

MADE WHERE THE MOVIES ARE MADE

★ SCREENLAND

STRAIGHT
from
HOLLYWOOD



© HENRY CLIVE

MYRON ZOBEL
PUBLISHER

December
25 Cents

"First Release"

THE SPY SYSTEM IN THE MOVIES



You, too, can
have the
loveliest
skin

USE

ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT



Positively Destroys Superfluous Hair and ROOTS

Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks.

Remove them at once, off and out, roots and all, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

For over seventeen years ZIP has helped women become more beautiful by painlessly *destroying* superfluous hair on the lip, face, neck, forearm, underarm and limbs.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth. **Guaranteed.**

At All Good Stores or By Mail
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562 Fifth Ave. (46th St.)
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Please send me your Free Book,
"Beauty's Greatest Secret," also free
sample of your Massage and Cleansing
Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

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Address.....
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City and State.....
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Bobbed hair demands that the nape of the neck have a perfect hair line, well defined, free from unsightly hair. ZIP is most necessary for this.



ZIP destroys the hairs that show thru the silken sheen.



Sheer waists no longer permit an underarm showing even a suggestion of unsightly hair. ZIP destroys the growth.



A well rounded arm—free of all downy hair—is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves. ZIP destroys both fine and coarse hair.



Not only removes hair—
but checks its future growth

ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way *destroys the growth*. Ladies everywhere are recognizing that ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser—but ZIP removes hair and roots in an entirely different, yet easy way, and destroys the growth.

When in New York don't neglect to call at my Salon to let me give you a FREE Demonstration.

Write for my FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" which explains the three types of superfluous hair.

Madame Berthe

Specialist,
562 Fifth Ave. (46th St.)



“Merry Christmas!”

Says Gloria. “I hope Santa won’t forget to leave a copy of “Beyond the Rocks” in your stocking on Christmas Eve.”

Christmas will soon be here. Why some friend happy with a present famous novel, at no cost to

not make of Elinor Glyn’s yourself?

FOR a single year’s subscription to SCREENLAND, we will send to any address a beautiful copy of “Beyond the Rocks,” with four illustrations of Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson, from the Paramount film adaptation of the novel. Or we will send you the novel and will send the twelve issues of SCREENLAND to the friend you wish to remember, with a beautiful Christmas card. Or we will send both subscription and novel to the same address, as you prefer.

-----**COUPON**-----

CIRCULATION MANAGER, SCREENLAND, Hollywood, Calif.

I enclose \$2.50 for a year’s subscription to SCREENLAND, which you will please send to, in my name. The free copy of “Beyond the Rocks” is to be sent to.....

FREE

My name is..... Address

City State



The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long re-

search, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 830

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 894, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chi-
cago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Tomorrow

A Remedy for Moral Ills
Free Love vs. the Bride Habit
Making People Stay Married
The Convenience of Monogamy

—WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE—

(Copyright, 1922)

ONE out of every four marriages in Chicago, over a recent period, had its co-relevant in the divorce courts. Six out of every eight honeymooners became divorcees. In some cases love languished, in others it flourished outside the family. Sociologists offered theories and from the very altars where the ineffectual unions were being solemnized there rang forth awful warnings.

THE best brains of Today are engaged in advancing civilization by conducting researches for cancer and tuberculosis cures. He who succeeds will be immortalized. But the man or woman who consecrates a life to remedy moral ills of the race is thrown into jail with birth-control enthusiasts.

THE distressing factors of matrimonial problems have been blithely eliminated by free-love exponents. Although their system is not yet perfected, it is a step in advance of the level of society which retains divorce lawyers like family physicians. Free love is not so hypocritical as the bride habit.

THE movies, along with other social forces that deflect the current of mass conscience, are blamed for creating impure standards. Which is an absurd arraignment. In frank expression, the screen is two hundred years behind the unconventional novel. A racy story is banned from the realm of the photoplay. Sermons invade more daring environs than problem drama.

PERHAPS the screen of Tomorrow will be enlisted to help make people stay married and stop making family trees like jungle thickets. The love story will then become propaganda. Scenario writers will be instructed to feature the comforts and conveniences of monogamy. Resourceful exhibitors will attract crowds to their theatres by giving free loges to golden-wedding couples. It will all help. Too many girls of Today are saving solitaires to make sunbursts.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at San Francisco, California.

Coming NEXT Month:

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR HOLLYWOOD WOMEN?

DOES Hollywood, the home of beautiful women, contain no single specimen of perfect loveliness? Penrhyn Stanlaws, famous Paramount director, artist and connoisseur of female beauty, dissects ruthlessly all the famous stars of Hollywood, subjecting them to the merciless light of the perfect artist's ideal. You will be astonished at the imperfections he reveals in the forms and faces of the stars we have all held beyond reproach—NEXT month.



¶ The Venus de Milo, the ancients' recognized standard of perfection in the human female figure. But modern standards have changed, says Director Stanlaws. Compared to the classic outline of Venus, the famous beauties of Hollywood are disqualified! See the January issue!

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"HOLLYWOOD STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER"

Paramount Pictures released in NOVEMBER



Rodolph Valentino ^{IN} *'The Young Rajah'*

Valentino as a gorgeous Prince of ancient India—that's his latest role—greater than "Blood and Sand." The pomp of Eastern palaces—the flash of scimitars—the throbbing note of Valentino's love for a beautiful American girl—these are the merest hints of a wonderful evening's entertainment.

From the play by Alethea Luce, and the novel "Amos Judd" by John Ames Mitchell. Directed by Philip Rosen.

Adaptation by JUNE MATHIS



Gloria Swanson *'The Impossible Mrs. Bellew'*

Miss Swanson went to Paris for gowns and bathing suits for this production depicting life at Monte Carlo and points adjacent. From the novel by David Lisle. Adapted by Percy Heath.



'On the High Seas' with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt

Supported by Mitchell Lewis
IRVIN WILLAT PRODUCTION

When a ship goes down and men and women are floating on wreckage the human soul is seen at its worst—and best. Don't miss this one.

Edward Sheldon's first original photograph. Scenario by E. Magnus Ingleton.



A WILLIAM DE MILLE PRODUCTION

'Clarence' with Wallace Reid Agnes Ayres & May McAvoy

Booth Tarkington's greatest comedy! William de Mille's finest production! Three stars! And millions of fans know they have a date. Here is an absolutely perfect example of the new type of picture.

Screen play by
CLARA BERANGER



Alice Brady ^{IN} *'Anna Ascends'*

Directed by Victor Fleming

It is only natural that the play in which Alice Brady scored her greatest success on the speaking stage should assume success of an even more striking quality in the larger emotional dimensions of the screen.

From the play by Harry Chapman Ford. Scenario by Margaret Turnbull.



'The Pride of Palomar'

A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

Peter B. Kyne's Great Story
Directed by Frank Borzage

The story millions have wanted to see in motion pictures. Made by the man who made Humoresque.

The cast includes Marjorie Daw, Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling, Warner Oland, Wilfred Lucas, George Nichols, Edward Brady, Adele Farrington.

The Most Reliable Guide to Good Motion Pictures is the Current Month's List of Paramount Pictures

On this page are brief descriptions of the Paramount Pictures released in November.

See them for yourself. No one else can tell you what you will like or dislike. But with these Paramount Pictures there's not one chance in a thousand of your failing to thrill to high voltage entertainment.

Phone your favorite theatre and find out
when they are coming—

and discover once more that for dependable entertainment Paramount Pictures furnish you your only permanent guarantee against loss of time or money.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

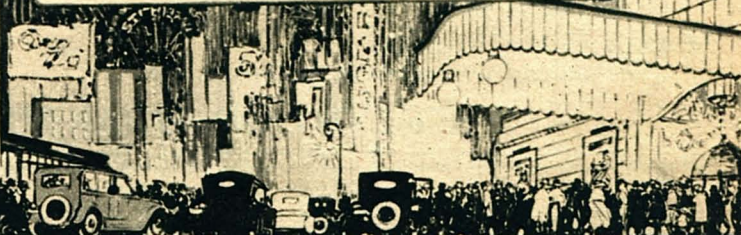


Thomas Meighan *in* *'The Man Who Saw Tomorrow'*

Directed by Alfred Green

If only you could see in advance—just once—which road to take to lead to real happiness—would you look? The Man Who Saw Tomorrow did, and chose between the society heiress and the wild daughter of a South Sea pirate. Which?

Authors, Perley Poore Sheehan & Frank Condon



If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

SCREENLAND Foto Frolics



¶ *This exquisite caprice of Agnes Ayres is a melody of portraiture.
Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes.*

Screen
land



☞ *A pantomime, The Moth, that typifies the Bebe Daniels screen appeal.*
Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes.



¶ Proving that Douglas Fairbanks will be the gay, impetuous Robin Hood devotee of all the pranks that the legends relate.

Screen
land



¶ In the days of old Greece, Dorothy Manners would have been likened to Minerva. But today Hollywood is Olympus and she becomes a 'star.

Photograph by Evans Studio.



¶ *The arguments of critics may wax and wane, but whether or not Gloria Swanson is beautiful, the fact remains she is one of the world's most admired stars. Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes.*

Screen
land



¶ *Dance as well as drama lovers are pleased by the nimble-footed Colleen Moore in her later pictures. This is a study of her in Bitterness of Sweets.*

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull.

**Screen
land**



¶ *Inez Nadeau is a languorous Oriental type of beauty that has reached a definite vogue on the screen.*

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.



Julanne Johnston danced her way to the rhythm of barbaric tomtoms in C. B. De Mille's *Manslaughter*.

Photograph by Evans Studio.

Screen
land



Directors of South Sea dramas have found that Jacqueline Logan can act better in a grass skirt than in a ball gown.

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes.

Screen
land



¶ *Peggy Joyce, the insouciant. Will her mysterious personal charm project itself on the screen? That is what many Hollywood star-makers are wondering.*

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Screen
land



¶ Elinor Lynn snatched her professional name from a bookshelf one day when the director told her she would receive screen credit. She must have been reading "Three Weeks."

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

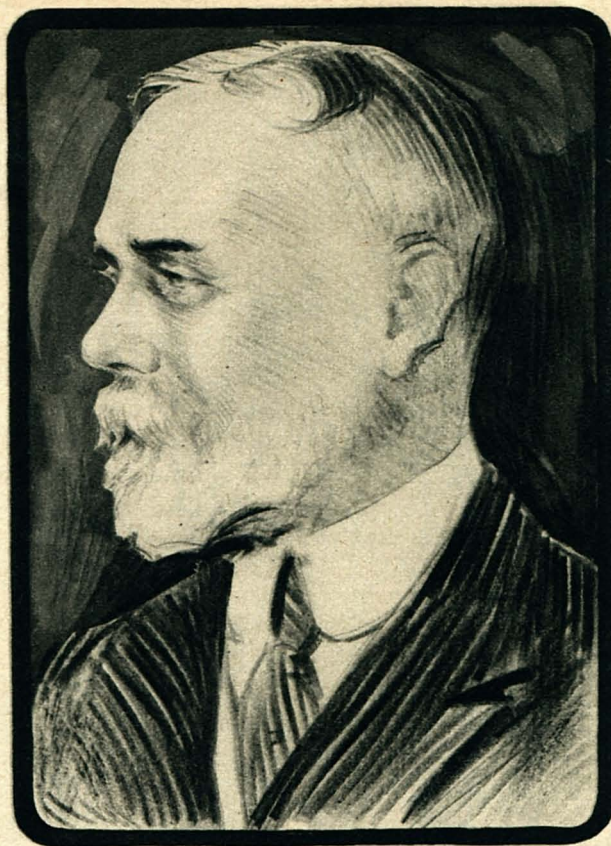
Screen
land



MARION MORGAN DANCERS

☞ *Demonstrating that poetry of motion is the underlying principle of the motion-picture art.*

Photograph by Evans Studio.



How ABOUT British FILMS?

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Celebrated British Novelist and Screen Writer

TO my mind, it is folly to have tariff protection on pictures. The United States has had a big start, has a great cinema-going public and has immense wealth which is at the disposal of the great film producers. Its cinema public is increasing; the English cinema patronage is diminishing. This is not due to lack of interest in films. People cannot afford to go to the theatres as they once did. There is always a great orgy of expenditure after a great war and it lasted until the autumn of 1920, when it began to decline and has ever since.

TAXATION in this country is far higher than in the United States, and foreign trade has fallen because until very lately the exchange was so bad

that we could not afford to buy of the United States. The film industry is last to suffer from a trade slump and is the first to recover because the prices are less than the theatre and the people must have amusement when things look dark. I believe that the English film industry will recover slowly but surely. And I also think that the British film producers will, in good time, equal those in America, just as English actors, managers and the English stage has nothing to fear from American competitors.

I SEE a wonderful improvement in the British films during the past two years. America has accepted *The Glorious Adventure*, which is an undoubted masterpiece. It ranks as high as almost any American film. The improvement is most marked and it encourages one to believe that in a

very few years one will have reason to acclaim the prodigious success of the British film industry.

THE British are not so successful in comic films. There are, perhaps, no Charlie Chaplins or Will Rogers in the British film world. But the British comic stage at its best is as good as the American comic stage, and, after all, Charlie Chaplin is British, and there can be no little question that the British will film as high legitimate comic films as the studios of America. There are Chendier and Don Leno and Sir Harry Lauder as examples of what the comic-sentimental stage can produce.

The film industry in this country is in a bad way but it is solvent and it is safe. And I look to see, in another year, all our film theatres overflowing. British audiences, British films.

MAKING the STARS



The SPY System in the MOVIES

¶ How a Jealous Secret Service Honeycombs the Studios with Insidious Intrigue and Corrupts the Art of the Motion Picture.

¶ This vicious system harks back to the regime of the Kaiser. The roots of the evil are exposed for the first time in this daring investigation.

THERE is a system of spying throughout the studios today that harks back to Prussia under the Kaiser, both as an organized and unorganized secret service of amateur and professional detectives, by which everybody is trying to "get" everybody else and no one is safe from petty tattle-bearing.

It is wholly vicious, unclean, creating a condition of jealousy, revenge, sneaking, underhand trouble-making, petty spite work, and where is the man or woman who can produce their best skill, attain their best achievement under a condition which reeks of suspicion and distrust?

It has been said that twelve men have an opportunity to ruin a picture. The professional film spy, hired in many cases by the producers, is the *thirteenth* man—the deadliest, slimmest and most sinister factor of them all.

THIS hired professional sneak, whose duty it is to report any and every trifling or seeming delinquency that occurs on or off the lot, about any and every person associated with the screening of a play, operates under many guises. He may bear the high-sounding, authoritative title of Production Superintendent, or he may be the *electrician in the sun arc*. He may masquerade under the guise of an

assistant director, or he may be a clerk with *soi disant* secretarial duties.

Theoretically he is employed by that ever-mysterious "They," meaning the powers that be, to report upon extravagances and small leaks, a misguided effort on the part of producers to stem the tide of reckless extravagance in production that once held sway. This is the plausible justification offered for the existence of the hired spy. It is a violent swing of the pendulum to the other extreme, and even when the spy keeps righteously within this province it frequently, generally, works to the detriment of the picture and most outrageously against the best efforts of those responsible for its making.

But the hired spy must justify his being. And in his zeal he is daily, hourly, on the lookout for something to report. To report efficiency, to carry tales of expeditious and successful effort is no part of the scheme. He is there to find fault, to nose out delinquencies, to pry out mistakes, to magnify misdemeanors, no matter how trifling, and, where his victims are guiltless, it is but human that he should bring his fertile *imagination* to bear—for where is the value of a spy who spies nothing, who has nothing to report?

Directors and stars are naturally the chief victims of such a system. And where two or three directors are gathered together this burning topic of the hired spy is bound to arise. For

the studios today are full of striving, earnest, capable directors, whose best efforts are defeated at every turn by what they unequivocally designate as this pernicious spy system. For obvious reasons, SCREENLAND will name no names, but this magazine has the evidence and will publish the *facts* as they have come to it.

THE spy system prevails at most of the big studios in some guise or another—a deliberate system of cheap pussyfooting, an official attitude of distrust. And this official attitude naturally creates a counter attitude of revenge, a counter-spy system, a "you-get-me-and-I-get-you" attitude, replete with snarling vengefulness. "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, little fleas have other fleas and so *ad infinitum*."

And that is one of the most poignant, the most bitterly significant reasons why the third greatest industry in the United States today is in such drastic violent need of that "harmony and co-operation" of which Will Hays speaks so feelingly.

See a small group of studio people talking together, watch the furtive glances, hear the cynical warning "Camera!" given by one of them, see them all promptly turn to discover who may be listening in, hungrily drinking in any careless remark that can be magnified into a misdemeanor, make good "copy"—and get the wretched speaker in "bad."

Imagine any body of responsible

and DIRECTORS DO *the* GOOSE STEP

people in any other business working under these conditions! What a device for encouraging harmony, co-operation, team-work, for bringing out the finest and best of the talents employed! Everlastingly haunted by this dread and dirty word "espionage," always furtive, fearful, or belligerently furious, according to temperament, and always wanting to get even, always suspecting each other of "laying for them" and conspiring with the spy in tattle-bearing.

Can the public conceive of any greater handicap to an industry in which they are vitally interested?

Isn't it obvious that this fundamental rottenness is the basic cause of so many of the imperfections of artistry, direction, acting and production generally?

PICTURE to yourself a director and a star who fondly imagine that the picture they are working upon will be their best. Picture them getting together, as in one notable instance, and working all night for four nights over the script, flushed with enthusiasm, adding, improving, devising, originating dozens of subtle or sensational situations for the greater glory of their work, of themselves, and of the studio.

And then find that some sneaking, dirty spy has reported that these two had been carousing together by night, and that when they paused to discuss points on the lot, they were suspected of a new and scandalous intrigue.

Consider the director who has set his heart on one certain star for a particular role, because she has the particular type of charm he thinks the role calls for, and then finds it hinted that said star once presented him with a fancy silk shirt (and goodness knows what besides), so he probably has some very *intimate* reasons of his own for picking on that particular girl!

Or consider the actress who, having sat up with a dying mother all night

at a hospital, arrives on the lot fifteen minutes late, and finds herself reported as being absent from her home all night—probably on a riotous party—and certainly not believed if she is given an opportunity to explain—which is doubtful.

Again, there was a director who, in an unguarded moment, declared that "it was no use trying to work for this bunch; they were so damned stingy"—a remark that most directors have thought if not spoken at some time or another. When this remark was duly reported with embellishment to headquarters—and carefully coupled up with a previous demand of his for more extras for a ballroom scene—*voila*, the spy found it quite obvious that the director was deliberately wasting the firm's money and trying to get a few of his friends into that ballroom scene.

It is all so unthinkable petty, so base, so cheap, so utterly paltry.

Yet nearly every day responsible men are hauled up to the office to explain some such ridiculous incident, to refute some utterly paltry indictment.

THE new passion for economy, coupled with the new passion for personal rectitude, form a wonderful combination for the activities of the spy. And the temporary lull in production has made every person fear for his job, and created an army of people on the outside looking hungrily in for that job. Friends of these outsiders who happen to be on the inside never lose an opportunity to knock the incumbent. But as their own jobs often depend on the good will of the incumbent, their knocks must be sly, underhand, below the surface and below the belt. So these again swell the army of corrupt and sneaking spy system—that system instituted at the source by the producers themselves and spreading in ever-widening circles out to the least important extra.

Nor is this merely true of the artists and directors, amongst whom there is a natural and normal jealousy as obtains in all professions in which the artistic temperament is rife, and thus offers fertile soil for the spy. It affects the cameraman, the carpenters, the electricians, the secretaries and office clerks, the very telephone girls. In the scenario department it reaches frightful dimensions. No one is trusted there. And not even the imported eminent authors are exempt. For the professional staff scenario writer resents the introduction of the eminent authors, fears to see the level of the screen play raised above their own cheap limitations; so woe betide the eminent author or any other author from the outside who has dared to invade their precincts.

A HIGHLY favorite pastime of the self-appointed amateur spies is to set directors and eminent authors and producers against each other by carrying and magnifying any hint of disapproval that may be voiced or implied. The author is told that the director is spoiling his play, the director is told that the author thinks he is spoiling his play, the producer is told that the author is bitterly dissatisfied with his treatment, or that the director is bitterly dissatisfied with the author, or that both are cussing the producer. The staff scenario writer, with his worn-out public, his stale overworked ideas, his cocksure hide-bound "experience," has good reason to fear the advent of outside authors—and thus takes the spy system and all its dastardly ramifications very thoroughly to his heart.

One very eminent author who came West was an early victim of this dastardly and treacherous spy system. As one famous director who was to have made his pictures vouched, this author



“The hired professional may bear a high-sounding title or he may be the electrician in the sun arc.”

came teeming with new, subtle dramatic and workably possible ideas. Hence his doom was sealed directly the fearsome fact became evident. So after the professional scenario writer allotted to him for technical aid and continuity had tried in vain to prove that none of the author's ideas were screenable, a campaign was started to blacken the author's character. He was whispered about as a degenerate, things too unthinkable and absolutely unprintable were told of him—and he left Hollywood in bitter disgust without ever having made a single picture. Yet this man is a distinguished dramatist, enjoying the highest social standing—everywhere but in Hollywood. Yet the writer, trying to track down the calumnies, could not find one title of evidence to support the scandal—nothing but the unsupported supposititious testimony of the spies.

This was a more grievous and disgusting case in point. But mostly the spy system reeks mainly with utterly petty, paltry, trifling but soul-vexing meanness.

ONE director's professional life was nearly wrecked because the spies said that he was going behind the producer's back and trying to get the producer's wife to interfere and support him in a trifling artistic controversy. Fortunately for him, he was able to track this down and bring the issue to a head, wholly disproving any such complicity. But the producer and his wife were not on very friendly terms at the time, and the fact that the director was a friend of both made fine capital for the spies.

One actor, who spends most of his leisure with people outside of the profession and kept what the spies chose to regard as “high-brow” company, was stigmatized as holding his confreres in contempt, and quite a cabal was built up against him on that score. Every trifling act, speech or reserve of his which was noted on the lot was construed as this frightful, highbrow superiority complex—whereas, actually, the fellow was merely shy and incapable of easy “mixing.”

Yet otherwise his work was peculiarly good, and the public will probably lose an opportunity of enjoying a first-class actor because, forsooth, the spies consider him too highbrow!

On the financial side, this spying is peculiarly vexatious, as appertaining to the authority of the production superintendent in quite a number of cases. Here again the public suffers even more than the victims. It is one very excellent reason why so many pictures fail of being worthy works of art or, in even many cases, reasonable reproductions of the scenes intended.

ONE perfectly appreciates that economy in the movies is a consumption devoutly to be wished. But one can find no sympathy for the parsimonious and underhand methods adopted to combat what was once such shameful extravagance. The spy system has proved bitterly, rancidly unpopular and unfortunate in practice, no matter what good alibi its instigators have to offer.

Picture to yourself a man who has put his best effort into filming the first scenes of what he hopes will prove his masterpiece. The set is as nearly perfect as the new passionate parsimony will allow. The estimates have called for four days on this set, with forty-two scenes. Then comes the hint that this is an extravagant estimate. He is wasting time. He spent half an hour talking to the star. He was gone fifteen minutes to wash his hands. He had a couple of private telephone calls. And that space is needed for another company. He is commanded to cut down his time by one and a half days. He and his as-

sistant go to the office to protest. Arguments take up nearly half a day. In the end he is compelled to rush the scenes through, to the great detriment of the picture.

In those cases where the production superintendent has real authority, it can often be even more provoking. For then the gentleman is a devil for parsimony. Where originally the waste and extravagance in the movies was notorious, under the new vogue parsimony is more so. In the new passion for economy the industry has gone to mad extremes. And the production superintendent bases all his parings on the assistant directors' reports. This ballroom scene calls for twenty-four women and twenty-four men as atmosphere. Well, that is too much; cut it down to eighteen. This location trip calls for eighty people, twelve cars, eighty box lunches, etc. Monsieur the superintendent, without ever having been on location, without knowing anything about the script, just on principle cuts all the estimates down by nearly half. Lunches are figured out to a crumb, and every item must be accounted for. All the director can do is to curse—or proceed to make the picture with inadequate equipment. If the picture is a success, the superintendent gets the credit for the amazing economies effected. If it's a failure, it is all the director's fault.

THERE was the interesting example of the Buddha, which by accident had been forgotten and was essential to a picture. Three hundred people working on the set at from \$7 to \$15 a day without the stars and the director. A hasty requisition, which must be signed by directors and countersigned by superintendent. A car is needed to fetch the Buddha. Long discussions as to the cheapest place to hire Buddha. Still longer discussions as to cheapest taxi firm—must get the one that charges 50 cents less. In the end it took two hours out of a working day of about five and a half hours to go through all the red tape and save a possible \$5 on that Buddha, while the expense of holding those three hundred people for two idle hours ran into many hundreds of dollars.

Or the case of the behind-the-scenes set, supposedly in a Paris opera house. A banquet was being given to the brilliant actress on the stage. Estimates, pared down by superintendent, called for building this scene on the lot as being cheaper than renting a big downtown theatre. When the banquet scene was prepared, it looked cheap, shoddy, obviously faked—

cheap glass and china ware, cheap flowers, and the scene minus all those ropes and devices which are part and parcel of behind-the-scenes at any important theatre. Well, the director was furious; said it would blast his picture. But superintendent insisted it would cost \$300 to hire downtown theatre. They finally issued an ultimatum; director would proceed to "shoot" or consider himself fired. *Voilà*, he "shot." It was rotten—and in the end they hired the downtown theatre anyway. That little argument added \$3,000 to the cost of production.

