

SCREENLAND

DECEMBER 1924

PRICE 25 CENTS

10 #5

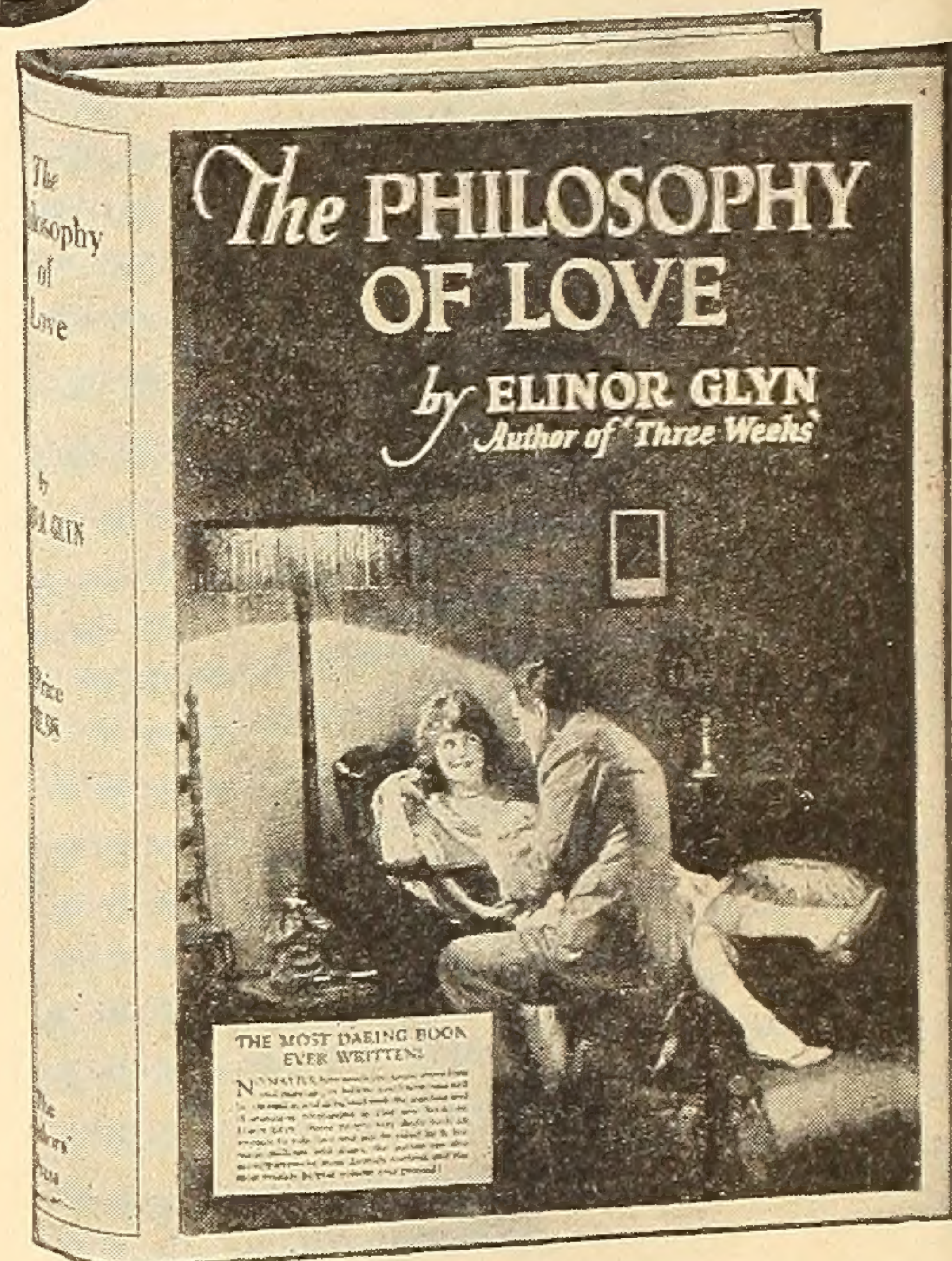


EDNA MURPHY *Allisoncolor* by *Nickolas Murray*

CHRISTMAS

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

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



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

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

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

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

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

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

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book

WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

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

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon **NOW**. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 304, Auburn, N. Y.
Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Blue Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Blue Silk Markers. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postage.

Name.....
(Write your name and address in pencil)

Address.....

City and State.....

IMPORTANT—If it is possible that you may not be home when postman calls, send cash in advance. Also, if you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition, \$2.12. Leather Edition, \$3.12.

How I Earn \$90 a Week With a Pencil!

By Raymond Brennan

“ONE hour more and I get my weekly pay check. Another \$90. Another payment made possible on my new home. Another tidy sum added to my savings account. Honestly it seems like a wonderful dream. Only a short time ago I was a \$22-a-week stock clerk, and now—but let me tell you how it started.

For two years I was buried behind a mountain of boxes—checking, listing and adding till I was blue in the face. The job paid fairly well and it was steady work—but the raises in salary were rare indeed. And with a wife and child to support the future didn't look very promising.

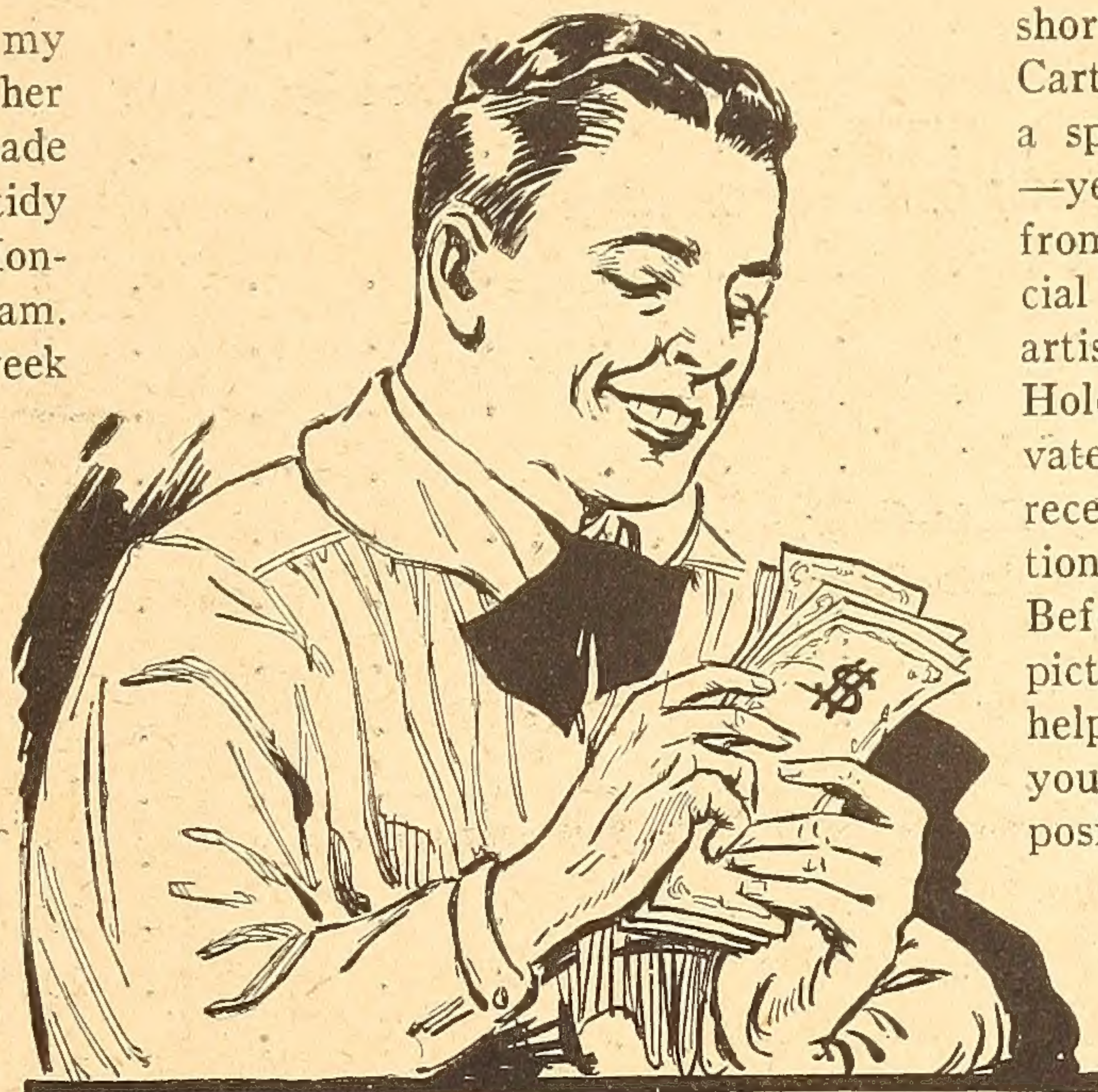
But good jobs are hard to get—especially if you have no special training. I stuck to the one I had and would have remained there yet, if it hadn't been for my boss. We had a confidential heart-to-heart talk one day and one thing he mentioned struck right home—it was the turning point of my life.

“Ray,” he said, “the only way you can climb out of a routine job—the only way you can earn real, big money—the only way you can ever be independent—is by getting into an uncrowded field where competition doesn't kill. The reason you haven't advanced—the reason your pay is low, is that there are thousands of other men ready to fill your place should you quit. Choose the work you like, learn to master it—that's the secret of success.”

I never thought of it before in that light. Choose the work I like? Yes, but what *do* I like?

I found the answer that night. My little son coaxed me to tell him a story. So I took him on my knee and started. In a little while we were out in the woods with the bears and tigers—and across the sea to the French clowns. And unconsciously, to make my story more realistic, I made rough little drawings. Really it was fun. I enjoyed it. And then it dawned upon me—why not become an artist? They earned big money. Perhaps I, too, could learn.

The rest is easy. That very evening



I mailed a coupon to the Washington School of Art. And now—well I seem to live in a dream. No more long hours—no more strenuous work—no more heart breaking fear of getting fired. And best of all I earn \$90 a week—and I've only just begun to climb!

Fit Yourself Now for a \$5,000-\$10,000 Job in Commercial Art

The story of Raymond Brennan is the story of thousands of other men who are now commanding big incomes in commercial art. There's no reason why you too can't do as well. It's easier than you imagine. Newspapers, advertising agencies, printers, business concerns—all are eager to pay good salaries to men who can draw. Artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing—and \$100 to \$200 a week is not uncommon. Cartoonists and designers command almost any salaries they want. And just think, you earn while you learn as many of our students are doing.

Easy Way to Become an Artist

By means of a wonderfully simple method recently perfected you can easily become an artist, in a surprisingly

short time. You can learn Illustrating, Cartooning or Commercial Art and earn a splendid income. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—a man who has produced artists like Frank Godwin and “Wynn” Holcomb. It's almost like having a private instructor at your elbow. For you receive his personal criticism and corrections, just as if you were in his studio. Before you know it, you're able to make pictures, cartoons, designs—without any help. You'll be surprised how rapidly you'll be able to qualify for a big-paying position!

FREE Book Tells All

“New Easy Way to Become An Artist”—our beautifully illustrated Free Booklet—explains this amazing

method in detail. It tells you about our school, our students, what they have accomplished through this easy way, and what you can accomplish yourself. It outlines for you all the charm and fun of life as a commercial artist. It tells you all about the really unusual opportunities calling to you today and how you can answer the call.

Everything you want to know about this “work that is play” and how you can get into it, you will find in this book. Send for it today. Just fill in and clip coupon below and mail it to us now!

Washington School of Art

1115-15th St., N.W.

Room 6812B

Washington, D. C.

Washington School of Art

Room 6812B, 1115-15th St., N.W.

Washington, D. C.

Please send me your Free book “New and Easy Way to Become An Artist”—and tell me about your easy method of instruction.

Name
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

City State

SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

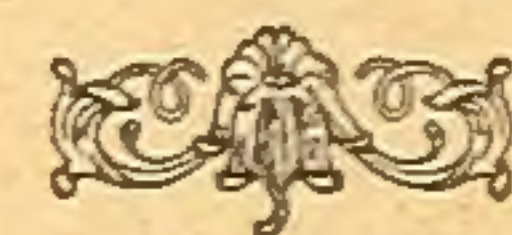
DECEMBER, 1924

VOL. X, NO. 3

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

CONTENTS for DECEMBER

COVER— <i>Edna Murphy</i> . Allisoncolor by Nickolas Muray.	
ASK ME— <i>An Answer Page of Information</i> . By Miss Vee Dee	4
BEHIND THE SCREEN	6
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MOVIES TEN YEARS AGO. Resurrected by Gayne Dexter	7
<i>A Garland of Christmas Greetings</i>	
ANN PENNINGTON	8
WANDA HAWLEY	9
MAUD HILL	10
FLORA LEE— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	11
MARILYN MILLER— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	12
JACQUELINE LOGAN— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	13
FRANCES HOWARD— <i>Announcement</i>	15
CHRISTMAS CLOSE-UPS. By the Editor	16
A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC. By Morrie Ryskind	17
HOLLY TIME IN HOLLYWOOD	18
MAY McAVOY— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	19
ON LOCATION WITH THE MOVIE FOLKS. By Guy McLaughlin	20
BETTY BRONSON'S PETER PAN. By H. B. K. Willis	24
WHAT ALL THE SHOOTIN'S FER	26
JOAN LOWELL—SAILOR GIRL. By Edward J. Doherty	28
YES, WE HAVE NO SEX APPEAL. By Delight Evans	31
DO AMERICAN GIRLS HAVE THE PRETTIEST LEGS?	34
AN OPEN LETTER TO GLORIA SWANSON. By Myron Zobel	36
WHEN MARY WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By Henry J. Thomas	38
NEW SCREENPLAYS. By Delight Evans	40
REVIEWS IN BRIEF. By Martin B. Dickstein	48
PRE-SHOWING OF FEATURE FILMS	50
DRAMALAND. By Myron Zobel	58
CARMELITA GERAGHTY— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	60
VIOLA DANA— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	61
AGNES AYRES— <i>Reproduced by Roto-Color</i>	62
APPLE SAUCE. By Robert Cyril O'Brien	63
GOSSIP FROM SCREENLAND. By H. B. K. Willis	64
FASHIONS— <i>Posed especially for Screenland by Bessie Love</i> . By Vohdah Dexter	70
AN EXTRA WITH SIDNEY OLCOTT. By Abraham Goldener	72
THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood	76
THIS YEAR HE HAS THE MONEY	79
HEARD IN HOLLYWOOD. By Grace Kingsley	81
BELIEVE IT OR NOT	94



Edna Murphy

The girl on the cover this month is Edna Murphy, photographed in colors by the Allisoncolor Process by Nickolas Muray.

When Police Commissioner Enright sought a darling for all the cops in New York, the colleen selected was Edna Murphy; and "Into the Net," for much the same reason, has been very successful.

In her sprightly little person and with her smile that is a bit of blarney, Edna demonstrates why everybody loves the Irish.



Published monthly by Magazine Builders Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

J. Thomas Wood, Pres. Copyright 1924. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Long Island City, N. Y. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the publishers. General Executive and Editorial

Offices at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices at 30 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; 1004 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Publishers also of Real Life Stories. Subscription price United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year. Single copy 25 cents each. Club rate for the two magazines, \$4.00 a year; foreign, \$6.00.

Printed in United States of America. Produced by **Roto-Color** Giles Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

1. 32.

THE January

SCREENLAND

follows the policy which has lately been identified with this magazine. We take pleasure in quoting from letters received:

"Your Extra Girl Number gave me a definite inspiration, and I thank you for it."

"I think the reason a large number of us attend the movies is that it gives us relaxation and at the same time stimulation. SCREENLAND reflects this stimulating flavor."

It is the spirit of the movies that you will find reflected in SCREENLAND. The names of the players and the facts concerning them, the names of the films and the directors and so on, all are properly set forth in attractive form; and through the whole magazine, from cover to cover, on every page, there is the spirit of the films: to entertain, to instruct, to uplift, to inspire, to extend friendliness.

This is the spirit of

SCREENLAND



"Thineest"

A TRE-JUR Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece.....and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the *large* mirror the swiftest glance shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress—perfumed with the new *Joli-Memoire*, a scent that savours of happiness.

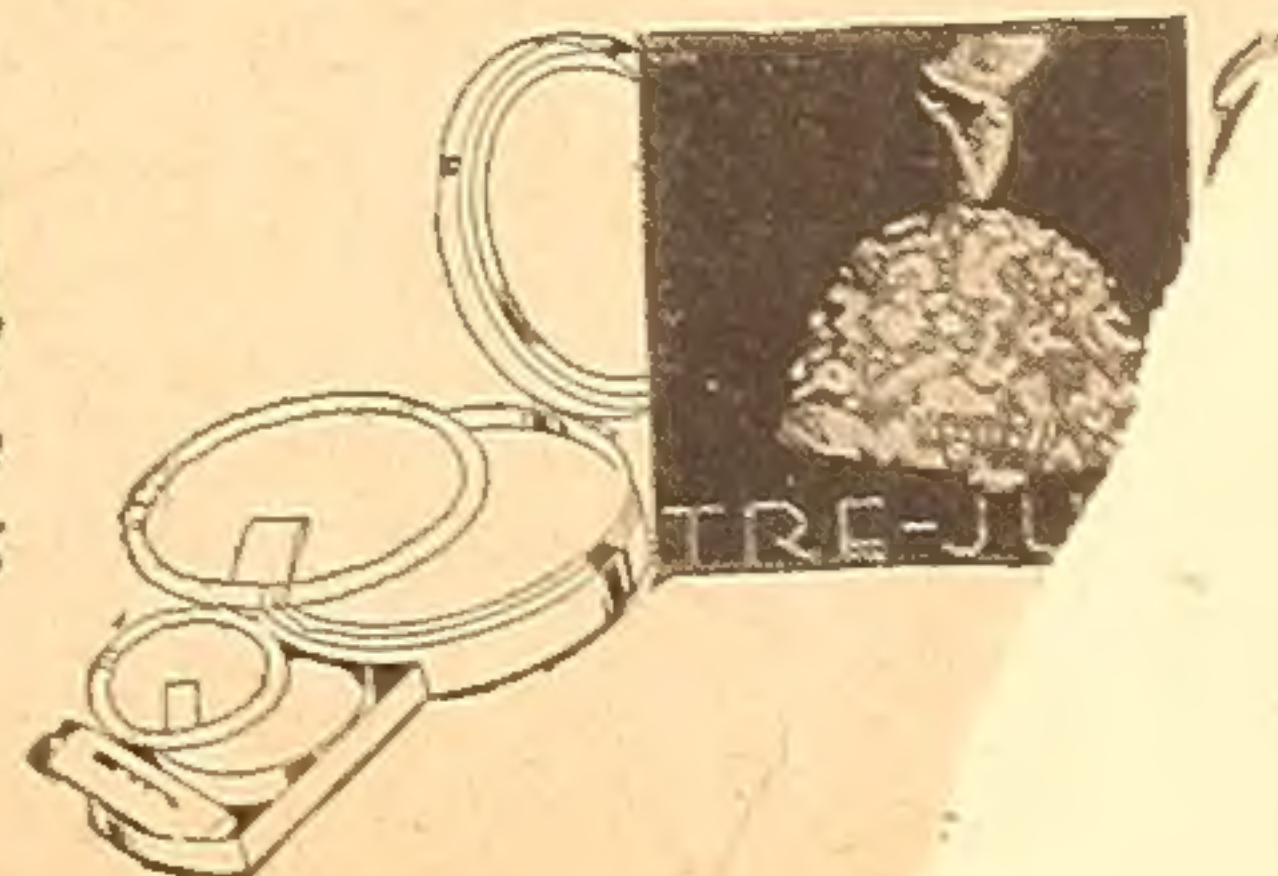
"THINEEST" will vastly surprise you. It *looks so expensive and costs so little*—to be exact, One Dollar! Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge....Or order by mail from us.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-
19 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW

TRE-JUR

THE "TRIPLE"
Combines powder,
rouge and lip-stick
in a delightful
case—with the
famous sliding
drawer

\$1.25



Ask Me!

An Answer Page of Information

Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, N.Y.C.



Big Money and a Barrel of Fun

First-Class Saxophonists make big money, and the work is easy and pleasant. You might easily become a wizard like Tom Brown or Ross Gorman, or a great record-maker like Clyde Doerr or Bennie Krueger or Joseph C. Smith. \$100 to \$500 weekly is not unusual for musicians of such ability to earn.

Talk about Fun! There is always a good time for the Saxophone player. It's the ideal instrument for social entertainment. It is a key to social popularity. At parties, everywhere, the Saxophone player is the center of attraction.

Easy to Play - Easy to Pay

The Saxophone is the easiest of all instruments to play. You don't have to "study" the Saxophone as you do other instruments. There's no practice drudgery. You don't have to be "talented".

THREE LESSONS SENT FREE with the instrument start you. In a week you can play popular airs.

Besides being so easy to play - we make it very easy to pay for one of these Buescher Saxophones with our simple plan of deferred payments. Play and earn while you pay.

FREE SAXOPHONE BOOK

...ng. Tells all about the
...xophones, with pictures
...tionals and orchestras.
...py. Mention any
... which you may be

155

IENT CO.

ruments
rt, Ind.

Mirabelle (Niagara Falls). Good gracious, Mirabelle, I thought everybody knew who Will H. Hays is. No, he isn't an actor—what sacrilege! He's the czar, umpire, referee—in fact high-grand mogul—of the movies, and has the unenviable job of settling disputes, looking into the why and wherefore of things and straightening out tangles generally. That's Will H. Hays.

Democrat. Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are still very much married. Mr. Ingram had a nervous breakdown, and came east while Miss Terry stayed on the coast to finish up her picture contracts. Rex is to direct Ibanez' "Mare Nostrum" and in all probability Alice of the blond wig will play the lead. Antonio Moreno will be the hero. The company has gone to Spain to make this picture.

Amy Teller (Denver). Constance Talmadge has changed her whirlwindish ways and quite settled down since becoming friendly with Buster Collier, but now rumor, the lying jade, again on the warpath, hath it that Buster and Constance have had a spat, so maybe Constance is as of yore. Buster had intended playing Norma's son in "The Lady," but George Hackathorne has been given the role.

Rhoda Jarvis. Lowell Sherman was indeed thrilling in "Monsieur Beaucaire." He is at present acting in "High Stakes" on the New York stage, and the critics are enthusiastic over his performance.

Lady Lou. I believe you're the only one who doesn't know that a little seventeen-year-old dancer named Betty Bronson has the coveted role of Peter Pan. May McAvoy was offered the part of Wendy, but she said, "Peter or nothing." Virginia Brown Faire is to play Tinkle Bell.

William Gardiner. The Follies girls seem to be sticking closer to the Follies this season. Perhaps the movies aren't quite so fashionable a pastime with the beauties. The latest recruit from the Follies to the screen is Jane Winton.

Well-informed. Lou Tellegen made at least two pictures in Europe before coming to America. These were "Queen Elizabeth" and "Camille," both with the late Sarah Bernhardt. He is of French-Dutch extraction.

Eddie M. (Ogden). Don't believe any one who tells you that Nita Naldi is up-stage and stand-offish. Nita is a democratic star, the most natural being alive, and a spade is most decidedly a spade with Miss Naldi. She was orig-

inally on the stage. Yes, she will appear again with Valentino in his next picture.

Robert Allen. Wilmington, Delaware, was Estelle Taylor's home town. She came to New York and went into the Sargent Dramatic School, and her first work on the stage was in a vaudeville team with Lilyan Tashman in a sketch by George Hobart, called "Come on, Charlie." This was also Lilyan Tashman's first speaking part.

Belgravia. Dorothy Mackaill hails from Hull, England. Came to New York and joined the Ziegfeld Follies. Didn't make headway as quickly as she thought she should, and left Ziggy cold. James Rennie played opposite her in "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

Leticia May. The Kathlyn Williams you saw in "Wanderer of the Wasteland" is the self-same Kathlyn who gave you chills down your spine years ago, when she did the famous "Adventures of Kathlyn" series.

Mary-Cecil. Sydney, Australia, was Sylvia Breamer's birthplace. Married to an Australian, divorcing him about four years ago, she contemplates marriage again, it is stated, and to a California doctor this time. Five feet seven, weighs 135, dark brown hair and eyes. Anne Luther is five feet five, has titian hair, blue eyes and was born in Newark, N. J. She is still Mrs. Ed. Gallagher.

Carolina Jane. Lubitsch was Pola Negri's director in her best pictures made in Europe. They team together in a forthcoming production which will be looked forward to with interest. Have you noticed that Pola hasn't been reported engaged to any one lately? Perhaps this will remind her.

Marion Partos. There are three Davies girls, all in the movies—Marion is the Cosmopolitan star, Renee is a freelance and Rosemary recently signed up with an eastern production company.

Basil Neville (Kent). You are right about Percy Marmont; he is an Englishman, educated at Redhill, Surrey, and commencing stage career with Sir Herbert Tree and George Alexander. If my memory serves ohkayly, he made his screen debut in Australia in a movie called "The Monk and the Woman." Height 6 feet, blond hair, and blue-gray eyes. Latest picture, "Broken Laws," with Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Coppertop (Detroit). "Beauty and brains" describes Alma Reubens splendidly. She's decidedly witty, a beauty of the dark-eyed southern type, and qu-

appily married, all reports to the contrary, to Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, one of the bigwigs up at the Cosmopolitan Studios. Alma's next starring engagement will be in a Universal film by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Roger F. Walker. Doris Kenyon is lack of many trades. She is a poetess, magazine writer, stage star and last, but by no means least, popular screen lady. A book of her poems is now on the market. You must write to her on the coast, care of First National, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Jimmy Dale. It's about three years since I met Rod La Rocque, long before he even neared the pinnacle of his present success. He had just finished a picture called "The Challenge" with Vera Michelena. At that time Rod was far from being the fashion-plate he is now. He was a modest sort of chap, most unassuming, awfully handsome, and as keen as mustard on amateur photography.

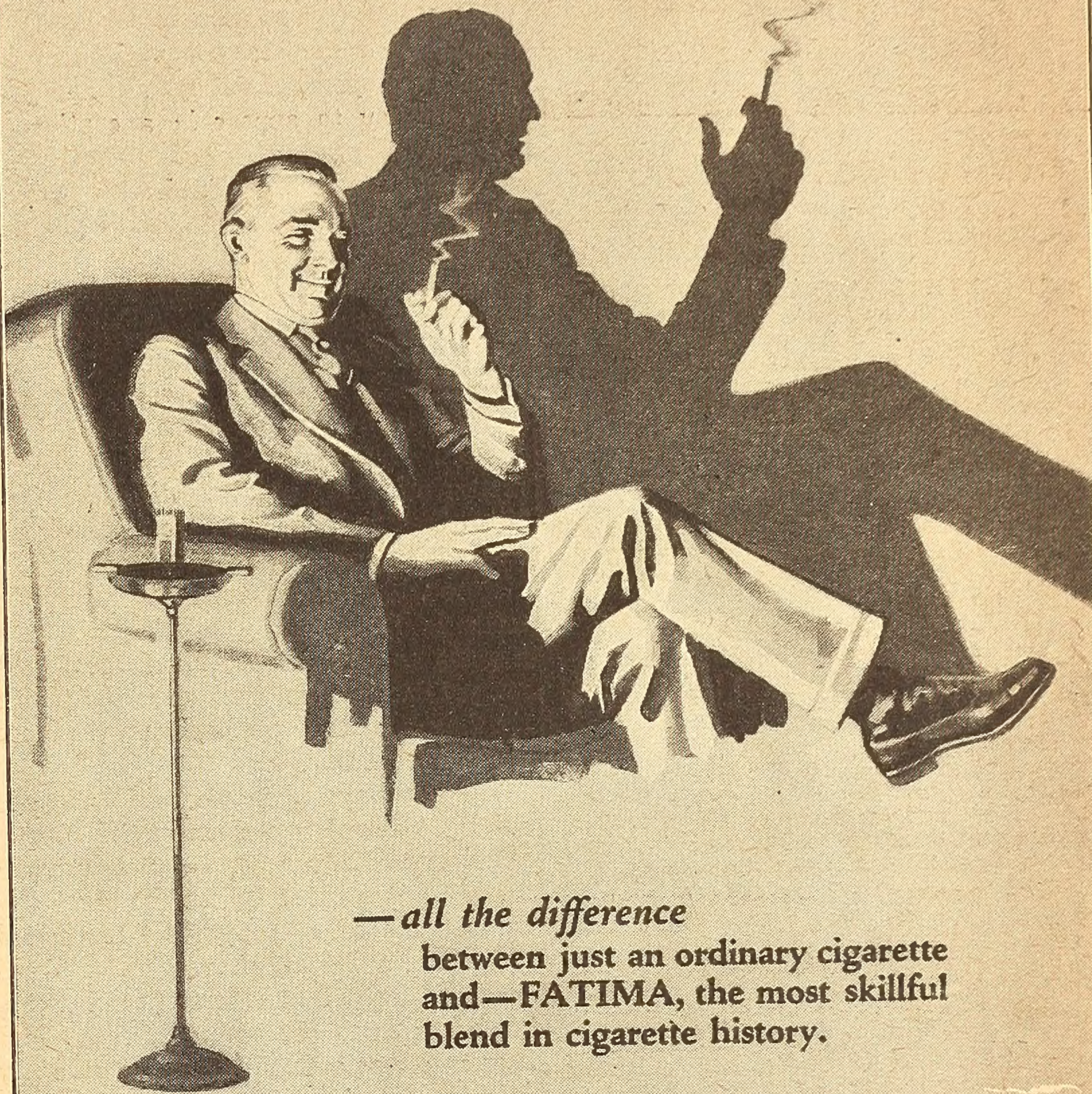
Debutante (Maine). Colleen Moore gets around \$1,200 per week. She dabbles in real estate and has just shooed the interior decorators out of her new home. According to Miss Moore the spalpeens fixed it up for a raving beauty of 5 feet 8 or so, instead of for a diminutive colleen of five feet nuthin'. When she sits down to dine in a high-backed Louis-something-or-other chair, she is more or less overwhelmed in its impressiveness.

Marguerite Evans. Tallulah Bankhead hasn't been in pictures for years. She is playing in "The Dancers" in London, where she is a great favorite. Lila Lee looks much taller in everyday life than she does on the screen. She wears absolutely no makeup off and against her face brown eyes gleam remarkably big by contrast.

Serial-fan (Dayton). The effervescent Pearl White has been in Paris for two or three years, with just rush trips to this side. She recently made a picture in the French capital. Her latest exploit was to acquire a coat of sunburn by henna baths. Unfortunately for Pearl the henna solution was too strong and instead of a daintily-tanned maiden, she came forth the color of a Red Indian.

Ernest Vaildon. At the moment of writing Jackie Coogan is an only child. Little Priscilla Moran was a girlieen adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Coogan to keep Jackie company. While Jackie was in Paris a tragedy was averted by a hair. Ring Lardner, the humorist, decided Jackie would look better with a boyish bob instead of a Dutch crop. He hied young Coogan to a barber but Mrs. Coogan, quite irate, appeared on the scene barely in time to save her son's locks. Mr. Lardner still lives!

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



—all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.



YOUR CHOICE OF ANY TWO \$5.98

Get This Wonderful RING COMBINATION! Wedding Ring with choice of other, only \$5.98 — Think of it! Most beautiful 1925 Basket Designs in genuine Sterling. Set with famous Elite Diamonds known for their lasting fiery brilliance. Compare them with the genuine. If you can tell the difference, send them back. **Money Back Guaranteed** Order Quick. One Ring or the Combination — **DON'T SEND A PENNY!** Just name, address, Number of Rings wanted with finger size. Pay postman price shown or if combination \$5.98 on arrival. If not delighted, Money Refunded.

Elite Jewelry House, Dept. 1439 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Learn Motion Picture Photography at Home

New plan qualifies you quickly in spare time at home for this great, fascinating profession. Camera men earn \$100 to \$250 a week and more. No previous experience required. Our experts train you by mail.

MOTION PICTURE CAMERA FREE

Handsome Motion Picture Camera given free if you act quickly. Takes real motion pictures on standard professional film used in all theatres. Earn money on side. **Send for illustrated Book—FREE** Write today for handsome, illustrated book explaining great opportunities in Motion Picture Photography, also Commercial, Studio Portraiture, News Photography, with details of FREE Motion Picture or View Camera. Address: Dept. 60 C 143 W. 36th St. New York Institute of Photography NEW YORK CITY

HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back files the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST-MAN \$1.79** on delivery plus postage. **Money back if not satisfied.** Pat. Pending

PATHFINDER CO., Dep. DR7B534 Sixth Ave. N.Y.

BE AN AD-WRITER

Young Lady, Young Man, you know some one thing well. No matter what it may be, that knowledge can be made the foundation of your career in the Advertising Field. What is your favorite "line"—Music, Sports, Books, Animals, Farming, the Arts and Sciences, Automobiles, or any kind of Merchandise or Service? Whatever it is you KNOW WELL, you can learn how to write advertisements about it at home by our method. Ad-writers earn huge salaries, or work at home for various firms, with pay in advance. Write for free advice to Dept. 175, ADVERTISING INSTITUTE, Prairie and Moffit Aves., St. Louis, Mo.



We paid \$1000 for this photoplay

MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON, a Pittsburgh housewife, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm."

She wrote this photoplay at home in spare time under the direction of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and we found it of such outstanding merit that we produced it through our affiliated producing organization, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Mrs. Middleton received \$1000 cash and will share in the profits of the picture for five years. Her story has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Have you the urge to write?

If you have a creative imagination and the natural ability to write, there is no reason why you cannot learn the established technique of writing and sell your stories.

The best proof that this can be done is that scores of men and women like yourself are actually doing it. They did not dream that they could break into the ranks of the professional writers until the Palmer Institute of Authorship showed them the secrets of story building.

Unknown writer wins \$10,000 prize

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the \$10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of \$1000 in the same contest, and seven \$500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

Well-known writers help you

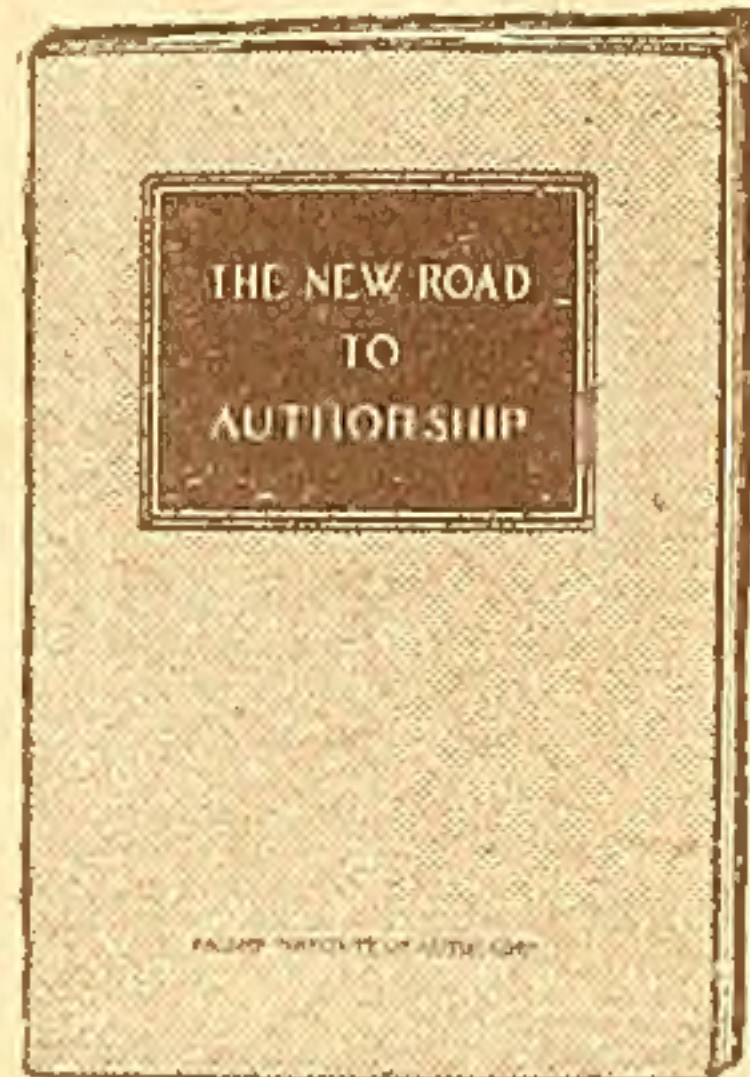
The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study right at home in spare time under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers.

You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion picture scenarios to analyze and study. You write actual stories and photoplays which we help you to sell through our Story Sales Department in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago.

THIS 106-PAGE BOOK FREE

"The New Road to Authorship"

It tells all about the Palmer Institute's systematic, step-by-step method of teaching Short Story Writing, Photoplay Writing and Dramatic Criticism—gives full details of the success of Palmer students and describes the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which gives ambitious men and women the opportunity to get the complete course free by providing fifty scholarships annually. Just mail the coupon and we'll send you this 106-page book free by return mail.



PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 22-M, Palmer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 106-page book, "The New Road to Authorship." I am most interested in

- Photoplay Writing Short Story Writing
 English Expression Dramatic Criticism
 Business Letter Writing

Name.....

