

Screenland

November

Magazine

20¢



Wanda Hawley

Schaper '31



Twelve Famous Players

THE PUBLISHERS OF SCREENLAND MAGAZINE HAVE MADE UP A LIMITED NUMBER OF PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS, 12 TO A SET.

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Karla Schramm and two other members of the "Son of Tarzan" cast

Your Own Page

A Department Devoted to the Frank Expression of Public Opinion

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Do you know why I am crazy about Charles Ray? It is because he looks so sweet and simple and natural. I bet he wouldn't turn up his nose at a church fair in a small town, and I can see him feeding chickens just as plain as if he lived on the farm next to ours.

I bet he likes cats, too. Please let me know if he does. Yours truly,
SARAH PERKINS, Godfrey, Ill.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Could you kindly tell me who the divine masculine human being was who appeared as an extra in the grocery scene of "The Fighting Shepherdess," with Anita Stewart? He was very tall and dressed as an Englishman. There are many people clamoring for him to appear again. We want more of him.

Is Elsie Ferguson's real name Gwendolyn Vasisdosel, and is Casson Ferguson her son? There is a great resemblance between them.

Screenland has surely found its way into the hearts of all my schoolmates, and we mean to purchase it every month. Respectfully,
"BRITE EYES."

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: How am I to tell Lou Tellegen to keep his hands off his hips? It gets on my nerves. I hate to see a man look "posy."

There are a few others who swing their elbows out when they walk, until they look like pedigreed bulldogs. This also annoys me. Don't let any of the new ones—like Buck Jones—adopt this affected stuff. Tell them to be real men!

Respectfully,
GEORGE FERRIS,
Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Will you please tell me how I can get a job in the movies? I can chop wood and drive a team of horses, and am willing to do anything I'm ast to. I have wrote to a lot of the Big Bugs in pictures, but they don't pay no attention to what I say. I told them I didnt have much education but guessed you didnt need none in movies. Will you please give my name to Theda Bara, Bebe Daniels and Mary Pickford. Yours truly,
GUY FEATHERSTONE,

Provo, Utah.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Editor: I want to be one of the first to congratulate you on bringing out a remarkable publication. Put in something about Irene Castle and I'll get it every month from now on.

That's just what this is going to be—your own page. If you are sore at somebody, here's a chance to get it out of your system. If you've just seen a picture that made the world look brighter to you, tell others about it. If you like the work of a particular actress, or if you don't like it, we'll help you to tell her about it.

There will be space here for the problems of the extra girl. The actor who thinks that his ability is not appreciated may tell his side of the story. And the fan may kick or praise to his heart's content.

Make your letters short and to the point. Address them to the EDITOR of YOUR OWN PAGE, care of SCREENLAND. If you don't want your name printed, say so.

It is the hardest thing in the world for me to understand why Irene Castle isn't more popular than she is. She is such a distinct type and entirely free from silly affectation. For instance, when she left her husband in "The Amateur Wife," she simply said what she had to say and walked out. If Pauline Frederick had been doing that, she would have drawn several deep breaths, choked back a few tears, and then, assuming a heroic attitude, stumbled out the door.

And thank goodness, Mrs. Castle doesn't shake her curls at you like a six-year-old. She has sense enough to realize that a womanly, unassuming and refined carriage is more suitable to her particular style. Yours truly,

OLIVE LOVEJOY,
377 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

My Dear Editor: I have been a photograph fan since the earliest days of pictures, and, in a way, I have taken more than a passing interest in motion pictures and the stars who have grown up with them.

New favorites are continually crowding out the idols of yesterday, and the screen directory is constantly being revised and corrected. There are some exceptions, however.

Among the comediennes of the screen, Mabel Normand still stands alone—and supreme. Compared to some of the female smart alecks and camera-conscious jumping-jacks who "entertain" us in screen comedy, Miss Normand shines like a gem of purest ray. I consider her work in "Mickey" to be unequaled by that of any other screen star—male or female. So here's to Mabel—long may she shine! Sincerely,

JOHN D. CAHILL,
2017 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Editor, "Your Own Page,"

Care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.
Dear Editor:

Won't SCREENLAND do something for me? Or rather, won't you do something for all of us fans who find it necessary to see half a dozen new pictures each week? I have no complaint against the pictures, or against the music, prologues, etc., that make up the remainder of the bills. My bugbear is a very little thing—but, oh—how annoying!

For instance, last week I went to seven different picture houses, and in six of them I saw the same news pictures. Is that fair? I'll say it isn't, and if you want to make good with me you will at once fix it so that News reels are released exclusively, just as regular pictures are. I thank you.

(Don't print my name—I'm the manager of a picture house myself.)

* * *

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 30, 1920.

Editor, "Your Own Page,"

Care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.
Dear Sir:

I am an ardent fan. I have my favorite picture folk, and I rise occasionally to take a rap at things I don't like. Just now I have a kick against the big picture theaters.

I wonder if you are bothered out in your country with a program in your best picture house that is a mess of junk built up around a five-reel picture. I don't complain about the picture—usually it is good. What I don't like is to have to sit through an hour of news, an animated cartoon, a two-reel comedy, a vaudeville act, an illustrated song, a prologue and an orchestra concert just to see that picture. I have been told that the program is thus padded in order that the management may have an excuse to raise the prices. If that is so, let's wait until we can see the plain, unadorned five-reeler in our own suburban theater.

Yours for less flub-dub,

MARY LE VANE.

* * *

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 8, 1920.

Editor of "Your Own Page,"

Care of SCREENLAND.

Dear Sir:

I am only too glad to be able to take advantage of the offer of your new department and briefly wish to say:

Among the most wonderful pictures I have ever witnessed was "In the Heart of a Fool." Not that I fell in love with any of the actresses—nor do I want to praise any one actor—but I sure do say, whoever was responsible for the choosing of the characters for the different parts played needs a great deal more credit than the whole cast put together. It is not as difficult to do an act that is all mapped out and drilled into you as it is to figure the right character for the right part and do the drilline.

Whoever it was, or if Allen Dwan, let's take our hats off to HIM, and let him know I said so.

Yours for good pictures,

F. L. WINNEN.

The Magazine With a Heart

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Little Hints to the Playgoers

Short Reviews of the Month's Pictures

"Love Madness"

J. Parker Read Production. Written by C. Gardner Sullivan. Starring Louise Glaum. Matt Moore, lead. William Conklin, heavy. Joseph Henabery, director.

"A Full House"

Bryant Washburn's current offering is an adaptation of Fred Jackson's farce. An exchange of traveling bags starts a series of complications that furnish Mr. Washburn with the best kind of laugh timber. Photographed by Kinley Martin, directed by James Cruze.

"Milestones"

From the Bennett-Knoblock drama of home life. Lewis Stone is cast in the leading role, supported by Mary Alden, Lionel Belmore, Alice Hollister, Gertrude Robinson, May Foster, Gerald Pring, Corraan Kirkham, and Harvey Clark. Directed by Paul Scardon.

"The Devil's Passkey"

Eric von Stroheim's daring attempt to depict a little more than usual of Paris life. The kind of a picture that the censors like to work upon.

"What Women Love"

A charming comedy drama in which Annette Kellerman proves that she has something more than physical charms. Her supporting cast includes Wheeler Oakman, Walter Long, Bull Montana, Ralph Lewis and Carl Ullman. Nate Watt directed.

"The Right to Love,"

is a George Fitzmaurice screen drama of exotic Turkey, featuring Mae Murray as an American girl with a background of strange, Oriental appeal.

The story has all the fantastic beauty of a fairy tale and all the suspense of an intricate plot, while in it Mae Murray gives to the screen the best of her ability as an emotional actress.

It is a picture for the lover of art and beautiful photography, as well as one in which "thrills" can be found in great abundance.

"Guilty of Love"

An adaptation of Avery Hapwood's novel, "This woman—This man." Dorothy Dalton in a decidedly different role.

"Get Out And Get Under"

Harold Lloyd's latest comedy contains some original stunts and some fresh ideas, also, Charming Mildred Davis.

"Mid-Channel"

From Sir Arthur Pinero's play. Clara Kimball Young at her best. J. Frank Glennon plays the lead, with Bertram Grassby, Edward Kimball, Helene Sullivan, Katherine Griffith and Eileen Robinson in supporting roles. Photographed by Arthur Edson.

"Roman Candles"

Master Pictures' first effort. A really good picture based on the old South American revolution plot.

"A City Sparrow"

Story by Kate Jordan. Direction by Sam Woods. Ethel Clayton, star. Al Gilks, cameraman.

"An Old-Fashioned Boy"

"Forty-five Minutes From Broadway"

Both Charlie Ray comedies, and both well filled with laughs.

"The Penalty"

Right close to the best of the month. A Rex Beach story. Lon Chaney as the cripple, "Blizzard," is the whole picture. Directed by Wallace Worsley.

"The Skywayman"

Ormer Locklear's last picture. Directed by James Hogan. Louise Lovely, now a Fox star, furnishes delightful support. Full of thrills and mid-air stunts. The best picture we have had. The

Fox Company is giving ten per cent of the profits of this picture to the families of Locklear and Elliott, who were killed while filming the final scene.

"Occasionally Yours"

Lew Cody, internationally famous male vamp, disports himself through all sort of amusing and serious adventures. Beautiful Betty Blythe has the leading feminine role. Elinor Fair is the ingenue. Others of the cast are Lillian Rambeau, Dorothy Wallace, Cleo Ridgeway, Yvonne Gardelle, William Quinn, and Barney Sherry. A delightful lesson of the "On again, off again" variety.

"The Untamed"

Tom Mix hits the high spots in his latest Western. The story is full of thrills, has a lot of fighting, some blood-letting, and a very human little leading woman.

The Month's Best Picture

EARTHBOUND

An Eminent Authors Production

By BASIL KING

CAST

Nicholas Desborough.....Wyndham Standing
Caroline Desborough.....Naomi Childers
Connie Desborough.....Billie Cotton
Jim Rittenshaw.....Mahlon Hamilton
Daisy Rittenshaw.....Flora Revalles
Dr. Galloway.....Alec. B. Francis
Harvey Breck.....Lawson Butt
Miss DeWindt.....Kate Lester

EARTHBOUND, the highest achievement in the history of Motion Pictures, brings to the screen one of the most vital subjects of all time—life after death.

The story is built around three college friends, two of whom hold to the theory, "No God, no sin, no future life," a creed which is later responsible for a fatal break between them.

The one shoots the other in revenge for stealing his wife's love, while the spirit of the murdered man is left hovering between two worlds—earthbound, and valiantly trying to right the wrongs he has committed.

It is not until he succeeds in appearing to his friends and heart-broken wife, thereby winning their forgiveness, that he gains his release and is at last free to progress in the spirit world.

Earthbound presents a theme startlingly new in photo-drama.

Screenland Magazine

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 3

Clarine Seymour
Olive Thomas
Ormer Locklear
Milton Elliot
Robert Harron
Harold Lockwood

DEATH has taken the members of this little group. They were our friends and our associates. They were earnest men and women, who lived in their work—human men and women, who loved their friends and tolerated their enemies.

Their life's work lies unfinished. Others now occupy their dressing rooms. Strange faces are in their homes. Our hearts are heavy with memories of their recent presence. Burning lumps rise in our throats.

We do not preach here of life's uncertainties. We speak rather of the bitter pity that death should block the way to their glowing future. Their lives were young, but their heart-breaking struggles were behind them. They stood upon the high rungs of the ladder. Success was theirs.

We remember their patient fight. We recall the comradely democracy that marked their rise. We speak gently of their faults. We point with pride to their record for sacrifice and charity.

Life's film is cut. Its raw edges show harsh against the bright background of successful achievement. No final fadeout brings their work to finished completion. No promise of the next picture comes to console us. Our loss is very great. They were our friends.

CROW BAIT FROM PENDLETON

By Ralph Cummins

MY long and varied experience with job-seeking ham actors had taught me caution, so I sized up the stranger before I left the studio gate.

"Been here since seven o'clock," grunted Dad, the janitor. "Says he's got a letter for you."

The man upon the bench beside my office door was about thirty, slim waisted and broad shouldered, with a long sunbrowned face and curly reddish hair. He wore old blue overalls, a faded flannel shirt and a very small trainman's cap. He was sitting upon the small of his back with his hands poked into his pockets staring gloomily out across the stage. The total of my first impression was that he was about the most dejected-looking human that I had ever seen.

When I stepped in front of the stranger he looked up at me and I saw that his sad eyes were blue and that they seemed on the verge of spilling tears all over the place. I hastened to prevent the deluge.

"I'm Parker, the director. You wanted to see me?"

Without moving his sprawled-out body, he reached awkwardly into his hip pocket and brought out a big leather wallet from which he drew a bedraggled envelope. When he raised his arm to pass me the letter he winced as if in pain.

"What's the matter?"

I demanded. "Are you sick?"

"N a w." His voice sounded as if the act of



"Then he threw himself upon the steer's back and twisted the brute's head around."

speaking hurt him. "Jes' tryin' tuh cut out cigarettes—it's shore hell!"

I started a sympathetic laugh, but my eye caught the writing on the envelope. "You're from Pendleton!" I exclaimed. "Did you bring any horses?"

The stranger's boyish face brightened. A queer little twinkle shot from his eyes. "Couple uh crow baits," he drawled. He drew breath to go on, winced again and subsided into a gloomy inspection of the dance hall set upon the stage.

I tore open the envelope. I knew that the letter was from Grover Scott, our studio manager, who had taken

in the big Pendleton Roundup to get some stock rodeo film, and to pick up a bad horse for my next Western feature.

"Dear Gabe: (ran the letter)

"Cleaned up all I came here for and am off for New York tonight. Got two thousand feet of the wildest rodeo stuff I ever saw. Got one sure-enough thriller that maybe we can find good use for. I'll have the stuff developed at the New York lab. and send you a print.

"I bought a bad horse—well, when you see him in action you'll say he's bad. He's a giant black and he never was ridden until yesterday.

Say, but he did put up an ugly fight. We can't

think of letting Peggy

ride him, so I'm send-

ing his half-brother to

double him. And you

will have to get a real

buster to double for

Peggy in the scenes

where you use this

wild bird, for an ordinary bronc-buster would be a joke.

"Now, Gage, I've promised a job to this man, Corry, who is bringing the horses. He's got a bad lung and can't do anything now, but the old California climate will soon put him in shape. Just take him under your wing and help him get acquainted.

"Tell Peggy I saw her folks. Her father says to tell her—"

But at that point Peggy Doyle, my little Western star, danced in through the gate.

"Any news from Scott?" she chirped. "I'm anxious to know if he finds me a good horse."

I FROWNED at my little star. One certainly would not have thought, to look at her slender, sport-suited form that she had the strength to kill off the livest horse we could get in each picture. And in her round face with its roguish dimple and demure lash-hidden eyes, one found it hard to imagine the daredevil nerve to tackle the worst outlaws that we could find. I wondered how I was going to keep her from riding the wild one that Scott had sent.

"This letter is from him," I replied. "He's sent some horses and"—I indicated the man on the bench—"this is Miss Doyle, Corry. You've probably seen her on the screen."

The man from Pendleton drew up his bowed legs and got upon his feet. There was a strained expression upon his face that changed to an embarrassed grin as he reached for a hat brim that he could not find, and fumbled the little cap from his head.

"Oh, you're from Pendleton?" The star was all eager interest. "Do you know my father?"

"Sure." Corry spoke with an effort. "Everybody knows Jerry Doyle. I—I usta work for him."

"You did? When was that—I don't remember you?"

I finished reading Scott's letter and gave Peggy her father's message, which had to do with a saddle which he was sending to his popular daughter.

"Oh, I heard about that saddle from Millie." Miss Doyle fumbled in her bag. "I had a letter from her yesterday." She turned to Corry, who was edging away. "Did you see Buck Summers make that ride?"

Corry swung his sad blue eyes toward me, but Peggy was after him, pulling at a letter.

"My sister sent me a clipping about it. Oh, that must have been great! Did Scott tell you about it, Gabe?"

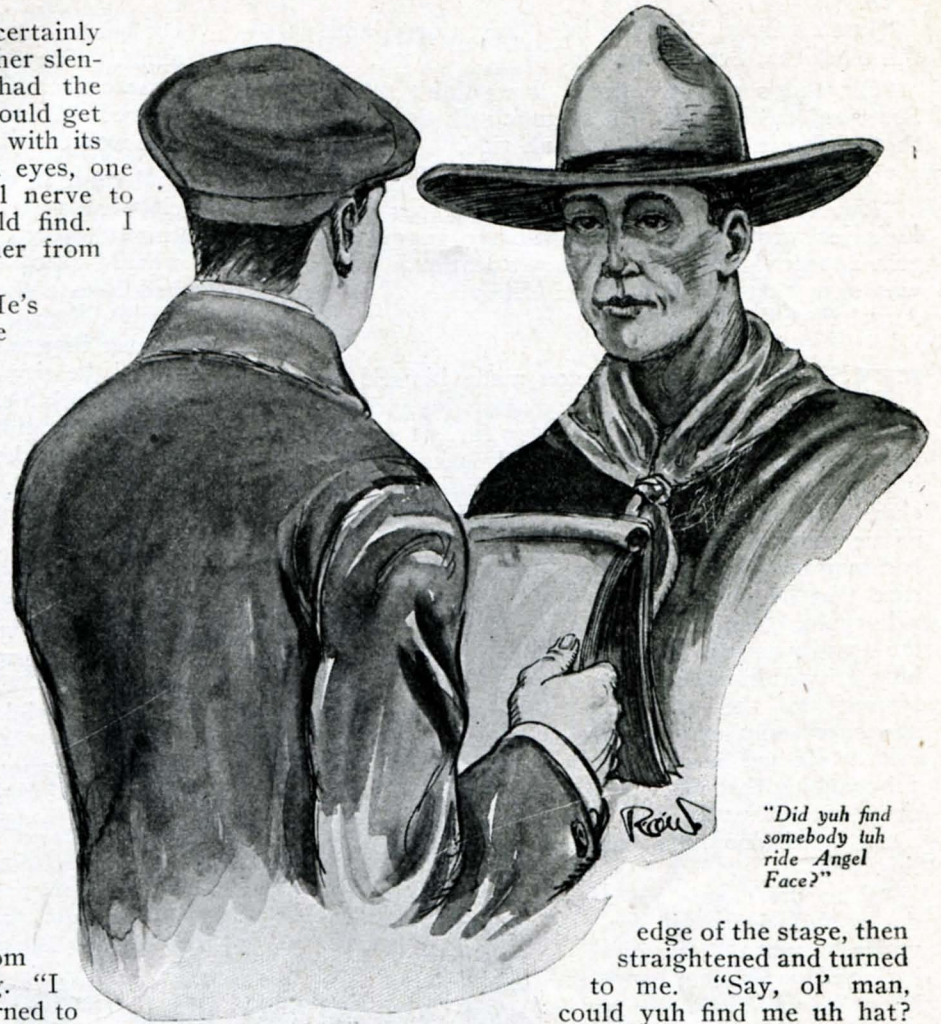
"No. He said he got some good rides. What was it?"

"Well, this Buck Summers—he's an old friend of mine—he drew Angel Face in the finals of the bucking contest. This Angel Face is a six-year-old, and he'd never been ridden. He's killed a couple of good men and busted up a lot more. Well, Buck rode Angel Face—rode him until he bolted through a corral fence and let loose a wild steer that was to be used in the bull dogging. The steer broke out through the hole and headed for a bunch of women and children sitting in the shade of the corral fence.

"Well, Buck Summers, riding that bucking, tail-spinning outlaw, managed to head the steer, but he dodged around and made for those kids again. The boys were racing up but they were too far away. Buck just had to do something. He pulled that crazy horse alongside the steer. Then he threw himself upon the steer's back and twisted the brute's head around until he swerved from the group. Just as the boys tore up the steer jammed Buck into the corral fence. Oh, but I'll bet that was some stunt!"

"And I shouldn't wonder if Scott got it with the camera!" I exclaimed. "Say, Corry, did you see that?"

Corry turned a troubled face toward me and nodded. "Yep, it was some ride." He started to sit upon the



"Did yuh find
somebody tuh
ride Angel
Face?"

edge of the stage, then straightened and turned to me. "Say, ol' man, could yuh find me uh hat? I lost mine on th' train an' I

had tuh wear this blame cap."

I laughed at his solemn face and Peggy giggled.

"I'll take you over to the wardrobe," I said, but as we stepped up on the stage, Peggy remembered something more.

"Oh, Mr. Corry, did you know Buck Summers?"

The man from Pendleton looked at me and his blue eyes almost closed. Then he made a smiling grimace at the eager little star. "Shore, I usta ride with Buck. We—"

"Then you are a rider?" I interrupted. "I might have known—coming from that country. That's why Scott gave you a job."

