

SCREENLAND

MAY, 1926

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Page 34

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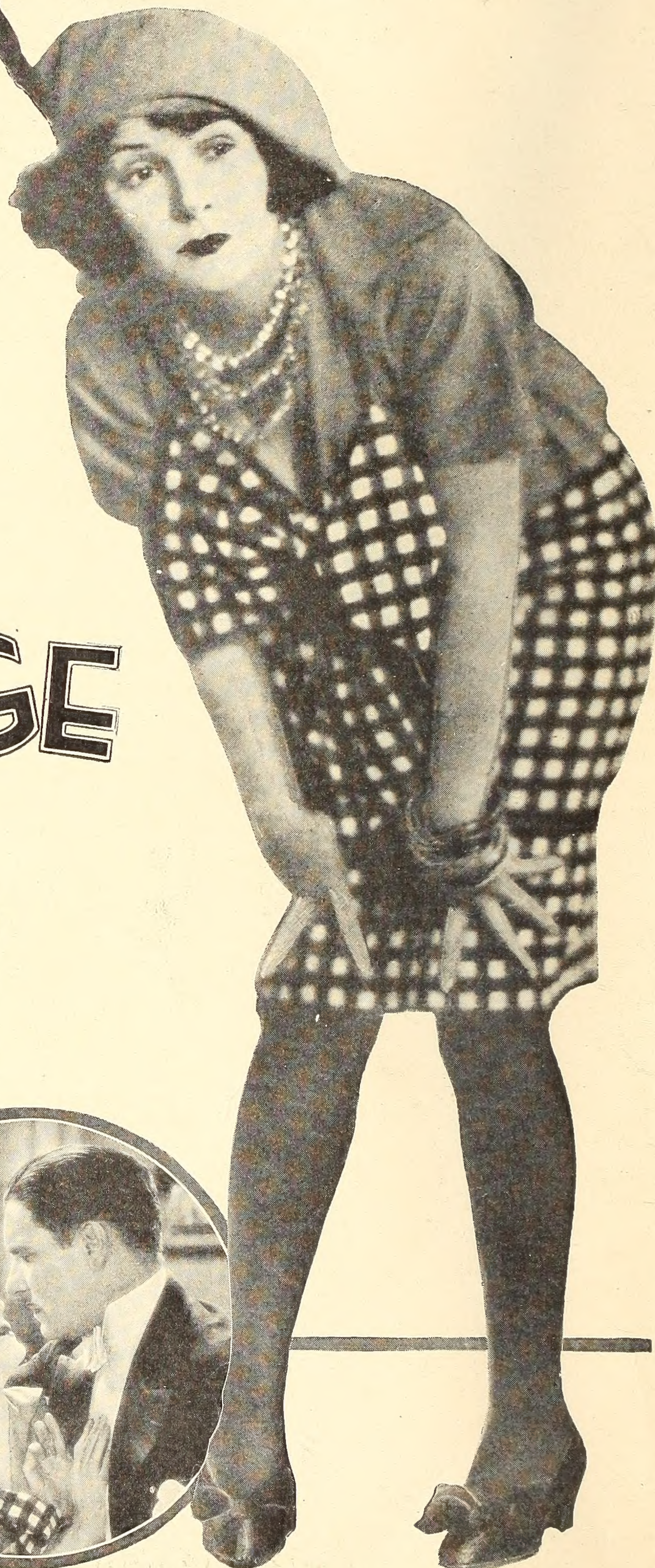
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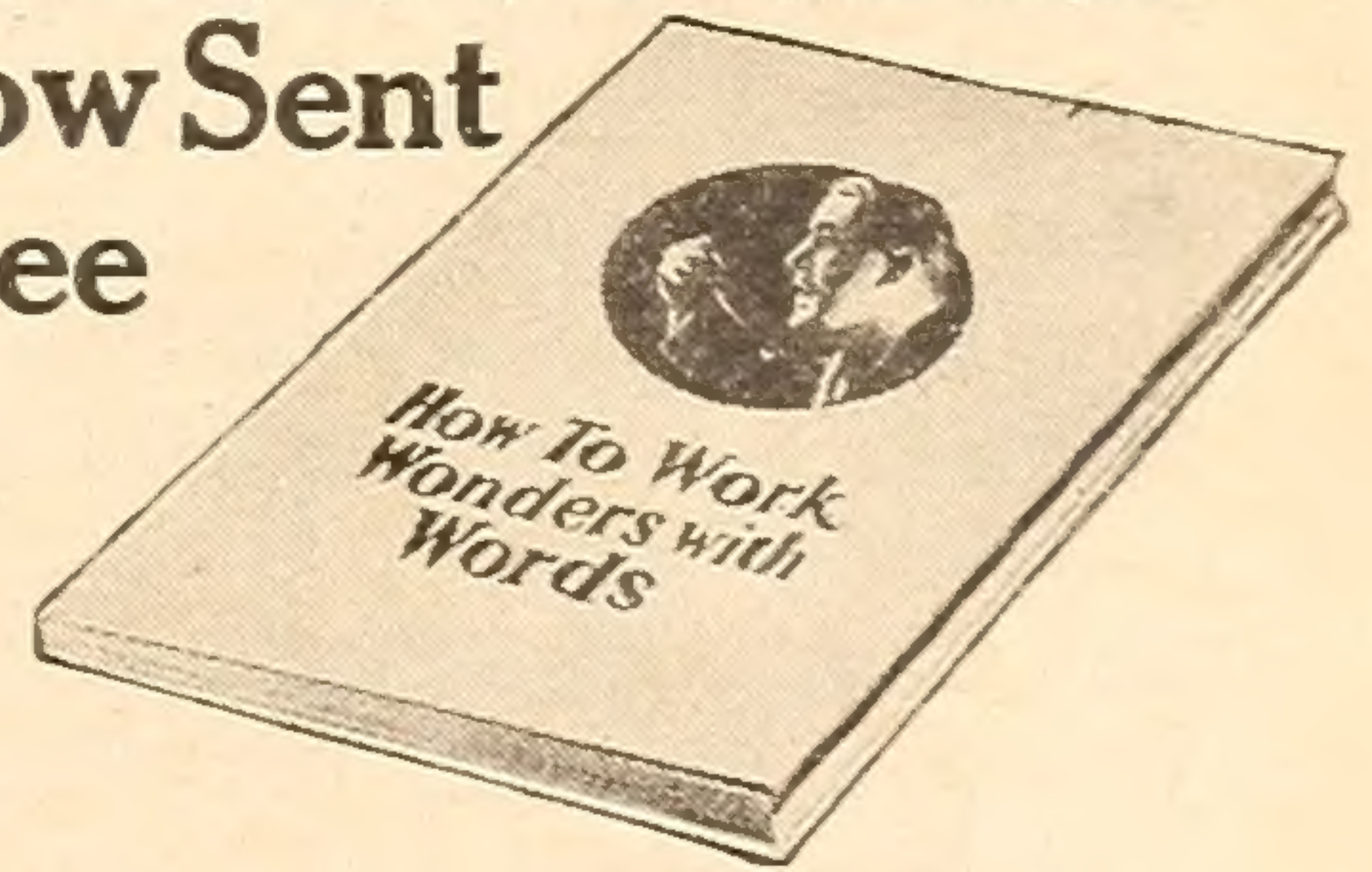
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SCREENLAND is published on the 10th of the month preceding the date of issue.

© Mary Pickford and Mary Louise Miller as they appear in "Sparrows". Rumor has it that Mary offered to adopt this little darling.

SCREENLAND

May, 1926

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XIII, No. 1

Eliot Keen, Editor

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An Answer Page of
Information

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Ask Me

M. M. P. (Rosemary). It's good to know I have a reader who follows my work with interest, and being a stranger to me makes it all the nicer, you know. Ricardo Cortez, who was born, 1899, in Alsace-Lorraine, recently married Alma Rubens. Pearl White is doing something in London for which she receives three thousand dollars a week—even if you don't call it acting. Pearl isn't married these days. I don't know anything but good things about Norma Talmadge or Bebe Daniels, so that is that!

A. M. B. F. "La La" Jane Brautigam, Lautrelle. Pauline Starke, Ramon Novarro, Marion Davies care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. George O'Brien with Fox, Western Ave., Hollywood. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan are all with Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. For other addresses and information read down this column. Youcca Troubetsky is Russian.

Virginia Polk. Address Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles.

Esther Dixon. William Desmond married Mary McIvor, and there's a little Mary. William Sullivan was born in New York, and he is 5 ft. 8 in., has brown hair and blue eyes. William S. Hart's latest gift to the screen is "Tumbleweeds", and George O'Brien isn't married, so you can breathe again. Barbara LaMarr was still in her twenties when she died in January.

Dick. Whew! You sure do like Vilma Banky, don't you? This fair lady is living in Hollywood, and you can reach her by sending letters to the United Studios, Hollywood. Regret, my friend, I have not her telephone number. Marie Prevost, who is with Metropolitan Studios, is married to Kenneth Harlan.

H. A. L. Essential qualities if you want to become a movie hero are: acting (sometimes); good looks, and physique. Probably you'll go to the nearest movie-theatre when you read this, and after viewing some hero on the screen, wonder what I'm talking about, eh?

Lover of Dogs. I know exactly how you feel—you just can't help getting "chummy" with a person when they start talking about what a "wonder" their dog is. Jack Gilbert has a wirehaired fox; Leatrice Joy owns a Sealyham; Norma Talmadge, a pom.; Pola Negri has the same breed; Louis Stone, a Chow, and Lloyd Hughes a police dog. Myself, I prefer my airedale.

H. G. Ramon Novarro hails from Mexico, and his name was Samenigos, but thinking it sounded too much like "Ham and eggs", he changed it in court. Adolphe Menjou is of French extraction, and born in Pittsburgh. He's married, but contemplating divorce. Lon Chaney isn't deformed, crippled, or anything like that. Bert Lytell is an American, born right here in New York. William S. Hart is in his late forties, and he was born in Newburgh, N. Y. For other answers read down this column.

Erma C. (Portsmouth). Pauline Starke is still very much in pictures. See her address elsewhere on this page. Glad you like our magazine and photographs. Reciprocate all good wishes, and incidentally I have lots of pleasant recollections of hill-climbing on my G. W. K. at Selsey and lobster supper afterwards.

Chap. Haven't Joan Crawford's home address, but you can write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Her real name is Lucile le Sueur. She hails from Texas, and she isn't married yet.

Ruth (Washington, D. C.) William Haines was the brawny lad who played with Mary in "Little Annie Rooney", and he is now with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Leatrice Joy was born in 1897, and Jack Gilbert uses his own name, I believe. The Legion Post in your town may be able to tell you how to find out the actors who fought in the World War.

H. Burt; Amelia Dzugan; Everett Philipps; Eugene K.; Virgine Barron, and Dick Rodono. Address mail to Rudolph Valentino at the United Studios, Hollywood. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Gertrude Short with Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street,

Hollywood. Viola Dana, whose latest picture is "Wild Oats Lane", is at the Marshall Neilan Studios, 1845 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood. Fred Thomson and Lefty Flynn are at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. See particulars regarding Mae Murray elsewhere on this page. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., and at present she is in the East. Address her care of Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. American, of course. Her next picture has not yet been decided on.

Andrew F. Volke. I'd hate you to be disappointed in me, Andy, so I just won't say a word. Instead, I'll tell you what Greta Nissen is like—eh? Greta was born 22 years ago, she is 5 feet 6½ inches, with lovely blond hair, blue eyes and, Oh boy, have you noticed her figure! Not married yet. Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore are all the sons and daughters of the late Maurice Barrymore, so that makes them brothers and sisters, doesn't it?

Cora Chapter. Rod LaRocque was born in Chicago and educated in Nebraska. Corinne Griffith's next picture is "Mlle. Modiste". Conway Tearle, born, 1880. Leatrice Joy was born, 1897. You surely have your likes and dislikes, haven't you?

Martha P. Yes, Rudy and his fair Natasha have permanently parted. Rudolph managed to get a divorce for \$150—a record in cheap divorces! Jetta Goudal is rather reticent about her age—sometimes I've seen Jetta looking around 20 and at other times I've noticed she could pass for a lady further along in years; but I should judge she is about 30—which no doubt will bring an avalanche of protests from furious fans who will prove that she's only twenty-something. Douglas Gilmore is a bachelor, I believe.

Rodrigo. Oh yes, Mae Murray has been married at least twice—once to Jay O'Brien, the New York clubman, and the next time to Robert Z. Leonard, the director. She is in her thirties. Address care Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

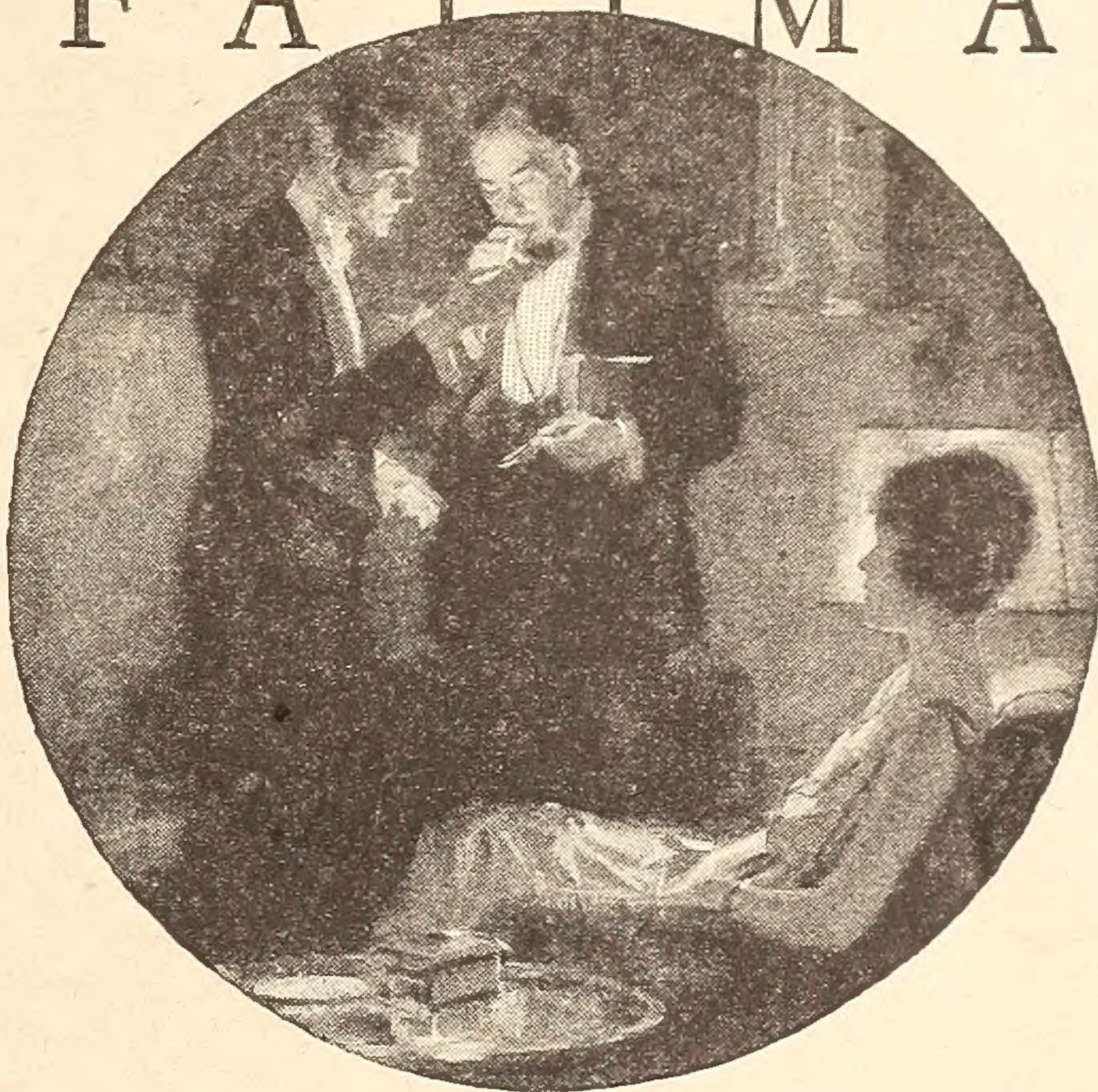
G. J. L. It is outside my department to recommend any particular school, but I can tell you something about cinematography and movie cameramen. While the profession is not overcrowded, opportunity seems to be the biggest thing in breaking in. In the old days cinematographers graduated from the ranks of newspaper and professional photographers. Today, they serve a sort of apprenticeship as second, third or fourth cameramen and move upwards as they learn lighting, technique, etc. There are no hours of work; you work as long as required, sometimes travel, and inevitably get the rough end of the deal until you've "arrived". As to wages, boys start in at about \$25 a week; fully experienced men average about \$100; while the star "cameramen" may reach \$250 or more. A few who have developed into directors are Tony Gaudio, Silvano Balboni and Christy Cabanem. The official organization of the cameramen is the American Society of Cinematographers, 1130 El Centro Ave., Hollywood. Why not write there for information or to the Asst. Cameramen's Association at the same address?

Kathryn Roche. Your namesake John is with Warner Bros., so write him direct to the studio, Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Ramon Navarro can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. The handsome Ramon is a native of Mexico.
(Continued on page 98)

As it should be

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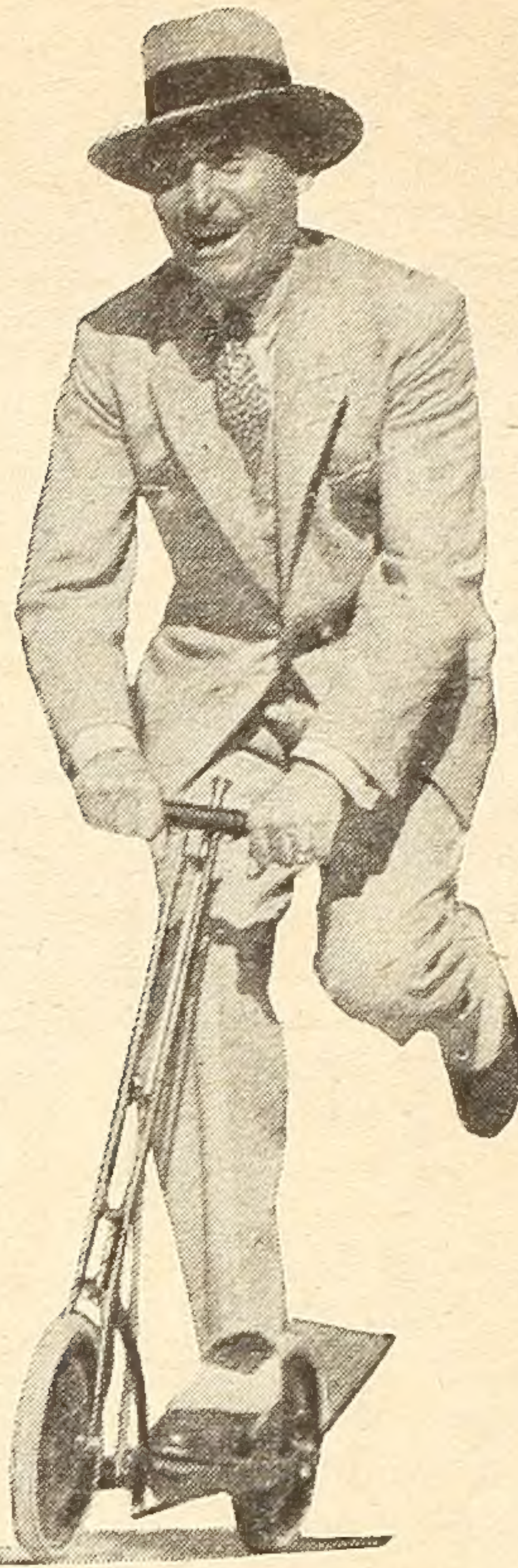
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SCREEN NEWS

from Broadway

THE arrival of Lya de Putti has somewhat upset the equilibrium of the eastern film world. The beautiful Lya was only the latest European importation—until she landed. Then she knocked 'em cold, to quote the hard-boiled ship-news reporters, who, it should be remembered, have been seeing such charmers as Pola and Gloria and Peggy depart and return. Miss de Putti had a varied career on the continent, some of which, she avers, is true. Among the many tales which penetrated to this country ahead of her were her flights from Rumania where she was suspected of being a spy during the war; her engagement to the Count Salm, and to a Russian grand duke, and other hectic adventures too numerous to relate. She is a youthful, black-bobbed-haired person, whose quiet, tailored clothes and rather shy smile are calculated to win friends, and to discount the stories about her which she blames on the imaginations of newspaper correspondents. She speaks no English, but she has managed very well so far without it. This fascinating continental, who is a sort of combination of Louise Brooks and Colleen Moore, with a dash of Pola Negri, will have the vamp rôle in D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan". She may also be seen in a European feature, "Variety", which has been bought by Universal for release in this country. Apparently Lya plays the title rôle in the latter-named film, if it's true that variety is the spice of life.

* * *

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, called "Red" by a privileged few, came to New York on a clothes-spree, accompanied by her sister. She's been so busy making Foxy pictures on the coast she hasn't been able to tear herself away before. Margaret is a striking Titian-haired beauty (that "Titian" is Algonquin for auburn) and is a wise-cracker of the first water. She has a new starring contract with Fox.

MR. and MRS. RICARDO CORTEZ came to Manhattan for their honeymoon. Incidentally, Ric will be the leading man in Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" while he's here. Mrs. Cortez, better known as Alma Rubens, has always been more at home in the east than in California, though her duties as a Fox star took her there. To date, she has acquired clothes, waved farewell to her mother, who left for Europe, and welcomed her chum, Marion Davies, to town. And she says: "You can tell everyone I'm gloriously happy." They both look it.

* * *

THE opening of "La Bohème" at the intimate Embassy Theatre on Broadway was what is known as a gala affair. Every celebrity in town crowded into the little playhouse and remained to weep with Mimi and anguish with Rodolph. The centre of interest—why deny it?—was John Gilbert, with the lovely Norma Shearer on his arm. (No; they are not engaged. Just friends.) Jack followed his usual procedure of slinking away before the audience in general had a chance to mob him. King Vidor, the director, escorted Eleanor Boardman—who, by the way, never wears a trace of make-up except in the studio. The newly-weds, Alma and Ricardo; May Allison, with Eugene O'Brien; Aileen Pringle escorted by Kenneth McKenna, and Hope Hampton with her husband, waved to the crowds storming the lobby; while Mae Murray, Gertrude Olmstead, and Flora le Breton added their luster to the occasion.

But perhaps the most interesting guest was Mary Lewis, ex-star of the Follies, and now the new prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Lewis, who made her operatic début as Mimi, came to watch Lillian Gish as the Mimi of the shadowed Bohème, and is said to have told friends that she intended to profit by the lesson taught her by the incomparable Lillian.

A SIDELIGHT on the presentation of "La Bohême" was the difficulty with the musical score. Up until almost the last moment, Metro-Goldwyn believed they would be granted permission by the music publishers of the Puccini opera to use the original score. Permission was denied. So William Axt, the brilliant deviser of music themes for many pictures, was commissioned to turn out a score for "Bohême". The result was a delicious joke on the publishers. For the screen score, while original, has certain haunting strains strongly reminiscent of Puccini's music, although it by no means treads on its toes. The publishers cannot sue for plagiarism because not a note has been "lifted". The music is simply like Puccini's and yet not like it. And audiences will be satisfied, and music lovers will feel compensated for the absence of the original score. While Billy Axt, and also Major Bowes and William Mendoza, also of Metro-Goldwyn, are receiving the congratulations of their fond friends.

* * *

CAROL DEMPSTER seems to have a new personality these days. It may be her striking success in an entirely different type of rôle in "That Royle Girl". Anyway, Carol has blossomed into a very striking girl. While she used to wear the plainest and severest of tailored clothes, she now appears in saucy silks, picture hats and a luxurious squirrel wrap. And I saw her at a theatre, seeing "Mare Nostrum", and applying lip rouge and more than a dash of powder. It's very becoming.

* * *

AS soon as she had decided to accept an offer to make pictures in England for the next ten months, Dorothy Gish began to figure out how she was going to say good-bye to her sister Lillian. Dorothy didn't like to leave her husband, James Rennie, to go to California, where Lillian is hard at work on "The Scarlet Letter". Jim couldn't go with his wife because he's working just as hard as "The Great Gatsby" in a stage hit on Broadway. What to do, what to do? The sisters might have each come half-way, and met in Chicago; but at the last minute Dorothy dashed to the coast. She only stayed three days and dashed back. The devotion of these girls has never wavered, though one is married and the other one of the most remote celebrities of the movies.

While she is in England, Dorothy will make "Pompadour" and two modern films, as yet unchosen. Over here, in her native land, she is regarded as a clever comedienne. In England, they think she is an actress of great charm and rare gifts. As proof of their esteem, they have selected her to play two of the most potent charmers of the ages: Nell Gwyn and Madame Pompadour.

* * *

REMEMBER Constance Binney? Some time ago, she was a great favorite for her soft beauty and quiet charm. Now she has retired for good, and her mother has announced her engagement to a wealthy Bostonian, C. E. Cotting. Both Binneys are now lost to the screen, Faire having married David Sloane of Philadelphia some months ago.

* * *

THOSE who held their breath while Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan were seen together in New York before Miss Gish left for the coast, may be interested to learn that the critic not only attended the premier of "La Bohême" but was among the audience of the same film two nights later.

OVERHEARD in the lobby at the premier of "La Bohême":

"Oh, Elsie, if there isn't John Gilbert himself! Isn't he handsome—those eyes! But, say, Elsie—I wish he would get a hair-cut!"

* * *

ESTELLE TAYLOR visited town with her husband, Jack Dempsey, and had her first glimpse of "Don Juan", in which she plays opposite Jack Barrymore. This picture is said—by such authorities as the Warners, Miss Taylor, and Doug Fairbanks—to be Barrymore's best. It is certain it will enhance Estelle's reputation as a celluloid siren, for as Lucrezia Borgia she makes a fascinatingly wicked heroine. Her work won the enthusiastic approval of the star—and a word from Barrymore is received with trembling joy by any of the girls on the screen. He has become a tradition, and it is considered an honor to be selected to play with him. Because of his praise of her work, it is expected he will select Miss Taylor for the leading feminine rôle in his forthcoming picture, "The Tavern Knight", from the Sabatini yarn.

* * *

MARY and Doug descended upon New York with the usual fanfare of trumpets for the opening of Doug's latest, "The Black Pirate". They encountered the inevitable mobbing at the theater, and there was an escort of fifty policemen to see them through the throngs. Nothing stirs the Manhattan movie-goers so thoroughly as the personal appearance of Miss Pickford and her husband. As soon as the shouting and the tumult died, the distinguished couple sailed for Europe, where they may stay for several months or may stay only a few weeks. It all depends upon Mary's decision to make a picture over there. Her latest, "Sparrows", not yet released, is said to be her best in years. Among the Fairbanks' plans are a production co-starring their talents. It is believed that if such a picture is made, it will mark Mary's adieu to the screen.

* * *

ALBERT PARKER, one of the really able directors and lately distinguished by his work on "The Black Pirate", is in town with Mrs. Parker and their little daughter. Parker played with Fairbanks on the stage twenty years ago, directed him in two of his first pictures—and is still his strongest rooster, the best booster for the star I ever met. Parker is a keen young man who knows pictures as well as anybody, has made a good many and has never lost his own sense of humor. He described his work as Doug's director by saying that the spirit of the star and studio was the most inspiring he had encountered. The Fairbanks company discarded the conventional "script", or scenario, and worked by a chart, marking the progress scene by scene every day. There is no such thing as dull routine where Doug works. He has been known to knock off work for two days to "get back into the spirit of the thing". And he never really believes his pictures are good until he gets the public's verdict! Incidentally, his "Thief of Bagdad" is now running in far-away Moscow in seven different theaters.

Parker has interesting theories about his pet hobby, pictures. He says a picture is good if it makes an audience work. If it can drag an audience along with it, laughing and crying and suffering, then it "gets across". Parker's pictures always make you work!

(Continued on page 92)



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Can this Beautiful Girl be the **MONSTER?**

What Mysterious Motives Inspired Her Awful Deeds

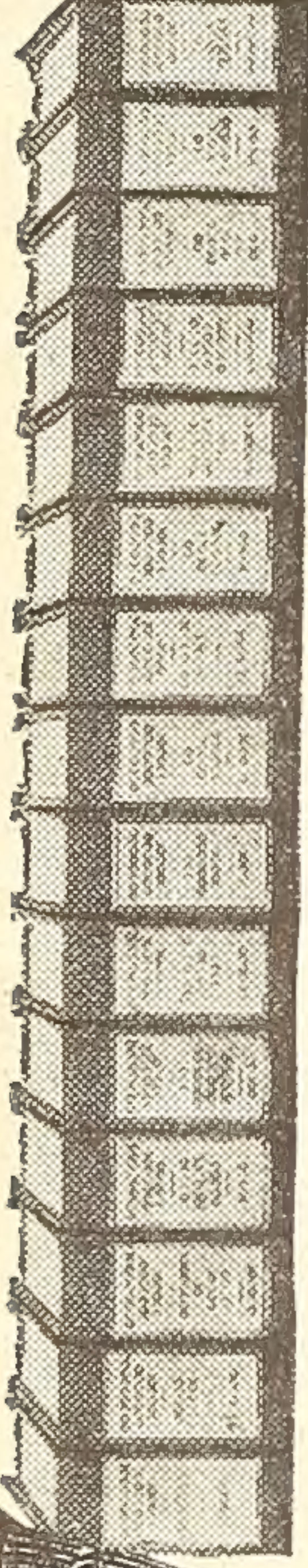
A SHARP click and Cleek was on her like a leaping cat! "Caught you," he snarled. Astounded we stared at this gentle-looking girl. Could that soft hand of hers have sent five men to horrible deaths! Was this really the nameless monster who held whole cities in terror? What was her true identity?

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Books for FANS



My
Nell Gwyn

By
Dorothy Gish

EVER since that morning I've loved my telephone lady. No, not the switchboard girl in the apartment house where we live, nor the central with the wonderful voice that says thr-r-r-ree so distinctly as to shame me every time I ask for the lucky number. The telephone lady that I mean is the silk-clad, china-headed little aristocrat, who hides the telephone under her skirts and pretends it's she who does all the talking.

It was my master's voice that came over the wire that "Nell Gwyn day", as I now call it. My telephone lady's face always sobers when the business manager calls. "Quick!" she cried, a little imperiously; "this is business". And then the news: "You're leaving next week for London to do 'Nell Gwyn'" — just like that! Screen players are never surprised by any news from the business office. A few words over the telephone as an induction to a voyage across the seas and the opportunity to recreate for the screen England's most famous actress and the favorite of a king! What actress wouldn't thrill at the prospect of being Nell Gwyn; of living over some of her pranks — and all in merrie England where the things really happened.

Then I sobered down. Maybe it was the unspoken accusation in my telephone lady's glassy stare. "You—you have the nerve to

© Dorothy Gish as Nell Gwyn and Randle Ayrton as King Charles II.

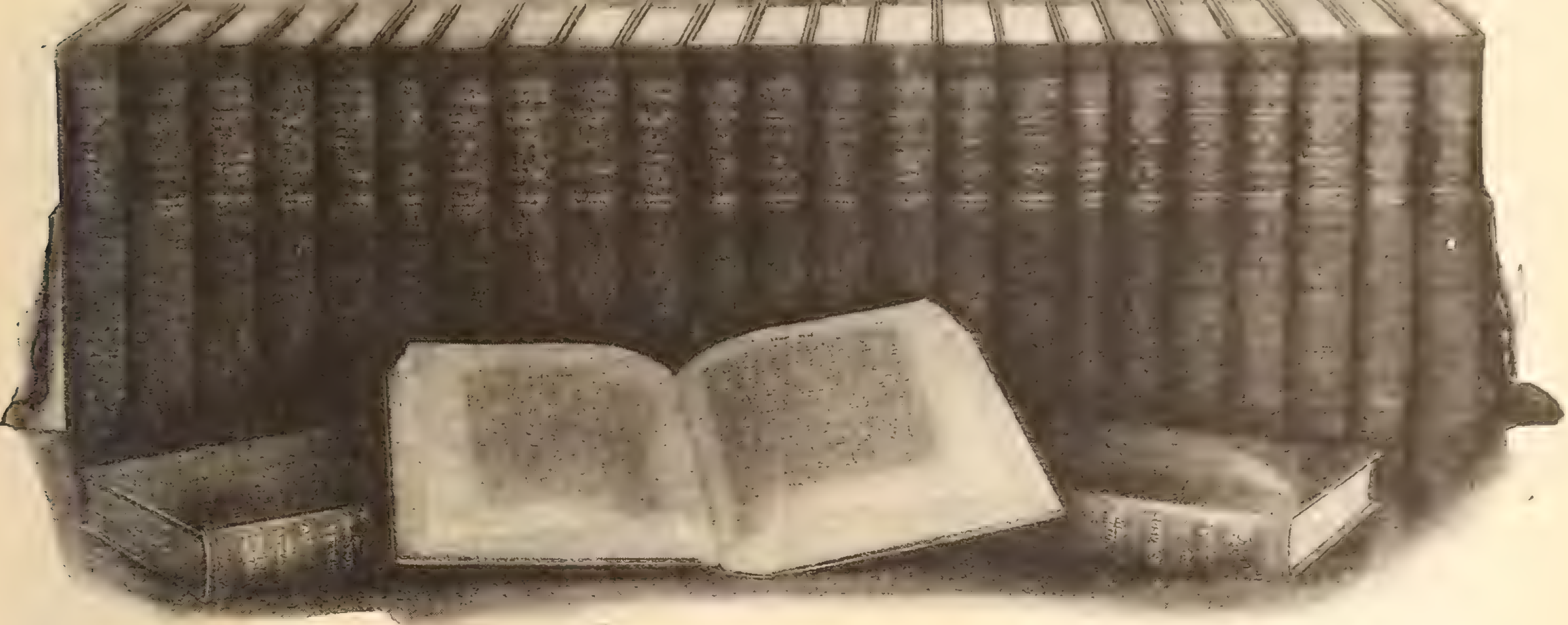
dare to attempt Nell Gwyn? Nell Gwyn, he said. What do you know about Nell Gwyn, aside from her being very famous—and very beautiful—and a great actress?

