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- 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?

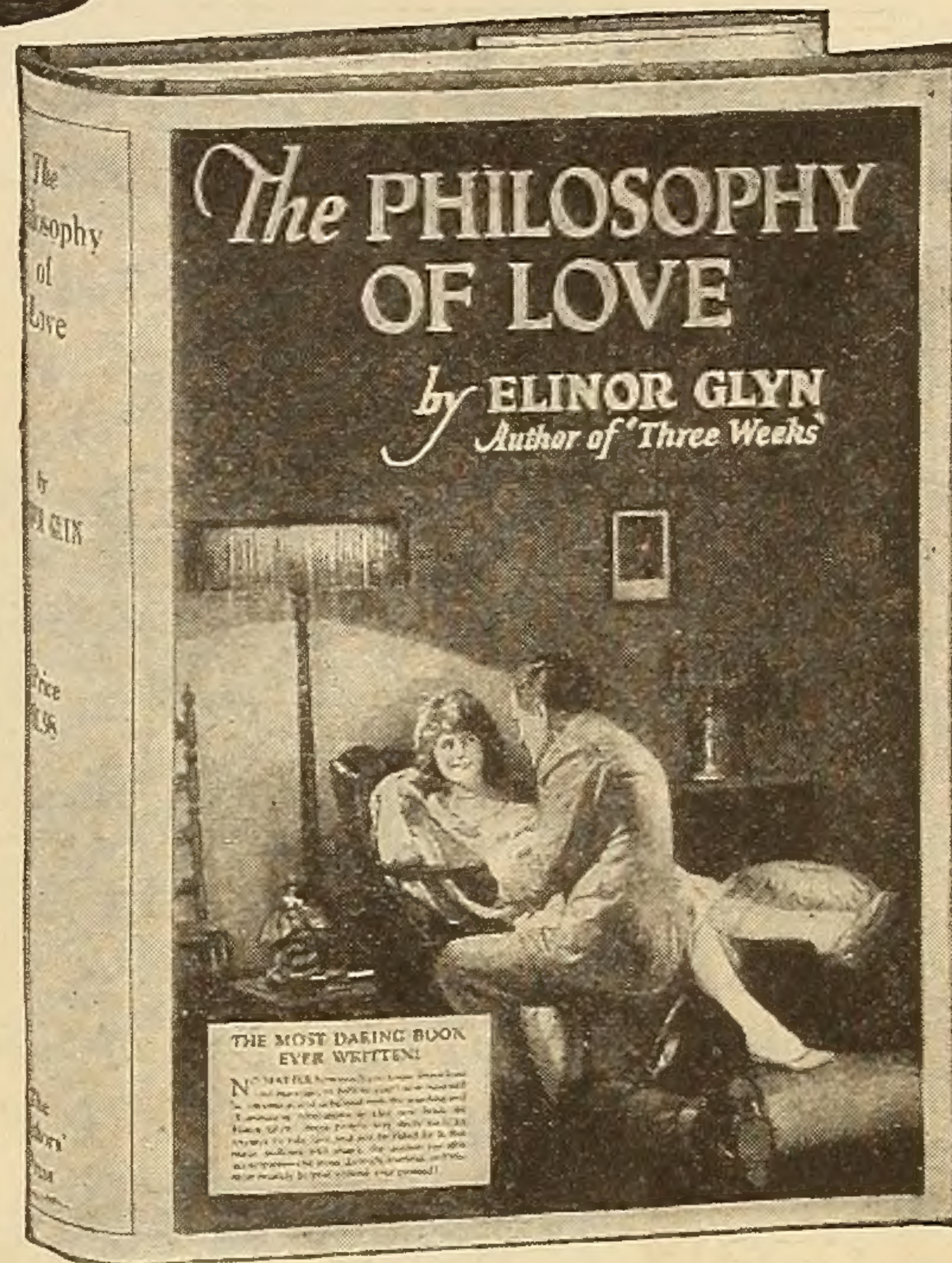
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she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

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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

JUNE, 1924

VOL. IX, NO. 3

ANNE AUSTIN
Associate Editor

Myron Zobel, Editor

EUNICE MARSHALL
Western Editor

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- Q HOME MADE STARS, *Exposing the absurdity of "mail order actors"* page 27
- Q BREAKFAST TOGETHER—ONCE A WEEK, *Marriage a la mode* page 33
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Creates a study from life of May McAvoy page 1

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Heralds the new stage plays of the month page 68

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Says the movies are the only place where money grows on trees page 38

BARRY VANNON

Tells the love story of Fanny Barr and Tommy Loyal page 43

DELIGHT EVANS

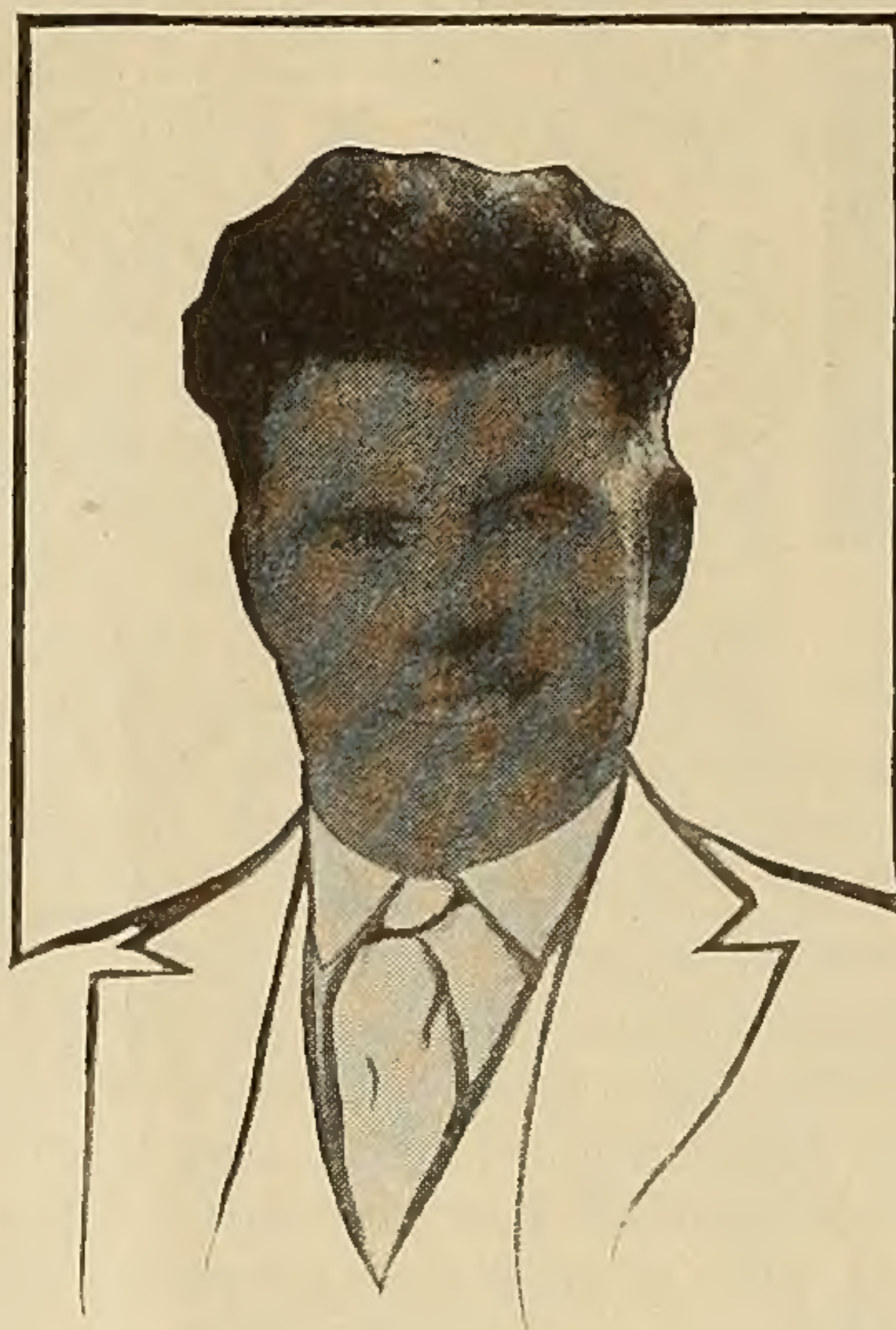
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ALMA WHITAKER

Takes you to the home of filmdom's pioneers page 60



This is

JIM TULLY

the man who wrote *The Optimistic Elinor* in the April last issue; that was the most talked of article SCREENLAND ever ran. Incidentally Tully also wrote *Emmett Lawler*. Arrangements have been made for him to write exclusively for SCREENLAND. His first article appears next month.

Watch for the July SCREENLAND

On all newsstands June first

EUNICE MARSHALL

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SIDNEY VALENTINE

Carries you behind the scenes with D. W. Griffith page 37

MYRON ZOBEL

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—and a dozen other features—

Published monthly by The Myron Zobel Publications Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Myron Zobel, Pres.; Frank Armer, Vice Pres.; Paul H. Sampliner, Treas.; Glenn Johnston, Secty.; Copyright, 1924. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the Screenland Feature Syndicate, 145 West

57th Street, New York. General Executive and Editorial offices at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices at 168 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 1004 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Publishers also of Real Life Stories. Subscription price United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents each. Club rate for the two magazines, \$4.00 a year; foreign, \$6.00. Screenland Magazine out the first of every month; Real Life Stories the 15th.

SCREENLAND

The Silent Drama

(Reprinted From Last Month)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan. A costume picture about which there can be no doubt is *Yolanda*. There is a battle every so often and all sorts of skirmishes just as it begins to look as if the extras may have a little breathing spell. *Yolanda* provides good entertainment, if you like to see masquerading royalty and tournaments and romance. Robert Vignola directed and if anyone could make this pageant real it's this signor. He manages mobs and Marion with equal skill. The gold-and-white Miss Davies, under his guidance, becomes alert and interested; she acquires a childlike elusiveness often reminiscent of Mary. And surely she is a lovely picture in her medieval robes, as human as possible weighted with gem-laden gowns and crowns. The acting honors belong to Holbrook Blinn. As a creator of kings his only rival is Herr Jannings. He makes the crafty *Louis Eleventh* plausible and terrifying, particularly in the most imaginative scene in the picture—that in *Louis'* dreadful orchard, with the bodies of his victims hanging from the trees. Marion's moment of honest emotion occurs soon after this; her *Princess Mary* becomes a very real and a badly frightened little girl. In all her costly costume plays Marion reminds me of an excited youngster parading in gorgeous grown-up clothes and having a wonderful time doing it. Her appeal, like Pickford's, is that of a sweet, ingratiating and slightly spoiled child.

THE NEXT CORNER—Paramount.

The Next Corner is one of those pictures which prejudice people against the movies. Its titles tell the story. The company which produced it might just as well have issued a list of the titles and saved money. Even intelligent acting doesn't help. Dorothy Mackaill, one of the most interesting young women who ever trouped, makes it seem a little better than a bad dream. Ricardo Cortez is present with the slickest coiffure ever seen outside an ad. for hair polish.

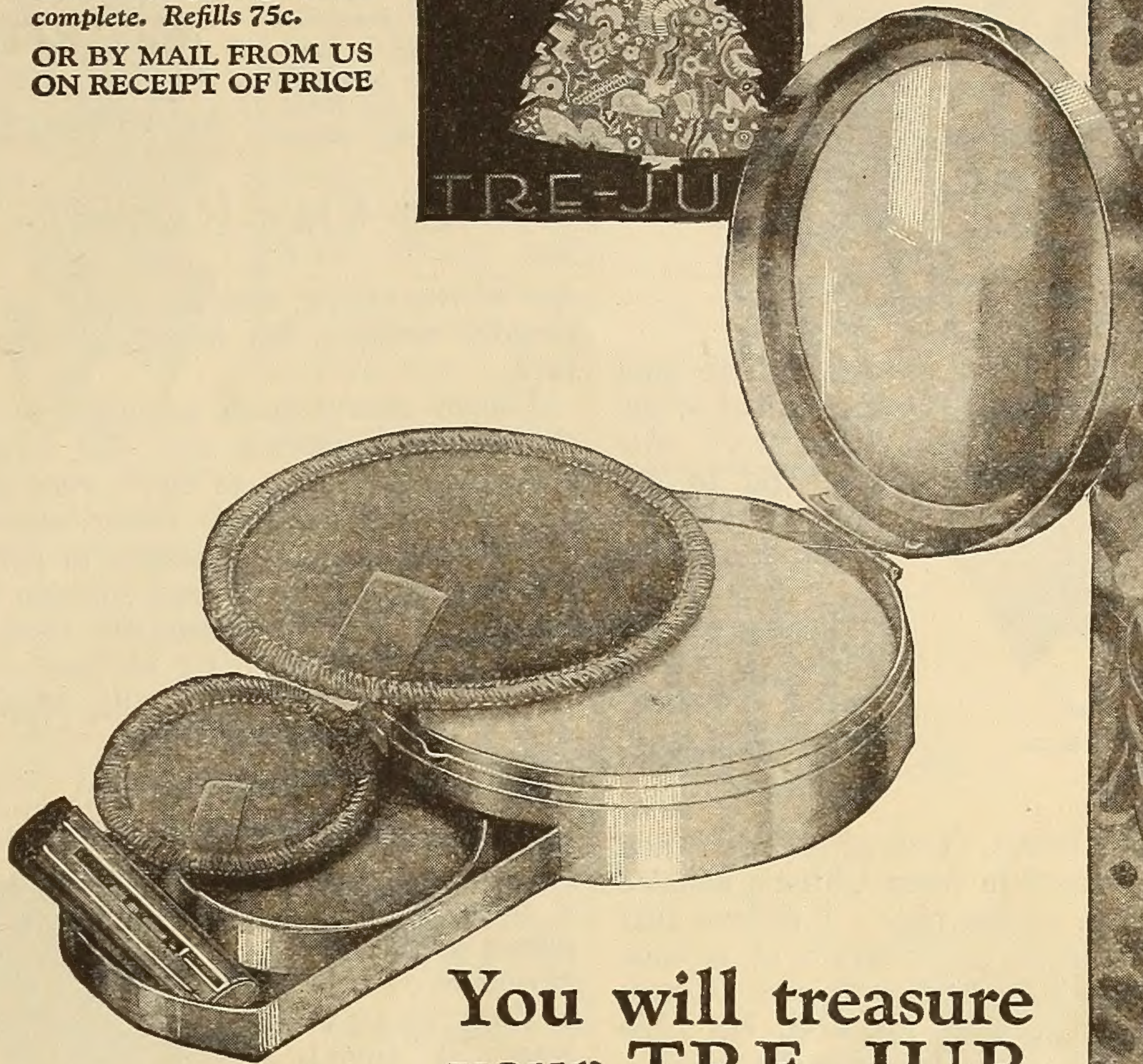
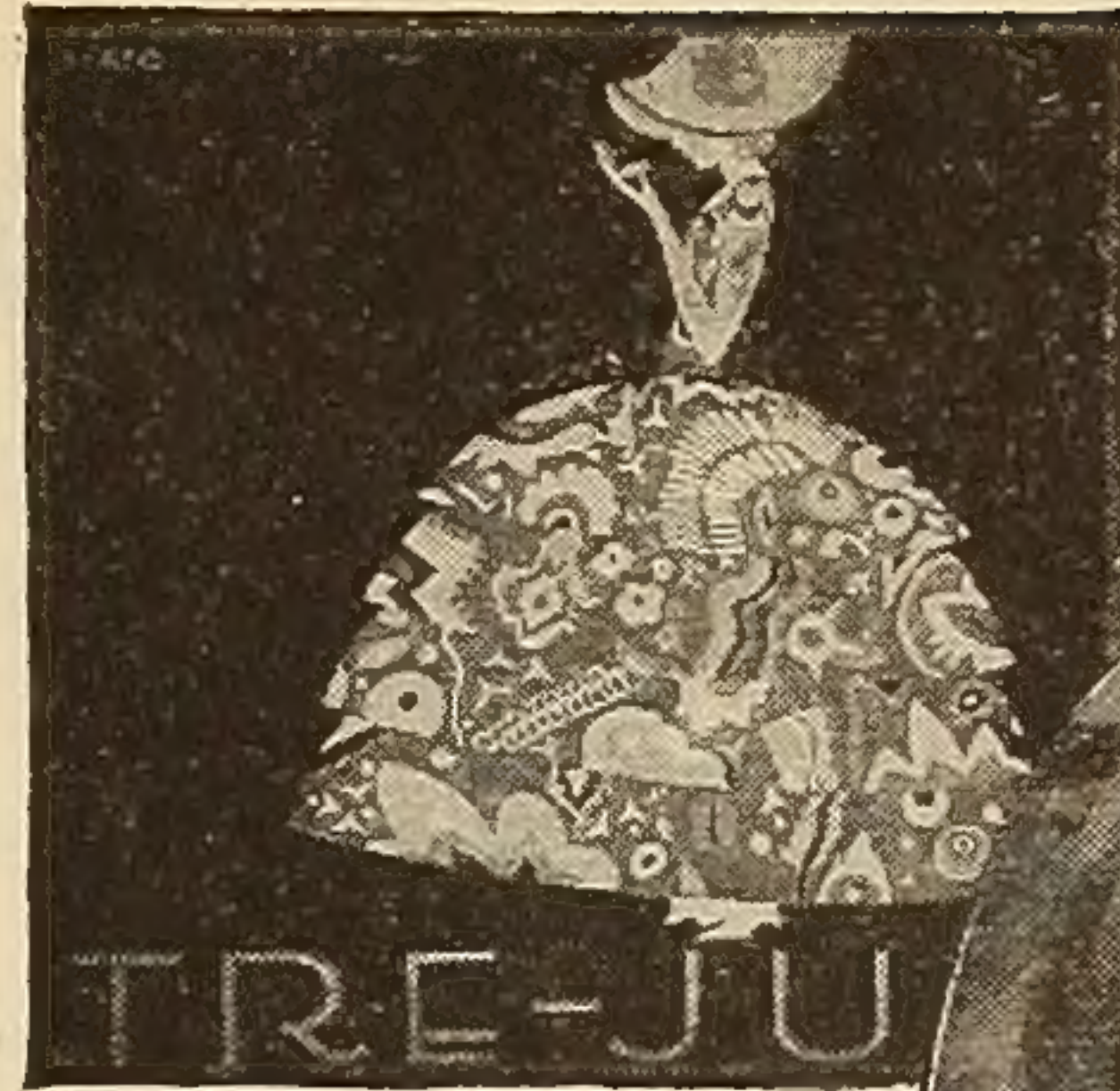
NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn. Remembering the amazing photoplays he made in his native Sweden you will be disappointed in *Name the Man*, Victor Seastrom's first American effort. Possibly if left to himself Mr. Seastrom would not have insisted upon a story by Sir Hall Caine. But he has done wonders with his material and the result is a production far above the ordinary and with an incident or two that approaches great drama. He can impart to a scene a stark power that is equalled only by Von Stroheim.

Seastrom has made few concessions to the motion picture book of behavior. The hero, leaving his love after a quarrel, does not glide out gracefully as is the way of screen leading men. He trips over a rug. And this director has provided a seduction scene which is the first one in cinema to ring true. Mr. Griffith should see it.

The heroine's home life isn't all it
(Continued on page 13)

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Space rates are paid for all letters published here when accompanied by photographs. Lack of space limits our choice of the many hundreds of excellent letters received. This is the Readers' Department and SCREENLAND cannot

accept responsibility for sentiments expressed. Address Editor SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. Send your portrait with your letter. It is impossible to return letters or pictures. Please don't ask questions. This is not an Answer Department.

By Our Readers

DEAR EDITOR:—



Q M. E. Kains

I wish to laud the arrival of the "character" artists, and to express a feeling of gratitude that we are seeing less and less of the "butterflies," "dizzy blondes" and "beautiful but dumb"

Doras.

Blanche Sweet, George Marion and William Russell in Anna Christie equaled the originals of the play. I believe that this is the best picturization of a book or play that has ever been made. Ernest Torrence in some of his work has been excellent, but he is being overworked.

Will Rogers I loved in The Headless Horseman, a gem of a little production. I'd like to see him play as Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson. The combination of Will's wise cracks and Mark Twain's humor would be a knockout.

M. E. KAINS,
1817 El Cerrito Place,
Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR:



Q Elsie Plummer

We movie fans are queer. Our likes and dislikes for the screen players are so pronounced. We seldom have a tolerant middle ground. I, myself, entertain an active hostility for three shadow artists. The unfortunate three are Douglas Fairbanks, Agnes

Ayres and Naomi Childers. I saw Douglas Fairbanks in just one picture and his smile made me awfully peevish and irritable. I have never dared to risk seeing another one for fear I should go quite mad and bite somebody. Agnes Ayres makes me want to lie right down and die—life seems so dull, so blank, so utterly nothing.

Then there is Norma Talmadge. I don't dislike her really (who could?) but she doesn't interest me. She has no message for me, or if she has, I am too much of a dumb-bell to get it. In order to see if at some time she would strike a big moment in her acting, I have gone to see many of her pictures. Too many. She is beautiful but she never allows

any of the strong emotions that are supposedly wringing her heart to wring her face.

I have always been passionately fond of Pauline Frederick, and this fondness has stood the strain of some very mediocre pictures. I have never missed a picture of Nazimova's either, in spite of the fact that she has been running wild.

ELSIE PLUMMER,
426 1-2 1st Ave. South,
Great Falls, Montana.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a young Frenchman, and a most devoted reader of the numerous motion picture magazines. I found SCREENLAND the only one willing to admit that photo play industry is not all "eau de rose" (Attar of Roses). Better yet, SCREENLAND is brave enough to criticize silly films and so-called stars, but always first to recognize a newcomer or a worth-while film.

SCREENLAND is like the up-to-date movie fan, glad to applaud a real success, but strongly against the favoritism and partialism reigning amongst some circles of the cinematographic world.

JEAN REYMOND,
124 West 80th St.,
New York City.



Jean Raymond

DEAR EDITOR:



Q Mrs. Verna Wichern Voelker

For the past fifteen minutes I have been burning with a terrific fire of resentment, so great that unless I open a safety valve I fear I shall be consumed. The cause of my heated

wrath is none other than the result of just having read Mr. John Tully's article on "The Optimistic Elinor," in the April issue of SCREENLAND. Do not misunderstand—my resentment is not for the fearless, splendid Mr. Tully. To him I figuratively remove my hat—but rather to the ridiculous personality of Elinor Glyn.

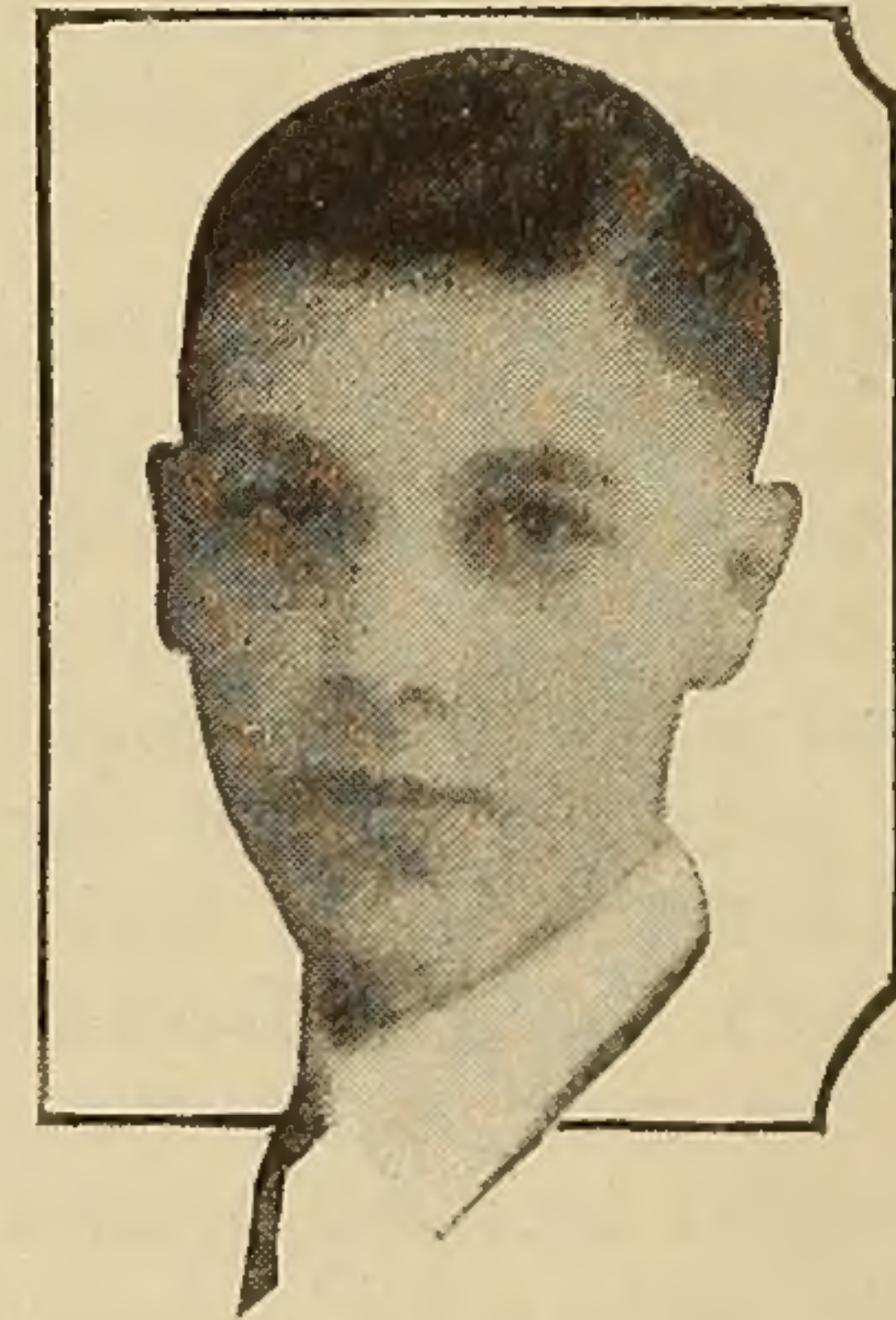
The veiled sarcasm of Mr. Tully made me rejoice, and unconsciously I held my breath for fear he would ask the Madam whom she considered the greatest writer of all times. Poor old Shakespere and the rest would have turned over in their graves at her answer.

Because I was forbidden to read "Three Weeks"—I read it. I was quite young at the time, but old enough to understand it and never will I forget the disgust that surged through me as I read such rot. "Beloved Classic"—"The greatest, most soul-searching psychological description of love written in the last fifty years." Blah! "The unanimous opinion of Elinor Glyn."—Honestly, words fail me.

(Mrs.) VERNA WICHERN VOELKER,
436 Shelley Road,
Racine, Wisconsin.

DEAR EDITOR:

I can think of no other director who has contributed so many fine things to the screen as De Mille. What about Carmen and the Little American which was Mary Pickford's best picture. What about For Better, For Worse and We Can't Have Everything? Weren't they good pictures? Of course, I admire The Birth of a Nation as one



Q W. D. Seidler

of the greatest pictures ever made, but I don't know of any other picture of Griffith that came anywhere near it. And yet he is regarded as the genius of the screen. I remember one picture of his that surely no genius would have made—True Heart Susie with Lillian Gish.

Concerning other directors I can't help but express some of my opinions. I fail to see what the critics admire in James Cruze and they do admire him. They have given him more columns of praise than any other director of recent months. I saw Hollywood and I came out of the theatre feeling headachy and bewildered, wondering why any person would take the trouble to bother with such nonsense.

I wonder why George Fitzmaurice isn't accorded more notice. Of course, I realize The Cheat was one of the awfulest, dullest movies made last year or any other year. But on the other hand, he made On With the Dance which some critic has called the best picture she had seen dealing with

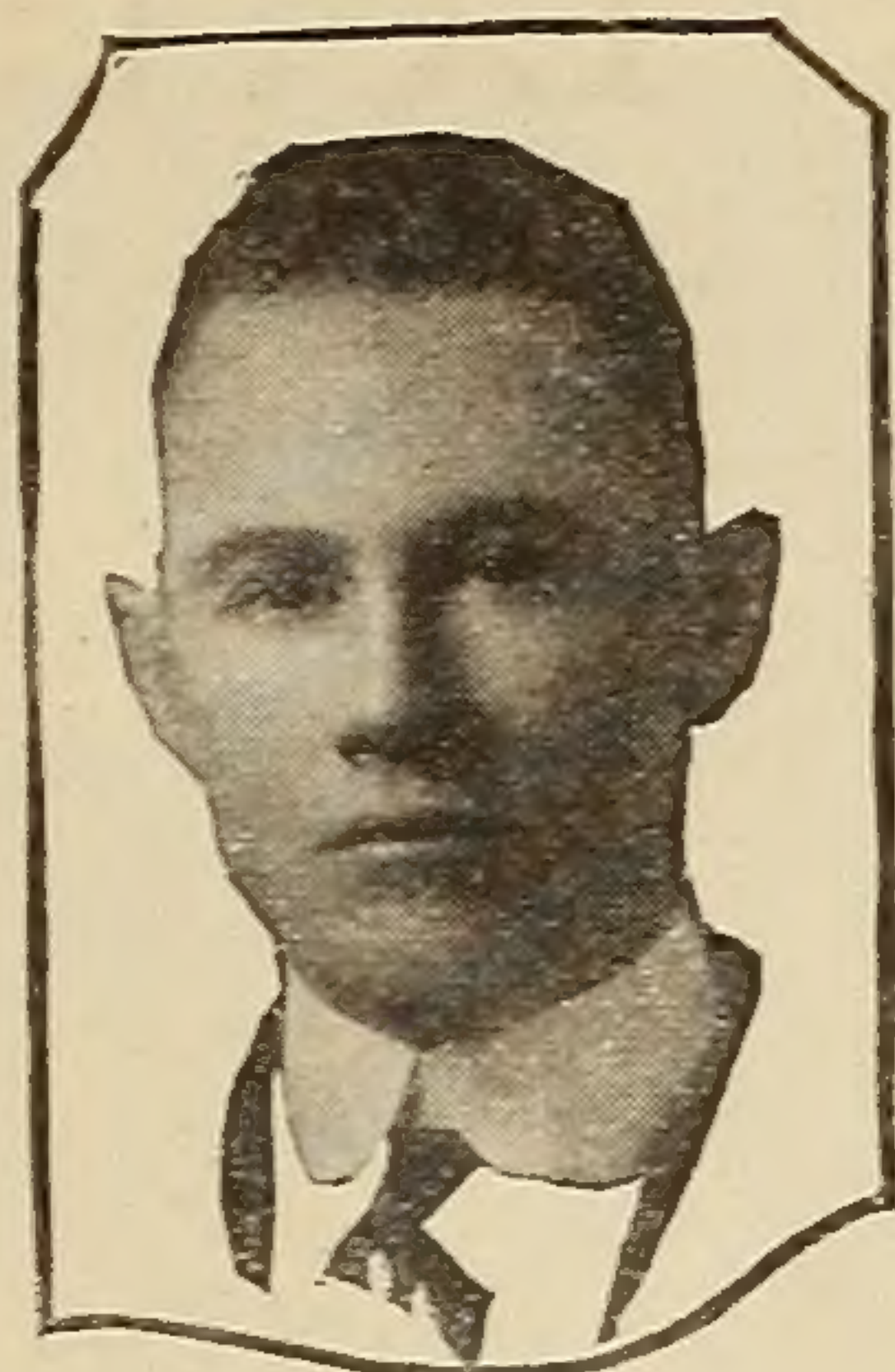
New York night life. I didn't see the picture myself and regret it exceedingly (too bad they don't revive it). But I did see To Have and To Hold and it was the best of the costume pictures to my mind. And I saw Robin Hood, When Knighthood Was in Flower, The Spanish Dancer and Ashes of Vengeance. Fitzmaurice made Kick In, which has flaws but was very interesting and about the best crook melodrama I ever saw. I hope that in Cytherea, the Hergesheimer novel, he fulfills his promise.

Rex Ingram made a marvelous picture in The Four Horsemen, and I thought The Prisoner of Zenda worth while. But Trifling Women was a trifling picture and Where the Pavement Ends was a stupid, banal, incredibly dull thing. If The Arab, his new picture, isn't any better, I'm off Mr. Ingram.

I don't like Sidney Olcott. I saw both Little Old New York and The Green Goddess. The latter was dull, to say the least, and the former was mediocre stuff. I failed to find the spark of genius in either.

W. D. SEIDLER,
207 West State Street,
Hammond, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—



Q. S. E. Weaver

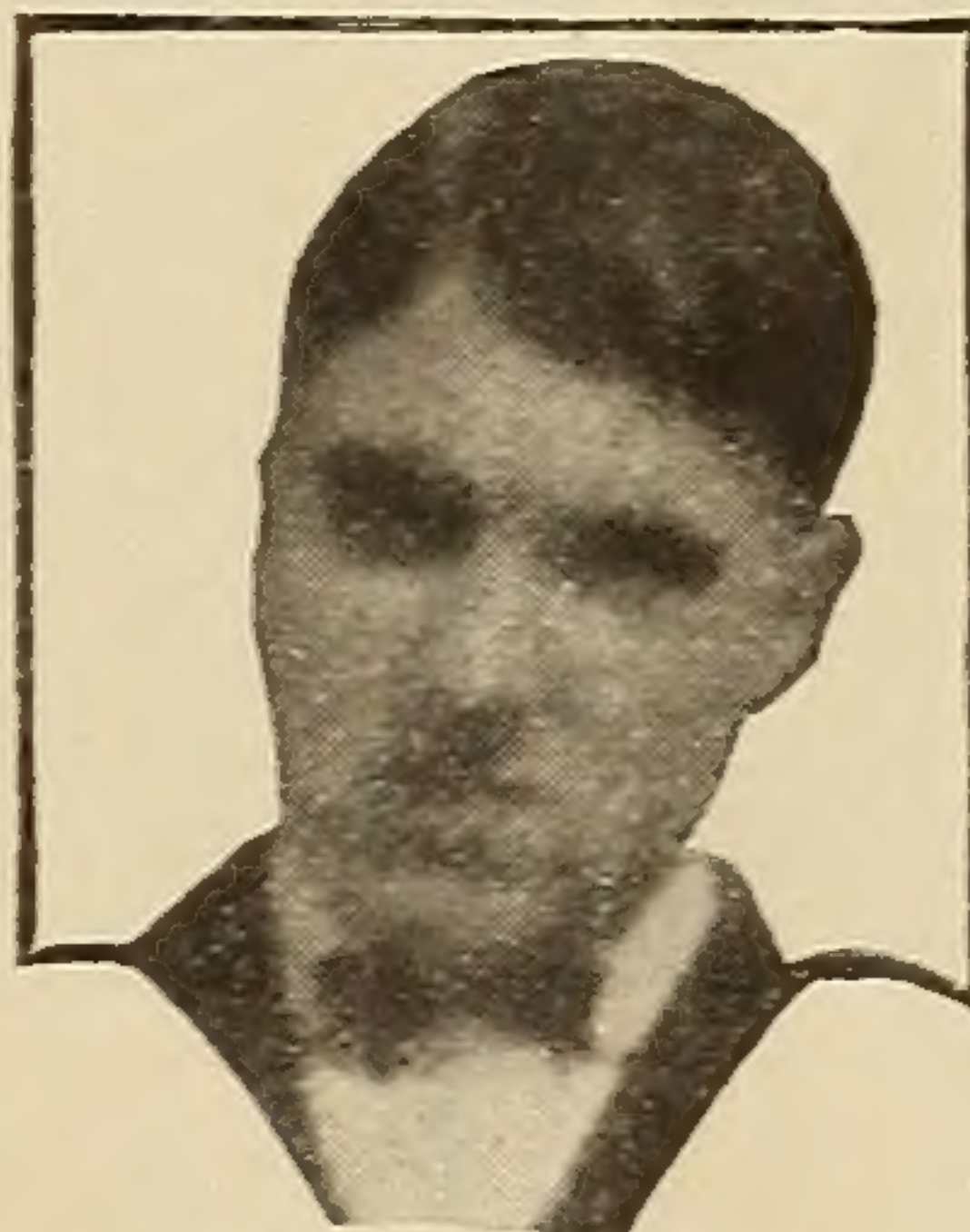
It is well-known that this principle or property operates in the psychological world as well as in the world of optics. It is interesting to note how fully the moving picture producers have exploited the possibilities of this principle.

Producers frequently leave all manner of gaps and illogical situations in the development of the plots of pictures. They seem to believe and hope that the momentum of thought will carry across such places without breaking the thread of thought or otherwise marring the effect.

S. E. WEAVER,
Santa Anna, Texas.

DEAR EDITOR:

It just occurred to me that perhaps your readers would like to hear of some of the experiences I have had writing to different movie stars.



Q. Gordon R. Silver

I wrote to Alice Calhoun about two years ago and she sent me a wonderful large photo of herself and one of the sweetest letters I have ever received from anyone. Since then she sent me a whole stack of letters and several beautiful photographs. She is one of the most charming and sincerest girls I have ever known and I'm very proud of her friendship.

Another charming girl is Lucille Rickson. I have been corresponding with her for only a month and I already have four delightful letters that I will always treasure. She is a wonderful little actress and under proper direction she should go far.

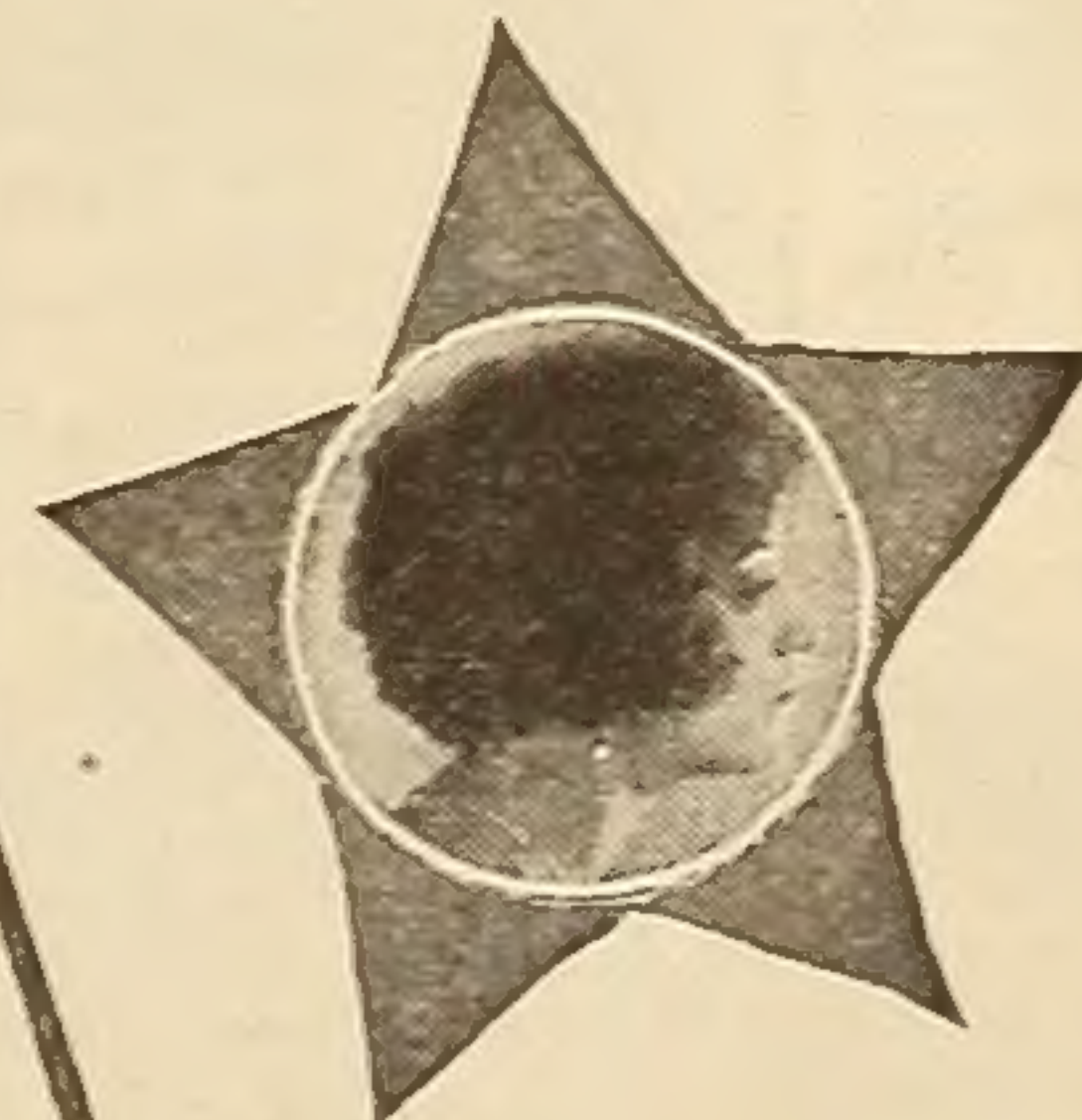
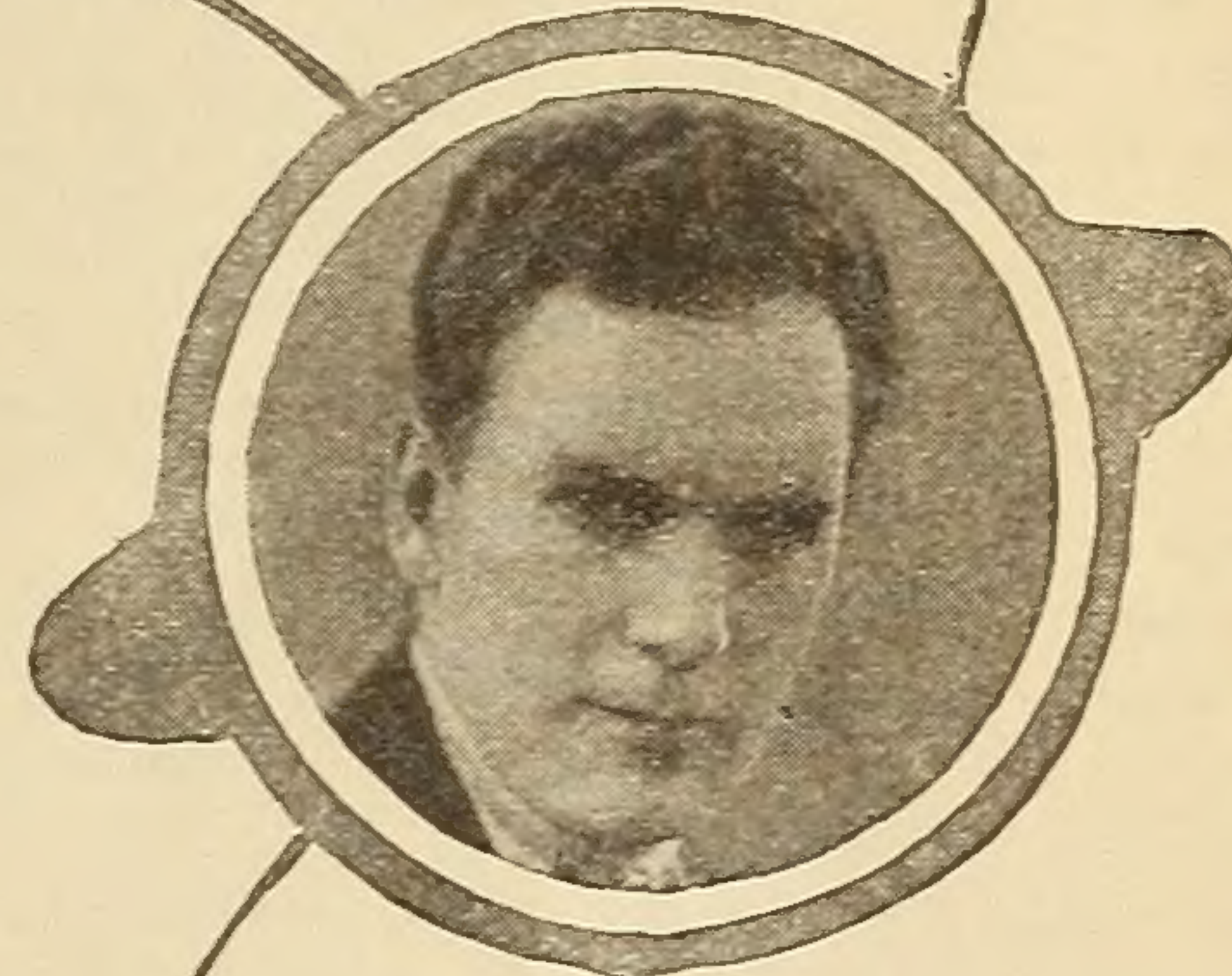
I wonder if many fans have ever received a telegram from a popular actress? I have, and Vera Reynolds is the thoughtful little actress that sent it to me. I think she is one of the most promising players of all and she certainly is one of the most charming. Anyone who has seen her in "Prodigal Daughters", "Woman Proof", or "Shadows of Paris" will agree with me, I'm sure.