Corry moistened his chapped lips and gave a wry twist to his eyes. "I usta ride uh little, but now"—he looked about him helplessly—"I gotta bad lung. Goin' tuh rest up uh spell."

"But Summers"—Peggy frowned at my interruption—"was he badly hurt?"

"Dead by now, I reckon." Corry's tone was almost cheerful.

"You say he was a friend of yours?" I asked Peggy.

"Yes." She looked away with sorrowful reminiscence. "We—we used to ride together. I—he—his father and mine used be partners." Then Peggy Doyle's mind jumped to other matters. "Did you bring me a wild horse, Mr. Corry, a real one that will buck?"

The hint of a smile wrinkled the cowboy's eyes. "Crow bait," he drawled.

Peggy glared at me. "Well, I like that! Scott promised me that he'd get a real bad one for this picture. I won't—"

"Just a minute," I broke in. "Say, Corry, how about this black that Scott mentions?"

"Oh, that's my own hoss. I wouldn't sell him, so Scott an' me dickered on so much uh day. I reckon that's th' one Miss Doyle is tuh ride."

"Yes, but the other one—the bad one?"

"Aw, that one. Huh! His name gives him away. He's jes' crow bait." That illusive suggestion of a grin appeared upon the cowboy's leathery face, and I was sure that his left eyelid drooped. "His name's Angel Face."

THE man from Pendleton made himself at home around the studio. Day after day, while I was casting and getting lined up for the new picture, he sat in the shade in front of the dressing rooms, moving only when the shade from the diffusers passed his chair. In spite of his optimistic assertions that his bad lung was better, I was sure that he never would ride again. The inertia of the dread plague seemed to have gripped him; he drove himself to the slightest movement only with great effort. He had fits of painful coughing that made me shudder, and several times I saw dried blood upon his lips.

"Why don't you see a doctor?" I demanded impatiently, when I saw him hiding a blood-stained handkerchief.

"You ought to be in bed."

"I got the best doctor in Los Angeles," grumbled Corry, without looking up. "An' he says it's bet-

enough to be sure that attitude was not based on sympathy alone. They just naturally liked the blue-eyed cowpuncher from Oregon, and after the first day or two Corry thawed out and developed a cheery, heart-warming smile that won everybody on the lot.

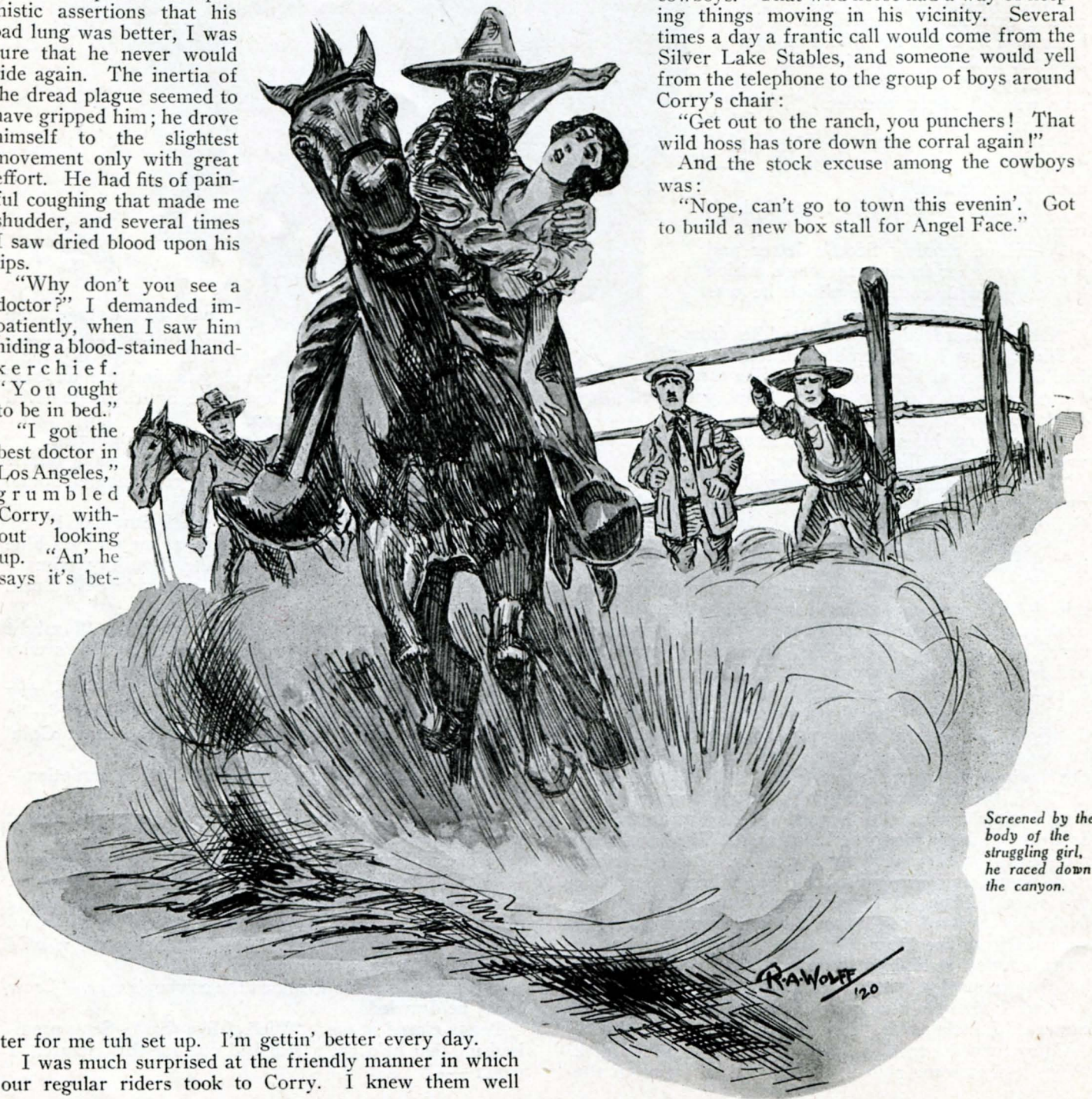
Because he thought the world of his horse Ginger, possibly had a whole lot to do with the horse-loving cowboys' comradely regard for Corry. From that first morning when I sent them down to unload the horses, the boys had been enthusiastic about the two big blacks. Especially did they admire Ginger, Corry's own animal, and at once they took the care of him upon themselves. They defied the city ordinance and rigged up a stable for him in the back lot, and a dozen times a day one or another of them would gravely lead Ginger up to the stage "to say hello to the boss."

Angel Face, the outlaw, was a grim joke with the cowboys. That wild horse had a way of keeping things moving in his vicinity. Several times a day a frantic call would come from the Silver Lake Stables, and someone would yell from the telephone to the group of boys around Corry's chair:

"Get out to the ranch, you punchers! That wild hoss has tore down the corral again!"

And the stock excuse among the cowboys was:

"Nope, can't go to town this evenin'. Got to build a new box stall for Angel Face."



Screened by the body of the struggling girl, he raced down the canyon.

ter for me tuh set up. I'm gettin' better every day.

I was much surprised at the friendly manner in which our regular riders took to Corry. I knew them well

PEGGY DOYLE'S vacation between pictures kept her from the studio for a week. She came back just as we were getting our equipment together for a location trip, and breezed into my office one morning with an armful of mail.

"Can't guess who I danced with at Coronado?" was her happy greeting. "Prince of Wales—that's who!"

I looked at her over the scene plot upon which I was working. Peggy's lithe form and naturally colored features were quite easy to look at. Often I found it hard to believe that she was twenty-four and had been riding wild horses for ten years. She appeared sixteen and had all the frank innocence of a school girl. Yet sometimes—

"Mac got back this morning," I said smiling indulgently, "and he says you raised Cain because you didn't get to see the Prince."

Peggy tossed her bobbed curls and pawed at her mail. "There's nothing from home," she complained, littering my desk with her letters. "I wrote Millie to find out if Buck Summers really died. Is Scott back?"

"No, and he won't be back for two weeks. Had a letter from him yesterday. We're going to get the location in the Grand Canyon."

"Why, I thought we were only going to Palm Springs. The Grand Canyon in July? Oh, Gabe, have a heart!"

"It's Scott's orders," I grumbled savagely. "I don't know what the idea is unless he's got some stock film in that Pendleton stuff that he can work in. Anyway, we're elected."

"How's my wild horse?" inquired Peggy. "I hope nobody's spoiled him."

"No danger. He's down at the corral in a box stall that's braced with old railroad iron. But, see here, Peggy, you've got to make up your mind to a double this time. You simply must not ride that—that—"

"Crow bait!" laughed Peggy. Then she sobered. "How's the man from Pendleton?"

"He's in bad shape. I don't see how he keeps up, and he thinks he's getting well. Why, he says he's going on that location with us."

"Well, I sure like nerve." There was a new interest in her eyes as they sought the group on the stage. "I'll try to cheer him up." She pulled a letter toward her. "Oh, here's my orders from the boss. Now, I wonder what Scott wants to write me about."

She was busy with the letter for a long time. When she looked up at me there was a puzzled crease between her eyes. She frowned uncertainly at the letter and then passed it to me.

"Scott's pulling something," she murmured, and there was a break in her voice. "It isn't fair for him to put things that way."

I read the letter with some curiosity.

"Dear Peggy:—I've made medicine with your Dad. He's my kind to the last foot of film. He introduced me to Buck Summers the night before Buck was hurt and they told me the story of the Summers tragedy. Then your father told about how old Al Summers saved his life back in Montana when they were partners. And Buck—I'm strong for him too.

"Now, Peg, it was only through your father's influence that I was able to buy Angel Face. I had to promise him that you should not ride this wild man-killer, so it's up to you to make good for me."

"It's a queer letter," muttered Peggy. "I don't like the way Scott bring up old times. Looks as if he was trying to prepare me for something."

"That's just what he is doing," I returned. "He's working that propaganda to keep you from riding Angel Face."

Peggy sniffed. "I don't know why I should start using a double. I'm not getting old and feeble. Anyway, what would that old yarn about Summers saving Dad's life have to do with it?"

"I can't imagine," I confessed. "Scott has something up his sleeve. This Summers—who was he?"

"Oh, he was a partner of Dad's up in Montana years before I was born. They drifted apart until a few years ago, when Summers bought a little ranch in the Reed Valley twenty miles from our place. That was about the time I started following the rodeo stuff.

"His boy Buck was wild in those days—nothing vicious—just a reckless dare-devil, always wanting to scare people to death when he was drinking. He shot up saloons, nearly killed a man by accident, and finally got in bad with the sheriff. Old Al worried terribly about Buck and finally decided to sell out and take his boy away. Buck took to the idea and acted as though he wanted to reform,

and they began figuring on a long trip into the big game country. Summers sold his stock to father and leased the ranch. He sold everything except an outlaw horse that nobody in the country could ride except Buck.

"Then, just when they were ready to leave, Buck went on a tear. He went to town, started drinking, and declared to everybody he met that no

father of his could boss him, or make his go hunting if he didn't want to. Next morning his father was found murdered and the outlaw horse was gone—also a thousand dollars that Summers was known to be carrying. Next day the horse was found fifty miles to the south, rode to a frazzle."

"And Buck?"

"He showed up three days afterward and was nearly lynched before Dad could get our boys to town. Buck had been drunk—that was all he knew. He hadn't killed his father and he hadn't ridden that wild horse away. Finally Dad's lawyer patched up enough of an alibi to get Buck free, but a lot of people up there still think that Buck killed his father."

"But if no one else could ride that outlaw?"

"That was what pointed strongest to Buck. He had a bronc-busting reputation, and it was well known that there wasn't another man in the neighborhood who could have made a getaway on that horse. Buck didn't say much along that line, but somehow he gave the impression that he had an idea—possibly he knew of a stranger who had wandered through, or he may have had a hazy remembrance of something he had seen or heard while he was drunk. Anyway the tragedy straightened Buck up. Since then he's spent about all his time hunting for his father's murderer. He's made a business of following the rodeos, and every man in the whole country who makes a pretense of being a bad horse buster gets an inspection call from Buck."

"He must have something to go on," I mused. "Have you seen Buck lately?"

"Seen Buck?" I wondered at her sudden blushing con-

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Fiction Announcement

Screenland has been fortunate in securing the magazine serial rights to George Emmett's latest novel of motion picture life, a story of mystery and love in studio land. The first installment will appear in an early number.

Alias Uncle Wally

By "Poppy"

WHEN I was told one perfectly sane and sunny afternoon, by the editor of Screenland, that I would have to interview Wallace Reid, I felt that the irony of fate had indeed played me a scurvy trick.

"Oh, surely not!" I pleaded, "Why—I—he—Heavens!" My head was in a whirl.

"Your appointment is at three o'clock." The editor smiled easily and I knew that

my doom was sealed. "Wally's building a house, or a garage for his musical instruments, or something—go see about it."

I went. And as I stumbled toward the elevator, a series of pictures danced before me, pictures of a funny little

girl, who once was me, and a fairy Uncle whom the funny little girl called Uncle Wally.

It seemed but a short time ago that I was adopted. My name was Poppy—or so Uncle Wally called me, and I was quite the ugliest little freckle-faced orphan you can imagine—with atrocious red pig-tails and a sun-burned nose to match. It all came about one day after I had gone to a movie, my deep appreciation of which being expressed in audible sobs throughout the performance. For Wally was



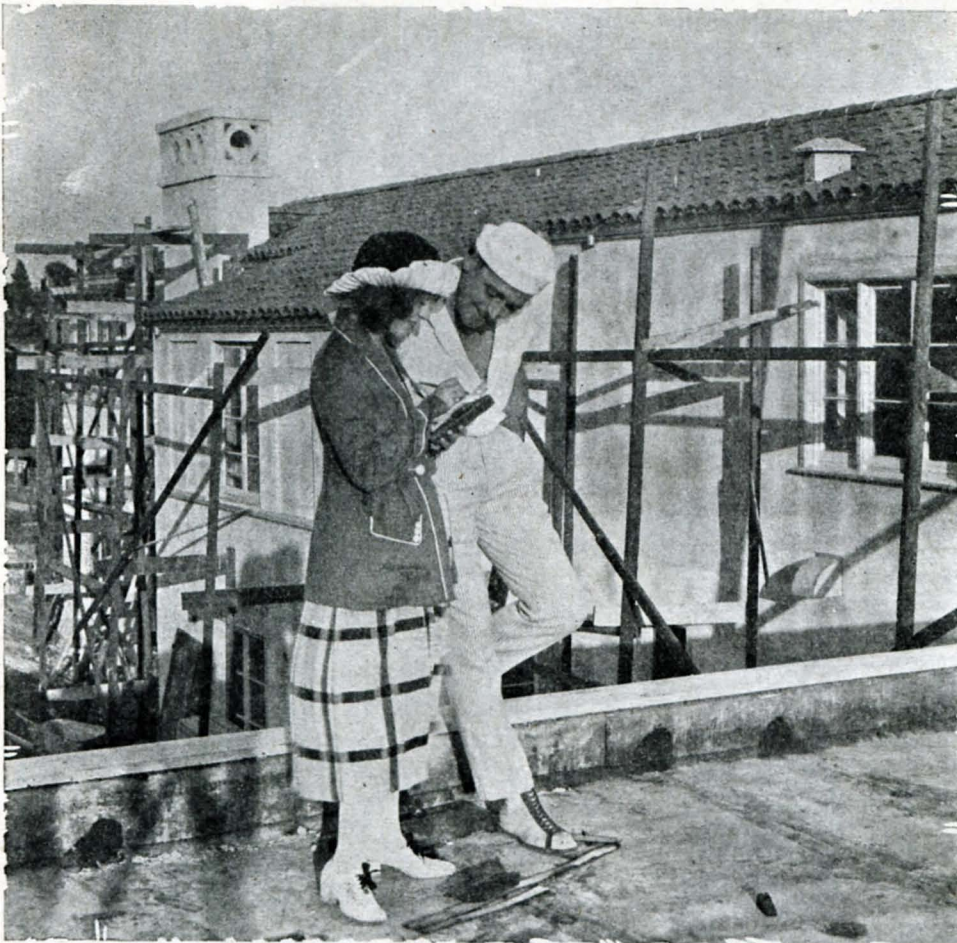
"My heart
was not
hitting
on all
sfc."

playing "tragedies" then, and I saw portrayed by him all the tragedies in the world— orphan included. And somehow I felt that he would hear me if I talked to him—that he would understand the heart of a Poppy that had sprung out of wild soil.

I smiled a little as I hopped into my car and headed for the Lasky Studio—remembering so clearly that blissful day, when I—

of the red pigtailed and blistered nose—actually found myself adopted. My Uncle Wally had expressed a kindly tolerance. It was all that I asked. I belonged to something.

Several years passed in which I hugged that thought to me constantly, though there was with it a strange fear of really meeting my Uncle, mingled with a hunger to see him without being seen.



But I hear you asking me, "Is his nose really as perfect as it looks upon the screen, and has he always that fascinating little trick of raising one eyebrow above the other—and his mouth—is it truly, well, words-can't-express-it?" Yes, every bit of it. And here let the foolish child Poppy confess that she had a perfect passion for his upper lip. She used to argue that some mischievous angel had kissed him on his way to earth.

Vaguely, I became conscious that someone was ordering me to wake him up. Horrors! Think of it! But while I stood petrified—the mere interviewer, clutching my pencil in a death-like grip, I felt that unruly child Poppy tugging away from me—saw her kneeling down beside him, looking hard into her Uncle's face and saying:

"Uncle Wally insists that I write something about the organ."

"Why — it's me, Uncle Wally—jest Poppy. Aint you ever goin' to open your eyes and tell me you're glad to meet your ugly, li'l freckle-faced, pigtailed orphan?"

Then his eyelids began to flicker—

(Continued on Page 45)

And now we come to the "many years later," for on that perfectly sane and sunny afternoon I mentioned, I found myself led up flights of endless stairs, while all the way there was a suspicious thumping against my ribs—suspicious indeed for a thoroughly grown up and supposedly well balanced interviewer bent on business. Outside my Uncle's door I paused long enough to say:

"Be still, oh, fool of a heart!" and then marched in. He was asleep.

Something seemed to happen then, that not even my most illustrious Uncle knows. I became in a twinkling the funny little gawk of a long time ago. I was terrified and at the same time overjoyed. I had my Uncle there to look at—devour, if I pleased—and he couldn't see me.

He was curled up, little boy fashion, his hair a wee bit tousled, and his strong, bared arms falling in repose. I watched his fine chest expand with each breath and noted an odd little contraction in the muscles of one arm. I felt so keenly every detail that it seemed, like Tagore, I could become that upon which my attention was focused.

"If I were an ogre," says Uncle Wally, "I'd bury poor orphans in my swimming pool."



FROM SLAPSTICK TO LEGIT

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle tells how it feels to work in Five Reelers

By Roscoe Arbuckle

TWO-REELERS are a thing of the past with me. Hereafter my energies will be devoted to the making of legitimate five-reel comedies. I am glad I made the change—the truth of the matter is that I would not have made the change had I not felt that way about it.

For one thing, the work I am now doing is easier—easier in that we don't have to worry our heads every moment of the day to get up a new gag or redress one that has been done before. You've no idea what a constant strain this is. Things aren't always funny on the screen that seem excruciatingly so when you put them on paper or think them in your head. On the other hand, perhaps this is counterbalanced by the extreme care that must always be taken even in a comedy that approaches pure farce, not to get altogether outside the realms of possibility. Even in my slapstick pictures, so-called, I tried to make them human. And that this was appreciated by the public is evidenced by the fact that these comedies are still popular.

I believe there's a lot more humor in a situation which has to do with real human beings, than where the characters are burlesqued. There you have to depend largely on the fun of make-up, extravagance of sets, costumes, etc. But the comedy that lasts, be it slapstick or legitimate, must be human and understandable by all classes. If it is true that the spectator usually places himself (or herself) in the position of the hero or heroine of a drama, it is equally so that when somebody in a comedy gets the worst of it every little while, the spectator probably sees his worst enemy in the role and gloats over his misfortunes. If this is true, then the more human the character is, the more realism, and the more realism the more interest on the part of the spectator.

So, in my new five-reel Paramount pictures, I am making every effort to play the parts in a perfectly realistic manner. Perhaps if the situations are a bit overdrawn, I try to make them convincing, just the same.

Of course, in my new pictures, there is the addition of a more sustained plot, a greater number of characters, etc. And all of them are from well-known stories or plays, or originals of the highest order. I have more time to give to the actual details of acting, because I do not now direct, as I used to do.

When all's said and done, it's almost a stand-off; I mean that I did the best I knew how in my two-reelers and really believe that they were creditable productions. I am now doing the same thing—but occasionally I can go home and sleep without dreaming 'gags' and eating them at every meal. So that much of the change is a relief.