Address.....

All correspondence strictly confidential

Behind the Screen

LILLIAN GISH was much surprised the other day to discover that she had gone to France at the request of composer Charpentier (no relation to Georges) to appear in a silent screen version of his celebrated opera, "Louise;" she had gone to Germany to appear in a continental company's production of "Faust," as Marguerite; she had signed with Famous Players to take Elsie Ferguson's place in the title role of the filmization of Molnar's play, "The Swan;" she had made a new contract to star in a series of pictures for Metro-Goldwyn.

Lillian was surprised because she was the last to hear about these reported activities. None of them is true. As a matter of cold, hard, businesslike fact, Miss Gish is just at present completing the editing and cutting of "Romola," the picture which she and her sister Dorothy made in Italy, and wondering what she is going to do next. Her managers have not yet decided and meanwhile the Gishes are keeping their well-known eyes open for new stories.

By the way, when we said Lillian is cutting "Romola," we meant it. Many stars superficially supervise their productions. But we met Lillian the other day coming out of a stuffy little projection room where she had been viewing thousands of feet of film herself, and giving directions as to the actual cutting. Her long career as a Griffith heroine gave her valuable experience along these lines, for D. W. always called his leading lady in to watch the "rushes" and to give him advice as to what bit should stay in and what sequence should be ruthlessly amputated. In fact, Lillian is one of the few stars in pictures interested in something besides her own close-ups.

* * *

JAMES RENNIE is the only member of the Gish family who is acting just now. He plays a leading role in a Broadway play, "The Best People," and also did one week's work in a Paramount picture featuring Bebe Daniels, called "Argentine Love."

"I play the American opposed to love of the Argentine variety," he said. "And he gets the gal," added his wife Dorothy; "he always does."

"On the screen, my dear," admonished Mr. Rennie.

* * *

IT is the young leading woman of "The Best People" who is to appear in the cinema "Swan." She is Frances Howard, and it will be her first picture!

Jesse Lasky announced the acquisition of Miss Howard for this important role not long after startling the screen world with the signing of an unknown little extra, Betty Bronson, for "Peter Pan." Mr. Lasky and a party of friends—including Sari Fedak, an actress popular and esteemed in Europe and incidentally the wife of Molnar, author of "The Swan"—attended a performance of "The Best People;" and the instant Madame Molnar saw Frances Howard she exclaimed, "There is your Swan!" or words arriving at the same conclusion.

It is to be conjectured that Mr. Lasky seized upon her enthusiasm with relief; for his production of the play had been held up owing to the desertion from the cast of Miss Elsie Ferguson. Nobody seems to know just what happened; but something tells us that Miss Ferguson must have displayed a little of the temperament for which she is justly or unjustly noted; anyway, she and the director, Dimitri Buckowetski, did not work together very long.

* * *

AND so it came about that Frances Howard had her screen test, photographed even better than expectations, and is now on the road to film fame.

And then they say there's nothing in luck! Think of the "if's" involved in this young actress' great chance. If Miss Ferguson and "Buco" had agreed; if Madame Molnar had not attended the performance of "The Best People;" if —. But here's Miss Howard. Good luck to her!

* * *

HOPE HAMPTON is in hiding. We came upon her in a side-street the other day trying to edge her way out of a small mob which surrounded her. She was quietly dressed in black and was doing her best to appear inconspicuous, but a crowd, mostly girls, had interrupted her shopping tour.

"I came out the back entrance of a shop," she said breathlessly, "and now I can't find my car. And I'm late for my dancing lesson. Well—I'll walk."

She flew down the street, leaving her audience to exchange their opinions. "Too bad her coloring can't show on the screen," was one of the comments we caught. But Hope's auburn hair and sapphire-blue eyes will soon be seen on the stage in the new musical comedy, "Madame Pompadour."

NOT so long ago we saw a framed picture of Adolphe Menjou on a mantelpiece.

"I used to go to school with him," proudly declared the lady of the house. And, while I haven't seen him since, I know he hasn't changed a bit. I could tell it on the screen in a second, if he had."

She can't be so very ancient, this lady. And so Adolphe isn't after all the middle-aged man he is often pictured. In fact, not a day over thirty-five.

Whatever his age, motion picture Manhattan knows he is most happily married. Reporters who came up to the hotel which housed the Menjous during their eastern sojourn were amazed and, maybe, dismayed to discover Mrs. Menjou mending Adolphe's socks!

* * *

DICK BARTHELMESS is to have a new leading lady.

He didn't have to look very long or go very far to find her. He just went home from the studio one evening and remarked to his wife, "Well, dear, how would you like to play opposite me in 'New Toys'?" "Why, yes, Dick; I'd be glad to. Mary the Second said the cutest thing today——"

So the new Barthelmess picture is to be a family affair. It's a domestic comedy-drama; and will mark the return of Mary Hay Barthelmess to professional activity—her first appearance since she left "Mary Jane McKane," the musical comedy in which she starred.

Mary is and looks like just a kid. She wears, for the most part, sensible, school-girl clothes; she behaves and talks just like any well-bred young lady. And she was a delightful hostess at the studio party which Dick gave when he, assisted by one hundred cadets from West Point, filmed a "hop" for "Class-Mates." Mary Hay's father is a U. S. Army officer, and paved the way for the cooperation of the U. S. Military Academy, where scenes were "shot" for the first time in screen history, outside of the news-reels.

* * *

JOHN ROBERTSON has discovered an ingenue. He brought May McAvoy out of obscurity; and now he thinks he has found a girl who will also give a good account of herself before the camera. She is Lucille Upton, and what makes it even more interesting is that she's the little sister of a lady whose name seems vaguely familiar—one Peggy Joyce.

Peggy is not, you know, the regal, haughty beauty you might imagine her, from her much-publicized career, to be. She's somewhat naive and child-like.

What Happened

in the

MOVIES

Ten Years Ago

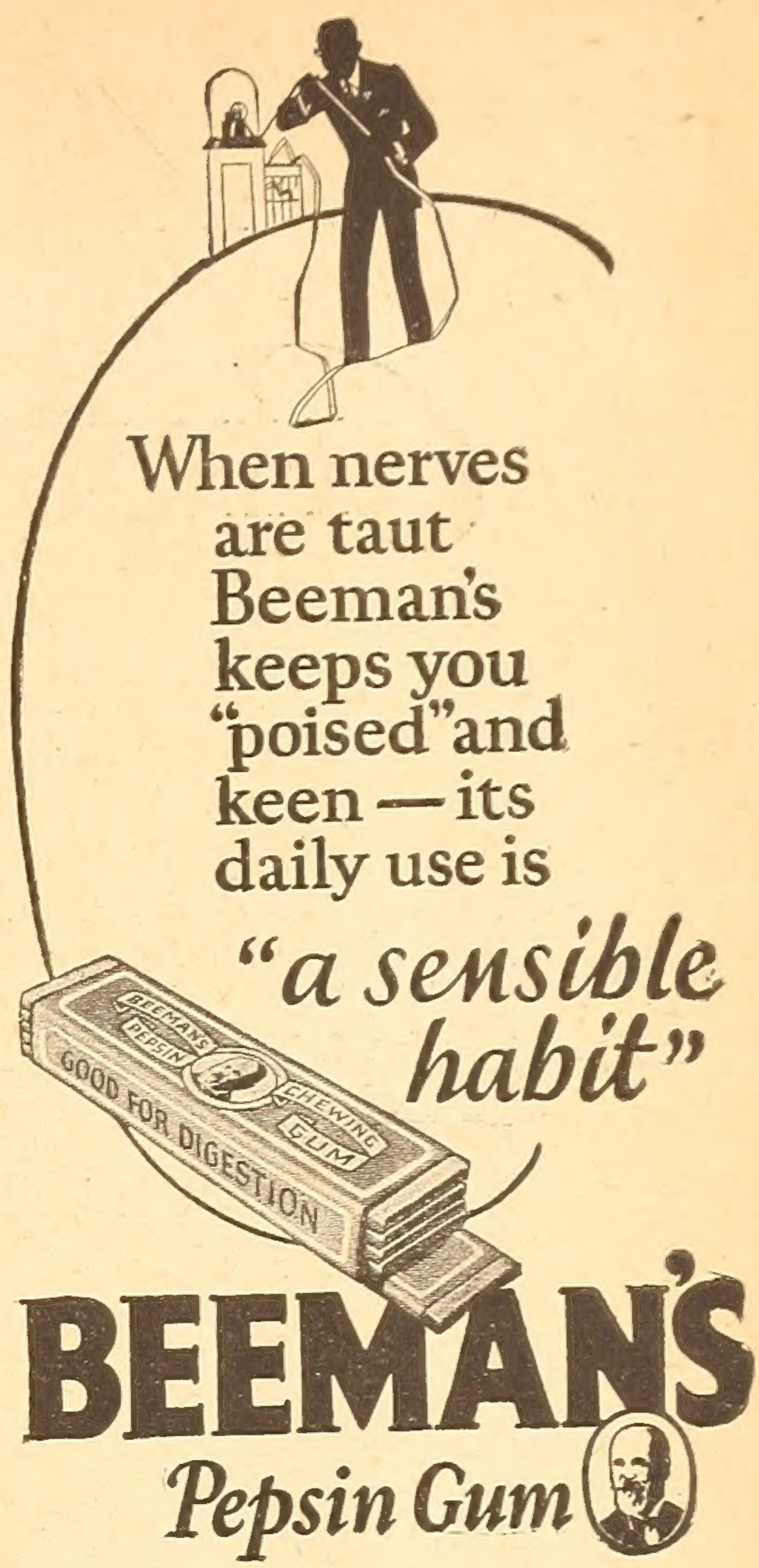
Resurrected by Gayne Dexter

Charles Mortimer Peck, film magnate, told the whole wide world what was wrong with the movies. Hearken! "The producers' capacity to determine between good and bad is defective. They will pay an amateur \$5 for a practically worthless two-reel scenario, \$10 for three reels, \$15 for four reels, and then spend two or three hundred dollars trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. If the same producers would employ a competent man to buy their scenarios and then grasp the wisdom of paying expert writers from \$25 to \$100 per reel, a very fine start would be made toward establishing the motion picture as a firm and permanent amusement for the public at large." (Gosh! GOSH!)

Thomas H. Ince also bewailed "the lack of good scenarios and declared melodrama had received the stamp of public disapproval long ago." (Attaboy, Tom! Now tell 'em again!)

A newspaper reported that Wallace Beery in the "Sweedie" comedies was getting finer every day and would continue to produce this comedy series indefinitely. (But he reformed and became a villain.)

Mary Pickford released "Mistress Nell." James Kirkwood was her director. Theodore Roberts played Sheriff Rance to House Peters' Ramerrez in "The Girl of the Golden West." Florence Reed quit the stage to screen "The Dancing Girl." Mrs. Leslie Carter made "Du Barry" abroad long before Pola Negri was ever thought of; and when it came to Broadway they didn't call it "Passion," either. Gaby Deslys revealed her limbs in "Triumph," while the Lois Weber-Phillips Smalley production, "Hypocrites," revealed so much more (and so successfully) that by the end of the year all any star needed for fame was a string of beads and her girlish laughter.



When nerves are taut Beeman's keeps you "poised" and keen — its daily use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. 1858

Diamonds Watches

Cash or Credit
Christmas Gifts
Send for Catalog

Over 2,000 bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back.

TERMS: Goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts, payable weekly, semi-monthly or monthly, at your convenience.

- No. 30 \$100 \$250 A Week
- No. 67 \$125 \$325 A Week
- No. 35 \$37.50 \$100 A Week
- No. 12 \$125 A Week
- No. 20 \$200 \$500 A Week

17 Jewel Elgin
No. 15 - Green Gold Watch, 25-Year Case; 17 Jewels; 12 Size, Gilt Dial, \$30; \$3 \$100 A Week down, then \$100 A Week

No. 49 - Wrist Watch, Solid 18-k White Gold—17 Jewels, \$40. Delivered on first payment of \$100 A Week \$4.00, then \$100 A Week

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE CREDIT JEWELERS DEPT. G-26
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 232-B Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.



A GARLAND of CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

From the stars to their best friends, the movie fans

Q Those of us who live by the favor of the public, whose efforts are spent to amuse, feel a gratitude toward our patrons that is appropriately expressed at Christmas time. We wish you all a Christmas of happiness and a Christmas of love. In fact, a very Merry Christmas.

*I love you all and
wish you all a
Merry Christmas*

*Ann
Pennington*





Christmas love to you all

Wanda Hawley



Greetings to all my friends

Maud Hill



Photograph by De Mirjian.

With the very best Christmas Wishes to all readers of SCREENLAND.

Flora Lee



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Marilyn Miller

At this season of the year I like to think of my many friends, and I hope that my thought will speed to them to make them each a very Merry Christmas.



I receive so many letters from the readers of SCREENLAND that I feel a warm friendliness toward them all. Here's wishing to each one of you a Merry Christmas.

Jacqueline Logan

Murray W. Garsson

PRESENTS

Is Love Everything ?

with

Alma Rubens
Frank Mayo
H. B. Warner
Walter Mc. Grail
Lilyan Tashman

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

ARTHUR S. KANE, PRESIDENT

PHYSICAL DISTRIBUTOR
PATHE' EXCHANGE INC

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE
SIDNEY GARRETT

Encore
Pictures



SCREENLAND

CHRISTMAS 1924



Q "The Swan" came tapping at the door of Frances Howard this month, and she recognized the call of opportunity. Another unexpected bit of good luck has come to a worthy player. Welcome to you, Frances Howard! SCREENLAND greets you with open arms.



CHRISTMAS CLOSE-UPS

By the Editor

THE other day a camera man from one of the motion picture studios told us that when they take a close-up of one of the players who, through laughter or through years, has developed some noticeable wrinkles, they photograph her through gauze, which irons out all the defects and blinds the camera to every blemish.

It has occurred to us what a wonderful thing it would be if every one was obliged to pose for a moving picture camera and then view the result. For what we are and what we do writes itself upon our faces in unmistakable signs.

You cannot have mean, crabbed thoughts and have the line of the curve of your eyelid stay a perfect line. Each small thought pushes it down. You cannot have self-pity and bemoan your own hard luck but that every thought will drag down upon the corners of your mouth. And we think if you could see yourself on the screen you would resent these signs which show to all the world what your thoughts have been, and you would long for the ministrations of the tricky photographer.

But all this has been arranged for. Christmas comes along with the pleasant screen of kindness, and if you will look upon all your friends and all the world through the gauze of the Christmas spirit, you will no longer see their defects and the world will look so much brighter to you that your own close-up will be a pleasant one.

SCREENLAND wishes you the happiest thrill in the world, which is the sensation when one truly feels the Christmas spirit.



Harry Langdon,
like the juggler
of Notre Dame,
gives his best to
glorify the Happy
Season.

A CHRISTMAS

Acrostic

May this Merry Christmas bring
Each of you the Wanted Thing:
Rest and quiet dreams for those
Racked and wearied of their woes.
Youth—for you not warmth, but fire,

By *Morrie Ryskind*

Courage that shall never tire,
High Romance and Fine Pretending
Ribboned with the Happy Ending.
Interwoven with sweet sorrows,
Such as sweeten Life's Tomorrows.
Take of these what gifts you need—
May they come with all Godspeed!—
And keep, some secret place apart,
Some bit of childhood in your heart.

HOLLY TIME *in* HOLLYWOOD



The unconcerned dancers in the background, the picturesque set, the every day clothes of Carey Wilson, Harry Raff and Hobart Henley, making "So This Is Marriage," are all a part of the fascination of Hollywood. These contrasts and inconsistencies make up life in the movies.



Or a party with Tom Mix on location where he is photographing "Teeth" may be a day's work for the screen player.



When at all "Ben
Hur" comes to town,
much of the hearty
welcome will be ex-
tended to little Esther

May
McAvoy

Photograph by Henry Wiseman



Iolt and Lois Wilson
who made a film and a lot
of friends in Texas.

On Location

When the North of 36 Company visited Texas to film Emerson Hough's great novel on the scenes described in his story, they were expected, by the Texas people, to be a very queer bunch. They turned out to be regular fellows, even where men are men.



with the MOVIE FOLKS

By Guy MacLaughlin

WE'RE plain people down in Houston. And when we heard that the movie people were coming here, that that pretty girl that we saw in "The Covered Wagon" and Jack Holt and Beery, that we all had seen, were going to live among us for a while, it aroused a good deal of interest among us. If the truth be told, we were prepared to be a little shocked at their lack of morals—as the saying goes, we expected them to be bad citizens but awfully good company.

Emerson Hough laid the scenes of his famous novel, "North of 36," in this locality; in fact, the very house described in the story was used when they took the pictures. You will remember the book describes a great herd of cattle, all longhorns, and these Bassett Blakely rounded up and had ready for Director Willat when

he arrived with his movie folks. And what nice people they were! I don't know how they behave in Hollywood, but a finer, plainer, more straight-forward lot of folks you never met in your life.

It was my privilege to be a guest of the general who commanded the National Guard cavalry used in the military scenes of "North of 36." We had, as a dinner guest on location, the charming Lois Wilson. She was most gracious, and agreeable, not a bit "snippy." A little later, when we were chatting with Director Willat, mixed up with a lot of cavalry horses, Miss Wilson approached, came to attention in her neat-fitting Del Sol male attire saluted, and said, "I wish to report to my boss that I had nine hours' sleep last night." "Fine," replied Willat, "then you're fit."

Q Cowboys riding herd on the big bunch of longhorns used in "North of 36." Just before the big fording scene.



At dinner, later, an officer passed around cigarettes. Miss Wilson refused them. "I don't smoke," she explained; "not that I think it is immoral or anything, but I don't see that it adds anything to a woman's attractiveness." If one should meet Lois Wilson in any setting other than a movie set, it would not be easy to guess her profession; there is nothing to indicate the movie actress, unless a well-balanced, sweet, frank and very pretty young woman of high intelligence and very good taste and manners would be such indication. In other words, Lois Wilson, the movie actress, is just like any other lovely woman—the kind you might meet any day, anywhere.

We asked Charley Irwin, who was major domo for "Papa" Blakely at the ranchhouse and had complete charge of everything pertaining thereto on behalf of Blakely, what he thought about Lois Wilson. "A mighty fine little woman, just like your sister or mine. In all of the seven weeks the movie people were at the ranchhouse, under my personal charge, I never saw the least thing out of the way. They were all fine

filmed. Driving through a curtain of woods skirting White's Lake, we came abruptly upon the herd, the cowboys' herd riding the bunch, with hoarse admonitions keeping the cattle bunched, the men grim, whiskered, easy in the saddle, where they had been holding the herd and waiting for the proper sun since eight in the morning. It is now four in the afternoon. The sun comes out clear.

"All right, drive 'em in, Mr. Blakely. Camera, action," calls Mr. Willat. And the big dun steer trots out ahead of the herd toward the water, urged thereto by the riders at the "point." A cowboy, believing Alamo is going too



A "Alamo," the steer who became a movie actor. Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence behind.

folks. Out of the fifty-five people in the cast, from principals to laborers, they were mighty fine folks, only one man got a little off, and he got a good thrashing and was fired back home by Mr. Willat right away. They didn't know much about cattle, at first, nor about handling our negroes, but they soon learned to leave both of these things to us. I'm sorry to see 'em go—they were the kind of people you like to be with, business-like to the penny, punctual to the dot, and clean as a hound's tooth." Irwin is an ex-cowboy, was manager of the Houston Club for a number of years, is honest, fearless and fair. He appears in one of the close-ups of the steer Alamo, to the left of Lois Wilson, his whiskered head framed in the opening of the covered wagon in the background.

Next in order, in our opinion, comes Alamo, the great dun steer, that might have walked bodily right out of the pages of Emerson Hough's story—the great body, the lumbering gait, the wide, straight typical Texas long horns. We visited the location the day the fording scene was

fast, starts to head him off. "Let him alone," yells Blakely, "he'll stop." And stop he did, at the water's edge. The great dun steer turned and looked back over his broad shoulder at the herd behind him; the cattle began to trickle along after him; he gathered himself at the brink, and steer-like, plunged in, and the crossing of the initial river on the fateful drive "North of 36" was on. The herd followed, the covered wagons, ox-drawn, with Ole Mammy inside, and an old negro on the floating log outside and alongside, urging the oxen to swim with a long stick for a whip, the cowboys guiding, and the wagons and carts and the principals following and swimming across.

The lake was a writhing mass of swimming cattle, floating wagons, and cowboys swimming their horses. Two thousand head of long horns swimming the natural barriers between their lady owner and her dream of heart's desire.

After the fording, Bassett Blakely rode with us the four or five miles to the ranchhouse. On the way we talked



Q The cowboys at White's Lake on the Bassett Blakely 20,000 acre ranch with Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson and Jack Holt in line.



Q The players and director who went on location. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Director Willat, Noah Beery and Lois Wilson.

Blakely's contract with Paramount called for putting six hundred head of cattle across the stream. Willat felt that the scene would be more impressive with two thousand head. "All right," said Blakely, "give me half a day, and I'll put 'em across for you," and he did, without any additional compensation, one of the reasons we have cast "Papa" Blakely well up among the high lights in this film production.

"What about this director?" we asked Blakely.

"He's all right, but he doesn't know cattle; he asked me to bring 'em up close to the camera, when they were new and wild—I told him the only way to get 'em up to the camera would be to rope 'em and drag 'em up. These boys are all right," continued "Papa," "they are doing their best, they have a time limit and a money limit, and their work is hard. We are doing everything we can to help them get a good picture."

And a good picture they did get, no doubt about that. Another little indication, to our mind, that the picture game is no longer the loose end thing some people believe it to be. It is a business, and modern business hasn't any time for "parties," or "booze," or any sort of looseness. As an indication of the feeling of the cast toward Blakely, he very soon became "Papa" Blakely to young and old, and, like the other stars of the cast, there was provided for him on location one of the regular easy camp chairs, with his name, "Papa" Blakely, painted on the back.

Miss Wilson characterized "Papa" as the "most remarkable man I have ever met."

I asked Willat, "What about Blakely?" He replied, "When I want something particularly well done I send for Bassett Blakely or ten cowboys."

A word or two about Willat: We saw him many days in succession. Quiet, gentlemanly, studious, never in a

hurry; courteous to cast and outsiders. He went about his trying task as a real man and an artist. One evening we said to him, "Mr. Willat, how is it you manage never to get out of patience, or lose your poise?" "Oh, I don't know,

I guess I've learned that is the best way to get results."

We saw much of Ernest Torrence and observed him in intimate association with men and women and children. His reaction to each situation classified him in our estimation as about as near the ideal of the gentleman as we ever hope to meet. Many times we watched Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence in earnest conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Torrence chaperoned Miss Wilson on a recent tour of Europe and you know that no human being can hide from a trained observer the things going on in the mind behind the face. Every emotion that passed across the expressive face of Lois Wilson was a beautiful, a pleasant and delightful expression, the kind a doting father would love to see in the face of a loyal and loving daughter. And Ernest Torrence, to call forth such expression, must be the sort of man we all believe he is, the fine type of gentleman, on or off.

Noah Beery, playing Rudabaugh, the most dyed-in-the-wool villain any author ever painted, in real life is a loving and indulgent father and friend—a most pleasant man to meet, and an interesting one. He is about as far removed from the villain he plays as day is from night.

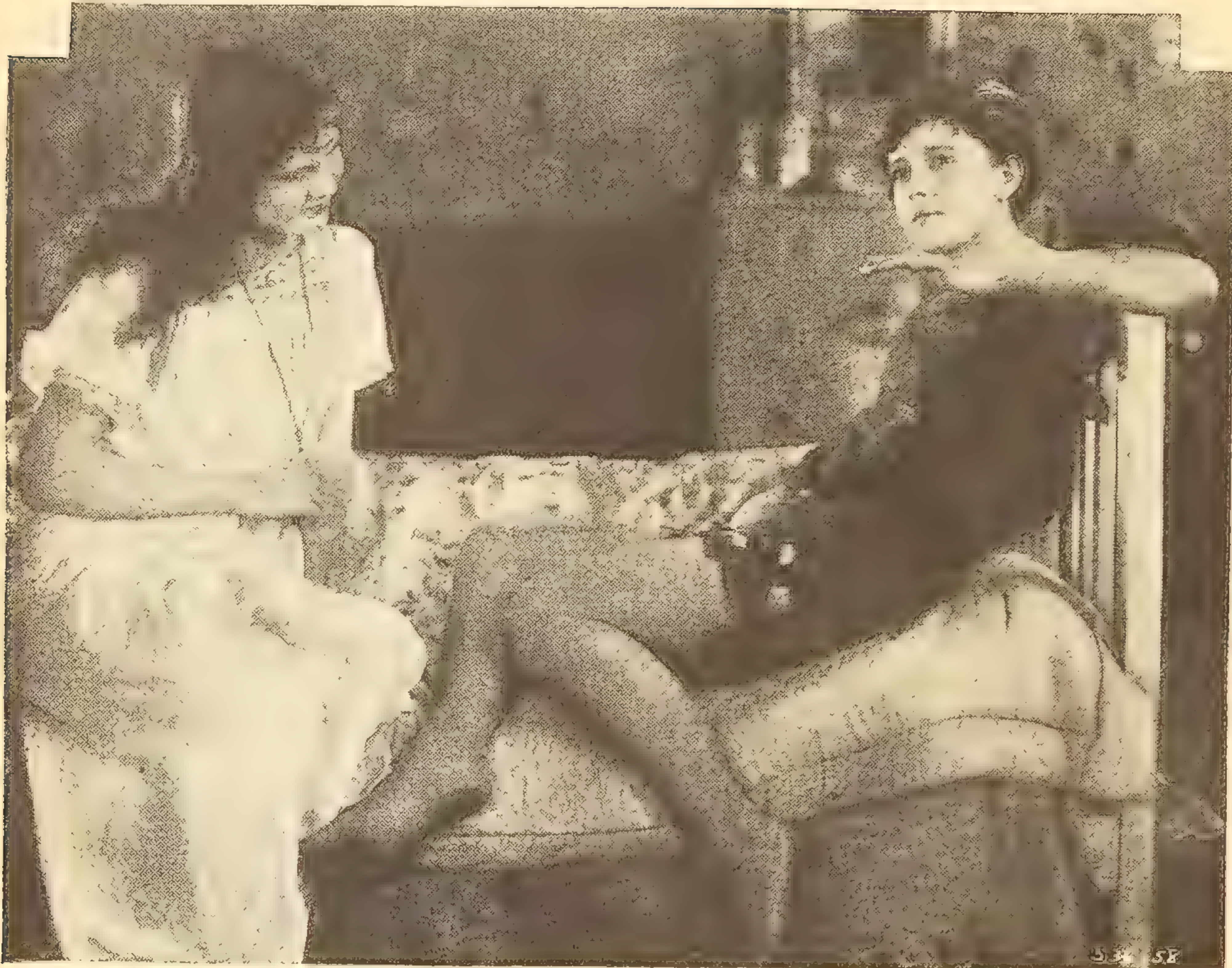
Jack Holt is "one of the boys." He slapped on the back and was slapped on the back, in perfect camaraderie by the men of the ranch. We can take him at the estimate placed by these men of the out of doors. He is a gentleman at all times, as well as being the ideal Dan McMasters.



Mary Brian as "Wendy."

BETTY BRONSON'S

By H. B. K. Willis



"Now, whenever a new baby is born, its first laugh becomes a fairy."

THERE has been a lot of ante-mortem wailing and gnashing of teeth anent the filming of "Peter Pan," which is about as timely and entertaining as an undertaker's business card would be to the proud parents of a brand new baby.

That vast army of leading ladies and film ingenues, who have had their green eyes focussed on the Maude Adams role since Lasky some years ago first announced the Barrie play would be essayed, is in the forefront of the press of eager hired mourners. The cognoscenti, a battalion of directors now envious of Herbert Brenon, who is making it, and a regiment of assorted moaners and squeakers, who "just know the thing will be a flop," have their mutes off in order to swell the din.

When I heard that Brenon was making a botch of "Peter" I almost stripped my gears in my eagerness to run the rumor down. I also wanted to look Betty Bronson over for the benefit of SCREENLAND's dear readers as she mangled the heart-twisting role with which Adams used to wring tears from the hearts of pawn-brokers and other gentle souls.

The "Peter" sets at the Lasky lot in Hollywood are about as wide-open as the heavenly gates will be to the

employers of child labor. Secrecy pervades the place and large "No Admittance" signs loom through the half-lit gloom.

But I met Herbert Brenon, the director, as I was watching Betty Bronson touch up her make-up on the corner of the stage outside the fast-closed door.

Right here I may well admit that I was a bit soured on the Bronson child because she had stolen a precious plum away from some

(Continued on Page 92)



Peter finds his shadow in a dresser drawer in the Darling Nursery.

Peter Pan



Betty Bronson, as "Peter Pan."



Peter and his Shadow.



He looked for it everywhere.



What All the



Q They are always at it—
By night and by day,
week after week, the film-
makers are at work.

THE clicking of the motion picture camera is ubiquitous. Not only is it heard above the sputter of the kliegs in the movie studios but it lifts itself above the lapping of the waves that surround the millionaire's yacht. In distant Spain the barnyard fowls stand curiously watching the camera, and the silence of the Sierra Nevadas is broken as the melodrama of the West is recorded.

The motion picture camera is everywhere; even at this moment its all-seeing eye is viewing drama and romance, history in the making and history re-created for the screen.

This most romantic and picturesque business is not without its practical hard-headed business side. The demand for films is insatiable, and new films must always be ready to satisfy the demands.

Q Mr. Barker directing a scene on an Arizona location for "The Great Divide," William Moody's famous play. Percy Hilburn is chief cameraman.



Q Henry King directing one of the mob scenes in "Romola." Here the camera is arranged to follow the mob.

Q Tom Terriss directing a scene for "The Bandolero" in Spain. Manuel Granada and Rita Rossi are being filmed—Pedro de Cordoba and Renee Adoree are looking on.



Q Barbara La Marr and Bert Lytell on location making "Sandra" at Greenwich, Conn., on Long Island Sound.

Shooting's Fer—

HOLLYWOOD WORK SCHEDULE

(According to "Filmograph")

Studio	Star	Director	Title	Remarks
Ben Wilson	Yakima Canutt	Ben Wilson	5-Reel Western	Shooting
Buster Keaton	Buster Keaton	John McDermott	"Seven Chances"	Shooting
Cumberland	Bobby Ray	Glen Cavender	2-Reel Comedy	Preparing
Century	Buddy Messenger	Chas. Lamont	Untitled	Shooting
(Bert Sternbach Casting)	Hilliard Karr	Eddy I. Luddy	"Keep Cool"	Shooting
	Wanda Wiley	Jess Robbins	"Up in the Air"	Shooting
Chaplin	Charlie Chaplin	Charlie Chaplin	Untitled	Shooting
Christie	Bobby Vernon	Archie Mayo	Untitled	Preparing
(Harry Edwards Casting)	Neal Burns	Gil Pratt	Untitled	Shooting
Kahn Kid Komedies	Queen Titania	Mark Goldaine	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
Sultan Comedies	Lige Conley	Norman Taurog	Mermaid Comedy	Shooting
Cameo Comedy	Bowles-Vance	Al Ray	Comedy	Shooting
Lloyd Hamilton	Lloyd Hamilton	Fred Hibbard	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
Jack White		Arvid Gilstrom		Shooting
Douglas MacLean	Douglas MacLean	George Crone	"Sky High"	Shooting
(Individual Casting)				
F. B. O.	Vaughn-O'Hara	Del Andrews	"The Go-Gerters"	Shooting
F. B. O.	Al Santell		"Parisian Nights"	Preparing
Lefty Flynn	Lefty Flynn	Harry Garson	Untitled	Shooting
Gothic	E. Brent	Tod Browning	"The Prude"	Preparing
Larry Semon	Larry Semon	Larry Semon	"Wizard of Oz"	Shooting
Schulberg	Alice Joyce	Louis Gasnier	"The Whiteman"	Shooting
Carlos	Dick Talmadge	Jimmie Horne	"Hail the Hero"	Shooting
Verschleiser	All-Star	Edw. J. Le Saint	"The Three Keys"	Shooting
Emory Johnson	All-Star	Emory Johnson	Untitled	Preparing
Fox		Slim Summerville	Comedy	Shooting
(James Ryan Casting)	Kala Pasha	Roy Del Ruth	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
	All-Star	Geo. Marshall	"Van Bibber's Burglar"	Shooting
	All-Star	Henry Otto	"The Folly of Vanity"	Shooting
	All-Star	Rowland V. Lee	"In Love With Love"	Shooting
	Tom Mix	Jack Blystone	"Dick Turpin"	Shooting
	All-Star	W. S. Van Dyke	"Checkers"	Shooting
	Edmund Lowe	Denison Clift	"Courts of Call"	Shooting
	Buck Jones	Edmond Mortimer	"The Arizona Romeo"	Shooting
	George O'Brien	Emmett Flynn	"The Dancers"	Preparing
Roy Hughes	Donna Hale	Roy Hughes	"Fugitive of Love"	Shooting
Renaud Hoffman	All-Star	Hoffman	"On the Threshold"	Preparing
Jimmy Hogan	All-Star	J. Hogan	"Women and Gold"	Preparing
J. P. McGowan	Helen Holmes	J. P. McGowan	"Barriers of the Law"	Shooting
	Bill Cody	J. P. McGowan	"The Trail in the Dark"	Preparing
Independent	Franklin Farnum	Wally Van	"Walk Right In"	Shooting
	Bob Custer	Reeves Eason	"Trigger Fingers"	Shooting
Jules Le Baron	All-Star		"Children of the Whirlwind"	Preparing
Colorado	All-Star	John G. Adolff	"The Birth of the West"	Shooting
Ince	Charles Ray	R. William Neill	"The Desert Fiddler"	Shooting
Lloyd Ingraham	Harry Carey	Lloyd Ingraham	"Soft Shoes"	Shooting
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	All-Star	Alf Goulding	"Excuse Me"	Shooting
(R. B. McIntyre Casting)	All-Star	Robt. Vignola	"The Summons"	Preparing
	Mae Murray	Von Stroheim	"The Merry Widow"	Shooting
	All-Star	Reginald Barker	"Dixie"	Shooting
	All-Star	Robt. Leonard	"Cheaper to Marry"	Preparing
Paramount	All-Star	Irwin Willat	"North of 36"	Shooting
(Tom White Casting)	Betty Bronson	Herbert Brenon	"Peter Pan"	Shooting
	All-Star	Victor Fleming	"The Devil's Cargo"	Shooting
	Kirkwood-Nilsson	George Melford	"Top of the World"	Shooting
	All-Star	Wm. K. Howard	"The Code of the West"	Shooting
	All-Star	Wm. DeMille	"Locked Doors"	Shooting
		James Cruze	"The Goose Hangs High"	Preparing
	Pola Negri	Raoul Walsh	"East of Suez"	Preparing
	All-Star	Cecil B. DeMille	"Golden Bed"	Preparing
	Lois Wilson	Alan Crosland	"Contraband"	Preparing
	Agnes Ayres	Paul Bern	"Tomorrow's Love"	Preparing
C. W. Patton		Bob Hill	"The Girl of Vigilante"	Preparing
Principal	All-Star	Sam Wood	"Recreation of Brian Kent"	Preparing
Hal Roach	Glenn Tryon	Roy Clements	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
	The Spat Family	Jay A. Howe	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
	Arthur Stone	Eugene DeRue	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting
	Our Gang	Robt. McGowan	2-Reel Comedy	Preparing
	Charley Chase	Leo McCarey	1-Reel Comedy	Shooting
	Rex, the Horse	Fred Jackman	6 Reels	Preparing
Joe Brown	All-Star	Al. Rogell	"Easy Money"	Shooting
	Reed Howes	Al. Rogell	"Taxi-cab"	Preparing

(Continued on Page 78)

Joan Lowell

SAILOR GIRL

*She's a good skipper
and a good player, and
her ship is coming in.*

By Edward J. Doherty



Q Little Joan expresses, in her face, the poetic quality of the sea.

IT IS THE happiest tale of Hollywood where tales are many and various; a tale of the movies and the sea; a tale of windjammers and coconuts and outrigger canoes and romance and fascination; the tale of Joan Lowell, a sailor girl who is cruising to the stars.

Black-haired she is, and brown-eyed; the strength of the tides is in her; and the depths of unsounded seas.

For fourteen years she roamed the world of water with her father in the "Minnie A. Caine," a windjammer with only one yard. Copra and sandalwood between the Solomons and Australia. Cruises that took eight months. Voyages that took 9,000 miles—and the ship making a good five knots an hour.

Fourteen years of bossing her father's ship and badgering his crew, and walking and talking like a man. Fourteen years without the sight of another white woman. Fourteen years of overalls and bare feet and hair tied up in a mop.

Joan was three years old when her dad first took her to sea. She was the last of eight children, and her mother was ill and could not care for her. She was seventeen years old when she came back to the home in Berkeley. She had never seen silk stockings. She had never powdered her nose, nor seen a moving picture, nor ridden in an automobile.

She walked like a sailor, and she talked like one. Nobody had ever told her that ladies do not say "damn," which was the mildest word in her vocabulary.

