

SCREENLAND



Hope Hampton
Photographed in color by Lejaren & Hiller

EXTRA A CIBI NUMBER

PN 1993
535

"I Was Ashamed of My Hands"

EVERY time I took off my gloves in the presence of others, I became embarrassed. I imagined everyone noticed my hands. I could just hear them saying to one another, "how red her hands are." My friends who knew I played the piano quite well, often wondered why I never wanted to play in company.

I frequently attended house parties where cards were played and only when there was no other way out of it would I consent to play.

But what was I to do? Cooking and baking had to be done—dishes must be washed—the house had to be dusted—and while I enjoyed doing housework, I dreaded the effects to my hands. The more I washed them the redder they seemed to become. I tried to use powder but it came off too quickly. I tried other remedies, but nothing helped. One day a friend told me of Derma Viva. She induced me to try a bottle. I did—and as if by

magic my reddened hands became a beautiful white instantly. It was almost uncanny—just to apply a little bit of Derma Viva, and convert my coarse looking kitchen sink hands into dainty whiteness.

Well, to say that I am pleased, is putting it too mildly. I am more than delighted, for that feeling of self consciousness is gone. I feel at home and at ease everywhere. Thanks to Derma Viva.

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Derma Viva converts coarse, red rough, and dark colored hands and arms into a beautiful, milky whiteness. Especially useful when you wear a short sleeved and low necked dress.



FOR EVENING

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

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

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

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

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

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

What Do YOU Know About Love?

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

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

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

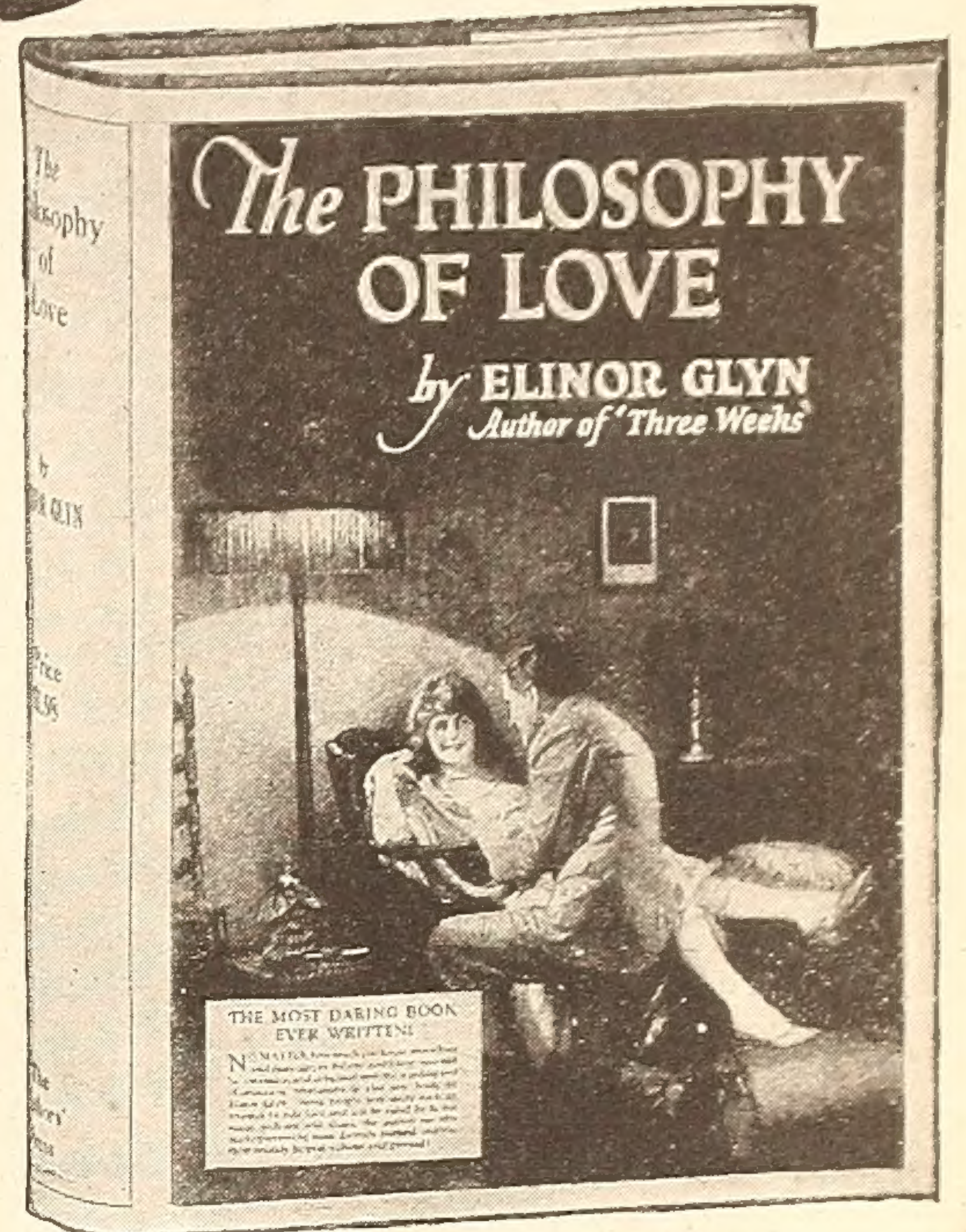
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she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

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

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

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The Independent Screen Magazine

OCTOBER, 1924

VOL. X. NO. I

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

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NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
SCREENLAND

will have a real Special-number flavor:—An elaborate presentation of the pictures to come and the current pictures, with the Review Departments and Gossip Departments presenting all the latest news of the plays as well as the players.

**COMEDIAN
NUMBER**

The November Issue will have special stories concerning the leading comedians of the Screen.

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WILL BE A

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Harold Lloyd will award the prize and the conditions and requirements will be set forth in detail so that each reader may compete.

Charlie Chaplin is one of the few men on the screen whose popularity never wanes. The public is actually impatient to see his next comedy—what this will be. An exclusive story from Mr. Chaplin's studio will be a feature of the November SCREENLAND.

Personality stories of other comedians and players will bring the reader into touch with these charming and successful players and will add to the pleasure received from their films.

Jackie Coogan has been photographed by the new color photography method perfected by Lejaren a Hiller and this unusual, intimate portrait shows Jackie, not as some artist wishes you to see him, but as he actually is and makes a beautiful cover for the

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MADAME BESS

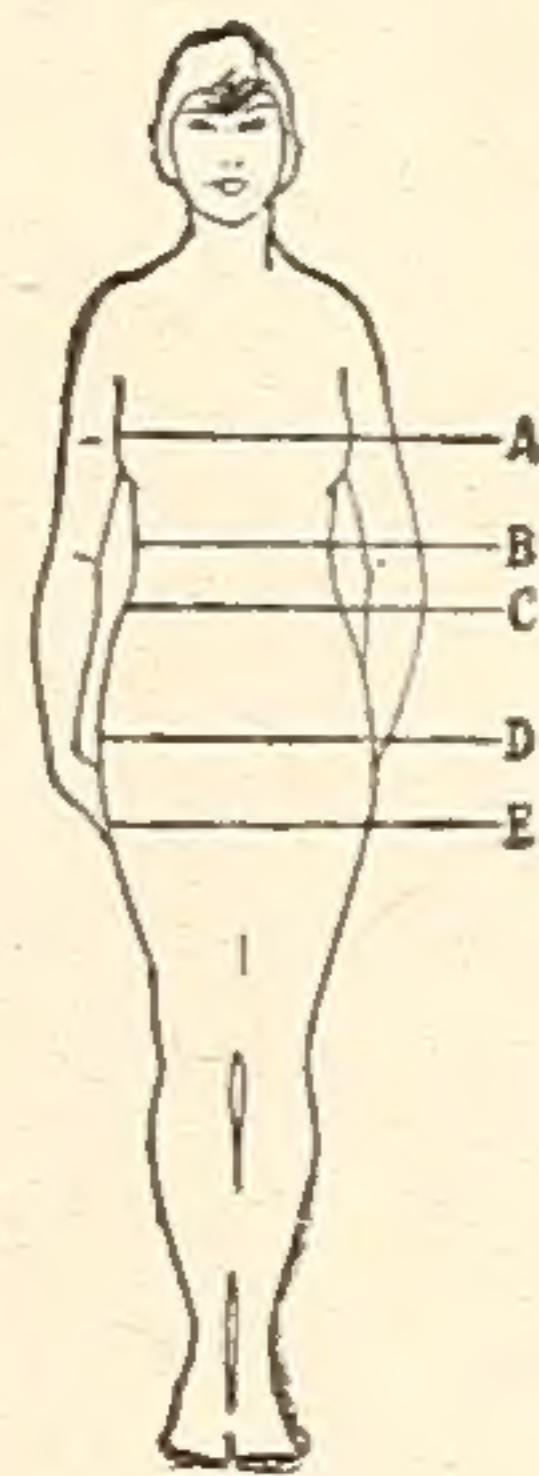
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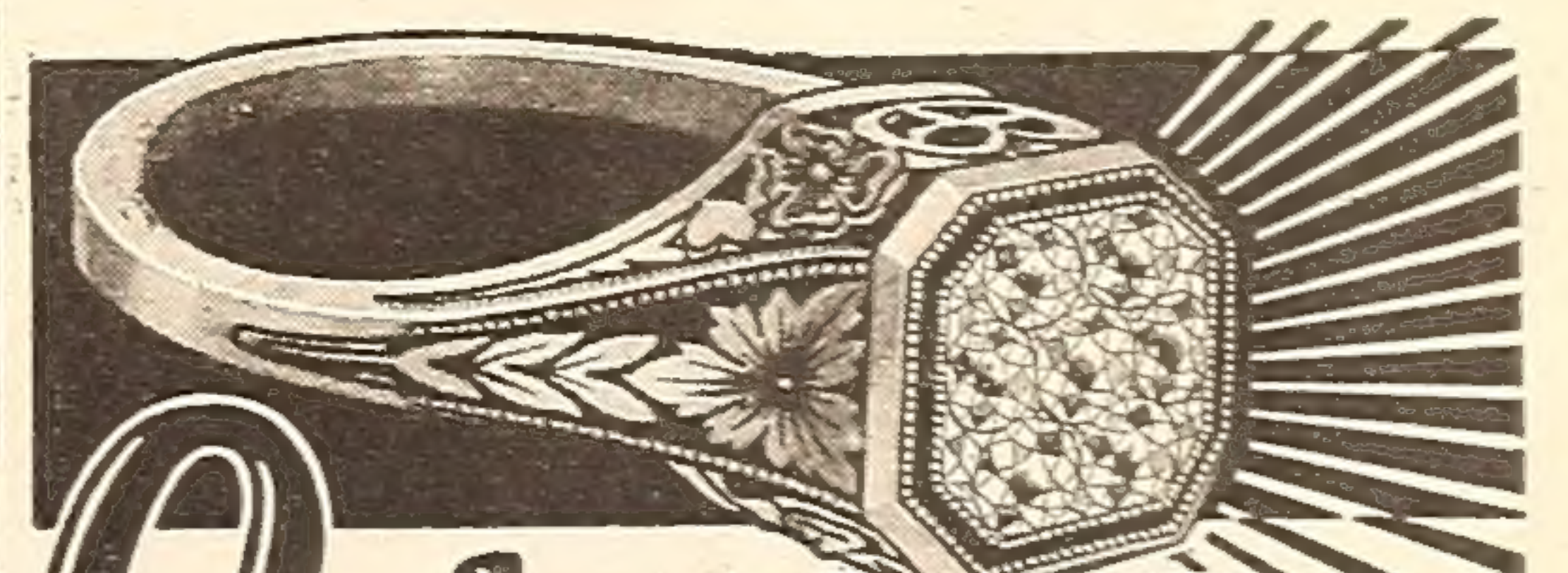
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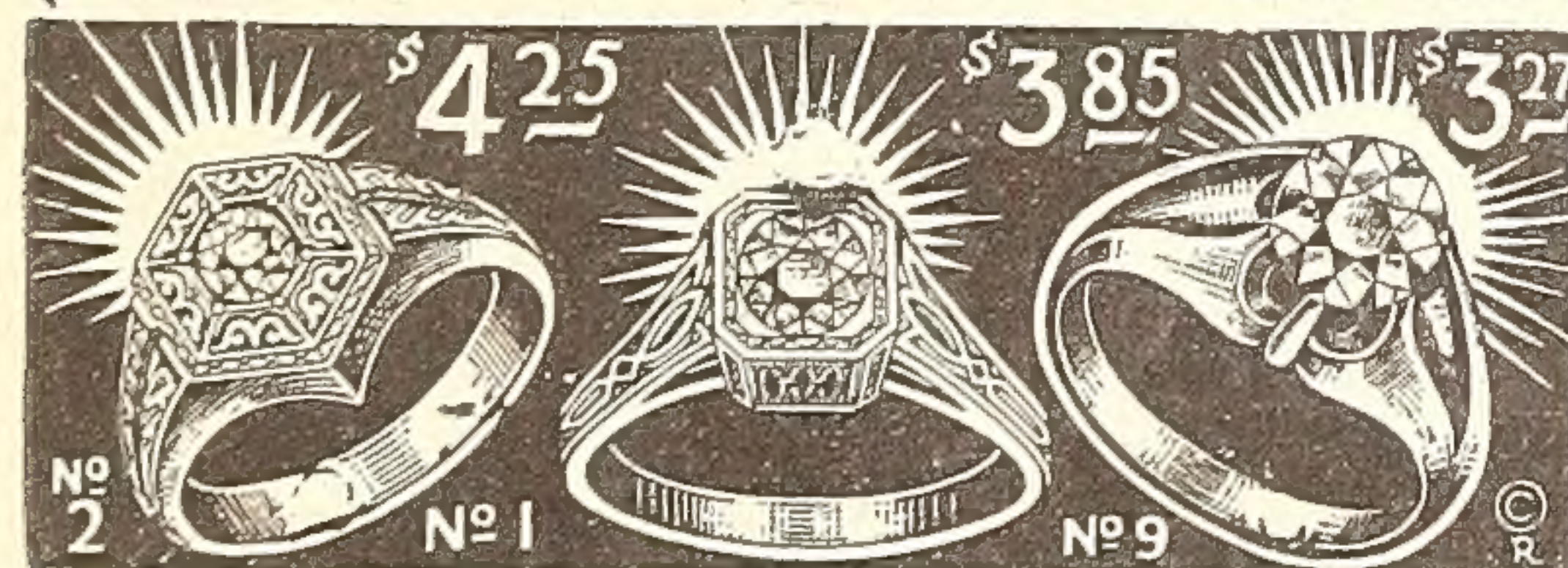
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Columbine. Barbara La Marr just now is causing much fluttering at the Greenwich Inn, Connecticut, where she saunters through the hotel lobby, always accompanied by her little colored maid. I noticed her registration in the guest book there. Most imposing: "Miss La Marr, maid, hairdresser and chauffeur." But you can do that when you earn \$3,500 a week. Barbara's brain is certainly not a stuttering one. She was a scenario writer before becoming an actress, and when she suggests a change in continuity—as most stars like to do—results generally prove the wisdom of that suggestion.

Clara Halliday. Glenn Hunter is to return to the legitimate stage in a new play in the Fall. He is at present working on "Merton of the Movies," with Viola Dana as co-star. Can't imagine anyone else as Merton, can you?

Lew Cody Fan. Well, I don't wonder at your admiration for Lew; he is handsome, awfully popular, and a good all-around sportsman. Nora Bayes will be his second wife, Dorothy Dalton was the first "Mrs. Lew." Miss Bayes has prematurely white hair, shingled. She is bubbling over with good humor and kindness, has adopted three children, and if you heard her tell of them as I did, one day, you'd be perfectly certain that there aren't any other kiddies in the world. So Lew becomes a foster-poppa. Lucky kids!

Toledo Belle. As Shakespeare said, "What's in a name" anyway? The Dolly Sisters are not now on the screen. Ropzika played with Lillian Gish in a picture called "The Lily and the Rose," a Griffith Fine Arts Production, about ten years ago. And both sisters were in another Triangle film. Can't recall the name. The girls are American born of Polish extraction. They are good dressers, always in the height of fashion and in exquisite taste. The latest fad they have brought from Europe is to go stockingless. But—if winter comes can calves keep warm behind?

Connie M. Mrs. Valentino has been known under a variety of names, among them: Winifred O'Shaunessy, Winifred Hudnut, de Wolfe, and now Natacha Rambova. She met Rudolph in California. Not content with just being Rudy's wife, the fair Natacha assists in designing the sets for his plays. She is artist, dancer and now author of the first story that Rudolph will screen for Ritz-Carlton.

World-wide. Kathleen Key is now in Italy waving the Star-Spangled Banner that her ancestor Frances Scott Key sang about. Kathleen plays in "Ben Hur" and in off-stage moments has been captured by the Facisto—or rather one of them. Would you call him a muscle in Mussolini's arm? She writes me that she is afraid he may decide to pursue her to Hollywood, and what he might do when her various admirers here gathered around, has her guessing.

Irisher. There are four Moore brothers: Tom, Owen, Matt and Joe—a four-leaf shamrock, bedad! Tom's latest picture is "Dangerous Money," wherein he supports the orchid-like Bebe Daniels. Matt is cast with Patsy Ruth Miller both on the screen and any days Patsy Ruth has time to worry with men. Joe, the youngest and least-known of the famous-four, is in "The Wages of Virtue," a Gloria Swanson picture, directed by Allan Dwan.

Mills Ranger. It wasn't Lois Wilson who decided that the fashion of her nose was of the wrong period. Perhaps you mean Helen Ferguson. Lois returned from Europe around August. While away she had a husband thrust upon her, but assures one and all it isn't true, even though the man may wish to be. Valentino has now finished his contract with Paramount. Dagmar Godowsky, Helen D'Algy, Nita Naldi and Louise La Grande were some of the tangoish ladies who assisted the sheik. The names read like a grand-opera cast. Must find out if the director talked Esperanto to make himself understood.

Martin Chuzzlewit. Constance Bennett is the eldest daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor. She has two sisters. Barbara is on the stage and was in "The Dancers" with her father while the youngest girl is at college. Adrienne Morrison, their mother, is at present playing in the Grand Street Follies at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York. Constance's work in "Cytherea" placed her right at the top in the movie world.

Dayton, O. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have returned to the U. S. A. Lillian denies vehemently that she is contemplating marriage although Dorothy sets a happy example of matrimony with James Rennie, the fascinating actor. Mr. and Mrs. Rennie have a lovely apartment in Gramercy Park, the quaint section of New York near Greenwich Village where celebs drop in to celebrate Dorothy's homecoming.

Interested. Conway Tearle's brother is Godfrey of that ilk. Godfrey is due in New York this Fall to play on the legitimate stage in "The Fake." Conway married Adele Rowland, musical comedy queen. Third wife, I believe. They live in Hollywood now, where Conway has incorporated himself.

Joyous One. You ask who is least temperamental of all stars. Let me nominate Claire Windsor who when in the Sahara, where dust storms are plentiful and dirt reigns supreme, where tempers and dispositions show at their best or worst, remained always her cool, delightful blonde self, always cheery and never grouchy. She has just completed "Born Rich."

Spotlight. Irene Rich is the mother of two very jolly daughters. She was born in Buffalo, N. Y., educated at St. Margaret's Girls School. Miss Rich played the part of Fanny Randon in "Cytherea," and Alma Reubens was Savina Grove.

Dewdrop. Kathlyn Williams is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life, debuting from Butte, Montana. She commenced at the New York School of Dramatic Art. A blonde, with blue-gray eyes and about five feet eight. Address Marion Davies at Cosmopolitan Studios, 125th Street, New York City. During the summer months she makes her home on her private yacht moored at Stamford, Conn.

Globe-trotter. Fred Niblo's first wife was Josephine Cohan, sister of George M. Cohan. He met his present wife, Enid Bennett, while playing in Australia. Miss Bennett is an Australian and has two sisters, Margery and Katherine. Margery is abroad playing in musical comedy and Katherine takes a small part in her sister's pictures now and again.

Arita Morrison. Pola Negri has teamed up with Lubitsch to make "Forbidden Paradise" from the stage play "The Czarina." Lubitsch was the man who directed Pola in "Passion." And how we long for another like it. Strongheart and Lady Julie will soon be seen in "White Fang," which Larry Trimble is producing on the coast. Strongheart has been summering in the cast. Your favorite Thomas Meighan has been saying 'hello' to the President. Tommy was filming the "Alaskan" on the White House lawn and the President liked his looks so much he was introduced to him.

Betty House. Colleen Moore has parked her flapperish lipsticks, rouge and clothes and will next be seen as a middle aged woman. The picture is Edna Ferber's "So Big."

Lancelot. While Flora Le Breton is a newcomer to the American public, she has been a screen favorite in England for several years. She played with Lady Diana Manners in "The Great Adventure," the Stuart Blackton color-film.

Richard Barthelmess. Fan, Dick and his wife Mary Hay and Mary Hay Junior, spend most of the year at their summer home near Rye, New York. The baby is about a year old and the image of its cute little mother. Mary Hay's father is Colonel Caldwell of the U. S. Army. She is the only one of her family on the stage. Dick Barthelmess is an only child. His mother was on the legitimate stage for many years.

Perfect Sixteen. Yes, Seena Owen has an apartment on Central Park West, and her sister Lillian Hayward, the scenario writer, has one in the same building. Seena is quite a familiar figure in the Park. Every spare moment she has is given up to her little daughter Pat and her niece Peggy Hayward.

Frou-frou. While Irene Castle was not exactly the first to bob her hair—remember Joan of Arc had a nice little shingle all her own—still she has made it fashionable. I, too admire this chic dancer. Pity she's not picturizing now. You say that Mary Pickford of the old Biograph films had dark hair! Heretic! Hair-splitter! It's quite blonde, very curly and very lovely.

Emma N. Mass. Lillian Rich is no relation to Irene of that name, although they have both, at different periods of their career, supported Strongheart. Lillian's latest picture is "Never Say Die," starring Douglas MacLean. She is one of the most popular of the younger set in Hollywood, a good dancer, and much in demand at parties.

Elsie Ronald. Mae Murray is a very different person off the screen to the exotic you know on. She dresses very simply in little one-piece frocks, or sweaters and smart pull-on hats. Mae, on the Sound View Golf Links, Long Island, is a demure, blonde little person in a straight, narrow-belted blue linen dress, smartly shod and nattily hatted, who plays a very fair game with her big husband as partner.

Billy Becket. Marjorie Daw leapt into fame years ago as Geraldine Farrar's protegee. Her own story is that a canny press-agent saw Geraldine speak to her on the lot and he hit on this as an excuse to call Marjorie the diva's adoptee, for publicity purposes anyhow. All is not truth that is written and a publicity man is chosen for his adaptable brain. Marjorie is married to Edward Sunderland, a young actor-director who is making big strides in the right direction. She has just returned from England.

Eleanor. Edna Purviance has not yet decided on her next picture. It is understood she received a percentage in addition to her salary for "Woman of Paris," so she can sit down and wait for a good story, without hearing the wolves at her bungalow door.

Do you want to write for the movies?

\$10,000 paid unknown woman for just one story

TEN thousand dollars! That was the sum paid Miss Winfred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, for her story, *Broken Chains*, which won the first prize in the contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize in this same contest, and seven \$500 prizes were won by other Palmer students.

A Palmer student wrote "Judgment of the Storm." Another wrote "The White Sin," and still another wrote "His Forgotten Wife." All of these pictures were produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received \$1000 cash and will also receive a share in the profits.

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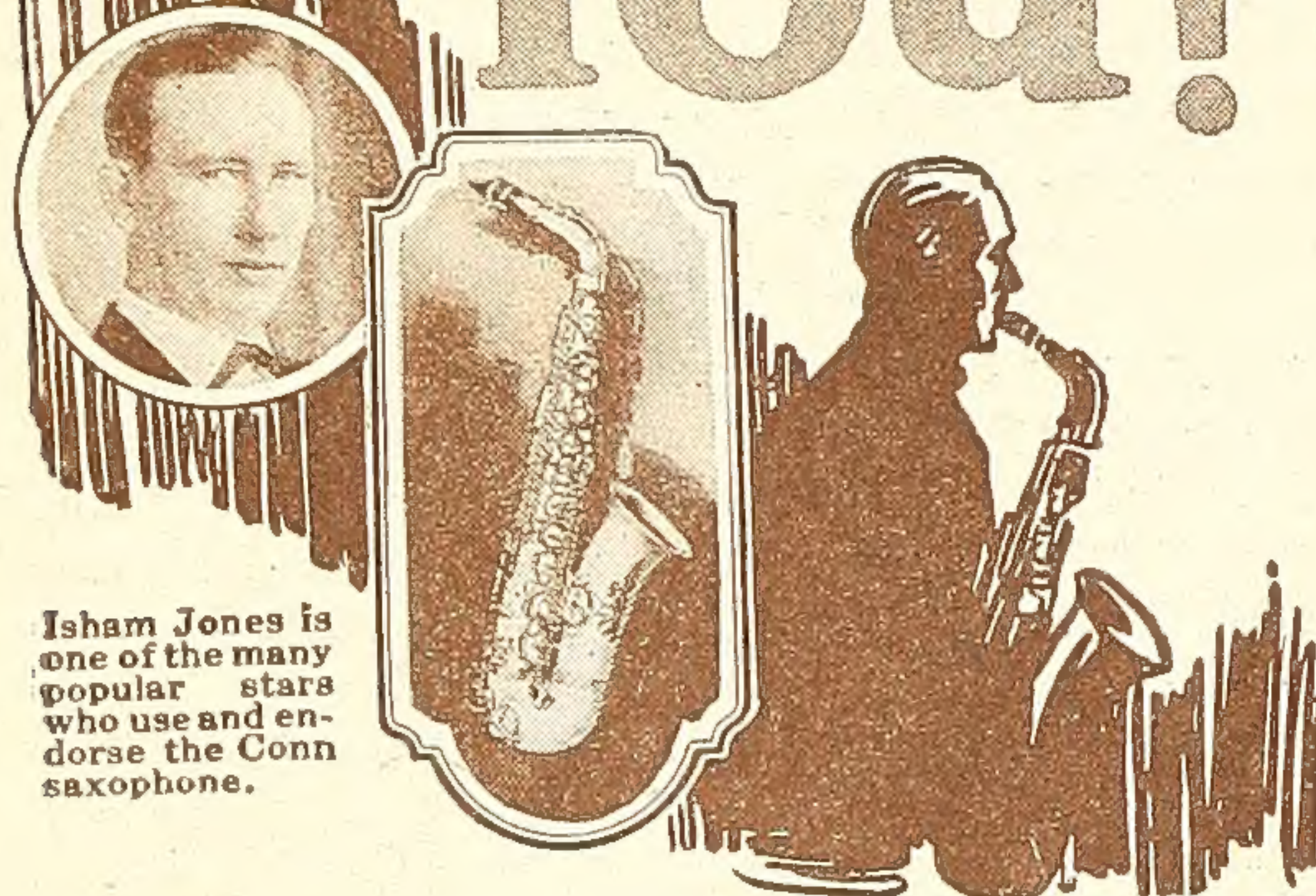
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The October issue of REAL LIFE STORIES presents for the first time the publisher's conception of what a fiction magazine should be. Profusely illustrated in colors and beautifully printed with a remarkably successful cover by Earl Christy, the October number of REAL LIFE STORIES is put forward confidently in the belief that here is an issue which fulfills the promise made by the September Real Life Stories and which will justify its slogan:

"Adventures of High Hearts"

There are no serials in REAL LIFE STORIES. Each story is complete and each story is picturesque and there will be found in these pages no fiction that does not reflect a skilled writer with a heart sensitive to the great adventure of living, working and loving.

READ—

"The Professor and the Polish Rose"

By Dorothy Wardwell

It is a story of the realities of life but with a charming love story woven from the lives of the squatter people.

READ—

"Johnny of the Shanty Boat"

By Charles W. Danver

A story picturesque in its setting and the character of Johnny you will remember as you remember a dear friend.

REAL LIFE STORIES for October—a magazine devoted to the fiction of adventure; warm with human interest and reflecting wholesome youth in the picturesque settings of the great outdoors

Get
REAL LIFE STORIES
FOR OCTOBER

YOU WILL BE
REWARDED

The October issue of REAL LIFE STORIES is particularly rich in unique art features from the studio of the well known art photographer, George Maillard Kessler.

Dagmar Godowsky, moving picture star and daughter of the famous pianist, Leopold Godowsky, has posed for a series of expressive art studies giving her interpretation of her father's rendition of one of McDowell's well known songs.

The success of this unusual feature justifies the special presentation given to it and lovers of music and lovers of photography in its finest interpretation, will find here fulfillment of the reputations of this brilliant group of artists.

**New Beauty Comes
to Market**

Every year at the opening of the famous new revues in New York City, there appear a few beautiful girls destined to be admired for their beauty and to be rewarded for the ambitious effort that has brought them thus far on the road to fame.

The October number of REAL LIFE STORIES takes pleasure in presenting a group of full page photographs of the most beautiful girls to be seen in this year's harvest at the revues.

REAL LIFE STORIES
FOR OCTOBER

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ACNE

THE BANE OF YOUTH

By Helena Rubinstein



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IN a preceding article I promised my readers to take up the subject of acne, which lays such havoc in the ranks of the young.

Acne is the scientific name for the inflammation of the fat glands of the skin and is generally accompanied by black-heads and pimples. There are really various kinds of acne, but I shall speak of that acne only which afflicts youthful individuals. The pimples appear sometimes without black-heads, and sometimes blackheads occur without pimples.

The yellow head of the pimple usually bursts or is scratched open, when a discharge of pus takes place. After this the swelling and redness disappear,—but frequently leave behind a little scar, which in some cases remains for life.

Unfortunately this is only the beginning of the chapter. The one pimple gone, another follows close at heel, and another and still another, and there being no immigration law fixing their quota, there may be soon whole colonies of pimples or black-heads over-running the face, chest, back or shoulders.

What is the cause of this plague so commonly afflicting the adolescent? Many theories have been advanced, both by physicians and laymen.

It is the characteristic of acne, however, that it chooses for its victims individuals whose skin is rather coarse or oily, with large pores, and attacks but rarely those whose skin is delicate and of a fine texture. And there is a good reason for this: Since the whole disturbance is undoubtedly due to microbic infection of the fat glands, the gaping pores offer the easiest approach to the succulent fat glands.

Speaking in a general manner, one may say that in certain circumstances more common during puberty, and by reason of certain shortcomings in the powers of digestion and elimination, the skin becomes susceptible to attacks by germs which worm themselves into the fat glands, where they thrive until the body can mobilize its forces of defence. This is accomplished by the millions of white blood cells which range themselves in form of pus in the inflamed parts. When this matter is discharged, it carries with it the bulk of the enemy. As a rule, the white cells succeed only in part, because numberless germs are spread over the surface of the skin and but too easily enter another gland where they again multiply. Thus the battle goes back and forth, until about the age of thirty,

when the process usually comes to an end.

Now while acne is as a rule a harmless enough affection, those who suffer from it, suffer, under the disfigurement which it brings about, in mind rather than body. The mental suffering which it frequently causes is not to be laughed away.

It is probably due to this actual harmlessness of acne in itself that the generality of physicians do not show as much sympathy towards sufferers from juvenile acne as they do in other branches of skin troubles.

This brief sketch of acne is intended to deal with prevention chiefly. I have emphasized the fact that young people with oily skin and over-open pores are especially inclined to acne. How shall they go about to ensure the proverbial ounce of prevention?

Avoid cheese, smoked fish and meats, and fat or greasy food in general. Eat plenty of fruit. Start the day with a glass or two of water, not too cold, as soon as you jump out of bed. Get plenty of vigorous exercise. Wash the face twice daily in warm water, using soap of good quality. Rinse in cold water; if a shower is handy, let the cold stream play upon the face until it sets it tingling. Of greatest importance is a daily massage, and by this I do not mean any complicated treatment or series of movements. The best method for you young people is to give your face a sound punishment; slap it well with your hands until it smarts. This will give the skin liveliness and vigor of action. Do this regularly every morning. It will take only two minutes of your time, and save you months, sometimes years, of vexation and humiliation. The effect of all this is to encourage the circulation of blood through the tissues of the skin, since the more they are flushed with good, healthy blood, the better they are nourished and enabled to throw off all waste material. You will avoid stagnation, and in activating the skin you will render the germs' favorite haunts very uncomfortable to them, to say the least.

But, and I must impress this upon my readers with all emphasis at my disposal, you must be persevering. And if I stress the serious handicap a pimple-covered face may sometimes prove to be in search of advancement in life, it is because I feel confident that the sacrifice of a few minutes a day is price small enough to pay for the possession of a clean, healthy-looking countenance.

The Prize Letter

Last month's SCREENLAND offered a prize of \$10.00 for the letter containing the most constructive criticism on the movies. The prize has been sent to Mr. John H. Dauer, Jr., 1217 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland. The prize-winning letter follows:

What I Think of The Movies

Editor Screenland:

To start off with, most of the films, or rather the stories, are too long and drawn out. Of course this is not always true. One that just seemed to suit me was "The Thief of Bagdad" at Atlantic City this month. I don't know how many reels this picture consisted of, but no other pictures were shown at the performance and it held my interest until the very end.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not against the showing of the comedies and educational films. I think lots of the big feature films could easily be shortened and still tell the story in the proper manner and then the program could include short subjects and yet not get tiresome.

Another thing I think is wrong with the movies: I think the majority of the pictures show too many close-ups of the stars, weeping or laughing, whichever the case may be. I think it tends to distract rather than attract. I never could understand why they used close-ups; how much nicer it would be to have the story told to you without close-ups. The public certainly can tell when a star is weeping or smiling without the close-ups showing the tears rolling down her cheeks, or his teeth showing and his mouth opened from ear to ear, forcing a smile.

Another thing, I think the American people take the moving pictures too seriously. They are always ready to find fault with a moving picture, but they let legitimate plays and players get away with murder.

(Signed) JOHN H. DAUER, JR.

Mr. Dauer's letter is very interesting and we believe, because many directors will see it in SCREENLAND, that this may result in a change in the present methods.

We particularly commend the point that he makes concerning these enormous close-ups of the characters weeping or laughing. All Americans take pride in "keeping a stiff upper lip." If you have been hurt, don't whine, don't show it; if you have won a great victory, then you must appear modest and not "stuck-up."

Why, then, should our directors feel that they have the license to remove all reserve from the characters in the story by bringing that character to a close-up?"

Mr. Dauer's point is well taken.

We are reminded of the words of an enthusiast on the movies who explained the entire popularity of the films by saying that close-up makes every seat an orchestra seat.

The close-up where sometimes the head of the heroine is shown ten feet high is more effective than opera glasses. Every one, no matter how large the theatre may be, has the satisfaction of observing each emotional quiver.

This would be argument against eliminating close-ups.