I can confidently say that these new pictures will be produced with every possible regard for perfection in

settings, casts, and all else that goes to make good pictures. And I am highly enthused over those completed, including "The Life of the Party," "The Traveling Salesman," and "Brewster's Millions." John Henabery, my director, has the true spirit of comedy mingled with a dramatic instinct of the keenest sort—so that we feel well satisfied with our efforts.

Do I ever regret the days of the custard pie? Well, we had some pretty good times—as well as a lot of mighty hard work. It's a wonder I didn't get thin—thinking so much. Being funny is hard, when you do it as a profession. Of course, I'm naturally a lover of fun and a good



In the old slapstick days.



can bank on, who will stick through thick and thin—thick with me, mostly.

I am satisfied and hope everybody else is satisfied, and that I am on the right track. And I hope the public is going to devour these new five-reelers as a small boy devours jam. They are clean and wholesome, just as my pictures always were. They are made for the whole family—and that's what is needed in these days of the silent drama.

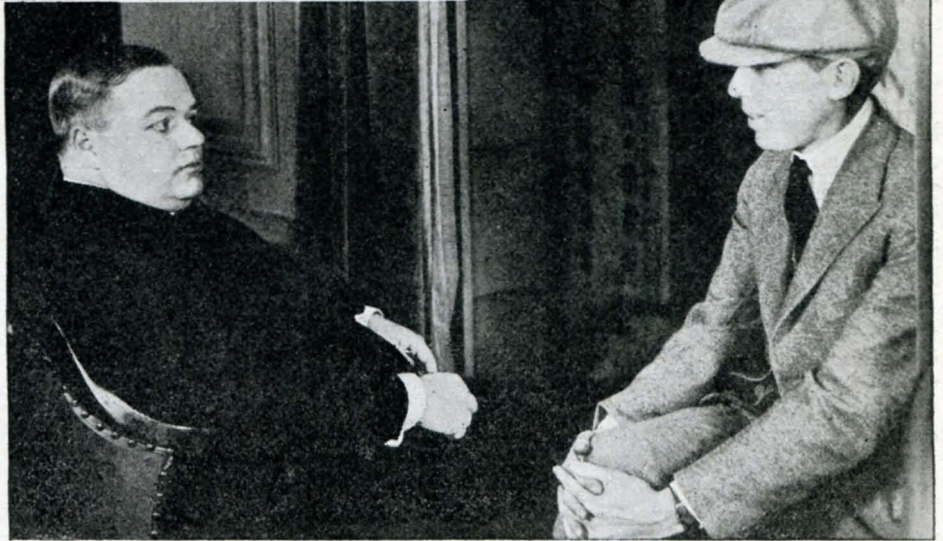
The smile that no longer fears the deadly pic.

deal of it is spontaneous. But believe me, there have been days when I would rather have done anything else than make a comic picture.

On the whole, however, it was mighty fine—when one looks backward. My associates were my friends—many of those I once worked with have altered in their positions, just as I have. But when we do see one another, we're still pals. Friendship is a great thing.

Fatty discusses situations with Director Henabery

Luke, my dog, is still with me. I would not take his weight in gold for that dog. He's one friend I



From the Editor of a Japanese Motion Picture Magazine

Tokio, July 30, 1919.

My Dear Miss Louise Fazenda:

I feel honored to advise you that you are winning the world's praises in Japan, and I congratulate the fact. Indeed your unsmiling way makes us laugh out, and I am very proud to tell you.

Recently we have received from your publicity department a collection of pictures in which I found your charming portraits. It would makes us far happier to have your portraits presented from your own hands with your signature. I found so many times your most fascinating bathing suits' portraits in here and I suppose you will have far more captivating ones in your picture-boxes and I am now begging you representing whole men in Japan.

Would you not favor me by sending your charming close-up portraits for publications? And would you be good enough as to add to that your most enchanting bathing de luxe suits' photographs, tight and so thin? It would make us agonised if you would give us your close-up of your previous suits' portraits which are entirely displaying your most bewitching lines of beauties.

I trust you would favor all of them and I feel most happiness to send you my three kinds of little periodicals when they are finished.

And I remain, I am

Most truly yours, RAY KOICHIRO YASUDA.

AIN'T IT SO?

By Grover Jones

ONCE there was a man who didn't like me, so he helped me get a job on a movie magazine. The editor didn't like me either, apparently, for the first day he sent me out to the studios to get a story about actors, directors, and other people that the lowly press agent makes famous.

Well, to make a long story longer, the first person on my list was Miss Lovey Dovey. Rather keen pleasure I hoped to derive from that interview, for Miss Dovey used to be Sarah Sanders back in my home town, that is, until the movie lure pulled her out of the burg and honey-coated her name.

I found out where she worked through an actor who was sitting next to me on the street car. I knew he was an actor because he wore a leather coat and was constantly brushing back his hair. "Do you happen to know where Miss Lovey Dovey works?" I asked, after I had carefully slapped my pockets to prove I didn't have any money.

"Lovely Dovey!" The actor's slender fingers left his head and found their way to his fur-lined hip. "Well, rawther, old chap. Seeing as to how I just finished playing opposite her in 'Why Women Love Men,' and seeing as to how I took the bloomin' picture away from her, I see no reason why I shouldn't know where she worked. A rather odd thing, too: As we were about ready to do the first scene, the director whispers to me—"

"Wonderful!" I break in. "But where did this all happen?"

"At the Jazbo Studio, you stupid ass. As I was saying—"

I dropped off the car and left his high-artering to the fellow with the dirty neck who sat in front of us.

At the Jazbo Studio I presented my card to a man who looked like he might be the President of a Bank. I discovered he was the Assistant Casting Director. He gave the card to a Vice-President and told me to sit down. I did, but I felt embarrassed sitting on the floor, so I got up again. The Vice-President came back presently and informed me that Miss Lovey Dovey refused to see me, but that I might ask one or two questions on the 'phone.

"She's temperamental as the devil!" was his secret admission to me.

I grabbed a 'phone and soon was talking to Miss Lovey Dovey.

"You will not allow me to interview you, Miss Dovey?"

"It is impossible," she answered. "The room is already full of press agents, and people who came all the way from Marietta, Ohio, just to get my signature."

"All right, Sarah Sanders, then I'm going to write an article about the time you licked Johnny Kelly because he said you were bow-legged."

Well, our interview lasted about two hours and was enjoyed by everyone except Miss Dovey. The idea of someone being from her home town who wrote for magazines didn't exactly please her. Here's what she tried to slip over on me:

She was born in Paris. Ha ha, and again, ha ha! I was born in Paris, too—Paris, Illinois. It's a great town to be from.

Her parents had sent her to a private school. I can't figure for the life of me how her old man made enough

back in the pen to send her to a private school. And he's been there ever since I knew him. Her years of legitimate experience playing opposite Sofkole Burnshard, the round-house tragedian, had made her easily adaptable to the movie art.

"Oh," I says, somewhat taken aback, "then you never worked for Sennett."

"No, I never worked for Sennett!" was the angry retort. "And you keep your trap closed about that bow-leg stuff."

I bowed as I went out, and straightway fell over an oil mop. The oil mop screeched, then bit me. Miss Dovey picked it up with a cry of alarm, and the last I heard was—

"Poor Snooky - ooky - ooky, did that darn fool hurt iddle mommy's baby?"

When I was safely out of sight, I looked in my book and found that the next person on my list was Otto Croke, the master Director of the Sandab Cinema Studio. I called up a Collection Agency and found out where the Sandab Studio was.

I found Mr. Croke playing checkers with his Assistant Camera Man.

"Wonderful!" I breathed to myself. "At last I find a genius who craves company with the lesser lights."

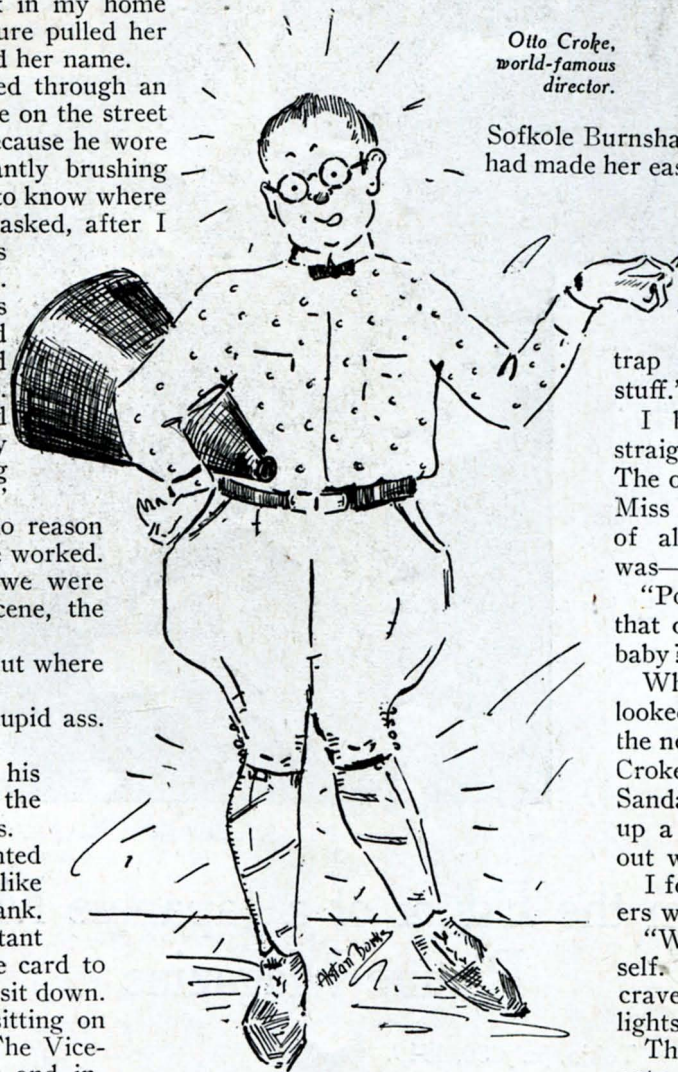
The game stopped and the Assistant made his departure with a snort of disgust. Otto Croke remained seated, apparently in deep thought, his eyes fixed on three dimes that lay on the board.

"Dag-nab-it!" he exclaimed suddenly, wiping a perspiring brow with his long flowing necktie. "I should have played him another game. I'm still ten cents shy of lunch money—"

"Pardon," I says, breaking his soliloquy. "I am a representative of one of the country's leading magazines."

Croke turned on me like a flash. I put up my hands to defend myself but he made no threatening advance. Instead his face went white and he gave a hasty appraisal

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Otto Croke,
world-famous
director.

The Preacher By Faye Paul

from Long Holler

HE was just another little mountaineer dutifully "totin' a turn" of corn to the mill, but his thoughts were far from commonplace that colorful summer morning "down Long Holler" in the Cumberlands. For what lad's meditations are ordinary when ambition to be and to do in the great world outside of home, first sets his little heart throbbing in the trail of youthful imagination? That the details of his attack upon an awaiting universe were surprisingly indefinite, mattered but slightly. He was alive in a regular world, and success would "jus' natchelly" be his.

Consequently it was a bit disturbing to discover himself a very few years later half-heartedly and even rebelliously studying for the ministry in a well-known Southern theological seminary. You see the preacher idea had been purely Mother's and it did seem like a fellow ought to make his mother happy if he could! Only it was tough that when there is but one big chance, it had to come this way.

Of course the end was inevitable, and as is the case in most real stories, the climax of one chapter provided a running start for the next. Raymond Cannon, destined to be a screen hero, escaped from the stately school via a grape vine, or a waterspout, or whatever it is that striplings are wont to employ as a means of departure when they feel the call of the wanderlust; and during the years



The young man who deserted the ministry for pictures, the cabin in which he was born and the old mill referred to in the story

that followed with a "two-a-week" stock company, the young mountaineer knew that he had at least made his final choice.

When pictures called, as they invariably do, Raymond grabbed right on, and he gives much of the credit for his success in juvenile characterizations to the camera schooling which he received while with the old Kay-Bee and Selig outfits in the romantic days of picture pioneering in California.

It was during the filming of "Hearts of the World" that Griffith found the young actor and made a place for him in his stock company. After characterizing several roles under the personal direction of the master, Cannon

was chosen for the lead opposite Dorothy Gish in "Bat-tling Jane," her first picture with her own company.

Here the part of Homer the country boy (he of all the usual trick clothes and embarrassed postures) was a gold mine for the lad from Tennessee.

A scene from "Nugget Nell," in which Cannon played the fascinating city chap to the complete dazzlement of the "littler" Gish





“Casa Tejon”

By J. Stewart Woodhouse

IT'S a long climb to Casa Tejon. It makes six-cylinders snort to make the grade, but once there it is easy to understand how it happened Clarence Badger selected this site for a home. That accounts for the name. The English equivalent is “Badger's Home.”

This beautiful mansion stands on the summit of one of the highest peaks in the Santa Monica range of mountains that skirts the edge of Los Angeles. It is eleven hundred feet above sea level. It catches the invigorating ozone from the pine-combed winds and yet escapes the snow; it basks in the warmth of a semi-tropic sun and is fanned by soothing breezes from the sea. As one looks down on the photoplay metropolis of the world, with its homes for 700,000 people, he is reminded of the philosopher in Carlyle's “Sartor Resartus,” who lived in an attic that he might be alone with the stars. The difference is that Clarence Badger built his home up there that he might be away from the stars. For Badger is a moving picture director for Goldwyn, and he spends his days guiding the dramatic destinies of those famous beings who flit across the silver sheet for the amusement of the picture-loving public. The director must have time and solace to think, and it is here on this mountain top that Mr. Badger schemes out the visualization of the stories he is to transpose to the screen.

But this dreamer of stories is also a material constructor. He has practically built the home by himself. True, he has hired masons, carpenters, electricians, decorators, etc., but all the designs and plans have been laid out by him and Mrs. Badger. While he dreams of preparing stories for the camera he keeps his hands busy.

(Continued on Page 39)



Famous Players



Mary Pickford

Evans



In the old days Neal Hart was a deputy United States
Marshal in Wyoming

Hartsook



Director Irvin V. Willat, once a leading man for
Mary Pickford—ONCE!



Constance and Norma Talmadge

Puffier



Alice Joyce

Barns



Corinne Griffith

Johnston

UNDER THE SKIN

By George Emmett

"GET him just right," suggested Charley Mack, the manager, "and you'll get a real story out of him."

I looked across the dance-hall set at the tall young man lolling against a post. I saw a big hat, a low-hanging six-gun and the customary high boots of the Western actor.

"He had some hard knocks in the desert when he was a kid," said Mr. Mack, as we edged toward the tall man. "Maybe if you'd—er—just speak flippant-like of the dangers of the desert—"

I nodded doubtfully. Maybe I'd get that tall young man to talk of the desert, but the chances were that he'd insist on telling me all about the pictures he'd starred in—and about supporting big actresses.

"Mr. Cuneo," introduced my guide, "here's a man who writes desert stories—"



Lester Cuneo has just signed with Doubleday Productions to make six five-reel Western dramas



In the curling smoke he pictures scenes from an adventurous youth

The tall young man swung round with a jerk. His welcoming smile and his friendly handclasp made me ashamed that I was planning to trick him.

"Then you know the desert," said Cuneo, with the air of speaking to one who understands. "So many of these people have experienced the desert only through location trips—"

That was my cue. "Oh," I remarked carelessly, "they should get stalled in the sand and have to drink the water from their radiator. I had to do that once."

"Yes?" The actor's eyes narrowed, and his lips curled with a hint of scorn. "You must have suffered some—from hunger."

"Oh, we had plenty to eat—and we knew the other car would be along in the morning. But it was a great experience—I know how it seems to go up against the desert."

Mr. Cuneo looked at me and frowned. His eyes swung unseeing across the stage—and came back to my face. The line of his lips drew straight and sharp. His features hardened with determination.

"But if there hadn't been any water in the radiator," he commented, "or if there hadn't been any automobile, or any road, or anything but burning sand for miles—and miles?"

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Between Fights

And the Villain Still Pursues Her

By Neva Gerber

MEASURED in studio feet, it is only a short distance from the top of Mt. Whitney to San Francisco's Chinatown. Merely a fade-out to designate a lapse of time and a fade-in showing Hip One Lung's opium joint with little me strapped to a table, breathlessly watching Mr. Lung sharpening up his trusty blade to carve me from my collar-bone.

Fingers Clutching

"Not Yet!"

Which leads to this question: Why must I always furnish Mr. Lung or Mr. Revenge a motive to go scurrying all over the green earth?

I am doomed to be forever chased by the hated villain — "forever" meaning the first fourteen episodes. Then, in the fifteenth installment, when I am too tired evading the villain of the piece to care much whether he traps me or not, along comes the hero and rescues me — in the nick of time, always.

And it's not only the continual dodging of a detestable male that is hard on my nerves — it's the damage to my good nature and my tailor-made clothing that causes me unexplainable chagrin. Only lately a mustached foreigner stepped up to me and literally tore every stitch of outer clothing from my back. And why? I'll tell you the secret. It's the girls in the audiences themselves who are the unwitting cause of our serial actresses' misery. They don't care how much we suffer as long as they are serene in the knowledge that, somewhere in the miles of film that are coming, a cow-eyed hero is catching up on our little party of hare and hounds. I can hear them whisper, "Oh, Handsome Jack will soon hand Mr. Villain a blow on the solar plexus and take little Neva home with him to his maw and paw."

"Literally tore every stitch from my body."

Sure he will. In the last chapter, when I'm too tired to care who gets me, the villain or the hero.



Bill and Jill

By
Mae Lamont



THE rich may read and nibble figs, But the poor must keep on raising pigs," runs the old Chinese proverb. But in California the poor eat the figs and the rich raise the pigs. Only remotely are the two foregoing sentences connected with William A. Seiter, director, and the wife of his bosom, known professionally as Jill Woodward. "Bill and Jill," as their friends call them, have outgrown the fig stage of their financial development and will soon enter the portals of affluence wherein dwell those wealthy enough to play with a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Will they raise pigs then?

"No!" says Bill.

"No!" says Jill.

Bill loves golf; Jill loves horses, and thus have they compromised, for the mutual welfare of the Seiter menage in St. Francis Court, Hollywood:

Bill will have a private golf course.

Jill will have a stable of thoroughbreds.

That, in effect, is the history of five years of married life of Bill and Jill Seiter. Always a compromise; never wholly agreeing on any one subject, but always giving and taking.

The Seiters claim to be the happiest married couple in Hollywood, and "after five years, too," proudly shouts Bill.

William A. Seiter "bucked the extra list" when he began his motion picture career. It was a hard, uphill fight, states Bill, until he married Jill. Always a modest and unassuming man, Mr. Seiter began to be afraid he would be lost in the shuffle.

Then along came Jill!

Marriage, Bill knew well, was an expensive proposition, especially if the girl was an actress. So then Bill began to hustle harder than ever.

In turn he was prop boy, cashier, assistant director and finally a director. It was a hard school, but Jill was doing the prompting, or rather furnishing the inspiration.

First, Bill directed the late "Smiling Bill" Parsons, then Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in a series of their most successful comedies. Following came two features, "Hearts and Masks," by Harold MacGrath, and Opie Read's "The Kentucky Colonel," both to be released this fall. He is now working on the continuity of another published book, the filming of which will commence some time in November.

"Every picture I make brings the San Fernando ranch nearer," smilingly says Bill Seiter; "then Jill can have all the horses she wants, provided she lets me play golf when we get through feeding the chickens and watering the stock."

"We may raise figs, but no pigs!" adds Jill.



C. NAUGHTON MANN
-L.P.-

"Many are Called, but—"

By Alstan Barke

WHERE do they come from? That was the question I asked myself as I watched the string of anxious-looking people turning in at the Motion Picture Service Bureau. They were bound for the registering office—hours early, a few walking confidently, but most of them wearily. There were others who even approached with a fine swagger and these reminded me of the small boy who whistles in the dark—when there is a bear around every corner.

One little girl in particular caught my eye, which was really quite remarkable considering she was quite the smallest, most demure person I ever saw, and although she was tripping gayly up the steps ahead of me, I knew that way down deep in her heart she was saying to that "bear" around the next corner: "Oh, please don't eat me, Sir, for I'm hardly a mouthful after all."

I followed the little girl into a place that looked like a cross between a small town station and the remains of the palace Brigham Young built for his favorite wife. High solemn ceilings and torn wall paper; a few benches and the registering window, and last, an atmosphere heavy with stale tobacco.

The little girl sat down. I did likewise. And then before me flitted visions of prospective stars—the stuff the stars are made of—the stuff the world is made of—just people. All with very human hearts and many with flat purses, but with one common aim—the movies.