"Ah, the things they said of me," Joan remembers. "The way they talked of me when I came home to stay. I would never amount to much with the education I had.



Q For fourteen years Joan Lowell lived at sea, a sailor among sailors.

I must be bad at heart. I would probably run away and marry a gob. They think all sailors are boys with funny white caps on their heads.

"Old hens! They made me cry!"

Joan went to work as soon as she could, carrying food to the guests in a Berkeley hotel dining room at eighty-five cents a day. And at night she studied.

She went to the telephone company, but she held the job but a week.

"You had to sit up so straight," she said, "and every once in a while the supervisor would come along and give you a poke in the back.

"And sometimes when the board would light up all over, I'd get to dreaming. I could fancy we were in the doldrums, motionless, a painted ship upon a painted sea, the sails hanging lifeless, with neither lee nor windward—the deck hot, so hot it burned my feet. And then at night there would be a sudden downpour of rain.

"And everywhere a raindrop fell into that glassy sea it seemed to touch it with fire. It used to scare me every time, though I knew it was only phosphorous. I knew it, but I felt the ship would surely burn in that wide, wide sea of fire.

"Lights on a switchboard—lights on a ship! The red and the green lights high up, and the dim light in the binnacle box. It was still in the telephone exchange office—it was still at night on the ship, and sometimes I

could fancy we were under the light in the binnacle box again, Swede Nelson, Johnny Allsorts and some others, playing poker with a deck of cards that were always stuck together with tobacco juice or dirt.

"We used beans for counters, and I always lost. Something in my eyes gave me away every time I had a hand. And I was always caught when I bluffed. And every night I'd go to the slop chest—that's what we call the store-room where supplies are kept—and pay my debts with a pair of shoes or a woollen shirt, or a slicker. My father never knew why he was always shy in his inventory at the end of a cruise.

"You see, he bought at wholesale prices, and sold to the men at retail as all skippers do. And I didn't know what the things were worth."

Just a week at the telephone office, with dreams of the sea that were broken with a poke in the back or the murmur of peevish voices that came out of the lights on her board.

But she had studied stenography, and she didn't care. She found a place in a San Francisco lawyer's office, at \$25 a week. She would walk up Market Street from the ferry to save her carfare and spend it for candy. She had never known candy before.

"It was terrible," she says. "Sitting all day in a poky office, being ordered around by a boss, writing dry law phrases every hour—'in the above entitled cause,' 'now comes Jane Doe, plaintiff,' and all the rigamarole of the business.

"I wasn't used to being bossed around. My dad was supreme on his ship, and I had been used to doing as I pleased.

"And sometimes I kicked off my shoes, and imagined I was a barefooted bucko mate again, sitting up on the poop deck of the "Minnie A. Caine," and shooting sticky prune stones at the man at the wheel.

"You know we used to have spitting contests on board ship. Did you ever see an old salt spit? Great, big, bearded fellows, with tobacco stained whiskers, and a lump in whichever cheek is hiding the quid—they are the kindest and the cleanest men alive.

"Oh, I know, drunk in every port, booze and women and cracked heads and all that. But there never was one of them I didn't like. And there never was one who wasn't nice to me. One and all they said, 'the capt'n's kid is a cute little'—well, you can imagine what they said.

"Every time we got a new man I'd ask him how far he could spit. He'd look at me in amazement. And then, usually, dad would say, 'She means how far can you heave your wad?'

"If a man couldn't spit I didn't think him much of a sailor. We'd stand in a line, a whole watch of us, and spit at a mark. The rule was that you might thrust your head or body over the line, but you must keep one foot behind it.

"I was allowed to spit prune juice—and let me tell you it took clever thieving to get the prunes from the cook.

"I got so I could hit the mark pretty well, spitting



Joan Lowell has a vigorous, staunch little figure with all a mermaid's charm.

straight. But there were men who could turn around, and, allowing nicely for the wind, spit curves that hit the mark fair and square.

"I always saved the prune seeds. And I'd sit up on the poop deck and annoy the man at the helm. You understand it is the strictest rule at the sea that the man at the wheel must not be bothered. He must hold the ship on her course. The slightest loosening of this hold, and the vessel goes to one side or the other.

"And down stairs in his cabin is my hard old daddy, fast asleep, but with one eye watching the course of the "Minnie A. Caine" and ready to open the other eye and spring up the stairs at the slightest alteration.

"It was tremendous fun, and I became so proficient that I could hit a man at any point of the neck I wanted to. The man would swear out of a corner of his mouth—and I'd laugh and shoot him again. They never squealed.

"One day my father came roaring up and damning the poor helmsman and asking him what the fifty-seven varieties he meant. Then he caught sight of me, staring innocently out to sea.

"'My baby can steer better than you,' he shouted. 'Get to the foc'sle!'

"It was the greatest disgrace the man could receive. An able seaman to be sent to the foc'sle! Really, you can't imagine what it means.

"Then my father made me take the wheel, to show he meant just what he said. Neither the man nor I ever told him. No sailor would ever be mean enough to tell on a girl. And I was too full of the devil.

"But I knew I would have to pay. And I wondered what my punishment would be. I learned next morning.

"We were sailing then through seas of barnacles—barnacles in embryo that are known as 'Portuguese fleets.' They have a gossamer sail, you know, and a root, or a stem underneath, that is called an anchor. They sail against a ship, and cling to it, and harden.

"These roots or anchors sting like nettles if you grasp them, and they make sores on you that rubbing only makes worse.

"Every day the boys used to fill my canvas plunge with sea water; and on this particular day they had filled the water with these stinging 'anchors.'

"They waited until I had plunged in, and then came up, one by one, innocent as lambs, and heaved their wads, and asked how was the water. I wouldn't let them know for worlds. But I almost cried I was so covered with sores."

Joan Lowell came to hate life with a terrible hate. Especially life in an office. If she could only go to sea again! Then, quite by accident; she read a little paragraph in a San Francisco paper, saying that Goldwyn was sending a moving picture company to Tahiti to make a picture.

Tahiti! To see it once again! To see the natives come swarming out of the harbor in their outrigger canoes. To have them clustering all about her, the women circling her, drawing nearer and nearer, finally to touch the strange white arms, and titter and hurry away. Tahiti! The open sea once more, the salt wind in her face, the lure of it, the glamor of it, the almost necessity of it!

"I bummed a ride down to San Pedro on a boat out of the Golden Gate," Miss Lowell said. "I knew the captain, and he knew my dad. I had \$57 when I landed, and I was ready to go next day for Tahiti.

"I went at once to the Goldwyn office, and told some man I would go with the company to the South Seas.

"He looked at me in a funny way and said he had all the people he needed.

"'But I don't want to act,' I said. 'I want to go as an

interpreter.' Any old job would have done, though.

"He gave me a look that was even more funny, and chased me out. But on the way out I had caught a glimpse of the studio sets. And, little as I saw, it fascinated me. I felt I must come back there to see those things I had not time now to see. I felt it was a fairy land.

"I found a room over a garage, and tried to find some work. I couldn't go back to Berkeley, I felt, after I had run away. And I wouldn't go back until I could show them that I did amount to something after all.

"I went back to the Goldwyn studio one day, and talked to the man at the gate. He wouldn't let me in. I thought he owned the place he was so pompous and important, and I gave him my name and address, and the telephone number of the garage, and told him that if he heard of any work in his studio to let me know. He was nice, even if he was crusty, and he did call me up.

"He had found out that the head of the wardrobe department wanted a stenographer. Again I was getting \$25 a week. And, for the first time since I left my father's ship, I was interested.

"Everybody knew me, of course, because of the way I used to rush around, the voice—it could be heard through a gale when there was need for it to be heard—and the manners and the words I had picked up on blue water.

"The company came back from Tahiti after a time, and I saw the picture they had made. Everybody was asked to give his opinion of it. Everybody said it was wonderful. Everybody but me. I said it was 'rotten,' and I said it aloud.

"I told them what things they could have found in Tahiti, if they had only known. I told them what things the natives would have done for them, what they would have shown to them, if they had known.

"Nobody liked my outspokenness. The 'yes man' is still in favor, in many studios.

"But some of the directors talked to me, and I guess they were interested in me. One day they proposed that I be given a screen test. It frightened me, but it made me very happy. For the first time in my life I wanted to be an actress. I ran back and told my chief.

"'You said you had no ambitions to be an actress when you were given work here,' she replied. 'We will not need you after Saturday.'

"It almost broke my heart. And before the week was over I was crushed, for many of the men advised me against trying to be an actress.

"'You can't walk,' they said, 'you're not pretty. You have no sex appeal. You have no chance.'

"I didn't know what sex appeal meant, but I didn't know why I shouldn't have it, if other girls did. And I tried to make myself like Claire Windsor—until I heard some one say Claire Windsor didn't have it either.

"Well, I was out of a job again—and there was only one chance in a thousand that I would become an actress. I had taken the screen test. I had done everything they asked me to do; and I had been so intense about it that I forgot there was a camera in front of me.

"Once again I was in the doldrums, with all sails hanging limp, and wishing for an albatross to come along and break the dread monotony."

Miss Lowell breaks off in her story.

"I was telling some children about the albatross and the ancient mariner just the other day," she says, "and they didn't believe me.

"You know sailors believe the albatross is the soul of a dead sea captain, and they wouldn't harm one if they were starving.

(Continued on page 80)

Yes We Have No SEX APPEAL

By Delight Evans

WHAT is sex appeal? S-sh! We are speaking strictly of sex appeal which would get by even in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

All we really know about it is that nine out of every ten have it, or they wouldn't be in the movies. A motion picture actress may win you without a permanent wave. She may even succeed with unplucked eyebrows. But she must have sex appeal. The box-office boys will accept no substitutes. I don't care if said star expresses it by waving her mops of curls into the camera, by palpitating her pearls, or by displaying a perfect understanding against a backdrop of God's great outdoors. She simply can't get along without it.

It used to be called personality. But now that the directors are getting so bold and taking the roofs off people's houses to let us see how they really live, it's called sex appeal. Today producers come right out and tell poor little leading ladies that they can't use 'em, because they lack sex appeal. One ingenue broke down and cried and said she wouldn't come back to the casting office until she got some. She never came back, so far as I know. It's a gift straight from heaven—well, more or less. Though one or two stars I know depend upon their modistes.

I'd say that when a middle-aged actress is chased from tree to tree by the villain and keeps her audience all on edge wondering if she is going to trip, after they have seen her in the same scene in a dozen other pictures—that's sex appeal.

Suppose we consider it from the director's angle. Every director has his own formula. There's Griffith's. He has expressed sex-appeal in his heroines in the same way for ten years. It's the celebrated seduction scene—it's in every Griffith picture. You know the stuff. The Girl, one hand at her heaving bosom, the other, with distended fingers, clutching her quivering chin, is staring wide-eyed at the oncoming Brute. Lillian Gish has done this scene to perfection. So have, with varying degrees of excellence, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, et al. Then the Griffith heroine has another way of registering sex appeal. It is performing a pirouette, with hands clasped behind her, head thrown back, and curls tossing. You recognize the pose?

Before Cecil de Mille discovered the ten commandments he used to play up his heroines' sex appeal by exhibiting

them in the bath. The de Mille bathroom scene became a classic. The de Mille boudoirs have also been the scenes of various expositions of sex appeal. The eminent Cecil goes in for orgies, disguised as masquerades, fetes, charity balls, and all that sort of thing. Whatever you or the title-writer wish to call them, they give the heroine every chance to defend her right to sex appeal.

How many heroines have been tried in the balance and found wanton—well, anyway, before Will Hays became the proud papa of the moving pictures. Now, the stars with sex appeal who appear in those slightly-spicy films go wrong right. The censors have seen to it. But there are other ways of proving that they have sex appeal. Sex appeal has, in fact, gone through a purifying process. Or, to be quite frank about it, it is, in most pictures right now, as synthetic as today's gin.

The other day I saw a scene in which an ingenue was shown in her bath. The director evidently wanted to put across her youth, her charm, and her beauty—her feminine allure. All he succeeded in putting across was that a young lady was taking a bath.

Other ingenues go in for Turkish trousers, with little or no effect. A tiger-skin doesn't make a vampire. An abbreviated bathing-suit can't supply sex appeal. One of the luckier ladies appeared recently clad in Esquimaux attire, leaving an impression upon her audiences that was not at all chilly.

Corinne Griffith in a gingham apron sends the theatre thermometer shooting upwards. Another actress in a hula-hula costume might just as well go back to stock. The girls with real sex appeal, in other words, don't work at it. They can get along without the old chaise-longue.

But this isn't getting anywhere. What *is* sex appeal? Here we have just hundreds and hundreds of letters asking about it, and so far, only echo has answered. Obviously, the thing to do was to ask the stars themselves. Much as we dreaded it, it was our duty. There was the cautious reader who wrote, "I have heard of this sex appeal. Is there anything in it? I have read the grandest articles all about the qualities which men most admire in women, and vice versa. I used to enjoy the movies before I heard all this talk about sex appeal. What is it?"

So we went first to the palatial home of Hortense Heliotrope, which overlooks Riverside Drive—overlooks it en-



Q We all have our pensive moments, but you don't have yours while Barbara La Marr has hers.

tirely. Hortense is reliably reputed to possess an enormous amount of sex appeal—her own press-agent says so. Evidently she had not expected us to call, for she was attired in the pajama-suit which she wore in her new picture, "Playthings of Passion." She was reclining on a horsehair sofa. "Ouch," she said, by way of greeting; and got up and reclined upon a bear-skin rug instead.

"Have you sex appeal?" we asked her, meanwhile fighting off the advances of her Great Dane dog.

"Down, Hamlet—for the present," she replied. Then, fixing us with her great black eyes—how very black one of them was, to be sure—with their elaborately marcelled lashes, she continued: "You've got a nerve asking me that, and I don't think I'll stand for it."

"But, my dear Miss Helio——"

"That dog of mine," she said absently, "has the most awful passion for interviewers. Why, once when a guy came up here to see me and got fresh asking me questions Hamlet didn't leave enough of him to send back to the magazine for identification. And *he* only asked me what was the name of my first husband."

It was the same with Jasmin Jones. This lovely little lady modestly disclaimed owning any such thing as sex appeal. "I don't," declared Miss Jones, "know what you mean. Besides, I really don't think that's a good line to take with my public. I want," she went on, her eyes shining with an almost maternal light, "I want, more than anything, to be popular with the kiddies out there in the audience."

Confronted with such admirable sentiments, what could I do? No, boys and girls, we'll have to figure this thing out all by our little selves. We'll get little or no help from our stars. It's one of those things they can't very well discuss above a whisper. It may be modesty; it may be the censors. But it's their idea of nothing to talk about—that is, for publication. In spite of the lack of co-operation, we may arrive at some conclusions from the capers of the cut-ups before the camera.



Q With little Clara Bow it's pep.

You know as well as I do that sex appeal is no mere matter of a few well-distributed beads. But what is it, anyway?

Mary Pickford isn't supposed to have it. She specializes in the portrayal of youth. Her appeal is of pathos, wistful charm—the appeal of childhood. But they call her "America's Sweetheart."

sans shirt—sex appeal personified. Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk" in the galley scenes was even more scantily clad; but, so far as I have heard, there has been no hue and cry over Milton's daring exposure of epidermis. Sex appeal!

I doubt if Mae Murray would admit that she has commercialized her sex appeal. If she hasn't, then neither has Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies." (Continued on page 88.)



Lillian Gish is another idol popularly acknowledged to be lacking in that commodity called sex appeal. Yet such cynics as James Branch Cabell, George Jean Nathan and Joseph Hergesheimer, all experts in analyzing feminine charm, have testified in print to Lillian's silversheet fascination. Maybe Lillian has always had sex appeal, but preferred to obscure it beneath a gossamer veil of spiritual delicacy. Did Duse have sex appeal?

Sex appeal and Rudolph Valentino seem to be synonymous. There may be a girl out in Moose City who has never written him a fan letter, but if there is it's because she doesn't know how to write. Husbands, fathers, and other low creatures couldn't see Rudie. He cost them too much in postage stamps. Rudie's picture always supplants their pictures on certain dressing tables. Then came "Monsieur Beaucaire," and with one low bow he won the world. The picture was popular with men as well as women—even children cry for it. Rudie, in the famous dressing room scene, appears in silk breeches

Q *Betty Compson does not depend upon her modiste to supply her with lure. The little old bus is full of it right now.*



Q *Colleen Moore in "So Big" has the irresistible*

Do American Girls



Elly and Kate Bitter in "The Magic Ring" were brought to America by Henry Savage direct from the Royal Opera House, Budapest. One of these girls has raised the standard of beauty very high, and certainly Hungary is well represented in the contest.



Mack Sennett's Exhibit. Left to right: Hazel Williams, Claire Cushman, Thelma Hill, Georgia Hale, Andree Bayley and Elsie Tarron. When we say Thelma Hill comes from Emporia, Kansas; the question of which country furnishes the prettiest hose supporters is indisputable.

Have *the* Prettiest Legs?



Little Marie Mosquini
Representing Mussolini
Sitting pretty, well aware
She can show a lovely pair.
—“Shakespeare.”

SCREENLAND tackles
a difficult problem

AT THE start-off it would seem that the young ladies of America have two good arguments to stand on in this discussion, but it is, obviously, a matter for experts and we are asking for volunteers who will travel from country to country to carry on this scientific study. When they report we will be glad to advise a waiting world.



Flora Le Breton, the
English beauty, soon to
be seen in “Lass O’
Laughter.” She ac-
quired the habit of
carrying the umbrella
during the London fogs,
dontcha know.

AN OPEN LETTER



As "Madame Sans Gene" Gloria Swanson has a rich opportunity, and what a red rag is to a bull, so is a rich opportunity to Gloria.



to GLORIA SWANSON

By Myron Zobel

DEAR GLORIA:

LAST month when I was in Paris you were making *Madame Sans Gene*. They were heralding that as your first costume picture. I know that you will make something charming and brilliant out of this romance of the great Napoleon's laundry woman. I know that you are gifted in the portraying of period parts because I remember the first time ever you performed one.

It was four years ago. And well I remember that night when you and Rudy Valentino and Walter Hiers and Conrad Nagel and I gathered together after the day's work was done in the little back dark stage of the Lasky lot in Hollywood. What a cast!

Oh, the fun we had over that play of mine—*Benvenuto Cellini*—with its old Italian costumes and its new American slang! You, Gloria, I remember—in a long trailing gown of gold brocade, with a sort of golden doughnut on your high-coiffed hair. It was a costume that we had picked up out of scraps and bits of things about the studio. But you looked beautiful in it. Regal. Every inch a Florentine lady worthy to be the loved one of the swagger Benvenuto.

And Conrad—in his golden wig.

And Walter. Dear fat, lovable, laughable Walter. In those red flannel tights and a doublet. How we roared when he came on with a broadsword three sizes too big for him.

And Rudy. Good old Rudy. That was before his many costume triumphs. Before *Blood and Sand*. The *Four Horsemen* alone stood to his credit then. He

(Continued on page 91)

Gloria Swanson, having conquered this part of the world, is now in Paris where her next film, "Madame Sans Gene," is nearing completion.



Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, Conrad Nagel and Walter Hiers in "Benvenuto Cellini." This was Gloria's first costume picture.

When MARY was

The days of Mary Pickford's childhood recalled by her former next door neighbor.

By Henry Thomas



Magistrate Jacob Cohen in whose shoe store Mary used to play.

THEY are filming "Cinderella" in Hollywood.

In Toronto, at Number 211 University Avenue, the tourists are gazing curiously at Cinderella's home.

Cinderella's home, where Gladys Smith was born.

Gladys Smith! You don't know her?

Yes, you do. Mary Pickford, queen of motion pictures, best known woman in the world.

Toronto was Mary Pickford's home town. She was born in a surprisingly tiny, old-fashioned brick

house on University Avenue, about half-way between Queen and College Streets. There are box vines on the window ledge, and a mere two-by-four lawn separates the house from the sidewalk. The home is within walking distance of the City Hall, on the very edge of Toronto's foreign quarter, where Kosher butcher shops and Italian grocery stores elbow one another and where swarthy children frisk in the streets.

The tourists' booklet refers to the Pickford homestead as "small," but it gives no hint that the place is as small as it really is. Actually, it looks more like a doll's house than a human dwelling. Just how insignificant are its

dimensions Douglas Fairbanks himself indicated when, after seeing the place last spring for the first time, he remarked humorously: "Mary gave me the impression that the house where she was born was larger. She herself was surprised at its size. I think she believes it has shrunk!"

In the house next door lives the James P. Riddle family, lifelong friends of the Smiths. Mrs. Riddle loves to talk of her former neighbors. "I first saw Gladys Smith—that is Mary's real name, you know—when she was only half an hour old," she tells, "and having been her next door neighbor as well as a girlhood chum of her mother—well, I guess I ought to know Mary Pickford about as thoroughly as any one.

"She and her mother paid



Mary Pickford as she looked a few weeks ago when she returned from Europe. She has lived Cinderella, and now she is to play it all over again.



The old home in Toronto where a little girl was born and grew up to become "Sweetheart" to all the world.

a LITTLE GIRL

Perhaps you know a youngster who shows the same touches of genius

us a delightful visit just before they sailed for Europe, even though they were in town only a few hours and had several important engagements to fill. Gladys and Lottie Smith—Lottie is her mother's name, you know—are not the kind that forget old friends. Fame and money haven't turned their heads in the least. Their attitude toward us hasn't changed a bit. When they lived here twenty or more years ago we were all just 'folks' together and we are still.

"The only difference I can see in Mary and her mother is that now they are very rich whereas formerly they were very poor. Mary's father was a steward on one of the Ontario lake steamers. When she was a baby he met with an accident and injured his head. He was unable to work for a long time and he finally died. After that the matter of supporting the family became a serious problem for Lottie.

"Mary was always different from other children. There was something about her—I hardly know how to describe it—that set her apart from the rest. Among other things, I remember how motherly she was. Yes, even as a child of five or six she was a regular little mother to the children she played with."

Then she added: "Lottie was wearing a magnificent diamond pin the day they were here. After I had expressed my admiration of it, she told me Mary gave it to her on her birthday, but that Mary never speaks of it as a diamond pin. She always refers to it as the 'Ice Trust.'"

Magistrate Jacob Cohen of the Toronto Police Courts is another old friend of the Smith family. Mention Mary Pickford, and a cordial smile spreads over his face.

"To begin at the beginning," he explains, "the Jacob Cohen that Mary Pickford—Gladys Smith, as she was then—knew as a child was not yet a magistrate. In those days, a score or more of years ago, I kept a shoe shop at Number 105 Queen Street West, which was in the same neighborhood where the Smiths lived.

"Gladys' father was dead and the family, consisting of the mother and her three children, was poor, extremely poor. The entire burden of supporting herself and the children was on Mrs. Smith's shoulders. She did it by clerking in a grocery store—Ryan's grocery, which was directly across the street from my shoe shop.

"Now ordinarily a mother with three young children who had to put in her days behind a counter would find her

hands full. But so far as Mrs. Smith was concerned she had a real helper in Gladys. Although she was only seven or eight years old at the time, she looked after her younger sister and brother while her mother was at work.

"Naturally the three children went frequently to Mr. Ryan's store to be with their mother. In fact, they were there a big part of the time. Mrs. Smith used to keep a sharp eye on them to see they didn't get into mischief," he continues, "but often they would give her the slip and disappear. When that happened, as likely as not she would find them in my shop.

"Yes, I liked to have the Smith children about. For one thing they were always such neatly dressed youngsters, Gladys particularly. 'Neat as a pin' describes her exactly. Neatness was a regular passion with her, even then. But that her little dresses and hats and shoes always looked so trim was due largely to Mrs. Smith's unselfish willingness to make sacrifices for her children. Mrs. Smith deserved great credit. She literally lived for Gladys, Lottie and Jack; her only ambition was to make them happy.

"But, after all, Gladys seemed to have been her mother's favorite.

Mrs. Smith could never do too much for her. I often told her I was afraid she would spoil the child. However, if the mother made sacrifices for her daughter in those difficult days the present Mary Pickford has more than repaid her.

"Mary Pickford was a born actress—and I firmly believe that all real actors and actresses are born rather than made," continues the magistrate. "I recognized her natural bent for acting in the very beginning. Indeed, there were many people in our neighborhood who did, and the child's unmistakable talent used to be a topic of frequent discussion among us. That was before she had ever appeared publicly in juvenile roles, of course.

"But when I say Mary was a born actress I mean especially that she was a born mimic. She did it cleverly, constantly, and entirely unconsciously. The faculty was purely instinctive with her, and it expressed itself as naturally and freely as the shining of the sun.

"She indulged her instinct whenever and wherever the spirit moved her and it did that many, many times when she was either with her mother in Mr. Ryan's grocery or happened to be paying me a visit across the street. It would have been strange indeed (Continued on page 93)

*Did you ever know any of the
motion picture stars?*

Tell us what kind of kids they
were when they were growing up.

Write us (we will pay you well) did Tommy
Meighan ever pull your pigtail or did you ever
play Post Office with Norma?

Was he a regular boy or a sissy?

Was she bashful or bold?

Was he brave or in the background?

Send your letters to:

The Editor, SCREENLAND

145 West 57th St.,

New York City.

New Screenplays

Reviewed by
Delight Evans

Best Performances of the Month:

GLENN HUNTER in
"The Silent Watcher"

BESSIE LOVE in
"The Silent Watcher"

TOM MOORE in
"Dangerous Money"

Best Screenplays of the Month:

"The Silent Watcher"
"Hot Water"

AFTER dedicating its little self for years and years to the glorification of the bold, brave hero, the screen has at last decided to give a thought, or a reel or two, to the under-dog. *The Silent Watcher* has a hero who is just an average, commonplace, middle-class American young man—one of the many to whom director Frank Lloyd seriously tenders his latest production.

Q Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love in "The Silent Watcher," doing the best work of their careers.



Q Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick in "The Border Legion," one of Zane Grey's pretty little orgies of the great west.

If Lloyd's *The Sea Hawk* was a super-production, then I am at a loss as to how to classify *The Silent Watcher*. It wasn't presented in a great, big, special theatre; it had no prologue; it lacked the widespread publicity campaigns which sponsored the Sabatini romance. But it manages to be, all by itself, a very fine picture. In its first few quiet reels it is very nearly great.

That involves a lot of explanation. The first reels concern themselves with the home-life of two ordinary young lovers who behave so naturally that their counterparts in the audience probably won't recognize themselves. It is later on that the picture gets all excited and melodramatic. But the young lovers continue to be themselves, convincing you that the melodrama might happen to all of us, too.

The plot—yes, it has a plot, but don't let that prejudice you—can't be told without risking your enjoyment of *The Silent Watcher*; and I wouldn't do that for anything. I can, however, let you in on the fact that although the cast is not labelled all-star, it actually is, with Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love doing the best work of their careers—and I am not forgetting Glenn's Merton when I say that; or Bessie's performance in



Q Rita Rossi is statuesquely personable as the other girl.



Q Renee Adoree is piquant and pretty as the girl in "The Bandolero," a story of old Madrid.

Those Who Dance. Hunter showed signs for a while of letting *Merton of the Movies* keep him from becoming a bigger and a better actor. But now—why, he steps right out and chews up the scenery. I don't know any other young man who could keep your sympathy through all the harrowing things that happen to him. He isn't ridiculous even in his night-shirt.

And Bessie—well, she's so perfect as a skeptical young wife that you want to shake her at times. And the little Love usually inspires only the more tender emotions. Then there is Hobart Bosworth, giving a finely repressed portrait; and the luscious Alma Bennett as a musical comedy queen; and DeWitt Jennings, our meanest detective, sneering as only he can sneer. I like to think that this, not *The Sea Hawk*, is what Frank Lloyd really considers his super-production. As far as I am concerned, it is.

A BOLD, BAD PICTURE

IN STRIKING contrast, if you know what I mean, we have *The Border Legion*, one of Zane Grey's pretty little orgies of the great west. This, boys and girls, is a reversion to the primitive, before the movies began to crawl; when, in fact, censors were still swinging from limb to limb and uttering guttural cries. *The Border Legion* actually has titles along these lines: "Go, girl, before it is too late."

I am the ^{and} best fan in the world to object to a good, rousing, old-fashioned western, at times; I was sorry to see



Q Manuel Granada and Renee Adoree in "The Bandolero." "It is Manuel Granada, however, who leaves the most satisfactory impression."

Bill Hart leave the lot, and I am thinking of forming a committee to appoint Bill's successor—but I prefer a little sweetness and light mixed with my murders. *The Border Legion* has plenty of murders, but little or no sweetness and light. It is, if you must know the truth, a protracted attempt on the part of at least six cow-gentlemen to "get" Helene Chadwick. While Helene cowers in the corner Rockcliffe Fellowes and Antonio Moreno and other less important he-men cut the yards for her, and fight for her, with lots of leers thrown in. Inasmuch as the electricians outside have already appointed Moreno as Miss Chadwick's co-star, there is practically no suspense to speak of. And—not that it matters—but I want to go on record as saying that this is the only picture I have seen in months that I would like to set the censors' dogs on.

BILL DESMOND'S EYEBROWS

EVERYTHING else in the first four chapters of a new western serial, *The Riddle Rider*, pales into insignificance beside William Desmond's eyebrows. They are the most magnificent set of eyebrows I have seen since the old Sennett days. Which is not to say that Mr. Desmond is funny. He has much on his mind, and his eyebrows, as the dual-role hero of this chapter-thriller.

While I am not contemplating leaving the dear home duties flat to rush to view the next chapters of *The Riddle Rider*, I am sure there are others who will. After all, there is some good riding, Helen Holmes as the villainess—and there are always those eyebrows.



Q Norma Talmadge in "The Only Woman." She blazes with ability.



Q Eugene O'Brien as the worthless husband redeems himself in the eyes of Norma.



Q Norma Talmadge and Winters Hall, who plays the part of her father in "The Only Woman."

SPANISH LOVE—AND HATE

OF ALL THE directors who went abroad to absorb foreign atmosphere I think Tom Terriss has had the best results. He went all the way to Spain to film *The Bandolero*, and while he has not produced any Zuloaga portraits he has somehow ground into his cameras what must be the breath of Spain—certainly it isn't Hollywood, or Fort Lee. Anyway, it is atmosphere, and that's what he went to get. The story is Spanish and the players, mostly from Broadway, seem to be Spanish, too; and it isn't just their shawls and pigtailed and combs, either. Gustave von Seyffertitz is so good as a "Spanish grandee" that he could very easily have been put over as a native actor. Little Renee Adoree is piquant and pretty as the girl; Rita Rossi statuesquely personable as the other girl; and Pedro de Cordoba is, o. la.arse, right at home.



Q *Mary Astor, Hope Hampton and Harrison Ford in "The Price of a Party."*

It is Manuel Granada, however, who leaves the most satisfactory impression. Here, again, was a chance for the publicity boys to announce a newcomer—a real matador of Madrid. Granada is handsome and he is distinguished; so unconscious of the camera that I couldn't believe he had ever been a striving extra. He is back in Hollywood now; and God help him. Some one, possibly Mr. Terriss, deserves congratulation; for it must be hard to make a picture like *The Bandolero* look like anything except a masquerade.

THE ONLY WOMAN

AS THERE are a few million people who agree that Norma Talmadge lives up to the title, there will doubtless be loud and prolonged applause occasioned by her latest picture. And why not? Of course, if you go with your mind made up beforehand to hoot or hiss you will find enough to occupy you, for it is all old, old stuff. But it is old stuff all dressed up, and so well dressed that at times you will have difficulty in recognizing it.

Yes—Norma marries a worthless millionaire's son—it should be the other way around—but anyway—to save her father from wiping out his speculations and his brains at the same time. She guarantees to reform him—no, no, *not* her father—and does so, though it costs her much peace of mind, a perfectly lovely marcel, and—almost—her honor. You know, for instance, that one of the crew of the yacht is going to bide his time and try to seize the heroine; and when they run into that "bad blow" you realize that there has to be a struggle. But somehow or other, there is suspense and thrill throughout. The waves run high, and so does the excitement. Eugene O'Brien as the husband thwarts the hefty sailor and pitches him overboard. And then—but you have guessed the rest already.

Norma has never looked more beautiful; she blazes with ability, jewels, and golden gowns; and makes the only woman

a gal worth fighting for. There are two fathers in this picture, and I really don't know which one made me laugh the heartier. The standard movie mothers have been kidded almost off the screen. Let's take a crack at the portly papas who are always marrying off their beautiful daughters to save their own honor and avoirdupois.

WITHOUT MUSIC

I DIDN'T know when I went to see a private screening of *The Madonna of the Streets* that Milton Sills had purchased a Rolls-Royce car. But I got that general impression, if you follow me. He acted just that way. When, as a fighting parson of the London slums, he appears with a potted lily in his hand to brighten Nazimova's room, I felt that something was the matter. Of course, it would take a very excellent actor to be convincing in a scene like that. But Mr. Sills didn't seem to have his mind on his work. He must have been thinking of that bright and shiny new "Rolls," as we call them



Q *Alla Nazimova in "The Madonna of the Streets."*



Q Bebe Daniels and Tom Moore in "Dangerous Money." Like a good, home-cooked dinner after a dressed up dish with a French name.

—oh, do we?—waiting for him outside the studio gates.

It may be I do our dear friend Mr. Sills a grave injustice. Perhaps he fancied himself as the little savior of the slums even less than I did. But with a Rolls-Royce waiting he isn't apt to admit it. I don't own even a flivver, so I am. It makes it awfully easy for me. Expensive cars do complicate things so, don't you think? Anyway, all the official opinions up at the office which issued Nazimova's return photodrama coincided. *The Madonna*, they all said, was one of those 100% pictures—one of the fewer and better—I wish it was true about the "fewer." And when I said as I was leaving the projection room that to my mind *The Madonna of the Streets* was an even bigger howl than the other laugh-fest of the month, *Hot Water*, I was informed frostily that a critic shouldn't see a film in a projection room where there was no music, no lighting effects, and no atmosphere, save that provided by the black cigars of the semi-executives. If I had felt that way I could have answered them right back that I had seen *Tol'able David* in a dismal projection room and cried tears of pure joy, leaving to tell the world, or that part of it which would listen, that Dick had made a great picture. But I didn't want to hurt their feelings. I do so want to help Mr. Sills to keep up that motor. I thought Nazimova in her own *Salome* was a wow, a knock-out, and a bird. It may have been a classic, but I loved it. Nazimova stood for something. The trouble was that a lot of people wouldn't stand for her. So she went away for a while. Then she came back. And while I wish I could get up on a chair and lead the cheering for her return, I can't do it and retain my membership in the Girls' Scouts. And I want to be in their parade. Alla is great—or was. She may be still. But not in this picture. The story is *The Christian*—revamped. My word, what that poor man

has gone through! (I love libels myself, but SCREENLAND has outgrown them; so perhaps I'd better add that *The Madonna* is not really *The Christian* warmed over, but a W. B. Maxwell tale. They have many common things in common, that's all.) Nazimova gives a clean performance—and that's the true, as Potash or Perlmutter would avow. She is shown by Director Edwin Carewe about to enter her bath, and about to leave her bath. I never saw any Sennett girl so wet. She does it all to win Milton and his money. Successful, she pulls the old stuff and really falls in love with him. And then—but who am I to finish this for you? See for yourself. At first Nazimova seems to be impersonating Mae Murray. Then she has a moment or two of real emotion, and not when she gets the lily, either. But the shortcomings of the story keep her from exhibiting those talents which she showed us in *Revelation* and *Salome*. I'm giving her the benefit of the doubt because the direction is of the old, obvious sort which insults you by diagramming scenes which are bad enough without blue-prints.

Mr. Sills gives another of his synthetic performances. He has acquired a certain gesture which he overworks throughout this photoplay. It is a



broad, sweeping gesture which is used on many occasions. Perhaps he is practicing it to use when he says, "Home, James."

MORE DARN FUN!

I DON'T really prefer corn beef and cabbage to caviar. But I would rather have the real thing, even if it's cheap, than a pretentious imitation. And *Dangerous Money* is just like a good, home-cooked dinner after a dressed-up dish with a French name. I don't know why, but I liked it better than any picture I saw for this month. Maybe I liked it because Tom Moore is the leading man; because as the belligerent young Irish lover of the high-hat heroine he orders beer when he can have Moselle and says when he sits on a Pekingese dog, "That has been sat on before. Look at its face."

Somehow it doesn't sound so funny when I tell it. But if you don't fall for Tom, who, by the way, is never called "Tommy," you're a better man than I am—don't go in. Bebe Daniels is there, too—incidentally, it is her picture—her first starring picture for Paramount. And in spite of the fact that Bebe has her name in electrics on Broadway for the first time, she proves she is a good scout and a good actress as well as a beauty by just being herself and refusing to "act." Frank Tuttle, the director, Tom and Bebe give good imitations of three young people having a whale of a time—not caring if they collect their salaries or not. Proving, no doubt, they are all good troupers.

Just a simple story—sometimes *very* simple. Just the wayward romance of two stubborn kids. But somebody—scenarioist, director, star—has kept the tongue-in-the-cheek all the time, never permitting even an Italian prince or a fire scene to subdue the old sense of humor. And if that isn't an achievement, I'd like to know what it is.