The idea! You! Nell Gwyn, indeed!"
The telephone lady and I often disagree. She riles me terribly at times; but we never had such a quarrel as we did that morning. Of course the prospect of going to England to play such a wonderful part lifted me into the seventh heaven of delight. It was my chance. My big chance! It was just wonderful—until that glassy stare from the cool, black eyes of the telephone minx brought me to my senses. From the clouds of ecstasy I dropped as one in a dream, as the realization of what it all meant slowly came to me. "Nell Gwyn, Nell Gwyn, Nell Gwyn," the clock ticked. Many great actresses have played Nell Gwyn on the stage, I realized. I will be compared with them—my work with their work. And in England, too, where every Thursday the bells of St. Martin's church still ring in memory of the beautiful, wilful, talented, affectionate, generous, sweet Nell of Old Drury; where everyone carries her idealized image in their hearts. And where every dramatic critic knows—oh! critics do know, or make people think they do—just how Nell Gwyn acted, talked, and everything.

(Continued on page 96)

"HOW I ENVY THOSE WHO ARE READING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



THE NEW KENT EDITION OF
JOSEPH CONRAD

— *twenty-six volumes at a saving of \$140.75 over the limited autographed Sun Dial Edition*

WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness*, "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

He had an unaccountable longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. So, still in his teens, he made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not even speak English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty.

Then, settling down in a quiet corner of England—recalling the rare experiences he had been through and the motley array of men and women he had met up and down the seven seas—there came from him, one after the other, those unforgettable novels.

Before his death, he found himself acclaimed by fellow-craftsmen as the greatest of them all. His original manuscripts, sold at auction, brought the incredible sum of \$110,998. The *Sun Dial Edition* of his works, which was autographed and limited to 735 sets, sold to collectors for a total sum of over \$129,000. No such tributes as these had ever been paid to an author while he was still alive.

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"There is no one like him, there is no one remotely like him!" H. L. Mencken once wrote.



"How I envy those who are reading him for the first time!" said Gouverneur Morris.

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THINGS

TO

Talk About

S L. ROTHAFEL'S new theater, "The Roxy", is in course of completion. It is to be the largest, the greatest, the most sumptuous and grandest. It should be called the Superlative Theater. We are heartily in favor of giving Roxy all that his heart desires — we are for him; but in this gorgeous new theater, there will be a motion picture (The Fox news is already signed), and this motion picture will be exactly the same as the print that goes to Oshkosh Junction and South Bangor, Maine, and the success of an evening spent at Mr. Rothafel's Palace will be entirely dependent upon the inch-wide piece of celluloid. It reminds us of Mr. Colgate's advertisement: "We could not improve the powder, so we improved the box."

SOME time ago SCREENLAND pointed out the growing influence of the screen on lip reading. In "The Big Parade" Slim turns toward the audience (and in this part Carl Dane is inimitable) and gives expression to his feelings. This soundless curse is understood perfectly.

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Colleen Moore's "Applesauce" in "Irene" is as clear as if you heard her voice.

THE contest for pantomime and for long sequences is becoming more and more general. Will the cut-back disappear entirely and the clever pantomime of characters be used to tell the story of what happened?

RICARDO CORTEZ in "Ibanez' Torrent" is a fascinating and charming hero, but it is not until he assumes the character of the middle-aged man that Ricardo proves the clever actor that he is. Being a heart-breaker was ever a struggle for mere man.

DIVERTISEMENT CRAZY. Under this heading could be listed the names of the prominent managers of the local motion-picture theaters. It is interesting to see how this idea has grown. A few girls were used with attractive posing and lighting effects to introduce the Bacchanalian atmosphere of "The Wanderer". This is not the only example, but the popularity of this idea, added to the popularity of Roxy's famous Capitol programs, has so weighed upon the minds of the theater managers that at the present time motion pictures seem to be in danger of again being married to the old-time vaudeville bill. This is absolutely a mistake. One dance number is good, and one song or two, but to put on a girl revue lasting an hour or so is to take from the motion-picture theaters their distinction and in a large measure their charm.

Is it possible that the screen is about to usurp another kingdom?

It has long since become the meeting-place. The cronies who once met in the barroom now exchange confidences in the back row of the picture house.

The latest film in town is the subject for conversation at our best dinner-tables, and the six best sellers only reach their full bloom when they appear on the screen.

The latest field to be invaded by the movies is that of the fashion magazine. Where once the stiff drawing of next year's gown sold millions of copies of magazines, now the very best showing of the latest style is to be found on the screen.

Gloria Swanson's "Stagestruck", "The American Venus", "Mannequin", "Irene"—all have fascinating parades of fashionably dressed women photographed in color, and so satisfactory is the color that the sheen of the garments as well as their cut and style is brought out perfectly.

Who knows but Paquin and Poiret will soon become producers, and that next year's styles will appear first at the local movie show?

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3. Al Christie—the dean of farce comedy, who gave you those wonderful laughing successes, "Charley's Aunt", "Seven Days" and "Madam Behave".
4. E. Mason Hopper—is directing it, the man who filmed "Dangerous Curves Ahead", "Janice Meredith", "The Great White Way" and who has just made "Paris at Midnight" for Metropolitan Pictures.

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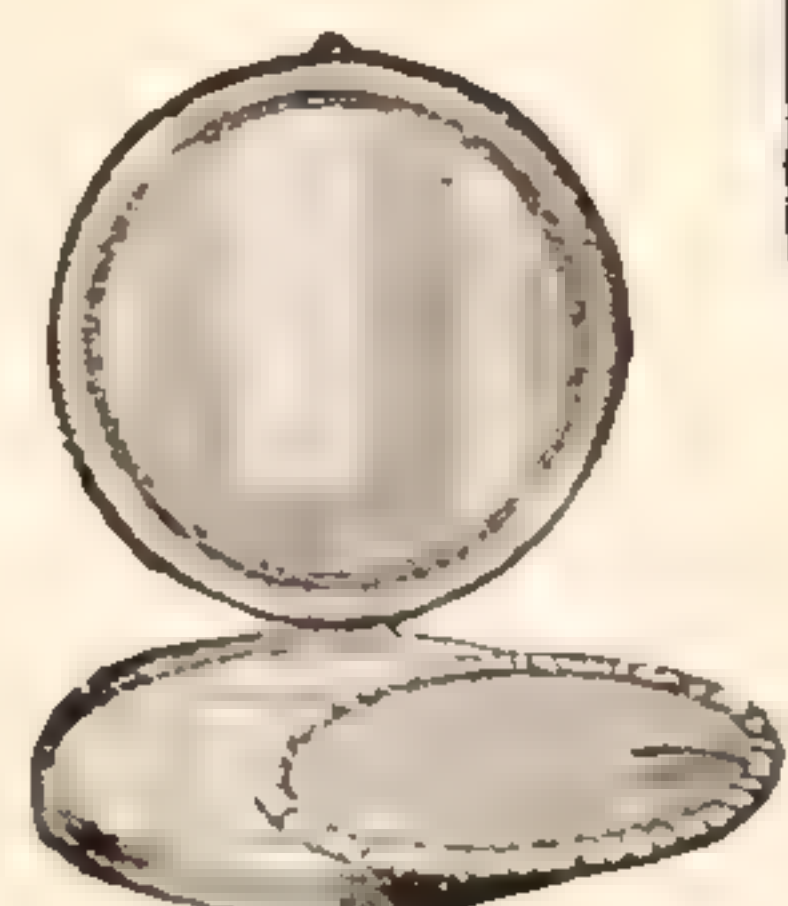
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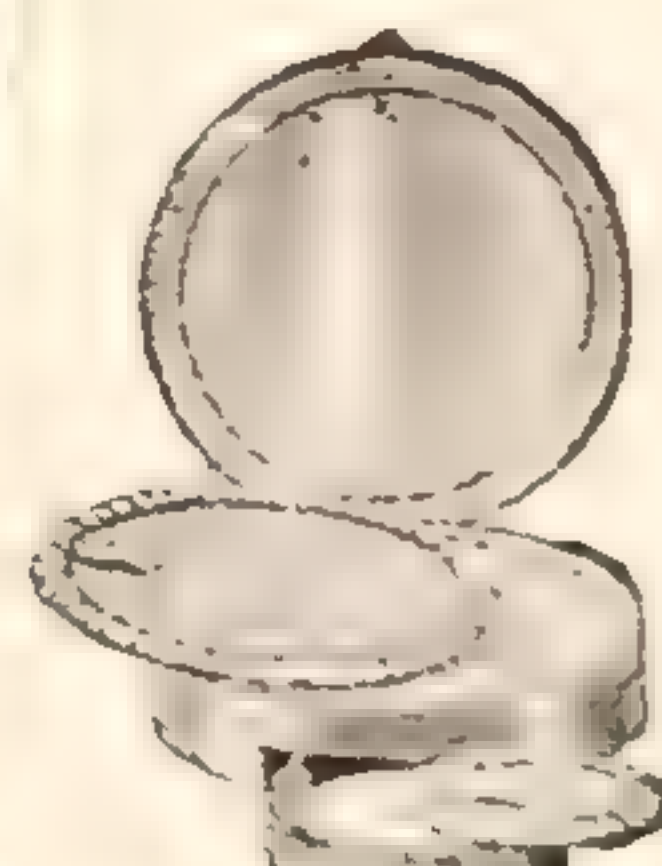
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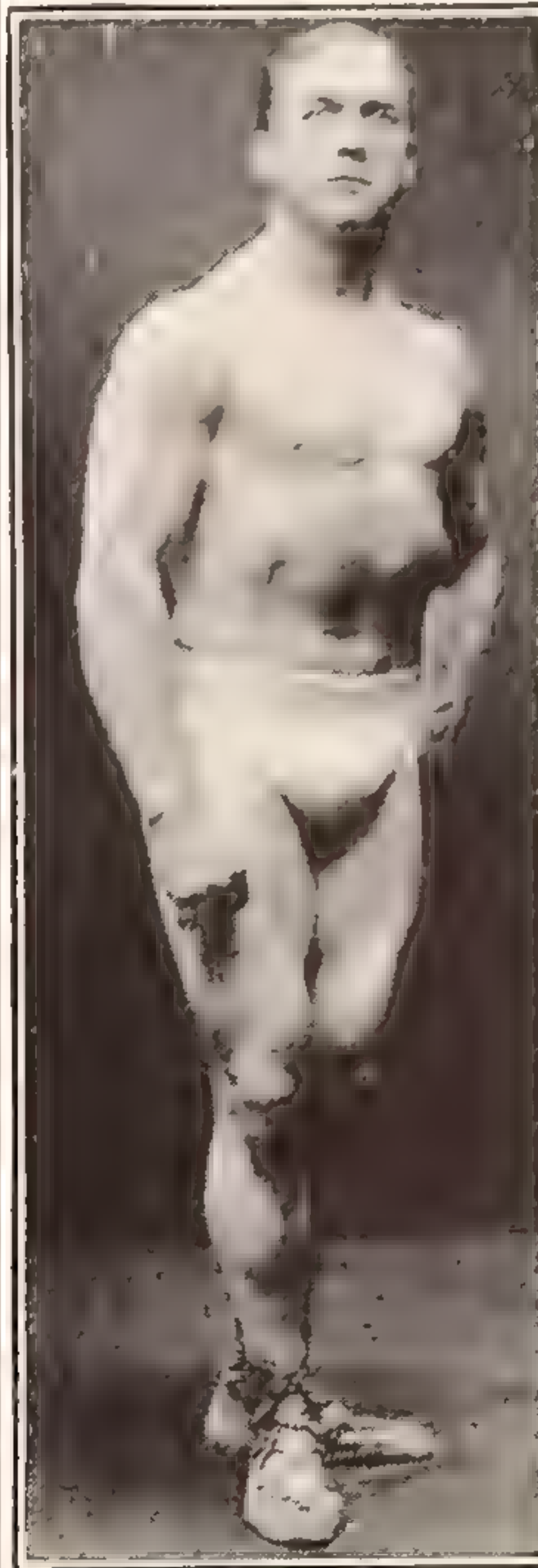


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Make Marriage a Success



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MAKE YOUR-SELF FIT

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if dissipation and excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic law. She will never fail you if you sit at her feet and learn her ways.

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My entire life has been dedicated to a study of Nature's Laws. I have applied her wonderfully effective principles to my own person and gained the world's award as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same marvelous, restorative, uplifting elements that I want to apply in your case and fit you for the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood. I want to help you—I can help you with

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| ...Colds | ...Weak Eyes | ...Vital Losses |
| ...Catarrh | ...Flat Chest | ...Lung Troubles |
| ...Asthma | ...Despondency | ...Poor Circulation |
| ...Headache | ...Emaciation | ...Round Shoulders |
| ...Rupture | ...Rheumatism | ...Youthful Errors |
| ...Thinness | ...Nervousness | ...Manhood Restored |
| ...Pimples | ...Constipation | ...Skin Troubles |
| ...Insomnia | ...Night Losses | ...Stomach Disorders |
| ...Impotency | ...Short Breath | ...Increased Height |
| ...Overweight | ...Weak Heart | ...Muscular Development |
| ...Weak Back | ...Great Strength | |

Name

Age..... Occupation.....

Street

City..... State.....



"We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams..."

—A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

RENEE ADOREE & CONRAD NAGEL

in

"THE ESCAPE"

THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL
of the
MONTH

SCREENLAND

May
1926

HONOR
PAGE



GRETA GARBO

WE acclaim GRETA GARBO not solely for the pioneering courage and ambitious soul within her slim beauty. (She was American in spirit even before she departed from her native

Sweden). Rather we pay homage to the artist that she is. She feels the eloquence of simple movements, and the charm of her perfect poise does honor to the art of the screen.



☞ Anita Stewart on location with her company in the Sierra Madre Mountains near Hollywood, filming "The Prince of Pilsen".

Anita Stewart Lets Nature Take its Part:---

WHEN a director takes the camera on location he achieves perfection in backgrounds. The most highly paid scene painter or most skilled property man is outclassed at the first step out of doors. And yet, very often, willing nature is not used in the picture at all.

So it is with the patrons of the motion pictures. You are each given by nature SOMETHING — and oftentimes this bit of perfection is neglected. Perhaps you have the sense of time and the gift of grace to be a dancer; maybe you have the color sense to be a painter or the sensitiveness to be a writer, the strength to be a swimmer, or the patience to be a great photographer. Have you?

Is it too much trouble to be successful?

Every picture and every person is better for letting Nature help.

The Editor.

Landed

One of the greatest scenarists, *Jack Russell*, spent idle years in the South Seas enriching a God-given talent.

By *John Finlayson*

By and large the movies bear out Henry's wisdom. Here is one of the cold, hard facts of studio-life. Fifty percent of the men who are successes at thirty are either down and out or going down fast at forty. They have been so satisfied with fame that they didn't deem it worthwhile to fortify themselves with experience.

Every day little two-line tragedies pop from out the maze of motion picture news:

Mr. Charles Blank has been added to the cast of "The Desert Coward".

The tragedy is that a few years ago Mr. Blank would have starred above all other players; but that was before age etched its web over his face and turned a screen idol into a middle-aged man without sufficient knowledge of life to make him a good



No beachcombers ever were more colorful than these two who make "Yellow Fingers", by Eve Unsell, a tale of fascinating adventure.

character actor—one of those immaculate derelicts who blame their condition upon bad luck instead of bad buying.

It's mighty easy to take all the money that movie fame offers. It's hard to foresee the day when there won't be any more. But too frequently that day comes.

Hardly had I finished writing that when the radio next door unloosed a burst of ukeleles and the deep throb of a steel guitar. My trend of thought went galley-west—and further west, until West became the saffron East. Out of the shadows of pagodas, as it were, leaped this recollection of the man I never met.

You know his name quite well—John Russell, author of "Where the Pavement Ends". We belong to the same club in New York; our stories have been published in the same magazines in various parts of the world; but I have never seen him. Were we to pass on the street tomorrow he would be just as distant from me as he was eight years ago when I first crossed his trail in Singapore. Three or four of us, yarning over tiffin at the Hotel Raffles, spoke of acquaintances and contacts along the scorching grid of the Malayan Archipelago.

"I remember a writer named Russell who came through there," remarked a skinny shipping man from Batavia. That was all.

A year later, loafing down the inside channel between the Queensland coast and the Barrier Reef, where surf played hard and at far intervals blackened hulls of wrecks stuck out, a Thursday Island pearler said the same. "There was a bloke named Russell—I met him in Port Moresby." Nothing else.

And more years later, an American consul returning from Apia, mentioned him while we slipped towards Honolulu. "That writer named Russell spent a bit of time in Apia."

If you ploughed from Melbourne to Madrid, it seems to me you'd meet someone at every port of call who knew John Russell. How he went there I don't know; perhaps in staterooms, though I'd like to bet he's stretched out on a schooner's hatch more than once. Fate flung him through the far horizons. There's an adventurous thought—but while Fate supposedly flings a man across the Indian Ocean, steamship companies insist that he must pay his way or work it, and working it means sweat and creaking bones.

Why Russell went is obvious; for experience, for color, for slants of life in the raw primaries that he depicted when he wrote the scenario for Conrad's "Lord Jim". His age is forty now, about; his drama is vivid with events that happened around him out-where the pavement ends. . . .

Not so long ago we used to say: "Movies are just in their infancy." Which excused a lot of childish things they perpetrated. But today they're full-grown; they

demand maturity. Sudden discoveries are no longer youngsters; except in isolated instances, they're men well on in years, men who have learned enough of life to be able to surround themselves with its picturesqueness—which is quite different from surrounding oneself with glamorous settings from the scenic-studio.

List those who are coming most rapidly to the front. Heroes or villains, they're poised, polished, sophisticated. Even in the two youngest, John Gilbert and Ronald Colman, youth is not their charm, although they are only thirty. But Gilbert's life has been desperately crowded, while Colman brings the *savoir-vivre* of the Continent, where men are very old when they are very young. . . .

Recently on Broadway Robert Flaherty loomed ruddy-faced and grey of hair through the crowds emerging from the Rialto Theater, where "Moana of the South Seas" had amazed them. Until, all bitten with the Arctic cold, he brought Nanook out of the North, he didn't exist as far as movies were concerned. For the years he spent making that picture, his earnings were about \$4,000—barely enough to live on. But he was learning, digging drama out of the earth, equipping himself to create "Moana", which earned more than \$6,000 in one day at the Rialto.

As to the future, Flaherty hears the East 'a callin'.' India will see him next, quite possibly, and what he brings back should be another picture mellow and rich with the wine of life.

So gray hairs of wisdom command attention in the films these days. The bright young man who believes that youth unseats age simply because it's the stuff you read in books, should remember that the two outstanding figures in the industry still are D. W. Griffith

and Cecil B. DeMille. And the moral reaches beyond the movies, into every walk of life.

If you're a success at thirty, don't take it too seriously, but get out and learn those things that will keep you successful at forty. And if you're already thirty and plodding—why worry? Don't plod; enjoy yourself. No man's a man until he's thirty-five, and at that age the numerologists claim that destiny shapes itself.

* * *

"Jack" Russell sits in a pleasant room at the Paramount Studio. The rug under his feet is softer than the beach of a South Sea island. The veiled sunlight is pleasanter than the tropical glare; and he writes stories for films. These stories are alive, because he has lived them. He is paid \$800 a week—more than he earned in a year where hawsers splashed into turquoise seas. But he is worth it because he *knows*. From vivid years he gleans the original and stirring situations that are his by virtue of discovery, and for an admiring world he loosens the string of his memory and spills the pearls of a happy youth.



John Russell has happy memories of his years of roving, and a wealth of "local color" to use in his pictures.

IRENE RICH GETS BACK HER Babies

It is fine to be a successful motion-picture actress, but it is best of all to be a regular mother.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

TWO-THIRTY, Sunday, hotter'n two brass monkeys, with the "Silken Shackles" company working on Stage 2—and all day long, at that. That's where I'd have to see Irene Rich—she'd be on the set from early morning until the sun retired.

Three o'clock. I arrived. No Irene Rich.

"Hey, there, Victor! How are you, Mr. Varconi?" I kidded him.

Fifteen minutes went by.

Walter Morosco greeted me. Another fifteen minutes, but no Irene Rich. Huntly Gordon came up. More minutes. Huntly walked to the other corner of the big room. Then:

"Say, Huntly!" I called. "I was supposed to meet Irene Rich here. I've been waiting about an hour already. By all the gods above, have you seen her and is she working on this set today?"

"Miss Rich? Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Huntly.

"Irene Rich! That's a good one!" roared Walter Morosco.

"Miss Rich! That's the funniest since I came back from Europe!" bellowed Victor Varconi.

And with a smile, sitting two feet away, back to me, Irene Rich announced:

"Does somebody want me?"

Want her? I almost grabbed her. And though I'd wanted her a good long time, perhaps it was just as well that we had started our talk—our talk,

which was sprinkled here and there with the softest kind of tears—by her having a good laugh on me.

"You want to hear my ridiculous story of how the family trio spent two years away from their mother, don't you?" asked Irene.

"I should say I do *not*," came my reply. "I want to talk to you about Miss Irene Rich."

Irene smiled. Gee, you ought to see her smile! I knew right then that whatever she wanted to talk about would be what we'd talk about, from start to finish.

"You see, when I talk about my chicks I have so many more and interesting things to say. They're always up to something. And — they're Home!"

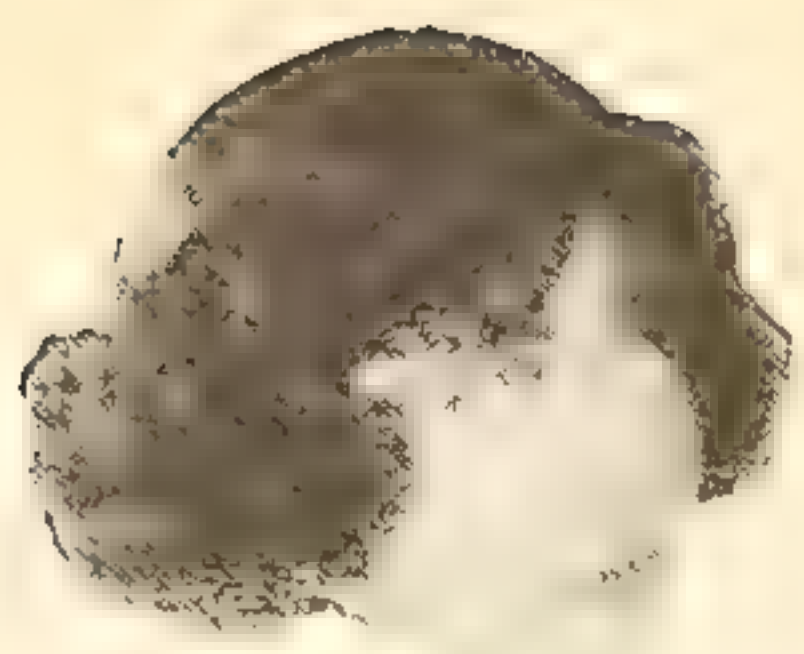
That's all she said: "And—they're Home!"—and I could see the sun chining and the trees blossoming, and hear the air singing, the waters giggling and tumbling all over themselves. "And—they're Home!" The thrill of it, and the tenderness, that I could hardly understand!

"It's such a terrible, terrible story," laughed Irene, "of how two bad girls and their grandmother left a poor little mother all alone in Hollywood. How they staid away for six weeks instead of two years, and then came sailing home again. You

(Continued on page 49)



Irene Rich has beauty, and beneath it is a true mother heart.



☞ Renee Adoree is a big part of "The Big Parade" because she can make her mind act.

The latest development
is talking
The Camera

☞ The picture of the future will have the emotional clash of minds instead of bumping motor cars, and grim mental terror will take the place of gun-play.



☞ Tantalizing. More than just "making a face", Renee Adoree is thinking mischief.



☞ Look well into these surprised eyes, and you will "get" her thought. But no man knows what conveys it.

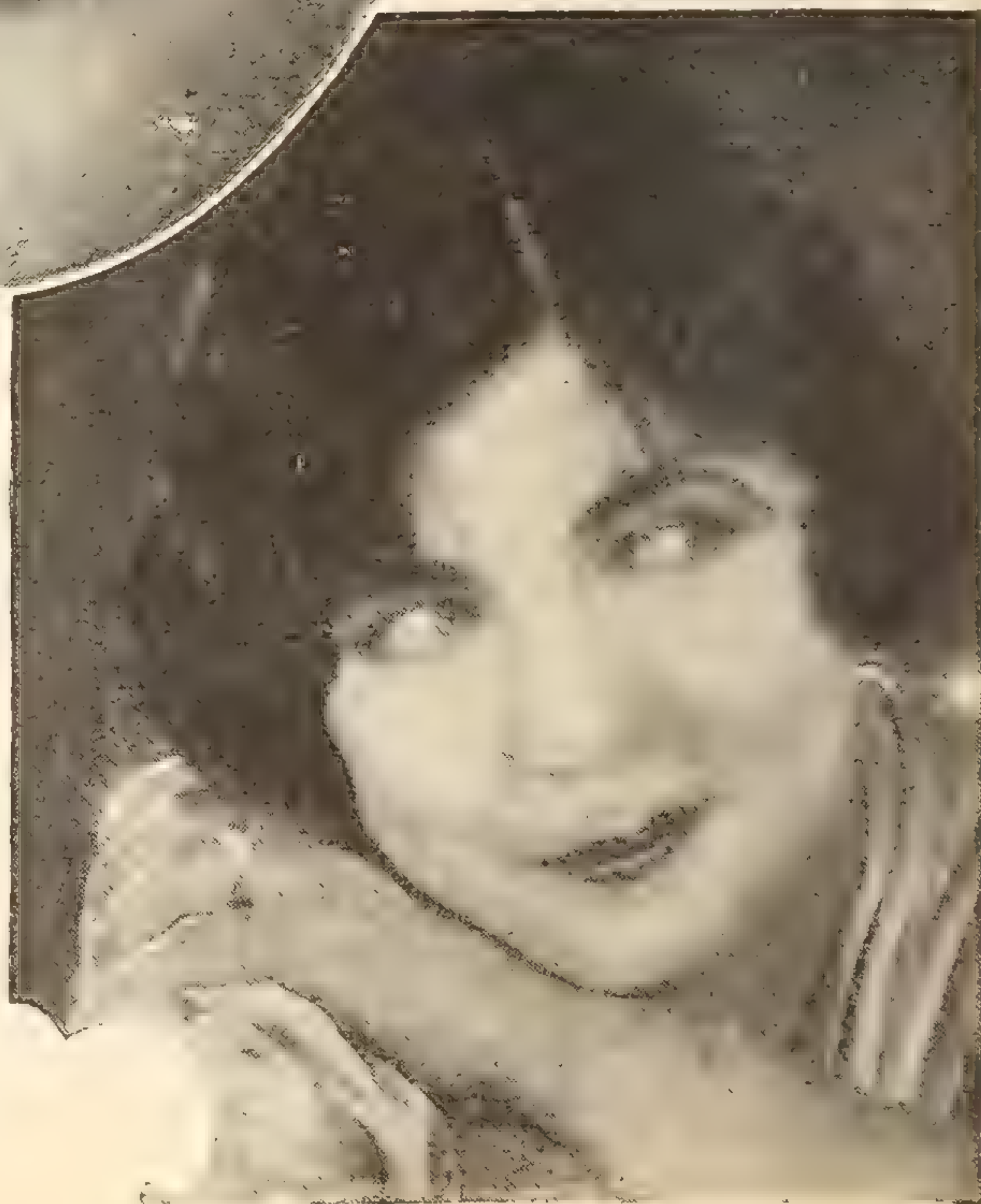
WHEN King Vidor was working on "The Big Parade", he and John Gilbert and Irving Thalberg were conferring one day when something happened.

They sensed a dramatic rush and climax in a scene which had practically no action. "I can see him thinking!" cried John Gilbert, pointing to his image on the screen.

Thus was born the newest art of photography.

Little, mischievous Renee Adoree, clever actress that she is, had always made her mind do the acting, so she was of the greatest aid in carrying out the ambitious program of her great associates — a program which will have more far-reaching effects upon the screen than color photography or tricks of lighting. The one picture in New York which, though months old, can still boast a line at the box office before each performance and around which speculators hover like camp sutlers, is "The Big Parade", and its greatness forecasts the wonder this new art is to bring: Pictures that are emotions.

☞ Renee Adoree's thought was elusive, and her features hardly moved, yet the picture conveys it.



in screen art that every one
about

CAN Photograph THOUGHTS



☞ Not only is Renee Adoree very beautiful—her photograph always “means something”.

☞ Especially posed for SCREENLAND by Renee Adoree. You can look into her eyes and feel what she is thinking.



☞ Fear: Hardly a line of Renee Adoree's face is moved from the picture on the left, yet a thunder clap could not create a more dramatic change.

☞ The suspicion and question in her mind reaches this printed page because of a new power of photography just being realized.



☞ The eyes of Renee Adoree here are just eyes—nothing more. Yet somehow you know she is thinking contemplative thoughts.

Pictures that make your mind live each scene.

“I suppose through ze eyes, you can ze thoughts observe—is it not so?” asked Renee. “Perhaps, Monsieur, it is so zat ze wife see her husband telling ze lie?”

If Renee is as good at reading thoughts as she is at revealing them, she could have seen a conflagration of adoring, admiring emotions behind our spectacles.

Thought-photography reveals the moments when the actor becomes self-conscious as well as the times when completely “possessed” by his character the actor “loses himself” in a perfect characterization.

Certainly wonderful moving pictures, enthrallingly entertaining, lie within the realm of the new mental films.



What a COLLEGE BOY

¶ "The Big Parade" is the kind of production that appeals to the undergrad.



We like women. Only the police force prevents us from paying our respects to them all. They have achieved loveliness, and attention is their due.

With great collegiate smugness, we have accomplished it psychologically. We render homage to womankind in general through faithful allegiance to their movie types.

Frankly, our life ambition is to pop into the prom with little Alberta Vaughn on our arm. One glance at her smile and how our beloved classmates would try to cut in! At this juncture, how we would "high hat" them. Of course, we would swap a few dances with Mae Murray's partner. And not by the slightest chance would we refuse a date with Gloria Swanson. Her interpretation of Sans-Gene left us with a new respect for Napoleon;

we, too, like Gloria. Norma Shearer and Dolores Costello easily make the list, in fact with no trouble whatsoever. Norma was pretty keen in "His Secretary"; and as for Dolores, we didn't sleep after we saw "The Sea Beast" though it wasn't Moby Dick who kept us awake. Corinne Griffith holds for us all the beauty of first love. Indeed, so great is our devotion that we found the titles of her last two pictures rather incomprehensible. "Declassé", we feel, should never be applied to Corinne, even in the movies, and to conceive of her as "Classified" immediately suggests a poet who knows his vegetables.



THINKS ABOUT

By Ernest Cuneo, Columbia '27



“Moving Up,” King Vidor’s wonderful scene in “The Big Parade”. Tom O’Brien is on the left, next John Gilbert, and Karl Dane is stepping over the fallen comrade. Pitiless, terrifying, sincere truth has made this picture the screen’s History of the World War.