So it isn't only the spying which frets the souls of directors. It is this new and exaggerated passion for parsimony, the niggardly saving of dimes at the expense of hundreds of dollars. Many of our most famous directors are up against this astonishing, ill-advised niggardliness every hour of their working day. Time, which is the very essence of the profession, is wasted in petty discussions, often involving no more than \$1.50—just so that the production superintendent may appear to be earning his money.

HERE and there one finds a director who is resignedly trying to make the best of his production superintendent. He makes concession after concession, always, as he believes, to the detriment of the picture. He wants a certain girl to play a certain part. But she calls for \$750 a week. They make him accept some one less suitable at \$500 a week. The picture calls for a special location. They make him put up with a made-over set on the lot. But all these amiable concessions leave the production superintendent nothing to criticize, with no economy fights to win with triumph over a recalcitrant director, things run too smoothly to prove that he is a necessary adjunct. Hence he is tempted to provoke the director still further, to invade his personal decorum, to report any small trumpery delinquencies he feels he has perceived. So whether the director protests or concedes, he gets it either way. If it isn't the director, it's the star.

STARS have no special love for production superintendents, believe me. If they are the kind without authority, they trot around and tabulate a hundred unconsidered trifles, report wildly exaggerated temperamental interludes,

magnify trifling disputes in furious insubordination. And if they are the kind with authority, they take a sumptuous delight in their privilege to bawl the star out for being, say, five minutes late, or trying to introduce a friend into a job, or flirting with an extra man, or anything else that offers the registry of power and autocracy on the part of the superintendent.

Where the production superintendent is equipped with due authority and works in the open, the rancor is less evident, less poignant. But when he is without authority and merely makes his unsupported verbal reports to the office, wields the fearful privilege of private indictment, and none know which is today's victim and whose tomorrow's, nor, half the time, given opportunity to refute and explain, the tension in that studio, the furtive, insidious, incredible state of affairs is undermining that very condition which the producers are most anxious to obtain—co-operation, harmony, good fellowship, teamwork.

And the remedy. Well, as the directors and stars concede, there was a time when they were all amateurs, when the vogue for reckless extravagance pervaded every studio, when, in estimating for a story, directors, unsure of themselves and what they needed, called for everything in sight and discarded any superfluties without counting the cost. There was a time when scenes were shot over and over, extras kept around for unnecessary days at a time, and everybody had the "hang the expense" idea very nicely developed.

But nowadays directors are experienced men; actors are for the most part experienced professionals. Being nor-

mal, intelligent human beings, they, even as the producers, perfectly recognize the need for economy and efficiency. Estimates now are made out by directors and their assistants with the utmost care and consideration for economy and efficiency. Directors, quite as much as producers, want to turn out better films at reasonable prices. They all have the good of the profession at heart.

Obviously, therefore, to get the best artistic and economic merit out of these experienced people is to concede them the honor and credit of personal responsibility, to treat and regard them as responsible persons, to reap the benefit of their best considered judgment, to concede them the possession of intelligence and conscientious righteousness. And there remains no excuse for the abominable, treacherous spy system, the petty overlording, the inexcusable and trumpery parsimony, which, in its way, is more detrimental to the profession than the former reckless extravagance and personal irresponsibility.

Either extreme is thoroughly bad, but the treachery and insidiousness engendered by the spy system is utterly abhorrent to all American principles.



¶ "Why snicker if Charlie Chaplin dallies with Peggy Hopkins Joyce? Who knows but that the exuberant and experienced Peggy and her emotional complexes may be just what Charlie's art needs?"



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Are UNHAPPY Marriages the SECRET of GENIUS?

¶ "Screen artists rise to higher planes of professional glory after a devastating love-tragedy. In fact, romantic suffering seems even better as an art tonic than romantic bliss." You will be surprised when you read this sharp analysis of movie marriages.

By Alma Whitaker

ELINOR GLYN, who insists that she stands for monogamy, said whilst here, that the screen artists should not be subjected to the same legal restrictions as mere citizens. Their temperaments demand more elasticity—a wider range in the matter of heart throbs. How can they possibly give us faithful emotional presentations of thwarted and suffering lovers, for instance, if they have not loved, been thwarted and tried again a few times? And life is so short—fancy making them wait a whole year before launching upon another essential emotional experiment.

Or how can they even give us faithful presentations of domestic bliss, if, after one or two unsuccessful at-

tempts, they are not allowed to seek and find the one soul-affinity who is certainly waiting for them in the world somewhere—if we are to believe our very nicest romanticists?

So why carp, if, for instance, Charlie Chaplin, whose latest pictures show a marked relapse, dallies with Peggy Hopkins Joyce? Why snicker? Who knows but what the exuberant and experienced Peggy and her emotional complexes may be just what Charlie's art really needed? Who knows but what Charlie, a totally different kind of a millionaire, may prove to be the identical 'cellist to draw that fine music from Peggy's heart-strings, which we can't help feeling lies dormant within her great soul?

BUT obvious it is that both Charlie and Peggy stand in urgent need of a new great soul-inspiring emotional romance—even if it ends in more suffering for either or both. In fact, romantic suffering seems even better as an art tonic than romantic bliss. Already we have noted how many screen artists have risen to higher planes of professional glory after a devastating love-tragedy.

Recall the experiences of Richard Walton Tully, who may now be accounted a denizen of Screenland, both as promoter and author. Don't you remember how he reached the best triumphs of his dramatic successes under the spell of marital unhappiness?



“Could Gloria Swanson have reached her proud place in filmdom, and incidentally purchased a \$200,000 house at Beverly Hills if she had not had a sumptuously unhappy marriage?” Photograph by Keyes.

Then when he espoused the second Mrs. Tully, when that amazing and papa-thrilling new infant arrived, when serene domesticity appeared to hold sway, behold Richard lapsing into comparative mediocrity. Well, we don't hear very much about Richard's affairs just now, domestically speaking, so we have yet to discover what sort of a film reputation, what kind of film laurels Richard will add to his diadem. But, for Art's sake, we can't help hoping that Mrs. Tully will worry him just a trifle, just enough to prevent him being smug and stodgily contented, even if she has to make him fall in love with her all over again and keep him harassed with those lover's uncertainties that goad geniuses on to glory.

THAT is one thing that concerns us about Guy Bates Post. Both Guy and Mrs. Guy appear to be so blissfully pleased with each other. But perhaps Mrs. Guy was cut out for the wife of a genius, perhaps she knows how to keep him uncomfortably, disturbingly in love. But all we know at

present is that she feeds him so well that he is putting on weight. But, taking the same company, there is dear old Herbert Standing. Now Herbert has had two wives and eight children—never a scandal anywhere, and Herbert always satisfactorily boss in his own household. Very well, then. Does some great producer make a fat and demoralizing contract with Herbert to play the lead in some hectic drama in which a seasoned old fellow of seventy kicks over the traces, marries a few Peggy Joyces, and generally portrays a famous American millionaire type that constantly gets its name in the papers? No, sir. Herbert is doomed to comparatively minor parts, by no means commensurate with his great talents—all because the fellow has wallowed in happy domesticity.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG'S papa took a new and drastic plunge in the sea of fame not so long ago, married, in the face of family opposition, the widow of Herman Whitaker. Went through all the anguish of the heir to the earldom marrying some untitled charmer, fought

for his romantic rights like a regular young princeling against the verboten of a queen-mother—and he got a new contract right away and now sails merrily on to greater fame and fortune.

Or take Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo—Enid Bennett. Enid got just so far in pictures and then seemed to halt in her rise to fame. Then some horrid Australian paper published a divorce story. Both denied it indignantly—and just to spite the reporter, started to fall in love with each other all over again. It worked beautifully—and the Niblo fortunes are responding to the romantic anguished treatment—and incidentally Enid is starring in Thompson Buchanan's new problem comedy, *The Sporting Thing to Do*—which is rather an appropriate title, don't you think? And that play is all about married folks—with hectic interludes.

EDITH LYLE, wife of Fred Gage, is in that play too—playing the vamp part. Edith would give us to understand that she exercised the greatest restraint and caution before marrying Frederick. And she proclaims the result a pleasant success. But mark you,



“Metro and her professional development demand that Viola Dana, pensive sod widow, take another plunge.”

Edith says she "believes in divorce," which mental reservation may account for the continued loveliness of Fredrick, who also adds absence in the East to his charms.

But you will observe that the publicity on this play boasts of the number of happy married couples taking part in it. So far, so good. But, you see, it is a "speakie," not a "movie." Do you, oh, do you suppose that such an array of domestic bliss could bring fame and fortune on the screen. Even Enid had to take her spurious misreported anguish back to the stage to turn it to profitable account.

VIOLA DANA is an honest-to-goodness sod widow who whispers the confidence from "pensive lips, and in her eyes the shadows of old tears"—according to a poetic interviewer. Viola has done rather well on that heart-sorrow, but alas, time heals all wounds. It is becoming most desirable that Viola should take another plunge, preferably a very unhappy, tragic one. The Metro and her professional development demand it. Otherwise Viola is going to remain in the second line, no "greatest director in the world" is going to select her to play a tremendous dramatic lead. Who is there who would dare to say that Gloria Swanson could have reached her proud place in filmdom—and incidentally purchased a \$200,000 house at Beverly Hills—if she had not had a sumptuously unhappy marriage, and so rumor hath it, stands prepared to take another risk. Even Gloria's mamma contributed to the Swanson eclat in this important particular.

We cited the case of Valentino in our last article—but since then Rodolph is piling anguish upon anguish, emotion upon emotion. Partings, reunions, long anguished shipboard good-byes, passionate cancellation of bride's voyage—all triumphantly coincident with sumptuous rival bids for his dramatic services, demands for higher pay and more publicity, perfectly gorgeous staggering fights between producers for his affiliation. If Rodolph can only keep it up we can foresee an ebullient publicity agent designating him the "highest-paid actor in the world bar none" before the new year sets in.

Yes, sir; and Winifred will be billed in monster headlines as Natcha Rambova again and bust some producer's treasury, too.

TOM MIX never really attained any satisfactory recognition until his domesticated heart had been broken at least once. But since the advent of the second Mrs. Mix and Tom Junior, Tom is probably getting all the essential anguish out of Junior's infantile complaints. But if Tom insists upon being too happy in his domesticity, he will have to take second place to Bill

The CITY of Beautiful GIRLS

Hollywood—where feminine loveliness is a drug on the market. Read Alma Whitaker's startling story in SCREENLAND for January. On sale December first.

Hart and other bronco busters and gun wielders of screen fame.

When one comes to the question of Kid McCoy, one appreciates that one can overdo the thing. It is all the difference between a couple of good cocktails and a whole bottle of moonshine whisky at a sitting. As it is, he has stunted his growth—fameishly speaking—by going to reckless extremes. But he doesn't necessarily blast my theory—as any doctor will concede, a little iron and quinine is a fine tonic, but a steady diet of it is by no means nourishing.

WILLARD MACK, who has made numerous dashes to affiliate with the films, although he is primarily "legitimate," has perhaps made the same mistake. His marriage to Pauline Frederick and the subsequent anguish served Pauline better than it did Willard. The last scenario I saw of his,

being filmed at Laskys, notwithstanding the fact that his fourth wife was on that very day reported to be leaving him, gave no signs of staggeringly new-fired genius. I begin to despair of Willard in filmdom, although there may yet be a chance for him in the "legitimate" if he can recapture Mrs. Beatrice Beebe Mack and induce her to restore comfortable marital relations.

It is rather gratifying to discover that although success of a real dazzling nature—in Screenland—almost seems to demand romantic and marital anguish of some kind, those incurably addicted to domestic serenity and content can usually reap a good measure of success on the stage.

YOU see, these stage actors and actresses get a good deal of their temperamental emotion direct from the audience—the quality of the applause, the favor or disfavor of the public night after night keeps them in that harassed state of uncertain joy or temporary torture, which the screen people can only get intimately, personally, in their own affairs.

That is why, as Elinor says, we mustn't judge the screen people by ordinary standards. They are called upon to act all these emotional thrills before a mere director, a couple of electricians, the property-man, the musician and possibly a cynical loungeur or two. How could they possibly keep keyed up to concert pitch if they weren't having lots of thrilling emotional hopes and violent anguished chagrins on the side? Positively no genius could stand it!

But on the stage, behind the footlights, night after night, headache, stomach-ache, sick baby, tooth-achey husband, overdue bills, or that "world is mine feeling," the legitimate actor comes in direct and throbbing contact with the whole dashed public—concert pitch is the very breath of his life. Any violent romance off the stage is more liable to prove that little more than a little that is so much too much for him—not a tonic at all. But for the poor, dumb movie actor—dear Heaven send him personal real-life throbs of passion or gobs of anguish, or he dies! Unhappy marriages *must be the secret of genius.*

Have you always wanted to know just what they talk about in Hollywood?
HERE IT IS!

STRAIGHT from Hollywood!



If you read Screenland last month, perhaps you are one of the enthusiastic readers who wrote to tell us that Gossip Street was the snappiest, realest broadside of newsy paragraphs about the movies that you ever read—anywhere. Here is Gossip Street again under a new name—brighter than the shower of headlights on Star Boulevard.



RAYMOND HATTON, whose parts usually require ragged costumes, gives all his old clothes to the Salvation Army, according to his press agent.

"But that isn't half of it," Hatton said when his eye fell upon this item. "That's where I buy most of 'em!"

SAID Bradley King's little niece one Sunday at dinner, when the butcher had sent a particularly tough fowl: "Aw, Auntie, this won't swallow down my neck—it'll just chew."

It took the property department two days to concoct a solution that would "pop" convincingly when put into "dummy" champagne bottles. Director George Fitzmaurice demanded that that particular scene in *Kick In* should have a thoroughly life-like substitute. The secret is jealously guarded.

HAL ROACH, the comedy producer, all decked out in nautical white with that spic-and-span air of his, was awaiting some friends in a Catalina Island dance hall when a poor, mousey-looking little individual grabbed his coat-tail and begged, with the voice of a drowning man: "My wife ain't danced all evenin'. Will

you take her around oncet?" What did Hal do? Well—Hall is a gentleman.

KALLA PASHA, the villain who appears in so many Mack Sennett comedies, is a beskirted Amazon in so many pictures that his admirers are all mixed. Just the other day he got a letter from the Philippine Islands. It was addressed: "Dear Madame:!"

hotel he recounted his experience for the clerk, and removed his hat to mop his heated brow.

"Oh, look, Mr. Bosworth!" cried that individual. "It turned your hair! Look in the mirror!"

The actor looked—his hair was snow-white!

Later, in his room, he chuckled and removed the white wig that he wears in "The Strangers' Banquet," which, because of the late hour, he had not

removed at the studio. And now the befuddled clerk is wondering what kind of dye Bosworth used to restore the natural shade.

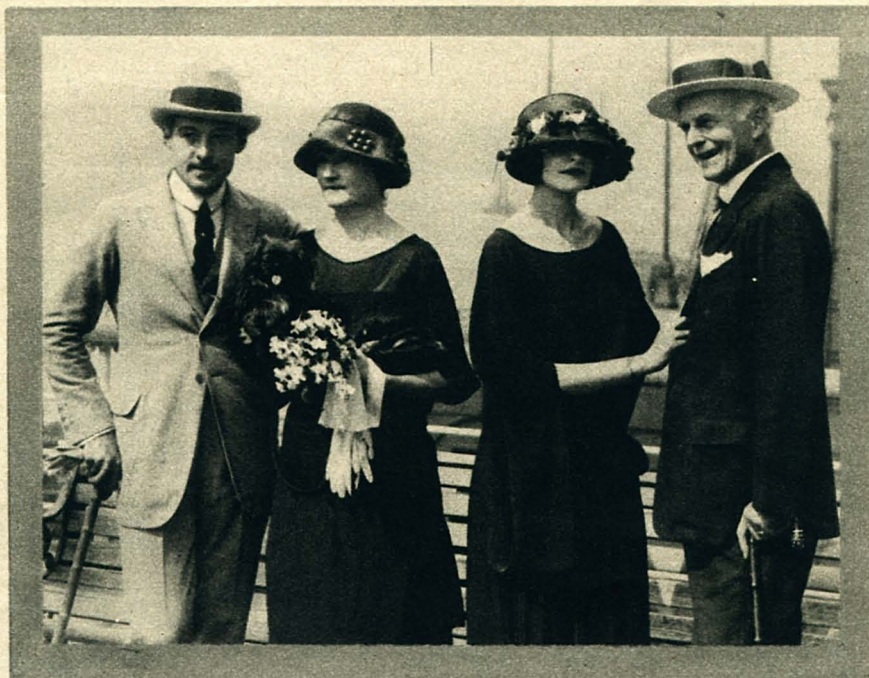
GIRLS who long for screen fame should pause to consider the plight of Colleen Moore, who is more on the svelt order than buxom. Colleen weighed just 98 pounds when she began work in a Goldwyn picture under direction of Rupert Hughes.

The early scenes showed her a pathetic waif. Later in the story she was to appear in better circumstances.

"You must weigh 115 pounds for the next sequence," said Mr. Hughes.

"When do we begin shooting them?" asked Colleen.

"In six days," said the director.



This is the first photograph of the new Valentino family group. It was taken on the eve of the bride's departure for Europe, on the steamship *Olympia*, with her parents. From left to right: Valentino, Mrs. Richard Hudnut, Winifred Hudnut and Richard Hudnut. International Photo.

ON his way home from the studio the other morning, Hobart Bosworth was held up. But he developed an overwhelming desire to be away from there, stepped on the accelerator and departed hastily. Upon reaching his



¶ Hollywood got a thrill out of the coming of Pola Negri.

Miss Moore assures us that she filled the order.

THE trouble with changing from one company to another is that a new press agent equips a star with an entirely different "past," according to Gareth Hughes. A few weeks ago, it was reported that, being a Welshman, he had never spoken a word of English until 14 years of age. In a following newsy note he was credited with appearing in Shakespearean leads at the age of 14. Of course, it may have been a stock company that was putting on dialect stuff.

CLARENCE BURTON, one of the best villains who ever throttled an innocent maiden, came to the Paramount studios at sunrise one recent morning to perfect a new "hard boiled" make-up. He spent two hours at it. At nine o'clock he appeared on the stage and Director Paul Powell tied a bandana handkerchief around his face completely effacing the superb make-up.

"What's the idea?" spluttered Burton.

"You're a bandit," explained the director.

SAFETY FIRST reached a highly developed stage in *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew* when Director Sam Wood used ripe bananas for a bull's horns.

RICHARD DIX, while doing a part in a Goldwyn picture in London, was obliged to cancel passage on a London-Paris plane because of sudden professional demands. He didn't care so much until learning, a few hours later, that the plane had fallen and the pilot and several passengers had perished. It is certainly tough to miss out on a fine bit of publicity like that.

IN directors' circles there is a laugh at the expense of a well-known producer who fired a new director because he didn't like the first results of his work in the projection room. A few hours later he saw more of this director's film, which reversed the producer's opinion of the man. And the next day he re-hired him at a doubled salary.

THE lights grouped around the set vibrated in G-sharp, spoiling the music played by a certain girl violinist. So the young lady resorted to the resourcefulness that is the saving sense in picture-making. She tuned her A string to G sharp. The lights and the violin vibrated in unison. The music was satisfactory. And then the work went on.

MARY PICKFORD refused to buy the screen rights to *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* for \$8000, last year. Now she has just paid \$50,000 to Madge Kennedy, who had intended making it.

BILL HART'S matrimonial crash has been the chief topic of conversation among the chair rockers of the Dirt Dishers Association, and there have been enough versions of the whys and wherefores to

fill a bale of scandal sheets. Needless to state, the truth was sadly missing in practically all the weird yarns. Intimate friends of the great Western character say that previous to the separation and the birth of William S. Junior, Bill turned over just about his entire fortune to be held in trust for his wife and heir.

HOLLYWOOD got as much of an anticipatory thrill out of the coming of Pola Negri as Keokuk or Kokomo ever did out of the advertised personal appearance of Bonnie Delane or Mervin Gill. All that Hollywood knew of Pola was the word that Charlie Chaplin brought back from Europe that she was "the goods." Her first picture will be Robert Hichens' *Bella Donna*.

CONNIE TALMADGE is to do *The Merry Widow* for those who like their drama unspoken. At least, that's the word that comes through the air from Europe, where Connie and Norma are touring.

THE Pickford family has its troubles. Yea, verily. Ma Pickford put up something like \$200,000 to make a picture for Jack. Some jack for Jack!



¶ Raymond Hatton gives well-dressed young men a wardrobe tip.
 Photo by Clarence S. Bull.

THERE is a new custom in well-regulated Hollywood families. It was introduced by the Bill Harts. When Wm. S. Junior was born, we are informed, legal representatives of both father and mother were present!

JULANNE JOHNSTON, the clever and ambitious dancer in *Manslaughter*, was urging a director to include her in a cast that was being chosen. "I want a heavy part," she demanded.

"Okey," promptly agreed Mr. Director. "Shooting" began a few days later, and Miss Johnston found that she had been rewarded with a part that was "heavy" indeed. She appeared as a peasant woman, and was obliged to carry a fifty-pound burden on her head.

HORROR reigned among Bull Montana's old cronies, Spike Robinson, Battling Savage, Gaspape Rooney and Pigiron Dalton, when the news leaked out that Bull is taking dancing lessons.

"Pretty soon," said Spike mournfully, "he'll quit eatin' with a knife and drinkin' his coffee from a saucer. He may even some day be a gentleman. Oh, what a bum world!"



Colleen Moore, who weighs 98 pounds, tried to gain seventeen pounds in one week, because the director wanted her to look happy. Photo by Clarence S. Bull.

JACK HOLT, visiting the races at Tijuana, Mexico, in which only three horses were running, noticed an elderly man placing bets on all the horses and asked the reason.

"Huh!" responded the old man, "I own one of the horses in this race and my two sons are riding the others."

DID you know that Raymond Hatton once sold tamales on the streets of Klamath Falls, Oregon? It happened several years ago when the barnstorming company playing *The Squaw Man* was left stranded by its manager absconding with the payroll. Hatton had money in San Francisco, but had to make a deal with a tamale man to peddle his goods for four hours—in order to get money with which to wire for money.

WALLIE REID, in stiff collar and heavy clothes, was making some exteriors for *Clarence* before a Hollywood mansion. Wiping his perspiring brow, he exclaimed, "I'd give five dollars if I could stand in a cool rain for one minute."

Just then a man springing the lawn next door craned his neck to watch an aeroplane overhead. The wide spray from the nozzle of the hose covered everything on the place except the mortgage. It covered Wallie. The old man was horrified to discover he had given the star a ducking and dumbfounded when Wallie rushed up and shook hands with him. He's still wondering where the five-dollar bill in his hand came from.

"QUIET, quiet; this is an emotional scene, put it all in your eyes, your face!" instructed a Lasky director. And Tom Moore was about to obey, when a voice started singing the latest jazz melody and Tom



The snug-fitting one-piece bathing suit for women, so plentiful on beaches where the movie stars frolic, will soon be passe, if Viola Dana is accepted as an arbiter of athletic fashion. "The loose taffeta suit with trunks makes a more comfortable and graceful garment," she says.

International Photo.

just couldn't make his feet behave.

The wrathful director looked around for him who had produced the rattling tune when Tom interjected, "It's that darn radiophone."

The radio was part of the scene and somebody had hooked up the thing and it had caught the jazz from some broadcasting station.

It recalls the time the parrot hollered "cut" in the middle of one of Tom Meighan's important scenes, thereby stopping it and nearly having its precious neck wrung by the director.

THE stars, of course, are gratified to receive so many requests from "fan" admirers for photographs. However, Buster Keaton decided there was something wrong in Denmark when he received this letter from the Philippine Islands: Please send me your favorite photo. You are my one best actor and I want the picture to annoy my friends." Buster doesn't know whether the youth was kidding or whether it was a mistake in the choice of words.

Another letter Patsy Ruth Miller received from a Japanese admirer stated: "I saw your honorable picture the other day in my best friend."

¶ Hollywood is the mecca of world celebrities and strange indeed is the conglomeration of folk who frolic together in the gay world of the studios. You will know what happens every month if you read—

High Life in HOLLYWOOD

By Isabel Percival



¶ The cast of *Gimme*, a photoplay in which Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes collaborated and which the former directed, at the studio tea at which Mrs. Hughes was hostess.

How Chaplin Vacated

A MERRY party spent several of the late summer weeks aboard the Wm. De Mille yacht at Catalina and in surrounding waters. Prominent among the guests was Charlie Chaplin. Miss Peggy Joyce of Paris was a figure at a week-end party and later was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given by Mr. Chaplin at the Ambassador Hotel Coconut Grove.

Returning from his vacation, the comedian occupied himself in plans for his new home, being built at Beverly Hills, near the foothills estate of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. The new Chaplin home will be a rambling type of structure adapted to the rolling landscape and the grounds will contain many unique features that will be an attraction to visitors.

Will Miss Joyce Star?

A HOLLYWOOD BOUND party conducted by Mrs. Oliver Morosco (Selma Paley) was joined at New York by Miss Peggy Joyce of Paris. Since her arrival, Miss Joyce has made a wide acquaintance among picture people and has taken a house for the winter in Los Angeles. At present, Miss Joyce is interesting screenland as a prospective movie star.

Stars Aid Outdoor Concerts

THRONGS are attracted nightly to the Hollywood Bowl to attend concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Notable among these gatherings are well-known players and screen celebrities. Wallace Reid recently addressed the audience. Programs were sold on the grounds by Miss Agnes Ayres, Miss Leatrice Joy, Miss Lila Lee, and Miss Lois Wilson chaperoned by Mrs. William de Mille.