I looked more searchingly about me at the rows of girls who seemed to be catching some of the depression of that air of faint hopes and broken dreams. There they sat, with little, drawn, worried faces lost in an over display of hair, and with that pathetic set expression that comes from waiting—waiting.

Again I had to smile ruthlessly to myself over a few of our future "stars." Here came one all feet and neck and a figure so curveless that I wondered half breathlessly, how she ever kept her clothes from falling, and while the idea of giant safety-pins was still suggesting itself to my mind, I beheld another so plump that the Comedies should have taken her in a minute for a fabulous salary. Jolly and kittenish, she would have been charming beyond words, but alas, there was upon her face the stamp of the tragedy queen and you knew that while she waited, she was rehearsing her favorite lines from Macbeth. You also knew that there would be afforded her considerable opportunity for just that. She would wait—and wait.

Still another face caught my attention and I immediately gathered from the

superior glint in the young lady's eye that her uncle's second cousin had a goat that had acted in movies and that she believed in "getting in on a pull." While somewhere in a corner came the soft, measured breath of sleep—evidently one of the habitues, who had decided ere this, that after all it would be lots nicer to let her head fall on

Jimmie's shoulder and tell him that she never did want to be a movie star anyway—that the "little home" was the place for her.

I next drew a young man near me into conversation. The first thing he said was this: "I get extra work about one day a week, and so that shows if you haven't got nothin' to lay back on there's no use bein' in it. I've just lost every cent I've got—that's all."

He shrugged and pointed to an old man slinking in a far corner of the room.

"There's tragedy for you," he said. "That old fellow used to be an actor and he's still got the bug. Just can't give it up somehow. They think he's dippy around here."

Oh, it appeared so hopeless for a moment, and I asked myself again, where do they come from?

"Pardon me," murmured a serious voice, "when does the registering window open?"

I turned about and it was the very little girl—all eyes it seemed, and such brown ones. I could not resist looking at her a moment before replying. Her voice had struck a new keynote of possibility.

"There will be no more registering until five o'clock this evening," I answered, and then added with frank interest, "Want to get into movies, too?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed, and all at once eager to find a confidant, she settled herself beside me and I knew I had found another story.

"I'm here from New York," she began, "but nobody's noticed me yet. I'm so very small."

"What do you think you would like to do?" It was like putting a match to a 4th of July "sparkler." She was off in a flash.

"Why, act—act! I know I could. These hopeless-looking people around here make me even more determined. I think all you need is pluck and patience. There was a man here yesterday who left in a rage because he had waited just a week without getting any work. He said he was going back to his perfectly good business and the movies could go to the dickens!"

She laughed and so did I. That was the charm of the young lady. There was contagion in everything she did. The first attribute of the star—personality.

"How would you like a chance to be noticed?" I hinted testingly.



The tragedy queen who could not laugh



Yes, that little home would be lots nicer.



The girl with the pull

"Oh-h!" That was the only answer, but it was enough. I took her by the arm and led her out the door.

An hour or so later she was safely past the gate keeper at the Enterprise Studio. Perhaps she crawled out of my pocket—I don't know, but she was there and ready to fight her way alone. And the next thing I heard she was off some place on the "lot" jumping exuberantly into a one-piece bathing suit and getting ready for a comedy test.

She interested me simply because she was one little girl in many. Apropos of her visit, I spoke to the casting director. This is what he told me:

"If a girl is unusually pretty, that is her first asset. If she looks pretty off the screen and can claim the attention of someone in authority, he will arrange to make a test which is for the purpose of photographing qualities; to show the way she walks, how graceful she is, etc.

"There is a great schooling in the comedies, but the work is harder than expected by the applicant and very few succeed. Grace and a good figure are the first requirements. The type wanted is much like that found in the musical comedies, and girls of the same height are selected. Girls above or below the average height can seldom be used."

I went to the Publicity Office for further information.

"Every girl aspiring to success," said the P. A., "must be in perfect physical condition. Otherwise she must not even dream of it; she could not stand the strain. The physical characteristics most necessary are the round legs and arms of the typical French figure, good lung development, and a generous expanse between breast bone and back bone. I can show you flat-chested comedy girls who will never be stars. There is no such thing as a flat-chested star.

"Next, to borrow a word made popular by William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, they've got to have 'guts'! They must be able to take a punch in the stomach without bending double. They must be afraid of neither man, god, nor devil. But here to revert to the subject of physical perfection, very few of the bodily perfect lack courage. Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Pauline Fredericks, May Allison and others, have the courage of lions. The test of courage lies in coming back after being 'rousted by the rough fellows,' and in the maintaining of perfect poise at all times.

"One kind of person the movies is not looking for is the man or woman who asks, 'How much do I get?' In contrast to that class, here is how Tom Mix came into the foreground:

"He took a rope and lassoed a horse's tail while it was running, thereby showing his skill and drawing much laughing attention upon himself. This indicated Tom's ambition to put over something new and from that time on he gained recognition.

"There is still another kind of person who, upon being asked if he can do a certain part, will say, 'I don't know, but I will try.' Novice! No backbone! No guts! A little blustering would almost be better." The P. A. paused and pointed his finger at me for emphasis.

"And only one out of a hundred of these will succeed, mind you!" he said.

I began to wonder about the little girl, wondering how far she would come up to the qualifications I had just heard expounded.

I found her wrapped in a trailing kimono, being escorted by a man who has certain theories about small people who have grit enough to march unannounced into his office—a sort of metaphorical lion's den "where angels fear to tread."

However, outside of ambition there was nothing forward about little Marion. I knew that when I saw her hands trembling and that same "please don't eat me" look creep into her eyes when she was requested to drop her kimono.

Here, I am forced to admit—for the wardrobe was evidently not expecting so small a visitor outside of the juvenile, that most of the bathing suit consisted of a saucy cap perched on the top of her dark hair. If it hadn't been for the flames in her cheeks one would have thought she was only a little French doll.

"Isn't it a—trifle too—something?" she suggested tremulously, but the person who knew a great deal was shouting at the photographer and stills and close-ups were next in order.

"If he sends me back to that place I'll just die," she groaned. "I feel that this is my one chance to make good."

"Your heels together and chin up!" someone commanded, and the test was on in earnest. I watched her, thinking of the countless other girls who had stood, and would stand in her place.

It seemed that Marion was indeed being noticed, doubtless by the sheer force of her own determination—the grit and pluck that are found in that meager per cent of those who succeed. She would leave far behind her the fat woman who couldn't laugh and the thin one of the safety-pins. She would never again have occasion to peer across at the wan faces lining the walls of the agency, nor glance backward at the old men huddled together under the bent tree that adorned the yard. She had the courage of her convictions with the heart of a child. An irresistible combination.

"B-but he says my nose is too big," she whispered awesomely just as I was departing and at the same time I thought I could detect the merest suggestion of a twinkle in the big man's eye.

"That means brains," he assured her.

And I left the little girl still smiling into the camera, but with all the radiance of a new hope.



"Oh, please don't eat me, sir!"



He said the movies could go to the dickens

Cowboys *versus* Preachers

The Los Angeles Advertising Club staged a novel debate the other day. It was a battle of wits in four rounds on the subject, "Resolved That Cowboys Have Contributed More to Civilization Than Preachers." The affirmative was championed by Will Rogers, famous cowboy wit, while the negative was supported by James Whitcomb Brougher, Los Angeles evangelist and humorist.

"I WILL sign no agreement as to these rules—I

For the Cowboys—Will Rogers

won't stick by rules of any kind; didn't know there was a time limit, because no man living could say what he thought of a preacher in ten minutes.

"These preachers have been getting away with a lot of stuff, because their audiences or listeners were either asleep or didn't take enough interest in it to get up and argue against them. When it was over, the audience woke up and went home.

"Now I understand the character of the profession I am to talk against here, and know a little of the character of the opponent I am to go up against, and I want to tell you gentlemen, here is one debate that is going to be on the level. (Mr. Rogers produced a six-shooter, which took its place on the table in front of him.)

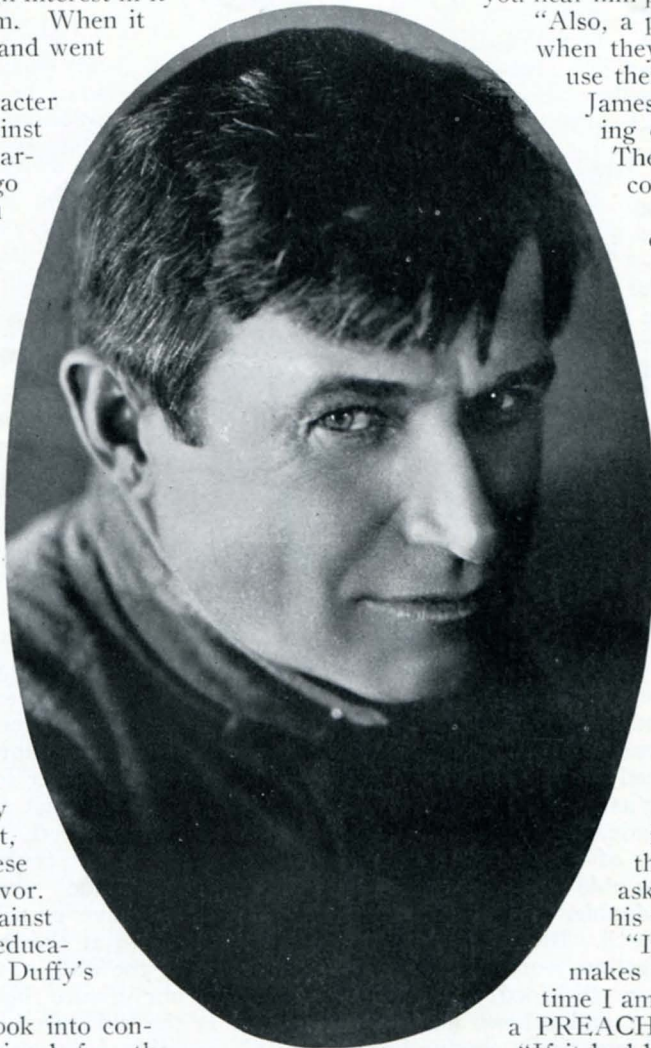
"I want to apologize to all, especially the ladies present, for my appearance here today; with my long, shaggy hair and unkempt appearance—but I am right in the middle of a picture, and in these pictures I try to keep in the character of whatever I might be cast. And the reason I look this way in this picture, is I am doing an up-to-date minister!

"Now, I didn't want to come here today and debate against this gentleman, because, as you all know, he is a very learned man; has read a lot, studied a lot, and has got all these wonderful arguments in his favor. I have no chance going up against him, because I never grazed education but little further than Mac Duffy's 'Fourth Reader.'

"But on the other hand, I took into consideration the fact I was appearing before the Advertising Club, and I thought any grammatical or historical mistakes I made would only be noticed by my opponent.

"He has the advantage of me. In the first place, a very big advantage, and that is that his profession of preaching and advertising are very closely allied.

"But I want to say, gentlemen, that I am not to meet an ordinary member of the profession, but I am going up against the very top notch. This preacher here I claim is the smartest preacher in the whole business; he is their top man. And the reason I know he is the top man—he is the only one who knows enough not to preach in a church, but to preach in a moving picture theater. (Temple Baptist Church, of which Rev. Brougher is pastor, is temporarily housed in Philharmonic Auditorium, where motion pictures are shown during the week.)



"He saw what was coming on, and he got in ahead of them. During

the week they have very sensational pictures at Philharmonic Auditorium, and the posters outside show the beautiful ladies appearing in these pictures. He leaves the billing up over Sunday.

"You go in there expecting to see the show, and you hear him preach.

"Also, a preacher, the first thing they do when they gain a little prominence is to use their middle name—a long thing—James Whitcomb Brougher—treading on the other man's reputation. The great statesman, James Whitcomb Riley, of Illinois.

"Gentlemen, cowboys don't do that. I could do the same thing. I am ordinary Will. I was christened at birth, William Penn Rogers. You can't compare James Whitcomb Riley with William Penn!

"Also, they stole another thing. The minute a man gets to be a preacher in a town of over 10,000, he is a doctor. They stole that from the honorable profession of America, and the preachers are termed with the doctor profession.

"But to get down to the subject, folks. The honored and eminent profession of cowboys needs no word of praise from me. I can't eulogize on anything the cowboys have done. You all know this is the first time in the history of the world a cowboy has ever been asked in any community to defend his profession.

"It is the first time. And what makes it terribly humiliating—the first time I am called on to defend it is against a PREACHER!

"If it had been against a landlord, or bootlegger, or anything else, I would have had to gone out and dug up arguments to bring to you."

The time keeper's bell rang giving a minute's notice.

"Hold on! I ain't got warmed up yet. I'm right after the preachers now.

"Years ago I joined a show in Africa. There is where I got my start in the show business, in South Africa. I was working with my show, through the Zulu country. All the boys who took care of the horses were Zulus, really cowboys, with very fine horses. The Zulu are a people with a very peculiar system. They have a system in Zululand, when a child gets to be of the age of about three years, if that child doesn't show a certain degree of intelligence, they destroy that child. *That is why you never hear of Zulu preachers!*"

“**M**R. CHAIR-
MAN, Hon-
orable Judge,

Timekeeper; Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Rogers—William Penn Rogers.

“I tell you, when a man has to draw a gun, it shows he is short on arguments. All I have been afraid of is that he would carry it in his hip pocket, and it would go off and blow his brains out!

“Well, I remembered in the movie business you don't have to have brains. Now when you preach you have to get up your own sermons, and write and think. But in the movie business, all you have to do is stand there and do antics—swing that lariat of his is about all he does—and it don't take brains to do that.

When I heard of the salary he is making, I asked myself, what is the use of having brains?

“A noted actor said, you know, it took beauty, life and brains to succeed on the stage. I know it doesn't take all of those to succeed as a preacher; it takes life and brains. In the movie business it only takes life.

“Recently, I was at a party. They lined the men up on one side of the room, and the ladies on the other, to play the old game of making faces. A lady came up to Will and said, ‘Oh, you're going to win it!’ He said, ‘Excuse me; I'm not playing!’

“It makes me think of that little couplet I perpetrated on the suffering public:

‘She sipped sweet nectar
from his lips
As under the moon they sat—
I wonder if any other girl
Drank from a mug like that!’

“Somebody said Will Rogers is unique. They were wrong. I looked it up in the Standard Dictionary, and it said the word came from the Latin, unus, one; equus, a horse!

“We don't have to go to the dictionary to find out about civilization. It says that civilization is that “condition of man resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of savage or barbarous life.” The first thing the preachers had to do in advancing civilization was to catch a cowboy and civilize him.

“One had Will in a class, and while they were in the class, the teacher said, ‘We are going to study the epistles. Do you know, Will, what the epistles are?’

“He said, ‘Sure, they are the wives of the apostles!’

“His friend, Jim, said to him, ‘Bill, by golly, you don't know anything about the Bible. I'll bet you couldn't say the Lord's Prayer.’

“Bill started off.

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,

And pray the Lord my soul to keep.’

When he got through, his pal said, ‘By golly, I didn't

For the Preachers—Dr. Brougher

think you knew it.’

“They give a preacher the hardest time in

the world in civilizing them, because, as defined in the Standard Dictionary, a cowboy is a mixture of fun, business and deviltry. And the biggest three-quarters is deviltry.

“Consequently, the preachers have a hard time doing anything with the cowboys.

“When a cowboy really makes up his mind to do anything toward civilization, he gets into the movies, or becomes a preacher.

“Of course, you don't hear much of them when they become preachers, but if they want to get good pay, and are looking after that mainly, they go into the movies.

“Therefore, the cowboy has a chance to stamp some influence on society through the movies. But before the movies came into existence, there was no relationship except that they had to be in civilized places.

“A preacher is supposed to present ideals, and civilization never rises higher than its ideals. Going back into the New Testament, preachers have always been presenting ideals, upon which nations have been founded. They should have a purpose. Bill says he has one, but he never got there.

“It makes me think of the Irishman with the hare. His employer had a rabbit farm, and he picked out a fine Belgian hare, and put it in a box, and told the man to take it to the Express Office and send it to the address, on the afternoon train. The man started down the street and met a friend, who wanted to know what he had in the box. He said, ‘A Belgian hare.’ He picked up the lid, and the hare came out, and up the street he went. The Irishman stood and laughed to see him go. He said, ‘See the little devil go. And he don't know where he's going—I got his address in me pocket.’

“I want to tell you, if Bill couldn't shoot any straighter than he talks on the subject, I'd let him shoot at me all day. His address and subject could be married—they are no kin.

“You have already heard the old story about the negro and the mule. The negro couldn't get the mule to go, when the doctor came along. He took his hypo and gave it a shot of something hot. The mule went streaking up the street. The negro said, ‘Well, Doc, how much am dat stuff worth?’ The doctor replied, ‘Oh, about ten cents.’ ‘Well, Doc, you drop about thirty cents worth in my mouth. I got to catch dat mule.’

“So a preacher should put an ideal in life, inspiration, pep. And today it has been a great pleasure to meet Rogers, and know that his ideals are in harmony with the best and highest and happiest of all people in America.”





Stars Among the Flowers

Mabel Normand

Brilliant Zinnias, dancing, nodding
With your ruffled petals bobbing—
Joining all in merry dance,
Fairy laughter, roguish glance—
Witching moods a-scintillating,
Hues that Fashion's imitating—
Which is flower, which is she—
How tell the Queen of Comedy?

Irene Rich

Through dusky halls she trailed
Her midnight draperies,
Until between the curtain's velvet fold
A moonbeam dared to catch and hold
Her image, so
The Canna's rosy glow
Might kiss her shoulder's tempting snow!

Madge Kennedy

So quiet lie
The roses in her hands—
So pensive are
The dreams within her eyes—
We're curious where her fancies go
Although—
We might surmise!



“Why are Audiences ‘Lost’?”

WHY is it that not a few motion pictures, lavishly staged, perfectly acted and artistically photographed, fail to hold the attention of the spectator?

That is a question that had bothered the writer not a little. Failing to solve the riddle alone and unaided, it became necessary to enlist the aid of specialists. And so Jeanie Macpherson, author of so many Cecil B. De Mille successes, was approached and the subject laid before her in detail.

“How can we lose our audience? Why, there are a multitude of answers to that question,” smiled Miss Macpherson. “I know I should forget to name half of them if I attempted to tell you all the ways in which it is possible to lose an audience. So let’s you and me see Mr. De Mille and get him to add to the list.”

That’s how it happened that we found ourselves in the arched, dimly-lit study of the man who holds the world’s record for avoiding the errors which result in lack of attention on the part of the spectator. And there Cecil B. De Mille, Jeanie Macpherson and the writer discussed ways and means on this matter.

“If I were asked to name the largest and most important reason for this trouble,” said Mr. De Mille, “I would unhesitatingly say, ‘Too many subtitles.’ There are other reasons, some of them important and more or less obvious. But too many subtitles have ruined more continuities than any other one cause.

“The effect of a subtitle is always to jar the spectator just a little out of perfect harmony with the pantomime story,” continued Mr. De Mille. “That doesn’t mean that subtitles should be excluded from the finished photodrama. They—subtitles—have a very definite place. But a super-abundance of them will inevitably result in the loss of the spectator’s attention. Subtly, by stopping the smooth flow of the photoplay, the printed words break the thread of attention which should bind the audience and the picture together.”

“And subtitles must be in ‘key,’” added Miss Macpherson, “even where the number is kept to the required minimum, it is very easy to lose the spectator’s interest by flashing subtitles which are not in perfect harmony with the theme of the story. All too often the title writer makes the mistake of attempting to inject a humorous twist to a serious scene, with the result that the situation falls flat and the audience is ‘lost’.

“There’s another effective way of losing one’s audience,” resumed Mr. De Mille, “and that’s by giving the spectator too much to look at. I don’t mean too much in the way of a story or of acting. I’m referring to the material side of production. Too much furniture; over-elaboration of backgrounds; too much scenery; too much design in wall-paper and so through a dozen other angles of staging.

“The effect on the spectator is decidedly confusing. Facial expressions are completely lost in the super-abundance of detail. The spectator is so busy trying to see

By Alfred D. Wilke

everything on the screen that the vital thing—the fine shadings of the acting—are lost. “Backgrounds should be for effect alone,” continued Mr. De Mille. “Whenever a background assumes more importance than the acting, it has a dangerous effect on the attention of the spectator.



Cecil B. de Mille, famous director, and Jeanie Macpherson, no less famous scenario writer, discuss ways and means

“Costuming likewise has a powerful effect on the spectator. Just as backgrounds must be in harmony with the situation, so clothes must play their part. This is particularly true in the case of the women of the screen. They must wear ‘mood dresses’; the wrong kind of dressing ruins the mood of the scene; the right kind of dressing can do much toward making the scene.”

