? I'll be back in Hollywood and be in pictures soon. Are you going to use my picture? Good 'bye!"

A Thrilling Battle

EVERY Friday evening we have fights at the American Legion. But the other noon at a Hollywood café, we had a battle not on the schedule. Active combatants were Johnny Walker, the actor, and

C At the right, Betty Compson shows how she keeps slim. Try it over on your piano some time.



John Wesley Gray. The *causis belli* was as follows: Walker hired Gray to write the subtitles for *The Real Thing*. Payment agreed upon, according to Johnny, was to be \$1,000. After the subtitles were written, Gray held out for more than \$1,000, which Walker refused to give. So Gray went to a lawyer.

More than that, Gray slapped a writ of attachment on Johnny's car, his bank-account and finally, on the picture. And as a final blow, Johnny heard that Gray was saying unkind things about him.

The two met in the café at lunch time. They met and mixed. And Johnny conquered.

"He has been paid in full," said Johnny briefly, blowing on his knuckles. Gray didn't comment.

Bill Hart to Return

BILL HART will soon be riding range again, at least so far as pictures go. As soon as the story of his vindication of the charges made against him by Elizabeth Mac-Caulléy, Bill announced that he would start work on a Lasky picture immediately.

Bill is a writer as well as an actor. A series of stories for boys is being syndicated, under the by-line of the famous western actor.

Ralph Lewis Loses Father

RALPH LEWIS, the veteran character actor, is mourning the death of his father. Lewis arrived in Chicago just in time to reach his father's bedside before the end came.

Evelyn Brent Wanted Action

EVELYN BRENT felt that it took Douglas Fairbanks too long to get started on his picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*, so she left his company to play the feminine lead in Peter B. Kyne's *Harbor Bar*.

Kyne insists that his opinion of motion pictures and motion picture people is very low, but he keeps right on selling stories to them.

And Still They Come

THE foreign deluge continues. Mlle. Jeanne Balzac, great grand-niece of Honoré de Balzac, has arrived in Hollywood from Paris. She is to play a part in the filming of her distinguished ancestor's story, *The Magic Skin*. A reception committee, including notables of the French colony in Los Angeles, greeted her at the Los Angeles station.

Rush Rushes In

ANYONE who says there is no royal road to success in the fillums, except along the sex route, ought to look at Rush Hughes, son of Rupert, Goldwyn's pet director. Rush is only nineteen, but he's going to work in Dad's picture regularly, leaving a career as chemical engineer as being not nearly exciting enough.

Sub Rosa

A FAVORITE saying in Hollywood is that if you work for Universal you are sure to keep your modesty, for few know you are in pictures. But newspaper notices inform us that Marie Wells is a "prominent figure in the film world." This sudden boost to Marie comes because she marries Paul Kent, "a member of one of Los Angeles' pioneer families." A strange phenomenon has been noticed here; as surely as any pretty girl gets into the day's news,

she immediately becomes a star, or at least "prominent in the film world," even if she is only an extra and nobody except the folks back home have ever seen her on the screen.

Another Hollywood Tragedy

JERRY grieved himself to death because his contract was ended; no more would the Kleig lights play around his saturnine face; gone was his fame, perished his fortune. Jerry could stand it no longer. He refused food, and he died. Now there are only two hyenas in captivity in this country, where three flourished before. Jerry was used in *Human Wreckage*, Dorothy Davenport Reid's anti-narcotic film, to represent the beast of narcotic addiction.

Assorted Sneezes

THIS art business is a serious thing. And far be it from Mary Jane Sanderson to take it lightly. When the script calls for her to sneeze in *Blow Your Own Horn*, Mary Jane gives the matter scientific consideration. She evolves a system by which she can sneeze a tiny, tiny sneeze, and a middle-sized sneeze, and a great big sneeze. Her method is not copyrighted. She just graduates the doses of pepper. A cunning little press agent yarn, but it may amuse the children. Something for the whole family—that's our motto!

Anti-Climax

JUST as the same door in a theater is both Entrance and Exit, according to whether you are on the inside or outside, so is vaudeville both the entrance and exit of the motion picture profession.

Mary Miles Minter has taken her exit from pictures in vaudeville. Probably her contract does not call for a million dollars, as did her famous Paramount document. And it is problematical just how avid an audience will be to see Mary in the flesh,—at least she has plenty of it for them to see.

An Anti-Mother Complex

WE hear so much of Freud these days that we just run to complexes and things like that. But it is doubtful if that is what June Love Walton calls her attempts to evade her active mother, Mrs. Nina E. Robinson, whose latest sensation is a note announcing that she has drowned herself. June, for some time with Universal and Century comedies, just won't believe that Mama has done anything of the sort. She says she knows Mama too well. June believes it is just another attempt of her mother to find her daughter, who is always hiding from her.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

THE Jewish propensity for fires isn't left behind when clothing magnates become film capitalists. Fires simply pursue our rich men out here. If it isn't Universal that is menaced by flames, it is sure to be Goldwyn or Fox or some other studio. One wonders if the fire bug is not encouraged because it gives the studio reporting such a blaze to the papers, a chance to list all of the pictures which might have been destroyed if the blaze had reached the storage vaults. Goldwyn's latest heralds the sad news that \$11,000,000 worth of films were endangered by a fire which destroyed one section of the laboratories. None was destroyed, of course, but what a peachy chance to list all the films which Goldwyn has on hand!

(Continued on page 94)

The Picture of the Month



The Brass Bottle

MAURICE TOURNEUR and comedy haven't been exactly chummy; you wouldn't call them the Siamese twins of the industry, yet Tourneur has turned out the best comedy drama of the season, and probably of the year.

If you don't laugh at Harry Myers in *The Brass Bottle*, you're hopeless. And aside from being a personal triumph for our loveable hero of *The Connecticut Yankee* it is going to do a lot to prove to the doubting Thomases who think Ernest Torrence just must be an accident that Torrence is a great comedian as well as a great villain, and one of the most versatile wearers of grease paint we have ever had.

The novel by F. Anstey has been transferred almost bodily to the screen, and certainly not an ounce of possible comedy was left out of the delightful screen version. One of the strongest casts in this year of imposing roll calls has given a calibre of acting that seems inspired in almost every instance.

First comes a magnificent prologue, in which the sets—bizarre, rich, fantastically lighted—cast a glamor over the whole performance. There's a little tragedy of King Solomon's time, showing how he almost lost one of his most beautiful wives and his own life to a hated rival—the wily Fakrash (Ernest Torrence). Barbara La Marr has only a bit as Solomon's philandering mate, but she makes the most of it, managing to wear the most gorgeous costumes with the most seductive grace. A masterly piece of make-up introduces a creature of pure fantasy—the one-eyed magician, who works his pleasant little tricks of black magic on Fakrash, after Solomon has been



(Continued on page 91)



THE new long coat and the correct straight lines of the Autumn three piece suit are seen in this costume of blue kasha cloth banded and embroidered with silver yellow kasha wool, worn by Gloria Swanson. The double circular cuffs are a feature, and the coat is sleeveless. The hat is a black taffeta and gros-grain ribbon.

FOR the girl going back to college, a suit such as this one worn by Mary Astor is indispensable. It is of beige covert cloth, and the youthful short coat has a Russian blouse suggestion, emphasized by rows of braid in key pattern. The hat, an ideal shape for traveling is trimmed with folded gros-grain ribbon.



GLORIA Swanson demonstrates the most popular type of sweater, now that knitting is unpopular.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

*Hints of Advance
Styles from the Screen*



GREY crêpe Romaine forms this attractive fall costume of Gloria Swanson. The skirt has a double flounce, draped at the hip, and the coat is a Russian blouse trimmed at the collar and the slashed cuffs with grey lapin.

METAL cloth is still a favorite for Autumn evening gowns and one of the best reasons for its popularity is its becoming effect when used in such gowns as this worn by Betty Compson. The silver cloth is backed with mauve and combined with silver thread lace.

LITTLE

PETER THE GREAT

Paramount

Another brilliant German-made production, created, this time, by a Russian, Dimitri Buchowetzki. Dealing shrewdly and incisively with the famous leader who created the vast Russian empire out of a mighty maelstrom of superstitions. These people of history live and breathe. The *Peter* of Emil Jannings is superb, at once brutal and tender, loving and merciless, a mighty king among his treacherous followers, a man of playful amours behind the royal scenes. The American cutting is adequate, save towards the conclusion, where some important matter seems to be missing. Jannings dominates the production, of course, but Dagny Servaes is an admirable *Catherine* and Bernhard Goetzke is excellent as the prime minister.



HUMAN WRECKAGE F. B. O.

It is a debatable point whether or not "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallie Reid's celluloid attack upon the dope traffic, is a good thing for picturedom. To us, the effect is gruesome. We dislike to have the likeable, happy-go-lucky Wallie's name linked so grimly in the public's mind to the weakness that killed him. And—again—we look upon the theater as a place of entertainment rather than of propaganda. "Human Wreckage" is the story of a young attorney and his desperate fight against the narcotic habit. The lawyer is well played by James Kirkwood and the wife is adequately done by Mrs. Reid. Actually, the best performances are by George Hackathorne and Bessie Love.

HINTS *for* PLAYGOERS



THE WHITE ROSE

(Griffith)

One remarkable thing concerning this picture is that it recreated the reputation of an old favorite—Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh's acting was sincere and moving. So much cannot be said of Ivor Novello, whose attitudinizing remind one of Rex Ingram's co-called find—Ramon Navarro.

Mr. Griffith, himself, has put some fine touches into this picture, but he also put in some fine dramatic pauses. His style reminds us of the inveterate after-dinner speaker who pauses after each of his remarks and waits for the applause. Mr. Griffith's picture pauses between every frame. When he walks a cat across the stage, it is done with a slow impressiveness that adds awe and mystery. One is impressed with it in spite of one's decision to be cynical.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Universal

This is the Universal production started by Erich Von Stroheim and finished by Rupert Julian. An interesting—and different—story of decadent Vienna in the days when the clouds of war were whipping across the horizon. At basis, it is the old, old Laura Jean Libbich romance of the nobleman and the gal from "below stairs," here a count of the royal court and a little worker in the Prader, the Coney Island of Vienna. You easily recognize the parts made by the brilliantly brutal Von Stroheim. Here you will find five flashes of passion of intrigue that are both daring and frankly limned. Norman Kerry is surprisingly good as the count, although the role shrieks for Von Stroheim, himself. Mary Philbin is another surprise as the girl. And George Hackathorne has admirable moments as the Hunchback—moments that suggest Walthall and Harron.



C. An Extra Girl Tells You the Truth About Hollywood—Continued from page 60

Fool's Gold

on the set not so well known to "the Gang," but on to all the Club tricks, caught the lace of my borrowed creation on her beads, giving it a most unmerciful tear. My crest drooped. She turned to me and in a loud voice asked, "To whom shall I apologize for tearing the dress you have on?"

If Ann Hathaway had lived at the Studio Club, she would never have allowed Bill Shakespeare to write those immortal words: "Neither a borrower nor lender be, for loaning loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

But extra girls in Hollywood wouldn't be able to work half the time, if it wasn't for their friends' borrowed clothes, and the Club has an understanding of true generosity that no words can really describe.

Once, three of us got a job on the same sweater, and no one knew about it till the next morning. One of the studios needed three girls in sports clothes for a bit. Lois Lee owned a good looking black and white sweater. Mack Sennett's studio called her. She had worn her sweater and sports outfit there before. Director on the wire:

"Miss Lee, a nice bit for you. Six days at a Country Club. Report tomorrow at eight-thirty in your black and white sport suit."

"Six days!" Lois was elated.

Ethel was called by an agency.

"Be at Mack Sennett's tomorrow at eight-thirty. Six days. Have you a nice sport suit?"

Ethel mentally ransacked the collective wardrobe of the Club, her heart pounding. Yes, there was Lois' black and white sweater.

"Yes," she shouted joyously through the telephone, "I have a really smart one."

"O-K."

I myself knew the Assistant Director at Sennetts, and ambled in that day to see if there was anything doing.

"Have you a stunning sport suit?" he asked.

Lois' being the only good looking one in the house, and knowing with the certainty of death, that she would lend it to me, I answered glibly,

"Yes indeed, I have a beauty!"