Complimenting Miss McAvoy

IN celebration of the birthday of Miss May McAvoy, a number of the most popular young motion picture actresses, who call their clique Our Club, recently gave a charming dinner and theatre party. After dining in one of the smart down-town restaurants they went to see *Be Careful, Dearie*, a snappy new musical comedy which opened at the Mason Opera House, starring Evelyn Burrows Fountain and written by Victor Shertzinger, well-known composer and director, and Aaron Hoffman.

The party included Miss McAvoy, Miss Lois Wilson, Miss Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, Miss Mildred Davis, Miss Virginia Fox, Miss Bola Vale, Miss Gertrude Olmstead and Miss Laura La Plant.



¶ The athletic Ruth Roland was one of a merry yacht party that spent happy hours on the crystal waters of Avalon bay.

Houseparty in Mountains

A MERRY co-terie formed by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Manners (Laurette Taylor) and Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter motored up to Arrowhead Lake in the San Bernardino mountains recently, where they enjoyed a rollicking week-end party. Games of tennis, swimming, hiking and dancing were their chief diversions. Mr. and Mrs. Manners have recently come West from New York and are domiciled at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mr. Seiter was formerly a director of Mr. McLean.

Give First Night Party

THE opening performance of Thompson Buchanan's new play, *The Sporting Thing to Do*, in which Miss Enid Bennett (Mrs. Fred Niblo) is starred, was the inspiration of a number of theatre parties in society and the motion picture colony. Among those in the boxes as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were Mr. and Mrs. Montague Glass, who came up from Coronado, where they have been spending the summer, for the occasion; Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer

Harris and Mrs Irving Wright of Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray were also hosts of the evening, as were Mr. and Mrs. Tully Marshall, and a large party were the guests of Fred Niblo.

William Hart Jr. Arrives

A BUSKY baby son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hart arrived on the 6th of September at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. O. S. Westover, Santa Monica. Mrs. Hart, who before her marriage a year ago was Miss Winifred Westover, has been the attractive star of many big productions. Mrs. Hart is expecting to remain with her mother for an indefinite stay.

Gives Studio Tea

MRS. RUPERT HUGHES, who is now in China for a three months' visit, instituted an enjoyable custom of afternoon tea at the Goldwyn studio during the making of *Gimme*, the story of which she and Mr. Hughes were co-authors. Mrs. Hughes presided at the tea urn and

pictured opposite her is Miss Helene Chadwick, who plays the feminine lead. Mr. Hughes is at the extreme right margin of the picture, while his assistant, James Flood, is immediately above. Gaston Glass, leading man, wearing the straw hat, stands at the back of the table with James Mescall, camera man.

Others in the group are Miss Kate Lester, David Imboden, members of the cast, and a visitor or two.

Stars Frolic Like Mermaids

VISITORS to beautiful Avalon Bay at Catalina Island do not suspect when their steamer approaches the landing that some of the tanned girl swimmers frolicking like mermaids about the anchored yachts, are motion picture stars. Miss Ruth Roland, serial queen, spent her vacation at Catalina as a guest of the Arthur Sanger yacht party. The Ruth Roland jazz orchestra was aboard the yacht and entering steamers and yachts were playfully serenaded by the orchestra, led by Miss Roland's contralto voice delivered across the water through a director's megaphone.

The Blystones in Europe

MR. AND MRS. JOHN GILLMAN BLYSTONE have gone to Europe, where Mr. Blystone will direct a picture. Prior to their departure they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach and by the Conrad Nagles.



¶ At Catalina. Chaplin in the center, William Wrigley, owner of the island, at the extreme right.

MOVIES

in

Malaya

By L. G. Blochman

Liberty Hall is a movie theatre that caters to the natives of Singapore. Second-class patrons see the reversed image of the picture from behind the screen for one-tenth the price that is paid by occupants of the first-class section.

The movies are threatening the superiority and prestige of the white man in Asia. Perhaps that is why, in Singapore, the strictest censorship in the world is exercised to check the rising tide of color.

DOWN at the extreme southern tip of the continent of Asia, one degree north of the Equator, the Malay Peninsula points a long crooked finger at a little palm-fringed island. When the United States was still a British colony the total population of this island was contained in a fishing village of one hundred and fifty souls—Mohammedan souls. Today, with the United States grown up and having colonial troubles of her own, this fishing village has evolved into a great metropolis swarming with all the races of Asia and Europe, the world-important port of Singapore. Busy out of all proportion to the combined lassitude of the tropics and the Orient, Singapore is the trade center for China, Japan and Siam to the north; the Dutch East Indies on three sides; Europe and India to the west, and America on both east and west. (Singapore is about equidistant from New York and San Francisco.)

To this strategic spot the commercial peoples of the world have flocked—black, brown, yellow, and white. Add to this mixed trading population the flood of cheap labor from overpopulated neighboring countries, put them all together in the teeming streets of Singapore, sweating side by side under the tropical sun, and you have a weak picture of the most cosmopolitan city in the world. To have a real picture you must have seen it yourself—and heard it, and smelled it,

for the East seeps into one's consciousness not through one sense alone, but through three. And Singapore becomes a memory picture not alone through the colorful scarfs and sarongs of the Malays, the sight of bare brown and black skin, but through the cries of Chinese hawkers and the rumble of Hindu oxcarts, the smell of open drains and exotic cooking: Into a seeming chaos of Asiatics—Chinese and Japanese; Achinese from Sumatra; Javanese; Malays from the peninsula; Singhalese from Ceylon; Tamils, Punjabis, Sikhs and Bengalese from India; Buginese and Makassarese from Celebes; Burmehe, Arabs Turks, dozens of other recognized races and scores of indescribable hybrids—into this seeming chaos of half a million Orientals there has come a handful of five thousand white men to trade and to rule. And they have brought with them the motion picture.

THERE are ten picture shows in Singapore, half as many film exchanges, and a brace of conscientious censors. The five exchanges import American pictures almost exclusively. Two of them—Universal and Famous Players Lasky—import their own productions. Pathé occasionally brings in an European film, and the Australasia and Middle East exchanges bring in what they can get, usually American pictures. Outside of Singapore there are ten more theatres "up coun-

try" in the British Straits Settlements of Malacca and Penang; Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, and Taiping in the British Protected Federated Malay States; and in Johore Bharu, capital of the independent state of Johore. The number of shows outside the Straits Settlements is small because the population of the peninsula is sparse. Fifty years ago the country was largely covered with trackless jungle and peopled by warring tribes who at frequent intervals, under the guidance of chiefs on elephants, would go forth to carve each other up. Today the chiefs put their elephants out to pasture and seek their excitement in the less hazardous pastime of going to the movies.

IF you are an European, you will miss part of the excitement which the native audience finds in a film. In Singapore the whites attend fairly well-appointed theatres. Paying \$1.50 Straits (75 cents United States currency), you are entitled to a chair such as you might find in a New York or San Francisco picture house. The audience about you is largely white, with a good sprinkling of high-class and prosperous natives. For all you can see, the coolie class, the half-naked Indian laborers and the small clerks do not attend the movies. Then a Wild West picture is flashed on the screen. Bill Hart pursues the villain through lonely ravines and amid great clouds of dust. Somewhere, quite near you it seems,

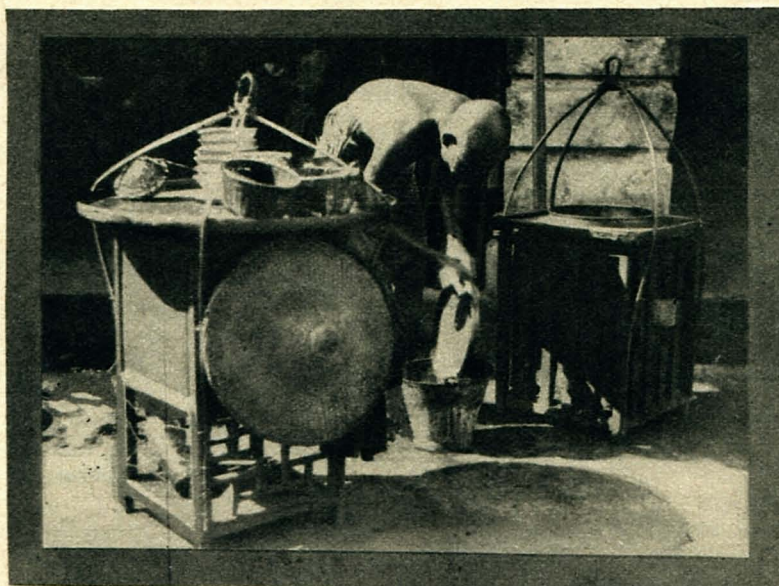


you hear yelling and shouts of encouragement as the hero spurs his horse up the last hill. Within reach of his man, Bill lassoes his adversary, and, as the villain falls to the ground, a mighty shout of approval goes up from five hundred lusty throats. Where? On the other side of the screen, where the lower-class natives are watching the reversed image of the same picture for one-tenth the price you have paid!

If you are of an adventuresome nature and don't mind strong smells, come with me to the native side of the screen. The entrance to the Malay part of the theatre is surrounded by night bazaarmen, who seek to sell strange eatables and stranger drinkables to the yellow and brown movie fans as they approach the box office. Smoking oil flares borne by these traveling restaurateurs cast an unnatural orange light over the scene. In its wavering glow the heaps of tropical fruit piled on the portable stands of the merchants or spread on the ground seem to be continually changing shape. The pyramids of purple mangosteens appear to grow larger and smaller, and the shadows crawl in and out like worms between the nobs and corrugations of the evil-smelling-but-delicious durians (a taste for which, like that for roquefort cheese, must be either inherited or cultivated). A light behind a row of bottles containing colored coconut milk give the effect of a drugstore window. If you are thirsty you can buy beverages of pinks and greens that would shame the gaudiest of our circus soda pop. If it is solid nourishment that you seek, you can purchase a bowl of rice with the necessary garnishment of spices and gravies for a few cents, and bits of cooked meats impaled on bamboo sticks come at one copper per stick. If you are neither hungry nor thirsty, we'll go right in.

THE air inside is blue with smoke and heavy with the rare combined perfume of bad tobacco and perspiration. The lights flash off and a news weekly is shown. This reel is appreciated by the whites on the other side of the

screen, for to them it shows scenes of home. To the natives it is rather unintelligible, for they know nothing of the places and people shown, and if they do understand English they can not read the titles which appear on the screen backward. The reel is over and the lights flash on. This is a police regulation, as continual darkness offers too much of a temptation for light-fingered individuals who up to a few years ago used to collect considerable involuntary tribute from fellow spectators, particularly from Chinese women who wear ornaments, often valuable, in the back of their hair. The next picture is a serial. Immediately the first scene comes up, a murmur runs over the house. The spectators settle down for some real enjoyment. There is nothing more



Dozens of these walking restaurants are brought on bamboo poles suspended across the shoulders of a Chinaman and set up business nightly in front of the native picture theatres of Singapore. The sole proprietor, manager-cook, waiter and cashier here is shown stooping to fill the position of chief dishwasher.

delectable to this type of crowd than a few reels of hair-raising episodes with as much blood-and-thunder as the censor will allow. Society drama requires a knowledge of Western customs and the ways of white women, to say nothing of being able to catch the subtlety of the backwards titles. It is dry stuff, this business of drinking tea and calling people up on the telephone. What is far better is this serial sort of thing, with lots of action, everything aboveboard and no explanation needed. This is the sort of picture that the baggage porter and the street car conductor can understand, and they show their appreciation all the way through.

THERE is earnest conversation going on among the spectators throughout the show. Neighbors speculate on the outcome of the reel, or on the next move of the villain. The city coolie explains things to the coolie just down from the rubber estates, who is seeing his first picture. When the hero is in danger he received shouts of warning and words of advice from the crowd. Much of this side talk is unintelligible, as might be expected with the great mixture of races and tongues, but enough is in Malay, the *lingua franca* of this part of the world, for the resident to make out the trend of the spectators' emotions. These black and brown and yellow people are no mere patrons of a cinematograph exhibition. They are living in the story, characters in the picture. They

get into the spirit of the photoplay just as the small boy playing Indian becomes part of another age. As the backyard ceases to exist for the youngster and the neighbor's cat becomes a tiger, so does the theatre with its rank atmosphere and hard wooden benches dissolve for the Chinese, Malay, Indian, and Arab who have paid their fifteen cents to watch—nay, to take part in—the screen play. And this child-like naivety with which the native conducts himself has set the censor working overtime.

SINGAPORE boasts of the strictest film censorship in the world. Not only must every reel of film be subjected to close inspection, but every bit of advertising matter, "copy"

and pictures for newspapers, stills and posters for lobby displays, three-sheet stands, dodgers—anything that is in any way connected with the showing of a picture—must receive the censor's official chop before it can be subjected to public gaze. Lucky, indeed, is the film that reaches the projector more than sixty per cent intact, and for a film to be entirely banned is so common as to be unworthy of special mention. The gentlemen who wield the shears at Singapore to keep the morals of the Straits Settlements in proper order are Captain T. M. Hussey and W. H. Lamb, respected members of the Straits police department, with practical authority over the morals of the Malay States, although

an additional censor at Kuala Lumpur reserves the right to do further cutting to meet local conditions. Without doubt, these gentlemen do more damage to motion picture films than any other men in the world—excluding native operators, but including the Japanese censor. In Japan, the *hoi polloi* is conceded to have at least some slight degree of mature intelligence, but not so in Malaya. The alleged tendency of the native to draw his ideas of the proper conduct of life from the screen constitutes one of what Captain Hussey terms Singapore's "unique conditions."

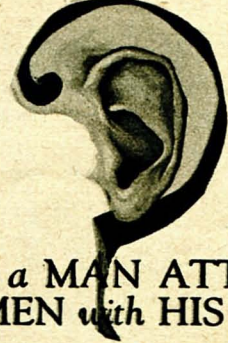
"OUR stringent censorship is made absolutely by unique conditions," Captain Hussey told me. "Not only must we make sure that the films shown are fit for people who are like children, but we must see that they are not offensive from a cosmopolitan point of view. We must look at each picture through the ethical eyes of the Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucianist. Were we censoring for the Malay alone, or for the Chinese alone, it would not be so difficult. But we must consider the public of a hundred different races, each one of which might be wrongly affected by different parts of the picture."

It is the effect of the motion picture in relation to crime that Singapore censors worry most about. In principle they are undoubtedly right. The uneducated natives see episodes on the screen in which Occidentals, whom he is taught to regard as the last word in human perfection, committing larceny, murder, robbery, adultery, assault and battery, and all the other offenses against the Ten Commandments, Common Law and the Napoleonic Code. He immediately comes to the more or less logical conclusion that if these handsome movie actors can do this sort of thing, why then certainly he, Abdullah Hammed, seller of new and second-hand *sarongs*, can do likewise. The consequences on the screen he doesn't quite understand. He sees the man in a new striped suit, perhaps, but inasmuch as stripes are an accepted pattern of everyday dress, the only reaction on seeing the villain attired thus would be a feeling of admiration and envy. He loses sight of any penalty in the details of the crime. That he was actually stimulated to crime by the movie is shown by a comparison of Singapore police records before and after the censor began to delete felonious scenes.

AT present, all *modus operandi* scenes are cut. Any film which shows

the native the proper method of opening a window with a jimmy or of picking a lock with a piece of wire is bound to get the shears. This point in the censorship regulations brought Mr. Ralph Bridges, Famous Players Laskey's Singapore man, into the clutches of the law a week after the recent opening of the Straits branch of that company. Capt. Hussey arrested Bridges for trying to slip thirteen feet of safe robbery past his censorial eye.

A Paramount picture, *The Egg Crate Wallop*, was the cause of the trouble. Capt. Hussey claimed that at the pre-view the second reel started with an indistinct amber picture of a room with a safe in it, lasting about two seconds, and followed immediately by blue scenes. When the reels were sent for the official *chop*, the cen-



CAN a MAN ATTRACT WOMEN with HIS EARS?

¶ The eyes and the lips are not the only features that attract an emotional response on the screen. The appeal of the stars is analyzed in a fascinating article—

Men Who Are Easy to Love
by Eunice Marshall

in SCREENLAND for January. On sale December first.

sor found that the amber piece was thirteen feet long and depicted a man using foul means to open a safe. Bridges' trial lasted three days, the defense putting up an eloquent argument on the inefficiency of native operators who require twelve feet to thread the cogs of the projector. On the last day of the trial the court adjourned to the Universal's projecting room, where the film in question was shown. The magistrate found Bridges guilty of trying to deceive the censor, but inasmuch as the offense was largely technical, let him down with a \$25 fine. If it had been a murder that took place in the first thirteen feet, the sentence would have probably been life!

MURDERS are of course taboo in any form—from strangling to shooting. Shooting, in fact, is never tolerated unless it is done by officers of the law. The mere appearance of a revolver may put a scene in a preca-

rious position. Suicide is never shown, nor masking. The spectacle of a man being bound and gagged is never permitted, and consequently the thrilling rescue with its untying and ungagging must also be cut out. Hand-to-hand fights are permitted as long as they are on the square and fists are the only weapons used. As soon as one of the combatants attempts to use any sort of a weapon—be it only a chair—the scene is clipped. Nor is the victor permitted to kick his prostrate opponent or do anything unsportsmanlike.

The attitude of the censor toward scenes of violence is rather hard on the serial. Although serials are a favorite fare of the native, they are ruthlessly pared until often less than half the original length survives.

"Serials are our particular bane," said Capt. Hussey. "The native sees these deeds of bravado performed week after week and doesn't see the man brought to justice until the last episode, at which time he has forgotten the connection and loses the moral influence absolutely."

THE two censors, although powerful, are not absolute. The film exchanges have the right of appeal to a council composed of representatives of the most important races of the Singapore cosmopolis. If these international gentlemen find that the film is not likely to be detrimental to their respective constituents, the objection of the censors may be overruled. This seldom happens.

In the matter of women the censor has another set of regulations. An excess of nudity must not be allowed, although the bathing girls are thought to be sufficiently covered. Love scenes are passed if within the proper bounds. No cave-man stuff or kisses lasting longer than five or six seconds can be shown. Likewise there must be no mistreating of women—no abduction of innocent heroines and no wife-beating. In this connection film men of Singapore delight to tell a story of the censor barring a poster of a girl riding a galloping horse. An explanation of the ruling was asked.

"The girl has a terrified look in her eyes," the censor is reported to have said. "She looks as if she were fleeing from a man."

This strict supervision of the film's portrayal of the treatment of women is ostensibly for the benefit and protection of white women living in the colony. If the native sees a white woman mistreated on the screen, he will lose respect for the species and be tempted to follow suit, says the censor. Doubtless he is correct. But the real motive, I believe, which lies behind not (Continued on page 79)

The PICTURE of the Month

THIS page is dedicated to the ten million people who do not go to the movies. The one production selected here each month must surpass as an artistic achievement the usual hokum and insincerity of motion pictures.



ROBIN Hood

—Douglas Fairbanks Production

THE crash of splintering lances on gleaming armor . . . the waving plumes, the scarfs of fair ladies, and the bithesome spirit of *Robin Hood's* merry men leaping through Sherwood Forest—all are immortalized for us by Douglas Fairbanks in his sumptuous screen version of *Robin Hood*.

Our Doug has not changed—he is the same nimble, frolicking swash-buckler—a roistering blade—but he has risen to heights undreamed-of before.

No one will think of *Robin Hood* hereafter other than as Douglas Fairbanks. He has breathed life and a lusty spirit into a character of Old Romance.

Little John and Friar Tuck are with us, too, and Enid Bennett as Fair Lady Marian—beautiful beyond all words. Above them towers the mighty character of Richard, the Lion Hearted—Wallace Beery's greatest contribution to the art of character acting. The Jousts and Tournaments, the King's great banquet halls and ye little Towne of Nottingham are reproduced in gorgeous proportions with a scenic investiture that is stupendous in magnitude and artistic in every detail. A pageant from out the chronicles of history has been unrolled by Alan Dwan before our eyes, lavish in its splendor, accurate in its presentation.

Fairbanks has reconstructed the age

of Merrie Old England. France, Spain and Italy have already claimed his efforts and we only hope that American Indian legends may offer him a story worthy of his genius.

SCREENLAND is justly proud of this opportunity, through a special arrangement with Mr. Fairbanks, of presenting to the American public for the first time a critical analysis of this striking production. As the first magazine to herald Chaplin's masterpiece, *The Kid*, we now present its logical successor in motion-picture annals. The movies may at last be said to have grown fairly out of their infancy. They have given us *Robin Hood*—the greatest motion picture of our time.

Little HINTS for PLAYGOERS



THE ETERNAL FLAME—First National

❑ COLD print beggars the beauty in which this cross-cut of old French court-life is laid, with the Duchess de Langeais, immortalized by Balzac, flirting and learning the lessons of love. An ocular operetta of gold and ivory drawing-rooms, the palace of Versailles, masked emotions and ladylike gentlemen. But the play moves with a certain fluid grace and all its French pastry ornateness cannot quench the glowing fibre of Norma Talmadge. But, of course, the naughty Duchess is remade into a moral Duchess. How could Mrs. Schenck be otherwise?



OMAR KHAYYAN—Ferdinand Pinney—Earle Production

❑ OMAR KHAYYAN may have been a jolly old philosopher, but as a "highbrow" film the Persian poet's Rubaiyat makes pretty gory romance.

We may say at once that artistically, scenically, poetically, the film is a glittering success. But the continuity is vague and blood flows more freely than the story. Daggers and a variety of medieval meatchoppers are accounting for somebody's hasty demise every few feet. The modern gun film is a nursery rhyme by comparison. It does, however, make the concession of a happy ending.



SLIM SHOULDERS—Hodkinson

AND slim as to plot. Obviously concocted to show Irene Castle in a series of charming poses. No attempt is made to tax her dramatic powers, and for that we are grateful. As it is, Miss Castle moves gracefully through the picture, disporting herself in a variety of lovely clothes and incidentally saving her father's honor. A worthy pastime with our film heroines, but Miss Castle deserves better justice.



THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN—Cosmopolitan

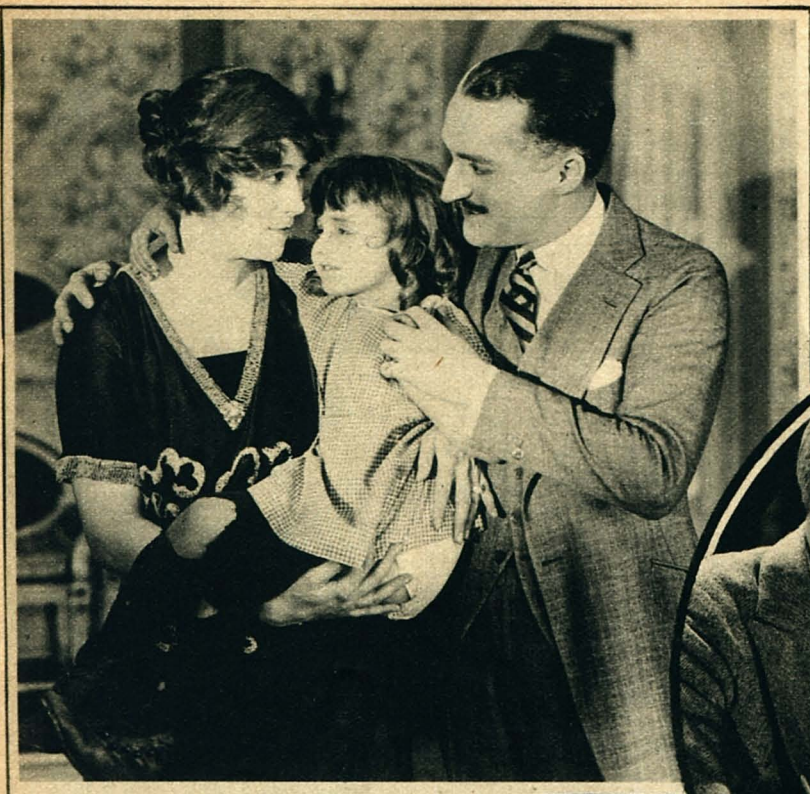
A RED-BLOODED yarn of the North with all the elements that James Oliver Curwood knows how to flavor his stories in order to meet with popular appeal. Mysterious murders and a strand of black hair is the motif of this one. The success of the production lies more in its beautiful scenic effects, superbly photographed in its natural locale, than in the story, which is illogically developed.

The men will like this. And the ladies may enjoy Lew Cody in the role of hero instead of his winking a wicked eye at the lovely Alma Rubens.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
—Paramount

WHEN George Fitzmaurice sets about to direct a picture the results are certain to be entertainment of the best. In this instance, a story packed with more thrills and surprises than the bloodiest serial is presented so excellently that you will miss a real screen treat if you fail to see it.

Bert Lytell, Betty Compson, Theodore Kosloff, Raymond Hatton and a galaxy of other well-known players contribute to the play's lavish completeness. Captain Percy (Lytell) is certainly one of the most valiant lovers of fiction, and you will rejoice to see this old-time favorite brought to the playhouse. Our great wonder is that nobody has attempted it before. Photo-play pay-dirt must still await lucky prospectors in the literary yesterdays. To Have and To Hold is the sort of a picture that will bring jaded playgoers back to the theatre where they have so often been disappointed with silly, tiresome over-exploited hokum.