Others that I have received lovely letters from are Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Priscilla Dean, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Julia Faye and several from Allene Ray.

(Continued on page 9)

beautiful
STAR
portraits

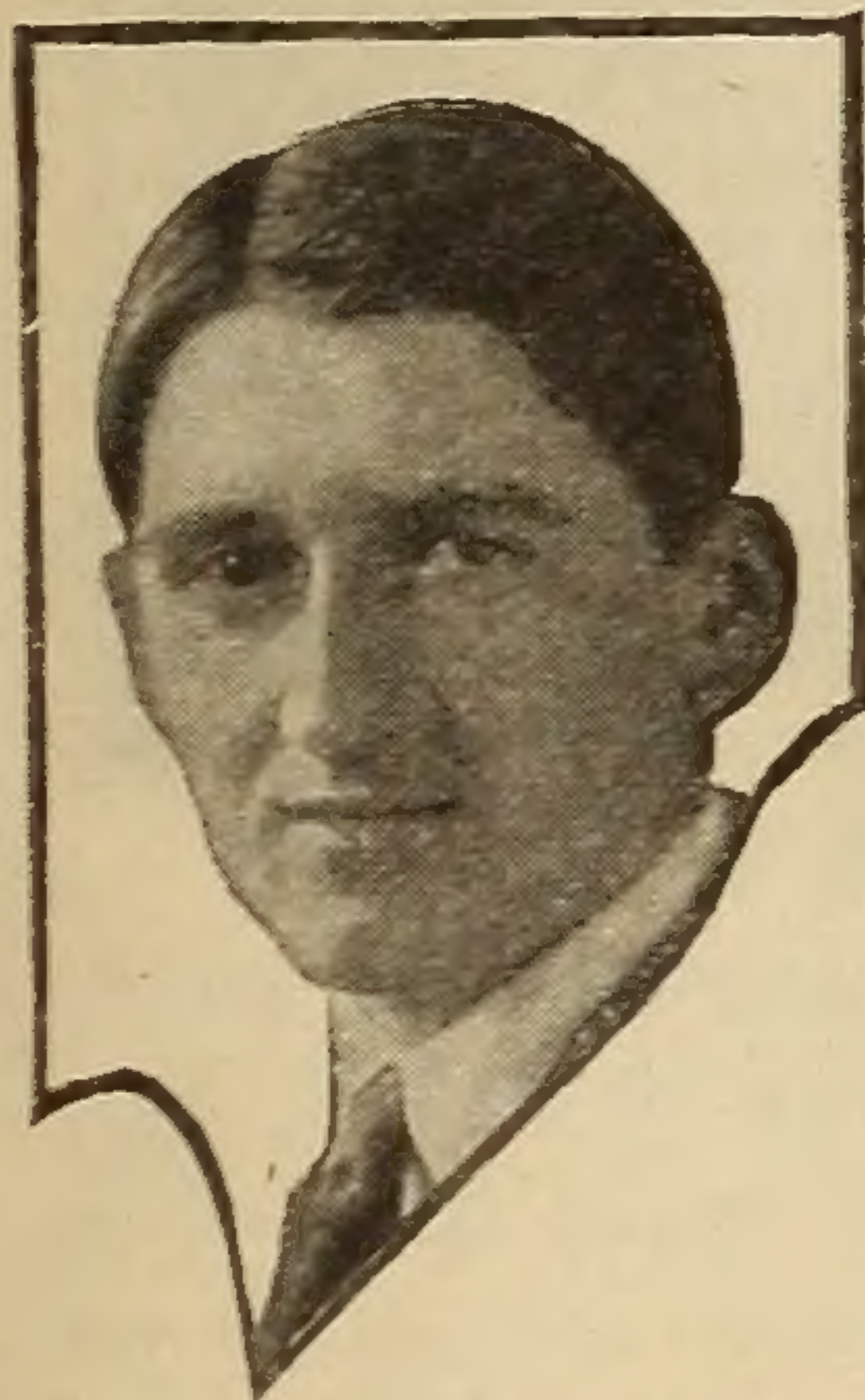
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Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for \$1.00.

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St. Dpt. 624 New York City

DEAR EDITOR:



Q. Gerhardt Hoffman

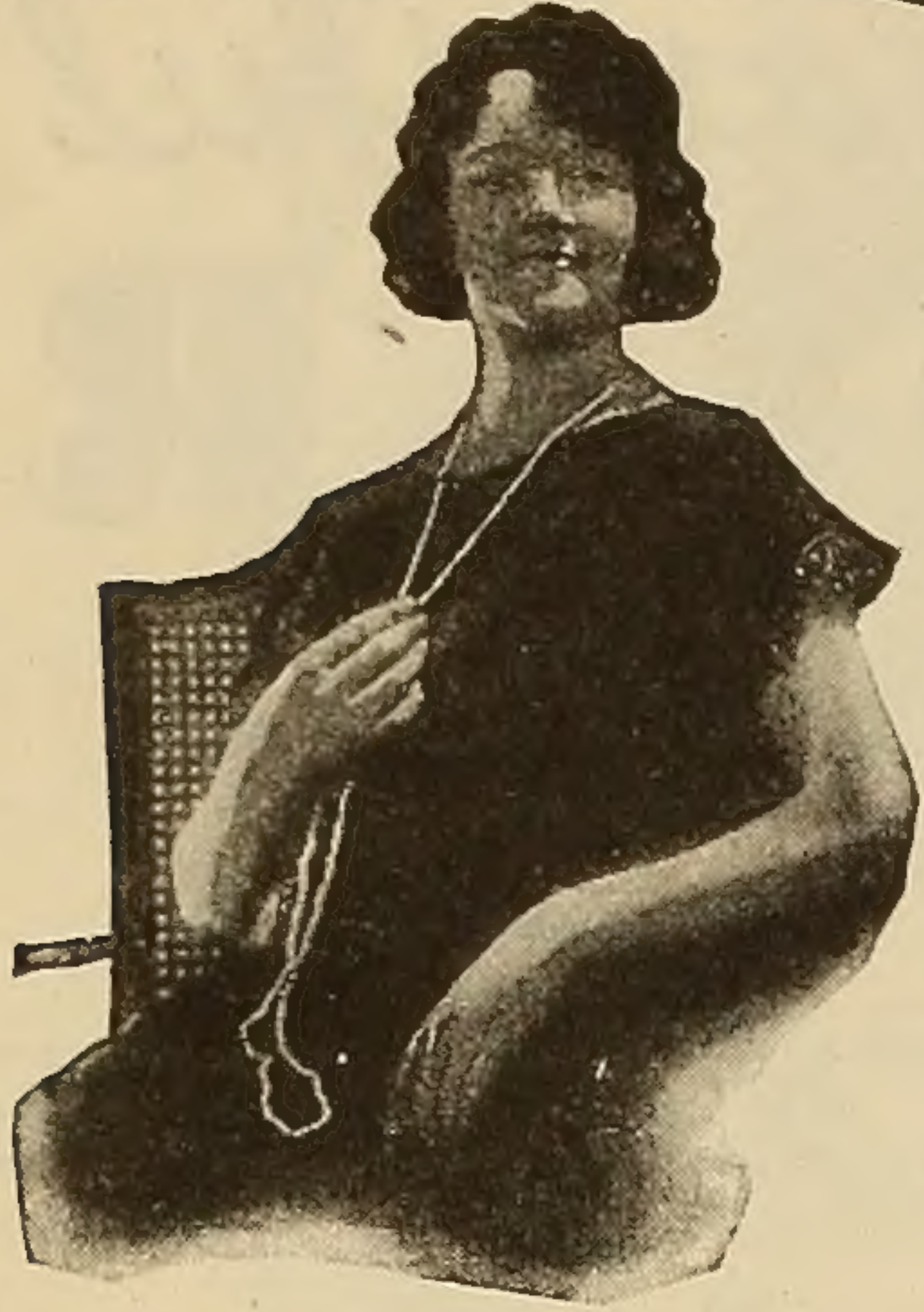
has heard nothing of, or very little, and is very much disappointed on finding that the advertisements were greater accomplishments than the film itself.

Daniel Carson Goodman's *The Daring Years* is advertised as "a smashing drama of the younger generation—reckless youth" and is plentifully sprinkled with " * * * lying lips, mocking eyes, seductive form luring to destruction the unsophisticated!" Yes, indeed, luring the unsophisticated into a theatre to see about the worst film that has ever been made.

I am only taking the above picture as an example. Nearly every picture is advertised as was this one, and when a truly worth-while production is shown, despite the fact that we know it to be good, the advertising will oftentimes hold one back for fear of another disappointment.

GERHARDT HOFFMAN,
R.F.D. 1, Mamaroneck Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

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How Wonderful it Feels



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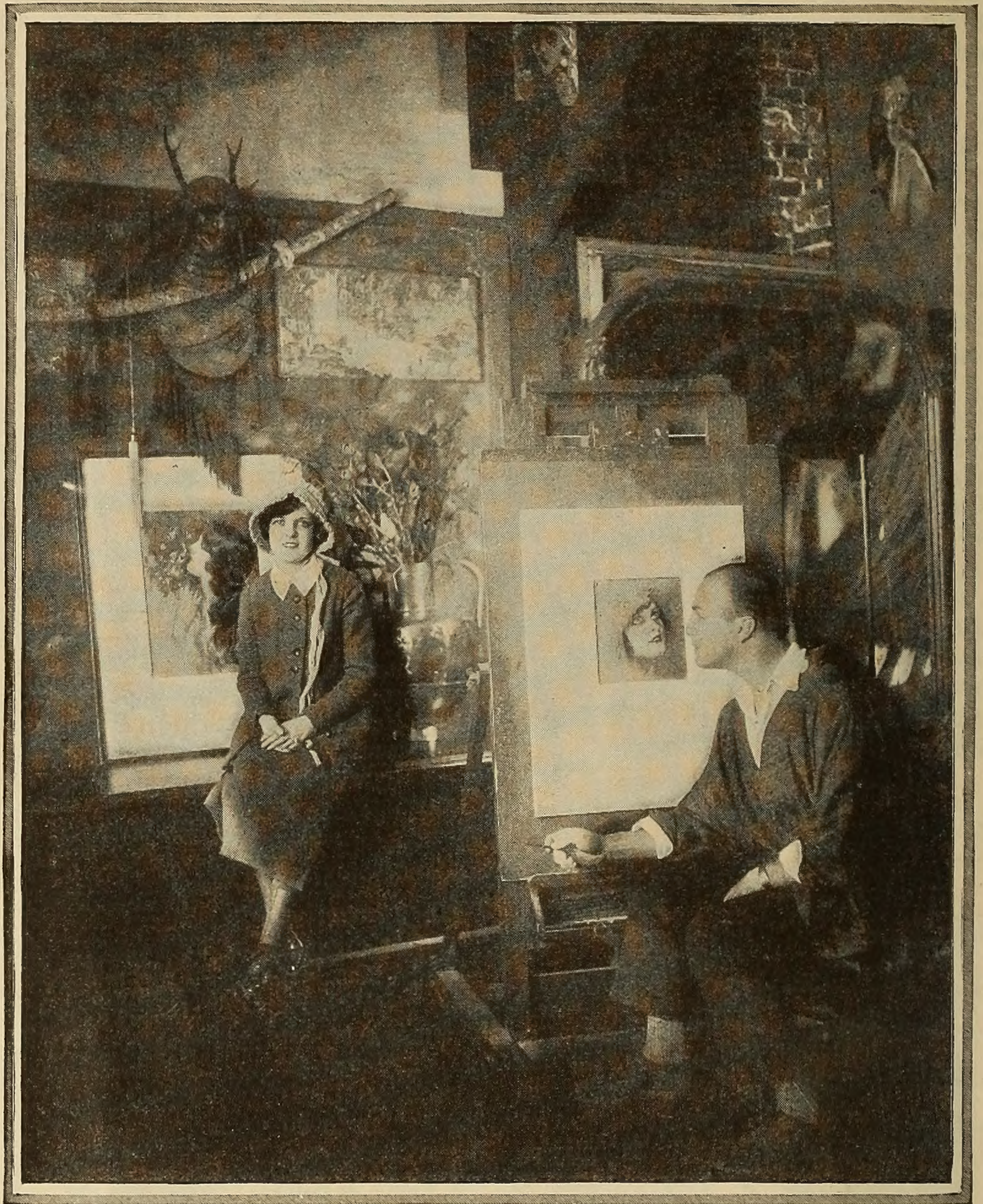


Photo by George Edward Drury

Q May McAvoy poses for Rolf Armstrong, Screenland's celebrated cover artist, at his studio in Greenwich Village. Mr. Armstrong is the only cover artist who paints the screen stars from the life. The original painting—one of his finest—is reproduced on the front cover of this issue.

Rolf Armstrong Paints May McAvoy in Words

AS I studied May McAvoy, for a point of view from which to sketch her, I was reminded again and again of the beautiful coral carvings produced by the cameo cutters of a century ago. Here in flesh and blood I saw the same frail perfection, the transparent shell tint, the arched poise. And to intensify the illusion,—Miss McAvoy's size. Ninety-four pounds, I believe she boasts, but in proportion to the massive Spanish chest on which she posed, her weight seemed more like ninety-four ounces.

Heretofore, I had never had any desire to be a cameo cutter. Nature designed me, both physically and mentally, along totally different lines. But the diminutive perfection of this Scotch beauty was a challenge. So I sharpened my pastels to needle points, and brought to bear upon my portrait of her the same exacting finesse as if I were etching it on coral.

Q *Editor's Letter Box—From*
page 7

And now, before closing, just a word about your wonderful magazine. It is my favorite of them all and perhaps the following will explain why. First, the covers are more brilliant and lovelier than those of other movie magazines and they are not marred by lettering. Your rotogravure gallery of stars I like especially well because they are different and seem more finished. Your interviews are all fine and your series of life stories of the different stars are splendid. Also your review column and *The Listening Post* are good, too. The only thing that could possibly improve SCREENLAND is the addition of a Question and Answer Department. Why don't you have one? Wishing you success always, I am,

GORDON R. SILVER,
56 Maple Ave.,
Windsor, Conn.,
March 11, 1924.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Allow me to congratulate you upon acquiring Jim Tully as one of your contributors to your most worthy magazine.



I'd like to shake him by the hand, for his illuminating article of that most esteemed

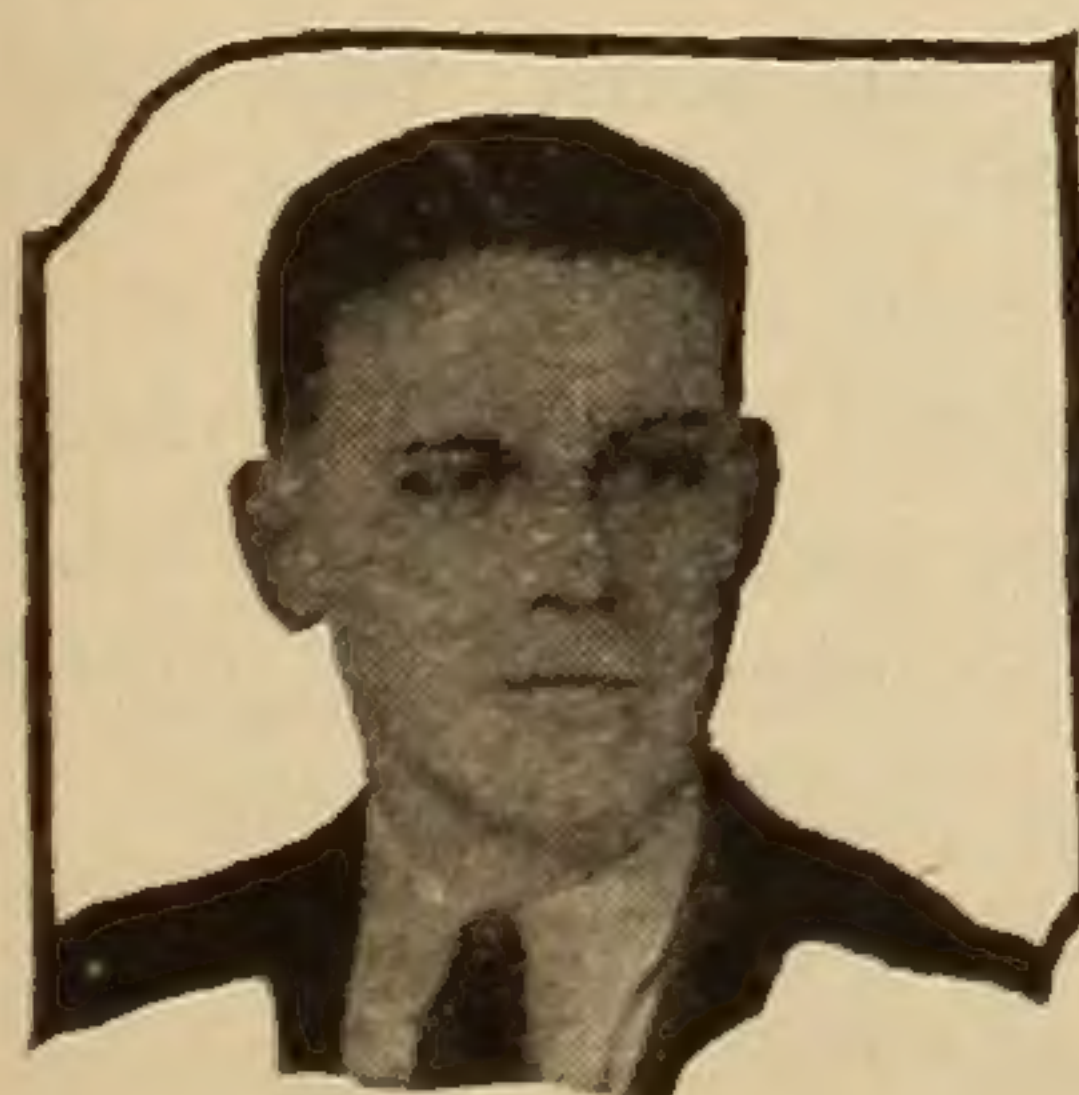
Q *Mrs. A. Simon*
aristocratic lady, Elinor Glyn.

Now, I have read many magazines on moving pictures, in fact still do and hope to as long as my eyes hold out, and I can safely state that yours is my favorite. I admire your fearlessness. You are the only one that is not afraid to speak the truth.

It is very difficult for me to choose who is the best author for this month, as I adore George Jean Nathan's scathing comments upon the drama. Ben Hecht is another. In fact all of your writers are interesting in their line of work. But to Jim Tully, I hand the "Kat's whole outfit," for his keen, penetrating portrait of one whom to my knowledge is more to be pitied than condemned.

Most sincerely,
MRS. A. SIMON,
Hicksville, L. I.
March 7, 1924.

DEAR EDITOR:



Q *Harold Revine*

that written by Upton Sinclair, your new contributor. He is a very frank

It is indeed a pleasure to read this latest issue of SCREENLAND, for April. It has some of the most interesting screen news that I have ever had the occasion to read. One of the best articles that I have ever read was

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Norma - Constance - Natalie
Their Mother MARGARET TALMADGE

SOME OF THE CONTENTS
Norma Goes Into the Movies.
Norma and Constance at the Vitagraph.
A Star in the Making.
Natalie's Romance with Buster Keaton.
Should the Professional Woman be Merry?

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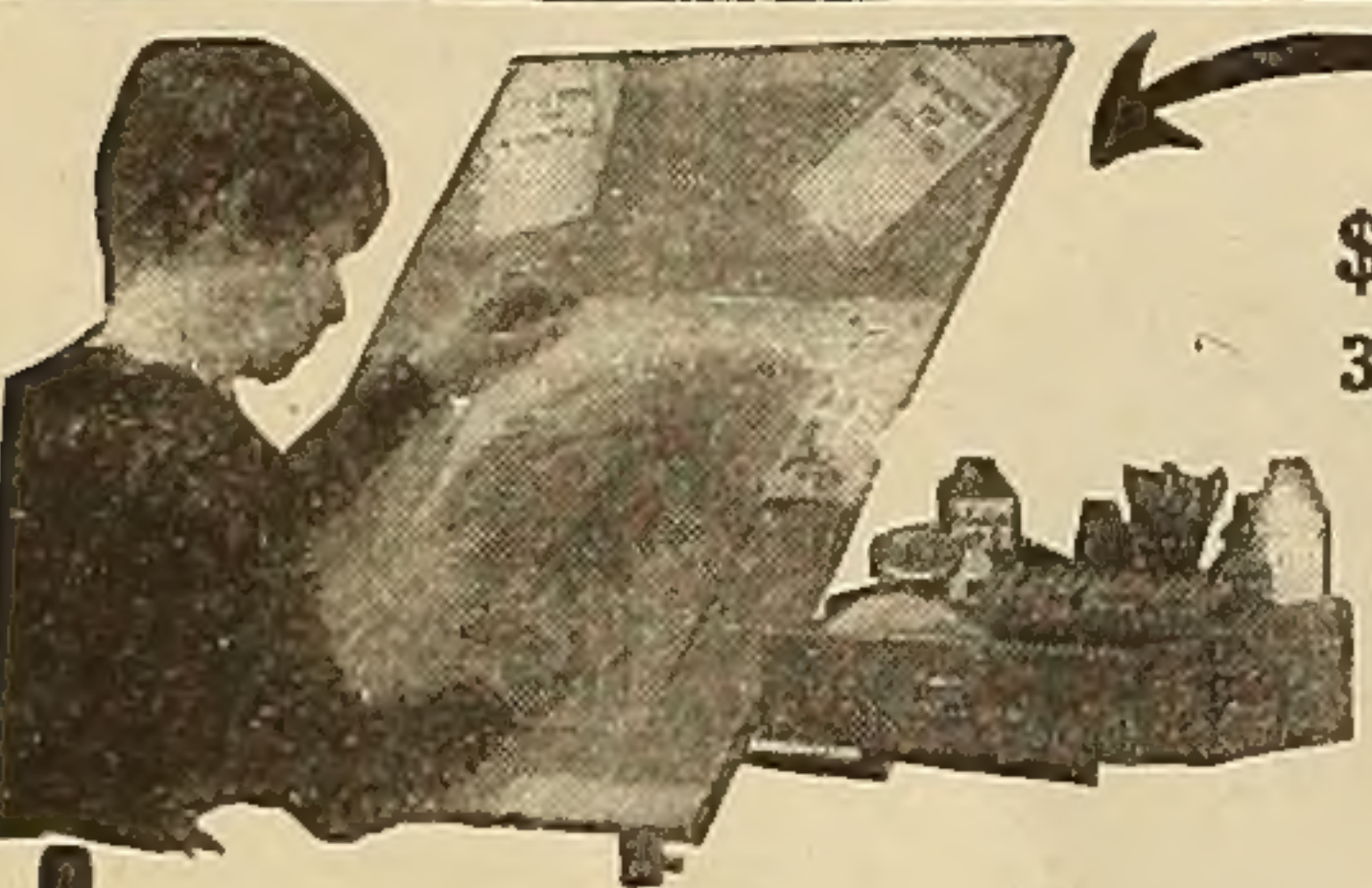
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writer on the topic of "Big Business And Its Movies", and is to be complimented for the fearless manner in which he has endeavored to present this to the readers of SCREENLAND. My conscience, however, would always be bothering me if I said that I agree with some of the things which he has said. It is indeed a *sensational* article. But nevertheless, we want more such frank writers of *his* type.

In concluding, let me say that SCREENLAND is really the "Magazine of Frankness and Fearlessness!" For here is another advocate, in the person of another new contributor, Mr. James Tully. He is a very sincere writer, and his mode of expression is so frank and genuine. Let's have more of him!

R. HAROLD REVINE,
179 Arthur Street,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

DEAR EDITOR:

There were so many fine articles in April's issue of SCREENLAND that I found it a difficult task to decide which I thought the best. But after reading them all I finally came to the conclusion that Upton Sinclair's article *Big Business and Its Movies*, appealed the most.



It was a fine ^Q Mrs. Dan Dyer satire on the way things are run in "Movieland," and as money talks louder than truth—money wins.

Truth is lacking in the way things are presented before the people—whether they swallow it or not lies with just how much knowledge they have regarding the true state of affairs.

Just as long as "money" rules this outrage will go on. It is sad to think that an "industry" which could be such a potential influence for good in this world is ruled by the almighty dollar.

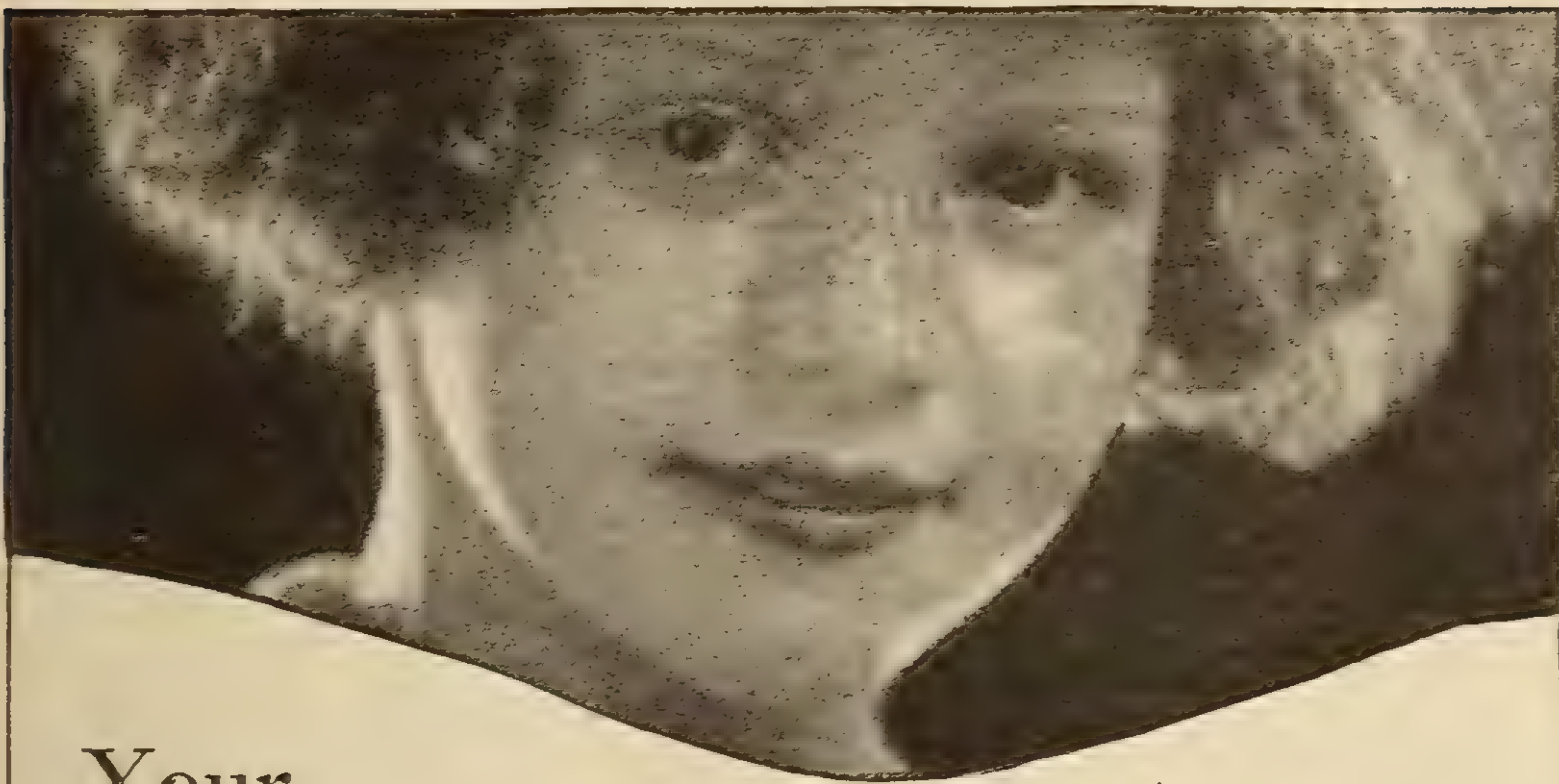
Anything that would make the masses "sit up and take notice," as the saying goes, is promptly squelched.

I liked Upton Sinclair's article because it shows how the people are mis-led and shows to what extent the real truth is held back. However, I beg to take issue at his statement, namely, "movies being made for grown people who have remained at the mental age of children." You will find at the "movies" intelligent, well-read people, for they need a diversion as well as those not so well-educated. But outside of that statement I think Mr. Sinclair's article "hits the nail on the head."

SCREENLAND shows splendid judgment by adding him to its staff of writers.

Here's hoping his articles will draw the wool from the too-easily hood-winked public.

MRS. DAN DYER,
5016 Navarro Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.



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DEAR EDITOR:

For a long time I have wanted to tell Miss Delight Evans how much I enjoyed her articles, but I did not know just how to reach her. Now I say, as I have often remarked before, I think she is one of the best



Q *Betty Walter* authors contributing to SCREENLAND.

I have followed her articles in SCREENLAND for a long time and some of my present delight in this magazine has come from them.

Her ruthless manner of tearing away your cherished illusions of famous stars is stimulating as well as interesting. Each time I get my SCREENLAND I hastily turn to her articles to see if she has at last dethroned the idol I hold nearest my heart, and each time I find myself reveling anew in the clever, satirical remarks of her reviews.

Some months ago SCREENLAND published a picture of Miss Evans, and I received the biggest shock of all in finding my favorite author, this young, adorably pretty girl. Somehow I had expected her to be older, or at least a little queer looking.

However, I think she gives me and many other readers of SCREENLAND many interesting ideas and more than one good laugh. And after all what is more refreshing than a good hearty laugh.

Here's to Delight Evans, may she continue writing for SCREENLAND just forever.

BETTY WALTER,
Punxsutowney, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:

Having a moment to spare, I will write and tell you what is the matter with the movies. Of course we can start with the hypothesis that they are all wrong; if anyone doubts that fact they need only be referred to some of the "best minds" who from time to time indulge in the popular



Q *Dillwyn Parrish* pastime of movie-mocking in our current journals. Mr. Upton Sinclair says in the April issue of *Screenland*: ". . . The movie world is a world of sticky, sweet sentimentality, of rigid propriety, and of hard and fast conventionality," while in the same issue Mr. Ben Hecht commences a distribe with "It is unfortunate but true that Evil is the basis, the veritable mainspring, of all moral drama." Mr. George Jean Nathan, the *enfant terrible* of contemporary scribes, says—I don't know what he says, but if he doesn't poke holes in the silver screen with his satiric pen I miss my

(Continued on page 88)



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The Silent Drama

Q Brief Reviews of Current Screen Releases

By Martin Dickstein

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—*Truart.*

One of the few really exciting mystery melodramas that have come to the screen. An adaptation of the play of the same name, the film is even more weird than the original. Henry B. Walthall in a perfect characterization of chemist turned master crook supported by a cast that includes Helen Ferguson, Stuart Holmes, Ethel Grey Terry and Alice Lake. It will make your hair stand on end. Thrills galore.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—*Metro.*

A tale of women who weep and wait for their men folk out on the bounding main. An excellent story, but poorly interpreted by a cast that includes Barbara Bedford, Robert Frazer and Frank Keenan. Some good deep sea fishing scenes a la "Down to the Sea in Ships" but not nearly as thrilling. Reginald Barker directed. Probably not the best picture in town, but neither is it the worst.

STOLEN SECRETS—*Universal.*

Gentleman crook mystery play with lots of thrills. Has enough excitement to make "The Bat" look like a Sunday School concert. Herbert Rawlinson plays the crook, but you'll find yourself pulling for him hard. There is a skein of delightful romance threaded among the rough stuff. Irving Cummings has directed well. A better than average mystery film that should keep you gripping your seat throughout.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN—*Universal.*

Jack Hoxie in a ride-'em-cowboy western thriller with a stage-coach hold-up and everything. Two gun action aplenty—all for the love of the finest little gal in the cattle country. Robert North Bradbury directs a well-balanced cast. Light and easily digestible entertainment.

MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—*Herz Film Corp.*

Released by F. B. O. A foreign film that shows only too plainly the lack of modern equipment and capable screen players in the studios abroad. Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten, successful wooer of Millicent Rogers' millions, plays the heavy in a badly handled mystery melodrama. See it if you're curious to see the Count. Otherwise, don't.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—*Universal.*

A melodramatic romance of a smouldering feud in the mountain regions of the South. Lots of hokum laid on thick and a last-minute stay of execution by the Governor. It's a real thriller for all o' that. Perley Poore Sheehan is the author and director. Charles Cruz and Gladys Hulette do some really

worth-while acting in the leading roles. First rate entertainment, this, and well worth seeing.

YANKEE MADNESS—*F. B. O.*

Revolutionary stuff in Central America in which the hero squelches the rebellion and marries the daughter of the President of the republic. Has an intriguing plot, plenty of romance of the O. Henry variety and enough fist fights to satisfy the blood-thirstiest film fan. George Larkin has the masculine lead while Billie Dove is charming as the senorita. Charles Seeling directed. A really entrancing romance.

SINGER JIM MCKEE—*Paramount.*

Wishy-washy sentimental slush with wild Bill Hart dishing it up. Not a typical Hart picture for there is a marked absence of his famous shooting irons. He sings and he weeps; he keeps house and he amuses the kiddies, but there's nary a sign of Bill, the he-man. Clifford Smith directed; Phyllis Haver has the feminine lead. A disappointment for the followers of Two-Gun Bill.

THE DAWN OF A

TOMORROW—*Paramount.*

Done in the style of Cheapside, London, and has a moral that says: "H'ev'rything will come out h'all right h'if you'll only keep an 'appy fyce." Jacqueline Logan has a Pollyanna role of "Glad," gamin of London's underworld and Raymond Griffith plays opposite. A George Melford production. Recommend it for what it is—uncamouflaged melodrama.

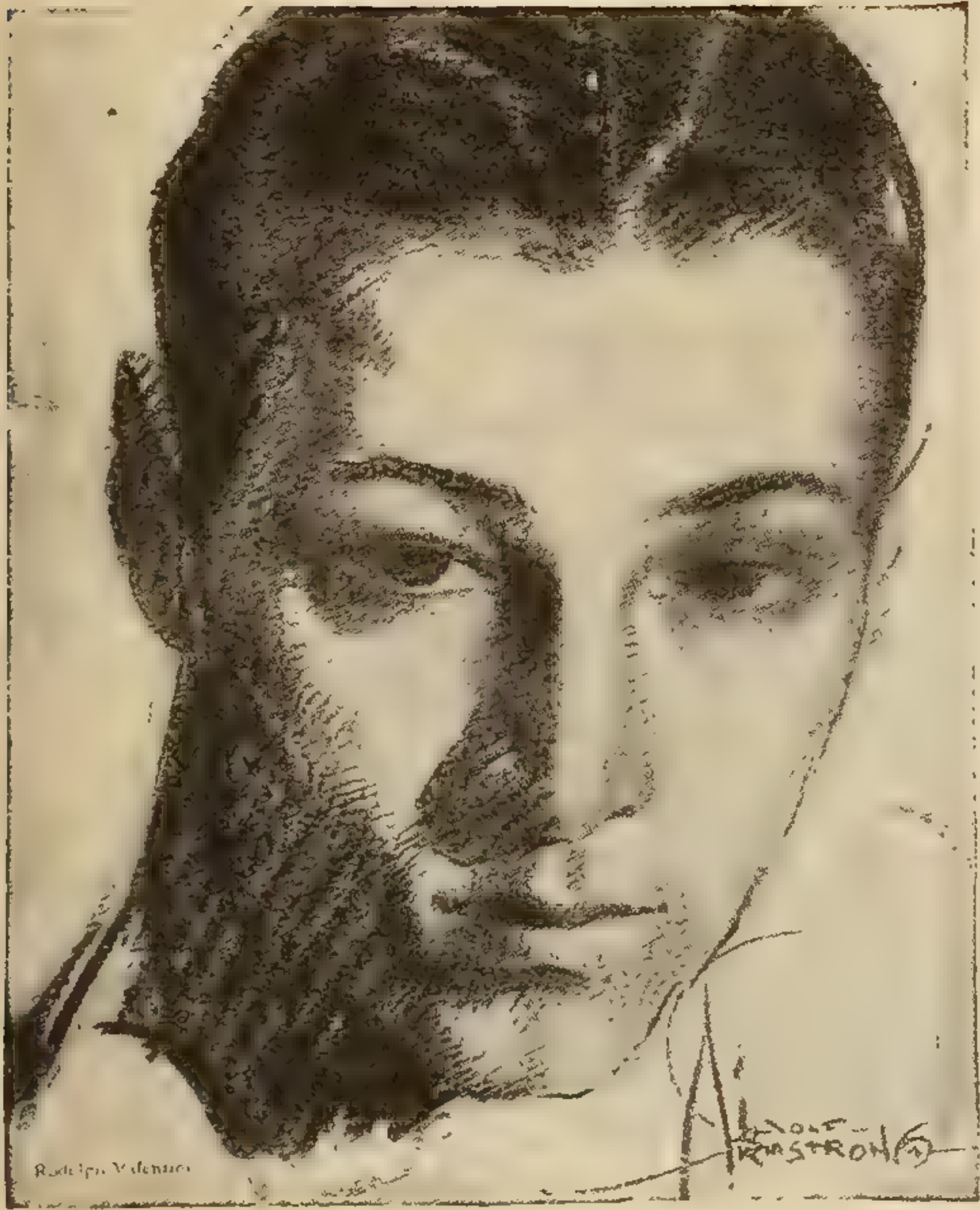
THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW—*Metro.*

An interesting picturization of Robert W. Service's "The Spell of the Yukon" with much stress laid on the villainy of Dangerous Dan McGrew. Excellent acting on the parts of Barbara La Marr, Percy Marmont and Lew Cody in the principal roles offset the flimsiness of the story itself. Many sub-titles are borrowed from the famous Service poem and lend color to the action. Clarence Badger directed. Good melodrama.

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—*F. B. O.*

A Western with the tang of the Arizona desert and the drollery of Main Street. Tender romance, too, and lots of rough-and-tumble scrapping. Fred Thompson has the title role and Hazel Keener is the girl. Red blooded, out-door stuff from which you'll come away with your chest sticking out and looking for a maiden in distress to rescue. A real movie for a real boy.

Q This department will serve as a perpetual guide to the screen. Every picture of importance will be reviewed here, and the reviews reprinted for three consecutive months to enable our readers to use this guide as a directory in selecting their month's entertainment. Additional reviews on page 49



Rudolph Valentino

A limited quantity of art studies in full color of the above cover by Rolf Armstrong have been printed for private distribution. They are reproduced upon heavy pebbled paper, suitable for framing, or as a gift.

Mr. Armstrong is famous as a painter of beautiful women, but in producing his much talked-of series of star covers for SCREENLAND, he has outstripped all his previous efforts.

Connoisseurs of art and admirers of the screen's celebrities will cherish this series. It is for their benefit that this limited edition of five hundred special prints is being run off each month as the covers appear on the magazine. All lettering has been eliminated and the cover alone stands forth in all its brilliant coloring. It is a piece of art worth keeping and framing.