"All right," he replied, "be on the set at eight-thirty. Six days work."

I was jubilant. We went out to dinner and went "stepping" that night, so didn't compare jobs.

Next morning at seven-thirty, the three of us dove into the closet of the "Sanctum" for the coveted sweater at the same moment. We found that Pat had taken it the day before to wear

on a week-end party at Coronado!

Our lives are by no means all thrills, however. There are the quaint kicks of having to pay more for the rented gown for one day's set than you can earn in a month, just because an obliging comedian among the extra men spills lemonade liberally all over your lap. There is the joy of having your best tooth knocked out in a mob fight, and your only pair of silk stockings ruined by contact with a field of burrs. You may thrill at riding horseback all day in the sun, but at night the girls will assure you, quite candidly, that your beautiful henna-dyed hair has been burned to a curious cross between magenta and cerise. The thrill on Monday of your first written contract, will send you to the stars, but on Tuesday you will be back on earth again, facing the cold hard fact that you are sitting on the curb stone leaning for support against a telephone pole. The company who promised you a lead at a hundred and fifty a week at nine a. m. went into bankruptcy at ten, and your landlord put you out at eleven. With what speed do events move in Hollywood, and with what fortitude does one learn to sustain shocks!

Castor-Oil

Decoration Day 1922.

WHEN kiddies spend Decoration Day playing at the beach, their mothers usually have to put them to bed early, and pour a dose of castor-oil down their little throats so they can survive their intimacy with the ice-cream-cone-man.

The extra girls who worked in a Viola Dana picture one Decoration Day at the beach craved to be treated just like the kiddies, except that they begged that the castor-oil be poured into their eyes instead of down their throats.

It was this way: we had been called to Santa Monica at seven-thirty a. m. Tourists from the east must have envied us that day. Free as the white gulls, we gaily pranced and skipped and ran and leaped, our bodies gleaming in the sun. The day was hot; one of the scorching, blazing days that drive one either to shade or into the cool sea. We were stockingless, hatless, sleeveless. In fact, our little one-piece bathing suits were rivaled in briefness only by the reported costumes of Solomon's Concubines.

At first, it was sheer fun, but the fierce old sun's rays soon proved merciless. How we longed to dip into that heavenly blue coolness at our feet. But alas, the drops of water that hit us were few and far between. Only our pink toes and scarlet, sun-scorched legs occasionally got dampened. But as the blistering day wore on, most of the shots were of us lying on the beach, or flapping about as only the proverbial "Film Flappers" can flap. I paraphrased the *Ancient Mariner* thus:

"Water, water, everywhere,

And not a place to sink!"

The burning sands beneath us were as nothing to the burning, glaring monster above us. My eyes began to feel as if they were on fire, for not content with the mere sun, they used huge mirror reflectors that caught the full glory of the sun and threw it back into our faces.

At four p. m. I sneaked off the set; a thing I've never done before, and never expect to do again. But I had to this time, because my head felt as though in another minute it would burst and what little brains I possess would be scattered on the waters of the Pacific. I slipped into my dress, and must have looked so queer and ill, that a crowd of home-going bathers offered me a lift into Hollywood. I accepted, more thankful for the cool wind fanning my face and eyes than for anything in my whole life. Strange how the gifts the world values, Rolls-Royces, and diamond tiaras, and sunburst pendants, and platinum rings, all fade into insignificance before the simple gift of a cool wind!

When I reached the Club, the telephone was ringing. It was a call for me from Brunton's to go over in an hour in evening dress and wraps for a ten dollar check. Now I was back to the wall financially that day, and although I held my seven-fifty pay check in my hand, yet by this time, I had resolved either to tell the director of the Viola Dana picture how badly I felt, or not to cash the check. (I've since learned they worked only five minutes after I left.) Anyhow, I decided I'd better accept the call for Brunton's; I really couldn't afford to pass it up.

That proved to be the easiest ten dollars I ever expect to earn. Four of us, two men, and two girls, got into a stunning Fiat car, drove around a driveway, got out of the car, and went into a house. We repeated this childlike performance twice. They gave us our ten checks and dismissed us. The amazing dis- (Continued on page 61)

Movie Husband

(Continued from page 30)

love goes marching on, Rodolph and Natacha are riding in a private car—with Rodolph earning \$6,000 a week until his interlocutory affair with Lasky has been settled. There's a romantic husband for you!

Fancy the little wife telling Rudy that he needs a neck-shave, or that the laundry boiled his blue pajimmies pink! It couldn't be done.

You all know that James Rennie-Dorothy Gish mad flight into the state of matrimony—but instead of the two-reel domestic drama people expected, sister Lill included—James has given the fans a super-production worth the price of admittance.

Connie's husband, Pialaglou, the tobacco merchant—(you've forgotten how to spell it, too)—didn't last very long in the Talmadge cast—but nobody seems to be much cut up on that account.

The Papa-husband

THE parental urge—that desire to propagate our own important selves is as keen in the homes of movie stars as it is in society. Thus we evolve the stellar papa-husband.

The Hollywood papa-husbands compose a happy group, units of which may be seen here and there, praising their offspring with all the conviction of an oil salesman.

The papa-husbands, however, have not the appeal of the romantic husbands, nor the space in the newspapers given to the notoriously wedded.

Milton Sills is a papa-husband deluxe. There are three little window-Sills. (Pretty bad, I admit. It gives even me a pane.)

Conrad Nagel, Jack Holt, Tom Mix, Tom Gallery and Will Rogers are most certainly members of the father family. Even dark-eyed Dick Barthelmess has signed up, since the advent of Mary Barthelmess II.

The manager husband is another spoke in the wedding wheel—though sometimes he has spoken too soon.

King Vidor, Allan Holubar, Mickey Neilan, Joe Schenck, Webster Campbell, and Bob Leonard are busy starring or directing their wives, Florence Vidor, Dorothy Phillips, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and Mae Murray.

As this goes to press, all is well between the manager husbands and the managed wives.

Movie Husbands?
Read about 'em and weep.
For 'em or with 'em?—
Who cares?

Five New Writers Sell Photoplays

or win studio staff positions—Send for Free Test which tells if you have like ability



Jane Hurler, portrait painter, sold her story, "Robes of Redemption," to Allen Holubar.



Waldo C. Twitchell, graduate engineer, now assistant production manager at Fairbanks-Pickford Studios.



Euphrasie Molle, a school teacher at Oakland, California, recently sold her story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth.



John Holden Now in a studio staff position with one of the large producing companies.



Ethel Styles Middleton, Pittsburg, wrote the Palmerplay, "Judgment of the Storm." She receives royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, having already received an advance payment of \$1000.

HERE are five men and women, trained by this Corporation, who have, through this training, recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions with prominent producing companies.

Picked at random from many, they prove that the ability to write belongs to no one class. One is a housewife, one a school teacher, another a graduate engineer, a portrait painter and the other has written fiction.

All have been amply repaid for the time, effort and money they invested in this work.

Not one of these men and women realized a short time ago what latent screen writing ability he or she possessed.

But each took advantage of the opportunity that you have at this moment. They tested and proved themselves by the novel method we have developed.

We offer you the same test free—no obligation. Merely send the coupon.

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We make this offer because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of screen stories to the producing companies. And we must have stories to sell.

Through daily contact with the studios, we know that a serious dearth of suitable screen material exists.

Novels, short stories and stage plays, adaptable for the screen, have been practically exhausted.

Scenario staffs are greatly overworked. They cannot keep pace with the present day demands.

New screen writers must be developed if we are to supply the producing companies with the neces-

sary photoplays, for which they gladly pay \$500 to \$2000.

It is not novelists, short story writers and playwrights that are needed. Many of them have tried this work; few succeeded.

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So we offer to new writers, Palmer trained, royalties for five years on the profits of the pictures selected for Palmerplays, with an advance payment of \$1000 cash.

You must admit the opportunities. On this page are five of the many men and women who have succeeded.

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Mail the coupon now. You will also receive Carrol B. Dotson's interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."



"Judgment of the Storm," the first Palmerplay, will be released in August. Written directly for the screen, it presents a visual lesson in the new technique as taught in our educational department. Thousands are waiting to see this extraordinary photoplay. Watch for it!

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Department of Education, Sec. 2209
Palmer Building, Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me, free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination was Discovered."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

C. An Extra Girl Tells You the Truth About Hollywood—Continued from page 82

Fool's Gold

patch and clocklike efficiency of the whole affair was a trifle breathless, but I was not sorry to fly home to bed.

For by this time my eyes and every inch of my body seemed aflame. I passed the night with Dante in Purgatory, and trust I expiated all my sins, past, present, and future. I shudder even now at the painful memory of those blisters. But the friend of childhood proved mine as well. With my nose firmly pinned with a clothes pin, I administered castor-oil in large doses, saturating my eyes, and bathing the poor old arms and legs. Very thankful I was that the World-War did not entirely exhaust the supply as it threatened. I am sure I should not be here to tell the tale, if it had.

But every cloud hath a silver lining, my dear, for Father Time is a great healer. Everyone marvelled at my exquisite cherry-blood complexion a few days later when I gaily collected my seventeen-fifty for that eventful Decoration Day.

In fact, I was paid ten dollars more, next day, to stand in a drug store window and demonstrate, by the use of pantomime, my own peculiar method of producing said swansdown complexion by the aid of certain very expensive cosmetics.

If the Castor-oil King only knew!

My Elegant Elephant

July 5, 1922.

I APPROACHED the casting-directress with palpitating heart. She always has that effect on me.

"Can you ride an elephant nude?" she inquired.

"The elephant or me, nude?" I countered.

"Well, little trunks and dangling spangles" she explained hurriedly, answering two telephones at the same time.

Again, I wanted to ask if the trunks and spangles alluded to me or the elephant but I meekly accepted the job when she said,

"Ten dollars a day for two days."

She sent me off to have the trunks and spangles fitted, and then I walked home as rapidly as possible: for I was not to begin that eventful elephant nude ride until the following day.

The next twelve hours I lived through a living inferno.

Here was I, after two years of struggling to express my histrionic talent; longing to act; craving a role through which I could touch people's hearts, or make them laugh, or at least feel some deep emotion. Yet here was I, riding

an elephant, and almost in my birthday suit!

My heart sank to Hell that night—yes, really. Nothing in my career had seemed such utter desecration, nay, even prostitution, of art as riding a poor old lumbering elephant.

Perhaps in his native habitat, with other jungle beasts, on a lion hunt, such a ride might be tolerated, but on a studio lot, to the tune of a merry fiddle, and to the jeers of bystanders and ham-actors—ye gods!

The Next Morning

MY eyes were heavy and my makeup bad; my heart ached along with my bones in anticipation, when I arrived at the studio next day, ready for my job as a slave girl in an oriental flashback. But once inside the gate, I reached down in my soul for that philosophy that saves me so often, and I decided I'd love that old elephant, and I did. I plainly saw why the Buddhists worship the white elephant who threw himself from a cliff in order that a starving group of travellers might eat his flesh.

Why, my elephant was as elegant and as noble as any King could ever be. I sat proudly upon him all day amid pillows, in a funny little chair they had made for me and strapped on to his broad and spacious back. It felt far more like deep sea voyaging than anything I've done since crossing the Atlantic.

All the men about me were negroes, and my own skin was stained a dark brown. Of course we never came within fifteen feet of the camera. All the action of the picture was in front of us. We were merely background.

After two days with His Highness, "Elegant", I felt so zoolishly chummy, I went about visiting the camels, the horses and the other elephants. But I realize that animals are as humans; they too have personalities, and they recognize a friend at once. For in visiting these animals, I went merely for curiosity. The camels spit at me, the other elephants brandished their trunks at me, and even the horses kicked up their heels, but my own elephant dropped on his knees the moment he saw me appear. You see, I decided to love him, even before I saw him, and verily, I believe he knew it!

If only directors and camera men would respond as well to this treatment! I suppose I could be starred

in no time. The trouble is, that loving a mere man is apt to have many more startling consequences than loving a placid, five ton, fifty year old elephant!

Entre Nous

September, 1922.

I'VE been trudging the rounds of six or seven studios every day for three weeks now, and haven't had a single day's work. In fact, I haven't even smelled a promise of work. Why? There's a reason. Listen.