“Don’t forget the theater music”—this from Miss Macpherson. “Of course that is something over which we have very little control. But it is really very vital. I don’t know why theater managers persist in giving their patrons The Rosary and jazz in about equal quantities without regard to the theme of the picture.

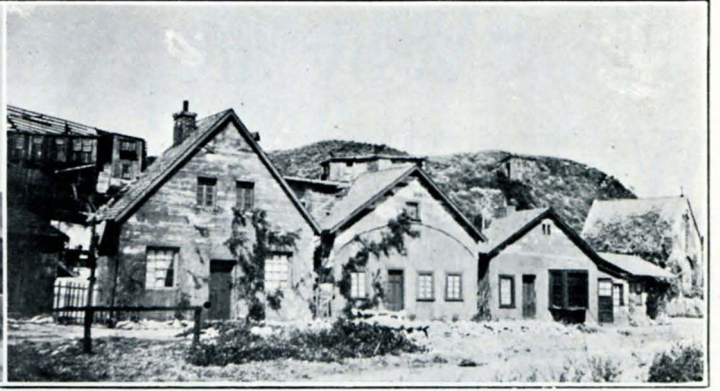
“Does that help to solve your problem?” smiled the famous director. “There are many other reasons, but most of them are trivial and individual; they fit particular instances rather than general occasions.

“Providing you have a well-knit and gripping story, capably directed and acted, with these errors carefully omitted, you will find that the spectator does not lose interest.”

And Cecil B. De Mille, with his record of nearly two score successful photodramas, should know whereof he speaks.



*"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place!"*



*"Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose."*



*"No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled."*

The Deserted Village

By Clara Orwig

Inceville, down on the Santa Monica coast, was one of the first motion picture villages

Sweet Inceville! Liveliest village of the screen
Some years ago! A famous pioneer
In moving pictures once located here,
Directing many a gay and stirring scene,
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed! and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew!
Sweet, smiling village of those picture plays,
Thy charms are vanished in these latter days;
Amidst thy desert walks the sea gull flies
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all!
Now tourists picnic near the mould'ring wall!



*"Low lies the house where nut brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired."*



*"Vain transitory splendor! Could not all
Reprive the tottering mansion from its fall?"*



*"Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn."*

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

By Frank Lloyd

EVERY time I pick up a newspaper or magazine I read an interview or special article telling how difficult it is to know what the public wants. At the risk of appearing egotistical, I am going to fly in the face of all this comment and make the flat assertion that I know what the public wants.

But I shall not attempt to take credit for having discovered the formula. Many people have known it for years. A man who answered to the name of William Shakespeare and lived some three hundred years ago knew it. He put it in five words when he wrote: "The play's the thing." He demonstrated that he believed in this principle by the plays that he wrote.

If you can put into your photoplay LAUGHS, or THRILLS, or TEARS, you can rest assured what the attitude of the public will be. If you can combine all of these, the dear public will make a beaten path to your door. And what is more (if you are director, actor or author) you will have the infinite satisfaction of having entertained thousands of people.

The public wants good drama and clean comedy. When I say good drama I mean drama that springs from the natural impulses of the human mind and heart. These impulses are not new. Nay, they are as old as the beginning of time, but we can give them new twists, new environments, new developments.

If a new director should come to me and ask advice, I should tell him to concentrate with all his energy and skill on his story.

"Get the threads of your yarn in your hands and follow them through straight to the end," I should tell him. "Do not drag in anything that will not help your story along. Spectacle is all right if you must have it, but never let it be anything more than a background to your main purpose—the development of your plot.

"Laughs? I should say we do want them. But never drag in some extraneous situation, for 'though it makes the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.'" (That man Shakespeare beat me to a lot of wisdom.)

Novelties and tricks are all right, but they are like the chaff which the wind bloweth away. The things which abide with us are the things which spring right out of human life.

By all means, get as artistic effects as possible by lighting and by skillful use of the camera, but subordinate these effects to the development of the drama. Make them contribute something to the development of the story. I have seen good plays marred by the importance given to mechanical devices. People are so much more

interesting than things, and there is more room for exploration in the human heart than there is in the

African jungle.

In an effort to keep my photoplays natural and true to



human life, I strive to make my actors understand every emotion before we commence to film the play. It may strike you as a surprise to know that I seldom rehearse my company before "shooting" the scene. I explain to them minutely the thought to be conveyed and I sometimes go through the scene myself, but I have a fear of making them mechanical by too much rehearsing. Of course, this method can be followed only when one is directing capable, experienced actors. Each scene is

(Continued on Page 36)

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE

A SHARP turn in the road, a crunching of gravel, and Ardita Farnam brought her roadster to an abrupt stop to avoid running down two rough individuals who barred the way.

An instant later they solved the mystery of their presence by springing on the running board and grasping the arms of the astounded girl.

"Well?" she demanded, without the slightest trace of fear.

"Just keep quiet and we'll show you," came the reply from a gruff voice.

Whereupon expert fingers rifled her bag and removed the rings from her fingers. A brooch at her throat was going the same route when there came an unexpected interruption.

Story version written for Screenland with the permission of Metro Productions

By Ralph H. Leek

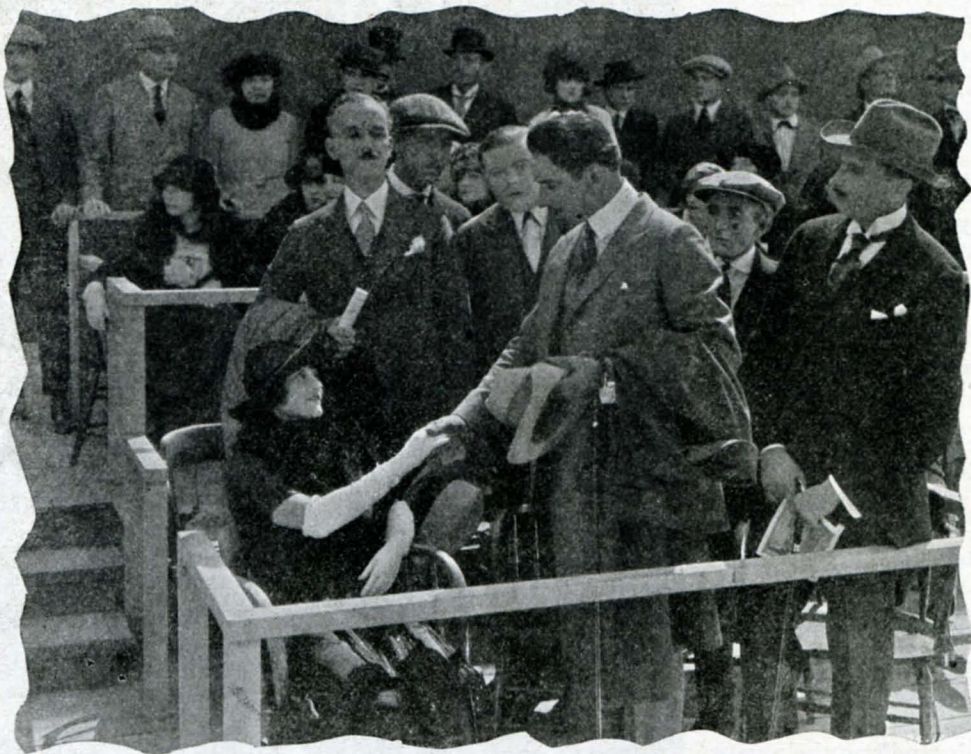
"You—you were simply wonderful," she began. "I don't know how to thank you. Please let me—"

But the stranger cut her halting speech short with another of his half-amused smiles.

"It's of little consequence," he said, with a wave of his hand. "I am glad to have been of service."

A moment later he was swinging away into the woods without so much as a glance at the girl. It was a new experience for the beautiful Ardita. Seldom did a man miss an opportunity to bask in her smiles. For a moment she as tempted to lose patience with her handsome rescuer. Then, starting her car, she continued down the road after one lingering glance toward the place where the tall figure had disappeared.

Unfortunately, Ardita's eyes could not penetrate the



The notorious Nevkova was brought to her box, presented, and placed in the seat none too gracefully vacated by a member of the Ardita Suitors' Club

The figure of a tall man lunged from the side of the road. One burly intruder was hurled to the ground, while the other suffered a staggering jolt on the jaw of the sort that removes the fight from the most belligerent individual. Then, while the strangers sought safety in the shadows that skirted the road, the unidentified rescuer made a more leisurely search for the baubles that had aroused their cupidity, restored them to their speechless owner, and touched his hat just as he might have done had he been returning a lost handkerchief to a pedestrian.

For the first time, Ardita was given an opportunity to note the dark eyes and handsome face of the stranger. A slight smile played about his mouth. Amusement rather than admiration seemed to have prompted the curl of his lips. Somehow, the usually self-possessed Ardita was less composed in the presence of this cool individual than while the rough hands of her assailants were seeking out her valuables.

darkness of the woods. Otherwise she would have witnessed a far more interesting phase of the little episode than any that had occurred in her presence.

For the two thugs, far from fearing the heroic rescuer of their victim, were calmly awaiting his arrival. And, instead of laying in ambush for him, they greeted him with smiles.

"That was a rather nasty cut you handed me on the bezer," said the stockier of the two.

"Yes, but you're getting well paid for it," came the reply.

Saying which the heroic rescuer delved deep into a trousers pocket, drew out a thick roll of bills and divided them between his two strange associates. Having completed this transaction, he strode away with as little show of interest in them as he had indicated for the beautiful Ardita.

Meanwhile, Ardita was speeding onward, paying more attention to her thoughts of the new variety of male that

appeared on her horizon than the steering wheel. For Ardita's young life thus far had consisted of just one proposal after another. It wasn't simply that she was young, beautiful and the possessor of a piquant personality. But she was a Farnam—the Santa Barbara Farnams—and as such, a person of importance. Some day she would have the sole right to dispose of the Farnam possessions. So it is easy to see why there were so many who thought she needed a strong man to look after her—and her millions!

Days passed and Ardita neither saw nor heard from the handsome hero of her woodland adventure. Then came the opening of the polo season at Coronado, with its gathering of the cream of Southern California's upper social circles.

The slightly bored girl was seated in her box, surrounded by the customary swarm of suitors, when she suddenly showed a new interest in life. Seated in an adjoining box, seemingly alone, sat her hero. Ardita leaned forward and smiled.



"What about this Ivan Nevkova?" he blurted out

"I'm sure you are making a mistake, Ardita," whispered a youth at the girl's elbow. "You don't know that man—you couldn't. That's Ivan Nevkova—the notorious Ivan—the least said the better."

All of which shows how young the boy was, how little he knew of women generally, and this one specifically.

"But I do want to know him," replied Ardita. "Please introduce him. He interests me."

The task was far from his liking, but Ardita usually had her way. So the notorious Nevkova was brought to her box, presented, and placed in a seat none too gracefully vacated by a member of the Ardita Suitors' Club.

This time Nevkova wasn't so sparing with his smiles. When Ardita told him that she had been seeking an opportunity to speak to him—to thank him for his generous action in his behalf—he belittled his own deeds and deftly switched the subject to something that seemed to occupy a more important place in his mind. So successful was he in his choice of subjects that Ardita found herself held in his spell—held until all the other members of her party had grown tired and had abandoned her to her new favorite.

As for Ardita—well, she was sure that she had discovered what that thing called love actually was.

Ivan lost no time in convincing her that she was right in this belief. Just as he had routed all competitors conversationally while at the polo game, he proved that he could be equally persuasive when armed with a pen. Each morning found one of his characteristic scrawls in Ardita's mail.

Ardita, who permitted herself to be bored by her luxurious yacht as much as by any of her other toys, was seated in the cabin, deeply engrossed with an unusually fervid appeal from Ivan, when she was interrupted by her uncle.

Uncle John, by the way, was one of those whimsical men of ample wealth, girth and appetite, who permit themselves one hobby. Ardita was Uncle John's hobby.

(Continued on Page 40)



Whereupon she sauntered over to the wheel and began to manipulate it to the extent of her knowledge of things nautical

But the stranger either failed to see her, or did not recognize the beneficiary of his heroism. At any rate, not a flicker of a smile passed over his face.

"A BOOKWORM ON THE SCREEN"

By Myron Zobel

WITH the arrival of Bernard Shaw into the fold it certainly looks as if the motion picture industry might be about to take a step out of its much-heralded 'infancy'—and the words of its ancient soothsayers be fulfilled.

For the past year these people whose business it is to "explain" the motion picture industry and who give regular interviews to the papers for that purpose have been explaining to us that the Producers, Actors, and Directors have had their turn, and that the time for the Writer of the screen is at hand. It has been duly impressed upon us that the Film Powers That Be have come to look upon the Story not as a "vehicle" for some favorite star—but as an end in itself.

As a matter of fact this is not true. The starring system still flourishes in nine-tenths of the studios and in the other tenth the Director-General system holds despotic sway.

And now, Enter: George Bernard Shaw.

The purchase by Lasky Famous-Players Corporation of the rights to "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION"—one of Shaw's early novels—may prove the very impetus so long awaited. It may boost the industry out of its infancy—also it may help it along on the way to its dotage.

At any rate the effects are bound to be startling. Shaw has never put his hand to anything that did not turn out startling.

And Shaw is going to put his hand to the picturization of "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION." There is a clause written into the contract to that effect—that the working script of the production is to be by the hand of G. B. S. himself.

Shaw has held out a long time against the lure of Pictures—and he is determined, no doubt, that now they shall meet him at least half-way.

Donald Crisp has already sailed for Europe to supervise the production in Lasky's London studios and will probably arrive to find Shaw ready for him with a script of some three hundred pages—completely equipped with "stage-business" and an Explanatory Preface.

Anyhow, the fight between Author and Producer will take place this time on the Author's home ground. "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION," be it remembered, is a fighting picture straight through—with a "pug" for its hero. It is rumored that Donald may play the stellar role himself. Now, Mr. Shaw has some reputation for a scrapper, too, and some of the "shots" ought to prove interesting.

In any case Mr. Crisp will do doubt have his hands full managing Mr. Shaw. And there is one of us who would not be surprised to see Mr. Shaw end—as he usually does—by managing his manager and turning up something bright and new for the infant industry.

The Preacher from Long Holler

(Continued from Page 15)

Homer was developed along realistic lines, and Homer went over big. He, in fact, made possible the well-remembered characters enacted later by Mr. Cannon with the little comedienne.

Oddly enough no two of these roles, which appeared in "Nugget Nell," "Nobody Home," "Turning the Tables," etc., were of the same type. It was this work with Miss Gish that attracted the attention of the critics and won for him a place in the front ranks, as an exceptionally versatile screen juvenile.

Now the young man who made his chance is playing opposite Bessie Love in A. J. Callaghan's adaptation of "Penny of Top Hill Trail." His next release will be "Some Chickens," an Ince production. About his plans for the future, Mr. Cannon says: "I shall never be entirely satisfied until I am in a position to produce mountain pictures of my own South as I know it and love it. When I can embody in a characterization all the sympathies, ambitions, thrills and heart throbs of the backwoods boy as I know him so well, surrounded by his native atmosphere, which has never yet been consistently picturized, then will I experience a gratification that it is impossible to express. My country deserves a little better treatment than it has received from the cinema, and some day soon I shall help it come into its own."

The amateur palmist looked long and earnestly at the hand of Buster Keaton, Metro comedy film star, and then, looking up at the comedian, said:

"I see by your hand that you are to become a millionaire. And also that you will be married when you are twenty-seven, and by thirty will be the proud father of two children."

"That's perfectly extraordinary," Buster replied. "How can you know all of that?"

"By long study of the science," was the reply.

"But surely the lines of my hand cannot tell you. F'instance, which line is responsible for that?"

"That one," said the palmist, pointing to a distinct, heavy line in his right hand.

"Oh, I see; but that isn't a line put there by nature—it's a splinter!"

What The Public Wants

(Continued from Page 33)

photographed several times, but three times out of four I use the first one.

Some producers have the idea that the public is shy on gray matter and for that reason it is not profitable to produce good pictures. That is the silliest error that ever addled a human brain.

If you produce a photoplay with laughs, thrills or tears—or a combination of them—it will be a good photoplay and the public will like it. And I am just vain enough to wager that every reader of this article will say that I know what he or she wants. Put all these hes and shes together and you have what is known as the public.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Goldwyn recently announced that the future productions of Director Frank Lloyd, starting with Leo Ditrichstein's comedy, "The Great Lover," will be featured as Frank Lloyd Productions. Mr. Lloyd's first Goldwyn picture was "The World and Its Woman," starring Geraldine Farrar. He also directed the Goldwyn-Rex Beach production of Mr. Beach's story, "The Silver Horde." His production of "Madame X," starring Pauline Frederick, is one of the season's sensational successes. Other Goldwyn pictures which he has supervised are Pinero's "The Loves of Letty," "The Woman in Room 13," and "Roads of Destiny," based on Channing Pollock's stage adaptation of O. Henry's short story of the same name. "The Tale of Two Cities" and "Les Miserables," made before he signed with Goldwyn, were also notable productions.)

America's Own Art

By Roy L. Manker

CRITICS and historians have always lamented that this "land of the brave and free"

has no art it can really call its own. Greece had its sculpture, they say, and Rome its architecture, Italy its painting, France its drama and England its literature—but what had America?



Today the reply is known: America has given birth to the photodrama.

From China to South America millions throng to see the American motion picture. This is an artistic form of expression which is easily understood by Tartar and Latin, by Teuton and Hindoo, and is popular among all classes, rich and poor, cultured and unlettered. It is universal, not only in the sense that it can reproduce the same drama at once in a million places, but it can preserve the artistic charm of a masterful performance for the length of eternity. Booth, Jefferson and Garrick are "poor players who strut their hours upon the stage and are heard no more," but John Barrymore and Nazimova will act for the edification of future generations long after their mortal hours are over.

The American photodrama is universal in a larger and broader sense, too, inasmuch as it commands all the intricacies of the other arts. The cinematographic camera must reproduce dramatic action in a visual way. This means that it must portray a series of thrilling and beautiful pictures hung on a thread of continuity which makes their relations intelligible to the human mind. Here the arts of the painter and the dramatic merge in a subtle technique which is in a degree the crowning triumph of both. It required the genius of an Edison to conceive the mechanism of this new art, and it requires the genius of a De Mille, or of an Ince, to extract from this intricate mechanism all its art-blending possibilities.

The cultural development of this new art is similar to the story of all other arts. There was a time when playwriting could be learned only on the stage—when Shakespeare was a "supernumerary." And later the study of the drama was standardized at Cambridge and Oxford for the intellectual youth of England. So it was when young painters in France apprenticed themselves to the *ateliers* of reigning artists, before an *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris made the study of art-lore an open field to all persons of artistic promise and ambition.

So in America was the photodrama during its cradle-period an esoteric chimera, the secrets of which were shared by only a few persons who gained fabulous rewards. Time has since established the truth. Losses in the motion-picture industry have been as great as the famed fortunes. Speculation has given place to stabilized investment. Today huge syndicates of Wall Street and British capital control motion-picture studios in New York and Los Angeles. The "secrets of photoplay writing" are now an open science, as classic as any academic study of short-story construction, of novel technique, or playwriting.

Columbia and University of Chicago have recently established regular instructorships in photoplaywriting; and the leading motion-picture producers and directors in Los Angeles have helped to establish a national photo-

play school for the thorough training of writers to whom university instruction is unavailable or inadequate.

That there is a popular "genius" in the American temperament for photoplaywriting is evinced by the remarkable experience of this Los Angeles institution. Frederick Palmer, the well-known scenario writer, who is at the head of this national institution, was recently authority for the statement that nine-tenths of the students following the Los Angeles course of study were persons of no previous literary training. And strange to say, a surprising number of these tyros have been successful in producing scenarios that meet with instant acclaim by the Los Angeles producers.

Such a phenomenon is unparalleled in the annals of any other art. Painting requires a life-time of study; novel-writing demands years of painstaking application. But the American art of photoplaywriting seems to be a spontaneous gift of the American mind—just as syncopated music is a natural burst of expression from the soul of the negro.

Mr. Palmer's discovery has met the recognition of the Los Angeles motion picture industry, and today the leading producers and directors have joined him in a combing search of the American public for latent photoplaywrights whose talents are as rough diamonds glittering unseen. This prodigious task has warranted the hire of a large staff of experts. With the hearty co-operation of such masters of the photoplay art as Cecil B. DeMille, Thomas H. Ince, Lois Weber and Rob Wagner, the Los Angeles authority, Palmer, has been able to make the talents of dozens of unknown writers available for the screen. His efforts have been ably seconded by a number of prominent motion-picture men and women attracted to his effort—people like Jeanie MacPherson, Clarence Badger, Denison Clift and Kate Corbaley. Together with Palmer they agree that the genius for the photoplay is so inbred in the American soul that it requires only a little encouragement, a little training, to nurture this profitable talent in the average American, man or woman.