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KOSMOS CO., Dept. 132, 179 W. Washington St., Chicago

The Silent Drama — from page 5.

should be. Again the atmosphere is decidedly unethical according to movie regulations. The audience I sat with shuddered at the crippled mother's maddened outburst against her brutal husband in defense of her unfortunate daughter. Too long, it is still a superb episode, unique for its fearless realism. In fact, realism is present in large chunks; and those accustomed to the light fare usually served may suffer from slight indigestion.

Mae Busch proves that she is absolutely original as an actress and in individual. At times her repression actually irritates. But she is not at home in a role requiring naivete and girlish charm. I want to watch her sometime in a woman-sized part which calls for everything she does.

MARRIAGE CIRCLE—Warner Bros. It is too late to tell you that *The Marriage Circle* is a charming picture. You know it yourself by this time. A pay quartette rendered by the Misses Prevost and Vidor and Messrs. Blue and Menjou. Menjou, of course, does some splendid work. But the bit I liked best belonged to Marie. Do you recall that after her emotional Waterloo with Monte she calmly filed her finger nails? Ernst Lubitsch knows too much about the inner workings of a woman's mind. If he keeps on revealing the secrets of the make-up box he'll give the whole thing away.

THE ANT—First National. But if I were asked to consider gravely and name the best performance of the month I would present the gelatine medal to *The Ant*, whose engaging work in Louis Tolhurst's microscopic close-up is entitled to immortality. This diminutive actor is as acrobatic as Doug, as amusing as Charlot, and with full command of all the emotions. *The Ant* is not merely informative; it is much more fun than several of the month's fiction films.

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount. When I see Pola Negri in such slush and remember her *Carmen* and her *Du Barry* I could cry without calling for my glycerine. It's a shame, that's what it is. Yes, I am worked up over it. I, as a fair-minded reviewer, had to sit through all six reels—it seemed twelve. You can walk out on it if you want to.

If it weren't for the lavish settings and the expensive Pola you would suspect it of burlesque tendencies. It is almost, but not quite, funny enough for farce. A weak edition of *The Humming Bird*, it has its motion-picture-Paris society, its apaches its "Forward, wolves of Montmartre" motif. Charles de Roche as an apache is an unconscious caricature. The only reason for seeing it is Vera Reynolds. She, not Colleen Moore, should be the screen's stellar flapper. Hers is an electric personality, and if she doesn't go far—in the right direction—I am perfectly willing to eat my spring chapeau, feather and all.



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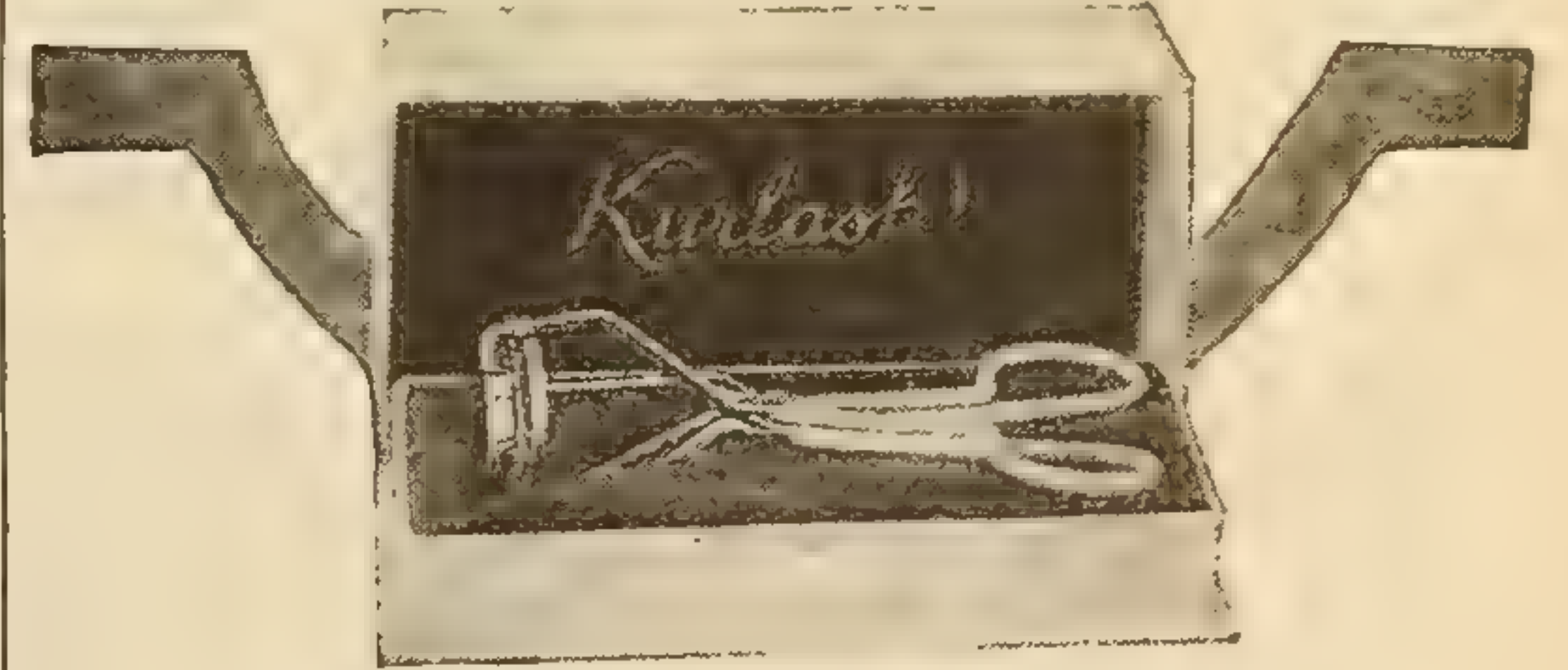
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This little enameled curler gives you the sweeping, beautifying lashes of a Movie Girl without pastes or wax. It acts as a miniature curling iron. No heat required—safe, simple and quick. A minute a day gives the curl for all day. Kurlash is inexpensive and lasts a lifetime; nothing more to buy, nothing to break.

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cream we used to eat with those wonderful big English strawberries . . . and so pure and as fresh too! . . . lovely for a child's skin!

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I could make only enough for a few women and only for women who could feel justified in paying ten dollars a jar . . . even though

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S C R E E N L A N D



Alfred Cheney Johnston

DELIGHT EVANS

Facile of pen--equally adept at tragedy, comedy, satire. The readers of this magazine need no introduction to this young woman whose stories have

appeared as one of its distinguished features these many months past. We take pleasure in presenting a new and interesting study of Delight Evans.

Reissues, False Alarms, the

Editorials By

Griffith Goes to Italy

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for D. W. Griffith to produce in Italy under Italian management a series of pictures among which are numbered *Faust*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. One million dollars capital is put at his disposal. The object of the enterprise is not so much the making of profit as the rehabilitation of the motion picture industry of Italy which was so badly crippled during the war.

It seems to us a lamentable fact that the father of the American screenplay should have been first forced to leave Hollywood, the home of his early triumphs, for lack of proper backing and should be now about to abandon the "series" of American historical films which he so valiantly undertook in order to carry abroad the genius which American business enterprise has failed to recognize.

Ingram Quits

ANOTHER director who threatens to quit the commercialism of the New World for the paternalism of the Old is Rex Ingram, who is preparing to give up his job and go to Tunis to live. "I do not like motion pictures," Mr. Ingram is credited with saying, "so why should I direct them?"

Strange sentiments these, from the youngster who five years ago walked the streets of Hollywood in a frayed out uniform pleading with the studios to give him a chance.

Famous Players Show Annual Profit

FAMOUS PLAYERS has issued a financial statement for 1923 which shows clearly the advantages of the home-made product. While other companies, gallivanting around the globe in search of new locations, have succeeded only in putting dangerous ideas into the heads of their actors and directors, Famous, in its Hollywood and Long Island studios, has been grinding steadily at it, rolling up an operating profit for 1923 of \$4,605,784.93. Here is food for thought.

Re-Issues

THE open season for the re-issuing of old Valentino pictures under new titles is now on. We have warned our readers before of this practice of releasing old prints which feature present day stars who in these films played only bits. Valentino is one of the worst sufferers in this regard. His rise to fame was gradual and during his lean years he played in many films. All of these discarded negatives are now being carefully gathered up, re-edited to feature him as strongly as possible and offered for sale to the small theatres against the time when Valentino's return and the releasing of his first new feature picture will make of value any film that bears his name. An amusing example comes to mind of one producer who owned a print featuring a woman star with Rudolph Valentino appearing only for a flash in one of the cafe scenes. The producer, however, contrived to cut the film in such a way that in response to the applause of the spectators, the little cafe dancer was obliged to give an encore. And sure enough, in the new reissued version of the film that portion of the picture is run off twice and Valentino does two dances that are exactly alike!

The Soldier's Choice

BY what standard do you think these choices were arrived at? They are—according to the Exhibitors' Herald—the result of a campaign to determine the most popular star in the Sixth Corps Area, U. S. Army:

1. Mae Murray.....5,000
2. Viola Dana4,820
3. Shirley Mason.....4,002
4. Claire Windsor.....3,994
5. Lois Wilson3,540
6. Agnes Ayres3,005

Many stars on this list are conspicuous by their absence. Those listed are, without exception, very estimable and entertaining young ladies. But where, according to the soldier's choice, are the *artistes* of the screenplay? Where is Pola Negri, where is Gloria Swanson, where is Norma Talmadge? The answer, oh Sixth Corps Area, we crave to know!

Soldiers' Choice and Ingram

Myron Zobel

Movie Workers All

THE Board of Inquiry of Toronto, has decreed that the minimum wage for female employees at picture theatres shall be \$12.50 per week.

It is interesting to speculate on the wide range that separates the little girl working for a pittance in the movie theatres of Canada, from the proud star drawing her thousands weekly in the studios of Hollywood. Both of them are serving the same master and each in her way is part of an industry that embraces great and small. And to their proud family and friends these little girls are above the run of other people's children, for are they not all "working in the movies?"

False Alarms

DISREPUTE was brought upon the screen industry recently by the exposure of a publicity stunt perpetrated on the daily press and published in some of the screen magazines. It had to do with the purported finding of Spanish treasure at the bottom of Nassau harbor by the star of a company on location in that place. As a result of this deception the company was made the laughing stock of the local community when the hoax was discovered and the local paper which threw out much valuable advertising to carry what it was told was a true account of the finding of the treasure will surely not look on screen press agency in the same light again.

The publicizing of motion pictures is just beginning to take on a dignity and a love of truth in keeping with the improved quality of screen productions. To this new order of publicists we will look for the squelching of the old type of space snatchers who sought to gain free publicity throughout the country by the circulation of false alarms.

Bebe Daniels to Star

WE wish to congratulate Bebe Daniels on her forthcoming elevation to stardom, by Famous Players. No girl in pictures has worked harder or better deserves the right to have her name in electric lights along the Broadways and the Main Streets of America. Bebe has had a long ap-

prenticeship to the screen—dating back to the days of her work as leading lady with Harold Lloyd. She is a friendly, sensible and charming girl. Welcome, Bebe, to the ranks of stardom.

Lifetime of a Film

TWO years is said to be the lifetime of a film. Within three months the larger cities net for it 50 percent of its total income. At the end of one year, 88 percent of its value is gone and when two years have elapsed the life of the film has virtually passed away.

And yet the selling cost is very high—under present methods of distribution—in the small towns from which this latter profit is derived. It runs in most cases to forty per cent of the gross income.

The average film rental of the small town is \$7.50 a booking. To secure these little bookings each of the important distributing companies maintains a staff of salesmen who visit the towns of their territories once a month. These salesmen, with travelling expenses, cost about \$150 a week to maintain. For one of them to do a steady business of \$400 a week is considered very good.

The Film Daily suggests joint distribution and the use of Ford trucks as "traveling film exchanges—loaded with as many varieties of subjects as the body will hold." This would cut down the high cost of distribution. The high cost of distribution is one of the worst problems of the industry. And whatever is a problem of the industry is a matter of concern to the screen patron.

Page Mr. Hays

THE poor movies have been accused of many things from arson to mayhem; but here, apparently, is a new one.

Says a dispatch from St. Louis:—Proprietors of some of the cheaper-priced picture houses in this city have objected to the activity of the Police Department in selecting their houses for special treatment in a drive against crime. A special squad has been detailed to watch them on the theory that criminals use the darkened seats as hiding places. Police are stationed at the entrances to make arrests as suspects enter or depart.

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

- Q Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford reported to be about to sign with Famous Players under very heavy guaranty per picture.
- Q Harold Lloyd said to be leaving Associated Exhibitors in order to join up with Inspiration Pictures.
- Q James Cruze, director of the Covered Wagon, reported to have received salary increase from \$600 to \$6,000 a week---the largest salary ever drawn regularly by any director.
- Q Agnes Ayres, engaged to marry Ricardo Cortez April 19. She is wearing his diamond, which is so big that insurance on it comes to dollar a day.
- Q Sam Wood will direct Dorothy MacKail in *Associated Authors Production*.
- Q Charles Ray has signed with Ince to be directed by Ralph Ince.
- Q Jack Pickford to have Ann May as leading lady in next picture.
- Q Stork is coming to homes of Harold Lloyd, Leatrice Joy, Doris May, Lila Lee and Barbara Bedford.
- Q Priscilla Dean to do *Siren of Seville*, directed by Jerome Strong, a Stromberg production.
- Q Universal to spend as much money on new Rupert Julian film *We Are French* as on *Hunchback*. Madge Bellamy and Charles De Roche featured.
- Q Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost to go back to Sennett for one picture: *The Hollywood Kid*.
- Q Alice Lake weds Robert Williams, movie actor. Couple now on way to New York.
- Q Loro Bara, sister of Theda, here to break into pictures.
- Q Viola Dana finishes *Along Came Ruth*.
- Q Reginald Denny is putting finishing touches to *The Missourian*.
- Q Joseph Henaberry is directing Agnes Ayres in *The Guilty One*.
- Q Fred Niblo to go abroad to film own story, *The Red Lily*, with Enid Bennett and Ramon Navarro.
- Q Dorothy Davenport Reid to star in new picture of problem of bringing up sons.

Stars of
TODAY



Agnes Ayres
PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER



Betty Compson
PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



Mable Ballin

PHOTO BY EDWARD THOMAS MONROE



Alma Rubens
PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



The Mona Lisa of the movies

QIs it because Lillian Gish's life has been devoid of glamour that she shrinks from the uncertainties and perils of romance?

By Delight Evans

IF an intrepid producer today decided to do *Cleopatra*, who would you select as the most likely interpreter of the title role? Cleopatra, enchantress of the Nile; with Salome, holding the vamping championship of the ages; Egypt's luscious queen called Cleo by the vulgar varieties and tin-pan alley.

Nita Naldi?

Barbara La Marr?

Theda Bara—she made it once, you know.

No.

Lillian Gish.

Now that the uproar has subsided and the hoots and hisses have died in the distance, let me repeat: Lillian Gish. That same Lillian whose last name has come to be a verb among film followers. Famous as the Little Nell of the silent drama; the most persecuted heroine of all time; the victim of more unfortunate circumstances than any other girl who was ever cast out in a cape into the night that was forty below. In short, the sweet seducee of hundreds of celluloid chromos—what, *she*, Cleopatra?

Exactly. Lillian Gish is the only logical candidate for the role. You may picture Cleopatra as a large and luscious lady; a voluptuous creature with black, black hair and sloe eyes; a mouth that looks always as if it has just been kissed. A combination of Naldi and Negri and La Marr with a dash of piquance a la Alma Rubens.

Wrong again.

Cleo Was an Ingenue

CLEO could be classified, according to type, only as an ingenue. She was essence of ingenue, de luxe. She was very, very slender; she had wide, innocent eyes. Feminine, soft, soothing and sweet. She had her own way, but in her own way. She caressed and cajoled, as ingenues have always done. She would have fitted in beautifully in any gathering of the Ladies' Aid of Alexandria. She was a little lady—and the most dangerous one of her day.

Oh, yes, Cleopatra was an ingenue. A devastating darling with an iron will and a fixed purpose. A slim, bright sword in a shimmering sheath.

It was a noted archaeologist who said that her twentieth-

*Q*Lillian Gish—famous as the Little Nell of the silent drama; the most persecuted heroine of all time; the victim of more unfortunate circumstances than any other girl who was ever cast out in a cape into the night that was forty below.

century celluloid incarnation was none other than Lillian Gish. The girl who has been for years the screen symbol of female virtue, modesty, and meekness.

He looked at her, so the story goes, and exclaimed: "Cleopatra!"

"What?" said the surprised maestro, Mr. Griffith. "Miss Gish?"

"Ah—she is the perfect type! She has everything any actress needs to play the part."

"But she's an ingenue," protested her great teacher.

"That may be," smiled the authority on dead ages and living ladies. "Nevertheless, she has it—that inflexibility, that subtlety that Cleopatra exhibited, to the ultimate degree. If, my dear sir, you do not film *Cleopatra* with Lillian Gish in the leading role you will be overlooking an opportunity—a very great opportunity, indeed."

Doubtless the showman side of D. W. G. foresaw the public's inability or reluctance to view a re-creation of Cleopatra other than in the well-upholstered person of Nita Naldi. He smiled and said nothing. And Lillian Gish went her own way with her own company, and D. W. went his. Hence *Cleopatra* and Miss Gish have never gotten together.

Lillian an Enigma

LILLIAN seems determined to confine herself to the portrayals of unvarnished virgins; to dedicate her art and her subtle smile to the perpetuation of many more *Anna Moores*. A pity. Because the screen has never reflected the Cleopatra complex in our most stainless heroine. Her adorers would shudder to see her in the arms of Antony; her little-girl fans of all ages would stop sending her crocheted doilies if she ever enacted a person of adult passions and intelligence.

The virgin queen of the screen is an enigma if there ever was one. Where is her Leonardo? Griffith, as her professional da Vinci, painted her as the *Giaconda* of the gelatines, as faithfully, perhaps, as anyone ever will. But the Griffith Gish was never half so baffling as the curiously quiet, gentle-voiced woman who is the real Lillian.

So many think they know her. Her hordes of girl interviewers swarm about her and come away worshipping, calling her by her first name and devoutly believing they have been admitted inside the shell. Her co-workers admire and often adore her—I know this is old stuff, but it's fact this time. I remember Kate Bruce, who has played with her since Biograph days, when her eyes filled with tears as she said: "God bless her! She's a wonderful girl. Always the same; always kind and patient. She works harder than any of us. That guillotine scene (they were making *Orphans of the Storm*) was done a dozen times, and she was better every time."

They used to stand on the sidelines out at the Griffith studios and watch her go through a scene. When she had wrung the hearts of the studio spectators and the camera had captured her tragic tears she would look around at the friendly circle as if surprised she could stir them so. Always, she was the calmest of them all.

The Ingenue Grows Up

I'VE watched her grow up. Not from baby days. But from an ingenue leading woman to one of the three or four outstanding women of the silver-sheet. I saw her for the first time, in Chicago, about seven years ago. It was after *Hearts of the World* had been a triumph for Griffith and for the Gish sisters. It made Dorothy, the *Little Disturber*, a star. Lillian and Mrs. Gish wired me to meet them at the station where they had an hour before boarding an east-bound train.

Lillian took my breath away. She was so ethereal I couldn't believe the evidence of my own eyes in her earthliness when she ordered and ate an artichoke. She was carrying a tall cane—really a wand—which she used for the exercises she performed faithfully every day. Always frail—but her indom-

able courage has made her strong. For one old Griffith picture she learned to turn cartwheels. She taught herself to swim a few years ago. Work—work—work—that has been her whole life. She is absolutely selfless and sincere in it. Her inflexibility is incongruous with her smooth, suave surface. She is as delicate and as dainty a creature as you would want to see. Faint perfume; a soft "veil"; perfect gloves and all that sort of thing. A clever author once remarked to me that she was a great woman because she was so adaptable. She is a chameleon. She is a lovely mirror in a quaint frame. In any salon, at any court in the world she would not be out of place.

All the more remarkable when you consider that her youth was spent almost entirely on the stage, and not the New York stage. The stages of small towns; the hard, relentless life of a trouper was hers until the movies, that fairy godmother of so many Cinderellas, lifted her from obscurity to fortune.

Disillusioned by Hard Knocks

THERE was one time of her career when she lived in a little hotel near Washington Square and cooked all her meals over a one-burner gas stove. When she actually did not get enough to eat. David Belasco told her afterwards he thought she was wasting away. There were times when she and her mother and Dorothy could not be together; when the exigencies of their uncertain profession called them apart. Her training was a stern school. She has known all the hard knocks, all the disappointments; and I have always thought her a little disillusioned.

In the years I have known her I recall a glimpse here and there that interests me—for no particular reason except that it reveals something of the real Lillian—a creature as varied in mood and mind as anyone I have ever known.

She has always seemed to me to be an unconsciously complex individual. Exteriorly, she is somewhat of a Pollyanna, with a respect for the good, wholesome, middle-western things. I saw her after she and Dorothy and Mr. Griffith had lunched at the White House with the Hardings. She marvelled a bit that the President and his wife were so much like other human beings—just plain, simple folk like ourselves. It was apparent, too, a long time ago, when I went with her and her mother to see *Broken Blossoms*. The audience contained several representatives of the higher social order of Manhattan. We went to an ice cream emporium afterwards and over our sundaes Lillian thrilled at the fact that the once-lowly movies could now attract the *creme de la creme* of the aristocracy. And yet she cannot help being the friendliest and most democratic of souls. Sympathy is within her and she has made up helpless little extras and taken under her wing pretty aspirants for screen honors. She is one of the few stars of importance who will go out of her way a little to help someone, without thought of return.

Really Old-Fashioned

SHE is really old-fashioned. Her dressing-table drawers are neat and orderly. She used to keep piles of pretty silk underthings, and hundreds of handkerchiefs, and never wear them. Her sister and James Rennie once escorted her to a smart hotel where the youthful fashionables were wont to cavort. Lillian couldn't believe young people really acted like that. Her visit to the suburban home of a famous novelist and his wife opened her wistful eyes still wider. "And they say that motion picture people are gay," she exclaimed. "Why, I never saw anything like it in all the time I have been in pictures." An eminent and elderly French artist asked her to pose for him. He did some charming things of her and called her his most entrancing subject. I heard him rave. He bent over her hand. He gave her a rose and asked her to pose for another head. Lillian thanked him prettily and told me later that she always took someone with her to the sittings. Her shyness and her

(Continued on page 84)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Q Almost without exception the girls that Lillian Gish has been called upon to play have been dumb-bells; they suffer, but only physically. You feel that they have learned nothing from life. Lillian has absorbed. She has a receptive mind and a retentive memory; and, unlike her heroines, she has grown up, with the potentialities for honest emotion and drama.

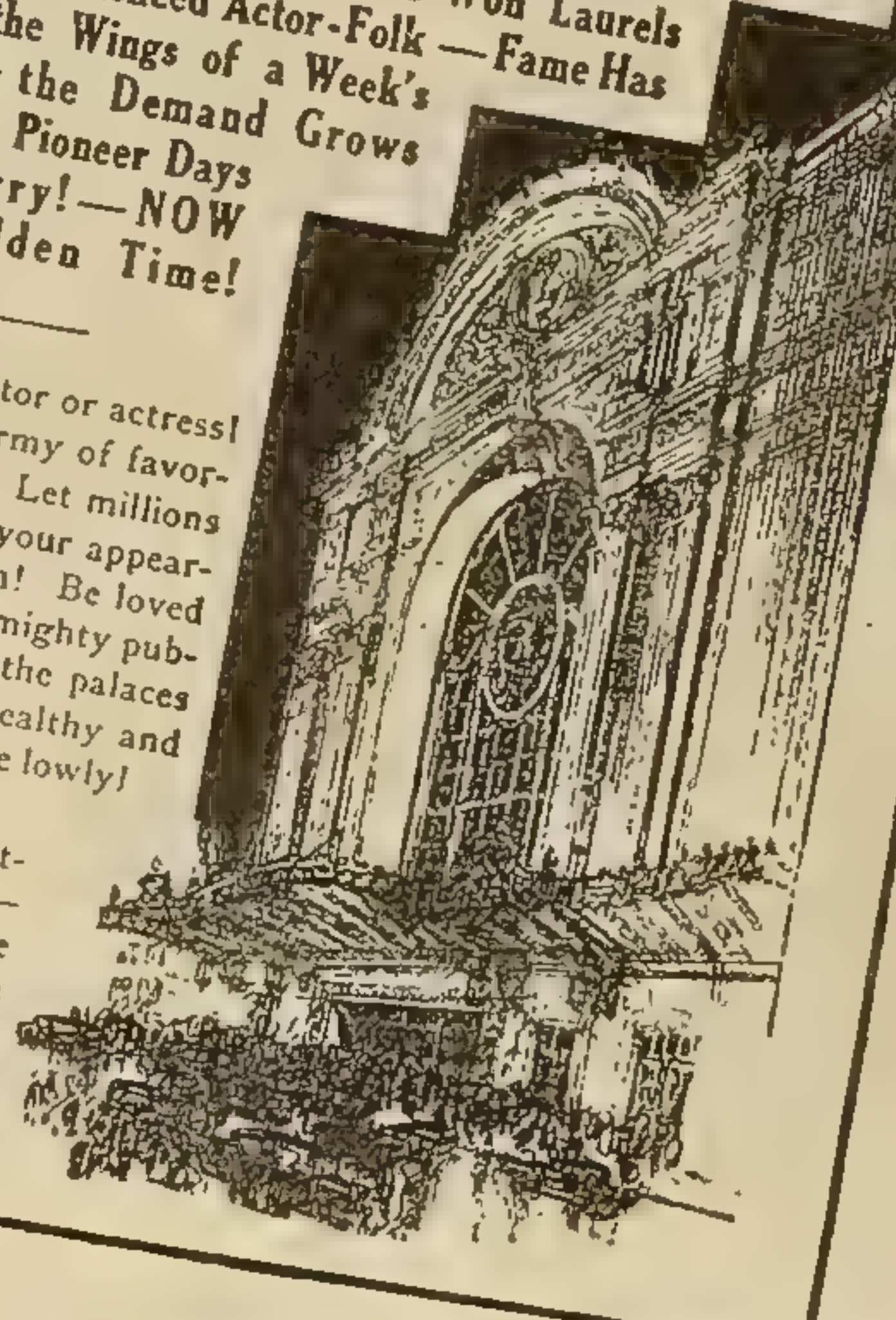
MOVIE ACTING
—how to Learn it
in Your own Home



Be A Movie Player!
Fame, Fortune and Joy of Succeeding
Are United in This Newest Avocation

The Unknown and Untried Have Won Laurels
With the Experienced Actor-Folk — Fame Has
Come on the Wings of a Week's
Passing — the Demand Grows
— but the Pioneer Days
Will Not Tarry! — NOW
Is the Golden Time!

Be a movie actor or actress!
Join the silent army of favorites
of the films! Let millions
learn to applaud your appearance
and lauded by the mighty public!
Be known in the palaces
of the great and wealthy and
in the cottages of the lowly!
Can you succeed?
Read this interesting,
absorbing story—
and then look for the
answer in your own
heart!



And in the warehouse you would find all kinds of properties, from kitchen utensils and household furnishings, to books, antique furniture, and thousands of dollars' worth of every kind of property for every use. You would find gowns and costumes of every costly material, and you would find every kind of property for every use. You would find every kind of property for every use. You would find every kind of property for every use.

How many Movie Players Are There?

Have you ever been in a great film studio? Have you ever watched the dazzling mercury lights and seen the gay parade of actors and actresses made up to portray endless kinds of characters? How many people do you suppose are employed regularly around a large studio? Each company actually employs a large number of actors and actresses, and, in addition, engages hundreds of extras. The "extra" in the film business corresponds with the supernumerary in the legitimate drama.

Three thousands of movie actors and actresses are being added to continuously. New names are being added to the advertising, and new faces are appearing on the screen! This vast army of talented workers must satisfy 100,000,000 people and do their part in creating the most popular kind of amusement in the world!

The extras receive as a general thing \$7.50 to \$15.00 a day while the actors and actresses regularly employed are paid all the way from \$100 a week to \$500 a week, not counting the great stars, whose pay is often "practically" in the extreme, many of them commanding salaries of \$10,000 per week.

Can Movie Acting Be Learned?

Do you think that it is impossible to learn how to be a movie actor or actress? Don't you appreciate the fact, as we have told you before, that the world of the film demands many people with talents other than mere acting? Some men and women and boys and girls are selected because they take beautiful photographs and look well on the screen. Others are selected because they are natural comedians, or have peculiar facial expressions that are pleasing to the audience. Many others are taken on because they can do some special thing and do it well.

Some from Popular Play, Showing the Work of Many Types of Players.



H O M E M A

In his previous article, entitled Mail Order Movies, which appeared in the May, 1924, issue of Screenland, Mr. Allen exposed the farce of the so-called "Scenario Writing Schools" showing the shameless manner in which these concerns are prostituting the motion picture industry, and robbing thousands of ignorant people of their hard-earned savings in a futile search for the screen playwright's fame and fortune.

By Rupert

AS I write this article, I have before me, on the one hand, a small newspaper clipping, and on the other, a pile of flamboyant literature.

The clipping is a brief paragraph from a Los Angeles newspaper, telling of the suicide of a young and very pretty girl. Hunger and despondency over her fruitless efforts to find work as a movie extra are given as the motives for her self-destruction.

The literature is that of a concern which purports to teach you how to become a star in your own home. It is literature of the sort which is poisonous, wicked, and pernicious, for by such pamphlets young girls and boys are subtly and indirectly being lured to leave their quiet occupations, to seek easy money and fame in that hectic welter of human commerce—Hollywood.

The tragedy of that unfortunate girl's suicide is not isolated. The files of the papers might be searched and dozens of almost identical cases would be found. Hollywood is the city of disillusionment, and the sooner that fact is deeply impressed upon the young people of this country the better off they will be.

"Teaching movie acting by mail!" There are, it would appear, no limits to human credulity. I have shown in a previous article how poor, ignorant, illiterate people are being robbed of their savings by the lure of fabulous wealth at the hands of the "Scenario Writing Schools" and similar concerns.

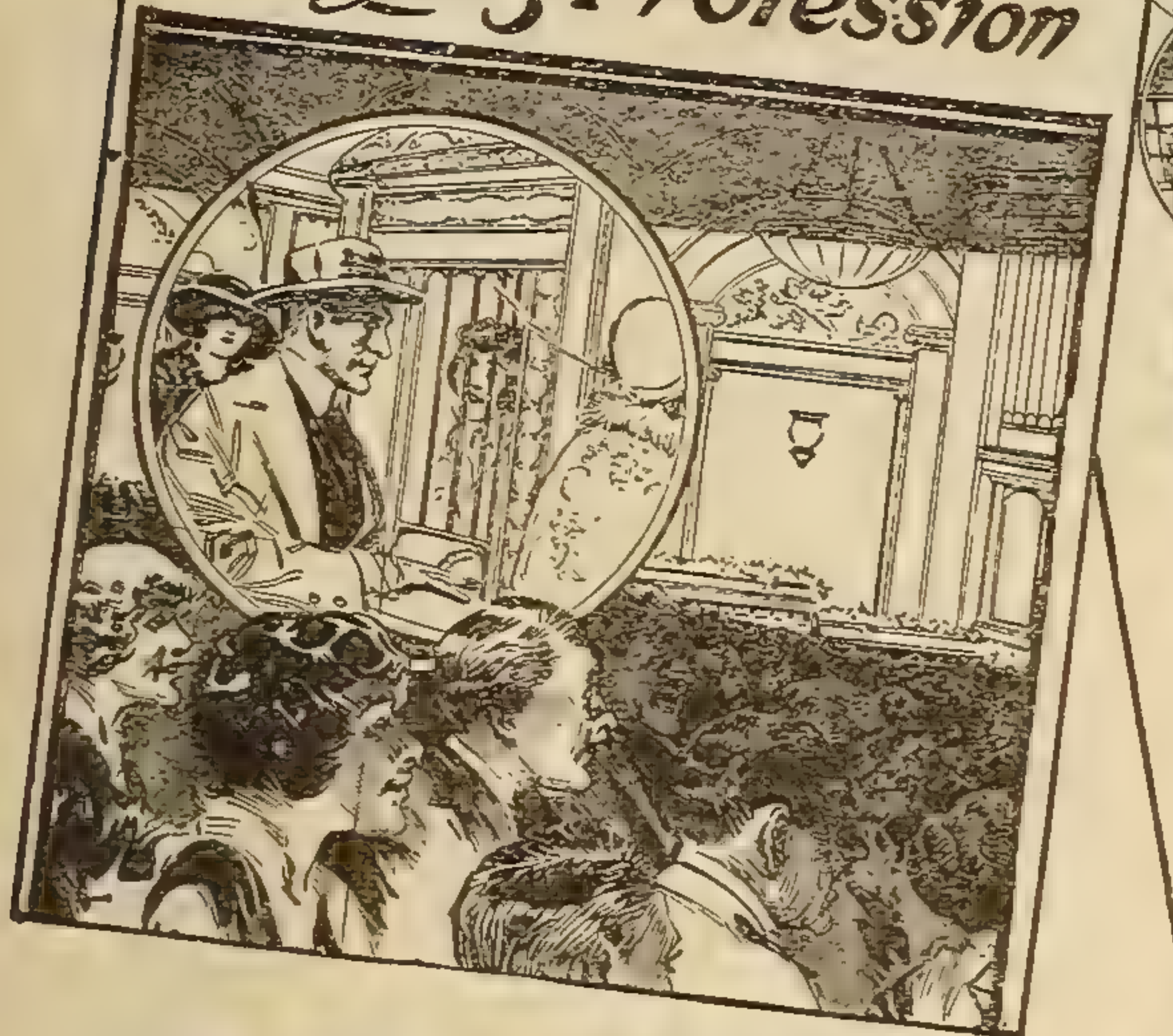
THE object of the present article is to turn the spotlight of ridicule and publicity upon the conscienceless companies who fatuously offer to teach amateurs how to act by a series of lessons by correspondence.

The brazen futility of such a proceeding must be apparent to all. No matter whether the lessons are prepared by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and the Barrymores combined, it is obviously impossible to teach even the rudiments of acting by mail. Occasionally one hears of a "born actor" or a "born actress" and even in such cases it is only after long training and experience that the inborn talent can be effectively demonstrated on a stage. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, movie actors and actresses are not born, but made—made very laboriously, by constant coaching and patient direction.

The mail order movie acting schools, like their cousins the "scenario schools," are, first and foremost, "sucker-trimming" concerns. They very shrewdly capitalize the tremendous lure of the screen with its grossly exaggerated press-agented figures regarding salaries and contracts. When reputable papers give front page space to stories so palpably absurd as that Aurelia Amour is to receive one million dollars a year for her services, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Mamie Snooks, of Little Rock, Ark., should burn with a desire to trade her steady \$12-a-week job of clerking at the village store for a chance to "break into the screen" via the correspondence-acting schools.

MOVIE ACTING

-the Newest, Best-Paying Profession



The Original, Superior and Complete Course of Instructions on Movie Acting

Some of the Valuable and Interesting Things It Teaches You

This great Course of Instruction is going to show you all the practical things and all the requirements in movie acting and in the various branches of the motion picture business, as outlined in part as follows:

Full information on how films and photoplays are acted. You will be taught the dramatic part, the technical part, and the mechanical part as far as possible up to the point of your actual occupation in this work.

In the dramatic part, you will be told all about how the studio is arranged, how the scenes are planned, what instructions are given and rehearsals are gone through preceding the taking of each scene, and what "props" are used.

You will be told how parts are assigned, what kinds of costumes are worn, about the focus of the camera, and the area in which you are to do your acting.

You will be told where you are permitted to look and where you must not look—how to make your entrance and exits—how to avoid interference with any other actors or actresses when you are working at the same time and in the same scene.

You will be shown how to "make up" for all manner of different characters, such as bankers, brokers, detectives, men, society men and women, professional people (such as doctors, lawyers, actors, etc.), automobilists, secret service agents, engineers, mechanics, burglars, debutantes, engineers, aviators, trainmen, conductors, steamboat pilots, capsmen, firemen, stewards, bell-boys, Salvation Army lassies, tans, shop girls, stenographers, policemen, farmers, judges,

reporters, minstrel, mystics, scientists, and the great variety of other characters to be portrayed by men, women, boys and girls.

You will be told all about the dressing rooms, how they are arranged, what they are for, how long each scene lasts, how to prepare for outdoor scenes, the different types of outdoor scenes, the thrillers, how they are taken, the dare-devil scenes, substitutions, how they play two or more parts on the same film at the same time, how scenes in the wilds are taken, how animal scenes are taken.

You will be shown how to practice all of these things in your own home—how to arrange any room to represent a set in a studio.

You will be told the difference between sets and scenes.

Various classes of plots will be explained to you—modern society play, pathetic scenes, comedy, novels, such as police dogs, mechanical devices, etc.

You will be shown how scenes are taken representing underground passages—how marine scenes are taken—all about the arrangements for long trips to the seashore or other distant places.

You will be told about the requirements of the mechanical part of the work, such as the electrical arrangements and effects, carpenter work, how the films are taken and pieced together so that they become the photoplays that you see on the screen; how landscape effects are taken, what is necessary if the pictures are taken in natural colors.

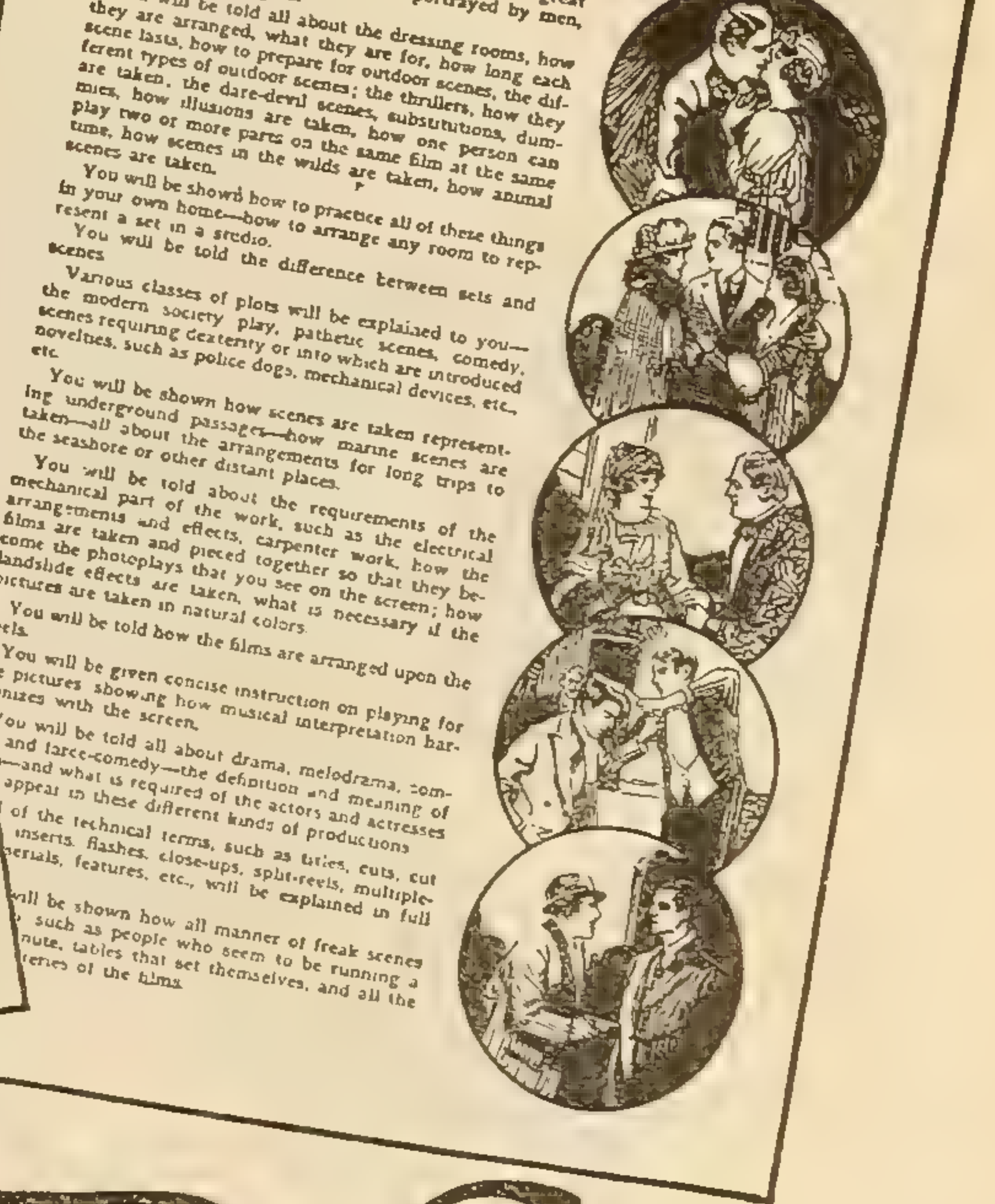
You will be told how the films are arranged upon the reels.

You will be given concise instruction on playing for the pictures showing how musical interpretation harmonizes with the screen.

You will be told all about drama, melodrama, comedy and farce—what the definition and meaning of each is and what is required of the actors and actresses to appear in these different kinds of productions.

Of the technical terms, such as titles, cuts, cut-ins, inserts, flashes, close-ups, split-reels, multiple-reels, features, etc., will be explained in full.

It will be shown how all manner of freak scenes are taken, such as people who seem to be running a race, tables that set themselves, and all the tricks of the film.



DE STARS

The following article deals with another offshoot of the industry, which is even more dangerous and futile---namely the attempt of certain concerns to "teach movie acting in your home"---than which there has never been a more ridiculous proposition.

Allen

As in the case of the "scenario schools," however, we are confronted at the outset, in trying to deal with these people, by the unfortunate fact that their operation is in no way illegal. It would be far easier to cope with the evil were the law in any manner transgressed. But it is not. Fundamentally, we are forced to recognize that there is probably nothing more fraudulent in trimming a sucker fifteen dollars for a course of acting lessons, than in charging him fifteen dollars for, let us say, a "spinal adjustment" to cure him of chilblains. The one is no more (or less) fraudulent than the other. In fact they are both likely to do him an equal amount of good.

The Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich.