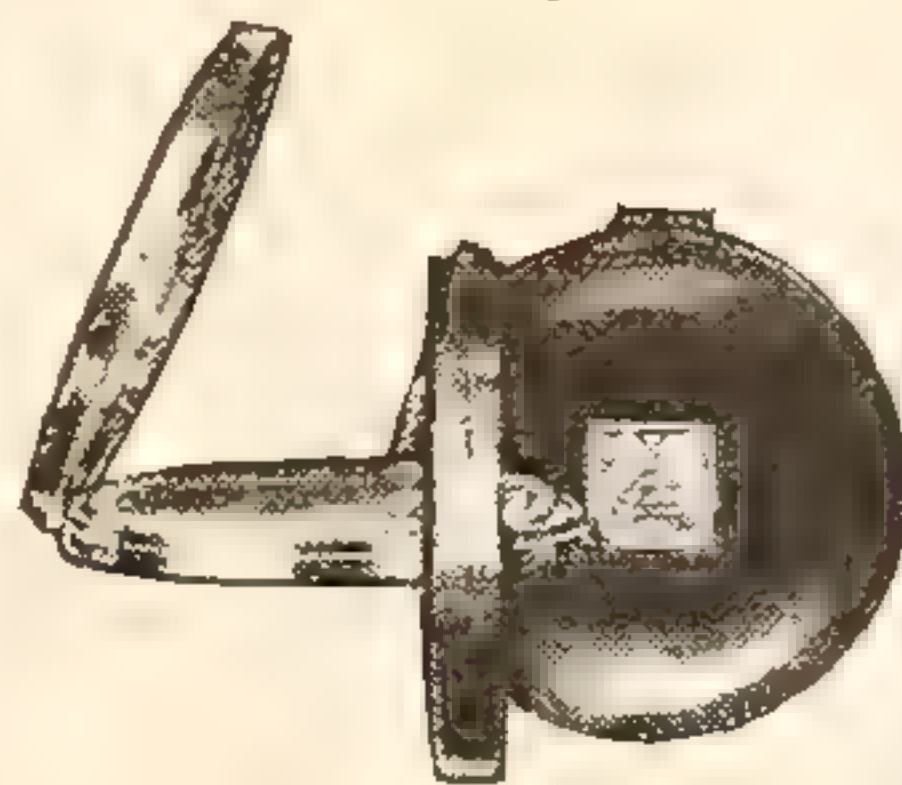
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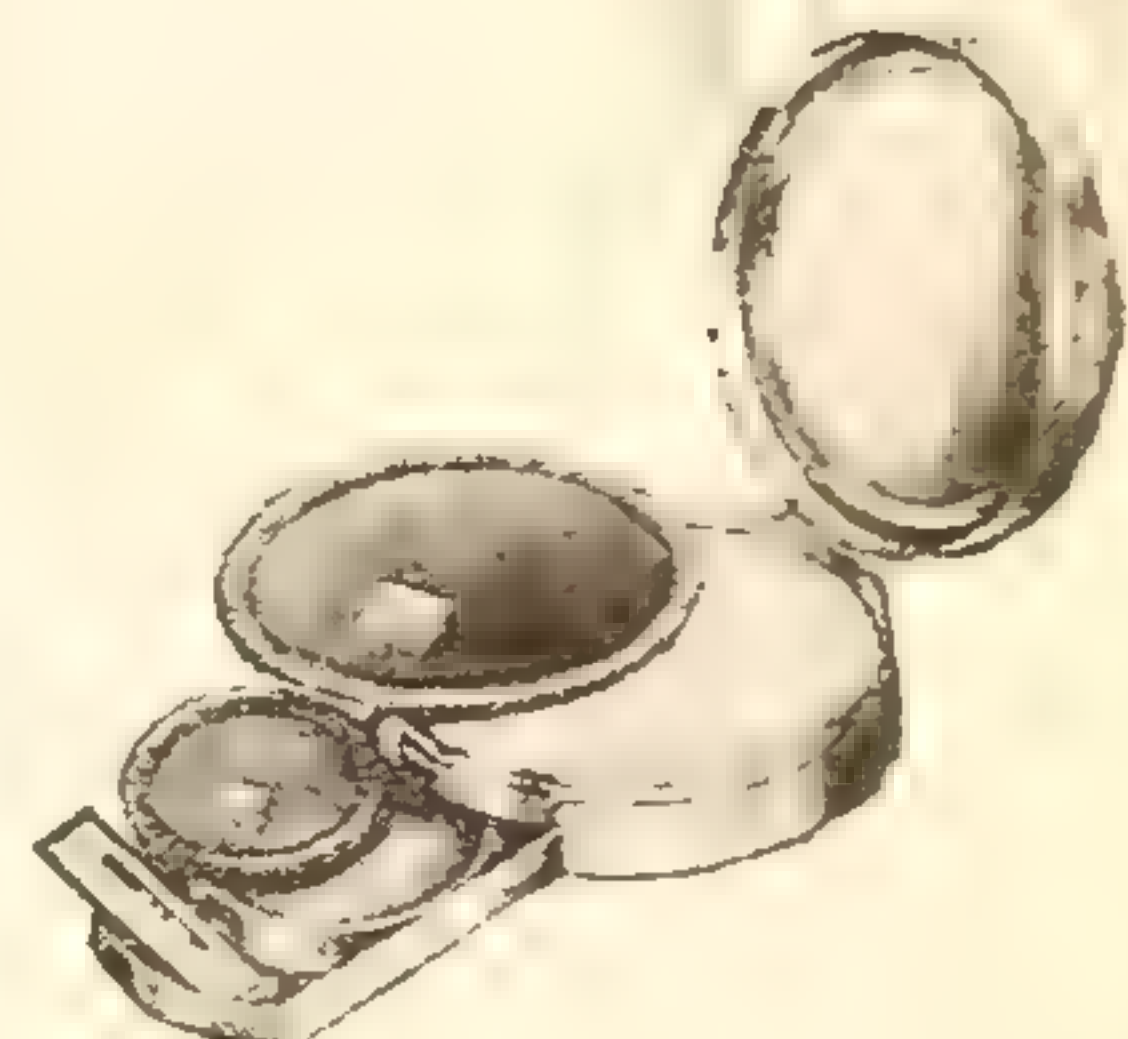
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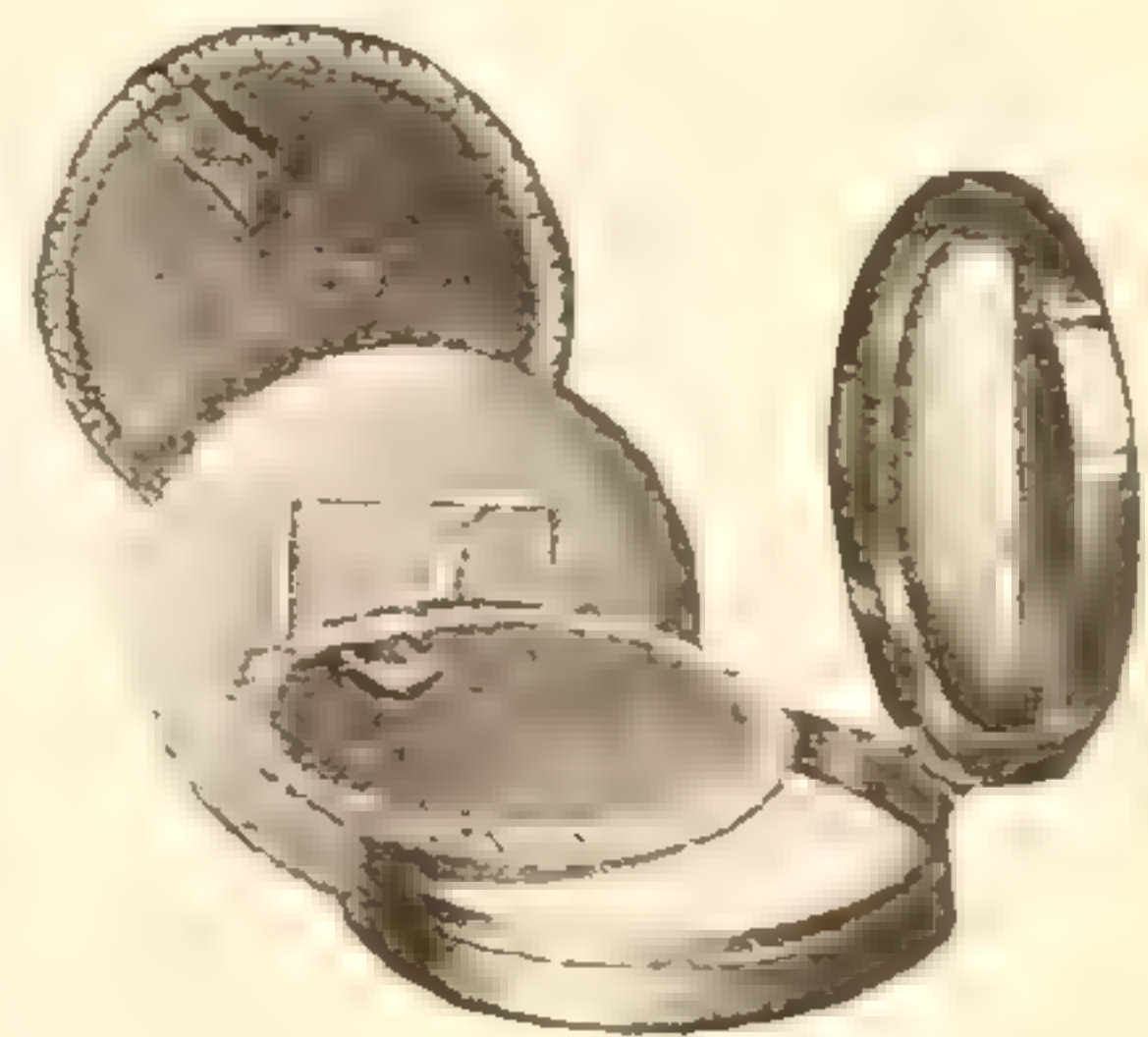
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studied it carefully? Have you ever thought how delicately and exactly its coloring blends with you? ... and with the color of your hair? ... and the color of your eyes? Is it's texture the texture of the gardenia?

Texture! ... that's where my Valaze Skinfood is such a miracle-worker; three or four nights a week of wearing it all night long, and freckles and "crepeyness" and that disfiguring unevenness of the skin will cease to worry and you'll look forward to your

trip to the mirror in the morning; let me recommend, as a great inspiration, beginning to study and enjoy yourself ... and to find and give greater charm to life.

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S C R E E N L A N D



MARGUERITE MAXWELL

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

A lovely lady who without an effort smiled her way to fame.





MILDRED KLAW

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The demureness and quiet charm of this bright little actress win all hearts.

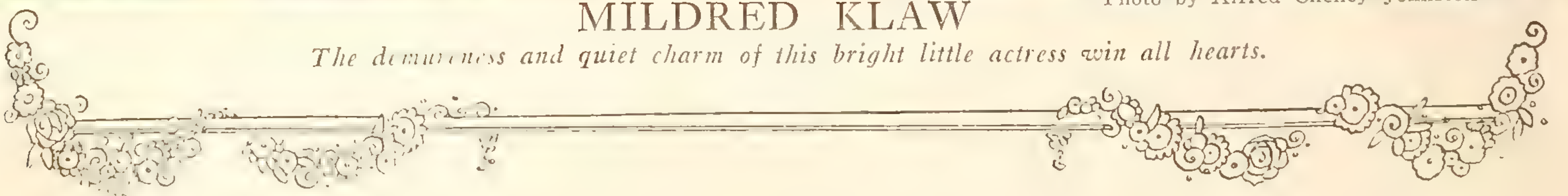




Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

JANE WINTON

A Follies girl who has won the laurel wreath, a contract with Famous Players.

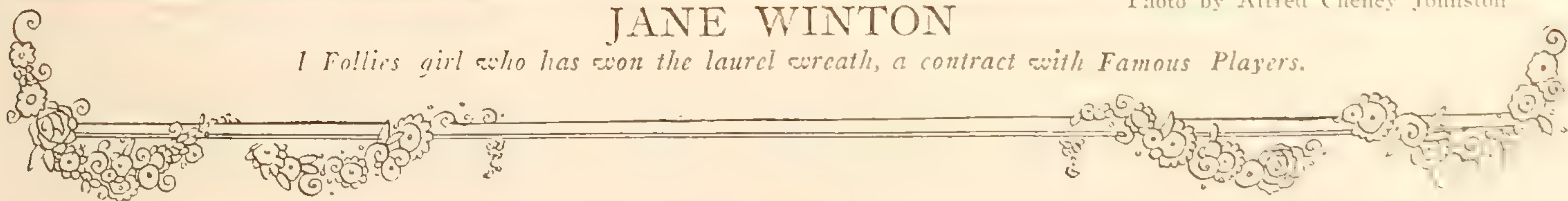
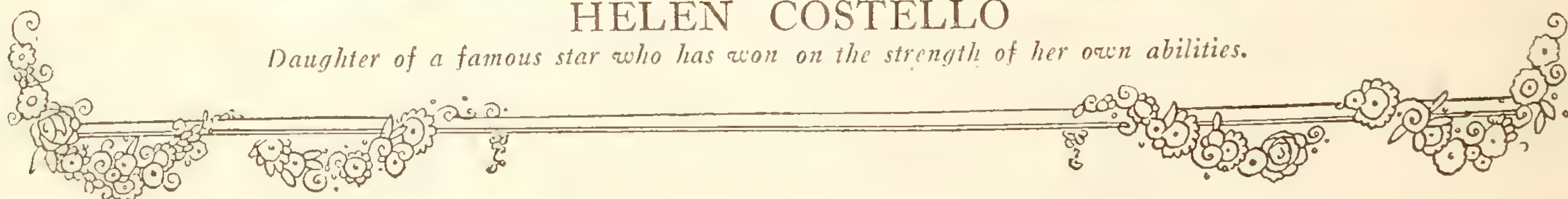


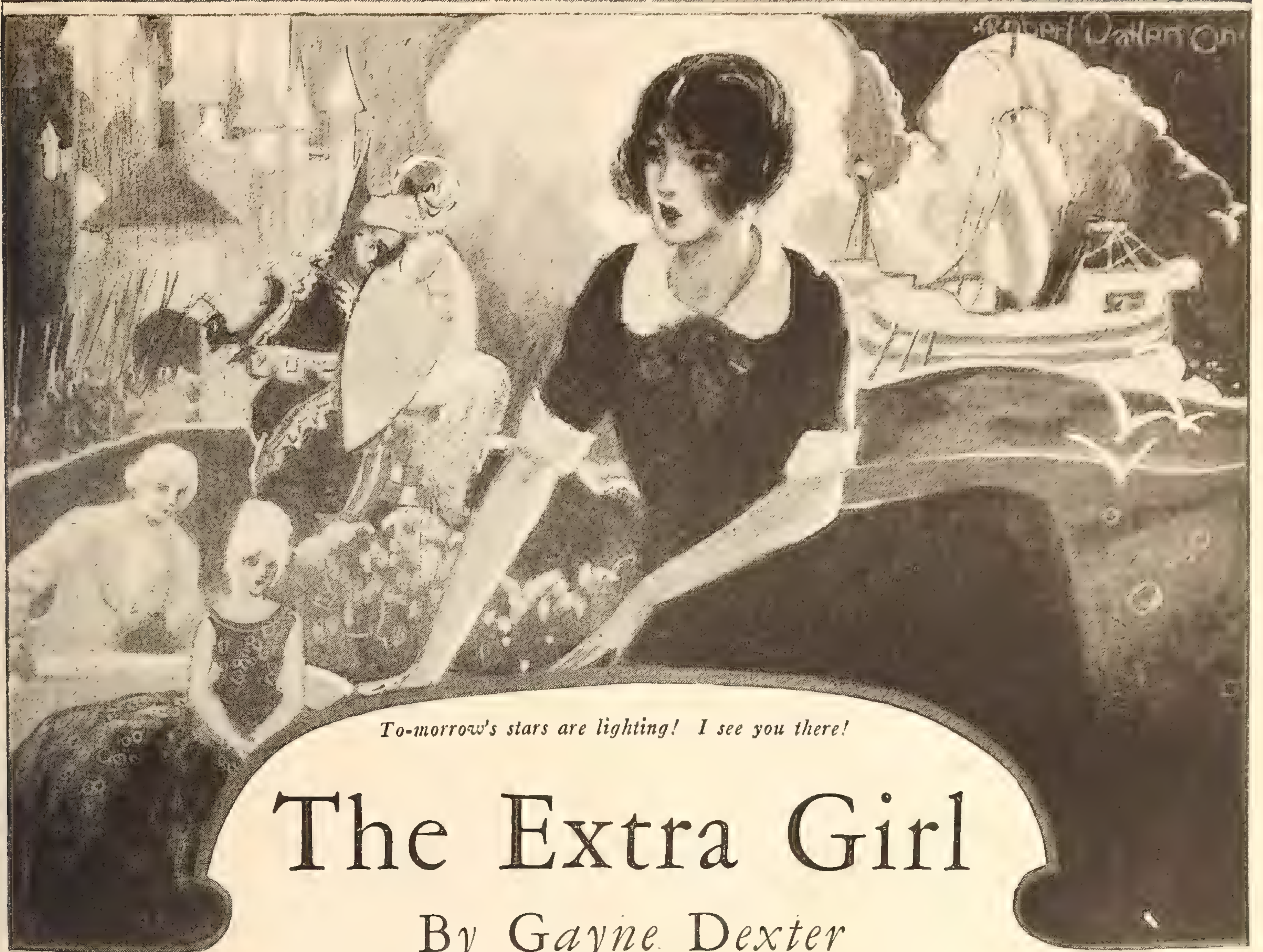


Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

HELEN COSTELLO

Daughter of a famous star who has won on the strength of her own abilities.





To-morrow's stars are lighting! I see you there!

The Extra Girl

By *Gayne Dexter*

Decoration by Robert Patterson

*Y*OUR face is lost 'mid overweening faces
And no one seems to see you, Extra Girl.
Your ways are cast in bright and shadowed places:
Extra-line or gleaming sets where swirl
The stars about.

They know the joy but you the ache of spending
Golconda's fortune. Yours is make-believe,
Your glories with the darkened Kleig-lights ending.
Your "little bit" some star has found offending
And said, "That's out!"

You strive and starve and live a grand adventure.
Insurgent at the frowning firmaments,
You gamble hells for heavens till are spent your
Woes in wonders, laughters in laments
And brave despair.

If you could gain your stardom without fighting
And Fame surrendered quickly, Extra Girl,
Would triumph hold the glorious requiting
Of crowns for thorns? Tomorrow's stars are lighting!
I see you there!

From "The Ferris Wheel"

Editorials By

The Ferris Wheel

THE movie Ferris Wheel plays strange tricks upon those who so gaily take a seat upon it for a quick ascension to the heights of movie fame.

The trip up is great. The music plays. The crowds below strain their necks to see the fortunate rider; sometimes they cheer. Then—the wheel goes on; but as wheels have a habit of doing, the farther they go after the height is reached, the lower the rider descends, until at last bottom is touched again.

Once upon a time a beautiful, dark-haired, mysterious-eyed girl took her seat upon the movie Ferris Wheel. The upward sweep of the wheel was dazzling, breath-taking. Alice Joyce rode triumphantly to the top; the crowds below cheered; electric lights sparkled around her pretty head. For a time, it looked as if the master hand which directed the Ferris Wheel had decided to stop it permanently, with Alice in the top-most seat. Then—with a sickening suddenness, the wheel started revolving again, and slowly, inevitably, Alice Joyce reached the ground.

She got out of her seat, stretched her cramped muscles, and with a fine determination set about earning another ride on the wheel. It was a roundabout way she took to earn that ride. She married again, happily this time. Had another child. Grew up and developed and learned things.

Then—very quietly, and when no one was looking, Alice Joyce, with her nickel in her hand, seated herself again in the lowest seat of the Ferris Wheel.

All of which means simply that Alice Joyce has come back. She has, on her way up for the second time, appeared in two or three pictures, in which she made good, showing something of that quality which will distinguish the new Alice Joyce. Now comes the good news that the Ferris Wheel is slowly bearing her to the top again. Famous Players-Lasky has offered her the feminine lead in *Three Black Pennys*, Joseph Hergesheimer's greatest novel. And at the same time, Warner Brothers approach her with offers to feature her in Edith

Wharton's prize-winning novel, *The Age of Innocence*, one of the screen plums of the year.

Here's prediction—the seasoned artist, Alice Joyce, will make a far greater success than the old Alice ever enjoyed.

Script Trips

IT is sad news for stars and directors that American producers are expensively learning what we had suspected all along—that it is far cheaper and much more satisfactory to make pictures with foreign settings here, in Hollywood or New York, than "on the ground."

The picture star who wasn't able to grab off a "script trip" out of a year's contract was considered a rather poor manager. And directors never considered taking an ocean voyage on their own expense. It was so easy to say to the scenario writer, "I wish you'd write me in a trip to Venice; my doctor says I need a sea voyage."

And it hurts us to picture the grief of the publicity writers who can no longer write reams of copy about the company on location in Paris or Rome or Algiers.

Of course the custom of making pictures on the actual scene of the crime—er, story—will not entirely die out. Producers with an extra million which they don't know what to do with will undoubtedly continue to send expensive casts and endowed directors to Europe, there to build sets to satisfy the American's idea of what foreign places look like. But sensible producers have just about concluded that it is a folly which they can ill afford.

Business of waving the flag! Page Mr. Cohan!

Broken Contracts

ONE can't help suspecting a certain ruthlessness in Marcus Loew's handling of the *Ben Hur* situation. A goodly number of broken contracts and broken hearts lie strewn in the wake of his voyage to Rome, to take charge of the gigantic undertaking and to install his own people.

to "Cinderella"

Myron Zobel

Ben Hur was started by the Goldwyn company, with Charles Brabin as director, June Mathias as scenario writer and supervising editor, and with George Walsh as *Ben Hur*. All three, and others too numerous to mention here, had specific contracts calling for their services in that picture.

Now George Walsh, kept off the screen for a year because of his contract to play the title role of *Ben Hur*, is back in New York, a stunned, angry, bewildered man, smarting at the injustice of the blow which took him out of the cast before a single scene had been shot.

June Mathias, recently heralded as the highest paid scenario writer in the business, found herself with a broken contract on her hands, too. But spunkily she settled her affairs with Goldwyn and signed up with Valentino, to do the scripts of his pictures.

Charles Brabin, director, confronted with incredible difficulties in Italy, spent his time building an enormous studio and breaking ground for the real work of filming the great spectacle—only to find himself shelved without a scene to testify to his ability to direct it—and with a broken contract on his hands.

Ben Hur is a picture of Biblical times; the Christ walks through it, healing and preaching.

Will a picture built upon broken contracts and bleeding hearts adequately express the Christ message?

Surely a less ruthless, less heartbreaking way of remedying any mistakes that the Goldwyn company had made could have been found by Marcus Loew.

Cinderella

THEY say that Betty Bronson wept for two solid hours after Jesse Lasky had informed her that she had been unanimously chosen by himself, Adolph Zukor and Sir James Barrie to play *Peter Pan*.

Tears of joy are sweet. Probably Betty will never shed sweeter tears, if she lives to be a hundred.

Somehow we liked that about Betty. It made us add our unsolicited vote to the

choice of three wise men of Hollywood, New York and London. It makes Betty seem such a human, nice little girl. And we have always had a liking for Cinderellas.

Betty, born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1906, had been bucking the movie game in Hollywood for two years, after spending five years with Fokine to learn ballet dancing, so that she might be thoroughly prepared for a movie career.

Betty didn't believe in royal roads to movie stardom. She worked. And then, because the wise little virgin had trimmed her lamp, the Fairy Godfather came along and touched her with his magic wand.

You may be sure that Betty Bronson has something about her that is different—appealing and sweet and good. Or Sir James Barrie would never have chosen her to play the most beloved character in all play literature.

Hail, little Cinderella! And the best of luck to you!

Keeping Busy

I SAID to Helene Chadwick, after I had seen a preview of a picture which was not up to her great skill:

"Why did you do it? Did you take the job for money? Or to keep busy? Or just because they asked you to?"

Instead of throwing the cut-glass salt shaker at me, she answered me seriously:

"I know it was a mistake. I realize it now. But it's this way—we feel that we have to keep before the public. It's fatal to be absent even a short time—six months or a year. The public forgets so easily."

Then I told her that I thought the public would rather forget a star, or retain pleasant memories of her, than to see her in a ridiculous, unworthy picture. I told her that it was poor economy to count the dollars she got for a few weeks' work, against the loss of reputation, against the unpleasant aftermath with other producers. But I suspect she will go right on to fill up her spare time between good pictures.

What do you think? What effect does seeing a favorite in a poor picture, atrociously directed, have on your liking for the star?

Could You Qualify As An Extra?

By The Editor

THE sensation of being in a high place must be very pleasant but suppose we got our wish—could we make good?

The Extra Girl has provided a theme for our philosophy. She waits in thousands. She is vamping Fate in every highway and discreetly boosting herself by night and by day. And well she may, for she is a very delectable person. Beauty is hers and youth, and a brazen age permits her to ride forth to conquer. But after all is said concerning her great desire to be fondled in the lap of Fortune, the truth of the matter is that she only wants a chance to learn. First, to be on the lot, to study the experienced stars and the tried and true older players. As she learns she wants to move a little nearer to the spot light until at last she knows that she has the technique to put over to a waiting world the message which has been entrusted to her.

She wants action, yes, but she feels the importance of the mantle she will inherit and when that time arrives she wants to proudly bear it so that not even a hem touches the ground.

And all of us who are hoping and working for some of the million separate thrones of Earth, let each of us get a tip from the up-at-6:30 Extra Girl, and let our ambition be backed with knowledge.

If you hate to-day's job, go on up, change it. Somebody has got to be the boss, somebody must be the star of the show. There will be a new name on the tablets of fame before the new moon and it will be the name of some one whose armor of patience had been tried, whose side arms of personality and brains have been tested and whose shoulders have proven themselves strong enough to bear the weight of greatness.

Most of us are Extras anyhow, so let us make as good a showing of perseverance and patience as The Extra Girls.

Where BEAUTY Serves

By Anne Austin



Q The picturesque little "Come-On-Inn" Restaurant which located near the studios caters to the brightest stars and cutest extra girls.

I WAS eavesdropping in Hollywood not so long ago. And out of that mild little crime there came something rather precious to me—I looked into the heart of an extra girl. A warm, courageous, high heart, filled with all sorts of graces and beauties that I had not dreamed that heart holds.

Here is how it came about:
I was lurching alone at Betty's on Argyle Street, that leads from Hollywood Boulevard to the back door of the Lasky studio—and elsewhere, but that is of no consequence.

"Come On Inn" is a busy place and I was lucky to find a table in the corner out of the way of Betty's ceaseless journeys between kitchen and dining room. Then I thought I wasn't so lucky when two girls, one in make-up, calmly took possession of the other two chairs without a by-your-leave or the least notice of me.

Extra girls! You don't have to be told. Somehow you know them anywhere, in grease paint or free of it, in costume or on the way to look for work. They had that determined air of cheerfulness which only those learn who are almost daily met with the "Nothing today, dearie" made famous in our Merton's tale of studio life.

And there is something else. An ingratiating sweetness, a forced putting of the good foot forward, a perkiness and cunningness of front-window showmanship that no other girl in the world has—unless she's a chorus girl. And even then the chorus girl is different, more hardened, less sure of herself, less confident that

(Continued on page 67)

Q The real extra girl waits on table or serves in the shops between jobs, waiting patiently for her chance, for in the movies one successful "bit" insures a good living and a chance for a great future.





QJacqueline Logan, the greatest discovery since Columbus discovered America.



QBarbara Deane, this girl is destined to be the dean of her profession.

HE CAN TELL *at a* GLANCE

By *Delight Evans*

Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York's most famous photographer, can recognize a Movie Star before she begins to twinkle.

Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

HE PICKS screen stars in his spare time. Portrait is his side-line.

Somebody remarked the other day that there are four ways to break into the movies. First, win a beauty contest. Second, get into Ziegfeld's Follies. Third, marry a producer. Fourth, have your picture taken by Alfred Cheney Johnston. All in fun? Perhaps. But there's more than just a laugh in that last suggestion.

It's no more infallible than any other rule for entering the international screen sweepstakes; but the fact remains that three girls gained admittance to that great big door marked "Private" which leads eventually to screen stardom; and several others have been started on the rocky road to film fame and fortune—as the result of photographs posed by the genial Johnston.

There are few professional beauties who have not gazed at the birdie at his direction. Nearly every famous stage or screen star with any claims to pulchritude has found

her way to "Cheney's" studio and just between ourselves, some stars not so beautiful who still yearned to be. Even before the days that Johnston moved to his smart studio in the Hotel des Artistes, with its grand piano and its early Italian furnishings, celebrities used to visit his workshop in a little old-fashioned building with a creaky elevator that ran—sometimes. Johnston makes them lovely even after nature has given it up. And if a girl is beautiful by birth, he makes her more so.

That's how he happened to earn the title of "star picker". He has an eye for a lass—because that's his business. Producers learned to realize that with his artist's eye he could discern camera possibilities hidden from the casual observer. He has photographed so many lovely ladies that he has become an authority on feminine beauty. That's why his recipe for screen success is worthy of quotation marks.

"Brains—beauty—sex appeal." In the order named. The



Q Martha Mansfield, one of the loveliest beauties, still remembered by every one.

girls he has selected for stardom have possessed the triple requirements, and without the first, says Johnston, the other two may never be advertised in large electrics over a picture palace.

Two present-day starlets were led to the screen through Johnston's studio. Both were members of that exclusive seminary for lovely young ladies, the Ziegfeld entertainments. Both posed for Johnston's camera. Both were introduced at film studios by him. Today, they're stars—Jacqueline Logan and Billie Dove.

"Jacqueline Logan is very, very pretty," said Alfred Cheney when he was asked to explain why he singled Jackie out of the bevy of beauties he used to photograph in the *Midnight Roof* show, "but more than that, she's clever. I first noticed her in a Ziegfeld roof number. She was getting a great kick out of her work. I mean that literally. While the other girls went through their steps more or less nonchalantly, Jackie put her soul into hers. She worked every minute. If she kicked, she kicked straight out, with zest and vigor. *She did everything well.* I watched her. Later, I made some studies of her. When Allan Dwan came up to my studio, I showed them to him, and told him in my opinion she possessed every qualification for screen work. When he met her he agreed with me—and gave her a chance. She went to the coast to appear in his next picture. I was out there making portrait stills for the same picture, and I had a chance to watch her. Many girls with Jackie's chances didn't get along—because they didn't *work* as she did. She realized every opportunity that came her way. She never stopped working. That's why she was ready every time a good part was offered her. And that's why she made good.

"Billie Dove was also on the Roof when I first saw her. No—I wouldn't call the Follies the best training school for pictures—any more. It was once, because it was a rendezvous for beautiful girls. The loveliest ones were always in the Follies because at that time the Follies



Q Billy Dove, whose close-ups in "The Wanderer of the Wasteland" mark the further advance of color in motion pictures.

was the best of musical comedies. Today, the *Scandals*, the *Music Box Revue*, and other shows offer just as much movie material. But Billie, being a beauty, was on the Roof. She is a different type from Jackie—lovely to look at, and with the very best kind of sex appeal. I'm glad to note that people don't utter the words "sex appeal" in whispers any more. It can be cheapened, but at its best it's an invaluable asset, and Billie had it—still has, in fact. She had the demure, sweet kind. Her face and figure were wonderful camera material. I introduced her to George Archainbaud at Selznick's, and she played a small part for him over at the Fort Lee studios—and then another, and another. An offer came for her to go to California; she left the Follies and began a screen career in earnest. Since then—well, you have seen her in *Wanderer of the Wasteland*—and as the star in her own romance with Irvin Willat, the director."

Martha Mansfield, whose beauty was tragically snatched from the screen just as she was about to blossom as a real actress in *The Warrens of Virginia*, was an Alfred Cheney Johnston discovery. She was his camera model, and her lovely face was photographed as an adornment for magazine advertisements and posters. The publicity she won in this way made her of screen value, and she soon found entree into the studios. Her real chance came when Johnston introduced her to John Barrymore, who immediately offered her the role opposite him in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Her beauty and, later, her ability made Martha Mansfield a featured player and finally a star.

Barbara Dean, a statuesque beauty who posed for Johnston's photographic advertisements, was offered an important role by George Fitzmaurice in *Peter Ibbetson*. She accepted and made her screen debut. It was her first and last appearance—but only because Barbara has never succumbed to the lure of the studios and prefers to pose for the still camera. She . . . (Continued on page 94)

Port of Missing

Q Posed by Shirley
Mason.



WHEN Shirley Mason told the story, there stirred in my mind recollections of two tragic throngs whose pictures would haunt me forever, I once believed, but yet had disappeared these many years beneath other canvases of life, colorful, drab, poignant or ridiculous.

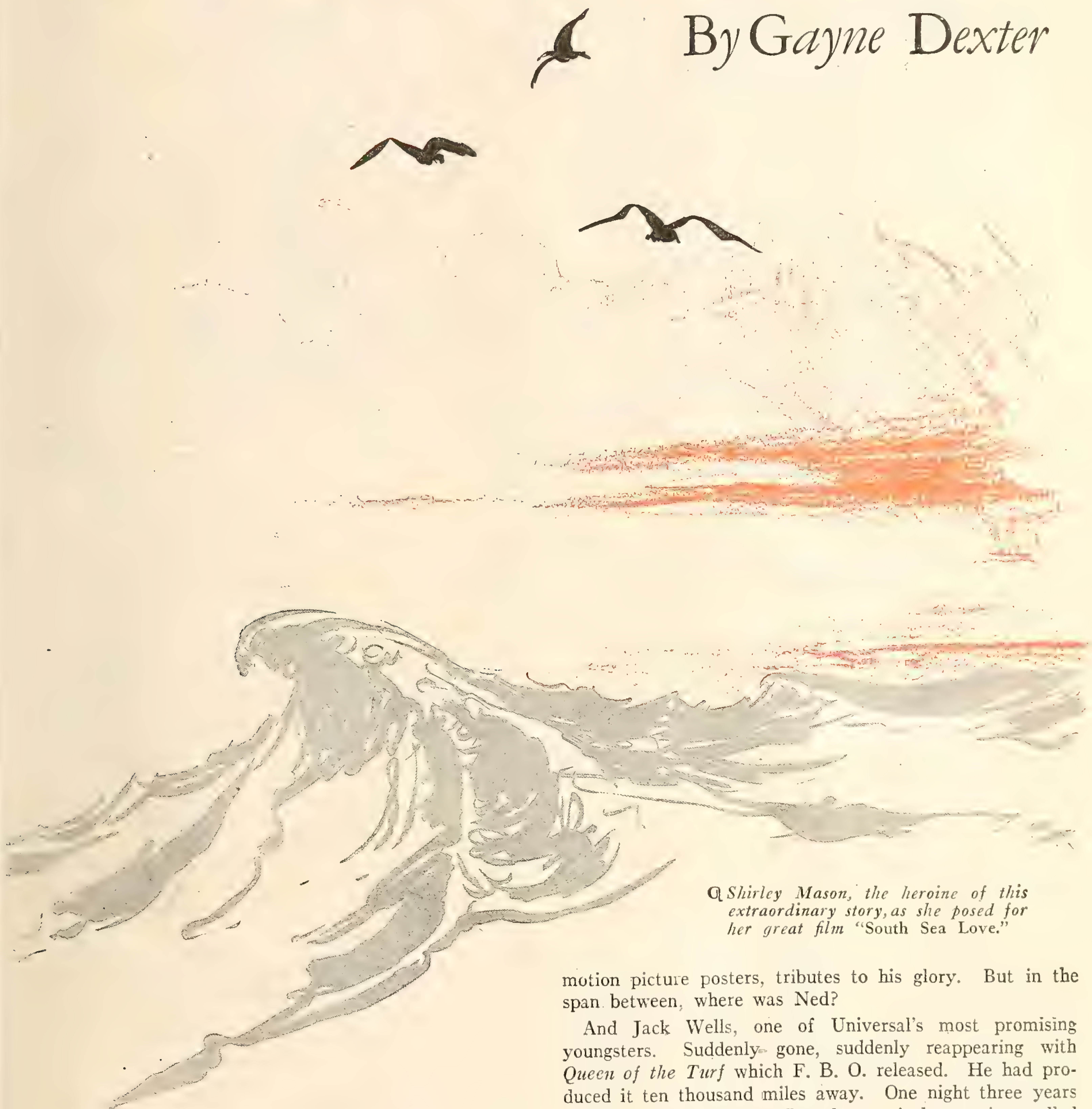
There were women crying about a mine-head, anguished women sobbing slowly as miners' bodies were brought up, or soaring in hysterias of hope when the rescue-leader whispered, "There's tapping down a tunnel. Sounds like

some of 'em are alive." The other throng gathered at a Customs House praying against the omen *S. S. Carguay*—*Missing*.

These pictures came by contrast, for Shirley mentioned a name I had not heard for years, a director's name. And he was missing without being missed for more than a moment among studio crowds whose grief is as facile as their happiness, but who are all too intent upon, too busy entertaining the world to note a fellow's passing with ostentation unless an idol be struck down. For movie-

Directors

By Gayne Dexter



Shirley Mason, the heroine of this extraordinary story, as she posed for her great film "South Sea Love."

folk understand two deaths, of which the last is the least. When fame departs and leaves them still alive, that is the slow, torturing demise. But this man disappeared at the crest of his popularity. Others have done likewise—purposely; while others simply have obeyed the wanderlust. All are so speedily lost to ken, sometimes so magically returning, that one wonders where lies this Port of Missing Directors and what happens there.

Do you remember Ned Finley, foremost and famous among the old Vitagraph megaphoners? Oh yes, you recall that he died in New York in a room hung with

motion picture posters, tributes to his glory. But in the span between, where was Ned?

And Jack Wells, one of Universal's most promising youngsters. Suddenly gone, suddenly reappearing with *Queen of the Turf* which F. B. O. released. He had produced it ten thousand miles away. One night three years ago we stood together on Broadway. A theatre-sign spelled out the title in electric lights. Jack grinned, not that success-smirk which anyone can offer, but the hard, happy spread of lips you see on a winning fighter's face. Two days later he entered my office, mighty proud of a contract to produce six more features for a big distributing concern. Soon he sailed over curves of the earth to make them. He promised to write, but—well, where are you, Jack? China, Singapore, Ceylon, Hollywood, Forty-second Street—where?

And Harry Southwell, the wanderer whose knack trans-



Q Shirley Mason in "South Sea Love."

Q Shirley Mason dances at Waikiki while an old man, once a great motion picture director, looks on with dull eyes.

lated so many of O. Henry's gems into the Esperanto of the screen. We drank good-bye in the Marble Bar in Sydney, Australia. Forever? It didn't seem so then. But now if I mailed a letter to Thibet or Table Bay, chances of its finding him would be equal. And yet tomorrow he may pound my back right here on Broadway.

Studio directories have lost track of a thousand other nomads, and of the man whom Shirley Mason found.

Now, a studio directory is a book that lists mankind in terms of actors, actresses, directors, scenario writers, editors and cinematographers; an unimaginative Who's Who, condensing charms to one line below the tabulation of careers. Shirley, for instance:

Hght.; 5; Wght.; 94; brown hair, light gray eyes. Never a mention of bronze glows answering sun or spotlight until wreathes from her crown a refulgence that you see in the same wavy illusion as heat streaming into blue sky. Nor a conjecture of what those light gray eyes contain far down. . . . Oh, lots and lots. . . . Be assured, too, that Shirley's ninety-four pounds constitute not weight, but buoyancy which, so a million of us fellows swear, should be held to earth by a strong masculine arm, preferably ours, placed firmly around her waist; while five-feet are not height but that virtue by which even we pigmies of five-feet-six may feel gigantic, overpowering, dominant.

Compared now with the girl who years ago hesitated on the brink of that hurly-burly at the Edison Studios, wherein was born elder-sister Viola Dana's success, *The Stoning*, and through which elder-sister Edna Flugrath had preceded both, Shirley must be regarded as a promise ful-

filled even beyond Slade Cartney's expectations; and in those days Cartney had little time for predictions.

Slade Cartney? No, you've never heard of him by that name. Something must be spared him; in this tale his identity, although even he has lost that.

Here was a man harassed into premature age by the Thespian Siva who dazzles a youngster with grand visions, whispers of the stage, its lights, successes—as if behind all lights there were no shadows, behind one success no hundred failures—and after twenty-five years discards him, grayer than the ghost that so seldom walked. At forty-five Cartney moved with a sigh amid the uncertainties, the make-shifts, the primitive talents of the Edison plant. A tall, sapped man, he peered down from physical eminence, and beneath white hair that always drooped untidily across his forehead, his eyes shone with quick creative impulse or faded wearily at the futility of all things. He directed pictures of sorts—of sorts unrecognized for their art in those days. A two-reel comedy produced in a week would be less riotous than Mack Sennett's concurrent *Keystones*; therefore unwelcome to the public. But for all that, they possessed the flair, the human essence by which directors today seek to leaven dramatic superfluities. Cartney was ahead of his time.