As a slight evidence of our capacity of heart, however, we wish to state that the announcement of Florence Vidor’s engagement left us stunned. Nothing can alleviate our condition but another “Grand Duchess and the Waiter”. For, embodiments of our dreams though they be, the movies are also very importantly the place of our diversion. Therefore we protest the continued use of outworn, stereotyped plots and the exploitations of the common ideals—the bullet-proof Mounted to the derbied house detective.

Occasionally, there is an injection of fact, but as a

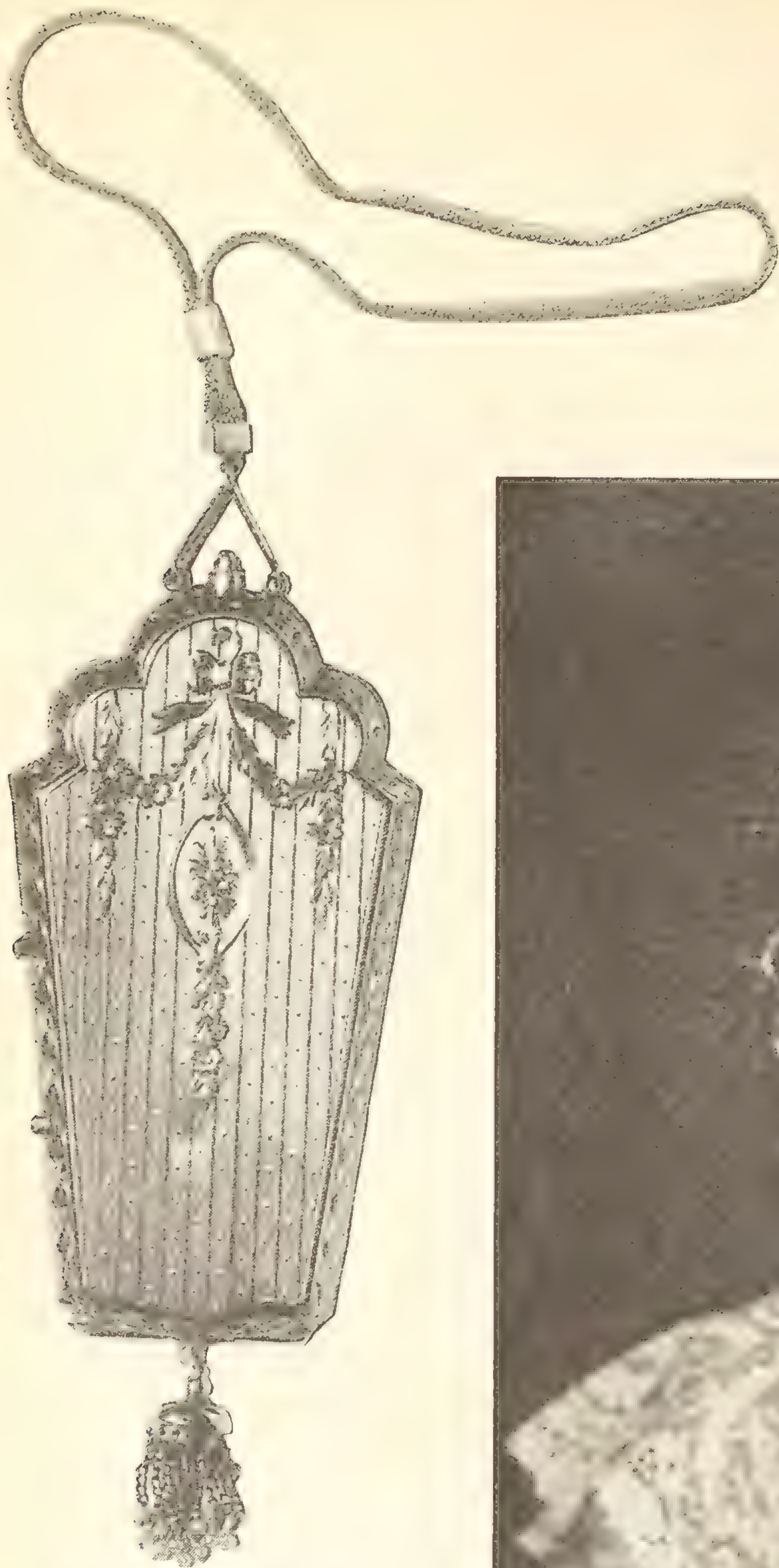
usual thing we witness spectacles lamenting the disappearing redskin when a peek at the statistics reveals that, not only is he on the increase but among the richest peoples in the world. In like manner, injury in an airplane accident is an utter impossibility — and an Irish cop not beloved of the entire community is simply beyond our imagination.

There is a certain group of swashbuckling plots, however, which we consume with the greatest relish. Our favorite is that monstrous royalty rigadon.

The plot is launched by His Highness in this corner and the heroine being cute in that. (Continued on page 93)

MARY

sends her VANITY



This dainty little vanity case of Mary's exactly typifies Mary herself. It's precisely what you'd know she'd carry. It is of gold and only five inches long including the little pearl-tipped tassel. The picture gives a good idea of the chased design which is repeated on the back. It has three sapphire clasps and three mirrors inside. Perhaps you'll be carrying it soon — who knows?



☞ Mary with her hair "up" or with curls, as painted on the cover, is always "America's Sweetheart".

A DEFINITE thrill.

I admit it. Perhaps in my long and largely wasted career I have interviewed every kind of celebrity from the Prince who paid us a visit to the Woman in the Big Divorce Case: professors, diplomats, bank robbers, explorers, capitalists, inventors and every brand of human celebrity good and bad. Still this little blue-eyed girl with the quiet voice was somehow more interesting than any one of them.

I have no illusions about celebrities; I have found that most of them have feet of clay; I expect them to talk about themselves, and they do. I ask two questions and get twenty-two answers. Some are edited into coherent English and some are not printed at all.

This time it was very different. SCREENLAND had instructed me to tell Miss Pickford about the thousands of ambitious young women who worshiped her from afar and to explain that they would appreciate a chance to

PICKFORD

CASE *to be*

given FREE for the

BEST Letter

own something that had actually belonged to their idol.

She was dressed just as she had come from the set where she made the final scenes of "Sparrows". Her shoes were many sizes too big for her; her hair was disheveled; her face was made up to appear streaked with dirt; her wedding ring was covered by a soiled bandage (she never takes this ring off). She came in unconscious of her tatters; she is too honest to apologize for a thing that to her perfectly natural wholesomeness requires no apology. She sat upon one of the deeply upholstered chairs in the living-room of her studio-bungalow, and curling one foot under her, listened while I explained that SCREENLAND wanted to encourage people to learn to express themselves.

"Our editor," said I, "believes that people think many things they are unable to put into words. This he regards as mental laziness.

"If we offer a prize of sufficient appeal, it may inspire many people to cultivate the habit of self-expression."

I went on to explain that if we could offer something that had actually been a personal possession of Mary Pickford, it would be a great incentive. The vanity case at the top of the page shows how graciously Mary Pickford responded to SCREENLAND's suggestion. Being a mere man, I can't begin to describe it, but I do know that I could sense its loveliness and value and was nervous until I reached the office and placed it in the editor's safe.

Miss Pickford attached only one string to the gift she made us; she reminded us that she had always opposed manufactured or artificial praise.

THE best letter concerning any of her screen productions will be awarded the vanity case. There is no enthusiast of pictures who has not seen one at least of "Our Mary's" plays — from "Little Annie Rooney" back to "Tess of the Storm Country" — and here is your chance to have your say.

Contest closes May 15, 1926.

Address: MARY PICKFORD VANITY CASE CONTEST
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
236 West 55th Street
New York, N. Y.



“Helping somebody up.” This scene from Mary Pickford's picture "Sparrows" might well be selected as typical of her career. "Helping somebody else" — that's Mary!



“Unaccustomed as I am---”

¶ *The screen's celebrities are often clever speakers. Here are some of their bon mots.*

¶ *Fred Niblo is hereditary master of ceremonies at all Wampus frolics.*

By James Tankersley

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public speaking. . . .”
In Hollywood that's out—deader than the villain at the end of any one of Bill Hart's pictures.

Them was the unhappy days, when the customers at any movie dinner knew in advance that four out of five of the speakers would be afflicted with the “Unaccustomed as I Ams”.

That was the insidious thing that promoted many a crap game in an upstairs room while the light-brained brigade thundered on, empty chairs to the right of them, empty chairs to the left of them.

Nowadays, when you slap another mortgage on the old homestead to buy a ticket to a dinner to the “unknown Grauman”, or Marcus Loew, you know you are going to hear speeches funnier than a Harold Lloyd comedy.

The waiter may hand you a papier maché duck or a squab, the offspring of a chance union of an old automobile tire and a discarded hot water bottle, but the toastmaster is going to hand you a laugh.

If it is a stag party, Major Rupert Hughes may preside. Consommé and Lew Cody look good. The salad probably will be hearts of lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing and Donald Ogden Stewart.

The wild duck, of course, never swam in anything bigger than a baby's bathtub; but you don't care. Fred Niblo is speaking.

For dessert they'll give you the ice cream or pie they had left over from the last time; but Bert Lytell isn't telling you any seconds.

And, just as no dinner is complete without coffee and cheese, so no Hollywood banquet is finished until Larry Semon has recited “The Shooting of Dan McGrew”.

If, however, Larry is relating the harrowing details of that great northern tragedy to some other gathering, as often happens, Russell Simpson may be there declaiming against the well known and outrageous “Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal”.

Larry and Russell are good actors, though, and while you may be snickering at how Yukon Jake tricked the little missionary gal, or how Lou got away with Dan's bank roll in the end, you can't help admiring the fervor with which the two boys put their pieces over.

And Larry can take \$40 worth of groceries, including two sacks of flour, a jug of molasses, an ubiquitous cat and a broom, and make more and better comedies than a lot of other actor-producers can with \$100,000 and a cast of fifty people.

At present there is a tight little three-cornered race going on between Fred Niblo, Rupert Hughes and Bert Lytell for the title of champion toastmaster and ceremony presider.

Niblo is hereditary master of ceremonies at all Wampus frolics and may be said to have the pole position.

He was unable to be present at the last one, however, and Lytell moved up a nose.

Niblo has the honnr, too, of having presided at one gala occasion without speaking a word.

It was at one of Sid Grauman's openings at his Hollywood Egyptian theater. The prologue was a series of



¶ *Consommé and Lew Cody — an unbeatable first course for any banquet.*

¶ Rupert Hughes is a major, he says, because he had six swivel chairs shot from under him at Washington during the war.

sketches showing the arrival at the theater of many stars and other players, with Niblo leading them on to the stage and introducing them to the spectators—all in motion pictures.

Not a word was spoken.

Titles were used to help out with the introductions, but Niblo himself sat with the spectators.

One of the titles read:

"Introducing a little old lady whom you all know and love." Then Niblo turned and chucked the little old woman under the chin.

The "little old lady" tore off her wig, peeled off her frock, and poked the master of ceremonies on the button.

It was Lon Chaney.

Major Hughes, perhaps, is the fastest man on his feet since Abe Attel quit boxing.

Heaven help the poor diner who attempts to "smart-crack" Rupert Hughes, for the Major is perhaps the most brilliant smart-cracker in America.

The authors got together the other night at the Writers' Club and amused themselves by eating, speaking and dancing. It would be impolite, perhaps, to say that many of them were more skilled in eating than in either of the other two diversions.

After hearing them speak, Major Hughes said he knew now why they were writers.

"Writers come to Hollywood for two reasons," he declared. "The first of these is to make money. They never get back. The other is to learn some new vice. I have been here six years now, and haven't been able to practice any of the old ones."

Major Hughes also told how he won his title. He stayed in Washington and had six swivel chairs shot out from under him.

At a dinner given recently at the Los Angeles Biltmore for Sid Grauman, Major Hughes presided.

No circus ringmaster ever handled his performers better than did Major Hughes on that occasion.

Perhaps the star clown of that gathering, as well as of every other such held in Hollywood during recent months, was Donald Ogden Stewart, author of *The Crazy Fool*.

Stewart is neither crazy nor foolish. He looks and acts something like a diffident, embarrassed professor of

literature of some jerk-water college, ill-at-ease in such a throng. When he rises to speak those who do not know him are apt to assume that they are in for a bad half hour.

Some of the guests may slide out and, after ransoming their hats and coats, go home.

They will miss the best part of the show.

It's just a part of the Stewart pose.

At a dinner, given a few weeks ago in honor of William Randolph Hearst and Marcus Loew, Stewart was the last man on the list of speakers.

One after another, executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and their friends had arisen to declare that Mr. Hearst was the greatest man that ever lived; that Marcus Loew was a prince; that Louis B. Mayer was a great guy.

Stewart was called on for a few remarks. He arose and began with the same formula.

His auditors thought:

"Oh, Lord, how Caesar has fell!"

"... Marcus Loew is a prince," Stewart went on, "but I'd like to say a few words in defense of Louis B. Mayer."

At the Grauman dinner he said:

"I've been in Hollywood for three weeks and I've heard so much about the shows this fellow Grauman puts on that I went out to his place to see for myself.

"And seriously, now, they're not so bad."

He concluded his speech by suggesting that a memorial be erected to "the unknown Grauman", a slap at Sid's well-known proclivities for getting publicity out of anything and everything.

Since Stewart's coming to Hollywood he and Cody have worked out a sketch which they have employed successfully at a number of banquets.

Cody plays the part of a noted French statesman, unable to speak English upon this, his first, visit to the United States. Stewart is in the rôle of a somewhat obsequious and thoroughly silly interpreter.

When Marion Davies' picture, "*Zander the Great*", opened a short time ago at Loew's State theater, Cody and Stewart used the sketch quite successfully in place of the usual, "We actors and actresses of the cinema", spoken by so many players at personal appearances.

I believe that Lew Cody is the most popular man in Hollywood. Lew is a great wit, he goes everywhere, he remembers everybody's first name, and he has great social sense.

(Continued on page 91)



¶ The ice cream may be left over from the last time, but Bert Lytell isn't telling any seconds.



¶ No Hollywood banquet is finished until Larry Semon has recited "The Shooting of Dan McGrew".



Put it

in the CONTRACT

Q The stars have to agree not to do this and not to do that. Would you?

OH for the life of a movie star! How many times have you wished you could be one of those favored beings, those darlings of fortune who ride to fame on a film contract? Don't all speak at once. It's a great life. A little work now and then, but who minds a *little* work? The great rewards—close-ups, and even more substantial items—are well worth the trouble. Yesterday, unknown; today, famous all over the world, with three motors, a house in Beverly Hills, a secretary, a French tutor, and one of those portly butlers who appear when you pull the velvet bell rope. Who *wouldn't* be a movie star?

In fact, if your fairy godmother, looking suspiciously like Ester Ralston, appeared in a vision before you and promised your favorite wish would be granted, it's long shots to close-ups you would say, "Godmama, I don't want to be grasping, so there is nothing I want except a five-year contract to star in the movies." Fairy Godmother would smile, wave her wand, and immediately a corps of lawyers would appear armed with legal documents. They would say: "Sign here, little girl," and you would be about to affix your signature when Godmother would whisper in your ear: "Be sure to read all the clauses first." You'd take her advice; and maybe you wouldn't

be surprised to find you had almost pledged yourself (1) Never to eat artichokes in public. (2) Never to own any dog except a Russian wolfhound. (3) Never to play croquet. (4) Never to order chicken salad even though you know it isn't fish. (5) Never to be engaged to more than three men at once, unless two are Italian noblemen.

You had placed your future in the lap of the gods—and the gods had stood up. It was hard, especially as artichoke was your favorite fruit and you detested those white woolly dogs. But of course, you wanted that film contract more than anything, even with the catch in it; and contracts were made to be signed. You would, wouldn't you?

Movie contracts are as different from other contracts as the movies are different from any other industry or art. They are often as romantic, as whimsical, as unexpected as the business they represent. Contracts are golden fetters binding the elusive personality of a screen star to the business of making pictures. Just scraps of paper, but they pin the butterfly wings of beauties and the fiery temperaments of artists to the routine struggle of six working days a week, and overtime. Some of them are so binding Harry Houdini himself couldn't wriggle out.

By Delight Evans



Illustrated by
A. J. TREMBATH

Suppose you were a handsome leading man anxious to plunge ahead in this fascinating field of films. Suppose a company offered you a contract to be featured in its pictures—at a good salary, with prospect of more? Wouldn't you grab it? But—suppose that contract contained a clause which stipulated that you must not marry? Well, if you were heartwhole and fancy-free at the time, that wouldn't bother you much, even in Hollywood. You'd sign. Things would look bright until the *Only Girl in the World* came along. There would be no resisting her; besides, you wouldn't want to. Sub-title: *Love or Duty?*

In the case of Ricardo Cortez, both triumphed. Anyway, they say his contract had an anti-marriage clause, and that when he met Alma Rubens he fell in love in that once-to-every-man fashion; and that contracts, and sordid things like that, were swept aside. However that may have been, Cortez managed to marry Miss Rubens, his first consideration; and also to retain his contract. It takes a bright boy to do that; but only an extremely hard-hearted motion-picture magnate could have done the stern-

father act when confronted with the romance of Alma and Ric.

You girls who bobbed your hair when the craze came, may be interested to know that several contracts tucked away in the strongboxes of film actresses contain clauses on this question. Lois Wilson has never bobbed her hair, and she never will, no matter how much she may want to—as long as she is working under her present contract. Lois, you know, has always played sweet, wholesome girls on the screen, perhaps because that is just what she happens to be. Somehow, long tresses seem to suit her. When she was given the

(Continued on page 84)

☞ Dorothy Mackaill has in her contract a weight clause, which is designed to prevent such a beautiful figure's being lost to the screen.

"R. S. V. P." in HOLLYWOOD

¶ *The social events in the movie world indicate the latest screen successes. "Just an excuse for a party," says Patsy the Party Hound.*

"THESE Cat Parties are becoming more and more de-catted," remarked Patsy the Party Hound. "Why, this one is a shower party!"

Kathleen Clifford was giving the party, and of course everybody was there. The shower was for Mrs. Clarence Brown, she and Clarence having just moved into a new Spanish villa, and all her friends being anxious to see that she had a goodly supply of Spanish shawls, vases, fans, lace, carved furniture and such things. Kathleen wore a wide sombrero trimmed with a ball fringe on the brim, and looked very cûte in it.

Patsy and I had done our shopping down in a quaint little Mexican shop close to the old Mission Church at the Plaza, in the oldest part of Los Angeles, and it had been a thrill to imagine ourselves right in the heart of a Spanish or Mexican village. The place was kept by a wrinkled old couple who could hardly speak English, but Patsy once had a Spanish beau, so she had learned a few words, though I must admit most of them didn't do her much good on our shopping trip because they were mostly words that had to do with love-making.

Kathleen Clifford, who recently was married to Meo Illitch, a rich young banker in Los Angeles, lives in a tiny house in Hollywood, which is a very important house, because it has sheltered just about all the famous film people of Hollywood. She says, though, that she just can't wait to get into a large house which she is buying, in order to give what she calls Bigger and Better Parties.

"Bigger they might be," remarked Claire Windsor, "but they simply couldn't be better."

A Spanish supper was served on little round tables



placed in the dining, living and music rooms, and everybody ate Spanish beans and enchiladas. The enchiladas are made of a white-flour-and-egg paste made thin and rolled in dumpling style around chopped meat, onions and chili peppers, with a sauce poured over all, the sauce being made of tomatoes flavored with garlic and a little thick-



ening. Green pickled peppers were also served—and eaten by those who could! They were very hot. Most of the guests bit into them, and, trying to hide their tears, slipped the remainder of the pepper back onto their plates!

Norma and Constance Talmadge dropped in late, but they were on their way to Del Monte for Constance to announce her engagement to Alastair William MacIntosh, the rich British man whom Constance is to marry, and so they didn't stay long.

Mary Pickford and brother Jack had expected to be present, but at the last moment they had to send their presents, as Mrs. Charlotte Pickford had suffered a slight turn for the worse, and Mary never will leave her mother when she can possibly be with her, especially as she is to go abroad just as soon as ever her mother is better.

By the way, I happen to know that Mary wouldn't go at all if it were not to please Douglas Fairbanks.

☞ Celebrating the first appearance of Marie Prevost at the Metropolitan Studios. Those present are Miss Prevost, Lilyan Tashman, Seena Owen, John Bowers, Priscilla Dean and Marguerite De La Motte.

"I just love my home, and I really want to stay in it," said Mary. "But of course I want more than anything else to please my husband."

Mrs. Brown is awfully popular, being a sort of older sister to the youngsters in the business, and giving them good,

sensible advice as well as marvelous teas and parties.

Dolores Del Rio and her nice husband were there, Mrs. Del Rio bringing as her gift a priceless old Spanish lace altar-cloth. Mrs. Brown said it almost made her feel religious, and that she was sure she would have to build a little chapel just to house that altar-cloth.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Claire Windsor, when she came in late with Bert Lytell, following the birthday party she had been giving Bert. "Dear me! I do hope they don't throw my gift out in the alley after they see Mrs. Del Rio's!"

Mildred Lloyd was there,

(Continued on page 98)

The SCARLET LETTER

¶ *This masterpiece of literature contains a number of passages so great and complete that a thrilling short story in Hawthorne's own words is made by their narration. A few connecting explanations are added.*

By Nathaniel Hawthorne



¶ Lillian Gish as Hester Prynne in the Victor Seastrom production of "The Scarlet Letter".

THE grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. . . .

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. . . . Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison. . . .

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impres-

siveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was ladylike, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days. . . . And never had Hester Prynne appeared more ladylike. . . . than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. . . . Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion, in prison, and had modeled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer. . . . was the SCARLET LETTER, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and inclosing her in a sphere by herself. . . .



The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the King's name!" cried he. "Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

So, in one of the most moving passages of all literature, Hawthorne introduces us to the young matron Hester Prynne who, having left her aged husband in England some two years before and come to the New World, stood now upon the scaffold of the market-

☞ *Hester Prynne stood on the scaffold, an infant in her arms and the letter A in scarlet upon her bosom! The world was only darker for this woman's beauty.*

place, with her nameless baby girl in her arms and on her breast the significant scarlet "A" which proclaimed her shame to all beholders.

The curious throng of neighbors and former friends gathered around as Hester took her place there, with little Pearl in her arms, pressed closer as that eminent divine, the Rev. John Wilson, the oldest minister of Boston, exhorted her to reveal the name of the sharer of her guilt. But Hester was silent under Mr. Wilson's pleading; silent under the gentler exhortation of her own clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. She would not purchase permission to remove that letter from her breast by revealing the identity of him for whose sake she bore it; and at last, the duration of her punishment in the market-place being over, the young woman who was henceforth to walk as an outcast among her kind, (Continued on page 98)

The TWISTED Smiles

THAT WIN OUR HEARTS

☞ *Do we love our friends for their faults?*



☞ Carl Dane — "Slim" of "The Big Parade", smiles his crooked way into your esteem.



☞ Reginald Denny's growing popularity springs in no small part from his lovable, crooked, good-natured smile.



☞ Roy D'Arcy assumed this crooked smile for the purpose of the Crown Prince in "The Merry Widow". In "La Bohème", his smile is quite normal, but fortunately his charm remains.



☞ Jack Mulhall, with his Irish, roguish grin typifies Irish America.

IF we were all perfect we would have no friends. The finger-prints of creative Fate sometimes leave scars, sometimes almost disfigurements; but curiously, it is these individual touches that are dearest to our friends. A young man will bemoan the kinks in his hair—and a certain girl friend will think nothing is so fascinating as these same permanent waves. Twisted smiles have a heart-warming charm to them, and a few of the screen stars possess this sure key to our affections.



☞ Dorothy Mackaill, one of the few heroines to be gifted with a darling little twist to the winsomest of smiles.



MILDRED GLORIA LLOYD

HAROLD LLOYD'S baby has her mother's blond hair and blue eyes, and her father's unconcern before a camera.





LAURA LA PLANTE

UNIVERSAL'S fascinating leading lady has just completed "*The Midnight Sun*". She has blond hair and gray eyes.





GEORGIA HALE

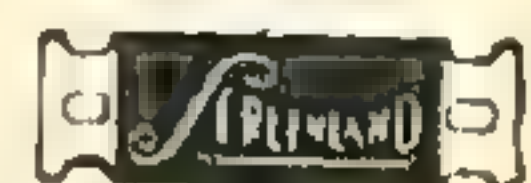
A conquering newcomer who has won a long term contract with Paramount Pictures. Miss Hale has brown hair and eyes.





IRENE RICH

NO one else on the screen is her type—convincingly young, yet with enough of years to give charming poise and gracious beauty. Irene has brown hair and eyes.



☞ It's the kind of picture that sends you out with a grin.

LET'S GET Married

☞ *Don't Mind if We Do*

SOMETIME ago there was a rumor that Richard Dix didn't want to make comedies any more, so when I saw Richard again I pointed my finger at him and said sternly: "Young man, what does this mean?" He hung his head, shifted from one foot to the other, and mumbled something about wanting to make good comedies or none at all. He certainly looked guilty. So I asked him—it was just like a vaudeville act: "Don't you consider 'Let's Get Married' a good comedy?" Richard just grinned. If I'd had a camera handy it would have made a great close-up. But I don't care what he thinks. I liked "Let's Get Married", and I suspect you did, too. It's the kind of picture that sends its audience

out wearing one broad grin. Richard, Edna Mae Oliver, Lois Wilson and Gunboat Smith do not attempt to wrest any histrionic laurels from Barrymore or Chaney; they don't seem to be acting at all. Maybe Mr. Dix wants to act. Maybe he feels he is wasting his time on trivial farces. But I wish he'd stop to think that his comedies are almost the only offerings on the screen representing legitimate and kindly humor without slapstick. They are light and frothy, but they are always about real people you like to know. He stands for something whether he likes it or not, and he can go on making pieces like this all his life and he'll never be asked to "act". You're in for it, Richard, so laugh that off.

☞ The glamour I found in the book eluded me in the picture.

SEA HORSES

☞ *Gangway—Avast—Ho!*

PITY the poor sailors on a night like this, but change the sailors to extras if you want to be in the swim. What those poor fellows have gone through since somebody or other in the picture industry decided to cash in on the popularity of Neptune's classy little kingdom! They have been battered about from studio tank to tank, and sometimes they even establish contact with the ocean. In "Sea Horses", they're all wet, all right. "Sea Horses" doesn't stop with a little storm at sea. It goes on and works up a typhoon of the variety made famous by Joseph Conrad and more recently publicized by Francis Brett Young. It's a very good typhoon, too. But the picture isn't as salty as it might have been. Oh, yes, I'm one



☞ Bill Powell, a wicked villain, and Florence Vidor, his victim.

of the miserable wretches who "read the book". But it's too late to change that now. The glamour I found in the book eluded me in the picture. The cast was good, with Jack Holt much handsomer than the original hero, and Bill Powell as wicked a villain as you want. But when I read Francis Young's story, I was swept right along with the typhoon and got an awful shaking-up, but it was worth it. While in the theatre I found my gaze wandering to the drummer

in the orchestra giving his well-known imitation of a stormy night at sea. It's my own fault; I should have kept my eyes where they belong. But what's the use of locking the stable door now that Sea Horses, typhoon and all, have blown?

MARE Nostrum

NOT AN ANIMAL
PICTURE

☞ Pictorially, this is just
about perfect.



NOW that you know this is not a horse picture, you can go ahead and enjoy it. Rex, king of the equines, isn't in it. Instead, the leading rôle is played by your old friend, the Mediterranean. You have seen this foamy old fellow before, but never has he appeared to such advantage as in Rex Ingram's latest opus—no relation to octopus! There are the grandest scenes of the Med. lashing on the rock-ribbed coast and splashing spray into the air that you have ever seen even in your favorite news-reel. Somehow or other, Mr. Ingram and his cameraman have persuaded their sea, and ours, too, to turn his best face to the camera, with the result that some of the close-ups are the kind which draw ohs and ahs. In fact, never has that good old dayvil sea heard so much applause directed at himself. It's one screen feature everybody agrees on. You may not like some of the actors in the Ingram film, but the title rôle, you will admit, is played just about as well as can be expected.

About that octopus: he is a cute little fellow, and how he has escaped being lassoed by von Stroheim is

beyond me. He's a realistic actor if there ever was one. There's a scene which for suspense and menace has never been equaled, even by Eric. It's the great pursuit scene in the tank, in which the octopus gets his man—I mean bug. In the entertainment offered by Ingram there are other startling moments which have nothing to do with octopuses—or octopi, if you want to be a sissy.

"Mare Nostrum" is another "Four Horsemen"; it's not so easy. "Mare Nostrum" is remote and romantic. It is entirely continental in theme, treatment and location, and



© Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry, the lovers, as unreally romantic as story-book people should be.

you can enjoy it without feeling it too much. There's nothing in it which is very apt to happen to you. But I defy you to remain unmoved at the scenes involving the hero's son, Esteban, on the screen; Michael Brantford in real life. He's just a kid, but what an actor! A gallant, sturdy lad whose lonely journey in search of his father, with its tragic ending, will wring your heart.

There are ships torpedoed by submarines, a beautiful lady condemned to death as a spy, storms at sea and a final blaze of reckless heroics, after which hero and hero-

ine meet in death. If you must have your laugh and don't find it in the antics of Hughie Mack, you can pull some nifties about the hero and heroine floating to heaven in the approved style of Little Eva. But "Mare Nostrum", despite a certain solemnity, is a rare picture. Pictorially, it is just about perfect. Nearly every scene is lovely enough to take home with you and frame. Tony Moreno and Alice Terry as the lovers are as unreally romantic as story-book people should be. It's a story-book on the screen.

Irene

☞ Colleen, as Usual



☞ Colleen, that little tyke with the black bobbed hair and the twinkling eyes, is with us again.

THAT little tyke with the black bobbed hair and the twinkling eyes is with us again. This time she calls herself Irene and even appears in her natural colors. But she can't fool us; she's only Colleen Moore dressed up. Colleen hasn't changed a bit, and I am sure that when I am an old, bent woman with cap, shawl and specs, not to mention a cane, Colleen will come tripping along as of yore, same bob and tricks, same twinkle; and I will shake my stick at her—you know how cross old women are.

Maybe age is already creeping on, because Colleen as "Irene" left me cold. Her parents are Charlie Murray

and Kate Price, while Lloyd Hughes again officiates as the rich young man. His mother is one of those stuck-up society women, but don't pay attention to her; she gets what's coming to her. The poor triumph and the rich slink away. And that black spangled gown worn by the society matron will haunt my dreams.

George Arthur as Madame Lucy doesn't seem to be having a good time with the rest of the cast, but he achieves a characterization, if that's any comfort to him.

☞ It should have been called "Greta Garbo's Torrent".

Ibanez' Torrent

☞ Greetings, Greta!



☞ You can read the story in Garbo's face. It looks as if she's here to stay.

INSTEAD of being billed as Ibanez', it should have been "Greta Garbo's Torrent", for the new young lady from Sweden sweeps everything before her with the same gusto displayed by the bursting dam which plays a villainous rôle in the film. This seems to be Nature Month in the movies, what with typhoons and torrents and things. But Greta is the real star of her picture. The fragile girl performs a feat of strength which has defeated a dozen different strong men: she holds up a heavy feature on her slight shoulders, and never once does she show a sign of strain. Mr. Ibanez has not been exactly prodigal with plot, but Greta is more generous, and her charm illumines the dark corners. It was her first American film, and she was downright scared, they say; but you would never guess it from the superb poise which dominates every scene. She plays one of our old movie friends—the girl who conquers Paris over-night. She returns at the height of her fame to the old hacienda where she meets again the youthful lover who failed her. Wait a minute—the plot takes a turn for the better from now on. She goes away—alone. After years have passed, these two meet again. She is still the radiant beauty, but Ricardo Cortez has acquired a heavy watch chain and embonpoint. There is no title about the ashes of love, but you can read the story in Garbo's face. It looks as if she's here to stay.

☞ You'll want to see it, if only to get a glimpse of the Paramount School graduates.

Fascinating YOUTH

YOU'LL want to see "Fascinating Youth", if only to get a glimpse of the graduates of the Paramount screen school in their first picture. If you're an old meanie you may wonder if it has been worth all the trouble, but if you can hold out until the great ice-boat race, you'll feel repaid. Why is it no director has ever thought of an ice-boat race before? But what does it matter when here's one now? The race is the climax of "Fascinating Youth", and saves the day for all the little boys and girls who spent all of six months learning the exacting art of screen acting.