THE particular concern under investigation in this case is an organization calling itself the Film Information Bureau, of Jackson, Mich. It's a good name, and a nice little town—but inasmuch as it is some thousands of miles away from any motion picture producing centre; one is led to wonder why it should have been selected as the place from which to broadcast acting lessons. However, that is not highly relevant, and in dealing with a theme so fundamentally inane, becomes merely another foolish detail.

It has ever been SCREENLAND'S policy to publish the exact facts about extra life in Hollywood without glossing over the situation with the sickly hue of romantic sentimentality. We have hoped in this way to cool somewhat the overheated imagi-

nation of screen-struck boys and girls, in order to lessen—as far as lies in our power—the heartache and the misery of the countless thousands of impressionable youngsters who annually sacrifice all in a futile effort to attain screen fame.

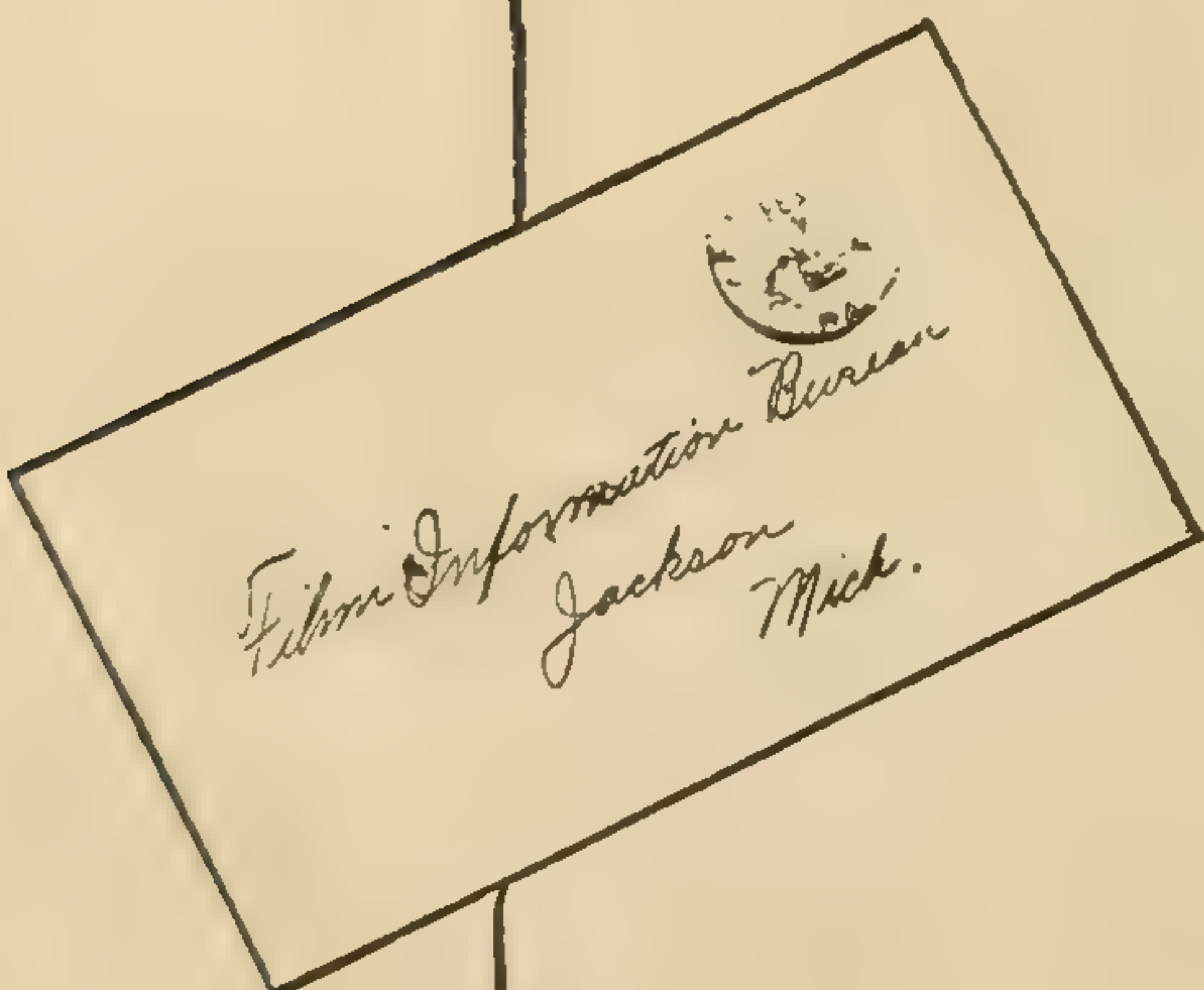
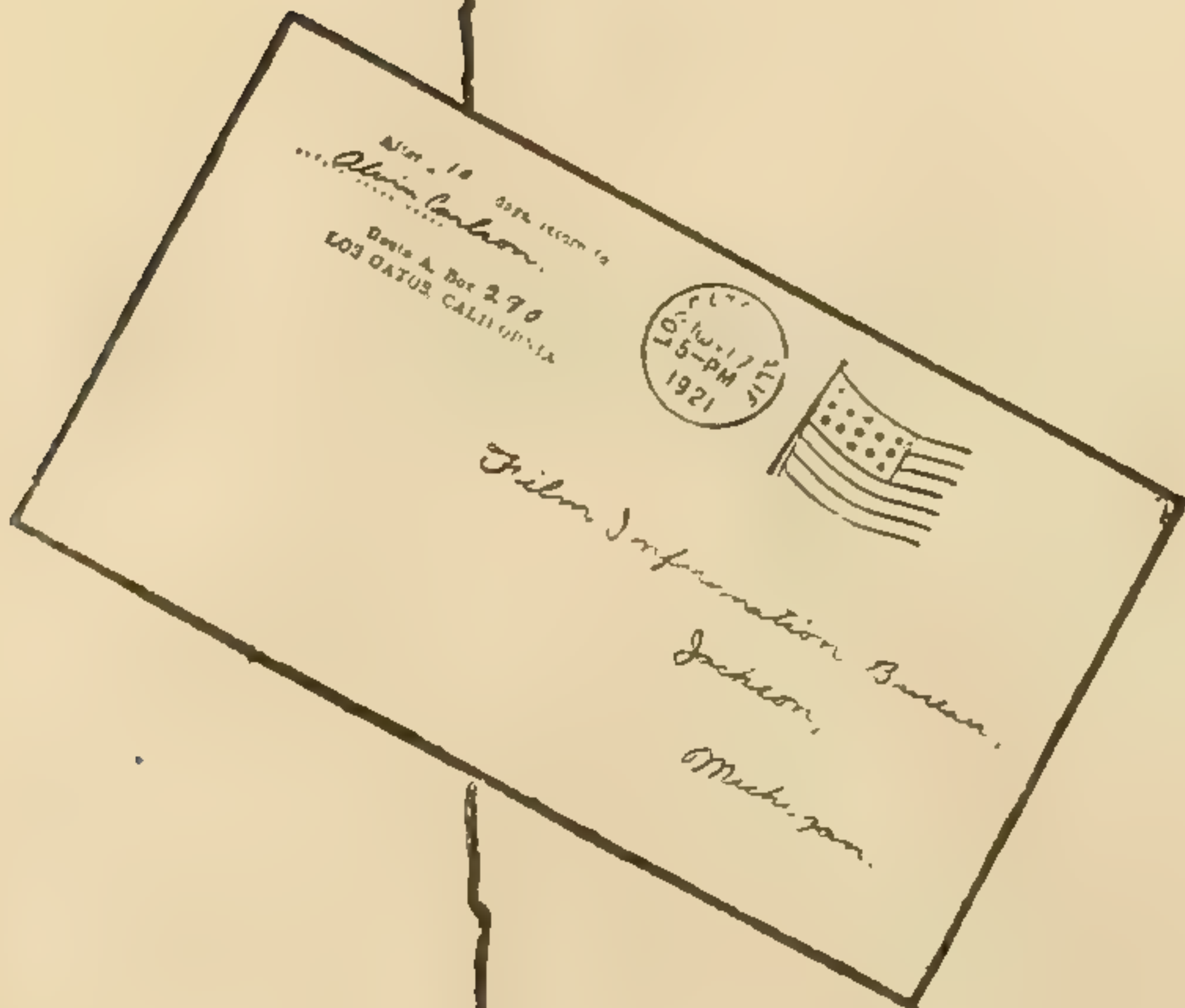
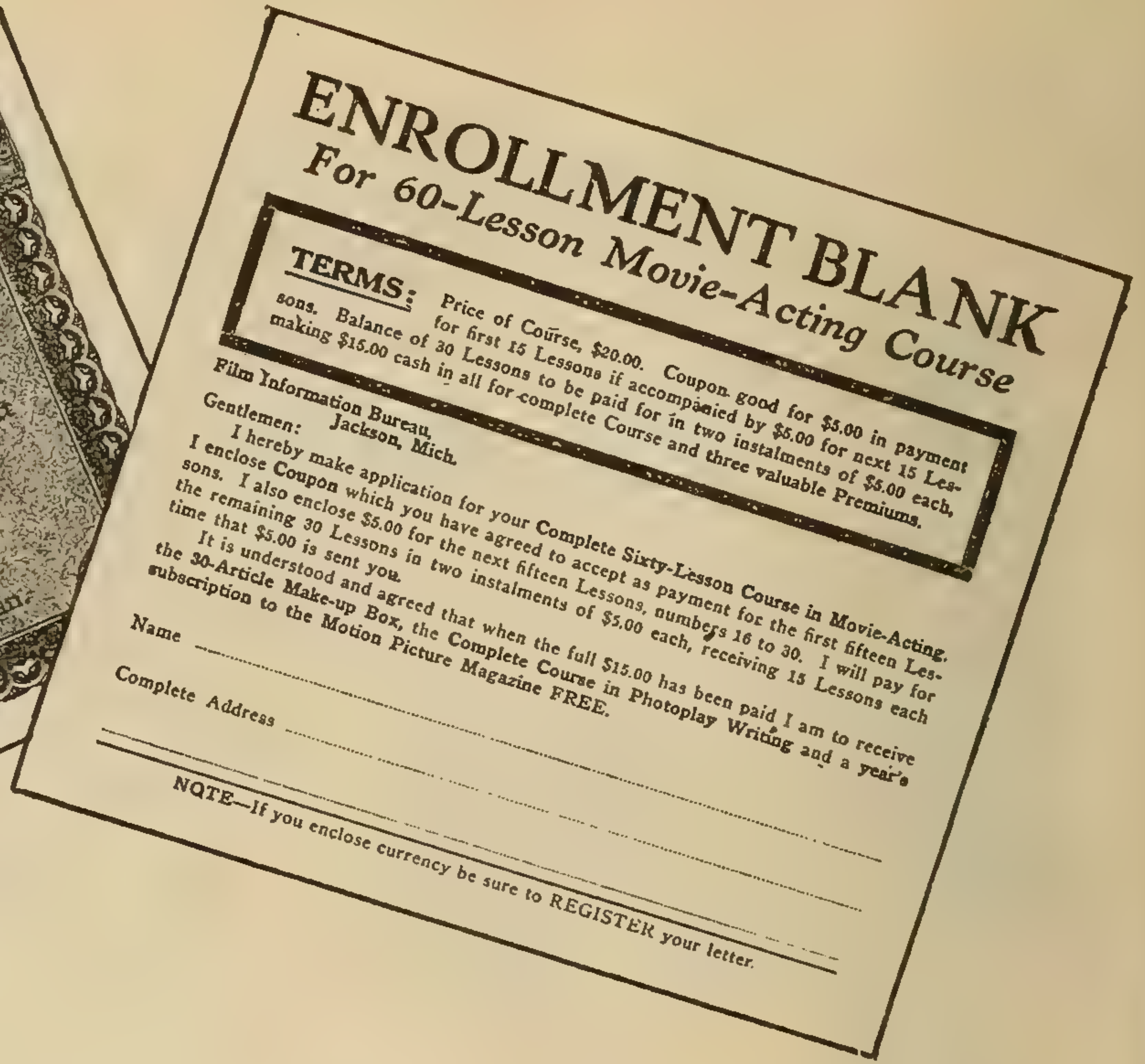
Hollywood Chamber of Commerce Issues Warning

IN quoting the following misleading statements from the garish literature of the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich., the reader's attention is called to the official statement of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, reprinted from last month's issue of this magazine:

WARNING!

Don't try to break into the movies in Hollywood until you have obtained full, frank, and dependable information from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. It may save disappointments. *Out of one hundred thousand persons who start the climb up screenland's slippery ladder, only five reach the top.*

With these authentic facts well in mind, consider what must be the dire effect of the following appeal—quoted *verbatim* from the pamphlet entitled MOVIE ACTING—*How To Learn It in Your Own Home*—when it is made upon the minds of children. For it is children and grown-up persons of the men-



tal age of children who write for and devour literature of this description.

Be a Movie Player!—thus starts the pamphlet reproduced on pages 26 and 27—*Fame, Fortune, and Joy of Succeeding Are United in This Newest Avocation...* Join the silent army of favorites of the films! Let millions learn to applaud your appearance on the screen! Be loved and and lauded by the mighty public! Be known in the palaces of the great and wealthy and in the cottages of the lowly!

No Long Years of Hard Study or Great Expense... The student of medicine, law, architecture, dentistry, or the other professions must put in *four years* of good, hard study at college, and go through a *starvation period* of perhaps as many years more. But here, within a *few weeks*, you are put in a position to learn all of the requirements of movie acting, scenario writing, film advertising, managing a picture theatre, and the numerous other things of which we have told you.

It makes no difference what your size or complexion may be! *All kinds of people are needed* in the movies! There is room for *thousands*.

Whip your ambition into action! Say farewell to old cares, worries, and disappointments. Get into the light of public favor. You will enjoy the fun of Filmland—the new friendships—the different people you will meet. You will thoroughly relish being pointed out as a real movie actor or actress. It's like stepping into a different world. It's like being born over again.

"Satisfied Students" Cannot Be Found

To discuss further the claims of the Film Information Bureau in the face of their statements—quoted above—seems futile. And yet when notified that their advertising was about to be thrown out of the columns of SCREENLAND they sent us, in support of their claims, five letters from "students who report that they have secured employment."

These letters—emanating from Denver, Colorado; Port Arthur, Texas; Rockford, Illinois; Los Gatos, California, and Force, Pennsylvania—are all written in obviously childish handwriting; but in order to test their genuineness, letters

Pay in Full Now and Save \$1.50

SPECIAL DISCOUNT—If you pay in full for the Course and Outfit without taking advantage of the installment offer you save 10%. Thus, the Coupon accompanied with one remittance of \$13.50 will pay your account in full and bring you the complete Course and all Three Premiums at once.

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU.

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU
LEARN HOW TO ACT FOR THE MOVIES
 JACKSON-MICHIGAN

Dear Friend:

One of the greatest joys in a film actor's life is to be able to express his feelings in a convincing manner. You have the ability to do this, but you must learn how to do it. This is the purpose of the course offered by the Film Information Bureau. It is a course that will teach you the art of acting in a way that will make you a star in the movies.

The course is divided into three parts. The first part is devoted to the study of the human face and the way it expresses emotion. The second part is devoted to the study of the human voice and the way it expresses emotion. The third part is devoted to the study of the human body and the way it expresses emotion.

Our course is the only one of its kind. It is the only course that will teach you the art of acting in a way that will make you a star in the movies. It is the only course that will teach you the art of acting in a way that will make you a star in the movies.

TWELVE-HOUR TALENT-TESTER
 OR
Key to Movie-Acting Aptitude
 Published by FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, JACKSON, MICH.

Can you look HAPPY? Can you look AFRAID? Can you look SORROWFUL? Can you look SAD?

If your face responds to these expressions you can see the value of your adaptability to this profession. OTHER expressions you can CULTIVATE. These four you should learn to start with.

How do you CULTIVATE expressions? It is as simple as you have told me that you had backache and if you have not yet will feel their weight in your face. You would not be able to act unless the entire face of the camera would catch and record every nuance of your expression.

Can you look HAPPY? Can you look AFRAID? Can you look SORROWFUL? Can you look SAD?

If your face responds to these expressions you can see the value of your adaptability to this profession. OTHER expressions you can CULTIVATE. These four you should learn to start with.

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were sent to each of the individuals, asking them if they could recommend the Bureau. Not one of these "satisfied students" has been located, for no replies have been received, although a stamped addressed envelope was enclosed by us. One of our letters has been returned unclaimed.

The methods adopted by the Bureau are similar to those used by the "scenario schools." Windy and wordy form letters are used extensively, and a "Twelve-Hour Talent Tester" takes the place of the worthless and pretentious contracts of the scenario schools.

Twelve-Hour Talent Tester

SOME of the statements in this twelve-hour talent tester are so naive as to be amusing. Witness the following:

Think of some very sad incident in your life. Carry yourself back to it. Keep a mirror before you. **THINK HARD** about that sad affair. Do the lines in your face look shadowy? **THAT IS ACTING.**

Think of a romance—one you have had, or expect to have. Imagine yourself experiencing that romance. Does a look of **EXPECTANCY** come over your features? Do you have a look of **PLEASURE**? Then you really **DO** possess the power of expression.

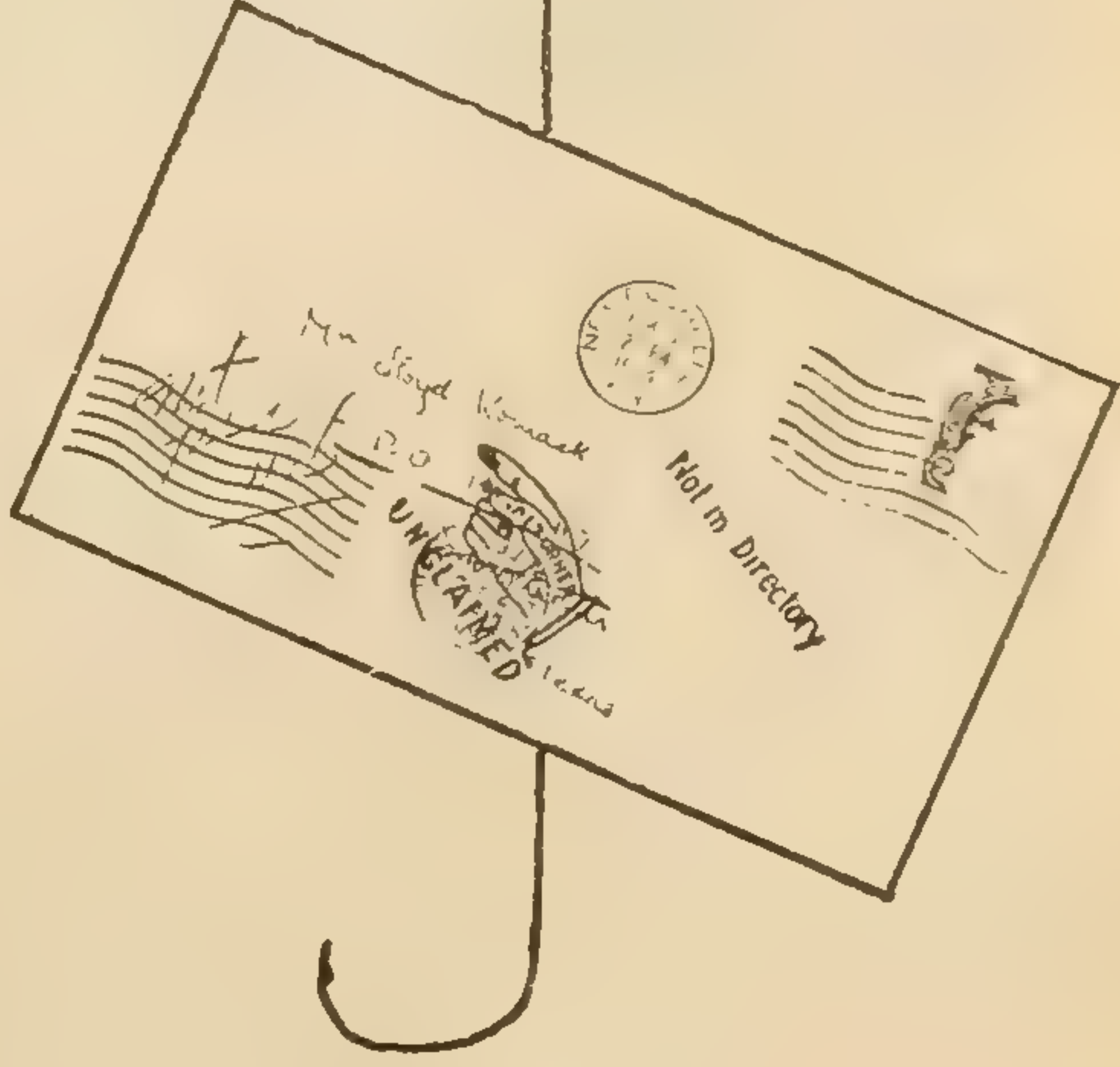
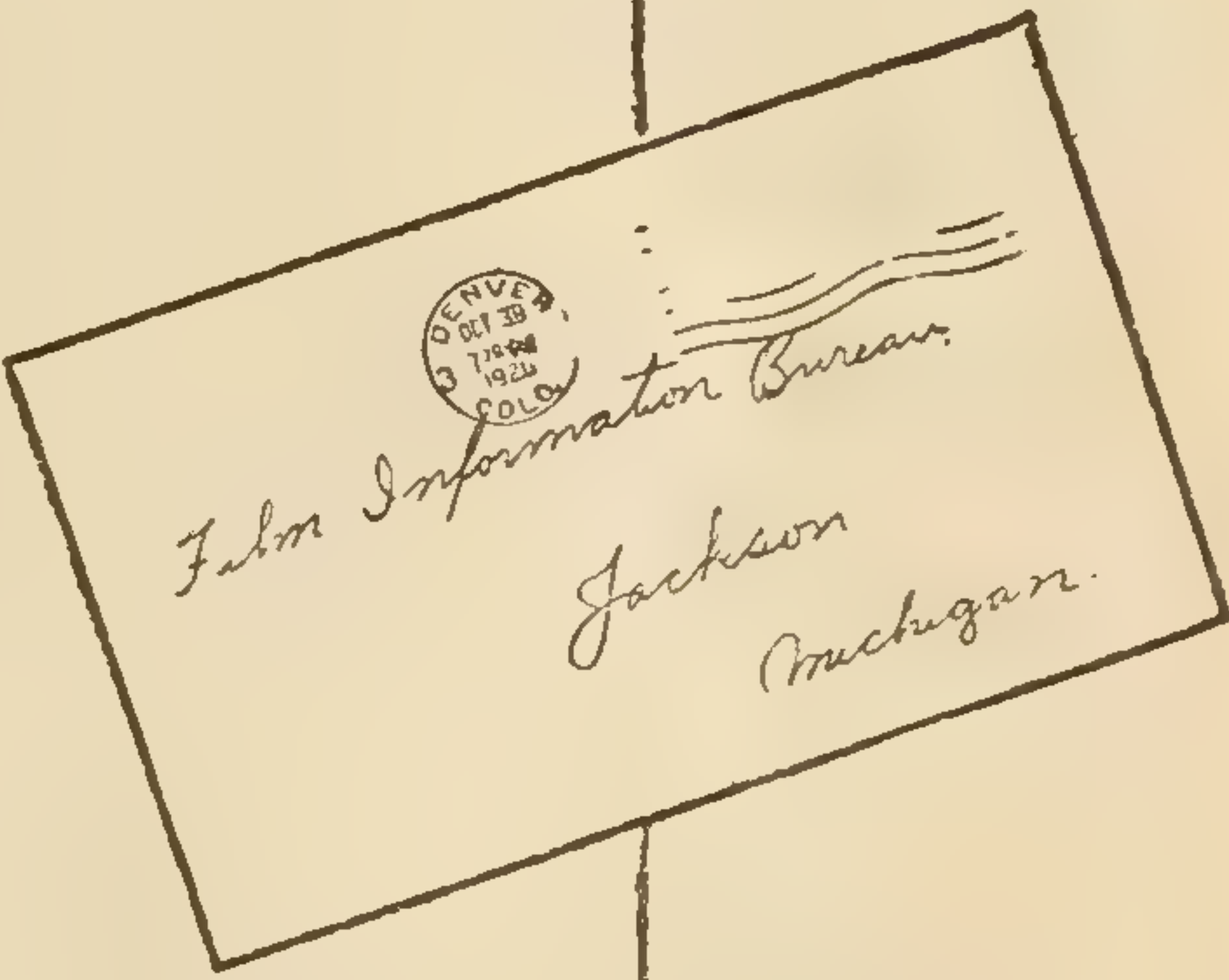
Think that you are a criminal—escaping the police. Every footfall on the walk or in the hall fills you with horror. Every moment you expect to be arrested. Does your face **SHOW** this horror? Does **FEAR** creep into the lines of your features? Then surely you have the power of **EXPRESSION.**

Typical Boob-Lure

A TYPICAL boob-lure is reproduced on this page in the shape of a "coupon" for fifteen free lessons. This nicely engraved piece of nonsense is sent to every sucker and "will be accepted as the equivalent of five dollars in cash if accompanied by remittance."

Strangely enough, in these enlightened days, there are people still so unsophisticated and simple that they fall for these absurd inducements. In exposing the hollow farce of the Bureau's pretensions, SCREENLAND has been merely following out the fearless policy which, in the interests of better motion pictures, it has constantly maintained.

NOTE: While this story was going to press, the following letter was received from one of the "satisfied students" referred to in the body of the article. It is a reply to the inquiry sent out by the writer's secretary, Miss Herbert. This reply is such a human document and testifies so (Continued on page 85)

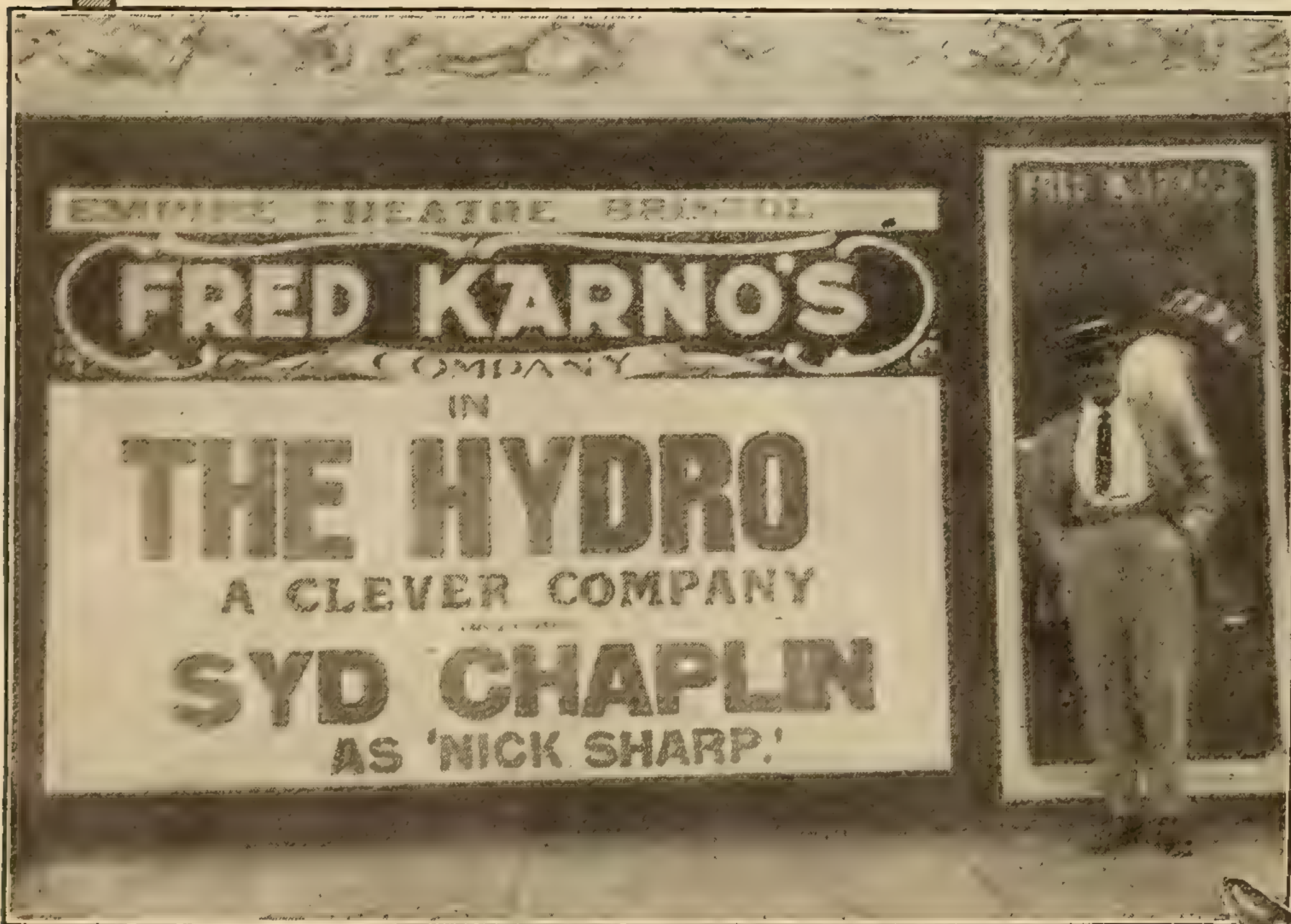




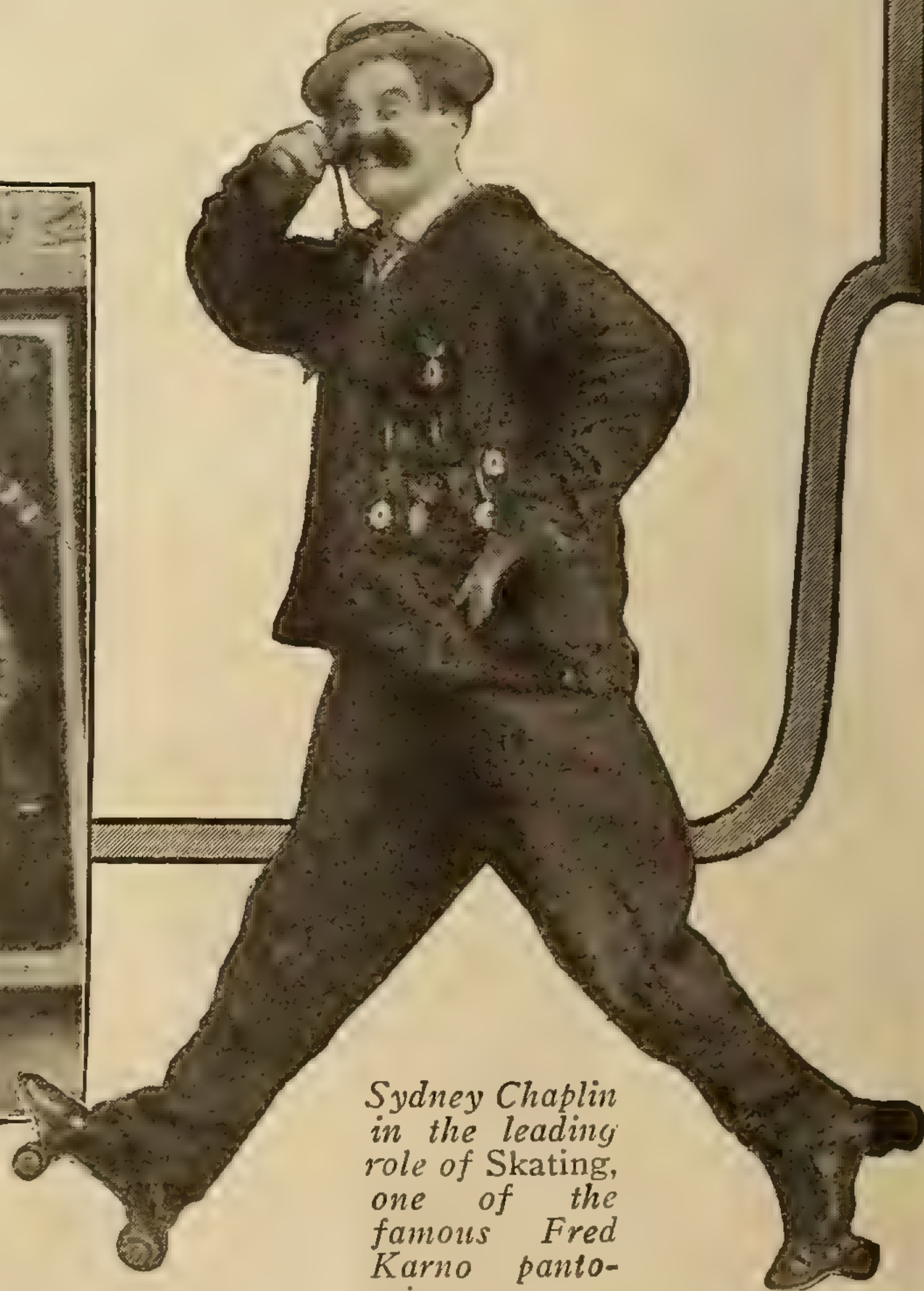
Charlie Chaplin in the costume he wore when "doubling" for his brother Syd.



One of Charlie's first posters—on his American tour with the Fred Karno troupe. You can tell the date by the cut of Charlie's clothes.



Here's how they used to bill Syd in England—he's standing beside the billboard.



Sydney Chaplin in the leading role of Skating, one of the famous Fred Karno pantomimes.

TEN YEARS AGO

The above photographs are rare ones—never before published. Notice the billing that Syd Chaplin got in Europe and compare it to that which Charles got in San Francisco. Movies work strange miracles, but none stranger than this quirk of fate which has made Charlie a popular idol while Syd, his equally talented brother, is known as only "Charlie's brother."

Charlie's Brother

Q That's what he is called now. But before the tables turned, it was "Syd's young brother—Charlie," who got his chance to come over from England with a "second company" because Syd himself could not be spared.

By Eunice Marshall

TIME works strange changes. Speak of Sydney Chaplin when the talk veers to pictures, and nine out of ten of any group will say, "Oh, yes, Charlie's brother." The tenth will say, with George Jean Nathan, "an actor head and shoulders above the run of the industry." It wasn't "Charlie's brother" back in England, when Syd was



Q Looks like Charlie when he smiles—but he's got a line of comedy all his own.

Q Syd Chaplin as the British sergeant Winkie in *The Rendezvous*.

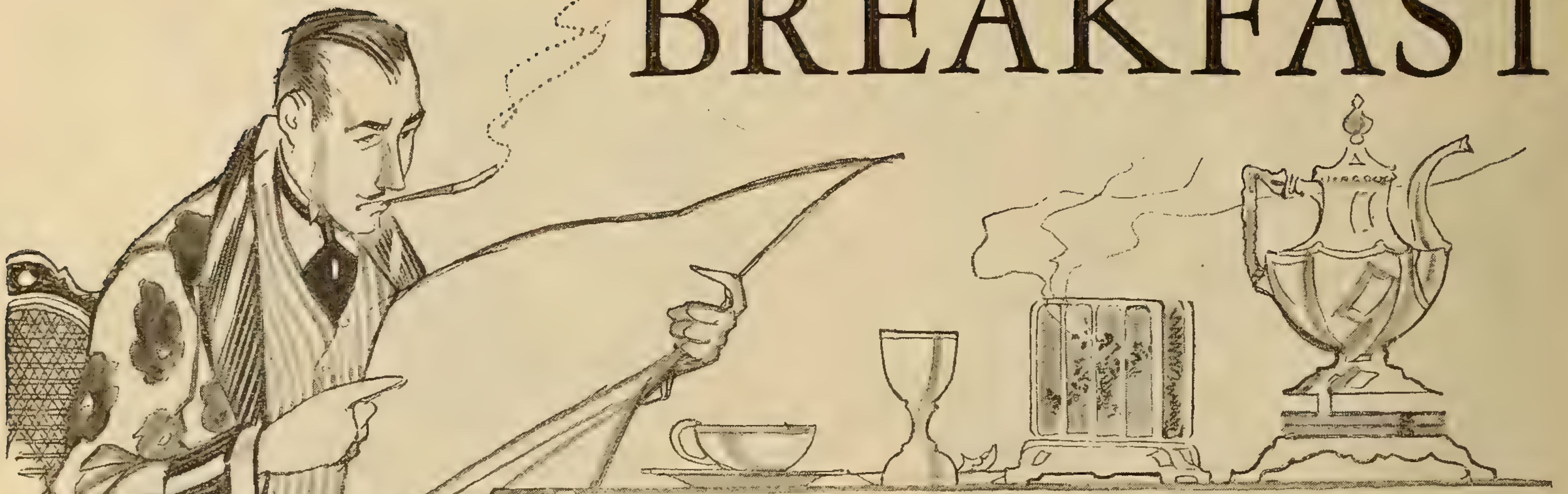


a famous pantomimist and vaudeville headliner, nor before that, during the days of savage poverty and bitter despair of their unhappy childhood. Charlie was "Syd's young brother" then. In fact, it was because Syd could not be spared to make the trip to America with Fred Karno's "A Night in an English Music Hall" company that Charlie Chaplin got his chance to come to the United States.

I tell this story over Syd's protests, he being desperately unwilling to seem to detract from any of Charlie's glory. The mummies' show, *A Night in an English Music Hall* had been running merrily in England for five years, with Sydney Chaplin in the leading role. Fred Karno, the manager, wanted to send a second company to the States, and Syd wanted to go along. But he had built up a tremendous reputation in the part, and the London theaters refused to book the show at all unless Syd Chaplin was retained in the cast. No such stipulation was made regarding the cast of the touring company, however, and Syd arranged for Charlie to go to America in his stead.

It was while Charlie was dancing in this piece that Keystone signed him up for a series of short-reel comedies. When Charlie wrote his brother that he had been (Continued on page 86)

BREAKFAST



WHEN Fannie Hurst proclaimed her now famous "breakfast - together-once-a-week" formula for marital happiness, an amused but sceptical world declared that the scheme would never, never work.

By Lucille

In the first place, the wives pointed out, what good *was* a husband who wasn't on hand to put on the screen windows and fix the furnace when it smoked and get up in the night to see what was that mysterious noise down in the dining room? And, furthermore, what man could be trusted for six whole days out of the seven, with no one to keep tab on the time he got in nights?

Even the husbands, while admitting that the proposition had its really excellent points, felt that it was apt to fall down a bit in the matter of a sufficiency of buttons on shirts, and waffles made properly with cream instead of the paper-hangers' paste concoctions served at the corner restaurant.

Just how Fannie Hurst's how-to-be-happy-though-married plan turned out in her own case, we cannot state. Mr. Fannie Hurst may be still happily breakfasting one morning a week with his charming and gifted wife, and keeping bachelor's hall in his own private apartment the rest of the time. Or he may have converted his wife to the more conventional habit of living with her husband seven days a week; or, failing that, may even have departed to other fields where the business of matrimony is run more intensively, on a day and night shift. However that may be, the Hurst theory that occasional absences make married hearts grow fonder is being practiced in other vicinities. To wit: Hollywood.

The Allison-Ellis Menage

MAY ALLISON and her handsome husband, Bob Ellis, are willing to tell the world that Fannie ejaculated a mouthful.

The Ellises have been married about three years; perhaps a little less. The first year was gloriously happy, as first years are apt to be. During the second year, the glamour began to wear a little thin in spots. There were disagreements, quarrels, followed but not effaced from memory, by ecstatic periods of "making-up."



TOGETHER

Once a Week



Larrimer

Perhaps Husband Bob Ellis forgot to do some of the little things that made him so delightful a lover in the sweethearting days.

Perhaps May Allison, wife, did not make the effort to charm, as she had done two years before.

At any rate, the matrimonial bark of the Ellises veered dangerously close to the rocks, so near that May actually filed a divorce suit.

But the memory of the past was too dear to them. They had too many interests in common, too many dreams and aspirations.

So they decided to go back to their courtship days.

May was to live in one apartment, Bob in another. They would go Fannie Hurst one better; instead of one breakfast together a week, they would have none. But occasionally they would dine together. Conditions would be exactly the same as when May was still Miss Allison instead of Mrs. Ellis. And perhaps, they hoped, the happiness that they feared had fled forever would come back to them.

And do you know, it actually looks very much as though it had!

How it is Done

MR. ELLIS calls May up on the telephone and asks her if she wouldn't like to go to dinner at the Montmartre and to the theatre afterward. May says she'd love to, and would he like her to wear the blue dress?

You see them everywhere together; dancing at the Biltmore or the Plantation, or sitting spellbound under the dramatic magic of Duse, or laughing at the comedians' jokes at the Orpheum. From Bob's devotion and May's coquetry, many imagine them to be honeymooners.

"It's fun, being courted again," May says. "We're going to be very sure, this time. We're going to wait until we *know*. Perhaps . . ."

But the other day, May had her divorce suit dismissed. So perhaps, after a while, the Ellises will be back in the same apartment again, and the Fanny Hurst theory of marriage-at-intervals

(Continued on page 88)



Q Jack Gilbert




Q Florence and King Vidor

Neck

H. B. K. Willis

Says: the measure of a film today is not the yardstick but the lipstick.



LET your mind's eye rove back to the days when John Bunny was regarded as "perishingly droll" and Mary Pickford was only the little Biograph blonde.

If then the hero caressed the heroine before that last dismal, eye-straining flicker, your girl looked at the screen through the fingers of one hand while she slapped your affectionately exploratory arm with the other.

The Anthony Comstocks of the villages also took a hand. The film was branded as harmful to the growing mind unless the concluding caress was preceded by the sub-title: "I've got the license!" And the small town Will Hazes were not always sure that Our Nell had been treated white even then.

The adolescent youth of that day never hesitated to reproduce the sound, originated by lethargic cows as they pulled laggard hoofs from muddy and sodden barnyards, whenever the principals in the early cinemantics fell into a clinch. They scorned sentiment and made mock of it openly.

Maids with emotions in the same uncertain state, though they secretly approved of treacly twosomes in that heart of hearts, discovered by Laura Jean Libbey, waxed wroth when the yokels of their choice sought to put in effect those same simple principles as taught by the equally simple principals.