Strange, the ways of art; and the soul of man! A great writer once said: "Every Frenchman you meet is a born dramatist"; and well might he say likewise of the American—"every American you meet is a born photoplaywright." For that sense of the thrilling, of the melodramatic, of the mingled forms of emotion, is the instinctive possession of the American whose temperamental origin lies in all climes and all arts.

Jack Coogan, better known to us as "Jackie," who enacted the title role in "The Kid," Charlie Chaplin's latest film, is to be featured in a revised edition of "Peck's Bad Boy."

Mr. Chaplin claims to have discovered "Jackie" Coogan about a year ago when he came upon the little fellow standing in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan. The Coogans were touring the Orpheum Circuit, but Mr. Chaplin, after talking a few minutes with Jackie, arranged to have the vaudeville tour cancelled and the name of young Jack Coogan placed on his salary list. That was a year ago.

Work will start on the "Peck's Bad Boy" production about October 15th. Space has been leased in the Louis B. Mayer studios. Nat Watt, who has directed many feature productions, will have complete charge of the megaphone in the Coogan feature.

STUDIO ANTHOLOGY

By Jack Hoxie

The Mob—Aside from personalities a mob of extras offers an interesting study. Take to inspecting the badges and ribbons in the button-holes of the men in the average pick-up extra crowd. It is worth the effort. One day not long ago I gave fifty old men the once-over. Three wore the red rosette of the French Legion of Honor, six were Odd Fellows, one belonged to the Carpenters Union, twenty had the G. A. R. bronze circle on their right lapels, two were Confederate veterans, twelve belonged to some lodge unknown to me and one old geezer with a big moustache sported the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross. But they all belonged; all but those without any insignia. I felt sorry for them.

Maggie Muller — The ordinary girl breaks into the movies because she thinks she is good looking, or can act like Mrs. Fiske. But Maggie Muller was different. She broke in with her dog, Theodore, who does everything but talk. Maggie says all girls with a screen hankering should train a dog.

Pop—Pop is the gateman with an iron heart. Nobody dares to come on the lot without Pop's permission. Pop asked the

boss for more money the other day, so the boss gave him a deputy sheriff's badge—all bright and shiny. Now anybody can get by Pop; he's too busy polishing his new badge.

Kewpie O'Day—One of the oldest humans in pictures is Kewpie O'Day. He's fat, forty and faultless in his manners. He's a comedian and funny enough except when he starts to recite Shakespeare, then he's a riot. Too bad the screen is silent.

"Scribbles" Martin—Writing scenarios is one thing and having blue-blooded ancestors is another. They don't mix. Nowhere but in the heart of "Scribbles" Martin, the lanky Englishman whose folks fought against Cromwell. We all feel sorry for Martin because with all his education, good breeding and titled ancestors, Martin can't go back to England. Something he's done, I guess. But Martin makes enough money to play cricket, wears spats, squints through a monocle and always carries a raincoat. They say he has a British flag draped over his desk in his little private room, but I can't swear to that.



Aint It So

(Continued from Page 14)

of his clothes. Before I could tell him I wasn't taking subscriptions, he had disappeared into the next room. Five minutes passed and still I made no motion to take down my guard.

Then out came Croke. But, gosh, what a difference! A pair of shiny puttees encased his legs, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles covered the upper part of his face, and he carried a huge megaphone in his right hand.

"I am Otto Croke. You wish to speak to me?"

"Certainly," I answered, taking down my guard and shifting it to my watch pocket. "I was sent here to find out how pictures are made."

"It is a known fact," began the director, "that I have led the world in picture perfectness. No other man has attained such a height as I. No other man seems able to breathe a living soul into his screen dramas as I have done. No other—"

"But how are they made?" I shoved my Adam's apple down to its normal position and asked the question at the same time.

"The wonderful criticisms from the world's criterions on my last play, 'Parasites Lost,' will make my name a revered thing in history. The—how are they made! My dear sir, you have asked a very crude question at a most inopportune moment, but because you represent the press, I will try to answer you. Now let me think."

He put his hands into the megaphone and began to think. Suddenly he thought a think.

"Ah, yes, I have it! The first requisite is film. That is it—film. We must have film."

I smiled with genuine pleasure. Why not when I was to learn how pictures are made.

"Then there is something else," he continued—"something else. Hm-m. I had it on my tongue just a second ago."

"Don't you have to have something to put the film in?" I ventured recklessly.

"That's it!" he shouted gleefully. "Of course we do. A camera—a motion picture camera. How stupid of me not to have thought of it." Then he gave me a look of suspicion. "I thought you said you were ignorant of the game."

"I am, so help me Hannah. I just guessed." He smiled his belief.

"Then, naturally, we must have a cameraman. The cameraman must have an assistant and the assistant must have an assistant. I must have an assistant and my assistant must have an assistant. The property man must have an assistant and he, in turn, must have an assistant who—"

"But how about the story?"

"The story?" Croke looked at me queerly. "My dear man, I never work from a story. Have I not plenty of film, and does not the New York office send me plenty of money to spend. Why waste my time on a story?"

"But I don't understand," I said weakly. "Without a story, how do you know what you are doing?"

"I leave that to the cutter."

"Well, pray tell me, what is the theme of your present picture?"

"That I cannot tell you—just yet," answered Otto Croke. "You see, I have shot ninety thousand feet of film so far but my cutter tells me he must have at least ninety thousand feet more before he can make anything out of it."

I thanked him and left. By the time I reached the street the thought came to me that he had forgotten to mention actors in the list of necessities. I went back. I found him playing checkers with the gateman. He was just gathering in another dime. I did not disturb him.

The next morning I began hammering my antiquated typewriter. I typed as I felt, and sometimes I feel like telling the truth. This was one of the sometimes. When the article was finished I presented it to the editor. He read it, then he threw me into the street. I waited for my hat. It followed presently. On its broken brim was pinned a note. It read:

YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH
AND GET BY IN THE MOVIES.

"Casa Tejon"

(Continued from Page 16)

The landscaping is all his own. Much of the stone retaining walls are of his construction, and practically all the upkeep, such as cutting shrubbery and grass, has fallen as his own physical duty.

When one sees this vision of loveliness against the sky and looks back at the panorama of nature's wonders through the mountain ranges, he is inclined to ask, "How could he do it?"

The answer is that he was educated for an artist, going through the Boston Art School, where his father had placed him. Following that, he went into newspaper work, wrote on numerous journals, and was at one time on the Youth's Companion. He entered the moving picture field as a scenarist in 1913. He wrote for the old Keystone; then, in 1915, the blood of the father asserted itself and he started as director, for his father was an actor and was first manager of the Bush Street Theater, Chicago. It is an interesting fact that at that time David Warfield was an usher in that same playhouse. Mr. Badger has a keen sense of humor, and has made a great success directing comedy. So when he signed a contract with Goldwyn, his genius was directed in that vein. He has produced pictures with Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand and Will Rogers. He is at present directing the latter star.

It is said every man has his hobby. Mr. Badger's is a beautiful home. He has been building his mountainside chalet for over three years, and now it is finished he devotes many hours to beautifying the grounds. The rooms within are cheerful and inviting, with many artistic touches that give credit to Mr. Badger's charming wife. There are sunny nooks and a big library that discloses by the well-thumbed volumes that the owner is a lover of Stevenson and Balzac. Outside the windows are wondrous rose vines and climbing bougainvillea. Down the mountainside are majestic pines and eucalyptus. Ripening pomegranates give an artistic touch, and on the sprawling fig trees the fruit turns deep purple under the kisses of the winter sun. In seeking this home on the mountain top Clarence Badger may not have been trying to build another Tower of Babel, but he surely has reached at least a little bit of heaven.

WHAT THEY'RE DOING

ALICE JOYCE is working on the final scenes for "Cousin Kate," her forthcoming Vitagraph special production. Immediately upon the completion of "Cousin Kate" Miss Joyce will begin active work on "Her Lord and Master," based on the famous stage success by Martha Morton, in which Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon appeared as co-stars. Mrs. Sidney Drew is directing the picture for Miss Joyce.

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Neal Hart is finishing the second of his series of Western dramas for the Pinnacle Productions. It is a Northwest mounted police story and is titled "Sky-fire."

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Mabel Normand is spending a vacation in New York.

* * *

Bebe Daniels is supported in her newest Realart production by Gertrude Short, Helen Raymond, Herbert Standing, Zelah Covington, Ruth Renick and Milla Davenport, with Emory Johnson in the male lead.

* * *

Wanda Hawley has completed her latest Realart feature, temporarily titled "Her First Elopement," and will rest for a week.

* * *

King Vidor has just returned from a location hunt in the Santa Cruz mountains, preparatory to filming Ralph Connor's novel of the Canadian foothills, "The Sky Pilot." Three other staff members left at the same time, each going in a different direction, with the result that reports and photos have been turned in from the northern to the southern border of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Wallace Beery will play an important part in the French episode of the Metro all-star production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Mr. Beery has been engaged for the part of Lieut-Col. von Richthofen, the fictitious German commander in Vicente

* * *

Joe Ryan is now at Campo, Calif., working on his new serial, "The Purple Riders," which will be a typical Western story.

* * *

Mason N. Litson has started taking "The Little Saw," the ninth of the Booth Tarkington Edgar series.

* * *

Antonio Moreno, who is to forego serials and star in Vitagraph feature productions, has finished the final chapter of "The Veiled Mystery," his latest serial. He will spend three or four weeks reading scripts before definitely deciding on his first production as a feature star.

* * *

William D. Taylor is finishing his latest Realart Special, "The Witching Hour." To be ready for an early release Mr. Taylor has cut the picture from day to day.

Blasco Ibanez' famous story, which is now being filmed at the Metro studio under the direction of Rex Ingram.

* * *

Not only is Fred J. Balshofer planning to lease space from his rapidly growing studios on Gordon street, but in all probability he will be engaged there himself in making his own productions.

* * *

Clarence Badger is now selecting exterior locations for his next picture, "Boys Will Be Boys," the Irvin Cobb story that has been adapted for the screen.

* * *

Jimmy Aubrey has just finished another Vitagraph comedy which will be called "The Back Yard." The title indicates the nature of the story. It will follow "The Trouble Hunter."

William Robert Daly is cast in the character part of Joe Pelot in Irvin V. Willat's first independent production, "Down Home," to be released by W. W. Hodkinson Corporation. Mr. Daly grew his own beard for the part, but, with seven weeks' growth of "alfalfa" to tickle his chin, Mr. Willat has found it necessary to have him watched whenever he strolls too dangerously near a barber-shop door.

* * *

May Allison will next appear in "Are Wives to Blame?" a screen version of Ben Ames Williams' latest story of city life.

* * *

Lois Weber's first picture of the current series will be released December 19th. The title is, "To Please One Woman."

* * *

Harry Carey and his director, Val Paul, have just returned to Universal City from their second location trip to Jerome, Arizona, where they went to retake scenes in the big United Verde mine. The current picture is "West Is West," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

* * *

Eddie Polo, the serial thrill artist, has just completed the ninth episode of "The King of the Circus," a story based upon Mr. Polo's adventurous life under the big top.

* * *

Elmo Lincoln is approaching the closing episodes of his daredevil serial, "The Flaming Disk," directed by Robert Hill. Louise Lorraine is his leading lady.

* * *

Hoot Gibson has started another of his comedy-trimmed westerns, entitled "Marryin' Marion." His leading lady in this picture is Gertrude Olmstead, the little beauty from Chicago, who recently was elected Queen of the Elks.

* * *

Thompson Buchanan, associate editor of Goldwyn's and author of the well-known stage success, "Civilian Clothes," has just sold to the Goldwyn company the picture rights to his latest drama, "The Bridal Path."

* * *

Fatty Arbuckle is still at work on "Brewster's Millions."

* * *

Alexander Pantages, head of the Pantages Circuit, has just completed the construction in Los Angeles of one of the finest theaters in the West. In addition to the sixty-odd theaters in the United States and Canada which Mr. Pantages owns or leases, this energetic pioneer is now erecting new Pantages theaters in Salt Lake City, Memphis, Kansas City, Fort Worth and New Orleans.

* * *

Kathleen Kirkham, who has one of the leading roles in "The Sky Pilot," now being filmed by the King Vidor company, left for Truckee with the company, to do some scenes on location.



Elliott Dexter, having finished the lead role in "The Witching Hour," William D. Taylor's Realart Special, has gone to Seattle for an extended vacation. He expects to hunt in the timber region around Puget Sound.

* * *

Pell Trenton, film star, who recently deserted the films to write a scenario, has practically finished that job, and will be back in make-up again. His story is called "Moonshine," but Trenton says it has nothing to do with alcoholic liquor.

* * *

Will Rogers, Glodwyn star, has returned from a week's visit to Sierra Blanca, Texas. While there he helped his friend Jos Gardner brand three thousand calves. The one week of strenuous roping took off all the superfluous flesh, and he arrived in town about ten pounds lighter than when he left.

* * *

Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes and Gouverneur Morris are all working on original stories for the screen.

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE

(Continued from Page 35)

Colonel Moreland wants us to come ashore to dinner," said Uncle John, as if resuming an old subject. "He wants you to meet his son Toby and some young people."

Ardita buried her letter in her lap with a sudden show of spirit.

"Not a chance!" she exclaimed. "I won't meet any darned old young people—and that's final!"

Uncle John hesitated.

"Then I must go without you," he finally said. "You will be left alone on the yacht."

"Nothing could be more satisfactory," was the ready retort of the girl. "You go your way and I'll go mine."

Once more Uncle John hesitated, then slowly made his way to the launch that was to carry him ashore. Ardita, meanwhile, turned her attention to Ivan's missive.

"And as a token of our betrothal, Star-eyes, I would be proud to have you wear a bracelet given by the Czar of Russia to my mother—a bracelet worn by the great Catherine."

Ardita read and sighed. Uncle John, standing by a deck chair on the other yacht, assured himself that he was not observed, then read a note he had concealed in the palm of his hand.

"Dear Sir: You do not know me. My name is Mimi Merrill. I am one of the many victims of a certain Ivan Nevkova, who, I have read, is engaged to marry your niece. The enclosed—"

Uncle John transferred his attention to the "enclosed." It proved to be a clipping from a newspaper, the headlines of which read as follows:

LOVE PIRATE WINS SOUL MATES WITH EX-CZAR'S BRACELET

Red-Headed Mimi Merrill, Who Deserted Her Husband for Ivan Nevkova, and Was in Turn Deserted by Ivan, Tells Strange Story

This time Uncle John did not hesitate. His face took on a grim expression as he turned and strode back to the divan in which Ardita was reclining.

"What about this—this Ivan Nevkova?" he blurted out.

"I'm going to marry him, that's all," said Ardita. "What about him?"

The serious visaged man placed the clipping in the hands of his niece without a word. Ardita deigned to glance at it but once, then assumed an air of indifference as she turned to her uncle.

"But that's all over," she said. "When a man loves me he doesn't care for any other amusements. Don't you know that I can do anything I want to with any man I want to? He'll toe the mark when I marry him. Don't worry! Now hurry ashore to your old dinner."

The girl's eyes flashed as she spoke, but there was more of doubt in her expression as she returned to her letter. Left alone on the yacht, she buried her face in her hands and sat, deep in thought, as the dusk of evening settled over the Pacific.

It was dark when the girl was aroused by the sound of singing, wafted across the waters by a gentle breeze. She lifted her head and was about to rise when a strong male voice made itself distinguishable over the others.

"Narcissus ahoy! Ahoy there!"

Ardita moved languidly to the rail and looked out upon the water. In a rowboat,

she distinguished a crew of negroes, captained by a white man who was standing in the stern, his attention directed toward the yacht.

The girl's brows puckered into a frown as captain and crew clambered over the side and lined up on the deck.

"Whose ship is this?" demanded the leader.

Ardita calmly studied her questioner, a young man with a strong face, a cheery smile and eyes that overlooked nothing.

"It's my yacht and I'll ask you to take yourself and your men back to the boat in which you came," said the girl. "And please be as quick as you can about it."

The cheerful intruder only laughed.

"Not so fast, my young lady," he said.

"I'm in charge of this situation. Mose! Go below and put every man in irons

except the engineer. And Mose, be as quick as you can be about it as the young lady is in a hurry to get this over."

For a moment, Ardita's face took on a more serious expression. But she was careful to conceal her nervousness from the intruder.

"Now please tell me something," she said. "Tell me who and what you are?"

The youth clicked his heels together and answered with a jaunty salute.

"Curtis Carlyle and his Six Black Buddies, late of the Coliseum Circuit, since three o'clock this afternoon, fugitives from justice," he said.

Curtis Carlyle lost no time waiting to see what impression his announcement had made. Instead, he turned to one of his black henchmen as if Ardita had been forgotten.

"Have my orders been carried out?" he inquired.

"Yas, sah! Yas, sah! Absotively," answered the black man. "We done had to

Under The Skin

(Continued from Page 23)

I had no reply for that. I merely grinned and gave a careless shrug.

Lester Cuneo's shoulders straightened. I could almost see his mind shoot back across the years.

"I'll tell you"—he said softly—"something about the real desert—the human desert—the desert that takes and gives—at its will."

He squatted awkwardly on his heels in the shade of a flat. A strange mixture of tenderness and awe came into his countenance. His voice was low under the spell of reminiscence.

"When I was fourteen I went down into Arizona with my sixteen-year-old brother—for his health. We were boys, with all the normal boys' recklessness and love of adventure. Our scheme of health-regaining included an overland trip into Mexico. We bought burros, a camp outfit, enough arms and ammunition to start a revolution, engaged a cook and a guide, and headed into the desolate land below the border.

"For several weeks our journey was a succession of uneventful hardships. Then one night we were attacked by a band of Yaqui Indians. For an hour they laid down a regular west-front barrage. Then they charged!

"When day broke my brother and I were alone. Our two companions had disappeared. Our burros—our grub—our water—all were gone! We were two boys—alone—somewhere in Mexico!

"We started to retrace our steps. All that day we traveled across the monotonous blistering desert. My brother became weaker at every step—his long illness was telling upon him. Early in the evening he collapsed upon the sand.

"Half mad myself with the awful thirst, I sat beside my brother's tossing form through the long night. In the morning I roused him—with pleading and coaxing I urged him on. But under the terrific heat of midday he lost all control of his burnt-out mind. With a wild scream he threw himself upon the sand of the dry river bed and began digging frantically with his hands."

Cuneo had lost himself in the picture of that terrible time. His eyes were glazed

and seemed reddened by the bite of wind-driven sand. As I looked he moistened his lips with his tongue. There was a dry huskiness in his voice as he went on.

"He was my only brother. It seemed that on my efforts alone depended his chance for life. Blindly I ran into the desert—searching for water. For miles—for years—I stumbled along that dry river bed. Each step was a misery—each minute of time was an eternity. My swollen tongue stuck from between my raw lips. There was no room in my mouth for the pebbles I had carried there. Still, with the thought of Walter—back there—dying alone—I staggered on."

Cuneo drew his hand across his face. Then he lifted his shoulders as if to throw off some of the depression of that fearful picture.

"The miracle happened. I stumbled upon the dugout of a prospector. Waiting only to take one long drink, I seized a water bottle and ran back. Then the white heat of the desert began to turn black. Strange creatures danced about me. An alluring mirage tried to entice me from the old river bed. Sometimes I could not see the tracks that I was trying to follow. Sometimes I fell and had to drive myself up and on with every power of my will.

"But at last I saw that sprawled-out body in the sand. One final supreme effort—three steps more—one! I fell with a crash. The cork of the water bottle shot out! The life-saving water gurgled into the sand!"

Appalled by the tragedy, I leaned forward. But the narrator smiled my fear aside.

"When I awoke Walter was kneeling beside me dribbling a wet handkerchief in my face. His frantic digging in the dry river bed had reached water."

Upon the set I heard the assistant calling for "Mr. Cuneo!" The sun beat through a hole in the diffusers and hit upon the spot where we sat. The man from whom I had tricked a story of the desert rose and wet his dry lips with his tongue.

"Say, aren't you thirsty? Come on—they make a great lemonade down at the corner—the kind with big chunks of ice tinkling in the glass!"

smash up one of them boys down there, but otherwise we had no trouble at all, sah."

"Well, now that that's settled, I suppose a little dinner might be a fine thing, for everybody concerned," said Carlyle. "Have dinner for two served in the captain's cabin."

"For two, did you say?" repeated Ardita, her eyebrows raised in a manner that had been used effectively on numerous occasions when it was necessary to put a persistent suitor in his place.

"You heard me correctly," answered the new master of the yacht. "I presume you won't object to having a bite with me as we sail out to sea?"