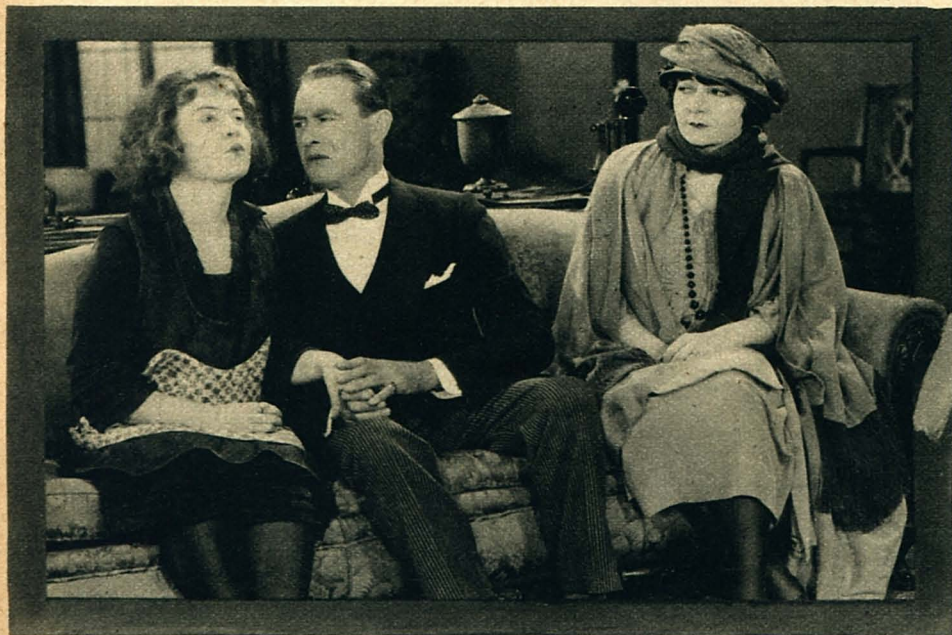
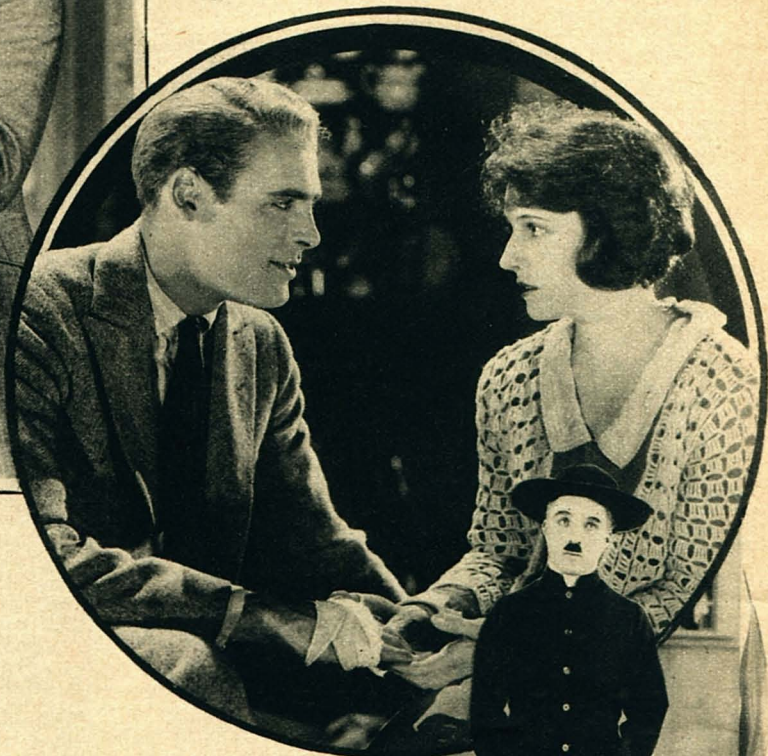


A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM—Fox

¶ **A** MECHANICAL sob story, the sort old critics were wont to call an onion play and aptly applied to this because of its onion cut emotion. The theme of the story is—the author, who hides most conveniently under the nom de plume of "Mr. X," shows it plainly enough—that a home isn't a home without children, and pictures the joy the kiddies—bless them—can bring to one.

KINDRED OF THE DUST—First National

¶ **P**ETER B. KYNE'S popular story retains all its vigorous sweep and atmospheric fidelity in its transcription to the screen under the baton of Raoul Walsh. No pink tea fight or dancing duel, but a dandy picture of the Northwest, with our friends, Nan of the Sawdust Pile, the grim old Laird and his stalwart son, stepping out as appealingly as they did in the book. A high-water mark among the season's melodramas, with Miriam Cooper and Ralph Graves humanly interesting.



LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING—Selznick

¶ **A** MOON calf love for a statuesque beauty may sometimes prove a fatal thing. Especially when true love appears on the scene with the aforementioned beauty doing the same. The resulting entanglements which almost threaten the lover with destruction go to make an amusing story. The titles are quite good and aid the story considerably. Owen Moore demonstrates very ably that the course of true love is not always a smooth one.

THE PILGRIM—First National

¶ **T**HIS is worth standing in line to see. Charles Chaplin, as an escaped convict who dons a clergyman's robes and precipitates himself into three reels of hilarious situations. He is at his best. His pantomimic sermon about David and Goliath is one of the funniest screen episodes of the year, and a certain incident concerning a plum-pudding and a derby hat sends the spectators into hysterics. No pathos in this picture. All frank farce.

BOW-WOW—Sennett—First National

Q *BOW-WOW* marks the return of Louise Fazenda, accompanied by that good old team of farceurs, John Henry, Jr., and Teddy. In Louise's caricatures there is always a round of merriment, with a chuckle for every spit-curl. Though John Henry has grown considerably since those days when the old team cut up capers, he is as cunning as ever. And who could question Teddy's sense of humor?



CLARENCE—Paramount

(Left)

Q *WALLACE REID* is called upon to do almost every sort of screen portrayal except the one to which he is conspicuously suited — the young, scampish, rich man's son. As Clarence, he is burdened with the task of bringing good will to an entire household, which is a step further "agin nature," as David Harum would put it, than the past pictures in which he piously gave comfort exclusively to the hearts of stricken maids.

The usual enjoyable attention to such detail as characterization that is found in other William De Mille pictures is found in this one. Aside from a miscast Wallie, it is good.

PINK GODS—Paramount

Q *THE* melodramatic and tragic qualities of this Cynthia Stockley story produce a photoplay replete with suspense but tinged with gloom. James Kirkwood, Bebe Daniels and Anna J. Nilsson lead the cast and artistic scenes of South African diamond mines, and the lure of gems for women put the piece well above the average of screen productions. If you have a propensity for happy pictures you will not especially enjoy the diamond king's fancy for cutting open Kafirs who swallow diamonds.



Some More about DOUBLES

¶ Dummies Save *Hollywood* Movie Queens *Many Hours* of *Valuable Time*.



¶ *Who are they? The studio costumers never get these dress forms mixed, although none of them are in any way marked to show the star whose figure they represent. Movie fans who know each star at a glimpse can no doubt recognize the stuffed dummies as (left to right) Kathlyn Williams, Agnes Ayres, Sylvia Ashton, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson and Mayme Kelso.*



¶ *Sylvia Ashton, the plump character actress, is sometimes called upon to appear in a special garment in a few hours' notice. The garment is delivered to her dressing-room without her ever appearing for a fitting.*



¶ *Frocks that were destroyed in a flood scene were duplicated in one day for Gloria Swanson, while the star continued with other parts of the picture in which these particular frocks were not required.*

¶ *Mrs. Ethel Chaffin, chief designer for the Paramount wardrobe department, draping a negligee on the Bebe Daniels form.*

The CAMERA with Human Eyes

How the third dimension has at last been projected on the screen—the Utopian dream of color photography is now a realized fact.

**Stereoscopic
Photography
Accomplished**

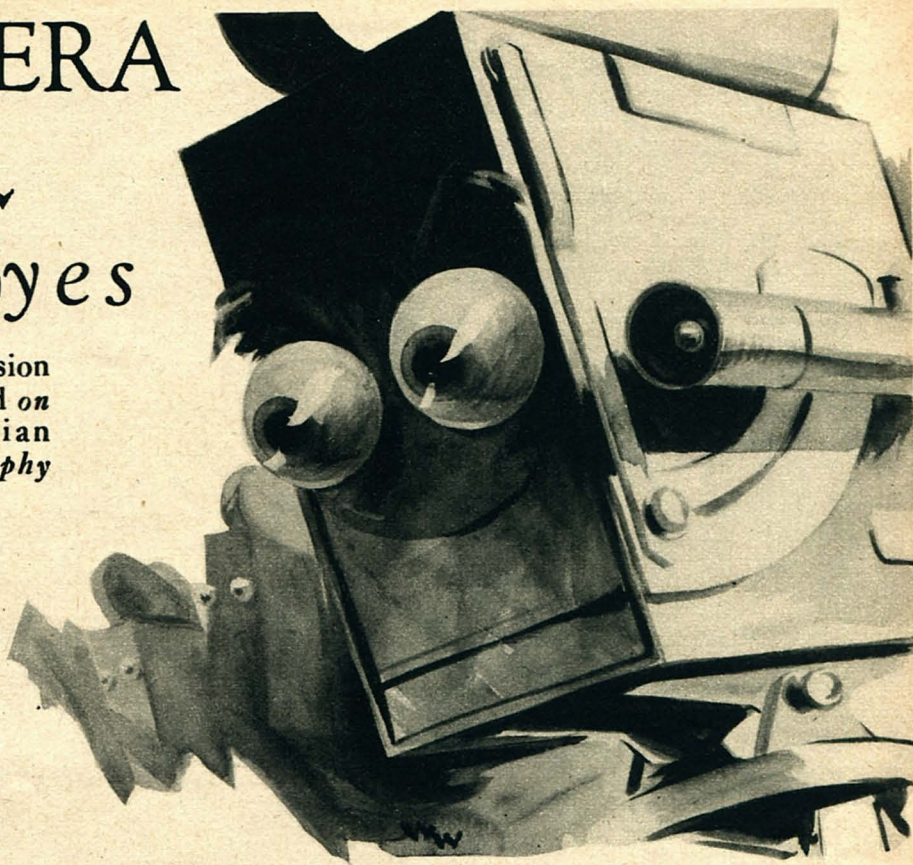
RELIEF and perspective, just as seen with the human vision, is

perfected in a new motion picture photography process invented by H. K. Fairall. The process is employed in a six-reel picture just released, in which the awe-inspiring distances of Yosemite's mountain grandeur present an image as real as glimpsing the actual scenery through a window.

The astounding result is obtained by projecting on the screen two superimposed positive films *simultaneously*. Each film has been photographed in the same camera, at the same exposure, but through different lenses. The two lenses of the stereoscopic camera are separated at a distance equivalent to the position of the human eyes.

Each eye, as the law of optics demonstrates, sees a single picture of its own. One eye cannot see the picture viewed by the other. This is the principle embodied in the Fairall process. Red and blue lenses are used. These complementary colors create stereoscopic quality and register on the film a perfect focus at any camera range—foreground or background—exactly as the eye registers depth.

An added advantage in this novel filming method is the complete lack of distortion which is noticed by a theater-goer when seated too far to one side of the screen. From any angle, the projection is perfect. In this way, front corner seats in a theatre will become just as desirable as the center loges, because the image squares itself to the individual as though he were glancing over the cameraman's shoulder instead of watching the rays



of a projector shown through a developed film.

The Power of Love, now finished, is the first of a series of pictures to be photographed completely in stereoscopic by Perfect Pictures, a Los Angeles producing organization.

**Movie Camera
Conquers World
Of Color**

ALL of the intricate shades and tones, from the blue and

lavender tints in shadows to the vivid splashes of color in a spring landscape or an unusual tapestry, will soon appear in exact likeness on the screen, according to Dr. Mees and Mr. Capstaff of the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories. These men announce a color film that registers color in a natural manner—the result of years of expensive and painstaking experimentation and research.

For the process of attaining natural color in films as produced, by the Kodak color process, a special camera with two lenses is necessary. This is the only difference between the color camera and the regular cinematographic camera. Two "shots" are made at the same time of the same object; a green-colored screen is placed before one of the lenses and a red-colored screen before the other.

One strip of film is used, but the two images are "recorded" simultaneously, one above the other.

The film negative used is especially panchromatized (made sensitive to colors), but particularly to reds and greens. The film is then developed in the usual way and a perfect negative obtained.

The film, coated on both sides with a positive emulsion, is then placed in the printer. The images made with the red separations are printed on one side of this positive film and the images made with the green separations of color are printed on the other side of the film,—in reverse. The result is a color film that is almost perfect.

A pre-view of the film was held before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Ambassador Theatre, Los Angeles. In order to restore the color method of capturing stereoscopic, special glasses were worn by the spectators. The glasses were of the familiar horn-rimmed variety, containing one green and one red lens to correspond with the complementary lenses of the camera. When these glasses were removed, the screen appeared to be a confusion of brilliant color, reminiscent of a futurist pastel, and the action of the principals was almost indistinguishable.

MONKEY Gland Movies

¶ Exposing the secrets
of the cutting room.

By L. F. Fowler

¶ How stale movies are "warmed over" and foisted onto the public as new films.

right film. New titles with unique border designs are printed and inserted and prints are made from the old negative. Sometimes, to pad it out, we add stock scenes, with new situations and incidents. Of course, we cannot re-take the star. These fresh scenes are star-less ones. But we splice it all together and you'd be surprised how neat some of the jobs turn out.

¶ When this picture was made, three years ago, Valentino was playing one of his first parts with Universal. He was a minor character. Today his name is blazoned from the billboards in letters three inches high.

"Of course, anyone who has any knowledge of pictures can at once see that it is old stuff. The sets are rickety, the lighting poor, and the actors are often crudely directed and costumed. These things all depend on how many years ago it was made. Every year shows a sharp advance in the quality of pictures, you know.

"There is one way that the wise exhibitor can always tell a 'warmed-over' print. They are almost invariably 'rainy.' A rainy print is one that is made from a negative that is scratched and streaked from passing many times through a printing machine. This causes fine white lines that dance vertically up and down the screen. This is our biggest handicap in selling revised pictures."

AFTER my talk with the film doctor I began to realize that the re-issuing of old prints, disguised as new ones, is one of the cheapest, greediest phases of the movie industry. If producers *must* revive old productions, let them frankly take their old stories and reproduce them in a modern way, under modern conditions. But let them be advertised as "revivals." Will H. Hays' biggest job is to re-establish the confidence of people in motion pictures. The men who make the movies can assist him by *leaving their old films in their files* in their film libraries, where they belong.

As an example of what I mean, let me quote from an advertisement in

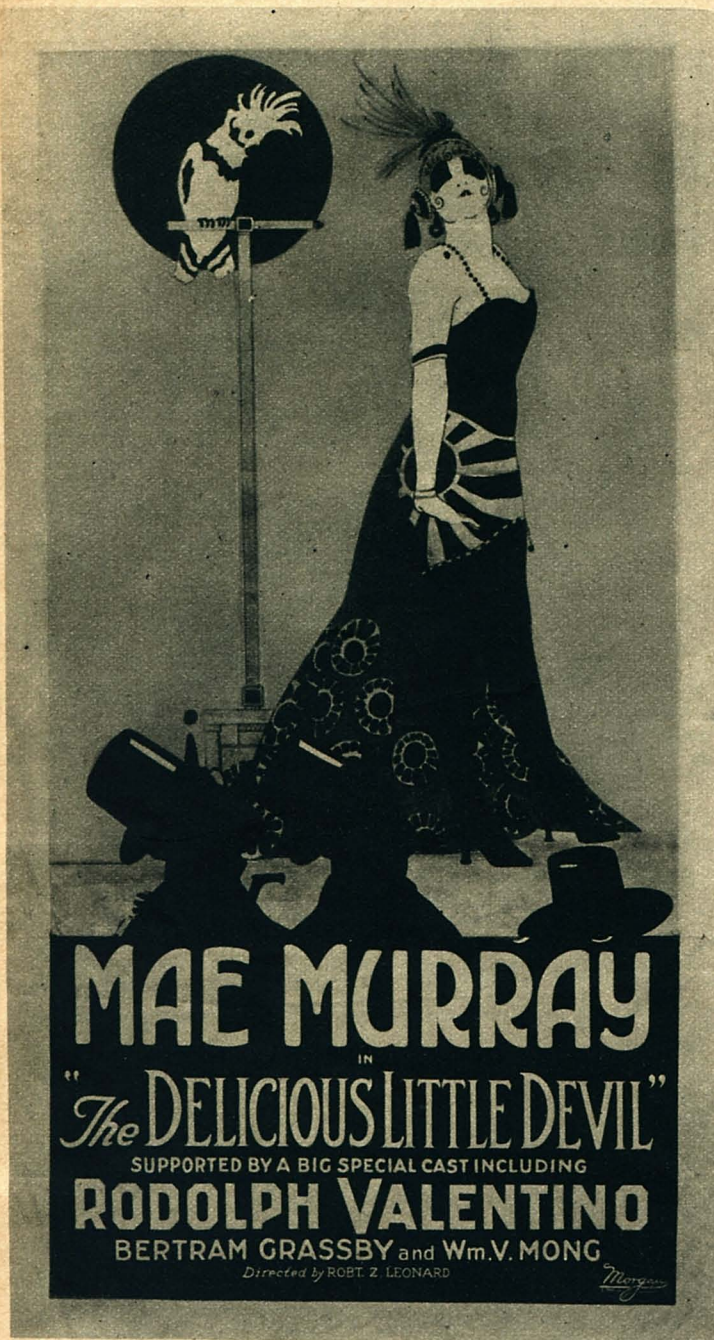
BRINGING dead pictures to life is the task of the "film doctor." From a mess of old films, thrown into the discard because they are too poor for the big exchanges to use, he patches, rehashes and builds up a strange conglomeration that is re-titled and sometimes freshened with a few new scenes. Then it is peddled to the little theatres and ignorant patrons are hoaxed into paying money to see it.

I made the acquaintance of a film doctor not long ago. He told me the dark secrets of the cutting rooms. From this man I learned that companies are formed for the sole purpose of "warming over" pictures. Their buyers comb film libraries—can after can of old film, some of it made and exhibited as far back as

1914. They buy all stuff that can be revised and doctored. Then it is given a new name and sent again on its round of the theatres.

"HERE is how we do it," the film doctor told me. "We find an old feature film. The buyer is especially watchful for scenes of players who have made big reputations—reputations like Valentino's—on which we can cash in. Sometimes, of course, the exhibitor sees the value of the old film. In some cases, big producers have reclaimed their own film at little expense and thrust it upon the market.

"There is nothing complicated about reviving a dead production. It costs only a few dollars, once we get the





¶ These "stills" are enlargements from bits of film. When the picture was first made, Valentino was not of sufficient importance to appear in stills by himself. With his later popularity, the producers co-starred him, in their advertising, and the enlargements were made.

the June 24, 1922, edition of one of the trade journals for exhibitors. This advertisement bore the seal of a prominent producing and distributing organization. It goes on to say:

"A colossal array of BOX-OFFICE names. Imagine what you can do with such names as Griffith and Reid and Gish and Cabanne. . . . Imagine what you get with the talents of these great artists merged into *one big box-office attraction*. . . . Imagine, Mr. Showman, how you can exploit these names. . . ."

This big producing and distributing company has probably purchased the negative of this old film and in their laboratories have made it over, photographing new titles and splicing them in, perhaps tinted a few scenes and generally doctoring the production up so that it can be resold, rented or exchanged. And then they try to attract the exhibitor—of the smaller houses, of course—with the thought of *big box-office receipts*, not stopping to realize that they are *killing the confidence* it has taken years to establish and making the playgoer go elsewhere for his entertainment.

BOTH the exhibitor and the distributor, no doubt, wonder *why* the patrons of motion picture theatres are ceasing to show interest in the pictures. "They go to the new big spectacular offerings, famous stage plays and novels that are done in pictures, but they do not seem interested in our program pictures. Features sometimes get them," etc. This is what the showmen complain, and they wonder why they can not fill their houses with pleased audiences. And yet they will try to force a revised film on the unsuspecting public because they can get it cheap, cashing in on the *big box-office receipts*. What they are actually doing is *insulting the intelligence of the playgoer* and

driving him away from the theatres of motion pictures.

THE picture-wise public, whose intelligence has increased with the progress of the motion picture industry, can recall when Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish played together. It has been *some eight years ago* since *The Fatal Marriage* was produced at the old Triangle Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Think of it, eight years ago—1914. Compare the productions of today with those of eight years ago and what have you? A rather poor product, don't you think.

SOME time ago one of the prominent producing units of the industry, one who has made good pictures and one of the few to remain after the sifting of the past few years, rehashed a screen play which they named *The Rogue's Romance*, featuring, when it was first released, Earle Williams and Rodolph Valentino. Now, surely, at the time when this film was produced, Valentino could not have had a part that would have justified his being featured. If he did, why didn't they fea-

¶ Another re-issue. In this rebuilt movie, Valentino played a very minor part. The releasing company has featured him with the original star.

ture his name with that of Williams then? No; they featured Valentino's name on the *revival* of the piece to cash in on his *present-day* reputation. The playgoer goes to the theatre advertising this feature expecting to see Valentino in a big role. No doubt, Mr. Playgoer wonders when Valentino joined forces with this particular organization. He might remark to his neighbor, "I didn't know that Valentino was with so-and-so. I thought he was with Paramount." Then after he has seen the performance he soon understands, and curses because he was fool enough to be swindled.

ANOTHER example of a "revival" is of a cer- (Continued on page 77)

FOR
STATE RIGHTS

HERALD PRODUCTIONS
presents

**JULIAN
ELTINGE**
AND
**RODOLPH
VALENTINO**

in
**The ISLE
OF LOVE**

Revised From An Adventure

**A Fantastic Comedy With
More Thrills Than Any Serial,
Introducing Two of the Biggest
Stars In the Amusement World**

WRITE OR WIRE
245 West 47th Street

HERALD PRODUCTIONS
New York City

Tel. Bryant 0359



“Barbara Le Marr’s special stunt is looking *sveldt*, dark and mysterious. She always gives you a long, snaky handshake.”
Evans Photo.



Confessions of a

True Experiences of Told Here for the

DEAR old Bobbie Harron was the only actor I ever knew who realized the dampfoolishness of a motion picture interview. Bob flatly and firmly refused to be interviewed.

He said that if his future depended upon answering foolish questions from gal journalists, he would give up acting and take to insurance agenting . . . or something.

The only way a motion picture interviewer could get to Bob was to pretend to be something else.

Maybe it’s because he is Irish, too; but Mack Sennett is another one who shies at interviews. “Oh, what’s the use?” he groans when they tell him an interviewer is after him. “What is there to tell? They’ll ask me a lot of dumb-bell questions to which there isn’t any answer. All there is to making pictures is just to make the pictures.”

But when they once get him cornered and finally get him interested, Sennett is a charming talker. He has real ideas, a broad sweep of vision, penetrating analysis and a quaint fund of commonsense

ceeded in interviewing Mabel Normand. In the middle of it she is always galloping out after somebody else. You just feel that you have made the impression of your young life on Mabel and that something serious is going to result, when Mabel suddenly leaves you flat.

Betty Compton always gives you the glad hand of a professional politician; then pulls the heavy intellectual stuff on you. No, she doesn’t care for J. M. Barrie: at which point you are expected to faint from the effects of her breathless daring. Betty is a sweet, nice girl, though.

Barbara Le Marr gives you a ravishing smile and a long snaky handshake. I always want to say: “Go on; let’s see if you could do it agin, missus.” Barbara always preserves a long, slim mysticism. Her special stunt is looking *sveldt*, dark and mysterious.

GRIFFITH is the interview expert of the world. He believes in them thoroughly. He will stop the biggest scene in the biggest picture he ever made to talk to a scared reporter from a country village paper. It is funny to see the process. The reporter is always so panic-stricken that he cannot make articulate results with his mouth. Griffith is attentive and kind to them, but they are always frightened to the point of paralysis.

Nobody ever suc-

GUY BATES-POST looks at you with a mixture of contempt and appeal in the midst of a long speech full of broad, English “aa” sounds. “I’m sure you can understand me?” he says mournfully, with an “Ah-genius-is-so-lonely” air.

Laurette Taylor seems the soul of cordiality, but she has a bad temper and an interview with her is about like playing baseball with T. N. T. Nevertheless, she has brains and can really talk.

Theda Bara is a wonderful talker; somewhat posey, and you have the feeling that she is away off the other side of a curtain—her real self—and that you are only seeing a Theda Bara set out there for the purpose. Nevertheless, she has an interesting and rather thrilling personality.



A long speech full of broad, English “aa” sounds is Guy Bates Post’s interview style. He says it mournfully with an “ah, genius is so lonely” air.



Star INTERVIEWER

a Newspaper Reporter
First Time.



Gloria Swanson is uninteresting and without ideas; but she carries the situation off with good clothes and the manner: "My-Gawd-what-I-could-say-if-I-were-interested."

REX INGRAM is a queer bird to interview. He is so darn casual. He looks you over with faint interest and goes on smoking his pipe—as though you didn't matter much—hardly enough to be disagreeable to—which is more or less true.

Dorothy Dalton is ill-mannered and ruthless—until she gets interested; then she can be a good fellow. As a matter of fact, she is one of the few women in films who have been well educated. Most of these "well-read" women are a bluff. Some of them do not even take the trouble to give that impression. I am the reason most of them are well read. Some time back I developed a few ideas that I felt that the world needed, but no one would buy them, or even listen to them. So I generously passed them around among the movie girls. I would call to see one of them and all I could get out of her was some school-girl gabble about her press notices and how she suffered for her art. When writing the interview I would slip her the gleaming thought about the probable end of the white races at the hands of rising Islam. That is what she would find she had been talking about when the interview came

out. I think I got them all started on this line of talk.