And this secret approval is the reason why necking has become the strongest weapon in the armory of the men-at-arms of the movies; the reason why most producers will understand that you mean footage when you refer to the length of one of their products as "lippage."

The rule by which and with which one measures a film today is not a yardstick, but a lip-stick.

Movies Made for Maidens

ONE must always remember that movies are made for maidens, either early or antique, and that the maidens are made for the movies.

The movie-mad maidens tired early of chaste caresses and demure surrenders, of five reels of fight and fifty feet of frenzy.

Just before olive drab became the correct thing for the man of the hour, box-office cash-drawers coined the adage that one could trap more frails with mush than with muscles.

During the hectic wartime days the movie male with verdant chest and a penchant for portraying primitive passion had his inning.

Today the neophytes of the new art neck and neck and neck through more celluloid than ever came out of Troy, N. Y.

Charlie Ray, in *The Coward*, baled buckets of brine from feminine tear-ducts but for another reason. His success as a heart-throbber, dating from that early day, cannot be raised to flaunt and taunt me. He twanged the maternal strings in damosels who had sent their one best bet off to France to bait the cannon and the mademoiselles. The man of mush and muscles still hit them where they loved.

Imported Products

BUT when the Johns came marching home again, wartime ways of the movie men-at-arms became all

& Neck

G. H. Klisbee

Shows: the science of screen-necking in five reels and a stagger.



wet. The lads with the red chevrons brought something more potent than home-grown technic back home from France. So the forerunners of the back-seat buccaners of today had to shake something new out of their bag o' tricks.

Thus was ushered in the era of subtlety in necking. The period in film-making, when final fade-outs found the lad and the lass looking away from the lenses but registering intense emotion with their shoulder-blades, was perhaps due to the fact that the photoplay pulse-bouncers realized that their stuff lacked the snap of the imported article.

The era of subtlety did not last because lippage left so little celluloid for it. Or, perhaps, screen heroes learned the latest in love-making via correspondents. At any rate, things came to such a pass that the owner of a trained eye could enter a theater late and peg the progress of the screen play at once by noting the area upon which osculations were implanted.

Fingertips spelled Reel One; palm of the hand, Reel Two; point of the shoulder, Reel Three; No Man's Land behind an ear, Reel Four and the grand wind-up with all steps out, Reel Five.

And then came the specialists in sweet nothings—the specialists who are with us today in this age of specialists.

These boys have something on the ball for they make the flappers curl up in their seats like potato-bugs caressed by Paris green.

Dandies at Dalliance

LOOK over this list and see the variety offered by screendom dandies at dalliance:

First comes Rodolph Valentino of the limpid looks and lacquered locks leading a flock of what Grace Kingsley terms Valentino substitutes, with Ramon Novarro and Joseph Schildkraut in the van. Rodolpho has the girls so bewitched he could sell them tanglefoot for face clay. Ramon does not scare 'em much, while Schildkraut would have been a cinder in the Ashes of Vengeance.

John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel* is bored but volatile, while Conway Tearle is only bored.

Rod La Rocque is superficial and artificial. He glitters like the stud of a Nubian gambler. He is the antithesis of Milton Sills, the honest two-by-four hero in homespun.

Jack Holt is the favorite of wives with errant spouses, just as Herbert Rawlinson is the husbandly type which is supposed to work well on schedule.

Walsh Can Wear Tights

GEORGE WALSH is soulful and can wear tights, while Carl Miller is bovinely unconvincing on the screen.

Edmund Lowe is restrained, the opposite of Eugene O'Brien, strained and vacuous in his shadow-world amours.

Warren Kerrigan and Bryant Washburn are favorites of the Ladies Auxiliaries whose banner is "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." They are as upsetting as modified milk.

Lou Tellegen is perfervid; so much so in fact that the censors are forced to measure his kisses with a taximeter. They do not seem so long that way.

Charles De Roche, on the other (Continued on page 87)



A new and unusually characteristic study of David Wark Griffith.

Photo by Frank Diem

Mr. Griffith is a cinema tradition. He is the most romantic figure in the whole world of films. A girl who had never seen him before, and knew

little about pictures, rode in the same elevator with him one day. "He didn't even look my way," she gasped, "but I knew he was somebody. He gets you."

Like all great men, Griffith is a bit pathetic. He has made very little money compared with the directors who have done much less for pictures than he.

Mr. GRIFFITH keeps his Date

By Sydney Valentine

IT was the opening night of "America."

The audience, slightly hoarse, was still cheering. It had been applauding more or less, off and on, all evening, as parts of the picture inspired it to enthusiasm. It went quite, quite mad at the ride of Paul Revere. But now, with the final scenes flickering off, it wanted more. It rose to its feet—its dainty little feet in French slippers, and its bigger, broader feet in shiny shoes—and demanded—"Speech!"

For a while there it looked as if there would be no response. And then from the wings came a slow figure—a rather gaunt man with flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes. "Mr. Griffith!" greeted the audience.

He bowed. He placed one hand over his heart in a familiar gesture. He waved for silence. His lips moved, but for a moment no sound issued. Was he overcome by emotion?

"Thank you," came in a hoarse rumble, hardly audible. Then he added, though only those in the first rows could hear, "Can't say more—cold in chest—thank you."

That wasn't the half of it.

While the audience was out there thrilling and sighing and smiling over the fortunes of Revolutionary heroes, there was a little heroism going on behind the scenes. Back there, in a little draughty dressing room, the master of the movies was still at work. At the very moment when the friendly folk out front were applauding his patriotic screenplay, the director was actually cutting the final reels of the film for them to view a few minutes later!

Griffith always works up to the very last minute. "America" wasn't really ready at the time of the premier. But the theater had been rented, and if the picture didn't open at the scheduled time it would mean the loss of much money. Besides, its premier had been advertised for the eve of Washington's Birthday. And all the Daughters of the American Revolution, and important personages from New England, not to mention the eastern film world, were already assembled. "America" had to make good; it had to keep its date with New York.

It did. But Mr. Griffith came very near not keeping his with the audience.

For weeks before the world saw his latest picture, he had been working, a steady grind of sixteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. Occasionally he took a Sunday off.

But mostly he was at his studio at seven and sometimes he worked all day and all night, too. It was even more strenuous on location. He toiled more earnestly than the most ardent of his extras. He did as much riding around the camera battle fields as Paul Revere on his famous sprint. And all the time he was vaguely aware that he wasn't feeling as fit

as usual; that, in fact, he seemed to grow more and more tired as the filming of "America" progressed. But he brushed it off. He couldn't be bothered. Besides, it was just a cold.

But it was a rather tired man who sat in the dressing room in that New York theater the afternoon before the opening. The last few days and nights he had done nothing, thought of nothing except "America," which was in its final stages of cutting, titling and editing. And now he sat there in a little corner backstage supervising the last-minute work, and often taking a hand himself in the actual mechanics of cutting and splicing the film. His staff was with him. Griffith's staff is composed of quiet, clever people who know their business thoroughly and know what he wants and how he

wants it—they have all been with him for years. But would he give it up and leave it to them? Not on your life. He was going to stay with it until the finish. The doctor said it would be his, too.

Someone had sent for a doctor the day before. Griffith didn't want one around. But he came, anyway; and after one look at the director he assumed the sternest expression and growled, "You're a sick man. Go home and go to bed."

Mr. Griffith paid no attention to him. He just went on cutting.

The doctor became less stern; almost pleadingly he protested.

"But look here, man! You're all in. You've got a bad throat and your lungs——"

"Doctor," said Mr. Griffith—not very loudly because he wasn't talking much above a whisper just then, "I never felt better in my life." He coughed as he continued, "Besides, even if I didn't, do you think I'd leave this picture? I can't. I've work to do."

The doctor told him just what he thought about his picture and pictures in general. Then he added, "Well, be a fool if you want to. But I'm going to stick around here and see that you get the best attention possible under the circumstances. Open your mouth. Say a-a-a-h." (Continued on page 89)

Behind the Scenes:

While the audience at the first showing of America was out in the front thrilling and sighing over the fortunes of Revolutionary heroes, there was a little heroism going on behind the scenes. Back there, in a little draughty dressing room, the master of the movies was still at work. At the very moment when the friendly folk out front were applauding his patriotic screenplay, the director was cutting the final reels of the film for them to view a few minutes later.

M O N E Y

And The Movies

By Upton Sinclair

Q The third and last article of a series by the distinguished author of *The Jungle*, *The Brass Check* and *They Call Me Carpenter*.

WHEN I was a boy my mother would say to me: "Do you think money grows on trees?" In those days it didn't, but the movie world is the place where it does. In the movie world it is no trouble at all for a young fellow of twenty or twenty-two to go out into the world and pick a million dollars off the bushes in a year or two. Particularly he can do this if he is inspired by the love of a pure and beautiful girl—and has to have a million dollars before he can marry her.

I say "no trouble at all"; but I realize that is not quite accurate. He will have a lot of trouble—that is what makes the story. But he will always overcome the trouble, and he will always get the girl. Never can it possibly happen, in this wonderful movie world, that a modern young male doll could fail to grow rich, and to fold in his strong arms the sweet young darling. And never could it happen that they would have any troubles or problems afterwards. The thing for which these darlings are paid a million dollars a year is to marry the strong young male doll over and over again, in story after story, in China, Alaska, Mexico and Brazil, in the millionaire palaces of New York, and in the old-time castles of England and France—wherever else the search for new costumes may inspire the director to take them.

And yet there are people who produce movies, who really think they are telling the truth about life, and would have their feelings hurt if I told them they never do, and would never be allowed to. A friend of mine, a very famous producer, once wrote me that he had made a drama of the struggle between capital and labor; he had really told the truth, he said, and I would be interested. So I went. Here were scenes in which the tent colony of the strikers was burned down by the mine guards—quite an unusual lot of industrial truth. But in the very beginning, the scene in the miner's cabin, I noticed that the movie star had had her hair dressed by a hair-dresser. I don't know whether she had a marcel wave, or what. But I know that every little hair was in place, and if I had not been told on the screen that this was a miner's cabin and a miner's daughter, I would not have recognized it—despite the fact that I lived among the miners quite a while before I wrote *King Coal*.

The strike was fought through, and the problem of capital and labor solved. And how was it solved? Why, of course, there is only one way to solve the problem of capital and

labor in the movies; it was solved by the daughter of the miner marrying the handsome, young son of the owner of the mine. Or may be it was turned about—I forget at this distance of time—maybe it was the handsome young labor leader who married the beautiful, only daughter of the capitalist. Either way, it solves the problem—in the movies.

Q Says Mr. Sinclair:

Q When I was a boy my mother would say to me: "Do you think money grows on trees?" In those days it didn't, but the movie world is the place where it does. In the films it is no trouble at all for a young fellow of twenty or twenty-two to go out into the world and pick a million dollars off the bushes in a year or two. Particularly he can do this if he is inspired by the love of a pure and beautiful girl—and has to have a million dollars before he can marry her.

You see, that is one more way of making money in a hurry, and so it suits the movie formula. A friend of mine remarked sarcastically that if the daughters of the capitalists were willing, undoubtedly enough labor leaders could be persuaded to accept this solution of the industrial problem. But what about the poor devils who slave in the mines, at risk of life and limb, and cannot get a living wage?

Of course we are supposed to assume that after this movie solution, the owners of the mines will be good and generous, and will pay a living wage. But if you put this up to the owner of any coal mine, he will tell you that he is competing with other coal mines, which do not pay a living wage. Also he will tell you that if he made terms with the union which didn't please the coal mine owners' association, he would be blacklisted and have his credit cut off; then he would find that he couldn't get coal cars, and before he knew it he would be out of business. All this is a kind of truth which the movies could not tell. At any rate they do not tell it!

I have been trying to break into the movies ever since they started, and so perhaps you will say I am a "grouch." Let me hasten to state that I have had many opportunities to write for the screen, provided only that I would consent to write what the movies wanted, instead of what I knew to be the truth. As it happens, I am in the business of writing the truth, so I generally let the movies alone.

Several times I did try it, and I will tell you just one of my adventures. Shortly after the great panic of 1907, I published a novel called *The Moneychangers*. In this novel I told the story of that panic, how it was deliberately brought about by J. P. Morgan, the elder, in order to put out of business certain independent trust companies which had got in his way. That was the truth; I knew it from a dozen different sources, several of them first hand. But it wasn't until twelve or thirteen years later that a man came to me proposing to put this story of *The Moneychangers* on the screen.

I won't name the man, he is an (Continued on page 93)

Stars of
TOMORROW



Betty Hulbert
Photo by Lewis & Clark Studio



Avonne Taylor
PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



Mary Eaton
PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



Sara Muller

PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MORTON

Counterfeit

Q Jim Wellworn sponsors here a fable of Hollywood that may well have inspired the author of *Black Oxen*.

As told to Barry Vanon

Illustrations by A. W. Sperry

secret of her years buried in the moon scars made by the surgeon's knife.

Nobody knew her, my friend, Jim Wellworn, told me, and it was great fun, at first, twitting old men about old love affairs until they walked from her in awe; reading old ladies' palms until she frightened them.

Sam Whipple announced her rejuvenation in newspaper headlines and billboard bulletins—and so made her an outcast in Hollywood. She was too young for her old friends, too old for her new ones. Her only intimates were the sleep-walking moon and the star-dripping sky—and the counterfeit sky her window overlooked—Hollywood lit with a million lights.

She would talk to the moon and the skies.

"I was old, and I am young. I am young and beautiful and alone. I must have love."

Now and then a pair of meteors

Q Fanny Barr

FANNY BARR, "the great Fanny Barr," the star of stage and screen, sits in her boudoir and weeps for her lost old age.

A little girl she seems, looking into her mirror. Her face is soft and smooth and full. Her lips show the curves and the pout of youth. Her butter-colored hair is bobbed. Her teeth are white and small and even—baby teeth! Her hands are slender and white—and neither old nor young.

"Give me back my age," she murmurs through her pouting lips. "Give back the wrinkles, the hollow cheeks, the crow's feet about my eyes, the dear gray hairs you used to show me."

Her face is smiling into the glass. But there is heartbreak in her voice, despair in her old eyes. She brushes the yellow clouds from her temples, and two new moons shine forth.

"There are my wrinkles," says the old voice in the young mouth. "There my years are held, there my comfort, my peace of mind, my husbands, my lovers, and my child

"If I could die!"

Fanny Barr removes the baby teeth from the baby mouth and puts them in a glass. She hides her moons beneath her hair.

A lying face is covered by honest fingers and an old woman weeps old tears.

The wind elbows in through the window and taunts her with the echo of a laugh.

FANNY BARR was the infant wonder of the stage some fifty years ago; and at one time there was no more famous woman in the world. But you of this generation never heard of her—all fame is grass—until the movies gave her reincarnation.

Sam Whipple, the producer, who once had been a call boy, whispered in her ears the name of a surgeon; and she went to Paris. She returned to Hollywood a blushing girl, the



Tommy Loyal

flashed through the counterfeit heavens beneath her.

"Young folks, speed, laughter and no cares. I must find me a man. I must buy me a roadster to-morrow."

The great cities called her, curious to look upon the miracle of recovered youth. She was glad to go. She packed the theaters wherever she went. She sang old songs and acted bits of half-remembered dramas.

But she found no happiness anywhere, for she was both young and old, and

on the screen—an impish little thing, a sweet rogue. He remembered telling Dick Little she was the madcap of the movies, and that, with a little more experience, she could become a marvelous actress.

He had heard of her—but the memory was confused—for he remembered little that did not concern himself.

And when he peered into her skilled, sure eyes he remembered nothing at all.

Poor, dumb Tommy! One look, and the great Fanny Barr had scented her years with lavender and put them away. She was really young now—for a young man's love has greater wizardry than any plastic surgeon.

There was no time lost through a long engagement. Fanny saw to that. A judge who stuttered, asked the questions. And Fanny, who knew them by heart—and the answers to them as well—almost snickered aloud.

How Hollywood howled!

"Old Fanny Barr and her juvenile lead!" "Fanny's bought her a new husband to go with her new face!"

But the Loyals, far from the laughter and the jeers, were happy with each other.

"Oh, Chin-Chin, dear," she would say, "it was worth all these years to find you."



she wanted only to be young. It was not like her first youth, for she tired easily now, and she was weary of old ballads and old dramas and old memories.

AND so she rested in Chicago and fell in love with Tommy Loyal, for she fell easily into love—and easily out of it.

Tommy was young and tall and beautiful. Under the spell of him, plain little girls and fat and red-faced women became romantic, and sighed for the unattainable.

He was leading man in the Azure Theater stock. He sold his photographs at 25 cents apiece, and made more money thus than he received as salary. Ah, you should have seen him as "Armand!"

"You were wonderful," Fanny said when they met.

Her voice was the wind on a peach, seductive, ripening. And her laugh was a gentle rain, cool and satisfying.

He held her hand.

He had heard of her. He had seen her

"I'll charge you with obtaining matrimony under false pretenses," said Fanny, laughing scornfully, while Tommy stood abashed in all his Arab glory, and Eckstein, the director, bellowed with rage.

"Years?" and he'd laugh his nice dumb laugh. "Why, you're only a baby yet."

Then would she take his chin gently in her hands and stain it with little red kisses. Always, it embarrassed him. Always, he touched his chin with a funny gesture when she was done. She liked that.

"I love every bit of you," she would say. "But your chin is so strong and handsome, I think I love it best of all."

She dreaded taking him to Hollywood—for she knew it meant a fight to keep him, a battle with young generals eager for the fray and better equipped. But Whipple had promised him a chance in Hollywood—and she wanted him to have it.

She dreaded it, but she never quailed.

"I still am Fanny Barr," she said.

Tommy had never been to Hollywood. He was prepared to let it bore him, but he loved it at sight.

A glorious stage, this Hollywood, with the foothills and the mountains for back drop, blue and gray and brown and purple and black, an unreal drop, a beautiful crinkled impossible curtain.

Nice wide streets, frothy pepper trees, shaggy eucalyptus, wide-spreading palms, magnolias, acacias, Lombardy poplars. Houses in fantastic shapes and designs, white or pink or mauve or blue, strange tints he had never seen, green lawns and hedges. Gay shops and busy stores, tall buildings on the boulevard, thousands of autos, a gas-filling station with blue and orange turrets and minarets, men in shirts and knickerbockers and funny shoes, men with bangle bracelets on their arms, and long hair and no hats, women in sports clothes, beautiful, beautiful women.

"Here we can surely be happy," he cried.

But it was not so, and as the days grew the great Fanny Barr came to realize it. She fought valiantly, but the young generals were crafty foes. Old stratagems she had put aside with her first divorce were used against her. Tactics she thought too simple gained victories for the enemy. They laughed at her, even as they smote.

And Tommy learned her years, and all the pillows her fulvous head had known.

He did nothing, for he had need of her—her money and her influence. It was not until Sam Whipple gave him a contract that he bade his wife goodby. He wanted Fanny to divorce him. But she would not.

That meant divorcing her youth, the false youth that she loved and must retain.

"I will show him I am really young," she thought. She hired a physical director. She danced every night, rode horses every day, and day and night kept herself surrounded with young men.

But he did not come back, she began to seek him—timidly. She would go to the set where he was playing, and stand where she might watch him. The tears came easily. If she could only kiss his chin—and see him make that funny little gesture once again!

He wrote her, one morning in August, saying he had arranged with his lawyer, and the divorce would be filed. He would charge desertion—that was the most chivalrous thing he could do. And he hoped she would not contest.

FANNY rent the letter hastily, and flung the pieces into the waste basket. No man had ever divorced her before—and this, this child—

She jammed a girlish tam upon (Continued on page 90)



The KID himself

*Q The tragedy of Jackie Coogan
is that he is growing up*

By Grace Kingsley

“SAY, kin you cast a fly?”
Sounds just like Tom Sawyer, doesn't it? Not a bit like a Midget Midas, whose touch turns everything to gold,—even the toy which he may happen to fancy, and which is at once turned into a million dollar syndicate enterprise to exploit the Jackie Coogan Tiddledewinks, the Jackie Coogan Woolly Sheep.

There in the bosom of his family, or anywhere else for that matter, you find Jackie as hard to interview as the lady who has just married a second husband without having divorced the first.

Jackie just will keep changing the subject to play. Yet he plays little with other children,—doesn't seem, somehow, to belong in their world.

“Play is the business of childhood,” said some wise man. And Jackie is going to tend to business every minute he isn't working.

When I first knew Jackie, he lived in a tiny flat; now he lives in a big mansion. But he is the same little Jackie, with his eagerly inquiring mind, his passion for play.

Jackie will be a perfect little tyrant at play, if you let him. He wants you to be the horse and giddap; he wants you to build the sand houses for him to knock down; but this is just a combination of the powers of pleading and commanding within himself that has nothing at all to do with his fame. I don't think he cares the snap of his finger about his fame or his wealth. There is a mysterious superiority to it all in his dark-brown eyes.

And, oh, but Jackie is of an investigating turn of mind!

I took my cat over to the Dog and Cat Hospital in Hollywood one day, and Jackie kindly loaned me his limousine and himself as escort. When we arrived, Jackie was deeply interested, and had to take a look at every animal in the place. When we went back to his home, we saw him looking over a dog from next door. Finally Jackie found a tiny sore place on the dog's neck which the animal had gotten in a fight. Jackie showed the place to the dog's owner, and solemnly declared the animal must go to the hospital. The neighbor humored the boy, and next thing we knew Jackie had popped the animal into the limousine, and we were all again on our way to the hospital. Jackie's mother wisely let him have his way, feeling, no doubt, that he would learn lessons of kindness to animals by this experience. Jackie duly deposited his charge and every day thereafter, until there wasn't the smallest excuse for the dog's remaining in the hospital, the little boy went and called on the animal. He took the canine home, paying for his keep out of his own pocket. Usually he wouldn't be permitted such extravagance.

Jackie's father kidded Jackie, declaring that Jackie took the dog violets every day!

So much for Jackie's activities. But there is another side to the child with the big eyes that have the unearthly look in them. He is a great little dreamer.

One day at his home, when we had exhausted the possibilities of his toys,—many of which, by the way, were given him by Charlie Chaplin—he began to tell me (Continued on page 91)



My friend BILL HART

Some hitherto unpublished facts about the leading exponent of the two-gun drama

By E. V. Durling

WHEN I first met Bill Hart in Los Angeles he was getting \$50 a week from Tom Ince and considered himself particularly fortunate. His chief trouble at that time was trying to learn how to ride a horse.

For a good many years Bill and myself were members of a group that dined every night at what was known as "the round table" at Hoffman's Cafe in Los Angeles. This group was made up of newspaper men, press agents, actors, directors and so forth. It was something like the table occupied every noon at the Algonquin Hotel, New York, by the "intelligencia" merely claiming to have good sense.

Now when you interview a man he is apt to be guarded in his conversation and the picture you get of him is often as accurate a portrait as the minister gets of the juvenile portion of his congregation the week before the Christmas party. But when you have met a man nearly every night over a period of years it is safe to assume you have an idea what he is really like. So basing my remarks on that premise I will tell you all I can with propriety what I know of Bill Hart.

Several years ago when Marshall Neilan was engaged in making a film version of *In Old Kentucky* he sent his able assistant, Al Green, from Los Angeles to Kentucky to get some special scenes to lend realism to the picture, the most of which was being made in California.

"Get me some real, good Kentucky scenes, Al," were Mr. Neilan's parting instructions.

Two weeks later Mr. Neilan received a telegram from Mr. Green saying "No Kentucky scenes in Kentucky, will have to make them in California."

That's an old story in the movies. They can't find a typical New Yorker in New York, a typical Parisian in Paris, or a typical Westerner in the West. The public has its own ideas on these things and as the people pay the money they get the choice.

W. S. Hart, the so-called two-gun man of the movies, is more typical of the West than any Westerner ever painted and yet he was born in Newburgh, N. Y., and spent the greater part of his life as a resident of (Continued on page 92)



Bill can't help laughing when he recalls the slicked-back pompadour and yellow spats and cane he used to sport along the Great White Way. This was when Bill lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.—years before he achieved fame in the movies through his wonderful Western characterizations.

New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

IN the latter reels of *The Thief of Bagdad* you expect any minute to have the scene switch to a rich young man's boudoir with the valet, pronounced vall-ay, bending over the recumbent hero and shaking him, with a title following, "You wished to be awakened early, sir."

But the picture proceeds to a finish without a dream ending. And Douglas Fairbanks once again proves himself the screen's greatest gambler, a hero as brave as he is handsome. Doug, producer, is ten times greater than Doug, actor. He has a broader vision and a keener imagination than any other man engaged in film production with the exception of Charles Spencer Chaplin. Anyone but Doug would have thought twice before making *Bagdad* and concluded that an Arabian-fairy tale is not what the public wants. Doug knows that the public hasn't the remotest idea what it wants. He has been making up its mind for it ever since he embarked upon the high seas of pure romance beginning with *The Three Musketeers*. I hand it to him for *Bagdad*; it's the longest and the highest jump he ever made.

Just take the pleasanter features of all your best nightmares, group them against a somewhat Maxfield Parrish background, and you have the screen's first real fantasy. It's great because it defies exhibitorial and every other tradition; it's in a class all by itself—and not because of its trick photography or the Morris Gest presentation which includes, in

Manhattan, the beating of tom-toms by alleged Arabians and the tempting of the audience with deadly demi-tasses in the interval, as we say in England. Not because of Doug's performance, which calls for little besides his lithe legs and ready smile. But because it captured the elusive charm of all the fairy-lore in the world, never coming down to earth an instant, never losing its dream-like delicacy and gossamer grace.

Doug is a leaping, thieving knave whose prankish ways take him inside the Caliph's palace. But he sees a

sleeping beauty—the princess—and comes away with only her slipper, leaving all the loot behind. Then he dedicates himself to her service; to win her he slays dragons, fights fire, overcomes all obstacles—riding to rescue her on the well-known winged horse of all fairy fiction. His magic chest conjures a vast army out of nothingness—and provides one of the biggest

thrills you ever saw on the screen. The photographic magic is amazing. There are genuine gasps when the magic carpet sails through the air, bearing the hero and his princess to some enchanted land as the film fades out.

All the children in the world should see this picture. Parents should be punishable by law who refuse to let their little darlings watch all their favorite tales come to life. True, it may keep them awake or give them dreams of

dragons and things; but then dreams like that are a part of childhood and they might just as well be inspired by such a gorgeous spectacle as *The Thief of Bagdad*. Doug will delight small boys and girls of every age as the cavorting thief. Julianne Johnston is the beautiful princess of every fairy-tale. She is a vision and she should never be seen except in the costumes of the time—which cannot be questioned as to accuracy since it's all a dream and certainly will never be questioned on any other score. Three bits of carved ivory are the lovely little orientals, Anna May Wong, Winter Blossom, and Etta Lee, who are even more decorative than the scenic effects. As for acting, you wouldn't criticize a Dulac illustration for not displaying emotional ability, would you?

Elderly ladies in the audience were overheard observing that they liked it, but they didn't believe they'd care to sit through it again. That isn't exactly the point; but I knew just the way they felt. In the course of a showing of *Bagdad* there comes a time for every member of the audience when he will wish he had brought a pillow with him; or that an usher would turn off the incense. I left the theater with that Thanksgiving feeling—a case of too much dessert. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Secrets Proves Norma's Greatest

SECRETS should be advertised as "a cross-section of a woman's heart." I don't know why its exploiters failed to make use of this catch-line. That's the sort of picture it is. But you won't resent its slightly sweetened sentiment because it has been sugared by experts who will make you like it whether you want to or not. Women will love it and husbands will love it too, or their better-halves will know the reason why. Hard-boiled individuals may be bored but I doubt it. It will have the same effect on them that the singing of "Home Sweet Home" has on the tough eggs in the movie dance-hall scene.



Covarrubias

QGloria has a new personality; a mental face-lifting. She has stopped posing and begun to act.

It is the most home-like picture you ever saw. Its sub-caption might be, "What every woman knows." It might happen to anybody at all—with the reservation that some of us would find the wild-west episode a little strenuous. But you know what I mean. The action is right here on terra firma and the actors don't go rummaging around the clouds on winged steeds for adventure. *Bagdad* left me as limp as my first airplane excursion when the pilot decided to do a falling leaf without any warning. *Secrets* is just a nice, quiet evening at home with the family.

This may sound as if *Secrets* will put you to sleep. Far from it. It's one of the most entertaining motion pictures of any month. Chiefly because it re-introduces Norma Talmadge. No more the Norma of *The Song of Love* and similar atrocities; but a brand-new Norma with all the verve of *Panthea* and *Poppo* plus the poise of early maturity. If anyone had asked me, as I was leaving the theater, who is the greatest actress of the screen, I'd have piped up in my tremulous treble, "Norma Talmadge". Nobody asked me; and now it's too late. But I won't be thwarted; I hereby proclaim her the most versatile. Mary and Lillian will have to move over and let Norma sit down on the Bernhardt-Duse bench; and I wouldn't be surprised if Norma in her crinolines shoved them both off.

She has here four separate and distinct characterizations—four, count 'em, f-o-u-r. Ingenue; young matron; middle-aged wife and old lady. And while you may suspect without the aid of the handsome program that Norma Talmadge plays them all, her talents are explicit enough to keep up the deception. If we were having one of those old-fashioned voting contests to determine the best ingenue, etc., of the gelatines, she would grab all the prizes. Her youthful Mary is a delicious flapper in hoop-skirts; her gun-woman of the second episode is thrilling and touching; and as the middle-aged and elderly Lady Carlton she is a real revelation. A black silk dress and lace cap, a white wig and wrinkles—and any good actress is a convincing grandma. But creating a portrait of middle-age is no mere matter of make-up. As the silver-haired heroine Norma forgets she is a movie queen and becomes the real, genuine article, accept no substitutes.

This is a woman's affair. And so I suspect that ranking right with Norma's work is the scenario of Frances Marion. It is the second splendid thing that Miss Marion has done lately; her *Abraham Lincoln* was an achievement even for the screen's premier scenario writer. She is a star in her line as Norma is in hers; and her performance is just as remarkable. Besides these co-stars, there is Director Frank Borzage, who has given the cast a chance; Eugene O'Brien, at his best opposite Miss Talmadge; Emily Fitzroy, a fine character actress; the charming Claire MacDowell, seen too seldom these days; George Nicholls, usually Mabel Normand's film papa but just as enjoyable as Norma's parent; and clever Patterson Dial make it almost an all-star affair. In fact, it must be apparent by this time that I consider *Secrets* worth your time and money. I liked it so well that I paid to see it again.

Fighting Coward Another Cruze Hit

THIS is one of the months whose celluloid products would convert almost any unbeliever to the thank-God-it's-silent drama. Here's another picture you mustn't miss—*The Fighting Coward*, directed by James Cruze, who is doing his best to live down his reputation as the driver of *The Covered Wagon*. He's done some good things since that classic, remember.

Whenever I hear someone say that James Cruze is certainly a lucky guy, having all those directorial plums hurled his way this season, insuring a success with every release, I think of the first time I ever saw James Cruze. It was in person. He was touring the theaters to shake hands with the fans who admired his villainies in *The Million Dollar Mystery*. I wish I could say that, even as he stood there shaking my eager hand, I felt with a thrill of prophecy that here was a man destined to do great things for the screen; to scratch its surface, in fact. But all I thought of was whether I ought to ask him for his autographed photograph or not. I didn't because I liked heroes then; but I wish I had.

Cruze has had the highest batting averages of any director in several seasons. The Manhattan reviews and the exhibitors' comments on his films have read practically the same, word for word; and this has never happened before or since. Somehow he manages to combine popular appeal, heart interest and all those somethings which make box-office attractions without losing his balance. Strangely enough his success hasn't upset his sense of humor; and *The Fighting Coward* will please everyone except those southerners who are still fighting the Civil War. It's a deft satire on the old south, more expertly directed than the original by Booth Tarkington, which was *Magnolia*.



Ernest Torrence plays the old southern gambler in *THE FIGHTING COWARD*.

Best Performances of the Month:

Norma Talmadge in *Secrets*

Richard Barthelmess in *The Enchanted Cottage*

Ernest Torrence in *The Fighting Coward*

Jackie Coogan in *A Boy of Flanders*

for from Ernest Torrence. His suave presence is a positive delight. Noah Beery is almost as good as a genuine desperado. The heart interest is handled by Mary Astor and Phyllis Haver. Miss Astor has moments of charm; but Phyllis, even in crinolines, is as captivating as she ever was as the world's favorite water-baby. Her comedy training is apparent in everything she does. She has learned her lessons in screen technique without losing any of her original wallop. She reminds me of a particularly sprightly kitten.

Enchanted Cottage Worth-while Picture

THERE is no doubt that *The Enchanted Cottage* is a really worth-while picture. It has a message. It is clean. It is suitable for every member of the family. And it stars

Richard Barthelmess. Perhaps because I am always prejudiced against a picture which does all these things except the latter, I don't call it the best of the month's offering. But there are many who will.

It is adapted from Pinero's play about two unfortunates who believe each other beautiful because they are in love. It is all very Barrie-esque and John Robertson was just the man to direct it. For me it hasn't the appeal that *Sentimental Tommy* had; but it must be my own fault. I liked *Tommy* because he was human. The lovers of the Pinero romance are too good to be true. Hiss me if you want to; but I stick to it.

Everything is intelligently presented. Robertson is a fine director and he has able aid from his actors, especially Dick, who makes the best of his opportunities. I don't have to tell you that; you know what the screen's first young man can do with a part. May McAvoy is entirely adequate as the girl.

Boy of Flanders *Charming*

I AM as foolish about Jackie Coogan as a maiden aunt. I have no perspective on him at all. Ever since *The Kid* he has been my favorite actor. If he turned cute on us I'd like him anyway. I tell you this so that when I say *A Boy of Flanders* is a perfectly delightful picture you'll know how to take it.

The Ouida tale has been trifled with a little to permit Jackie to occupy the center of the screen; but the original leading man, *A Dog*, is present, too; and there is nothing to disappoint any kid who liked the story. For a film which has no adult love interest, no pursuit and no seduction, it holds the interest admirably. I would rather watch Jackie and the lugubrious Teddy drag a milk-cart around than see a chase from tree to tree in the approved movie manner. There was more suspense, as far as I was concerned, at the children's birthday party wondering whether Jackie's feminine disguise would be penetrated than in a million rides-to-the-rescue. And I dislike child actors intensely.

Jackie Coogan is no child actor. He is a mature artist, and that is what's getting to be the trouble with him. He is growing up too fast for his age. He has to strive now to keep within childish limitations. Artistically he is years older than most male stars; and now and then an expression will creep in which is incongruous with his stature. His pantomime is as perfect as that of Chaplin or Pickford. He and Teddy are a great team. The Sennett dog has done it, too—deserted comedy for emotional work; and his success is striking. If there is any more charming picture than these two old-timers in art afford in *A Boy and Dog of Flanders* I'd like to see it.

Gloria Saves *Society Scandal*

IF *The Laughing Lady* could see herself as *A Society Scandal* she'd die laughing. Her hysterics would be occasioned by the caricature the film people have made of her. It's a very expensive caricature by Gloria Swanson, posed by Allan Dwan against a background of New York motion picture high-life.

When I saw it the spectators laughed, too; but it was indulgent

mirth without malice. The audience liked it. I liked some of it. You will, too. Gloria is gorgeous in gowns and gestures which would be ridiculous under other auspices. She is a vivid, if harassed heroine, and she is made to suffer and suffer; but does she make her tormentors pay? Well, you just should see Prosecuting-Attorney Rod La Rocque when she's finished with him! If anyone but Gloria acted it; if any other director supervised it, *A Society Scandal* would seem a horrid dream. But the way it is, with a flash of humor now and then, and the always-interesting and pictorially ravishing Swanson, not to mention three leading men—if you don't like Ricardo Cortez you may like Allan Simpson; and if they bore you there's always Rod La Rocque—you're not likely to walk out on it.

Gloria has a new personality; a mental face-lifting. Her sartorial obligations do not weigh as heavily upon her as they used to. She has stopped posing and has begun to act.

Lillies of the Field Tiresome

LILLIES OF THE FIELD has one scene which got by the censors all right, but goodness only knows how. It is quite the most daring thing I have ever seen and will undoubtedly bring the blushes. I am not at all sure that young people should bring their parents to see this Corinne Griffith picture because of it.

It is the scene, my dears, in which Corinne Griffith exposes to the camera an entirely uncovered ear! Her hair is all right on one side but when she turns, there it is. To the best of my recollection it is the first feminine ear we have ever seen in celluloid. I suppose Corinne knows what she is about but she should consider her public—all the little children who flock to see her pictures, and who have set her up as an idol of all that is good and sweet and beautiful. However, it is her own affair; she'll just have to make the best of it.

Outside of that, there is nothing so shocking about *Lillies of the Field*. I wouldn't call it a wholesome picture because its moral is false and its preachment unreal. It strives for piquancy but its sparkle is forced. It endeavors to portray the divinity of mother love and succeeds only in becoming tiresome. There are bits of real humor and character furnished by Myrtle Stedman and Charles Murray. I hate to call such an attractive woman dependable, but Miss Stedman is. She's never failed to present a human portrait.

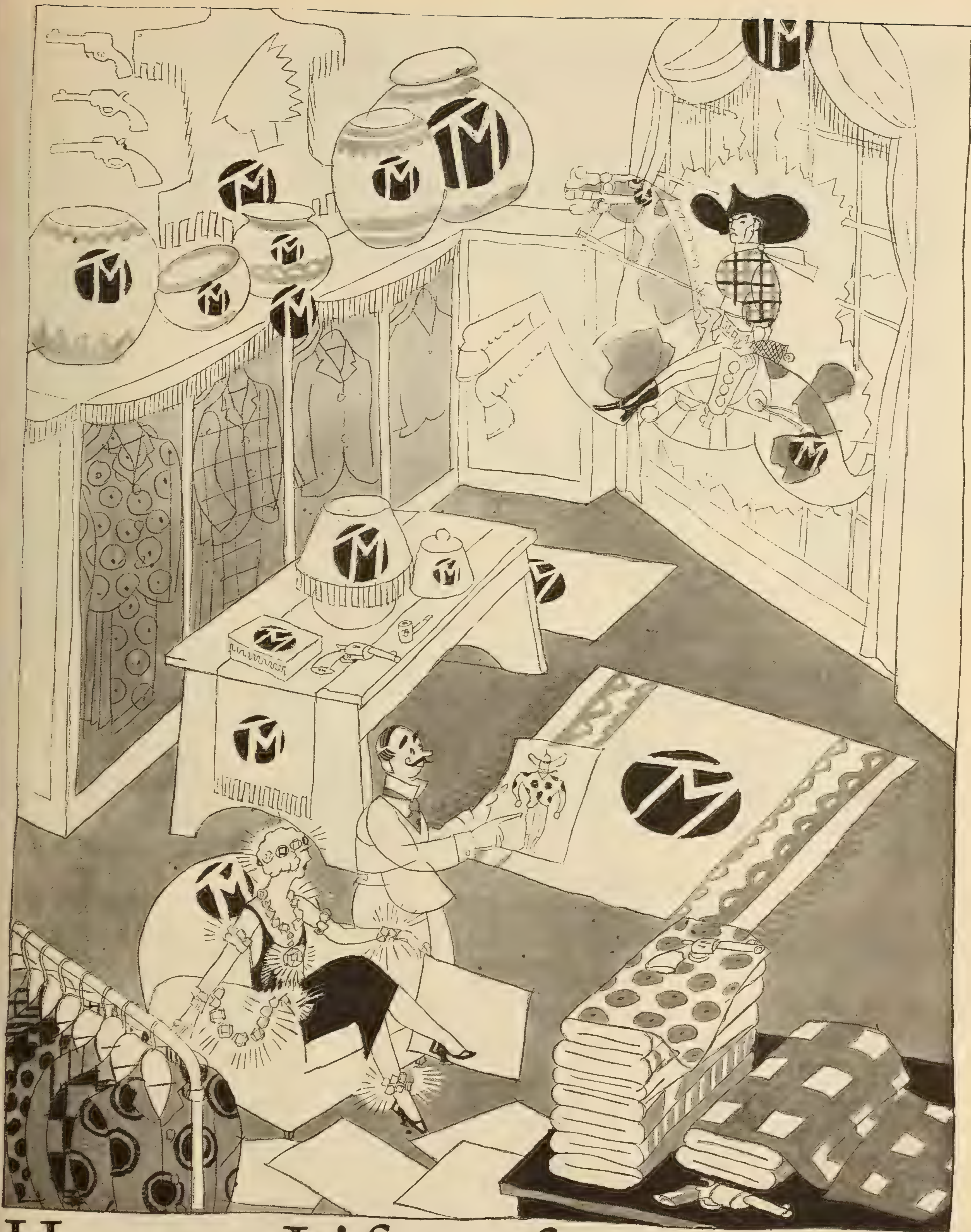
Corinne Griffith has always been one of my candidates for glory, but all she does here to live up to the future predicted for her is to look exceptionally lovely. It was a terrible part and Corinne may have disliked it as much as I did. I hope so.

Happiness has Sprightly Humor

PEG O' MY HEART in another costume and minus Michael—that's *Happiness*. Laurette Taylor is the supreme gamin of the stage and she brings almost as much sprightly humor to the screen. She is the Peter Pan of both. The play by J. Hartley Manners has been translated into scenario by the author. It's just a slight (Continued on page 94)



Q Doug, producer, is ten times greater than Doug, actor. BAGDAD is the longest and highest jump he ever made.



Home Life of the Stars

*Q*The much monogrammed Mr. Mix dashes home for a jitting with his tailor.

Second of a Series by George H. Klisbee



Dr. Balsinger and assistant about to perform operation for removing hump of bridge of Helen Ferguson's nose.

New Noses for Old

*Bobbed noses are the latest fad
in merry Hollywood*

“JUST let me get a glimpse of a girl's nose, and I'll tell you what her fate in pictures will be,” a famous

By *W. Ellen Reamy*

director said one day at a studio cafeteria, as he finished his plate of wieners and sauerkraut, and prepared to go back to toil on the movie lot.