Bebe, here's to you. Keep it up, kid—listen to grandma and your director, and never grow up. And hey—Bebe—if I were you, when I said my prayers at night, I'd ask Mr. Lasky to let you have Tom Moore opposite you again.



Q Harold Lloyd and Josephine Crowell in "Hot Water." It is short, smart and snappy.

TO HELL WITH DANTE

NO, NO—don't misunderstand. I'm only quoting. Outside the theatre in Manhattan where this picture played was blazoned: "Thru Hell with Dante on the Road to Happiness." So of course we all went in. Didn't you?

I don't know whether to say this is a great cold-weather feature or not. But I have it on good authority that it is hot stuff. Fox has, as usual, made the most of the material at hand; and anything that Dante left out was written or writhed in. There are scores of snappy tormented souls being tossed about by the cutest little devils. Everybody, it seemed, went to—er, that is—well, Hell. We're talking about it, aren't we? Nobody, I regret to say, had a good time. All of the musical-comedy ideas about hades are shattered. Very few would care to pack up their sins and go to the devil after witnessing Mr. Fox's expose of that fiery gentleman's personal apartments—not even with Cleopatra present.

There is another candidate here for the title of the meanest man in the world. Ralph Lewis, mind you, refuses to subscribe to orphans' asylums, to improve tenements, or even to help out good old Joseph Swickard in an hour of need. So Swickard—remember him as the courtly Desnoyers of *The Four Horsemen*?—presents him with a copy of the *Inferno* to get even with him, and with Dante. And then the fun begins. There are genuinely in-



Q "Dante's Inferno" is good entertainment.

interesting scenes in Henry Otto's cinema conception of the devil's domain; in fact, *Dante's Inferno* is good, if uneven, entertainment.

By the way, the actor who plays Dante stalks about his inferno with a rather uneasy expression. I wonder what his expression would have been if he had wandered into the modern portion of the story? But as I was saying, there is every excuse in the world, or the nether regions, for the somewhat Sennettesque lady-souls who pose picturesquely when Mr. Dante isn't looking.

IN HOT WATER WITH HAROLD

AS THERE is no photoplay of the frozen north with which to cool our fevered optics, we might as well remain par-boiled and laugh it off with Harold Lloyd.

Harold has certainly done right by me with *Hot Water*. Well, of course I don't claim to be entirely responsible for this latest picture of his; but I didn't like *Girl Shy* and came right out and said so. No; he didn't send me a box of California oranges. He just gave me a reproachful look, when he was in New York not so long ago, and said he hoped I'd like his new comedy, *Hot Water*, a little better. He probably meant he hoped I'd hate it and say so; because *Girl Shy*, contrary to my expressed aversion, simply cleaned up—played weeks and weeks on the Main Stem, as every New Yorker from the middle-west loves to call Broadway, and is still standing 'em up all over the country. Naturally, Harold values my opinion.

I'm sorry, Mr. Lloyd; but I really liked *Hot Water*. It's your best since *Safety Last*—it's short, smart and snappy. And your own characterization of a helpless young husband among the in-laws, sketched in a few sure strokes, is a darn sight more likeable and human than the long-drawn-out oil painting you gave us of the girl-shy hero. Your adventure with your first flivver could happen to any newly-spliced youngsters; is happening right now; and they won't mind laughing with you at their own caricatures. They will, in fact, be flattered. Every girl would like to look like Jobyna Ralston—eh, girls? And some—or should I say a very few?—young men are going to see themselves in Harold's regals demonstrating that a mother-in-law's place is in the home—her own.

But it is not purely as propaganda that *Hot Water* is designed. It's all in fun. It has all the flavor of the old Lloyd pictures—such as *A Sailor-Made Man*; and some of the spontaneity which has been sadly lacking in the later Lloydisms. And it has the first intelligent turkey I have ever seen off a Thanksgiving dinner-table. Mack Sennett will doubtless see and sign it for a series of stellar roles.

Well, Harold, the laugh may be on me. And then again, when you think of all the money *Girl Shy* made, after I



Gloria Swanson and Eclen Sayer in "Her Love Story." Gloria gives her part life, pathos and charm.

said those mean things about it—well, it may be on you. Ha-ha, Harold.

DEAR OLD DEBURAU

IF WE put our bobbed heads together, you and I might be able to think up a few actors we would like to see portray the roles of *Deburau* and *Camille*. And it is a pretty safe bet that we would never hit on Monte Blue and Marie Prevost for said roles.



Q Ricardo Cortez, Vera Reynolds, Rod La Rocque and Robert Edeson in "Feet of Clay."

But even if we kept our heads together until it was time to go to the barber's for a new shingle, it is doubtful if we would think up two troupers who would play the parts so sincerely as those two aforesaid and above-mentioned young persons. Monte and Marie are a great team; and they give themselves gallantly to the cause of immortalizing *Deburau* in the gelatines.

I am not one of those who thinks that every play put on by David Belasco is a masterpiece or a work of genius. But *Deburau* was a very nice, well-ordered drama; and I liked Lionel Atwill in the title role. When Warner Brothers bought it for the screen it was one of those occasions for mumblings and head-shakings. I saw no cause for alarm. Suppose *Deburau* was massacred, out there on a movie lot? I would be in on the holiday.

And I still maintain that there was no occasion for hue-and-cry. *Deburau*, a nice drama, so remains upon the screen. It has received intelligent and painstaking treatment; and if it emerges a somewhat uninspired photoplay, it is not the fault of the hard-working co-stars.

After all, why shouldn't Marie Prevost play Camille? Marie is French. Marie is the outstanding actress of coquettes on the screen. She is inimitable. She doesn't seem quite her usual pert and piquant self with her hair slicked back and her expressive twinkle turned off; but all the more credit to the child that she made Camille, if not a glamorous lady, at least a pathetic and plausible heroine. We want our Camilles to be lily-like and languorous. Maybe

she wasn't. Maybe she looked like Marie. But whether you approve of Marie or protest, you must admit she made a good fight.

So did Monte. Young Mr. Blue gave his best to *Deburau*; and in at least two scenes he presents an impressive and poignant portrait. His *Deburau* of later days is an honest effort, and deserves applause. Shudders from Sacha Guitry, *Deburau's* original parent? Perhaps. But I think you will be rather proud of Monte and Marie.

GLORIA AGAIN

SPEAKING of sincere performances, here's another. Add to your list of remarkably versatile actresses—how many have you now, two?—none other than Gloria Swanson, who offers *Her Love Story* as proof. Following *Manhandled*, this Mary Roberts Rinehart story fails to keep up the pace Miss Swanson set for herself. It's just a nice picture—oh, very well upholstered in the usual Dwan fashion, and packed with talent—but nothing to stand in line to see.

However, it has Gloria—a new Gloria. Like Valentino, Gloria is a film phenomenon. The camera gives her a unique glamor and a positively thrilling personality which invests any picture in which she appears with witchery. *Her Love Story* is no exception. A sob-sister part—and Gloria gives it life; pathos; charm. I have never seen her so sincere as in those scenes with her baby. She was motherhood incarnate.

If you like to see her do her tricks you won't like this Gloria. And this one isn't Exhibit A. But as an indication that the screen is rapidly developing another actress of actual power and depth, I hand to you on behalf of Messrs. Lasky and Zukor—who will, I am sure, be deeply grateful for the service—*Her Love Story*.

Did you say something, Mr. Lasky? Oh, yes—while I am broadcasting I am requested to add that Miss Swanson's next picture will be *The Wages of Virtue*.

REVIEWS in BRIEF

By Martin B. Dickstein

WELCOME STRANGER—*Producers Dist. Corp.*—*Welcome Stranger* made a mighty fine play, and it was one of the outstanding successes of a theatrical season not so long ago. It is no less an outstanding success of the current season in the cinema. With *Dore Davidson* in the role which George Sidney made famous on the stage, the film version retains all the homely appeal, the touching pathos and the wholesome comedy which centered around the character of Isador Solomon in the original production.

However, there is one thing in *Welcome Stranger* as a screenplay which is a little beyond our usually uncritical comprehension. And that is the interpolation of what appears to be totally irrelevant business—Christian Science. There was no mention of Science in the play as Aaron Hoffman wrote it, and there seems to be no crying need for the Science influence in the picture. It all has a tendency to cloak a perfectly good story in the shrouds of propaganda. In that, the screen version of *Welcome Stranger* evinces its single weakness. We'll concede *Director James Young* his point, though, and admit that Christian Science with its theory of universal love and good will might have had something to do with Isador Solomon's tolerance of his persecutors. *Florence Vidor* plays Mary Clark and *Virginia Browne Faire* is seen as Essie Solomon. *William V. Mong* also contributes an excellent performance in the role of Clem Beemis.

THE GO-GETTERS—*F. B. O.*—After *The Telephone Girl* series, one would naturally expect a sequel in the shape of *Tillie, the Telegrapher* or the *Romance of Radio Rose*. Thus, we have *The Go-Getters*, a really delightful series of two-reel railroad yarns with Alberta Vaughn in the role of Peggy Davis, telegraph operator, and pretty enough to knock even the fireman of the Inglewood local for a row of dots and dashes.

The first of this new F. B. O. series is titled *Getting Going* in which are contained all the natural harbingers of what the well dressed two-reel funny pictures will wear this season. No. 2 is called *In the Knicker Time* and realizes all the promises which George Marion, Jr., the author, had made in the first installment. We can say at least one thing in favor of *The Go-Getters*: this



Q Gladys Hulette in "Ridin' Kid From Powder River."

series gets what it sets out for—the laughs.

RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER—*Universal*—When the scenario writers out in Universal City find themselves short on program features and the prop department long on six quart hats and leather chaps, there is always some one ready to oblige with a western special and *Hoot Gibson* is ordered to report next morning with make-up. That's just

the sort of picture *The Ridin' Kid From Powder River* seems to be—a filler in. The story is written in the period when western cattle barons were warring with the nesters or Government landholders for possession of valuable grazing land in the Southwest. But why Raymond L. Schrock, the scenarist, laid the plot in the locale of an arid Arizona desert when the bone of contention apparently was rich pasture land for large herds of Texas longhorns is past the understanding of even so credulous a movie fan as we are. What, then, was all the shootin' for when Arizona cactus land was going for 98 cents an acre?

Hoot Gibson's acting, as demonstrated in this film, is gradually attaining something akin to finesse. Hoot is playing with a lot more restraint than he has ever shown before. Perhaps, with better direction and given a few vehicles with a shade of intelligence, he might achieve



Q Sigrid Holmquist and Lionel Barrymore in "Meddling Women."

"The SNOB"

with
PHYLLIS HAVER
and
JOHN GILBERT

*A drama of life in society and
the cross pull of scandal
and money*

Phyllis Haver proves that her beautiful legs and big grey eyes are NOT the secret of her success.



R

b.



John Gilbert plays the calculating social lion in "The Snob."

“*A Lost Lady*”

With Irene Rich



Q *Married and unhappy, Irene is pulled down by a love that will not be denied.*



Q *The “Lost Lady” finds a haven fair in Matt Moore’s arms.*



Q *Matt Moore as Niel Herbert, the idealistic lover in “A Lost Lady.”*

"SANDRA"

with Barbara La Marr
and Bert Lytell



Q Sandra as the affectionate and home-loving wife.



Q Sandra — the exotic — the central figure of La Flamme's costume ball in Paris.



Q Bert Lytell as David.



Q Barbara La Marr as "Sandra."

Q Sandra's wanderings take her to the heights of glory, the depths of degradation, and back to her adoring husband.

22

CLASSMATES" *With* RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Richard Barthelmess lives up to the traditions of West Point, and gets his commission in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles.



Madge Evans as Sylvia Randolph and Richard Barthelmess as Duncan Irving, Jr., in "Classmates."

Duncan succeeds in getting his name on Sylvia's dance card often enough to convince his rival.

"The Lost World"

From the book by SIR CONAN DOYLE with
BESSIE LOVE and WALLACE BEERY



Q Bessie Love adventures to the Amazon country.

Q The excitement rises to the highest pitch by means of rope ladders.

Q The heart of South America and the heart of Lloyd Hughes filmed at one shot.



Q Bessie and ... of your ancestors.



Q Virginia Brown Faire — fairer than ever as a native of "The Lost World."



Q Wallace Beery heads the expedition into the jungle.

JACKIE COOGAN

in

"The Rag Man"

Rags are royal
raiment for Jackie,
King of Kids



Q Jackie Coogan as the "senior" member of the firm of "Kelly & Ginsberg."



Q Jackie Coogan and Max Davidson as "Kelly & Ginsberg, dealers in High Class Junk" in "The Rag Man."

Q The Rag Man makes a weighty decision and takes Jackie for a partner.

"The Lighthouse by the Sea"

with
LOUISE FAZENDA,
BUSTER COLLIER
and RIN-TIN-TIN



Q Rin-Tin-Tin, after his battle with the man-eating shark.



Q Buster Collier, Charles Hill Mailes, and Louise Fazenda look to Rin-Tin-Tin for assistance in outwitting the rum-runners.



Q Louise Fazenda as "Flora Gale" rescues Albert Dorn, played by Buster Collier.

Dramaland

By Myron Zobel

CORT THEATRE, October 6, 1924—Hurry to Gotham, Mr. George Fitzmaurice, for Arthur Richman has written a play for you. It is all about France and Italy—so full of that “so French atmosphere” which you reproduce so well. And it is called *The Far Cry*. Here is the story as I seem to see it on the screen:

Reel One—Claire Marsh is rapidly going to the dogs in Paris. She has just divorced her good-for-nothing young tango-partner of a husband and has declared herself as believing that marriage is a bore and can be gotten along without—with the help of the right sort of man of the wrong sort. (Of course Pauline Garon should play this part.) The right sort of man does come along. He is Dick Clayton and when I tell you that he is like Richard Dix you will understand what happened in

Reel Two—Claire's father (I guess that would be Alec Frances) comes over from New York to keep his daughter from marrying Clayton, whom he has heard is a waster. Clayton proposes but Claire refuses him because, as she says, she “loves him too much to marry him.” But she agrees to go with him to Florence where he has rented a studio. (I forgot to tell you that Dick was an artist. I

thought you'd know that, seeing he lived in Paris.) Dick is quite sensible about it all and agrees to the experiment.

Reel Three—Of course Claire and Dick are ideally happy in Florence, and Dick does the best work of his career. (It should be noted here that Dick does *not* use Claire as the model for a painting which is hung in the Louvre.) But the snake in the grass enters here in the form of one Count Filippo Sturani (probably Ricardo Cortez will suggest to you what I mean). Claire flirts innocently with the Count but Dick misunderstands (how sensitive those artist-fellows are!) and a scene ensues. Claire's father arrives just in time to see his daughter packing up to keep a rendezvous-for-spite with the Count.

Reel Four—This reel and the next one would probably be filled with scenes of wild abandon at Deauville, Monte Carlo and Biarritz in which Claire—followed by the infatuated Count—seeks to drown all memory of her lost lover in roulette chips and champagne. At the end of Reel Five she would strike the Count across the face with her golden slipper—from which he at that moment was attempting to drink an obscene toast—and return to Paris.

Last Reel—Father would be waiting up when Claire ar-



Q Marie Marcelline in “Artists and Models.”



Q Ed Wynn and the Four Powder Puff Girls in “The Grab Bag.”



Q Bonna O'Dear in “The Passing Show of 1924.”

A movie writer hunts on Broadway to catch the little movies while they're young.

rives at Paris. Comes a beautiful scene in which father tells his daughter that living abroad is what is ruining her. It is a "far cry" from the sweetness and purity of debutante life in America. If you will come back with me we will start all over again. And would you believe me, she goes!

NATIONAL THEATRE, October 20, 1924—
When Joe Schenck walked out of the theatre at the end of the third act (there being four) at the opening night of *Ashes* I knew that another good play was lost to the movies—at least temporarily. But perhaps I was just overwhelmed by the emotional power of Florence Reed's acting in this play by Reginald Goode. I think, since Norma Talmadge won't take it, I should like to see Dorothy Phillips try it. Now that sounds like a strange choice, doesn't it? But do you know the sweet kind of woman that is Dorothy? Have you read of her overpowering love for her child, of the devotion to the memory of her dead husband, Allen Holubar? And now here's the story of *Ashes*. I will scenarize it for you.

Reel One—It is a little actor's boarding house in Birmingham, England. Marjorie Lane is the name of the actress. Rupert Best is her husband. They have a baby girl, and Marjorie has turned down starring contracts in America in order not to be deprived of her child. But the doctor declares that the child must have the fresh air of the country to save its life. So Marjorie Lane goes to America to fill her starring contract.

Reel Two—Her name in electric lights on Broadway, Marjorie Lane is opening in New York to an assured triumph. Her husband, whom she loves, is there with her, but her child, whom she adores, is not. A cable arrives; her child has been drowned. Miss Reed's acting of this strong emotional scene is superb. Not to wipe your eyes when the curtain fell was to be conspicuous—and conspicuous in an audience composed largely of men.

Reel Three—Marjorie Lane has wealth, success, fame. In her beautiful country home her husband and her little sister are living with her. In fact, on her. For her actor husband has ceased acting. His time is devoted to attempting the seduction of his wife's little sister. (Marjorie Daw might play the sister, and Lowell Sherman would do perfectly for the worthless husband, provided he wouldn't burlesque his own part too much, as he has a habit of doing.)

Reel Four—Marjorie discovers her husband—whom she has always trusted—in a compromising situation with her sister. Her sister confesses her guilty conduct in leading him on and says that they love one another. Marjorie she accuses of having not been a good wife as she also



© Katharine Cornell in David Belasco's production "Tiger Cats."

accuses her of having not been a good mother. For the best of her always has gone to the theatre.

Reel Five—Marjorie now finds everything turned to ashes in her mouth. She cancels her theatre contract and prepares to sail for Europe. But before she goes she convinces her little sister of the truly perfidious nature of her husband by concealing her behind a curtain while her husband is telling her his own version of the affair.

Reel Six—The play ends there. But I should like to see Marjorie return from Europe a couple of years later, her sister having married some scoundrel abroad (it would serve her right). Then, having sacrificed daughter, husband, sister and wealth to the theatre I would have her return to the stage, only to find herself neglected by the theatrical managers and forgotten by the public. I would have her commit a magnificent stage suicide at that point—having tasted bitter ashes to the bitter end. But then I am an habitually morose and melancholy fellow with a very real passion for tragedy.

GARRICK THEATRE, October 13, 1924—William de Mille was born to make the play I saw tonight into a picture. I refer to Molnar's comedy, *The Guardsman*. If Leatrice Joy is very, very good and will promise not to try any of the tricks that brother Cecil taught her he might give her the part of "The Actress"—played on the stage so exquisitely by Lynn Fontanne. And I see no reason why Adolphe Menjou (apparently the only sophisticated actor on the screen) should not play the part of "The Actor" which Alfred Lunt before the footlights made so deliciously entertaining. Here is the Why, (Continued on Page 88)



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Carmelita Geraghty

*Inspiring Jack Dempsey in his
movie series, "Fight and Win."*



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Just completed "Merton of the Movies" and "Open All Night," and will next be seen in "Lord Chumley."

Viola Dana



Agnes Ayres

Whose latest picture is "A Story Without A Name" and who will next be seen in "Worldly Goods", Pat O'Malley playing opposite

Apple Sauce

By

Robert Cyril O'Brien

As THIS promises to be a severe winter, Dante's *Inferno* should play to packed houses everywhere.

A few words concerning the author of the piece:

Dante Alighieri was an Italian poet. He was born in 1265 and died in 1321. He is therefore a good deal older than Christopher Columbus, but younger than Santa Claus.

It took Dante more than six hundred years to get his name in lights on Broadway. But he got it there eventually; that is the thing that really counts.

* * *

To THOSE who have never read George Eliot's novel, the title *Romola* is puzzling. After all, who, what or where is or was *Romola*? It sounds to us like the name of a Spanish general, or a soft drink, or something like that. We'll have to go see the picture and become enlightened.

Romola is one of the two novels by George Eliot which we haven't read, the other being *Silas Marner*. We were supposed to read the latter in school; it was part of the course of study. We never did get to it. We can offer this excuse, however, for not having perused *Romola*—our school teacher was not as pretty as Lillian Gish.

* * *

ERIC VON STROHEIM is directing Mae Murray in Metro-Goldwyn's *Merry Widow*. At this writing it has not been decided who is to waltz the part of Prince Danilo.

It will be a long time before Eric's *Blind Husbands* will be forgotten. Many still remember the billposters used to advertise the production. There were several heads shown, and each head had its eyes bandaged. Well, what we are trying to get at is this: The men who posed for those posters have since slipped the bandages from their eyes down to their mouths and have obtained employment posing for pyorrhea ads.

* * *

WE LEARN that Tom Meighan's next will be entitled *Bed Rock*. Gosh, we thought it was only cradles that rocked!

* * *

ACCORDING TO William Fox *The Iron Horse* isn't running—it's galloping.

* * *

RAH! RAH! RAH! The action of Harold Lloyd's next release will take place on a college campus.

* * *

SCHULBERG PRODUCTIONS is busy on *Capital Punishment*.

While we have no advance dope at hand, we imagine the plot of the picture to be something like this:

Ann Noyes, a beautiful but dumb damsel, attends the movies with her little niece, who asks that the titles be read aloud to her. Ann thoughtlessly complies with the request, much to the annoyance of the by-sitters. Finally, a man sitting directly in front of Ann, unable to control himself longer, turns around and strangles the young lady.

The man is immediately arrested and indicted, but shows no remorse for his deed.

Although public sentiment seems to favor an acquittal, the unfortunate man is convicted and sentenced to death by the Governor.

A petition, signed by millions of movie fans, is brought to the attention of the Governor, who is attending the movies at the time. He gets up and goes out just in the middle of the love scene, and the patrons in that row rise and slaughter him. This makes the hero governor by the law of acquittal.

* * *

THE SCREEN is to have another star. None other than Peggy Hopkins Joyce herself. The Countess Morner (for that is her latest name) is to be starred in eight pictures.

The countess is known wherever newspaper headlines and Sunday supplements are read. If all newspaper items relating to her had been clipped and collected and pasted into scrapbooks, the paste manufacturing companies would be declaring dividends now.

Movie work will be new to Peggy. Heretofore she has confined her acting to the legitimate and the courts.

* * *

WHAT MOST any director would like for Christmas: A *Covered Wagon*.

* * *

WHEN YOU sit in a comfortable chair in your favorite theatre and rapturously gaze upon your idol cavorting across the silver sheet, do you ever stop to think of the producer and the part he plays in the star's success?

Actors are very temperamental; that is their privilege. What is the use of being talented if you can't be erratic at the same time? Producers appreciate this and always sort of kid the actors along. They realize that it is for the actor's good that they do so. They also know that stars frequently underestimate their box office value and popularity. That is what makes it so difficult for a producer to get a star to accept remuneration commensurate with his or her value.

When a producer attempts to sign a star, the conversation runs something like this:

"How does ten thousand a week strike you?"

"As ridiculous. I fear you do not speak my language."

"Well, five thousand, then? That is as low as I can possibly go. You'll have to accept that!"

"Absurd. You know darned well I am not worth anything near that."

"I'll make you one more offer; if you don't accept it, by golly, I'll find some one who will. Three thousand a week! Take it or leave it!"

"All right, if you insist—but I don't know what I'll ever do with so much money!"

Gossip from SCREENLAND

By H. B. K. Willis

THAT "The Toast of Broadway" today may be in the breadline tomorrow is a truism which is borne out by the present day plight of Frankie Bailey, who, in "Naughty Naught" in 1900, was dubbed the queen of Burleyque. Dad well remembers Frankie's pictures plastered on the billboards about town, the focus of masculine and ladies-aid eyes. The younger bloods of the dawning century used to buy a certain brand of what they termed "coffin nails" just because a picture of Frankie in tights was sure to be found in the box of cigarettes.

Frankie is now appearing at the Metro-Gold-



And Frankie Bailey as the toast of the town when that meant something.

Frankie Bailey beginning all over again in motion pictures.

1508-110



Q Tommy Meighan only smiles when he means it. Perhaps that is the reason he has a most attractive smile on the screen.

wyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, a suburb of Hollywood, as an extra. For almost a year the once famous dancer faced casting director after casting director futilely. They had never heard of her though she once shared equal honors with Lillian Russell as the most beautiful woman on the American stage.

She has a small role in "Excuse Me" and is hopeful that

she may be able to break into the flickers. A semblance of the figure that used to call down maledictions from blue-stockinged females glimpsing gaudy lithographs of her in tights remains to Frankie, but in the place of the old gaiety of the burleyque queen of years ago fortitude now reigns.

"All I want is a chance to make good," she declares. "Let them just give me one chance. I'm not sensitive. If I fail I want them to tell me so, and I'll quit."

Which goes to show Dad's admiration was lavished upon a good little trouper at that.

There are about 10,000 girls in round figures who would like to work in pictures. (Add ciphers to suit and suits to figures.)

The boulevardiers are wringing Eddie Sutherland's hand these days. You know Eddie—he married Marjorie Daw—and he used to say "yes" to Charlie Chaplin as an assistant director and "no" to everybody else.

Eddie is now a director. He will megaphone Tommy Meighan through "Bed Rock"—not a Hopwoodian farce, but a film version of "Coming Through," which Jack Bethea wrote for Collier's last spring.

Sutherland is the youngest megaphone man in the business.

His lusty young voice will be a welcome addition to the chorus of the directorial anthem, "After the Bawl Is Over."



Q Eric Von Stroheim, the master director will put Mae Murray through her paces as "The Merry Widow."



Q Mae Murray, the temperamental little star.



He's been taking it for nine years now as a studio hired hand since he entered the employ of Mack Sennett. Five generations of his family have worn the sock. He is a nephew of Blanche and Frances Ring, the latter being Mrs. Tommy Meighan.

The chief cause of marital infelicity in Hollywood is the irregularity of the early morning male.

Paramount is going in for beds. Witness "The Golden Bed," a Cecil B. DeMille spectacle, and "Bed Rock," Tommy Meighan's next. There is no truth in the report that Grand Rapids will furnish the locale for both.

Somerset Maugham (pronounced Maugham) has succumbed to the cinema. His "East of Suez" has been selected as Pola Negri's next starring vehicle. Raoul Walsh, who produced "The Thief of Bagdad," will direct her.

I wonder what Gloria Swanson's screen career would have been if she looked as crooked as Ben Turpin?

Beauty is again deadlocked with brains in

Photograph by Muriella

Q Eugene O'Brien, whose performance in "Secrets" has been duplicated in the new film, "The Only Woman," with Norma Talmadge.



Q Zasu Pitts in "The Great Divide" and the great divided.



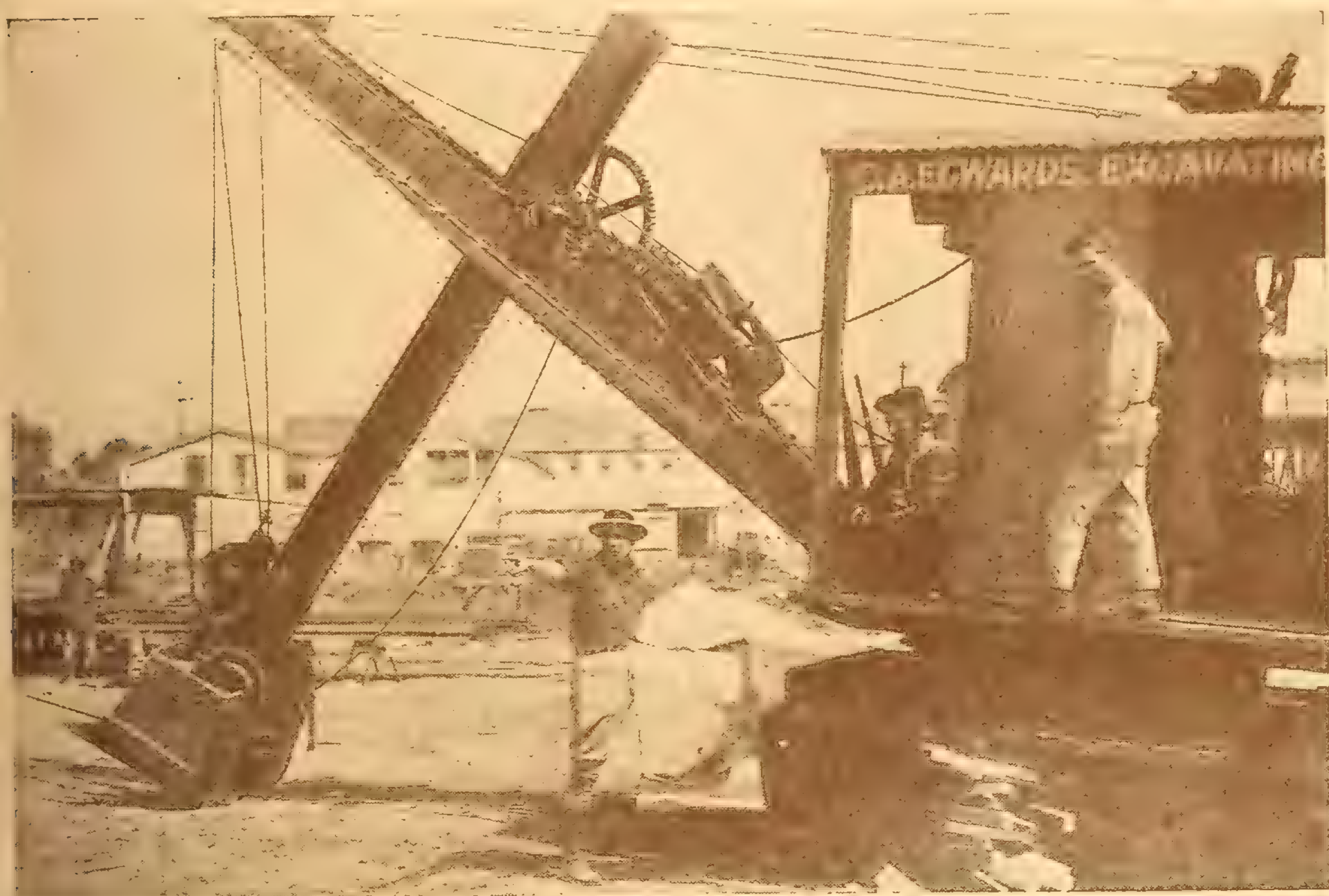
Q Marie Mosquini, who has been playing in Hal Roach comedies since the days when Harold Lloyd was "Lonesome Luke."

Hollywood. Eric von Stroheim and Mae Murray have attained an impasse. The cameraman for "The Merry Widow" is the bone of contention. Mae is sure there is only one in the industry who can do her justice while von Stroheim is determined to use the cinematographer who stood by him during the hectic wartime when he was regarded as a boche by Hollywood ultra-patriots. All the other crank-twisters held thumbs down on Eric then.

Eric will win. He has "Greed" (Norris' "McTeague") down to fourteen reels now. It will be released in twelve.



Q Norma Shearer and John Gilbert give their director, Monta Bell, a little help with his drinking.



Q Monte Blue, who receives such a large salary that he has engaged a steam shovel to come around Saturday afternoons to help him with his cash account.

When completed eight months ago it totaled thirty-six reels. He is at least determined though somewhat cutting.

Rumors of quite some rumpus in the filming of "Zander the Great" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot are percolating through Hollywood. Marion Davies has the Alice Brady part. Clarence Badger has been given the air or has left the set, one can't determine which, in the middle of the turmoil, and things are reported to be in somewhat of a jam. Need I say it is a Cosmopolitan production?

Often when an extra is paid the producer is but giving the double his due.

"Zander the Great" is not a magician.

Lubitsch and Mary Pickford are said to be fencing a bit about just what sort of treatment "Cinderella" is to receive at their hands. At the present writing "Cinderella" is to be Mary's next picture.

She wants to make it as gaudy as an Ethiopian hearse full of gleaming floors, flashing swords, waving plumes, twinkling slippers, the fanfare of trumpets and other showy whatnots.

Ernst, however, wants to handle the story simply, emphasizing the charm of the age-old tale without any undue trimmings and flourishes.

Another interesting matter for conjecture as to outcome.

It will be remembered that Ernst was unable to subdue completely Mary's desire for certain gags, which time and experience have proven box-officially efficacious, in "Rosita," although they were pollyannesthetic.



Q Harry Langdon, in "Feet of Mud," playing so hard you can hear his pants.



Photograph by Abbe-Paris.

Q *Mary Pickford, who has her own ideas concerning the filming of "Cinderella," her next production.*

Mary Pickford knows her public and doesn't dare grow up. She's just as keen a show-woman as she is an actress. Her public likes her as a minx with a trace of wistfulness, and winx at bits of business which annoy the highbrows.

And speaking of Queen Mary—what of her consort, Douglas Fairbanks? Since he made "The Thief of Bagdad" the boulevard has been buzzing as to his next move. It now seems quite certain that he will next be seen in an ultra-modern melodrama of the mellowest type.

Many motion picture producers see everything but bathing beauties through a HAYS.

George Billings, who has the title role in "Abraham Lincoln," is one actor who would rather be doing something else. Frankly he cannot see the necessity for the art which professionals are prone to emphasize in capital



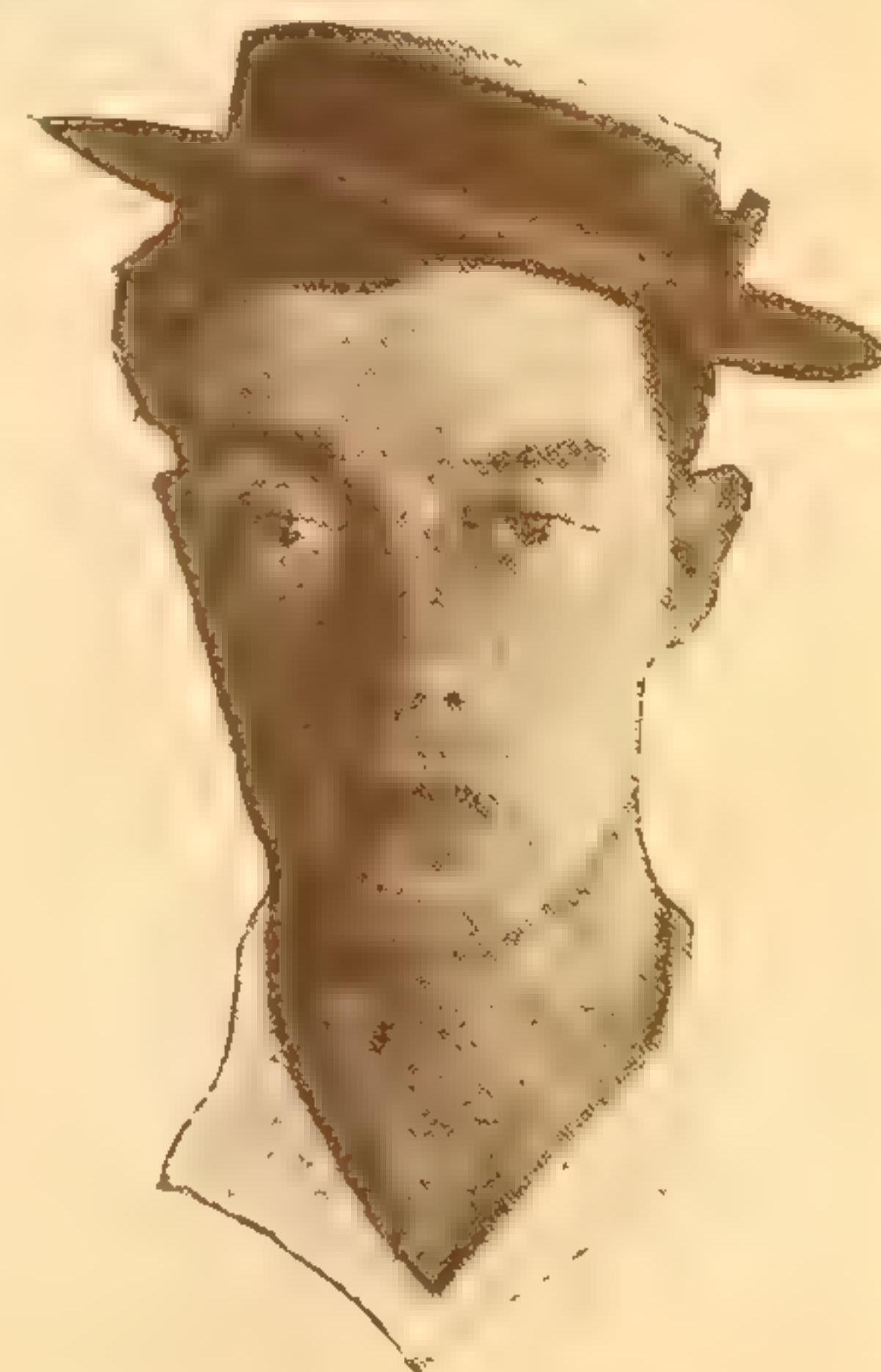
Q *Ernst Lubitsch, who will direct Mary and her hearthstone in "Cinderella."*

letters. He'd much rather be the foreman of a carpenter gang. His old occupation of bill-collector palls on him however.

Madeline Hurlock says a wifely greeting to an inebriate spouse is usually a cross-word puzzle.