MARY PICKFORD is the beloved of gal interviewers who, dazzled by her pollyanimations, have supplied her with the most impossible virtues and intellectual championships. As a matter of fact, Mary is a girl of sound business judgment and sweet disposition, but she is not intellectual. She has given a thousand reasons why she sticks to these wishy-washy Pollyanna stories: the real reason is that Mary thinks Pollyanna is great literature.

Doug Fairbanks is entertaining and

¶ "Rex Ingram is queer. He is so darn casual. He looks you over as though you didn't matter much—hardly enough to be disagreeable to—which is more or less true."

Hoover Photo.

amusing, but of late he has encountered an idea that "I advertise the newspapers; the newspapers can't advertise me." I would like to think that Douglas is due for a grand little jolt; but he probably isn't. What he says is more or less true.

Tom Ince is scared sick of interviewers. He simply runs out on them without apology or remorse. He never shows his best side to the papers. When you get to know him and get inside his painful bashfulness, he has quick, abrupt, striking ideas.

AN interview with Rupert Hughes is simply a monologue. You just sit there and wait until he gasps for breath. But he is a brilliant, witty talker. You just sit there until you have enough story, then you walk out. Rupert would just as soon talk about infantry tactics as music, about painting as about football.

For the rest, they are mostly a collection of dumbbells from whom it is impossible to get any coherent ideas; who simply repeat the old wheezes about motion pictures in their infancy, the paths to cinema glory through suffering, etc.



¶ "Laurette Taylor seems the soul of cordiality but she has a bad temper and interviewing her is about like playing baseball with TNT."

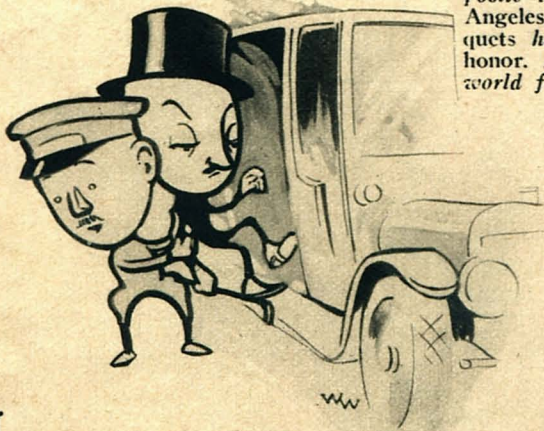


From DAY Laborer

¶ *What made the big men of Here is the story of their indiscretions. Between lure ness acumen a new art was*

By Patrick Tarsney

¶ *Marshall Neilan was a chauffeur and his stand was in front of a cafe opposite the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, where several fancy banquets have since been given in his honor. His wife, Blanche Sweet, was world famous as The Biograph Girl*



Lasky, a young Californian, who had begun his professional career as a cornet player and who in 1914 had associated himself with C. B. De Mille, the playwriting son of a playwriting father. That Lasky had plenty of nerve is evidenced not only by the fact that he once played a cornet in public, but that he was one of the gold-seekers who rushed into Alaska. He did not become stoop-shouldered carrying gold out, but he did make some money by producing vaudeville acts.

But all the producers have not built something out of nothing. At least one of them was a clergyman, others were bankers, some were day laborers,

Thomas H. Ince, who, like Lasky, is in his early forties, went on the stage when he was a boy. His father, John E. Ince, was a good actor, but a better letter writer. Some of the communications which the elder Ince was in the habit of writing to the newspapers were classics in their way. Young Ince became an able song and dance artist. John B. Ritchie, who gave him one of his first jobs, is now his scenario editor. Back in the eighteenth century, William Ince, an ancestor of Thomas H., was a furniture designer and cabinet maker whose work was often mistaken for that of Chippendale. His descendant's pet antipathy is a wooden actor.

still others were lawyers, others physicians and still others successful business men in various lines before they turned to pictures.

ARCHIMEDES, who said that if somebody would only give him a place on which to stand, he would move the world with his lever, at least had the lever to start with. Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, had no lever. He moved his world with a broom. His first job was sweeping out a fur store in New York. It was not long before he had a fur store of his own in Chicago. Not until 1903 did he and Marcus Loew start the penny arcades, out of which they got enough money to lease a chain of theatres.

Marcus Loew, always a showman, preferred the distributing to the producing end of the business and in 1916 Zukor joined forces with Jesse L.

LIKE Adolph Zukor and Marcus Loew, William Fox entered pictures by way of the old-fashioned penny arcade. His first two real theatres were the Dewey and the Gotham in Fourteenth street, New York. Tom Sharkey, the retired pugilist, who conducted a saloon in the same block, was in the habit of buying a ticket by the week. William Fox's chief adviser is

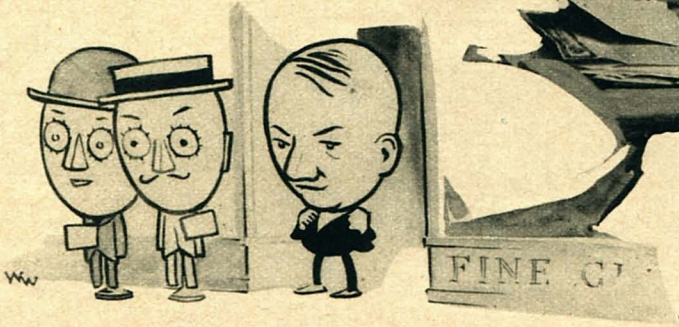
“**I** AM not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mending rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to a poor man's son.”

No, it is not one of those got-rich-quick moving pictures producers speaking. It is Abraham Lincoln. He was big enough to know that what counts is not where a man starts, but where he finishes. He was not one of these self-made men who is ashamed of his architect. People who reproach moving picture producers for not having been born in the purple should remember that if a certain Astor had not been a peddler and a certain Vanderbilt a ferryman there would not be so much money in those families today.

Some of the producers who care least for money and most for art have had pasts in which a dime looked as big as a dollar.

To MOVIE Magnate

Hollywood's *Play World?*
pasts — a strange tale of
for adventure and busi-
born.



¶ Carl Laemmle, ran a clothing store in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, until he accumulated a fortune of four thousand dollars. He went to Chicago and bought a movie theatre. Now he reigns as king of Universal City.

Winfield R. Sheehan, once a New York reporter, and later secretary to Police Commissioner Waldo.

Carl Laemmle ran a clothing store in Oshkosh, Wis., until he accumulated a fortune of four thousand dollars. He took this to Chicago and opened a moving picture theatre. Then he opened an exchange and then he organized the independent producers into the old Imp company, whose battles with the General Film Company, then called the trust, are a matter of moving picture history. Since 1912 he has reigned at Universal City, where in that year he bought land much cheaper than he could buy it now. His nephew, Edward Laemmle, is a director.

Charles Eyton, general manager of the Lasky plant and husband of Kathryn Williams, the actress, was once treasurer of the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles and an excellent boxing referee as well.

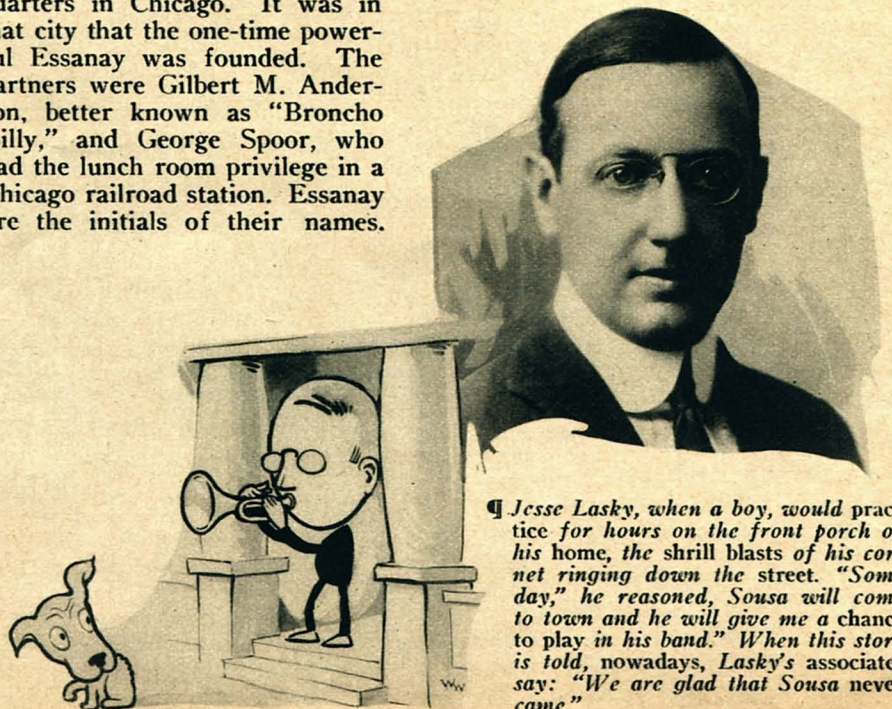
George Kleine, who brought to this country *Quo Vadis*, *Cleopatra* and other foreign films and who has produced many of his own, is a Bachelor of Arts of the College of the City of New York. He got his degree almost forty years ago and has been in the moving picture business since 1896. Prior to that time he was an optician and a manufacturer of optical and projection apparatus with headquarters in Chicago. It was in that city that the one-time powerful Essanay was founded. The partners were Gilbert M. Anderson, better known as "Broncho Billy," and George Spoor, who had the lunch room privilege in a Chicago railroad station. Essanay are the initials of their names.

That, by the way, is the way that Kalem was named—for Kleine, Long and Marion, the two latter being men with whom George Kleine in 1907 founded the Kalem company.

ALLAN A. LOWNES is another alumnus of the College of the City of New York and was a hat manufacturer before going into pictures. Victor Kremer was one of the largest publishers of sheet music in the country, and Samuel S. Hutchinson, who was educated at Illinois Wesleyan, where he (Continued on page 63)

MARSHALL NEILAN was a chauffeur and his stand was in front of McKee's restaurant, which is just across the street from the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, in which hotel several very fancy banquets have been given in honor of the producer. He came into the moving picture business as an actor of small parts and has played leads with Mary Pickford, whose own beginnings were humble enough, but who has risen to be not only the most popular star with the public but with moving picture people themselves.

Oliver Morosco was an acrobat. His real name is Mitchell, and when he was a youngster he was adopted by Walter Morosco, at that time a theatrical power on the Pacific Coast. He has named his son Walter in honor of the man who, by adopting him, gave him his first chance.



¶ Jesse Lasky, when a boy, would practice for hours on the front porch of his home, the shrill blasts of his cornet ringing down the street. "Some day," he reasoned, Sousa will come to town and he will give me a chance to play in his band." When this story is told, nowadays, Lasky's associates say: "We are glad that Sousa never came."

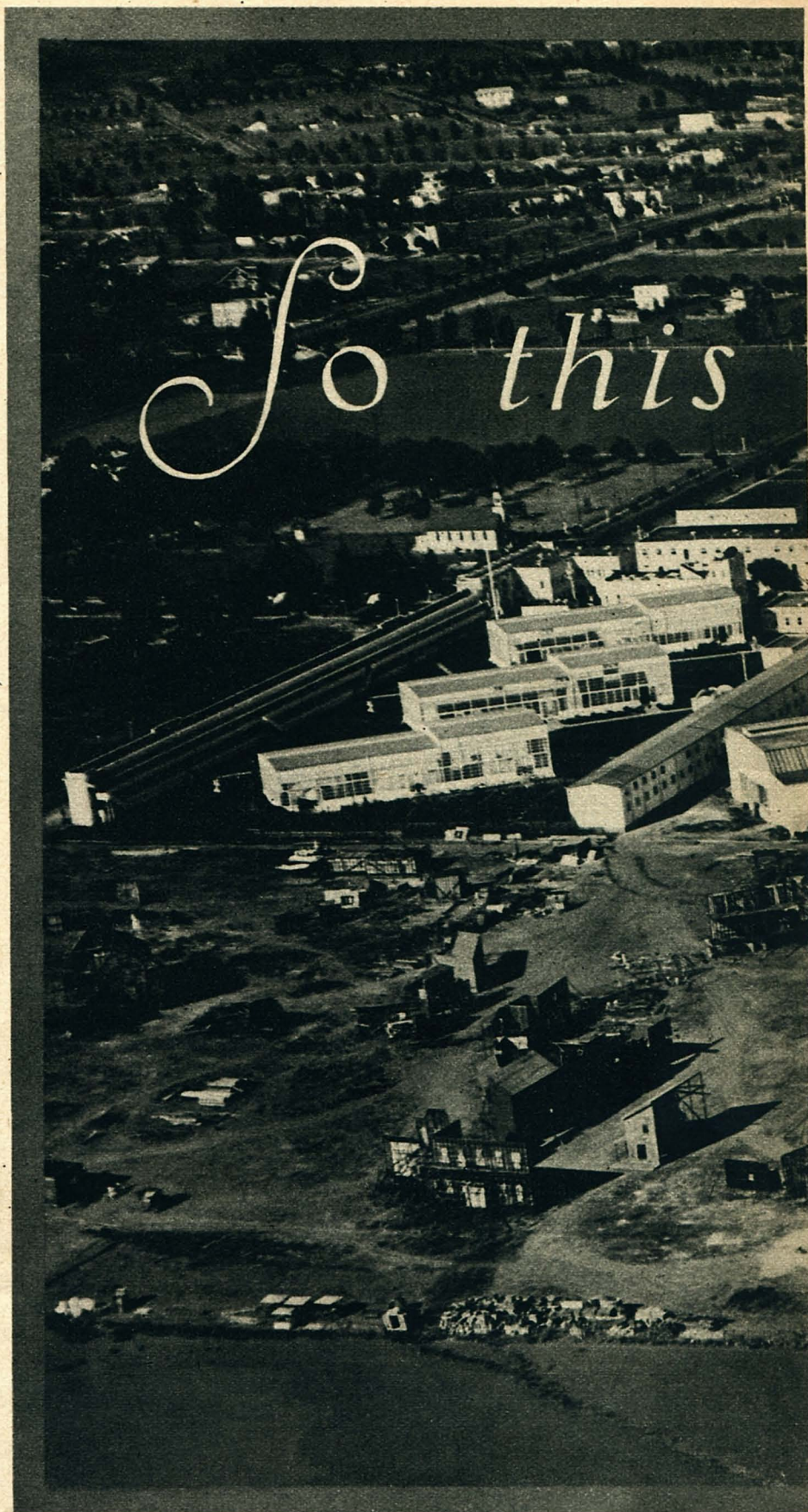
Here is an aerial view of one of the world's greatest studios, covering a sixty-acre expanse, where interesting people are making living sculpture of human emotions. This descriptive article of a show place of movieland will delight you.

THE young man with the dirty face twisted around in the front cockpit and motioned us to look over the side. Southern California was passing in review below. It was the first real proof for me that the earth revolves, though it was giving the lie to all standard geographies by traveling from south to north. We had climbed into the air from a field in southwestern Hollywood and had hung motionless there while some one pushed the mountains into the distance and dragged Culver City under us for inspection.

The splotches of motor oil, beaten into his skin by the propeller blast, enhanced the friendly, reassuring expression on the pilot's face as he grinned at us and shouted something that was drowned by the roar of the motor and the singing of the wind in the wires. Noticing our perplexity, he changed it to sudden fright by stopping the motor and cutting us adrift from our moorings while he tried again to be heard.

"What was that? Oh, yes, Goldwyn's." There in orderly array was what I had always regarded as a huge film plant. Huge? It looked like the Lilliputian illustrations in Gulliver's travels. How could a six-foot hero ever get into one of those tiny stages, let alone having room to thwart the machinations of the villain with the umbrageous mustache. But the buildings grew with alarming rapidity as we came down in graceful spiral curves. Objects assumed their real proportions and we could make out people scurrying here and there. At closer range it looked like a child's playhouse built on an elaborate scale.

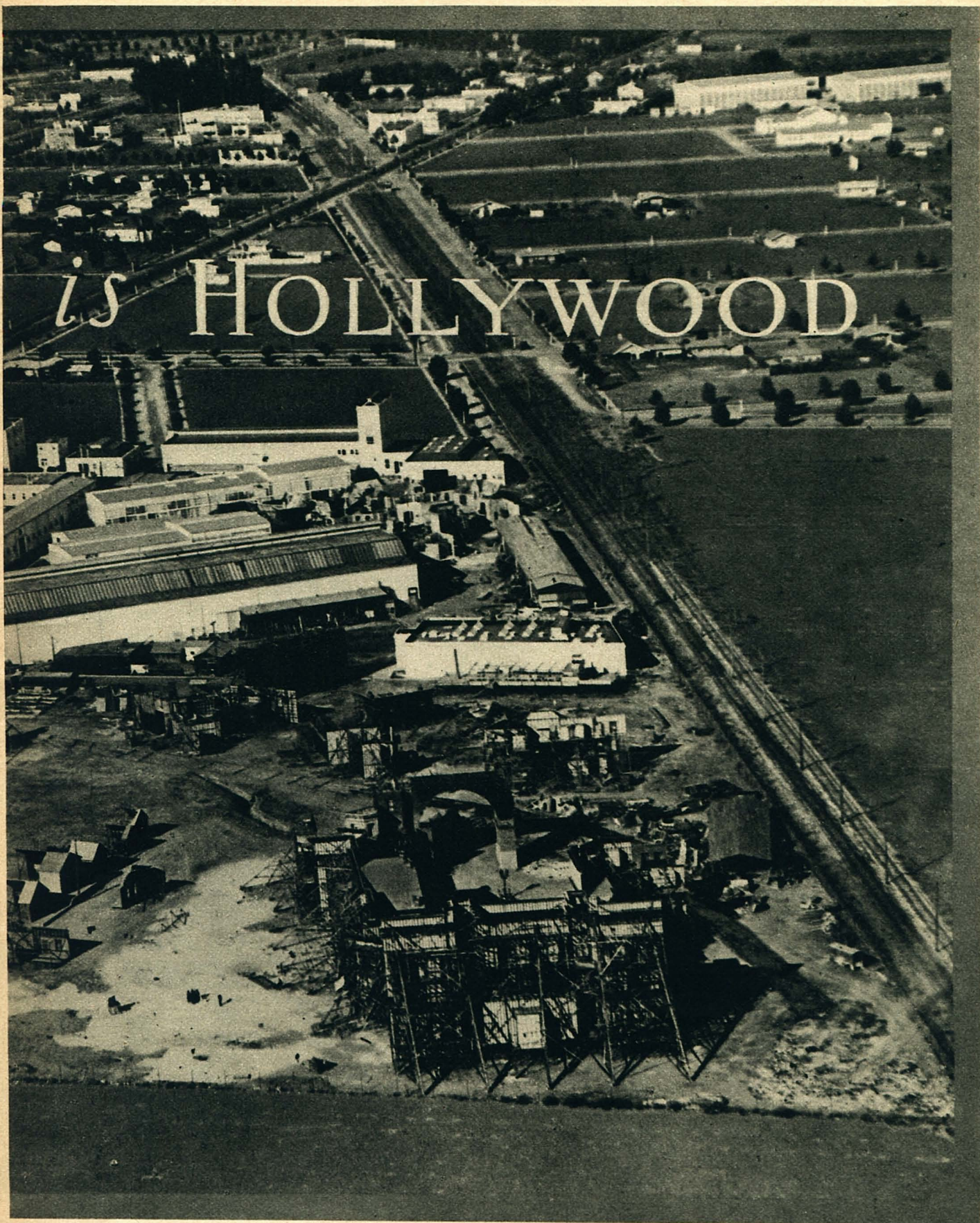
A RED interurban scooted along the side of the lot with excursionists who would return from the beach that night full of peanuts, salt water and pleasant memories, oblivious to the fact that a mere board fence had separated them from the burning sands of an African desert town through which petticoated sheiks rode with menacing weapons glittering in the sun; oblivious to the fact that in one of the big glass buildings a mother was learning the pang of filial neglect, in another a wife was confronting the woman who had ruined her home, while irascible directors, seeing these



scenes enacted, were grasping their noses significantly between thumb and forefinger and exclaiming: "Lousy!"

The white buildings of the Goldwyn plant, for the most part, are rein-

forced concrete, built to withstand fire and the tremblers resulting when Miss California, in sheer exuberance at her own beauty, shakes a lascivious shoulder and kicks up her heels. From the



©Photo by Wm. Cross.

air they blind like jewels in a setting of green malachite — for every open space at the Goldwyn Studios is carpeted with grass and bedecked with fragrant flowers. It is only from the

air one can realize the place is not a hodge-podge of big buildings, erected at random on the sixty-acre tract, where interesting people are making living sculpture of human emotions.

Our plane weaved back and forth in gigantic figure eights, I noticed below a wooden-roofed structure resembling a superior make of incubator up whose sides crept scarlet

ladders, red as the flames against which they were designed. It was the "dark" stage, where conspiracies are hatched against fortunes—and the sun. The development of artificial light in motion pictures has made glass stages obsolete, although from the air, glittering in the sunlight, they look much more attractive than their wooden brothers. It is the electric light now, and not the random rays of old Sol, that makes the wild, uncultivated actress blossom as the Burbanked lily of perfection.

At the right end of the "dark" stage we spied a long shed filled with helplessly lost doors and windows tilting toward the Oriental village—that exotic little settlement with its mystery of empty, coaxing casements and its lure of silent, uncurtained doorways. The village is converted on the hazard of the need, from the frowsy Near East to the drowsy far Eastern Orient. Between the "dark" stage, with its murky secrets, and the tall square tower crowning the mill, where a battalion of trained artificers manufactured everything from period furniture to cobwebs, lie two glass stages.

BUT that long Noah's Ark opening its doors reluctantly toward the stages? Just the cornucopia from which directors may requisition anything under the sun as "props." By twos, yes, and tens, they go out to the various sets, seldom to return to the ark with their original lustre and gentility. It's a grueling life these studio "props" lead.

Two little kiosks, the power house and sub-station, creep close to the stern yet sheltering lee of the ark, away from the three great glass stages that sap the inexhaustible vitality of their little neighbors with the greed of hungry live beasts of the sun.

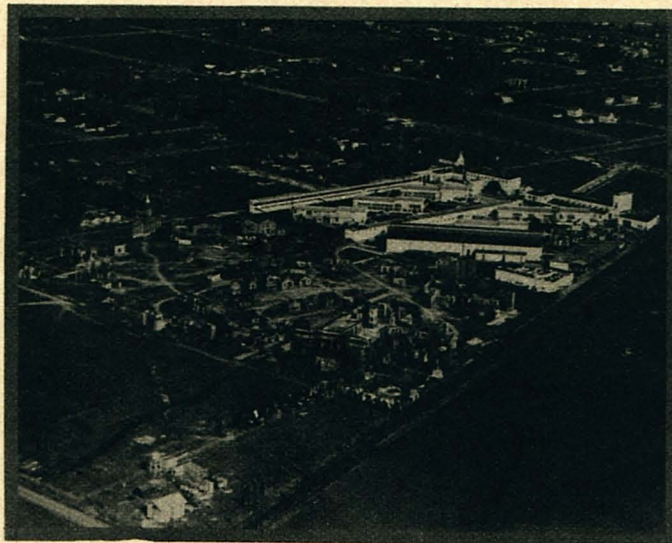
The army of employees, who from our plane looked like ants scurrying about on the ground, must be fed. The commissary department takes care of this in a regularly inspected, sanitary dining room—one of the best in film-land. Even the publicity department, unselfish herald of the screen's exalted, has a private stairway that gives its personnel an even break with the rest of the lot in noon's mad rush for "vittles."

Opposite the commissary, sadly suggestive of the risks players take to thrill blasé skeptics in upholstered theatre seats, stands the cube of the

little hospital, like a great dice rolled sportively out of the sturdy store room or shaken from the administration building dice box.

This plastic human clay from which are moulded the figures on the screen arrives through a great arched gateway, guarded day and night by grim-visaged, marble-hearted watchmen who wouldn't turn their heads to look if Elijah came back to earth to repeat the first balloon ascension recorded in history. The players are housed in what looks like the outer wall of a mediaeval castle, but in reality is only a two-decked row of dressing rooms. The aerial onlooker catches the sparkle of a sequin frock and flashing jewels and hopes for a conscious, upward glance, but a snooping airplane is too common a thing even for passing notice.

There are yet two features of the



“Huge? It looked like the Lilliputian illustrations in Gulliver's Travels. How could a six-foot hero ever get into one of those tiny stages . . . !”

overhead trip too important to pass unremarked; the Goldwyn tree and shrub nursery quite noticeable by stage No. 3, and the place where a motley assortment of film scraps are pieced together into a play of absorbing interest. Between the first stage and the palace of the governors is the building accommodating the cutting and projecting rooms.

WHILE an aerial visit gives one the proper perspective to realize that a film studio is laid out on a definite, orderly plan, and is not the curious jumble of buildings it appears at close range, it fails to convey a true conception of the magnitude of the fourth largest industry.