“Yes, sir,” the director continued. “A nose is the most important feature. Take a certain little blonde star addicted to jazz roles, for instance. One day the dainty little actress sought the aid of an Irish attorney in Los Angeles, in trying to hold her producers to their contract made to star her in a series of pictures. After seeing the rushes on the first picture, the big boys decided the star wouldn't go over. She did not screen well, but they couldn't quite decide what was wrong. She is the Nell Brinkley type, blowy hair, laughing mouth, and upturned little nose *lying flat* against her rounded face. The attorney asked to see the close-ups and after a moment exclaimed: ‘Why, girl, it's that little flat nose that's queered your contract.’

“The star was in a rage, but the lawyer finally persuaded her

to go to a plastic surgeon, who built her a classic nose out of the material on hand. The result was a swollen nose when she reported for work the next morning, but when the nose had gotten well, new tests proved that the plastic surgeon had saved her contract for her. The joke of it is that the little screen star posed as ‘a poor working girl’ and got her nose remodeled and her contract cinched for twenty-five dollars.”

The director went on:

The Bossy Nose

“JUST analyze the next girl you see. You say to yourself on meeting her, ‘A disagreeable, managing sort of person; I bet she nags her husband—won't even let him go to the mystic shrine.’ Ten to one, that woman has a prominent nose, an ‘I'll go before and prepare the way’ sort of nose, a buttinski nose, if you get what I mean? Her eyes may be limpid blue pools, her skin may be like rose leaves; but can she live down that nose? I'll tell the world she can't.”

"Take a girl—any girl—with a—well, pug nose—you know what I mean. An old-fashioned pug nose. Little stubby nose, that seems to be scenting the air eagerly, aquiver with demure interest, but not 'nosy'—oh, no! That sort of girl means a cuddly, dimply girl, the kind of girl a man just must protect. She may have freckles—probably has—and straight mouse-colored hair that means an eternal hair-dresser's bill; and her eyes may have a squint in them. But I'll wager every girl with one of those cute little pug noses gets married. Ever notice how many long-nosed old maids there are?"

Winning Out by a Nose

66 **T**HAT was one of the troubles with Lillian Walker. She had everything that goes with a pug nose—except the pug nose itself. Understand, I don't say a girl should bob her nose, like she bobs her hair, but if Lillian had taken a quarter of an inch off her nose she'd probably still be one of our foremost screen flappers. Marguerite Clarke held on as long as she did by her nose, and believe me, there was no hook on it to hang by, either!

"If Helen of Troy had had a knob on the end of her beezers, no amount of beauty lavishly distributed over the rest of her map would have launched a single ship. Believe me, history or no history, I'll wager Helen's nose was petite, and not strictly Grecian.

"You just can't get chummy with a classic nose. Maxine Elliott, for instance, was ranked a reigning beauty, but I'll bet no one wanted to cuddle her in a taxi-cab. Her swains probably kissed her hand reverently as a good-night salute. And no girl wants to be left that way. As Geraldine Farrar once said to me when we were working together on the Goldwyn lot, 'I envy the cuddly girl. Most women don't

want men to respect and admire them as goddesses; they want to be babied and cuddled.'" The director slipped the last of his apple pie beneath his Grecian nose and felt that he had done his duty by the industry for the nonce.

That was—that!

Helen Ferguson Sets the Fashion in Hollywood

WHETHER these remarks had anything to do with it or not, Helen Ferguson went and had her nose bobbed. She had been able to withstand the mob influence in the matter of bobbed locks, but to go about longer with a nose which did not express her personality was a trial Helen just couldn't meet bravely.

And Helen is one of the best little press agents in the business. Count that day lost that does not see an account of Helen Ferguson at a meeting of the Thirteen Club, or considering the offer of a producer, or teeing with Mary Pickford, or delivering a speech in the First Methodist Church, or something; anything. Just a good business woman. Part of her job. So when Helen made up her mind to have her proboscis shortened, she saw in it a good publicity stunt. Her last conscious act was to pose for the picture which accompanies this article.

We have not seen a picture of the liquid-eyed Helen since her nose has lost its aquiline definiteness. Undoubtedly, Helen now has a charming little sniffer, with no annoying hump—slight though it was—to stand in the way of her screen success.

Fannie Brice started all this craze for bobbing noses. Irene Castle, who usually has the honor of inaugurating fashions, the bobbed hair vogue for instance, couldn't oblige in this case. For she is the proud possessor of one of the finest noses in the whole theatrical profession. *(Continued on page 96)*



Lucille Carlisle

Fanny Ward—A Grandmother Who Looks 16

Mrs. Tom Mix

Above Left—Edna Wallace Hopper—A Flapper at 62; Fanny Brice faces her.

Song of a Spinning Wheel

A Betraying Confidences Overheard in a Studio Prop Room

By *Delight Evans*

THE Spinning Wheel Spoke First.
Said she:
"I Declare
I Never

Get a Moment's Peace
These Days. Just

As I Compose Myself
For a Little Honest,
Well-Earned Rest,
Along Comes Peter,
And Drags Me Out Again.

I Never Used
To Complain. But
You Know, I'm
Not as Young
As I Used to Be."

"OH, Shut Your Face!"
Whirred the Phonograph.
"Don't You Go
Trying to Hand Me
That Old Line.
I Suppose You'll

Be Telling Me Next
That You're a Gen-u-ine
Antique."

The Spinning Wheel Spouted.
She Began

To Revolve a Little.

"I'll Have You Know,"

She Buzzed, When

She Could be Heard

Above Her Own Revolutions,

"That Martha Washington Herself

Used Me Once; and George

Rested His Hand on Me.

I

Am No Common,

Noisy,

Twentieth-Century Upstart.

I have been Handed Down, and

Handed Down——"

"YOU Look It!"

Laughed the Phonograph.

"Why, You're All

Worn Out. They Don't

Even Use You

In Important Pictures

Any More. The Last Time

They Sent for You,

For that Epoch-Making

Revolutionary Drama,

The Director

Took One Look at You

And Said,

'Take that

Decrepit Old Thing

Away; and Tell the Carpenter

To Make me a Nice New One.'

Pete Said,

'But she's

The Real Article ——'"

Q Martha Washington
herself used me once
—said the Spinning
Wheel.



I belong to the younger generation — said the Phonograph.

THE Spinning Wheel Was Sobbing:
“Peter Is Loyal. He Still Likes Me. *He* Knows the Real Thing When he Sees It. Not That I Wasn't Grateful For Not Being Put to Work In that Super-Feature. It would have Meant A Long, Hard Grind; and I Can't Stand that Any More. But Now— Now——”

“ALL they Use you For,” Sputtered the Phonograph, “Is Vision Scenes. You Can't Stand the Close-Ups, Old Dear, and You Might Just as Well Get Used to It. Now, I— I have Been In Constant Demand Lately. Director Buldge Is Doing *Dirty Daughters*; and There are any Number Of Snappy Scenes For Me to Be In. I'm A 1924 Cabinet Model, My Dear Girl. I'm In the Pink of Condition. I Shine. I Sparkle. Inside of Me, Are all the New Jazz Records. As for Close-Ups— Well, in my Last Release, *Passion's Paradise*, My Face was Photographed At Least Three Times, with My Very Latest Record Running. The Leading Man Himself Has a Scene Leaning on Me.”

“I Wouldn't be Seen In Such Company,” Said the Spinning Wheel, Her Dainty Form Trembling with Anger.

“No,” Shrieked the Phonograph, “You Never Will. You haven't Appeared With a Principal In Two Years. And then You Fell Down on her.” “Oh, oh,” Moaned The Spinning Wheel, Her Spokes Quivering In Inarticulate Anguish. “I Don't Want To Be Hard on You, Old Girl,” Continued The Cabinet Model, in a Milder Key. “Because, After All, I Have been Having Everything my Own Way. I Belong To the Younger Generation, and We're All Pretty Much in Demand Right Now. Besides, I Have A Surprise for You.”

HER Curiosity Got the Better of The Spinning Wheel. She Whirled a Little. “Well?” “Well, Old-Timer,” Blared the Phonograph, (Continued on page 91)





Alberta Vaughn

A comedienne who is proclaimed to have more sex appeal than any other girl in Hollywood.

By Lucille Larrimer

“SHE’S a riot, positively!” Such was the verdict of Alberta Vaughn’s publicity writer. The verdicts of publicity writers have been known on rare occasions to veer from the line of strict impartiality, but—

The best known photographer in filmdom states flatly that Alberta Vaughn has the most beautiful figure on the screen.

Furthermore, Hollywood’s Famous Director has declared that Alberta Vaughn has the most sex appeal of any girl in Hollywood.

In a profession of Gloria Swansons, Nita Naldis and Corinne Griffiths, that statement carries a wallop!

“I would observe this riot,” I mused. “I wonder, can she act?”

I found Alberta huddled in an ermine wrap on the sidelines of an F. B. O. set, observing, with lively interest, two speedy lads battle a fast round for a fight episode in *The Telephone Girl*, the film version of H. C. Witwer’s celebrated stories in which she is being starred. Alberta is *Gladys Murgatroyd*, the slangy telephone operator heroine. Across from us and beneath the ring, a couple of hundred extras filled the bleachers, earning their seven-fifty with a minimum of effort. On signal from the

director, they cheered. On signal, they lapsed into apathy, as automatically as water is turned off from a tap. Albert Cooke, in his checkered vest and ever-present cigar, leaned against the ropes, exuding satisfaction with the world and himself, and Kit Guard, his battle-scarred face wreathed in a crooked smile, waved an encouraging towel at his battler.

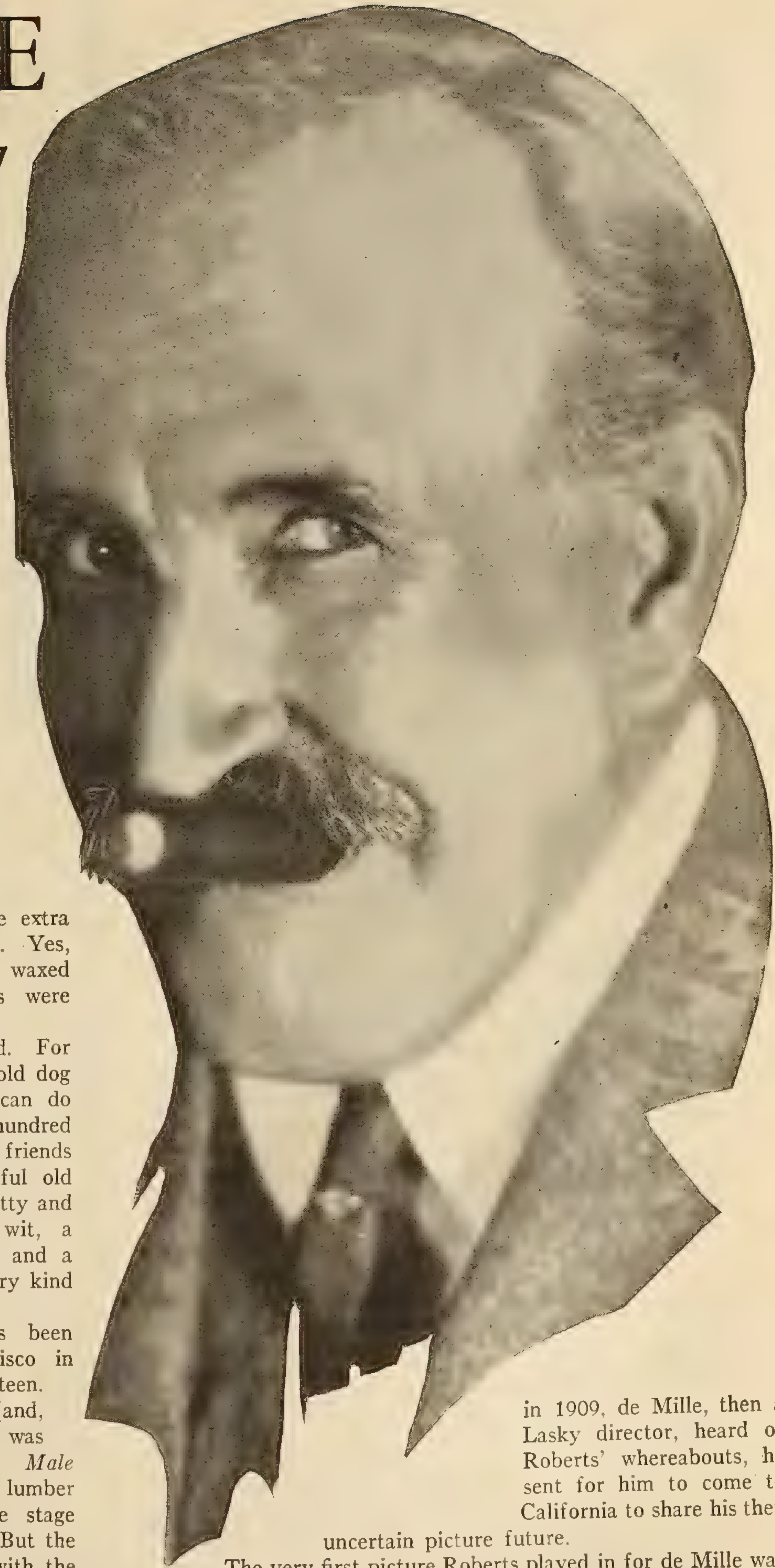
Alberta smiled radiantly and hospitably patted a near-by chair. We chatted clubbily of ships and shoes and sealing wax, and the chicken sandwiches her mother made for Alberta’s party for her new club, “The Climbers”, and where did I get the blouse I was wearing and did I think she could buy some silk like it, and the relative merits of lamb chops-and-pineapple or prunes as a reducing diet. Alberta held out for the former, on the grounds that you could get filled up on chops and not on prunes. Then we viewed several installments of *The Telephone Girl*.

For those who are interested in biography, let me state that Alberta got her first job at Lasky’s because of her beautiful back and lost it because she was naive enough to admit she was only fourteen; that she has since been leading lady in Fox and Christie comedies and recently played opposite Harry Langdon in *Picking Peaches*; that (Continued on page 90)

The DUKE of Hollywood

That is his title along the Boulevard; but, to the people who know him best, Theodore Roberts will always be—The Grand Old Man of the Screen

By Alma Whitaker



IF ever Hollywood was hushed and misty eyed it was when the dread news came through that Theodore Roberts was on the brink of death.

Hollywood always knew it loved this grand old man of the screen, but not until then did one realize how much, how deep-seated and vitally sincere was that affection. It was as though the life of a deeply beloved father hovered in the balance. Even the most frivolous of merry little extra girls hushed their voices and forgot their mascara. Yes, and even the haughtiest of screen nabobs waxed sentimental and throaty as the daily bulletins were discussed.

Not for nothing is Theodore Roberts thus loved. For while the film fans know him chiefly as a jolly old dog with an everlasting black cigar with which he can do more things than most actors can do with a hundred stage "props", Hollywood and his host of personal friends know him as a peculiarly kind, cultured, delightful old gentleman, just bubbling with the *joie de vivre*, witty and keen, but never sacrificing a friend to his wit, a lover and collector of all sorts of strange pets, and a vivid, understanding sympathy with, and for, every kind of human.

For sixty-four years Theodore Roberts has been making friends. He was born in San Francisco in 1861 and went on the stage at the age of nineteen. Before that he had had some sea training (and, incidentally, he is a wonderful swimmer, as was proven in the famous shipwreck scene of *Male and Female*). So his people bought a lumber schooner for him to lure him away from the stage and for two years he sailed the bounding main. But the stage was his first love and he returned to it—with the added tang of the sea which must have helped to give him that beloved rugged personality.

And he was playing as leading man with Fanny Davenport and delighting theatre audiences as Svengali in *Trilby*, and as Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* soon after that.

But it was as a character actor, in a Denver stock company, that he met Cecil de Mille in 1903, when that now august gentleman was but a juvenile extra, and that great boy-and-man friendship ripened into a fast and concrete thing. Together they roughed it, starved, hoped and feared. So that when,

in 1909, de Mille, then a Lasky director, heard of Roberts' whereabouts, he sent for him to come to California to share his then

uncertain picture future.

The very first picture Roberts played in for de Mille was *Puddin'-Head Wilson*, of which he played the title role. After that he was the Hudson Bay factor in *The Call of the North*, then the *Yankee Consul*, then in *Old Wives for New*, and then as the fantastic Lord Loam in Barrie's *Male and Female*. And, of course, his latest and greatest screen role was that of Moses in *The Ten Commandments*.

One of the most touching incidents which proclaims the beloved personality of this father of filmdom, often affectionately dubbed "The Duke of Hollywood", was when he recently played in William de Mille's (Continued on page 99)



CUPID

Presenting Dapper Dan
in a New Role

By Anne Austin

Illustrations by J. A. Ryan

THERE is a press agent in screenland who doesn't get a cent of money, yet he works for every company on the two coasts and gets more "dope" in the papers than any other publicity man in the game.

He is never idle, this pint-size, censorable little press agent—for he's shockingly nude—and he enjoys his work more than any weary dopest in the whole business, no matter what his salary.

"Daniel Cupid, Esquire! Free publicity of the most valuable kind. The public eats it up," reads the card which he ingratiatingly hands out to his prospective clients—every unmarried player in the whole screen world.

For be it known that there are two kinds of publicity—desirable and undesirable. It is undesirable publicity to get a divorce, to be sued as a co-respondent, to be mentioned in a suit for recovery of damages or back salary; to be arrested for bootlegging, speed-

ing or non-payment of alimony.

These comprise the daily litany of the star, to which he or she fervently adds: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

Desirable publicity consists of signing new and advantageous contracts, trips to Palm Beach, being among those present at a party given by Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks or by the Charlie Rays, who are "society," you know; of touching accounts of how the gracious star supports her family and gives away ten thousand every year for charity; of accounts of the star's trip to Europe to film scenes for a great historical play; of verbatim reports of the great speech the great male star made on Armistice Day. And lastly, desirable publicity consists of rumors of engagements, announcements of engagements, denials of engagements, confirmations of engagements, and ultimately the golden notes of wedding bells! For all these, see Mr. Daniel Cupid, Esquire, the ubiquitous press agent, the only reliable purveyor of information

on matters of the heart.

Cupid loves the stars, male and female. He loves to see their names in the paper, when he himself writes the story. And Cupid has the right idea. We Americans are incurably romantic. We get a vicarious love kick out of reading that little May McAvoy, who is our idea of an adorable sweetheart, is engaged to Glenn Hunter, though they both primly deny it.

If there is a single old saying that is absolutely true, it is that one about all the world loving a lover—and his sweetheart. Strangely

enough, we don't care so much about them after they are married, but we are as excited as debutantes over an announcement luncheon for their most popular member when we read that two of our friends—and to all fans the picture folk seem to be personal friends—are romantically interested in each other.

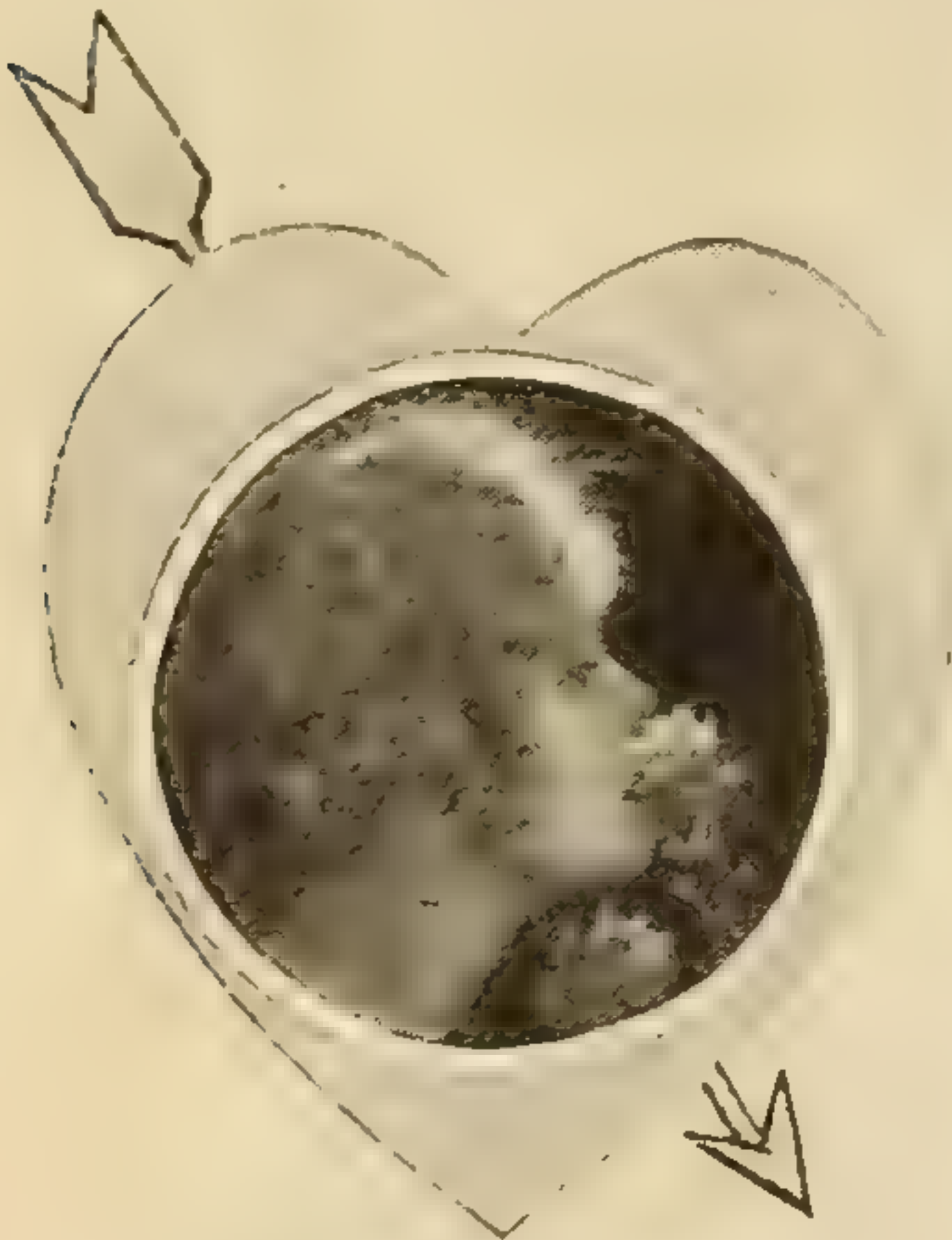
But even Cupid, who seems to want the whole world to be in a tangle of engagements, rumored, denied, broken or in good working order, seems to have his favorites.

Else, why is he so partial to Constance Talmadge? Before Connie married her Greek tobacco king, she was rumored to be freshly engaged at least once a month. The screen magazine that had the courage to come out without a new announcement or rumor regarding the vivacious and wholly desirable Constance was doomed to be scorned by the disappointed reading public. The sympathy of the public was wholly with Connie in her reported dilemmas over whom to marry. Why shouldn't she be choosy, a pretty, smart girl like Connie? Lucky dogs to be even mentioned as prospects! And the rejected suitors got scant sympathy in their forlorn condition, for Connie's very capriciousness was loved by her fans.

When Constance finally married her Greek, who was the dark horse in the matrimonial race, her public felt distinctly cheated, but was willing to wish her luck. Probably there was not a single fan who mourned with the handsome tobacco merchant when Constance found that she



Pauline Garon



Winifred Westover



Claire Windsor



Charlie Chaplin



Mary Miles Minter

as a Press Agent

had made a mistake. Again Connie was free! Again the delightful game of picking suitors was open to her, and, vicariously, to the public. There have been many candidates for the fair Talmadge hand since the divorce was granted. Good-looking, successful Irving Thalberg, the boy wonder of the Universal plant, who is now with the Louis B. Mayer studios as production manager, seems to have had the inside track at various stages of the interesting race. Irving Berlin, the New York song writer and impresario, formed grist for Dan Cupid's typewriter on many occasions, and it is doubtful if the little press agent is through with him yet.

The two Irvings are almost lost in the crowd of suitors, however. Business men, directors, actors rush into the day's news, carefully edited by Press Agent Cupid. If Constance should marry with finality, Cupid will probably feel a bit resentful. She has been such a good news source!

But if Connie deserts him for a second trip to the altar, there is always Mary Miles Minter. M. M. M. should be eternally grateful to Cupid for his unflagging devotion to her career. There is so little that can be written about a pink and white and gold ingenue! Desirable publicity, we mean! Of course, there was that unpleasant affair of the mother and the money, with which neither

Cupid nor a paid press agent had anything to do. If Cupid hadn't stepped in to help the Lasky publicity force, and later Mary's personal press agent, it is just possible that there would have been very little about Mary Miles in the public prints. It is so hard to get newspapers all agog over such items as can safely be printed about a little blonde ingenue who is sewed up on a five-year contract, and whose Mama sees to it that she leads an entirely secluded life.

Cupid himself almost despaired over Mary Miles. For so long as Mama reigned supreme there were not even any rumors about engagements. Mama, you know, was determined that all the world should think of her little girl as a mere infant, although they do say that Mary was of legal age considerably before she had the courage to make the matter public and demand an accounting. Remember what a shock it was when we read those childish little love letters Mary had written to William Desmond Taylor?

But as soon as Mary was emancipated, she became a wonderful client for Dan Cupid, the world's best press agent. Cupid's foot slipped for the very first thing, though, for in his zeal to get Mary all dated up for marriage, he let it get out that she was engaged to Louis Sherwin, dramatic critic and playwright. The only flaw in this publicity was that Sherwin was already married and had two children. Even Cupid can't always control the forces

he starts. Some of the resultant publicity about Mr. Sherwin's almost destitute family was not so good for Mary Miles.

But Cupid is an indomitable little rascal. Soon he had Mary rumored to be engaged to Hunter Kimbrough, a charming young fellow from Alabama, brother-in-law of our distinguished contributor, Upton Sinclair, of Pasadena. Young Mr. Kimbrough's romantic southern manners probably influenced Dan to interpret a warm friendship into an engagement. At any rate, Mr. Kimbrough went back south without placing a ring on Mary's finger.

Probably Cupid didn't wholly approve of the fight between Mr. Charles Chaplin and Mr. C. C. Julian, at the exclusive Petroushka Club, for he neglected to make capital out of the fact that Mary Miles Minter was a guest of Mr. Chaplin on that memorable evening. We haven't seen a single item in the papers mentioning a rumor that Mary Miles Minter is the latest enthusiasm of Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

On the other hand, Dan Cupid hasn't neglected to make use of the occasion to further the interests of Mildred Harris, *nee* Chaplin. For Mildred was the dinner guest of Mr.

C. C. Julian on that memorable evening in that same exclusive Petroushka. And the papers have fairly bristled with prognostications about the romantic intentions of Mr. Julian toward Miss Harris.

Maybe when Cupid writes these little stories he thinks a bit sadly of the other suitors about whom he wrote so definitely such a short time ago. We can still remember when Mildred admitted her engagement to Mr. Byron Munson, tall and blond young motion picture actor, obscure, but very handsome. And we can't quite recall the name, but we do remember the item hazily about the foreign nobleman that Mildred was going to marry just recently.

Cupid's interest in Mildred dates back to her marriage with Mr. Chaplin. It is not often that Cupid has a chance at such a beautifully romantic story as that. "The greatest comedian marries beautiful but obscure actress"—that is the sort of thing Cupid just dotes on writing. And that we, the public, love to read. But Cupid folded his little wings and crept away when that most romantic and promising of all screen marriages began to erupt painfully into the newspapers. But Cupid is happy again that the lovely Mildred is free and once more a client of his. The busy little chap won't let her rest until he gets her married again. According to latest dispatches he's busy at it now.

(Continued on page 97)



Betty Compson



Mildred Harris



Pola Negri



Constance Talmadge



Bill Hart



Corinne Griffith



QThe little Bonnie Brier Hotel—just across the street from the big and fashionable Hollywood Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard.

Memories

Alma Whitaker

THEY call it the Bonnie Brier Hotel—not fashionable like the Holly-

takes you to a little-known hotel—the home of many a one of Filmdom's Pioneers—a storehouse rich in memories

a deep scientific dissertation on *The Growth of the Motion Picture from the Primitive Germ*, and

wood Hotel, across the street, but better suited to uncertain purses. A genteel place, dignified, and sheltering so many of those who had-been, who might-have-been and who wistfully hope that "being" may still be theirs by some happy trick of fortune.

And here I met many men, lonely men but for their lonely comrades, waiting men, hoping men; thwarted men, cynically genial men, who between them are so sure they know "what is wrong with the movies" and could, were authority theirs, redeem the industry for the great future they once saw for it.

And they love filmdom—and hate it—in a breath. They must live in its midst, hoping on, seeing and knowing every tiny detail of its life, watching the dizzy rise and glamour of its satellites, the progress, the scandals, its very soul.

Take David W. Gobbett. A name to conjure with, that, in the early infant days of filmdom. David, who saw such visions for "moving pictures," David who devoted himself to research, studied electricity, delved into the finer technicalities of photography, applied himself to improving "projection" and made those very first motion pictures of the Boer War, 22 years ago,

lovingly traces its history back to the fourth book of *De rerum natura*, by Lucretius, 65 B. C. David, who won triumph with his first story picture, *Dolly and Her Doggie*, the scenario for which cost \$1.25, eighteen years ago. David, who as an expert and adventurous camera man, made the first travel pictures, *Over Livingston's Trail in Africa*—really the father of the popular travel pictures today. David, who waxes fondly reminiscent about Buffalo Jones' Expeditions, and the beginnings of the Pathe news pictures, for which he was the original camera man. It took him all over the world, amongst the great everywhere, and all the time he was making researches, aiding in improvements, and rejoicing as the industry emerged through "vellum diffusion," to glass studios and artificial lighting, Aristo arcs, mercury vapor and now to that condition which necessitates the electric light bill for a production being far greater than the cost of a whole production a few years ago.

Then he went to war—and somehow that caused a slipping back. Where he had once been a prince of his trade, he found himself a back number.

Oh, yes, they still want travelogues and he is still doing them—but not so frequently and not such important ones. And all the time he wants to get into a big studio and conduct their camera work, apply his vast knowledge of lights and shades learned direct from Nature, show them how certain mistakes now being made can easily be rectified—and being snubbed for his pains. And, so, behold David frustrated, wistful, ambitions, critical—but still loving this amazingly self-sufficient child of his, this industry that is breaking his heart.

A Leading Man with Fanny Ward

OR there is Paul Weigel, a merry, sophisticated, whimsical old actor—a stage success from 1885, who migrated to pictures in 1906, playing in filmland's first sinful perpetrations—notably Tennyson's *Mort* produced by Universal as *Naked Hearts*. He joined Lasky's when that glamorous institution was but two years old, playing leading roles with Fannie Ward—*Each Pearl a Tear*, for instance. A brilliant scholar, he translated several foreign plays for Mrs. Fiske—he was in her company in 1900. He can talk for hours of enthralling reminiscences of the used-to-be great. Loves to recall Duse, Bernhardt and Saxe-Coburg Company from Germany, all playing *Magda* in their various languages in London at the same time.

Pictures were pretty good to him at first—and even lately he was Gloria's papa in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, and Napoleon III. in Mae Murray's *Mademoiselle Midnight*. But that only means a few days' work once or twice a year—and filmland is breaking his heart, too. His ambition is to go back on the legitimate stage. "I would rather die a success on the stage than live rich a screen hero," he says. But, all the same, he will eagerly take the very next part that is offered in Hollywood.

Walter Coburn is much younger — and only here temporarily. Walter writes exciting cowboy adventure stories and wears golf stockings and handsome tweeds, and went to war in the air service. But Walter is feeling the lure of Hollywood. And

Hoxie of Universal is filming one of his cowboy stories. Walter still sees the future before him, but he is getting a little cynical as he listens and learns at the Bonnie Brier.

From Shakespeare to Slapstick

BUT Barlow Borland now—does that name conjure up any memories? Borland, one of the finest and most highbrow Shakespearean actors of his day. Fine old Scotch Presbyterian stock—ran away from home in the dim and reckless past to join Osmond Tearle's Shakespearean Company (Conway Tearle's father) in Great Britain. Has played a score of Shakespearean roles, even unto Julius Caesar. He says he was propelled into pictures ten years ago—and played with the defunct *Tamhauser Comedies* of crude and painful memory. From Shakespeare to slapstick.

He isn't very communicative about his picture career. It is easier to wax enthusiastic about the old stage days and glories—in *Romeo and Juliet* with Ethel Barrymore, in *The Tailor-Made Man*, in *Clarence*. All the same he is to be seen in *Little Old New York*, in *Potash and Perlmutter*, in *Her Man* and a few other films—in inconspicuous roles. And, when you ask him what his ambition is, he grins cynically and says, "To be Chief of the Police of Los Angeles for 24 hours."

A Vaudeville Sketch Writer

HERE, too, you can meet Robert Courtney. Robert, an old newspaper man who has worked on half the best newspapers in the country and is steeped in wide and versatile knowledge. But Robert always hankered for the theater, and privately he has been writing plays. It took long years and infinite patience. And his address was a trifle unsettled. So that it was long after that he learned he had won the Little Theatre Prize with his play, *The Clock*, for 1923, that it had been actually played on Broadway. (Continued on page 83)

Q Hollywood is a young man's town. But do not think that it has not its memories and its historians. Miss Whitaker has written here most feelingly of the men who carry in their hearts the memories of a Former Day.



Q Paul Weigel—played leading roles with Fanny Ward in days gone by—today is doing "bits" in Hollywood. In vain he yearns for the footlights and declares, "I would rather die a success on the stage than live rich a screen hero." (Above)

Q From Shakespeare to slapstick—that has been the tale by Barlow Borland, scholar and actor. (Left)

Q The professional care of Frank Norcross seventy-two years old, bears this brave and gallant offer—"character parts, anything from bums to bankers." (Right)



Takes & Retakes

By The Tatler

Sketches By J. A. Ryan

I HAVE often wondered why Ivor Novello didn't take. He was hailed and hurried—a potential Valentino or Navarro. Then he went back to England. I've just found out.

Ivor drank too much tea. He'd drink tea eight times a day. He loved his tea. He couldn't get along without it. This might not seem to have much to do with his failure to knock you off your theater seats in *The White Rose*; but it had.

Novello was an excellent actor; he was handsome; he was charming. But the camera was unkind to him. When he smiled, his face was ghastly. But a dentist solved the mystery. "His gums have shrunk," he declared, "from drinking too much tea." And the camera caught it, and gave him that sad look.



PRODUCING companies are now tying up their stars with their most successful productions. We hear of Colleen Moore as the "Flaming Youth Girl," Lois Wilson as "The Covered Wagon Girl," Mary Philbin as "The Merry-Go-Round Girl," and so on. Let's give the fellers a chance and present Valentino as "The Shiek Boy," Adolph Menjou as "The Woman of Paris Man," and Theodore Roberts as "The Ten Commandments Kid."

A movie star and a male star, lead,
Had just decided to wed;
He'd bought the ring, the darn old thing.
Then he cracked her over the head.
When folks all asked why the thing was off—
For their love had been divine—
"On the cards, this dame, she wanted her name
In much bigger type than mine!"

LOST: A valuable walking stick by an actor with an ivory head.

A Good Part for Alice

ALICE JOYCE has gone to England to play *The Passionate Adventurer* for Selznick, working at the Famous Players studio on the outskirts of London.

Just before she left I asked Alice what her part was. Alice, who looks younger and prettier than ever in her shingle hair-cut, retorted: "Eight evening gowns and three negligees."



THE motion pictures seem to be in for it. Just as Will Hays gets censorship nicely settled in some States, a certain tooth paste manufacturer comes out with the announcement that they are Fighting The Film.

Fire extinguisher companies report an enormous sale in their squirty old product to motion picture theatres since every motion picture company is producing a "Flaming Something" picture.

A certain motion picture star that I know arrived at a New York hotel, and when the clerk requested that he register, asked absent-mindedly: "What, sir? Love, hate, grief or gladness?"

Monte Blue Most Honest Actor

I MUST tell you that Monte Blue is the most honest actor I know. I have been wanting to tell this on Monte for years. He visited my office several years ago and annoyed me exceedingly. He picked up a nice quill pen one of my admiring friends had sent me—I had hoped to keep it always to prove I had a reader. Monte kept thumbing it until I took it gently away from him. But I liked him anyway. I asked him if he was married and he said, "No, I'm not." Soon after he said good-bye. He was gone five minutes. Then he came dashing back.

"I'm sorry," he said, draping his contrite six-foot-something on my desk. "I couldn't go away and let you think that. I am married."

When Film Fans Get Together

WHEN interviewed, stars—especially ladies—like to ask the interviewer what other victims he has had lately. And they also like to corner the harassed questioner and give him, or her, a dose of his own bromides.

The almost inevitable question is, "Have you met Nita Naldi? Well, and what's she like?"

Nita would doubtless be flattered if she knew the amount of curiosity and interest she occasions among the other feminine luminaries. Only the other day a very celebrated lady whose name shines in large electrics said to me confidentially: "You know, I've always wondered about Nita Naldi. Is it true she never wears stockings?"



Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum—
Quoth he, "It's Ben Turpin's eye!"

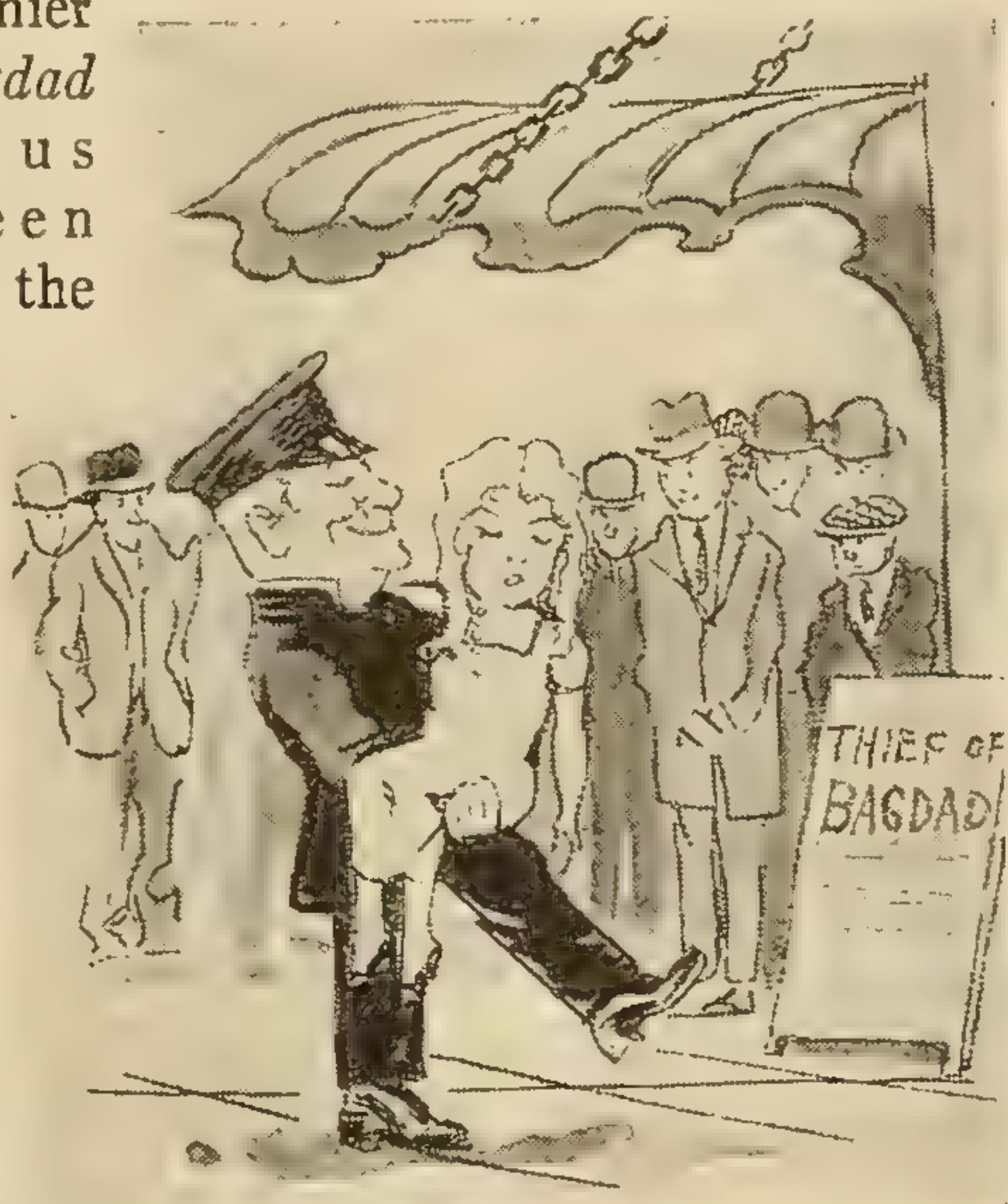


Two of the really important events of the day are Marion Davies' appointment as honorary colonel of a regiment stationed at Plattsburg where she went on location for *Janice Meredith* — someone suggests she should have been made a sweet corporal; and Charles Ray's return to the Thomas Ince fold after *Miles Standish* had made his bow to the public and the public had not acknowledged the introduction in a particularly effusive manner.

Cop Befriends Mary

ARE Mary and Doug making a Cook's tour? Ouch! But they are taking their chef along to Europe so that Mary will have her food prepared in the customary manner.

The Manhattan premier of *The Thief of Bagdad* drew the usual curious throngs. Stars have been known to complain of the crushes which invariably accompany first nights at which they are scheduled to appear, positively, in person; but stars have never been known to avoid them by arriving early at the theater. Mary, to escape the crowds and their rough ways, was carried into the theater by a willing cop.



Where the Stars Shop

YOU may think all screen stars shop in search of high prices. Oh no. Most of the ladies I know are really economical. They purchase a Parisian wardrobe to be photographed in, but around the house they are quite content with "just a rag, my dear—picked it up for a mere trifle."

For instance, Marion Davies, who has a tidy little income if any girl ever did, buys many of her informal frocks at a little shop on upper Broadway, New York. Madame — selects from her stock the dresses she thinks Miss Davies would like and sends them up on approval. Shopping made easy! Alma Rubens patronizes the same shop. Of course both Marion and Alma are well supplied with imported creations, though Alma says that on her last trip abroad the clothes she bought were worn out long before she sighted the goddess again.