George Billings as Lincoln has been dubbed marvelous though he had only appeared on any kind of a stage but once in his life.

In what role, you ask?



Q *Buster Keaton, who is taking "Seven Chances" making a movie.*



Q *Ramon Novarro calling upon Pola Negri. "Do not let zee chariots bite you," said Pola; and Ramon promised Pola he would not.*



Q Betty Blythe having afternoon tea on the proving ground of the Rattan Chair Factory.

AS THE FRONT LEGS OF A CAMEL!

Laugh that off!

One throws in the clutch in ending a photoplay and starting an automobile.

The acid test of a bathing beauty is a "thighsable" thing. Standing with heels together ever the twain shall meet—from the knees up—when calf meets calf.

What would happen to Jeannie McPherson who assists DeMille in the preparation of his scripts if she wrote like Dr. Frank Crane?

Most of us live to die but Anna Q. Nilsson is dying to live. She has passed out in her last three pictorial starts, "The Fire Patrol," "Between Friends" and First National's "If I Marry Again."

They'll be calling her "Death-Bed Annie" if she persists, let us say, in passing.

The pretty lady who plays the lead is the only human interest in some of these here films.

Hollywood will never forget Wallie Reid. That sunny chap is one of the cinema's immortals. He will always be remembered by the boulevardiers for his kindly acts. When Reid was dying Charles A. (Buddy) Post, Gargantuan screen bad-man, called upon him. Post's luck had been bad.

"Go to it, Buddy! Good luck!" Reid told him.

Post's luck has changed. He is to have a big part in "The Top of the World," which sounds like a travelogue but isn't.

Some of these screen correspondents are so naive that Will Hays will get them if they don't watch out. One writes: "For the first time in her four years of screen experience Lillian Rich wears a bathing suit in 'Cheap Kisses,' an F. B. O. feature."

Oh! Oh! Naughty! Naughty!

"F. B. O." probably means "Feels Better On."



Q Phyllis Haver—one of the best star bets on the screen.

WHAT

MAKES

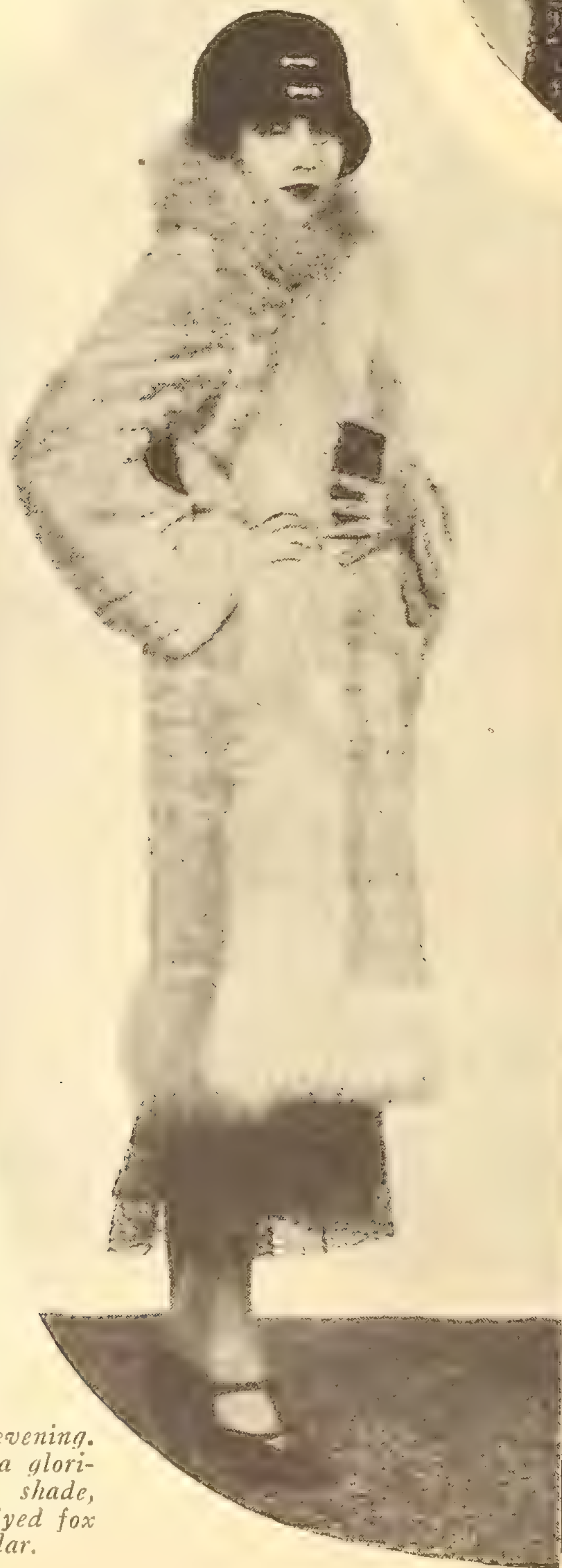
FASCINATION has a penalty, and Bessie Love pays it. Behold a dainty sprite whose wide brown eyes meet yours with a steady gaze, a skin of such whiteness and features of such symmetrical definition that her aura is spirituelle, it is so easy to rest one's glance



there. Just rest and absorb. Long afterwards, perhaps, when Bessie has left and an analysis of her charm is in order, it is quite possible to discover,

"Good Heavens! What did she have on? What color was her dress? And her hat?"

You don't remember!



Q Here is the new dyed ermine wrap for dressy afternoon or evening. This one is a glorious peach shade, with peach-dyed fox standing collar.



Q This little restaurant frock is of black satin charmeuse, with scalloped hem, apron front, sporting eleven little Spanish lace frills.

Bessie Love so Lovely?

By Vohdah Dexter

Photographs specially posed
for SCREENLAND

by
BESSIE LOVE

Gowns, Hats and Furs
from H. Milgrim, New York

No doubt that represents the art of dressing *in excelsis*: the gentle creation of a picture that leaves one indelible impression rather than a pot-pourri; but the feminine mind cannot see the matter thus.

So I have stolen these styles from Bessie's wardrobe in much the spirit of burglarizing the National Gallery and decamping with priceless canvases.

First—a suit for mornings of dark-grey homespun, very mannish, with wrap-around skirt and double-breasted three-button coat, gives the season's straight silhouette. *A nattily tied Alpine-blue tie and handkerchief to match, grey shoes and woolen stockings are correct accessories to set off this chic tailor-made.

For afternoon there is a short-waisted black crepe frock, V neck and tunic, the latter covered with circles in varying sizes of pale yellow and coral beads. With this Miss Love wears a black felt hat, having a feather pom-pom and gold braid.

Then a restaurant frock in black satin charmeuse, with scalloped hem, apron front sporting eleven little Spanish lace frills, and a novel feature is the back of transparent lace finished at the waist-line with two brilliant buckles. A smart black velvet hat with sectional crown has a flat satin bow and rhinestone pins; add shoes of black satin; and behold a *tout ensemble* correct in every detail.

Exquisite was the wrap worn either for dressy afternoon or evening. Ermine dyed to a glorious peach-shade, peach-dyed fox cut to form an upstanding collar also defines the front and hem. This miracle of the furriers' art was lined with shirred multi-colored chiffon over corn-flower blue satin.

Q A very mannish suit for mornings. Dark-grey homespun with wrap-around skirt and double-breasted three button coat.



An EXTRA

WITH

Sidney
Olcott

What you do, what Norma Talmadge does, and what Sidney Olcott does when he takes a scene.

By
Abraham Goldener



I MET a friend one day in Hollywood who had just landed a part in the new picture Sidney Olcott was to do with Norma Talmadge. He said he bet he could get me in as an extra.

I had recently been holding forth in the lowly, yet all-important position of property boy. And had been part of the great, ever hopeful throng that is constantly and forever knocking at the doors of Hollywood's studios.

A few days later came a call to report at the Joseph Schenck wardrobe at eight o'clock in the morning, prepared to give my talent to the screen as one of the natives of a far away clime—at seven-fifty per day.

Arriving at the United Studios I checked in and passed through the gate to the wardrobe. I found myself a total stranger among a motley throng—Jewish types, Mexicans, Arabians, Italians, colored men, women of various nationali-

ties and several children. In all this mixed gathering I doubt if there were half a dozen who had at some time or other followed the stage for a livelihood. Yet they were perfect natural types.

We wait a half hour—an hour or more. Finally, dressed in the uniform of an Italian officer, comes the technical director's assistant, Mario Carillo, a good looking, well set up young actor who served in the Italian army and has been stationed in this very city where some of the story's action is laid. Carillo has a keen eye for types and quickly separates us into groups of the Arabs, Jews, Italians, tourists, etc., that would naturally be found in Tripoli. The costumes are issued—some of us appear rather ludicrous in our outfits, me in my costume resembling nothing at all! But the greater part of the crowd look amazingly like those they are to represent. Then to the dressing rooms *ys.*



Filming Norma Talmadge in "The Only Woman." Just over and behind the dancer you can see the extra man, author of this article, leaning against a tree.

the others make up quickly, skillfully, while I struggle with mine in this, my first attempt. Back to Carillo for inspection and correction. A turban is changed here, a skull cap there, one man's shoes are too large, another's too small, others are discarded entirely. Strangely enough my costume passed muster, but the make up all wrong!—so back to the dressing room for repairs.

On the set, a bit of transplanted Tripoli, are the open air cafe and bar, the rug bazaar, the silverware and bric-a-brac store, the fruit and vegetable stand, the coffee shop, the mosque, another bar, street peddlers, rival bootblacks, goats, camels and dogs. Here is an antique shop, in front of which sit several Hebraic elders, discussing the Talmud. From the balcony above two veiled ladies are watching a religious devotee bowed over his prayer stool. Two col-

ored men sit sprawled atop some bales of straw, while two colored soldiers importantly guard the gates.

Busily moving about the set, placing extras, explaining the action and business and otherwise trying to give a faithful picture of old Tripoli, are Caryl Fleming, Olcott's long-time assistant, and Freddie Fleck, another assistant. Fleming, an old hand at the game, is the sort of assistant that all directors yearn for, but seldom obtain. He anticipates anything and everything that may be required and so perfectly arranges the various details that the director's mind is free to devote entirely to the action. Bustling about the set, fixing a vase here, adding some necessary props there, is one called by common consent, "The Count." He occupies the position of chief property man; a company without good props would not be fully complete.

Behind the camera is Tony Gaudio, probably the best

known cinematographer in the industry. Close by his side is Sidney Olcott, brought back from New York to direct Norma Talmadge in her new picture, "The Only Woman." To an old time fan, Olcott is no stranger, for his career dates back to the early Kalem days when he was both actor and director. He was the first to take a company overseas. A series of pictures was made in Ireland, and one picture made in the Holy Land is still being released during the Easter season. For a while the writer, whose fan days go back almost to the inception of pictures, missed Olcott. After several indifferent features he came back with a bang and planted Marion Davies firmly on the film horizon in "Little Old New York." Then followed in rapid succession "The Green Goddess," "The Humming Bird," and the recently completed Valentino comeback, "Monsieur Beaucaire." Olcott is typically Irish, sincere in his work, a fund of good humor at his command, and a marvelous memory. Nothing misses his eye. When he directs a scene, he throws all the fire and fervor of his soul into the action. To watch his facial expressions is indeed a treat. Veritably he is the entire cast, the leads, the bits, the extras and all. He possesses two essentials of the great director: patience and a spirit of co-operation. In spite of the most trying work with some of the extras he very rarely loses his temper, even for a moment. When the scene is shot he thanks every one concerned, allows a short time for rest, and then starts rehearsals for the next scene.

Seated close by, watching the direction of a scene, is another old time favorite, a star of the early days, Alice Hollister. Her young daughter, Doris, is to favor us with an Oriental dance to the tune of that peculiar fife-like instrument played by the Arabians and known as an oboe.

Enters on the scene Eugene O'Brien, hero of countless love affairs—of the screen, followed shortly by his most constant lady fair, the ever charming Norma Talmadge. She is as sweet and dainty on the set as in any of her screen roles. Gene is just as good looking, as amiable, and as obliging off as on the screen.

Occupying a folding chair and closely observing the activities was Matthew Betz, who is doing the heavy and whose recent work in "Those Who Dance" has established him as a peer in the delineation of brainy crooks. Leaning over his chair, spilling the newest story of the boulevard, is Brooks Benedict, another member of the cast, and as yet blissfully unaware of the spill in the ocean he is slated for. Benedict, nephew of a certain famous dialect character comedian, has done many fine things on Broadway and had established an enviable reputation before he determined to seek celluloid fame in Hollywood.

Hobbling along the street in tattered clothes that eloquently proclaim the street beggar is Sam Polo, with a make up so good that audiences will find it hard to believe that he is not the character he portrays. He essays another small role in a later scene with a make up that would puzzle his own mother. And he is only an extra.

Director Olcott starts a rehearsal of the action. The writer has a hard role—he carries a jug that smacks of the pre-Volstead period across the scene and then leans against a tree, watching the native dancer do her stuff.

The Pasha, very distinguished in appearance, walks down the street and is reverently saluted by the natives and the soldiers. A store-keeper, who strangely enough once owned a store, has a hard time being natural, in a scene where Eugene and the dragoman bargain for some jewels for Miss Talmadge. Finally Olcott is satisfied, and there are one or two takes of the scene and we pass to the next action.

A dramatic sequence is explained. A reckless rider is to gallop through the street, scattering a group of children, the smallest of whom is to be saved from injury by the hero. The scene is so excellently done, the excitement so well simulated that for a moment it seemed as if an accident had really occurred. But wait, the rider seems dissatisfied. He is fearful that not sufficient footage has been allotted to him. The dear public may miss his great effort. The scene must be done again. However he is assured that his every action was caught by the concealed cameras that he failed to see. A few moments later two extras quarrel because each thinks he should have the honor of carrying O'Brien, who is supposed to have been badly

hurt. Not so much their concern for the leading man, as the fact that they will be in the closeups and perhaps be noticed by some director in the search for new talent.

The colossal conceit of many of the extras is amazing—and interesting. Here sits a woman, no longer young, not even good looking, her face veiled according to the Mohammedan

custom. All day long she gazes into her make up mirror, adds a bit of mascara to the eyes, a touch of powder to the brow, because as she says, "they must see our eyes and we are to be in some closeups." Alas, for the lady's faith and hope—the closeups of the eyes never materialized. Here is another young man with an atrocious make up, who confides that the director has been watching him all day and must be figuring on him for a special bit. Later in the day several are selected for other work, and he is omitted.

In this business of being an extra it is comparatively easy to find much the same general classifications that one does in other lines of endeavor. There are the people who try to do intelligently as they are told, others who know it all. There is the one who is continually trying to curry favor with the director or his assistants. There are those whose every move must be explained over and over again, and others whose natural intelligence makes it easy for them to give realistic portrayals of the characters they represent. There is the one who speaks of his great screen ambitions, yet hies himself away to the furthest corner on the set, where he curls up for the day, and wonders why some one doesn't star him. Another for no reason at all tells me all his troubles, where he has worked, how the directors all are very fond of him, and wonders if he will work tomorrow. And of course no list of extras would be complete without one who takes the snapshots that will give the folks back home an opportunity to see their offspring photographed, for one cannot always be sure that the finished production will have all the scenes that were taken!

In the game of real life we all play our little parts with hardly a trace of self-consciousness, but somehow in the depicting of reel life, which in its highest form should be

How a beginner gets started in the movies is always interesting. Abraham Goldener, who wrote this article, was an extra. He conceived the idea of writing the story of his experience and of sending it to SCREENLAND. Now that it is printed he will be able to show this issue to Mr. Olcott.

Do you think he will get a part?

but a reflection of the first, most of us become unnatural, we miss the little things that make us human. Certainly to most women the art of genteel flirtation is not hard to acquire. All women possess a bit of the coquette within them. Yet a simple scene requiring a suggestion of shy flirtation was persistently over and under acted. Only the patience of a director skilled in human psychology finally secured the right touch of naturalness from the girls. Another bit inside the bar held up proceedings while the director showed a middle-aged woman how to show the perfectly natural resentment any woman would feel if a drunken sailor chucked her under the chin. Olcott's face is a study when he finally secures the results he seeks. He is as thoroughly pleased as a child with the desired stick of candy.

The work is over. The director has quite forgotten how hard he worked with some of us—it's all in the day's work—and thanks us courteously, sincerely, and hopes that he may again be able to use us. We leave vowing that Olcott is

a splendid fellow and a wonderful director. It is so easy to keep the good will of those you work with; Olcott knows full well the value of co-operation.

Immediately we make a bee line for the dressing rooms where we change back into our street clothes, remove our make up, and rush to the wardrobe to return our costumes and have our vouchers OK'd, so that we can collect for our work. To me the spectacle of the extras turning in their costumes explained why most of them will never be any more than just extras. A little common sense, a bit of co-operation, and the work of the men in the wardrobe would have been expedited one hundred per cent, and all of us would have been on our way home hours sooner. But no, we must crush and push and jostle, wrecking each other's tempers and getting nowhere. At last the vouchers are stamped, and we pass out of the gates prepared to start on the morrow our continual round of the casting offices. The experience is a pleasant one, holds a world of interest.

Sudden Success

NOV.

Imagine, if you can, fame and fortune won in a minute. Not by the conception of a great invention, not by the decisive punch in the prize ring, but by a "bit part" in Hollywood, magic land of opportunity.

"Recognized in the Rushes"—in the January issue, written by Grace Kingsley—describes dramatically a tense scene, when, the action over, the film is given its first showing before the little gathering of director, staff and caste.

All the great moments of the pictures—Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms" or Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen"—all have been shown as "rushes" soon after the pictures were made.

It was in the "rushes" of an unimportant bit that one of our great stars was discovered. Read the story next month.



TWO GIANTS

The giant of the screen on the right is Charles Chaplin, and the gentleman on the left is the giant of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. He stands 8 ft. 4 in. tall and in Nogales, Arizona.



Q Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost were married on October 16th—and they can't even have a regular-sized honeymoon because the groom has to start in a new picture. Business before pleasure!

They Say—

WHEN Alice Joyce left the coast for New York recently she informed the waiting world that she is through with the screen—forever. The call of home and her babies is too much, she says. Of course, a woman is always given the privilege of changing her mind, and while the call of the babies is great the screen might just be able to call a little louder and pull her back for a few more pictures. We hope so.

Two very important things have happened to Bill Hart since the last issue of SCREENLAND was published. First, Bill, Jr., has had his second birthday. (Does it seem possible that two years have flown since the little imp first put in his appearance?) Yes, he had a birthday party and everything, and his proud old dad sent him presents, good luck and all. Bet he's the smartest kid on earth—to Bill, anyhow.

The other important thing is that Hart has broken his ankle. It all happened to save one of his pet dogs from falling into a deep ravine. If it had been his little pinto pony I suppose Bill would have dropped right down after him! We tried to buy that pony once, and our little "Whad'll you take for that pony?" came pretty near being a "famous last word."

They Say—

SCORE one for the women! At least one of her sex is far from being "catty." When Ouida Bergere came back from Europe with her official divorce document relieving her of a husband—Producer George Fitzmaurice—some "kind friend" (they're always around) told her it was rumored her former husband and Florence Vidor were soon to be married.

They Say

By MARION of
HOLLYWOOD

When a rumor reaches Marion, she tells the Air Mail Man and he tells our printer.

"Well," said Miss Bergere, "this much I know—he couldn't marry a sweeter, lovelier woman than Florence Vidor."

What one of the stronger sex would say such kind things about his rival?

If these motion picture celebrities don't quit getting married so suddenly, without a bit of notice, we're going to complain to the License Bureau in Los Angeles. Without a second's notice, all in the same day, Betty Compson ties up with James Cruze and Marie Prevost says the "I wills" with Kenneth Harlan. Think of the disappointed long-distance swains all over the world! This is too much and not enough!

A young lady who has arrived in Hollywood is trying to decide whether or not she shall sign up to appear in the movies. Can you imagine anybody taking very long to make a decision like that? She hesitates because the producers insist she is a little too chubby and will have to reduce a bit and stay at a given weight in order to hold her contract. Her name is Jane Constance Loew, and she is pretty near two years old. Of course, because her grand-daddy, Mr. Marcus Loew, wants her to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, she hesitates to sign a contract offered her by her other grand-daddy, Mr. Adolph Zukor. Gee, it's hard to be a poor little rich girl!

It's funny how we'll jam and crowd and rush to get to a theatre where there's going to be a "personal appearance" of some movie star, while all the time we can pass 'em on the street, talk to 'em and sit right side of 'em at the show and not even know it. The other evening Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge walked all of twenty blocks along Hollywood Blvd. and we saw just two people recognize them. One was a woman, who pointed them out to her escort. "Gee, ain't he grand?" she said, and he answered: "Norma's sure a swell looker." And no one else even saw them.

The other night Pola Negri and Rod La Rocque were at one of the Los Angeles picture shows—sitting right side of the whole world. (Yep, they're pretty strong for each other yet). But nobody seemed to know or notice them. Lon Chaney was standing in line getting tickets to see one



Q "He's such a l'il feller," but he's only four months old here, and looks like his daddy already. He's James Kirkwood, Jr., and his mommy, Lila Lee, says he's the new boss.

of his own pictures—was jostled around, stepped on, pushed and crowded, and heard many interesting comments about how the crowd likes his work. But nobody knew or noticed him. You see, you just don't *expect* to see 'em, and so you just don't look for 'em. But when there's one of these famous "openings," the streets are jammed for blocks, extra police are called out, and you stand for hours trying to get a look.

They Say—

JOHN BOWERS has worn out three hats and has lost many friends in the last month all because his curly locks are now golden instead of black. He has had his hair bleached for a part in Edna Ferber's "So Big." When John meets people who recognize him, the first thing said is, "Oh, take off your hat and let me see your hair." Many of his best friends don't even speak to him because they don't know him. On a set one day was a fellow he had known for years. "See *him*," he said to a friend, "I'd almost swear that's John Bowers. He looks like him, acts like him and everything, but darn it, John has black hair."

They Say—

THAT terrible villain, Clarence Burton, has adopted a little twenty months' old baby girl. Her name is Betty Ann, and she has entirely upset the Burton household. Nobody can put her to bed but Clarence. Nobody can dress her but Clarence. He can't leave the house without her, and he can't take out the car unless she goes, too. And, say, Clarence doesn't like to tell you about



Q Another bride and groom—Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze. Note the latest "What the men will wear" for bridegrooms.

her and her wonders! A little kid shall lead them is no joke.

Ernest Torrence's young son, Ian, is a property boy with the "North of 36" company. He doesn't want to be an actor, he says. He wants to shout through the megaphone and be a director.

Hollywood's a funny place! There a day may make all the difference it would take years to make in other places. I once heard a screen player say, "They *make* you a snob in Hollywood. They force you to be ritzy and unfriendly, and then they start saying, 'Oh, he's too stuck up nowadays to speak to anybody. I remember when he didn't have a cent and knew how to say 'hello.'" All of which is perfectly true. One day you're nobody; everybody knows it, and nobody knows you. The next day, very suddenly, you sign a contract, you're somebody, everybody knows it and everybody knows you. Who wouldn't get sore and ritzy and feel like telling them where to head in? Which brings us down to a real case. Three months ago William K. Howard, young, ambitious, full of hope and faith, couldn't get anywhere near a studio. Nobody knew him and nobody wanted to know him. He was nobody. He couldn't have raised the price of a shoestring hardly. The only person who really believed in him and knew he had the goods was his wife. Today he holds a nice little, fat, pretty, glorious contract to direct Paramount pictures. How he did it nobody knows and nobody cares. He *did* it, and that's all that matters. Now he's "Bill" to folks who three months ago didn't know him and didn't want to know him. And now, if he does get ritzy, they'll start talking about how "Howard has the 'fat-head.'" We're for him! We hope he makes a big success; and if he hands a whole bunch of people the "rawsberry," we're there to help him twit his fingers at 'em, too. Now that's off our chest we feel better.

They Say—

CECIL B. DE MILLE has started another picture. Above all things, he has a great cast—Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Henry Walthall, Robert Edeson, Julia Faye, Emily Fitzroy—and that's only

some of them. What we're interested in, though, is his "spectacle" shot. We are informed that it will be a "Candy Ball." Everything will be candy—the walls, the flowers, the chairs, the tables—everything. It most likely would taste as good as it sounds.

Tully Marshall is the first player engaged by Eric von Stroheim to play in his Mae Murray picture, "The Merry Widow." They've been a long time getting ready for this one, but Stroheim always does take his time. The role of Prince Danilo is still undecided. Every one out this way has been thought of and has had high hopes, and it will mean a lot to the one who ropes it in. After "His Hour," John Gilbert certainly looks like the best bet. With Marcus Loew on the coast—perhaps to keep a sort of restraining hand on the impractical Eric—they ought to get under way pretty soon.

Milton Sills has been signed by First National to play in their pictures for two years, and then, at the end of that time, to direct! That looks pretty good for us movie fans, because Sills ought to know his stuff when it comes to directing. Just now the press agents tell us that Sills has left the coast to make a picture in New York—the first eastern production he has made since he arrived in Hollywood after the armistice.

Gosh, but it's hard to keep track of these players and their productions. Yesterday comes along an announcement that Robert Frazer will play in Frank Lloyd's new one, "Judgment"—and this morning he's loaned by Lloyd to play with Bebe Daniels in her new picture, "Miss Bluebeard." Yesterday Tony Moreno was going to play the lead in Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum," and this morning, before he goes to Spain to play that part, they tell us he's going to take Frazer's place in "Judgment." It's a wise wife who knows where her husband is these days!

Incidentally, when Tony goes to Spain for "Mare Nostrum," he's going to get a free trip back home to see his mother. She lives in a little town called Campemento, right near Gibraltar, and scenes from the picture will be taken very near there. Already Campemento is getting ready for a gala time. Isn't the prodigal returning—famous, generous, wealthy and full of marvellous tales of the glorious American land?

Hollywood Work Schedule—from page 27

Studio	Star	Director	Title	Remarks	
Sennett	Harry Langdon	Harry Edwards	Untitled	Preparing	
	Ralph Graves	Ed Kennedy	Untitled	Shooting	
	Ben Turpin	Reggie Morris	Untitled	Shooting	
	Billy Bevan	Ralph Ceder	Untitled	Shooting	
First National	Doris Kenyon	Geo. Fitzmaurice	"The Thief in Paradise"	Shooting	
Cosmopolitan	Colleen Moore	Chas. Brabin	"So Big"	Shooting	
	Marion Davies	George Hill	"Zander the Great"	Shooting	
Frank Lloyd	All-Star	Frank Lloyd	"Judgment"	Shooting	
Universal (Fred Dating Casting)	All-Star	Herbert Blache	"Oats for the Women"	Preparing	
	Lon Chaney	Rupert Julian	"Phantom of the Opera"	Shooting	
	Reginald Denny	Harry Pollard	"Calif-straight Ahead"	Shooting	
	House Peters	King Baggott	"Raffles"	Shooting	
	Bonomo-Lorraine	Edw. Solomon	Edw. Solomon	"Up the Ladder"	Shooting
		J. Marchant	J. Marchant	"The Leopard's Lair"	Working
	Edw. Laemmle	Edw. Laemmle	"The Stairway of Hope"	Working	
	Zion Myers	Zion Myers	"Subway Series"	Preparing	
	Ernest Laemmle	Ernest Laemmle	Untitled	Preparing	
	Arthur Rosson	Arthur Rosson	Untitled	Preparing	
	Cliff Smith	Cliff Smith	"Don Dare Devil"	Shooting	
	William Seiter	William Seiter	"Ann's Idiot"	Preparing	
Tweedy	Tweedy	2-Reel Comedy	Preparing		
Percy Pembroke	Percy Pembroke	2-Reel Comedy	Shooting		
Van Pelt-Wilson	Al Wilson	Bruce Mitchell	"Cloud Rider"	Shooting	
Vitagraph (Paul Wagar Casting)		J. Stuart Blackton	"The Pearls of the Madonna"	Preparing	
Columbia (Harry Kerr Casting)	All-Star	Glen Cavender	"After Business Hours"	Preparing	
			"A Fool and His Money"	Shooting	
Warner	Willard Lewis and Dorothy Dore	H. Beaudine	"How Baxter Butted In"	Preparing	
	Irene Rich	H. Beaumont	"The Lost Lady"	Shooting	
		Phil Rosen	"The Eve's Lover"	Preparing	
		Jimmie Flood	"The Bridge of Sighs"	Shooting	
	Dorothy Devore	Wm. Beaudine	"The Man Without a Conscience"	Shooting	
			"Broadway's Butterfly"	Shooting	

THIS YEAR

HE Has the MONEY

George O'Brien Plans to Blow the Roll

THIS will be the first Christmas when the O'Brien smile can be backed up, without reservation, by the spirit behind it.

All his life George O'Brien has just naturally wanted to give things away. When he was a little boy he looked often with covetous eyes upon a large gilt badge which lay around the house, quite uselessly, of evenings. That badge belonged to his father, who was—and still is—chief of police in San Francisco. And then one day George decided upon the right place for that badge—he calmly handed the golden shield of Frisco's chief to a leather-faced old patrolman who almost exploded with misgivings and embarrassment.

As soon as he was relieved of his patrol beat the officer hurried to headquarters and sought "th' ould man," to whom he explained. But he wore the bronze badge of a sergeant when he came out of the building, and at home that night "th' ould woman" proudly sewed on his new chevrons. The generosity of George O'Brien had scored its first point.

Up in Nevada, where John Ford filmed "The Iron Horse," O'Brien became fast friends with all the Indians on the Pyramid Lake reservation.
(Continued on page 90)



George O'Brien with little Mud-in-the-Face in his arms. That's how it is with George, on the reservations or without reservations, he knows how to treat 'em.



"The Man Who Came Back" brought George O'Brien more money and fame.

Joan Lowell—Continued from page 30



“Another \$10 Raise!”

“THAT makes the second increase in salary in a year, and I’m earning \$45 a week now. That’s pretty good for a girl. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I decided to take up that I. C. S. course.”

Why don’t you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There’s no surer way to do it than by studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as \$50, \$75, and \$100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and solicitors, and in Civil Service and banking.

Mark and mail the coupon and we’ll be glad to send you interesting descriptive booklets telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2369, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, “How Women Are Getting Ahead,” and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Assistant Bank Cashier | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business English | <input type="checkbox"/> Corporation Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Designing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Clerk |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Dressmaking |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

KNOW THYSELF

Tear Aside the Veil of Uncertainty. Know your Hidden Abilities and Occupy your proper place in the world—Banish Worry and Fear.

Famous Doctor of Astrology will Show you How. Send AT ONCE for your Three Page FREE Horoscope and learn of the Laws of Nature created for you at your Birth. Hear of your Past—Future Success—Your Friends and Enemies—Affairs of the Heart, and many other important Facts.

Just send your handwriting, full birth date with 10c for postage and this amazing information will be sent to you at once. Print your name and address to avoid delay in mailing. Write now and Good Fortune will be Yours. GARGILIS STUDIO, Box 2771-SC, Boston, Mass.

“You seldom see the albatross. I’ve only seen six in all those fourteen years. And the nearest one to shore was 3,000 miles from South America.

“If you snare them aboard ship they’ll bite on a piece of pork, but you’ve got to haul them in quick with no slackening of the line—they cannot leave it. For the poor bird can only fly from water.

“Sailors are ever in such peril—climbing up a mast in a gale, being rocked now to the right, high over the sea, and now to the left. Sometimes their fingers slip when they’re splicing a cable. Sometimes the sails belly and knock them into the sea. I saw one man knocked overboard that way. We tacked ship and searched for him. But he never came up. The sharks were plenty there.

“Sometimes a rope gets chafed, and something drops. Sometimes there are typhoons or hurricanes, or hidden rocks.

“No, a sailor would never harm the albatross, the soul of a dead sea skipper. He might be dead before the night.”

What was she saying? Oh, yes, about the screen test.

“One day they called me up and asked me to come and see myself as I looked upon the screen. I went in fear, and I stayed in misery. I thought I had never seen any girl so clumsy, so awful, so unlovable anywhere, and I could hardly believe the girl I saw before me was myself.

“I was crying so bitterly when I came out of the projection room, and I was so ashamed at what I had seen, that I became angry when someone touched me on the shoulder and spoke my name. I wanted to get out without seeing any one, without any one seeing me.

“Let me alone,” I said. I couldn’t look at him.

“Let you alone?” he said. “Not on your life. You’ve got to sign a contract with me right here and now. You photograph like a million dollars, young lady. You’re a beautiful girl and extraordinary girl, and you can act. You’ve got to stay with us.”

And there she is, shanghai’d into the movies, and on her way to stardom. Already she receives fan letters, proposals, invitations, letters asking her advice. When she goes to San Francisco there’s

a crowd at the station waiting impatiently for the train.

She has been studying hard, English and arithmetic and dancing and ballroom manners, just as she studied aboard ship and in the school at Berkeley.

“My father taught me English out of the Bible,” she said, “and he used to swear like a pirate when I made mistakes. I learned arithmetic from the tide tables, and I must have known something of logarithms to be able to shoot at the sun. But I didn’t know I knew it. And it’s difficult learning it all over again. How difficult I can hardly say.”

Miss Lowell lives in a little bungalow, and she has furnished it with everything she has ever dreamed of having. Her father lived with her for a time—but he couldn’t stand the monotony. He has taken a place at San Pedro, and the mother and the other children are there.

“He never felt a qualm in guiding the ship through hurricanes,” says Joan. “He knew just what to do. He could always sense the changes of the weather. But he almost died of fright when I took him down town in my Ford.

“And once when I cut a button he yelled, ‘Go round the rocks, Joan! For God’s sake steer it around.’”

She lives alone, but she always sets places for two. And she cooks on her own gas stove.

“I couldn’t cook for myself alone,” she explains, “so I pretend that someone is coming to dinner, or to lunch. I serve two portions, and they’re both small—so I can eat them both without hurting myself—and I pretend all the time that I’m conversing with my guest.

“Otherwise I’d die of lonesomeness.”

One moment before you go. Miss Lowell digs up a postcard from Swede Nelson—now, poor fellow, living in Snug Harbor, which is the poor house of seafaring men.

“Wishing you a Merry Christmas,” it reads, “and remembering a calm dead sea, and the Southern Cross ahead.”

“Sailors never forget a friend,” Joan says. “And that to me is the ideal Christmas gift. I never knew that Christmas meant the giving of presents—until a year or so ago. To me it always meant—well—just peace. A calm dead sea, and the Southern Cross ahead!”

The December issue of REAL LIFE STORIES contains “The Wind at Seldon Bar,” a story of beating waves and throbbing hearts and a little girl who made herself worthy of being loved AND MANY OTHER STORIES including “Peter’s Neighbor.” Read of the great love of Peter and how, in spite of his clumsy words, the girl with the snow flakes on her bright hair understood.

HEARD in HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley

ANTONIO MORENO's mother is to meet him at the boat when he arrives in Spain, and will be with him until he leaves. He hasn't seen his parents since he left his native land, a stow-away on a steamer, when he was a mere youth. The wife of the star will accompany him to Spain.

Every one in filmland is mourning the passing of Kate Lester, who played so many grand dames in pictures. Mrs. Lester was burned in a mysterious explosion occurring in her dressing room at Universal City, following her day's work. From all accounts gas had been left running, and caught fire when she attempted to light it at the end of the day. She was carried to the Universal City Hospital, and tenderly cared for, but died within twenty-four hours.

Kathlyn Williams is to take another trip to the Orient, visiting India, Burma and adjacent countries.

She will take the trip overland from Singapore to Bangkok—the trip which requires the trains to stop at night because elephants and other jungle beasts get on the track.

Miss Williams will be in Calcutta for Christmas. She will meet her husband, Charles Eyton, in Colombo (he has been travelling through Europe). She expects to be gone about six months.

Seena Owen has come to Hollywood, and says she is going to stay. She has taken a house with her brother, and is sending for her mother, who is in New York, and for her little daughter.

Sheila O'Malley, aged three and a half, was a very bad girl. She was severely punished by her illustrious father, Pat O'Malley, when he denied her the daily ice cream cone and put her to bed.

"Daddy darling——" began Sheila in an effort to win Pat over.

"I'm not your daddy any more. Go to sleep," admonished Pat.

A few minutes later a tiny voice came to Pat.

"Mr. O'Malley," it said, "please give me a drink of milk!"

Dangers by flood and fire are always the portion of the film actor. But added to these in the life of Milton Sills is the inevitable fight with the fists.

Sills took on Tom Kennedy, former heavyweight contender, in a thirty-two

minute bout during the making of "As Man Desires," at United Studios. It was a real set-to, much heavier than would be seen in most boxing rings. During the course of the mill Sills had his jaw dislocated. But what he did to Kennedy was a-plenty. He bruised him up and broke the slugger's thumb. So Sills thinks he isn't so bad, after all.

Claire Windsor is back at work for Goldwyn again. She took a short vacation at the milk farm in order to put on some weight. She says that she got a lot of sewing done, because there was nothing else to do. She made some beautiful articles of lingerie besides a couple of shirts for her little boy.

Over at United Studios the players are beginning to think that First National has cornered all the riparian rights for pictures.