It's a musical-comedy picture. You can almost hear the tenor sing to his chum: "Ah—here come the Girlies now!" There's a stern father who insists that his son make good; there's the helpful heroine and the scheming vamp; and there are the Boys and the Girls, who come flocking on the scene every few minutes to whoop things up. The hero's business is to



manage a mountain inn and his jolly pals help him put pep into it. All sixteen children appear and indulge in winter sports in the great outdoors. Bets on the ice-boat race are heavy, but fortunately the hero wins, and in the nick of time, too. What a relief that was. There are shots in Famous Players' eastern studio, showing Tommy Meighan, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, and Chester Conklin at work, which should amuse you. Conklin is a riot. Charles "Buddy" Rogers, the new leading man, is a nice boy and a good actor; Marion Ivy Harris has poise, and Josephine Dunn is one of those quaint, cuddlesome girls who doesn't need a postgraduate course. You will see some of them again some day.

☞ A great ice-boat race is the climax of the picture.

☞ The film is bound to start something—probably quite a lot.

Dancing Mothers

☞ Terpsichorean Mamas

THEATRE managers should provide refreshments and bandages after every performance of "Dancing Mothers", because the finale of the film is bound to start something and probably quite a lot. Ladies present will not agree as to the proper ending for the picture, and there may be some hot arguments before they can be induced to leave. "The management" in most cases has provided nice little cards which say: "Do you believe the Mother should have gone away? Mark X for Yes or No." You know as well as I do that the more heated discussions are not going to be settled by any mere marking of a silly old X; and they may be continued all the way home and even far, far into the night, especially if Papa or Brother is along.

At that, the ending is rather new. Once upon a time, a scene in which a screen mother repudiates her daughter and husband would have been out of the question. Today, Alice Joyce, most gracious and exemplary of all modern

screen mothers, is directed to deny her family her presence at least until they prove they deserve it. Herbert Brenon has done right by "Dancing Mothers". He seems to be a considerable Columbus when it comes to bringing out the best talents of gifted youngsters. He helped discover Betty Bronson's whimsicality; and now he has found the real actress who has been masquerading as Clara Bow. He snatched off her bright, hard mask and exposed a new and radiant Clara. She plays, of course, the fresh daughter who imagines herself in love with Conway Tearle. Clara might have played it as she's played so many flappers in her brief career—audaciously and superficially. Instead, she blazed, and her big scene, in which the startled child has her heart turned inside out, was darn good. Clara's future flappers will be human beings and not mannikins. If they aren't, I have a nice, big paddle handy—but I don't think I'll have to use it on Clara.



“Dorothy Mackaill is charming in the title rôle of ‘The Dancer of Paris.’”

Bill Colling ROOTS for the NEWS REELS

A COUPLE of short subjects and the news reel completed the surrounding program.”

How often I've closed a review of a Broadway picture with that phrase! My battle-scarred typewriter is so used to the words that it rattles them off now without waiting for me to find them with the Hunt and Pick system. And I never realized until just the other day that I was slighting one of the biggest things in motion pictures today.

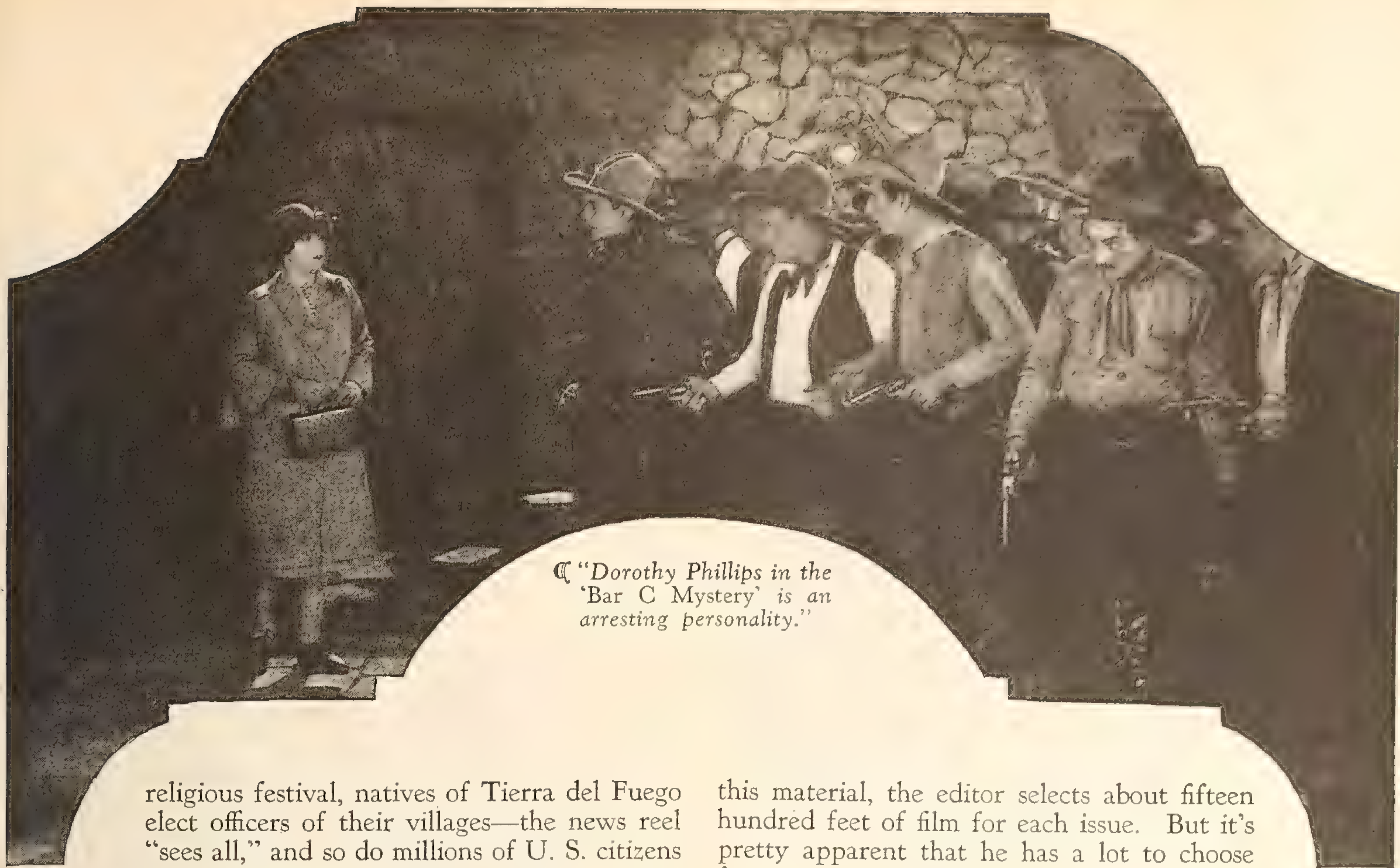
It came about through one of those curious circumstances that I suppose you'd call psychological. Driving in to work one morning in my flivver, I picked up a stranger who was waiting for one of the Long Island's "maybe" trains (maybe it'll come, and maybe it won't). Somehow we started to talk about China, and he said, "I saw in the news reel last week. . . ." And it developed that he knew as much about a phase of Chinese life as my favorite shirt-destroyer does.

That started it, and I pricked up my ears a couple of hours later when, talking to the copy boy in the office about dogs, he used almost the same words: "The news reel last night showed a dog. . . ." Lunching with some newspaper people, we got on the subject of new developments in aeronautics, and one man stated authoritatively, "The new invention shown in this week's news reel proves. . . ."

And so it went, all day long. I had become interested to the extent of checking up on the thing, and by night-time I had heard the words "news reel" used exactly eight

times in ordinary conversations not connected with the subject of movies. Right then and there I decided to look into this business which seems to be exerting such an influence on people's thinking.

In the first place, the title, "news reel", seems to be a bit inappropriate these days. Everybody who is old enough to want to put on slippers (not dancing) after 8 P. M. will remember when the first crude beginnings were made in this field—when the rooster that "sees all, knows all" first began to crow. In those days, news meant news in the strict newspaper sense. A wreck, a fire, a murder, a riot—these were the subjects that flashed on the screen under the heading of news reel. Nowadays, while the biggest events in the day's news are perforce carried by these short films, a great deal of what might be called general-interest events are shown. A dog show, a prize baby contest, an ice boat race—items of this kind, which are, it is true, timely, but which would be carried by a newspaper back on page 26 with the real-estate transactions, make up about two thirds of most of the reels which flicker across the screen. A ship sinks in mid-ocean—it's in the news reel, and those who, like the ruler of the Queen's navee, have never gone to sea, are given a true-to-life glimpse of what a storm on the rolling deep really looks like. Students in India stage a protest against English rule, an exploring caravan invades the trackless wastes of Mongolia in search of relics of prehistoric monsters, vast herds of reindeer gather in the valleys of Alaska, Siberian peasants celebrate a curious



“Dorothy Phillips in the ‘Bar C Mystery’ is an arresting personality.”

religious festival, natives of Tierra del Fuego elect officers of their villages—the news reel “sees all,” and so do millions of U. S. citizens who would never take the trouble to read about these things in magazines. As a result,

it goes without saying that you and I, while we don’t “know all”, at least know a heap sight more about the lives and customs of out-of-the-way people and about their countries than we would if we didn’t go to the movies once or twice a week.

And that brings up another point. Did you ever stop to think of this—that makers of the regular canned drama have to watch their step closer when filming a scene laid in a foreign country than they would if there were no such thing as the weekly news reel? So gradually that we haven’t realized it, the news reel has educated us. We have seen with our own eyes intimate glimpses of everyday life in China, Siam, Arabia and the country of the Basques, not to mention the better known reaches of Europe. We have become pretty wise in matters of dress, customs and geography of nearly all the countries of the world, and the regular drama which treats these points in a slipshod manner or which tries to give us something “just as good” is certain to be looked upon as a counterfeit by a fairly large portion of the audiences which see it.

It requires constant watchfulness to make one of these weekly digests of the world’s doings. At least four great organizations are continually scouring the patient face of the globe, busily cranking in hundreds of scattered spots. One of these companies, Fox Films, has several hundred “correspondents” in this country alone. Only a score or so of these constitute the regular staff, the remainder being newspaper men, picture-house projectionists and just plain amateurs who like to tinker with a movie camera. These people are constantly on the look-out for interesting happenings, whether news or just items of general and timely interest, and they send in about twenty thousand feet of celluloid for every issue of the Fox news reel. As there are two issues each week, you can figure it out for yourself. As summer approaches, this footage gradually increases to nearly three times that amount. Out of all

this material, the editor selects about fifteen hundred feet of film for each issue. But it’s pretty apparent that he has a lot to choose from.

The unused film is catalogued and stored away in vaults, on the chance that it will come in handy some time in the years to come. Br’er Fox also uses some of the scenic shots in his regular dramas and comedies, and other producers also draw on the various news-reel makers for material of this kind. So the next time the introductory title reads, “Dawn broke over the towering domes of the Himalayas”, and you see a fade-in of lofty mountain peaks among which glaciers cuddle, don’t feel that you necessarily are seeing the Himalayas in their natural state. What you are looking at may be a shot of the Alps taken by some Cook’s tourist and sold by him to a news-reel maker. Oh, yes, lots of tourists take movie cameras with them, and thousands of feet of unusual scenic shots are bought by the news reelers. Even pictures taken with the small portable cameras can be used, though as their film isn’t standard size, the process of transferring it to the regulation film is laborious and costly. But if a man with such a camera happened to be on the spot when something unusual was occurring, he could get a good price for his non-inflammable celluloid. In the early pictures of the recent sinking of the *Antinoe* I even saw a “still”, caught by a *Roosevelt* passenger with a regular kodak, reproduced in a news reel.

LAST month I spread a lot of ink on the subject of serials, and now comes a most interesting experiment along this line. Pathe has just put into circulation a picture in five reels called “*The Bar-C Mystery*”, which is a condensed version of their new serial of the same title. As you can well imagine, this is quite an idea, but it’s a question whether any good end has been served by it.

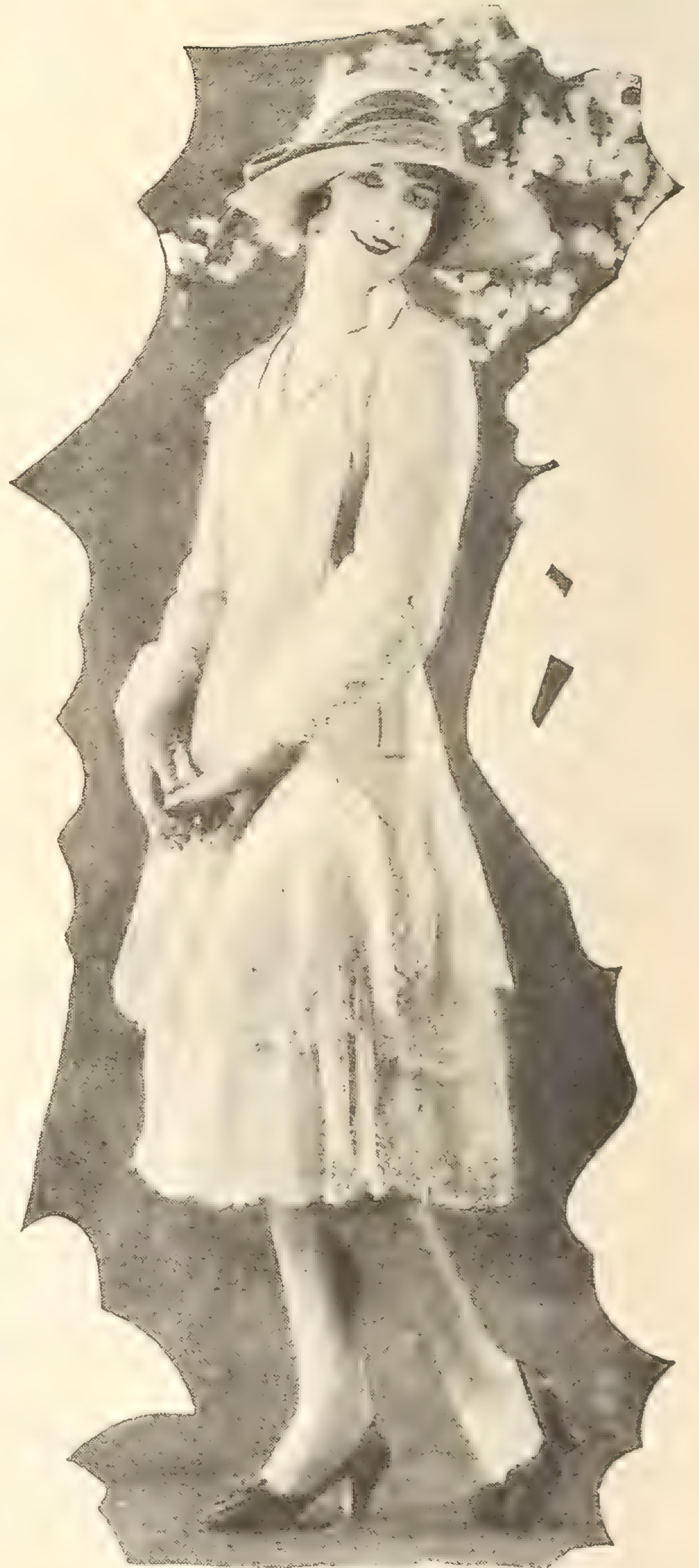
In a serial, the thrills are spread over a period of some seven or eight weeks. Usually each chapter has a secondary thrill in middle and ends with the first-class, triple-A super-thrill which leaves you on pins and needles concerning the hero’s safety until next week. When you boil all this down to five reels, (Continued on page 90)

Gertrude

When Summer
COMES



☞ This frock — a Paris model—has the new all-over gold embroidery charmingly combined in point effects.



☞ Miss Olmstead's lace and georgette afternoon gown shows a new treatment of lace in sleeves and tiered skirts.

Photographs from the
studio of
LUCAS-KANARIAN

Olmstead

☞ Especially posed for
SCREENLAND by
Gertrude Olmstead
between scenes of
"Puppets".



☞ A Paris-model dance
frock, of georgette
and taffeta—very
chic and new, with
its smart French sil-
ver stitching.



☞ An imported Martial
et Armand gown,
combining two most
popular Parisian ma-
terials—chiffon and
taffeta.

☞ The gowns worn by Miss
Olmstead were supplied by
courtesy of Stewart & Co.,
New York.

The Stage Coach

Reviewed in This Issue

"PUPPY LOVE"
"THE BUNK of 1926"
"THE GREAT GATSBY"
"LOVE 'EM and LEAVE 'EM"
"THE JEST"
"EASY VIRTUE"
"THE CREAKING CHAIR"
"SQUARE CROOKS"
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

ANNE NICHOLS, who produced a play a century or two ago that is still going strong — "Abie's Irish Rose", in case you've forgotten — now offers "Puppy Love", by Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley, as her gift to the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

For, unless we are mistaken, "Puppy Love" is another long-run affair. Not that it is, by any means, to be considered as drama. But, in spite of its hundred and fifty per cent of hokum, it has in it several wise cracks and situations that make the sophisticated person—and if you don't mind, Abou Ben Adhem, include our name in that group—smile in spite of himself. It has, to be honest, its moments. If you're not Ritzy, however, and you liked, God forbid, "Abie", you will probably die laughing. And serves you right, too. Vivian Martin, of movie fame, plays the leading lady and Maude Eburne manages to be funny as the maid.

"THE BUNK OF 1926"

AT the Heckscher Theatre, 104th St. and Fifth Ave., you will find "The Bunk of 1926", which, in spite of several good ideas, reminds us of nothing so much as Amateur Night. Gene Lockheart, whose name appears only twenty-eight times on the program, really is entitled to some credit; so let it be recorded that he wrote the words and music and produced and staged and acts in it. Percy Waxman did some of the lyrics, including a bad rhyme or two. Percy knows better. There are some nice bits in it, and Mr. Lockheart is a good comic, but he will never seriously annoy Mr. Ziegfeld as a producer. Georgie White, who is busy preparing "Scandals", walked out at the end of the first act, just as Mr. Dempsey walked out at the Wills-Firpo fight; both Mr. Dempsey and Mr. White had seen enough to be sure they had nothing to fear. In both instances, it may interest you to know, we stuck till the bitter end. And, it may further interest you, whereas we think that Mr. Dempsey was wrong, Mr. White was indubitably right.

"THE GREAT GATSBY"

MR. OWEN DAVIS' 145th play (correct us if we're wrong) is fashioned from F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel. And it looks to us as if Mr. Davis had done his best work in it. Indeed, after Davis gets a little more experience, he may turn



☞ Helen Franz in "A Night in Paris".



☞ No, it's not a reflection. There are two of them—Marion and Madeline Luzon, appearing together in "A Night in Paris".

very fine British war record, I am told.

You can't help wondering at how Doug Fairbanks' magnetism sways everybody he comes in contact with. Just before he and Mary left for Europe I was over to the studio and found Doug in his gymnasium, grinning over a weight-schedule posted on the wall.

"That," he said, "was put there by one of Joe Schenck's men. Since Joe has moved over here from United Studios, his entire personnel has caught the athletic fever. Yesterday I looked out of my dressing-room window and saw one of the bookkeepers sneak out on the lawn and gingerly approach my horizontal bar.

"First he looked furtively up and down to see if anybody was watching him. Then he chinned himself a couple of times. He tried it again, rubbed his hands more confidently and went away whistling. Just before getting out of sight he took a flying leap over a sawhorse. It made me feel good because athletic ambitions don't hurt anybody.

"You would laugh, though, at Joe Schenck learning to play. He won't let me watch him, but from what I hear his progress is slow."

A STORY went the rounds of Hollywood that Mary Pickford offered a million dollars to the parents of the baby she used in "Sparrows", if they would allow her to adopt the child.

This is a garbled account of the truth, but there is a real story behind the incident. Mary did offer to adopt the baby. She loves little Mary Louise Miller and would like to take her and raise her in luxury such as she will never know. But she didn't offer to buy the child.



☞ A welcome little stranger — Sally Anne with her mother and dad, Mary Akin Carewe and Edwin Carewe.



☞ Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan. The fish got away — probably went to the movies.



☞ Unassuming Dolores Costello is not at all ruffled by the long list of pictures she is to make this year and starts very happily on "The Little Irish Girl".

She only asked for it. But Mary Louise's parents have been married twelve years and she is their only baby. They had wanted her for a long time.

So when Mary told them she would like to raise Mary Louise they said:

"We wouldn't give her up for a million dollars."

That was how the story started.

ANOTHER baby has had the spot-light in Hollywood this month. She is Sally Ann Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the director, and Mary Akin, who appeared in pictures before she married Eddie in Mexico a year ago.

Sally Ann arrived almost two weeks late. A room had been reserved for her mother in the Hollywood Hospital,

and her father kept a phone in almost constant use at the studio, where he was cutting a picture just completed.

When the newspapers finally did inform the public that Sally at last had arrived, congratulations poured in on the Carewes, and Mary Akin's room at the hospital was not big enough to contain the flowers she received.

A VISITOR at Warner Brothers Studio the other day asked to see William Koenig, studio manager. He received the following instructions from the boy who was sitting in at the information desk during the lunch hour: "Follow the corridor until you come to the sign 'No Admittance'; go through the door and you'll see another marked 'Keep Out'. Go right on through and turn to the left where there's another door, saying 'Private'. Don't pay any attention to the sign which reads 'Silence'! Yell for him. He's somewhere around."

THIS month "The Sea Beast", John Barrymore's picture, opened at the Figuera Theater, and "Irene" had its premiere at Grauman's Million Dollar.

Both were brilliant openings. At the former Edwards Davis, as master of ceremonies, caused repeated giggles in the audience by reciting a flowery introduction to a member



☞ Claire Windsor's birthday gift from her husband, Bert Lytell—a Spanish Bishop's robe over five hundred years old.



☞ Harold Lloyd, one of the few millionaires who has more friends than dollars.

to offer a little encouragement, and found her scared to death. "You don't sleep the night before, you have nervous indigestion all day, and by night you can hardly breathe," Colleen said.

After all, she did very nicely, though. Charlie Murray and Kate Price had the stage first, and Colleen was brought in in a basket of wash. She popped up when her name was called, spoke a sentence or two, and then was content to point out the other members of the cast who were in the audience.

It was a much better arrangement than on the night of the Wampas Ball, and Colleen did not appear nearly so nervous.

She drew one of the biggest audiences of stars since "The Big Parade".

SPEAKING of Kate Price—I was in Madame Helene's restaurant at lunch with Walter Pidgeon, when Kate hove in view through the door, wearing a parrot green creation with a train at least eight feet long, tipped by golden fur. She wore a cream-colored ostrich-feather in her hair.



☞ Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will be seen together again in two pictures: "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and "Beauty and the Beast".

of the cast and then having to refer to a list in his hand to see whom he was talking about.

John Barrymore was given a tremendous ovation, as was Dolores Costello, whose simple and unaffected manner wins her friends every time she appears before the public.

"Irene" was the first premiere Colleen Moore ever had. On the afternoon preceding, I went over to Colleen's bungalow at the United Studio



☞ One of Hollywood's newest grooms—William Boyd, who has just "hit the trail" with Elinor Fair.



☞ Another landlord in Beverly Hills—Mary Astor waters her newly acquired lawn.

When the mirth subsided, Kate explained she has just motored over from Culver City where she is playing in Elinor Glyn's new picture, "Love's Blindness".

Elinor calls her "my precious marchioness".

FAME brings complications. Recently there was a legal battle between Mr. and Mrs. Allan Clay Hoskins, colored, for the custody of their young son. Finally the son was awarded to his mother. This very unimportant item in the divorce news of the day would have attracted considerable more attention had it been known that the little son was "Farina", of "Our Gang" comedies, who, henceforth, will wear the pants which rightfully are his, instead of a girl's dresses.

WILLIAM RUSSELL and his wife, Helen Ferguson, are in Hollywood, waiting for instructions from the Concorda Film Co. of France to proceed abroad where Bill is scheduled to appear in a story of the French revolution.

They had bought their tickets, secured their passports and packed up to leave for Algiers some time ago when an epidemic of fever there caused the Concorda to change the plans for its production.

NEARLY everybody in the world has dreamed of returning to the old home town with a fanfare of trumpets and with the envious glances of former friends upon them.

George Lewis, youthful leading man at Universal, is



☞ Constance Talmadge and Walter Pidgeon, her handsome leading man. Observe the new neck-pieces.



☞ Lucky Merna Kennedy who has been chosen by Charlie Chaplin to play the lead opposite him in "The Circus".



☞ Betty Compson provides Hawaiian atmosphere for "The Wise Guy" under Frank Lloyd's direction.

one who realized this wish.

Two years ago George graduated from Coronado High School with a record of being captain and full-back of the football team, and President of the Associated Student Body.

Then he set out for Hollywood to make his fame in the movies. Strangely enough, he got a start. After playing extra parts in a good many pictures he was cast by Edward Sloman in "His People". He made a success and was awarded a contract.

When the picture opened in San Diego, which is right across a narrow strip of water from Coronado, George and Blanche Mehaffey, the leading woman, went to the southern city to make a personal appearance.

All of George's classmates turned out for the opening and he was introduced by the principal of the school. After his appearance a banquet was given in his honor attended by the leading lights of the high school.

George is now playing in Sloman's new picture, "The Old Soak", the film made from Don Marquis's successful play.



☞ One of Cecil B. De Mille's featured players, Vera Reynolds, just made a "star". Congrats!

By Marion of Hollywood



☞ Leatrice Joy will fool you yet—here she is as a boy in "Eve's Leaves".

ONE A. M., and just home from the all-dressed-up, best-bibb-and-tucker "opening" of "Irene", where there were more stars in the theater than in the Heavens, more light from the "arcs" than the sun can ever hope to give, and more people trying to get a glimpse at the arriving favorites than there are relatives admiring the newly arrived daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe! Such crowds and such excitement, and regular old family reunions for everybody. And it's the one time when I can get a real chance to feel important, pushing my way through with an air of "iligince" and grandeur. If you ever come to Hollywood, and there's a chance for you to "do" an "opening", be sure not to miss it, because it's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

* * *

TALKING about the opening, I was let in on a discussion that night—at least, I let myself in on it. They were three usherettes, after the party was over, in one corner of the theater. Ushering so many players must have been a terrific strain, and



☞ Francis McDonald who plays a prominent part in "Puppets", was a great favorite in the early motion-picture serials.



☞ Warner Baxter is behind the whiskers and the pipe, but Clara Bow, who plays opposite him in "The Runaway", finds it hard to take him seriously.

the argumental part of the evening had been reached.

"Well," said one, "as far as I'm concerned, the Beau Brummell of the lot was Lloyd Hughes! My, but he's some dresser."

"I suppose you ushered him," retorted another. "Your opinion always is that you usher in the best ones. I didn't usher in Lewis Stone, but I'm here to tell you that he was the dresser of that crowd!"

"Say, will you two quit arguing?" quoth the third. "You two think you see 'em all, know 'em all and can judge 'em all, unsight, unseen! What about Dick Barthelmess and Norman Kerry? Say, you didn't see half of them! And right here I'm telling you both that if it weren't for Lila Lee, James Kirkwood wouldn't had a chance to get out of this theater alive without me!"

So, fearing the worst, and knowing what an impossible thing had been started, I decided that my own escort was the best-dressed guy in the place, and moved on!

* * *

ON the "Silken Shackles" set the other day, with the picture pretty near "shot", I started talking with my old friend Huntly Gordon, who thanks me every time he meets me for spelling his first name right, with no "e" between the "l" and the "y". Yes, Huntly's a fine fellow, and I don't mind who hears me say so! And that day, particularly, my opinion of him took another jump. I asked him how his part was getting along, if he liked it, etc., etc. "Oh, yes," he said, "I've a very fine part, but just wait until you see this Victor Varconi in the picture. That boy can sure act." Then up came the inimitable Mr. Varconi—Victor, for short, with the accent on the "tor", as he announces it. I asked him about the picture, his part and all that. Without a moment's hesitation, so that Huntly couldn't hear, he said, "My part—oh, it's fine; but this other fellow, Huntly Gordon, so good he is, such acting, that even though I give him back his wife, they will all the time like him better than me." Victor laughed, sort of musing, and half to himself, half to me,

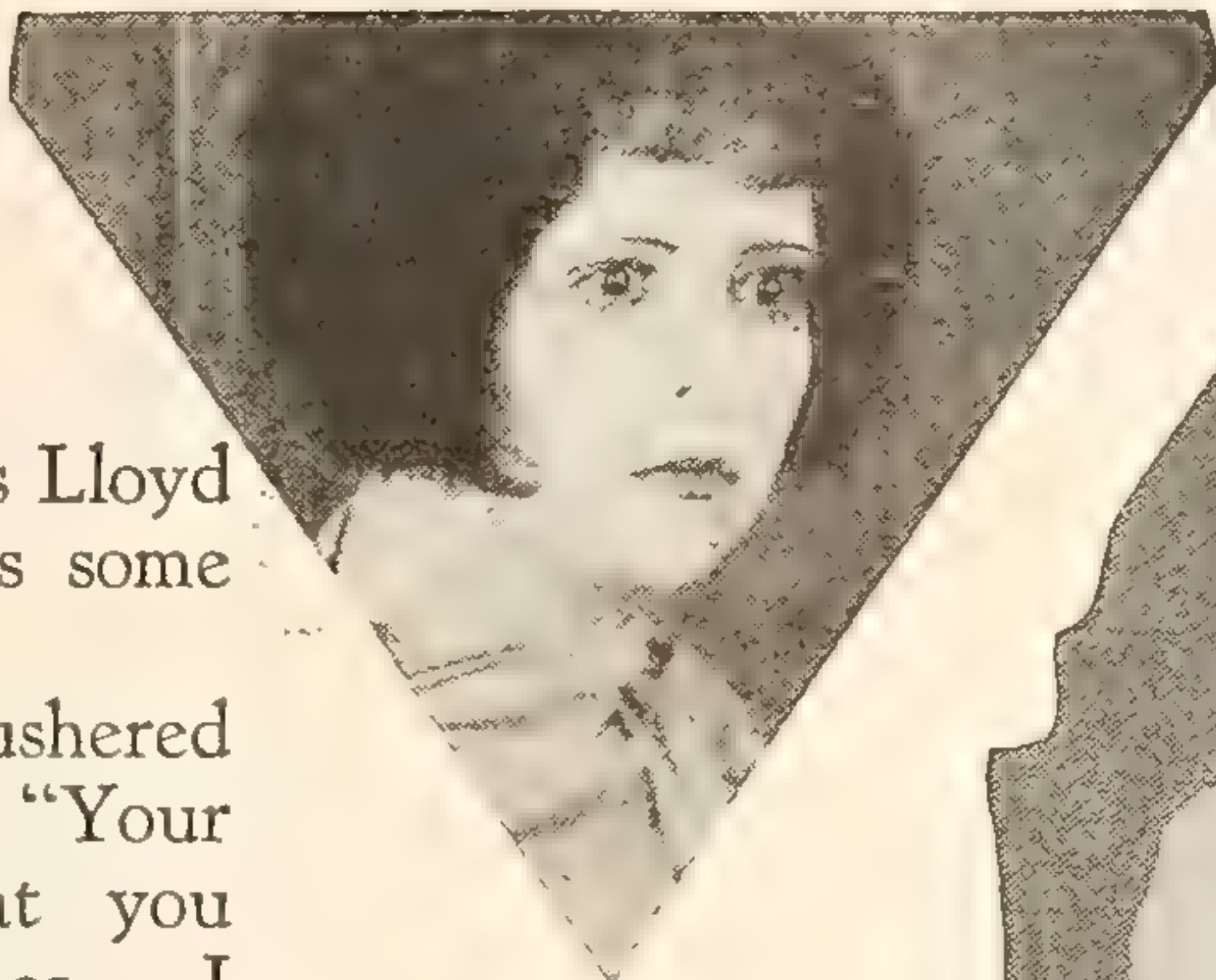
continued: "How I've had good—how you say it?—in this picture! Such—what is it you say?—happy, I've been! You know, a minute ago, Mr. Morosco—he's the directeur—he just shake my hand good-by for the picture, which I'm through, and Victor Varconi, he could just turn away for the choke in his throat. Silly, uh? But that's how much I enjoy working with him. I can't say good-by from this choke in my throat."

Perhaps they are silly, but I'm making a bet that on account of that choke in the throat, "Silken Shackles" will be a mighty nice picture and will echo the feeling of friendship which went into its making.

* * *

WITH me trying hard as the dickens to get Buster Collier, Jr., and Constance Talmadge married off, up pops Constance and marries someone else. Kind of a tricky thing, I call it! Saw 'em together everywhere and can't understand it to this very day. Even though I had talked to Buster less than a week before and he had assured me that he is heart-whole and fancy-free, I would have my little romance and insisted that he was telling me false. No, sir, he couldn't oblige me. First, he would wait many years before he married; second, he can't afford marriage, yet; third, he must become more famous; and fourth, and

greatest of all, they were just good pals, with no thought of love. What could



☞ And Clara Bow as she scored in "Dancing Mothers".



☞ Gloria Swanson with her old "Mammy" maid, in "The Untamed Lady".