LILLIAN GISH used to have all her quaint clothes made by a Los Angeles dress-maker. She told me once that for a long time she boasted only one evening dress. Mary and Doug shopped for her in Paris during one of their European jaunts and brought back a score of delicious dresses from a famous couturiere. Today Lillian does most of her shopping in Rome, with gratifying results. Both Gishes go in for the sweet, simple, and girlish. Lillian, by the way, used to wear high-necked flannel nighties—not so long ago, either.

As a matter of fact, most of our girls evince pretty good taste in apparel. Elsie Ferguson tops my list. She's always perfect. Corinne Griffith designs most of her own things, consequently providing, almost always, a picture of what the well-dressed girl will wear. Mabel Ballin makes many of her own dresses, and all of her own underwear. Mabel likes nothing better than to do a little fancy stitching in her dressing room between scenes. She used to make all Hugo's shirts and, what is more, Hugo always wore them.



Is any bug safe?

HAL ROACH gathered together a flock of animals and produced his Dippy Doo Dad Comedies, and now Louis H. Tolhurst has assembled a cast of bees, butterflies and ants to uplift the Drama. Why not put one over on Doug and produce "The Thug of Bagdad," with a Mexican Jumping Bean in the title role.

Neil Hamilton's Present

NEIL HAMILTON has his first big chance in America. Griffith promoted him to the lead in the current picture.

Neil hadn't seen the completed production and cornered one of Griffith's aides who had. "I say," he asked eagerly, "how is it?"

"Great!"

"Well," said Hamilton, "how—how am I? I mean, do I—get over?"

"Boy," solemnly remarked the other, "you're a hit."

Hamilton's chest swelled a little.

"Am I, really?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," said the staff member a little wearily, making a mental note that there was another young actor gone wrong.

"I sure am glad," beamed Hamilton. Because—"the aide waited to hear chatter about a new car or a swell apartment or a well-stocked cellar; "Because now I can go out and borrow enough money to send the folks to Europe."

The senior Hamiltons cherished an idea all their married lives—they'd go abroad some day. But they never quite made it. When Neil heard he was "over", he dashed out and on the strength of his success got enough money to send them on a belated honeymoon.

Hollywood's Bad Girl

LOIS WILSON has said that she is good and tired of being pointed out as Hollywood's good girl. If Lois really wants to be wicked, which I doubt, we suggest that she adopt a fixed program and stick to it. As follows:

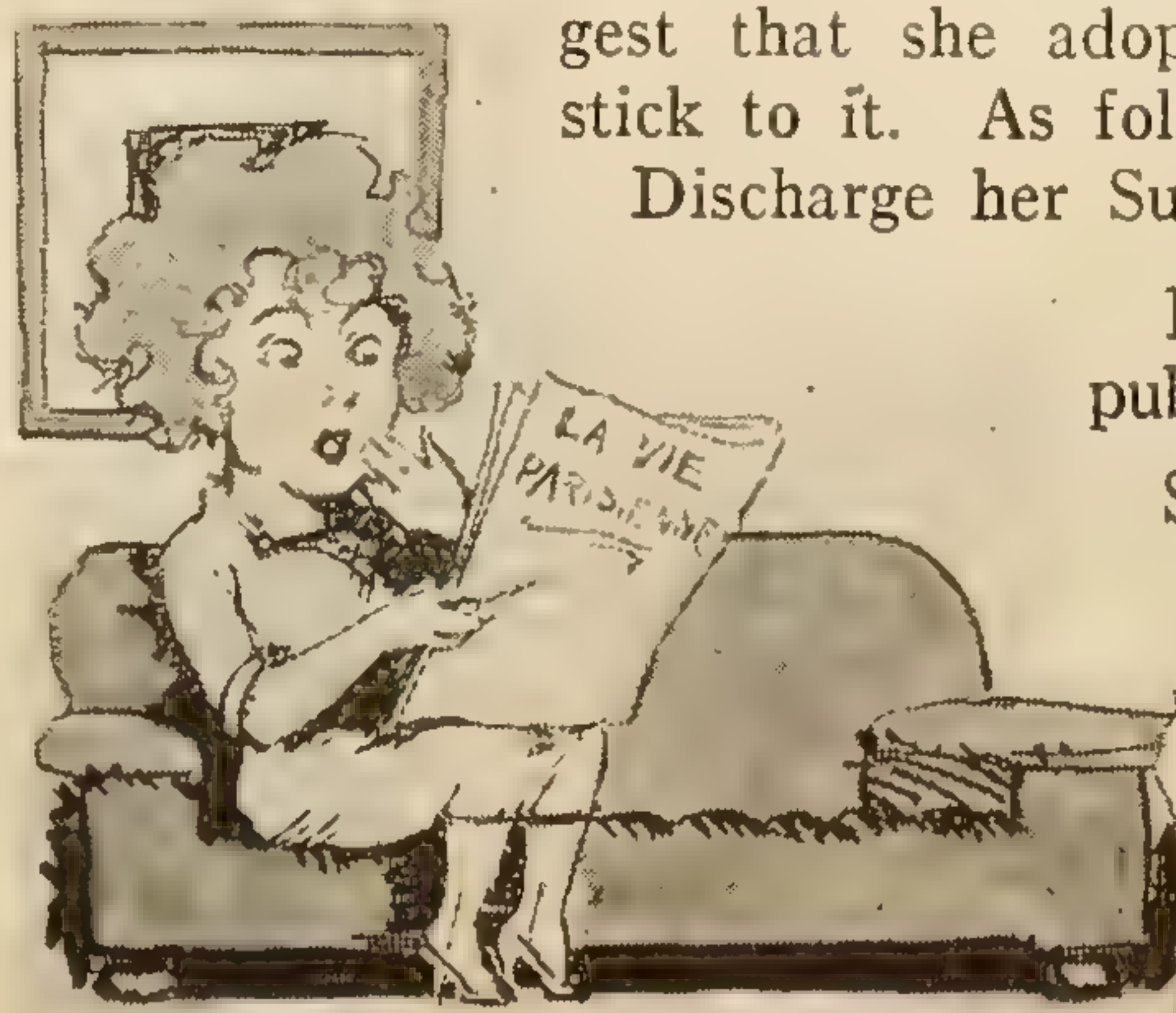
Discharge her Sunday-school class.

Eat pistachio nuts in public.

Stick pins in doorbells.

Go to the Hippodrome and hiss the elephants.

Trip up old ladies in the subway.



Q Creator of the "atmospheric prolog,"
owner of the Egyptian Theatre, a born
showman—

Grauman

—the pride of
Hollywood

By Eunice Marshall

IF you live in a small town where the motion pictures at the *Little Gem* are still served up to the tinny accompaniment of an ancient piano, you probably do not know of Sid Grauman. If you enjoy your film entertainment at a metropolitan temple of the silent drama, as the ad-writers put it, with be-pantalooned usherettes and a fifty-piece orchestra rendering selections from grand opera, you may still never have heard of Sid Grauman. But you will be benefitting by his showmanship every time you enter a theater.

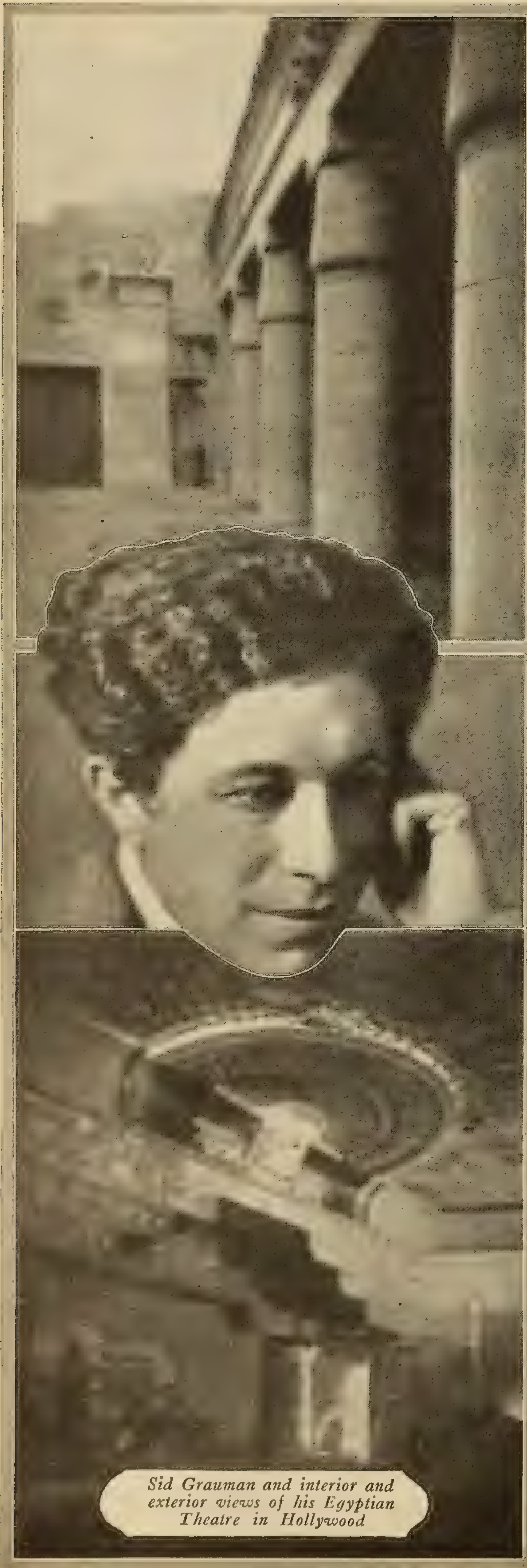
Sid Grauman, of Los Angeles, is *the* showman of the West. Incidentally, he is the "father" of the prologue and the originator of half a hundred other innovations that have been copied by enterprising exhibitors the country over. He has done more to raise motion picture presentations to the dignity of high-class legitimate drama than any other exhibitor; certainly he was the first, out where the West begins, to boost admission prices to the \$1.65 point and get away with it.

It was Grauman who first conceived the idea of dressing his pretty girl ushers in flaring pantaloons and jaunty tams, employing them not only as ushers, but as ornamental pieces of furniture, as much a part of the decorative scheme as the velvet draperies and soft rugs. It was Grauman, too, who made the movie theater a place of luxury, with salons fitted up with luxurious divans and art paintings, and ladies' smoking rooms—the latter an innovation indeed in the West. In his Metropolitan Theater, he installed the only disappearing orchestra platform in the country. On this platform the orchestra rises to perform its part in the program and then sinks from view as the picture comes on. It cost \$125,000 to install.

Sid Grauman could no more help being a showman than a fish could help having scales. Heredity did it. Grauman's father was a showman before him, and the young Sid was born to the theater. His first memories center around a motley troupe of negro players dubbed by his father the Georgia Minstrels. Grauman, Sr., played all the one-horse towns in Minnesota with these Minstrels, and Minnesota is full of one-horse towns. Admission prices were low then, and the audiences none too large, and many were the drastic efforts made by Sid's father to pay off those fifteen hungry players on Saturday nights.

After the Minstrel show wore itself out, Sid's father opened up a family beer-garden in St. Paul. Sid was strictly forbidden the place, though it was a highly respectable establishment where Norwegian heads of families brought the wife and children to enjoy a mug of beer and the variety show offered by the management. But he remembers sitting on the balcony of their house next door to the garden, watching with delighted approval the "talent" on

(Continued on page 101)



Sid Grauman and interior and
exterior views of his Egyptian
Theatre in Hollywood

Creator of "Classical Jazz," and
managing director of the Rivoli
Theatre and the Rialto—

Riesenfeld

—the pride of
New York

By Beth Brown

THE audience tuck the programs under their arm, pull up their seats, button up their coats, and go home, thinking the place shut tight for the night.

But when they have gone, a little army of ushers with flashlights come mousing around the aisles looking for lost things, and cleaning women with bucket handles for bracelets descend the balcony stairs like ghostly queens, and from backstage, comes a loud murmur of voices and a great thumping of feet.

It is Friday midnight. The orchestra always rehearses then, with lights up, but a house as empty and quiet as a church after a sermon. Such strumming of strings and scraping of feet. Enough of a racket to give a strong man a headache!

"Throo! Throo!" grunts the bassoon. The cello has a retort for that. "Thurump! Thurump!" it answers triumphantly.

A dancer, the only performer left of the evening's program, comes curiously to the door, dressed in two breast plates and a crimson sash. She smiles through her make-up, finding more magic in the deserted theater than lemons in circus lemonade.

"I'd love to dance!" she tells herself, but a bad case of stage-fright comes over her, and she runs away. She knows that if she dances to those rows and rows of empty, staring seats, the absence of applause will leave her with a heartache.

Everybody waits impatiently for the leader to appear. Someone comes to the little trick stage door and through it, but it is not he.

At last the door flies open and the leader comes out, small, swift, laughing, as he touches his court favorites lightly with his baton, threading his way between chairs. Max, the plump drummer is one favorite, and Willie, the fiddler, another. But come to think of it, they all are, since he spreads their bread and butter equally thick with praises and scoldings

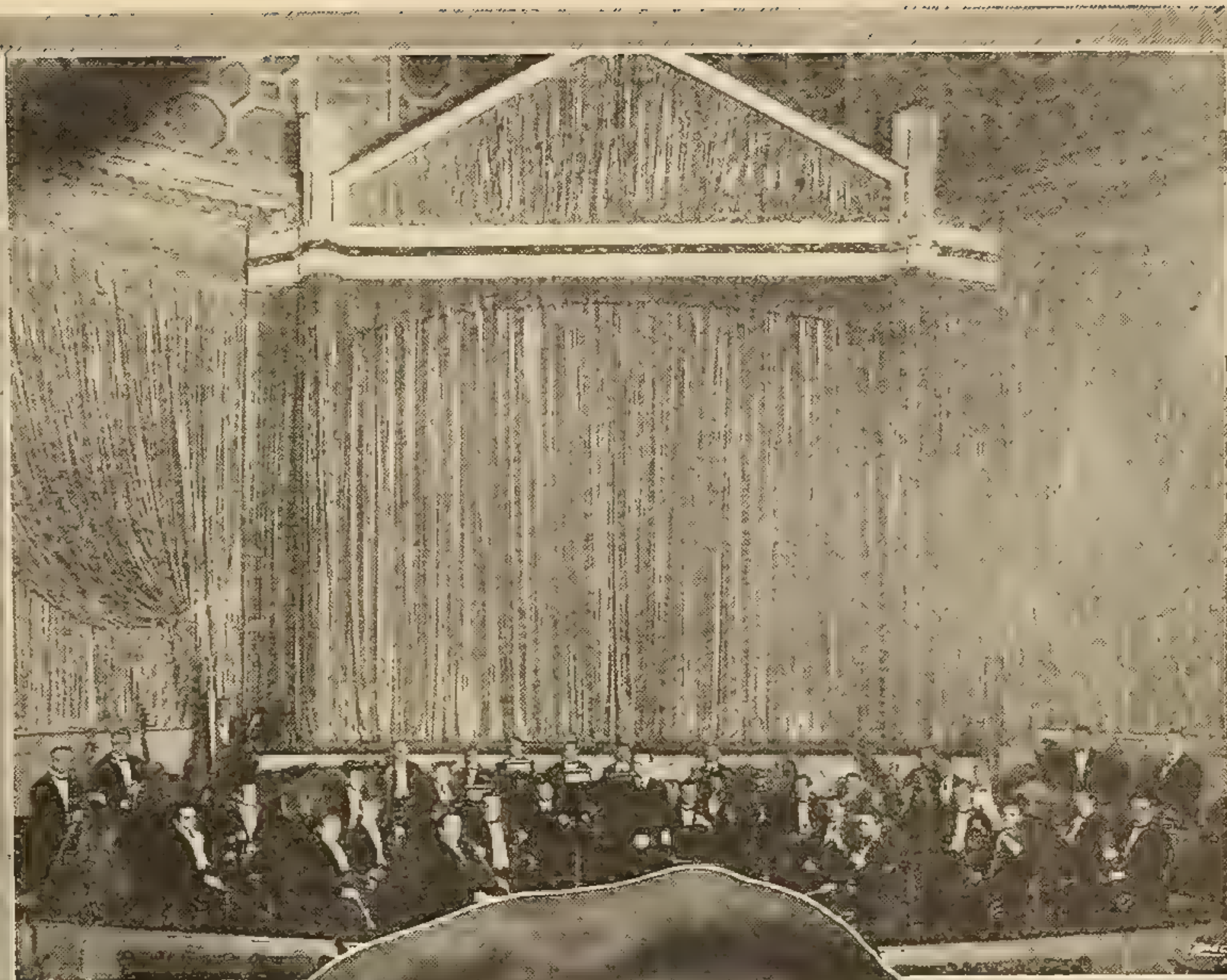
"Riesenfeld! Riesenfeld!" the whisper goes through the ranks, and all eyes are turned his way. The strumming ceases.

He stands there, fresh and flashing, after an arduous 18 hour day. Here is the man himself, not as he is caricatured in the newspapers of the country, nor seen, as he stands with that straight, black back to the audience, while he leads the orchestra into a frenzy. New York no longer asks, "What is playing?" but, "Is he conducting?"

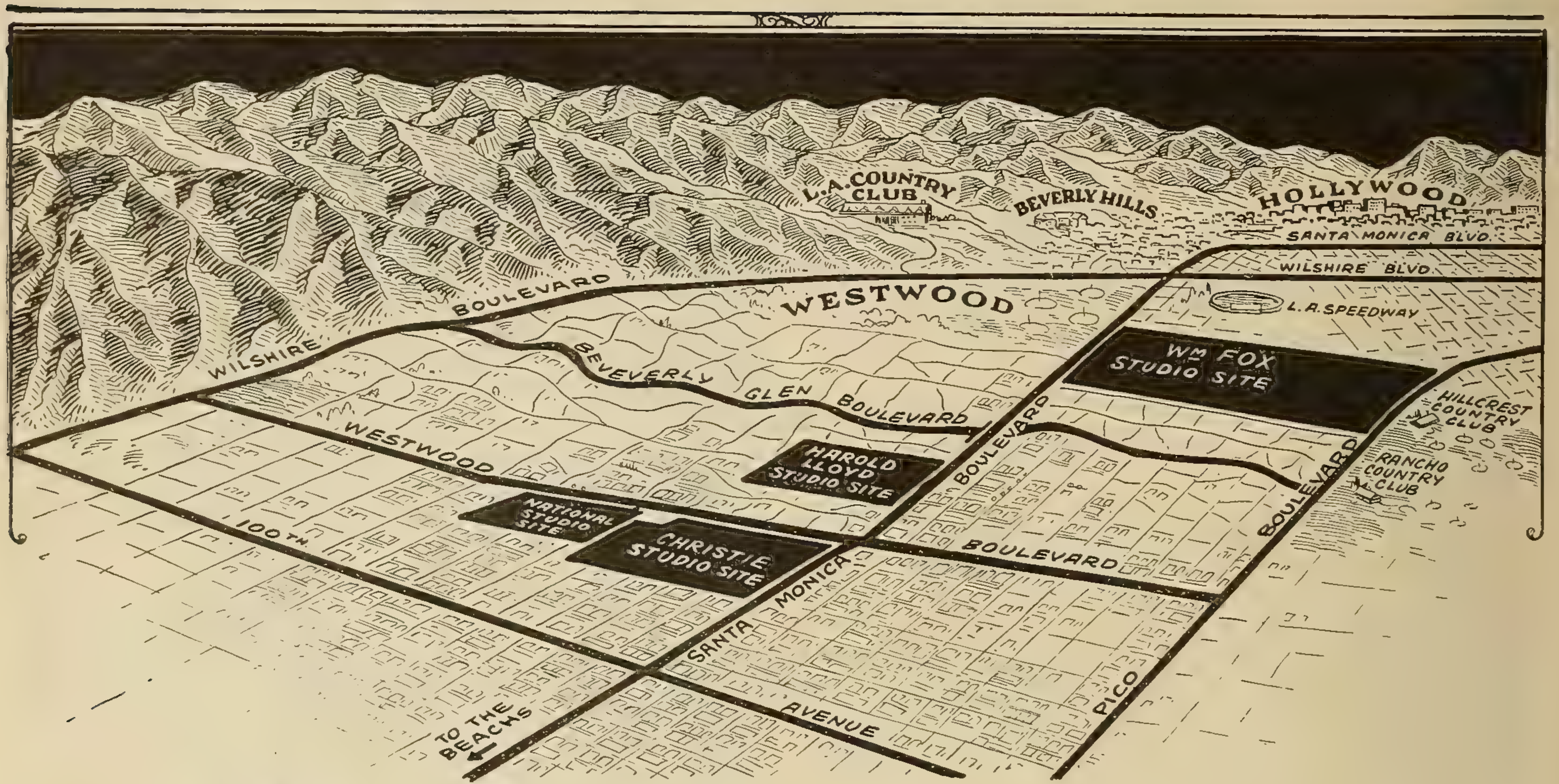
A humble and a modest man, despite the fact that he is Manager of the theater which occupies the most famous and enviable location in the world. The Rialto is at Broadway and 42nd Street, if you please.

Just now there is a light rat-tat of the baton on the wooden stand. "I thank whoever left the flowers on my desk," he begins, and the orchestra leans forward expectantly. He always has a story or two that is good to hear and cheers a fellow up. "In the old country, the boys used to bring me cheese, butter, eggs. Here they

(Continued on page 101)



Hugo Reisenfeld, and interior and exterior views of
his Rialto Theatre in Times Square, New York.



Westwood, Ho!

Westward to Westwood, California, the course of Movie Empire takes its way

By Eunice Marshall

HOLLYWOOD is in the throes of a movie hegira. Producers, keeping in mind Greeley's advice to youth, are preparing to go west and let the infant industry grow up with the country. Or to be more exact, they are going to Westwood, that rolling tract of land midway between Hollywood and the beach already designated as "the second Hollywood."

"Why are the studios leaving Hollywood?" is the question asked on every hand. And "What will the effect of the exodus be on Hollywood?"

The cause of the movement is a simple one of dollars and cents. Land costs too much in Hollywood.

A decade back, when the pioneers in pictures looked about for a place to turn out their crude and amateurish films, they looked for two essentials: cheap land and sunshine. They found both in Hollywood, then a placid, pastoral community in a setting of lemon groves and drooping pepper trees. Today, the sunshine is still the same, but the price of land has catapulted skyward. Where shady lanes wound sleepily through fields of mustard or fragrant groves of orange and lemon trees, traffic now surges on paved boulevards lined with business blocks. Banks, agencies for expensive motors, jewelers' shops, metropolitan hotels and modistes' shops whose costly appearance is not misleading bear mute witness to the growth and prosperity of the city which Hollywood has become.

A modern studio is a great, sprawling thing that eats up acres of land. The office buildings alone cover many hundreds of square feet. Add to this the space required for the great stages, the shops, the actors' dressing-rooms and the hundred and one other departments of a properly equipped studio, and

you can estimate clearly how essential low-priced land is in the business of putting the annual profits on the right side of the studio ledger.

Famous Players' Hollywood Plant

THE land on which the Famous Players-Lasky Hollywood plant now stands was once occupied by a barn and stable. Today the property is valued at approximately \$1,000.00 a foot. Each working stage takes up about 150 feet by 400 feet, and there are four of these stages, occupying about 32 per cent of the ground space. If you're handy with figures, you will see that just the land for these four stages alone costs Famous Players-Lasky about \$800,000.00 or its equivalent in rent. And this constitutes only a third of their holdings in the Vine street plant. In these unhappy days of picture making, with the slump still a vivid and painful memory, this question of land values gives a producer "furiously to think," as the French have it.

The overhead first drove Fox to Westwood for financial relief. The extensive Fox plant in Hollywood stretches for a solid block on either side of Western avenue, right in the heart of Hollywood. The comedy lot on one side, the drama lot on the other. The sudden and rapid growth of Western avenue as a business artery has boosted the value of the property enormously. Only half of the land on which the studio is located is owned by Fox, however, and the company is at present forced to pay huge rents on the leased portion. Moreover, the company loses hundreds of dollars every month in time and labor spent in carting materials over the traffic-swept avenue, from one lot to the other.

The new studio location is a beautiful tract in Westwood, a stretch of gently rolling acres with the blue Hollywood hills to the north. With a financial acumen inspired by Harry Culver's success, Fox purchased a large number of lots adjoining the studio tract. Two-thirds of these lots have already been sold for *more than enough money to pay for the studio tract*. And the company still has a third of the lots left.

Harold Lloyd's New Studio

THE choicest portion of the Westwood land is to house the splendid new studio of Harold Lloyd. Lloyd has forty acres fronting on Santa Monica Boulevard. This property used to be the old Wolfskill ranch, and includes the family mansion of that pioneer family. The house will be moved off when work begins on the new plant, which may be within the next few months or may not take place for a year yet. The Lloyd company's lease with the Hollywood studio still has a year to run. The new studio will have three stages, which seems to hint that the Lloyd corporation will be enlarged. It is possible that Mildred Davis will be starred in pictures by her husband's company.

Christie Comedies will soon be turned out in Westwood instead of in the present plant on Sunset Boulevard. Al Christie has forty acres also in Westwood and plans to start on his new studio shortly. When he can get \$800 a front foot on his property on Sunset, he figures it nothing short of criminal to occupy it while Westwood property is selling for a fraction of that sum.

Hal Roach already has work well started on his ranch property out on the road to Culver City.

There have been rumors current for some time that Charlie Chaplin is to sell his present holdings on La Brea and move to Westwood. Nothing definite has been settled as yet, however. But it is true that the La Brea property has leaped in value since its purchase in 1918. The whole property, including the fine Colonial mansion in which Charlie's brother, Syd, now lives, was bought in 1918 for \$37,800. Chaplin was recently offered \$500,000 for the front frontage alone, *not* including the house!

The second question—what will this studio movement do to Hollywood?—is easily answered. It probably will not affect Hollywood much, one way or the other.

Hollywood Not an Artists' Colony

IF the exodus had come even three years ago, the result might easily have been disastrous to Hollywood as a town. For the movies made Hollywood. Today, however, Hollywood is not dependent upon pictures for its being, though undoubtedly pictures contribute materially to its prosperity. Hollywood is

a city of homes and business people, not an artists' colony. Comparatively few of the big people in the industry have their homes in Hollywood. They live in Beverly Hills, or in the fashionable West Adams or Wilshire districts. And many of the studios have never been located in Hollywood.

The Mayer-Schulberg studio lies five or six miles from Hollywood, away up on Mission road in the industrial section of Los Angeles. The Mack Sennett studio is also a goodly distance from Hollywood, on Glendale Boulevard in Los Angeles. Universal City lies up and across Cahuenga Pass, on the road to Lankershim. While at the end of a ten-mile motor ride you find Big Three of Culver City: Goldwyn studio surmounted by its electric-studded lion; the white-pillared Colonial home of the Ince pictures and the Hal Roach studio.

"Culver's Folly"

Some idea of the Hollywood increase in property values may be gained from the case of the Chaplin Studios on La Brea Avenue. The ground alone purchased in 1918 for \$37,800—valued today at \$500,000.

THE hegira from Hollywood really started when Harry Culver read the handwriting on the wall and bought up all the land in sight where Culver City now stands. The property was farm land then, and sold for a song. That was five or six years ago, perhaps a trifle more. He offered generous inducements to the Hollywood film studios to locate there, practically do-

minating the groundsites to the companies that accepted the invitation. As always, progress followed the studios, and today Culver City is a rapidly growing community of cozy bungalows, a smart country club, three great film studios, splendid schools and the most zealous motorcycle cops outside of Orange County. And Harry Culver has cleaned up. Culver City land is now valued at \$10,000 an acre. "Culver's Folly" turned out to be a bonanza.

The suburban film plants will and do enjoy every facility of the Hollywood studios. The only added expense is that entailed in the upkeep of trucks and motor cars for transportation between the city of Hollywood and Westwood. And the cost of that ten minutes ride is infinitesimal when contrasted with the difference in land values in Hollywood and the suburbs.

So all in all it looks as though Westwood was going to become a little Hollywood, Jr. Owners of property in that direction certainly hope so anyway, and in California the interim between the hopes and the realization is frequently a short one.

Hollywood probably will not change much with the new exodus. Perhaps it will grow right out to Westwood and absorb it. You can expect anything in this unbelievable country. Probably it will go right ahead establishing itself as a real estate dealer's paradise. But, as a matter of fact, Hollywood has already become a symbol of filmdom, rather than a specific home of pictures. The label, "Made in Hollywood" must be taken figuratively, not literally.



Architects plans for the proposed Lloyd and Christie Studios at Westwood, California



Dramaland

I.

THE play in which the poor crippled girl is miraculously cured in the last act is with us again under the title of *The Outsider*. The present author is Dorothy Brandon who, herself a cripple, has infused her hokum with such an intense sincerity and passion that it takes on a measure of theatrical warmth. In only one particular does her offering depart from the many displays on a similar theme. In the majority of these displays the cripple, who has not been able to walk since birth, suddenly finds that a belief in God has converted her into a regular Edward Payson Weston. In Miss Brandon's version, it is not faith, but a mechanical device perfected by a healer without the fold, that accomplishes the trick. Yet, even so, the author hearkens sufficiently to the established dramatic echoes. Faith and Love are brought in to help out the mechanical device. Without Faith, it appears that the mechanical device, in the peculiar metaphysical way that mechanical devices have, can accomplish little. And even when the mechanical device has done its work, it appears further that the cure is not complete until the cripple feels stirring in her bosom the tonic and beautiful tremors of Love.

Although it is certainly none of my business whether a play runs three years or closes on the Saturday night following its opening, I can't resist the feeling that Miss Brandon's therapeutical ballet would achieve greater success in the theatres of the Republic had she effected the cure of her

cripple without the aid of an electrical stretcher and relied entirely on the usual theatrical mental and emotional orthopædy. The introduction of this element of comparative sense into

her drama will doubtless work to its financial disadvantage. The credo of the American box-office numbers among its stoutest faiths the convictions that Christian Science can handily cure everything from bow-legs to dandruff, and that against a Pure Love everything from curvature of the spine to bowel complaint is helpless.

The local presentation of the play is in general superior to that made in London. Miss Katharine Cornell gives another of her remarkably able performances in the role of the cripple, although Lionel Atwill plays the unlicensed practitioner in much the manner that Charles Judels might play the role in a Casino musical comedy. Atwill is never a subtle actor, but on this occasion his subtlety is of a piece with that of a

saw mill. Robert Milton's direction is decidedly proficient.

II

The Moon-Flower, by Zoe Akins, out of the Hungarian, is a romantic play that, as one envisages it currently in the theatre, is approximately as romantic as a case of hives. This is due largely to the performance of an actor named Blackmer in the leading male role. The role in point is that of a young man who longs passionately for one crimson night in the

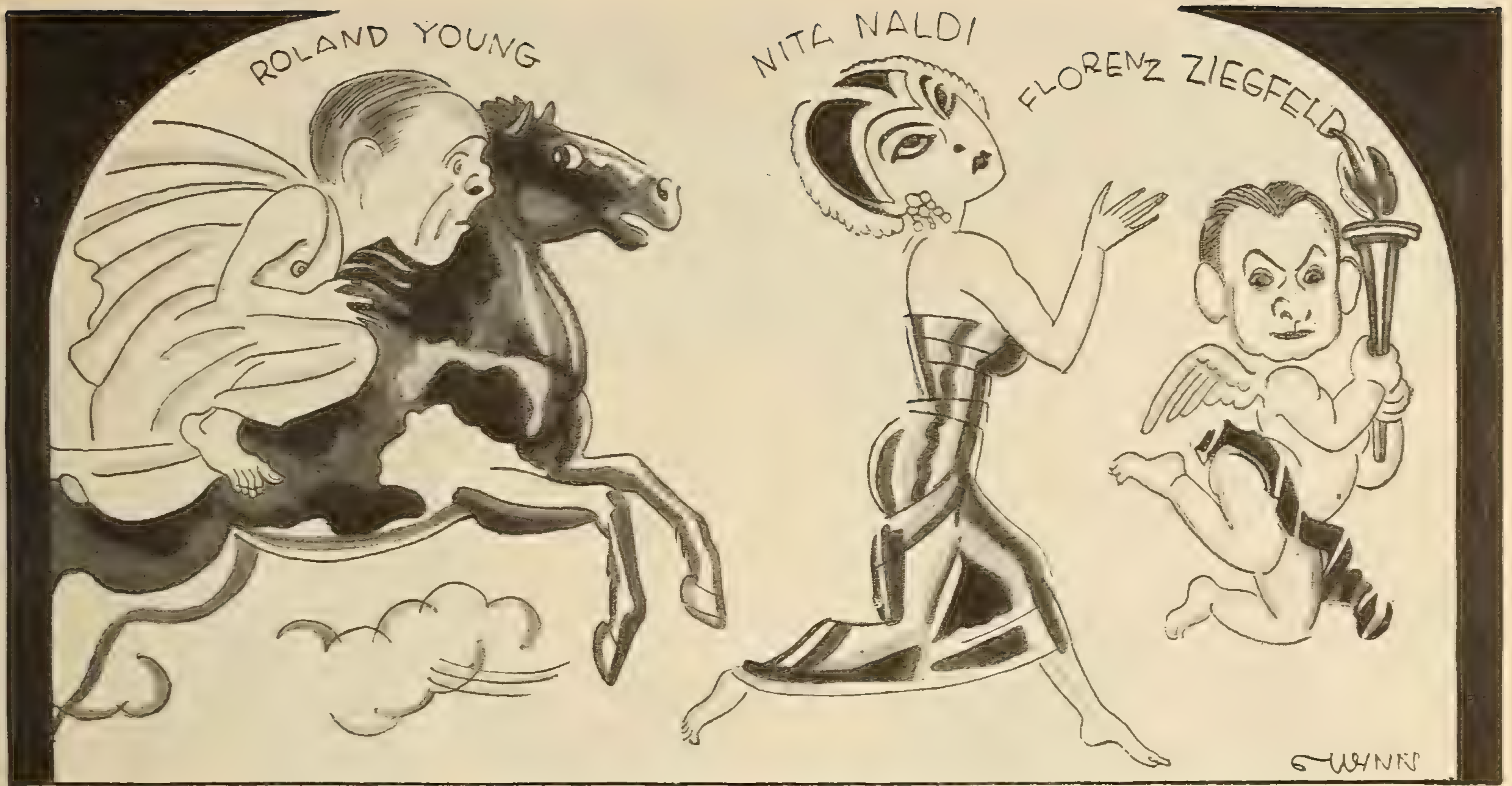
Q Says Mr. Nathan:

Q *The Outsider is hokum infused with such an intense sincerity that it takes on a measure of theatrical warmth.*

Q *The Moon-Flower is approximately as romantic as a case of hives*

Q *Fata Morgana, as a comedy of sex, has not often been surpassed in the theatre of the more recent years.*

Q *Beggar on Horseback is an amusing satire taken from a comedy I saw in Berlin in 1912.*



By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

arms of the most beautiful courtesan in Europe and who is willing to sacrifice everything, including his life, for that privilege. The young man, at least in the manuscript, is fervent, daring, hot, wild. But this role of a fervent, daring, hot, wild, young Hungarian is taken over and played by the M. Blackmer precisely as if it were the role of a vicar in an English suburban comedy. His idea of intense passion appears to consist in drooping the eyelids and affecting a pervading lassitude, like a man who has been bitten by a tse-tse fly. His notion of romantic daring is to walk up to the object of his passion and talk to her in the lackadaisical manner of a man who is just recovering from a severe attack of the influenza. *The Moon-Flower* is anything but a good play—it is, in fact, a pretty bad play—but the performance of Professor Blackmer makes it seem twice as bad as it actually is. Casting him for the role of the incandescent young lover in the Akins drama is akin to casting Sam Bernard for the leading role in *A Prisoner of Zenda*.

The Moon-Flower is nothing to brag about in the original Biro version—its title in that version is *The Last Kiss*—and it offers even less reason for bragging in the adaptation. The story, discernible through the thick growth of whiskers, is of the bejeweled mistress of a rich duke and of a poor young man who meet on the terrace at Monte Carlo, have an affair that breaks the young man's heart, and then separate—she to go back to the duke and he to go back to his humdrum world.

This venerable yarn is here retold with most of the familiar stencils and, to make it worse, Miss Akins has brought to it all the fool nonsense with which of late she has been embellish-

ing her writings for the theatre. It seems to be La Zoe's idea that the way to impress an audience is to make her plays for the most part lectures on the best brands of champagne, caviar, pate de foie gras and Egyptian cigarettes, to fill the stage with personages the very least of whom is the first cousin of a king, to paint up the backdrops to represent the most expensive European resorts, and to drop a hint every now and then that she herself, Zoe Akins, is thoroughly up on everything that is anything. It is all very silly and it is rapidly making the otherwise talented Miss Zoe ridiculous. Elsie Ferguson is the star of the present exhibit and acquits herself creditably.

III.

Fata Morgana is in essence a typical Sacha Guitry farce converted, through a somewhat deeper insight into character and a somewhat profounder understanding and sympathy on the part of the Hungarian Ernest Vajda, into an extremely sensitive and hilariously amusing sardonic comedy. As a comedy of sex, indeed, it has not often been surpassed in the theater of the more recent years, for underneath its surface rills and ripples there runs a very real current of the wit and wisdom that are born of experience and reflective observation, and of the recognizable adventure (Continued on page 100)

Q Says Mr. Nathan:

- Q The *Wonderful Visit* is a dream play by H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine so amateurish that it appears to have been concocted by a couple of bright Greenwich Village boys.
- Q The *Chiffon Girl* is old musical comedy stuff. Every fifteen minutes or so someone makes a Prohibition joke.
- Q *Sweet Little Devil* needs only Will Rogers, George Ade, Stephen Leacock and a few dozen other humorists to make it humorous.
- Q *Moonlight* as a musical comedy is not particularly interesting. The same is true of *Lollipop*.



Q Ernst Lubitsch in action

Q *Drawing the fangs of
the Foreign Invaders*

Hollywood's *Melting Pot*

By W. R. Benson

ABOUT a year ago a snake wriggled into the Eden of Filmdom. There was great consternation. Skirts were drawn high, brave men made violent gestures at the snake, and long newspaper laments rose upon the peaceful air of Hollywood.

The snake was called "The Foreign Invasion." Producers had procured the snake at great pains, transporting it from its native jungle, to frighten the pretty little stars of Hollywood and to turn all the local snake charmers green with envy.

For it was a very big and gaudy snake. And very dangerous. So the American public thought, along with the actors and actresses and directors whose lives seemed threatened.

The producers had bagged the big game because they were afraid it would attack in another form—that it would wear the label of "Foreign Pictures," than which there is no more feared calamity in all Filmdom.

The snake has been with us for more than a year now. Many of the actor folk in Hollywood have forgotten about it—almost. They even get chummy with the snake these days; some brag about having made a pet of it. No one fears it now—particularly.

For Hollywood has assimilated the Foreign Invasion. Most of the foreigners were found to be merely fourflushers and pretenders, snakes-in-the-grass, rather than one of Kipling's "Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snakes."

Of the vast horde of foreigners who threatened to make the average Hollywood actor look elsewhere for his livelihood, very few remain to boast of their conquests.

Americanized Alien Actors

THOSE who remain are strangely American now. They have tried to make us forget that they are foreign. If they could not melt in the great Hollywood melting pot, they have for the most part slipped quietly back to those foreign parts from which they came.

A recent article in the New York Times, signed by William A. Brady, veteran stage producer, shows that the legitimate stage is in the throes of excitement which attended the foreign invasion into films.

Mr. Brady laments: "Our young people have been advised to go and worship at the shrine of these foreign artists, when it is a matter of fact that the kind of acting these Russian players have shown us is a style that has been tabooed in the American theater for a generation."

Mr. Brady mourns the fact that a foreign star, visiting our stage, wins plaudits and hysterical praise from audience and press that a native star can never hope to equal. That is natural. We all like "company." That is exactly what most of the foreigners invading our films have been—exciting "company," whose foreign manners intrigued at first by their very

novelty, but which have palled now—for various reasons we are too polite to mention

Mr. Brady's Opinion

IN reprinting Mr. Brady's well-founded lament on the foreign invasion of the stage, the Los Angeles Times says:

"The American theater and the American screen have been captured by foreigners. The big hit of the season in New York is 'The Miracle,' staged by Max Reinhardt, a German, in collaboration with Morris Gest, a Russian. The rival sensation is Eleanora Duse, an Italian. Gilda Gray, a Pole, is the most prominent dancer in New York. The Moscow Players have been another New York sensation. On the screen the niches of fame are occupied by Pola Negri, a Pole; Rudolph Valentino, an Italian; Ramon Novarro, a Mexican; Mary Pickford, a Canadian; Charles Chaplin, an Englishman, and the most famous directors are Ernst Lubitsch, a German; Victor Seastrom, a Swede; Erich von Stroheim, an Austrian, and Rex Ingram, an Irishman."

The Los Angeles Times surely had some foundation for its outburst, but it seems a little ridiculous to jump upon poor Mary Pickford, who has been America's sweetheart since the beginning of the industry, and upon Charlie Chaplin, who is the dean of American film comedy. No one, most surely, thinks of Rex Ingram as a "foreigner." These celebrities, all, made their start, their struggle and their fame in America, according to American ways. We cannot possibly have any quarrel with their place on the American screen.

As for the others: Ernst Lubitsch, Victor Seastrom, Pola Negri, Valentino, Novarro, and Erich von Stroheim. There is certainly a nice little nucleus of foreigners, who might be expected to form the very backbone of the snake, if snakes had backbones.

But, somehow, on looking the bunch over we find that the fangs have been drawn. For the snake is no longer dangerous.

Ernst Lubitsch was brought to this country on a Famous Players-Lasky contract, which, for some reason or other, he has never filled. Possibly Pola Negri, who is said to have had bitter quarrels with Lubitsch in Germany, may have had something to do with it.

But Lubitsch got a splendid job over at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. He directed "Rosita," and a remarkably clever piece of direction it was, too. That

it lacked the fire and vigor of Lubitsch's German work may have been due to the change of atmosphere, and was probably partly due to the fact that he did not have a Pola Negri or an Emil Jannings to direct.