A three—or four-reel drama, too, would finish in no race of trains, fire-engines, automobiles; no rescue ten seconds before the bomb exploded. Instead, he sought heart-punch, the play and interplay of human passions without excesses. And the movie world decreed his efforts tame.

(Continued on page 74.)

From RAGS

to RICHES

Q The Fascinating Story Told Again of the Beginners Who Are Now Gayly Scintillating Stars.

By Grace Kingsley

THAT gay little godmother of Cinderella has been earning her salary, or her cobweb lace and dew jewels, or whatever it is she gets, these late years, if ever a godmother did! And all on account of the movies. Likewise Dick Whittington's guardian angel has been working overtime. For how many stars have risen to glorious success during that time!

"Rags and riches" is no hyperbole. It is meant literally. Stars who a few years ago went literally hungry, ragged and without a home now own estates, cars and Paris clothes. And the men who have become stars own apartment houses, sport cars, and instead of craps they play polo!

Harold Lloyd, you remember, played around in some Hal Roach comedies. And in those days his great ambition was to own a silk shirt. Just one. He dwelt with his father and mother and brother in a small house, and he was a proud boy when he could bring home five dollars. Now he is making more money than anybody in pictures, it is said—more even than Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. And yet only seven years ago he was still impecunious.

No player had a harder time, perhaps, than Ramon Novarro. He helped his brother run a grocery store, ushered in the Majestic and Philharmonic Theaters in Los Angeles, and gave piano and dancing lessons. Also he got a job dancing in a picture occasionally. He and his brother lived in a funny little room over the grocery store. Sometimes they ate and sometimes they didn't.

He was always very serious in his work. He ushered at theaters, it is said, to get an idea of American acting. He was a very good usher except when he became too absorbed in what was going on on the stage.

It wasn't really until Rex Ingram saw his possibilities and gave him his big chance in "A Prisoner of Zenda" that Novarro proved himself. Even then he made no great hit, but Ingram had faith in him, and in later films he arose to the position of a prime favorite. From earning sometimes \$20 per week, sometimes nothing, as an extra, five years ago, Ramon now receives a handsome salary in four figures per week. Once, while he and his brother were running the grocery store, they had a week so lean there were no profits; they couldn't afford to eat up the stock, and so both found themselves literally hungry.

"We used to live on crackers and cheese sometimes," Ramon said.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO fared not even so well at first. At the time he was dancing in the prologue to Griffith's "Hearts of the World," at the Philharmonic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, he had not done anything, and was in actual want. He even borrowed make-up from his fellow-artists. He was very haughty in those days. Sometimes he would speak to the other dancers—among whom, by the way, was Carrol Dempster—and sometimes he would walk past them without seeing them.

But though Rudey was haughty, found it difficult to pay his debts sometimes, and frequently offended friends and foes alike, he was capable of acts of great generosity, and the very day when he sent word to a hotel where he owed a bill, saying impudently, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he paid the hospital bill of a man friend who had been hurt in an automobile wreck. And once in those lean and hungry days, he was invited to a dinner party. While there, somebody spoke disparagingly of a woman friend of his. He rebuked the person and walked out of the house—without his dinner!

"**M**y sister, Shirley Mason, and I used to walk a mile to the old Vitagraph studio every day, rain or shine," said Viola Dana. "I came all wet and bedraggled one day and the late John Collins ordered the wardrobe mistress to put some dry clothes on me. John Collins was a director. Afterward he became my husband."

The gorgeously lovely Alice Terry—or Alice Taaffe, as she used to be known, Taaffe being her real name—has had the most singular experience of all, perhaps. She went into pictures when she was about fourteen, playing atmosphere and bits. But she had no success. D. W. Griffith, attracted by her beauty, attempted to teach her the art of motion picture acting, but for some reason, perhaps a genuine lack of interest—she did not make a success. This certainly is not from lack of intelligence. She has one of the most brilliant minds to be found among the picture stars. She was proud, modest, sensitive, artistic—and she had a big sense of humor.

"I played down at the Triangle studio," she said, "in a picture for Reginald Barker, at \$7.50 a day—just atmosphere—and I was so bad I couldn't even keep my job."

It was while working with Rex Ingram that she first began to show talent. Rex had implicit confidence in her. That was while he was at Universal. The war



Q Margaret Livingston. The red-headed star.

Q Jack Holt used to be a mail carrier in Alaska.



carried him off; the two did not hear from each other; Alice went into the cutting room at the Lasky studio, until her eyes gave out.

She met Ingram by chance one day; the old friendship was renewed. Ingram went to work for Metro, and the first person he thought of was Alice Terry. Rex had been hurt in a fall from an airplane, and when he came back to Hollywood, he set up a studio for modelling, following his old love of sculpture, but couldn't do much work. Alice and her mother used to come to the studio, and cook for him and mend his clothes.

Alice Terry has been offered stardom many times, one of the offers coming from the coveted Lasky studio, but she firmly declines. "I don't want to be a star," she explains. "And Rex doesn't care to have me a star."

Now Miss Terry, back on the old Triangle lot, now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, is earning \$1,000 a week in the leading feminine role of *The Great Divide*. She remains the same modest, natural, charming, drolly, witty girl she was when she was earning \$7.50 a day.

REX LEASE is a young actor fast coming into his own. But he has had a long struggle. As a child, he danced with his mother in vaudeville. In between pictures, he worked at anything he could find. The day I met him he was selling some beautiful ostrich feathers over on the United Studios lot. And he was putting his whole soul into it.

Rex got a small part in an Ince picture, but his heart was to be broken, for when the picture was shown, he had been cut right out of it. But not in vain had he done his best. Finis Fox had seen him in the picture, in the projection room at the studio, and sent for him to play the role of the young minister in *The Woman Who Sinned*. Lease is now in big demand.

Rex says that during his "extra" period, he washed his own clothes, and lived with a number of other extra boys, who pooled their funds and aided each other.



Lovely Estelle Taylor, who accomplished such a sensational hit in *The Ten Commandments*, was on the stage in New York when Robert McIntyre, now casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, saw her, met her, and invited her to visit the World Studios. She did, and was engaged for a mere bit in a picture.

Q Helen Ferguson has come a long way since Essanay days.

Q Lois Wilson was selected because she is a unique type.

Q Ramon Novarro, once a grocery boy.



Q Colleen Moore
sprang from
Chicago.



Q Carmel Myers.
One of D. W.
Griffith's Finds.



"Then I went over to Vitagraph," she explains, "where I found Virginia Valli and May McAvoy playing bits and atmosphere. It was after that that I went to Fox and played leads.

"During my hard-luck days, I wouldn't send home for money, because my parents disapproved of my film career. I lived at the home of a kindly woman of the Y. W. C. A., who was good enough to furnish cheap rooms for a number of girls who couldn't afford to live in New York, except under some special financial dispensation such as hers. We were all struggling for some artistic end—some music; some painting, some acting—and we ate in a large dining room. I did my own washing, though I wasn't supposed to. And I used to leave the clothes out to dry in my room during the night, hastily concealing them in the daytime."

Whoever will forget the lovely young girl doomed to die on the gallows at the same time that William Farnum did, in *A Tale of Two Cities*? The girl was Florence Vidor. She and her husband, King Vidor, had come to California from Texas in a Ford, and both were doing whatever they could find to do in pictures. She was earning from \$3 to \$10 a day. She starred in some of her husband's pictures, after he became a director, and is now receiving a salary of something like \$1,000 per week.

Q Florence Vidor,
Texas' boast.



Q Harold Lloyd. Now makes
more money than any other
star.

Q Zasu Pitts. First thorns—now
roses.

Q Rex Lease threw over the
four-a-day-stage.



ZASU PITTS walked a thorny path to stardom. A drab child she used to be, sitting on a bench at the old Griffith studio, waiting to be noticed.

She confessed to me afterward that she had tried to get a job as a waitress, but had failed.

"They said I wasn't good-looking enough!" she laughed.

It was as extras together that Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson and Helen Ferguson started their careers in the old Essanay days in Chicago.

Colleen played atmosphere and bit at \$5 a day, until D. W. Griffith took an interest in her and sent for her to come to California. She did some good work for him, meanwhile living with her father and mother in a modest little cottage. Then she went to the Christie comedies, and later Lasky gave her some work, and finally First National signed her to a starring contract.

"I used to get fired every day almost," said Helen Ferguson, "but I would always come back next day."

The first time I met Gloria Swanson was down at the Triangle Studios, and she was wearing a modest little gingham dress, and she was going back and forth to work in a Chevrolet car, or, when the Chevrolet was out of order, on the street car. She had gone through the preliminary extra period, had been a bathing girl with Sennett, and had just begun to be spoken of as a "comer."

MARGARET LIVINGSTON had a hard time when she started in pictures. She played extra, tramping from studio to studio, when work could be found. Then came the famous slump of four years ago, and Margaret and the girl with whom she lived in a small bungalow, couldn't pay their rent. They were going to be put out, and were all packed up, when they were invited to a dinner by some admirers. Huge corsage bouquets of orchids with gold pins attached awaited them. Margaret excused herself as having a headache, smuggled her corsage and that of her friend out, sold them, and ran home to pay the landlady.

Another time, she and her friend were invited to a dinner party, but they had only one presentable dress between them. So the friend went first, came home pleading she was ill at the end of the second course, and Margaret donned the gown, first changing the lace collar and pulling a flounce around, went to the dinner and had dessert!

Norma Shearer went from pillar to post in New York for several months, until Louis B. Mayer sent for her, out in Los Angeles. She played extras and bits, and then parts, and then came the hard times in picturedom.

"My relatives up in Canada were the sort of people who would say, 'There, she is the sort of girl that will go on the stage if we don't look out,'" explained Norma. "So I wouldn't send home for money, of course. Mother and I lived in a little room, did our own cooking and washing and housework."

Jackie Saunders, who has been off the screen some time, but made an excellent come-back in *Alimony*, and is now engaged for a prominent part in a Thomas H. Ince picture, started out with Merriam Cooper, in the old Biograph days.

"We played little bits and atmosphere, and sometimes parts," said Jackie. "Merriam and I came west with Mary Pickford and Mabel Normand. We had been guaranteed \$5 a day, with a little extra if we worked. We were also paid \$4 a week to eat on! We girls felt awfully grand if we happened to have a dress made especially for us. We all lived at cheap boarding houses or in cottages, and had a happy time of it."

When I first met Jack Holt, he told me how he had been mail carrier up in Alaska in the late days of the gold rush. Jack had come down to Universal City to do cowboy stunts and supply atmosphere.



Viola Dana. John Collins found her all wet.

"I'll tell you where you can reach me—through my father's laundry!"

Thus did Anna May Wong nonchalantly give her address. And that was after she had attained a big measure of success, too.

"I used to think it was just fun to play in pictures," said Anna May. "Micky Neilan saw me, and thought maybe I'd be good. I wasn't so very ambitious, but I liked getting \$5 a day, because then I could buy clothes for myself and my family. But now I really am ambitious."

Lois Wilson's extra days in pictures were truly days of tragedy.

It was back in 1915 during the San Francisco Exposition, when Universal took her to the exposition because she won the beauty prize in Birmingham, Alabama, and then picked her from the winners of all States to take a part in a picture. Then they promptly dropped her. While on the way back to Alabama—a complete failure, she thought—she met Lois Weber in Chicago. Miss Weber brought her back to the Coast for a part in *The Dumb Girl of Portici*. Following that came the tragic days.

She was given no more parts. She was determined to make good, anyway. For half a year she did extra work at \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day. Finally, however, she got a contract at \$25 per week with an independent company. But after three weeks she was fired. More dejection.

She did extra work anywhere she could get it. It was while doing this that she was given a bit as a dope fiend, over at Universal, and no less an artist than Lon Chaney showed her how to put on her first bit of character make-up.

J. Warren Kerrigan was looking for a leading woman. Scores of girls thronged the waiting room of his offices in the studio where he had taken space to produce his own pictures. Kerrigan himself came in and cast his eye over the bunch of feminine loveliness congregated there. That eye lit on the lovely Lois. Lois smiled—that sweet, alluring smile of hers, in which her lips half tremble. Her brown eyes smiled, too. That settled it. Lois was chosen to be a real, hand-painted lady. She played opposite Kerrigan in *Langdon's Legacy*, a Paralta picture. It turned out that Kerrigan had been watching Lois's work in extra parts for five days, together with that of other extra girls, before venturing to choose. He wanted her, he said, because she was the different, well-bred, college-girl type.

Playing this part of course made Miss Wilson an actress. She continued opposite Kerrigan during nine pictures, and then was contracted by Lasky, who have had her ever since, and that was in 1918.



Q Hundreds of extra girls won their \$7.50 at the elaborate wedding ceremony in "Sacrifice" wherein Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien make another joyous movie marriage.

The LIFE of AN EXTRA GIRL

As Told to Anne Austin



Q The extra girl who told this story and her friend are both in this picture with Rudy—just think of it, girls!

Q Have you often wondered about the Extra Girl and her picturesque life? Well, here is her story as she told it. Miss Austin, as a good reporter should, has let us hear direct.

ANNE AUSTIN said, "I want *your* story. We want the folks who are on the outside, trying to peep through a knothole in the studio fence, to see the life through the eyes of a girl who has not yet succeeded—"

"Say, you don't think I'm a failure, do you?" I come back real quick. "Why, I'm going to land *right*, and I don't mean maybe. I've learned the ropes now and I've got enough experience—"

"That's what we want—your experience," she took me

right up. "And don't kid us about it, either. Give us the real low-down on this business of being an extra girl. Don't ritz the others who aren't in, and yet don't give the profession a black eye, unless it deserves it."

Well, that was a pretty large order, I'll say. But me—I'm sorta fond of hearing myself talk, and since the editor told me to write it exactly as I would tell it to another girl, why, here goes, and if it don't suit him and you readers, it's not my fault. He asked for the truth, and here it is:

Q Robert McIntyre, the star picker of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio. He sees 150 applicants at the casting window daily and a live one never gets away.



Q May McAvoy was selected from a mob of extras by Mr. McIntyre. Miss McAvoy will play Esther in "Ben Hur."



Q William Haines is proving the astuteness of Mr. McIntyre's judgment.

Q Eleanor Boardman was one of a thousand applicants for a movie job.



I've tried the picture game both here in New York and in Hollywood, and it's my opinion that a girl has the best chance in Hollywood, where there are studios on almost every other block and where there's a sort of hail-fellow-well-met spirit among the players. Here in New York you get kinda lost in the crowd, and the distances between studios are so great that you're lucky if you make two or three calls a day. Out in Hollywood I've made the rounds of a half dozen studios in a day, and still had time enough to make a \$75 Paris creation out of a yard and a half of brocaded metal cloth, picked off the bargain counter.

I was born in Lake Charles, Louisiana—no kidding, there is a town named that, and it's a darn nice place, if you don't get the movie bug, like I did. Well, I left Lake Charles flat when I graduated from high school—yes, I am educated, even if I don't talk like it—and I worked my way across the country to California. Oh, it was easy enough.

I'd clerk in a store in one town, wait table in another, and run an elevator in the next burg. I'm handy and strong, or I never would have stuck to the movie game as I have. For believe you me, girls, it takes backbone and starch, as well as a pretty face, even to scrape a bare living off of celluloid.

It took me three months to get to Hollywood, but I made it and even had twenty-five dollars to throw away on a screen test. Take a tip from one who knows—don't take any correspondence lessons in make-up or screen acting before you get to Hollywood, and you ought to know better by the time you get there to get roped in by any of them fakers

in Los Angeles. Anyway, I wanted to see how I'd look on the screen, so I got nicked for twenty-five bucks for about that many feet of film, and I wondered how the boys back home coulda lied like they did about my looks. It was terrible, so I didn't show it to the casting directors after all—that being the reason I was having it made, you know.

Well, the first thing I did was to get into a nice boarding house on Western Avenue, near Hollywood Boulevard. I wasn't the star boarder; I was just the star dish washer and bed-maker, but I didn't have much false pride left, and I was glad enough to earn board and room that easy. I knew it couldn't last long, because if I got a call to appear at a studio at eight o'clock in make-up, I wouldn't have time to make up beds, and wash the breakfast dishes. But it tided me over until I had learned to make up my face from one of the boarders, who had been in pictures quite a while, and had got a lot of tips on whom to call on, and how to act. I also had a lot of cheap photographs made—at "professional rates." When you're new at the game those words sound like music in your ears. I had profile and full face and three-quarters views made, and left one of each with all of the casting directors of the studios and went around to the agencies and listed, filling out cards that would make the census look like a polite inquiry about your health.

I had an awful funny feeling, knowing that all those strange men had the goods on me like that, but after I'd been in Hollywood a while, I got wise—those birds didn't care enough about me to read the cards, except when they were looking through their files for small, slight girls; flapper type, brunette, bobbed hair, pretty. They make out duplicates of the cards and file them under different headings. For instance, they filed me as "small brunette" and as a "flapper" and as "pretty young girl." Naturally I was one of about a million more or less, but if the casting director had a call for twenty-five flappers for a bathing beach scene, he might—just *might*—you know, pick my card out and ask me to come in and be looked over. I'd have to come with a bathing suit to see if I'd do for the Sennett stuff. See how it works?

Well, the trouble with me was it didn't work often enough! If I'd been some special type, not just like most of the other pretty girls in Hollywood, I might have got more calls, but there's another side to it. If you're a freak, you get more work as an extra, but you're pretty sure to stick right there, or maybe get featured in comedies. Why, I knew one bozo that hit on the plan of growing a beard, you know—and say, he had the niftiest foliage



Alan Crosland. He can tell a beautiful woman but he can't tell her much.



Little Nelly Savage in "The Sainted Devil." This is her first picture in any movie magazine—but not her last.



When a girl first gets a chance, she finds the more experienced extra girls are glad to help her with the all-important make-up.

of any man in Hollywood. And he was only about thirty years old. He got called every time they wanted beards, but has he got a chance to be a leading man or a star? Not in a million years, with spinach on his jaw, and yet he don't dare shave, for fear he'd starve!

Believe me, this is a funny game!

Well, me and two other girls that was working pretty regular—say three or four days a week at five to seven-fifty a day, minus commission, decided to cut expenses and enjoy life at the same time. An actor that had moved to New York owned a shack in Laurel Canyon—where all these naughty love nests we read about are said to be—and we rented it through a real estate man awfully cheap, and fixed it up real pretty with a few yards of cretonne. He had it furnished in rustic stuff, and we girls didn't try to put that feminine touch in it too much. Laurel Canyon is not close to a street car, you know, so we had to bum rides from automobiles going into the canyon, and sometimes we had to finish the ride in a walk, if you know what I mean, but picture folks are pretty decent about their cars—everybody has one out there—and we managed to get home every night, especially as one of the girls had a sweetie who owned a near-car.

Everything seemed to be jake with us, for we was living on about ten dollars a week for the three of us, not counting the meals that all girls know how to attract. I was getting three days a week on an average, mostly through the Service Bureau on Tenth and Hill streets in Los Angeles, and the other girls were doing about the same. We was getting together a bunch o' clothes that would have made the Queen of Sheba jealous, and all of us thought we'd be stars before the year was out.

Then I got what looked like a big chance. A star I was working with on a big ballroom set one day got her dress on fire from a cigarette she had lighted, and I was the little heroine who put it out for her before anybody else'd noticed it. We got to talking then, and she discovered what I'd known all along—that we looked a lot alike. I won't tell her name, because stars never want the public to know they use doubles, but she told me they was going to film a big scene on the water—the star was billed to do an Annette Kellerman to save the life of the hero. And the poor girl couldn't swim a stroke. And there'd have to be some pretty close shots, showing her swimming and struggling with the dazed man.

Sure I took it. Like a shot. I can swim like a fish, and I didn't care how dangerous the stunt was.

They decided at the last minute to make the picture in New York and when the star asked me if I'd come along and



Q Rudolph Valentino made of *Beaucaire* a gracious host for a number of ambitious breakers-in.

double for her, you can bet I jumped at the chance, even if it did mean leaving Hollywood, where the casting directors would admit on being hard pressed that they had seen me somewhere—even though they couldn't remember just where.

We got to New York in April, 1923, and it was still pretty cold weather when we come to the big water scene. And believe me, the Atlantic ain't the Pacific. The Gulf Stream must have wandered off and got lost that week, for I worked in water that would have froze the leaves of an ice plant. I was all made up to look like the star's twin sister, and she sat around on the nice warm sand under a pretty red parasol and watched me do my stuff. All she had to do was to get her bathing suit wet under a warm shower and climb up on deck and emote over the hero. But I didn't blame her; I wouldn't have risked pneumonia myself if I had been in her place.

Well, I got a hundred a week—for one week—and double pneumonia out of that job. The studio was pretty decent. They paid the hospital and doctor bills,

but when I come out six weeks later I was a pretty sad looking wreck.

Alone and friendless and too thin to work! And in New York! Gee, if Lake Charles had ever looked good to me before, it looked like Heaven then. I was just on the point of wiring for a ticket home when I met a girl who has been the best friend I ever had.

I was warming a bench in the Chamberlain-Brown Casting Agency on Forty-fifth Street, hoping they'd have a call for a human skeleton with pretty eyes and curly bobbed hair, when one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen in my life came and took the chair next to mine.

Gee! She looked like a Norse goddess or one of them Russian countesses, or something like that. Tall, five feet seven in her silk stockings, and with long honey-colored hair looped in shining braids over her ears—just like Natacha Rambova does her hair. She give me one long, sleepy look out of her grey-green-blue eyes, and I was as hard struck as if I'd been a village sheik.

We got to talking, as girls do in a casting office. Name was Nelly Savage, and she said she liked to work in pictures in between stage engagements and even while she was appearing at the Hippodrome or in the Follies.

Gosh! I thought I'd pass out at the mere thought of talking easy and natural with a Follies girl. She said she had been a dancer for years with Fokine's Ballet. You know Fokine furnishes numbers for all the big revues.

"I guess all the producers just run after the Follies girls with contracts," I said. "I suppose you've had a lot of big parts in pictures."

"Being in the Follies doesn't mean much in pictures," she said, and you could have knocked me down with that feather people are always talking about. "A Follies girl, unless she happens to be just lucky like Jacqueline Logan or Billie Dove, has to go through the mill like any other extra girl. I'm here today to get work in a picture—anything."

Well, that dashed me pretty low. There I was, nothing but a curly-headed little flapper, no prettier than most of the regular run of pretty girls on Broadway, no special talent except for swimming, and only fair as a ballroom dancer, though I'd thought I was the Isadora Duncan of my home town. And there was a beautiful Follies girl, who talked with a lovely English accent, and could dance well enough to be in Fokine's Ballet and yet she said she'd been bucking the picture game for two or three years and was still an extra.

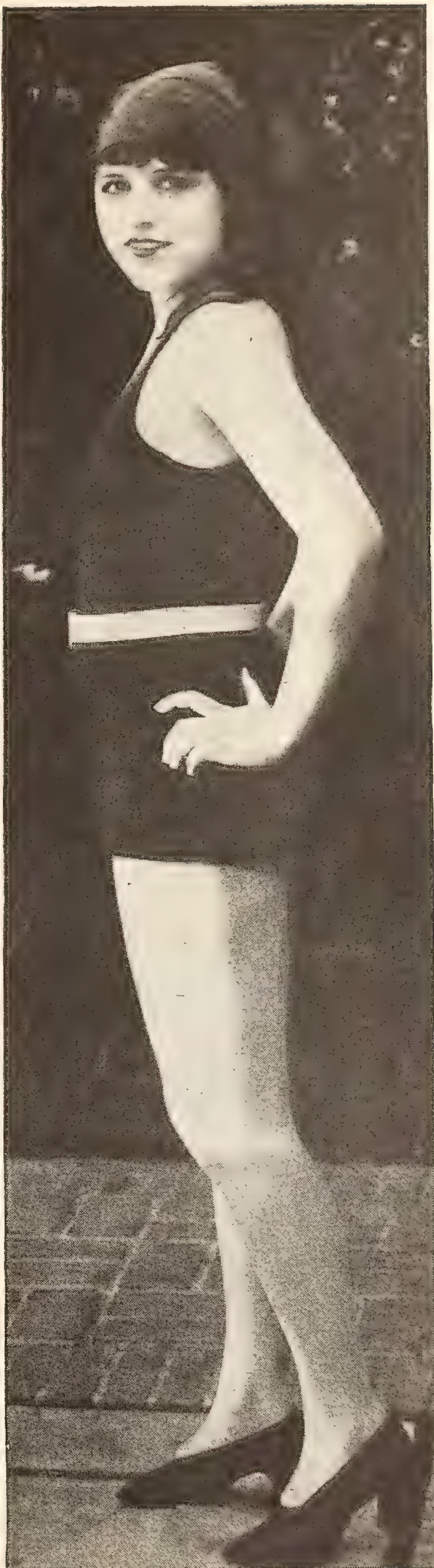
It made me pretty sick to get wise to myself like that, and I was just about to stagger on off and die or something, when the casting director called us both

up and gave us orders to report at Famous Players studio the next morning at eight, in make-up!

It was a society picture and Nelly was to be in evening dress—Famous was to furnish costumes—and I was to be in a street scene supposed to be on the lower East Side.

Nelly and I took to each other right off. I suppose she was sorry for me, and wanted to help me. Well, she did all right! She gave me a lesson in how to make-up—so's my illness and thinness wouldn't show up so bad. I'd made up plenty of times in Hollywood, of course, but I'd never had a real artist take me in hand before. And I'd always spent a lot of money on expensive grease paints and all sorts of truck that the drug stores out there make you buy. She helped me stock up that very afternoon. I bought some No. 1½ grease paint, and she bought No. 2—she hadn't worked in a picture in quite a while and needed a new outfit—and I bought brunette theatrical face powder, which is cheap and good, and she bought flesh, as she's a blond. She showed me how to blend in the grease paint and how to use the red to the best advantage. No lines around the eyes, and she wouldn't let me bead my eyelashes. I just used a good black mascara and worked it into the lashes. Leichner's gray above the eyes is all you need.

We met at the subway the next morning at half past six, and went out to Astoria together. The Famous studios are out there on Long Island, you know—it's not far, just about twenty minutes from the Grand Central station, by subway. We got to our dressing rooms by seven and spent a solid hour making up and choosing our costumes. Then we had to parade up and down before the casting director to see if we'd do. I believe if he'd sent me off the set then, as not being suited to the scene, I'd have give up right then and gone back to Lake Charles. But Mr. Cohill—that's the casting director at Famous—said we'd do, though he wasn't any too enthusiastic about it, and we worked for two days. The reason we were used at the same time—usually interiors and street scenes aren't made anywhere near the same time—was that the script called for a large party of society people to go slumming in a fleet of fine cars. They leave a swell ball about midnight and bust into a party on the lower East Side. Nelly and I are just atmosphere—among those present you know, when the big mixup comes and the swells get kicked out of the East Side party and even mix it in the street. You see they had to have the same set of people for both the exteriors and the interiors and they kept



Q This is Elsie Tarron—no longer an extra girl, but a Sennett success. Bathing suits are important costumes for beginners. One girl "doubled" for a star and took an icy plunge. A grim jest of Fate gave her double pneumonia.

us together, though we didn't have to work all of one day.

That was my first experience in a studio in New York and I feel like I owe the

good start I got then to Nelly Savage. If she hadn't told me her own story, I'd probably have gotten cold feet and gone home. But when I saw that she was determined to stick it out in spite of hard luck, I was kinda ashamed to make a dive for Lake Charles.

She landed her first job in pictures about four years ago, when she was too tall for her age and dressed all wrong. She's the mysterious, exotic type and she was making the mistake of trying to look like an ingenue. Anyway, she got a call for a slapstick comedy, and earned her first five dollars in pictures by jumping out of a hayloft down into the cow stalls. She landed on a cow's back and was almost scared to death. Then they never released the comedy because the company went broke before it was finished.

That seems to be the way most of the time. You get a dandy chance to show your stuff, even grab off a close-up once in a while, and then they find they've shot about ten times as much stuff as they can use and they cut your whole sequence out.

Nelly has seen herself in pictures more than I have though. She's got stills showing her in *Enemies of Women*, which used a number from the Ziegfeld Follies in which she was dancing, and in *Under The Red Robe* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*. But I'll tell about *Beaucaire* later, because I was in it too.

Nelly got bit bad by the movie bug after she'd worked in *Enemies of Women*, so she just camped at the Cosmopolitan Casting office, waiting for a chance to see Mr. Elmer, the casting director. She says he'd duck out the other door to his office, and never let the bunch waiting for him catch a glimpse of him.

But she caught him at last, after days of waiting, and made him look at her photos. He put her on a list of extra girls to be shown to Mr. Alan Crosland, the director. Lucky for her, Mr. Crosland had been director of *Enemies of Women* and he remembered her as a Follies girl and took her on for *Under The Red Robe*.

Nelly is so beautiful and so distinguished looking that a director can't help noticing her. Mr. Crosland picked her out to do a scene with Robert Mantell as Cardinal Richelieu. She had to beg for the life of her husband. The other extras envied her something awful, but they was nice about it and told her they was sure she'd be a star soon. She couldn't take part in any of the mob because she is such a distinct type that she would have been very noticeable. Well, guess what she got out of that "bit"! A bad case of Klieg eyes from her first close-up, lost her chance to work as an extra for the rest

of the picture, and found out when the picture was released that the whole sequence had been cut out! Gee, mates, it's a hard game, but it's lots of fun. Nelly says she's glad it happened, for it proved to her that she did stand out of the mob and she got to see her work in the rushes—you know, they run off the day's work in the projection room every night. And she learned what her mistakes in make-up and technique were—or some of them at least, and she found out a funny thing. She says she saw in herself all the characteristics she hates most in other people! And she had an awful job ahead of her to get rid of them and make her screen self what she wants it to be.

I guess you think it's funny I'm talking more about Nelly Savage than I am about myself, but it's easier to write about her, because she's so much more interesting than I am, and she's had a little success, while I haven't—yet.

Since I worked with her in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, I guess it's all right to tell you about her experience, for it's mine, too, except the success part. Gee, she was lucky!

NELLY had quit the Follies—after sixty solid weeks of them!—and had gone into *Casanova*, in which Lowell Sherman was started. One person's hard luck is another fellow's gain in this business, and to this day Nelly says she can't feel properly sorry that Gypsy O'Brien had appendicitis when she did and had to leave the cast of *Casanova*. Nelly had understudied the part, which was next to the lead, opposite Lowell Sherman. And they let her play it. She says Mr. Sherman was a peach to her, helped her every way he could.

One night she saw Rudolph Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, in a box, and she heard later they were interested in her. Then Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor went to see the show on the very last night of its run. She was crazy with excitement—expected to be called out to Famous for a try-out for Rudy's picture, *Beaucaire*. But nothing came of it then and she got a try-out for the part of the Madonna in *The Miracle*, that marvelous stage play that Morris & Gest put on. She was one of many that were tried out, but Lady Diana Manners got the part. Then came a call from Famous!

She went out to see Mr. Cohill, who took her to Rudy's wife, who is the big noise around Famous when Rudy's working. They have orders to do *anything* Mrs. Valentino says. She designed most of the costumes—both Rudy's cute satin britches and the court ladies' costumes.

Nelly does her hair the same as Mrs. Valentino, as I said before, and that must have made a hit with Natacha, for she give Nelly the part of the Duchess Choiseule-Romanet—gee, I hope that's spelled right!—and if you've seen the picture you'll sure remember Nelly! She was the duchess who showed her legs to the French court and got a calling down from Madame Pompadour. And she's also the duchess that Rudy flirts with when he's playing his guitar to the king and the court.

I guess we both must have made a hit with Mrs. Valentino, for she took us on for *The Sainted Devil*. If Nelly had looked Spanish enough she'd have had a big part, Natacha told her.

Talk about luck! Nelly and I were in on the accident which got Helene D'Algy into *The Sainted Devil*. We was eating in the studio restaurant out at Famous one noon, and Rudy and his wife were at the next table. Paulette Duval was at our table too, and Helene D'Algy, who's Spanish and as pretty as Rudy is handsome, come into the restaurant, looking awfully glum. She's just been to the casting director and had been told there was nothing doing. When she'd finished eating she come over to our table to speak to Paulette Duval, and then went on

out. Mrs. Valentino sent her secretary over to our table to ask who that pretty brunette was, and Nelly went over with Paulette to tell her about Helene.

Well, everybody knows that Helene got the part of the bride.

I had a good break in *The Sainted Devil* too. Being dark, I fitted into the Argentine scenes just fine, and flirted with Rudy as he passed through the streets of the village. Hope some of it shows in the finished film!

Once in *Beaucaire* Nelly and I both worked from eight o'clock one morning until five o'clock the next day, without stopping except for meals. In *The Sainted Devil* we worked from eight o'clock one morning until two the next. We got paid for three days' work in one, which made it worth while to lose one night's sleep. They treated us awfully good—served a swell hot supper from Sherry's and kept us cheered up with one of the best jazz orchestras you ever heard.

Well, I guess you're wondering how I get my jobs. It's easy to tell about a job after you get it—but oh, boy, getting it!

I've found the best way to do is to go to the casting offices of the studios when they ain't casting. Nelly give me that tip and it's a good one. You see when they're casting they're nearly crazy—the casting director's short with you and won't look at your pictures, and is depending on his files to find what he wants. Everything's in confusion, and if you try to talk to him then you'll make him mad and maybe he won't remember you the next time.

Nelly and I make the rounds of the studios when we know they ain't casting and if we've already left our pictures, we don't have much trouble getting to see the casting director. He's usually in a pretty good humor and he'll sit and chin with us a while and ask us about our past experiences, and things of that sort. Then if we've made a good impression, he's pretty likely to remember us when he wants our type.

OF course we go to the casting agencies downtown too. You can't afford to let them forget you. I've got my pictures on file with Ben Weiss, on Forty-sixth, and at Jess Smith's agency, on Park Ave.—he used to be at 112 West 44th Street, and many a call I've got from him. There's a lot of agencies, but these and Chamberlain-Brown's usually supply me with my calls. But I get most of my work through the studios direct.

Am I glad I've stuck it out a year and a half here and six months in Hollywood? Two years and not a success yet, I bet you're saying.

Well, what of it? I'm having a mighty good time, seeing life, with plenty of leisure on my hands to read and study—if I wanted to—and New York to play around in. It's not so bad—even if I never make a smashing big success. But that's why I told you about Nelly and Helene D'Algy. They've struck pay dirt, and they didn't do it by gold-digging either! And what's to prevent me from doing the same thing, if I stick to it long enough? Gee, the breaks are all in my favor! I've got looks—if I wasn't writing this anonymously I couldn't say that—and I've got pep and personality, and I'm little and cute, and I do say it as shouldn't.

Hey, wait a minute! The phone's ringing. Maybe—

Oh, forevermore! it was, it was! Isn't that funny? Just what I was writing about! I hope the editor doesn't turn this down just because I've got a chance at last to get out of being an extra girl. Yeh, that was a call from Mr. Shipman's office. I was an extra in *The River Road* and the director wants to give me a screen test to see how I'd do for a role they have in mind for me in their next picture. Don't know the name of it yet! But it's a chance! I've stuck my head above the mob!

Cross Word Puzzles

THE cross word puzzle craze which has insidiously worked itself into the lives of New Yorkers, has reached the moving picture lots.

At a moving picture studio, one of the principle occupations is waiting for somebody to fix something so that they can shoot a scene. It was during one of these periods that Betty Blythe, with her queenly grace at rest, and her snappy little mentality at work, decided that she would try a cross word puzzle. One thing led to another, the extra girls heard of the idea—and of course an extra girl has to do everything that a star does—and now in every motion picture studio, you can hear propounded the brain-racking problem: "What is a word of three letters which means elongated fish?" Wigs are pushed away and the make-up is furrowed on many brows until the thought comes that an *eel* could wriggle into that space.



Betty Blythe
Began It

Easy Ones For Beginners

1	H	O	P	E
4	O			
5	P			
6	E			

1				
2				
3				
4				

Hope Hampton's Puzzle

- 1—Japanese sashes
- 2—Animal's skin
- 3—Watched
- 4—To take orders
- 5—To heap
- 6—Set up (abbr.)

- 1—A Star
- 2—Tune
- 3—Taking a chance
- 4—Persian wine

1				
2				
3				
4				

1				
2				
3				
4				

- 1—To fall
- 2—By air
- 3—A metal
- 4—Without

- 1—Grasp
- 2—Ill-mannered
- 3—A thought
- 4—Pinnacle

	1		2	3	4		5		
6			7					8	
		9	B	E	T	T	10	Y	
11	12					13		14	15
16							17		
18							19		
		20		21					
22	23			24				25	
				26					

HORIZONTAL

- 2—A Neck Piece
- 6—Without
- 7—Inside the Husk
- 8—At
- 9—Me
- 11—To revolve
- 12—The God in Man
- 16—Artist's Degree
- 17—Purpose
- 18—Suffering
- 19—Year (Lat.)
- 20—Acting
- 22—Poor Indian
- 24—Also
- 25—Former
- 26—A Point of the Compass

VERTICAL

- 1—A Fact
- 2—Was
- 3—A Cereal
- 4—Music and Painting
- 5—A Pronoun
- 9—Edging
- 10—Adolescent
- 11—Faucet
- 12—The Lady of the Lion
- 14—First Line of Defense
- 15—The Lion
- 21—Electrical Unit
- 23—To Encourage
- 25—Printer's Measurement.