It would seem indeed that before a new player can be starred or featured in First National pictures she must first submit to a baptism by water.

First it was Doris Kenyon, whose introduction to "If I Marry Again" was a week's soaking by a hose pipe in order that she might give the illusion of having been through a tropical rainstorm.

Then Viola Dana joined the First National outfit, to play the part of a native dancing girl in "As Man Desires," opposite Milton Sills. In her first scene she jumps into the briny at Catalina to swim to a boat anchored off the shore. In subsequent scenes at the studio she had to submit to the same hose as Miss Kenyon, that she might give the appearance of having swum a considerable distance.

But these two players were not the only ones to get drenched, for at the same time that Miss Kenyon and Miss Dana were getting theirs, Corinne Griffith was going through the same experience in "Wilderness," in which she also is thoroughly soaked in a rainstorm scene.

Riding a phantom horse over a phantom bridge is all right for a phantom, but when it comes to a real flesh and blood girl doing it—well, that's something else again, as Mr. Potash would say.

Mary Philbin has to do it in "The Phantom Opera," and while she has learned to ride horseback, she is a bit scared of the great, beautiful black horse she is supposed to ride in this picture. The pace is a very fast one.

"And besides," said Mary wistfully the other day, as we sat looking at her equine partner in the scene, "he does look so slippery!"

Hector Sarno, a leading screen character man for fifteen years, has just had his first screen kiss! Viola Dana was the victim—or was it the beneficiary?

It happens in a picture in which Miss Dana appears. Hector plays a Tahiti fisherman. Along came Miss Dana, as

DIAMONDS and other Xmas Gifts

Send No Money On Credit
10 Days' Free Trial

\$5 down and only \$2 a month for any of these three rings.



X46—Handsome richly carved 18k. white gold onyx ring set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$25.00



X32—Solid 18k. white gold ring set with perfect cut blue white diamond \$22.50



X36—Perfect cut blue white diamond. 18k. white gold engraved and pierced ring. \$25.00

\$10 down and only \$1 a week for any of these six rings.



X84—18k. white gold perfect cut blue white quality diamond \$50.00



X76—18k. white gold two perfect cut blue white diamonds one square sapphire \$42.50



X38—Seven blue white diamonds set in PLATINUM. Green gold 14k. ring. \$52.50



X92—Man's 14k. green gold ring 18k. white gold top. Perfect cut blue white diamond. \$57.50



X86—Two blue white perfect cut diamonds one sapphire 18k. white gold ring. \$50.00



X44—Artistic white gold ring. Perfect white diamond. Rare \$48.50

\$15 down and only \$1.50 a week for any of these three rings.



X20—White diamonds. PLATINUM set 18k. white gold ring. \$77.50



X90—Engagement ring. 14k. yellow gold. Perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.00



X44—18k. white gold ring. Perfect cut blue white diamond. \$73.50



X48—Solid PLATINUM ring. Five perfect cut blue white diamonds. \$125.00 \$25.00 down—\$2.50 weekly.



X64—Engagement ring. 18k. white gold engraved. Perfect cut blue white diamond. \$100.00. \$20.00 down—\$2 weekly



X72—Solid PLATINUM ring. 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds. Four sapphires \$135 \$25.00 down—\$3 weekly.



X98—Solid 14k. white gold case. Sapphire crown. Fancy dial. Adjusted 15 jewel movement. Guaranteed time-piece. Very dainty. \$25. \$5 down—\$2 a month.

Send No Money

Buy on credit as others do. Simply send your name and address and we will send ring or watch you select. Only if satisfied make first payment down. If after 10 days' trial you are not in every way satisfied, return to us and receive your money back immediately. You take no risk. Transactions confidential. Guarantee Bond with each purchase.

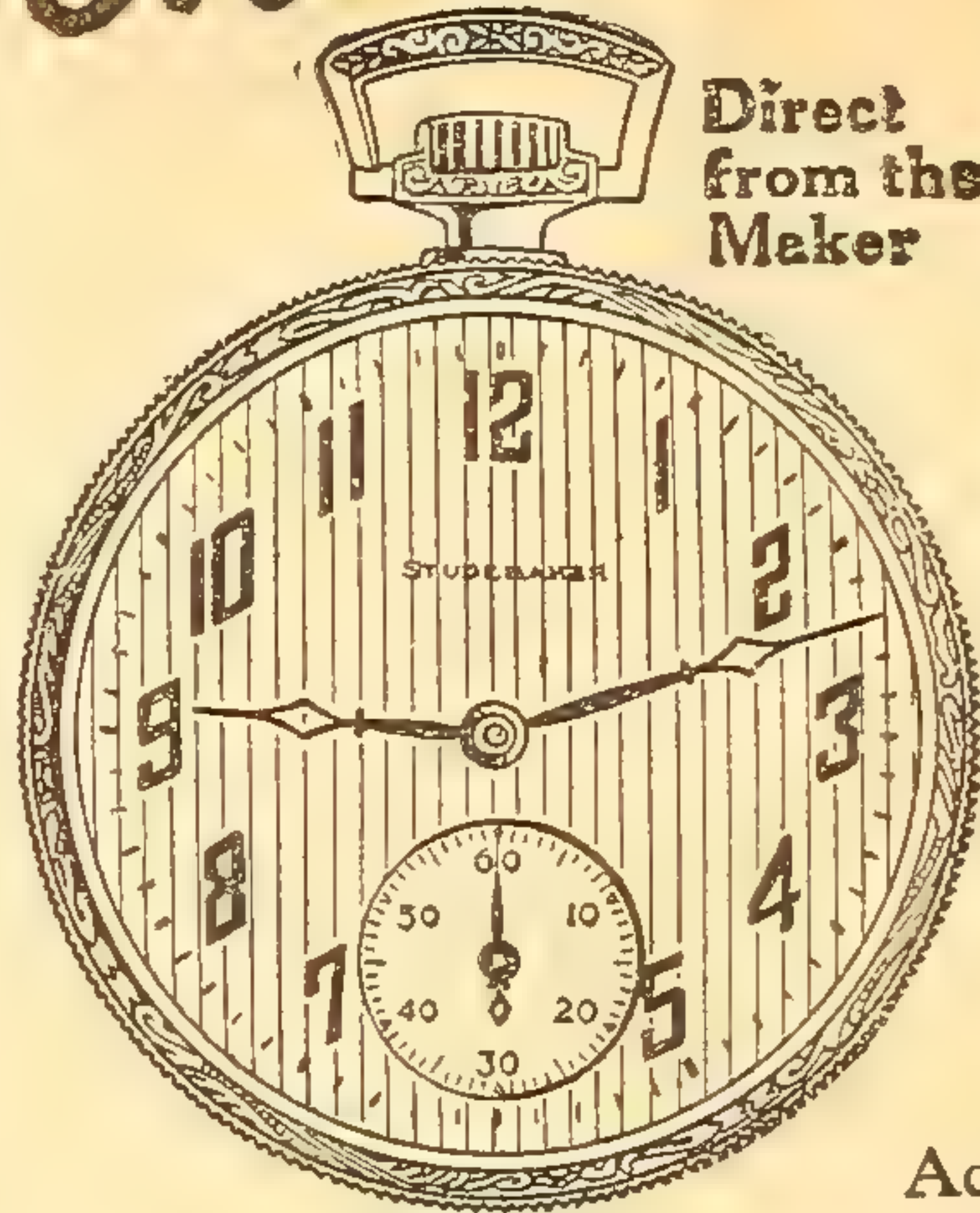
FREE Write for Xmas Catalog. Latest designs in quality jewelry at lowest prices and most liberal credit terms ever offered. Diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, ivory and amber toilet sets, wedding rings, etc. Prices from \$10 to \$1000. Large and choice variety. No promises made that are not lived up to. Our prompt and efficient service has earned us thousands of satisfied customers. If you do not see what you want here, do not order your Xmas Gifts until you send for our beautiful catalog.

Established 1890.

Write Dept. T-36

BAER BROS. CO.
6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

On Credit!



Direct from the Maker



8

Adjustments

\$1 down!
—and direct from factory
Only \$1.00 down buys the famous Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the factory at the low factory price. Choice of 54 newest Art Beauty Cases, in white gold, green gold or yellow gold effects; 8 handsome dial designs. Mail coupon for beautiful Style Book in colors—Sent Free!

**21 Jewel ~ Extra thin
STUDEBAKER
The Insured Watch**

Has 21 Jewels—8 adjustments—and is insured for the lifetime of the owner. The masterpiece of timepieces at an amazingly low price.

Watch Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Watch Chain FREE. Write while offer lasts.

Mail Coupon for FREE Book

Mail coupon today for magnificent Studebaker Book of Advance Watch Styles. Find out how you can buy direct from the factory—save money and own one of the finest watches made. The Book shows 54 newest thin-model designs in Art Beauty Cases. Sent FREE!

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. N-163 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Ask for Ladies' Bracelet Watch Folder
Ask for Jewelry Folder

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. N-163 South Bend, Indiana
Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1.00 down offer.
If you live in Canada send your inquiry to our Canadian office: Windsor, Ontario.

Name

Address

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

Check here for Ladies Watch Folder Check here for Jewelry Folder



You must be slender to have bobbed hair—

For the shingle bob or the straight bob, you must have a youthful silhouette. One simply can't be stout—or even overweight.

How thankful we should be that there is one pleasant method of taking off weight. No exercises or diets—just use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year gain healthy, slender figures this way).

Have you ever tried them? Many of your slender, vivacious friends use Marmola Tablets.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1740 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Height Increased

Grow Taller. Develop your Physical Beauty. Natural, simple method. Will increase your height and improve your appearance. Write for Free Booklet. Dept. 1.

THE NATURAL METHOD BUREAU
Atlantic City New Jersey

\$1.49 CHINESE PEACOCK RING

Draws instant attention to pretty hands. Worn by stars of stage and screen. Every feather a work of art. **Genuine Sterling Silver, Platinum Fin.** Ablaze with rubies, emeralds and sapphires. Exclusive design, not sold in stores. Small and dainty, **\$1.49.** Large and flashy, **\$2.00.** Gold plated, 75c extra. Send stamps or M. O. with ring size (tie string around finger). C. O. D. orders 15c extra. **Money Back** if not delighted. **ORIENT EXCHANGE, 21 Park Row, New York, Dept. X-2**

PIMPLY SKIN made WELL

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my **FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"**—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E.S. GIVENS, 213 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HINDU CRYSTAL BALL

DO YOU KNOW Will you have Luck, Wealth, Love, Happy Marriage? Hindu Crystal Ball answers ALL questions!

ANYONE can use it instantly. Questions, Answers and Instruction Book given **FREE** with each mysterious Crystal Ball game. Two sizes \$2.00 or \$3.00. Pay postman or send money.

CRYSTAL BALL CO.
12 E. 20 N.Y.C. Dept. 921

\$2.49 Everybody Saxonette
is Playing **Saxonette**
Most Beautiful Weir Music

Sounds just like the Saxophone. Will play any tune. So simple a child can learn quickly. Amusement and fun every evening. (Value \$5.) While they last—Only \$2.49. 15 Popular Songs given absolutely **FREE.**

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address. On arrival pay postman \$2.49 and a few cents postage. If not delighted return and we will gladly refund your money.

FREE CATALOG—Write for one today. It contains Everything Musical. Mention instrument.

FREE 15 POPULAR SONGS

C.H. TAYLOR & CO.
218 S. Wabash Ave.
Dept. 2212 Chicago, Ill.

an impish-Tahitian dancing girl, favorite of all the beach-combers. Seeing Hector mending his nets she danced about him tauntingly, when Hector suddenly clutched her elusive, wriggling form and—
"Smack!"

It was like a rifle shot—but it was only Hector enjoying his first screen-kiss. "But don't let it become a habit!" admonished the tiny Viola.

Thousands of acres of forest timber were staked against the word of a motion picture producer. In the face of the numerous forest fires which have been raging in California for the past three months, B. P. Schulberg was granted special permission to start a forest fire of his own for his new Preferred picture, "White Man," directed by Louis Gasnier.

The producer gave his word to the authorities that every precaution would be taken by him to confine the fire to its limits. A young army of forest fire fighters and complete apparatus stood by, prepared for action, and witnessed one of the most spectacular conflagrations in California.

The premeditated loss, consisting of the reproduction of an African village, with its kraals, caias and mahogany trees, is estimated at \$10,000, while the cost of safeguarding other property was nearly twice that much.

Alice Joyce was the heroine of the picture, who heroically dragged the wounded Kenneth Harlan from the flaming African hut.

In the November issue of SCREENLAND, a prize was offered for a letter telling "How I Was Influenced by the Movies." Among the many letters that were received, there was one so simple and straightforward that the prize has been awarded to its author, Master Everett Shepard.

His letter follows:

1212 Bresee Avenue,
Pasadena, California,
November 3, 1924.

Dear Editor Screenland:

It chanced one day that two boys went out to Hollywood to Grauman's Egyptian Theatre to see THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

One of these boys had told a lie to obtain the price of his ticket. On the way home, he said to his companion, "B—, lend me a dollar."

"Sure, why?"

"Well, I broke one of these Ten Commandments today, and I'd like to square it with Mom."

Such pictures as that have the greatest of influence for good.

Sincerely,

EVERETT SHEPARD.

P. S.—I was the lad who b—rds, d the dollar.

Do You Feel Like a Dummy at a Dance?

Do you sometimes stay away from dances, dinners, and other social gatherings because you feel that you will not appear to advantage?

And, if you go, do you often feel nervous—constrained—embarrassed? Are you at a loss as to just how to act—what to *do* and what to *say*? Do you feel awkward—ill at ease—“out of place?”

Does it disconcert you to meet strangers? When you are introduced, does your mouth become dry and your tongue paralyzed, so that instead of speaking clearly and intelligently, you mumble feebly and foolishly? Does conversation falter when it is your turn? Are you uncomfortable, self-conscious and miserable throughout the entire evening?

Thousands of the best kind of people are just this way. They suffer keenly from shyness—sensitiveness—timidity—embarrassment. It is a mighty uncomfortable way to be, and it is often painfully humiliating. Yet it is altogether unnecessary, for it is easy to acquire the serenity—the self-confidence—the ease of manner—that enables you to meet strangers gracefully—to contribute your share to the conversation—to handle every situation skillfully—to always do the *right* thing—in the *right* way—at the *right* time.

The New Book of Etiquette by Lillian Eichler, Now Ready

To enable you to meet and solve successfully every problem in social life, the New Book of Etiquette, 1925 Edition, was written. Completely revised, enlarged, and brought up to date, the New Book of Etiquette instructs you in every refinement of social deportment *from a modern point of view*.

No detail is overlooked that will give you perfect command of yourself and of any situation that may arise. It teaches you to do the tactful, the acceptable thing in the *right* way at the *right* moment. What to do, say and wear on all occasions. How to acquire calmness, sureness, self-possession, ease. How to avoid unfortunate mistakes and embarrassments, no matter how, when or where they may arise.

New, Special Features Introduced for First Time

The New Book of Etiquette brings you right up-to-the-minute on every conceivable phase of the modern social code. The changes brought about by today's complex manner of living are pointed out—and how these changes have affected our laws of social intercourse are made clear and plain.

In addition, this remarkable new Book of Etiquette covers subjects never before treated in a work of this character. A few of these topics are: “Love,” “Marriage,” “The Fetish of Public Opinion,” “Wearing the Mask of Pretense,” “The Ethics of Friendship,” and “New Ways to Entertain.” Another unusual feature is the reproduction of actual letters exchanged between the author and people in many parts of the world on recent personal problems of etiquette.

Be a Master of Good Manners

A knowledge of the laws that govern correct conduct in modern social intercourse—an easy familiarity with the rules that regulate the deportment of refined and cultured persons today—is of more vital importance to your success, comfort and happiness than ever before. Many of the best intentioned individuals fail over and over again just on account of their bungling, tactless manners—a lack of grace and personal polish—an absence of that calm, sure self-possession which is the accompaniment of good manners.

Make up your mind right now that you will never again be embarrassed by shyness, sensitiveness, bashfulness—or by distressing mistakes and blunders that make life miserable. Decide now to bring yourself fully and completely up to date on this important subject.

Send No Money

Once you see and examine this remarkable guide to correct behavior, you would not be without it for anything. You need send no money. Simply sign and mail the coupon, and the new Book of Etiquette, complete in two handsomely-bound illustrated volumes, and carefully packed in plain shipping case, will be sent to you at once. When the books arrive, hand your postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges). Inspect them for five days. Dip into the books thoroughly. Then if you are not delighted with them, simply remail them to us and your money will be promptly refunded.



Hundreds of thousands of people paid \$3.50 for the original Book of Etiquette—yet you receive The New Book of Etiquette for only \$1.98—if you act promptly. So don't let this special offer slip by without taking advantage of it. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Let these illuminating, informative books show you how to banish from your life forever all sense of timidity—bashfulness—sensitiveness—and humiliating embarrassments of every kind. Address: Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 8712, Garden City, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,
Dept. 8712, Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me The New Book of Etiquette, in two volumes, handsomely illustrated. Upon arrival I will hand the postman \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment. If upon inspection I find it is not just what I want, I will remail the books in 5 days, and my money is to be promptly refunded.

Name

(Please write plainly)

Address

Check this square if you want these books in the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98, with the same return privilege. (Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding \$3.44 cash with order.)

XMAS GIFTS ON CREDIT

10 MONTHS TO PAY

Sweet's Diamond and Gift Book

Send for Your Free Copy Today

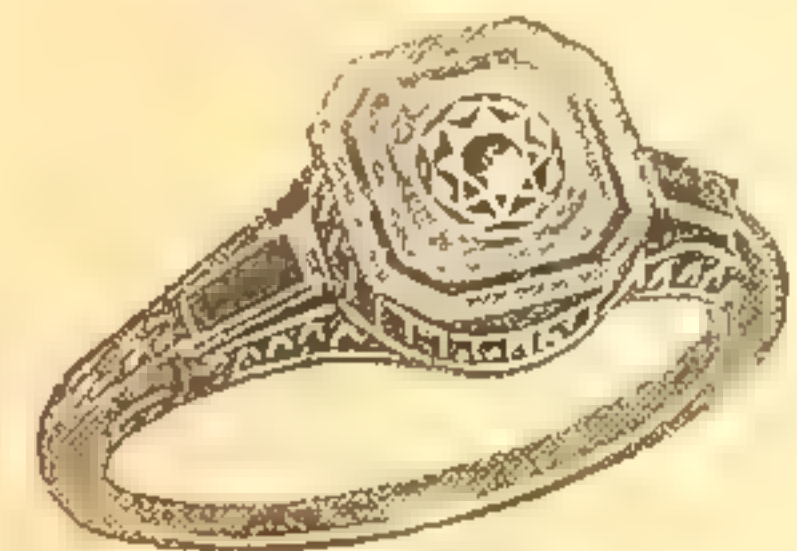
It shows a wonderful selection of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, Silverware, Ivory Ware, Toilet Articles and Novelties—all suitable for Christmas gifts. Make your selections Today on our Easy Confidential Payment Plan—one-fifth after you receive and examine your purchase and the balance in ten easy monthly payments.



X2418—18K. white gold Spread-top ring. Blue white diamond, \$22.50.



X2419—Sparkling AAA quality diamond. 14K. Orange Blossom engraved betrothal ring, \$77.50.



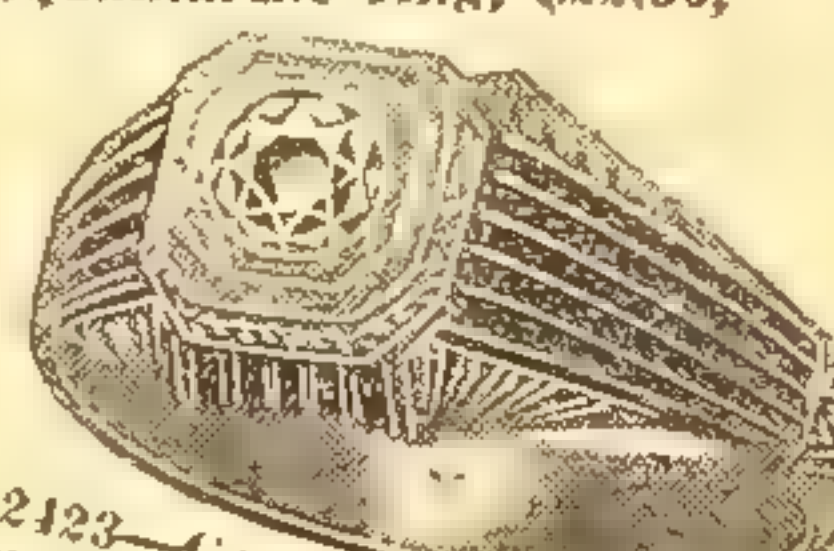
X2420—18K. white gold Spread-top ring. Fine quality diamond, \$57.50.



X2421—Ladies' engraved 18K. Aquamarine ring, \$22.50.



X2422—14K. diamond set gents' tooth ring, \$62.50.



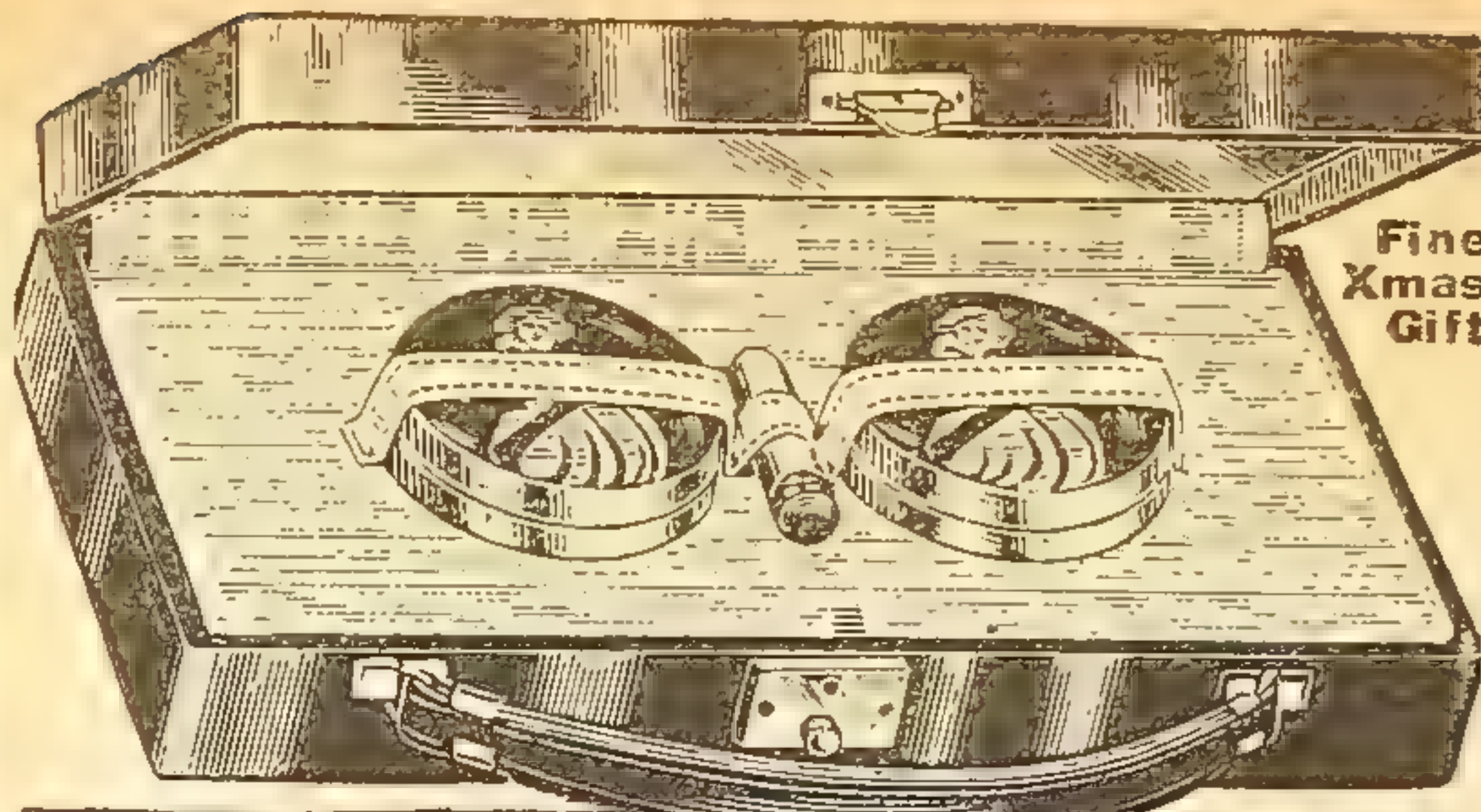
X2423—Gents' 18K. white gold diamond superior Spreadtop, \$92.50.



X2424—14K. white gold, 15 jewel hand engraved wrist watch. Sapphire crown. Silk ribbon, \$23.75.

OUR CHALLENGE If you do not find that our price on any diamond ring is at least 10% lower than that of any other concern, either cash or credit, we will gladly refund your payment in full, if you return the ring within two weeks. Send Today for your Diamond and Gift Book—IT'S FREE.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L.W. SWEET INC.
1954-T 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Under Arm Vanity Case

FRENCH HAND PAINTED Fittings

Powder, rouge and lipstick vanities are hand painted with figures in gorgeous colors, very chic and Frenchy, catch the eye with their stunning beauty. Very dainty but strongly built. A fine Xmas gift.

New-Different-Beautiful

A masterpiece of beauty. Nothing else to match it. Long, thin model, extremely graceful. Tailor-made from finest quality dull or glossy moleskin. Hand painted fittings on beautiful silk tray. Full size, silk tipped mirror of great clearness. Moire silk lined throughout with beautiful silk change purse. Size 10 in. long, 5 in. wide, 2 1/2 in. deep. Rich, gold finish trimmings, strong lock and doubled handle. Unusually attractive, has rich quality look. You'll be delighted. Choice of finest black dull or black glossy finish.

\$3.95
Reg. \$7 Value

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman upon delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Kay Leather Products Co., 1637 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. 512 CHICAGO

A Baby In Your Home



So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Steriltone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Send NO Money, NO Obligations. Simply name and address to Dr. H. Will Elders, 2013 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.

60 Stars for \$1



Think of It! Sixty photographs of famous movie stars for only One Dollar—while this special lot lasts! Most of the photos are autographed. Send cash, stamps or money order—or pay on delivery, including 15 cents C. O. D. fee and postage.

STAR STUDIOS — DEPT. S. L.
1242 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Develops Bust Like Magic!

During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Inc., Suite 912, 503 Fifth Ave., New York

It is understood that Harold Lloyd and Rudolph Valentino will make their future films for Famous Players-Lasky, or Paramount Pictures—whichever trade-mark you prefer to call the well-known brand of celluloid product offered by Messrs. Zukor and Lasky.

Harold came to New York a month or so ago ostensibly on a vacation—to get in a little golf, see the new shows, and all that sort of thing. But while he was here he had more than one conference with Famous officials; and paid only one visit to the Pathe offices, where he used to hang his hat almost every day on other sojourns in Manhattan. He made no "statement," as they say, before he went away; but nobody will be in the least surprised to hear that he will work for Paramount when his present contract expires. He will keep his company intact, it is understood, and will not alter his present method of production materially.

After all of Rudie's old battles with Famous Players, the pipe of peace has been dug up and dusted off; and, after he makes one production for Ritz-Carlton Pictures, it is reported he will go back to the studios where he made "Monsieur Beaucaire." Give us more like that one, Rudolph, and, perhaps we should add—Natacha.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH came to New York for a few days to talk over her next production, which is "Declasse," from Ethel Barrymore's stage success by Zoe Akins.

Corinne is one of the most interesting women in pictures, principally because she is a paradox. Her soft southern beauty is in startling contrast to the courage with which she fights her screen battles. She has, strangely enough, real ideals, and is determined to carry them into practice in the filming of her pictures. She fought to weed out any objectionable elements in "Single Wives;" and now she tells us that at last she is to be able to carry out her own ideas about her own pictures. "Declasse" is the first picture to star Corinne's ideas as well as Corinne's beauty and ability. Her company is to have the final word.

While she was in the east the star met Zoe Akins, the author of "Declasse," and obtained her hearty cooperation.

"I was never so happy about any of my pictures before," she said. "And I'm going back to California to make it filled with enthusiasm and ideas. I'll probably be back to make my following film in the east."

Incidentally, though there may be some difficulty about Miss Griffith's new pictures, there is none whatever about her new husband. Walter Morosco accompanied his wife to New York, and they are just about as devoted a young couple as you'll see anywhere.

Was Cleopatra Really Ever Kissed ?

FAR back in the beginning of life, a mother pressed her lips against the lips of her child—cries and save it from the wrath of the head clansman. The dawn of mother-love, the origin of the mother-kiss.

But when did the miracle of love touch the heart of man? When did the kiss become a part of courtship and marriage? Was Cleopatra, Queen of

the Nile and enslaver of Antony, really ever kissed?

Here is truth stranger than any fiction you have ever read—amazing, startling things about yourself! How old is human marriage? What is religion? Why do we clothe ourselves? When did man begin to speak? How did our savage ancestors explain birth, death?

Man's Habits Traced Back Half a Million Years

For the first time, you are offered a truthful and fearless explanation of all your habits, customs, instincts, impulses, passions, emotions. What do you really know about yourself? What cave-man instincts are slumbering in your soul? Why do you do certain things, and say certain things, and

want certain things?

Do you know that we throw rice after a bride because we dare not say, in words, what this curious old custom suggests?

Do you know that the stork myth originated ages ago when no one knew where babies came from?

"The Customs of Mankind"

BY LILLIAN EICHLER

Unquestionably one of the most important books of the year. More fascinating than fiction, more informative than history, as entertaining as travel—10,000 tales about yourself!

With Hundreds of Amazing Illustrations

This beautiful new book makes you familiar with yourself for the first time—reveals to you the caveman heritage that has come down to you through the ages. It is absolutely unlike any book you have ever seen. It takes you over a period that covers half a million years, leads you into practically every country, civilized and uncivilized, in the world.

Here is the most fascinating reading in the world—your own self revealed to you as it has

never been revealed before! And illustrated not only with ink sketches and color drawings, but with many reproductions from actual photographs!

You will treasure this beautiful book a lifetime. Every member of the family will enjoy it. This is your unique opportunity to secure a first-edition copy at a very special pre-publication price.

Do You Know

- why we shake hands in greeting?
- why we throw rice after a bride?
- the meaning of orange blossoms on the bridal veil?
- how the Santa Claus myth originated?
- why we say the stork brings babies?
- when and why man acquired the habit of dress?
- why 13 is said to be unlucky?
- why the Chinese women compress their feet?

IMPORTANT OFFER

Mail the coupon and you will be one of the first to receive a copy of "The Customs of Mankind" as soon as it is off press. When it arrives give the postman only \$2.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment.

You have the guaranteed privilege of returning the book within 5 days and having your money refunded if you are not delighted.

Be sure to get your copy of this beautiful first edition at the special price. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. A-8712, Garden City, N. Y.

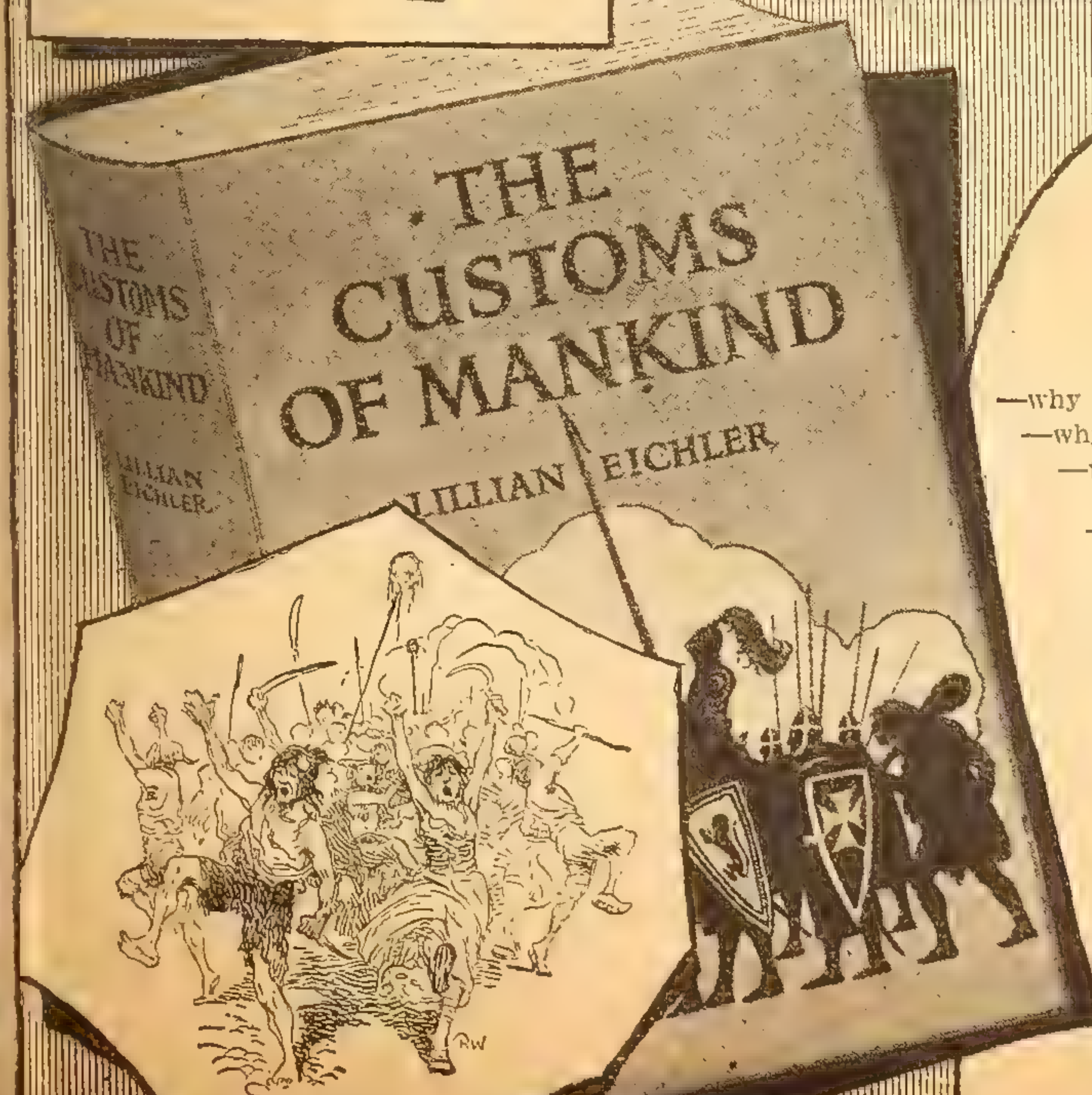
Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. A-8712, Garden City, N. Y.

You may enter my name on the special advance list to receive one of the first copies of "The Customs of Mankind" by Lillian Eichler. I will give the postman only \$2.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment on arrival. I have the privilege of returning the book within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted.

Name

Address

Check this square if you want this book with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$4.98, with same return privilege.





Have You Tried
Our Marvelous New Waterproof
**LIQUID
MAYBELLINE**

We have at last succeeded in formulating an eyelash and eyebrow darkener that is absolutely waterproof. It makes the eyelashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Though you may weep or be caught in the rain it positively will not run, smear or be effected in any way, yet it is perfectly harmless. If your dealer has not already stocked our new "LIQUID MAYBELLINE" ask him to get it for you, or if you desire we will send postpaid upon receipt of price. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.

"LIQUID MAYBELLINE" in bottle—75c
Solid form "MAYBELLINE" in box—75c
Either form may be had in Black or Brown

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-98 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



**WEAR THIS MARVELOUS "RABON" RING 10 DAYS
AT OUR EXPENSE YOU RISK NOTHING**

and if your friends or even you yourself can tell it from a genuine diamond, send it back. "Rabon" diamonds look exactly like genuine, place a "Rabon" and a genuine diamond together, see if you can tell them apart. They have the same fiery blue white appearance as the genuine diamond, the same sparkling dazzling, rainbow brilliancy and are actually alive with fire. "Rabon" diamonds almost defy the life time diamond expert. Neither science nor man has ever created anything more realistic. Give "Rabon" the same test you would a genuine diamond. Prove to yourself its amazing qualities.

No. 4 and 9 mounted in 14 karat gold shell. No. 2 mounted in 18 karat green gold finish. No. 1, 7 and 10 massive platinum effect, all 1-karat size, blue white absolutely perfect. No. 10 2 karat size.

Mountings are exact duplicates of latest style original genuine creations. Unconditionally guaranteed for twenty years.

SEND NO MONEY. Send size shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around your finger. When ring arrives by return mail, deposit with the postman the amount shown here and if you are not more than delighted or decide not to keep it within 10 days, send it back, we guarantee to refund your money immediately. Remember you take no risk.

SPECIAL OFFER To introduce the amazing "Rabon" Diamond we will send absolutely free your choice of solid gold front cuff links or solid gold mounted scarf pin to those ordering two rings or more. This offer holds good for a limited time only.