Ardita smiled broadly, then presented her arm in mock formality as she approached the companionway.

"Dinner? Certainly," she said. "And I wont mind half an hour's cruise. But that is as far as it will go. For my uncle will have wirelesses zig-zagging across the ocean within that time. And then, young man, it will be a nice term in prison for you."

"That isn't quite as certain as you seem to imagine," coolly replied Carlyle. "The name of this boat will be changed. We have a water-tight story to tell to anybody who may come aboard. And as for close quarters—well, I guess you have seen that my men are capable of taking care of themselves in a pinch."

Carlyle and Ardita negotiated their soup without a word. Fish brought with it a word of inquiry from Ardita, and the entire found them chatting on something approaching friendly terms. As coffee was served there was a rumble and scuffle below. Carlyle smiled and sipped the steaming drink as he heard sounds of a terrific struggle down in the vitals of the craft.

"My men seem to be taking charge once more," commented Ardita.

"Or trying to," answered Carlyle. "I haven't lost confidence in the Six Black Buddies yet."

But neither troubled to move from the table to learn the result of the conflict. A few minutes later, Mose, battered and dirty, showed his face in the doorway.

"Dey tried to take over dis here boat again, Mr. Carlyle," he said. "But we all showed 'em again who was in charge. I don't think dey'll make no trouble now no more."

"Very good, Mose," said Carlyle, once more resuming his coffee.

Just the shadow of a smile of admiration passed over the face of the girl, but it was quickly concealed as Carlyle glanced in her direction.

"I'm sure I have enjoyed our little visit," said Carlyle, his taunting smile again playing about his lips. "Now I must relieve the Babe at the wheel. Let me offer you a smoke—and pleasant dreams."

He picked a cigarette from a box, flipped one across the table to his guest—or hostess, according to the point of view—placed a box of matches upon the plate before her, and sauntered out to the deck. For several minutes Ardita sat studying the cigarette before her. Then, thoroughly in the spirit of the adventure, she dropped both matches and cigarette into a drawer, switched off the light and slowly made her way to her own cabin.

With full speed ahead, the yacht cut through the waters of the Pacific toward its unknown destination. And Ardita's face, pillowed on the monogrammed Far-

nam linen, showed fewer evidences of worry than it had in many months.

Sunrise found Carlyle pacing the deck, a cigarette between his teeth, no evidence of worry about his clear eyes. Ardita, a somewhat later riser, passed him indifferently, then returned to his side.

From below came sounds of rolling dice. "African golf" was the order of the day. The white men, possessors of generous rolls of notes, had prevailed upon their dusky captors to listen to reason. The result was the present contest. Members of the crew no longer were prisoners, but participants in a contest in which they seemed to be faring far from well.

Curtis smiled one of his infectious smiles. Ardita, half won by it, showed evidences of friendliness. Under the influence of the bright morning sun, the two talked of many things. And then, without any seeming reason for it, Carlyle began to tell her of his life. He told of himself as a poor kid in a Tennessee town, of his love for music, how he found his way into the cafes in Nashville, and of the precarious living to be earned by catering to the musical appetites of their patrons.

He told of an opportunity to go upon the vaudeville stage—then his highest ambition. The six black musicians were organized and the Six Black Buddies, now famous as the biggest hit of vaudeville, was the result.

"But that didn't seem to be enough for me," said Carlyle. "I wanted something more. I wanted to be somebody, to have a lot of money and everything that money would buy."

"My opportunity finally came. It was at a big reception in one of the houses that you have visited many times. There were jeweled women and the idling class of men whose pockets always are lined with cash. The Six Black Buddies played their best and, as always is the case, won the applause of our audience."

"But that wasn't what we were there for. When we finished I gave the boys a signal, and they dropped their banjos and showed—automatics! And, O, say, but we went through that crowd. We cleaned up as much wealth as we could carry. Nevkova and Mimi Merrill, of whom you have heard, were there. Ivan was terribly scared. Mimi gave up her wonderful bracelet with very bad grace. But I have it. Just look at the thing!"

Curtis held the trinket in his fingers. But Ardita made no move. There was a long drawn out sigh from beneath her hat. He looked beneath the rim and discovered that she was sound asleep! Disgusted with his prisoner, himself and his abilities as a story-teller, he walked away.

The sound of the rolling Mississippi marbles down below became more and more impressive. Babe, relieved at the wheel by Carlyle, had gone below to take

part in the contest. Tom, the white hope of the crew, was in undisputed possession of all the money that had been brought aboard by Carlyle's followers. Tom and Babe were engaged in a final contest of skill at manipulating the dice when the remainder of Carlyle's crew made their way aft in quest of fresh supplies of the sinews of war.

The blacks were disappearing down a companionway just as Ardita, aroused from her nap, grasped the situation. Cautiously following them, she found them, standing mournfully before a wall safe that obviously was proof against their limited knowledge of mechanics.

"What do you boys want? Money?" asked Ardita.

"Yas-sum!"

"Will you do something for me if I give you money? A lot of it?"

"Yas-sum!"

Ardita outlined her plan. There were several sums of money mentioned and many chorused replies of "Yas-sum." Then, opening the safe that had served to defy the efforts of the blacks, she produced a great roll of greenbacks and distributed them among the men.

A moment later, Trombone Mose approached the wheel and saluted Carlyle.

"Captain, I wishes to report—"

Carlyle looked at the man, scenting trouble.

"I wishes to report dat yo crew has mutinied!"

The youthful captain smiled and turned his attention again to the wheel.

"Yas, de lady has showed us dat honesty is de best policy and we's all goin' home."

This time, Carlyle dropped the wheel and sprang at the spokesman of the crew. But they were prepared for just such a move. As Carlyle sprang forward, six pairs of arms caught him, threw him to the deck and pinioned him. Carrying him, still kicking and fighting to free himself, to a stateroom, he was deposited on a bunk and the door locked.

Carlyle arose and protruded a slightly worried face through a window. As he did so Ardita sauntered up, clad in a nifty white sailor suit.

"We're homeward bound, Mr. Carlyle—you to prison and I—to be married."

Whereupon she sauntered over to the wheel and began to manipulate it to the extent of her limited knowledge of things nautical.

Tiring of this, or falling to get her mind off of the imprisoned youth, the girl returned to the window from which Carlyle's face still protruded.

"I sort of like you, Curtis Carlyle," she said. "I think you have courage. You'll need a lot of it, though, to face—prison!"

"But I'll never go to prison. I'll die first," answered Curtis.

Ardita was about to reply when she heard Babe's voice.

"Land, ho! Lookee yonder!"

Sure enough, an unexpected bit of land had leaped up just ahead of the nose of the craft.

"What place is this?" asked Ardita.

"It aint got no name, lady, it's jus' island," said Babe.

Ardita thought seriously for a few moments. Then, she summoned Babe to her.

"Pull in as close to the island as possible," she said. "Then call your men and get out a boat. I want you to give Mr. Carlyle a chance to escape."

The Offshore Pirate

CAST

Ardita Farnam VIOLA DANA
Toby Moreland JACK MULHALL
Uncle John EDWARD JOBSON
Ivan Nevkova EDWARD CECIL

Directed by DALLAS FITZGERALD.

Story by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

Scenario by WALDEMAR YOUNG.

Photography by JOHN ARNOLD.

Art Director, A. F. MANTZ.

The negroes nodded in assent. They were eager enough to get rid of their troublesome cargo. The stateroom door was unlocked and Trombone Mose beckoned to Carlyle.

"Come on out. You all is agwine to escape," said Mose.

But Carlyle didn't seem at all happy at this opportunity to make his getaway. Instead of going toward the rail he shot out a left hand that caught the astounded Trombone some place between the jaw and the afterdeck. Trombone slipped to the deck, sound asleep. Another well directed jab caught Babe, and with almost the same effect. Then, with arms working like a windmill, Carlyle lit into his formerly well disciplined crew. When he paused for breath, they were piled up against the side of his stateroom like logs.

That pause seemed to be sufficient to give them an opportunity to reorganize, however. Ardita, forgetting that her sympathies were entirely against Carlyle, was gasping in admiration when she saw him suddenly swept off his feet and borne to the deck by an avalanche of black skins.

Mose, Memphis Joe, Absalom and Ulysses were piling on top of his prostrate form when Ardita interfered.

"Stop it!" she shouted. "This has gone far enough. Help Mr. Carlyle to a stateroom."

"No, mam," replied Trombone Mose, still nursing his swollen jaw. "We's mad now and Mistah Carlyle sure is goin' ashore."

Saying which the hapless Carlyle was rushed into a lifeboat, the boat was lowered and cast adrift, its nose pointed in the general direction of the unidentified island. Ardita watched with real regret as the weakened Carlyle, unable to handle the oars, dropped back into the boat, to drift with the waves.

She hesitated but a moment. Then, tearing off her jacket, she sprang lightly over the rail and into the water near the drifting boat. With sure, easy strokes, she reached the boat, clambered over the stern and grasped the oars.

On the deck half a dozen black faces looked at the result of their work. Babe plainly showed that he was panic stricken at the new turn of events, but Trombone Mose only shook his head solemnly.

"When I gets mad, I loses all control—all control," he said.

And just to show how far his lack of control had gone, he accidentally grasped the whistle cord and leaned on it. The result was a long, harsh blast! Babe, horrified at the result, extended his hand in the direction of the land behind which the yacht had been temporarily concealed.

Trombone, raising his eyes, found just cause for worry. For there, rounding the point, came an imposing government cutter, a polished gun protruding from the stern. On the bridge stood a naval officer and Uncle John. That they had heard the accidental blast was indicated by their pointed glasses.

Meanwhile, Ardita had reached the beach with her exhausted charge. Carlyle raised himself and smiled weakly toward her, but required all the as-

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sistance she could give him in making his way up from the water. Once on the beach, Ardita seated herself, and drawing Carlyle down upon the sand, pillowed his head in her lap.

At this new turn of affairs, Carlyle raised his eyes and peered into her face. For reply, Ardita stooped and kissed him lightly upon each eyelid.

"It's a sort of glory!" he whispered.

Ardita said nothing, but lifting his face, kissed him full upon the lips.

"I love you, Curtis Carlyle," she said.

The boy smiled, closed his eyes and sighed. Ardita, looking off to sea for the first time, saw the rapidly approaching cutter.

"O, Carlyle, they've come for you," she said. "They're going to take you to prison. They are coming for you now. This means good-bye."

Again the girl put her arms about him and drew him closer, as if to save him from the impending disaster. But a squad of sailors approached and, with level pistols, took him from her arms and snapped handcuffs upon his wrists. Ardita turned and struggled to keep back the hot tears as he was marched away.

Ardita was a silent and sad faced passenger on the launch that carried them back to the yacht. Once on deck, she walked slowly to the captain's cabin, while Carlyle was led aft by his captors. There he saw a rugged man of fifty who sprang forward with outstretched arms.

"Toby! My boy, Toby!"

Ardita walked straight to the table in the drawer of which she had deposited the cigarette given her by Carlyle on the night of his arrival. Then, returning to the deck, she arrived just in time to hear Uncle John addressing Carlyle.

"Did you give her the bracelet I bought from that Mimi woman?" asked Uncle John.

Carlyle nodded, then suddenly looked up to see Ardita's reproving eye upon him. The boy hesitated, but Ardita walked up to him and placed a hand on his arm.

"I lied to you," he said. "My name isn't Carlyle. It's Moreland, Toby Moreland. Meet my father, Colonel Moreland."

Ardita bowed to Colonel Moreland, then returned at once to Toby.

"Will you swear that all this was a product of your own brain? That you framed it?" she asked the surprised youth.

Toby solemnly nodded in assent. Ardita looked fixedly at him for a moment, then burst out in admiration.

"What an imagination! I want you to lie to me just a little every day as long as you live!" she said.

Toby reached out and grasped her in his arms. But Ardita drew away and handed him a cigarette instead. He looked at the bit of rolled paper in surprise, then suddenly saw the monogrammed "T. M."

"You knew who I was all the time?" he demanded.

"Yes, and I'm going to know every time you lie to me," said Ardita, moving toward his still outstretched arms.

CROW BAIT *from* PENDLETON

(Continued from Page 9)

fusion. "No, I haven't seen him since—oh, for a long time. He's always been away when I went home on visits. I—I hope he wasn't killed."

DURING the days that followed, Peggy Doyle certainly made good on her declared intention to cheer up the man with the bad lung. A dozen times a day she would make excuses to cross the stage to where Corry held out. For a time she had a place as one of the friendly circle, then I began to notice that when she appeared beside Corry's chair, the cowboys would fumble their hats, and grin, and one by one, stroll carelessly away.

Often I stole a minute from my work to deplore the rotten streak of fate that had made Corry a lunger. I never thought of bewailing lovable little Peggy's growing interest in him. For I too had lingered beside the sick man, and I had looked deep into a real man's heart through Corry's crinkly, blue-eyed smile.

WE HAD a luxurious trip as far as Flagstaff, in a special Pullman, behind our baggage car of horses, props and equipment, but our location headquarters was to be at Olancho, a little resort town on the rim of the Grand Canyon, fifty blistering, sand-riddled miles from the railroad. We arrived at the Olancho Hotel, twenty-five burned-out humans, in the early afternoon of a day that would have made Death Valley jealous.

According to Scott's instructions, I would find an ideal location for my purpose at Little Bad Lands down by the river. That necessitated a trip of some ten miles down the neck-breaking wall of the canyon. To get down there with our cameras and props would require pack and saddle animals. I started out to make inquiries.

"Nick Tendas has all sorts of animals," the hotel clerk informed me. "He rents 'em out to tourists. You can't miss him—first ranch up the canyon."

My assistant hired a machine and we prepared to interview the rancher. We were climbing into the car when Corry limped down from the porch.

"Want to go along?" I invited. "We're going to see about horses."

The cowboy hesitated, then he shook his head. "Nope, this elevation is gettin' my bad lung. But don't forget about uh man tuh ride Angel Face. Ain't uh one of our boys can make uh showin' on him. Mebbe they's uh wild Mexican on one of these ranches that'll ride him for yuh."

"That's right," I agreed. "Scott was sure we could pick up a man here. I'll inquire about it."

Just as we drove off Peggy came out of the hotel and joined Corry. My assistant grinned.

"Funny how Peggy's falling for that one-lunged cowpuncher. If he was a real ride-em cowboy, I wouldn't wonder because he's a prince of a fellow, but he's half dead."

"Forgot that old thing about pity!" I returned. "And I've a notion that he's getting stronger. Anyway, I'm pulling hard for a man with a nerve like that."

WE FOUND Nick Tendas sitting in front of a ramshackle adobe building. He was a black-bearded giant of a man with a peculiar squeaky little voice. As soon as I heard his voice I remembered that Scott had once told me about meeting him.

Tendas admitted that he rented animals to people who wanted to go into the canyon, and we soon came to an agreement. The big rancher promised to have a specified number of saddle horses and pack mules, with men to handle them, at the hotel the following morning.

"Haven't a good buster in your outfit, have you?" I asked.

"I got some pretty good riders," squeaked Tendas. "We break all our own stock. Why?"

"Oh, I've got a wild horse that has to be ridden in the picture. I'd figured on finding a man down in this country to do that."

"Guess I can let you have a man. I got a greaser that won some prizes at that Los Angeles Stampede. He was raised down in the cow country."

"All right, send him with the outfit. I'll pay wages, and an extra fifty if he rides this horse."

Tendas' little eyes brightened. "Must be a pretty bad hombre—that horse?"

"Pretty bad. Well, get around early—I'd like to get through tomorrow in the canyon."

Corry came to me that evening in the hotel office.

"Find somebody tuh ride Angel Face?"

"I found a man to try it," I replied.

"Tendas, the man we're getting the animals from, is sending a Mexican buster. Says he's good—but I have my doubts."

"It's worth quite uh lotta money tuh yuh tuh get that ride?"

"I'd be willing to pay five hundred if I could get it tomorrow and get cleaned up in the canyon. I'd be getting off cheap at that if I could save a day."

"Well, if this bird falls down mebbe yuh'll offer some of that big money?"

I looked quickly at Corry's face, but the cowboy was gazing at Peggy standing in the door.

"Thinking of trying it yourself?" I queried.

Corry gave a dry laugh. "Me? Huh! I don't reckon I could ride Ginger now."

"Well, I'll offer the big money if this Mexican gets dumped," I promised.

Corry walked away chuckling as if the idea of his riding the outlaw still tickled him. He joined Peggy, who evidently had been waiting for him and they went outside together.

An hour later, as I strolled along the rim of the canyon, I came upon my little star and Corry sitting together on a bench gazing silently out across the mystery of the moon-lighted Grand Canyon.

AS I expected, Tendas came with his men next morning to help with the stock. It was hard to resist the exciting prospect of seeing a bad horse ridden.

Corry insisted on Peggy riding Ginger, while he bumped along on one of the old horses we had brought with us. The man from Pendleton was in great spirits. He encouraged us all on the nerve-wrecking trip by his humorous advice to the three

sweating, swearing cowpunchers, who had drawn the sorry job of getting the rearing, tearing Angel Face down the trail.

"Don't never try tuh lead uh wild hoss," he would say. "Lots better tuh get behind an' push."

Also, Corry's ludicrous posing as a gunman helped to keep us in a good humor. He had dug up an enormous automatic pistol, and had borrowed an old six-gun holster to carry it in. When the pistol persisted in falling out of the holster, Corry calmly lashed it in place with a thong and grinned cheerfully at the boys' banter.

"Gotta have it," he replied with his happy smile. "Mebbe ol' Angel Face'll go on uh rampage, an' I'll have tuh shoot him."

FINALLY, after a heart-breaking scramble down an almost impassable trail, we reached Little Bad Lands, which proved to be only a mass of rocky canyons two hundred feet above the muddy Colorado.

The sequence that required that miserable hole ran something like this: Peggy, as the big cattleman's daughter, has been captured by Red Pollain's gang, who have brought her to their canyon retreat.

While they wait for the rest of the robber gang, the bandits amuse themselves by trying to ride a wild horse that they have captured. After several good riders have been dumped, Peggy makes her opportunity, and leaps upon the wild horse's back. The bucking horse scatters the startled bandits, and finally is ridden away by the girl.

I planned to stage a bucking exhibition to get those preliminary falls. I had perfect confidence in Angel Face being able to give us those falls without a resort to faking. Then, with Peggy running to mount the outlaw, I would switch Ginger in for the actual mount, and cut just as she hit the saddle. Next would come the long shot which would, of course, be from so great a distance that a man dolled up to look like the star would get by the camera. But the man who doubled for Peggy would have to master Angel Face and ride him away to make the scene a success.

WE FOUND an old hunting camp in a canyon, with a corral built between two rock walls. An hour's work by the prop boys and grips made of that camp an ideal rendezvous for Red Pollain's gang.

The bench above the little canyon sloped gradually a hundred yards to a succession of cliffs that overhung the river. Several of us walked out to the edge and looked down. Below the first ledge was a long steep slide that ended in a precipice from which there was a fifty-foot sheer drop to the swirling Colorado.

At eleven o'clock we started grinding on the first scene, and in an hour I had everything up to the bucking scenes. I had registered the arrival of the band with their prisoner, had made some closeups of Peggy, and of the villain, and had established the desperate situation of the little heroine.

Tendas and his men were wide-eyed observers of everything. Especially were they interested in the two black horses. All the while we were working I saw a group examining and discussing Angel

Face, and walking around the big outlaw and sizing him up from all angles. I had Tendas bring up the Mexican who was to make the ride, and I questioned him to the limit of my rotten Spanish. The man appeared confident—but I wasn't, and I expressed my doubts to Corry.

"Yuh'll have tuh offer that big money," he said.

So I decided not to use the Mexican on the double until I had tried him out in the bucking scenes, the purpose of which were to establish the outlaw character of the bad horse. So Mende the buster was touched up with a few rags of bandit costume and the stage was set for the fun.

Angel Face was saddled, after a lot of scuffling and a number of close escapes from his vicious heels and teeth. Then, with the bandit spectators gathered on

the rocks, and with the two cameras ready to grind, I gave the word.

While two men held Angel Face, Mende climbed into the saddle. Secure in his seat, with reins in his left hand and big hat in his right, the Mexican nodded, and the helpers tore off the blind and sprang out of the way.

WELL, that Mexican could ride. If he hadn't been good he would have bumped the ground before his helpers were out of the corral. For Angel Face gave the lie to his name and showed me a whole lot that was new about straight bucking. He just stood in a three-foot patch of ground, dragged his head down, and bucked—and then bucked. Mende made a great fight and proved that he was some rider, but he lasted a little less than twenty seconds as meas-

ALIAS UNCLE WALLY

(Continued from Page 11)

each flicker a century, while the more sensible half of me stood desperately congratulating myself that he at least couldn't recognize what he had never seen.