In case you have not done a cross word puzzle—

The numbers on the diagrams indicate the beginnings of words. Where figure 2 appears in the box, that indicates the beginning of a word. On the list below the puzzle, you will see that the word that should occupy this space means thus and so. But in the vertical column, you will find that the same space and, in fact, the same initial letter, belong to a vertical word which has quite a different meaning. It is quite easy to begin but it is very difficult to finish.

(The answers are in the back of the book but do not look if you can help it.)

How is the Supply



Q This is Miss Georgia Hale, and one might remark Hale and Hearty. She was a beauty winner last year, qualifying as "Miss Chicago." She has taken off her shoe to shoo a way some rich old bachelors who constantly pop all over the lot.



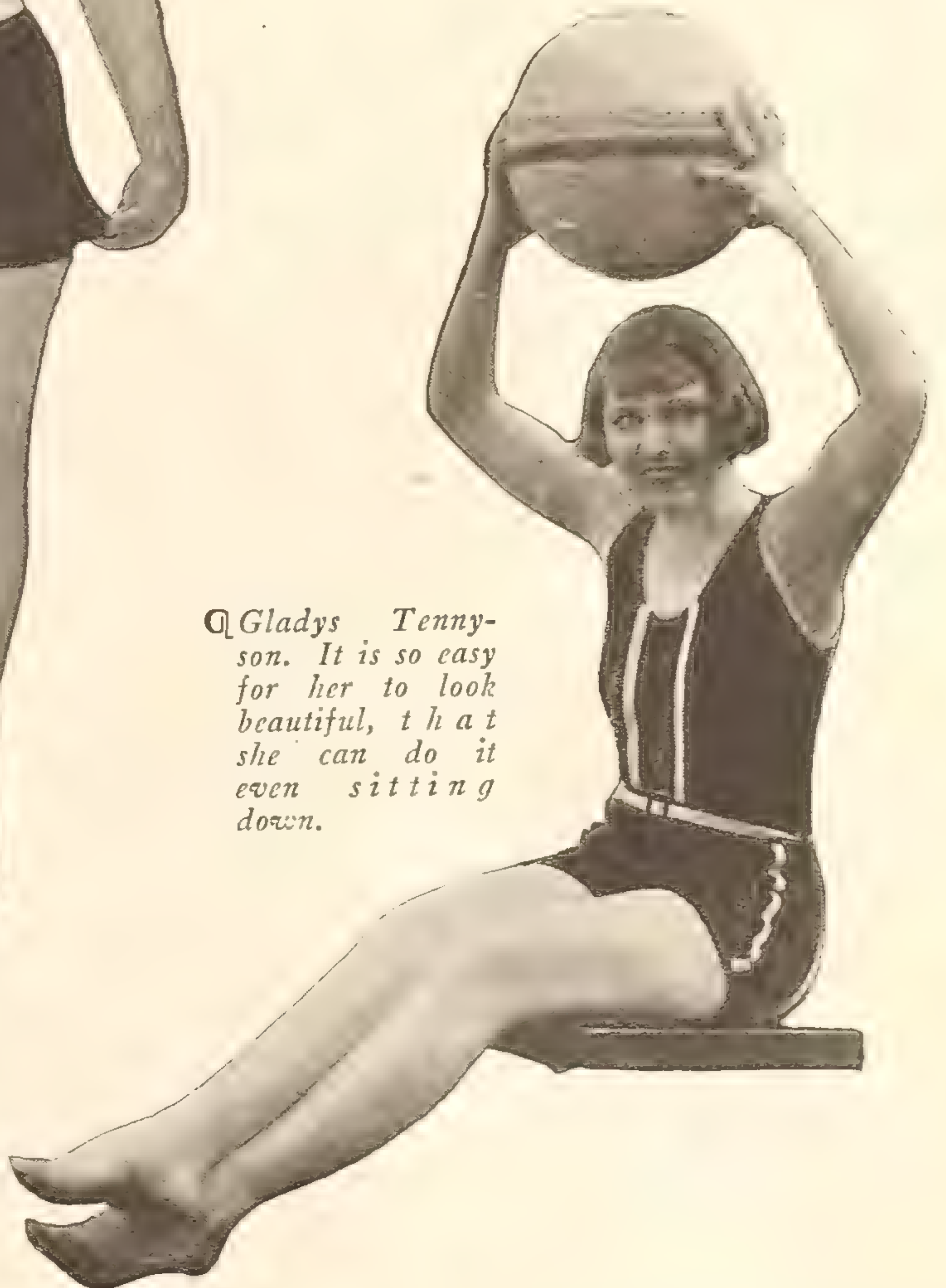
Q You see how it is. Mr. Sennett uses up girls so fast, what with some getting famous and some getting married, that he has to have a fresh shipment every day or so. Harry Langdon is just bringing in a load from his mine.

of Girls Holding Out?

Mack Sennett Wants To Know



Q Gladys Tennyson. It is so easy for her to look beautiful, that she can do it even sitting down.



Q Thelma Hill is a cute kid whose life work is to round out a bathing suit where it will look best in the picture.

Let's Show Him—Send in your photo—Every one printed will be paid for \$10 each

Q Cecille Evans: They say her legs are insured, but it would be more considerate to insure the hearts of the innocent bystanders.

WHAT would happen to Mack Sennett if the supply of bathing girls gave out? That's what's worrying the King of One-pieces. You know very well that if it hadn't been for the hardy pioneer, Mr. Sennett, that nifty little one-piece bathing suit of yours that you are so proud to wear, would be taboo—censored—forbidden and nix-de-rigour. He alone has carried forward the good work of convincing Mother and educating Father. He alone is responsible for the broadmindedness of the present generation, and it seems to us that the least you can do, you little Beach-Vamps, is to show him that if worse comes to worst, you are there with a shape like a million dollars, to jump into the breach, or a pair of breeches, or out, or anything, to show Mr. Sennett that you appreciate what he has done to uplift each daughter of Eve to the high pinnacle which she now occupies so becomingly in her one piece cute little bathing togs, as she gives her battle cry to the whole admiring world—"One Man, One Country and One Piece."

Address the photographs to The One Piece Editor:
SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.

Who Pays for

Another reason why a girl goes into the movies



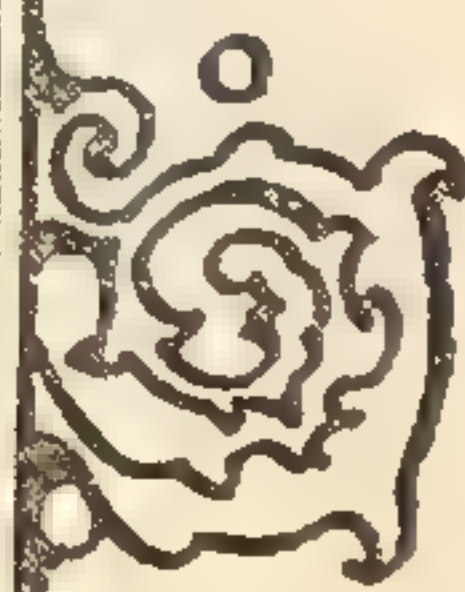
THIS has been a mooted question, not only among the fans, but among the people in the industry as well, for a long time. Several friends, who know I am "in pictures", ask me very often: "Does Gloria Swanson pay for those gorgeous clothes she wears in her productions? What does she do with them after the picture is over? Are they given to her, or sold to her, or discarded?" And strange as it may seem, I have been forced to answer: "I don't know, but I'll find out." But I never did.

Now comes F. B. O., with a gorgeously dressed society drama with stunning Anna Q. Nilsson wearing all the clothes in sight. This, I thought, is a Heaven sent opportunity in which to find out who does pay for those gorgeous clothes the gorgeous stars wear in the gorgeous productions.

And now I find that the producing company supplies *most* of the clothes an actress wears in a production. Take for example *Vanity's Price*. Anna Q. Nilsson plays the role of a famous actress who takes the Steinach treatment to regain her youth. Naturally, she must wear some very stunning gowns; gowns that she would never dream of wearing outside of a movie set. In this particular instance, Anna Q. had the gowns made by a very famous modiste in Hollywood, and F. B. O. footed the bills. Let me tell you a little secret. Anna had four gowns made by

Anna Q. in a black velvet afternoon frock, boldly embroidered in silver figures. This also fits snugly. Note the very tight, long sleeve. An excellent fashion suggestion for the Fall.

Anna's piece de resistance. This is a sumptuous afternoon frock of bright red chiffon with red satin stripes woven into the material. It is worn over cloth of silver slip, which is draped at the side. A red rose on the left shoulder gives the costume dash.



Their Clothes?

By Paula Gould

this famous modiste, and the bills for the four totaled \$4,796.50. Over a thousand dollars a gown. And the company paid the bill!

The frocks belong to the Costume Department of F. B. O. When the picture is completed, these dresses will be ripped, and perhaps remodeled by the modiste and used again in another production. Or, if Miss Nilsson prefers, she can buy them from the studio at a much reduced figure. That is, if she feels they suit her figure.

Black velvet is very much in vogue this season. You will notice that two of the four costumes made for this production are velvet. The straight, snugly fitted models have come back again and some of them stress the Princess effect of long ago. Long tight sleeves are decidedly "in" again.

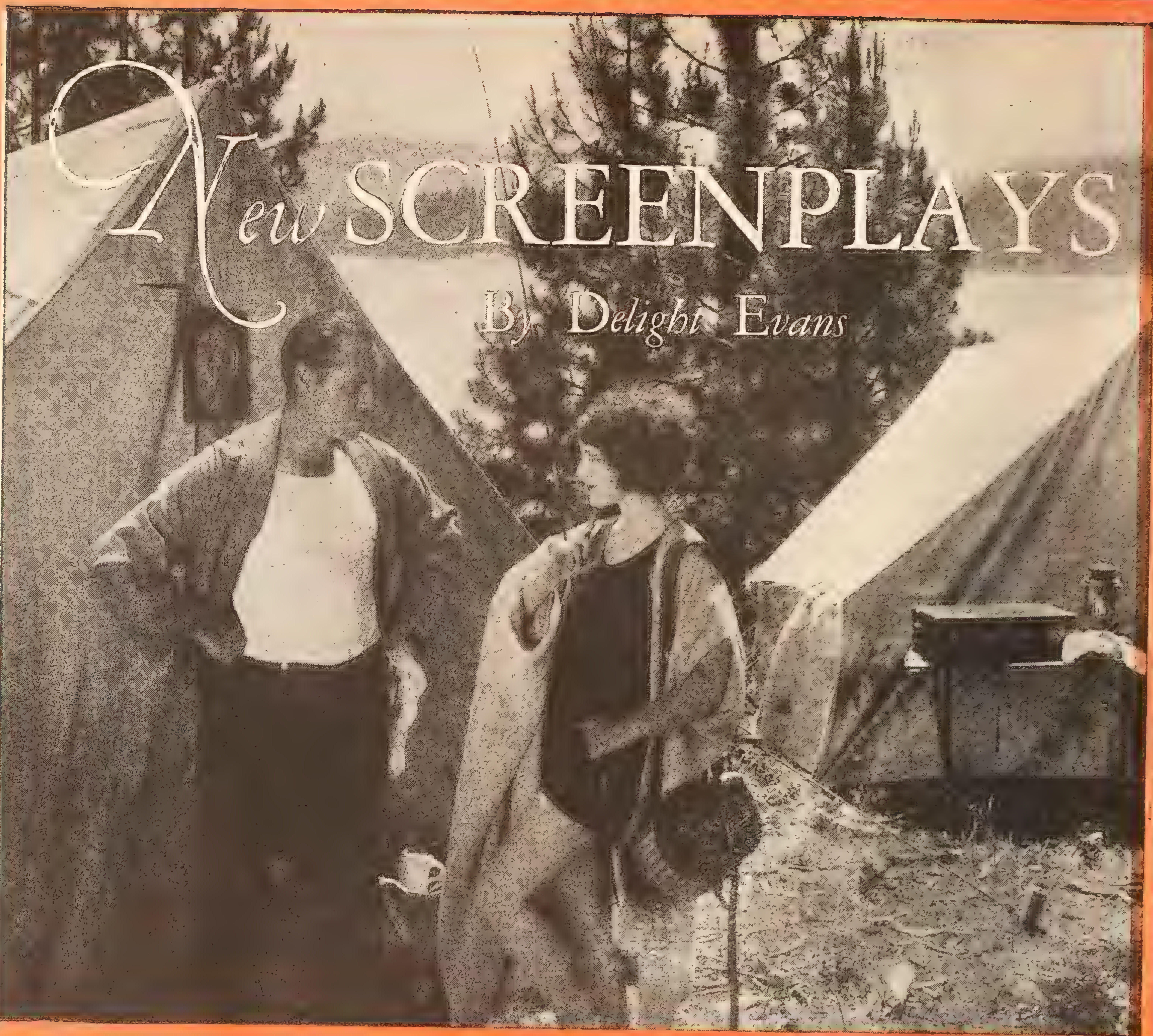
The evening gown of black and white sequins has rather a bizarre effect but is carried off nicely with its Paradise headdress and fan of peacock feathers. The long straight lines are just as popular in evening gowns as they are in afternoon frocks and street wear.

Miss Nilsson's sumptuous afternoon frock of striped red chiffon and satin over silver cloth makes a wonderful foil for her blonde loveliness. We are not recommending, however, the wearing of this frock off a movie set.



Anna O. Nilsson in a velvet afternoon frock, fitted very snugly in the new Princess fashion, the skirt of which is made of cloth of gold. A streamer of the velvet and gold cloth hangs from the right sleeve. With it, Miss Nilsson wears a gold bandeau to hold her golden curls in place.

Miss Nilsson and an evening gown of black and white sequins, with a Princess panel of white, and a narrower panel in the back of white. A Paradise headdress and a fan of peacock feathers complete this stunning ensemble.



Original and thrilling, with a wallop in every "reel"—
Norma Shearer and Jack Holt in "Empty Hands."

What an Expert thinks about the Latest Fall Styles in Films

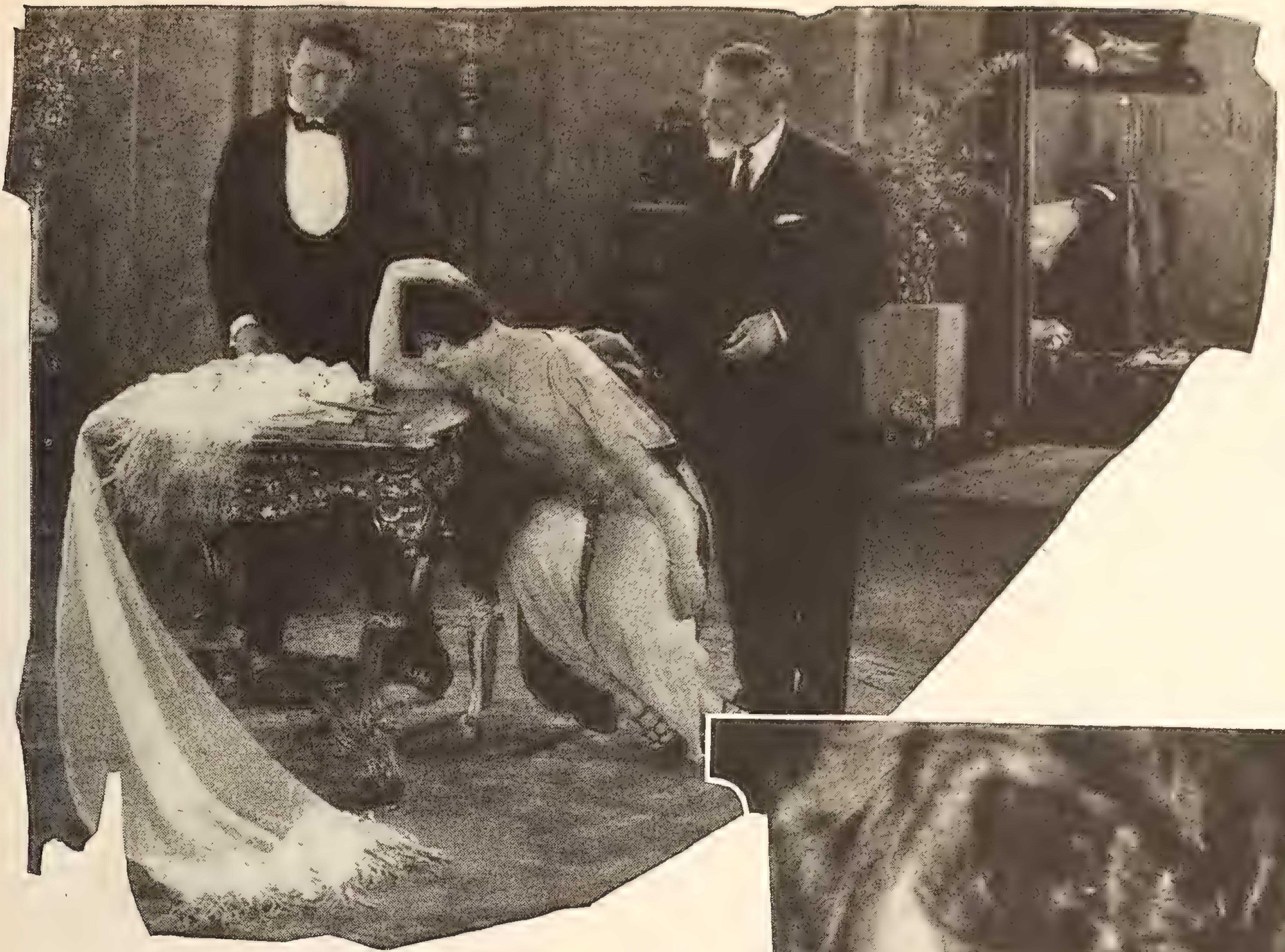
Empty Hands

IT'S great to be surprised. And *Empty Hands* is the surprise package of the month. If any one told you that a picture all about a beautiful rich girl lost in the wilderness with her dad's chief engineer would prove to be both original and thrilling, you would have burst right out laughing. But you can take my word for it that here's a strip of celluloid which packs a wallop in at least four of its six reels, in spite of a plot as old as last year's petticoats.

What does a plot matter, anyway? Once past the good old stuff which introduces the heroine as a perfectly devilish little member of our overworked younger set, and once into the wilderness with Jack Holt, the only hero who can still charm with a full-sized set of whiskers, you're all set to enjoy yourself—unless, of course, you go into a theater with your tongue in your cheek determined to keep it there. You have to get into the spirit of the thing. You have to want to believe that a man and a

girl can get cast up by the sea—or as in this case, the rapids—with a pocket-knife and their immediate wearing apparel, and be alive to welcome the rescuing party which arrives, if you ask us, all too soon.

There's actual beauty in this picture. There's a real love story, completely convincing. You'll resent all interruptions. It is Norma Shearer, for whom, last month, I predicted what is generally known as a glowing future upon the screen, who makes it all real. With all due credit to Mr. Holt, who is one of the few combinations of virility and romance in the masculine line, it is Miss Shearer who takes this puny plot between her pretty white teeth and tears it to shreds. She is actually thrilling. Any man in the audience would have got right down and gladly bowed his head, bald or brilliantined, to her tiny French heels. She is not a beauty, if you crave the cupid's bow and the fluttering eye lashes. She's an actress. And I am informed by a reliable authority that she has more sex appeal than any girl in pictures. In spite of that, she is going to win a few feminine friends, too.



Q "This has gone far enough!" Betty Blythe and Forrest Stanley in "The Breath of Scandal."



Q A corking cast plus a de luxe debauch — Eleanor Boardman is sweet innocence and a perfect lady in "Sinners in Silk."

The Breath of Scandal

SOMETHING should be done about this thing. It's gone far enough. Time was when a picture which employed an adventurous husband and father, or a daring daughter, or a cocktail shaker, was refreshing. The screen, we said proudly, was growing up. We were no longer in the stage of serials and animal cracker drama. Let us be broadminded; let us be sophisticated; let us be even—what you say?—a bit risqué. Well, we have. And where has it got us?


We have had a siege of smart stuff, and I, for one, am a little sick to my stomach. Flapper has become an overworked word; and only in the movies is it still popular. Cocktail parties on yachts may still be all the go among our upper-classes; but if I see another one on the screen I shall run shrieking from the theater.

It isn't that *The Breath of Scandal* or *Sinners in Silk* are particular offenders. But they have this same somewhat sickening slant, this exaggerated close-up on "Life Today," which is neither modern nor life-like. *The Breath of Scandal* has a philandering father, played by Lou Tellegen, whom Patsy Ruth Miller leads back to the fold.

There's nothing here you wouldn't take your grandmother to see, but I'm afraid grandma would pick up her reticule along about the fifth reel and go across the street to see the latest Mack Sennett festival.

Sinners in Silk

THIS is a very expensive picture. It has Adolphe Menjou, the matinee man of the moment, as a mature metropolitan sheik, who exerts his sophisticated wiles upon Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor is so lady-like that she manages to save sly situations by her delicate grace and wide-eyed innocence. Hedda Hopper plays her mother, and Hedda is always a positive delight. She's another who lends plausibility to the most awkward moments. It's such a corking cast, in fact, that *Sinners in Silk* becomes a deluxe debauch, and one you'll be inclined to sit through. Just the same, I'd rather like to see *The Adventures of Kathlyn* again. There was more of a thrill watching a soft-footed tiger stalk a blond lady through a motion picture jungle than there is today watching a silk-lined sheik sneak up on an immaculate ingenue.



Q "Etchings of grace and charm, countless lovely Corots." Valentino comes back with a bow — and a bang — in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Monsieur Beaucaire

IF YOU would really like to know why several hundred seemingly sane citizens formed themselves into a long line on Broadway one sweltering summer's day, go to see *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

It was only eleven o'clock in the morning. Broadway, Manhattan, at eleven o'clock in the morning—any morning—is my idea of a place to stay away from. The majority of Manhattan shares my opinion in that particular. But at eleven o'clock on this day, there they were—stretched into a line which straggled for over a block. There they stood stoically, gazing at the sun-baked street, deserted now, or at each other.

I had a pass to that theater; but I stood for an hour. I was tired and I was cross. "There isn't." I volunteered to any one who'd listen, "a picture in the world that's worth waiting this long for—on a hot day, too. I wish I hadn't come. I wish——"

And then I caught a glimpse of the screen. And held my breath. For there, on that usually commonplace canvas, there was an etching of such grace and charm as we come upon in museums of art. Better—it was a *moving* picture. A delicate dance, with the dancers silhouetted against a brilliant background. A delight to the eye—and only one of the countless lovely Corots which make up *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

See it if you have to stand in line. You'll see it more than once. It is just what a motion picture should be—great entertainment. More than that, it is so sumptuously staged that it will hold the attention of the people who contend that the movies will never rise above the snappy picture-postcard ideals of art. It is entertaining and it is artistic, and if you want more than that—try and get it!

Booth Tarkington's charming romance is great stuff, whether your bobbed hair is gray or gold. Anyone who could sit through *Beaucaire* without experiencing just a little of that thrill which is all mixed up with courts and kings and daring lovers and lovely princesses might just as well end it all right now. There's everything which you used to read fairy tales and adventure yarns to find, and then some more. Only the more jaded younger sets may yawn at *Beaucaire's* thrilling duel with the *Duke of Winterset's* hirelings, after which they should be spanked and sent to bed.

Valentino comes back with a bow—and a bang. And they said he wouldn't fight! He stayed out of pictures two years—an eternity for an actor—because they wouldn't give him what he wanted. He came back and with Mrs. Valentino's aid, insisted upon a story such as this, with settings to match. The result proves that there is one actor, anyway, who has not lost his perspective. He has improved his time. He returns—and wrecks the



Q They don't look long suffering. Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford are the Pollyanna pillars of "Butterfly."

box-office records. Not content with that, he does a little acting that he has no reason to be ashamed of.

What is it about this man? He's no Salvini as to technique; and he's no Adonis, either. But he is the one actor besides Chaplin and Fairbanks who can stay away from pictures more than a month, be missed, and acclaimed at his return.

Sidney Olcott's direction hasn't done him any harm, of course. Olcott is a director whose taste can always be counted upon. He never fails to produce a quiet, intelligent photoplay. And in *Beaucaire* he has done more than that. He has directed a duel scene that will keep you on the edge of your seat, if you don't fall out at the finish. I never saw such a duel. There will never be another duel for me again after Rudolph's smashing victory over a dozen hefty swordsmen. But when I saw that gorgeous jacket of his ripped to pieces I could have broken down and cried, only I wouldn't have missed the next scenes for anything.

And the ladies? Well, of them all, I thought Lois Wilson looked most at home in her rich brocades. Yes—

gentle, quiet Lois stepped right out and seemed every inch the queen she was supposed to be. Bebe Daniels was pretty as the Princess who loved Rudy all the time, but there was a look about her of Hollywood, somehow. Doris Kenyon as the Belle of Bath, was a distinct disappointment. Surely, the Belle must have had more than mere beauty to bring *Beaucaire* to her feet and his knees. You'll like Lowell Sherman as the King—in fact, the cast is good.

Butterfly

HERE'S the latest member of the suffering sisterhood of the screen. You know those forlorn ladies who sacrifice themselves for a sister's sake? Kathleen Norris loves to write about them. This latest Norris story is a little more tearful than its predecessors.

The trouble with a story like this is that you can't sympathize with the long-suffering sister because she's such a wonderful moron. For no reason at all—except sisterly devotion, she lets herself be brow-beaten, humiliated,



Q An unforgettable clown and an aloof and lovely lady. Ernest Torrence and Anna O. Nilsson play in an exquisite picture "The Sideshow of Life."



Q Gloria goes to one studio party after another without harming a hair of her shapely head and then Tom Moore! It's lots of fun —"Manhandled."

knocked about, and abused because her younger sister is prettier than she is. There must be many who love these tales of self-sacrifice, and for their benefit *Butterfly* has been exceptionally well staged and acted.

Laura La Plante is ideally cast as the selfish sister; and Ruth Clifford manages to be almost convincing as the martyr. Miss Clifford deserves a vote of thanks for being as human as possible in such a role. Kenneth Harlan plays the forgiving husband of Little Sister as well as can be expected, especially as Mr. Harlan looks like the kind of male gentleman who wouldn't stand any nonsense from a woman. Norman Kerry is a long-haired violinist with a flowing tie. The only violinist I ever knew had hair-cuts regularly and dressed like an advertisement of "What the well-dressed man will wear", so I'm no judge of Mr. Kerry's performance.

The Sideshow of Life

YOU may have been one of the many who uttered hoarse cries when the announcement was made that Herbert Brenon was the lucky director assigned to guide *Peter Pan* through his celluloid incarnation. "Brenon!" you may have sniffed. "What has he ever done to deserve such a plum?

Why not John Robertson, who proved he knew what Barrie was driving at when he turned out such a delicate classic as *Sentimental Tommy*? Or why not William C. deMille, who goes in for that whimsical sort of thing, and did very well with *What Every Woman Knows*? Why not even James Cruze, the director who seems to be able to make any kind of a good picture? Why, why, why——" And so on, and on, and on.

Well, I thought so, too. I asked, and echo gave the answer. It is *The Sideshow of Life*.

It's an exquisite picture. Oh, I know, it isn't a spectacle. It isn't a costume picture nor yet a rousing tale of the revolution. It's just a simple tale of a few people you feel you'd like to know. And it is directed with such charm and such subtlety that it makes you look forward with hope to Herbert Brenon's *Peter Pan*.

William J. Locke's *The Mountebank* has been lead, very gently and sympathetically, into the mazes of screenland.

Torrence's hands aren't tapering, or shapely. But they can express more than any man's on the screen. What an actor he is! And as the clown who is made a hero, for awhile, by the war, and then goes back to being a clown again, he adds another to his unforgettable gallery of portraits which includes the immortal Bill Jackson of



QAn army tank with Johnny Hines in it provides a real thrill in "The Speed Spook."

The Speed Spook

I'VE seen energetic young men in the films ride to the rescue in everything from a limousine to a bicycle; but this is the first time I ever saw Our Hero jump into a handy tank and knock down trees and fences on his way. An army tank with Johnny Hines in it provides a real thrill in *The Speed Spook*. Maybe you don't happen to like tanks; but ever since I saw my first one in a news-reel, I've hoped that some star would seize this vehicle for his praise-worthy purpose. Johnny did; and so I had a good time. It's the best thing about *The Speed Spook*, and enables Hines to defeat a crooked politician and get his girl's father elected to sheriff's office—probably so that Johnny could keep on speeding. Edmund Breese and Frank Currier, two splendid veterans, share honors with Johnny—and the tank.

Going to Congress—Jubilo, Jr.

STILL, after thinking it all over, and taking it by and large, whatever that means, I hand the palm to Will Rogers this month for his two short comedies, *Going to Congress* and *Jubilo, Jr.* The first is a penetrating political satire. *Jubilo, Jr.* also employs Mickey Daniels, a child actor who is so good that I wonder why he, instead of his freckles, which got him his job, never gets the credit he deserves.

The Desert Outlaw

JUST a good, old-fashioned western, but I liked it better than some of this awfully social stuff we have been seeing lately. Buck Jones is just a nice kid and Evelyn Brent is a nice girl; *The Desert Outlaw* is good entertainment.

Reviews of Current Screenplays

By Martin B. Dickstein

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O. A mess of herring as old as the farmer's wife joke has been warmed over for this one, but like the herring you'll never be able to tell its age by prying open the jaws and counting the teeth. *Fools in the Dark* may be as old as Methuselah's mother-in-law, but (with apologies to Beatrice Lillie) there's certainly life in the old girl yet. It's one of those weird mystery comedies patterned after the fashion of Griffith's *One Exciting Night* in which a weak-kneed suitor for the heroine's hand is put through a right stiff test of his manly courage. Talk about thrills! Our poor old vertebral column hasn't been subjected to so many prickly sensations and icy blasts since we saw Wally Reid in *The Ghost Breaker*. Tom Wilson walks off with the honors in a characterization of a scared nigger which deserves a ranking among the best performances of the month. Matt Moore plays the yokel who is so cruelly subjected to the courage test. Still we couldn't blame him much for going through with it with a girl like Patsy Ruth Miller waiting at the other end of the film all packed and ready for the rice barrage. Director Al Santell has cooked his herring to a turn and you'll probably like it—if you care for that kind of fish.



Q "We couldn't blame Matt for going through with it for a girl like Patsy—"Fools in the Dark."

LILY OF THE DUST—Paramount. Adapted from Hermann Sudermann's famous novel, *Song of Songs*, this production which has been so ably directed by Dimitri

Buchowetski ranks as one of the real classics of the screen. In the starring role, Pola Negri is seen at her unquestionable best since she decided to add her regal presence to the little band of Famous Players out Hollywood way. There are those who will say that Negri never really had the benefit of an artist's direction since she was signed away from Lubitsch, but, be that as it may, no one will gainsay Dimitri Buchowetski's admirable handling of the fiery Pola in *Lily of the Dust*. Sudermann's gripping drama has been efficiently adapted by Paul Bern and the interpretations of the characters by Negri, Noah Beery, Ben Lyon and Raymond Griffith leave nothing to be desired in the celluloid version. Mark this one down as one of the season's screenings you simply *have* to see.



Q The fiery Pola is seen at her unquestionable best in "Lily of the Dust."

RACING FOR LIFE—Perfection. And while we're on the subject of old red herrings served up as fresh-caught cod, we can't resist the temptation to shake a little paprika on this thriller of the roaring road. At first glance it is a poor imitation of *Sporting Youth* as it contains all the worked-to-death motor race situations from the hero's tardy start to the winning of the motor car magnate's daughter. William Fairbanks looks and acts perfectly at home behind the wheel of a bullet-shaped mile eater, but in the less exciting scenes away from the track he appears to be as uncomfortable as a colored parson at a Klan meeting. A news reel shot of a national sweepstakes has been carelessly substituted for the big scene in which the hero cops the cup and we couldn't identify Fairbanks in the mad rush at the finish. But we know he won that race because the subtitles said so. A little more directorial attention to details and a bit of origi-

nality in the interpretation of this film would have made it corking entertainment in spite of the triteness of the plot. However, it's the right sort of stuff for the youngsters—there's so little sex in an auto race, you know.

MESSALINA—*F. B. O.* Enrico Guazzoni got by the immigration officers with this cinematic spectacle of friendly Roman countrymen. At that it looked to us like the whole Italian quota was exhausted in this ambitious production which boasts a couple of regiments of Mussolonian extras and spear holders. An Italian tragedienne by the name of Giovanna Terribili is generally as disappointing as her impressive proper name would indicate. The rest is pretty sad stuff with a reflection here and there of the director's earlier brilliancy in *Quo Vadis*, which slipped through the Port of New York some ten or twelve years ago. *Messalina* just goes to show that those furrin' productions can't hold a Christmas candle to even the weaker sisters among the made-in-America brand. It's worth seeing, though, just for the sake of comparison.

TIGER THOMPSON—*Hodkinson.* It doesn't make any difference what they title these Harry Carey passing shows of the wide open spaces. *Tiger Thompson* would have been just as good if Hunt Stromberg had called it *Red Mike from Bloody Gluch* or *Wolf McCarty's Leopard Gal of Snake River*. It's as western as the cactus candy Fred Harvey sells on the Limited between Las Vegas and Hollywood. All of which is meant to convey the idea that Carey's *Tiger Thompson* is not so very much different from the other .45 calibre double-barrelled thrillers he used to make at Universal City. The virile he-man stuff is nicely balanced by some clever Stromberg comedy bits and the photographic effects of authentic western exteriors will be appreciated by folks who never get farther away from home than the end of the suburban trolley line. Marguerite Clayton is Harry's leading lady—and what a merry chase she leads him. But see it for yourself.

FLYING FISTS—*Henry Ginsberg.* A new series of two-reel fisticuffs with champion Benny Leonard appearing in the hero role of Benny Lane. Leonard displays a surprising amount of screen ability and with his reputation for never getting his slick pompadour mussed, to say nothing of his camera-perfect proboscis, he makes a really acceptable movie sheik. The producers have managed to work in an honest-to-goodness scrap in every unit of the series and, as the roles opposite the champion are always filled by professional punch swappers, seeing *Flying Fists* is as good sport as a ringside seat at a Tex Rickard Milk Fund show. Sam Hellman, the Satevepost slang slinger, wrote the stories and the titles. If you can imagine George Ade, Will Rogers and H. C. Witwer sitting across a luncheon table from you, you might get some idea of the Hellman wit. More pictures like these and Benny Leonard will be the ranking attraction in pictures as well as punches.

THE SPITFIRE—*Murray Carrson.* A movie with more plot than there were extra people in *Robin Hood* and more actual screen highlights than there were custard pies in a 1915 Chaplin special. Director Bill Cabanne gives us something here that is guaranteed Grade-A and thoroughly pasteurized. We recommend it as one of the few films you can't afford to pass up.

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—*Universal.* Jumpin' Jack Hoxie in what would have been a tale of the open spaces

if Clifford Smith hadn't been so economical with the spaces. Still Hoxie is more interesting than a lot of Montana landscape, anyhow. An adorable little flapper type who isn't given screen credit helps give this "western" a different twist, though at best it remains a picture for the please-easies. Hard-boiled fans are urged to stay away for the management's sake.

TRAFFIC IN HEARTS—*C. B. C.* Something they'll like down in the Gas House district. It's so morally clean, inspiring and so darn full of hokum that it'd make the toughest yegg toss away his brass knuckles and beat it for the first Y. M. C. A. and a Gideon Bible. Robert Frazer plays a clean, young political reformer who sets out to "get" the graft ring hell bent for matrimony—and he does. Inspirational stuff with lots of moral.

BROADWAY OR BUST—*Universal.* All about a pair of long-horn wrasslers who come into a fortune because somebody discovered radium on their ranch. Hoot Gibson and his pal suddenly find themselves catapulted into the select circle of the nouveau riche and set out on horseback to paint the Great White Way a brilliant shade of red. If you haven't seen too much of this sort of thing, you might like it. But you probably won't.

WANDERING HUSBANDS—*Hodkinson.* Lila Lee and her equally celebrated husband, Jim Kirkwood, in what seems to be an inconsequential but nevertheless interesting photoplay. There are only three players in the cast, the party of the third part being represented in the person of Marguerite Livingston. She's put there to vamp poor Jim away from Lila. This screening ranks well up among the better program pictures of the year.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT—*Associated Exhibitors.* Another fillum with a moral. It sermonizes, moralizes and sterilizes with friend William Faversham doing most of the dirty work. Much excess footage in the preaching of this cinematic sermon gives the picture a tendency to drag. Too morbid to be entertaining.

THE RECKLESS AGE—*Universal.* An obvious follow-up on *Sporting Youth* with Reginald Denny again taking all the honors. Reggie appears to be quite at home in a typical Wallie Reid role. With Ruth Dywer playing opposite him, they make a most attractive team. The story itself is too thin and wobbles dangerously in the biggest moments. Otherwise, it's passably good stuff.