When I first came out here every man I met promptly promised me a job in his company, or hastened to introduce me to an influential camera man, or write me a glowing letter to a producer who would positively get me into pictures "the right way." There seems to be a very definite line between getting in right, and getting in wrong.

Now to be perfectly frank with you, I shall have to admit that I don't believe there is anyone who has had more pull, or to whom influential people gave more letters to other influential people, than I. I was sent to Fairbanks, to Lasky, to Mary Pickford, to William Farnum and Gordon Edward, and Frank Lloyd, and countless other stars, producers, directors, and writers. Yet for all that, I must whisper to you, that I am counted a failure. As a Movie Star, I'd make a good cafeteria announcer.

A Few Words of Wisdom

NOW maidens who yearn to be future Marys, Polas, Paulines, and Glorias, hearken to a few words of wisdom from one who, for over two years, has fought the flames of desire for worldwide film fame. They may or may not be worth taking to heart, but they are conclusions reached after many experiences, and are without bitterness, without a grudge, and without jealousy. So before deciding to make the fatal plunge and come out to Hollywood, go into your room, lock the door, and ask yourself a few pointed questions.

First: not are you beautiful? We will assume that Nature provided you very kindly with a classic nose, fine eyes, an intelligent, facile mouth, and a fresh and alluring skin. But, *do people remember you?*

Answer this quite honestly to yourself.

I won't answer the negative half of that question about myself, but to the last I'll say that no one ever remembers me until they have seen me five or six times. I often test out a casting-direct-

Fool's Gold

tor. On my third trip he may say,

"Oh, hello, girlie, I can't remember your name—I hear so many, you know—but I do remember your face."

But he frowns as if it were the most excruciating effort on his part.

Now, my dear, if you make a real first impression on a man, your face, your name, even the perfume you use, he will remember. Something about you and in you, the flavor of your own particular individuality must stamp you as different from every other pretty girl in Hollywood. As pretty girls are legion, and about as plentiful here, as leaves on a tree, as each casting-director interviews several hundred in the course of a week, you can see what a task lies before you.

Question number 2—Have you sex appeal? This, deep down in your heart you may know you have, and hence feel you could be a success.

"Do You Hold Men?"

THAT'S the question to ask yourself. I can show you fifty girls who have sex appeal, sex charm, in fact the "57 varieties" of sex attraction, but not one of them reaches the third step in the ladder of fame.

Do you *hold* men? Do you find that men want to see you after a month's absence? Do they call you up just to hear the sound of your voice? Do they keep your photograph on their desk or beside their dresser?

It resolves itself into a question of personal magnetism. Have you that something that attracts as surely as a bit of steel draws to itself and holds particles of iron? If so, you have learned already to give far more than you get; to keep yourself well in hand, and to count other peoples' personalities of greater moment than your own. You have a quiet consciousness of God-given power. But, my dear, no matter where you are, nor what you are doing, you will get to the top. No one can keep you down! Yet there are not many of these souls in the world. Are you one?

Question number 3—*Do women like you?* The male is more powerful than the female when it comes to giving you your start in pictures. But the female is more deadly than the male when it comes to killing you as a favorite with the D. P. (Dear Public,) for it is largely they who watch you in the 10-20-30's or in the movie palaces on

Main Street.

I know a type of girl, pretty, interesting, or even fascinatingly beautiful, with vivid personality. Men like this sort, yet nine out of ten women hate them. The men fall at once for their strong individualities and their Mona Lisa-like understanding, which even on the screen they get across, but women don't like them. Do women like you?

Are you mouldable? is my last question. It is an amazing art, this one of pictures; that is, if you take it seriously, and go in for art. It's a difficult thing to give up all one's own ideas—one has so many at twenty—to laugh and smile and cry and frown at the command of a director with whom you may not agree. You may want to show off your beauty; he may not. You may want a satin gown; he may order one of calico. You may think you can act; you may find out in one day's work on the set that you can't. The wind is knocked out of your sails. Your bubble is pricked. You say with the bitterness of youth that you have been disillusioned.

My dear, Mary Pickford might easily have said that very thing years ago. But Mary Pickford is a mouldable artist. She allows her director full play, even now, and his praise of her is enormous. He expressed it not long ago in two words: "such discretion!"

"My Answers"

IT'S almost too personal for me to answer all this about myself. But I'll tell you that if the University of the Films sent out a questionnaire such as I've just given you, my innermost self would just have to answer Capital N-O to all my questions. So perhaps that's why I'm still an extra girl.

But I'm still sticking—for the exception only proves the rule!

My last bit of advice to all who long for film fame is to save, borrow, or earn a thousand dollars. Bring it to Hollywood, and if you don't get caught by a real estate dealer or an oil man first put it in the bank. Go to the Studio Club to live; it's a real home, run by the finest and truest women the world ever produced. Stick fast and look faster, for jobs. Any girl with a fair amount of beauty, brains and brass, and a big sense of humor can and will make the grade.



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C. Gertrude Hennecke Tells Her Story—Continued from page 52

a slave in the great temple of Pharaohs which had been built on the sands. A broad avenue before it was lined with great Sphinxes, every one built with the blood and tears of the enslaved Israelites. Their fairest youths had been crushed beneath the weight of the stones used in this monument of a monarch's pride.

On this picturesque spot was filmed the most impressive scene I ever hope to see, the Exodus, the going out of the Children of Israel from Egypt, free at last after three centuries of cruel slavery.

Mr. DeMille talked to the throng. "For long years you have suffered, cruelly, terribly," he said gently to them. "You have been crushed under the heel of the Egyptian tyrant. Now you are free, free at last after three centuries. You have all the Egyptians' wealth, all their gold, all their cattle. You are going out to the Promised Land. Now show that you are joyful!"

And they did. Carrying their pitiful household goods, driving their flocks of sheep and goats, the aged and infirm borne on litters, and rejoicing with the joy known only to the enslaved suddenly made free, they went out from their place of suffering. The venerable Moses, his white hair streaming in the wind, went before them.

The scene was so beautiful that the tears streamed down my cheeks. The pathos of the situation was keener than the joy. I was ashamed and wiped my eyes hastily, but learned later that other has shared my emotion. One hard-boiled camera man swore huskily, "How do they expect a man to focus on this damned scene when my goggles are all misty?"

"Find that Gum!"

HERE were lots of funny sights on the set. It was pretty chilly most of the time, with a keen wind sweeping over the sand-stretches, and an Egyptian costume was rather sketchy. Ditto the Hebrew garments. Between shots, we would cover our goose-fleshy knees and backs with coats or blankets, and put goggles on to keep the sand out of our eyes. And sometimes, in the excitement of the affair, we would forget to take them off when the directors shouted "Picture!" Then there was *something* to pay. Because for some reason it irked Mr. DeMille strangely to "shoot" a scene and later to find that one of the ancient Egyptians in the foreground was wearing a Navajo blanket, or a suit of red flannels peeking coyly out from under his short yellow skirt.

Gum was another thing to cope with,

Face Value

The extras *would* chew gum, and it was a habit that the Israelites did not favor. Just before Mr. DeMille was ready to shoot one of his biggest scenes, in which a score of toiling slaves were forced, by stave and lash he blew his whistle. His assistants gathered around him.

"Go look at every face in this crowd," said Mr. DeMille. "Confiscate every wad of gum. If I see a single jaw wagging over a cud of gum in this scene, it will cost me \$20,000."

The assistants did even as they were told, and a good many chews were thereby lost to humanity.

And speaking of assistants, I must tell of Mr. DeMille's "crool" words about his assistants. He had some twenty of them, and believe me, they worked hard. But they weren't always working where Mr. DeMille wanted them. So one day, when he had shrieked himself hoarse for an assistant and none responded, he summoned them together.

"All assistants from now on are to wear a badge." Assistants beamed proudly.

"The badge shall be a letter U."

Assistants beamed ever more proudly.

"U standing for 'Useless'", said Mr. DeMille cruelly.

Assistants hunted their holes and pulled them in after them.

Style is Nix

IN THE desert, style is nowhere. All players not in costume wear clothes that make them look like the wrath of God, and nobody cares. Just so they keep warm, they're happy. Knickers and shapeless felt hats, pulled low, with huge goggles, make a snappy desert costume. A sunburned nose usually goes with the outfit. One chap I met said he had peeled three times.

Rod LaRoque was about the only one who put on any dog. He didn't have to work in this picture. His role came later, in the modern part of the picture. The desert scenes were for the flashback to biblical times. But he had a lovely time riding around on a white horse and playing he was an assistant director. He had on what Don Keyes, a camera man, called "tricky pants." They were very grand riding breeches, with the legs made tight like puttees, so that tall riding boots were unnecessary. He also wore a silk neckerchief and a regular Tom Mix sombrero. They kidded him about it, but he took it good-naturedly.

"I'm an A. O. cowboy," he said airily. A. O. standing for Alexander & Oviatt, a Los Angeles clothing store for men.

He Wanted a Sphinx

RUPERT HUGHES came up to visit camp one day. He told C. B. that he wanted just one favor.

"The camp is yours," Mr. DeMille said. "You can shoot a scene, or do anything you like."

"I want something more than that," said the major. "I want a Sphinx to take home with me. Of course, I'd want a house-broken Sphinx, and I don't know just how it will get along with our Pekinese, but I do think it would be nice if you'd give me one."

"You'll have to get a brassiere for it, before you take it home to your wife," warned Estelle Taylor cheerily.

Natural Beauties of the Camp

THERE are many natural beauties about our camp, and two of them are Estelle Taylor and Julia Faye. Julia, or Julie as she is called, gave Estelle a most unfeminine endorsement.

"Estelle is so beautiful in this picture," Julie told me. "So beautiful! Her hair makes a halo about her head and her eyes are marvellous. She is doing splendid work."

Julie herself is not hard on the eyes. She is much prettier in real life than on the screen, perhaps because she often has such unsympathetic roles. She gets up early and goes riding before breakfast, and comes to table with roses in her cheeks and eyes as bright as dollars.

The other day she came in giggling. "I've been visiting the afflicted," she said. "I heard the sound of weeping in the tent next to mine. Some girl was crying as though her heart were breaking. I went over and found her weeping into her liniment bottle. I'm putting medicine on my sunburn," she sniffed.

Sunburn is a big problem in camp. The players who use plenty of grease-paint do not suffer much, but camera men, directors and members of the orchestra bloom under the sun.

Speaking of the Orchestra

AND speaking of the orchestra, which we do frequently in camp, we simply couldn't get along without it. It bolsters up our morals. During the long, chilly periods of waiting on the set, it cheers us up with snappy jazz music. Dur- (Continued on page 88)



M. J. McGOWAN
McGowan Laboratories



Scientist discovers *fat solvent*

Reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat on any part of the body—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, exercises, diet, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurable simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after 5 years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have been waiting for. I can tell you positively how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without tiresome exercises, without stupid diet, without enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts. I can actually show you how to make a wonderful change in your figure in 10 days' time or my advice isn't going to cost one penny.

If it is a threatened double chin that is making you give up white bread and potatoes—

If your waistline is keeping you away from the tempting bon-bon dish—

If your arms are too plump, your neck padded, your ankles bulging, don't worry—I guarantee to reduce any or every part of your body, swiftly and surely—without any program of painful self-denial.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. It is a pleasant cream that you can apply in your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize. Almost overnight you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which 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.

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My reducing cream is sold under absolute guarantee it will accomplish all you expect. Indeed if results do not start in two weeks time you may return unused portion of jar, at any time within two weeks after you receive Reducine and we will refund every penny of your money. This unparalleled guarantee makes you sole judge of results. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by clipping the coupon now. Because the reducing ingredient is

perishable it is not practical to offer Reducine through drug or department stores. I insist that you get only the freshly compounded laboratory product put out under my personal supervision.

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from \$3.50 to \$10 at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. If you have tried old-time methods in vain and really want to reduce any part of your body, give me the chance to help you. You risk nothing. Money back if not satisfied.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign coupon and mail today. By return mail I will send you a 1-lb jar of genuine Reducine and you can deposit the small sum of \$2.47 (plus a few cents postage) when the postman brings the Reducine Cream. If you expect to be away when the postman comes, enclose \$2.60 with order and Reducine will be mailed postpaid.