THE RABON CO., 12 E. 22nd St., Dept. 103 New York



Hobart Henley and his beauty chorus of bathing girls who appear in his production "Free Love" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ALTHOUGH Gloria Swanson was reported to have taken to heart the kind but firm refusal of Sir James Barrie to accept her in the role of "Peter Pan," after she journeyed all the way to England, as is rumored, to talk it over with him, and even after—also rumor!—she offered to play the part without salary if she could have it—her departure for Paris was not wrapped in gloom, nor has been her sojourn in the French capital. She went over there to film "Madame Sans Gene," but between scenes has found time to captivate the French press and public. Miss Swanson is supported in her new picture by Charles de Roche.

* * *

TWO of the world's hardest-boiled men have bowed down to Lillian Gish's silversheet charm. Joseph Hergesheimer extolled Lillian's loveliness a month or so ago in an enthusiastic essay; and now George Jean Nathan, champion scoffer of all the critics, comes forward to name Miss Gish as the one and only queen of the screen. Mr. Nathan says that Alma Rubens comes nearest to approaching the Gish artistry.

The strange thing about it is that Lillian, although she knows Mr. Hergesheimer, has not met Mr. Nathan; and was more surprised than anybody to read of his admiration.

* * *

ESTELLE TAYLOR has gone back to work. She is making a picture for an eastern company with one of those titles about desire or something. If Estelle is engaged to Jack Dempsey she keeps it a secret; and Jack has lately been seen in Manhattan in the company of the delicious and diminutive Ann Pennington.

Estelle hasn't time for rumored engagements anyway. She leaves her apartment before eight thirty in order to get to the studio and be made up and on the set by nine. Oh, yes, girls, it's an easy life!

* * *

LILLIAN GISH is to make her future productions for Metro-Goldwyn. Her manager, Charles Duell, made the announcement just as we went to press, and Lillian crossed her heart and hoped to take terrible close-ups if it wasn't true.

Now she, and her admirers, can heave a sigh of relief, knowing that she isn't to dash off to France or Germany or even California.

* * *

A move which may not seem to mean much to you in the audience, but nevertheless will play an important part in the careers of several of your favorites, was consummated the other day. Joseph Schenck has joined his forces with the United Artists. In case you've forgotten the United Artists include Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. This means that, in the future or as soon as the current Schenck contracts have expired, Norma and Constance Talmadge, and possibly Buster Keaton, will release their pictures through the same channels which now handle the Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin products. It is rumored that, in time, Mr. Schenck will decide to let Paramount distribute his stars' productions, and if this is true then the Harold Lloyd and Rudolph Valentino films will also be released through Famous. Anyway, wait and see.

Reducing Garments Must Fit Perfectly

"Stock Sizes" do not assure this, so the famous Annette Rubberic Reducing Garments are made to individual measurement

No two women have *identical* bust, diaphragm, abdominal or hip measurements. There may be but a fraction of an inch in difference—but that *difference* must be considered or there will be "tight" or "loose" places and imperfect massaging. There is no guesswork about an Annette Garment—because there is no guesswork about a tape-measure. To assure this perfect fit, always state in ordering whether measurement is taken next to the skin or over the clothes. This is important.

A Perfect Fit a Vital Point

Only in this way is assured the gentle, healthful, continual and *evenly disposed* massaging that wears away fatty tissue, increases blood circulation, and restores to the firm flesh the slender, flowing, graceful lines of youth. The "Annette," or perfect-fitting Garment, is not only effective in reducing, but is worn by thousands to AVOID GETTING STOUT.

No Rubber Touches You

Annette Reducing Garments are NOT sheet rubber. By their wonderful weave the body is protected against the "clammy," "sticky" touch of sheer rubber, with its stuffy, unpleasant odor when subjected to bodily warmth. Where rubber touches the skin, or if a garment comes between the rubber and the skin, this odor is always present. By avoiding this, the Annette weave has become famous. Annette Garments are matchless in durability, free from danger of tearing or sagging and are *washable*.

Reduction Begins at Once

From the moment you begin wearing an Annette Garment reduction is apparent. You look thinner, and this gradually assumes a delightful reality. No need for debilitating hot baths, violent exercises, medicine or dieting; no need to wear a stiff, uncomfortable corset, for specific Annette Garments, while reducing, serve, at the same time, the purpose of a corset without its many disadvantages. They support and strengthen the abdominal muscles, and those of the back and side, while imparting a soothing, delightful sensation of comfort and freedom of movement.

Send No Money

For Hip Reducers, send measurements of waist, hips and thighs—for Girdle, send measurement of waist. Just give your measurements and I will send you the Annette Garment in a plain wrapper. Pay the postman the cost of Garment, plus a few cents for postage. If you prefer to send the money when ordering, the Garment will be sent prepaid. Try it on when you receive it, and if you are not satisfied, send it back at once and I will refund your money. Mail your order today before you forget it.

No. C. O. D. to Canada, Hotels or General Delivery addresses.

NOTE—On another page of this magazine you will find described and illustrated the famous Annette Rubberic Bust Reducers

Mme. Annette

Dept. R-13

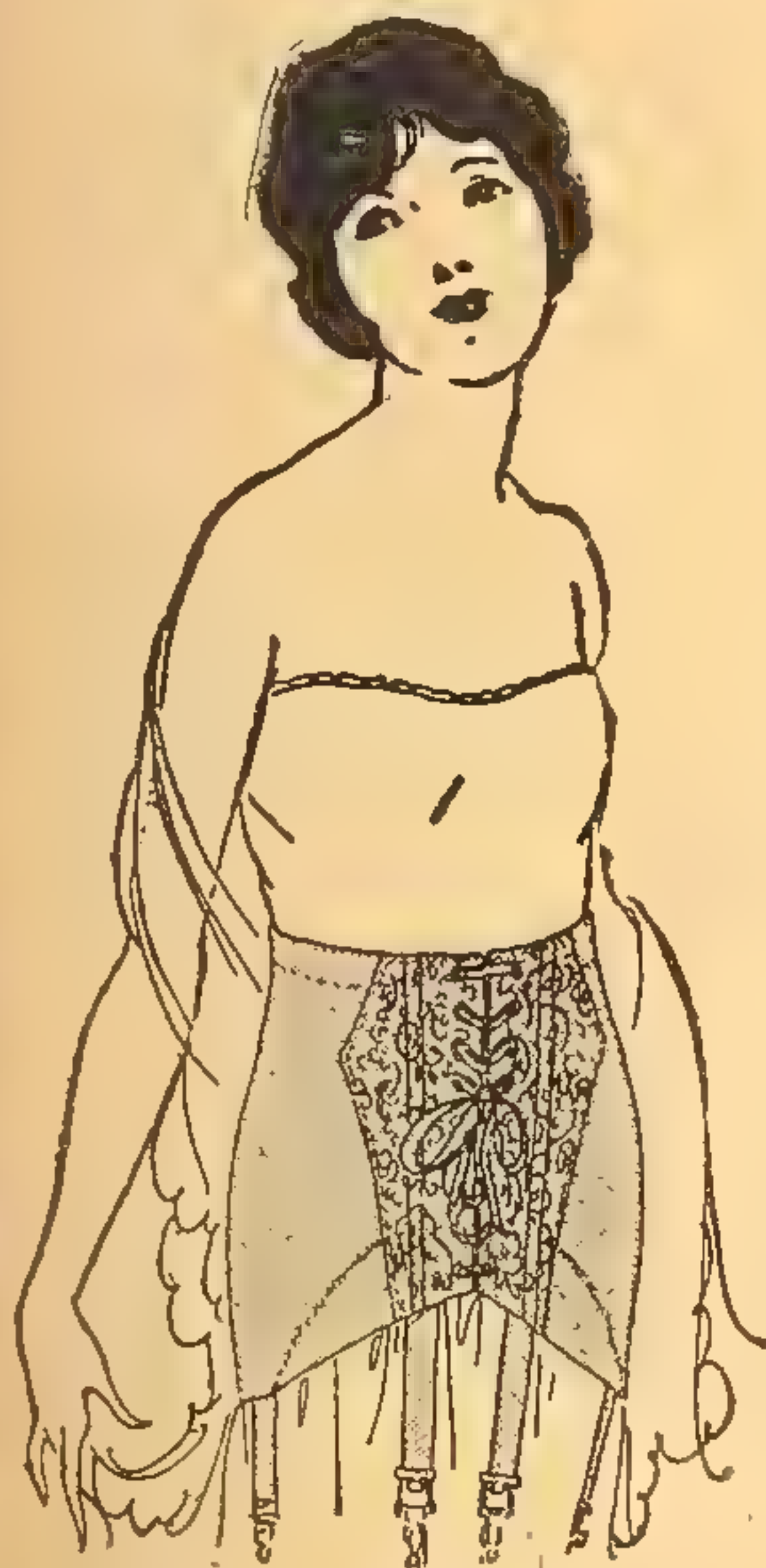
30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



12-Inch Hip Reducer
With Laces
Regular, each.....\$7.50
Mercerized, each..... 8.50



12-Inch "Step-In" Style
Hip Reducer
Regular, each....\$6.50
Mercerized each... 7.50



12-Inch Hip Reducer, with
Laces, Attractively Trimmed
with Brocade
No. 323—Mercerized,
each.....\$9.50

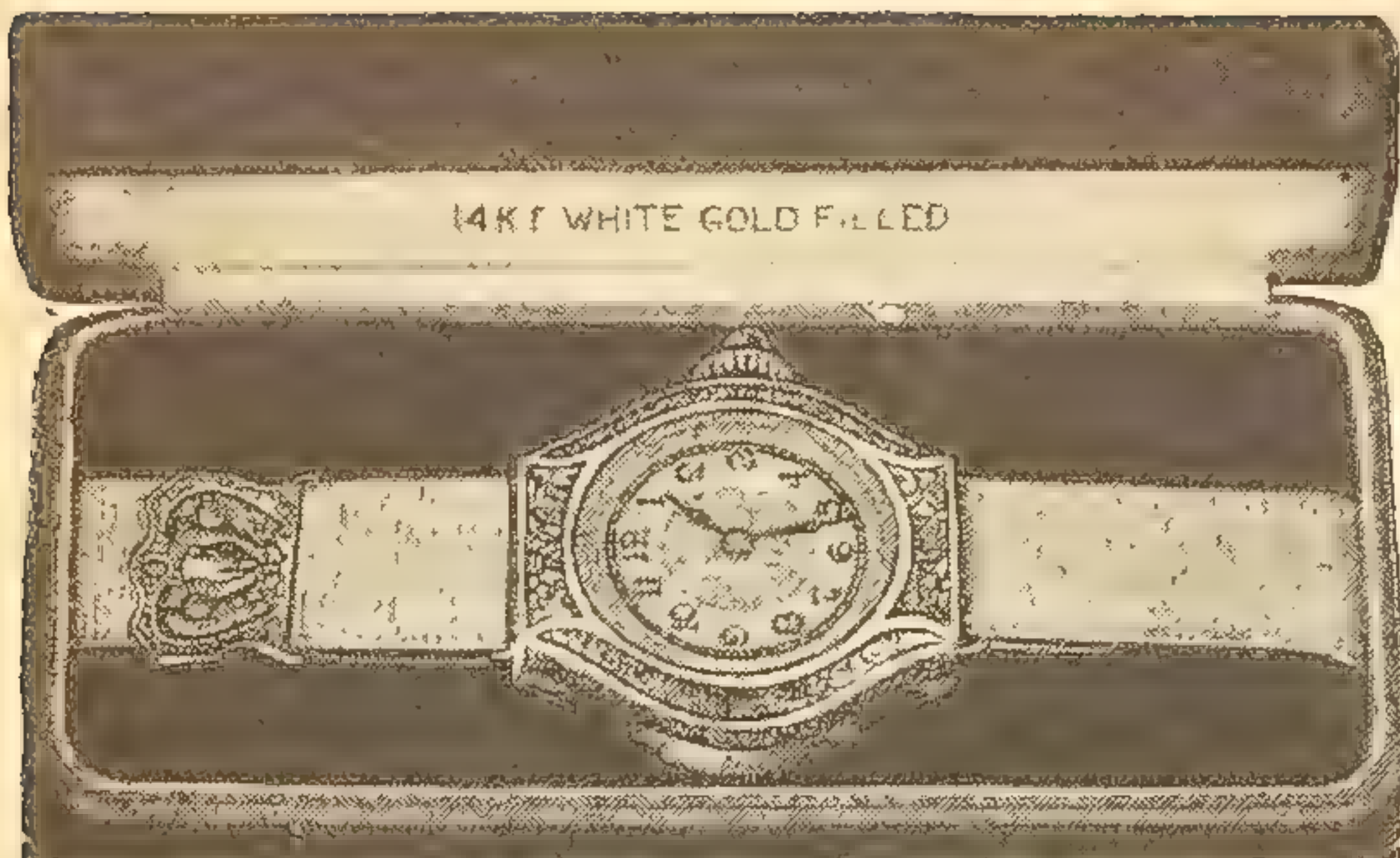


16-Inch Hip and Waist
Reducer, with Laces, At-
tractively Trimmed with
Brocade
No. 324—Each...\$10.50

Free Literature

Mail me a postcard and I will send you my free catalogue, showing the famous Annette Bust, Waist, Ankle, Abdominal Reducers, and other Annette Rubberic Garments, fully illustrated and described. Write today.

Yes We Have No Sex Appeal—Continued from page 33



Only \$5.45 for this \$20 value White Gold Wrist Watch

25 year 14K white gold-filled case, richly engraved, latest Tonneau shape, sapphire crown, gros grain ribbon with white gold-filled clasp, 6 jewel movement. An excellent timekeeper. Comes in beautiful velvet and silk-lined case.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will make any girl or woman happy. We specialize in this watch exclusively and are in a position to offer it at a price lower than the usual wholesale price. If after receiving and examining this watch, you do not consider it equal to any watch priced up to \$20.00 by jewelers, send it back—we will promptly refund amount paid. Send only \$5.45 and this beautiful watch will be forwarded prepaid, or if you desire we will ship C. O. D., you to pay postman \$5.45 plus 18c charges on delivery. Order now as this offer may not be repeated. **WILLIAMS CO., 4750-84 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago**



Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. Harmless, painless. Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Write for FREE booklet "Magic of a New Skin," in plain, sealed envelope. **Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. FE 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.**

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts. **Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 169 Chicago**

Get Rid of Your FAT Free Trial Treatment



Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk S-2

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and scrawny and would like to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the genuine Hilton's Vitamines absolutely FREE. Do not send any money—just your name and address to W. W. Hilton, 189 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

LUMCO "MAKES NEW HAIR GROW"

THE ONLY LIQUID SCALP TREATMENT that will grow new hair in 30 days. Dandruff and falling hair quickly banished. LUMCO contains only beneficial ingredients, and will make or save a beautiful head of hair for you. At Druggists or sent direct postpaid for \$2.50. Address LUMCO Laboratories, Dept. DR., Kimball, Nebr.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce has just brought her beauty into the movies. Sex appeal made her famous. Will the camera recognize it?

With some stars, sex appeal appears as beauty, as womanly sweetness, or as youthful pep. With little Clara Bow, it's pep. With such ladies as Barbara La Marr, it's beauty. With Norma Talmadge it's a natural combination of all three. Alfred Cheney Johnston told me that there are different types of sex appeal, but that the highest type is the subtle, sweet kind. He mentioned Billie Dove. But Norma is the outstanding example. She is sex appeal at its best. She'd laugh at you if you suggested that she define it. She's a home-made vampire who doesn't know it. A diver's suit or a rope of pearls—it's all the same to her. She's what her role calls for. If she really appears on the stage as the Madonna in Morris Gest's play, "The Miracle," she'll be as much at home as she was as "The Lady." And she is perhaps the only star in pictures who registers just as heavily with women as with men.

It is told that Colleen-Moore, heralded as "the perfect flapper," before beginning an important picture, went out to a farm for a rest, to get, as she herself is said to have put it, "a little sex appeal."

Is sex appeal something that can be turned on and off, like electric lights?

Take the case of Betty Compson. When George Loane Tucker selected her to play the part of the passionate Rose in "The Miracle Man," Betty had been conspicuous chiefly as a bathing-girl. Then, under Tucker's direction, she shone

as a high-voltage star; she fairly exuded sex appeal. A long list of program pictures—and her sex appeal went out! Now she seems to have turned it on again.

There's Norma Shearer. For years she played simple little ingenues, and nobody paid much attention to her. Suddenly she appeared in "Empty Hands"—the title was a misnomer. Norma brought youth, beauty, charm, everything to her role. She almost set the film on fire more than once. And some one, only the other day, said that Miss Shearer is reputed to possess more sex appeal than any girl in pictures. I remember because it was I who said it. Anyway Norma is no longer employed as only an ingenue. She's on the high road to stardom.

Dorothy Gish may have had sex appeal before "The Bright Shawl" but nobody seemed to know it. As the Spanish dancer she clicked mean castanets.

There's Gloria Swanson. When she was in Cecil de Mille's company her bizarre appeal was capitalized. In her recent pictures she has become an actress. And an actress doesn't have to rely upon sex appeal to put herself across. In "The Love Story" Gloria was nearly nun-like—a far cry from the glittering seductress of several years ago. To get back to the boys—Dick Barthelmess, the little gentleman of the screen, is far too polite to emphasize the sheik stuff. But he has it, just the same.

The screen's first vampire, Theda Bara—where is she, now? But to take her place there are a thousand synthetic Thedas—1924 sports models, still tenning on the old vamp-ground.

Yes, we have no sex appeal!

Dramaland—Continued from page 59

the How and the Wherefore:

Reel One—The Actor is "discovered" (as we dramatists do so love to say) muchly upset and already doubting the love and faithfulness of his bride of six months. And being an actor (and the creation of the brilliant Mr. Molnar) he hits on a strange way of testing his wife's fidelity. He feels that he knows perfectly the sort of lover she would take if she took one. He is convinced it would be a military man—a general, preferably a foreign general.

Reel Two—So our young Actor prepares himself for the role and plays the part of a Russian Staff Officer and Prince of the blood royal. It is he himself who is the Guardsman with whom his wife is to fall in love. What a part! What a situation! Should his wife succumb to the charm of the foreigner then he is desolate because she is untrue to him. Should she not succumb then perhaps she

has recognized him and he is a rotten actor. Or at least he lacks the charm which could make his wife fall in love with him over again.

Reel Three—On the pretext of a three days' tour our Actor leaves and enters in disguise. It is perfect. Passing before her window his wife sees him and is smitten at once. He begs to see her. She admits him. He is ardent. She repulses him—but with reservations. (You know those women whose heads shake "no" but whose hearts cannot hear then) He presses his suit. His wife is about to yield. He loses nerve and gives ground—fearing to be too successful. He leaves making an appointment for a meeting that night—at the opera.

Reel Four—At the opera he appears. His wife is too beautiful. His acting is too good. He is unfaithful to himself with his own wife.

Reel Five—Again as his natural s

Could She Love Him Were He Bald ?

ON what a slender thread hangs interest—Affection—Love!

She notices, for the first time, some tell-tale specks of dandruff on his coat, and that his hair is getting thin on top. What if he should lose it! Could she love him then—if he were bald—bald as Uncle Charley?

The very thought is a severe shock to her, for she has always been so proud of his personal appearance—and her own. Wherever they have gone together, the verdict of their friends has been, "What a good-looking couple."

But if he should lose his hair—if he had a shiny, bald head—she just couldn't stand it. Anything but that. She wouldn't mind a sweetheart or a husband whose hair was gray, or even one with a red head—but a bald head . . .

Could any girl's romance survive *that* blow?

New Hair For You In 30 Days —Or No Cost!

Don't let thin, scanty hair ruin *your* personal appearance. It isn't necessary.

If you are worried over the conditions of your hair

—if it is falling out

—if it is getting thin on top

—if your bald spot is growing larger every day

Send at once for our free booklet, which gives you full particulars of an easy, simple home treatment that has grown new hair in one month's time for hundreds of people.

Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't be skeptical. Don't doubt. Investigate. That's the only wise thing to do. It costs you nothing to find out what this treatment has done for others—what it can do for *you*.

So, mail the coupon now. Learn all about this marvelous, new treatment that produces such amazing results.

Proof of Success

You are not asked to take our word in this important matter. We can refer you to hundreds of delighted people for whom we have grown new hair, after all other remedies failed. Read these brief extracts from a few of the hundreds of grateful letters, which are on file in our offices, open to your personal inspection.

"Your treatment so far is nothing short of wonderful. New growth started after three weeks. My fears of baldness are gone forever."—Angus McKenzie, Lakeview, N. J.

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carron, Ohio.

"Hair stopped falling out and quite a lot of fine new hair is coming in where my head was bald. Can highly commend it."—F. L. W., San Francisco, Cal.

"Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. It was just bare as the palm of my hands. New hair is coming again."—C. Fitzgerald, New York.

"I have gained remarkable results. My scalp now is all covered with fine new hair. I am well pleased with results."—W. B., Maywood, Ill.

"A new growth of hair was shown on each side of temple where I have been bald for years."—Chas. Barr, New York.

If you want just such results as these people are getting—if you want to stop your falling hair—cover up your bald spots—improve your personal appearance—let us hear from you at once.



Free Booklet Tells All

All you need do, to obtain full details of this easy, pleasant, home treatment, that grows new hair in thirty days or costs you nothing, is to sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.

This interesting, 32-page booklet, not only fully explains our simple, scientific system of growing new hair, but it gives you positive proof of what we have done for others, together with photographs showing what can be accomplished.

Act promptly. The sooner you get this informative little book, the sooner you can stop your hair from falling out—start to cover up the bald spots—begin to improve your personal appearance.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 6712, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 6712, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

You may send me, in plain wrapper, *without cost or obligation*, a copy of your new booklet telling all about the Merke Institute Home Treatment for stopping hair from falling out, growing new hair and improving one's personal appearance.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss).

Address.....

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

Classified Advertising

Rate 25c a word Forms Jan. close Dec. 5

AGENTS—BIG PROFITS. EASY SELLING. Sure repeats. We furnish the money. Full or part time. Crew managers and established agents. We'll show you how to make more money and get more customers. Write for limited offer. Leonita, Box 649, 167 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

AT LAST! DIAMOND RIVAL DISCOVERED! Amazing blue white Rajah Gem astounds jewelry world and deceives experts! Beautiful Sample case FREE! \$100 Weekly! Write Quick! RAJAH DIAMOND CO., Dept. F 46, Salisbury, N. C.

REALIZE YOUR AMBITIONS IF YOU KNOW ALL YOUR POSSIBILITIES, you can succeed in anything you undertake. Zanya, the famous astrologist, will send FREE a wonderful astrological reading of your life. Send 12c (stamps) to cover postage, etc., with YOUR BIRTH-DATE. Zanya, 200 M-M, West 70th St., New York.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2352, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

WANTED—LADIES TO EMBROIDER Linens for us at home during their leisure moments. Write at once—"FASHION EMBROIDERIES," 1583, Lima, Ohio.

EARN MONEY WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. Z-6, New York.

SONG WRITERS—WE ADVANCE \$250.00 royalty upon publication of songs found suitable. Settlements quarterly thereafter. Send us your compositions based on popular sentiments or novel ideas for immediate consideration. Free booklet "Writing the Popular Song" sent on request. Equitable Music Corporation, 1658Q Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—90c AN HOUR TO ADVERTISE and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 2012 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EARN MONEY WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. New England Music Co., 118 Asylum St., Dept. E-9, Hartford, Conn.

EARN \$25 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, WRITING for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free. Press Syndicate, 1065, St. Louis, Mo.

BE A TRICK CARTOONIST. FREE PARTICULARS. Footlight System, Dept. H., Portsmouth, Ohio.

PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, makeup goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 82, Chicago.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturers direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST DOG KENNELS offer for sale Oorang Airedale watch-dogs, automobile dogs, farm dogs, children's companions, hunters and retrievers. Also big-game-hounds, coonhounds, foxhounds, rabbit-hounds and thorough-bred puppy stock. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed to any point in the United States. Large illustrated descriptive catalog mailed free, Oorang kennels, Box 778, La Rue, Ohio.

Beauty Culture Course at Home

EARN \$40 TO \$75 A WEEK
AUTHORIZED DIPLOMA
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Earn while you learn. Study in spare time. In 8 weeks easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, manicure, packs, dyeing, bleach, waves, skin work, etc. No experience necessary. Enormous demand for operators. Practical Shop Instruction Privileges. Get FREE book NOW.
ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 3012 1000 Diversey Boulevard Chicago

the young Actor returns home. He accuses his wife of unfaithfulness. No, she has been alone. He declares she has been seen with a Guardsman. "What," storms his wife indignantly, "you accuse me of betraying you with a soldier—a common soldier." Her affected grief is so real that the young Actor apologizes for doubting that which he knows is beyond doubt. Then, unseen by her, he puts on again the Guardsman's costume. He stands before her. But her wits are more than a match for his. Her acting is the peer of his own. "So you still want to continue your little comedy," she says smilingly, as though she had

known all along that the Guardsman was her husband. He is stunned. His rush has failed. His acting has been laughed at. In turn his wife's mother, her friend, her servant all come into the room. At a sign from her they see the situation and lie stoutly to defend her. The curtain falls with the young Actor no better off than he was when it arose. Now he must doubt not only his wife, but his wife's mother, her friend, her servant and his own ability as an actor as well. And so there, William de Mille, is the material for a brilliant picture. If you don't grab it Mr. Lubitsch will.

Q This Year He Has the Money—from page 79

tion. They were used in the picture and lived on location with the cast. Naturally, as any one knows who ever saw an Indian tribe, there are numerous little Indians. They took to George; and when he went away after the job was finished they gave him their sincere best wishes.

This Christmas, for the first time in his life, George O'Brien has more money than he knows what to do with. And

what a Christmas he has arranged through Santa Claus, for those Indian youngsters of the Nevada location! O Kris Kringle will have to ride into Pyramid Reservation on a truck. Colorful beads and blankets, drums, pop gun, candy and fruit there will be—but the heaviest of his load will be George O'Brien's expressions of thankfulness for the good luck wishes which came true.

Q The award in the Mae Murray Slogan Contest has been made, and full announcement will appear in the January issue of SCREENLAND



Q Harry Langdon said, "I can be a good street-cleaner, I can."

Reviews in Brief—Continued from page 49

dramatic content of the story itself. Harry Carey, of course, is Harry Carey. Edith Roberts makes a charming heroine, though not even the morn of her sweetheart's hanging is sufficient to rouse her to any great heights of emotion. Frankie Darro, a precocious youngster, turns in a performance that ought to make Jackie Coogan hitch up his rompers and be prepared to defend his laurels. All of which being faithfully recorded, there is nothing much else in *Roaring Rails* to report.

MEDDLING WOMEN—Chadwick—And while we're on the subject, if there is anything in Life which can be too truly portrayed, it is a meddling woman. In this film no situations are spared to show how meddlesome the female of the species can be. As a matter of fact the production herein under discussion is more a case of situations than of real, honest plot legitimately ushered in and honestly carried out. Mr. Ivan Abramson, who wrote as well as directed the story, believes in smashing his points home and the devil take the continuity. *Meddling Women*, as a result, is jumpy, disjointed, incoherent and sometimes illogically told but always the melodramatic bobs up when the film is floundering most dangerously—and what is melodrama for if not to turn up at just the right moment and keep the customers from walking out on you?

Open Letters to Gloria Swanson
Continued from page 37

played with us like a trouper. (Even to piercing Walter to the gizzard and unrigging Conrad in the finale.)

What a night it was! No rehearsals. No retakes. I just read through aloud the stage directions, and the camera around. I think we worked from eight o'clock till one to make that picture. If that speed record has been beaten since I have heard nothing of it.

How pleasant it is now to recall those happy hours. Let those who will speak of movie snobbishness and hatred. But not to me. For I have played with the stars when work was over. Today each of the four artists who played with me that night stands as a star in his own right.

Your great success today, Gloria, is based on ability, yes, but more than that, on the very quality which made you and the others enter into the spirit of my little unimportant play.

It is because you are an artist now as you were then that the public has placed you on the throne which you so beautifully grace.

HAND PAINTED PHOTO OF YOUR FAVORITE
On Cover of this Compact
Newest Parisian Craze

Here's another Parisian gift to American women from famous Deauville, France, where the finest new styles and fads are created. A big sensation there and already popular here in New York. Any photo you want hand painted on the beautiful gilt top of this Foto-Pakt, Double Vanity. Contains genuine Boutay powder and rouge. The excellence of Boutay will compel you to be a constant user. State shades desired. Price \$2.50. Order at once and reserve Boutay lip-stick, with hand painted container free.

How To Order—Send No Money
Send us photograph, snapshot or negative and we will enlarge or decrease it to fit the Foto-Pakt; all photos returned. Send money order or certified check, or if you wish, pay postman on delivery \$2.50 plus postage. Your order will be filled promptly and free Boutay \$1 lip-stick included.

ARANES MERCHANDISE CO.
Dept. 103, 1 West 34th St., New York, N.Y.

Your Favorite Photo Hand Painted

Money Back Guarantee
If not satisfied on arrival, return to us and get your money back.

FREE BOUTAY LIP-STICK WITH EACH ORDER VALUE \$1

HIGH GRADE KNIFE \$1.00 FOR "HIS" CHRISTMAS

DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. Permanent employment and exclusive territory. If you are earning less than \$1200 yearly let us show you how to make more.

Your boy, father, husband, or friend will appreciate this beautiful though inexpensive gift. Every knife made in our factory and fully guaranteed. Blades finest steel. Handles transparent, clear as glass and unbreakable. Under them are shown any designs selected, photos, animals, emblems of Societies, Fraternal, Labor and Railroad Orders, etc.

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for \$1.00. For 25c. extra any name and address put on other side. Size of knife 3 1/4 inches.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
450 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

"I Got Rid of 8 Pounds of Fat in One Week"

You Can Do the Same

Thousands of stout persons have testified to the wonderful results obtained from **DAINTY-FORM Fat Reducing Cream**, and in view of this, we feel perfectly safe in urging every stout person, man or woman, to try

EVELYN NEVILLE'S
DAINTY-FORM

The Pure White Harmless Cream that **DOES Reduce RESULTS GUARANTEED OR NO PAY**

ANN PENNINGTON, of the Ziegfeld Follies, says: "I am overjoyed with my **DAINTY-FORM** reducing cream. Its use has helped me to become slender."

DAINTY-FORM is endorsed by physicians and will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of \$2 the jar or \$3.50 for double size, plus 10c. to cover postage.

DAINTY-FORM COMPANY
15 W. 34th St. Dept. 12B New York

Be Different! Wear Silvery
PRITES DIAMONDS
A rare gem from the Oil Wells of Texas.

Wonderfully beautiful gems, with a fire and brilliancy unequalled in anything except the genuine diamond. Not an imitation, but a genuine gem, formed at depths of two to three thousand feet, and brought to the earth's surface thru Texas oil wells. Mother Nature was making these beautiful gems at the same time she was making the "liquid gold" that has made Texas famous as an oil producing state. Guaranteed never to lose their brilliancy and so hard they will cut glass; these beautiful gems are mounted in solid gold and sterling silver at the following prices:

Gent's Solid Gold Ring	\$12.00
Ladies Solid Gold Ring	7.50
Ladies Sterling Silver Ring	2.50
Gent's Sterling Silver Scarf Pin	2.00

Give finger size when ordering rings. Sent C. O. D. if desired.
Remember, your money refunded if not more than satisfied.

OIL FIELD GEM CO., Dept. B, Sour Lake, Texas

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
169 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

FREE Your Name As \$175 VALUE
Inlaid in Gold NEVER SOLD FOR LESS

THE PERFECT WRITING INSTRUMENT
The New Improved **INKOGRAPH** Writes like pencil with ink better than good fountain pens. Won't skip, blot, scratch, leak, clog or soil hands. Makes 3 or 4 carbons. 14 kt. gold point, shaped like fine lead pencil point. Guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman \$1 plus postage. Agents wanted.

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 187 Centre St., New York

SEND NO MONEY

Super-32 Police 8.95 Automatic
with extra magazine FREE!

Like those used by German military officers, 32 Cal., extra magazine free. Special \$8.95

Famous Ace 32 or 38 Cal., double action, solid frame swing-out cylinder revolver. A favorite with sharpshooters. Our Special Price...\$11.85

Pocket Automatic, 25 Cal. Wonderful value. For quick clearance. Price...\$6.45

World's Famous Lugers...\$21.00

Top Break Revolver, 32 or 38 Cal. Special at...\$7.45

Send cash, check or money order, or, if you wish, Pay on Delivery Plus Postage. Send No Money

Brand new, latest models. Use standard ammunition.

WATTS TRADING CO.,
11 Warren St. Dept. 332. New York

WASH AWAY FAT AND YEARS OF AGE



WITH La-Mar Reducing Soap

The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—nothing internal to take. Reduce any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large breasts or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for \$1.00; one to three cakes usually accomplish its purpose. Send cash or money-order today. You'll be surprised at results.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
558-A Beckman Building, Cleveland, O.



Only \$5.92 for this \$20.00 Ladies' Ribbon Wrist watch. Guaranteed 25 year 14k white gold filled case. Latest Tonneau shape. Exquisitely engraved, platinum finish dial. Six jewels and sapphire color jewel in crown. Fine movement, extremely accurate. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman on delivery. Your name engraved free if money is sent with order. Order now. Money back if upon examination you do not consider this the greatest bargain of all time.

\$5.92
Regular \$20 Value

Springer Jewelry Co., Dept. N-12 5432 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

FREE

Elegant gift case given free with every watch.

SEND NO MONEY

EARN BIG PROFITS Selling Electrical Appliances WE START YOU OUT

The electrical industry is yet merely in its infancy. Get in on the ground floor of a dignified, interesting and profitable business. Steady income, pleasant, easy, demonstrating Violet Rays and electrical appliances which sell on sight. Experience not required. MEN and WOMEN earn big money, spare or all time. Salary to producers. Commissions liberal, in advance. We deliver and collect. Write for exclusive territory. VI-REX CO., Dept. A-92 211 S. Peoria St., Chicago

MAKE MONEY SELL MADISON SHIRTS

Direct from our factory to wearer. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Large steady income. Many earn \$100. to \$150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples. Madison Mill Mfr's, 564 B'way, New York

Peter Pan—Continued from page 24

one of my many friends covetous of the role, but when I saw her and talked to her I buried the hatchet.

She's a petite, piquant little bit of prettiness with a predominance of the elfin about her, a veritable fay, as virginal and sweet as a newborn fawn. She has what Elinor Glyn terms, "IT," meaning personality, and no affectation, praise be the saints of the cinema!

Little Miss Bronson, in befeathered cap and vari-colored jerkin, and nothing else, was perfecting a perfect eyebrow under the cerberus of her portly mama when I was presented. We bandied a few commonplaces, and then Brenon crashed in.

I told him what I had heard, and he never batted an eye, did this quiet yet nervous grey-haired old young man in his double-breasted dark suit.

"You shall see for yourself," he remarked drily.

I was just about to begin seeing when Ernst Lubitsch invaded Brenon, pounded him on the back, and wrung his hand simultaneously. Lubitsch, the great German director, is the only fat little man in the world who can be volatile and get away with it.

"I haff joost seen three reel of your peekshur, Meester Brenon," Lubitsch chortled. "Eet is marvelous. Eet is simple. Eet is fantastic. Eet gives you a pull here," he added indicating his well-padded larynx with a shaking forefinger.

"I should luff to make a peekshur like it and forget a peekshur should mek money. You have made a great artistic triumph."

Brenon thanked the eminent Teuton and led me in upon the set for the last scene of the Barrie play, the window ledge shot, looking out over purple housetops and chimney pots, in which Peter takes his leave of Wendy and Mother Darling.

"Everybody sit down," Brenon bellowed.

"Keep the doors closed. Let no one in," he added.

Betty Bronson took her place on the window ledge.

The musicians began "The Swan Song."

Brenon buried his face in his hands.

In a moment he raised his head and the filming of the scene began. It had been rehearsed all morning.

"I shall show you there can be poetry in motion," Brenon whispered, never taking his eyes off the set.

"Action," Brenon murmured. Betty's arms moved sinuously, undulatingly, presaging her flight away to the Never Never Land, away from Wendy, who loved Peter Pan.

Little Mary Brian (a wonderful first as Wendy entered in a dash. Esther Bronson, a vision of blonde loveliness. Mother Darling, glided in to aid Wendy in gaining another moment with Peter Pan.

The marvelous last scene of the window ledge shot was on, with the players speaking the lines that always take a sob from even hearts of stone.

I sat there under the whirring cameras too thrilled for words, as entranced as I was when I saw the immortal Mary in the role which that dear child Betty Bronson is now living.



I ran away the first day I was born and lived among the fairies."

The scene ended. The tension snapped. Brenon turned to me with a quizzical look in his eye. I could but nod my approval. The Bronson child had knocked me for a gross of revolving barber poles.

After the scene was re-taken five times without improvement, to my notion, Brenon called a halt and showed me other sets used in the picture.

With a cigar store Indian playing Peter these sets will put over the illusion that the stage version was never able to produce. The underground forest is real. Linker Bell hiding in the bureau drawer will be real. Every scene in the picture will give the effect of realism of a sort which will enhance and not destroy the fantasy.

The youngsters will go mad about "Peter" is my prediction; and the picture will make the grown-ups children again, too, thus conquering every one.