Goldwyn's covers 60 acres of valuable real estate. Its permanent buildings exceed a half million dollars in

value. There are two miles of cement walks and drives, with ten acres of lawns and flowers. There are 42 buildings altogether, 100 individual dressing rooms, 75 offices, 22 busy departments, with numerous sub-departments and branches. During the past year there were built Italian, Russian, Southern, Alaskan, Spanish, French, Western America and New York "tenderloin" street settings at a cost of \$200,000. Fifty temporary settings are built weekly. At the commissary 2500 persons are fed each week. An average of 3960 telephone calls are handled daily by two operators on 62 connections and eight outside trunk lines during 11 working hours. This is an average of six calls a minute. These statistics were glibly recited by the genial press representative of the studio after we had landed in an adjacent field and made a tour of the lot. He had many other interesting figures at the tip of tongue. If you, gentle reader, are not already tired of the quotation of staggering sums of money, be informed that the amount expended by Mr. Goldwyn to assemble a dazzling array of eminent authors at his Culver City studios, if scraped together in a lump sum, would be sufficient to make John D. Rockefeller give up all his oil wells and take daily baths in Marshall Field's window; it would almost make Lady Godiva have her hair bobbed and race Paul Revere around the Beverly Hills speedway.

WE climbed into our plane again and started back toward Hollywood with new admiration for the business and constructive genius of the men who are guiding the destinies of the screen. The huge film plant we had just visited dropped away behind us. In the distance we could see the undulating surf of the Pacific, the breakers appearing afar like a summer fur at a woman's throat. The mountains, wreathed in the purple of the twilight, crept silently nearer. A bank of fog coming in from the sea looked like a billowy field of cotton. The sun, a great ball of fire, dropped suddenly into the ocean. The whole horizon seemed ablaze for a moment, but soon the conflagration died, leaving in the Western sky a rich rose glow that deepened, deepened, and was gone. The jolting of the plane as we landed and rolled roughly along the ground to a stop roused us from our reverie.

CAUGHT in the Act



¶ Two Score of Strange, Thrilling, Sad and Funny Movieland Incidents Nabbed by Screenland's Keen-Eyed Cameramen During the Month.

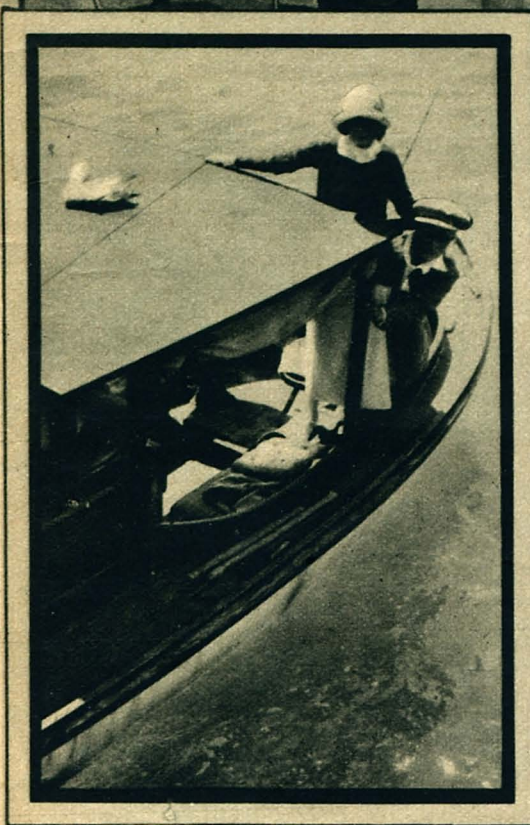
A DISTINGUISHED FOURSOME

¶ Four of America's greatest authors assemble on a Hollywood course to fare together in the ancient game. Left to right: Samuel G. Blythe, novelist and political essayist; Hugh Wiley, creator of The Wildcat stories; Harry Leon Wilson, author of Merton of the Movies, and George Ade, celebrated humorist. *Keystone photo.*



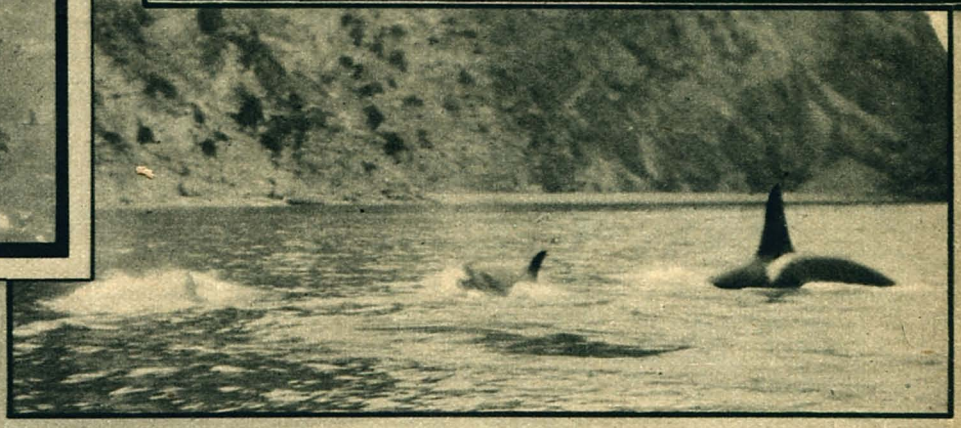
THREE SISTERS, ALL STARS

¶ For the first time since they were little girls, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath, English film star, are reunited, when Miss Flugrath reaches Hollywood to visit her two star sisters. The proud male at the right of the picture is Emil Flugrath, enjoying the glory of distinguished parentage.



PEGGY AND CHARLIE GO FISHING

¶ But the waves spoiled it all. "It takes an iron constitution to catch swordfish," said Peggy Hopkins Joyce as the comedian landed her at sea on another craft, bound for shore. "I guess I am a poor sport," she decided, as Charlie pattered back to sea alone in his launch. *Keystone photo.*



PORPOISES ACT IN THE MOVIES

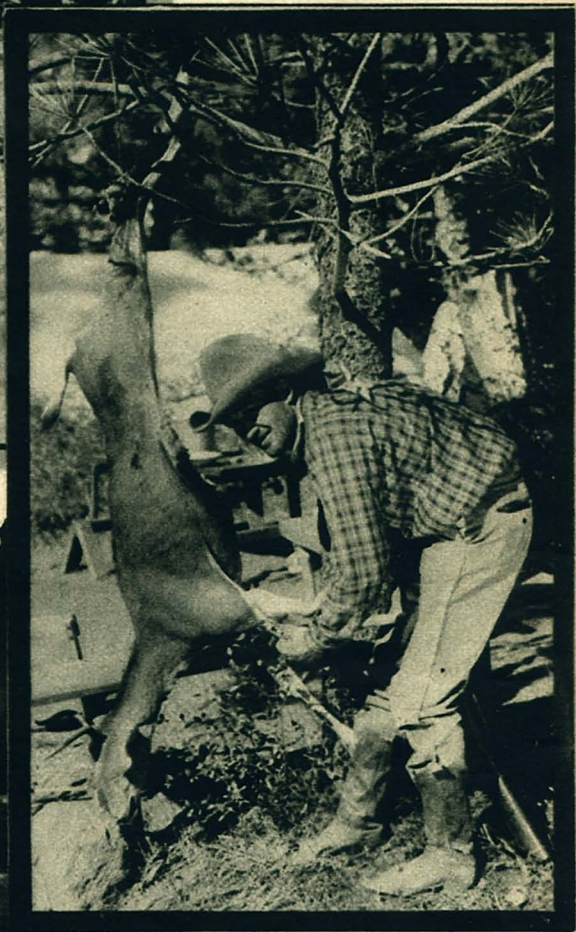
¶ A striking scene of a school of playful porpoises was filmed from deck when E. Mason Hopper, Goldwyn director, and company, were cruising in a chartered ship off the Southern California coast. The porpoise scene was embraced in the picture.



THRILL BECOMES A SPILL

¶ Sometimes movie stunts go wrong. In the Vitagraph serial, *Hidden Dangers*, a rough rider was supposed to swing Jean Paige from the ground to his saddle as he swept past. But he missed his grasp. Aside from a mouthful of dust and a few bruises, the actress was unhurt.

Keystone Photo.



REALISM AS A PASTIME

¶ Joe Ryan, the serial star, was on location when the Southern California deer season opened. So he spent a few hours to get a buck and the trophy was used in the picture.



FILM REVIEWED IN JAIL

¶ The famous Alimony Club of Ludlow Street Jail, New York City, passes criticism on Dorothy Phillip's latest film. The star is seated in the front row with Sheriff Knott.

©Keystone Photo.



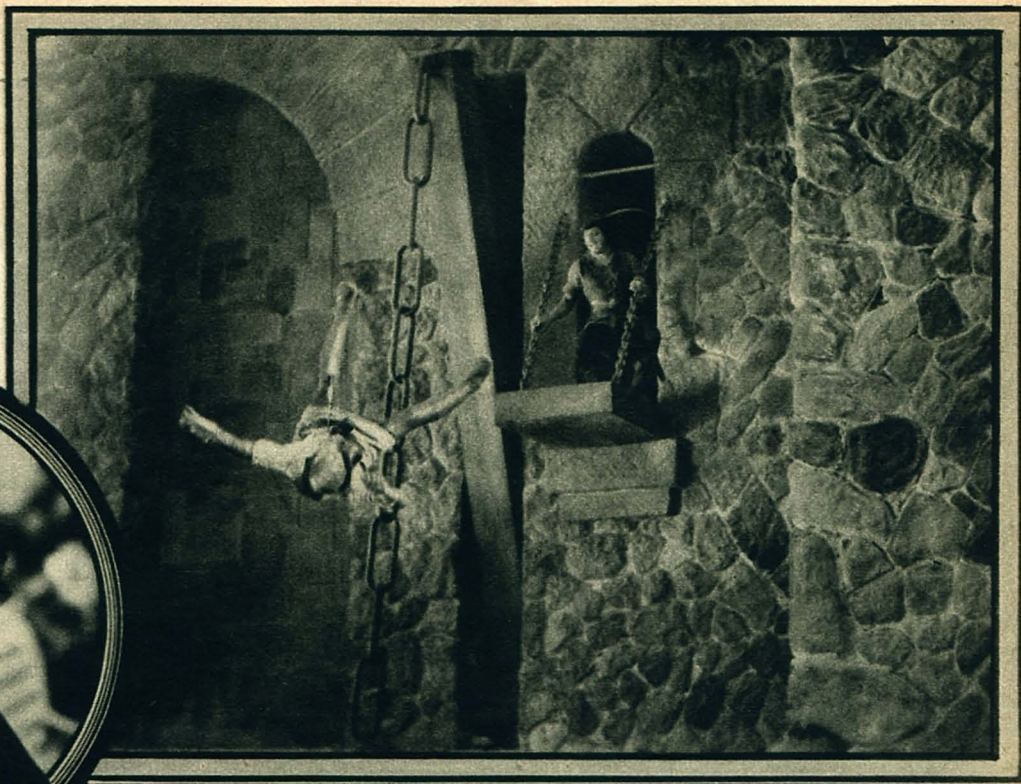
ABANDONS RELIGIOUS RITES

¶ "You must kneel before the Shinto deities and ask forgiveness of your forefathers for appearing as a villain in *The Cheat*," Japan told Hayakawa when he and his wife, Tsuru Oaki, visited their homeland. But Hayakawa reached San Francisco without pausing before the gods of his ancestors.

International Photo.

**REMARKABLE MOVIE
FALL**

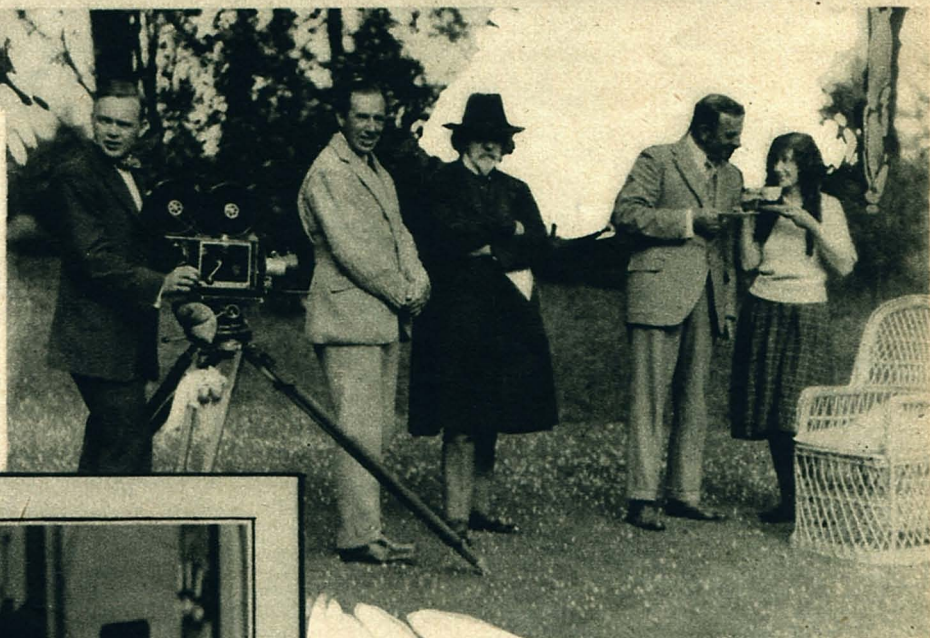
¶ In Douglas Fairbanks' Robin Hood a doughty knight in full armor tumbles from a parapet into a moat. The sensational fall is a thriller on the screen. This unusual "still" caught the actor en route.



POLA NEGRI IN AMERICA

¶ Her passport gave her name as Countess Apollonia Domska, but fellow passengers on the Majestic knew she was Pola Negri, on her way to Hollywood to star in American Paramount pictures.

International Photo.



SEES HIS STORY FILMED

¶ Sir Hall Caine, author of *The Christian*, is an interested spectator when scenes of his novel are made by Maurice Tourneur, Goldwyn director, in England. Mae Busch is the lady with the teacup.



**WATERDOG TEACHES BEAUTY TO
SWIM**

¶ Duke Kahanamoku, world champion speed swimmer, instructs pretty Lura Anson in the Hawaiian "crawl" stroke for water scenes in a Gloria Swanson picture.



INCREASE IN REID FAMILY

¶ The Wallie Reids of Hollywood adopted a baby sister for Billie, their son, and this is the first picture of the entire family.



THE JEALOUS RIVALS

¶ Walter Long and Dick Sutherland, noted screen villains, ask Betty Compson to decide who is the most handsome. Sutherland has the biggest hands in Hollywood and he's never done a day's work with them in his life. He was a whisky salesman before prohibition. The lower photo shows Betty's hands beside the dainty Sutherland digits.

STAR AT PALM BEACH

¶ Bob Leonard (husband of Mae Murray), Hugh Dillman (husband of Majorie Rambeau), Leone Morgan, Mae Murray, the movie star, and Marjorie Rambeau, famous actress, spend a few sunny hours at Florida's fashionable sea resort.

Keystone Photo.



RETURNS WEDDING GIFT

¶ When his intended ninth wife jilted him, Kid McCoy sadly returned the bronze gladiator his fellow players at the Goldwyn studio had given him for a wedding present.





SAVED BY A TAILOR

Ernest Torrance, villain in Broken Chains, is faced with the annoying stunt of falling off a cliff. The Goldwyn tailor helps out by making a pair of dummies who will "double" while Ernest rests in the shade.



HOW "GAGS" ARE MADE

The upper picture shows a prop man making a mud-hole ready for Jack Holt, who critically supervises the task. The lower picture shows the star landing in the mud with all the gay spontaneity in the world!



THEDA BARA PLAYS SAMSON

Johnny Coulon, former champ bantam-weight, has baffled scientists with his puzzling ability to resist being lifted. The strongest of men have tried and failed. But when Theda Bara tried it, Johnny relaxed with the remark: "At last I am swept off my feet." The picture was taken on the steamship Olympic.

©Keystone Photo.



LEARNING TO LAUGH IN BOMBAY

A Chaplin film, The Kid, attracts throngs of natives. After all, the universal language must be laughter.

International Photo.



IS OUR PUBLIC FICKLE?

¶ Ellen Terry, England's most beloved actress, finds that her admirers are as plentiful as in the days of her active career. This picture shows her being wheeled from the grounds at Walmer Castle, where she participated in a garden fete as *The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*. Will our movie stars be as popular in their old age?

International Photo.



CARPENTIER LEARNS TO ACT

¶ To prove he is an actor as well as the French boxing champion, Georges Carpentier assumes four different characters in his new film venture, *A Gypsy Cavalier*. Here they are.

International Photo.



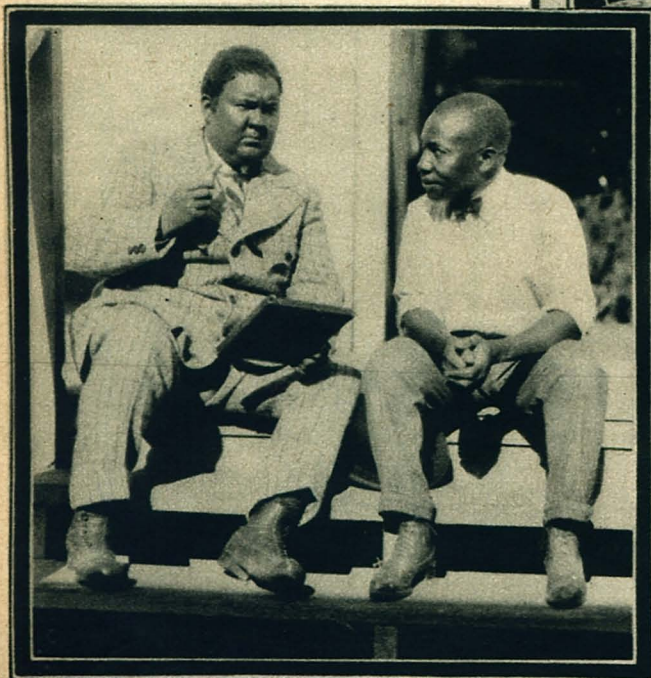
FIRST AID IN INDIANA

¶ When he returned from his Hollywood visit, George Ade wrote an original screen story, significantly entitled *Back Home and Broke*. It was promptly accepted by Paramount, so the star, Thomas Meighan, and his director, Al Green, made a journey to the humorist's Indiana home to "get together" on the new picture.

MABEL NORMAND RECOVERS

¶ Notoriety resulting from the death of her friend, Director Wm. D. Taylor, obliged Mabel Normand to leave her work for a long rest. Recuperated, she returns from Europe.

International Photo.



A STUDY FROM LIFE

¶ Walter Hiers believed in being realistic when he made up for a blackface part. He hired a model.



WHAT CIVILIZATION DOES TO US

¶ The white man in the center of this unusual group (above) is Director R. A. Walsh. The two other white men near the right margin of the photo are George Seigmann and Antonio Moreno. They have just finished a swimming race with Tahiti's best swimmers and have proven themselves masters in stamina and speed. The lower picture shows Walsh's company at work in the South Seas producing *Passions of the Sea*.

FAMOUS MUSICIAN IN HOLLYWOOD

¶ Alfred Hertz, former director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, conducts outdoor concerts at the unique Hollywood Bowl. Mr. and Mrs. Hertz have established their home in the movie colony.

Pacific Press Photo.



MAKING WIND IN THE MOVIES

¶ An airplane engine and propeller, mounted on a transportable frame, gives the storm effects for the directors. Lightning is achieved by scratching the negative film with a pin. Flashes of lightning glare are accomplished by an electrician at the switchboard. They'll be making it thunder in the pictures next.



AT THE CIRCUS

¶ The giant and the midgets entertain Doug and Charlie on circus day at Hollywood. *International Photo.*

¶ *Screenland, at last, has secured conclusive proof that the stars are not immortal, like the gods of Olympus, but that they have mothers and fathers just the same as the rest of us. Six Paramount stars posed with their immediate ancestors to enable us to offer the testimony on this page.*



¶ *Jack Holt, the hard-knuckled western gentleman, and his mother*



¶ *With his father, Thomas Meighan has not yet passed the "let this be a lesson to you, young man" stage.*



¶ *Betty Compson, when compared to her mother, demonstrates the quality of "family resemblance."*



¶ *You would believe the diminutive May McAvoy, in her school-girl dress, almost of age to cross the streets alone.*



¶ *The day that Agnes Ayres' mother visited her daughter at the studio.*



¶ *Gloria Swanson and her father, Captain Joseph Swanson.*

MY Trip ABROAD

¶ *The conclusion of Charlie Chaplin's own remarkable chronicle of his triumphant return to Hollywood.*

I AM off in the morning for Southampton, miserable and depressed. Crowds—the same crowds that saw me come—are there. But they seem a bit more desirable. I am leaving them. There are so many things I wish I had done. It is pleasant to be getting this applause on my exit.

I do not doubt its sincerity now. It is just as fine and as boisterous as it was when I arrived. They were glad to see me come and are sorry I am going.

I feel despondent and sad. I want to hug all of them to me. There is something so wistful about London, about their kind, gentle appreciation. They smile tenderly as I look this way, that way, over there—on every side it is the same. They are all my friends and I am leaving them.

Will I sign this? A few excited ones are shoving autograph books at me, but most of them are under restraint, almost in repose. They feel the parting. They sense it, but are sending me away with a smile.

MY car is full of friends going with me to Southampton. They mean a little at the moment. The crowd has me. Old, old friends turn up, friends that I have been too busy to see. Faithful old friends who are content just to get a glimpse before I leave.

There's Freddy Whittaker, an old music-hall artist with whom I once played. Just acquaintances, most of them, but they all knew me, and had all shared, in spirit, my success. All of them are at the station and all of them understand. They know that my life has been full every minute I have been here. There had been so much to do.

They knew and understood, yet they had come determined just to see me, if only at the door of my carriage. I feel very sad about them.

THE train is about to pull out and everything is excitement. Every one seems emotional and there is a tenseness in the very atmosphere.

"Love to Alf and Amy," many of them whisper, those who know my manager and his wife. I tell them that I am coming back, perhaps, next summer. There is applause. "Don't forget," they shout. I don't think I could forget.

The trip to Southampton is not enjoyable. There is a sadness on the

an old American and he is all choked up at the thought of my going back while he has to stay on in England. We are going back to his land. We cannot talk much.

We go to the boat. Sonny is there to see me off. Sonny is Hetty's brother.

There is luncheon with my friends and there are crowds of reporters. I can't be annoyed. There is nothing for me to say. I can't even think. We talk, small talk, joke talk.

Sonny is very matter of fact. I look at him and wonder if he has ever known. He has always been so vague with me. Has always met me in a joking way.

He leans over and whispers: "I thought you might like this." It is a package. I almost know without asking that it is a picture of Hetty. I am amazed. He understood all the time. Was always alive to the situation. How England covers up her feelings.

EVERYBODY is off the boat but the passengers. My friends stand on the dock and wave to me. I see everything in their



¶ *A sweet little girl about eight years old spied him on the boat. "Oh, Mr. Chaplin," she gurgled, "I have been looking for you all over. Please adopt me like you did Jackie Coogan. We could smash windows together and have lots of fun." The little girl and Charlie lunched together next day. "She was the life of the party," he writes.*



train. A sort of embarrassed sentimentality among my friends. Tom Geraghty is along. Tom is

glowing faces—loyalty, love, sadness, a few tears. There is a lump in my throat. I smile just as hard as I can to keep them from seeing. I even smile at the reporters. They're darn nice fellows. I wish I knew them better. After all, it's their job to ask questions and they have been merely doing their job with me.

Just doing their jobs as they see it. That spirit would make the world if it universal.

England never looked more lovely. Why didn't I go here? Why didn't I do this and that? There is so much that I missed. I must come back again. Will they be glad to see me? As glad as I am to see them? I hope so. My cheek is damp. I turn away and blot out the sadness. I am not going to look back again.

A sweet little girl about 8 years of age, full of laughing childhood, is coming toward me with a bubbling voice. Her very look commands me not to try to escape. I don't think I want to escape from her.

"Oh, Mr. Chaplin," gurgled the little girl, "I've been looking for you all over the boat. Please adopt me as you did Jackie Coogan. We could smash windows together and have lots of fun. I love your plays."

She takes my hand and looks up into my face. "They are so clever and beautiful. Won't you teach me like you taught him? He's so much like you. Oh, if I could only be like him."

And, with a rapt look on her little face, she prattles on, leaving me very few opportunities to get in a word, though I prefer to listen rather than talk.

I wave good-bye to my friends and then walk along with her, going up and looking back at the crowd over the rail.

REPORTERS are here. They scent something interesting in my affair with the little girl. I answer all questions. Then a photographer. We are photographed. And the movie men are getting action pictures. We are looking back at my friends on shore.

The little girl asks: "Are they all actors and in the movies? Why are you so sad? Don't you like leaving England? There will be so many friends in America to meet you. Why, you should be so happy because you have friends all over the world."

I tell her that it is just the parting—that the thought of leaving is always sad. Life is always "Good-bye." And here I feel it is good-bye to new friends, that my old ones are in America.

We walk around the deck and she discusses the merits of my pictures.

"Do you like drama?" I ask.

"No, I like to laugh, but I love to

make people cry myself. It must be nice to act 'cryie' parts, but I don't like to watch them."

"And you want me to adopt you?"

"Only in the pictures, like Jackie. I would like to break windows.

SHE has dark hair and a beautiful profile of the Spanish type, with a delicately formed nose and a cupid's bow sort of mouth. Her eyes are sensitive, dark and shining, dancing with life and laughter. As we talk I notice as she gets serious she grows tender and full of childish love.

"You like smashing windows; you must be Spanish," I tell her.

"Oh, no, not Spanish; I'm Jewish," she answers.

"That accounts for your genius."

"Oh, do you think Jewish people are clever?" she asks, eagerly.

"Of course, all great geniuses had Jewish blood in them. No, I am not Jewish," as she is about to put that question, "but I am sure there must be some somewhere in me. I hope so."