IDEAL FIGURE CHART



- 12½" A slender neck
- 35" Well proportioned bust
- 25" A trim waist
- 36" Slim hips
- 23½" Perfectly modeled thighs
- 14½" Graceful calf
- 8½" Dainty ankles

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Address

If you expect to be away from the house when the postman comes, enclose \$2.60 with your order and Reducine will be mailed to you postpaid.

Q Gertrude Hennecke Tells Her Story—Continued from page 86

Face Value

ing emotional scenes, it puts us in harmony with the action. During the Exodus, the haunting of the *Largo* helped put the scene over. At noon, the orchestra entertains us, and at night it plays for us to dance by. Oh, we couldn't live in camp without the orchestra.

The players are such a nice bunch. They are under the leadership of Ruth Dickie, a cunning little bit of a girl who is adored by every member of the band. Then there is "Speed," who probably has another name but I never heard him called by it. "Speed," will strum away the whole noon-hour through, singing for us in a soft, tenor voice, while we sit on the sand and eat our lunches out of paper bags. Then, too, there is a nice Alabama boy who has the delightful Southern way of looking into your eyes in a "Where-have-you-been-all-my-life?" sort of way. You think you have scored what the critics call a personal hit—until you see him do it to half a dozen other girls in an afternoon. It's very disillusioning.

It's a Moral Camp

THEY tell stories about the zippy affairs one has on location trips. Maybe they do, in some camp, but not in ours. Our place is as moral as an Epworth League picnic. The men's tents are separated from the women's by a dead-line. A man cannot even visit his own wife without a chaperon.

One chap said he had to take his wife behind a set to kiss her, and then he had to do it so quickly that he usually smacked her on the ear. Apropos of nothing at all. Estelle Taylor remarked that this is a city of suppressed desires.

There is no hooch here, either. There's a reason. About a month ago, a number of men came to Santa Maria, the little town near camp, and said they were going to make a big picture. Santa Maria is a hospitable town, and when the men suggested that sand makes one awfully thirsty, the best bootleggers brought out some refreshment. And as each one offered his tribute, he was arrested. The alleged movie men were revenue officers. So now, when Mr. DeMille's company came to Santa Maria, all the bootleggers took to the hills, and the town is as dry as a Vitagraph picture.

Mr. Kiesling, aforesaid nice publicity man, had my picture taken with Rod LaRoque, Charles DeRoche and Estelle Taylor. I got an enormous kick out of meeting them.

"I'm French, You Know"

"MAYBE you do not know it, but I am

French," said DeRoche. I had a suspicion. He is awfully big and awfully handsome, too. And he is superb in his role of Pharaoh, cold, stern and proud. You can fancy him making the gesture that sends a thousand slaves to death.

Poor boy, he was so mad one morning! He was doing a close-up of the beginning of the chariot charge. In his golden chariot, drawn by two fiery, black steeds, he was calling his men to battle.

He looked magnificent in his golden armor and helmet. Bracing himself in the chariot, holding the reins in one hand and waving his other arm in a superb gesture, he exhorted his men. "En avant, mes braves," he called. "en —" And then the diabolic horses would lunge furiously, and the haughty Pharaoh would have to clutch the side of the chariot.

"They keel my action!" Charles would say, adding many things in French that are doubtless not found in your high school dictionary.

"Nonsense," Mr. DeMille would reply. "You don't want a couple of plow-horses there."

Mr. DeMille didn't have to drive the horses, and besides they belonged to him, and he was proud of them. Fifteen hundred dollars apiece, they cost, and they were beauties, black as night and shiny as satin. But I fear me that Monsieur DeRoche loved them not.

The Chariot Charge

IF you know your Old Testament you know that after the Children of Israel went out, "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart" and he and all his warriors pursued them even down to the Red Sea. The chariot charge was magnificent. Two hundred and fifty chariots, each drawn by two plunging horses, and carrying spearmen, raced down the long avenue of Sphinxes. Several of the light chariots were smashed, and many were the bruises incurred. One poor chap was seriously injured, being kicked in the neck and twice in the leg.

The morals of the camp was splendid, however, probably induced by the fineness of the work being done. Every extra seemed to realize that something very wonderful was being scened, which made up for much in the way of cold and discomfort.

And speaking of morals, *The Ten Commandments* is making a lot of

people read their Bibles who haven't done it in years. The other day Mr. DeMille was explaining a situation in the script to Rod Lo Roque. "But you know the story," he said. "It's in the Bible."

"Haven't read it yet," said Rod airily. "Is it any good?"

Oh, we ate and breathed sand and shivered a bit, but we had many a laugh on the desert. I liked the experience a lot and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Back to Civilization

BACK in Hollywood again I received a call from the United Studios. Maurice Tourneur offered to give me a screen test. I didn't know enough to be afraid of a screen test, so I went through it without a bit of nervousness. Mr. Tourneur gave me a letter to read, told me to register joy and fear and pain and all of the conventional tricks of emoting. When I got through he grunted and told me to do it all over again. The second time I must have done better, for he smiled and said "Oh, you're not so bad!" Which from Mr. Tourneur they tell me, is encouraging.

I met little Virginia Lee Corbin. Virginia showed me about the Chinatown set they are using in her picture *Youth Triumphant*. She is a beautiful little thing and the clothes she has make me turn green with envy. Her mother remarked casually that the child had about sixty-five or seventy little frocks! Think of having to get along with only seventy dresses! Shades of Gloria Swanson!

I Meet Blanche Sweet

AT Goldwyn's, Blanche Sweet was a lady fair of olden times, in *In the Palace of the King*. She wore a marvelous be-hooped gown of heavy brocaded satin, with a sweeping Medici collar of gold lace. In her hair were entwined strings of pearls. She swept me a low curtsy, and I thought I had never seen anything so charming in all my life.

Her train must weigh pounds and pounds. Her maid staggers under it. Miss Sweet lamented the fact that she had lost two pounds since she has been wearing it, the weight is so great—and she had just returned from a dairy farm where she went to gain weight on a milk diet.

Very soon I am to meet Rex Ingram and his lovely wife, Alice Terry. Mr. Ingram has promised me a chance to work in his picture, *Scaramouche*.

Do I like the movies? Y-O-U tell 'em!

from Hollywood

Hollywood Co-respondents

(Continued on page 65)

certified milky way—that the reporter went to see her.

What was it all about?

Miss Dana readily admitted she had written the young man a few letters.

"But he was just a boy," she said, "and he asked me to write him. He said he was so lonesome—travelling all the time. And until now I didn't know he had a wife."

She had met the young man while on a personal appearance tour. He played a harmonica—or a cornet—or a graphophone or something—so cunningly that he amused the little star. She thought he was a nice boy, and harmless, and that it wouldn't hurt to cheer him up with a friendly letter now and then.

"There isn't a single word in the letters that I would be ashamed to see in print," she said. "But to be named in a divorce case! It would be terrible."

Some reporters might have written columns on that interview—spicing the words—coloring the phrases—"admitted writing the letters that are to figure in the sensational divorce"—"says she didn't know he was married"—"claims she does not love young Stewart"—"felt sorry he was so lonesome."

The reporter in this case merely wired his paper the facts—not in a story, but in a confidential message.

And, it seems, the letters were so innocuous that the divorce suit never went to trial. Viola, as the reporter surmised, was absolutely innocent in the affair, and it would have been an injustice to put her in type.

Wonder how Mrs. Stewart secured those letters!

Then again, it isn't always the wife of some shoe clerk in Sheboygan, or some broker's wife in Broken Bend who picks her co-respondent out of Hollywood.

The Taylor-Walsh Affair

IT HAS happened that film stars have named film stars in startling stories.

You remember, of course, when Seena Owen made those charges against her husband, George Walsh, the bushy-haired screen athlete, and Miss Estelle Taylor?

Seena and Estelle had all the publicity they needed for some little time, and their press agents had nothing at all to do, save clip and paste.

Then Estelle began suit against Seena for \$100,000 charging slander.

Seena fully intended to make a glittering co-respondent out of the glittering Estelle.

But something happened.

Seena dropped her suit, and we haven't seen a line of it since. And so Estelle dropped her suit—wasn't it sweet of her?—and the whole Taylor-maid scandal was over. Much to the relief of that kindly Christian man, Will Hays.

But after a little while came one Ethel Barnes, wife of George Barnes, a camera man. And she took Estelle's name into print with a complaint about her hubby.

Maybe you do not remember that, the papers didn't seem to make so much of it—possibly because there were real important stories breaking that day.

The Los Angeles Times had a little squib on its movie page—and that was that. It hasn't bobbed up since.

Bill Hart Was Spiritual Father

AND Bill Hart—poor old Bill! Elizabeth McCaulley, the New England school marm who said he was the father of her child, and then took it back, isn't the only woman with the Bill Hart complex.

Some years ago a woman told an astonished judge her pitiful story. Bill was visited by a couple of officials bearing a paper—and in grease paint and wild west costume, was haled into court. Everybody present was sworn to secrecy. There were no court fans present, and the reporters were not "tipped off."

The woman was sworn, and repeated her sorry tale. Bill said he had never seen her before. He was deadly sincere—and he looked so dumbfounded, and indignant, and so hurt, that the judge decided to question the complainant more thoroughly.

The woman—she wasn't young, and she wasn't pretty, and she wasn't slim, and she wasn't well educated—couldn't stand the cross examination.

"Well, he isn't my child's real father," she confessed, at last. "But he would be the baby's *Spiritual* father, if I had a baby."

Of course, Bill was released "my pronto," and everybody shook hands with him, and the woman was put in the psychopathic hospital for observation.

The McCaulley story originated and ended in New York, was wired all over the continent, and cabled over two oceans.

And since the story "broke," Bill has received scores of letters from women in all parts of the United States and Canada, claiming he is the father of their children.

It would seem that the mothers of



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CHARM & BEAUTY

They say that in Ancient Egypt the multitude did give to feminine beauty a real culte, that spread later to all nations. Of our days this culte does not exist under a wide spread form it cannot be denied that a pretty woman is a real Idol. Curious to note, the science of beauty had attained the top peak under the Egyptian civilization, and our methods seem rather amateurish against those employed by the women of Egypt 2000 years ago. The ancient Egyptians were refined and had attained a degree of science that was never reached again since, especially in the domains of Physic, Science, and of Feminine Beauty. The celebrated Egyptian beauties, Cleopatra, Dalila, Sulamite, Abisag, Salome, will always be the type of perfect beauty. "KING TUT'S BEAUTIES SECRETS PAPYRUS" CONTAINS priceless formulas rediscovered from Egypt, such as, sparkle and charm of the eyes—How to beautify the face and hands—To make wrinkles vanish—to beautify the bust and body—To get thin without danger—To charm and be loved—How to make your own toilet articles, perfumes and many formulas too numerous to mention.

It also tells about special Perfumes. Those rare perfumes seem to be the real secrets of the philters of love, with which certain women captivated men and have them so much spoken of in antiquity. The action of perfume is independent of beauty and contributes a great deal in this strange power of attraction called "CHARM" and that all women possess to a degree more or less strong. Every woman has her particular charm and her personal emanation, her power of attraction, to which, we are subjected without knowing it, and that she can possess without being pretty. These perfumes will mix with your own personal emanation and make a voluptuous mixture all of your own. It is like the embalmed air of a garden where you cannot distinguish the rose, the lily, or the orchid. It will be an indiscriminating perfume that charms and captivates.

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Hollywood Co-respondents

(Continued from page 89)

America were getting up a league to erase the name of George Washington as the father of his country, and substitute therefor the name of William "Two-gun" Hart, the sad-bad man of the films.

The newspapers have done a lot for the co-respondent business in Los Angeles—although the crop hasn't been so good during the Hays regime—and will do more for it, if let alone.

And worried wives in Noah's, Ark., and On, Wisconsin; and Bull, Montana; still try to have friends keep an eye on hubby when he goes to Hollywood—wives who long for divorce, the red chevron of matrimony.

But movie wives have to get along with plain desertion, or incompatibility or some other mild dissolvent. Not for them the luxury of the co-respondent.

Imagine the feelings of the actress helpmate viewing a possible co-respondent in a public place—and having to be civil to her for fear of headlines.