I say with all that against romance? All I'm hoping now is that, unbeknownst, young Cupid catches Mr. Buster Collier some shiny evening, shackles him tight, and leads him away to the altar, properly arrowed! Me for Romance, every time!

* * *

To me the best thing of the month in screendom is the decision made by my old fellow pardner in crime, Ralph Graves. Perhaps you've all read how Ralph is "quitting" comedies and will



☞ Jobyna Ralston, a fixture on Harold Lloyd's staff, is with him again in "For Heaven's Sake".

after this appear only in straight, honest-to-goodness drama. I don't know how you folks feel about it, but to me it's been a tremendous waste to have Ralph comedy-ing around. We need him more to break our hearts and squeeze that furtive tear from our eyes, don't you think? Welcome back, Ralph, and may that first picture you're making on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, be a corking humdinger.

* * *

THEODOR VON ELTZ, JR., aged exactly fourteen months, has already declared his intentions and practices regularly to protect his interests. At least, that's what I gather from his good-looking daddy, Theodor, Senior, whose mental anguish on account of said son is exceeded only by the anguish of the young man's mother. Yessir, young Mr. Von Eltz has decided to be an acrobat, and practices daily by falling headlong from his crib, plum onto his curly-topped head. It may sound funny to you and to me, but to his fond mommy and daddy, it's the most serious thing in the world. Theodor, Senior, says he falls different from any kid he ever saw fall, which leads me to stop worrying and know it's all right, because the minute someone's daddy admits that his kid is like somebody else's kid in any possible way, then it's time to start wondering what the trouble's all about! And between me and Theodor Von Eltz, young Mr. Junior is the differentest kid on this earth!

* * *

ONCE again, the joy of a Wardrobe Sale! Such scrambling, such rushing, such excitement and grabbing, you never saw. Remember, there was a sale last year at the Lasky studio, and just this week was another, where we all got a chance to be stars, in clothing, at least, for a lot less money than it usually takes. I bought a pink thing, with yards and yards of georgette, and it'll be made over into a party frock at a total cost of about five dollars. I saw a fat lady squeezing herself into one of Pola Negri's dresses! 'Twas the funniest sight! Someone told me she keeps a boarding-house for cowboys, and I suppose her elegance will nothing short of awe them. Another girl, with a bright diamond on the diamond finger, bought a white satin dress that Mary Brian wore as a wedding dress in "Behind the Front". I figured the little dress



☞ Bebe Daniels as she appears in "Volcano", her last drama for Paramount. From now on — comedies for Bebe.



☞ This shocking little person with the demure smile is none other than Dorothy Gish as the "Nell Gwyn" you've been hearing so much about.

would now grace a real bride, and I wanted to walk right up and offer congratulations. And another, a little old grey-haired carpenter, after helplessly floundering around amidst the dresses and things, with a sigh of relief picked out a flimsy satin, lace-bedecked negligee and asked the girl at the desk if she thought "she'd like it". God bless him for even thinking about "her", and I hope—when he got it home there wasn't a lecture delivered about his good sense. But the joys of a wardrobe sale—you simply can't count 'em.

* * *

ACCORDING to Marie Corelli, the sorrows of Satan are without number, but I defy anyone to find greater sorrows

than has a man or a woman who has "bucked" the old movie game in Hollywood for many weary, weary years. I'm thinking about an assistant director in Hollywood—he has been in the game, oh, so many weary years, and all of a sudden, the other day, came the announcement that he had been promoted to direct, actually to direct a picture for one of the biggest companies in the business. I happened to know this man's wife very well, and sent her my fondest congratulations, told her how happy I was that at last they had "arrived". Two weeks went by; and just as sudden as it had happened, came the announcement that after all, that certain picture couldn't be made, and the game of director had become a myth to the assistant. On—off! I know that wherever there's life, there you'll find heartache, but the Hollywood heartache—it's the heartachingest heartache that ever was ached; it's the ache of the tiredest, gamest hopefulest folks in the world!

* * *

FROM generation to generation—the young movies, the new industry, has at last come to that. About twenty years ago, a character actor, George Marion, coached a young girl by the name of Helen Welch for her debut into pictures. 1926—and another girl is being coached for her debut into pictures. Her name is Ann Rork, and the same George Marion is doing the coaching. Yep, Helen Welch married Sam Rork, and now the old character actor, George Marion, is coaching their daughter. Not so bad for the movies, is it? At last we're from generation to generation!

* * *

HERE'S a chance for discussion: what about the title of the "great screen lover's" next—"The Sons of the Sheik"? Will it get over or is it a mistake? Do we want to see Rudolph in another sheik picture, and can he ever

(Continued on page 80)

16

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hope to make a picture which will in any way compare favorably with that other success? I don't pretend to know, but Hollywood wiseacres say it's all wrong,—that it hasn't a show. What do you think? Is the title "all wet"? Will Rudy's producers find they have made a mistake by having their heavy lover a sheik once too often? Maybe yes, maybe no! But this much is certain—it's up to you folks out there to do the deciding.

* * *

THE goldendest, I don't-care-man on earth is Jack Holt! By all that's holy, some day I'm going to see that he gets excited over something, be it man, beast or devil! I've scolded him, teased him, chided him, bullied him, flattered him, but all to no avail! There seem to be just two things in life for him—his kids and his polo. And, oh boy, how he likes those kids and rides those horses! Maybe, at that, two things well done is better than most of us can boast.

* * *

THE champion Mary Pickford "fan" was found the other day in San Diego, California, and Mrs. Helen Eckles, of that city, should stand up and take the bow. Can you imagine a scrap-book consisting of seven large volumes and containing clippings and picture after picture of "America's Sweetheart", all pasted up beautifully in chronological order? That certainly is a record, and only goes to show how deep into the hearts of our country this motion-picture business has wormed its way.

* * *

THERE'S a shot in "The Cat's Pajamas" where "Bobby", the daddy cat, is sitting in the garden, and, supposedly hearing his offspring at play, turns round to take a good look at them. I wish you could have seen them take that scene! Bobby was "sat" in the middle of the floor; the camera was set; like a good boy, Bobby started to wash his paw, as was desired. The camera grinding away. Bobby was then supposed to take the backward look. But—his "mamma" wasn't on the set, and all the "Bobbying" of all the company crew couldn't turn Bobby's head around. Hurry calls were sent through the studio to locate Bobby's mamma, and it took about an hour before she was found, with the folks on the set going through the most circusy antics trying to get Bobby to turn his head. Then Bobby's mamma

arrived. The camera started grinding, and the moment that word "Bobby" was called by his own mamma, the old rascal turned like a flash and the whole thing was over in less than two minutes. It certainly tickled me most to death, everybody doing the mimicing act, but not one single soul able to fool Bobby into mistaking the voice of the hand that feeds and takes care of him! Bobby knows his "punkins", and t'aint for others to try to make him do his stuff.

* * *

BUSTLING, smiling, happy and peppy, Herbert Brenon has returned to Hollywood after an absence of many, many long months. I say it with joy and gladness, because there's something about this Brenon man—something that fills you with life and motion. The dead of winter, with Herbert wearing his white flannels, white shoes and white sweater and directing the kids as no one else seems able! Strange that this man of nerves, this restless, excitable genius, can get those funny little children round him, talk them into their parts, make them love him and work for him and then end the whole business with a birthday party, a holiday party, or any excuse, just to end the work with a party for the kids.

* * *

FOR the first time in four years, Harry Langdon, who has just completed "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp", his first feature-length comedy for First National, is visiting New York. The comedian brought with him a master print of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp".

Mr. Langdon's stay in New York will be brief, probably not more than a week, as the production schedule calls for his early return to the West Coast Studios, where he will

start work on his next picture, tentatively titled "The Yes Man".

Seems pretty good, getting up in the world—cross-country trips and what not, eh, Harry? Not so dumb as you're screened, young-fella-me-lad!

* * *

HER rôle of "Ella Cinders", the slavey, which Colleen Moore is playing in the First National production of that name, is as good as a course in domestic science. Miss Moore cleans, sweeps, mops, and mends all day and every day. A few more rôles like this, and most of the crowd of movie applicants will lose their screen ambitions.

Winners in the February Contests

VERA REYNOLDS' DRESS

MISS MARIE SUMMERS
1526 Holliday Street Indianapolis, Indiana

HOPE HAMPTON'S FUR PIECE

MRS. CHARLOTTE BOWTON
231 E. Walnut Street Monrovia, Calif.

HAROLD LLOYD'S WHITE SWEATER

MRS. MARJERY LARSSON
2453 Drake Ave. Chicago, Ill.

HAROLD LLOYD'S CAP AND PENNANT

MARY H. CRAIG
1414 West Sixth Ave. Pine Bluff, Ark.

HAROLD LLOYD'S HELMET

LEWIS BRAND, JR.
Wentworth Military Academy Lexington, Missouri

HAROLD LLOYD'S FLANNEL TROUSERS AND PENNANT

EDDIE BAIRD
72 High View Ave. Grayo, Sussex, England

HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL

PHILIP DOOLEY
29 Clarendon Street Malden, Massachusetts

HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL PANTS

VIRGIL REDFEARN
1903 West Easton Court Tulsa, Oklahoma

HAROLD LLOYD'S KNEE PADS

CHARLES B. MOSS
955 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

HAROLD LLOYD'S RED SWEATER AND PENNANT

BESSIE-MAE IDE
Minot, N. Dakota c/o State Teachers College

HAROLD LLOYD'S SECOND PAIR OF FOOTBALL PANTS

JAMES R. FECHSER
Brigham Young University 5th N. University Ave. Provo, Utah

HAROLD LLOYD'S HELMET

ROBERT CLAYTON
Athens Tennessee

HAROLD LLOYD'S SHOULDER PADS AND HAT

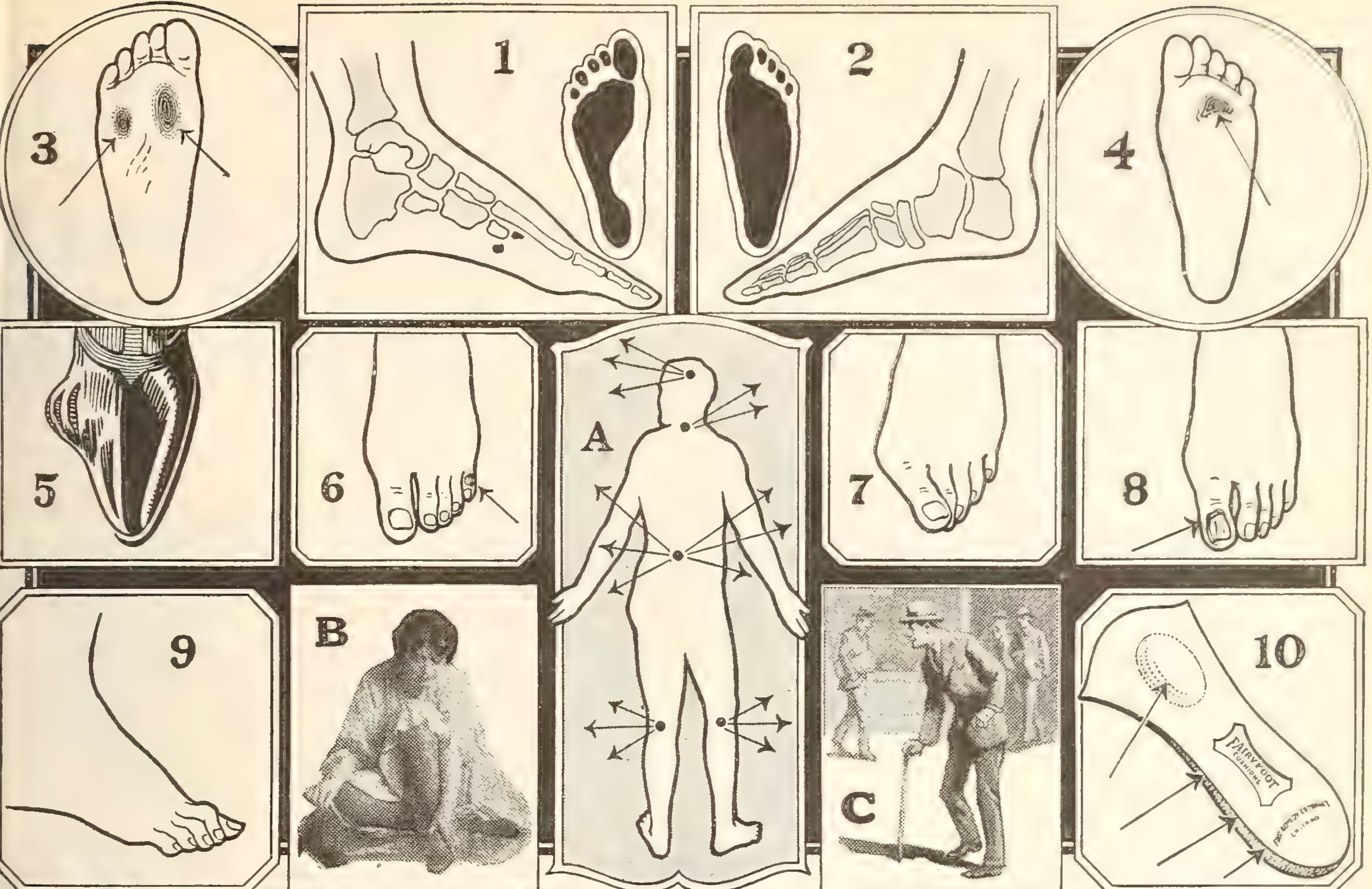
ALLAN FURRY
1516 E. Marquette Road Chicago, Illinois

HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL STOCKINGS

SYLVAN CROOKER
736 South 2nd Street Mankato, Minnesota

HAROLD LLOYD'S SHOES

JACK KENNY
Deepwater Point Pennsgrove, New Jersey



Why Foot Pains Go in 5 Minutes

Five minutes is now the time limit for foot and leg pains. Reports from people who were chronic sufferers tell of practically instant relief from all sorts of foot troubles, also relief from leg and back pains and headaches, caused by feet out of order. A wonderful new, scientific invention, known as Fairyfoot Cushions, has brought astounding, sensational results. The amazing reports seem almost incredible, but a very special offer enables you to prove without a penny's risk that this great invention will do the same for you.

What Ails Your Feet

Twenty-six bones form the arch of the foot. Even one of these bones getting out of place puts abnormal strain and pressure on the muscles and nerves—then the pains appear.

It is displacement of these bones by the weight of the body, too much standing or ill-fitting shoes that causes "flat foot." The weight of the body is thrown out of balance and the foot is often crowded down into the shoe causing bunions, corns, calluses, ingrowing toenails, hammer toe, or Morton's toe, and the shoes become misshapen and run over at the heel.

Then you have agonizing pains in the feet and often leg pains, backache, headache, "rheumatism" and nervousness. Let the arch drop ever so little and trouble starts. You can't always see that your foot is flat—it may look all right—but the merciless pains tell you that something has gone wrong.

How Fairyfoot Cushions "Position" the Feet

These wonderful Cushions (highly recommended by orthopedists and physicians)

bring relief by "positioning" the feet. They point the toes straight ahead, causing the arches to take their natural position. They also direct the body's weight to the ball, heel and outer part of the foot, where Nature intends it to be. Every bone and muscle is put just where it belongs.

Fairyfoot Cushions are very flexible, and while positioning the foot normally, gently massage and exercise the muscles which have become soft and flabby and give them strength to support the readjusted arch.

Stiff metal devices can't give this kind of pressure and strengthening exercise. They act merely as supports and actually allow the muscles to become weaker. They usually have to be fitted and adjusted by experts. They are heavy and clumsy. Pads and bandages are mere makeshifts.

You don't have to adjust Fairyfoot Cushions, and they weigh less than an ounce. Fairyfoot Cushions are made in 50 different sizes to fit the daintiest slipper or heavy shoe—no costly made-to-order appliances to pay for. Last a year or longer.

Your feet also regain their correct shape. The instep, the heel, the toes all stay in their proper positions. Your shoes keep their shape, your suffering has vanished. Results are immediate. Guaranteed in five minutes.

Heed the Danger Signals

Any pain in your feet, legs or back means most likely that something is wrong with your feet—something that needs attention right away. Don't assume that these pains will "cure themselves." Even a few slight twinges may point to a condition that will mean serious trouble later on. Fairyfoot Cushions will correct the cause of the trouble and then the pain must go.

Key to Diagrams

1. Normal Position of Arch and Print of Normal Foot.
 2. Fallen Arch and Print of Flat Foot.
 3. Calluses.
 4. Morton's Toe caused by arch breaking across fore part of foot.
 5. Bunion.
 6. Corns.
 7. Crowded Toes.
 8. Ingrowing Nail.
 9. Hammer Toe caused by foot pressing forward.
 10. Fairyfoot Cushion. Showing built-up flexible layers and device for "positioning" foot.
- A. Pains in Legs, Back, Neck and Head, originating in Feet.
 B and C. Result of neglecting foot troubles.

Proved by Thousands

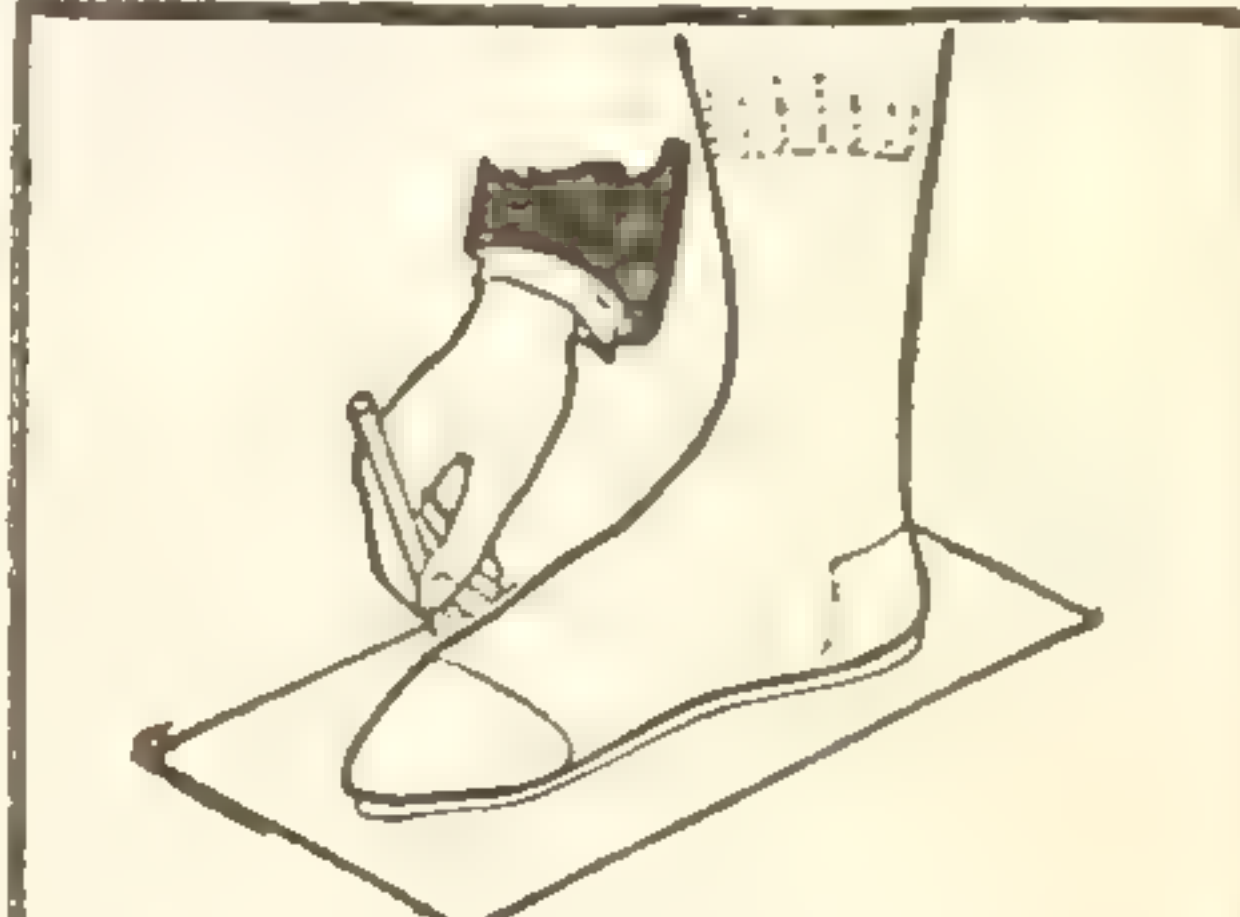
Letters like these, from former foot sufferers, show what Fairyfoot Cushions will do: "I had to hobble on a cane. With Fairyfoot Cushions I walk perfectly."

"Had a bad case of fallen arch. Fairyfoot Cushions have completely corrected it."

"Leg and back pains all gone now, thanks to Fairyfoot Cushions."

"Bunion and Morton's toe have gone, also my pains and nervousness. Fairyfoot Cushions did it."

"The first real relief I have had from foot pains in 10 years."



How to Order

Place stockinged foot on piece of paper and trace outline of foot with pencil held vertically, as shown above. Send this and also write size and width of shoe in coupon.

Send No Money

So sound are the scientific principles on which Fairyfoot Cushions are made, so remarkable have been the results obtained in "hopeless" cases, that we gladly send them on free trial.

The regular price is \$3.00, but for a limited time we offer Fairyfoot Cushions for only \$1.98. Pay only when postman brings them. Or you can send money in advance if you wish. Either way. Make the 5-minute test—see how quickly the pains go. Then wear them 14 days and if not satisfied return them and we refund your money. Send coupon today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
 22nd Street and Millard Avenue
 Dept. 140 Chicago

Enclosed is outline of my foot. Send me a pair of Fairyfoot Cushions. I will pay special price, \$1.98, on arrival, and will make the 5-minute test. Am also to have privilege of wearing them 14 days at your risk. If I am not satisfied, I will return the Cushions and you will refund my money.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Size Shoe _____ Width _____
 Check Man Woman Boy Girl F.R.Co. © 1925

Now you your hair in 30



The Center Part Marcel is one of the most favored for younger girls.



This type of Marcel looks best with the shingle bob.



Here is another favorite of the younger girls — the Side Part Marcel.



The Pompadour, while not a new style, is most becoming for certain types.



The Horseshoe Wave is very chic and charming. All these styles and many others can be obtained with the Marvelous Marcellers.

The Marvelous Marcellers give most beautiful results — equal to the expert work of finest beauty parlors — in 30 minutes at your convenience, for two or three cents instead of dollars. Be sure you read every line of this wonderful offer.

Here is news — good news — glorious news! You now may have, in the privacy of your boudoir, such a marcel as only the finest beauty parlors could give you heretofore — the newest, smartest, most fashionable marcel direct from Paris. And at practically no expense! Look at the photographs on right hand page. They are actual photographs of a marcel produced by an amazing new invention. Look at the drawings to the left. They show only a few of the many different styles of marcel you can easily have with this new waving device. For it will give you any kind of marcel you want, regardless of how you wear your hair — shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave, pompadour, center or side part. And this, too, whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, whether it is soft and fluffy or coarse and straight, whether it is long or "bobbed." Think what a saving this will mean to you in dollars and cents! Instead of \$1 or \$1.50 every time you want a marcel, now you can have one for two or three cents! But the saving of money isn't nearly so important as the added loveliness it means. With a set of Marvelous Marcellers you can always look as if you just stepped out of the beauty parlor! No going around with a week-old marcel; no straight and straggly locks to detract from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Just a few minutes with your Marvelous Marceller

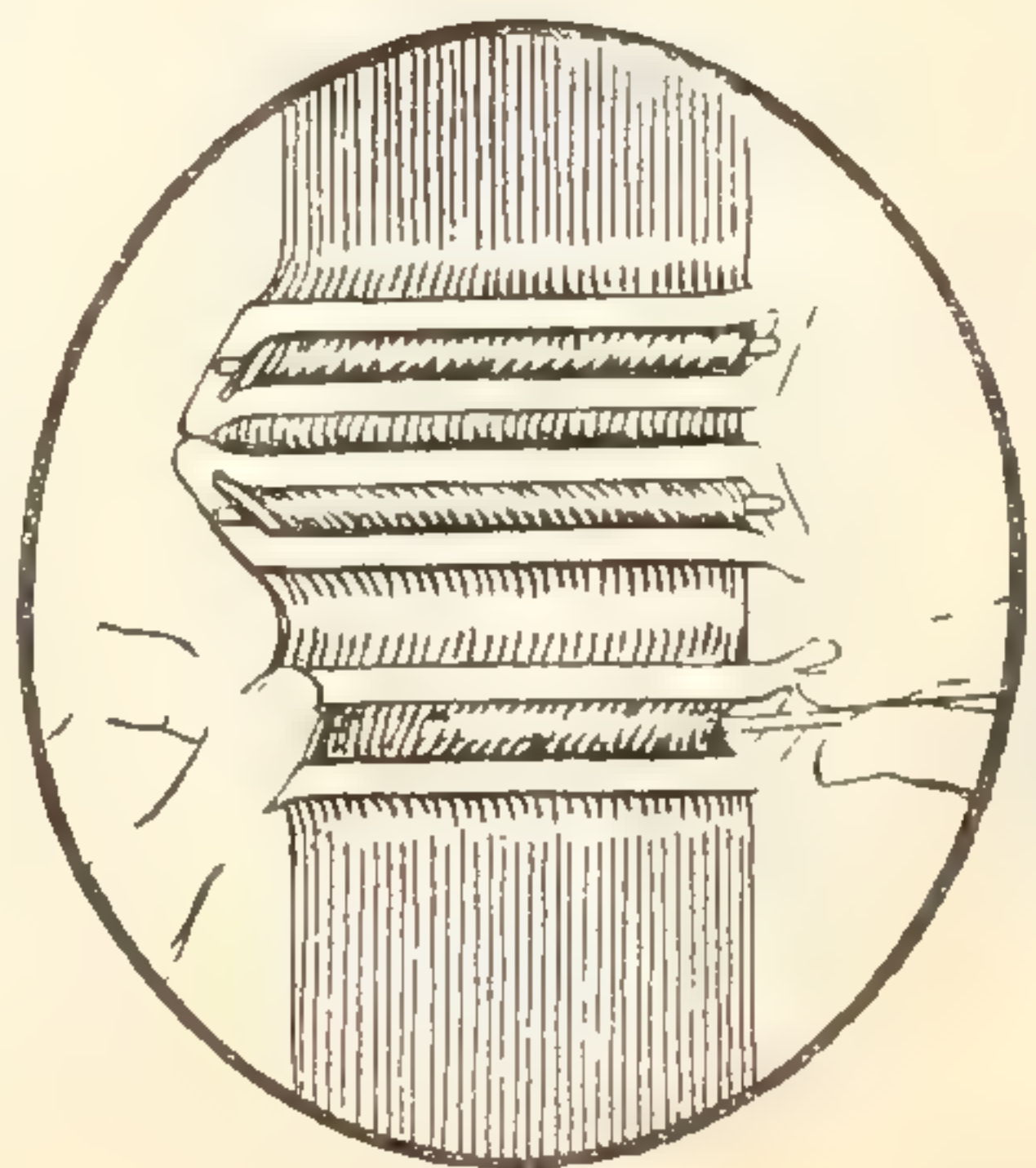
once or twice a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be trained to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll have a lovely, natural wave all the time!

Now is when you need it most

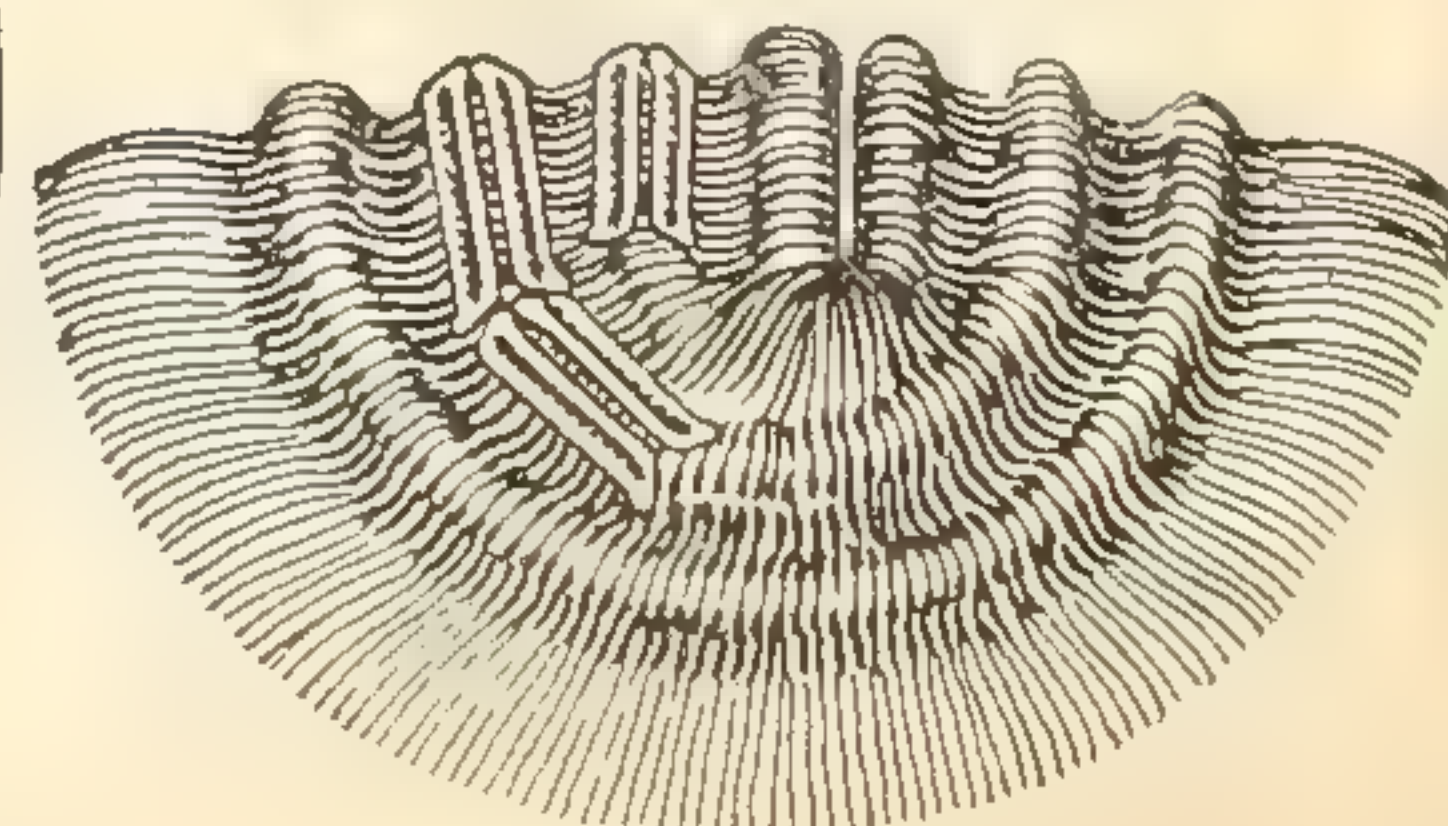
The summer social season is on. With the many dances, theatre parties, dinners and outdoor affairs that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And "looking one's best" these days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful, becoming way. No other feature is half so important to looks as your hair. Nothing



Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!



With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous Marcellers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.



can marcel yourself at home minutes



can do more to enhance your loveliness than a beautiful marcel; nothing can detract more from your locks than straight, straggly, unkempt hair. Every girl owes it to herself to make the most of "woman's crowning glory."

The diagrams will give you some idea how the Marvelous Marcellers work. Although they produce the most astonishing results, still their application is the simplest thing in the world. With each outfit is included a Style Chart showing the newest and most fashionable types of marcel. All you need do is select from the chart the style of marcel you like best, follow the simple directions for that particular kind of marcel and soon you have all the Marcellers in place. Then you can finish dressing or read while the hair dries. In 20 to 30 minutes you take out the Marcellers and—there is the most beautiful marcel you ever had in your life!

Yes, it hardly seems possible to marcel your hair so naturally and beautifully with so little fuss and bother—but mirrors don't lie! Your trusted mirror tells you that there is the kind of marcel you've always wanted—that wonderful, wavy marcel which makes the most of your natural beauty. And your mirror will go on, day after day, week after week, telling you this same glad news!

No Hot Irons Ever Touch Your Hair This Way

Never in the entire history of hair and beauty culture has there been anything like this amazing new invention. It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers". It does away with the dangerous curling

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Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK.
*Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of March, 1926.*
EMMA W. STOLZENBACH
Notary Public.

irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp. It does away with all the muss and bother of the old-fashioned water waving combs.