"**O**H, I am so glad you think them clever. You must meet my mother. She's brilliant and an elocutionist. She recites beautifully and is so clever at anything. And I am sure you would like my father. He loves me so much and I think he admires me some, too."

She chatters on as we walk around. Then suddenly: "You look tired. Please tell me and I will run away."

AS the boat was pulling out her mother comes toward us and the child introduces us with perfect formality and without any embarrassment. She is a fine, cultured person.

"Come along, dear, we must go down to the second class. We cannot stay here.

I make an appointment to lunch with the little girl on the day after the morrow and am already looking forward to it.

I spend the greater part of the second day in reading books by Frank Harris, Waldo Frank, Claude McKay and Major Douglas' "Economic Democracy."

The next day I met Miss Taylor, a famous moving picture actress of England, and Mr. Heyworth, who is a director of prominence in Great Britain. Miss Taylor, though sensitive, shy and retiring, has a great bit of charm.

They are making their first trip to America, and we soon became good friends. We discuss the characteristics of the American people, contrasting their youthful, frank abruptness with the quiet, shy and reserved Britisher.

I find myself running wild as I tell them of this land. I explain train holdups, advertising signs, Broadway lights, blatant theaters, ticket speculators, subways, the automat and its big sister the cafeteria. It has a great effect on my friends and at times I almost detect unbelief. I find myself wanting to show the whole thing to them and to watch their reactions.

AT the luncheon next day the little girl is the soul of the party. We discuss everything from art to ambitions. At one moment she is full of musical laughter and the next she is excitedly discussing some happening aboard ship. Her stories are always interesting. How do children see so much more than grownups?

She has a great time. I must visit her father; he is so much like me. He has the same temperament and is such a great daddy. He is so good to her. And she rattles on without stopping.

Then again she thinks I may be tired. "Sit back now." And she puts a pillow behind my head and bids me rest.

These moments with her make days aboard pass quickly and pleasantly.

Carl Robinson and I are strolling around the top deck the next day in an effort to get away from every one, and I notice some one looking up at the wire running between the funnels of the ship. Perched on the wire is a little bird and I am wondering how it got there and if it had been there since we left England.

The other watcher notices us. He turns and smiles. "The little bird must think this is the promised land."

IKNEW at once that he was somebody. Those thoughts belong only to poets. Later in the evening he joins us at my invitation and I learn he is Easthope Martin, the composer and pianist. He had been through the war and it had left its stamp on this fine sensitive soul. He had been gassed. I could not imagine such a man in the trenches. He is very frail of body, and as he talks I always imagine his big soul at the bursting point with a pent-up yearning.

There is the inevitable concert on the last night of the voyage. We are off the banks of Newfoundland and in midst of a fog. Foghorns must be kept blowing at intervals, hence the effect on the concert, particularly the vocal part, is obvious.

We land at 7 in the morning of a very windy day and it is 11 before we can get away. Reporters and camera men fill the air during all that time and I am rather glad, because it shows Miss Taylor (Continued on page 64)



Beauty and Youth ---For a Christmas Gift!

Boncilla

BEAUTIFIER CLASMIC PACKS

keep you as young as your children, because they make you look as young

Only a few minutes are required to cover the face with *Boncilla* Beautifier (clasmic pack). As it dries, you can *feel* its invigorating action going right down to the source of complexion troubles. You can *feel* it opening up the pores, drawing out blackheads and impurities, stimulating the circulation, building up tissues, smoothing out lines.

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The Package O'Beauty contains enough *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold Cream, *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream and *Boncilla* Face Powder for three complete facial packs. You can secure it from your dealer, or send coupon, with 50c, and we will mail it to you postpaid.

Boncilla toilet waters and perfumes, *Locelle* or *Royal Bouquet*, or *Boncilla* powder compacts in the attractive dull gold cases, make acceptable Christmas Gifts. Most department stores and drug stores can show you the *Boncilla* holiday line; or we will mail you our price list upon request.

BONCILLA No. 37 SET A DISTINCTIVE HOLIDAY GIFT

The No. 37 set illustrated contains a large tube of *Boncilla* Beautifier, regular sized jars of *Boncilla* Cold Cream and *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream, large box of *Boncilla* Face Powder and a cake of Beauty Soap. An unusual gift and one that will be welcomed by men as well as women; priced at \$3.25.

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Screen 12/22

The Editors' PAGE

Myron Zobel, Editor

Syl. MacDowell, Managing Editor

THIS issue of SCREENLAND is sixteen pages thicker than preceding issues and at least twice longer in its abundance of *Hot From Hollywood* feature stories and articles. Regular readers will recognize that *Your Own Page* and *The Editor's Page* have been combined. It is one of the innovations which is bringing to them a meatier, more bountifully illustrated magazine. SCREENLAND is no longer satisfied with being better than any other movie magazine, and many *Your Own Page* letters have stated. It is determined to be bigger, too.

NEW readers may not yet realize that SCREENLAND is the only national screen magazine made where the movies are made. The name of Hollywood has been placed on the cover to inform them. Others have realized the truth *Hollywood is Screenland* and *Screenland is Hollywood*, and among them is D. D. J. of 27 Queen street, Forfar, Scotland, who writes: "SCREENLAND is all the more interesting to me because it emanates from Hollywood, capital of motion picturedom."

THERE are other readers who have made the same comment. One of them, closer than Scotland, came from R. S. of Santa Monica Boulevard, right here in Hollywood. "The fact that I am located in the heart of Hollywood," he informs us, "proves to me that SCREENLAND is the best film magazine today."

WARMED-OVER stories are no better than the warmed-over movies, which you may have already read about on page 42 of this issue. Yet Miss M. M. of Indianapolis has written us a letter saying that she wants to see fictionalized photoplays in every issue.

WE are sure that Miss M. M. will join us in a preference for *hot from the studios* stories after reading this and following issues. Because Hollywood is *alive* with fascinating stories, most of which are waiting to be told. They are the actual life stories that are ground out by the wheels of the great movie industry. They grind out

Some of the things that will make you glad when you buy SCREENLAND for January Out December First



"I am afraid that I am not going to get myself real popular," said Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous artist, director and noted connoisseur of feminine beauty, when he wrote—

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR HOLLYWOOD WOMEN?

What's wrong with Gloria Swanson's figure? Mary Pickford's head? Betty Blythe's hips? Bebe Daniels' lips? Pola Negri's face? Nazimova's eyes? Agnes Ayres' feet? Marion Davies' brow, and Viola Dana's lips? In the most *ruthless* and *daring* beauty survey ever printed, Mr. Stanlaws *mercilessly* exposes the *flaws* of all the great stars in his sensational illustrated article in

SCREENLAND for January Out December First

You can't afford to miss this!

MEN WHO ARE EASY TO LOVE

The secret of male attractiveness is explained by Eunice Marshall in a scrutinizing survey of screen idols—Valentino, Wallace Reid, Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel and others.

ARE HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO WRITERS LUCKY?

Is it *wit* or *grit* or *pluck* or *luck* that has put the big screen authors where they are today? You will find the answer in their pasts, entertainingly revealed by Patrick Tarsney.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

Drugged into indifference by a surfeit of beauty, men have come to admire homely women! This new, startling story about Hollywood by Alma Whitaker will thrill you.

And a score of other compelling features which will give you facts about Hollywood that you have never read before.

comedy, tragedy, life dramas even more enthralling than the tales they project on the silver sheet. The story of Hollywood is the modern tale of a thousand and one nights—ribbons of raw human emotion, mystery, the conflict of passions, the might of men, the lure of women.

ON the wheels of the movie industry there are many cogs. To properly function, they must mesh with other cogs. This demands organization. Organization is now permeating every sphere of movie enterprise. Even the projectionist in your theatre is a member of an association which is placing his technique on a higher standard.

ORGANIZATION will bring stability and confidence, and confidence will inspire individual effort—better movies. The movies have been like the three directors who own a very fine still. When they leave it at night, they lock the door securely with three padlocks. Each partner carries a key, so the place cannot be disturbed again until all three of them are present. They are not well organized.

WE notice the new slogan of the national organization of photo-engravers—"Your story in pictures leaves nothing unsaid." Everyone has observed that a good picture is often more comprehensive than pages of words. So the thought led to an eight-page section of movies pictures—*nothing but pictures*, and we named it *Caught in the Act!* You will find it making its initial bow this month, on page 51. That's how *that* happened.

NEARLY everybody is interested in marriage—their own or someone's else. One of the keenest—yes, and daring—observations we have ever read on the subject was contributed this month in an article from Alma Whitaker, who wrote *Marriage in the Movies* for SCREENLAND for November. In some way, Miss Whitaker left a lot of worth-while ideas out of the first article, so she decided to write a sequel. The sequel, by a happy fate, is better than its sponsor. So, *Are Unhappy Marriages the Secret of Genius?* is on page 24, and you'll miss a treat if you don't read it.

Day Laborer to Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 47)

was president of the Interstate Oratorical Association, is one of the several producers whose experience with banks has been not only from the outside but from the inside. He worked in a Chicago bank before he organized a film service company, from which he progressed to the presidency of the American Film Company.

Paul Brunet, president of Pathé, is another banker, and for more than twenty years was active in financial circles in Paris, where he was born. Frank Godsol, who has large interests in the Goldwyn organization, has also had extensive financial experience in this country and in France. Samuel Goldwyn, whose real name is Goldfish, started in the glove business when he was thirteen years old.

Lewis J. Selznick was in the jewelry business in Pittsburg before he went to New York and got into the pictures in an organization in which Carl Laemmle and Pat Powers were then the leading figures.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, who produces the pictures in which his wife, Norma Talmadge, stars, and who is also responsible for the appearance on the screen of Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton, is one of the Schenck Brothers whose vast amusement park fills a large part of New Jersey across the Hudson River from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York. On that river the Schenck Brothers are almost as well known as are the Smith Brothers, who at Poughkeepsie make the cough drops.

Mack Sennett came to pictures from the stage and is one of the many well-known figures in the picture business who began their professional screen careers with the old Biograph company. He has been in Los Angeles since 1912, when he came here with the company which he and Charles Kessel and Charles Bauman had organized and which they called the Keystone.

Hal E. Roach, who produces the Harold Lloyd and the Snub Pollard pictures, also was an actor and began his screen career as an extra with Universal. His star, Harold Lloyd, was an extra on the same lot at the same time.

(Continued on page 68)



Is Your Life Story Worth \$500 or \$2000?

MOTION picture producers pay as high as \$2000, and rarely offer less than \$500, for acceptable screen stories. And yet their demands for stories can not be supplied.

In the last few months newspapers and film companies have offered more than \$50,000 in scenario contest prizes, all to secure new stories and encourage new screen writers.

And your life probably holds many incidents which would form the basis for stories worth telling—and selling.

These People Did

A CALIFORNIA school teacher; a Chicago society matron; a Pennsylvania newspaper reporter; an underpaid office man in Utah; a prisoner in the Arizona State Penitentiary are a few of the many who have sold their stories at handsome prices, become studio staff writers or won big sums in scenario contests.

They studied screen writing to get away from routine work. Not one was a recognized author. Not one was a master of literary skill. All were discovered by a photoplay corporation which searched for undeveloped screen writing talent through a novel questionnaire test. You have the same opportunity that they had, and grasped.

The Palmer Questionnaire No Cost—No Obligation

H. H. VAN LOAN, the well-known scenarist, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has and is uncovering hidden photodramatists in all walks of life.

With Malcolm McLean, formerly instructor in short-story writing at Northwestern University he hit upon the idea of adapting tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

Phenomenal results have been obtained. The first prize of \$10,000 and eight others in the Chicago Daily News contest, and all three prizes, amounting to \$5,000, in the J. Parker Read, Jr., competition, were awarded to new writers trained by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Palmer Questionnaire.

These facts have been conclusively proved (1) many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write Scenarios, and (2) this free Questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

Highly useful, this self-examination is intensely interesting as well. You apply it in your own home. We hold your record absolutely confidential, tell you frankly what your test shows, and give reasons for our opinion.

We Offer \$1,000 and Royalties

THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation now produces photoplays as well as instructs, through a thoroughly tested home-study course, in the writing of them.

And under our new plan we offer to new writers trained in our Educational Department whose stories are acceptable for our productions a minimum of \$1000 cash and royalties on the profits of the pictures.

So, for the first time photoplaywrights will share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

In addition, one hundred sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories for which they will pay generously. We act as the greatest sales outlet for screen stories of all kinds.

Is It You?

IT is for you to answer whether or not you will fit yourself for these rewards, providing, of course, you have the inherent ability.

Any money rewards are not all, for hundreds of Palmer students are using this stimulating course, not with a view to becoming professional screen writers, but to develop that invaluable asset, *Creative Imagination*. For *Creative Imagination*, properly developed by those endowed with it, lifts men and women to lofty heights, whatever their fields may be.

Surely it is worth a two-cent stamp to know these vital facts about yourself. There's no other cost and no obligation.

Send the coupon for the Palmer Questionnaire. Answer now, to your own satisfaction, this question which relates so vitally to your future course in life. Undreamed success may lie beyond the discoveries this Questionnaire will make.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 2212
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

Name

Street

City State

All correspondence strictly confidential

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MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 60)

and Mr. Hepworth a glimpse of what American is like. We arrange to meet that night at Sam Goldwyn's for dinner.

GOOD-BYS here are rather joyous, because we are all getting off in the same land and there will be an opportunity to see each other again.

My little friend comes to me excitedly and gives me a present, a silver stamp box. "I hope that when you write your first letter you will take a stamp from here and mail it to me. Good-by."

She shakes hands. We are real lovers and must be careful. She tells me not to overwork. "Don't forget to come and see us; you must meet daddy. Good-by, Charlie."

She curtsies and is gone. I go to my cabin to wait until we can land. There is a tiny knock. She comes in.

"Charlie, I couldn't kiss you out therein front of all those people. Good-by, dear. Take care of yourself." This is real love. She kisses my cheek and then runs out on deck.

Esthope Martin is with us that night at Goldwyn's party. He plays one of his own compositions and holds us spellbound. He is very grateful for our sincere applause and quite retiring and unassuming, though he is the hit of the evening.

FOLLOWING the dinner, I carried the English movie folk on a sight-seeing trip, enjoying their amazement at the wonders of a New York night. "What do you think of it?" I asked them.

"Thrilling," says Hepworth. "I like it. There is something electrical in the air. It is a driving force. You must do things."

We go to a cafe, where the elite of New York are gathered, and dance until midnight. I bid them good-by, hoping to meet them later when they come to Los Angeles.

I dine at Max Eastman's the next night and meet McKay, the negro poet. He is quite handsome, a full-blooded Jamaican negro, not more than 25 years of age. I can readily see why he has been termed an African prince. He has just that manner.

I have read a number of his poems. He is a true aristocrat, with the sensitiveness of a poet and the humor of a philosopher, and quite shy. In fact, he is rather supersensitive, but with a dignity and manner that seem to hold him aloof.

There are many other friends

there, and we discuss Max's new book on humor. There is a controversy whether to call it "Sense of Humor" or "Psychology of Humor." We talk about my trip. Claude McKay asks if I met Shaw. "Too bad," he says; "you would like him and he would have enjoyed you."

I AM interested in Claude. "How do you write your poetry?" "Can you make yourself write?" "Do you prepare?" I try to discuss his race. "What is their future?" "You they —" He shrugs his shoulders. I realize he is a poet, an aristocrat.

I dine the next evening with Waldo Frank and Marguerite Naumberg and we discuss her new system. She has a school that develops children along the lines of personality. It is a study in individuality. She is struggling alone, but is getting wonderful results. We talk far into the morning on everything, including the fourth dimension.

Next day Frank Harris calls and we decide to take a trip to Sing Sing together. Frank is very sad and wistful. He is anxious to get away from New York and devote time to his autobiography before it is too late. He has so much to say that he wants to write it while it is keen.

I try to tell him that consciousness of age is a sign of keenness. That age doesn't bother the mind.

We discuss George Meredith and a wonderful book he had written. And then in his old age Meredith had rewritten it. He said it was so much better rewritten, but he had taken from it all the red blood. It was old, withered like himself. You can't see things as they were. Meredith had become old. Harris says he doesn't want the same experience.

ALL this on the way to Sing Sing. Frank is a wonderful conversationalist. Like his friend, Oscar Wilde. That same charm and brilliancy of wit, ever ready for argument. What a fund of knowledge he has. What a biography his should be. If it is just half as good as Wilde's it will be sufficient.

Sing Sing. The big gray stone buildings seem to me like an outcry against civilization. This huge gray monster with its thousands of staring eyes. We are in the visiting room. Young men in gray shirts. Thank God, the hideous humanity. It is not so stark.

There is a mite of a baby holding her daddy's hand and playing with his

hair as he talks with her mamma, his wife. Another prisoner holding two withered hands of an old lady. Mother was written all over her, though neither said a word. I felt brutal at witnessing their emotion.

All of them old. Children, widows, mothers—youth crossed out of faces by lines of suffering and life's penalties. Tragedy and sadness, and always it is in the faces of the women that the suffering is more plainly written. The men suffer in body—the women in soul.

The men look resigned. Their spirit is gone. What is it that happens behind these gray walls that kills so completely.

THE devotion of the prisoners is almost childish in its eagerness as they sit with their children, talking with their wives; here and there a lover with his sweetheart—all of them have written a compelling story in the book of life. But love is in this room, love unashamed. Why are sinners always loved? Why do sinners make such wonderful lovers? Perhaps it is compensation, as they call it. Love is paged by every eye here.

Children are playing around the floor. Their laughter is like a benediction. This has another improvement, this room. There are no longer bars to separate loved ones. Human nature improves, but the tragedy remains just as dramatic.

The cells where they sleep are old-fashioned, built by a monster or maniac. No architect could do such a thing for human beings. They are built of hate, ignorance and stupidity. I understand they are building a new prison, more sane, with far more understanding of human needs. Until then these poor wretches must endure these awful cells. I'd go mad there.

I NOTICE quite a bit of freedom. A number of prisoners are strolling around the grounds, while others are at work. The honor system is a great thing; gives a man a chance to hold self-respect.

They have heard that I am coming. And most of them seem to know me. I am embarrassed. What can I say? How can I approach them? I wave my hand merely, "Hello, folks."

I decide to discard conversation. Be myself. Be comic. Cut-up. I twist my cane and juggle my hat. I kick up my leg in back. I am on comic ground. That's the thing.

No sentiment, no slopping over, no morals— (Continued on page 66)

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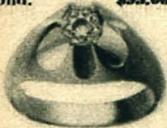
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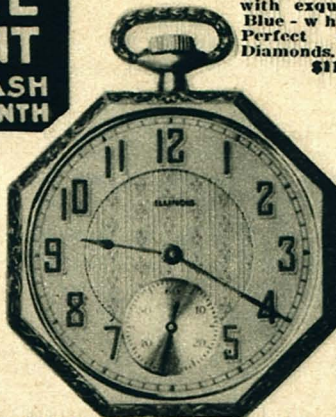
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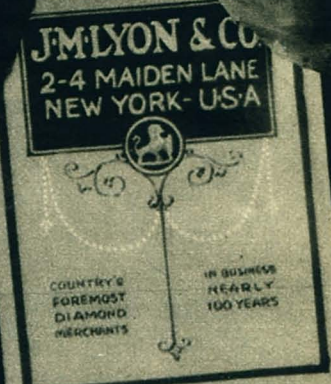
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Name.....
Age..... Occupation.....
Street..... City..... State.....

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 64)

they are fed up with that. What is there in common between us? Our viewpoints are entirely different. They're in—I'm out.

They show me a cup presented by Sir Thomas Lipton inscribed: "We have all made mistakes."

"How do we know but what some of you haven't?" I ask humorously. It makes a hit. They want me to talk.

"Brother criminals and fellow sinners: Christ said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone, though I have compromised and thrown many a pie. But I cannot cast the first stone.'" Some got it. Others never will.

WE must be sensible. I am not a hero worshiper of criminals and bad men. Society must be protected. We are greater in number than the criminals and have the upper hand. We must keep it. But we can at least treat them intelligently, for after all crime is the outcome of society.

The doctor tells me that but a few of them are criminals from heredity; that the majority had been forced into crime by circumstances or had committed it in passion. I notice a lot of evil-looking men, but also some splendid ones. I earnestly believe that society can protect itself intelligently, humanely. I would abolish prisons. Call them hospitals and treat the prisoners as patients.

It is a problem that I make no pretense of solving.

The death house. It is hideous. A plain, bare room, rather large and with a white door, not green, as I have been told. The chair—a plain wooden armchair and a single wire coming down over it. This is an instrument to snuff out life. It is too simple. It is not even dramatic. Just cold blooded and matter of fact.

Some one is telling me how they watch the prisoner after he is strapped in the chair. Good God, how can they calmly plan with such exactness? And they have killed as many as seven in one day. I must get out.

TWO men were walking up and down in a bare yard, one a short

man with a pipe in his mouth, walking briskly, and at his side a warden. The keeper announces shortly: "The next for the chair."

How awful! Looking straight in front of him and coming toward us, I saw his face. Tragic and appalling. I will see it for a long time.

We visit the industries. There is something ironical about their location with the mountains for a background, but the effect is good; they can get a sense of freedom. A good system here, with the wardens tolerant. They seem to understand. I whisper to one.

"Is Jim Larkin here?" He is in the boot department and we go to see him for a moment. There is a rule against it, but on this occasion the rule is waived.

Larkin struts up. Large, about six feet two inches, a fine strapping Irishman. Introduced, he talks timidly.

He can't stay; musn't leave his work. Is happy. Only worried about his wife and children in Ireland. Anxious about them, otherwise fit.

There are four more years for him. He seems deserted even by his party, though there is an effort being made to have his sentence repealed. After all, he is no ordinary criminal. Just a political one.

He asks about my reception in England. "Glad to meet you, but I must get back."

Frank tells him he will help to get his release. He smiles, grips Frank's hand hard, "Thanks." Harris tells me he is a cultured man and a fine writer.

BUT the prison marked him. The buoyancy and spirit that must have gone with those Irish eyes is no more. Those same eyes are now wistful, where they once were gay.

He hasn't been forgotten. Our visit has helped. There may be a bit of hope left to him.

We go to the solitary confinement cell, where troublemakers are kept. "This young man tried to escape, got out on the roof. We went after him," says the warden.

"Yes, it was quite a movie stunt,"

(Continued on page 67)

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 66)

said the youngster. He is embarrassed. We try to relieve it.

"Whatever he's done, he's darn handsome," I tell the warden. It helps. "Better luck next time," I tell him. He laughs. "Thanks, pleased to meet you, Charlie."

He is just 19, handsome and healthy. What a pity. The greatest tragedy of all. He is a forger here with murderers.

We leave and I look back at the prison just once. Why are prisons and graveyards built in such beautiful places?

NEXT day everything is bustling, getting ready for the trip back to Los Angeles. I sneak out in the excitement and go to a matinee to see Marie Doro in "Lilies of the Field," and that night to "The Hero," a splendid play. A young actor, Robert Ames, I believe, gives the finest performance I have ever seen in America.

We are on the way. I am rushing back with the swiftness of the Twentieth Century Limited. There is a wire from my studio manager. "When will I be back for work?" I wire him that I am rushing and anxious to get there. There is a brief stop in Chicago and then we are on again.

AND as the train rushes me back I am living again this vacation of mine. Its every moment now seems wonderful. The petty annoyances were but seasoning. I even begin to like reporters. They are regular fellows intent on their job.

And going over it all, it has been so worth while and the job ahead of me looks worth while. If I can bring smiles to the tired eyes in Kensington and Whitechapel, if I have absorbed and understood the virtues and problems of those simpler people I have met and if I have gathered the least bit of inspiration

(Continued on page 74)

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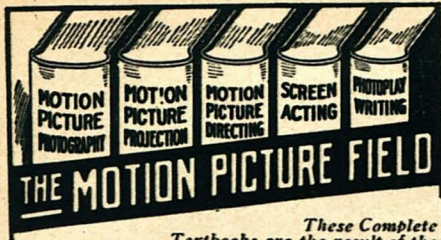
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Day Laborer to Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 63)

ROACH is from Chicago, as is Colonel William N. Selig, who has been in pictures since 1896 and who produced not only the first big serial, *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, but the first feature picture, *The Spoilers*, which still is a money maker. Also he has financed several scientific expeditions to distant lands and has invented more than forty appliances used in moving picture photography. He owns the Selig studio and zoo, which covers thirty-five acres of Los Angeles' real estate. He loves animals and was the first producer to put them into pictures. Also he was the first to use cowboys. He makes travel pictures, as does C. L. Chester, and Chester, who once was a photographer, has himself accompanied many of the expeditions he has sent in quest of wild subjects.

Sam Rork, who organized the Katherine MacDonald company, had seen beautiful women before he saw his star; for years ago he was manager of the original *Floradora* company, whose famous sextette may have been equaled since but has not been surpassed. For eighteen years Rork was associated with the late A. M. Palmer, whose companies, while they might not have contained so much beauty as did *Floradora*, were a little stronger on intellectual acting.

CLARENCE J. HARRIS, president of the All-Story Films Corporation, is an ordained clergyman. He left the pulpit that he might write scenarios for Fox and Gaumont, and quit writing scenarios that he might produce for himself.

Arthur S. Kane, although trained as a writer, did not write after he entered pictures. He is the head of the corporation that produces Charles Ray's pictures, and it was he who organized both Realart and the Associated Exhibitors, who are not exhibitors at all, but producers. He is a college man, who, once upon a time, was city editor of the *Topeka Capital*. Whitman Bennett was once a dramatic editor in New York. In that capacity he wrote what he thought of the stage work of Lionel Barrymore, who has since become his star. He liked him then and he likes him now.