An ordinary housewife thus enjoys a boon not granted the cinematron. She can name a star as co-respondent—if she gets a chance. The cinematron doesn't dare—even when she has a dozen chances. It's a free country, of course—do you really think it is?

The Trumpeter of Fame

(Continued from page 42)

dust out of her golden-brown hair and gave it a tinting or two at the beauty parlor and had her face looked after a bit, and a few pounds here and there scientifically removed. The world was all set to storm her pictures again.

She has been making notable successes, in spite of the cutesy little stars, in small roles ever since she reappeared in our fair city. Then came a ray of reason even in Hollywood. Someone over at the Mayer studios had gumption enough to see a screen story in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, which hadn't been such a screaming success on the legit., and another ray of reason penetrated the directorial mind of Fred Niblo. He didn't choose an old lady in a lace bonnet and mitts to play the war mother, who just couldn't get rid of her war hang-over except by lecturing over the country. Many a less wise director than Fred Niblo would have gone true to movie traditions, regardless of the play or commonsense. But Myrtle Stedman was cast as Mrs. Fair and one of the most sensational successes of the year resulted. And it was three-fourths due to Myrtle Stedman's fine sense of the fitness of things, her matured, ripened acting judgment, acquired during those years when she watched empty-headed little jazz babies drawing down thousands of dollars a week for the heavy labor of wearing nifty clothes and driving eccentric and speedy cars.

Fanny Ward Scoffs at Time

Away off in Paris Fanny Ward ate her heart out because she was old. She could not bear to give up the screen, yet she had to. She had been too deeply buried by public opinion. We

remember seeing her in a ghastly Paris made movie, some hectic melodrama or other, about two years ago.

But the word comes that with the blowing of Gabriel's horn, Fanny Ward is among that glad company. She has been rejuvenated by the X-ray process, which Gertrude Atherton has so well advertised in *Black Oxen* and is now ready to conquer America all over again, Paris, and other European film centers, like their players well seasoned. If an actress hasn't a little age on her, she is considered raw and uninteresting. In a country where an unmarried girl is considered outside the pale, so far as desirability and the power to intrigue and interest is concerned, and where a man just must be a little bald or a little wrinkled to be luring on stage or screen, it is no wonder that Fanny Ward became eligible to screen fame. But Fanny was homesick. She wanted to be able to appear in her own country. And now, the word comes across the pond, Fanny is as young-looking as ever, and twice as alluring.

Other Rejuvenations

THREE other long forgotten names are heard in the roll call of the dead who now live. Wally Van, who played in over three hundred short subjects with Lillian Walker, John Bunny and Flora Finch—backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight!—has signed up again for grease paint activities. He played in *The Common Law*, a Selznick picture, and is going to produce and star in his own productions. A little balder and quite a little wiser and mellowed, Wally of the many memories has come back to his love. He'll probably make a lot of our half-baked

comedians and underdone Valentinos look like kindergartners.

"The Kerrigan Comeback"

WE ALL saw J. Warren Kerrigan do the impossible in *The Covered Wagon*. He came back. He does not have to apologize for himself in that play. Fortunately the vehicle was big enough—even though a covered wagon is slow—for him to ride comfortably back into port again.

There was a very good reason why Kerrigan dropped out of sight. The reason died not long ago, and now Kerrigan is without a mother. For three years he personally took care of her night and day. Now that he is free to work again, he brings to the screen a wisdom and richness of feeling that should register well. That he still looked much the matinee idol in *The Covered Wagon* is no proof that Kerrigan will not make a real come-back. In his first role he was necessarily not up to the best that is in him. But it was a fine second-best at that.

Pauline Frederick is on her way back to filmdom. She is in Hollywood now, divorcing her fourth husband and clearing the decks for a new screen career. Given the right stories, in a new era, when flappers are not considered the one absolute necessity of a theater program, Pauline Frederick, who is a consummate actress should find herself and rise to such dignified heights on the screen as Margaret Angling and Ethel Barrymore serenely occupy on the legitimate.

And so they arrive every day—these once dead, now living stars, trailing clouds of glory—a new spiritual glory which bids fair to dazzle the flappers who are scurrying for cover.

Careers C. O. D.

That's bluff. Pure, unadulterated, managerial bluff exploded at a time when the manager does not wish to lose patronage and yet has nothing in mind for the client.

And it was this same "come back

Tuesday" edict that made the fatigued mother of a certain child star lose faith in the picture business, for, after she'd come back countless Tuesdays, she suddenly discovered one day that her infant had lost his teeth and couldn't play kid parts at all any more!

God Give Us Men

(Continued from page 45)

horse. And that's what he is—the shapely clotheshorse of the cinema, a masculine Katherine MacDonald.

But the end of the Vaseline Age is not yet, for the potency of Latin looks when looked upon by the languid ladies of today is driving the cannery owners to distraction in efforts to produce them.

Jesse Lasky inveigled Frank Crane from the "snakery" at the Ambassador Hotel, the tea room where the parlor snakes and couch cooties take their daily exercise; applied one dash of Castilian name, Ricardo Cortez; added a lump of pomade as big as a walnut; rubbed garlic in the dish, and served him up as a new Spanish delicacy. But he didn't take. He was "pork and" rather than "Chili and beans."

This experiment tempts us to stray from the subject now underfoot and mark the similarity between the producers and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Neither has ever been able to strike a happy medium.

In leading men, the producers risk extremes continually. Six months ago they were all a-shrieking when they weren't out "getting their man" in a pair of red drawers and a trick monkey jacket. Soon the public is to suffer ghastly attempts at picturing grim mine disasters.

Let us hope they dig up men.

In their peddled thrill-producers thus far the producers have handed us chickens à la king for heroines, but the leading men for the most part have been but minute eggs.

Already rumblings in the press of the nation denote a growing discontent with the exotic types to whom lady fingers and weak tea would seem to be fatal as a diet.

Pressure is being brought to bear by various men's clubs, to wit, "The Ham

and Eggs for Breakfast Brigade"; "Beefsteak and Onions, Inc."; "The Corn-Beef and Cabbage Corporation"; "The Association to Provide Steak and Not Stew for Supper", etc., to cause motion picture producers to end the reign of the can opener, which they started with the fish cakes whose screen antics indicate that they can live on love alone.

Wives cannot understand why Jake needs three squares a day when Rodolpho can get along with a cadenza from his guitar plus a banana and still throw the bull.

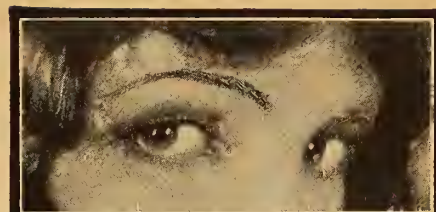
The public is going to demand men like Bert Lytell, Tommy Meighan and Harrison Ford as soon as the undressed darlings of the cinema are told to put on their clothes and go home.

Kenneth is the Boy!

THE way Kenneth Harlan is taking hold is proof of this statement. His mug is homely and waterproof, and he doesn't emote all over the place. To my mind, he's a rising young hot-cake, and what is more, he believes man's place is in his clothes.

And even Hollywood went nuts over Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon," which title shows how they like to take 'em off the stars and drape 'em on the props. (Imagine how popular Gloria Swanson would be in a diving-suit.) If Ernest were just fifteen years younger what an exciter he would be!

So now that all unfinished business is out of the way, let us all arise and sing as a closing number the last stanza of our "Hymn of Hate", dedicated to Tommy Meighan; words by me, and music by "Boo!" Montana.



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☞ Anecdotes About the Stars—Continued from page 76

Just Tired of Life

WHY Evelyn Nelson, 23 years old, a star in comedy, took her own life is still a mystery. She was working, had a lovely bungalow home, was beautiful, attractive and sure of a future in pictures. But she took the gas route to forgetfulness of some love tragedy that had blighted her life. Her note mentioned Wally Reid—"I am just about gone and will soon be with my friend, Wally Reid." But friends say that she was jilted by a recently divorced star who had promised marriage but who changed his mind.

Gaby's Sister Here

THEY all come sooner or later—and here is Camille Deslys, sister of the famous dancer, Gaby Deslys. Camille is married, is Madame Paoli in private life, the wife of a well-known tenor of the French opera. Camille brings with her the famous rings and pendants which graced the beauty of the tragic Gaby; she brings also some new period and butterfly dances, with which she hopes to win a place in the films. Yes, she's strikingly pretty and Frenchy.

Old-Fashioned Brothers

ESTHER RALSTON has a pair of old-fashioned brothers, Clarence and Howard. They didn't like the company Esther was keeping, so they beat up George W. Frey, character actor playing a leading part in *Little Johnny Jones*, and got themselves put in jail for their zeal. Frey, in the Emergency Hospital, laughed wanly and said it was all a joke. But the police didn't see the funny side of it.

Ben Hur Candidates

WE'VE bet so long on who'll play Ben Hur that the game has lost its spice. First we were led to believe that Rodolph Valentino had a fighting chance to get the role, since June Mathis was pulling for him, and since the whole country hankered to see him in a chariot and a silver loin cloth. But Goldwyn, in broadcasting results in a "contest" they are alleged to be conducting throughout the country, began to let James Kirkwood slip up on Rudy, finally nosing him out. But Goldwyn's triumphant notice that Kirkwood, who is under contract to Goldwyn, was leading Valentino, failed to make the flappers gurgle with joy, and

The Once Over

also seemed to leave the exhibitors lukewarm. Kirkwood is a fine actor and a splendid figure of a man, but he is not young enough to play Ben Hur, who was only nineteen years old. Now Goldwyn, casting about for someone already on the payroll who can make the flappers and the G. P. believe they have been given their choice of a hero, have hit upon Edmund Lowe. Lowe, it will be remembered—perhaps—played opposite Betty Compton in *The White Flower*. He is now working with Blanche Sweet in *The Palace of the King*. Two other candidates hopefully projected into our notice by Goldwyn are Joseph Schildkraut and Bert Lytell.

Good-bye, Andrée

ANDRÉE LAFAYETTE's return to Paris is recorded as a "visit," but gossip says she will not return. Andrée was a perfect *Trilby*; she looked the part and seemed to be DuMaurier's strapping big heroine actually come to life. But Andrée would hardly fit into another sort of picture. She is very tall and buxom, and isn't at all the American idea of beauty. Richard Walton Tully picked her up in Paris and wrote up a nice contract for her—probably much under the price paid to American stars—and is now through with her, it is rumored. But what would you do? She had her chance. No one could blame Tully for grabbing a perfect *Trilby* when he had the chance, even if he realized perfectly that she would not be able to find a place for herself in Hollywood after the picture was finished.

And Good-bye, Margaret

ANOTHER foreign princess of the films has come and gone. Margaret Leahy, brought to Hollywood with loud fanfare of trumpets by the Talmadges, as the prettiest girl in England, has found that it takes more than a beauty contest to scale the tipsy ladder of film fame. Margaret was brought here to play an "important part" in Norma's *Within The Law*, but was found not to be suitable. She was instead farmed out to Buster Keaton, as his leading lady for one picture. Probably the picture was made, but if so, we have heard nothing of it nor of Margaret's work in it. It seems rather a pity that Margaret had her trip for nothing—or rather, only as a publicity stunt for the Talmadges.

An Ex-Husband's Attentions

IT is so nice to be able to hold men—even one's ex-husbands. Pauline Frederick seems to be remarkably gifted in this way. Willard Mack still says and does the most charming things. For instance, when Polly was married to a later husband, Willard is said to have sent a wire to the new husband: "Congratulations. They are both wonderful women." Referring to Pauline's mother, with whom Willard did not have the happiest of friendships. Pauline's devotion to her mother was said to be one of the main reasons why the Frederick-Mack marriage floundered. At any rate, now that Polly is back in Hollywood, to sue for a divorce from Dr. Rutherford, if reports are true, and to go back into picture work, Willard enlivens her home-coming with the following wire: "Hear you are home. So glad you and your mother can be together again." Very thoughtful of Willard.

The City of Sphinxes

SANTA MARIA may well be called the "City of the Sphinxes" now, for at their request, Cecil DeMille has donated his six five-ton Sphinxes, built for the mammoth *Ten Commandments* set, to this city, to be used as boundary markers.