If you have had a "permanent" wave and are now experiencing the usual trouble keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Marvelous Marcellers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine. We guarantee this without any reservations and let you be the sole judge.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

MISS M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Marvelous Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

MISS K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

MRS. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Marvelous Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Get Your Set of Marvelous Marcellers for only \$2.98

As this is the most revolutionary invention of the kind ever produced, we believe it will be but a short time before hundreds of thousands of these Marvelous Marcellers will be beautifying women all over the country. In order to speed that day, we are offering the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only \$2.98 for the entire outfit. This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcellers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three marcel, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better all the time, but will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heat.

SEND NO MONEY — Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him, (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ
711 Quincy St. Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beauté,
711 Quincy Street, Dept. 6, Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:
Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart and set of Marvelous Marcellers. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....
Address.....
NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.00 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

\$2 brings your Electric Priscilla!

Send only \$2.00 and we will immediately ship you a brand-new Priscilla Sewing Machine, either the Electric or Foot-treadle model, *direct from the factory*, freight prepaid. When it arrives, use it for 10 days *in your own home*. Sew on it as much as you wish. *Subject it to every test you can think of*. If not *perfectly* satisfied, ship it back freight collect, and we will refund your \$2.00 at once. But if you are convinced that the New Priscilla is the best machine you ever used, keep it and pay for it on this easy basis: \$2.00 at the end of 10 days and \$5.00 a month for 10 months—only \$54.00 in all.

The Electric Priscilla is the machine you want if you have electricity in your home. Light weight. Easily carried from place to place. Dust-proof quartered oak cover. Does every kind of sewing just the same as a foot power machine. No pedaling. A sturdy little motor does all the work. A slight pressure of your foot starts or stops the machine, and regulates the speed.

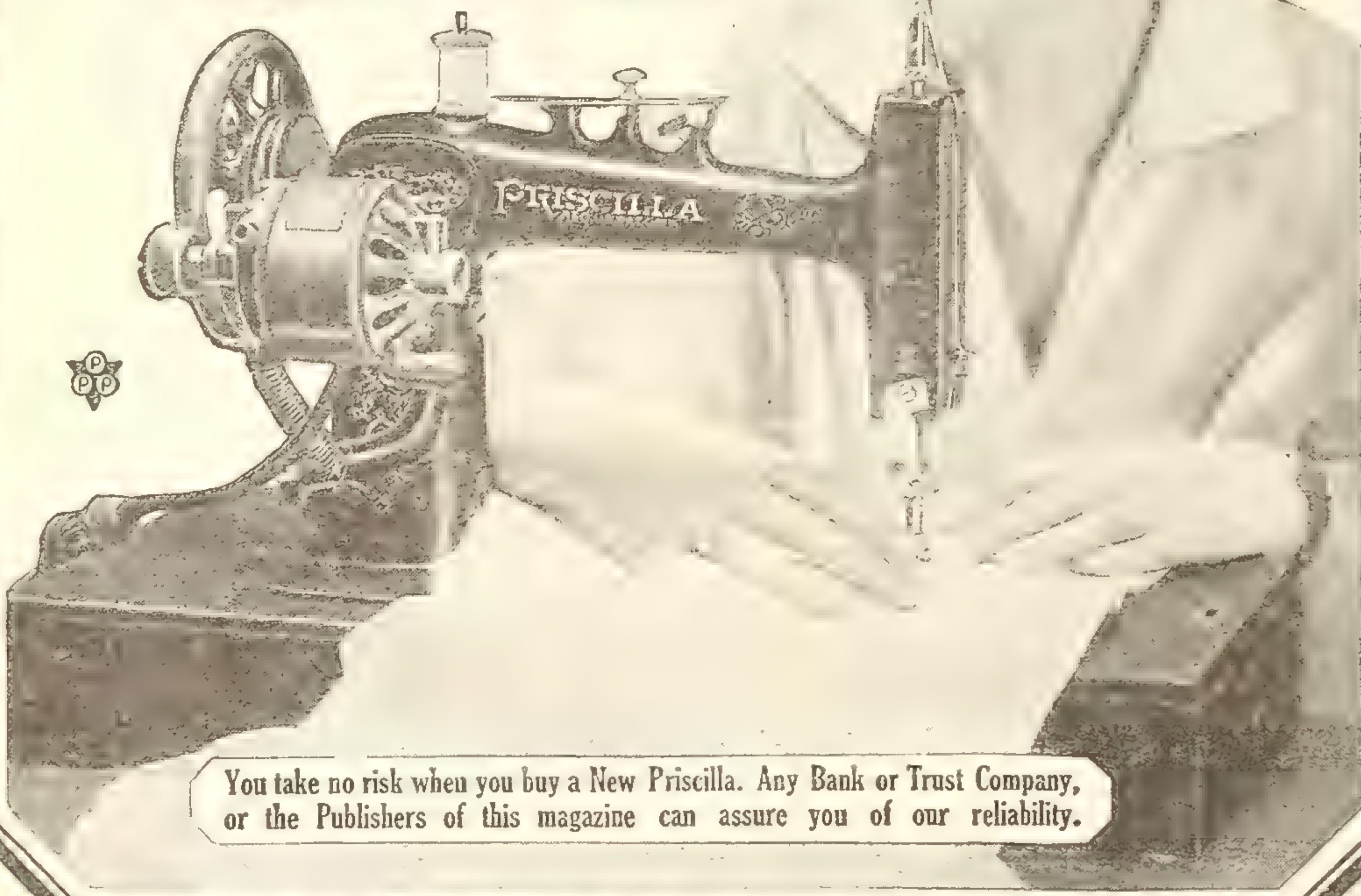
The Priscilla foot treadle machine is mounted on a highly finished quartered oak frame. Four capacious drawers. All Priscilla models have newest improvements. Drop head; Automatic Bobbin Winder; Self Threading Shuttle; Stitch Regulator; Smooth, even Tension. Produces the famous double-thread Lock-Stitch.

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Lightest-running machine you ever saw—perfect stitching—makes sewing a pleasure—delighted owners everywhere—Tools, Big Box of Attachments and Instruction Books FREE. Here's your chance to try one of the best machines made—a machine you will be proud to own, without a bit of risk. Send your name and address with \$2.00 NOW—to

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You take no risk when you buy a New Priscilla. Any Bank or Trust Company, or the Publishers of this magazine can assure you of our reliability.



(Niles Welch and Madge Kennedy in "Scandal Street".)

Put it in the Contract


(Continued from page 39)

memorable rôle of the heroine in "The Covered Wagon" most of her friends were rushing to the barbers' with a resultant snip-snip of the scissors and brand-new short coiffures. Lois might have been one of them if the girl of the pioneer days had worn a boyish bob. But she didn't. So Lois stuck to her style, which remains the same to this day; and I hope she never changes.

With Norma Shearer, it's another story. Norma has beautiful hair which possesses the initial merit of being awfully easy to "fix". Nature was prodigal when she endowed Miss Shearer with hair like that—lovely as to color and texture, and equally adaptable to slick, severe coiffures and to smart, fluffy silhouettes. Lucky Norma! But she is not ungrateful. When she was offered her present contract, she sweetly but firmly said: "Please put in a clause about my hair. Even though the script of a big picture may call for a bob, I will not be prevailed upon to bob mine!" The clause went in the contract. If she ever changes her mind, and she's young and feminine enough to change it, she may join the bobbed beauties; until then, she retains her crowning glory no matter what rôle she plays.

May McAvoy is another unbobbed advocate, and always stipulates that she shall not be argued into chopping off the pretty hair that has grown up with her.

Do you like candy and French pastry? We are not giving out samples today, so don't crowd. The reason I asked was to make you feel better if you happen to like them and cherish an unfulfilled ambition to go into the movies. Because if you were in the movies, you might have to shake your head when the waiter passed the tempting array of napoleons and cream-puffs, and merely murmur, "No, thanks—I really don't care for sweets." In more than one contract signed by feminine luminaries, there's a mean little clause about candy. It may not come right out and say, "Candy"; but when it does remark, "Weight not to exceed so many pounds," you can bet it is referring to chocolates and éclairs in an under-hand way. Actresses too numerous to mention have dropped out because they like sweet things—and like them more than they like close-ups. Other stars watch their diet with




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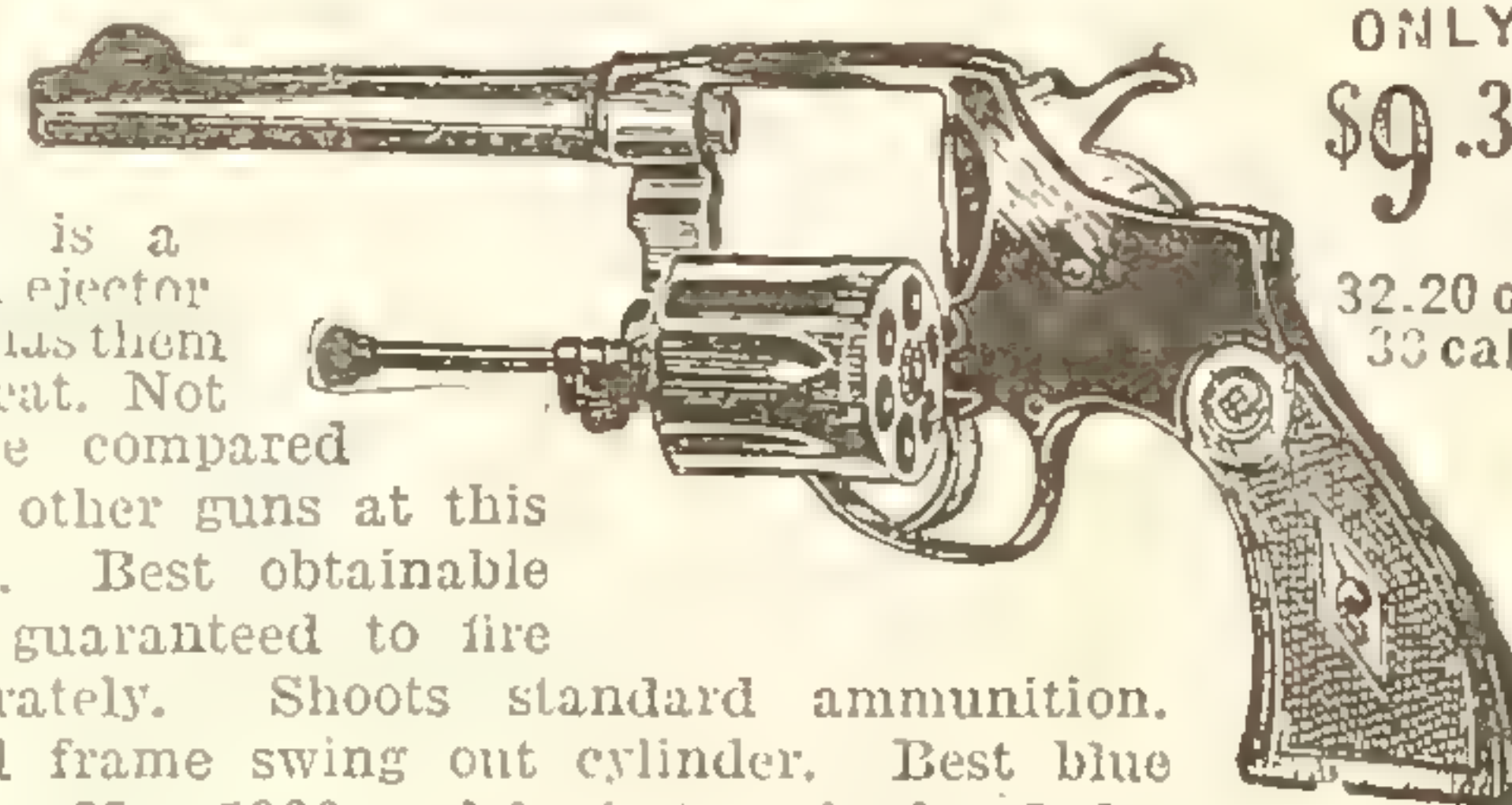


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when you learn it the European way—"



THOSE sight-seeing days in Paris! How much more thrilling they will be if you can ask for information in the native tongue! The best time to visit the Louvre. The quaintest restaurants of Montmartre. How to see the Bois de Boulogne—the Champs Elysées. How to go to the Opéra—the Comédie Française.

What fun you will have! And, in anticipation, you will find it just as fascinating to learn to speak French by the famous Hugo method recently introduced from Europe—the method that enables you to speak French the way it is spoken in France.

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HUGO'S "FRENCH AT SIGHT"

For more than a century the great publishing house of Hugo has conducted language institutes in the large European cities. Millions of Hugo language books have been sold. The Hugos have perfected a method of learning foreign languages that has been used successfully by thousands of Europeans. They have now prepared a special edition of their French course for the use of Americans.

No uninteresting rules in the wonderful Hugo method! No terrifying lists of irregular verbs like those you had

to learn in school! Just fascinating French sentences that begin in your very first lesson, about subjects that you discuss every day!

New ideas, word forms and constructions are introduced so gradually and used so often that you learn simply from seeing them. You do not feel that you are studying at all.

And the cleverest way in the world to acquire correct pronunciation and accent!

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But really, you will have to see this delightful course for yourself. In so limited space we cannot possibly make you realize how easy it is to learn to speak correct French by this unique method. Just think! You spend only a few minutes a day on the Hugo course—and in a short time you will speak French fluently and charmingly! To all who enroll promptly, we will give,

with no additional cost, a year's subscription to Le Petit Journal, the sparkling little French newspaper containing extracts from the French press.

The Hugo "French At Sight" course consists of 24 lessons. For introductory purposes, Hugo's Language Institute of London has authorized us to offer the complete course at the astonishingly low price of only

\$12.00, payable on the convenient terms of only \$2.00 a month.

The coupon will bring you the entire course to examine free. Return it in 5 days or send only \$2.00 first payment, then \$2.00 a month till \$12.00 have been paid. Don't miss this exceptional opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Published twice a month, eight months of the year, in every-day French, this delightful, illustrated newspaper contains current news, extracts from French newspapers and periodicals, interesting notes on French life and customs and humorous sketches. It will be of the greatest assistance in furthering your knowledge of French. Take advantage of this special offer at once. Mail the coupon.

Gentlemen: I am interested in learning to speak French as the French speak it. Please send me the Hugo "French At Sight" course, in 24 lessons, for free examination. Within 5 days I will either return the course or send you \$2.00 at that time and \$2.00 a month until a total of \$12.00 has been paid. I understand to receive a year's subscription to Le Petit Journal (16 issues) without additional cost.



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(American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London, England)
Garden City New York

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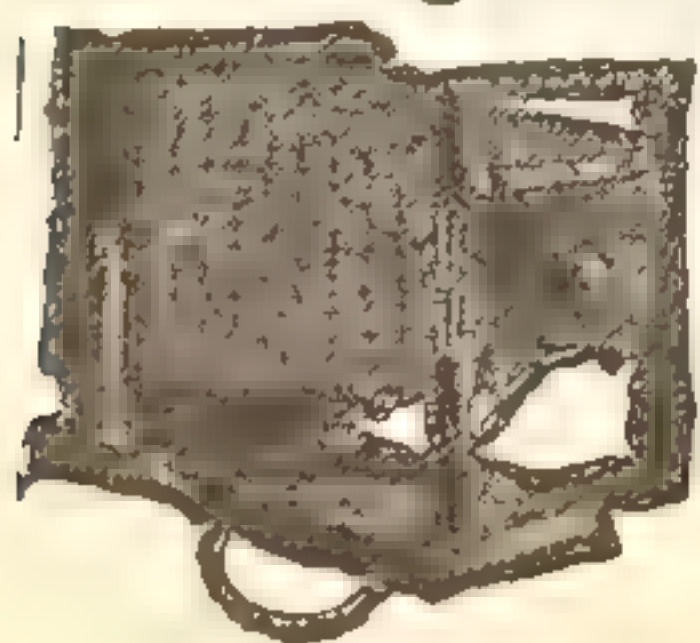
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Chicago, U. S. A.

the eagle eyes of detectives on a fresh trail. It means business. One more éclair—and no more contract.

But after Dorothy Mackaill signed her new contract with First National she went out and ordered chocolate ice-cream cake with whipped cream—or so I heard. Dorothy is one of those slim, sylphlike girls who is always being urged by solicitous friends to "put on a little more weight; you look like a breath of wind would blow you away." Just the same, that fragile figure of hers is one of her assets. Miss Mackaill usually plays girls who are buffeted about by a cruel fate. Can you imagine a roly-poly Joanna, or a plump Chickie? You couldn't; neither could Dorothy; and neither could Dorothy's big boss, First National Pictures. And although Dorothy can order porterhouse steaks and mashed potatoes and chocolate malted milk and cream pie without increasing her weight by an ounce, she, and her company, aren't going to take any chances. There's a clause in that new Mackaill contract which says that the star must never, no, never tip the scales over 130 pounds. Dorothy now weighs 115, and has never weighed more than 120. So she eats pastry when she wants it.

Reginald Denny is one *enfant terrible*—ask his company. The athletic star keeps his managers on pins and needles, except possibly when the receipts for his pictures roll in. He's a fine boy and a splendid actor; but if he has a fault, which Universal is not exactly prepared to admit, it is his love of sport. That seems, on the face of it, a perfectly harmless hobby; but take it from Mr. Laemmle, it has caused him more than one anxious moment. Denny swims, plays tennis and golf, drives a car and boxes. But—he also sails a boat and rides in an airplane. It's his own airplane which is self-operated. So far he has suffered no casualties on tennis court or golf links or in the swimming pool or the squared circle; but my goodness, what that boy will do in an airplane! One might almost say, to an airplane. Tail-spins, falling leaves and nose dives, it's all the same to him, if not to Mr. Laemmle. Today, Denny may be working on the nice, safe lot in Universal City; tomorrow, he may be somewhere on the Pacific or he may be several thousand feet above Catalina. Once he went for a little sail and didn't return for several days. It seems a little storm rose and—well, so did the temperature of his company. Reg was found none the worse for his adventure in the elements, and all ready for a little cruise among the clouds. But the company has different ideas now; and it is said that his new contract will contain fancy and assorted clauses about yachting and airplaning and such innocent diversions. If he doesn't behave, maybe they won't let him play marbles in his own back-ground.

Anyone will tell you that Lois Moran's appeal is her fresh, girlish innocence. When Sam Goldwyn discovered her, it was that refreshing quality which caught and held his attention and eventually brought about Lois' contract. Mr. Goldwyn is hardly a Simon Legree, but he is a good business man; and he instructed his lawyers to insert a clause in the Moran contract which would hold a whip over the actress and simply force her to be a good little girl. Lois has no inclinations to be anything else, so the contractual provision was all right with her. Lois is only sixteen, and her work claims all her time. When she is older, she may want to touch up her peaches-and-cream complexion just a little, just for fun; but she won't dare. There are no degrees of unsophistication. If you so much as smoke one cigarette, use a dab of rouge or lip-



Clive Brook and Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Valentino) in "When Love Grows Cold".

stick, wear skirts a little too short or hats a trifle too daring, you are not unsophisticated any more. Lois Moran must avoid even the appearance of sophistication as long as she has her present agreement.

The nicest clause I ever heard of is the one in Pauline Starke's contract. It must have been worth all her years of struggle and hard, hard work to be able to demand it in her present agreement. She said: "A print of every picture I make must be given to me." That wasn't so much to ask. But the officials were curious. Pauline isn't the kind of star who wants to see herself run off on the screen of her private projection-room every night after work. Pauline explained, a little shyly: "I want it to send to my home town—Joplin, Missouri—so my family and my old friends can see it." Don't you love a girl like that? And think of the kick it must have given her; and the even bigger kick it must give the folks back in Joplin whenever Pauline's pictures arrive! Even if a successful film career held nothing more than the privilege of being able to visit the home folks by proxy every few months, it would be worth it.

When Charlie Ray began his big fight to come back on the screen, he decided to work away from the country-boy rôles which he had been doing so many years, and prove to the public he could play other parts as well. His contract therefore says that Mr. Ray shall not be required to play rustic rôles unless he agrees, and that preference shall be given to stories which give him other opportunities. A similar agreement is in Lew Cody's contract. Lew once earned much money but more disapproval by allowing himself to be billed as "the vamping villain". Lew's sense of humor soon showed him the error of his screen ways, and when he took up his new engagement with Metro-Goldwyn it was with the express understanding that he would not have to play any more cut-and-dried villains.

Conrad Nagel refuses to work on Sundays. He pleads a previous engagement. It's a perfectly good excuse; Conrad is an usher in the Hollywood Christian Science Church.

"All work and no play make Jack a dull boy"—or might if John Gilbert had not insisted upon a clause in his contract stipulating that he must have a three-months vaca-



M. J. MCGOWAN
Chief Chemist



Scientist discovers *fat solvent*

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleurably simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can

apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

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No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for permanent reducing. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

**A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days
3 Jars in All**

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

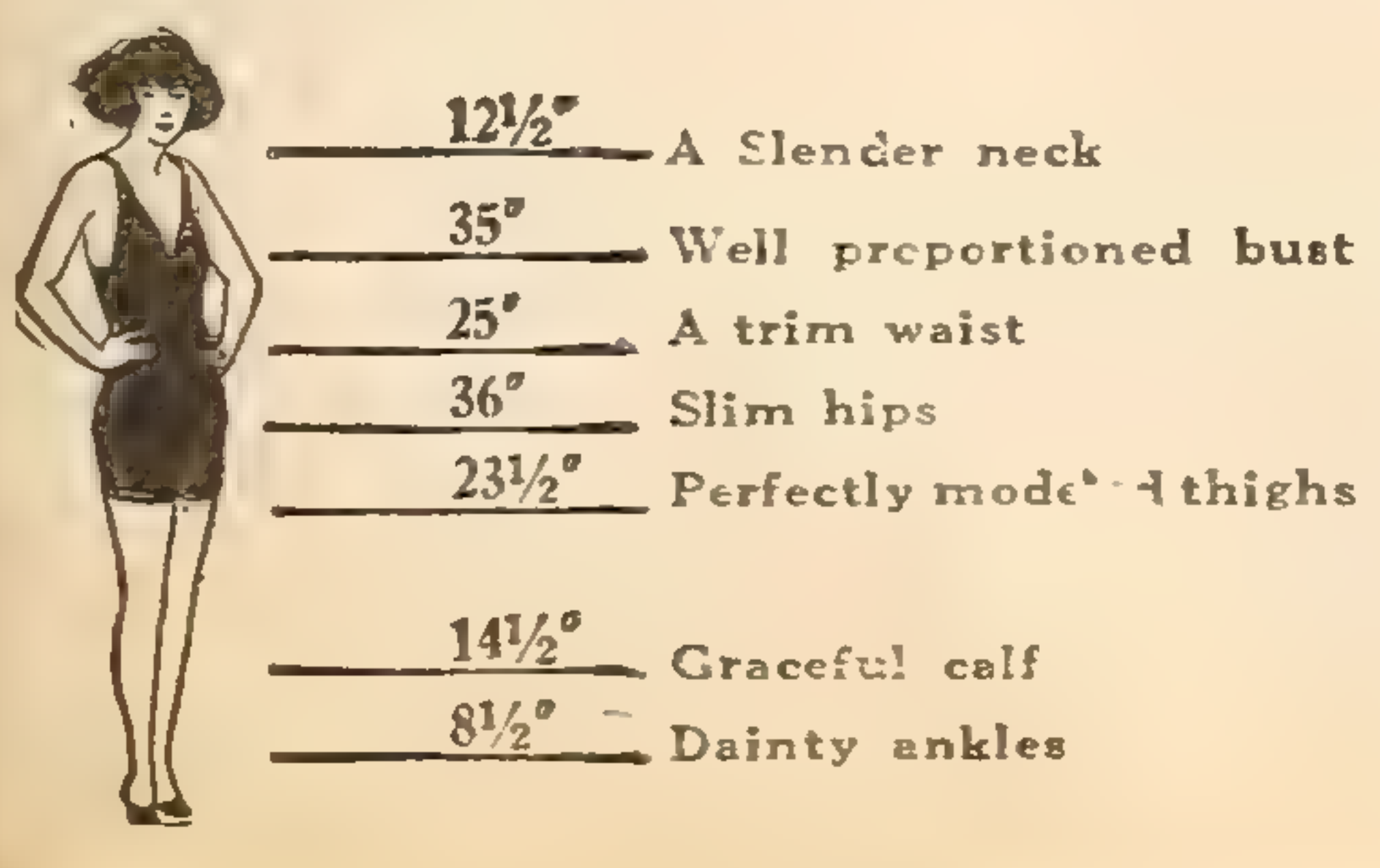
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the Sole Judge**

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from \$3.50 to \$5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

**Send No Money—Just Sign
the Coupon**

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage); and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage).

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Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducing Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days' time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me at the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose \$7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.

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"If I had not carefully analyzed, tested and seen my own sister reduce and improve her health with SAN-GRI-NA" says Dr. McAlpine, "I would not be recommending it to my patients today."

Dr. Jacoby writes: "My wife has about finished the SAN-GRI-NA you sent her, and I wish you could see the wonderful change in her appearance. She never felt better in all her life."

"I have used SAN-GRI-NA for my wife," says Dr. Harris, "and now recommend it to my fat patients."

"I recommended SAN-GRI-NA to my mother," says Dr. Narbonne, "because I knew after working at the formula for years, it was absolutely harmless to the health and positive in results. It is the only way I know of to a good figure and perfect health."



REDUCES 63 POUNDS

"I weighed 260 pounds," writes Mrs. M. D. Pasquale of Worcester, "and lost 63 pounds... I would like to have another box of SAN-GRI-NA."

Up to now physicians have rarely advised anything to reduce outside of diets or exercises (both tiresome and inconvenient) because they knew of nothing HARMLESS and EFFECTIVE, but today, in recommending SAN-GRI-NA, a doctor feels that it is something with real merit, so entirely different from all the advertised fat reducers, that he does not hesitate to advise its use even to his own family. Prominent medical men, such as Dr. Rudolph, former Health Commissioner, endorses SAN-GRI-NA AS THE ONLY SAFE, positive and quick way to slenderness he knows of.

SAN-GRI-NA is the formula of a French physician. It is put up in a small, convenient tablet, to be taken three times a day. Although only recently introduced in America, SAN-GRI-NA is now recognized as the most effective treatment for fat people, because:

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- IT DOES AWAY WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE. PUFFING, HEADACHES, TIRED FEELING, AND THE FAT MAN OR WOMAN WHO TAKES SAN-GRI-NA ONCE MORE ENJOYS LIFE.
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tion every year. He couldn't play princes and dough-boys and starving artists so convincingly if he didn't play Jack Gilbert once in a while.

Alice Terry is also entitled to a vacation, of two months, every year, from the Rex Ingram studio at Nice, France; and the company pays all her expenses from Europe to California.

Such stars as Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett are not required to wear the costumes prepared by the studio wardrobe department, but may select their own—a clever clause, since both these girls are famous for their originality in dress.

Two little girls from overseas, Renee Adoree and Greta Garbo, have unusual clauses tucked away in their legal agreements. It seems that the vivacious Renee requires two contracts—one drawn up in America, and the other under the laws of her native France. Miss Garbo must be accompanied daily in the studio by a tutor whose duty it is to separate the Swedish from the English in her vocabulary and to translate whenever necessary.

It goes without saying that Ben Turpin's contract depends upon his eyes continuing crossed; while Chester Conklin's walrus moustache figures in most of his agreements. Buster Keaton can't smile on the screen, and Harold's specs are taken for granted when Mr. Lloyd signs on the dotted line.

Since Will Hays has become the "little general" of the picture business, there have been "morality clauses" in most contracts. These are not so formidable as they sound, simply stipulating that the actor must behave as becomes a lady or a gentleman, and do nothing to reflect upon the prestige of the motion-picture industry. Most of them don't need that clause, anyway.

Irene Rich Gets Back Her Babies

(Continued from page 49)

three in Switzerland. I didn't want to go home. There'd be nobody peeking out of the front door as the car came up the driveway. There'd be nobody rushing out to kiss me and drag me in, all talking at once, excited, laughing and bubbling over with life. Oh, that thrill of coming home at night! Missing it was more than anybody could ever understand.

"Six weeks, which seemed years, went by. I really don't know how much longer I'd have stuck it out. I kept telling myself I was selfish—too selfish to live. The chicks were having the time of their lives, with their skis and their skates and the snow. If I had to be thinking of myself all the while, it was high time I took heed!

"And then it came! It came! That blessed, silly, funny cablegram arrived, saying they were coming home. Coming home? I read it again and again. Someone was fooling me, was playing a joke. Oh, I'll never forget it. After I cabled to them and found they were safe and not sick; when I knew they were on the ocean, getting nearer and nearer to me, sure as sure could be, I realized that they just couldn't stay away. They missed their mother! They wanted her! They needed her! It's such a feeling of content; it makes up for so many pains. Even with the boat two days late, with the long trip across the country, I knew they were coming home and were counting the minutes till they'd get here."

Irene drew a deep, long breath. And me, for no reason at all, I laughed, sheep-

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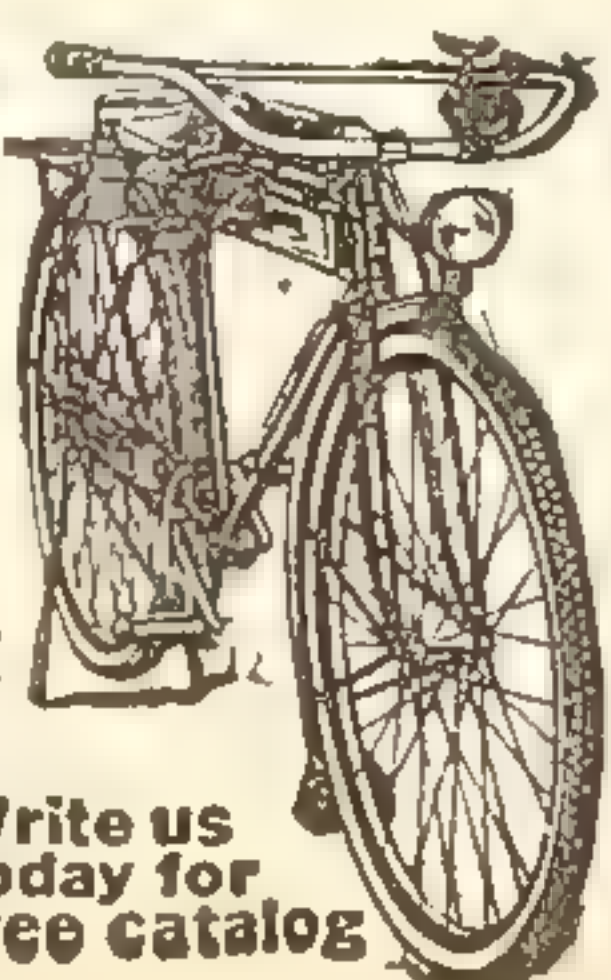
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60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I

looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now



to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluids" on the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 675 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow."

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ishly, chokingly. Then, with a sly little, sure little glimmer:

"Of course, I know everyone has lovely children, but honestly, really and truly, I have the nicest kids!" said Mother Irene Rich.

Yes or no, before I could contradict, or be an unbeliever, up went Oliver Morosco's arms:

"That's all. That's all for the day," he announced.

"Do you want to come to my dressing-

room while I get ready for home?" asked Irene. "You see, I promised to be as early as possible so's we could go to the beach for dinner and on the roller-coaster once."

Her eyes were shining. She was alive with something which greater folks than I can't understand. No, I'd not bother her. Rather, I'd hurry her on, for weren't they peeking out the window, watching that driveway from the crack in the door, looking for her, who never yet had failed them? No, I'd not bother her—she was going home!

Bill Colling Roots for the News Reels—*from page 59*

the thrills are bound to come so thick and fast that you can't even wink without missing one of them. And the best recipe for yawning that I can think of is to put too much of anything into one picture, whether it's thrills, villainy, romance or what have you.

"The Bar-C Mystery" is doubly handicapped in this respect because it is a story of the western plains. If you saw it "cold", without knowing its interesting history, you'd consider it just another western. It is full of villains, terrific hossback riding, and the usual "comedy" which seems to be standard equipment for these epics of the plains. The contest in this one is over the possession of a map which gives the location of a rich mine. The owner, pursued by the relentless desperadoes, shaves off his beard and becomes a wandering cowboy whose life is devoted to protecting the girl to whom he has previously given said map. Naturally all ends well, the villains are captured by the sheriff, and the hero finds that the girl has loved him all the time, beard or no beard.

Like all westerns (and serials), the plot is only a branch on which to hang the thrills. What matters it that the hero doesn't appeal to the sheriff for protection in the first place, or that the simple possession of a map doesn't, under our present laws, mean possession of a mine itself? Every western and serial manuscript is carefully examined for logic, and if any is found, that script is immediately rejected. The big mystery in this film is why there should have been any mystery about it at all. Or perhaps it is, why did the hero shave?