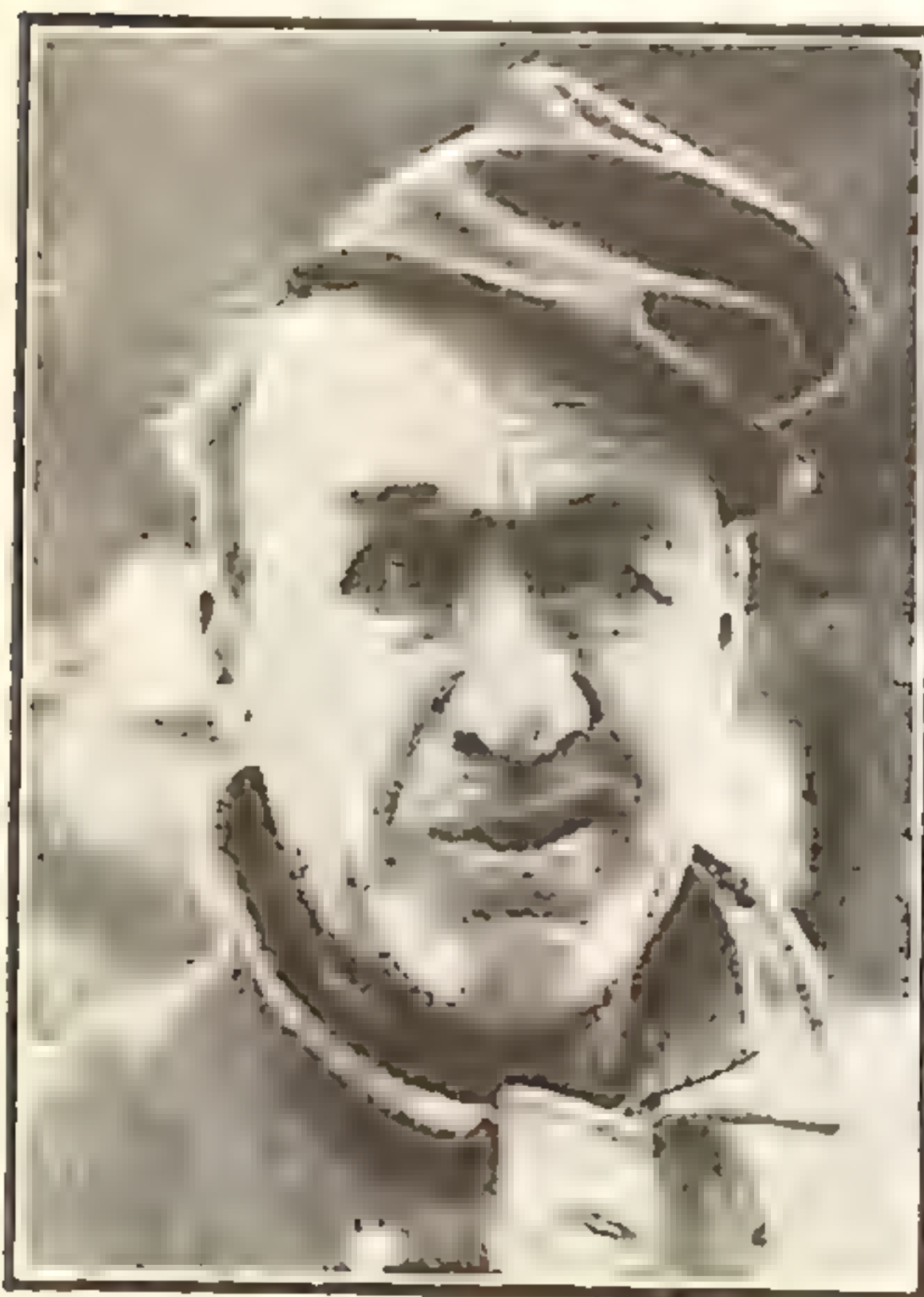
IN FAST COMPANY—*Truart.* Richard Talmadge in a zippy rah-rah yarn that should go big at Ann Arbor and in every other town with an I. C. S. sub-station. Some brand new ideas on how to stage a fast steppin' collegiate hi-jinks without bringing down the wrath of the prexy—or the Mayor. This picture is one of the good-old-days variety and has oodles of pep from the word go.

LOVE OF WOMEN—*Selznick.* Maybe Whitman Bennett doesn't make the worst pictures in the world but we don't know who else deserves the palm if he doesn't. This one is sufficient cause for Helene Chadwick to sue for damages to her reputation as an intelligent actress. It is one of those matrimonial triangles in which a little chee-ild gets sick and brings the erring couple back to mend their ways. And a little child shall—well, it's that kind of a picture.

The Iron Horse, the William Fox Romantic Drama

A romance of the building of the first transcontinental railroad.

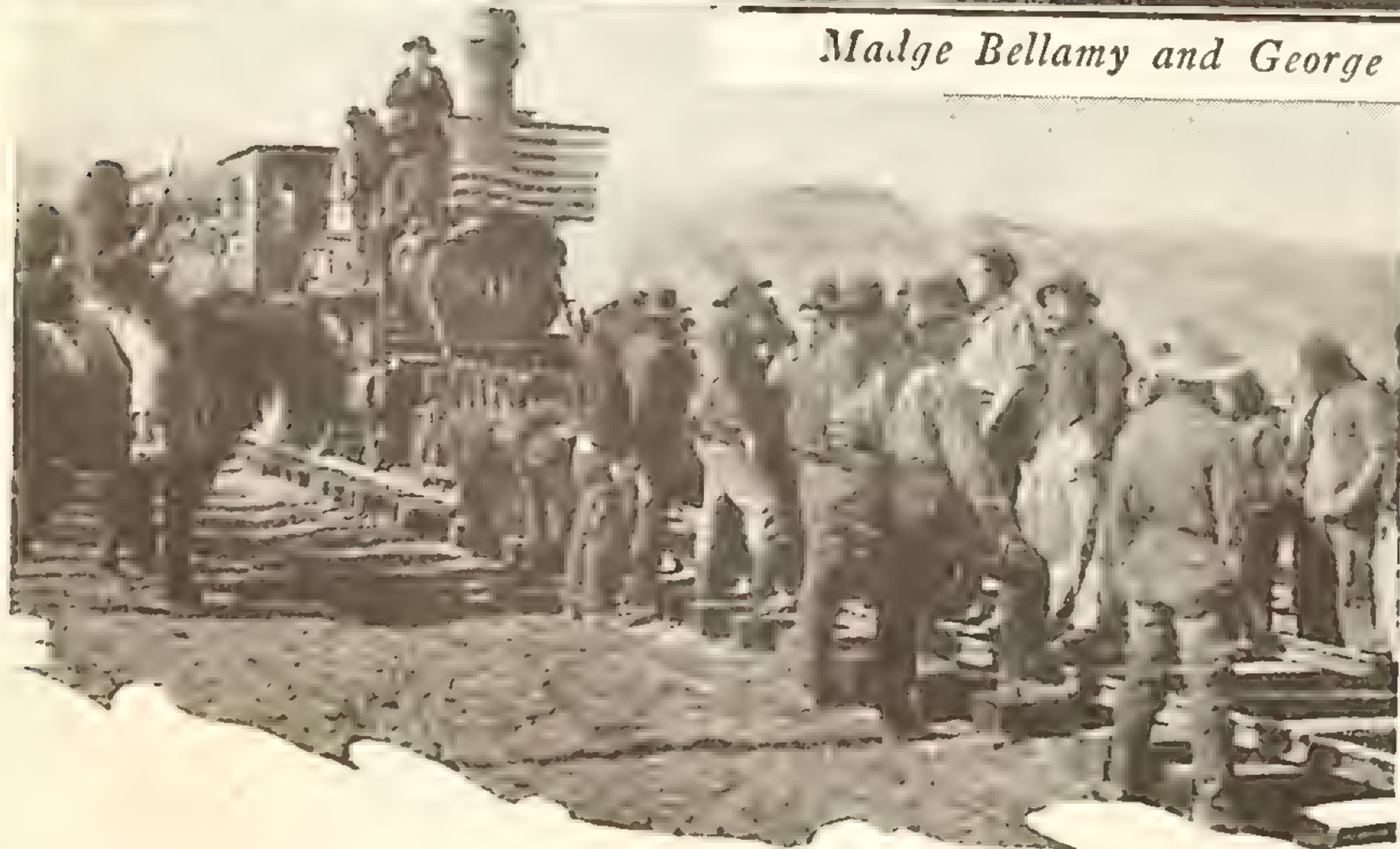
J. Farrell MacDonald as Corporal Casey.



Gladys Hulette.



Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien and the Iron Horse.



Judge Charles Edward Bull's characterization of Abe Lincoln is truly remarkable.

A stirring picture of the days when America was making.



Harold Lloyd, in "Hot Water"



The new comedy describes in painstaking fashion some of the pains incident to matrimony.

Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston and true love that doesn't run smoothly.



Here we see Harold taking home a few bundles. And below—



"Let's discuss this thing calmly." A glimpse of Harold in "Hot Water."

It looks as if Harold had changed his mind.

Photo by Gene Korman



Buster Keaton in His New Film "The Navigator"



Q *Buster Keaton and his newest leading lady Kathryn O'Connor in "The Navigator." It looks as if Buster had too long suppressed his desire to laugh.*

Q *Buster Keaton personally supervises coiffure of extra.*

Norma Talmadge

*and Eugene O'Brien in
"Sacrifice."*

Constance Talmadge

*and Roland Coleman in
"One Night."*



3
Pairs
of
Lovers



*George O'Brien
and Dorothy
MacKail in
"The Man
Who Came
Back."*

"Nothing Today"

A movie girl never quits. They call her an Extra Girl because she has an extra allowance of beauty and an extra supply of grit.

By Hamilton Thompson

A CHEAP alarm clock ticked noisily on the small enamelled bureau. At times its mechanism showed signs of giving out, and then, with one rasping jerk, took on a new lease of life, jangling along again at a terrific rate, as if to awaken more quickly the occupants of the disarrayed bedroom. The timepiece, like the bureau on which it rested, was battered—both veterans of a lost cause. Their experiences had left imperishable marks.

At either side of the bureau was a narrow window through which a gray light filtered. It brought out, in hazy relief, the tawdry furnishings of the room. In this half gloom, three cots were discernible. . . one with the coverings thrown rudely aside. The other two were occupied. Two trunks, one of the wardrobe variety, stood adjacent to a pile of hat boxes, leaning Pisa-like, seemingly on the verge of toppling over and yet mysteriously maintaining their precarious positions. In one corner was the inevitable delicatessen small box filled with rubbish.

Three chairs, swamped with feminine apparel, leaned against the wall. A nondescript floor covering, that undoubtedly had started its existence as a carpet but, long since, had lost all rights to the title, completed the furnishings.

There was one other touch. . . a distinctive one. From a decrepit ceiling light, in the center of the room, suspended a string to the end of which a frayed satin pump had been tied. For hours it had hung limp, motionless, casting a ribbon shadow across one of the cots. Suddenly, an impatient hand pulled it into action. An electric bulb sprang into life, and simultaneous with the illumination came the squeak-squeak of a bed-spring.

"Peggy! Oh-h-h Peg-g-ee——!"

Lois Condon's crescendo ended in a prolonged wail, as she raised herself, elbowwise, on her cot and crossly contemplated the recumbent form on the opposite cot.

"Darn!" She addressed her impatient comment to nothing in particular and the wide world in general. "Why doesn't the kid wake up when that drunken alarm clock makes a noise like a rivetin' machine?"

Lois' vexation was clearly expressed in her comely features as, reaching the floor, she seized a shoe, much worn at the heel, and hurled it at the still sleeping Peggy.

"Peg! Damn it all. . . !" Lois was apt to become profane when things failed to function according to her sweet will. "Don't you remember that you've got to go over to that picture factory at nine?"

No answer. The mate to the shoe, a coverless novel, and a round mouse trap that had done heroic service rained about the body of Peggy Dixon, extra girl for the day at the Crimerian Films, Incorporated. The mousetrap did the job. There was a movement under the coverlet, a tousled head became visible, one ink foot appeared; and then, with a rush, the covers were tossed aside and Peggy Dixon's entire figure was revealed in all its silk-nighted

slenderness. Starving to death on a desert island, Peggy would have passed by a loaf of bread had her eyes rested on a silk nightie at the same moment.

She sat up and, with a great show of dignity, regarded the cause of her awakening.

"Are you trying to wake up the whole darned neighborhood?" An unbiased critic, even at this moment of awakening, would have pronounced Peggy as extremely attractive. "Want Miss Cousins at us again?" She jabbed a pillow viciously.

Lois, settled back again in her own bed, complacently ignored the questions. The neighborhood was none of her affair and, at the moment, she had no interest in Miss Cousins, the 'head hunter' who owned the drab rooms which served as the girls' home. To Peggy and Lois, all landladies were 'head-hunters', especially when the room rent was considerably over-due. . . . as it was now. For Aggie Johnson, the third member of the trio who occupied the room, and Aggie alone, the landlady, the board bill and all attending evils held no horrors.

How Aggie, of all people, happened to affiliate herself with Peggy and Lois, the young adventurers, will ever remain a mystery. For her, adventure was merely a word encountered in fiction; but never to be reckoned with in life. Each of her days was precisely the same as the one preceding it and the one to follow. She was secretary-de-luxe for an advertising man. She practically took charge of his agency and business. . . nine daily hours of business formed the very threads of her existence. She had little or no imagination, but she did have a bank account. She could buy more than one pair of stockings at a time!

Aggie was at once the envy and despair of the other two. Their respect for her ability to hold a steady job was tempered, at times, with intolerance of her smug conceit. Just now, Peggy, standing erect and stretching luxuriously, wondered how Aggie managed to get up and off before eight without a murmur of protest. Dismissing this unsolvable riddle, she moved cautiously to the hallway and, leaning over the balustrade, listened intently. Then, satisfied that the enemy was not within ear shot, she went into the bathroom, continuing her monologue. From her bed, Lois listened, an apathetic audience.

"I wonder," said Peggy, "why the tubs around this neighborhood were designed for pigmies. I think I'm washing my chin and find myself removing the grime from my knee. As for my *back*. . . there's a perfect cavity there where the faucet has dug in. I'm tied up in knots and . . . Oh, well, what's the use? I suppose I should be grateful for the experience. If they don't want me in the movies, I can get into the circus as a contortionist or something. Can't you hear 'em yelling? 'Step this way. Only ten cents to see the Limber Lady get into a cigarette box and out again without breaking a single bone or denting the side of the box. Only ten. . .'"

"Oh, shut up, Peggy!" Lois had reached the limit of her



Illustrated by
A. J. TREMBATH

"Lois! Turn over and look at me, you worm!—My clean B. V. D. is missing and something tells me . . . Ah! I see a guilty gleam in your eyes."

patience. "I hate to be rude, but I was *almost* asleep again. Just because *you* have to get up at midnight is no reason for getting *me* up, too, is-it? Aggie isn't noisy like you!"

"Aggie is perfect." Peggy passed Lois on her way to the bureau. "I prefer to be imperfect but interesting. But I'll keep still now, really. Now that's out of my system."

And she was still. For fully a minute and a half. Then, sharply. . .

"Lois! Turn over and look at me, you worm! My clean B. V. D. is missing and something tells me. . . Aha! I see a guilty gleam in your eyes."

"But listen, Peggy. Yesterday I couldn't find a thing. Mine have simply passed on. I didn't think you'd care . . . much," ended Lois lamely.

Peggy smiled grimly.

"Oh, no; not at all. It really doesn't matter, of course, whether I show up at the studio with clothes on or not.

In fact" waxing sarcastic, "they're looking around, I think, for some one to play the part of a splinter."

"A splinter!" Lois' face expressed skeptic amazement.

"Yes." sweetly. "On one of the masts in a shipwreck scene. I may be a Cape Cod girl and know all about boats; but just because I was brought up on codfish and ozone is no reason why I. . . Ouch! Cut it out!"

The third pillow found its mark!

Lois, the idea of further sleep given up, now began with her own toilette. Peggy, fully dressed, placed the tea kettle on the rusty gas range, in the closet-like kitchenette, and began to forage for food.

"Heck!" she wailed. "Aren't there any buns? All I can find in this darn love nest is a remnant of butter. And I can't spread it on my coffee."

Lois deftly twisted a gay-colored scarf about her neck and viewed the effect in a mirror.

"If you will feed all our worldly goods to those lazy Englishmen, Peg, what can you expect? You let Bert and Sidney into the kitchen yesterday. You might have known they'd grab everything in sight. If you had to get some one to fall in love with you, I don't see why you had to pick two such pigs."

"They are a nuisance. And I do try to discourage them. But, you know, dear, Bert is in love with you." Then switching abruptly, "Why couldn't Aggie have brought food with her? She never does."

Lois made a wry face.

"As if she would think of breakfast, or us, or anything but the office and God." The girls, in Aggie's absence, always referred to her boss as "God." "If we left the buying to her, we'd have starved long ago."

She helped herself to a pale pink cup, whose mate, of necessity, was a red and gold saucer, and continued.

"Seriously, Peg, your work at the studio will be ever so much better if you go on nothing but tea. The great prima-donnas all say they go without eating for hours before making a stage appearance."

"Yeah," drawled Peggy. "And after the show they drive off in their fur-lined limousines for a wonderful feed. It's a hard life. If I could count on a regular lunch today, in a cosy corner with. . ."

"Ned Blystone?" interjected Lois slyly.

Peggy flushed. Ned Blystone was one of the best-known Crimerian stars, leading man in the picture in which Peggy was working. In Peg's eyes he was perfection plus. She had admitted this to Lois and added that she was mad about him. Lois agreed with her, but Lois had meant to be sarcastic.

"I was *not* going to say that." Peggy could present a chill dignity if she chose. "I was about to say, a cosy corner with shaded lights, and a nice waiter, and. . ."

"Ned Blystone!"

"Very well then. . . and Ned Blystone! A fat chance," she added ruefully, "with Gloria Thomas around! With her on the lot he'd never sit in a corner with me. . . unless he was pushed there." Peggy sighed dramatically, but in earnest. "Some girls have all the luck. Not satisfied with playing leads she has to get *him* crazy about her. Good night!"

"Cheer up, kid," vouchsafed Lois consolingly. "Altman said you were in line for something good in the next pic-

ture. And it's something to have him notice you."

Peggy made a wry face.

"Altman is only the assistant casting director. Besides, all Blystone can see is the artist and I'm not picked for my acting. If I do get a small part, it will be because it's a seacoast special and I'm the only girl in the crowd who can row a boat without committing suicide. Besides, it may not come. . . it never does." This last with a sigh.

Then she brightened, a whimsical smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"Ye high and mighty director, Jay Jordan, doesn't know that I exist, so that's a big help. . . nit." Then abruptly, "How do you like this hat, or should I wear the blue one? They're both wrecks."

"You're right," agreed Lois. "But that one's the wreckier. Wear the blue one. It brings out your eyes. And don't forget to pump old Dion for any news about work next week. You might remind him that I am still living. Of all the casting directors that ever happened, he takes the prize for procrastination. The big prune," she added.

"I'll see what I can do." Peggy viewed the effect of a finishing pat with the powder puff. "It'll probably be the same old line. . . Nothing today. Come around next week. You can leave your pictures. Yes, come around next Tuesday. Bring your friend, too.' That's him. Still," philosophically, "it isn't as though we were the only ones who have to hear it. Remember that pompous old actor you saw in Dion's office the other day? His name is Warburton Royle and he's been on the stage for years. He admits both. Just because he hasn't knocked them cold at the Crimerian he roasts the movies to a turn. Looks askance at the actors coming off the set and mutters 'lice of the profession; lice of the profession.' He confided in me, Monday, that pictures had ruined the legit."

Lois deftly rescued a colored handkerchief that she intended to use herself and at the same time queried:

"How about that sweet little lady with the crinkly white hair?" Is she still hanging about?"

"Uhuh! Does everything but sleep there. She has a grievance against all writers for not putting a grandmother in every reel of every picture" She gave a final hitch to the waist band of her skirt. "If she waits long enough, they'll have to be writing in great-grandmothers for her! Heigho. That's what we're coming to."

"You certainly are cheerful this morning," remarked Lois not without reason. "Tell me. . ."

"Haven't got time, honey. I must scoot this minute because. . . There's Mrs. Dubois! The sweet old thing. Heavens, isn't she fat!"

Mrs. Roda Gravuere Dubois, a dirty, but inordinately affectionate back alley cat adopted by the girls, sidled mincingly towards Peggy.

The two girls bent over Mrs. Dubois, whose impending maternity was a source of extraordinary interest to them.

"I have a feeling that Mike and Rachel and a few other brothers and sisters will make their debut before Sunday," said Lois thoughtfully. "What will you bet that they don't?"

"Nothing," Peggy replied promptly. "I'm broke and you know it. Besides you can't rely on Mrs. Dubois. It would be just like her to. . . Good Lord! "She pointed to the clock. "Is this thing right? I've got just twelve minutes to make it. Good by, old dear. (Continued on page 79.)"

"Buy a ticket, climb into the train and thank God you're headed in the right direction," and the sympathy in Peggy's voice was genuine.

"You didn't do that, did you?" the little strange girl asked.



"I relish best the free gifts of Providence."—Hawthorne

PEGGY SHANNON

Art Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston





"O life! how pleasant is thy morning!"—Burns.

MARTHA ALBERT

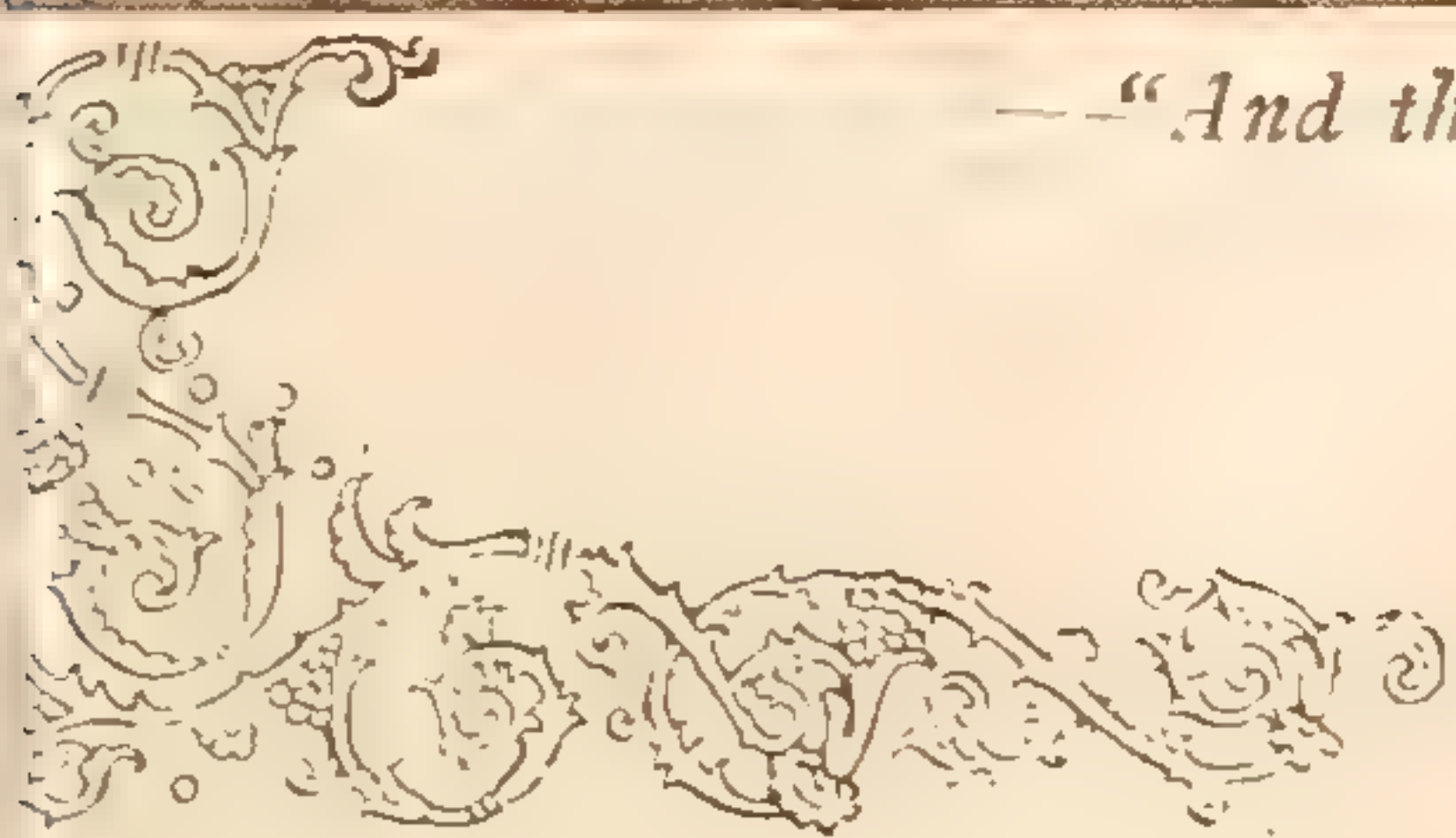
Art Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

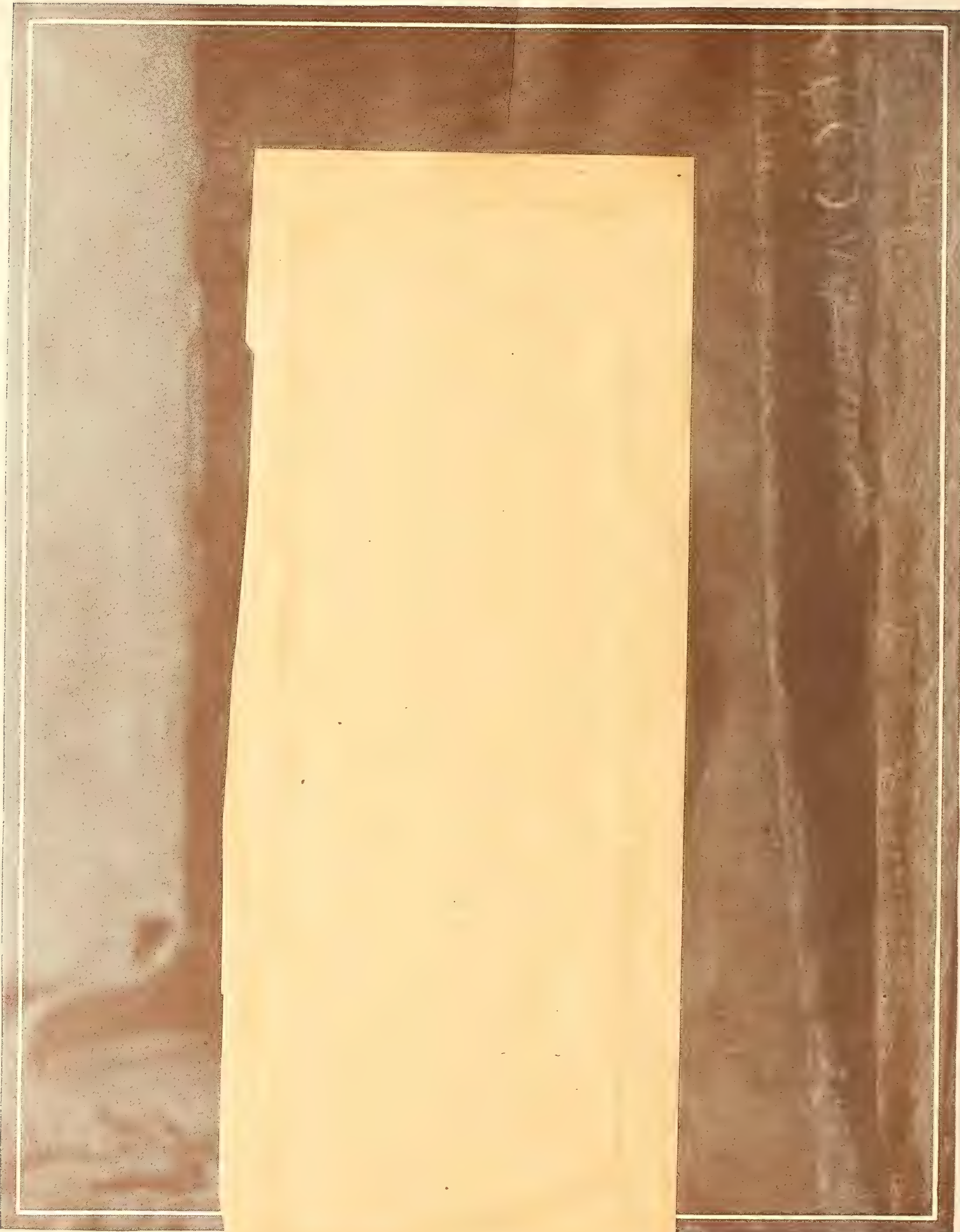




—*“And there a vision caught my eye; the reflex of a beautiful form.”*—Tennyson

HAZEL DONNELLY
Art Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston





"Go

Shakespeare.

RUTH WILCOX
Art Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Apple Sauce

By
Robert Cyril O'Brien

JACKIE COOGAN, who receives annually for his services more good negotiable American dollars than most people five—yes and even ten—times his age, is appearing in *Little Robinson Crusoe*, from the pen and typewriter respectively of Daniel Defoe and Willard Mack.

The Boy Wonder has so many friends that his mother and father are considering having his picture taken.

* * *

WE note that Universal's *Wine* is coming soon, Pussy-foot Johnson, Andy Volstead et al. notwithstanding. Andy owes a lot to liquor. Boosted by booze, as you might say.

The cast of this refreshing picture includes such favorites as Clara Bow, Forrest Stanley, Huntly Gordon (whose surname is reminiscent of something akin to wine, although we can't recall at this moment just what it is), Walter Long, and Others (whose first name, incidentally, is not given).

So don't miss it. There was a rumor that they intended to serve samples at some performances but we are not in a position to verify it. Will the premier open with a pop?

All of which reminds us that King Vidor's *Wine of Youth* is also on tap.

* * *

THE COVERED WAGON is still running. Since Charles Ogle just said "Giddap" many, many moons ago, six thousand barrels of axle grease (if axle grease comes in barrels) have been used in keeping the old bus moving.

* * *

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT, if we can believe the producers, is a drama of modern love and hate. Why *modern*? Our darling old grandmother, who is now in her hundred and twentieth year, told us confidentially the other day that there is really not the slightest difference between modern love and hate and ancient love and hate. And we'll believe our grandma any time, even if she does lie sometimes when we accuse her of swiping our cigarettes.

* * *

AND now we have *Barbara Frietchie*, adapted from the Clyde Fitch play by Lambert Hillyer and Agnes Christine Johnson.

Barbara Frietchie! How that name brings back the good old Civil War Days. Dear, dear. Those were the days when a fellow could send somebody in to bat for him when drafted. But then, of course, that was nothing but a private quarrel.

Thanks to the familiar poem of the same name, the Barbara Frietchie-Stonewall Jackson episode is known to practically all, so of course the movie director heard of it.

It has now but definitely proved that Stonewall did not say "Who touches a hair on yon gray head dies like a dog. Mah Jong!" he said.

Barbara Frietchie, the patriot, is not G. M. Cohan's grandmother, as you thought.

* * *

WE understand that Baby Peggy, Filmdom's cutest vampire, still believes in Santa Claus. So would you if you got seventy thousand dollars a week, or whatever she gets.

* * *

SOME of the best acting on the screen today is done in the news reels. Benito Mussolini easily outclasses everybody in dramatic posing. The most remarkable feature is that he never receives a cent or a lira or whatever coin they use in Italy for his histrionic efforts. They ought to give some of these high-priced actors something to think about.

* * *

CAPTAIN BLOOD is the third Rafael Sabatini opus to reach the silver sheet.

It will undoubtedly please the many admirers of that virile idol, J. Warren Kerrigan, to learn that he appears in the title role, that of a real, live, honest-to-goodness buccaneer—not the comic-opera variety. Incidentally, there is a little story that will bear repeating in connection with the why and wherefore of his being chosen for the part.

It seems—that's the proper way to commence intimate yarns of this kind—it seems that Warren got tired of riding around in covered wagons and suggested that an ocean voyage might do him good for a change. Well, that's that.

In this production Miss Jean Paige is Arabella. Or rather Arabella is Miss Jean Paige. You have your choice here.

There are two love stories in this thrilling screen novel; one between the Captain and Arabella and the other between Jeremiah Pitt and Mary Traill.

Double header today.

* * *

TEACHER: Use *Ben Hur* in a sentence.

JOHNNY: I knew a lady who married a millionaire ninety years old and he dropped dead right after the ceremony. How would you like to have *been her*?

* * *

WILLIAM FOX is astute in bringing out a picture bearing the title *The Iron Horse*. It will give many people in the various cities throughout the country an opportunity to see a horse looks like.

While we are on the subject: We once had an iron horse in front of our house in the country. One night we returned home late, looked at the thing, and darned if it didn't commence to prance and, eventually, to gallop right off the lawn. Right before our very eyes, too.

Glad to know Bill Fox caught it.



Q Marion Coakley and Leslie Howard in "The Werewolf", wherein the professor's astral body misbehaves.



Q Renee Miller in "The Dream Girl."

Q Elizabeth Hines in "Marjorie," one of the new season's hits.



Q Beatrice Lillie, Nelson Keys and Gertrude Lawrence stars of "Charlot's Revue of 1924."

Dramaland

A Review of the New York Stage

THE title is the only really bad thing about *No Other Girl*, which seems to have the brightest prospects of any musical comedy that has opened during the first days of the new season. *Dancing Quakers* would have suited this pleasant opus better and would have prepared us for the slight shock of hearing "Thee and Thou" sprinkled among jazz melodies, by demure maidens in quaker blue flinging a naughty knee.

This intriguing pastoral, laid for two acts in Quakertown, half-way between Philadelphia and New York, as the hero pathetically insists while trying to sell his get-rich-quick scheme, is refreshingly different, in that it actually has a plot, a plot that is not forgotten in the last act; but all the threads are neatly tied, leaving a Thee married to a Thou and the Spanish La Sidello safely paired off with the "greatest advertising man in New York," and smiling Doris Eaton, whom the audience insists on comparing to her famous sister, Mary, sworn to endure the far from modest boastings of William Sully for the rest of her life—or for the run of the play, which may be quite a spell, judging from the enthusiasm of the first night audience.

MARJORIE

The producers of one of the season's first musical comedies, *Marjorie*, evidently worked on the theory that hot weather audiences like strawberry ice cream sodas. For *Marjorie*, at the Shubert Theater, is just that—a delicious, refreshing, pretty-colored, frothy, frivolous strawberry ice cream soda. And it is well known that ice cream is nourishing—and, to a certain extent, filling. But one never remembers an ice cream soda.

The ingredients of this ice-cream-soda-musical-comedy are not at all new or different. There's a pretty blond girl, Elizabeth Hines, who makes a charming reason for the chorus men to kneel and sing romantic love songs in a strangely uninspired fashion. There's a very slim, short hero, Roy Royston, who is scarcely taller than the rather statuesque Miss Hines, but who, through the vagaries of the plot, is made into a successful producer of stage plays, among them the script which the heroine's brother, most

skillfully and humorously played by Richard Skeat Gallagher, has been trying to palm off on all the play producers in the world and Forty-second Street.

There are so many songs that the three authors and four composers are determined to get across that the plot becomes completely swamped, and I especially mourned the necessity for cutting Nan Crawford's part as Juliette Loti, the film star, to a mere bit.

But Andrew Tombes alone is worth the price of an ice-cream soda—beg pardon, of a musical comedy. His tomb-like manner and Keatonesque lack of expression strike a deep bass note to relieve the ordinary tinkle of the rest of the comedy. As the press agent of the talented young producer of young ladies' brothers' plays, he's—well, he satisfies. He's the fizz in the ice cream soda. Skeat Gallagher makes a real life character out of the juvenile playwright who is afraid of falling in love—and so promptly becomes entangled with Molly Daly, so well played by Ethel Shattu that she is almost guilty of stealing the play, or what is left of it after Gallagher and Tombes walk away with it.

DANCING MOTHERS

A serious attempt to go Ibsen one better on his theme in *A Doll's House* results in *Dancing Mothers*, at the Booth Theater, a play which the audience simply eats up and which causes the weary critics one large pain. Again the younger generation

forms the punching bag for drama.

The title tells it all. Mrs. Westcourt (Mary Young), as the flouted mother who is impertinently called "Buddy" by her impossible young daughter, Catherine, gets tired of being a granny-sit-by-the-fire at forty, and decides to step out, to punish her mildly philandering husband and her saucy daughter.

The conclusion has the only element of surprise and real value that the drama possesses. "Kittens," completely subdued and reduced to a Victorian state of mushy sentimentality about mother and home, which she had been flouting so consistently, and Daddykins, otherwise Mr. Westcourt, ably played by Henry Stephenson, are sitting in the home made desolate by the desertion of their Buddy. Buddy comes back for some gorgette negli-

Myron Zobel Writes From Paris

QI. *The Folies-Bergere is the best revue in Paris; that is, it is the nearest to our own American standards. It has music (American vintage of 1921) colorful costumes, and one good dancer—Stowitts, a former University of California track man who made quite a reputation with Pavlova. His work is full of vitality.*

The far-famed French nudity will be a disappointment to eager Americans.

The Folies contained several musical hits, amongst them Lady of the Evening, Played it on a Ukelele, They Call it Dancing, Stars and Stripes Forever. Americans abroad may expect momentarily to hear the Star Spangled Banner rendered in jazz time. They have adapted everything else we have.

QII. *Another revue that comes under the head of "Plays that do not require a knowledge of French" is Tout Nue. This is perhaps the most daring revue in Paris, and Mlle. Aubert has the much discussed French vivacity. American producers would do well to import her little act called The Powder Puff. The theatre is tiny, and a group of choristers armed with powder puffs and pink lace handkerchiefs attack the audience. They pick out those men who blush the deepest and tucking a handkerchief about their neck, powder them with a vengeance.*

gees, and Gerald, a fascinating bachelor, who has allowed "Kittens" to make love to him, handsomely bargains with Mr. Westcourt. He will give up the only woman he has ever loved, if it is for her happiness. Will Mr. Westcourt be as generous? Daddykins can't see it that way at all, and coaxes Buddy to stay. The contrite daughter pulls some heavy, dramatic lines in the same effort. And—Buddy does the Nora stunt. She walks out of her home and her past life, to seek self-expression. You can console yourself, if you are in tears over this warping of dramatic proprieties, that Buddy will express herself a lot and then come home to Kittens and Daddykins. And then again, if you are romantic and forty, you can tell yourself that she has found the great love of her life. At any rate, the ending is refreshingly courageous.

THE BEST PEOPLE

I can't help dividing *The Best People*, at the Lyceum Theater, into two distinct parts, attributing the plot to David Gray, and the lines to Avery Hopwood. If I wrong Mr. Gray, I am sorry. But my past admiration for Mr. Hopwood, even when he was suffering most painfully from his bedroom-complex, compels me to find excuses for him. The plot is ridiculous, farcical, stagey, but the lines are often cracklingly clever.