A Coy Denier

ADMITTING an engagement—but an engagement to sing only—John Steel, romantic tenor comes to town. And Claire Windsor looks sweet and wise and says nothing. Even if Steel and Claire won't admit they are engaged, there is no law against anyone seeing that they like each other awfully well, and that they go about together a lot.

Vows He's a He-Man

DOES a he-man use cosmetics? Reginald Denny says no, and wants seventy-five thousand dollars damages because a certain laboratory have used his name in an endorsement of their products. Reggy says the advertisement was printed without his consent and that he has been held up to ridicule and in the light of a "cake-eater," causing him to lose popularity as a film cave-man.

(Continued on page 95)

The Once Over

Helene Works Again

BURYING the hatchet, since it would not cut worth a cent, Helene Chadwick has gone back to work for Goldwyn. For the courts ruled that her contract was perfectly valid, and that she would have to fulfill it, no matter how much she disliked the amount of the salary and the publicity she was getting. So Helene has gone back to work, determined to make the best of it. And the publicity department is cudgeling its typewriters to turn out lots of zippy press notices, so that the fair Helene can't have further cause to complain that Claire Windsor gets all the publicity.

Brass Bands for Doug, Jr.

BRASS bands and kissing relatives and hopefully Lasky officials turned out in large numbers to greet Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on his arrival in Hollywood. Doug arrived in his first long pants, wearing a typical American boy grin. Which was considerate of him, since Paramount is betting on his being the typical American boy. And like the T. A. B., Doug, Junior (what a nuisance it is going to be, calling him Junior all the time!) objected to being kissed by so many female relatives.

Jesse Lasky says: "I believe that obtaining the contract from Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is the most important thing I have done since I entered the motion picture industry." And yet, all that little Doug has done is to choose a father wisely; and even then, he couldn't keep him around. The name will probably be a great drawing card until the public has time to make up its mind as to young Doug's own worth.

Three Divorces

THREE divorces and an alimony battle feature the late news. Gladys Walton has burst her matrimonial straight-jacket at last, being entirely free now of Frank R. Liddell, Jr. Gladys testified that her husband was long on promises and short on fulfillment. He promised a home and every luxury, and instead of granting her these, he refused to work and was responsible for the gossip among her friends that she was supporting him.

Vera Stedman told a pitiful story of neglect and cruelty, and was granted a divorce, with \$35 a week alimony. Her

husband was "Jackie" Taylor, an orchestra leader at a cafe.

And the bluebird has flown out of the window of the Bertram Bracken home, for Margaret Landis Bracken, sister of Cullen Landis, has been sued for a divorce, her husband charging desertion.

Tyrone Power, famous legitimate actor and motion picture player, was arrested at the instigation of his former wife, now Mrs. Emma R. Arper, who charges that Power failed to provide for his children, nine and seven years old.

The Power case brings to light a peculiar romance. Mrs. Arper, Mr. Power's second wife, was elected to the post by the spirit of his first wife, who, dead, sought to provide for the man she had left behind. But Mrs. Arper claims that it was also the spirit of the dead wife who was responsible for their separation, since Mr. Power allowed the spirit of his first wife to interfere in their marriage relation. The law is not going to trust to spirit messages to keep Mr. Power on the track of duty, for the courts have released him on cash bond of \$1500, but have bound him to appear to answer Mrs. Arper's charges.

Monte and the Bucking Boat

MUCH excitement was caused in Hollywood, and especially in Warner Bros. studio when it was rumored that Monte Blue was very seriously hurt as the result of a mix-up with the wrong side of a boat. The rumor was exaggerated, however, and Monte will be able to go on with his work in a few days from the time of this writing. Monte was posing as a sea captain in the filming of a Peter B. Kyne story at Laguna Beach. He had just rescued a fair damsel in distress from a rampant sea and was triumphantly returning to store in a skiff. Monte, in alighting, got out on the wrong side, and like a horse, a boat does hate to be dismounted on the wrong side, which is the side next the wharf. A wave churned in and crashed Monte against the wharf, breaking a rib and wrenching his back. A news reel company phoned *Screenland* in great excitement, asking for a picture of Mrs. Monte Blue, but we can't see why—since Mrs. Blue and Monte aren't living together right now.

By the way, Lubitsch has signed up with Warner Brothers, to do *Debuwan*. Score another for Warner!

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The Celluloid Saint

(Continued from page 38)

and he poured out a tale of want second only to my own. He was an artist struggling for recognition. There was to be a great prize offered—ten thousand dollars for a picture. It was in his mind, his theme for it, burning his fingers, but he lacked a model. He begged and implored me for art's sake to pose for him. He promised me one tenth, a thousand dollars. My head reeled; clothes for the coveted part of Fifi; I was made. My heart warmed. The good God had sent him to me.

"We rushed to his studio. We began work feverishly. It was a difficult pose. I grew very tired, but I must also keep up my dancing, and so I worked early and late. He had no money, my poor artist, but he always shared with me his bread and cheese, and his cigarettes as well. I needed to be very thin for Fifi, so I did not mind. The time drew near—but you will let me finish, Miss Chrystoffson? There is not much more."

"You seem to have a vivid imagination, but I see no connection with me."

"Only wait—the heroine enters late. The picture was finished at last and sent off to the Metropolitan to be hung. My artist and I said a Mass together at St. James. Our feet scarcely touched the pavement as we walked back down town. At Forty-second Street we stopped to read the theatre boards.

"My artist was visibly touched and excited. He grasped my hand. He stared. From an inside picket he drew out a picture.

"There is *her* name, Glory, flaming in the Paris Revue, there! Edna Smith! We were children together,' he said. 'I love her, Glory, love her—Oh, I must find her!'"

"We rushed back to the studio. From the very tip-toe of the old clock he drew out the last dollar. We had meant to have a great feast that night. 'Take this and buy the very most you can, and then do be an angel and cook us a dinner,' he cried to me. So while he went to find her I wheedled and coaxed, and teased until the butcher and the baker had given me fully five dollars' worth for that one last dollar. All the while my heart was doing queer pre-

monitory thumps, only I took no notice of it.

"I flew back and swept the studio. I set the table. I cooked the dinner. And then, leaving some pink rose buds as my gift, I ran away, just as the taxi drove up, and Edna Smith and my artist alighted."

She paused.

"And the end?" asked Sydna Chrystoffson in a thin, hard voice.

"The next morning all the papers were full of the prize painting,—my portrait. The ten thousand dollars was paid, but not one cent of it came to me, for my artist married Edna Smith—and you know the rest—somehow she heard about the part of Fifi—somehow the gowns were bought—and from Fifi she climbed and climbed until today she is Sydna Chrystoffson, the great star."

But the star was laughing, hard, dry, mirthless laughter.

Glory bowed her head in despair. Was the girl then utterly heartless? Had she failed?

"So I owe you a thousand dollars, do I? Well, suppose I do have another look at this scenario of your friends—shall we call it square?"

"Here's my hand on it," cried Glory joyously.

The next day the masterpiece was accepted. For weeks the Gang ate, slept, and were merry off the check therefrom.

Three months later, at midnight, the three friends emerged from a preview of the new Lost Art production entitled "The Man Thou Gavest Me," and sauntered into Frank's for coffee and brioche.

"I know it's the height of indelicacy to beg you again to tell us how you managed the lady Chrystofferson," said Jimmy. "But this I can say, that some day you will be canonized as the saint of Hollywood for the miracles you performed."

"It wasn't by saintliness that she tamed the dragon, I'll bet," cried Enid. "I bet it was by blackmail; nothing else would have availed."

"Perhaps it was a little of both," said Glory.

H. B. K. WILLIS

has rung the bell again! His humorous article God Give Us Men on page 43 is better for the blues than a string of Coué beads.

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Yellow Peril

(Continued from page 47)

And he and his wife are received everywhere. Sessue, by the way, has a regular Valentino effect on the ladies, though he makes no conscious effort to win their liking. He has a very decided charm. And his little wife resembles a dainty, Dresden China doll.

She Thinks She's Chinese

ONE of the most interesting persons in the Chinese film colony is little Mary Jane Fong. Mary Jane is four years old and thinks she is Chinese. But in reality she is Mexican. Her father and mother died, leaving her alone in the world. She was adopted by a Chinese woman, whom her own mother had once befriended. And the little olive-skinned tot is being brought up under Chinese customs, never dreaming that she is at all different from her yellow-skinned playmates. But the white blood will come out at times, in moments of excitement, when Mary Jane will laugh or cry with a vivacity that never distinguished a Chinese girl.

Pseudo-Chinese

SOME of the finest interpretations of Chinese rôles have been given by white actors—*vide* Richard Barthelmess' Chink in *Broken Blossoms*—and also some of the worst. In *East is West*, Constance Talmadge was as pretty as paint, but was about as Oriental as pot roast with noodles.

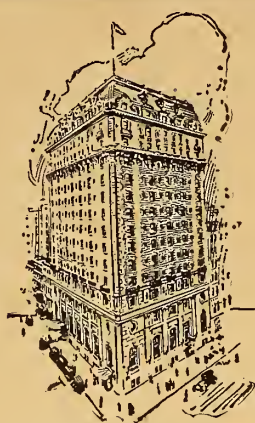
Lon Chaney has done some very wonderful acting in Chinese rôles. His make-up is the last word in realism. He uses tapes to draw back the skin over the temples, thus slanting the eyes. Tiny tubes distend the nostrils. Grease-paint and pencils and other tools of the trade change a white man into a sinister being. But startling though his made-over face may be, eloquent though his acting, do you ever forget that it is Lon Chaney playing a Chink?

Leatrice Joy should never have essayed the part of the Manchu princess in *Java Head*. She was charming, adorable. But how could she, how could any white girl, plumb the depths of the subtle, age-old wisdom of this daughter of an ancient dynasty? Yellow psychology and white—there is a gulf between them that is not to be bridged. A Chinese girl should have played the part. But what chance had a Chinese girl to land so juicy a dramatic plum?

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"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 9)

Ingram's new picture, *Scaramouche*. Rich brocades and satins, beflooned and befurbelowed after the style of the French court, turn pert little extra girls into stately court ladies. The other day we saw Alice Terry in the glory of a beautiful brocaded court gown, a stately white wig all puffs and curls, with pearls interwoven among the locks, her little feet in tiny French heeled slippers daintily placed on a velvet cushion—and she was chewing gum! Shades of La Pompadour!

Brave Boy, Cecil!

THE bigger the man in the motion picture game, the bigger is his work—and the bigger is his play. It is only the little guy in filmdom who works all day and then gets "time and a half for over time." Witness no less man than C. B. DeMille, accounted a genius and an artist to say nothing of having the reputation of being a good judge of whiskey. He's bought another yacht. Yes, another! This means that he's earning enough in his profession to buy yachts and what goes with 'em. DeMille has swapped off the old "See Bee" of former glory and has become master of the "Seaward", a 106 foot schooner. 'Tis said he's entered for the Santa Barbara-to-Honolulu race in July, on which occasion Mr. DeMille declares he will become a seaman par excellence and forget he's a hard worked director. You see, he wants to throw off the awful seriousness, maybe, of making the ten commandments picture.

Hot Tears in Hollywood!

LOST: One diamond ring in or near Hollywood, California, or maybe in Beverly Hills. It may have been stolen; it may have been misplaced; it may have been merely thrown away. It was a large diamond, brilliant, beautiful, and very much valued by two people—one time. It belonged to Mistress Pola Negri and is said to have been presented by one Charles Chaplin. But it has disappeared from the third finger of the dainty hand of the screen star—and the star is said to have said "that she will not allow matrimony to interfere with her art."

The Great Divide

THE divorce question in the western land of film stars waxes warm as this publication goes to press. The Donald Crisps are divorcing, seemingly because of divided (Continued on page 99)

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"Inside Stuff"

(Continued from page 98)

interests that lead to a divided house; Margaret Bracken wants divorce from her husband because of incompatibility.

Poor Lo, Once More

ABOUT the latest to "break into" the producing game is Chief Lightfoot, a brawny brave of the Cherokee tribe, born and reared in Oklahoma. He has done westerns with a number of stars and companies and now comes out with publicity to the effect that he will make pictures on his own, directing them himself. Atta boy, Chief! Yet one wonders if he's going to stake his Tribal birthright in Indian lands for the mess of pottage called fame. Well, experience is worth something in this vale of tears.