He sat up, looked blankly in my direction a moment—and my cherished fortifications were taken with a glance.

"I know you," he said, and then, "Well—God bless you, Poppy!"

All that followed is not very clear to me. I seemed to be sitting in a room of deep blue and rich mahogany, with the word "interview, interview" running crazily in and out of my head. Dimly I saw those few distinctly "Wally touches" about me that spoke of personality—perhaps in the mere hanging of a picture, or in the choice of an odd frame.

Next, my uncle seemed to be playing victrola records upon his lamp, and I realized then that I was not responsible for what I saw. Upon second thought, however, it was really not improbable, considering his love for music in every form. I appreciated that more fully when he took me to the new home he is building near the Hollywood hills and learned his plans for a wonderful organ that will be heard from different parts of the house. Of course, it will be a most unusual one.

"They take a grand piano," he explained. "Do something to it, and pretty soon it becomes an organ."

From the entrance to the house one can look far over the oil fields to Los Angeles in one direction and to the ocean in the other, while in the rear one is immediately snuggled up in the foothills. There are wide spaces all around separating the homes of celebrated neighbors. Let's support Wally in his hope that some of those "spaces" will not be built upon by people who have aversion to merriment and the subsequent noise thereof.

Picture Wally's saxophones, violins, banjos, pianos and organs all going at once—depreciating the value of real estate—before you advise anyone of a hermit-like temperament to settle near the "most popular" star.

Once inside the house, he showed me the built-in cabinets for the saxophones, violins, etc. It is always well to add that "etc." when speaking of Wally's musical instruments. May I repeat Poppy's phrase, that "Wally is a melody in himself"?

Next in order came the upstairs, from which, although in an unfinished state, I was able to glean an impressionistic idea of the general layout. Wally junior and his nurse have a suite, of course, and Mrs. Reid has been especially thoughtful. There were many other rooms to linger in, but I could see that my uncle was growing impatient about something. He wanted to show me his own retreat—a room built off by itself, for his billiard tables and stag parties—not forgetting a raised platform for a few more pianos and organs and things. There was a dream of a fireplace—all little gray cobblestones, to be topped by a mantle of unfinished pine. Wally especially dotes upon fireplaces, and from this you may gather that he also likes soft lights of a warm color and those things giving artistic effect. This room will be full of Oriental rugs and his own hunting trophies.

I could not help picturing the interior of the house at a more mature date, when Mrs. Reid would have added her own feminine touch. She was even at that moment flitting about, bringing with her a certain air of completion. She has all the radiance of personality that one would expect to find in Wallace Reid's wife.

Stepping outside, we found the swimming pool, which reminds me, I failed to mention that relative form of modern convenience throughout the house. I did not, in all due reverence to my uncle, for I am forced to admit that he spurns the bathtub. It is not big enough for him. He thinks it is like bathing in one's own dirt. Bathtubs! Let the odious thought perish—we have showers galore and a real plunge in Wally's back yard. And with dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen. Dressing rooms, by the way, are another of my uncle's failings.

I stood off for a moment and watched the enthusiastic new home builder view his property. Was this big, healthy, grown-up, little boy the person Poppy used to be so terrified of. I asked? I felt just a bit ashamed of that young one's past antics.

Yes, Wally is indeed a most popular star—a prince to all his fellow workers, the best hearted as well as the handsomest chap in the world. But as I tripped gayly back to the office I was aware of a still, small voice which whispered repeatedly:

"Oh, wasn't Poppy a little fool!"

ured later by the film in Mac's camera.

The scene was a success, and I was glad that I had not saved Mende for the double. I made no comment to Tendas or the others, and allowed them to think that the scene had failed through Mende's inability to ride the bad horse. I just set my stage again and repeated the performance with one of our own riders, who had a mighty hard time equaling Mende's record.

Next I got the scene with Peggy mounting Ginger, shots of the bandit gang scattering to get out of the way, and a few semi-closeups of members of the band scrambling away from the bucking horse. That brought me to the scene where Angel Face had to be ridden.

I walked over to Corry.

"Did you have any reason to think that an offer of five hundred would bring out a man who could ride Angel Face?"

"Why, if they was uh man in th' bunch that could ride him, th' chances are he'd do it for big money. That's what I had in mind."

I was worried, but I called Tendas' men around me and said my say.

"I've got to have a man to bust this horse. He must be conquered and rode away down the canyon. I'll give five hundred dollars to the man who will do that—bust him and ride him hell-bent out of sight. How about it?"

The men muttered among themselves, and, after some urging from his companions, one of them stepped out. He was a short, chunky man, with a very black face and a confident grin.

"I weel try heem, Meestar," he said.

We fixed the rider up with a make-shift costume that had some resemblance to Peggy's outfit, and I spotted the cameras well up the rocky wall. Then, with the gang in position, and with the little Mexican seated upon the deadly back of Angel Face, the blind was slipped and he was turned loose.

It was just another game fight, with Angel Face winning easily—and bucking for five minutes after the fallen rider had crawled away.

I RENEWED my offer, but there was not even a murmur in response. Suddenly I knew that I had allowed myself to be fooled by Scott's assurance that I could find a man there to ride Angel Face. I should have brought a man from Los Angeles who could ride that horse—sure. I turned to look for Corry.

The man from Pendleton had crawled upon the rock behind which he had been concealed from the cameras, and was gazing thoughtfully at the Tendas crowd. As I looked he caught my eye and walked over to me.

"Between you and Scott I'm in trouble," I said. "You were sure I could get a man here—now I'm stuck."

"Not yet. I'll find yuh uh man tuh ride him—if this deal falls through. But—I'm still thinkin' that big money 'll get uh man."

"Big money! I think five hundred's big money."

Corry grinned at me. "Not as big as five thousand," he said.

"Just what do you mean?" I was all at sea.

"I mean that I—I know uh party that'll pay five thousand if yuh get uh certain man in this outfit tuh ride Angel Face."

"You're crazy!" I snorted, but there was something in those steady blue eyes that gave me a shivery feeling. I turned back to Tendas and his men.

"Tendas, you talk to them, will you? I've got to have this scene. I'll save a thousand dollars if I can get it today, so I'll just raise my offer to that."

Tendas started to speak to his men, then he hesitated and looked back at me. I saw him stroke his beard and glance again at his riders. As if they were waiting for him to show a sign of interest, several of them began urging him in eager Spanish.

"All right, I'm your man." Tendas walked forward with a sheepish grin. "I'll ride him for a thousand."

"It's a bargain; Get that divided skirt around you some way. Friday, bring out the biggest gray shirt you've got. Now tie the wig on. Mac, get the cameras further up. We've got a pretty big double to fake in."

AS Tendas walked into the corral to where Angel Face was being held, I remembered Corry's strange proposition, and turned to look at him. He had begged a cigarette from one of the boys and was standing with it drooping unlighted from his lips. I noticed that his thumbs were hooked into his belt and that his half-closed eyes were following the deliberate movements of Tendas.

The big man was in the saddle.

"All right!" I yelled. "Folks not in the picture get back! Let him go! Cameras!"

Angel Face settled down to business in his little three-foot circle. Shortly he changed ends with a lightning-like movement, and started all over again. Seemingly surprised that the spurring devil still remained upon his back, he staged a stiff-legged buck that took him around the corral.

"Watch your action!" I called to the bandit gang, who were supposed to be demoralized by the sudden move of their prisoner. "Dodge around! Run in and try to stop him! Get knocked down!"

Then Angel Face hurtled through the side of the rotten corral and started bucking among the rocks. Tendas, sitting erect, lashing the horse's head with his hat, and raking the lathered flanks with biting spurs, seemed as immovable as one of the rocks.

Angel Face reared until he toppled over backward. Tendas slipped from his back, but when the outlaw lunged to his feet the big man was again in the saddle, yelling a shrill defiance, and slapping and spurring with a vicious delight.

An age-long minute passed—another. Up and down and across the rock pile Angel Face pitched. All at once I heard Peggy's sobbing voice mingled with the rider's cry of victory.

"He's got him!" she cried. "In a minute—there!"

The fight was over. Angel Face stumbled over a rock, dropped upon his knees, sprang up and stood still, trembling. But only for an instant. Up his bloody flank raked the punishing spur. Angel Face plunged, stopped, jerked his head angrily, and dashed at a mad gallop down the canyon and out of sight.

I LET out a triumphant yell when Tendas and Angel Face shot out of sight. Then I rose from my cramped position behind the rock screen—and faced Peggy Doyle.

There was a plaintive frown upon the star's paint-streaked face. She patted her nose with a handkerchief and looked across at Corry calmly lighting the remains of the cigarette.

"Gabe," she said at last, a peculiar un-

certainty in her tone, "did Scott send you a print of the stuff he took at Pendleton?"

"No—I don't know why he didn't. I needed it."

"Well"—she continued to frown—"I don't know—"

She broke off as Corry approached. The cowboy's big gun had slipped from the holster and was hanging by the thong. Corry poked the gun into the holster, at the same time picking the mangled stub of a cigarette from his lips and blowing the smoke into the air. He grinned at me with boylike satisfaction.

"Say, but it's great tuh get uh whiff again!"

"Better cut 'em a while longer," I advised. "What did you think of the ride?"

"Great!" Behind Corry's enthusiastic smile his keen eyes searched Peggy's puzzled countenance. He moistened his lips deliberately and swung his gaze to me. "Was they anything partic'lar in that telegram yuh got from Scott on th' train?" he asked softly.

"Why, no." I regarded the cowboy with surprise. "He just said that I could get animals and a man to ride Angel Face at the first ranch up the canyon."

Corry opened his lips to speak, but the clatter of Tendas' returning took his attention. I watched him step out in front of the rock and face the approaching horseman.

Angel Face had met his match. His black coat was white with lather; he was prancing with high strung impatience, and tossing his head. Tendas, swaying easily in the saddle, proved his complete mastery by turning the horse back and forth across the canyon. When he came up to us his big black face was agrin with triumph.

"Some horse!" he exclaimed. "Hardest ride I ever made!" He dismounted and passed the reins over the horse's head. Two of our own cowboys started to lead Angel Face away. Friday, the propman, led Ginger up for Peggy to ride in the next scene.

Corry took a last drag from the cigarette butt, touched the torn wrapper lightly with his tongue, and gravely studied the possibilities of another inhale. Then he dropped the butt in the sand and looked quietly at Tendas.

"Yuh're uh ridin' fool," he said with his easy smile. "I wonder—"

"Say," put in Peggy, stepping in front of the big rider, "didn't I see you at Cheyenne once—or was it Laramie?"

Tendas drew breath to speak emphatically, then he hesitated and peered at Peggy. His sun-bleached lashes drooped over his little eyes, and he raised a big hand to stroke his beard.

"You must be wrong, little one." An embarrassed smile puckered the big man's face. "Never was up in that country in my life."

"Oh, all right, it's none of my business." Peggy turned away in dismissal of the subject. "Only it happens that I remember pretty well. You won a saddle in a bucking contest, and you put on an added attraction in front of the grandstand. A new thing in picking up a man from the ground." She walked on to the broken corral fence, hung her hat carefully upon a post, opened her little make-up bag and began natching her streaky make-up.

"Seems tuh me I saw yuh once myself," said Corry, smiling and digging his thumbs into his belt.

Tendas gave him one quick glance and a change came over his whole form. His

little eyes seemed to crawl back under his shaggy brows. A hard smile curled his bearded lips.

"Plumb wrong, stranger. I never run onto you before."

"It doesn't matter." Corry started walking slowly toward Tendas. "But I'm dead sure. I met yuh one night on th' road, an' I says tuh yuh: 'Where'd yuh get that hoss?' an' yuh says: 'Bought him in Reedley.' Remember now?"

It was then I knew that something really was wrong. Tendas, still facing Corry, swung his eyes over his shoulder to where Friday was leading Ginger to Peggy. The big man's gaze came back slowly to Corry.

"All right," he said shortly. "Have it your way, pardner. It's nothing to me."

I saw him draw a deep breath and of a sudden I wanted to shout a warning. More dramatic than my big scenes before the camera was the ominous something that hung over those two men. The sound of the river, that I had not heard before, all at once became a mighty roar.

Then, with a quickness that was amazing, Tendas sprang aside, whirled, and with another bound was upon Ginger's back. I heard his barking yell as his spurs cut into the horse's flanks. A shot snapped near me.

The sound of that shot drove Tendas to seek protection. Crouching low, he swerved Ginger toward the corral. I heard a scream, and another shot. The big man leaned over, his long arm swept Peggy upon his hip. Screened by the body of the struggling girl, he raced down the canyon, his squealing yell ringing back to us.

STARTLED cries broke into scrambling uproar. Our riders ran for their horses. Tendas' men milled about in senseless confusion. I started to run down the canyon, realized my panic, and turned back.

Corry was standing in the same place, but his thumbs had left his belt and he was crouching awkwardly. I saw his eyes sweep to the horses above. Then he turned half round to look farther.

The next instant Corry was running up the slope. His big gun jumped out of the holster. He jerked it loose from the thong and jammed it into his shirt front. Before I could grasp his intentions, he had reached Angel Face, flipped the reins over the horse's head and swung into the saddle.

Angel Face rose in the air—and came down softly. I saw his knees tremble. Like a flash he whirled about in his tracks and dashed with mighty leaps over the jumbled rocks.

"The cliff!" someone cried. "He's going over the cliff!"

Had Angel Face bolted? It looked so. Plunging madly, he shot down the rock-strewn slope and disappeared over the brink.

GASPING with the horror of what appeared to be a second tragedy, I ran to the edge of the cliff. In the shale slide far below I saw a struggling mass nearly hidden in a cloud of dust. It was Angel Face, and Corry was still upon his back. Stumbling, falling, sliding, the horse plunged down the slide.

Then I caught a glimpse of Ginger racing across the sandy beach at the mouth of the canyon. While I looked horse and rider and struggling captive splashed into the brown water.

Again I peered at Corry. Angel Face

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fell in a cloud of dust that hid the scene. When I could see again the horse was upon his feet, but he had turned and was running to the left.

A chill of despair left me shivering. Corry had seen that he would have to go into the canyon to reach the river. Tendas would have time to cross, and would gain a lead in the rough gullies on the other side. If he had a gun he could pot Corry as the latter swam across. And once across, would Tendas discard his human shield, or would he—

Into my line of vision, as I watched Corry, the other party appeared in the river. Ginger was swimming, but Tendas was still in the saddle, and the horse was laboring. Even at that distance I could see Peggy's swinging arms as she hammered at her captor.

"He's going to jump!"

The cry brought me back to Corry. Angel Face was again headed for the river. I saw him leap down the slide, hit the slipping rocks and leap again. He dropped out of sight.

The circles of a mighty splash told us that Corry and the horse had hit the water. I breathed again. They had missed the rocks.

The great load was telling on Ginger. He went down, but struggled up, evidently at the goad of his rider's spur. Then he swung round and swam with the current.

Angel Face swam into sight. Corry was in the water beside him, his arms across the saddle. Would he be able to catch Tendas? And if he did—. Suddenly I saw Ginger turn around and start toward Corry.

"He's called to him!" cried a cowboy. "Corry's calling Ginger!"

It was so. Ginger's head was jerked around by Tendas, but again the big black swung toward Corry. The pursuers gained.

But those land battles were showing on Angel Face. He turned downstream and went under. He came up again and thrashed the water. Corry left his hold on the saddle and started swimming.

A line of mounted cowboys raced out upon the sandbar. My throat burned and my eyes grew dim. I heard a man beside me whispering a hoarse encouragement to Corry.

Angel Face turned toward the shore. Corry reached Ginger's flank. I saw Tendas reach around the fighting girl to strike at him, but Peggy hampered the big man and he hurled her into the river.

For a moment we saw only a jumbled mass of thrashing forms. Then Ginger appeared alone. Farther out a commotion marked the spot where Tendas and Corry fought. Ginger shook his head and turned back to his master.

Corry left Tendas and struck out down the river. Ginger followed. Farther down I saw the flash of a white hand. In the next breath Corry reached Peggy, caught her on his arm and turned to wait for Ginger.

Into my sight, across the cliff below, a man swam, then another. Right behind them were others, and the water splashed as they swung in around Ginger and the forms that clung to his saddle.

WITH the strain broken we upon the cliff started running down the canyon. After an age of stumbling through burning sand and over jagged rocks, I reached the group upon the little beach.

The cowboys were herding their horses

into the hot shade of the cliff. Angel Face was edging toward Ginger with his ears flattened. Corry was sitting upon the sand at the water's edge, with Peggy walking back and forth behind him. I glanced curiously at Peggy as I ran by. She was swinging her arms in angry gestures, and kicking viciously at the sand.

I stepped in front of the man from Pendleton. His face was white and drawn and there was blood upon his lips. In his hand he held the big automatic and his blue eyes, hard as steel, searched the surface of the river.

"One side, please," he said, and his voice had a ring in it that made me jump.

"You—you're all right, Corry?" I stammered.

"All right—jes' wait—uh minute. When he comes up—"

One of the cowboys appeared beside me. He shook his head. "He's been that-a-way ever since he come out. He's looking for the big devil."

"Why, here, Corry," I coaxed. "Put up your gun and let's look at you."

"Wait," he muttered weakly. "That skunk—I gotta—"

"Why, Corry"—I felt a hot moisture in my eyes—"you won't need the gun—he's been down fifteen minutes."

He looked up at me then, his eyes blinking. "That right—sure he's dead?"

I nodded and eased him back upon the sand.

"Uh big man," he mumbled, "with uh squeaky-like voice—Scott tol' me about him—if he can bust uh outlaw—" His voice trailed off.

"Here!" I yelled to the boys. "Get him up into the shade! Friday—your first aid box!"

Peggy came up then and walked along at Corry's side as we helped him into the shade. When I started to unfasten the injured man's shirt, and Friday produced his precious bottle of restorative, Peggy turned away and sat upon a rock. I caught a glimpse of her face. Through the smeary grease paint I could see her color burning, and as I stared, she sprang up and began pounding the rock wall with her hands.

Corry opened his eyes and winced as I unbuttoned his shirt. Under my fingers I felt something hard.

"What the"—I stared in bewilderment at a chest tightly swathed in bandages—"why, his chest's all braced up—he's—"

"Uh big man—with uh squeaky—voice," murmured Corry.

"I had it coming to me," said Peggy, and I looked up to see my star with eyes brimming and cheeks aflame. "But—oh, Gabe, I'm so ashamed. I always was a fool—about claiming acquaintances—with big people." Then her lips quivered. "That's why he wouldn't confide in us, and let us help."

"But his bad lung," I stammered. "I thought—"

"Bad lung! Huh! If you'd had broken ribs smashed through your lung! I saw him coming over the cliff on Angel Face—I knew then." She dropped upon the sand and tenderly lifted the injured man's head upon her lap. "Oh I—I lied like a fool about knowing him—he's Buck Summers—and he's found the man who killed his father!"

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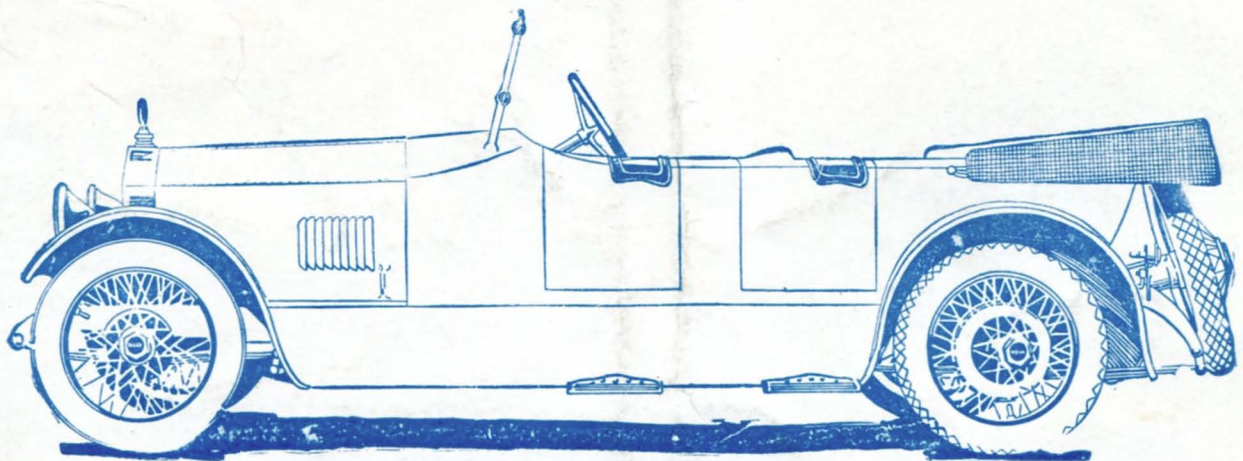
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