The co-authors took the two oldest situations in the world and welded them into a play—the sissie girl, weary of this ceaseless round of gayeties, yearning for the *real* things of life, chucks the noble ass of an English Lord and proposes to the sho-fure, accent on the last syllable.

The twin situation to this sissie girl proposing to the sho-fure is the good-for-nothing young sissie son, weary of doing nothing, nothing, nothing real, falling in love with a chorus girl. Oh, no, dearie! Not that kind of a girl! That kind is played by her best friend, Millie (Florence Johns). But Alice O'Neill, Bertie's chorus girl, is so sweet and pure that she almost bores the audience to death.

There you have the play. Mrs. Bronson Lenox, the sissie matron, snubs the servants and Bronson's private secretary, and settles down to a hysterical evening. Margaret Dale reveals the fact that she is a splendid actress, in spite of the crimes her authors make her commit. And Charles Richmand makes a human being out of Bronson Lenox, the powerful lawyer who spoils his children and then tries to bribe the chorus girl and the sho-fure to leave his precious pets alone.

Just when the audience is breathing more freely, believing that for once such mesalliances will be averted, and the "real best people"—the sho-fure and the chorus girl—will be saved much grief in the future, the plot reverts to formula, and the suddenly enlightened father begs the two "real people" to marry his trifling son and his obstreperous daughter.

Again sissie is properly put in its place and common laboring people exalted.

In spite of the unpleasant character the authors wish upon her, Frances Howard makes a charming flapper lead, and James Rennie makes feminine hearts beat fast throughout the audience. As I said, the lines are frequently clever—

THE DREAM GIRL

The Ambassador Theater will undoubtedly be displaying the same electric sign for some time to come—Fay Bainter in *The Dream Girl*.

Forgetting Miss Bainter for a moment, the

most important thing about the new musical comedy is that Victor Herbert wrote the music. And needless to say, the music is charming, insinuating, invigorating, dreamy, exotic. Never trite or cheap. Three songs are notably unforgettable—"Dream Girl," "Maiden, Let Me In"—the rousing drinking song which opens the second act—and "Broad Highway." The show would survive if it had only these three songs and that splendid second act.

As for Fay Bainter—why does she permit her talents to be wasted on musical comedy? The Bainter charm is pretty nearly unique—it is independent of beauty—and it's independent of that quality called *chic*. The Bainter personality seeps out into any audience, no matter how cold, and warms it up into a sort of adoring approval of herself, if not of the show. But in this instance, the show itself goes pretty well. And Walter Woolf is a very able co-star. He has a virile masculinity that emphasizes Miss Bainter's diminutive femininity, and he can sing.

The nice little plot is taken from Rida Johnson Young's lay on reincarnation—*The Road to Yesteryear*. An Irish Nora (Clara Palmer), with a broad brogue to prove it, hists about the stage, warning the folks at a studio tea not to be too rash in making wishes, since it is—hist!—Midsummer's Eve. Fay Bainter immediately wishes—hist!—and is transported in dreams along the road to long ago, where she meets Walter Woolf in leather jerkin and red panties. During the entire second act she is obsessed with the conviction that it is all a dream; yet no amount of pinching can wake her up out of the fifteenth century. The conceit gives a charming opportunity for beautiful and unusual costumes and some rousing songs—excuse enough for anything.

Comedy is manfully and unremittingly supplied by Billy B. Van, who is thoroughly modern with a radio complex. This is the first musical comedy of the season to squeeze fun out of the radio and should prove popular, if for no other reason. Unfortunately, the authors supply poor Mr. Van with some terrible jokes, which cramp his style considerably.

Vivara, a vivacious dancer, in the character of Melena, the gypsy girl, does some dancing which more than compensates for Miss Bainter's reticence toward tripping and kicking.

Clever, for the most part, very pictorial, and leavened with the sweetest music of the new season—you'll undoubtedly enjoy *The Dream Girl*.



Q Doris Eaton in "No Other Girl." Great family, the Eatons.

Where Beauty Serves

(Continued from page 21)

Lady Luck is going to smile on her, if not today, then surely tomorrow!

But the two girls, having ordered, were settling down for a talk.

"How's the job, Lois? Still selling white goods at Hamburger's?" the red-headed, gray-eyed little beauty in the cheap black taffeta dress with a maid's apron and cap asked of the girl who was not in make-up.

"Quit Saturday," the other triumphed. "That's why I asked you to lunch here with me today. I've saved enough to try it again. I've got a big stake now—nearly two hundred dollars. I'd a-quit sooner but I wanted to have a complete evening dress outfit—and I've got it now, at employe's discount—pale green chiffon velvet, trimmed with the glitteriest sequins you ever saw, and brocaded silver slippers and cobwebby silky-stockings and a big ostrich feather fan that'll knock 'em dead, Lorna. And a tiara for my hair. Oh, boy! I'll make Gloria Swanson ask me who's my importer yet! She'll be copying her headdress after me next!"

"Gee, kid, I wish I had the nerve to get out long enough to get some clothes and a fresh eye. But every time I begin to brush up on my shorthand I get a call to be on the set at eight o'clock in makeup! And I ask you, Lois, what can you do? But gee, my clothes are in rags, and if I don't strike it lucky soon, I'll have to write my kid brother that I've got appendicitis or something, to get the coin to stock up again. Say, he's a newspaper artist, and the roll that kid does pull down on Saturday noon! He'd do anything for me, but he hates me to be in pictures. I see myself quitting after that close-up I got in that dance hall picture I worked in last week. Did I tell you about it?"

Lois of the sta-combed black boyish bob shook her head. "You know I ain't seen you lately. Any chance to help me get in? I'm going over to Lasky's this afternoon—"

"Say, lemme tell you about my close-up. I was as thrilled as if I'd been made a star! The script called for the dance hall to be snowed in for five days, with no provisions except liquor—strong tea, it was. Then a rescue party comes along and brings gobs of victuals. We have to fall to and wolf the stuff, as if we was starved—great big chunks of jerked meat and stale bread. And you know, kid, I was so hungry—I didn't eat a bite all day for the usual reason—trying to diet for my figger's sake, ha, ha!—well I hadn't eat anyway, and I could have wolfed a raw steak if they'd asked me to. I snatched a piece of meat out of another girl's hands and the director thought I was so enthused with the 'business' that he turned the camera on me. Hope to the Lord they keep that close-up of me. Be just like



Q *What's Wong with this picture?*
One of the most interesting star possibilities on the screen. Anna May Wong.

say, 'Who's that pretty little brunette in the cabaret scene, flirting with Valentino?' And presto, you're picked out—and made!" Lorna snapped her fingers triumphantly.

BETTY COMPSON was a nursemaid once. I read it in a magazine," Lois cheered up. "You know, Lorna, it makes me dreadful homesick to think of all the girls in our little club, the Baker's Dozen. Wonder where all the girls are now? Let's see, Greta went to England with an independent company and got stranded—"

"She's back. The Talmadges or somebody helped her to get home, when they found her alone over there and out of work, and she's got a bit in a Buster Keaton picture. Not enough for screen credit, but it means five weeks, she says, at fifty per. And I saw Flora Parsons the other day, out at Universal City—"

"Working?" Lois asked enviously. "I'm crazy to get back into the game myself—"

"Not in pictures," Lorna admitted. "She's working in the cafeteria out there. I guess she's getting another stake, like you, and she says she wants to be on the ground, where they can't forget her. She says she's going to attract Wallace Worsley's attention some way if she has to pour hot soup down his back and then give first aid."

"Maybe she thinks like Polly Atlee—you know she's a waitress at Quinby's, and wears the duckiest little blue and white Quaker costume you ever saw. Polly told me she chose Quinby's because she saw Fred Niblo and Jesse Lasky both there—not together!—one night, and it occurred to her that she'd look perfectly darling in those blue and white outfits. So there she is, and even if Lasky and Niblo haven't been back, they may any minute, or somebody

(Continued on page 95)



Q *Russell Ritchie, playing a French officer in the new Lubitsch-Negri picture, "Forbidden Paradise."*

Gossip from SCREENLAND



By *Jacqueline Logan*

Mae Busch

Billie Dove

Grace Kingsley

George W. Marion

The italics are H. B. K. Willis

Q *Mabel Normand back again in Hollywood and glad of it.*



Q *Tom Mix and the famous hat.*

Q *Hollywood Says:*

By Jacqueline Logan

Mabel Normand returned to Hollywood. She looks better than she has looked for a long time, too. Mabel is getting younger each day, instead of older, I believe. If we could only all learn her secret. I saw her on the street yesterday. She is just as happy and bubbling as she ever was. Everybody likes Mabel.

O H, yes. Speaking of returning prodigals, Mrs. Tom Mix is back. Tom was at the station to meet her, with little Tomasina, their baby girl, to help as a "welcome home" committee. She has been in Europe for a number of months, but she says that she is mighty glad to get back home again.

I wonder if Viola Dana and Maurice Flynn are really engaged? I believe they are, but won't admit it. I know someone asked Vi about it the other day and she just said "Maybe." You know what prophets say about a woman's "maybe"! As for Lefty, he smiles and looks happy when their engagement is suggested. I wouldn't be at all surprised. Lefty is a very nice boy . . . and that's all he is; just a big boy. He played opposite me in several pictures and we became really good friends.



Q *"Lefty" Flynn who also looks as though he knew something.*



Q *Viola Dana who can keep a secret.*

PAULINE STARKE can deny this if she wants to. She is re-engaged to Jack White. Jack and Pauline were "just friends" for a while but her beautiful diamond is back on her beautiful finger.

Hollywood is "sex" of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

CARMELITA GERAGHTY is engaged to the most cultured man in the film industry, John Considine. Without letting you know about it John is the possessor of several university degrees. He is a member of the Yale Club and has been graduated from Oxford.

Carmelita is the tall, vivacious daughter of Tom Geraghty, the Peter Pan of Hollywood. Tom says Carmelita is only a fair actress but a darned good writer.

PAULINE GARON chuckles when you accuse her of being engaged to Eddie Carewe with whom she is always seen.

"Why I've known him all my life," says Pauline. "Sure I go out to dances with him. Wouldn't you?"

Q What Mae Busch Heard

Gossip comes first hand to a woman and though I've never penned it heretofore, I am hoping it will prove as powerful a medium as the tongue.

Being on the inside of the studio fence we people of the films often get much of our screen news from those not in any way connected with the making of motion pictures. On the other hand we oftentimes hear things which we do not circulate excepting in Hollywood and I'll pass on to you all I've heard within the past month.

I've known Alice ever since the days when she was Alice Taafe and Claire Windsor was Olga Cronk and we all played in extra scenes.

We are having a jolly time this summer. Every Sunday afternoon a number of us, including Viola Dana, Lottie Pickford, Allan Forrest, Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn Miller, Priscilla Dean and about twenty others collect together either at the Beach Club at Santa Monica or at Norman Kerry's house at Beverly Hills. At the former we enjoy swimming in the Pacific and at the latter diving and swimming in Norman's plunge. One Sunday recently we changed the program a bit by going to the house warming at Robert Leonard's and Mae Murray's. They had just moved from Hollywood to Beverly Hills and there never has been such a celebrated gathering as the one which enjoyed their hospitality that afternoon and evening. Bob and Mae Leonard are known for their cordiality and any function at their establishment is not to be missed for a good time is assured before it begins

Q The girlish figure of Mae Murray has a grace and poise evident even in this pose. We look forward to "Circe," her next picture.



Q Pauline Garon has already qualified as one of the talked-about.



Q Mae Busch, the author. If you don't believe it read her entertaining gossip.



Q The little unknown Betty Bronson who has been selected to be the much beloved "Peter Pan." Surely Betty, raised to this high honor so unexpectedly, must "believe in fairies."



Q Alice Terry and mut. Alice is playing Great in the Great Divide.

Members of the first-*caste* for the film version of the Lew Wallace classic, who were sent home from Italy, all say they have Ben Hurt.

We had quite an unusual affair on the set the other night. I am playing in *Mrs. Paramor*, which Robert G. Vignola is directing and in which Pauline Frederick, Conrad Nagel, Hunty Gordon and I have the four feature roles. A dinner party is supposed to be given with a number of stars and directors present—so to make it very realistic several stars and directors worked in the scene—as extras, just to give the proper atmosphere. We had refreshments and a real party spirit prevailed. Mae Murray, Aileen Pringle, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman, Mae MacAvoy, John Gilbert, William Haines, Hobart Henley, the director, and Robert Leonard, the producer-director, all appeared. We worked until three in the morning, but I am sure no one minded it, for it was much more like play than work.

"The Breath of Scandal"—Halitosis.

Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel are working together again. They played the leads in the last Hobart Henley production, "Free Love." The censors didn't approve of that title, so it has been changed to *Sinners in Silk*. Now Eleanor and Conrad are being co-starred in the new Henley production, which so far has not been given a title.

By the way, speaking of titles, a prize of fifty dollars was offered on the lot to the one who thought of a suitable title for the King Vidor production *Mary the Third*. It was taken from the stage play, but is said not to be a good box-office name. So to the one who suggested *Wine of Youth*, the prize was given and the picture now bears that name.

One-cylinder titles, such as "Salt," "Bread," "Wine," and "Brass," have opened up a new field for the title-writers. It won't be long now before we see "Jam," "Cheese," "Gin," "Cloves," "Lead," "Coats," "Pants," "Junk," "Cake," and even "Pie," a comedy.

King Vidor recently finished another picture. It is *His Hour*, adapted from the story of that name, which Elinor Glyn wrote. Mrs. Glyn looks so stunning and so young that one would never in the world think of her as a grandmother. She selected John Gilbert as the greatest screen lover and after I saw the picture in the projection room the other day, I agreed with her. He plays a Russian Prince, and I've never seen anything more romantic than his interpreta-

tion of the part. All women are going to adore him.

Everyone has been urging me to get married and I'll make the statement general that I don't see why I should when I am happy as I am.

Ever since the days when Pauline Frederick first came to the screen, she has been my ideal. Therefore you may imagine the thrill and pleasure I've had working in a production with her. There have been some trying times, due to the fact that she has been appearing at the Playhouse in *Spring Cleaning*, which meant she had to be away from the studio every evening and for Wednesday and Saturday matinees. But Bob Vignola mapped out a schedule which took care of that and the rest of us worked in our particular scenes when she was not present.

Alice Terry and I lunch together every day and have a great time discussing the days when we were extras and were thrilled and happy when we worked steadily for a week and accumulated enough money to buy a new dress or hat. We skipped away one afternoon last week and went into Los Angeles to the Unique. A saleslady there from whom we purchased in our less prosperous days, we now stop in and chat with and buy clothes from whenever we have the time. She used to be of great help to us by dragging out the best bargains in the place.

Hollywood is full of "Yes-men" and "No-women."

We have had a circus here on the lot. It is being used in *He Who Gets Slapped*, which Victor Seastrom is directing and in which Lon Chaney is playing the leading role. It was like going to a real tent show.

Marion Davies arrived in Los Angeles this week. She hadn't decided yet whether it is just to vacation or whether she'll make a picture. Her director, Sidney Olcott, is now in the midst of a Norma Talmadge picture and it is said would like to remain here on the coast.

A gag-man is an undignified scenario-writer who attempts to put a celluloid collar about the neck of Mirth.

The momentum of this gossip has become so rapid that I find it difficult to make a safety stop. So I'll have to apply the emergency brake and stop abruptly, with a line on the least-gossiped-about girl in Hollywood—Lois Wilson.

She has gone to London to appear at the Exposition there and writes back that she is having a glorious time. She is to appear in another picture upon her return, which is much on the same type as *The Covered Wagon*, in which she registered such a hit last year. The



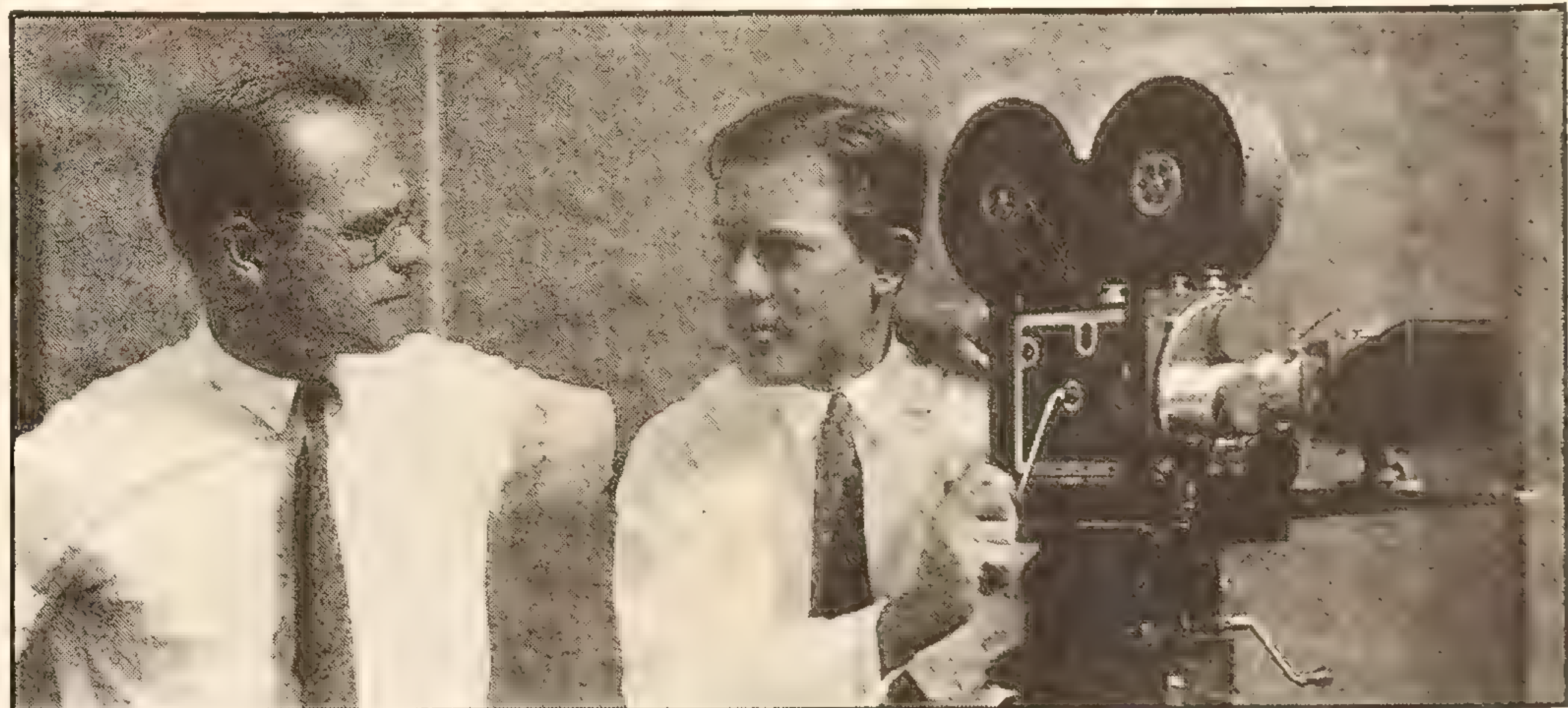
Q Laurette Taylor entertains Ethel Barrymore on the lot and so Ethel has her picture taken.



Q The lot, the props, the cast, and Sydney Olcott trying to make a "Sacrifice" out of them.



Q Lon Chaney is the fascinating, mysterious clown of "He Who Gets Slapped."



Q Del Andrews, director of the "Go-Getters," earns over \$1000.00 a week, his assistant earns \$200.00 a week and the camera costs \$3000.00—now you understand why it costs a quarter to see a movie.



Q Alberta Vaughn in exchange for being photographed all day like this

Q Richard Talmadge is better and out of the hospital. He says it's the first time a nurse released him.



—goes home in this—Her Rolls Royce, like its mistress, has a special body.



Q Norma Shearer

Q Marie Prevost. Once an extra girl and still an extra girl, that is extra fine 100% girl. See her for yourself in "Tarnish."



new picture, by the same author, Emerson Hough, is called *North o' Thirty-Six*, and is being directed by James Cruze, with Jack Holt in the leading male role.

Q Listen! By Billie Dove

IT looks like we are going to lose one of the screen's best character actors. George Fawcett, whom we all know and love, is becoming a cave-man! Before we realize it, he will be cast as America's most athletic foot-ball player or "The Tarzan of Tarzans." While playing with Gloria Swanson, he was supposed to treat her rather roughly, and finally throw her out of the picture. After rehearsing, "Camera" was called, and Mr. Fawcett went through the action, finishing by grabbing Miss Swanson with all his strength, and throwing her out of the scene, causing the surprised Gloria to fall into Director Allan Dwan's lap, sending his megaphone flying across the set and almost knocking the camera to the floor. Mr. Fawcett explained later that he had no idea that Miss Swanson was so light, but after seeing the black and blue marks on her arms the following day, I have a suspicion that a new sheik is on the horizon.

The films "For Sale" and "Single Wives" are known in Hollywood as products of the "First National Bunk."

Q Grace Kingsley Tells Some

BEBE DANIELS has bobbed her hair! Bebe says it was for her latest picture, but I have a little hunch that she wanted to cut it and that the picture afforded a good excuse. Well anyway, she looks lovely,—perhaps a little more so than before, if that is possible, and even if there will be a number of fans who regret seeing less of her beautiful black hair, they will have to admit that Bebe's shingle is most becoming.

"North of 36" should bust all box-office records. Mebbe it's the tale of a necklace.

Peter Pan is to be made in Hollywood after all. Betty Bronson, who will play the title role, is very much pleased over the fact, as her home is there. She lives with her father, mother, two brothers and sister, all the latter three younger than herself, in a tiny Hollywood bungalow.

Betty won't talk much about playing *Peter Pan*. She says:

"I can't imagine putting Peter Pan into words. I shall play him, and that will be what I think."

She is the loveliest little creature, with a rich peaches-and-cream complexion, big greenish-gray eyes that sparkle, and a most expressive face that dimples allur-

ingly when she smiles, and the loveliest small hands in the world. She is so full of joy that she has captured this wonderful part that she giggles and clasps her small hands on the slightest provocation. She is exquisitely magnetic, and being an intelligent young actress, with just enough experience and not too much, will probably be a big success in the part.

Larry Semon's comedies are full of hokum while Mack Sennett's reek of Turpentine.

Mabel Julienne Scott has captured the coveted part of Bethsheba, in Hobart Henley's picture *So This Is Marriage*.

Just about one hundred young ladies tried out for the part, but Miss Scott won, after she had posed in tights, as did the other young actresses who tried out for the part.

She was engaged to marry a young aviator, and had practically retired from the screen. He was killed in doing stunts at the Santa Monica field, and she felt it necessary to return to work.

A large part of *So This Is Marriage* is to be done in colors, especially the Biblical epoch, in which Miss Scott appears.

"I just adore Milton in 'The Sea Hawk'—he has such a 'Silly' role," burred one of his flapper adorers.

Overheard by G. W. Marion

PETER PAN, Betty Bronson—that's all they're talking about in Hollywood! The woods are no longer full of aspirants—the papers conjure no more, and many an ingenue wept all day Saturday and Sunday over the loss. Ethel Wales, however, is the only one who really admits the tears, and she says she's been counting on the part ever since Paramount acquired the screen rights seven years ago. But little will-o-the-wisp Betty is all right, and she's making a big hit with everybody who meets her. At least one thing is sure—nobody can now come forth with soliloquies on "Why didn't they pick so and so" and "They certainly made a big mistake on this and that"—and they would undoubtedly have picked to pieces any prominent player who could have been chosen, except, perhaps, Mary Pickford. Which leads us to wonder about who will play "Wendy," the little girl whom Peter takes away to the "Never-Never Land". The good sages of Hollywood say that the part was offered May McAvoy, but that she refused on the grounds that if she couldn't play "Peter" she wouldn't play anything. Maybe she's right!

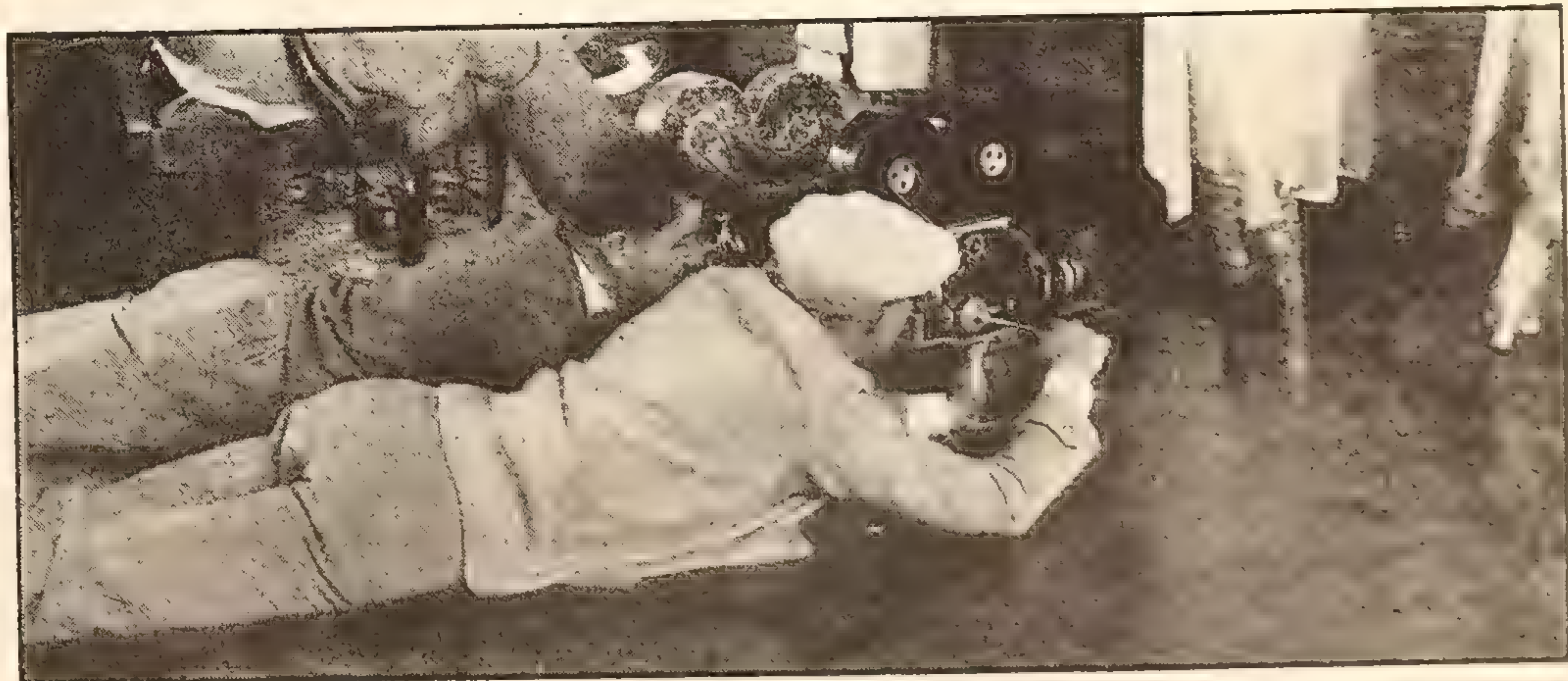
Recently at the formal opening of one of the new Hollywood sky-scrapers, Monte Blue was the guest of honor and



Q *The land of Make-believe—Western Street scene from "Pal O'Mine" on the F. B. O. Lot.*



Q *Isn't she light on his feet—Billye Beck and Ernest Belcher her dance instructor.*



Q *Photographing Mae Busch's twinkling toes in scene for "Mrs. Paramor."*



Q Bill Tilden, *The Great*. *Champion of all the nets calls upon Constance Talmadge who can score a few aces herself.*

prize drawing-card. When Monte arrived the building was so crowded with admirers that he found it impossible to push his way through the mob that was patiently awaiting his coming.

"Say, young fellow," says he to a kid of about ten, "I'm Monte Blue. Suppose I could get through?" The kid gave him a deep and definite glance. "Aw, gwan," he replies, "Don't try to kid me. You look a little bit like Rod LaRoque, but you sure ain't Monte Blue."

Q *Port of Missing Directors—*from page 26

"Not as tired as you look," she answered, watching his fingers deftly turn the clay. Her own she drew wearily down her hot cheeks, turlowing her make-up.

"I hope you never are," he said. "And never as old as I feel. . . . So you'll be working in a picture for me tomorrow, Shirley. In a way I'm sorry. You know I never made a success."

"Well, have I?" she wondered, slipping into a chair. "Sometimes I feel so blue about it all. It seems so hopeless, with nothing in sight. Oh, I'd like to give the whole thing up," she confessed. "I had an offer yesterday to go back to the stage, just a small part, but —"

"Don't take it!" Cartney ordered. "In a few years pictures will surpass the stage. Grow with them, girl. You will. I've watched you. You're young; you

The difference between the film comediennes of today and yesterday is that the latter were always chased.

THOSE whose interests and sympathies are for things and peoples of the Motion Picture World are now preparing to avert a publicity sandstorm within the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer field: Reginald Barker, who has been heralded as the director of *The Great Divide*, has many friends and supporters who want to know

why John Stahl is doing the actual directing of the picture, whilst Barker walks around the stage, seemingly wondering what it is all about.

When the storm sweeps over the horizon of secrecy, look out for hot winds and clouds blinding of sand.

Virginia Valli, the demure and wonderfully feminine star, is writing, under the name of Pat Patt, a *thrilling* tale of legalized crooks.

"Bigger. Far bigger. And you will be among them, playing to millions instead of to thousands."

"And you?"

Cartney shook his head. "Years later they may acknowledge directors. But that will be too late for me. . . . My next picture will be my last for Edison. Shirley. I was fired today."

Slade Cartney's final production passed movie understanding in subtlety and nonsense; the cashier seemed relieved when he handed the director the last slim envelope; and if Shirley observed any change in the man who waited at the studio gates to say good-bye, it was absence of freedom from stress, as though Cartney was glad to be cut adrift.

"I feel like a coward, Shirley," he said. "I'm going to sink, but any time I have enough money to pay for a seat I'll watch for your pictures. I want

have fire; the camera sees you as millions of eyes will want to—as I myself would wish to model you in this clay if I had that power."

"But they offered to pay me——."

Again he interrupted. "Whatever it was, it wasn't nearly enough. Stick to it, Shirley. Work and wait." He took her hand gently; his fingers stained her flesh with clay. Then pointing to figurines about the room, "They look natural, don't they? Faces of people you might see on any street? Well, some day men will model celluloid in just that way. The screen will mirror bits of life; then the screen will be great. You have something in you that will find expression."

For an instant his eyes gleamed; they warmed again, were desolate. His tongue denied him inspiration.

"You mean there will be stars on the screen as there are now on the stage?" she asked.

to see you rise to counterbalance my own descent, while if you ever see a bum wandering around, don't pity me, but make an object lesson and say, 'There goes a man who did not have the courage to stick.'"

"Don't talk that way," Shirley entreated, pressing his hand. "You'll come back."

Cartney slipped away; but his eyes seemed to remain, haunting. Bright they were against early night; and in Shirley's fancy they reappeared often until she read into them a debt she could not repay.

Years concealed Cartney. Where he went, how or if he existed, nobody knew. He as forgotten; for studio-life runs too swiftly for memories while one lives it; and afterwards recollections are too stained with opportunities thrown away for anyone to cherish them. So Cartney may have found the Port of Missing Directors, and if this Port boasts a picture theatre, he must have gloried in Shirley's career, from Edison to Famous Players and Paramount, and found strange significance in her pictures, *Good-bye Bill*, *The Final Close-up*, *The Rescuing Angel*, *The Winning Girl* and *Treasure Island*. Only his influence persisted. It guided Shirley to stardom with the Fix Film Corporation; and as one by one Cartney's predictions were fulfilled—stars shone, directors grew in recognition, the screen approximated life—her sense of gratitude deepened into admiration of his splendid visions.

But even if she had found Cartney, what could she have done for him? Often Shirley wondered. . .

ON THE New York market arrived unexpectedly a motion picture which various distributors inspected and refused before one, short of film to release, took it half-heartedly. The title cannot be mentioned. Sufficient to say that the production debuted in an obscure theatre. But the public found it, sat very still through six reels, entranced by what blase critics had overlooked; a pure vein of emotion, of heart-interest, of humanity that Slade Cartney had endeavored to present years before. Such an event has been paralleled many times. Even the famous *Humoresque*, it is alleged, lay for months on the shelf, derogated by producers as too mediocre for anything but Summer presentation. *Ponjola* soared to success despite First National's distrust of it. *Down to the Sea in Ships* and *Nanook of the North* were offered to many companies before Hodkinson and Pathe accepted them. Pola Negri's *Passion* was bought for a song.

So with this picture Slade Cartney had made. How he did it, where he found his backers were minor mysteries, unimportant compared with facts: the

forgotten director, the old failure had come back; four companies competed for his services; let him refuge in a cave, still fame must drag him out, set him dominantly in the film world and proclaim his name in twenty-four-sheet posters.

So fame winged over telegraph wires to California—and never found him.

As completely as he had flashed back had Cartney gone again. Having proved himself with one grand gesture, he dropped from sight. He must have checked as he wandered on . . . Wandering on. . . Old Slade. . . Vanished like time. . . More years. . .

And Shirley's debt unpaid.

VERBATIM now as Shirley related the rest under coercion; for a newspaper pal in Honolulu had heard the tale out there and written me.

Said Shirley reluctantly:

"We had gone to Honolulu to make island sequences for *South Sea Love*. For local color, too. And you know what that color is. By day the savage blues of sky and sea. From the Fish Markets out to Waikiki, Hawaiians, Japanese, Mongolians, browns and yellows, streaming with white residents and tourists. The purples of night so deep that you feel too small to breathe. Tomtoms in bazaars, a jazz-band at the Moana, ukeles tinkling through groves, all nodding like sleepy giants, and every air laden with crash of breakers on the beach, with tropic incense and the hum of more insects than I ever believed lived in this world.

"On Waikiki an old man modelled things in wet sand. Tourists gave him money, which he received as something incidental to life, but not to be struggled for. Oh, I should have known him at once; but it was eight years or more since I had seen Slade Cartney, and there seemed so little of him left beneath a stragling white beard and tattered ducks. Just bones, baked brown as rock. So days passed before his face, vaguely remembered, assumed reality for me.

"I waited then until late one afternoon when the beach was cleared. He sat watching the incoming tide wipe out his statues of sand.

"Aren't you Mr. Slade Cartney?" I asked.

"He looked up emptily, his eyes blank as if blinds were drawn behind their pupils. 'I really don't know. I may be,' he answered.

"'You don't recognize me?' I tried again.

"'When you put it that way I feel I should. But candidly I remember no one,' Cartney replied. 'What you are saying now I will have forgotten tomorrow. You see I have—no memory.'

Shirley's voice lowered in the telling. "Cartney's one big picture had cost him his mind. To me he was a tragedy there on the beach, this man with all his grand creative imaginings wrecked on Waikiki. Standing by him, I felt so helpless. I owed him so much. Presently he enquired:

"'You make pictures, don't you? I saw you doing something before a camera today?'

"'I thought it was a gleam of returning memory,'" Shirley continued. "Immediately I asked him, 'Do you ever go to moving pictures?' He shook his head and said he had never seen one in his life. And all the time he smiled so happily as though nothing troubled him. And after all nothing can trouble a man whose mind is not filled with ghosts of the things he should have done. Crazy impulses took me. I wanted to give him money. And yet I couldn't.

It seemed so much like desecration. He had no wish for money; it meant nothing to him. But a mind lost does not mean visions lost. His brain was still as capable of creations as his fingers could build figures in the sand. I had a sudden thought to take him back to America, to start him afresh where he left off, right at the crest of one of the biggest successes that ever a director scored."

Soft mists suffused Shirley's eyes. Their gray depths filled. Thus she must have appeared to Cartney, creator, beach-artist and happiest man in the world, when the sun set with fire over Waikiki and clouds tumbled down Diamond Head and gulls commenced their eerie wailing.

She spoke again, tightly.

"Oh, I wanted to bring him back. It was the only repayment I could make. But was it? A contrast came to me: the harried, driven Cartney of years ago and this contented man, here on the beach, taking childish delight in the sand he modelled and the dreams he dreamed into his figures until to him they lived. To repay would be to rob him.

"I turned away—just left him there. I felt terribly chokey. Soon his steps scuffed after me.

"'If you're making any more pictures tomorrow would you let me be in one of them?' Cartney requested. 'Won't that be funny? I'll be able to tell everyone that I'm an actor!'"

When you see Shirley Mason in *South Sea Love*, watch for Slade Cartney among the crowd. By his beard shall ye know him. By his beard and nothing else; for names are lost to many in the Port of Missing Directors and a man is as his make-up pictures him.

Putting yourself to Shirley's test, moreover, isn't preservation of one man's happiness the fullest discharge of any woman's score?

Searchers in the Dark

By Rose Gleason

Continued from September Issue

THE morning sun had entered the actor's room after daylight. "Wonder if that dame'll know enough to rustle grub?" he wondered, raising his arms and stretching lazily in a bed whose fresh linen and covering he had discovered in a closet.

A sound came from below. A sound that turned the house into a stage set and acted as a cue for the actor to resume his role.

Reaching for the clothes he had hastily discarded, he donned them and assumed the dejected droop. Then, standing before a mirror, he renewed shadowed lines in a way that wouldn't appear artificial. Renewed them with something he took from his pocket. Shabby clothes and a carefully assumed slouch, added to a listless, let-down air, abetted by the fact that he was badly in need of a shave, effectively completed the *ensemble*.

On entering the dining-room downstairs, it was evident that this was the room in which the girl had passed the night. A nightgown decorated one chair, and the high-heeled pumps reposed under the table. Powder and rouge dusted the fine old buffet, and the plumed hat stared at him from the mantle. From a comfortable old settee, a velvet portiere hung drunkenly, and various articles of lingerie were strewn about in confusion. Sadie, herself, could be glimpsed out on the porch.