Alas, Poor Charlie

ALONG with his statement that he is too poor to marry, Charlie Chaplin learns that his former wife Mildred Harris, has entered the holy bonds of bankruptcy, throwing down the cards, as it were, to the extent of \$31,000, all of which she owes her milliner, dressmaker, shoemaker, jeweller, furrier, etc., etc. Once she sued Charlie for maintenance and was signing contracts for \$50,000 pictures. What has she done with it? No wonder her one-time spouse tried to prove an alibi when it came to alimony. 'Tis said Mildred is clearing the decks for marriage again and this time with a poor man, comparatively. Let's hope experience has made her wise—and tender hearted when it comes to pulling hubby's purse strings.

Actresses Needed

COMES the news that more actresses are needed in the west, that every train that carries its burden of immigrants into Southern California brings its quota of young and green screen aspirants, beautiful and ugly. Along with his news it is noted that the Travellers' Aid Society is asking for more funds, making the statement that because of the movies which draw the unwary female to this part of the globe, there is double need of the Travellers' Aid Society, whose representative meets all the incoming trains and heads back to home and mother many a minor child, who dreams she is a Norma Talmadge embryo, when she really belongs in the "sucker" class.



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A Pretty Young Girl wanted to get ahead in the Movies—Continued from page 21

the story, but Keokuk would never stand for this film, however artistic.

So the official declared. And nobody dared to protest. The "yes chorus" struck up their aens, and the edict went out. Bella Donna was to be a perfect lady, a little flirtatious maybe, but good at heart and more to be pitied than scorned.

You saw the result. The denatured *Bella Donna* scored one of the most complete flops of the year and Pola Negri's professional reputation suffered a body blow. And the irony of the situation is that censors in certain states have barred poor emasculated *Bella Donna*, and the Ku Klux Klan in a Southern city declared the picture "unfit to be shown publicly."

The Fate of the Hunchback

IF *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* proves the flop that the wise ones of Hollywood predict it to be, the "yes men" may be blamed for it. In the first place, Carl Laemmle was "yessed" into filming it, against his better judgment. Then Wallace Worsley was not the man to direct it. Worsley, in the opinion of many, is a man of vacillating will. For this picture, the director should have been a man who would have evolved a powerful theme and then have carried it, against hell and foul weather. But Worsley wavered in his directing at times. There are fine bits in the picture, but the story gets nowhere. And the "yessers" in his company gave him no constructive aid.

There are many directors who won't take suggestions, even if some subordinate with an artistic conscience should venture to offer some. King Baggott is considered one such.

The other day the writer watched Mr. Baggott directing little Baby Peggy, a fine little actress under proper direction. "Emote," Baggott called, and the child walked onto the set with a fixed grin on her little face and with her head held too high. She is much too small to know camera values, being only four years old.

"Too much smile," a supporting actor suggested in an undertone.

"Her head's so high you can only see her chin," remarked a prop man.

"A pretty job for the cutter," an electrician whispered.

But nobody dared to advise the king—and another hundred feet of expensive film was wasted. Charge it to the yes blight.

Costly Shake-ups

"YES men" cost money. Carl Laemmle, whose heart is as big as his rambling

The "Yes" Blight

studio lot, is said to have received a letter from one of his nephews in Laupheim, Germany, telling of said nephew's intention of coming to the Promised Land.

"What shall I do with him?" asks Mr. Laemmle.

"Do with him? Why not make him General Manager?" And as was the case after the departure of the boy wonder, Irving Thalberg, a third general manager is brought to power in the short space of two years. Nobody has the courage to tell the mogul that organization shake-ups have wrecked many a film corporation. And when Mr. Laemmle says, "I have made a wonderful change, eh?" the answer is always "Yes".

"Yessing" Von Stroheim

ERIC VON STROHEIM was, with one exception, probably the most "yessed" man in pictures, during his rule at Universal City. Many people disliked him and everybody feared him, yet the studio butcher and baker and candlestick maker "yessed" him.

Why?

Because Von Stroheim was well into *Foolish Wives*. A million and a half was tied up in the picture that was to make an actor and break everybody else connected with it. If Von Stroheim should get his Austrian temper up and quit—blooie, Laemmle's million and a half! Stroheim the director might quit and another man take his place. But if Stroheim the star should quit, who could take his place? The whole picture would have to be shot over.

And so hundreds of thousands of dollars drifted through Von Stroheim's fingers while he busily established himself before the American public. His picture might have been acceptable to Continental tastes which enjoy drama with a gamey flavor; it was utterly abhorrent to American minds, even in the comparatively purged state in which it reached the public. If somebody had had the courage—and the authority—to say "no" to his majesty the Austrian, *Foolish Wives* might have been a success instead of a financial flop, the memory of which brings bitter tears to Laemmle's eyes even now.

Was It Temper or Temperament?

DID George Fitzmaurice leave Lasky's because he had to "yes" Pola Negri? We wonder. People who worked with Pola say that she had Fitzmaurice cowed the first week she worked with him.

And everybody else on the lot, too. Tales went out of her fiery temper, her arrogance, her tongue that cut like a two-edged sword. But perhaps it was not temper, but temperament. A musician who worked on her set for two months created a sensation by declaring that he liked Pola. And Pola herself says that the unfortunate first impression was caused by misunderstanding.

"I understand Americans now," says Pola. "The next picture I work in, I shall throw my arms about the electrician's neck and say, 'Oh, what beautiful lights you make!'"

"A 'No' Man Wanted"

STARS who are "yessed" by their directors sometimes suffer by it. Mary Pickford, who is queen on her own lot, knows this. In the past she has been directed by men who were afraid of her. She could always boss them. With deliberate intent, Mary picked for her most pretentious picture a man whom she could not boss, Ernst Lubitsch.

Mary Pickford is a wise little woman. Lubitsch "yesses" nobody, unless he believes an affirmative is right. On the other hand, he does not like to be "yessed" consistently. Two heads are better than one, he thinks, and asks for constructive criticism from competent critics.

Oh, for more directors who will take a "no" when it is coming to them! And oh, for one who will dare to say "no" when a "no" is needed!

In *Jazzmania*, director Robert Leonard might have told his wife that though her dancing is attractive, one step is overdone if continued for several hundred feet of film. Also he might have informed Mae Murray that she should not divide sympathy by having three leading men where only one was logical. Was it because she likes plenty of attractive men and no women for background for her dainty self? Or because she cannily divided footage among the three men, Robert Leonard, Rod La Roque and Edward Burns. There's safety in numbers, perhaps she thinks.

Too Much Snow

WHY didn't somebody tell Harry Beaumont that the snowflakes that fell in *Main Street* were so large that they must have been custom-made from Heaven? Did nobody dare?

Why didn't at least one of Cecil B. DeMille's thirty-five assistants tell him that *Adam's Rib* was farcical? That

from Hollywood

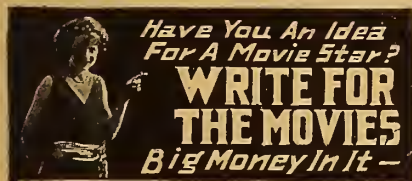
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The Brain Bootlegger

(Continued from page 17)

submit stories while employed as readers. This mitigates the opportunity to advance in the writing profession by using some other chap's ideas.

Lack of system in handling incoming scripts, is often cause for accusations of stealing. No studio can beg to be excused for carelessness and a system certainly prevents lawsuits. The careless studio creates enemies in every little town the country over and fails to get manuscripts from established authors because they won't run chances of having manuscripts lost. The best studios are now equipped with fireproof filing cabinets. Each manuscript is registered when it arrives. After it has been read, a letter is either sent to the author to discuss terms of purchase or else the story is returned with a rejection slip.

One company, well known throughout the industry for careless methods, purchased a story from an author about four years ago. With dozens of others bought at that time, it was eventually chucked away on a high shelf to gather dust. Lately, when a new editor joined the company and found his desk heaped with letters of complaint about lost manuscripts, he ordered that high shelf be cleared off so that he could see what was up there. No one remembered whether the scripts were owned by the company or not so the author who had sold his story four years before, received it back with a rejection slip! He had a good laugh over it and sold the story to a rival company.

Another writer, knowing the careless methods of this same studio, boasts he sells the same story to them every three years without even changing the names of the characters!

How to Protect Your Scripts

THE first lawsuits concerned copyrighted books and plays. As movies were unheard of a quarter of a century ago, copyrights and picture rights seemed quite separate. However, all big publishing houses made a desperate scramble to see their lawyers and have papers drawn up to protect them in the matter of moving picture rights. They also discovered that special contracts have to be written for almost every book and play purchased, for some publishers release the rights for England but not for the United States and vice versa. Some are sold on "world's rights" basis "forever and ever" and some for a period of years and only in certain countries.

The public expends much energy in adapting well known books for the screen and gets very peeved if the

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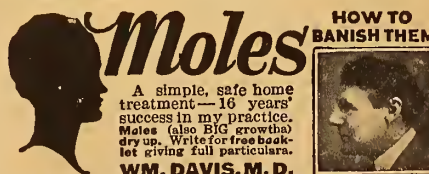
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The Brain Bootlegger

studio returns these adaptations and films the book. If the book is uncopyrighted, why should the studio pay some outside author to put it in shape for production? If it is copyrighted, the public cannot use it without paid permission any more than the studio. Some authors get into trouble by submitting their own magazine stories for the screen. This is because they neglected to demand "screen rights withheld" when the story was sold to the magazine. One author sued a studio for leaving his name off the screen. Another who didn't like the volcanic changes made in his book sued a company for putting his name on the screen. Another author who didn't like the way a company adapted his story was allowed to buy it back again and sell it elsewhere.

As for studio story stealing—there will always be some refined pilfering as long as human beings exist and until the film world is populated with perfect angels. However, the majority of studios and studio executives do not want to use anything not honestly purchased. And the dishonest executives have been quite thoroughly scared by lawsuits. But the clever author will still use reasonable precaution. If no magazine purchases his story, he has some legal protection by having the manuscript printed. Or he can send a duplicate copy to the Author's League (if he is a member) or mail a duplicate copy to himself, which proves in a court of law that he is the author of the story in question.

One author, during the heyday plot—swiping days, used to paste an ominous looking gold seal on the front page of his script. The seal bore some unintelligible Latin words which seemed to imply that the author belonged to a league of protection. He also used typewritten words across the top of the script to this effect "registered Washington, D. C. bureau patents and copyrights May 5—no infringements permitted etc. etc." All of which didn't mean a darn thing! And yet, at the studio, it was quite as valuable a "hands off" sign as anyone has ever devised!

Page Twenty tells the story of the Yes Blight and the Yes Blight tells the story of Movies that Flop

Don't Skip Page Twenty

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The Corner of Last Hope—Continued from page 24

Comedy may not be the sweetest word e'er spoken in an extra's ear by a casting agency, but it has saved many a poor devil from starvation. As a 'First Chance,' Comedy is the champion life-saver of Hollywood. The inexperienced Handsome Harry and the amateur Dolly Dimples who have come out to California to make their fame and fortune are often glad of a chance to receive a bucket of muddy scrub water on their permanent waves—for a check for five dollars looms as large as the national debt.

If 'First Chance' were merely a pleasant little service station on the way to the city of Fame-and-Fortune, in the country of Drama, the profession would not kick at all. But it so seldom is anything but a jumping-off place.

The Jumping-off Place

THE apologetic air with which an extra acknowledges that she is "in comedy" is as nothing compared with the evasion and the blushes which accompany the admission on the part of a former dramatic star that she is now "in comedy." It is bad form to ask a comedy actor or actress what the play is all about. As Billie Rhoades said when asked what she is doing now, "I don't know. We never know what a comedy is about or what its name is until it's finished."

A comedy star never forces the word 'star' down your throat. She is simply 'in comedy,' and the less said about it the better. Certain names which become household words—among the children at least—belong to players who will reluctantly admit that they are 'starring in comedy,' but they don't lose a breath before telling you the plans their company has for putting out five-reel features and 'super-comedies.'