There are, however, two interesting things about "The Bar-C Mystery". The first is that it brings up a point common to this type of film—one upon which I neglected to comment last month. Have you ever noticed that in westerns and serials which are only as strong as their villains, the dirty work is often planned, and sometimes carried out, by a woman? Other types of pictures have women as villains occasionally, but the average is about one out of two in these thrillers. Women, it might be said by anyone so cynically inclined, come into their own in serials. Here they are given free rein to exercise their bottled-up instincts toward desperate tactics; but of course, on the other hand, we always have the heroine who is the antithesis of the villainess in sweetness, virtue and nobility of character. This is an interesting psychological sidelight on the purposes of femininity, but one which only a male of the sterling qualities of an heroic cowboy would dare to comment on at any length.

The second point of note about this film is that its heroine is Dorothy Phillips, probably the most uneven actress on the screen. Before she left films, and since she has re-

turned, this girl has given some of the best and some of the worst performances I have ever seen. Like the little girl with the curl, when she is good, she's very, very good, and when she's bad, she's not so good. As the focal point of a combination serial-western, Dorothy comes under the latter classification; but nevertheless, she's an arresting personality, and it is interesting to see her in a rôle similar to those in which she made her first success, many years ago.

Jumping to the opposite extreme from the rough, crude life on the plains, we find ourselves, in "The Dancer of Paris", rubbing elbows with the hoity-toity set of boiled shirts and décolleté gowns. This is a Michael Arlen opus, but if you're one of the many, including your correspondent, who have enjoyed his stories, you'll be due for a jolt which makes stepping off the second-from-the-bottom step in the dark seem enjoyable by comparison.

Mr. Arlen (or perhaps it was the adaptor), has injected sophistication in large gobs in this splashy, trivial story of a dancer's life. In it, all the people seem to live in homes modeled after the Grand Central Terminal and to spend practically all their hours in the pursuit of pleasure. The dancer, tricked by an Englishman, devotes her time to unloading a large quantity of remorse on his sagging shoulders. But the revenge backfires, and in the end she sacrifices herself for his happiness and then, her debt paid, she finds some for herself in the love of the honest American who has stood by her through the well known thick and thin.

Dorothy Mackaill is charming in the title rôle; but the character she portrays is so unpleasant that you can't work up much sympathy for her. The broken heart which she carries concealed in her bosom is lost amid the scenes of splendor and revelry which surround her and it. Conway Tearle is a pretty cold-blooded hero, too, and about the only one in the group for whom you feel sorry is the poor crack-brained villain. But then, "The Dancer of Paris" has six reels of gay parties, gorgeous sets and gowns, and half-draped ladies, and if that doesn't make a successful movie, I don't know what does.

However, one of the best little program pictures I've seen for some time is "Two Can Play", which Associated Exhibitors is showing in your neighborhood, probably right now. Clara Bow is its star, and in it Clara returns to her first love, the flapper rôle. The more I see of this young lady's work, the better I like it. The story in this case is decidedly interesting and novel, for the villain turns out to be the hero, and vice-versa, after a smashing climax which leaves you gasping for air. Clara makes you love her as the flighty flapper who arouses all the he-man qualities of the hero and villain, and then she turns around and



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makes you respect her as the woman who makes good in the crisis. There have been lots worse pictures than this unpretentious "Two Can Play", and I think you're going to enjoy it thoroughly. At least you'll learn something about love-making, if that interests you; and next month I'm going to explore this little-known field with the view to encouraging Bigger and Better Romances.

"Unaccustomed as I Am"

(Continued from page 37)

The Wampas, an organization of film publicity men, invites Lew to its meetings several times a year and then, to show how much it thinks of him, proceeds to grill him.

After one of these grillings, Lew arose, smiling, and said:

"Thanks, boys, for the buggy ride."

But the Wampas pulled a different kind of surprise on Lew the other night. They had him as the guest of honor and didn't razz him at all. Lew was puzzled.

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(See page 34)



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31x4ss-cl	4.50	2.00	36x4 1/2	7.25	3.35
32x4	4.95	2.25	32x5	7.50	3.50
33x4	5.45	2.50	35x5	7.75	3.75
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Screen News from Broadway—*from page 7*

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ONE of the most popular actors in New York right now is—no, fooled you that time. Not Menjou or Dix or Gilbert, though they get their share, too. It's Chester Conklin. He came east to do "The Wilderness Woman", with Aileen Pringle; and remained to make another film for Famous. Whether on the set, sporting his far-famed walrus moustache, or as himself, he's the life of the party. You should hear him tell of the good old days when Mack Sennett and Keystone were just stepping out, Charlie Chaplin was glad to get forty a week, and when Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling, and Charlie Murray all worked in the same pictures. Conklin himself was one of the original Keystone cops of blessed memory. He soon branched out, however, and became one of the most prized comics of the time. He remembers when a rain storm used to be the signal for a comedy scene. There was a mud-hole out in front of the Sennett studio, and Mack used to say: "Come on, fellows; fall in that mud-hole and get a laugh." When Chaplin, discouraged with the haphazard methods of the time, used to contemplate returning to the stage, Conklin encouraged him to stick it out. After the glory of the Keystone days had faded, that merry coterie of comedians, except Chaplin, were somewhat at a loss; but once more the producers and public have begun to appreciate them; and today you'll find Sterling, Murray, and Conklin playing important parts in feature pictures. It was Conklin who got the credit for taming the fiery temperament of Pola. His antics in "A Woman of the World" so convulsed the famous star that she entered into the spirit of the thing and never even balked at a location trip—an unheard of thing for her. Chester Conklin is a refutation of the statement that all comedians are

tragic in private life. His humor is always working.

* * *

THE graduating exercises and reception of the first Paramount School took place at the Ritz Carlton, where Jesse Lasky made the address and presented the diplomas to the eight young men and eight young women graduates, and afterwards looked on benignly while the kids danced. It was also the occasion for the first showing of the School's first picture, "Fascinating Youth". Cheering the candidates on were Adolph Zukor, president of the Paramount company; Sam Wood, and Byron Morgan, director and author of the picture; Adolph Menjou, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Al Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Conklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Monte Katterjohn. The latter, incidentally, is a beautiful girl who will get into pictures if her scenarist-husband doesn't watch out.

The young graduates had plenty of poise. As Josephine Dunn, the pretty little blond ingenue of the company, put it: "We have survived all the kidding, and here we are!" Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, picked already by James Cruze for a leading rôle in the big special, "Old Ironsides", and an ingratiating combination of Charlie Ray, Glenn Hunter, and John Gilbert, doubled in brass—he relieved the musicians in the orchestra when he wasn't on the dance floor. You watch for Buddy, and for little Miss Dunn, too. She's only eighteen, but looks like a potential Connie Talmadge. And, wonder of wonders, the child has no heavy ambitions for tragedy. She really wants to do light comedy, and hopes she'll have the chance some day. Some smart director should reach out and grab her. She's humorous, sprightly, and unspoiled.

*The Stage Coach—*from page 63

they are talked about. And the drama, with the exception of one bad break wherein a girl who has stolen money puts the blame on her sister, an utterly unbelievable note, is fine and genuine. See it and bring your handkerchief. If you don't use it even once, you're a harder-boiled egg than your correspondent, which we doubt.

"THE JEST"

ABOUT ten years ago, when Arthur Hopkins produced "The Jest" with the two Barrymore boys, we sat enthralled and thought it as fine and colorful a thing as we had ever seen. But, said we, it's lucky for Sem Bennelli that he had the Barrymores and Gilda Varesi in the cast; otherwise, we confided to anyone who was willing to listen, it would probably be just a hick show.

Well, the other day somebody told Arthur Hopkins what we had said and he said, "Is that so?" And the first thing you know he did a revival, thinking that he would make us eat our words.

Well, we did eat them. For Basil Sydney, in a beautiful blond wig, does as nobly by the rôle of Giannetto as did John, and Alphonz Ethier is just as swashbuckling a Neri as ever Lionel was. Violet Heming makes a beautiful Ginevra, and the ever trusty Ferdinand Gottschalk helps to round out this gorgeous production of a gorgeous play. Maria Ouspenskaya takes the small but vivid rôle that Gilda Varesi had, but is not the type. A trifle too old, we thought her.

"THE CREAKING CHAIR"

AS the wise reader has guessed, "The Creaking Chair" is a mystery play. Now it happens that we, in common with everybody else, like mystery plays. We might even have liked this one except for the third act, where everything is cleared up, for no reason at all. Also, in that same third act, the guilty one confesses all in spite of the fact that there is nothing really on him. Besides, he makes a long speech which might go well as an editorial in *The New York Evening Journal* or even as part of a debate between the Kiwanis and the Rotary. There may be, for all we know, some point to his remarks. But anybody who expects this correspondent to find drama in having a character read from the *Congressional Record* is just plain cuckoo.

"EASY VIRTUE"

NOEL COWARD'S "Easy Virtue", in addition to being a good show, has Jane Cowl in it. Which is our idea of a grand combination. There aren't many fireworks in the show; not even a pistol-shot is fired. Coward's attitude is that your Englishman meets the crises of life in a calm and civilized manner, in which heroics play no part. He has an excellent cast to assist Miss Cowl in that attitude, notably Halliwell Hobbes, Mabel Terry Lewis, Marda Vanne, and Joyce Carey. In addition, he adheres to the theory himself, so that where another playwright might have done things dramatically, Coward is content to do them unostenta-

iously but just as impressively. Here is another Hedda Gabler—an English one—who exits from her impossible surroundings with extreme calmness. Where Hedda chooses death, Larita goes just as bravely, but a little more quietly, to meet life.

“SQUARE CROOKS”

IN spite of the title, “Square Crooks” was not written by Samuel Shipman—and, by the way, what has become of Mr. Shipman?—but by James P. Judge. The play is all about a couple of safecrackers who, reformed by love, are going straight. In spite of which the cops hound them. Dorothy Appleby, a second road-company of Mary Hay, is the leading lady; Russell Mack, who plays as though he were playing a farce—and at that, the feller may be right—is the leading man. The dialogue is simply terrible.

“THE STUDENT PRINCE

ON December 2, 1924, the Messrs. Shubert offered New York “The Student Prince”. On March 8, 1926, we visited the Century to find out why this show was as popular as it apparently is. Answer: we don’t know. It has the conventional dull book, unleavened by any comedy worthy of the name, and it has the usual Romberg music. It has a cast of over 100, but no acting that is visible to the naked eye. Maybe it’s a great show. And maybe Red Grange doesn’t care about money.

What a College Boy Thinks

(Continued from page 33)

Their eyes meet! They both act as if suffering from asthma. It is only love at first sight. But alas, the King must return to his country and marry Fanny of Fulflavia. Negotiations are brought to a close, and the advance guard of Fanny presents itself in uniforms, the envy of any Fifth Avenue doorman. Fanny herself arrives soon after amid great Hollywood ceremony. She certainly looks like a blind date.

Just as the ceremony is about to be performed, the heroine’s father purchases the kingdom for ten billion or so.

In this category, t’were a crime to exclude the Great Racing Classic. The general plot opens on an old Southern homestead devoid of all past glory except the great mare Lotus-Eater, the beautiful daughter and the Colonel’s cigars. To be sure, there is a mortgage comparable to a road-building program, as a slight hangover.

Across the meadow lives the Colonel’s creditor and suitor for his daughter’s hand. Anxious to secure Lotus-Eater he offers the Flatiron Building in part payment, but proud old “Cunnel” Brown only puffs furiously on his Corona.

Rather than tell Mel, his daughter, of his dire financial straits, he sends her to Europe on a ten-thousand-dollar trip; a clever bit of strategy, we think. Not before she has met the handsome hobo, however, who with his square jaw and dirty-neat clothes strikes us immediately as her future husband. (You can’t fool us!)

The Colonel has just enough money to send on the horse. However, notwithstanding the mean stabling of Lotus-Eater, we’d like to rush up the aisles to see if there are any suckers betting against her.

On the day of the race, great throngs pack into the park. The rich neighbor is there, with Mel, just returned. A cut-in shows an old darkey hobbling along the railroad tracks, to the intense amusement of the kids down front.

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A yokel in a nifty outfit blows a trumpet. Boots and Saddles! But, Ye Gods! What has happened? The "Cunnel's" jockey collapsed! The Measles! What to do! What to do! You've guessed it—so did we—the hobo must ride.

Of course, at the start, Lotus-Eater runs like ye brewery horse of sainted memory. At the turn she is creeping up, because we get close-ups of the neighbor registering chagrin. At this point, the old darkey edges up to the fence and acts as if he had walked from Seattle to Kansas City in twenty minutes. We are glad to see him; we feel as if we were letting him in on our private race.

Still edging up, Lotus-Eater is only headed by Prometheus, the neighbor's horse, as they pound into the home stretch. The hobo leans forward and whispers something in Lotus-Eater's ear, and our filly leaps forward to win by three-eighths of an inch. As a finale, there is a view of the old Homestead, re-valsparrred and Pittsburgh-proofed. The hobo meets Mel in the garden, and though she has been in Europe for six months, at first she is shy.

The sex stereotypes provide a different type of humor. Many years will pass before burlesques will be attained comparable to the recent Flaming Flipper flapdoodle. The usual story is of the neglectful mother, who never suspects that her daughter is in bad company, despite the fact that she hasn't seen her for three weeks. However, we suspect the slick consort immediately, for he has a mustache. Privately we are willing to believe he'd carry a cane.

Well, we get a glimpse of the party. The scene is laid, as usual, in some unpretentious residence which at first we mistook for the Metropolitan Museum. A colored jazz-band with a trick leader is going at the jazziest pace possible. Thin-chested youths and plump flappers cast themselves at each other with what we suppose is bacchanalian abandon, but which is unfortunately reminiscent of our fullback—the one who broke his leg.

The Steady Young Man who foolishly wants to marry the daughter remonstrates in vain. Things go from bad to worse. One night the villain takes the daughter to a shady roadhouse, and we sense the approaching climax. They are selling liquor, but the place is raided. The Steady Young Man appears with the Police. He breaks into the room in the nick of time and engages the villain in a terrible fight. His opponent disposed of, the Steady Young Man turns reprovingly to the Flapper. She looks contrite, he accepts her explanation that they were only playing tag—and we want our money back.

These are not the only types. There are hundreds of patterns involving the poor neglected wife, whose husband is too busy earning a living to take the dogs for a walk. Little Sally is lured, bi-weekly, from the contented cows, and so much seducing goes on in the upper British circles that we are beginning to believe that an election to Parliament is grounds for divorce.

Surely, something is wrong. By its very nature, the peculiar province of the movies is the staging of great scenes. Here is a form of art so wide in its dimensions as to be hitherto renderable only in the abstract or through symbolism. Instead of capitalizing this opportunity, production has fallen into a groove. In place of the constantly widening vista that effort in this direction would produce, we witness a succession of rather tame makeshifts. Tropical storm scenes have dwindled to a downright scenery-wrecking contest. The shipwreck in miniature which usually occurs in a rain-



☞ Eleanor Boardman has been selected to play opposite John Gilbert in "Bardelys the Magnificent".

storm where the drops, proportionately, are eight feet in diameter, and the pirate attack consisting of a few puffs of smoke, and some phoney noises from the orchestra, are all too familiar examples.

Imagine, then, with what avidity we seize upon a Fairbanks, Lubitsch, Vidor or Von Stroheim production. "The Thief of Bagdad" marked a new era. For the first time we saw an appreciation of the possibilities, a touch of art, which made the plot secondary. We feel that this is the forerunner of some fine interpretations of the old epics.

King Vidor has achieved a brilliant success in "The Big Parade". Can any one ever forget the stirring scenes of the moving-up—the choked roads, the dynamic energy of a vast army moving to the attack—raw, confusing and thrilling? By contrast the old Illiad, with Hector dragged three times around Troy, is wonderful material—for Mack Sennett. (Note to Greek Prof.: I was only fooling.)

The settings and direction in both "Kiss Me Again" and "The Merry Widow" reveal a gentler though no less masterful touch. The former especially is as subtle an appreciation of marital difficulties as has yet found its way to the silver screen. All hail to Lubitsch!

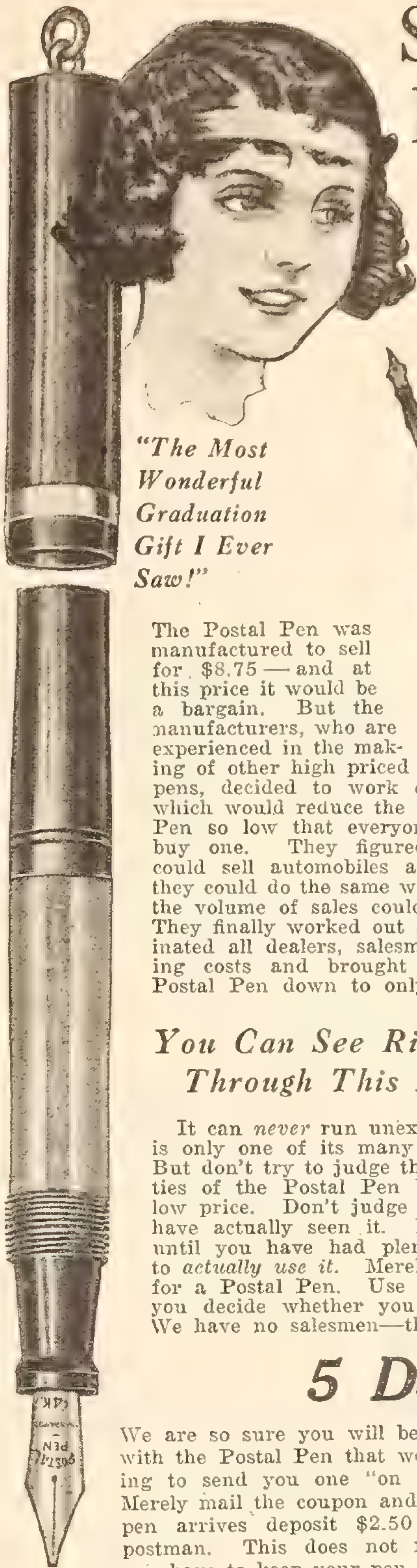
It may be argued, however, that the directing is, after all, but the vehicle of the artist. We concede that pantomime, oldest of arts, has been well treated at the hands of the movies. Indeed, we know that the greatest actors of all time have been developed there.

John Barrymore, with his wonderful insight into character, is perhaps the world's premier. His eyebrows and his hands express subtlety which would thrill even a Phi Beta Kap. John Gilbert is a second Booth. Particularly fine in his love scenes, his smoothness and balance stand out like the motif of a symphony. In short, he has acted himself right out of meeting our femmes!

We have always harbored a profound respect for Charlie Chaplin in spite of the articles on his intellectuality. As he swayed his audiences in "The Gold Rush" we could not help thinking of him as a virtuoso. (Our efforts to master the Oceana Roll have caused the managers of Childs' no end of anguish.)

Lon Chaney, Ford Sterling and Adolphe Menjou could pull us out on any kind of a night. And of the devil-may-care type, Reginald Denny will bear watching.

We sense what constitutes a good production, what makes an artist, and with true undergraduate ingenuity, we have so contrived that our allowance not only permits us to view every single production, but also to eat our fill—of dog biscuits.



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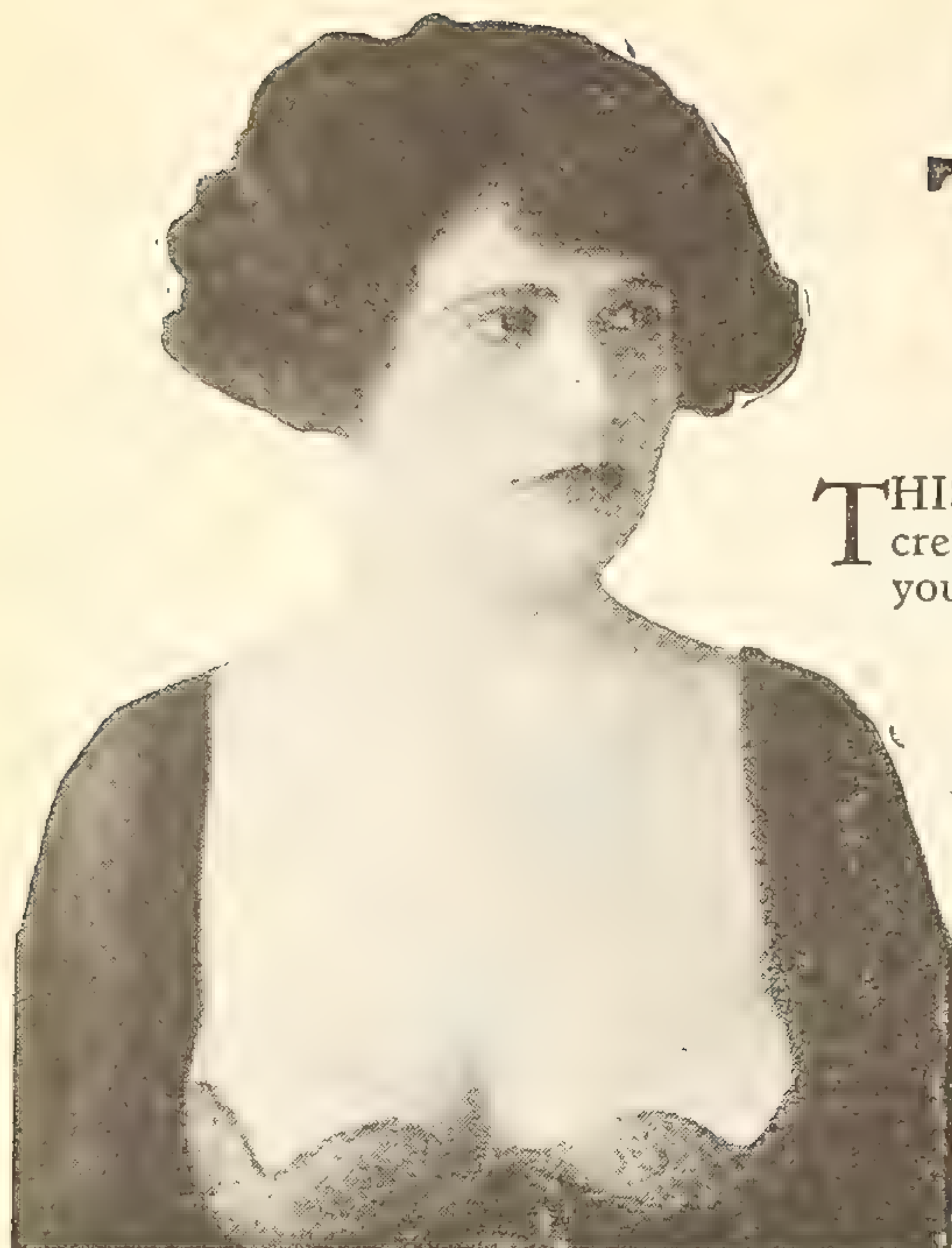
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THE OLIVE COMPANY, Dept. 30, CLARINDA, IOWA, U.S.A.

Books for Fans (Continued from page 8)

I began to see that this was no ordinary assignment. Nell Gwyn was a real person, who still lives in beloved memory. She was such a wonderful girl that her King, who could have had his choice of thousands of beautiful princesses, grand ladies, famous beauties of the time, chose her, a ragged little orange-girl from the slums of London, to shower with his royal favors. In the few short months from the time she received the King's first present—a pair of silk stockings—in her mother's humble home, Nell Gwyn studied so hard under able dramatic teachers that when she made her debut at the Drury Lane Theatre, she won instant public favor and the heart of jolly Charles II. "The nerve of you," the telephone lady whispered. "You, Nell Gwyn!" Well, I said to myself, after my heart stopped teetering up and down between "I can" and "I can't", there's no ifs or ands about it; I must! The business office said the contract is all signed and I sail next week.

I read everything I could find on Nell Gwyn. Hers is one of the best known names in fiction. F. Frankford Moore wrote a novel about her, so did W. H. Ainsworth; and she figures prominently in George C. Hazleton's *Mistress Nell* and in Paul Kester's play, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*. Heavens! What a woman, what a personality. But best of all—what an opportunity for me. It's one thing to create an imaginary character whom no one knows. It is an entirely different matter to recreate a famous personality. Frankly, I have never approached a task with such mingled feelings of hope and despair. It was wonderful, working in London in the locale of Nellie's vivid life. It was most inspiring to visit the historic places, and see the cherished things that once were hers. Her home still stands, but little changed, in old St. Martin's.

No one will ever feel as I did the night of the "Nell Gwyn" premiere at the Ritz-Carlton, New York. The grand ballroom was filled with an audience of magazine, newspaper, motion picture and theatrical people. I sat in the rear balcony, shivering with nervousness. They did not know I was there, until Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the director of the picture, dragged me out.

People are kind, I reflected as I rode home. I'm going back to England to star in three more pictures this year.

My telephone lady says Nell Gwyn did it for me.



(Sally O'Neil opposite Buster Keaton in "Battling Butler".)

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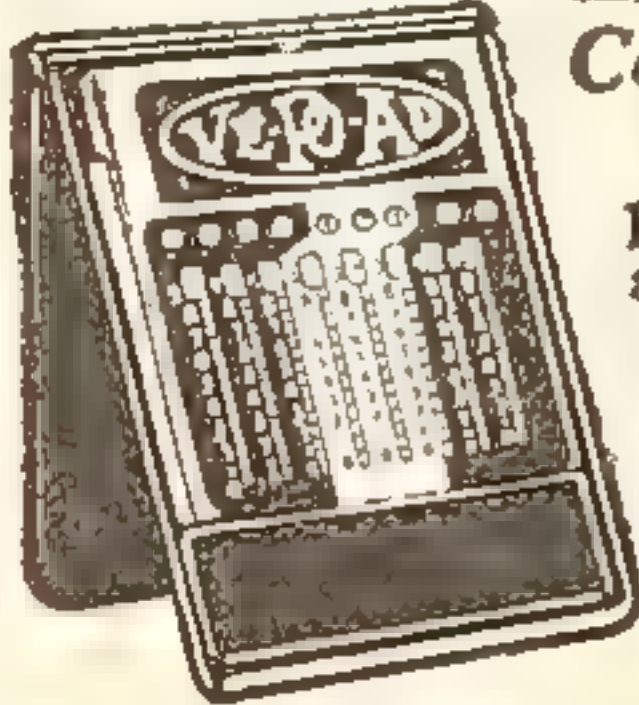
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It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an on-looker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed.... She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I *can* play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing



"She played *Anitra's Dance* — played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire."

like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game!"

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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Ethel Harnishfeger,
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"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School."
—Turner B. Blake,
Harrisburg, Ill.

R. S. V. P. in Hollywood

(Continued from page 41)

and brought a handsome Spanish vase as her gift. Harold had expected to come over after he got through working, as he was making some scenes that evening, but he telephoned late that his company was still going strong.

Mrs. Brown turned to Kathleen and bestowed on her the lovely ostrich feather fan she was carrying, and Kathleen exclaimed that was her commission, she supposed, for giving the party!

That lovely Paulette Duval brought Mrs. Brown the most exquisite Spanish fan, brocaded, with carved ivory sticks, and it was then that Mrs. Brown handed Kathleen her ostrich-feather fan.

Bebe Daniels had gone east, but she had sent her gift, a Spanish shawl, and everybody at the party worked over a telegram to be sent Bebe.

Corliss Palmer was there, looking gorgeously lovely, and there were Mary Aitken, Mrs. Lou Tellegen, Marie Mosquini, Grace Gordon, Lilyan Tashman, Mrs. Tom Mix, Dorothy Cummings, Hedda Hopper, Ena Gregory, Mae Ayer, Mary Ford and a dozen others. The men came in later, after supper.

Lilyan Tashman said that she just couldn't wait to have her house-warming in her new home.

"It won't be a house-warming," remarked Lilyan. "It will be a house hotting! It is going to be the liveliest party Beverly has ever seen."

George O'Brien and Olive Borden were to come later, but we found out afterward they had spent the evening at Olive's house. And somebody said that they have been secretly married!

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mary Ford. "I am George's mother confessor, and I'm sure he would have told me if it were so."

A lovely little Mexican girl, Frances de Montez, sang for the party, and after a while the girls broke up into fortune-telling groups and chattering knots.

Helen Ferguson said that, never having been at Kathleen's house before, she had been mistaken as to its location, and had told Billy Russell, her husband, to look for her in Beverly Hills. Everybody told her she shouldn't have been so careless with such a good-looking husband.

"Well, I can't kiss him anyhow, even if I do see him," said Helen ruefully. "You see, I've been eating garlic and he does hate it so."

The men came in at about ten. Jimmy Young, Lou Tellegen, Tom Mix, Eddie Carrewe, Clarence Brown, Jack Ford, Eddie Lowe, Lew Cody, Buddy Post, Frank Elliott, George Larkin, Mr. Del Rio, Matt Moore, Mal St. Clair, Marcel de Sano and others. Even Billy Russell did find the place at last. We danced awhile, and somebody sang a song or two.

Lew Cody told us he meant to go to Europe shortly just for a vacation.

PATSY came in bearing a fascinating, square, invitation-looking letter.

"Guess who this is from," she exclaimed. "Agnes Christine Johnson is asking us to dine with her and some lovely guests," she explained with delight.

Agnes and her play-writing husband, Frank Dazey, live at Santa Monica, in a big, old-fashioned, English Colonial style house, and Patsy and I went out there with John Roche in his nice new Cadillac. It was a gorgeous, warm, moonlit night—such a night as I never saw before in February even in California—and we all sat out in the hammock-swing and in big chairs under the trees on the lawn before dinner, chatting and sipping lemonade.

Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, were there, and Sidney Franklin and his wife, with some others.

At dinner Corinne told us how she and her husband had decided to sell the big piece of property fronting the Drive and around the corner from their home, because of the difficulty of having any privacy as long as they owned any property on the Drive.

"People in machines drive up near my house—as near as they can get, right into the private driveway leading to our home—and stop to look at me, in case I happen to be on the verandah or in my garden. One day Norman Kerry was there with Walter and me. A crowd of curious sightseers drove their machine close to our verandah, and just as they stopped, Norman grabbed me and began to choke me! He didn't want those sightseers to be disappointed."

Sid Franklin tells us he is going down into South Africa to make a unique kind of travelogue as soon as he can get away.

After dinner we all played games. "Just like a pack of kids," whispered Patsy.

The games were mostly guessing games, and who do you think won? Corinne Griffith. She won all four of the games, and they weren't easy ones either.

One of the games was instituted by Sidney Franklin, and was called by him an observation game. He called for a pair of scissors.

"I take this pair of scissors crossed, and I hand them to my neighbor uncrossed," he said, handing the scissors along. It was quite bewildering, and nobody got it right until Corinne said:

"Oh, you mean your legs are crossed or uncrossed."

Then we played the Memory Game, Twenty Questions, and Boots and Shoes. Sidney Franklin proved as good as Miss Griffith at the Memory Game, however.

"Who dares call a picture star a dumb-bell after that?" demanded Patsy.

Ask Me

(Continued from page 5)

M. A. B. Although I am not a man, I'll answer your questions just the same! Eleanor Boardman was born August 19th, 1898, and she isn't married yet, but is reported to be engaged to King Vidor. Ramon Novarro, born, 1899. You can address him care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Write to Norma Talmadge at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood. The March issue of SCREENLAND was on the stands before I even re-

ceived your letter. For other answers to your queries, see elsewhere in this column. I am sorry about your dog; it's miserable losing a pet you love.

Alice Jester. Address Lew Cody care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruby V. No, I haven't seen Mrs. Winifred O'Shaughnessy Natacha Rambova Hudnut Valentino (all those names belong, I understand, to Rudy's second and ex) in pictures, but I have seen her on the vaudeville stage here in a sketch about a vial or something, and all I can say is "Winifred,

stick to what you were doing; acting ain't your forte."

Clyde Welks. Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed if answer is required direct. Nita Naldi isn't married; but she seems to be staying a very long time in Europe, and there's no knowing what Nita has been up to there. Ramon Novarro has black hair. Bebe Daniels plays golf—that's quite an athletic pastime, isn't it? Ronald Colman was born February 9th, 1891. George O'Hara and Alberta Vaughn aren't engaged at all. And by the way, Clyde, what's a "keener"?

The Scarlet Letter—Continued from page 43

was allowed to return to the prison; the crowd dispersed and life in that stern Puritan community resumed its accustomed course.

There were, however, two hearts—in addition to the sorely troubled heart that beat beneath the scarlet letter—in which the events of the day had left a deep impression.

Hester's husband, arriving in the colony in time to witness that scene in the marketplace, had not seen fit to claim his wife before the crowd, but followed her to the prison and gained admission to her as Roger Chillingworth, a physician, whose skill would be of assistance to her in her present state of nervous collapse and exhaustion.