J. Ernest Williamson, of undersea photography fame, was once in the newspaper business. He was a cartoonist, but quit drawing pic-

tures that he might utilize for moving pictures the submarine apparatus invented by his father. He and his brother, George, and their father have made it possible to shoot undersea stuff almost as easily as stuff can be shot on dry land.

THE name of Amedee J. Van Beuren was very well known in the East before the bearer of the name became a moving picture producer by engaging the late Sydney Drew and Mrs. Drew. The Van Beurens own miles and miles of billboards and upon every one of them appears the name Van Beuren. L. Lawrence Weber is a producer who spent a great deal of money in billboard advertising. He spent it when he was a theatrical manager in New York. Burlesque was his first field and when he produced pictures starring Mme. Petrova his partner was Bobby North, who had been a comedian in burlesque and musical comedy. Another moving picture executive who has had theatrical experience is Robert Priest, who introduced the Captain Scott Antarctic films to this country. He once managed the dancers Pavlowa and Mordkin, and at one time was connected with the Winter Garden in New York. Before he went into theatricals he was in the dry goods business.

Jacques Bergh, who produces pictures for children, is believed to be the only Doctor of Philosophy who ever managed an opera company. He was educated at Munich. Warren Doane was educated at the Long Beach Business College and taught school before going into pictures.

Max Linder, the French comedian, who has produced his own pictures, attended the Bordeaux Conservatory, where he won one prize for tragedy and then turned around and won another for comedy. In 1903 he left the stage to appear in the first screen comedy ever filmed. It was called *The Outing of a Schoolboy*. When the great war came along Linder, who was free from further military service, volunteered just the same and served a year in the trenches and would have served longer had he not been gassed. He produced comedies for Pathé at about the same time that Jesse D. Hampton began to produce screen dramas, which also were released through Pathé.

(Continued on page 70)

An Architect, A Painter and a Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the Decorative Arts League committee felt sure, would like a lamp, designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic co-operation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wher-



ever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required. In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50

Think of It!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligations of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10 3/4 inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shades is tinted old rose to give a mellow light.

"AURORA" Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push-button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 lbs., so postage even to furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to

Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze or Ivory White (CD)

Signed.....

Address.....

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

"NERVES"

A subtle and dangerous malady which is undermining the vitality of the American Nation

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

"NERVES"—We hear it everywhere. The physician tells his patient—"It's your Nerves." Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their "Nerves." You see evidence of "Nerves" everywhere—in the street, in the cars, in the theatre, in business, and especially in your home—right in your own family.

We Americans are a nation of nervous people. This is known the world over. Our own Nerve Specialists admit it. It is caused by our "Mile-a-



Paul von Boeckmann

Author of *Nerve Force* and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects. Over a million of his various books have been sold during the last 25 years.

He is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulton-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of "Physical Culture Magazine."

Minute" life; the intensity of our Natures in everything we do. It is making us the most progressive nation on earth, but it is also wrecking our people. Our crowded insane asylums prove it. Medical records prove it.

Millions of people have sub-normal Nerve Force, and consequently suffer from endless organic and physical troubles, which make their lives miserable.

What is meant by "Nerves?" By "Nerves" is meant Nerve Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), lack of Nerve Force. What is Nerve Force?

We might as well ask "What is electricity?" We do not know. It is the secret of Nature. We do know that it is the vital force of life, a mysterious energy that flows from the nervous system and gives life and energy to every vital organ. Sever the nerve which leads to any organ and that organ will cease acting.

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works incessantly to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, or, in any way, consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, the natural result must be Nerve Bankruptcy, in other words, Nerve Exhaustion, Neurasthenia, or "Nerves."

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion—its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the meaning of this statement. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and, as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die—so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

How often do we hear of people, running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious

"something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ is weak or diseased. How often do we hear of people racking their brains, trying to discover the reason of their failure in business, in a profession, love, or any undertaking. They would give anything to lay finger on the stumbling-block of their lives—the door that locks out their ambitions, the wall that blocks their progress. The answer is: Lack of Nerve Force. In short, Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force—Personal Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to attain success.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men.

And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved success, or has ever gotten the fullest enjoyment from life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, and we cheat ourselves of our birthright of health and vigor.

"A sound mind in a sound body" depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER, even in a small way, demands, first of all—NERVE FORCE.

If your NERVES have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine the cause and to learn what to do to build up your Nerve Force.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific, and always effective.

I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE and without any obligation on your part. Everything is confidential and sent sealed in a plain envelope.

You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk, that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

PAUL von BOECKMANN
110 W. 40th St., Studio 633, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name

Address

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.

DAY LABORER to MOVIE MAGNATE

(Continued from page 68)

Hampton and his brother, Benjamin B. Hampton, are alumni of Knox College and both of them were in the newspaper and magazine businesses before going into pictures. Ben Hampton's greatest magazine success was with the *Broadway Magazine*, which he bought and rechristened, first, *Hampton's Broadway* and then *Hampton's*. Theodore Dreiser and the late Harris Merton Lyon were his chief aides. Also he was in the advertising business and was a vice-president of the American Tobacco Company.

AL CHRISTIE, who was born in London, Ont., made his first acquaintance with the stage as a stage hand, and his brother, Charlie, who now divides his time between moving pictures and selling real estate with Billy Sunday's son, George, was in the advertising business in Canada. Morris Kohn is another graduate of the penny arcade and B. A. Rolfe, a graduate of vaudeville, where he once produced acts in association with Jesse Lasky.

Arthur D. Jenkins, producer with Nathan Woody of Pinnacle Pictures, was a banker. He was in that business in Indianapolis, as was Nathan Woody. Another producer who comes from Indianapolis is Arthur F. Beck, who produces the pictures in which his wife, Leah Baird, stars. Beck, who got into the moving picture business as soon as there was any moving picture business to get into, had been the treasurer of a carnival company.

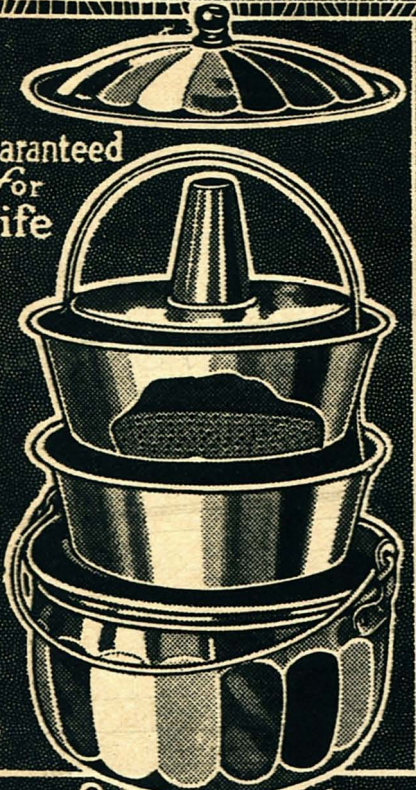
W. E. Shallenberger, president of the Arrow Film Corporation, got into pictures by furnishing the financial backing for a film exchange in Chicago. Clifford Slater Wheeler got in as an actor. He was graduated from Syracuse University and from Yale before he went to work for Universal, which has been the springboard for so many men and women who now are prominent in pictures. He was a captain in the A. E. F. and was wounded in action.

Lucien Wheeler, who has produced serials, was once a United States Secret Service man and in that capacity was bodyguard for President Roosevelt and President Taft. He should have been an efficient guard, because when he was a student at Notre Dame Univer-

(Continued on page 72)

No Money Down

**Guaranteed
for
Life**



pudding Pan. Used like this for puddings, cakes, bread. Also milk dish. 2 1/2 quarts.



Used as Colander. Handy to rinse berries. Also used as Strainer.



Used as a Double Boiler cooks cereals, no scorching. Steams vegetables in top. Kettle Cover made of thick aluminum.



When used as Casserole ideal for baking apples, beans, escalloped potatoes, macaroni, etc.



Convex Kettle. This combination used for cooking and stewing vegetables. Bolged sides, easy to pour liquids off. Used as Windsor kettle.



When used as Preserving Kettle distributes heat evenly. Not necessary to stir the contents.



Corn Popper. This combination is what you want for special things—corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.



Combination Cooker. Used this way for general purposes not so well filled by any other utensil. Ears of kettle hold bail upright or lowered position.



Use this way is a Steamer Set. For steaming potatoes or corn on cob. Perforated bottom makes uniform cooking.



Use this way for Tubed Cake Pan. Removable tube Cakes taken out easily without breaking.



Self-Basting Roaster. When used this way makes juicy, well browned roasts. A perfect self-baster. Steam condenses on cover and drips back.

A complete cooking set in this wonderful combination. Send only the coupon and we ship the set, all charges prepaid. Try it 30 days on free trial, and then if not just what you want, pay nothing and send it back and we'll pay the return postage charges. If you keep it, pay bargain price at the end of 30 days' free trial and it is yours. Mail coupon today.

Wonderful Combination ALUMINUM Cooker Set

5 Pieces, Make 11 Utensil Combinations

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|---------------|
| pudding Pan | Tubed Cake Pan | Casserole |
| Preserving Kettle | Double Boiler | Convex Kettle |
| Combination Cooker | Strainer or Colander | Steamer Set |
| Self-Basting Roaster | | Corn Popper |

Made of best heavy-gauge aluminum—bright, silvery, beautiful, easy to keep clean, light to handle—guaranteed for life.

This complete set gives you eleven utensil combinations. Outside kettle holds 6 quarts, inside pans 2 1/2 quarts, other utensils in proportion. All highly polished on outside. Sun-ray finish inside. When not in use all pieces nest together. Takes up little space. Sets on shelf. Bails (or handles) detachable. You must see it and use it to realize what it really is. So send at once.

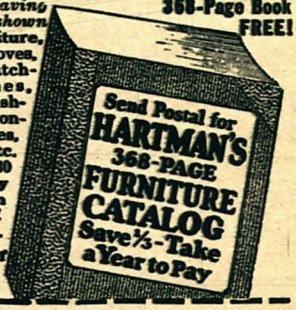
Order by No. 417DMA6. At end of 30 days' free trial, pay only \$2.75 if you keep it. Shipped from Chicago prepaid.

Total Price Only \$2.75
Pay at End of 30 Days' **FREE TRIAL!**

Yes, yours to use a whole month before you even decide. Not a penny to risk. Sign and mail the coupon and the complete set goes on to you.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG

5,000 more money-saving Bargains like the one shown on this page in furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges, silverware, watches, sewing machines, washing machines, dishes, aluminum ware, phonographs, gas engines, cream separators, etc. Anything sent on 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly payments on everything. Post card or letter brings it free. "Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"



THE HARTMAN COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.
3911-3925 Wentworth Ave. Dept. 4773

Send the 5-piece complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417DMA6, all charges prepaid. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will pay nothing and ship it back. If I keep it, I will pay your bargain price, \$2.75, at the end of the 30 days' trial. Title remains with you until payment is made.

Name.....
Street Address.....
R. F. D..... Box No.....
Town..... State.....
State Your Occupation..... Color.....

THE HARTMAN COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
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How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he not did even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.



Elinor Glyn

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS. You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever. Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press before you sleep to-night. This little act may be the turning point of your whole career. Who knows?

THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 155, Auburn, N. Y.
Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

Name

Address

City and State

DAY LABORER to MOVIE MAGNATE

(Continued from page 70)

sity he was a football player. So was Allan Dwan, who also has produced many pictures.

William L. Sherrill, president of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, was in the life insurance business before coming to the conclusion that it would be good policy to go into pictures. He was born in Alabama, and John C. Ragland, who once was manager of a minstrel troupe, was born in Virginia.

Matthias Radin, president of Radin Pictures, Inc., was born in Sweden and educated in New York City, where for several years he practiced law. L. E. Miller, the president of Radiosoul Films, Inc., is another who left the court room for the projecting room.

CYRUS J. WILLIAMS was a real estate operator in Los Angeles before he became a producer, and before he became a real estate operator he was a manufacturer of machinery. He produced the pictures in which Tom Santschi first starred. Another producer of westerns is Jack Weinberg, president of the Canyon Pictures Corporation. Before he went in for the wild and woolly, Weinberg ran a moving picture theatre in Houston street, New York City. H. A. Spanuth, president of the Commonwealth Pictures Corporation, was once in the advertising business. He was one of the pioneers in the work of persuading legitimate actors that their prestige would not suffer if they went into pictures. So long ago as 1912 he worked upon the late Nat Goodwin and got him to star in *Oliver Twist*. H. J. Reynolds, president of the Renco Film Company, another pioneer, was in the distributing end of pictures before he became a producer.

Andres Randolph, president of the Frontier Features, Inc., another producer of westerns, was born in Denmark and did not come to this country until after he had met and vanquished many of the leading fencers of Europe. Al Jennings, who also has produced westerns, received a training that was not so academic. He robbed trains.

PAUL GERSON, president of the Paul Gerson Pictures Corporation, was an actor and a teacher of acting. William A. Brady was an actor, but most of his success has

(Continued on page 73)

DAY LABORER to MOVIE MAGNATE

(Continued from page 72)

been won as a theatrical manager. His wife is Grace George, and his daughter is Alice Brady. He managed James J. Corbett when "Gentleman Jim" was the champion of the world.

A great believer in advertising is William A. Brady, but his faith is no stronger than that of George B. Van Cleve, his fellow director in the producers' division of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. Before becoming affiliated with the Cosmopolitan pictures, which are owned by William Randolph Hearst, Van Cleve was an advertising agent who handled accounts which amounted to five million dollars a year. Theodore C. Deitrich, before becoming a producer, worked on Mr. Hearst's newspapers in Chicago, San Francisco and New York.

Edward A. MacManus worked on the New York *World*, on *Collier's Weekly* and on *McClure's Magazine*. He once was a star athlete. H. Y. Romaine was a lawyer and so was E. D. Ulrich. Thomas A. Baker, a son of the founder of Bakersfield, Cal., was once sheriff of Kern County, in which Bakersfield is situated. He ought to be able to keep his actors in order. Another lawyer is C. C. Pettijohn, and Lewis Roach was a manufacturer of aircraft.

CLARENCE WOLF, president of the Betzwood Film Company, is a member of the banking firm of Wolf Brothers and Company of Philadelphia, Jesse James Goldberg was a lawyer without a horse, and John W. Grey, president of Supreme Pictures, was once advertising manager for Universal. J. Stuart Blackton, head of Vitagraph, which he organized in 1900, was a newspaper writer and artist. He was born in England and went to school at Eton. Adolf Philipp was a star on the stage before he became a moving picture producer, and Guy Empey was a newspaper man, a soldier in the regular army and a sailor in the United States Navy before he wrote *Over the Top* and formed his own producing company. Harry Garson, who produces the pictures in which Clara Kimball Young stars and who owns one of the most homelike studios in Los Angeles, was a moving picture exhibitor in Detroit.

Coming!

Katherine MacDonald

the American Beauty
in her best picture

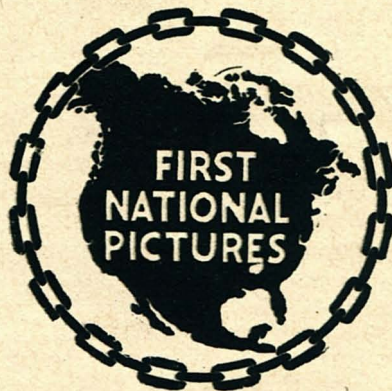


"WHITE SHOULDERS"

PLACED on the auction block in the marriage mart by her own mother, a beautiful Southern girl faces a life of unhappiness, when a strange accident brings her the man she loves and happiness. This is the fascinating story by George Kibbe Turner which ran in the Saturday Evening Post. Perhaps you read it. If so, you won't miss the picture. If not, see it by all means.

It is the famous beauty's finest production, made with the lavishness that B. P. Schulberg instills into his pictures, and with the artistry and care of Director Tom Forman. This is one of the new series of finer productions in which Miss MacDonald now is starring and is her latest and best.

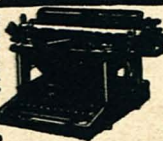
The class of pictures for which First National stands. Watch for its trademark on the screen at your theatre.



Ask Your Theatre Owner If He
Has a First National Franchise

PRICES SMASHED \$3.00

10 Days FREE Trial World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—at big saving. Every machine fully rebuilt to look and work like new. Guaranteed for 10 years. Send no money—big Free Catalog shows how to save money on type writers. Easy terms. Write today.
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Adjustable Diaphragm Clearance

We guarantee satisfaction, or your money refunded. The adjustment feature places our phones on a par with the world's greatest makes. Our sales plus eliminate dealer's profit and losses from bad accounts, hence the low price. Better phones cannot be made. Immediate delivery. Double 3000 Ohm set, \$3.98; 11" Ohm single set, \$2.50. Circular free.



Dept. Edeson Phone Co. 6 Beach St. C-72 Boston, Mass.

\$\$ for Photoplay Ideas

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 931 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest

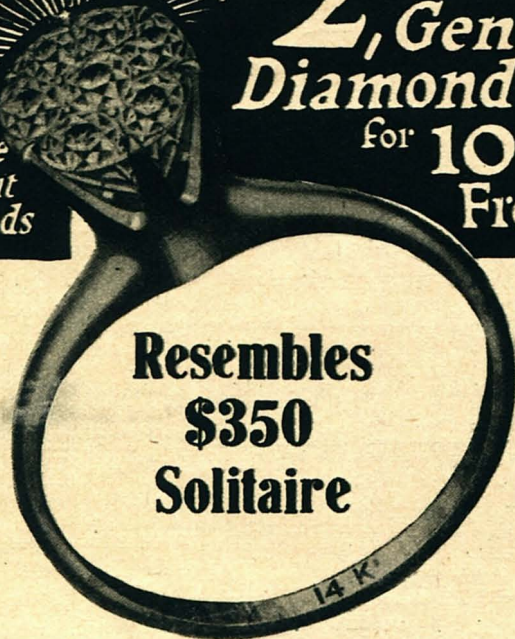
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My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 67)

from those greater personages who were kind to me, then this has been a wonderful trip, and somehow I am eager to get back to work and begin paying for it.

I notice a newspaper headline as I write. It tells of the conference for disarmament. Is it prophetic? Does it mean that war will never stride through the world again? Is it a gleam of intelligence coming into the world?

We are arriving in Ogden, Utah, as I write. There is a telegram asking me to dine with Claire Sheridan on my arrival in Los Angeles. The prospect is most alluring. And that wire, with several others, convinces me that I am getting home.

ITURN again to the newspaper. My holiday is over. I reflect on disarmament. I wonder what will be the answer. I hope and am inclined to believe that it will be for good. Was it Tennyson who wrote:

"When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Shine like a shaft of light across the
lanc,
And like a layer of beams athwart the
sea?"

What a beautiful thought. Can those who go to Washington make it more than a thought?

The conductor is calling:
"Los Angeles."
"Bye."

THE END.

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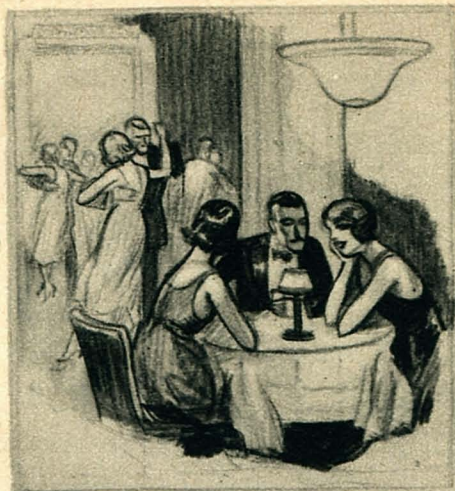
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or so. With fan mail demands for photo-
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or more popular star
tually pho-
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the new pho-
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we come to
display win-
Hoover stu-
there are
tiful miniatures shown. The Sykes Ed-
wards and Paralta studios are also patron-
ized by film folk.

Some of the beautiful Batiks that you
will see in the star's homes, if you are
privileged in having the entrée to them,
are purchased right here in this artistic
shop, Javartam, it is called. Here the con-
noisseurs gloat over gorgeous brasses and
tortoise shell from far-off Java, and rich
brocades from Sumatra.

Beauty parlors are as frequent as pho-
tographers' studios, you notice. Perhaps
that is why Hollywood is filled with so
many lovely ladies. Probably, however, it
is an effect, not a cause. At any rate, the
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"Over the Bookstore"

Monkey-Gland Movies

(Continued from page 43)

tain organization calling themselves the "Herald Productions," which evidently purchased the negative of that rather old production titled *An Adventuress*, which featured Julian Eltinge. These people probably had some new titles made, re-cut the picture, inserted the new titles and advertised it as *The Isle of Love*, in big type, while underneath they printed in smaller type (as required by a federal law) "Revised from *An Adventuress*," calling the exhibitors' attention to the fact that this picture was and is "A Fantastic Comedy With More Thrills Than Any Serial, *Introducing Two of the Biggest Stars in the Amusement World.*"

"**INTRODUCING!**" Why didn't the people who had the film in the first place advertise it that way? Because Rodolph Valentino hadn't made a reputation for himself yet and the exhibitor or the distributor could not cash in on his name!

An old film of Mae Murray was recently released by the Universal. A feature exploited on billboards and in other advertising was the presence of Valentino (then a humble character actor) in a minor role. Miss Murray, herself, advertised to inform the public that this picture, *The Delicious Little Devil*, was not one of her recent productions.

Yet exhibitors complain that the public is losing interest in motion pictures. You certainly can not blame the public. From the way "revised" films are flooding the market, the cutting rooms in some of the film factories must be working overtime.



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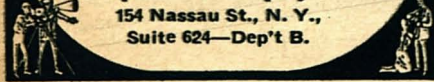
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HER UNWELCOME HUSBAND, by W. L. George. Despite the title, the book is a penetrating bit of psychology of an unusual woman who has to cope with marital misfortune. Written in an interesting and easy style. (Harper & Brothers.)

ADRIENNE TONER, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is a book which easily places its author among the foremost women novelists. A fascinating study of American women. (Houghton-Mifflin Company.)

NUMBER 87, by Harrington Next. A fictionized guess at the future of radio-activity. An Englishman discovers an elemental force that enables him to travel thousands of miles per minute. He uses it for what he considers the good of the world, but makes one serious mistake, destroys all evidence that would lead others to discover his secret, and sails into outer space. A little heavy, perhaps, but very much worth while. (The Macmillan Company.)

THE SCARLET TANAGER, by J. Aubrey Tyson. We meet the hero on page one at five o'clock in the afternoon and he does not go to bed that night until he reaches page 200. Then the telephone bell rings and he's up and at 'em again, and before he goes to bed this time he has solved the mystery and won the girl. A tremendous amount of action packed into many pages and very little time, making one of the best secret-service stories that ever came across our desk. The producer who secures the screen rights to it should be able to evolve a play that would appeal strongly to those who like to see action on the silver sheet. It has all the elements to make it a corking good melodrama.

SEA WRACK, by Verve Hutchinson, is an absorbing tale of the elemental conflicts of the sea and man, which is skillfully developed with slow but forceful intensity. The characters are unusually well drawn. A well-told tale. (The Century Company.)

MARTIN PIPPIN THE APPLE ORCHARD, by Eleanor Farjeon. A delightful imaginative bit of work which will be enjoyed as a relief from the keenly penetrating novels of the realistic school. Light and pleasing. (Fred A. Stokes.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD, by Rafael Sabatini, is a ripping good story of the old, glamorous days of Spain. Full of romance and color. Will hold from cover to cover. (Houghton-Mifflin Company.)

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Name _____
Address _____

MOVIES in MALAYA

(Continued from page 34)

only in this particular point in censorship, but the entire system is the protection of the idea which the British consider the keystone of their empire in the East—the superiority and prestige of the white man.

“IN Asia the white man must be looked up to like a god,” an European banker traveling home from Shanghai once told me. “Otherwise it will be spoiled for us. China is already spoiled by—excuse me, your countrymen—the Americans. Why I have seen Americans who would even sit down to the same table with Chinese!”

It is this principle, this effort to stop the Rising Tide of Color, which I believe is in the near background of the censor's mind as he watches the pre-view—unconsciously, perhaps, but there hand in hand with the idea of checking crime.

Why was *Broken Blossoms* forbidden to be shown in Singapore and Hong Kong, and why did a young tempest break loose among the whites after it was shown in India? Was it because the native might go home and beat his wife, or strike the first white woman who was gruff to him? Or was it because the film portrayed a superior Oriental in contrast with a low strata of Occidental life—white trash—people who, although they were white were capable of being as wicked as the white *Tuans* and *Sahibs* tell the Oriental he mustn't be?

THE answer to this question will also serve as an answer to the Singapore's censors' practice of deleting all scenes of strikes, revolutions and other protests against established authority and the existing social order.

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

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

The contest will appear in four more issues of SCREENLAND and will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of SCREENLAND'S staff and their decision will be final. The winners will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the contest and checks will be mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, both contestants will receive full prizes.

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

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR,
Hollywood, California.

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

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Every contestant who sends in a subscription to this contest will receive an autographed photograph of the lovely model for the title picture, Miss Shannon Day, as reproduced above. Attach your dollar to your title and send it in TODAY, with the attached coupon.

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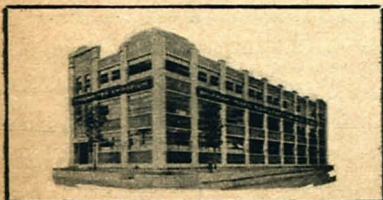
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By
HECTOR FULLER

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