How Monty Banks was Cured

MONTY BANKS is one comedy star who seems content to let the rest of the world emote without envying it too much. Monty tells a sad tale of trying to make features. His director and he had the bright idea of making a five-reeler at the price of a two-reeler, and of putting a real story in it. He admits that it was good—too good! They couldn't place it! A two-reel Monty Banks comedy finds a ready market. But what on earth would an exhibitor do with a five reeler? It's too long to slip into the program as a comedy, and the name isn't well known enough to justify the exhibitor in mak-

ing a Monty Banks five-reeler as the feature of his program. And if he did so far forget good showmanship, what would he use as a two-reeler to round out the program? Not another comedy! The audience would be sick of laughing if asked to chortle through seven reels of fun.

"The day of the two-reel comedy is not over. It's getting a new lease on life," Monty vows. "The features these days are so morbid and 'realistic' and shocking and try so hard to make the audience *think* that it is really a welcome relief to relax and giggle over a two-reel comedy, that doesn't ask you to solve any problems, or which doesn't chide you for not having read the book on which it was founded. Everybody that hasn't read 'Trilby' feels a little guilty. To announce that you're going to see it calls forth a lot of questions as to whether you think they will leave out that snappy episode of the Englishman taking his bath, or whether they will let Trilby go barefoot. You don't know! And you squirm! But a glance at Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd comedy—nobody expects you to know anything about it or think or do anything else but *enjoy* it! No wise cracks now! People do enjoy comedies!"

Perhaps. Anyway, there are few comedy stars who give us the same argument as Monty Banks. Most of them are like Buster Keaton—hellbent on getting out of two-reelers into features. A comedy star may be a star until the cows come home, but it means nothing, it lifts no pall of gloom from his esthetic soul. He must be a star in features, or they can just take him out and bury him, for all he cares. Buster Keaton has been one of our sure-fire two-reel boys. But he cast a frozen glance at Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd and the iron of envy entered his soul. He too would be the main prop of the program. He tried it once in 'The Saphead' and failed. He's all primed to try it again, he says—going to make five-reelers; nay, he won't stop there, even. If Harold Lloyd can make seven reels seem like three, then Buster can, too!

Yes, it seems like it automatically takes the curse off a comedy to stretch it out to five or six or seven reels. Even four. Chaplin padded a two-reeler, which he made in his off hours, into four, and 'The Pilgrim' headed the bill. But the public went away slightly puzzled and somewhat dissatisfied.

There is no more respected man in the business than Harold Lloyd—comedy star. But it was not until he graduated out of the feature-chaser

class into the main squeeze of the program that he won this universal respect. There is just some sort of public complex against warming up to the hero or heroine of a two-reeler.

The Comedy Kindergarten

HARKING back to Mack Sennett, his school for bathing beauties was in reality the only college for cinema girls that has ever graduated any pupils into drama. Mack should be given a public vote of thanks for the stiff course he gave to such twinklers of the drama firmament as Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, Marie Prevost, Mabel Normand, Harriet Hammond, Alice Lake—when we started that list we thought it was going to be awfully long and impressive. But lo, we see the reverse sign looming up, 'Last Chance'. Of the list, Gloria Swanson is still going strong in drama—or rather in clothes—and Mary Thurman gets a good part now and then. But Mabel Normand has already seen the handwriting on the wall, and Alice Lake, since she lost her bathing beauty figger, is not making any exhibitors burn the wires up ordering the pictures in which her name is occasionally seen in "all star casts." Marie Prevost as a dramatic actress is a luscious bathing beauty—and much as it hurts us to admit it, seeing as how we like Marie and all that—that is about as far as she will ever go.

For Marie has only two expressions—a cunning babyish, gleeful smile, and a cunning, babyish pout. And Marie is getting to be a big girl now and ought to learn better. She missed the chance of a lifetime to emote in *Brass* and steal the picture—not worth enough to get her a charge of grand larceny, but still a nice little bit of shoplifting if she couldn't have pulled it off. But she only giggled and pouted, just as she giggled and pouted in Mack Sennett comedies.

Harriet Hammond, one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, has been bandied about since she forsook Sennett, but has still not done anything which we can remember at the moment.

Betty Compson was an Al Christie comedy favorite when George Laone Tucker did his famous Balboa stunt. Alas, Betty is still living on memories of 'The Miracle Man.' Living down as good a picture as that is a hopeless task. Now Betty has gone to London, where some clever director may catch the same spiritual quality that Tucker capitalized. Then again he may not. Is the long trail leading Betty back to 'Last Chance'? If so, the angels will weep.

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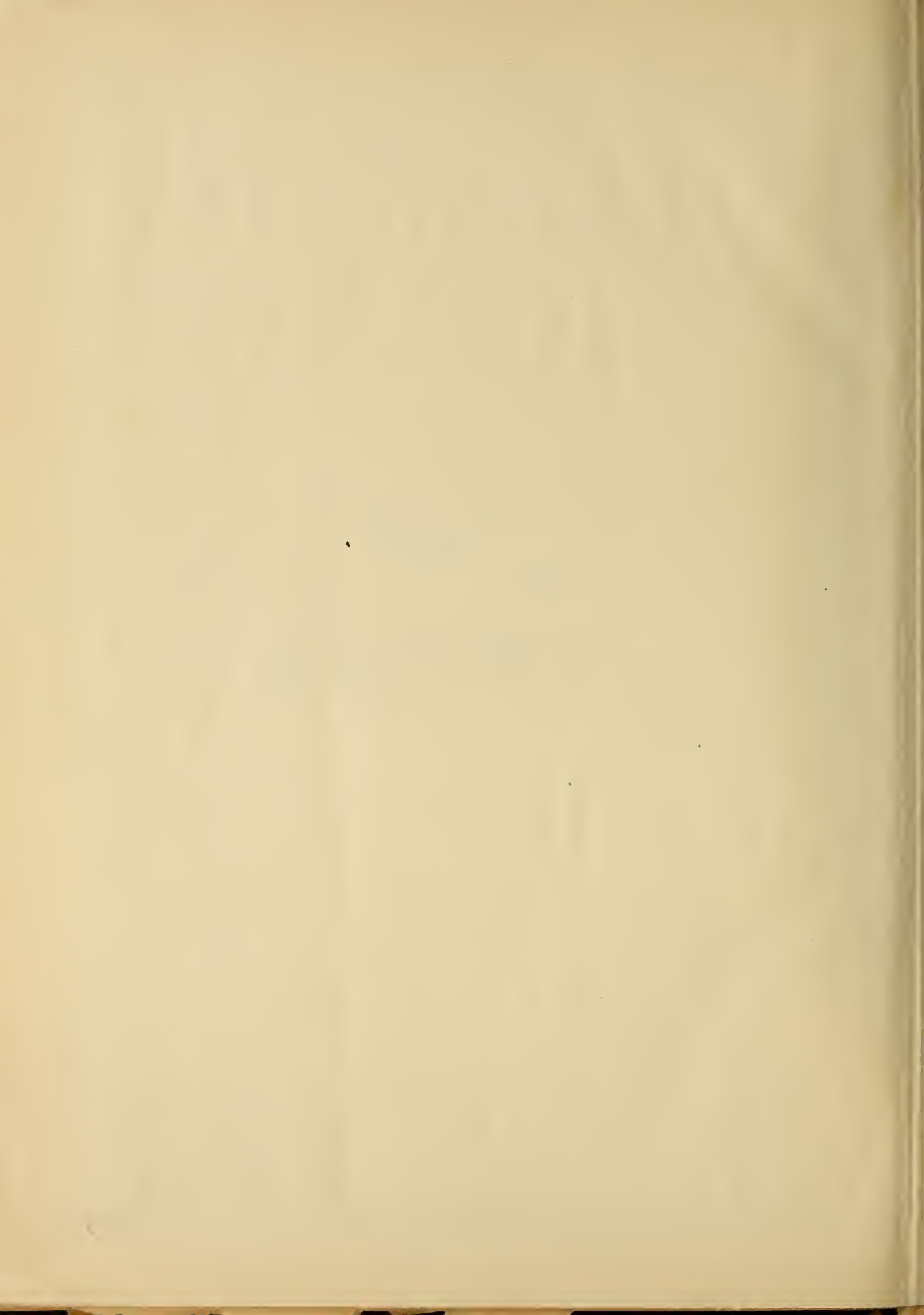
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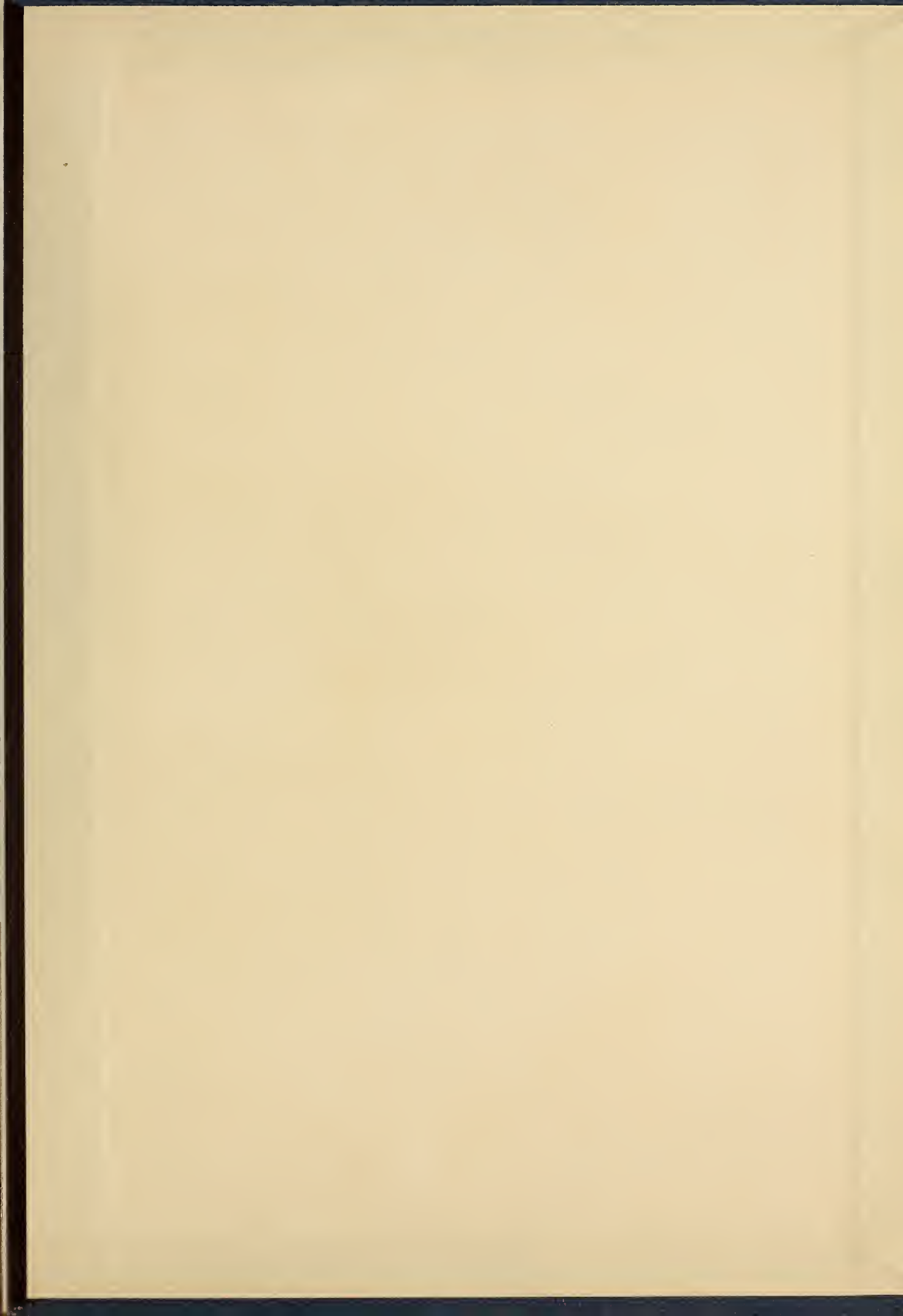
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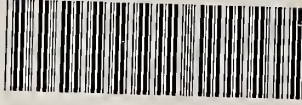
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