"I say!" he called, "how about breakfast?"

The girl turned with a start. She was dressed in the same gay dress, and the morning light shone around her.

"Yeah?" she answered, "how about it?"

Hoffman's teeth flashed in his swallowed face.

"What's the matter? Couldn't you find anything?"

Sadie's eyes met his sullenly.

"Oh, there's plenty enough around, I guess. It's merely a case of getting it!"

Flowers drowned her atrocious scent. His voice took on a new quality.

"See here," he said in a tone that wasn't all humor, "don't forget for a minute that I'm managing this show and that you're just a little bum in the chorus!"

Sadie's tongue licked her red lips. Her glance was a flash of insolence.

"And what's more!" he added, suddenly so strong-jawed that the fury in her look clouded, "I'd advise you to wash your face. It looks awful by day with paint on it! Meanwhile, I'll see what there is for us to eat!"

If it were possible that contempt could scorch, Sadie's, apparently, would have withered him.

"Huh!" she said, not to be outdone in compliment. "Where'd you get the idea you were easy to look at!"

"You heard what I said!" he ordered, "and as for that dress, it ought to be fumigated! Your perfume's likely to asphyxiate the fishes in the lake."

Sadie raised both hands.

"My Gawd!" she said, turning indoors, "if I ain't got mixed up with a nut that's cracked on the sweet and simple! Started out life as a show-girl, but now I'm a bum in the chorus! Mus' certainly 've ben looney when I signed up on this contract!"

It was that reference to having been in and of the theatre, as well as many of her expressions, that prompted Hoffman to call after her.

"What's that about having been a show-girl? Ever really been a professional?"

"Sure I have!" she answered, "wasn't that the cause of it!"

"Cause of it? Cause of what?" he demanded.

"Why—why—" she replied, "well, oh, you know, my *downfall*!"

She spoke the word as if voicing it permitted him to glimpse a sorrowing soul, yet her eyes met his neither vague nor troubled. "J'like to hear about it?" she queried, watching him.

"I should say *not*!" he answered as though with the suggestion came nausea.

Over the girl's look spread a veil; a look that, in a way, barricaded her thoughts.

"Well, you certainly *are* queer!" she answered, "first time I've failed to put that across. Always *did* think, though, it was a bum gag, even though the other guys all fall for it!"

When she joined Hoffman later on it was evident she had not obeyed his orders. If anything, she had refreshed her make-up, for her eyes were heavily mascaraed, and her rouge had taken on

an additional touch. Even her fair-colored hair was frizzed more than usual.

"Coffee, jam and crackers'll have to do until I go into town," said the actor deciding for the time to ignore this.

Sadie glanced over the food he had laid out, and smoothed her slim hips with a downward motion.

"Oh, don't apologize!" she said with lifted lids, "I've known other swelled heads who've pulled them lines about tryin' to run the whole show. Poor grub's the *least* I expected. The only thing I'm thinkin' of is, won't the owners of this place mind our livin' all over it?"

Hoffman busied himself with the coffee, the while he did his best to explain matters.

"They said I could have the run of the place, but after today we'll live in the servants' quarters. Now come on and let's eat and after that I'll run in and get provisions. Deering opened an account for me at one of the stores."

"Deer—?"

"The owner."

Sadie looked at him thoughtfully.

"Speakin' of names," she said, "what's yours?"

"You can call me—Jim, and we'll let it go at that," he said, reaching into his pocket for a cigarette.

"Oh,—all right!" said Sadie, apparently unaware of evasion, "after all, Cutey, what's a name more or less!"

During breakfast she proved rather factitious.

"In the country we get preserves,—and in the city we get pickled!" she said, helping herself omnivorously and spoiling an old story.

Hoffman felt no desire to rectify it. Later he announced his departure.

"I'll order the stuff sent up, and try to be back early," he informed without preliminary remarks other than those that were absolutely necessary.

Rising from the meal, Sadie had searched and found a few copies of humorous magazines. With these she had sojourned to a chair she had dragged out to the porch, and that was the place where the actor had followed her. She coolly accepted his announcement.

"On your way!" she said so airily, that Hoffman wished fervently he had not bothered her, "and let your conscience be

your guide, baby!" Then she turned again to the magazines.

Once he was out of sight, however, she rose hastily and started on a tour of the rooms. Touching here and there quaint old relics; examining antiques; strangely enough, at times, she even patted them. About noon, a delivery wagon brought provisions, left them on the back porch and immediately drove off. After luncheon she straightened up the kitchen. Frequently she stopped and looked down the road. Finally she decided to take a long walk.

There was a shady path around the lake, and the shoes she had on were conducive to comfort. The grass was green and she found dim, mossy pools. Discovered little live things that hurried and scurried. All about her were bushes that were sweet smelling. Nature herself, framed no sentences, but whatever was the message, these, her handiwork conveyed, it left Sadie, as it does us,—mystified. In a world that lay away

and beyond, there was a great rushing and scampering, but here Life was breathing quietly and restfully, and it was breathing with a sweet breath.

Presently she returned.

"Heavens!" she said apprehendingly approaching the house, "suppose he weren't to come back!"

She spent an evening sitting through hours that dragged lengthily. Watching the lake reflecting the crescent moon; listening to strange, odd voices. A frog

croaked. Came the wail of a whip-poor-will. Finally she heard a motor; and presently, she could see a car coming along the road. Opposite the house it came to a dead stop, whereupon a thoroughly masculine voice called out:

"Hey! Lady! C'mere a minnit! Think, perhaps, this's yer 'usband!"

Sadie rose with a quickening pulse; a sickening sensation; an odd premonition. By the time she reached the road two forms stood beside the car. One was speechless and evidently puzzled, the other hatless and strongly argumentative.

"S'all right! You're a goo sport! 'Ere take thish an', believe me—mush 'bliged!"

"What's the matter?" Sadie asked, slightly fearful.

The puzzled one displayed refreshed interest.

"Says he's the caretaker 'ere, ma'am, and hired me to bring him along. Picked 'im up down at the end of the road. He couldn't——" the man grinned, "just make it!"

ERNEST
FRANDIS



"Take it from me, if you hadn't been soused, you'd certainly 've broken your leg," she said.

Aided by the machine's lights, Sadie beheld Hoffman apparently much the worse for wear, drunk, and obtrusively maudlin. His clothes were stained and dust-covered; his language strongly complacent; his air one of great benevolence.

"You can go," said Sadie, dismissing one and thoroughly inspecting the other, "he's what he said. I'll take care of him."

Hoffman watched the car till it had disappeared, then he turned to her, benign—noble.

"Nish fella!" he said, conferring upon her what he evidently considered was a piece of news.

Sadie closed up the distance. One arm went around his waist, and with the other hand she drew him until he settled against her weightedly.

"You come here again like this, and, believe me, I'll murder you!" she said, pantingly assisting him along the walk.

At this he stood stock still.

"Shadie's mad!" he announced to a starlit world in which a moon hung suspended in misty heights.

Sadie's small back curved to him. Her thin arms half urged, half steered him aright.

"Meant to come 'ome," he said, "but you know how tish! Happened to meet some goo' fellas!"

Sadie waxed inarticulate. She looked anxious; depressed,—even worried. Quietly, yet insistently, she urged him on.

Now, the manner in which the actor had actually spent the day was in drifting from one motion picture house to another, doing a thing he had long been wanting to do, yet never getting the time for it, and that was to view the screen performances of certain of his colleagues, several of whom happened to be featured in that city. Later, he had strolled into a restaurant in keeping with his shoddy appearance, and where he would not be conspicuous. It had occurred to him that in accordance with his present role, he ought to do something to substantiate it. What better then, than to pretend drunkenness and return to the farm and watch Sadie's reaction. Derelicts, he bore in mind, looked upon the wine when it was red, and he, for the time being, was a derelict. Well, if he had looked upon no wine, he certainly gave every indication of having done so, as his apparently unwieldy feet approached the porch steps. When he reached them he sniffed the air ecstatically.

"Y'use nish perfume!" he breathed on a long intake.

Sadie's glance was deep and personal.

"Well,—I'll say you've gotta bun!" she said, "Gee! but where'd you get it?"

Her query came as a display of interest. He appeared overjoyed at it—elated. All nature seemed to protest against keeping to himself certain glad news.

"Coupla birds I met treated me! Lish-

en!—plach up overa store! S'plach they'll remember me! Plach I c'n get all I want!"

Sadie failed to answer. Whatever was going on in the apparatus under the frizzed hair was for the moment not apparent. Her main ambition seemed to be to get her companion inside.

It was at this point in both their careers that Fate decided to take a hand. It does, you know, when you try fooling with it. Both had neared the porch, in fact, stood at the first step leading up to it, when Hoffman, with an exaggerated lurch, lifted one foot and figured short, with the result that he struck only the edge, and in slipping, fell down full weight. A terrific pain darted through his knee,—then his whole leg bent under him.

No histrionic ability was required to register his physical pain for the next few minutes. For a time he was utterly dazed by it. Moonlight and starlight mingled. Objects and the house danced giddily. Sadie gasped and quickly bent to him.

"Slip me an arm," she said, trying to help him rise, "Holy smoke; but I bet that hurt, baby!"

Hurt it did, then and afterward. With her aid he managed to get into the house. And, once inside, by leaning on furniture for props, he dragged himself to the settee where both inspected the injury. The flesh was broken at the knee, but whether or not the bone was injured they were unable to determine.

Looking down into his sane eyes, Sadie decided it was the fall that had so suddenly sobered him.

"If you wanta doctor," she said, "I'll walk to the nearest 'phone for one."

Her offer prompted him to stare incredulously.

"Thanks," he said, wondering what a doctor would think of her, "we better wait, I think,—but, if you'd just bring me some water—"

Sadie hurried out of the room. A few minutes later he heard her moving about the stove. Presently there was the homey scent of burning wood.

"Darned if I don't believe she's heating some!" he said, trying through his pain to analyze her.

Later, she entered bending to a weight. "Let's bathe it," she said, setting down a kettle. "Wish now, I'd taken first aid instead of. . . ."

"You wish *what?*?" he asked, surprised out of his agony.

"Shut up!" she said, "What'd you have to go an' fall-like that for!"

Shooting pains seized him and for a time he misled her. He lay back, the while she ripped his trouser leg up the seam, and bathed and bandaged the injured knee-cap. Even when she removed his coat, he made no comment, but it

was when she insisted on washing his dusty face, that he said to her appreciatively:

"As a nurse, old girl, you're not so bad."

Sadie's look was a little fierce one.

"Take it from me if you hadn't been soused, you'd certainly 've broken your leg," she said, bending to the kettle and lifting it, "then we *would've* been up against it!"

The last thing that night he remembered, was the sound of her breath extinguishing the oil light. After that, she passed through the room to mount the stair. He sensed her standing there in the dimness—standing as though she were listening. To reassure her, he began breathing regularly.

"Good-night, Sadie," he said, somewhat sleepily.

"Night," she said from a long way.

For awhile, he lay there with the pain easing gradually—lay while the house quieted.

Presently in the kitchen a mouse began to nibble.

And, presently, Hoffman slipped off into a hectic dream of himself falling from immense heights, with Sadie standing ready to catch him.

Sadie! ready to catch him!

There were two things that Hoffman discovered within the next twenty-four hours. One was that Sadie resented any suggestions one might offer as to the improvement of her personal appearance, and the other was, that much could be said regarding the method of her cooking.

"You know, kid," he said next morning after he had awakened to an absence of pain, though the knee showed signs of discoloring, and she had helped him to breakfast out on the porch, "you really wouldn't be at all bad looking if you didn't frizz your hair so damnably, and use so much of that bright rouge! Then too, if you'd leave off a few trimmings—"

Sadie bore up bravely.

"Think so?" she said, glancing at him in a way that would have convinced an onlooker she considered him tiresome, "well, you know there's a lotta guys goin' round offerin' opinions where they're not wanted. Get this! My face's my own, baby, an', as it happens, this's the way it suits *me!*"

As for her cooking, she had burnt the toast and cooked the roast in a way he had never before eaten one.

"You ought to have baked this, hadn't you, instead of stewing it?" he asked, looking up from the luncheon table.

Sadie's eyes, meeting his, fell guiltily,—fell before his, almost shamefilled.

"Darned if I shouldn't 'av!" she said, tasting the unsavory mess.

To Hoffman's amazement she flushed.

(Concluded in November)

Q *Nothing Today*—from page 58.

Save the dishes, and. . ."

Peggy was off down the stairs. She scuttled past Miss Cousins' door, out the front entrance and was off up the street like a flash.

JIM DION, casting director of the Crimerian Films, Incorporated, was half an hour late when he stamped into his office in a growly mood. There had been the customary delay on the Jersey railroad that brought him from his suburban home and, in his opinion, this particular Tuesday morning was the worst on which such a thing could have happened. He grabbed at the telephone receiver, staring belligerently the while at the rim of faces visible through the little sliding window that opened onto the corridor. He jammed the receiver back and glared angrily about.

"Where's Altman?" he demanded.

"Reported sick. Grip." Joe Bird, messenger and man of all work about the studio, answered laconically.

"My God," groaned Dion. "What next? We've got enough work for a dozen casting directors and Altman has to be sick. Didn't he know . . . ?"

"Sure did," interrupted the imperturbable Joe, "but grip's grip . . . an' sometimes we do git it."

"Go to thunder," growled Dion and turned to the doorman who had just appeared. The newcomer, Lucius Cornwall Jackson by name, refused to be awed by the casting director. He remained unruffled by the short, snappy comment that was hurled at him.

It is said of Lucius that one day, as he mounted guard over the portal leading to the casting director's office, he found himself face to face with his satanic majesty in the person of one of the actors in a fanciful picture in course of filming. Some of the women in the corridor fluttered with excitement. Lucius touched the actor on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said calmly, "go back to where you belong an' cease frightening the ladies from without."

Lucius never lost his dignity. "There's a gentleman out there," was his reply to Dion's short comment. "He says he's a rough rider."

"Tell him to go west, or to a hotter place." Dion fairly shouted the instructions.

"Yes, sir." Lucius was yet calm and even more dignified. "And the Grand Army man is likewise without. And the sweet little lady with the little girl in a pink gingham dress. I . . ."

Dion exploded.

"Get out! Damn it, get out! Tell 'em to come tomorrow. I haven't got time to attend to any extras today."

"Tomorrow, sir?" Lucius was apologetic.

"Yes, damn it. Can't you hear? Tomorrow. *Tomorrow!* Let Altman and his grip handle them."

"Yes, sir." Lucius retired to the outer doorway. There he paused, placed one hand inside of his tightly buttoned coat and dramatically announced:

"Ladies and gents, I am sorry, but there ain't nuthin' for nobody today. You will . . ." He stopped. Then, with alacrity, "Right this way, Mr. Blystone. Yes, sir. How is your cold, sir?"

"I'm all to the mustard, Lucius," replied Ned, smiling. The odor of mustard, placed on his chest by a doting mother the night before, still wafted to his nostrils. "You're looking fit as usual."

"Yes, sir," and Lucius bent in dignified acknowledgment of the comely young actor who held the friendship and admiration of every member of the Crimerian staff.

Ned Blystone was one of those rarities that seldom come in the course of a day's work in the picture industry; a handsome man, with every physical attribute, who had learned to maintain a mental balance. Tall, well set up, his clothes the last word in perfection, he moved with the easy grace of an athlete in absolute trim. He had as much personality off the screen as on and possessed the invaluable art of seeming to be one of the crowd without ever losing the restraint that necessarily must be part of the stock in trade of a successful actor. There was laughter in the depth of his eyes, his forehead was good, his hair didn't marcel and he had a mouth and chin that bespoke determination. First, last and always, Blystone was a real, red-blooded, likeable man.

He slid out of the spring topcoat that Lucius anxiously waited to take.

"Has Miss Thomas arrived yet?"



Conway Tearle, next to be seen in "The Great Divide."

"Yes, sir. Miss Thomas was early this morning," replied Lucius eagerly. Then confidentially, "I don't think she's feeling quite herself, sir. Seemed a little put out. Her chauffeur said she had a long-run grouch. But, of course, that's only a chauffeur's opinion, sir."

"We had a long day yesterday," said Blystone thoughtfully. "This game isn't as easy on a woman as some people think, Lucius."

"Right, sir." Lucius' manner clearly showed that he understood what his favorite was getting at.

"If any one else asks about Miss Thomas," added the young actor, with a friendly smile, "I'd say that she was in the best of spirits, if I were you, Lucius. Women are bound to have their moods and what the world doesn't know it doesn't have to worry about."

And with that Ned Blystone, film favorite and human being, passed into the sacred precincts where Gloria Thomas, decidedly out of sorts, was haranguing her maid because one of the lights in her dressing room had spluttered a moment before, and gone out. This particular morning the world was wrong in the eyes of Miss Thomas, and everyone but herself was to blame for the fact.

PEGGY, her cheeks scarlet from running, her breath coming in quick little gasps, dashed up to the studio entrance. Then, with the uncanny wisdom of her sex, she paused, snapped open her vanity case, observed her face in the tiny mirror and deftly dabbed away all outward signs of haste. Experience had taught Peggy that looking like a cool, enticing sweet pea was an asset in a picture studio, or anywhere else for that matter.

She waved a friendly hand at the crowd. It was the same sort of a gathering, even at this early hour, that could be found at almost any New York motion picture studio. Tall girls, short girls; blondes, brunettes; sleepy girls and wide-awake little persons who might have made a trip from Brooklyn instead of the forties, but showed no signs of the fact. Peggy knew most of them. She had waited with them. She had swapped bits of business gossip. She liked most of them and, curious as it may sound, almost without exception they adored her.

On this particular morning the gathering of hopeful extras was even larger than usual. Word had gone forth, by the underground route, that Crimerian was going to use a lot of extras. How they learned this, some of them, was a mystery. No call had been sent to the agents. But by that endless chain of comment, tossed back and forth in the little eating places that these girls haunt-

ed or picked up on Broadway and its side streets, the word had gone forth and the hordes had gathered. Swift and mysterious as the passage of news is among the ranks of an army, it is no more remarkable than the transmission of the report of "extra wanted" among the horde of women who have hearkened to the call of the movies and remained because they cannot get away from it.

A girl touched Peggy's arm as she was about to proceed. She was a curious-looking little creature—with a wistful expression in a pair of tragically hungry eyes. She was dressed in a sadly worn suit that screamed Fall and last season. Peggy looked at her kindly. How, she wondered, had this timid little bit of humanity plucked up the necessary courage to align herself with the other rough and-ready extras.

"I'm looking fer work," the girl spoke in a low, frightened tone. "I've got to get it. You seem to know everyone and everybody seems to know you; I'm sure you're somebody . . ."

"You win," interrupted Peggy with a radiant smile. "But I haven't found out just who I am as yet." The wistful expression on the other girl's face became almost tragic. Peggy quickly added, "But I know what you're up against—in a general way, I mean. I'm still working a liberal visiting list myself."

She paused for a moment and looked at the girl with a kindly smile. The stranger seemed to shrink away into herself, more commonplace, less likely to win the eye of a casting director than ever.

"You're new, aren't you—at this game, I mean?"

The girl nodded. It was a discouraged, barely perceptible movement of the head.

"Poor kid." The sympathy in Peggy's voice was genuine. "I'm going to be honest with you. That's more than most every one will be in this lovely city of ours and you may not like it. Dig up a job in a store and save until you've got the price of a ticket back home. Then buy the ticket, climb into the train and thank God you're headed in the right direction."

"You didn't do that, did you?"

Peggy grinned.

"No one tipped me off in time," she replied, "and now the bug's got me and—"

Half a dozen eager extra girls swept up to Peggy, pushed her towards a corner, plying her with questions while she stuffed her fingers in her ears. When she turned to complete her sentence the stranger was lost in the crowd.

"Well," said Peggy to herself, "she may follow my advice but she most likely won't. I'll keep my eyes open for her later. But what the director would do to her!"

She finally made her way to Lucius, who smiled a welcome as he saw her. She flung a cheery greeting at him and he retorted in kind. Peggy was one of the extras for whom Lucius had a fatherly interest. He couldn't have explained why. He saw enough who were just as pretty, goodness knows. But there was something about her piquant face; her cheerful smile—oh, she was different and he liked her and that was enough for Lucius and quite sufficient for Peggy, who had learned the value of a friend in court, even if he is on the outer fringe, as it were.

She was in the midst of a stroke of skilful flattery when Altman, the assistant casting director, appeared. He was not happy. His conscience and a generous supply of physic had finally landed him at the studio. Dion had jumped him the moment he arrived; jumped him savagely and then disappeared. So Altman, boiling and half sick, turned his wrath towards the extras awaiting him. Word went forth that Altman was on a rampage. The girls who faced him, according to their wisdom or lack of knowledge, were snapped at, bawled out, summarily dismissed or chosen.

Altman worked with a haste born of and nourished by anger. He growled his words in a gruff, husky voice, orders tempered with occasional adjectives that were more expressive than elegant.

"We ain't gonna have a mob scene today," he roared at the girls, who were pushing and struggling to get nearer the center of activities before their more fortunate sisters filled all the work for the day. "Do you think I got out of a sick bed to be trampled by a lot of wild women?"

"I'm sure it ought to be a pleasure, Mr. Altman." The assistant casting director looked wildly about, murder in his



Wallace Beery and his new bride, formerly Arita Gillman.

eyes, to find the owner of the soft, velvety voice. They lighted on Peggy smiling her prettiest smile up at him.

"Is that so?" There was nothing velvety about Altman's tone. "Did you come here to work or to tell me funny jokes?"

Peggy laughed softly. "You're too het up to understand a good one." Altman gasped.

He couldn't think of a retort. He mopped his brow.

Peggy continued. "You'll wear out your inner tubes, or whatever it is that is clogged up, if you keep on straining yourself." She gave a little tilt to her head and dropped her voice to a confidential tone. "I know what I'm saying because Mrs. Dubois—" She neglected to mention that the lady in question was a feline. "Mrs. Dubois had the same inclinations and Lois and I barely saved her."

The black look faded from Altman's face and he grinned, a big, wholesome grin that made one like him. This was the first human contact he had experienced that morning. He fully realized that the girls about him were grinning, too, but somehow that didn't matter.

"You're all right," he said in a more subdued tone. "And I'll take your tip. Now beat it before you're late and they keep you off the set." As an afterthought, hurled over his shoulder as Peggy battled her way out of the corridor, "Hit the high spots because you're slated for that sea story with Blystone and Miss Thomas, and I want 'em to think you're the goods."

Peggy's heart missed a beat. The closed door shut off the struggling mob of extras. She stood stock still. Altman hadn't forgotten her. She was really slated to do a bit in the next picture and a good part of it would be on location. That meant days of working and nights of living in the same locality as Ned Blystone. Her heart indulged in a few more gymnastics. Then she remembered Altman's warning. She was to do her best. Peggy took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and, gripping her make-up box tightly, hurried forward to get ready for the shooting.

PEGGY, in fancy, saw herself rushed upward. First a real part. Then the lead and finally the featured star. Her companion at the make-up shelf said something about a man whom she had dined with the night before, something about a bead bag and a promise of a fall coat if things went right. Peggy's response had something to do with starring and Blystone and . . . She suddenly caught herself, awakened from her dreams, and gave a quick, final glance into her make-up mirror. Then she fled before the dazed friend of the gentleman of beaded bags and fall coats could col-

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Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

Guaranteed to remove every freckle

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to remove them. So start now!

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume free. You need our many preparations daily in your home. Get our booklet.



Given free if you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924.

STILLMAN CO., 60 Rosemary Lane Aurora, Ill.

Please send me free copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name

Address

"I Got Rid of 6 Pounds of Fat in One Day" You Can Do The Same



Thousands of stout persons have testified to the the wonderful results obtained from DAINTY-FORM Fat Reducing Cream, and in view of this, we feel perfectly safe in urging every stout person, man or woman, to try EVELYN NEVILLE'S

DAINTY-FORM FAT REDUCING CREAM

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR NO PAY

Whether you have ten or a hundred pounds of superfluous fat, DAINTY FORM will eliminate it from any part of the face or body, **quickly, safely, and permanently.** For neck, bust, double chin, hips, DAINTY-FORM is incomparable. It is endorsed by physicians and its use requires **no dieting, starving or medicines.**

The fact that DAINTY-FORM is a vanishing cream makes it the only reducing cream that can be applied without staining or discoloring the clothing in any way.

ANN PENNINGTON, of the Ziegfeld Follies, says: "I am overjoyed with my DAINTY-FORM reducing cream. Its use has helped me to become slender."

DAINTY-FORM will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of \$2.00 the jar or \$3.50 double size, plus 10 cents to cover parcels post and insurance charges.

DAINTY-FORM COMPANY

15 W. 34th St., Dept. 10 New York City

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If you have the Screen Idea, plot, theme or story suitable for a picture play you need

—our advice which is **FREE**
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We copyright, revise, frankly criticize and market your ideas. No books or courses to sell.

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Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

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The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Write for FREE booklet "Magic of a New Skin," in plain, sealed envelope. Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. FE 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.

lect her wits and offer a suitably stinging retort.

"You'll have to watch your step," Peggy cautioned herself mentally, as she hurried out. "One more slip like that and some one will be wishing you to the funny house. You're a long, long way from being a star, and Ned Blystone probably doesn't know that you are alive, and if he does . . ."

Peggy's mental commentary ceased abruptly. Her eyes rested on Ned Blystone himself. He was made up ready for work. Peggy had never seen him look handsomer. But that was not what had stopped her unspoken warning. Blystone was bending over Gloria Thomas. He said something and then laughed softly. Gloria, without an effort to disguise the move, held up a coy, warning finger.

"I think you're all wrong, Ned." Her voice had a singular carrying power that she did not attempt to diminish. It would probably be safe to wager that she rather enjoyed the glances thrown in their direction. She continued: "But I'm not going to object if you want it to be so."

Ned smiled his appreciation.

"You must promise me one thing, you old dear." Gloria still spoke in the same unguarded tone. "It must remain our secret until I say the word. You will promise that, won't you, Ned?"

Peggy's balloon burst! She was a woman and she knew what it meant when a woman said that sort of a thing, in that particular tone, to a man of whom it was common knowledge she approved. It wasn't back-stage chatter and it wasn't acting. Her thoughts had covered but a small part of the actual relationship between the man who, she admitted to herself, she adored, and the woman, whom she knew wasn't half good enough for him.

She was still in a rather enjoyable haze of suffering when Ned, bent on filling some trivial request that Gloria had made, stopped and spoke to her.

"You've got a bully make-up, little girl," he said quietly.

"Does she?" replied Peggy somewhat vaguely.

Ned looked at her, puzzled for a moment, then smiled and went on his way. A second later, Peggy awakened to her lost opportunity but it was too late then. She always was too late where Ned was concerned. Moreover, she missed the angry glitter in the eyes of Gloria Thomas, who had noticed the incident and made up her mind that Peggy was too attractive to have about the studio even if she was a stupid little extra girl. The look would have been balm to Peggy, but her eyes were on the retreating figure of Blystone and her mind was focused on the inane question—"Does she?"

How Many Inches Do You Want to Lose Next Week From Waist and Hips?

How would you like to be two to three inches thinner in waist, hips and thighs one week from today? The Madame X self-massaging girdle actually takes off 3 to 10 inches and makes you *look* thinner the moment you put it on. No starving diets—No tiring exercises—No dangerous medicines—No weakening baths. Removes fat while you walk, play, work or sit.

HERE is the scientific Madame X Girdle that slenderizes your figure the moment you put it on! That instantly gives you fashion's trim, graceful lines, and actually reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" Makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin.

For the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment as a corset, fits you as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. See how it holds in the hips and thighs as well as the abdomen. How it comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. The front cut-out insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing in the back makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you may enjoy a maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well-poised.

What They Say

These excerpts are from just a few of the thousands of letters we have received from delighted users. The original letters in our files may be seen at any time by anyone interested.

"I think the reducing girdle is fine. I reduced 7 inches in hips and thighs and 5 inches in the waist."

(MISS) ELLA CORBY,
425 North Main St.,
Norwich, Conn.

"I have reduced my waist to 29 inches from 36. I wear the girdle all day and wouldn't be without it."

MRS. E. G. DAHUEKA,
3140 California St.,
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"The Madame X is too wonderful for words. I was 51 around my waist—now I am 39. My hips were 66 before using the girdle and are now 49."

MRS. VIDA SHEIDLER,
146 West Simonton St.,
Elkhart, Ind.

"Have been wearing the Madame X Girdle for three weeks. Have taken 5 inches from my waist and 4½ inches from hips. No more corsets for me."

(MISS) BELLE FOLSOM,
517 Main St.,
Watsonville, Calif.

resilient, "live" rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes and strong enough to really hold you in. The rubber is the same kind that is recommended by famous athletic coaches and Health authorities as a safe and healthy way to reduce.

The Madame X is worn over the undergarment so that no rubber touches you. Yet, with every breath, with every step, with every little motion it actually massages away the fat! For through your undergarment the live rubber gently grips and kneads the excess fat so it is actually eased away. Only *live* rubber can produce this marvelous "unconscious massage."

Try It On Today

Once you try on the Madame X you won't want to take it off. See how it makes you look more slender at once. Enjoy the comfort of it the sense of ease and poise it gives you. Why not go to the nearest dealer and see this remarkable girdle for yourself? Try it on and see how you like it—no obligation.

Also be sure to see the Madame X Brassiere, which does for the upper figure what the Girdle does for waist, hips and thighs.

Write for Free Booklet, "The New Healthful Way to Reduce," which explains in detail how the Madame X makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin. Address Dept. G-3610,



The Madame X Brassiere

Actually Massages Away Fat

Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an amazingly short time. It is made of dry heat cured,

MADAME X COMPANY, Inc.
410 Fourth Avenue, New York City



Pat. May 13, 1924

Cap lollar, make.

New Hand-Turned Hem Prevents Splitting or Tearing

On Sale At All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin



Scene from the film "Omar the Tentmaker" Produced by Richard Wallace Tully.

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NO one who has seen the admiration in a woman's eyes, as she views a necklace of Omar Pearls, can doubt the appeal of its beauty—the eager desire to clasp it about her throat.

For, Omar Pearls have a fascination equalled only by the deep sea gem itself.

Their sheen and color, their orient and fire, the fugitive play of warmth and light, are the secret of the little group of Spanish artisans who create them for you in far off Barcelona.

Get better shops everywhere. If you cannot find the genuine write direct to us and we will inform you where to obtain them.

Send 10c for a copy of the RUBAIYAT illustrated with pictures from the film of Omar and our catalog.

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392 Fifth Avenue New York
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Look for this head on the tag



The EMIR . . . \$7.50
to \$15 according to length and clasp. In heart shaped velvet case



The CALIPH . . . \$15
to \$25 according to length and clasp. In square velvet case



The SULTAN . . . \$25
to \$100 according to length and clasp. The magnificent pearl is a true Orient jewel.

When Ned returned, a moment later, carrying a light wrap on his arm, he didn't stop. If Peggy was on his mind he didn't indicate the fact to her. But as he bent forward and threw the fluffy thing about Gloria's shoulders, he did say:

"Mighty interesting personality that little extra girl I spoke to. She will make good some day. Her name's Peggy." This last irrelevantly.

And Gloria possessing the wisdom of the serpent and not desiring to take needless chances, smiled sweetly. She was thinking, however. He learned her name damn quick.

Then the director called and work began. Peggy realized that she lacked something. She knew, small as her part in the picture was, so minute as to be laughable, she wasn't giving what she had and what belonged to it. Once, as she glanced out of the tail of her eye towards the director, during a moment's let-up under the lights, she thought Blystone, in earnest conversation with Jordan, actually pointed towards her and offered some comment. Her heart sank. Then she realized that he was probably commenting on the scenery and called herself several kinds of a fool.

She sat off in a corner by herself when some scenes, in which her services were not required, were being rehearsed. She wasn't in the mood to join the other extras who tried to drag her away with them. Offering the lame excuse that she wanted to watch the direction, she cuddled up with her disgust and waited for her call. She was positive of one thing. She had missed a bet.

"Peggy Dixon, you're a first-class, double-A jackass, and you haven't the spunk to deny the fact." She unconsciously voiced her thoughts.

"If you really believe that there's lots of hope for you." Peggy looked quickly up and saw Eddystone Browning smiling down at her. He continued: "The trouble with most of us is that we won't admit we're not heading south when we know we're going north and we end up in a crash."

"I'm darned if I don't think you're right," Peggy's sense of humor had come to her rescue again.

Browning sat down beside her. He was a student of human nature, as well as the Crimerian's scenario editor, and he liked to stroll through the studio, at odd moments, and watch the performers. It furnished food for reflection, tickled funny bone and furnished fresh notes for the commentary on picture life that he was always "going to start on tomorrow." He never seemed to find the time to get at it, though, because of the demands made on him by the host who knew and appreciated his keen wit and sound philosophy.



1 After moistening hair with Spanish Curling liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.

2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcelle you ever had in your

Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls *all the time* at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how

they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcelles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair's the thing now

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least \$10 or \$15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous

quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of \$2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as a newly invented Curling Cap. As the same bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid is always sold for \$1.87, you can see you are really getting the Curling Cap for the ridiculous price of one dollar, which is just about what it cost to make.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him \$2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcelles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

COUPON

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES
710 W Jackson Blvd., Dept 606, Chicago

Dear Mr McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling-Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit to you and you are to refund my money.

Name

Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Classic Development of the Bust



YOUR WOMANLY BEAUTY can be developed. The secret of woman's charm is a beautiful, fully developed figure—a bust like sculptors carve in marble and artists portray on canvas. The very femininity of woman demands that she be thus perfectly developed.

BEAUTY-OF FORM is woman's natural birthright. It is just as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for flowers to bloom in springtime and cast a sweet fragrance by their presence. Physical beauty can be cultivated, for the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree little dreamed of by the average person. There is always a way to accomplish the things that are wholesome and right, and since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a full, rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

Booklet Tells "HOW" FREE!

Write today for free booklet containing an article by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, telling how any woman may receive development in the shortest possible time. Simply wonderful the results produced. Let us send you photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method. Sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Simply send your name and address on a postcard if desired. (This information sent under sealed postage, if you enclose 4c stamps.)

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 30

CLARINDA, IOWA

LAUGH-AND-LIVE-TO-90!

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, famous statesman, on his ninetieth birthday attributed his longevity to laughter. As a reliable means to that end we recommend the reading of "Experience, the World's Greatest Teacher" (formerly The Flapper)—the magazine for sheiks and shebas and the young at heart. Published for laughing purposes only. Send stamp for sample copy.



EXPERIENCE-PUB-CO-443-S-DEARBORN-ST-CHICAGO.

"IMPERIAL" NEW BREAK-OPEN

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\$7.25

SPECIAL CUT PRICE SALE

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Break-Open revolvers of finest gun steel, handsomely finished. Shoot 5 shots. 32 Cal. special at \$7.25; 38 Cal. special at \$7.75. Both guns shoot any standard American cartridge. PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage. Money back promptly if not satisfied. Raramount Trading Co., Dept. DR 1 R 34 West 28 St., N. Y.

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This wasn't the first time that Browning had singled Peggy out from the mob. Weeks before, he had sensed something out of the ordinary about the extra girl. Then he had awakened to the realization that, in common with so many of her fellows, a man was the chief attraction at this particular studio. Failing to find the usual blatant mediocrity in her attitude, he continued to watch her when occasion brought them under the same roof. And now the opportunity to talk with her presented itself and, with customary Browning directness, he followed the impulse.

"Blystone's giving a good performance in this picture," he continued in an indifferent tone. "He's at his best."

"He's the cleverest man I know." Peggy bit her lip with vexation. She glanced out of the corner of her eye to see if the man beside her was smiling. He wasn't. So she went on, with less positiveness, "I have heard that he gets to the heart of a part faster than any man on the screen."

"Yes, that's true." Browning's eyes were fixed on the set where Ned had begun to work on a scene with Gloria, who seemed to be having all sorts of troubles. "But, what makes you say that?"

"Watch him and you'll see what I mean." Peggy turned towards the set. Jordan had just called a bit of direction. Gloria had stiffened, resenting the tone used. Ned had merely smiled, settled down to work and had done as he was told. The result was inevitable. A bad performance and a good one. "Do you see? He's an artist. You don't have to tell him a thing more than fifty times. He's learned that a brain isn't merely an ornament."

Browning chuckled audibly. He faced Peggy, who had glanced quickly up at him.

"You talk like a girl with a world of screen experience," he said in a kindly tone. "But why so strong for Ned? You're not losing your head over him, are you?"

PEGGY'S laugh had a note of grimness in it.

"I'm not placing much money with the noes on that point," she said with a frankness that startled Browning and, at the same time, increased his respect for her. "You don't spend many days on or off the set with him without becoming at least an admirer."

"It's wise to stop with the admiration." Browning was smiling in a friendly manner, but his tone was serious. "It doesn't pay to play in the clouds. Living is mostly a matter of keeping your feet on the ground and your head on your shoulders. Lose the connection and you skid." His smile broadened. "Understand me?"

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"Stock Sizes" do not assure this, so the famous Annette Rubberic Reducing Garments are made to individual measurement

No two women have *identical* bust, diaphragm, abdominal or hip measurements. There may be but a fraction of an inch in difference—but that *difference* must be considered or there will be "tight" or "loose" places and imperfect massaging. There is no guesswork about an Annette Garment—because there is no guesswork about a tape-measure. To assure this perfect fit, always state in ordering whether measurement is taken next to the skin or over the clothes. This is important.



12-Inch Hip Reducer
With Laces
Regular, each.....\$7.50
Mercerized, each..... 8.50

A Perfect Fit a Vital Point

Only in this way is assured the gentle, healthful, continual and *evenly disposed* massaging that wears away fatty tissue, increases blood circulation, and restores to the firm flesh the slender, flowing, graceful lines of youth. The "Annette," or perfect-fitting Garment, is not only effective in reducing, but is worn by thousands to AVOID GETTING STOUT.