Of course there will be some few crusceans with hearts as resistant as a ringing-bell who will not like it, but what Heligoland do they like anyway except seven per cent interest?

Lubitsch liked it and said so when he didn't have to say so. And Lubitsch never does anything he doesn't want to do.

I liked what I saw but that doesn't matter, except that I am like a lot of New York critics, liking little save myself.

At any rate Brenon has put his whole soul into this picture. Betty Bronson has put her whole soul into it. She's living it. So is Mary Brian, Miss Ralston, Ernest Torrence and all the caste.

The results thus far are startlingly remarkable.

When Mary was a little girl
Continued from page 39

I had failed to realize the child was a natural genius.

"Time and again I told Mrs. Smith that her daughter was a born actress, and eventually, as is now well known, she allowed her to appear as a juvenile entertainer. Then often, when the child had taken part in some performance—frequently it was some charity affair—Mrs. Smith would tell me about it and we would discuss her progress."

We are all vitally and insatiably interested in people, especially noted people. Is our interest just vulgar curiosity? We don't believe it. We think springs rather from a profoundly normal hunger for and satisfaction in the performance of human personality—the only romance there is after all.

Each book contains 50 per cent little name cards, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price only 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents Wanted.

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

MINIATURE NAME CARDS
LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book



Tobacco Habit BANISHED
Let Us Help You

No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded. Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company,
Dept 997 St. Louis, Mo.

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

BERMUDA—
Vacationist's Paradise

Only 2 Days from New York

SAILINGS TWICE WEEKLY

From New York Wed. and Sat.

Palatial New Twin-Screw Oil-burning Steamers.

"Fort Victoria" and "Fort St. George"

Fastest Steamers on the New York-Bermuda Route offering passengers the comforts and conveniences enjoyed on highest class transatlantic liners. Tickets are interchangeable on these two steamers, which land their passengers directly at Hamilton Dock.

MODERN HOTELS NO PASSPORTS

All Sports

ST. GEORGE HOTEL
St. George, Bermuda

Especially attractive, located in the historic, picturesque and quaint part of Bermuda. Excellent cuisine and service. Magnificent tiled swimming pool.

WEST INDIES
Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean Sea.

For illustrated Booklets on Bermuda, St. George Hotel or West Indies write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitehall St., New York
or Any Local Tourist Agent

Movie Plots WANTED

Send your plot to us in any form. We copyright, criticize, revise and

We get you the CASH

—if the plot is marketable. You assume no obligation by accepting our service. Write TODAY.

HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO CO.
711-C Pantages Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
"Movie City of the World"

IMPORTED BEAD NECKLACE
ABSOLUTELY FREE

YOU SEND NO MONEY

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND SEND 8 NAMES

Simply make five first names of boys or girls—any names—out of the letters in "Great Lakes Merchandise Company." It's easy, for example take GRA and E of "Great" and C of "Company"—GRACE. Here are all the letters to be used

GREAT LAKES MERCHANDISE COMPANY

More than 50 names can be made. You need only 5. Then send names and addresses of eight girls you know, four in your neighborhood and four in other towns. On receipt of same we will mail you an Imported Bead Necklace.

We will also explain an easy way to secure a beautiful 6 jewel Wrist Watch, white gold filled case, guaranteed 25 years, or genuine Manchurian Lynx Scarf, Folding Camera, 37 piece gold decorated Dinner Set, beautiful electric table lamp, 32 piece Rogers Nickel Silver Set, and other valuable articles—WITHOUT COST TO YOU.

Everyone sending in 8 names and addresses of their friends will receive necklace. Offer closes 10th of next month. Solve puzzle and write at once. Hurry!

GREAT LAKES MOSE. CO.
340 West Huron St.,
Chicago, Illinois
Desk 1161

14K WHITE GOLD FILLED

Our Famous Bulldog
Automatic Ejecting Top Break Double Action Revolver

32 calibre \$7.35
38 calibre \$7.85

Guaranteed hard hitter accurate and reliable.

Nickle or Blue Steel
Popular with Secret Service men

Famous Ace
Imported side swing hand ejector double action accurate, dependable and powerful. Checkered walnut stock. A favorite with sharpshooters.

32 calibre \$14.50
38 and 32-20 calibre \$14.65. This gun is of fine imported tool steel.

Guaranteed for 20 years.

World-Famous Luger, 30 Calibre \$20.95 --- Vest Pocket Automatic 25 Calibre \$6.45---Army Automatic blue steel 25 Calibre \$8.45, 32 Calibre \$10.45 --- Massive Military Trench Automatic, 20 shot 32 Calibre \$11.45.

All guaranteed imported. Use standard cartridges. CAUTION! Remember we guarantee these guns to be brand new and absolutely perfect. We do not sell used or second-hand guns.

Send No Money Pay postmaster on arrival plus few cents postage.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

IMPORT SALES CO. 14 E. 22nd St. Dept. 804 N.Y.

\$1 For curly lashes for LIFE

A new way to curl lashes—as Nature intended Quick, sensible, simple—not a smeary, greasy paste, but a dainty boudoir accessory that lasts forever. Guaranteed! We'll refund your money if not entirely satisfied. Send \$1 today—or—Write for amazing information—free!

THE STICKEL COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. S, 380 Cottage Street Rochester, N.Y.

KURLASH
(NOT A COSMETIC)

ANITA The Genuine (Patented) Nose Adjuster

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is the GENUINE and most comfortable NOSE ADJUSTER absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Write for FREE Booklet.

The ANITA CO.,
Dept. 1269 Anita Bldg. NEWARK, N. J.

Winner of Gold Medal Feb., 1923

Classic Development of the Bust



YOUR WOMANLY BEAUTY can be developed. The secret of woman's charm is a beautiful, fully developed figure—a bust like sculptors carve in marble and artists portray on canvas. The very femininity of woman demands that she be thus perfectly developed.

BEAUTY OF FORM is woman's natural birthright. It is just as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for flowers to bloom in springtime and cast a sweet fragrance by their presence. Physical beauty can be cultivated, for the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree little dreamed of by the average person. There is always a way to accomplish the things that are wholesome and right, and since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a full, rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los-Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

Booklet Tells "HOW" FREE!

Write today for free booklet containing an article by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, telling how any woman may receive development in the shortest possible time. Simply wonderful the results produced. Let us send you photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this

method. Sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Simply send your name and address on a postcard if desired. (This information sent under sealed postage, if you enclose 4c stamps.)

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 30

CLARINDA, IOWA

ALL WHO WRITE US GET AN ARTEX DIAMOND

FREE FREE
NO SELLING
NO BUYING
NO RED TAPE



We want new owners and boosters of **ARTEX DIAMONDS** and we are ready to distribute these gems absolutely FREE to the first 100,000 names we receive. We are making this unusual offer only to get **ARTEX DIAMONDS** into the hands of appreciative friends. **ARTEX DIAMONDS** are full 24 facet cut and of such radiant beauty that even experts are astounded at their likeness to the genuine. You, too, can become the proud owner of an **ARTEX DIAMOND**—and at no cost to you. Just write your name and address plainly on a piece of paper and slip it with 10c in coin or stamps (to help partly cover cost of handling) in an envelope, and get it right off to us. Your "**ARTEX DIAMOND**" will reach you by return mail fully prepaid.

ARTEX CO., 1133 Broadway 102, New York

DIMPLES!



"Dear Ann: You can't imagine how happy I am since I sent for the Dolly Dimpler and now have the cutest dimples. All the girls envy me and the boys simply flock around me. You are my dearest friend and I want to see you happy, too; so Ann, take my advice; send for the Dolly Dimpler. You will be amazed at what a difference it will make. Everyone mentions how much prettier I am. Devotedly, Sonia."

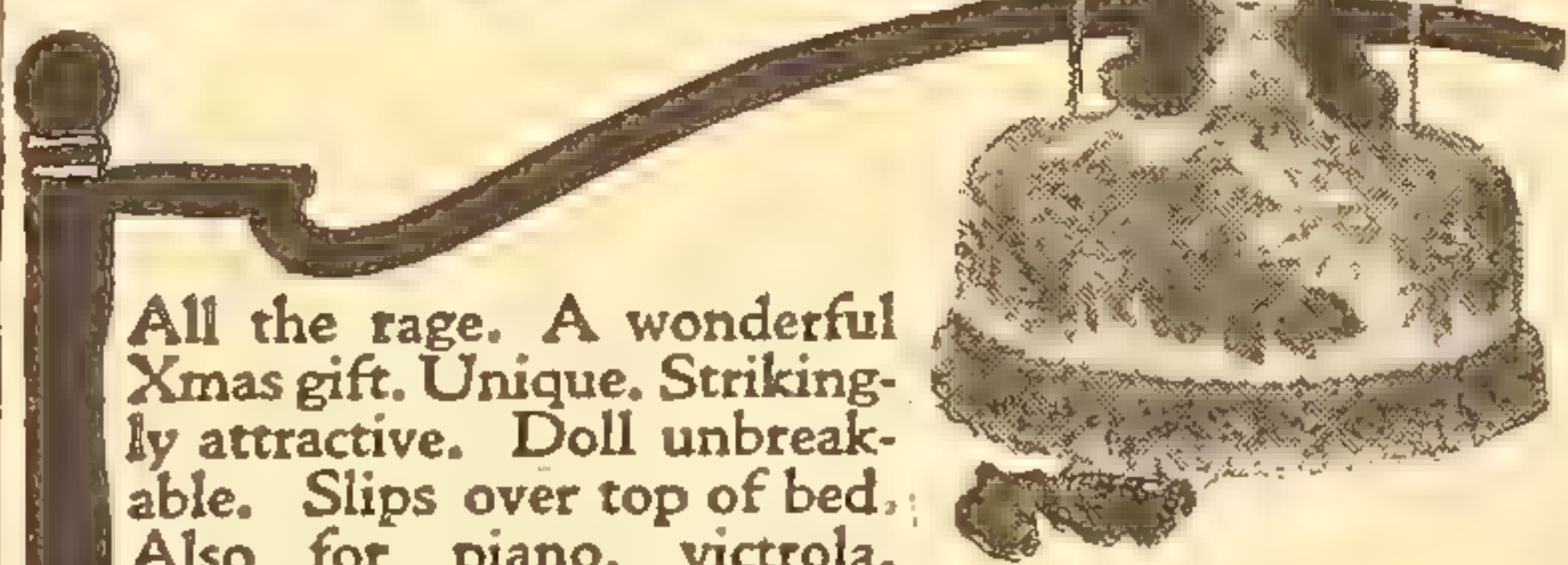
DOLLY DIMPLER is a simple, harmless, easily used device that produces fascinating dimples quickly. Recommended by facial specialists. Absolutely harmless. Results positive. Miss D. H. writes: "I am very pleased with results obtained from Dolly Dimpler. My sister has been using my Dimpler and she, too, is delighted." Clip the coupon below and send \$1 for everything, including complete instruction, mailed sealed in plain wrapper, postage prepaid. Or sent C.O.D. for \$1.25.

DOLLY DIMPLER CO.
247 McDaniel St.,
Dept. F, DAYTON, OHIO

Herewith find \$1 for the famous Dolly Dimpler, with full instructions for use.

Name: _____
Address: _____
(Print Plainly)

"Beauty" Bed Lamp



All the rage. A wonderful Xmas gift. Unique. Strikingly attractive. Doll unbreakable. Slips over top of bed. Also for piano, victrola, desk. Shade is plain colored crepe with floral crepe lining. \$2.89 complete with socket, 6-ft. cord, swivel plug. Send no money. Pay postman on delivery. Money back if not satisfied. ORDER TODAY.

Only \$2.89 (Plus Postage) Send no Money

UNGER DOLL & TOY CO.
267B 4th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

NEW SIMPLE DISCOVERY CLEARS THE SKIN

If you suffer from a burning, itching and irritated skin, blotches or eruptions, we will send you a free trial of Sana-Cutis to prove that it will heal the most stubborn cases after everything else has failed. It is used like cold cream. Just write for free sample. Address SANA-CUTIS CO., Box 36-N Sedalia, Missouri

BOYS and GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets **St. Nicholas Christmas Seals**. Sell for 10c. a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun. **St. Nicholas 2814 Glenwood Rd. Dept. 198, Brooklyn, N.Y.**

BELIEVE IT OR NO!

Clippings from the writings of the Press Agents

THERE is going to be a lot of mytification among the movie fans when the new St. Regis picture "The Ultimate Good," is released. In one of the big scenes two the bits are played by Elaine Dahlia and Algeria (who is also in the "Greenwich Village Follies") and George Nardel. Movie fans never heard of either one but despite this they are going to recognize both of them immediately. Miss Dahlia is a dead ringer for Nita Naldi and Mr. Nardelli is a second Adolphe Menjou. The resemblances were immediately recognized by E. H. Griffith, who is directing the picture, with the result that he sat down with his scenarist and a scene was written into the action of the sequence giving the two doubles some work together.

The fans are going to be surprised and mystified; and the chances are some producer is going to recognize some "finds" ready made.

IT is announced that the first two pictures to be made in the East for First National under Mr. Hudson's guidance will be "The Interpreter's House," with Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson, and "One Way Street," with Ben Lyon and Doris Kenyon.


"We are here to make pictures permanent," said Earl Hudson. "We know that we can make most of them better here than in California. In nearly every way New York offers greater advantage than Hollywood for picture making. The climate is just as good, and the fact that most exteriors even in California are made at the studios now is evidence that at least as good results can be obtained here.

"Locations in and around New York cannot be beat anywhere else in the world. The difficult problem of proper costuming our players, which has been one drawback in the West, will be easily overcome here."

With the signing of Wanda Hawley for the leading role opposite Pat O'Malley in "On the Shelf" production, work on the Producers Distributing Corporation release was started at the Peninsula studios in San Mateo.

Paul Powell, who is directing the production, has also engaged Ethel Walker and Betty Jane Snowden for important parts. Frank J. Geraghty is acting as first assistant director and Joseph Walker is in charge of the camera work.

"On the Shelf" is a comedy drama adapted for the screen by Woods from Viola Brothers' Broadway Evening Post story.




Moles

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.

WM. DAVIS, M. D.

1245 Grove Ave. Woodbridge, N. J.

HOW TO BANISH THEM



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCREENLAND, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1, 1924. State of NEW YORK, County NEW YORK, ss. Before me, a NOTARY and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. THOMAS WOOD, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PUBLISHER of the SCREENLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and of the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. THOMAS WOOD, 145 W. 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 145 W. 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 145 W. 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, NONE.

That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given) THE MAGAZINE BUILDERS, INC., 145 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. THOMAS WOOD, 145 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; ERNEST ADAMS, 145 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where a stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person for whom such trustee is acting, given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated herein. J. THOMAS WOOD, Publisher. Subscribed and subscribed before me this 9TH day of OCTOBER, 1924. (Seal.) MARGARET DOONAN, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 170. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co., No. 450. My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

earn money weekly, spare time, home, dressing, mailing, music, circulars. and 10c for music, information.
New England Music Co.,
118 Asylum St., Dept. E-9,
Hartford, Conn.

IMPORTED HAND SEWN SPANISH LEATHER
UNIQUE XMAS GIFTS

Finest quality Spanish leathers—entirely hand sewn in Spain—in 300 styles of cigarette, cigar, card and rosary cases, bill folds and coin purses. Catalog FREE.

NEWEST CIGARETTE CASE
Double row, hinged end—holds one package. Black or maroon calf—brown or maroon morocco, **\$2.50**

BILLFOLDS Assorted Models
Exclusive gift! Brown or maroon morocco—black or maroon calf, **\$3.25**

CALIFORNIA TRADING CO
DESK L1512 747 WAREHOUSE ST. LOS ANGELES

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

\$2

XMAS GIFTS

Sent for \$2



BY1—Lady's 18K white gold ring; hexagon center set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$22.



BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect out blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 14K natural gold shank. \$65.



BY3—Lady's 20 K white gold orange blossom ring set in 3/4 Carat size 18K white gold cup with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.



BY4—Lady's rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$22.



BY8—Platinum front Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14 K white gold pin. \$27.50.



BY9—Lady's 7 diamond cluster ring; 19K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50.



BY6—Lady's 18K white gold ring; center set with absolutely perfect, blue white diamond; two flawless diamonds on sides. \$100.



BY5—Lady's hand carved 18K white gold ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$50.



BY7—Lady's genuine Bohemian onyx set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14 K white gold shank. \$18.50.



BY10—Diamond set rectangular shaped wrist watch; 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.



BY11—Lady's lace design ring of 19K white gold, set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.



BY12—Solid platinum lace work design lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$100.



BY13—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 20 K white gold shank; resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.



BY14—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in 18K white gold top; 18K white or green gold shank. \$75.



BY16—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; French blue sapphires on sides. \$75.



BY18—Gentleman's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 18K white gold octagon top; 14K green gold shank; resembles \$900 solitaire. \$90.



BY17—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.



BY18—Lady's 7 diamond platinum set cluster diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$600 solitaire. \$48.50.



Free Royal Xmas Catalog
The most complete catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent FREE. Prices from \$5.00 to \$1000—quality the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our \$2,000,000 stock. Send for your copy today, Dept. 1225

\$2.00 Brings Your Choice

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY
Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Free Trial
Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

A Full Year to Pay
Simply send \$2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO,

170 Broadway ~ New York

Are You Afraid To Love?

Is Sex a Mystery To You?

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Then clip the coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.



Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel" Page 199.

Life's Mysteries Revealed

YOUR QUESTIONS — all of them, the most intimate — all are answered in simple, straightforward fearless language. Here are the real facts about the so-called mystery of sex—the things you should know about **YOURSELF**, about **YOUR BODY**, your **DESIRES** and **YOUR IMPULSES**.

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512 page book, "Safe Counsel", written by Prof. B. G. Jefferis, M. D. Ph. D. and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M. contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten—the right word is used in the right place. In this remarkable volume are answered all the questions that brides want answered on the eve of their weddings—that youths approaching manhood demand of their elders—that married people should know. The naked facts are told. Ruthlessly! Daringly! But truthfully!

"It Might Have Been Prevented"

How pitifully often do we hear this pathetic phrase. Glorious young lives are wrecked by ignorance and falsehood. Innocent children suffer as a result of prudishness and "modesty." We think we are an enlightened, civilized people—but we will continue to be in the dark ages until every adult knows the truth about the functions and purposes of his body, and about that great powerful invisible force, the Life Urge.

Would You Like to Know:

- The secrets of a happy marriage?
- The mistakes every couple should avoid?
- What true love really means?
- How to perpetuate the honey moon?
- Law of mutual attraction?
- If continence is desirable?
- How to control your impulses?
- Answers to sex problems?
- Dangers of ignorance?
- Advice to the newly married?
- Signs of excesses?
- What every girl should know?
- The reasons for marital unhappiness?
- How to hold your husband's love?
- The prevention and cure of social diseases?
- Mistakes often fatal?
- Ethics of the unmarried?
- What every young man should know?
- Advice to expectant mothers?

These are just few of the questions answered truthfully and authoritatively by "Safe Counsel"

The Truth At Last!

Safe Counsel contains nine startling sections: 1. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are just a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Anatomy and Physiology, A Word to Maidens, Maternity, Parental Influences, Change of Life, Impotence, Fighting Modern Evils. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

Nobody can escape sex problems. Men and women—rich and poor—all face the sex question. Do not let ignorance blight your life. Do not allow fear and superstition to mar your happiness. Knowledge will free you—give you security, self-confidence and courage to face life without the shadow of fear and doubt threatening your peace of mind.

Send No Money— Simply Mail the Coupon

Ignorance perverts the mind. Don't stay ignorant any longer. Send for this invaluable book today—and settle your problems now.

Just clip the coupon. Send it in today. No money is required. In a few days when the postman brings you "Safe Counsel" (in a plain wrapper) you can pay him \$1.98 and postage. If you are not thoroughly satisfied after examination, return the book and we will refund your money. Send the coupon immediately. Mail it today to the Franklin Association, 186 N. La Salle St., Dept. 310C Chicago.

FRANKLIN ASSOCIATION

186 No. La Salle St., Dept. 310-c

Chicago

Please send me your amazing 512-page book, "Safe Counsel" in a plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay the postman \$1.98, plus postage upon arrival. If I'm not satisfied, I'll return it within 5 days and you refund my money.

Name.....

Street
or R.F.D.

City.....

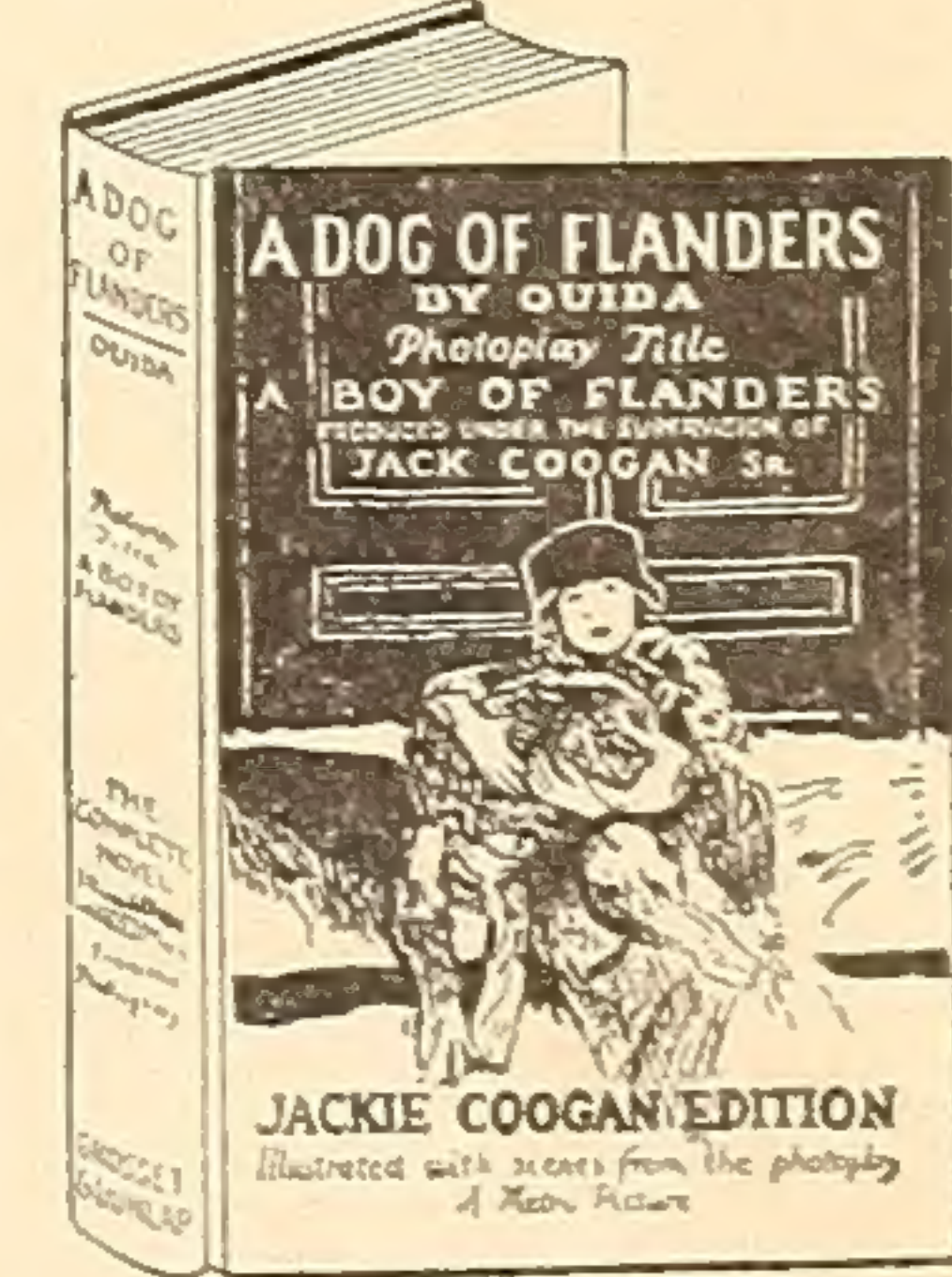
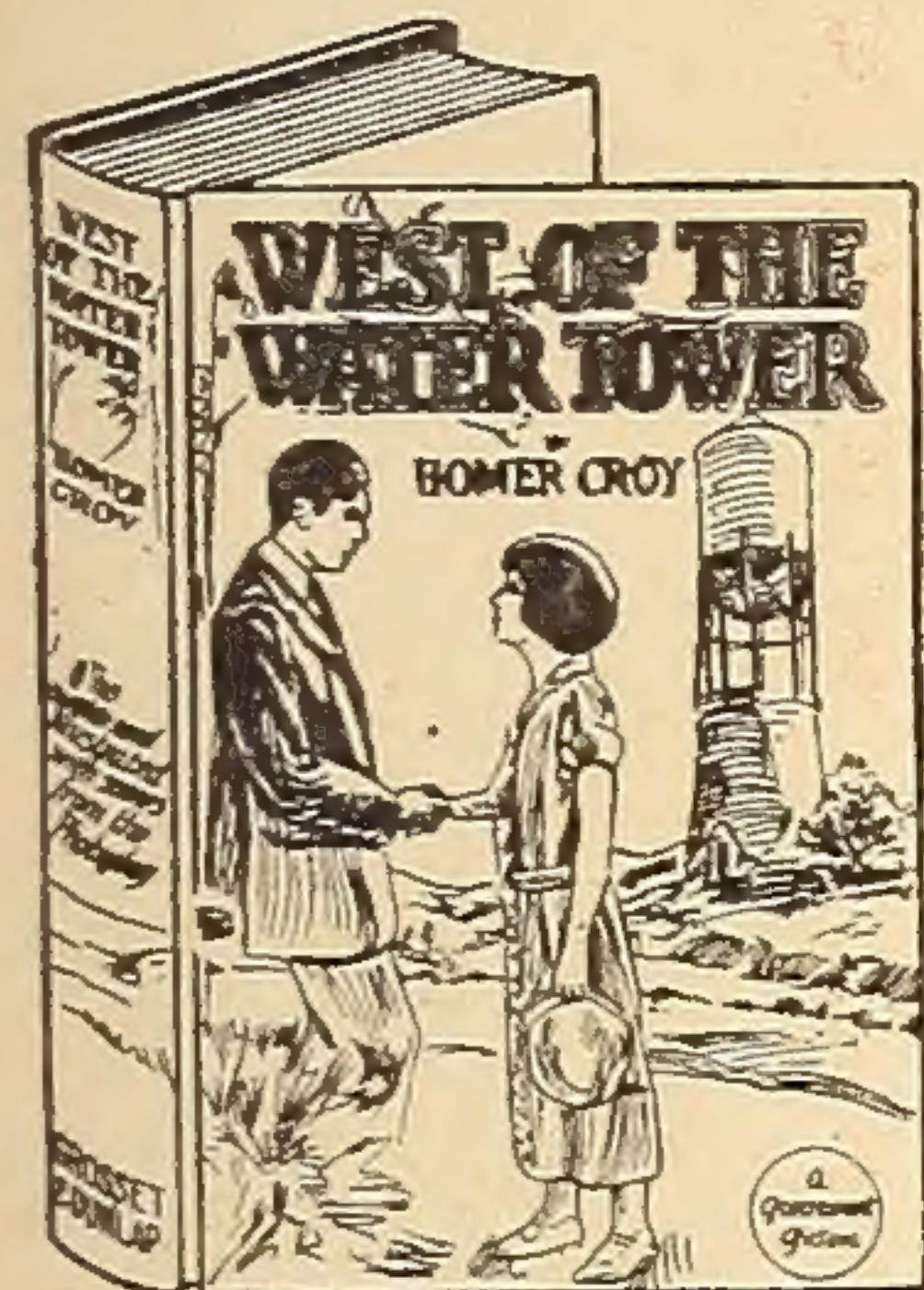
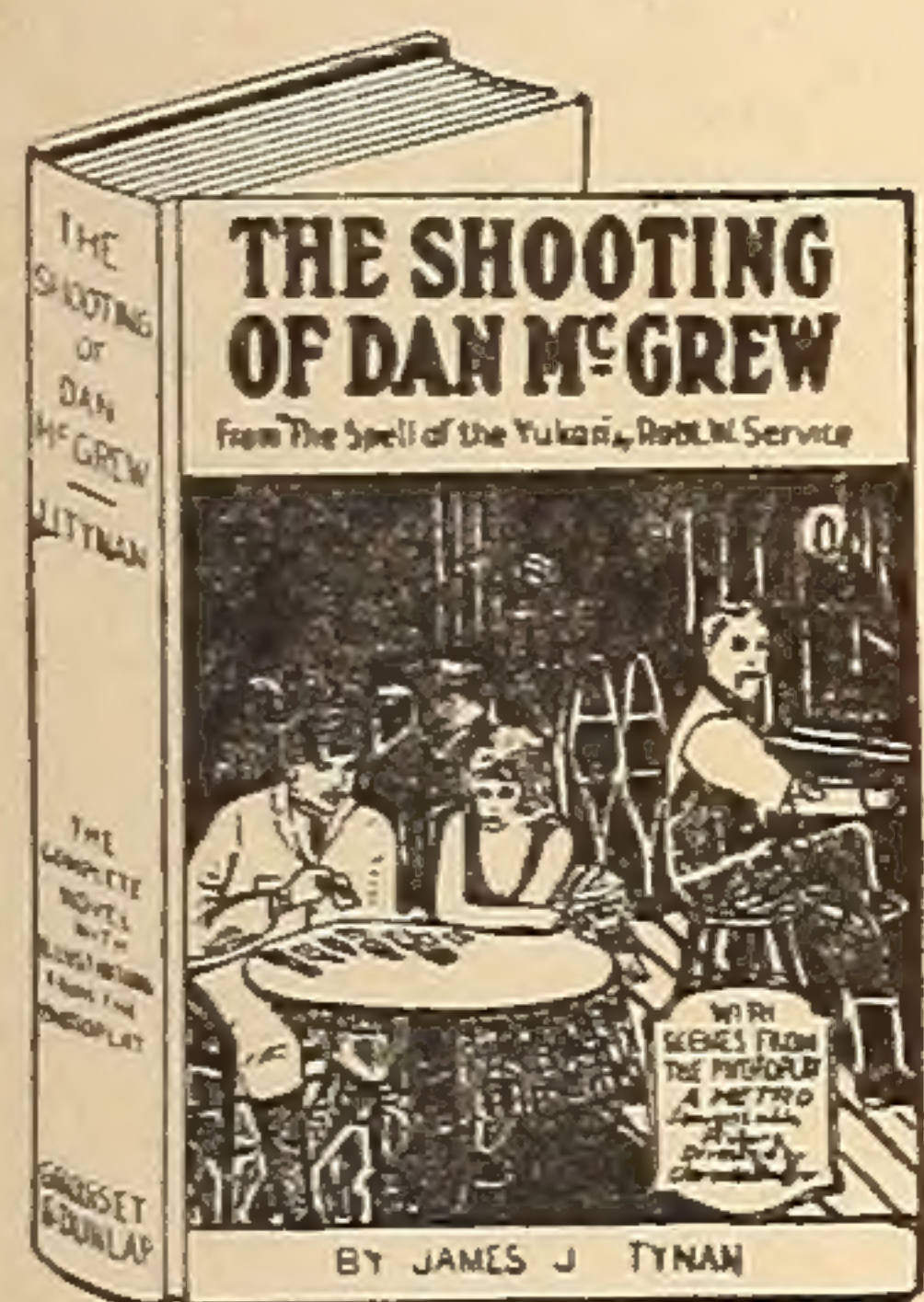
State.....

(Price outside U. S.—\$2.22 cash with order)
C. O. D. shipments are often delayed. If you want to be sure of getting book sooner, send cash with order

Popular Pictures Are Made from Popular Books

JUST recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen during the last few months or expect to see during the present season. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will find their names listed on this page. Not every good book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book.

A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it, to place on your book shelf as a permanent treasure, or to give as a gift to a friend. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.



- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| THE SEA HAWK..... | Rafael Sabatini |
| THE COVERED WAGON..... | Emerson Hough |
| MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE..... | Booth Tarkington |
| THE TEN COMMANDMENTS..... | Henry MacMahon |
| SCARAMOUCHE..... | Rafael Sabatini |
| JANICE MEREDITH..... | Paul Leicester Ford |
| DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL..... | Charles Major |
| AMERICA..... | Robert W. Chambers |
| SUNDOWN..... | Hudson-Eberhardt |
| WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND..... | Zane Grey |
| MANHANDLED..... | Arthur Stringer-Russell Holman |
| THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW..... | James J. Tynan |
| YOLANDA..... | Charles Major |
| THE WHITE SISTER..... | F. Marion Crawford |
| BEING RESPECTABLE..... | Grace H. Flandrau |
| LOVE INSURANCE (The Reckless Age)..... | Earl Derr Biggers |
| ANOTHER SCANDAL..... | Cosmo Hamilton |
| THE SALAMANDER (The Enemy Sex)..... | Owen Johnson |
| MERTON OF THE MOVIES..... | Harry Leon Wilson |
| THE MOUNTBANK (The Sideshow of Life)..... | Wm. J. Locke |
| THE JUDGMENT OF THE STORM..... | Roy Mason |
| WILD ORANGES..... | Joseph Hergesheimer |
| LITTLE OLD NEW YORK..... | Rida Johnson Young |
| THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW..... | Frances Hodgson Burnett |
| A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST..... | Gene Stratton-Porter |
| THE PLUNDERER..... | Roy Norton |
| LEATHERSTOCKING..... | George A. Gray |
| THE BREATH OF SCANDAL..... | Edwin Balmer |
| PONJOLA..... | Cynthia Stockley |
| WEST OF THE WATER TOWER..... | Homer Croy |
| IF WINTER COMES..... | A. S. M. Hutchinson |
| THE WAY OF A MAN..... | Emerson Hough |
| THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT..... | Zane Grey |
| RITA COVENTRY (Don't Call It Love)..... | Julian Street |
| A LADY OF QUALITY..... | Frances Hodgson Burnett |
| IN THE PALACE OF THE KING..... | F. Marion Crawford |
| UNDER THE RED ROBE..... | Stanley J. Weyman |
| THE SPANISH DANCER..... | Victor Hugo |
| THE CHEAT..... | Turnbull-Holman |
| LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER..... | Basil King |
| THE VIRGINIAN..... | Owen Wister |
| POTASH AND PERLMUTTER..... | Montague Glass |
| RUGGLES OF RED GAP..... | Harry Leon Wilson |
| THE ETERNAL CITY..... | Hall Caine |
| THE CALL OF THE WILD..... | Jack London |
| CAPE COD FOLKS..... | Sarah Greene |
| THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER..... | Edward Eggleston |
| ALICE ADAMS..... | Booth Tarkington |
| THE CHRISTIAN..... | Hall Caine |
| THE COMMON LAW..... | Robert W. Chambers |
| THE PRISONER OF ZENDA..... | Anthony Hope |
| RUPERT OF HENTZAU..... | Anthony Hope |
| FIGHTING BLOOD..... | H. C. Witwer |
| THE TURMOIL..... | Booth Tarkington |
| THE LONE STAR RANGER..... | Zane Grey |
| MAIN STREET..... | Sinclair Lewis |
| PENROD..... | Booth Tarkington |
| PENROD AND SAM..... | Booth Tarkington |
| TO THE LAST MAN..... | Zane Grey |
| WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER..... | Charles Major |
| THE RUSTLE OF SILK..... | Cosmo Hamilton |
| MICHAEL O'HALLORAN..... | Gene Stratton-Porter |
| THE FLIRT..... | Booth Tarkington |
| ROBIN HOOD..... | J. Walker McSpadden |
| THE RAMBLIN' KID..... | Earl Wayland Bowman |
| ST. ELMO..... | Augusta J. Evans |
| THE CLANSMAN..... | Thomas Dixon |
| THE LEATHER PUSHERS..... | H. C. Witwer |

All books included in this announcement are full size standard cloth bound and price \$1.00 each or six books for \$5.00, includes insured delivery charges to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Address Order to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, (Book Dept.), 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

The very Gifts you would buy on the Champs-Élysées

Encore la fête de Noël! Once more Christmas awaits us, that joyous season when hearts are gay! Now to you, *mes amis Américains* — *Mesdames, Messieurs*—a word of friendly counsel:

Do you seek a gift of distinction, to make sing the heart of *Madame*, of *Mademoiselle*?

Here are the very gifts that you would see today in my shop on the Champs-Élysées—my Djer-Kiss Gift Sets. Assuredly they are Fashion's newest fancy! For in their so lovely silken-lined boxes they contain my fragrant *spécialités Djer-Kiss*—toilettries from France, breathing, all, the very spirit and charm of Paris.

In America, at your own fashionable shops, you will find them in nine attractive combinations and at nine different prices.

Kerkoff PARIS

Djer-Kiss

KERKOFF

GIFT SETS



Holiday crowds now throng the Djer-Kiss Shop of Monsieur Kerkoff, at 63 Champs-Élysées, Paris (depicted above by John LaGatta). Here, as in America, one will find the exquisite Djer-Kiss Gift Sets—for example, the fascinating set shown at the right.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Importers, New York