"Hester," said he, "I ask not wherefore, or how, thou hast fallen into the pit, or say, rather, thou hast ascended to the pedestal of infamy, on which I found thee. The reason is not far to seek. It was my folly, and thy weakness. I—a man of thought—the book-worm of great libraries—a man already in decay, having given my best years to feed the hungry dream of knowledge—what had I to do with youth and beauty like thine own! Misshapen from my birth-hour, how could I delude myself with the idea that intellectual gifts might veil physical deformity in a young girl's fantasy! Men call me wise. If sages were ever wise in their own behoof, I might have forseen all this. I might have known that, as I came out of the vast and dismal forest, and entered this settlement of Chris-

tian men, the very first object to meet my eyes would be thyself, Hester Prynne, standing up, a statue of ignominy, before the people. Nay, from the moment when we came down the old church steps together, a married pair, I might have beheld the bale-fire of that scarlet letter blazing at the end of our path!"

"Thou knowest," said Hester—for, depressed as she was, she could not endure this last quiet stab at the token of her shame—"thou knowest that I was frank with thee. I felt no love, nor feigned any."

"True," replied he. "It was my folly! I have said it. . . ."

"I have greatly wronged thee," murmured Hester.

"We have wronged each other," answered he. "Mine was the first wrong, when I

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betrayed thy budding youth into a false and unnatural relation with my decay. Therefore, as a man who has not thought and philosophized in vain, I seek no vengeance, plot no evil against thee. Between thee and me, the scale hangs fairly balanced. But, Hester, the man lives who has wronged us both! Who is he?"

"Ask me not!" replied Hester Prynne, looking firmly into his face. "That thou shalt never know!"

"Never, sayest thou?" rejoined he with a smile of dark and self-relying intelligence. "Never know him! Believe me, Hester, there are a few things—whether in the outward world, or, to a certain depth, in the invisible sphere of thought—few things hidden from the man who devotes himself earnestly and unreservedly to the solution of a mystery. . . . I shall seek this man, as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares. Sooner or later, he must needs be mine!"

The eyes of the wrinkled scholar glowed so intensely upon her, that Hester Prynne clasped her hands over her heart, dreading lest he should read the secret there at once.

"Thou wilt not reveal his name? Not the less he is mine," resumed he, with a look of confidence, as if destiny were at once with him. "He bears no letter of infamy wrought into his garment, as thou dost; but I shall read it on his heart. Yet fear not for him! Think not that I shall interfere with Heaven's own method of retribution, or to my own loss, betray him to the gripe of human law. Neither do thou imagine that I shall contrive aught against his life: no, nor against his fame, if, as I judge, he be a man of fair repute. Let him live! Let him hide himself in outward honor, if he may! Not the less he shall be mine!"

"Thy acts are like mercy," said Hester, bewildered and appalled. "But thy words interpret thee as a terror!"

"One thing, thou that wast my wife, I would enjoin upon thee," continued the scholar. "Thou hast kept the secret of thy paramour. Keep, likewise, mine. There are none in this land that know me. Breathe not, to any human soul, that thou didst ever call me husband! Here, on this wild outskirts of the earth, I shall pitch my tent; for, elsewhere a wanderer, and isolated from human interests, I find here a woman, a man, a child, amongst whom and myself there exist the closest ligaments. No matter whether of love or hate; no matter whether of right or wrong! Thou and thine, Hester Prynne, belong to me. My home is where thou art, and where he is. But betray me not!"

"Wherefore dost thou desire it?" inquired Hester, shrinking, she hardly knew why, from this secret bond. "Why not announce thyself openly, and cast me off at once?"

"It may be," he replied, "because I will not encounter the dishonor that besmirches the husband of a faithless woman. It may be for other reasons. Enough, it is my purpose to live and die unknown. Let, therefore, thy husband be to the world as one already dead, and of whom no tidings shall ever come. Recognize me not, by word, by sign, by look! Breathe not the secret, above all, to the man thou wottest of. Shouldst thou fail me in this, beware! His fame, his position, his life, will be in my hands. Beware!"

"I will keep thy secret, as I have his," said Hester.

"Swear it!" rejoined he. And she took the oath.



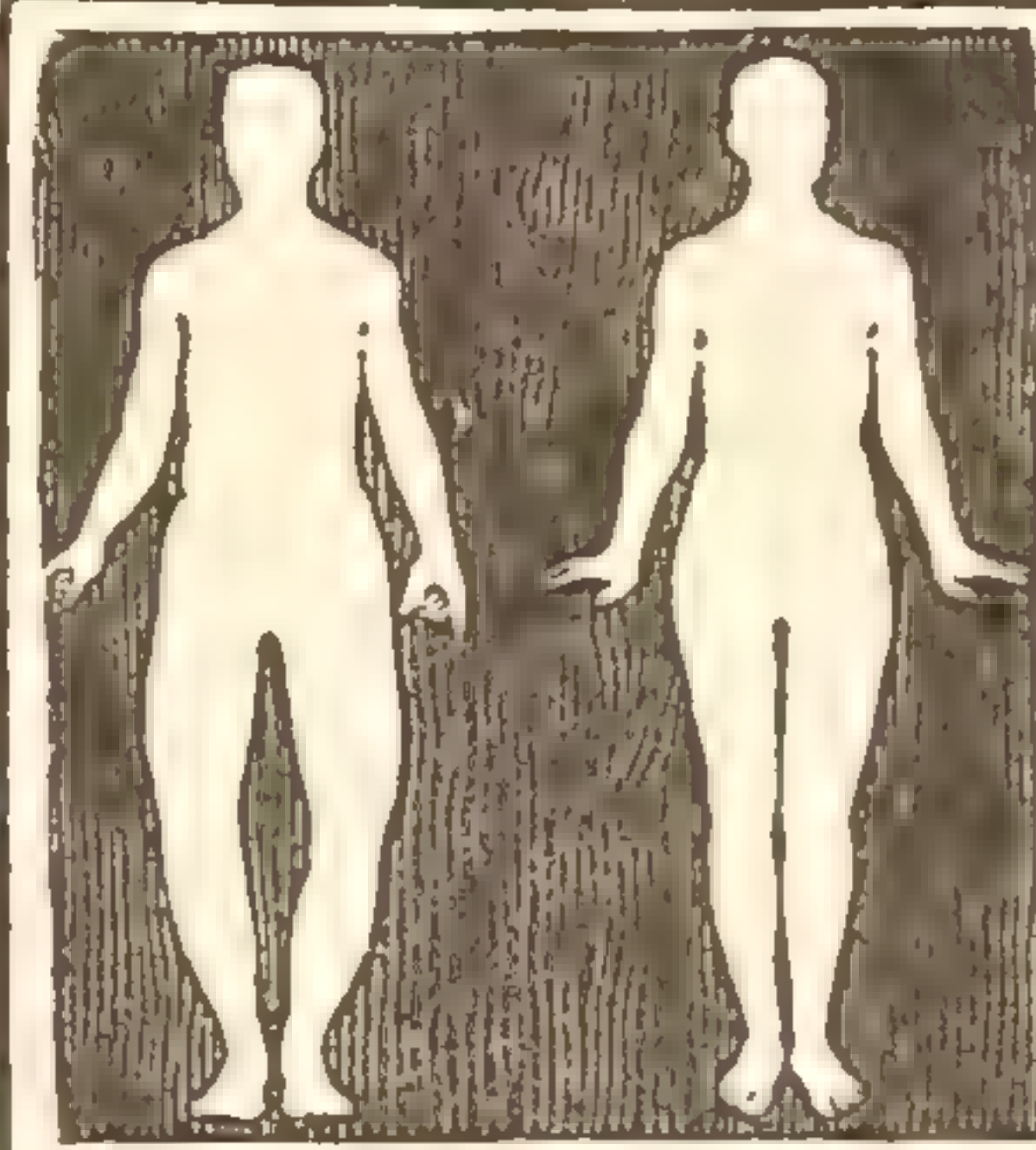
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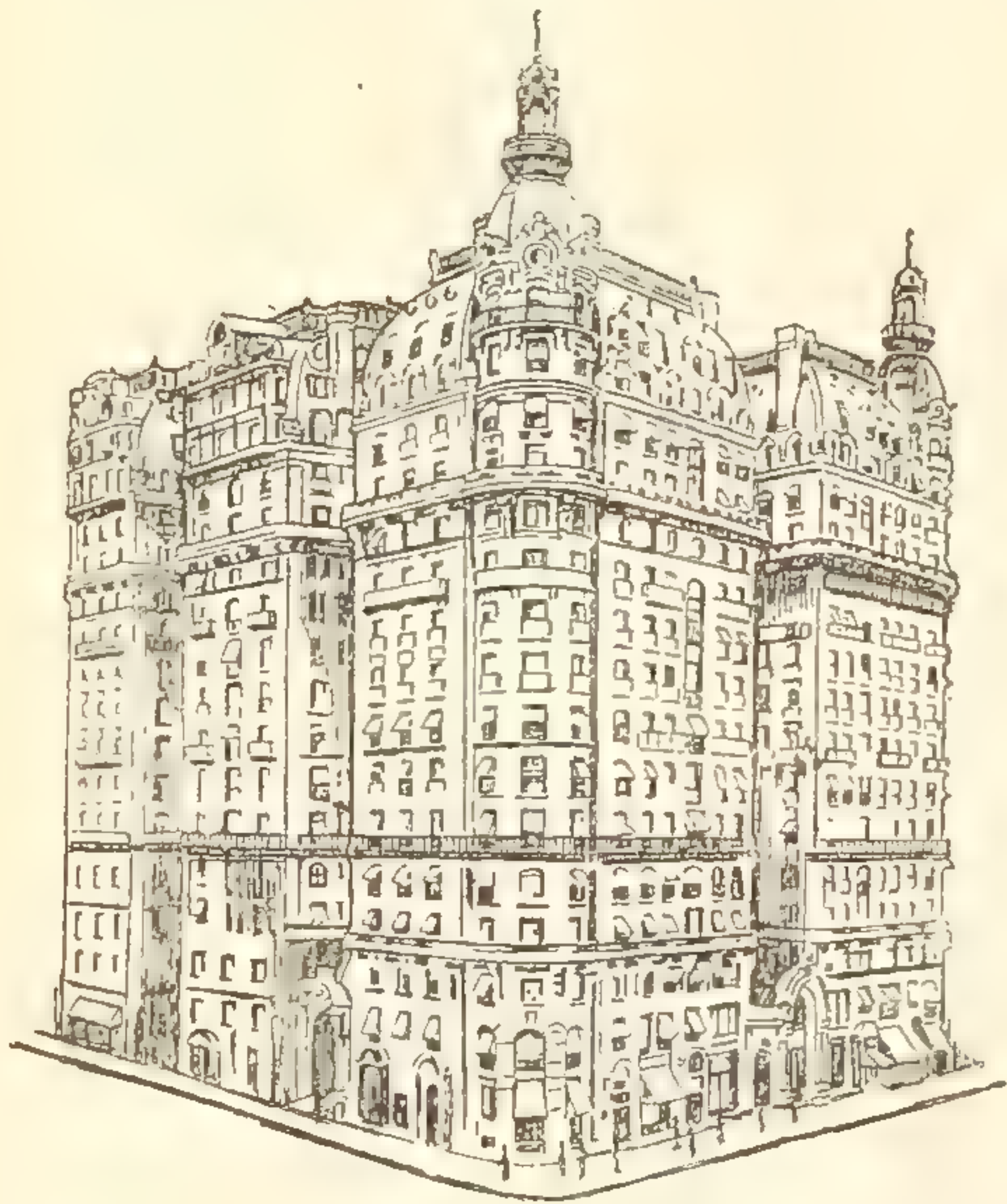
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Mercy or the most refined cruelty? No wonder Hester was perplexed at the old scholar's attitude. But she had given her promise and would keep it. So, after her release from the jail, for seven years she went about the village with two secrets locked in her breast. Bitterness, at first, was hers, and suffering, as she watched her child grow, almost as the wild things of the forest, knowing no companionship other than her mother's.

Pearl became a pretty little girl, elfin and fairylike, but the great "A" which seemed to Hester to burn ever deeper into her very flesh, set Pearl apart from the normal life of the village as it set her mother apart from it. Yet, little by little, the attitude of those who had so bitterly condemned the mother changed. Accepting her ostracism as a means of atoning for her sin, Hester made no effort to regain her former social position. She went her way unobtrusively, gaining a livelihood for herself and child with her clever needlework, always ready to nurse the sick or prepare the dead for burial—a self-appointed sister of mercy, winning, by her self-sacrificing devotion, the grudging admiration of the townspeople.

But what of Roger Chillingworth—and that unknown other?

Chillingworth had attached himself to the young minister, Arthur Dimmesdale. Dimmesdale seemed, indeed, greatly in need of a physician's services. He had grown ever thinner and paler since the day when he had reluctantly added his exhortations to those of the Rev. John Wilson on the market-place scaffold, and he had contracted a habit of placing his hand over his heart as if some secret sorrow rankled there—as if, as in the case of Hester Prynne, some brand, though unseen by the eyes of men, burned ever deeper into his flesh. Chillingworth's herbs seemed to have no effect upon his health. Chillingworth's pleas that he discuss whatever was troubling him with his physician were as unavailing.

Then one day (in a scene so beautiful that it must be given in the master's own words), the minister whom all his little world regarded as a saint and the woman who was visibly branded as a sinner, chanced to meet in the forest.

Slowly as the minister walked, he had almost gone by, before Hester Prynne could gather enough voice to attract his observation. At length she succeeded.

"Arthur Dimmesdale!" she said, faintly at first; then louder, but hoarseley. "Arthur Dimmesdale!"

"Who speaks?" answered the minister. . .

Throwing his eyes anxiously in the direction of the voice, he distinctly beheld a form under the trees, clad in garments so somber, and so little relieved from the gray twilight into which the clouded sky and the heavy foliage had darkened the noontide, that he knew not whether it was a woman or a shadow. It may be, that his pathway through life was haunted thus, by a specter that had stolen out from among his thoughts.

He made a step nearer, and discovered the scarlet letter:

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" said he. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"

It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual and bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. So strangely did they meet, in the dim wood, that it was like the first encounter, in the world beyond the grave, of two spirits who had been intimately connected in their former life, but now stood coldly shuddering, in mutual dread; as not yet familiar with their state, nor wanted to the companionship of disembodied beings. . . .

Without a word more spoken — neither he nor she assuming the guidance, but with an unexpected consent — they glided back into the shadow of the woods, whence Hester had emerged, and sat down on the heap of moss where she and Pearl had before been sitting. When they found voice to speak, it was, at first, only to utter remarks and inquiries such as any two acquaintances might have made, about the gloomy sky, the threatening storm, and, next, the health of each. Thus they went onward, not boldly, but step by step, into the themes that were brooding deepest in their hearts. So long estranged by fate and circumstances, they needed something slight and casual to run before, and throw open the doors of intercourse, so that their real thoughts might be led across the threshold.

After a while, the minister fixed his eyes on Hester Prynne's.

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drearily, looking down upon her bosom.

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None! — nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist — a man devoid of conscience — a wretch of coarse and brutal instincts — I might have found peace, long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it. But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there originally was in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

Hester reminded him of the reverence with which the community regarded him — but this only increased his despair.

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester gently. "You have deeply and sorely repented. Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. Your present life is not less holy, in very truth, than it seems in people's eyes. Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good



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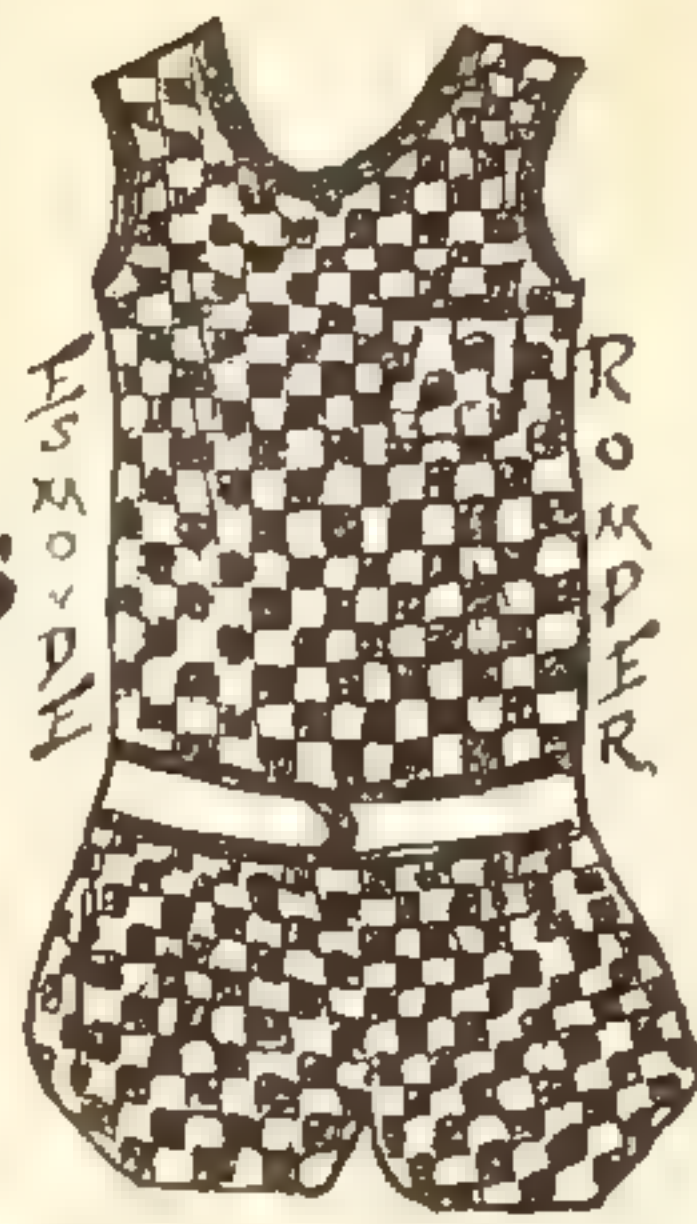
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works? And wherefore shall it not bring you peace?"

The unhappy man responded that of penance, self-inflicted, he had had enough, but this seemed to him unavailing. If he might have one friend with whom he might share his secret—a friend or even an enemy who knew the sin that he hid from the knowledge of those who trusted and revered him, lest the scandal of it do unutterable harm to the community.

Hester Prynne looked into his face, hesitated to speak. Yet, uttering his long restrained emotions so vehemently as he did, his words here offered her the very point of circumstances in which to interpose whatever she came to say. She conquered her fears, and spoke.

"Such a friend as thou hast even now wished for," said she, "with whom to weep over thy sin, thou hast in me, the partner of it!"—Again she hesitated, but brought out the words with an effort—"Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him, under the same roof!"

The minister started to his feet, gasping for breath, and clutching at his heart, as if he would have torn it out of his bosom.

"Oh, Arthur," cried she, "forgive me! In all things else I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast, through all extremity, save when thy good—thy life—thy fame—were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man!—the physician!—he whom they call Roger Chillingworth!—he was my husband!"

The minister looked at her for an instant, with all that violence of passion which—intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities—was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffer-



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ing that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

"I might have known it," murmured he. "I did know it! Was not the secret told me in the natural recoil of my heart at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame! — the indelicacy! — the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!"

"Thou shalt forgive me!" cried Hester, flinging herself on the fallen leaves beside him. "Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!"

With sudden and desperate tenderness she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom, little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not set him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world had frowned on her—for seven long years it had frowned upon this lonely woman—and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak, sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear and live!

"Wilt thou yet forgive me!" she repeated over and over again. "Wilt thou frown? Wilt thou not forgive?"

"I do forgive you, Hester," replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance, out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both! We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. . . . That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!"

"Never, never!" whispered she. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so! We said so to each other! Hast thou forgotten it?"

"Hush, Hester!" said Arthur Dimmesdale, rising from the ground. "No; I have not forgotten!"

They sat down again, side by side, and hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of the fallen tree. Life had never brought them a gloomier hour; it was the point whither their pathway had so long been tending, and darkening ever as it stole along—and yet it inclosed a charm that made them linger upon it, and claim another and another, and, after all, another moment. The forest was obscure around them, and creaked with a blast that was passing through it. The boughs were tossing heavily above their heads; while one solemn old tree groaned dolefully to another, as if telling the sad story of the pair that sat beneath, or constrained to forbode evil to come.

And yet they lingered. How dreary looked the forest-tract that led backward to the settlement, where Hester Prynne must take up again the burden of ignominy, and the minister the hollow mockery of his good name! So they lingered an instant longer. No golden light had ever been so precious as the gloom of this dark forest. Here, seen only by his eyes, the scarlet letter need not burn into the bosom of the fallen woman! Here, seen only by her eyes, Arthur Dimmesdale, false to God and man, might be for one moment true!

He started at the thought that suddenly occurred to him.

"Hester," cried he, "here is a new horror! Roger Chillingworth knows your purpose to reveal his true character. Will he continue, then, to keep our secret? What will now be the course of his revenge?"

"There is a strange secrecy in his nature," replied Hester thoughtfully; "and it has grown upon him by the hidden practices of his revenge. I deem it not likely that he will betray the secret. He will doubtless seek other means of satiating his dark passion."

"And I!—how am I to live longer, breathing the same air with this deadly enemy?" exclaimed Arthur Dimmesdale, shrinking within himself, and pressing his hand nervously against his heart—a gesture that had grown involuntary with him. "Think for me, Hester! Thou art strong. Resolve for me!"

"Thou must dwell no longer with this man," said Hester, slowly and firmly. "Thy heart must be no longer under his evil eye."

"It were far worse than death!" replied the minister. "But how to avoid it? What choice remains to me? Shall I lie down again on these withered leaves, where I cast myself when thou didst tell me what he was? Must I sink down there, and die at once?"

"Is the world, then, so narrow?" exclaimed Hester Prynne, fixing her deep eyes on the minister's, and instinctively exercising a magnetic power over a spirit so shattered and subdued that it could hardly hold itself erect. "Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, as lonely as this around us? Whither leads yonder forest track? Backward to the settlement, thou sayest! Yes, but onward, too. Deeper it goes, and deeper, into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step; until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! So brief a journey would bring thee from a world where thou hast been most wretched to one where thou mayest still be happy! Is there not shade enough in all this boundless forest to hide thy heart from the gaze of Roger Chillingworth?"

"Yes, Hester; but only under the fallen leaves!" replied the minister, with a sad smile.

"Then there is the broad pathway of the sea!" continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. In our native land, whether in some remote rural village or in vast London—or surely in Germany, in France, or in pleasant Italy—thou wouldst be beyond his power and knowledge! And what hast thou to do with all these iron men and their opinions? They have kept thy better part in bondage too long already!"

"It cannot be!" answered the minister, listening as if he were called upon to realize a dream. "I am powerless to go! Wretched and sinful as I am, I have had no other thought than to drag on my earthly existence in the sphere where Providence hath placed me. Lost as my own soul is, I would still do what I may for other human souls! I dare not quit my post, though an unfaithful sentinel, whose sure reward is death and dishonor, when his dreary watch shall come to an end!"

"Thou art crushed under this seven years' weight of misery," replied Hester, fervently resolved to buoy him up with her own energy. "But thou shalt leave it all behind thee! . . . Leave this wreck and ruin here where it hath happened. . . . The future is yet full of trial and success. There

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"O Hester!" cried Arthur Dimmesdale, in whose eyes a fitful light, kindled by her enthusiasm, flashed up and died away, "thou tellest of running a race to a man whose knees are tottering beneath him! I must die here! There is not strength or courage left me to venture into the wide, strange, difficult world alone!"

It was the last expression of the despondency of a broken spirit. He lacked energy to grasp the better fortune that seemed within his reach.

He repeated the word.

"Alone, Hester!"

"Thou shalt not go alone!" answered she in a deep whisper.

Then all was spoken!

One strange loyalty to duty—one pathetic link of pride—delayed the young minister's flight with Hester and little Pearl on the ship that even now awaited them in the harbor. He was to deliver the Election Sermon—an event of the year—and that task he resolved to perform before he left his flock forever.

Before a rapt audience that filled the church and extended into the square before it, he delivered it. Never had he spoken so brilliantly. Never had his eloquence been so moving.

"Thus," (again in the author's own words)

there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could thereafter be. He stood at this moment on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

But in that moment of his triumph, Arthur Dimmesdale's tortured spirit had found itself unable to endure its burden longer. Suddenly, as the procession moved forward, he forced his way through the crowd to the foot of the scaffold, where stood Hester and little

Pearl. He extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Come, Hester, come. Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret—no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me—save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which he hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye, that have loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last!—at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from groveling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness—and, still more, the faintness of heart—that was striving for the mastery with him.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mein of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world!—and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!" "May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast depely sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he feebly—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child—"dear little Pearl; wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest! But now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies, and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the

world, but be a woman in it. Toward her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!" "Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright, dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with a tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be, that, when we forgot our God—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

So passed Arthur Dimmesdale.

Roger Chillingworth, we are told, withered slowly to his death as if, with Hester's secret known and the possibility of revenge taken out of his hands, he had no further interest in living. Hester lived on, respected but aloof, in the community that had witnessed her shame and her life-long atonement. Pearl, upon reaching young womanhood, married and went to live in a kindlier and more tolerant society.

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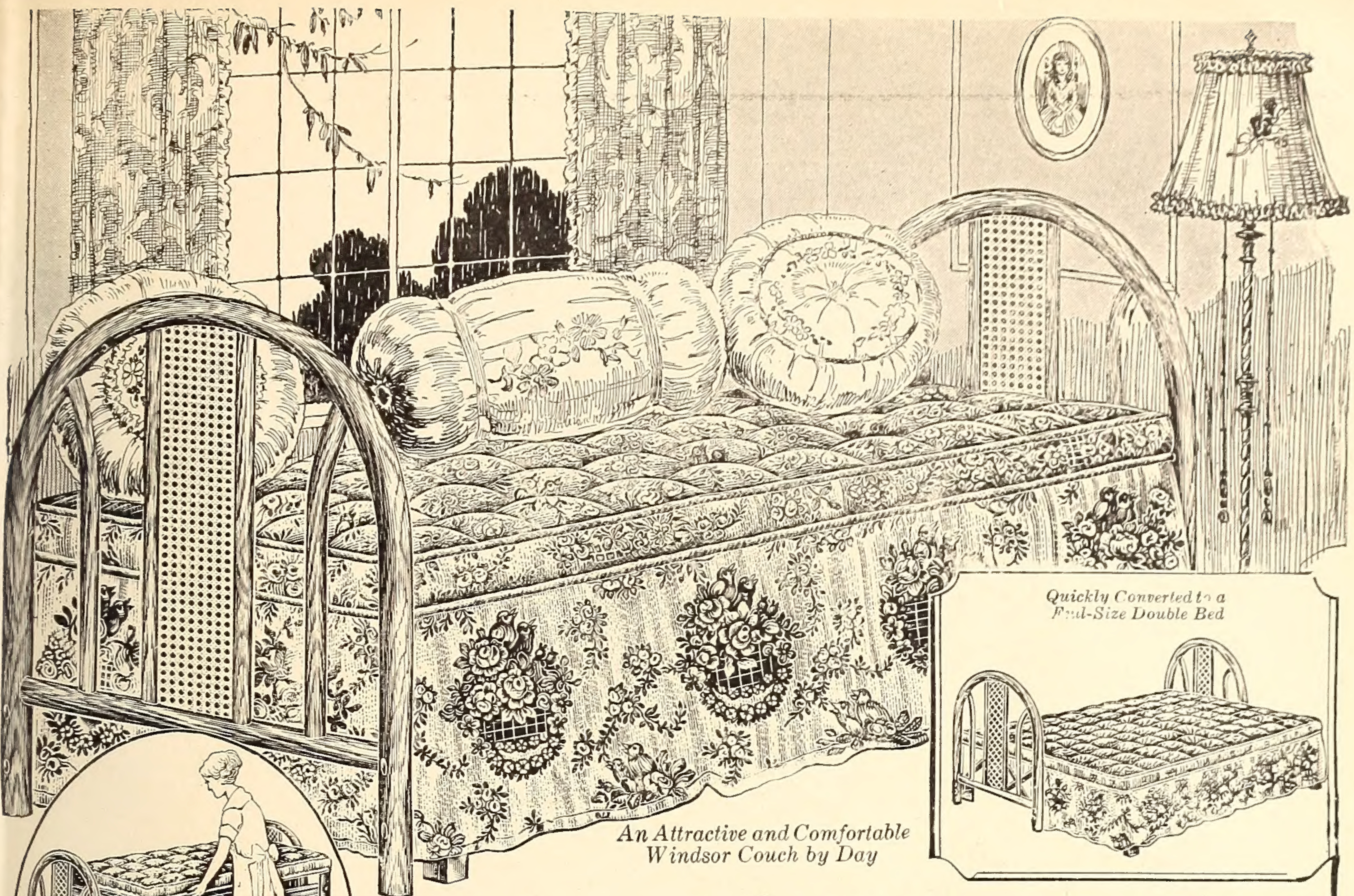
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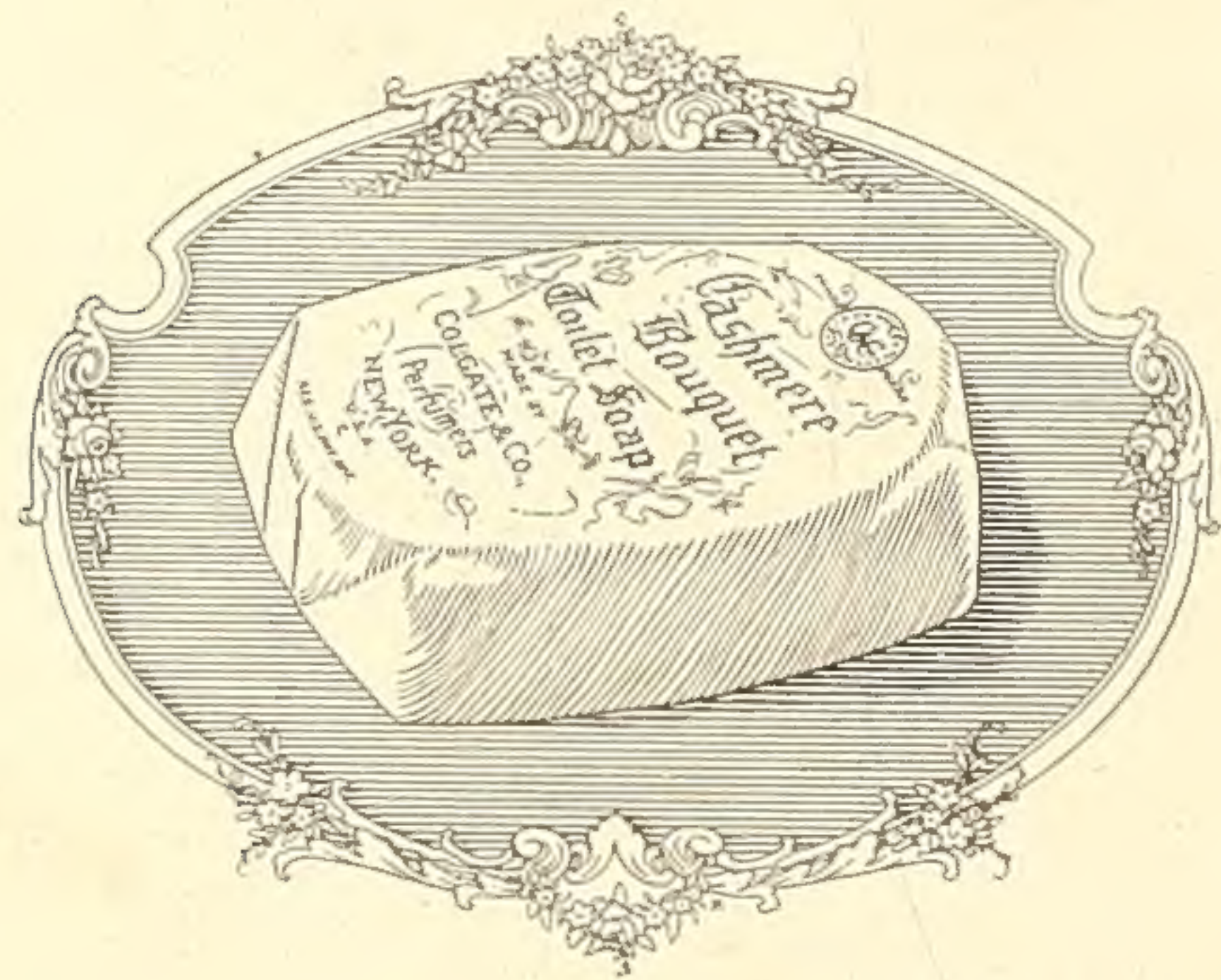
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