No Rubber Touches You

Annette Reducing Garments are NOT sheet rubber. By their wonderful weave the body is protected against the "clammy," "sticky" touch of sheer rubber, with its stuffy, unpleasant odor when subjected to bodily warmth. Where rubber touches the skin, or if a garment comes between the rubber and the skin, this odor is always present. By avoiding this, the Annette weave has become famous. Annette Garments are matchless in durability, free from danger of tearing or sagging and are *washable*.

Reduction Begins at Once

From the moment you begin wearing an Annette Garment reduction is apparent. You look thinner, and this gradually assumes a delightful reality. No need for debilitating hot baths, violent exercises, medicine or dieting; no need to wear a stiff, uncomfortable corset, for specific Annette Garments, while reducing, serve, at the same time, the purpose of a corset without its many disadvantages. They support and strengthen the abdominal muscles, and those of the back and side, while imparting a soothing, delightful sensation of comfort and freedom of movement.

Send No Money

For Hip Reducers, send measurements of waist, hips and thighs—for Girdle, send measurement of waist. Just give your measurements and I will send you the Annette Garment in a plain wrapper. Pay the postman the cost of Garment, plus a few cents for postage. If you prefer to send the money when ordering, the Garment will be sent prepaid. Try it on when you receive it, and if you are not satisfied, send it back at once and I will refund your money. Mail your order today before you forget it.

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NOTE—On another page of this magazine you will find described and illustrated the famous Annette Rubberic Bust Reducers



12-Inch "Step-In" Style
Hip Reducer
Regular, each\$6.50
Mercerized each... 7.50



12-Inch Hip Reducer, with
Laces, Attractively Trimmed
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16-Inch Hip and Waist
Reducer, with Laces, At-
tractively Trimmed with
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Mail me a postcard and I will send you my free catalogue, showing the famous Annette Bust, Waist, Ankle, Abdominal Reducers, and other Annette Rubberic Garments, fully illustrated and described. Write today.

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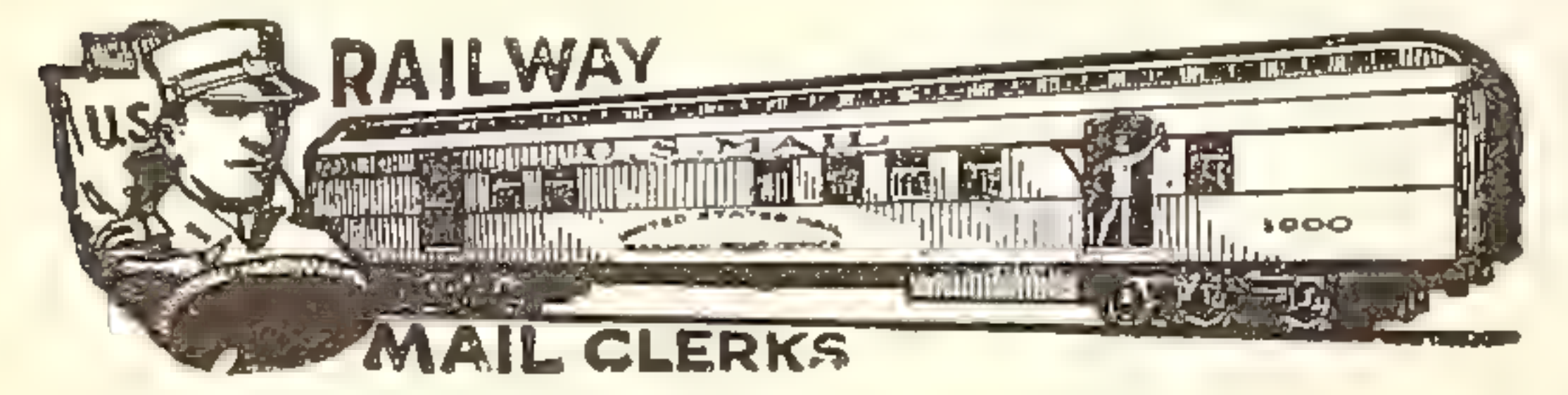
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(Continued from page 86)

"I'd have to be awful dumb if I didn't." The laughter points were gone from Peggy's eyes. "But there isn't any law that prevents a person from thinking things."

"No," agreed Browning, leaning back and lighting his cigarette directly under a prominent "NO SMOKING" sign. "But Anthony might have guessed what was going to happen to him when he started playing around with Cleopatra."

The corners of Peggy's mouth turned upward in a pleasing fashion. She looked even more attractive.

"I never met either of 'em," she replied to Browning's observation. "If they lived over in our street they've never dropped in to borrow anything from me."

There was a short pause during which both silently watched an argument about the scene that was to be shot next. The director alternated between attempts to convince Gloria Thomas that he, the script and the author were correct, and rapid century-like strides to the cameraman's position and then back to the set. Jordan's thoughts during these trips are not matter of record, but it is safe to assume that he inwardly called upon all his deities to witness the fact that women as a whole, and stars in particular, are idiots, mules, etc., etc.

During one of these side trips, when Jordan seemed more than ever on the verge of an explosion and Gloria had refused to listen to Ned, Peggy turned to her companion.

"Gee, but stars can be nuts!" Browning nodded his approval of this opinion. "Give 'em the earth and they get sore because no one has mentioned Mars and Venus as their property." A heavy sigh, her eyes wandering back to Gloria. "I wish I was a director for about five minutes."

"You've got trouble enough as it is," retorted Browning dryly. "One of these days you may be driving some director to distraction just as Gloria is after Jordan's goat this moment."

Peggy's face became serious. Firm little lines shot into life at the corners of her mouth.

"When I do," her voice was as serious as the expression on her face, "you tell me where I get off and make your English emphatic."

Browning puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette for a moment. Miss Thomas was growing still more obdurate and even Biystone seemed in danger of losing his patience with her. Peggy, secretly pleased at the situation between the two, turned to her companion.

"Can't any one win success without the handicap of a swelled head?"

Browning's face remained devoid of expression. He removed the cigarette from the holder and killed it with his heel. He had an odd habit, now and again, of

falling back on parables. This was one of the moments when it seemed timely.

"There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright."

Peggy shifted in surprise. She wasn't quite sure what Job had to do with Gloria Thomas and Ned Blystone, to say nothing of Jordan. Browning continued, "His substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses!"

Peggy caught the drift. The puzzled expression left her face and a broad smile replaced it.

"Job had it on Jordan in numbers, but that's about all," she said cheerfully. "Specially so far as the asses are concerned." A short pause. Then seriously, "But I do hope that some one won't forget to give me a mental shake-down if the time comes when I need one."

"That's what I've been trying to do," replied Browning quietly. He smiled down into Peggy's upturned features. "You've got youth, good looks, personality, brains and about everything else that you need in order to get ahead in this business. I've watched you and I know what I'm talking about. The one thing you've got to learn is to keep your head and never mind the rest of 'em—even if there are good looking, mighty fine men among 'em."

"I get you," said Peggy. Then ruefully, "Even though my brain and my—my heart don't exactly agree on the point."

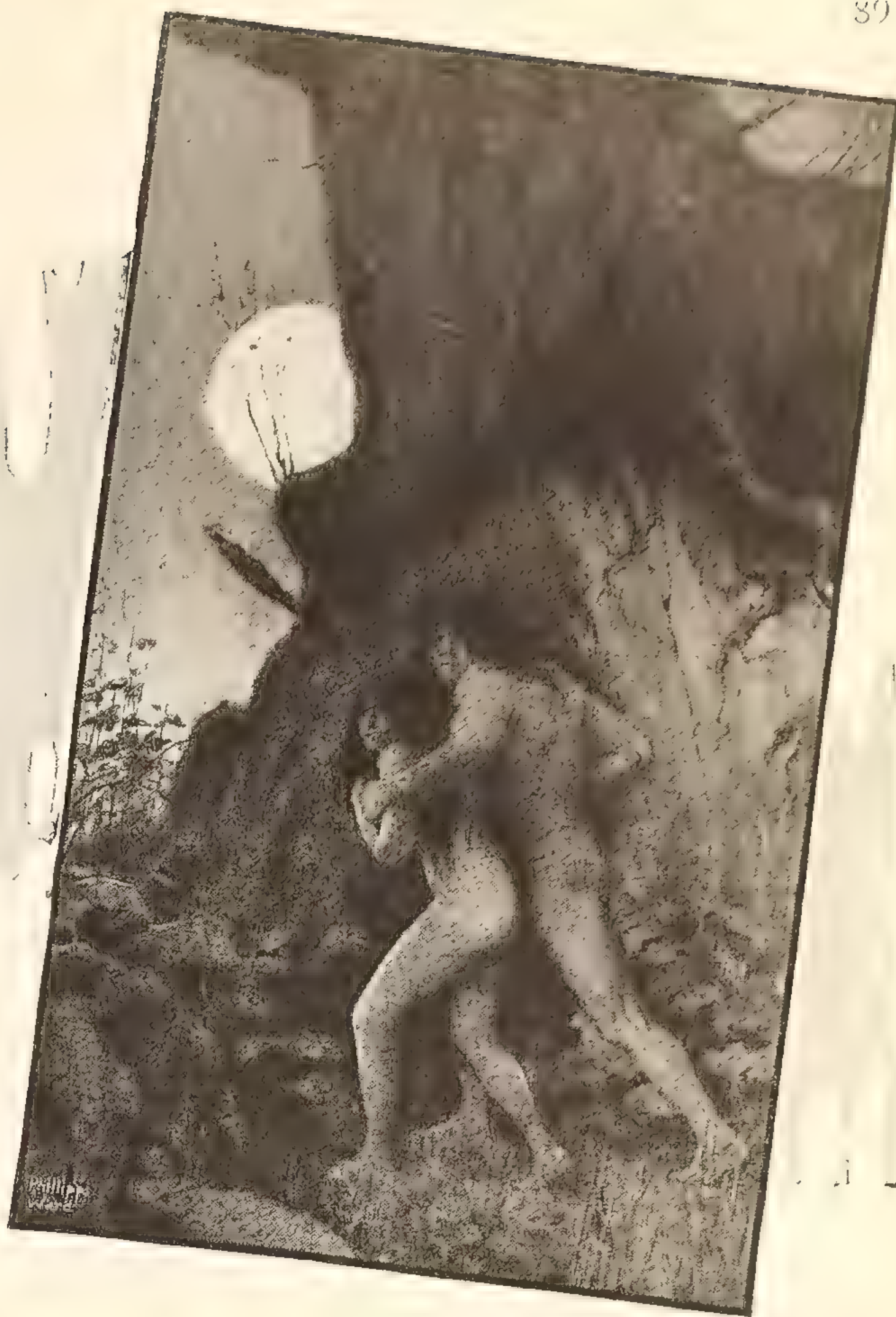
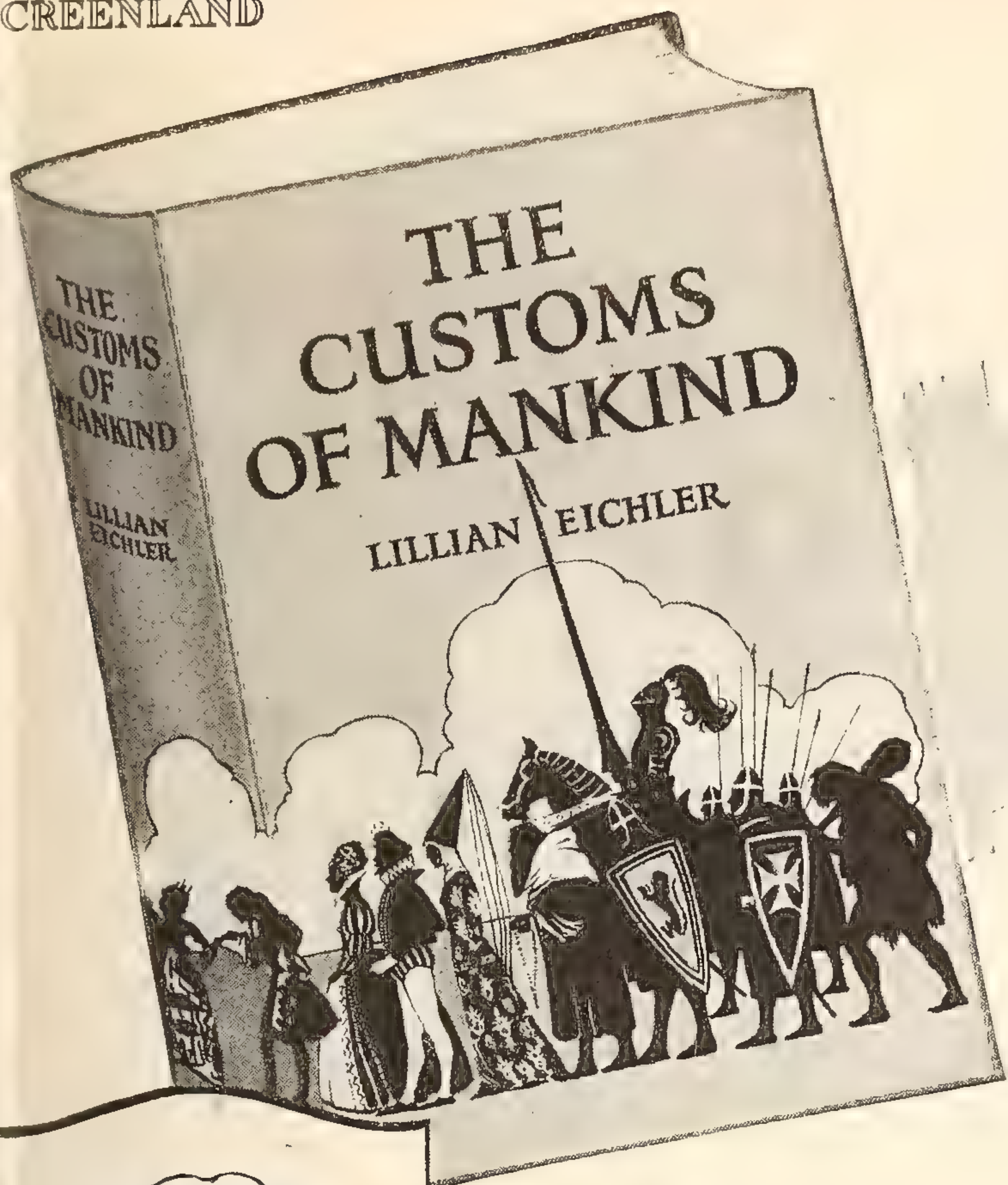
"Good girl." Browning rose to his feet. He had a department of readers who believed in playing mice when the cat was away and he had to produce results. "And good luck. See you again."

Peggy watched Browning amble across the studio and through the door that led to the departments downstairs. She knew he was right. She belonged in one sphere and Ned in another. And even if Gloria Thomas was a cat and a she-ass rolled into one, it was none of an extra girl's business even when that extra girl had been told that there was a bit waiting for her in the picture under way.

Browning, his interview with Peggy still in mind, decided to put in a good word for her if the opportunity presented itself or he was able to make it naturally. He had done such things before. Everyone else, including the lady herself, had forgotten the fact, but he had been the first one to see money in Gloria Thomas. With the same almost uncanny foresight he now realized that the time was not so far distant when the temperamental leading woman could get beyond the limits that even a director can be expected to undergo.

He casually mentioned the fact to Dion, the casting director, as he met him a

(Continued on page 90)



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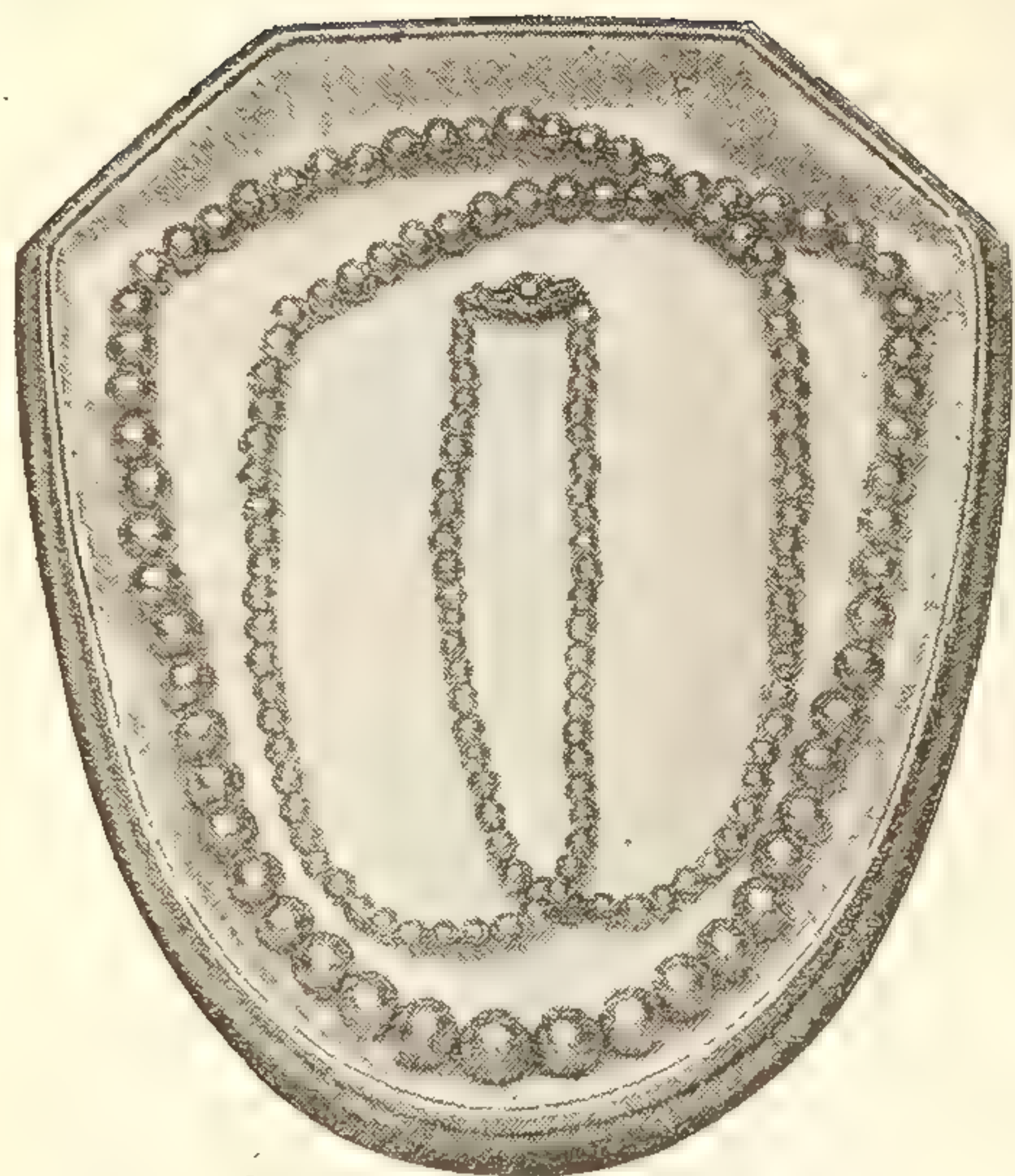


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moment or two later. Dion nodded. Then he queried:

"Why in hell did you ever land in the scenario?"

Browning stared thoughtfully ahead for a moment. He turned a serious face to his questioner. Again he resorted to Job.

"I am an inoffensive man," as was Job. Fate cast me in the role of a scenario editor." He paused reflectively. "In my early days I was a farmboy. My greatest achievement will be when I get back to that position." Then with seeming incongruity, "That Dixon girl is a mighty interesting little extra; she will bear watching."

Having dropped a seed where there was a possibility of some return, Browning continued on his way towards the office.

BACK in the studio a compromise, decidedly in Gloria's favor, had been arrived at and the shooting of the scene had been completed. At the conclusion Jordan declared lunch hour and started for the exit. He nearly stumbled over Peggy still seated where Browning had left her. He looked down at the attractive little creature at his feet.

"Is your name Dixon?" he demanded.

Peggy's lips went dry, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"You're not dumb, are you?" continued Jordan.

"Not yet," with promptness this time. "And my name is Peggy Dixon."

"You're going with us on location in my next picture—next week. You'd better be good; and don't develop temperament." He passed on with a grim expression on his face.

The rest of the day was a hectic daze for Peggy. She did what she was supposed to do somehow, she wasn't quite certain how. Every moment, even when the assistant director was cursing a scene, of which she was a member, and calling on his maker to witness how stupid humans can be; even then six-words sang their way through her brain—"You go with us on location."

Aggie was home when Peggy burst into the home of the trio at seven o'clock. Her employer had complimented her twice, during the day, because of her orderly efficiency, and threatened a raise. Her first jolt came with the entrance of her irresponsible roommate. She looked up from a volume on office management to see Peggy in the midst of a dance of triumph. She watched, just the suggestion of lofty pity on her face, as the neophyte executed a pirouette, gave a sudden leap forward and ended her performance by enveloping her roommate in her arms. Aggie extricated herself from the "bear hug" and looked patiently up at Peggy.

"Peggy, you're impossible. Will you ever grow up?"

"Not if it can be avoided," was Peggy's joyous retort. Hat, gloves, neck-scarf were flying left and right as she spoke. "But that isn't the important thing. Jordan himself—Jordan the mighty, the unapproachable, the king's own messenger, has spoken to little Peggy and I really and truly am going to go on location with the company. Altman said I would, but I didn't believe him." She sank, exhausted onto Lois' cot. Peggy had a devilish aptitude for landing on either couch but her own at moments like this.

"You're messing up the room dreadfully," said Aggie severely.

"Oh, hell!" Peggy's comment was emphatic if not elegant. Whatever else she had on her mind was sidetracked by the entrance of Lois. The old enthusiasm welling up again, she poured the news into Lois' ears and their war dance of joy came to an end only when Aggie reminded them of the fact that Miss Cousins didn't mind tenants but might object to a menagerie over her head.

Peggy collapsed into a chair.

"You're a darling, Aggie; but you sure can take the joy out of life." Lois' comment passed off Aggie as water from a duck. Then to Peggy, "I think it's great. And all we need now is to have our fairy godmother knock on the door and inform us the Fierce Sparrow waits without."

Peggy shook her bobbed head vigorously.

"There ain't no such animal," she said laconically.

There was a knock on the studio door. For a second none of the three moved. Then, simultaneously, Lois and Peggy turned towards one another the same question in each pair of eyes. Aggie alone seemed unmoved. The knock was repeated with more vigor.

"It's your turn, Lois, if it's Miss Cousins," said Peggy in a guarded tone. "And for the love of Pete, make it a good one."

"Come in," intoned Aggie, in a precise voice. No matter what Aggie did, she was always cool and collected.

The door was pushed opened. Two young chaps stood revealed. One was tall and angular. He was dressed in a gray baggy tweed suit, badly in need of a tailor's attention. The other was short and round, with a red shiny face. Peggy threw back her head and howled joyously.

The tall young man flushed slightly, but before offering other evidences of embarrassment, his shorter companion pushed him inside the room and closed the door.

"Sid Nelson—you! And Bert, too! Shades of King Edward; the nerve of you two!"



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Sid smiled in embarrassment. As long as he had known Peggy he had never quite become acclimated to her style of humor.

"Bert's ship came in today—and brought a letter from home, old thing. Didn't it, Bert?" He pushed the shorter Englishman to the front. "You tell them."

It might be added here that neither of the two men was quite sure of their reception. Two impecunious young Englishmen, Sid was trying to put over a sales idea for an English game which New Yorkers as yet had failed to appreciate. And Bert was connected in a lowly capacity with an automobile concern, with the nebulous idea of learning the sales business and returning to England. Both were invariably broke. On the evening before they had taken the two girls out in a borrowed car, and when their trip was nearing an end they had decided that it would be much more convenient to dump their guests out at a convenient subway station rather than drive them all the way home. Peggy had voiced her indignation in no uncertain terms. The boys' departure was under a cloud.

However, Peggy's vexation was not of a lasting variety, and she was quite ready to forgive them, especially as there were prospects of eats. Lois was not quite so willing to let bygones be bygones. Her quarrel with Bert was of a more personal nature. She remained coldly silent.

Bert addressed his words to Peggy, but his eyes were on Lois appealingly. "Quite so, Peggy—dash it all—my Governor, you know, isn't a bad sort, at times—I guess, though, it's the mater at that—" "Well, well, get on," maliciously prodded Peggy. "Tell us the rest of it; we're not particular, are we?" turning to the silent Lois. The latter's only answer was a vague shrugging of a pair of shapely shoulders.

Somewhat discouraged by Lois' coldness, Bert wet his lips nervously. "Hang it all, you know, we thought—that is—dash it all," in desperation, reverting to an Americanism, "Where do we eat?"

"Now you're talking our language. Any place that begins with relish and ends with coffee and," replied Peggy promptly. She pushed Bert toward Lois and, crossed quickly to Sid, planting a sisterly kiss on his cheek. "You're a nice, pair of clean-shaven rescuers who have saved three starvin' children from an early and undeserved grace."

"I shan't be able to go." Three pairs of eyes were focused on Aggie. She continued undisturbed. "I dined before coming home."

"Then we'll have to struggle along without you somehow," said Sid. "I'll bring you and Mrs. Dubois home a chicken wing."

Peggy seized a pillow and hurled it at Sid. It narrowly missed a tiny goldfish bowl on a corner of the bureau. Aggie looked severely towards the culprit. The diversion dissipated Lois' grouch.

"You might have killed Ghoulish and Foolish," she said sternly.

"I'm sorry," rejoined Peggy sincerely. "But I couldn't stand Sid's heavy humor." She crossed to the bowl, Sid watching her with adoring eyes, and addressed the fish. "You poor little dears. We haven't fed you since the Lord knows when and you never let a peep out of you."

She turned quickly towards Lois, who had begun hurried arrangements for the coming gastronomical adventure.

"Do you realize that we haven't christened our little fishes lately?"

The re-christening of the goldfish was a serious and long honored rite for the girls. Even Aggie participated, somewhat reluctantly it must be admitted, in the ceremony. Sid and Bert, as donors of the goldfish, were expected to take part whenever present. They gathered in a semi-circle before the bowl, their young faces serious, their minds searching for the proper names to bestow. They had once named the fish Adenoid and Thyroid, out of deference to a young doctor who at the time was deeply interested in Lois.

On the present occasion, Peggy was the first to be inspired. She turned to Lois.

"You shall be the honored one this evening, my dear. We shall name our darlings Vacuous." She hesitated for an instant and the finished triumphantly "and Fatuous. And now, boys, you may lead the starving population forward to the eats."

BILLY LA HIFF'S Tavern, in 48th Street just off Seventh Avenue, is the gathering place of the show business elite. The excellency of its reasonably priced meals is the magnet. It was there that Peggy, appointed leader of the quartette, led the party. There is an unwritten tradition among the members of this curiously coded little world in which the girls moved that an outsider may be introduced to the most expensive restaurants and produce taxicabs regardless of expense. It is equally understood that when one of the chosen does the honor the recipients are honor bound to conform to the fine desire within the bounds of reason.

The Tavern was crowded with professionals. The tables had held dinners for more than one Broadway celebrity who wanted to steal away from the gaze of the curious and appease his or her hunger among his or her own kind. Peggy, with the others close behind, headed towards an empty table in the corner where the picture of a late President joins hands



"Filet Mignon, Please!" —and She Thought it Was Fish

"FILET MIGNON, please," she had clearly told the waiter just a few moments ago—and now he brought her steak.

"Why, waiter, I didn't want steak. I ordered Filet Mignon."

"Yes, Madame, that Filet Mignon is very good."

But I thought Filet Mignon was fi—" and then she checked herself. Oh, what an awful blunder—her cheeks burned with humiliation! Why had she ever supposed that Filet Mignon was like Filet de Sole! How queerly Bob stared at her—how quizzically he smiled. Was he think-

ink that she wasn't as cultured as he had supposed her to be? Perhaps he was even wishing that he hadn't invited her.

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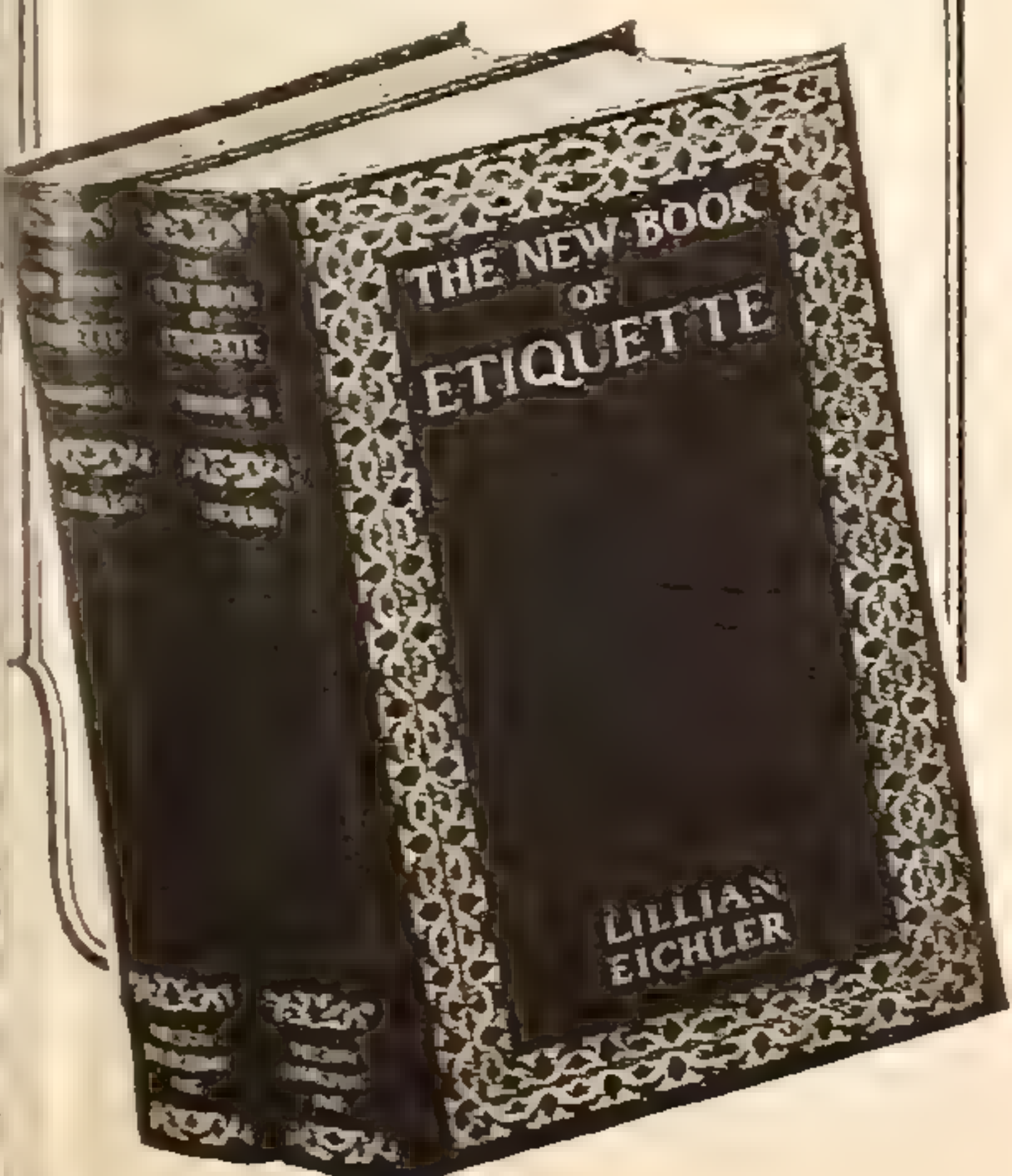
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with a Viking ship. Her elbow came in contact with some one just rising from one of the tables. She turned to apologize and found Ned Blystone smiling down at her.

"It was my fault," he said before Peggy could apologize. Then, turning to his companion, "You know Miss Thomas, don't you? We're all working on the same picture."

Miss Gloria Thomas condescended to a frigid nod of her head and informed her escort that they would be late for the

Q Where Beauty Serves—from page 67

else may spot her. Honestly, she looks like a swell painting—the kind the Pig-and-Whistle have in their Broadway restaurant."

"Let's see—who else of the Baker's Dozen have I seen lately? Oh, yeh, Betty Blake's a script girl now out at Goldwyn-Mayer. She wanted to eat regular, she said, but she couldn't bear to go back home to Toledo, so she got Mickey Neilan to get her a tryout as a script girl, and while she's not working for Mickey himself, he drops in on her set every once in a while and says hello, real chummy. I bet she'll be working for Mickey in a picture yet!"

That, with a little smoothing out and welding together and changing of names, is what I listened to as I ate my lunch in Betty's "Come On Inn." But that's not all. I couldn't play deaf, dumb and blind any longer. And there was a question I was burning to ask. It came out just as the girls were waiting for their change, and while they were powdering their pert little noses.

"Would you mind telling me, girls, and forgive me for having listened in—"

"Gee, you couldn't help it, with us broadcasting like we did," the girl Lorna chuckled. "Shoot! Of course it's all right."

"Then would you mind telling me if you think the game is worth the candle?"

The next moment I was sorry, for I had asked the question which no extra likes to be confronted with. It dashes for a brief instant that high courage which is their chief characteristic.

But Lorna recovered quickly: "Is the game worth the candle? Well, my dear, it's all according to what you think the game is. Now me and my girl friend here, we've been in pictures off and on for three years now, and we wouldn't quit—not for good, that is, would we, Lois?"

Lois smoothed her sleek boyish bob and gave a final flirt of her powder puff on the smooth olive of her pretty cheek. "No, indeedy. I'm going to start in again. I've got my stake, enough to last me two or three months, if I only get a day or two a week."

curtain of a certain Broadway hit.

"We'll make it all right," he said easily. Then, to Peggy: "Jordan tells me that he has picked you for a small part. Good luck. And if there is anything I can do to help, let me know."

With a smile, he turned from the astounded Peggy to Gloria who, if her expression at the moment was indicative of her thoughts, would have poured vitriol in the other woman's face and considered it a job well done.

(Continued in November.)

"You see, it's this way," Lorna explained carefully, as if to a stupid child. "You people on the sidelines who think you know your Hollywood and feel sorry for the extras and so on don't realize that it is a game. Why, I bet there's not a girl in the world wouldn't like to be here too, seeing all the stars, and getting to put on make-up and work in pictures, no matter if it is only a day or two a week! And then there's *always* the chance that somebody that counts will see you or that a little bit you get may show up big in the picture, or—or something like that! Why, Helen Ferguson, a friend of mine, was an extra for *years*, and if she'd gotten cold feet and quit, she'd never have got where she is now. And Gloria Swanson was an extra once, and so was Betty Compson and lots of the big ones."

"Then the half-starving and the uncertainty and the anxiety and the 'Nothing today' doesn't discourage you?" I probed.

"Oh, sure, we get down and out, all of us. Some of us quit and go back home. Not me! But even if I don't ever get to be a featured player or a star, I'll have had one grand good time while I'm young! Gee, it's been a great adventure! Why, I was just a little nobody in a little town in Minnesota, nothing much to do but get married to one of the small-town boys. Now—I'm just a little somebody in Hollywood, but I've had a wonderful time, and I know all the big picture people that the other girls in my home town would give their eyes to know—you can laugh," she continued with quick humor, although I had only smiled, "Sure I know what you mean. I don't exactly chum with Pola Negri and Tommy Meighan and C.B., but they all speak to me when I pass them on a set, and I know *them*, which is something. Yeh, I've had barrels of fun, and I'm young and strong, I guess it hasn't hurt me to go without a meal once in a while, or to wear made-over clothes."

So there you see what I saw—the heart of an extra girl. The warm, living, adventurous, ambitious, happy heart of an extra girl—that downtrodden being whom all the reformers pity so and about whom

so much is written that she even feels sorry for herself when she reads it!

As I walked along Hollywood Boulevard that afternoon, doing a little shopping here, looking into windows there, I saw with new and educated eyes those who are temporarily out of the "game".

Like all others who have been waited on by beautiful girls in department stores and restaurants, I have pitied these movie-struck beauties who have been sidetracked into service, and service of a sort that ill becomes their youth and beauty. And I realized that Los Angeles and its suburbs—all those beautiful little towns that cluster about the big city of the west—are not being served by bitterly disappointed beauty in distress. Los Angeles is being served by beauty—true, but not by beauty which holds its beauty in trust for the Great God Film. That's why they linger on, making a living as best they may, so that they may accumulate another stake and go back again to lay their all at the foot of that insatiable god—a god which must be fed upon beauty and youth and talent, day in and day out. A god which rewards, every day in the year, the faithful and true, the never-say-die.

Q He Can Tell at a Glance—
from page 23.

may decide to come back one of these days.

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Q Puzzle Answers from Page 37

Betty's Puzzle—Horizontal, 2—Boa, 6—No, 7—Ear, 8—To 9—Betty, 11—Turn, 13—Soul, 16—A.N.A., 17—Use, 18—Pain, 19—Anno, 20—Doing, 22—Lo, 24—Too, 25—Ex, 26—E.N.E. Vertical—1—So, 2—Been, 3—Oat, 4—Arts, 5—It, 9—Braid, 10—Young, 11—Tap, 12—Una, 14—U. S. N., 15—Leo, 21—Ion, 23—On, 25—Em.

Hope's Puzzle—Horizontal, 4—Obey, 5—Pile, 6—Est'd. Vertical, 1—Obis, 2—Pelt, 3—Eyed.

Puzzle No. 3.—1—Mars, 2—Aria, 3—Risk, 4—Sake.

Puzzle No. 4.—1—Rain, 2—Aero, 3—Iron, 4—None.

Puzzle No. 5.—1—Grip, 2—Rude, 3—Idea, 4—Peak.

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