Lubitsch Almost a Yankee

AT any rate, Lubitsch unostentatiously took on American ways, adapted himself to American methods of producing. He has never, however, been able to conquer those economical, efficient German ways of his. We have been told that "Rosita" was kept to an unbelievably low overhead, considering the size of the effort and that it was a costume picture.

Then Lubitsch was taken on by the astute Warner Brothers, who have unhesitatingly pursued the policy of getting the biggest bets in the industry, from the standpoint of ready-made advertising. (Witness their signing of Belasco and many of the best known stage stars, their purchase of nothing but well-known books.) Lubitsch looked like a good publicity bet, and the producers were wise enough to let Lubitsch alone.

"The Marriage Circle" is the result. So far as we can see, "The Marriage Circle" is the only definite cause for worry over the foreign invasion that the picture world has yet had. It is thoroughly continental in its appeal. If Lubitsch had been permitted to get actors who knew Vienna and its ultra-sophistication, he would have produced one of the few perfect motion pictures. As it is, it seems a little funny to see Marie Prevost playing the faithless wife to a Vienna professor. Marie so obviously wants to sink into the American idea of the baby vamp. She occasionally slips a coy pout in when the director is directing her hands or feet, instead of her face. By the way, Lubitsch can do more with the feet than any director on the screen.

As it is, "The Marriage Circle" is a splendid picture of the ultra-sophisticated type. It is subtle. It is deliciously humorous. It is piquant. Adjectives which we seldom need in describing an American-made, American-directed picture. *But*—and here's where more fangs are drawn, for the peace of Hollywood—"The Marriage Circle" will *not* be a success outside of the large cities. It is not a picture for what is called in technical filmdom, "the provinces." Which says that it will not go over in small towns. It has no hokum, no home and mother stuff, no erring wife sentimental (Continued on page 103)



Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, and Eric von Stroheim considered at one time the most dangerous of foreign invaders.

Q This triple strand of pearls is a part of the magnificent jewel collection owned by Aileen Pringle. Her coronet bandeau is popular and distinctive.



Q The new mask veil finds a delightful wearer in Miss Gloria Swanson. Her square-cut beads are also a new note.



Q This interesting collar and cuff set is of two shades and two layers of crisp organdie. Eleanor Boardman wears it.



Alice in Screenland

Through the Looking Glass

She Sees

Fashions of Filmdom

THE all-important little things—those weighty trifles that the French call *imponderables*—are what make or mar the perfect costume. This month I have chosen accessories worn by well known moving picture actresses appearing in current screenplays. Sketched here for you are: The right veil for the dress hat, the newest novelty jewelry, a collar and cuff set that makes a simple frock smart and the correct gloves for two types of costumes. Then, finally, there are two sets of attractive underthings. All these little details are what smart women consider carefully.

Fashion Takes the Veil Again

Veils are again fashionable—if one chooses the right kind of veil. And nothing has more allure than a pair of eyes given mystery and depth by the delicate shadows of a veil. One of the most flattering and the smartest of new veils is sketched on Miss Gloria Swanson (in the lower right hand circle). It is the new *mask veil*—a mere wisp of net embroidered and cut in crescent shape so that there will be no unsightly thick ends to tie at the back. This veil has dainty, embroidered flowers in two colors to give it additional distinction. As you see, it is worn with a small hat and is the only trimming necessary.

By placing such a veil over a simple little cloche such as that shown in the sketch of silk or straw one has a dress hat of picturesque charm. Bordered millinery meshes are the appropriate veilings for wear with tailored clothes. The most

severe cloche—and nowadays everybody wears some version of the cloche—can be made flattering if one softens the harsh brimline with a length of sheer veiling.

Beads and Bandeaux

The tremendous vogue for necklaces causes a new kind to be brought out almost hourly. But only a few prevail, and the creamy pearl is always one of these. Of course, the pearl knows that to hold its popularity it must adopt new sizes and arrangements. The newest arrangement for the ever-present pearl necklace is the one Miss Aileen Pringle wears in *Three Weeks*. (Sketched in the lower left circle.) In the sketch she is shown wearing the very smart, new, triple strand of medium size pearls. The necklace fastens with a large colored stone clasp. (Emeralds or sapphires are most fashionable.) Miss Pringle's bandeau, shown in the same sketch, deserves attention. The only really smart type of bandeau this season is the small coronet of rhinestones worn well back on the head, Queen Victoria fashion, as Miss Pringle wears hers. Quite often curved bars of rhinestones similar to those used to trim hats are worn in this way. It is these small bandeaux, shaped like a countess' coronet, that are affected by the debutantes who frequent the fashionable dancing places around New York. And, to return to beads, the *square cut* topaz beads worn by Miss Swanson in *Manhandled* (a picture that will be released later in the summer), are the ultra thing for day-wear. Square cut beads of all kinds—whether they be

crystal, amber, jade or just plain glass—are THE beads of the moment.

Neckwear of Distinction

THE unusual collar and cuff set that makes a simple frock seem truly chic, is a weighty trifle no wardrobe should lack. With the severely simple modes of today such a set is often the principal feature of the frock. The collar and cuff set shown in the top center are worn by Eleanor Boardman in *True As Steel*, her new picture. The charming originality of her collar is due to the cut and the combination of white organdie over a darker shade of organdie. The jagged-point edges and two thicknesses of material give the effect of a delicate petalled flower from which her white throat arises.

The Correctly Gloved Hand

THE glove that covers the ruling hand of fashion, and is itself ruled by fashion, is almost always short. And the cuff effect is essential to the fashion life of the short glove. No self-respecting glove is without it. Although sometimes the cuff effect is achieved by means of wrinkling an eight button glove around the wrist. Two types of these very smart cuffed gloves are shown in the sketch where two hands are extended in cordial greeting. One hand is wearing a fawn colored silk glove with the new eyelet embroidery decorating the cuff. This glove is suitable for summer wear with a silk dress. The other hand wears a glove of grey silk with touches of darker grey to accentuate its tailored trimness. It is an excellent accessory for the smart tailored suit.

The short glove is the correct glove for practically every kind of costume except the very formal evening costume. And it was only during the recent opera season that I noted long gloves worn at all. The short pull-on glove is worn even with short sleeved afternoon and sports dresses. This vogue for short gloves worn with short sleeves, leaving a long expanse

of bare arm, seems odd at first but it comes straight from Paris and has undeniable chic.

Underthings Echo the Simplicity of the Mode

BUT it is not only the little things that one wears as accessories to the outer costume that swell the sum total of smartness. There is the proper basis for the sleekly fashionable exterior. One must consider the choice of underthings so carefully. With the fashions of today, lumpy, clumsy lingerie is fatal to a smart effect. The important thing is to have underwear that clings. At the same time one wants style and practicality. The two chemise and step-in sets illustrated, happily combine the three desired qualities of clinginess, prettiness, and durability. They are of glove silk, which will cling and launder in the most desirable fashion. One of them is quite a dressy affair combining filet lace and motifs of the new petit point embroidery. The flesh tints of the silk bring out the pastel colorings of the embroidery. The other, more tailored set has interesting embroidered oblong monogram motifs in opposite corners of the chemise and step-ins. The monogram motifs are emphasized by the use of black embroidery on the white or yellow background material. These two suits of underthings typify the smartest lingerie I know for practical wearing purposes.

The simpler and more tailored the lingerie the smarter it is today. Impractical and fussy underthings are completely passe. Where lace and ornamentation are used the effect is subtle. Lace is always applied flat so that the tailored lines of the garment are kept. The illustration shows how both filet lace and petit point embroidery may be used in the same garment,

still giving the desired tailored effect:

All of these things are available in New York shops and many of them can be found in your own town. I will be happy to give you the cost of any article I mention, or purchase it without extra cost.

Alice Amesbury

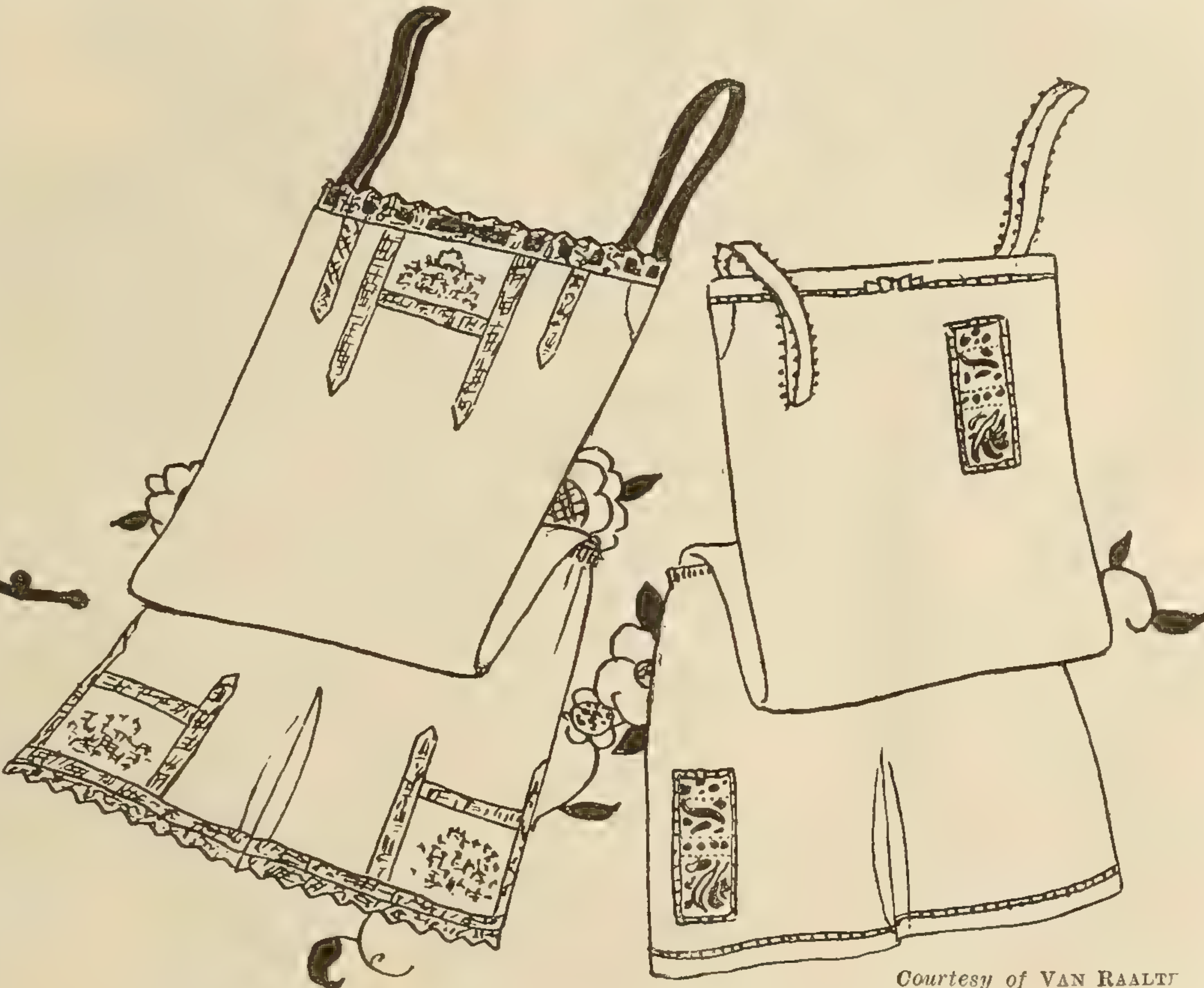
Q Eyelet embroidery decorates the intriguing cuff of this smartly gloved hand.



Q Its tailored simplicity makes it worthy to clasp the more elaborately gloved hand at the left.



Q Petit point embroidery and filet lace make this matching chemise and step-in set a thing of sheer delight.



Courtesy of VAN RAALTY

Q The originality of its monogram motifs lifts this tailored glove silk outfit from the ordinary.

O u r O w n NEWS REEL

Q Cinema News in Picture Form



Q New York.—Claire Windsor feels gay after a five months' film engagement in Egypt, and does a little cane jumping when the ship reaches New York. Bert Lytell is holding the cane.

Q Hollywood, Cal.—That Charlie Chaplin has an eye for beauty is proven by his selection of Miss Lita Grey, with whom he is shown below to be his leading lady.



Q Astoria, L. I.—Rudolph Valentino makes his return to the screen in a film version of Monsieur Beaucaire. The costume is an exact reproduction of a model now in the Paris museum.

Q Culver City, Cal.—Will Rogers, Jr., preparing for a hot summer.



Q Los Angeles, Cal.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., proving himself a chip off the old block when seeing the Fairbanks party off to New York on their latest jaunt. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is on the platform with Doug., Sr., and Mary.

Q Plattsburg, N. Y.—Marion Davies was created first honorary colonel of the 26th Infantry Regiment and as such is entitled to wear the uniform and insignia of rank. She is shown here reviewing the troops.

SIEGFRIED and the Dragon



Behind the scenes: King Attica's bloodthirsty warriors enjoying a poker game during recess.

THE new German film of the *Nibelungen*, produced in Berlin on February 14, by Herr Fritz Lang, for the Decla-Ofa Company, is described as a spectacular masterpiece. The most remarkable scene, and one which will doubtless prove highly popular with the spectators, is the slaying of the dragon which guards the Nibelugs' treasure in the giant forest. The part of Siegfried is played by Herr Paul Richer, who makes a typical fair-haired hero of German legend, and the forest of fairyland is a fine piece of imaginative setting. But the height of realism has been reached in the representation of the dragon. This enormous monster, which looks like a prehistoric reptile brought to life, is seventy feet long and weighs a ton and a half. Its movements are actuated by a "crew" of thirty men (10 inside the body and 20 in a trench), and thus it crawls about breathing fire.



Right Top—Siegfried, to be invulnerable, takes a bath in the slain dragon's blood. (Note the lime-leaf on his shoulder resulting in the one mortal spot through which Hagen's spear penetrated.)



Center—Behind the scenes: invulnerable Siegfried proves to be rather ticklish when a hole is being bored into his armor.

Lower left—Kriemhild and Siegfried's love story.

Lower right—The murder of Siegfried, pierced through his vulnerable shoulder.



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145 WEST 57 ST NEWYORK NY

I CAN SEE AS WELL AS ANY MAN AND CONSIDER PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE THE MOST FASCINATING OF WOMEN

BEN TURPIN.



WE all remember the story of O. Henry which told about the little working girl who kept on her wall a photograph of Lord Kitchener and modeled her entire life up to the ideal which the character of this distinguished man represented in her heart.

Every one of us has such an ideal—someone perhaps foreign to our own sphere of life—who appeals, however, to our romantic imagination or who stimulates our intellectual curiosity.

Screenland has sought to discover for you the idols of the stars. Some of them are humorous—some of them are serious—but each discloses that subtle, and often incomprehensible, affinity which binds together twin souls.

Ben's Beauty

BEN TURPIN in reply to our wire of inquiry as to his choice replied tersely: "I can see as well as any man and consider Peggy Hopkins Joyce the most fascinating of women."

The editor of this publication desires to congratulate Mr. Turpin upon the unerring accuracy of his vision and to inform him that he does not stand alone in his opinion, but is backed up by, one might almost say, a group of fellow enthusiasts.

Patsy—Her Man

PATSY RUTH MILLER shows judgment and discrimination in one so young by her choice. Her reply to the wire as to the handsomest man was this: "I consider Gouverneur Morris the handsomest man I know. Stop. He has character and distinction as well as good looks and I always was partial to horn-rimmed spectacles."

Niblo Knows

MR. NIBLO is in a position to talk with authority on the subject of the world's handsomest women.

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MYRON ZOBEL

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST

I CONSIDER GOUVERNEUR MORRIS THE HANDSOMEST MAN I KNOW STOP HE HAS CHARACTER AND DISTINCTION AS WELL AS GOOD LOOKS AND I ALWAYS WAS PARTIAL TO HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES

PATSY RUTH MILLER

957A MAR 11 1924



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MYRON BOBEL

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CARE SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST 57 ST NEWYORK NY

MAUDE ADAMS IS THE MOST ELUSIVELY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I EVER SAW

FRED NIBLO.



the Stars

At Hollywood's film favorites wire replies to Screenland's inquiry regarding their secret affinities.

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MYRON BOBEL

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST 57th ST NEWYORK NY

LORD KITCHENER WAS AND ALWAYS WILL BE MY HERO STOP A FASCINATING AND GALLANT GENTLEMAN

ENID BENNETT.




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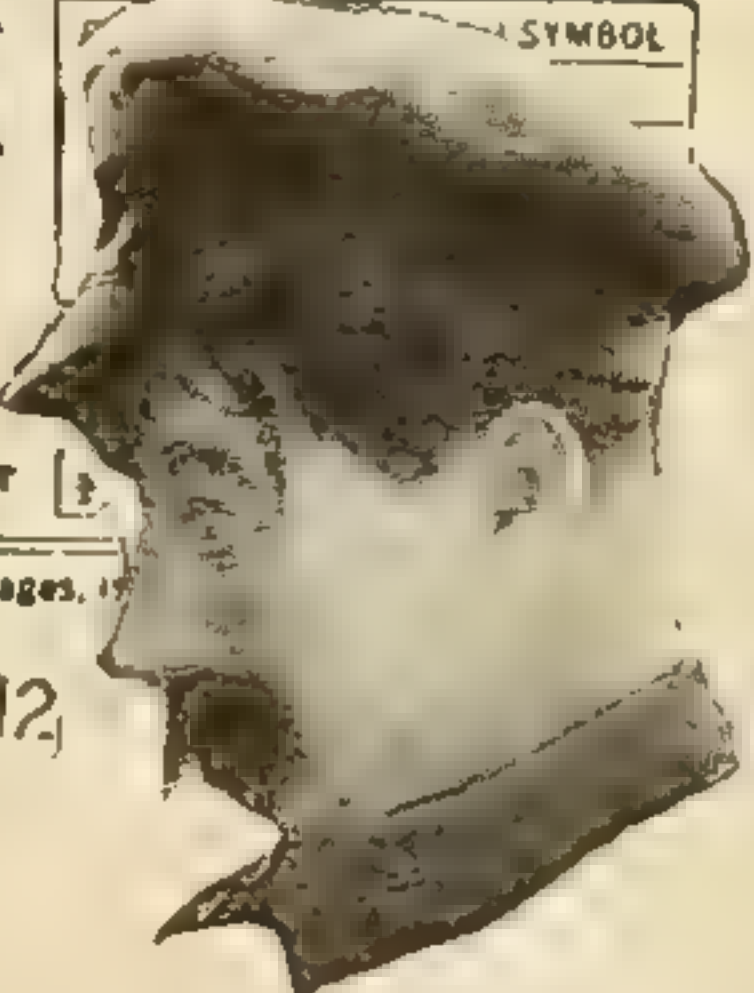
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MYRON BOBEL

MYRON BOBEL PUBLICATIONS 145 WEST 57th ST NEWYORK NY

IF CLEOPATRA LOOKED AS GOOD AS LADY DIANA MANNERS WHO COULD BLAME MARC ANTONY

SYDNEY CHAPLIN.

He is married to one of them and has directed a great many more. Many of our readers will agree with his apt choice.

"Maude Adams," said Mr. Niblo, "is the most elusively beautiful woman I ever saw."

Bennett's Beau

ENID BENNETT agrees with the heroine of O. Henry's story for she, too, is an admirer of the much admired Lord Kitchener. She says of him: "Lord Kitchener was and always will be my hero. Stop. A fascinating and gallant gentleman."

Chaplin's Choice

SYD CHAPLIN lapsed into his characteristic comic vein in his very excellent and apt selection of the charming and talented Lady Diana Manners. Though the message is bantering, we feel that the selection is a very good one. He says: "If Cleopatra looked as good as Lady Diana Manners, who could blame Marc Antony?"

Windsor's Winner

MISS WINDSOR apparently is a lover of horsemanship as revealed in her choice of the world's most handsome man. Hers is a most aristocratic and, we might say, popular selection. She wires, "The Prince of Wales is the most potent male charmer I ever saw. Long may he wave."

Alberta Vaughn wires, "Down in Kentucky lives a young man by name of Paul K. Stewart. Stop. I think he is the best looking man outside of stage or movies. Stop. In addition has lively personality, is clean cut and would be a success in comedy, drama. Stop. He is young but that is no handicap."

Madeline Hurlock wires, "Eugene O'Neil is the most brilliantly fascinating man I know."

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MYRON ZOBEL

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST 57 ST NEWYORK NY

THE PRINCE OF WALES IS THE MOST POTENT MALE CHARMER I EVER SAW LONG MAY HE WAVE

CLAIR WINDSOR

1250P




The Listening

ANY hotel that houses the Naldis is certain never to be dull.

The other day Nita Naldi was supposed to take on a deep tan for a picture. Having no mind to acquire a coat of tan by the usual beach process, it being chilly in March for bathing even in California, the ingenious Lasky vamp emptied a bottle of iodine into her bath water. The bath produced the desired tan effect on Nita and also on the bath tub. And all the Biltmore hotel chamber maids and chemists and orderlies couldn't scrub that tub back to its original gleaming whiteness. At last report, it was still a rich ecru, and so was Nita. But the hotel management was very, very blue.

And then Mary, Nita's young sister, started something. Or to be exact, Mary's dog.

Shrieks emanated from the Naldi apartment. Jimmie McCabe, the gentlemanly assistant manager, followed by a house detective, sprinted down the hall.

"Mimi!" cried Mary, her black bob flying. "She's gone!"

The whole service force was commandeered to find the missing pup, which is a black-and-tan, about as big as a minute but full of noise for its size. Not a sign of Mimi, until—

The kitchen steward looked up from his dishes to note a dark,

fuzzy something reclining in a casserole, sliding down the dish conveyor that carries soiled dishes from the apartments to the dishwashing department. Bending nearer, the steward was startled to see Mimi, decorated about the head and ears with custard and asparagus tips, leap from the casserole and scuttle across the kitchen floor, shrieking indignantly in dog language.

Mimi, it seems, had taken a nap in the casserole, it being handy and comfortable, with refreshment facilities and all.

Corinne Griffith to Retire from Screen

THEY don't always mean what they say. Corinne Griffith, who declared herself "through forever" with matrimony after her divorce from William M. Campbell last November, has just returned from an ecstatic honeymoon in Honolulu with her new husband, Walter Morosco, Jr. They were married in Tiajuana, Mexico, a few weeks ago. She is going to make three more pictures, she says, before she retires to give her full attention to her home.

It will be remembered that Walter Morosco, Jr., was Betty Compson's devoted swain at one time, before Betty became engaged to the director, James Cruze.



P O S T

*What they are saying
and doing in the
Hollywood studios*

By Eunice Marshall

BARBARA LA MARR has been a good bit in the papers here lately, she being the star witness against H. L. Roth, the Hollywood attorney who attempted to blackmail her through her manager, Arthur Sawyer. The papers gave a lot of space to the description of Barbara on the stand, dressed somberly in black and weeping into a black lace handkerchief. The morning after the court session, Lew Cody met Barbara on the Mayer lot.

"Hello," said Lew. "I saw your ad in the paper this morning."

"Yes," said Barbara. "I'm head-lining this week. It takes a sense of humor to do it."

Novarro Wins Popularity Contest

RAMON NOVARRO is a better screen lover than Rudolph Valentino—in Minneapolis. A popularity contest that

has just ended in that city established him as the most popular male star, triumphing by a narrow margin over Rudie. And most of his votes came from middle-aged women.

The Rocking Chair Craze

WE have had directors who couldn't direct without their puttees, and directors who were known by their loud golf stockings. William de Mille is wedded to his famous slouch hat, and for a while no directorial costume was complete without a felt sun visor. But the latest is the rocking chair director.

Roy Neill, who is directing "Rose of the Ghetto" out at the Grand-Asher studio, just simply refuses to work without his patent rocker, and carries it around with him, on location and all.

A Young Motorist

JACQUELINE LOGAN came on the set one rainy morning recently and found young Mickey McBan tearing some dirty old rags into strips and tying them around the wheels of his toy automobile.



*A lunch hour group
on the Goldwyn lot.
Standing left to
right: Katherine
Kavanaugh,
Marion Frances
Lee, George Walsh,
Wally Van, George
D. Baker, Carey
Wilson, Sydney
Chaplin, Thomas
Miranda, William
V. Mong, Edmund
Lowe, Robert B.
McIntyre, Georges
Calliga and Mae
Busch.
Seated from left to
right: H. E. Eding-
ton, June Mathis,
Emmett Flynn,
Blanche Sweet,
Hobart Bosworth,
Cedric Gibbons,
Aileen Pringle,
Lew Cody and
Carmel Myers.*

"What's the idea?" Jacqueline wanted to know right off, she being a woman and therefore curious.

"Skid chains," said Mickey briefly.

New Club in Hollywood

LIFE in Hollywood these days is just one club after another. First there was "Our Club," the flapper organization whose watchword was: "Lips that touch nicotine shall never touch ours." Then came "The Regulars," a group of good girls trying to get along. The aim of the club was to help each member advance in her profession. And last, or anyway latest, the "The Climbers." Kathryn McGuire is the president, and the feature that will distinguish the club from its sister organizations is the fact that it will have a man for its honorary president. The distinguished gentleman is as yet unnamed.

High Cost of Stetsons

IF it seems hard to ante up \$20 for a new spring hat for the wife, just be glad that you haven't any movie actors to buy hats for. When Jack Hoxie, the Universal cowboy-actor, buys a new chapeau, it nicks his bank-roll exactly \$75.00. They used to cost \$85.00, but the hattery that makes Jack's sombreros to order recently came down ten dollars on the price.

It costs real money to be one of these hard-living, hard-riding men of the plains, if you dress the part. Buck Jones' wife presented Buck with a new saddle the other day as a birthday gift, and it cost \$375. But it's certainly a grand saddle, hand-carved and all decorated up with solid silver and 14 karat gold studdings, not to mention assorted ivory ornaments.

Alma Rubens on West Coast

ALMA RUBENS is out here on the Coast again for the first time in several years, and if she is happy to be away from New York she is concealing it nobly. Alma is spending most of her days in Clare West's studio, being fitted for her costumes for "Cytherea," which George Fitzmaurice will direct.

A Resurrected Comedy

IF you giggled a few at Will Roger's comedy, "Two Wagons, Both Covered," you'll probably be interested in knowing how you happened to get the chance to see it.

Hal Roach hired Rob Wagner to direct Rogers in this picture last fall. Wagner has a gorgeous sense of humor, but his humor is subtle; perhaps you remember the articles he used to write for SCREENLAND a couple of years back. Anyway, he and Will began to work out the scenes and the big guns on the Roach lot couldn't find a chuckle in them. So, 'long about the middle of the picture, work was stopped and Wagner quit.

The film that had been shot was left lying around on a dusty shelf until a newspaper critic asked to see it. So they ran it off for him, apologizing profusely,

and the critic got a stitch in his side from laughter at Will's stuff. So the big guns took a second look at the film, patched it together and ran it off at a neighborhood theatre one night. The audience whooped.

The picture is going over as one of the biggest comedy successes of the year, and Rob Wagner is directing Rogers again out on the Roach lot. And some folks aren't so certain that they know all there is to be known about comedies as they used to be.

Winifred Westover Wants to "Come Back"

WINIFRED WESTOVER HART wants to go back on the screen again. So she has asked the court to pass on her right to act in pictures again. At present she is constrained from acting in the films by the terms of a trust fund established for her by Bill Hart shortly after their separation two years ago. The terms of the fund, to which she agreed, provide that she will receive the entire amount of the fund, \$103,000, upon the death of Hart or on the occasion of a divorce between them, and that meanwhile she will receive the income from the fund in monthly instalments.

Mrs. Hart declares that the income is not sufficient to meet her needs and that the clause preventing her from earning a living is contrary to the law of the state. Mr. Hart has also established a trust fund of \$100,000 for his baby, and the income from that also goes to Mrs. Hart as the custodian of the child.

About Hiers, Compson and Wilson

THERE are as many ups and downs in the movie game as there are in an elevator operator's life. Walter Hiers, recently raised to stardom by Lasky, was let out by that studio, and, after doing a few turns in vaudeville signed up to play in Christie comedies! *Sic transit gloria.* The genial Walter is to play opposite Dorothy Devore. We're sorry. We always laughed at Walt's stuff. It was hardly fair to pass on to a chubby Romeo like Walter stories meant for Wally Reid, and expect him to get the same reaction from the audience.

And speaking of changes, Lois Wilson is also to leave Paramount, after finishing her work with Rudolph Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. It seems that the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation had Betty Compson under contract. Paramount wanted Betty back, and to get her, traded Lois for her. Lois is doing her consistently excellent work in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and May McAvoy has come back from New York raving about how beautiful Lois is in her regal robes in the Valentino film. We can believe it. They may talk all they like about Lois being just a plain, wholesome girl, but we have a vivid memory of her at the Actors' Fund benefit performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at which her radiant beauty shone out above all the rest of Hollywood's most stunning femininity.

McAvoy Denies Engagement to Hunter

YES, and May McAvoy says, right out, that she isn't engaged to Glenn Hunter, although she has had a very wonderful friendship with him. So you can expect to see the announcement of their marriage any time now.

The Movie Stork Busy

THE stork has been one busy bird in Hollywood this past month. First he dropped in at the Buster Keaton place and left another boy there. Then he stopped off at Thompson Buchanan's and deposited a seven pound scenario writer. Following that, he flapped over to Bert Glennon's, who is C. B. de Mille's head camera man and consigned to Mrs. Glennon's admiring care a nine pound girl baby. Mothers and children are all doing nicely, and the dads are all wearing 14 inch grins.

The new Keaton heir has been receiving gifts from all over the country ever since his arrival into this vale of tears. A hattery sent him a miniature hat modeled after Buster's famous pancake hat. Another firm presented him with a pair of corduroy trousers having an intricate assortment of buttons, permitting the garments to be let out as the boy grows. Warranted to last young Buster until he is nine years old, the donors state. And the gifts lavished upon the baby by his aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge, are too numerous to mention.

Charlie Murray Plays Straight Drama

GIVING a comedian a chance at straight drama is exactly like feeding red, raw meat to a lion cub. Neither is ever just the same again.

For years and years Charlie Murray played around in slap-stick comedy for Mack Sennett. He's probably stopped more custard pies and fallen in more mud-puddles than any other comedian in the business. But somebody gave him an emotional role in a straight drama and he emoted so well that he got another such part in "Sundown." Then he came back to Sennett. And the first time they wanted to toss a nice soft dish of ice cream in his face, he put on such a burst of temperament as Hollywood hasn't seen since Pola Negri's first week here. And they had to write the ice cream incident out of the script.

McAvoy to Freelance

MAY is freelancing again, having completed her contract with Inspiration pictures. She is going to play the feminine lead in a William de Mille picture and will follow that up by a role in an independent production, after which she will go on tour with Glenn Hunter in *Merton of the Movies*, behind the footlights.

Mildred Davis' Anniversary Present

ANYBODY in the immediate vicinity of Mildred Davis has to wear blinders these days. Mildred is wearing a

magnificent prism-cut diamond on her right hand, the same being the gift of her dotting husband, Harold Lloyd, on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary. The central stone is encrusted thickly with smaller diamonds and sparkles like a head-light and the price tag must have looked like the national debt. Altogether it is a gen-u-wine, knock-em-dead ring, and we smash into bits whichever commandment it is that forbids covetousness whenever we see it.

Brennon Celebrates Anniversary, Too

JUST to prove that some marriages are dyed-in-the-wool, guaranteed-not-to-fade propositions, Herbert Brennon gave a party at one of our expensive hostelrys, to celebrate his and Mrs. Brennon's twentieth wedding anniversary. The elite of filmdom was present, as the society editor would state, and there were more jewels to the square foot than could probably be found anywhere west of Tiffany's. Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was there. Pola Negri, and Conway Tearle and Patsy Ruth Miller and Nita Naldi and Blanche Sweet and about \$100,000 worth of talent besides. And seeing as how it was Brennon's china wedding anniversary, somebody suggested that the guests ought to present the host with a piece of china apiece. Everybody agreed that it was a noble idea, but how to achieve it, with all the china stores closed up many an hour agone? Mickey Neilan saved the day and the reputation of the Irish, however, by buying a whole set of dishes from the hotel manager and presenting it to Mr. and Mrs. Brennon. Nita Naldi was an optical delight in a gown of garnet. Nita confided to a newspaper friend that she wanted to wear another dress, but the darn thing had long, droopy sleeves that just will get into the soup, so she has to keep that for dances where no refreshments are served.

William Desmond in Vaudeville

WILLIAM DESMOND is preparing a skit called "The Timber Wolf," which he expects to take over a vaudeville circuit soon. Mrs. Desmond is a member of the cast, also.

Kidding the Spiders

WANT to know how they make those cobwebs that you see in attic scenes in the movies? No, they don't wait for a spider to come along and spin 'em. They just put a little shellac between two flat pieces of board. Then they rub the boards together and jerk 'em apart. And the shellac stretches out in tiny threads. That's all.

Cruze Directs Compson

BETTY COMPSON, who is soon to become Mrs. Jimmie Cruze, had her first dose of dictation from her future lord and master the other day, when she started work on *The Enemy Sex*, directed by Cruze. They were both a bit nervous at first, never having worked with each

other before, but they soon settled into the harness nicely.

Charlie's New Leading Lady

CHARLIE CHAPLIN went East some weeks ago to pick a leading lady for his next picture. But what with one thing and another, he forgot all about what he came for, until the afternoon before the evening of his departure. He was sitting in a restaurant with a party of friends, when he suddenly realized that he had not yet picked his leading lady. Jumping up, he dashed out onto Fifth Avenue, and spent the afternoon watching the passing throng, hoping to see a face that should intrigue him. He had no luck, however, and mournfully returned to Hollywood minus his leading lady. He found her practically on his doorstep.

Lita Gray had worked for Charlie in *The Kid*. You may remember her as the young angel who vamped Charlie in that delicious heaven scene? That was several years ago, when Lita was 15. Since that time Lita has been in school. The other day she dropped in at the studio to see if there was an extra bit for her to do. Charlie saw her, recognized her and decided that here was his leading lady. Lita will be the only leading lady, besides Edna Purviance, that Charlie has ever had in pictures.

Leap Year Party.

ON April 3rd "Our Club" feted the men of Hollywood at their leap year party. The bills were footed by the charming members. May McAvoy, diplomatic child, brought her press agent, Al Wilkie. So did Carmel Myers—one Joe Jackson, who has more than a story interest in Carmel's career. Carmelita Geraghty paid the dinner check for John Considine and Julanne Johnstone escorted John Patrick, an actor. The rest of the girls brought their husbands to chaperon, not to escort them.

Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Virginia Fox and Darry Zanuck, Vola Vale and Al Russell, Virginia Valli and Demarest Lamson, Gloria Hope and Lloyd Hughes formed the marriage circle.

Helen Ferguson had the thrill of the evening when Jack Dempsey asked Bill Russell if he might dance with her. Jack enjoyed himself watching the knockout blows the flappers were dealing in the cardiac regions of their guests.

Chiffon was the favored fabric of the evening. Helen Ferguson was in apricot chiffon and gold lace. May McAvoy's gown was rose and gold. Virginia Valli was in black and gold chiffon.

Screenland's Commuter.

THOMAS MEIGHAN is looking forward to another summer of traveling. Having completed "The Confidence Man," he is now resting at White Sulphur Springs. Tentative plans for his future activities call for the start of his next picture at the Long Island studio its finish at the West Coast studio and then a trip to Alaska to film James Oliver Curwood's "The Alaskan."



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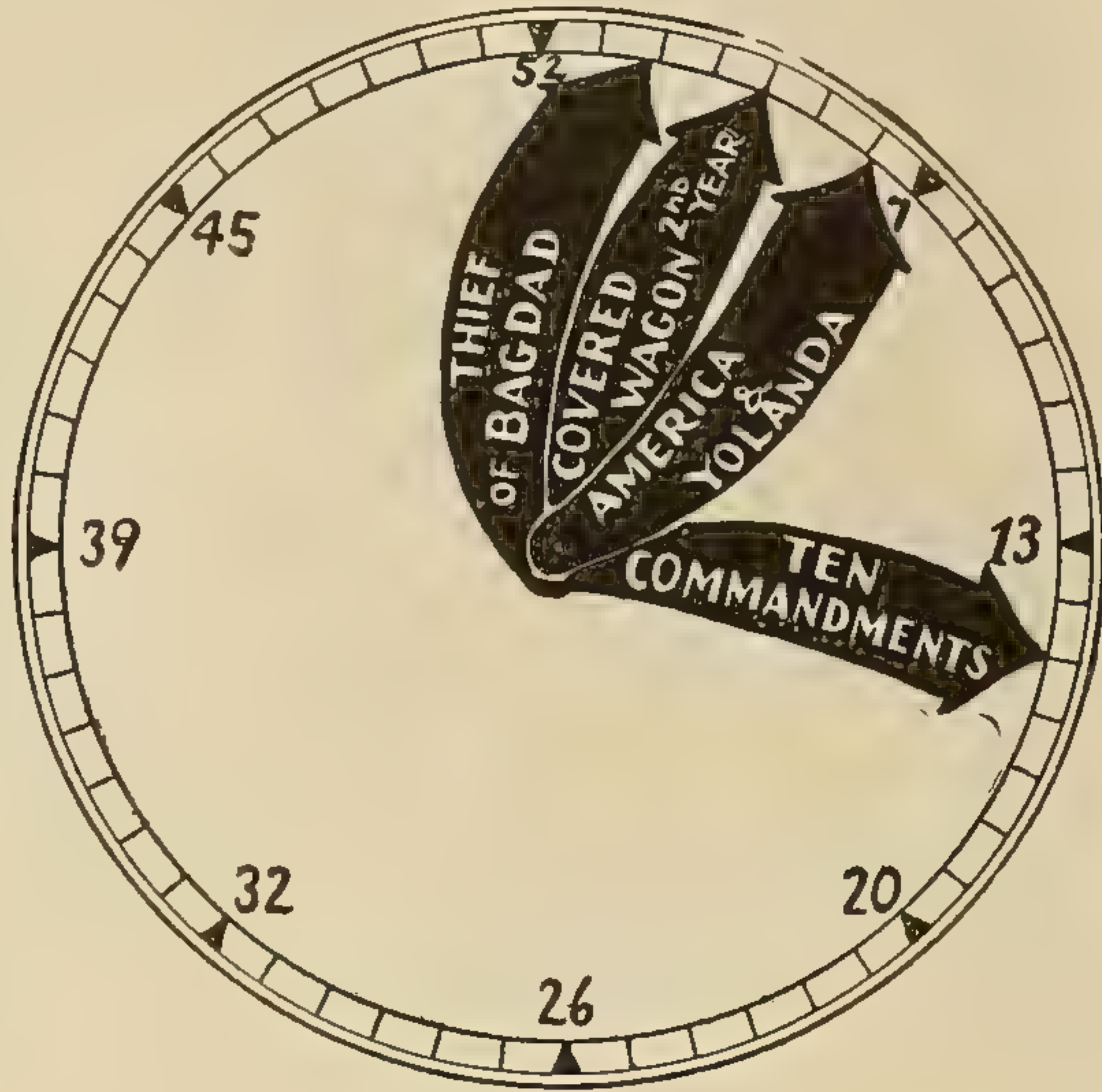
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The Movie Clock

Recording by weeks the record runs in New York theatres of screen feature productions



LAST month we started The Movie Clock Department. In the five weeks that have elapsed, several changes have taken place.

Scaramouche has been replaced at the 44th Street Theater by *America*; *The White Sister* has been replaced at the Lyric Theater by the *Thief of Bagdad*; and the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* has left the Astor Theater.

Yolanda, which opened on February 19th at the Cosmopolitan Theater, gives promise of a long run. *America*, D. W. Griffith's latest—and, as many say, greatest—opened in the same week. It will be interesting to note the progress of these two plays, one of them an epic of France, the other of America.

Abraham Lincoln, a really remarkable film biography, went the way of many independent productions. It came to the Gaiety Theater, January 21st, to remain for only seven weeks. Lack of proper exploitation is the attributed cause for its short run.

It is interesting to note that all the productions scheduled in this month's list are drawing top prices, namely \$2.20.



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Memories—*from page 61.*

New York, under the auspices of the New York Drama League—and that press notices were beyond his wildest dreams of glory. So far so good—but there doesn't seem to be any remuneration attached to the glory and Robert sees himself a "successful" dramatist at last—without the financial wherewithal that should accompany it. Still, he writes vaudeville skits and Edythe Chapman and James McNeill are even now now starting on the road with his *The Water Hole*.

In that rize lay, *The Clock*, Robert has proved that action is not necessary to intense drama—his central figure is deaf-dumb, blind and deathly still throughout the performance. Voila—what an innovation for Hollywood! Can't you see what Robert feels he could do for film drama? So that is one reason why the Bonnie Brier shelters him today. But he has a marvellous screen story, *The Life of Christ*, in which Christ is never named, never mentioned, never hinted at—and yet enthalls and impresses you as just that. He treasures it—but fears to even offer it to filmdom—fears denial, and fears its desecration if accepted. This play of his is a holy thing to him. In the meantime he subsists on vaudeville skits!

Anything from Bums to Bankers

THEN there is Frank Norcross—seventy-two years young—the pet young leading man of America, the matinee idol of Broadway, forty years ago. Our grand-sires remember him—and loved him well. But he, too, drifted to Hollywood and the Bonnie Brier. And he carries a little professional card which bears the gallant offer, "character parts—anything from bums to bankers."

Just once in a way, at increasingly wide intervals, Frank Norcross "gets a call"—and gallantly, dashingly, jubilantly accepts three to five days' work. Many months divide these exciting happenings, but when they come the whole comrade-company of the Bonnie Brier rejoices.

Just as it rejoiced when a famous "society bachelor and clubman", one delightful Lewis Coleman Hall, who in intervals of financial shadows found haven at the Bonnie Brier, recently inherited \$50,000. Great celebrations were entirely in order—and that is how I came to find that wealth of human drama, hopes and fears palpitating in so many masculine breasts at the Bonnie Brier. When I left, Lewis was going to make all their fortunes, wipe out all their troubles, set them all on the way to win their hearts' desires.

And they gave me a cheer, too—for here was I interviewing them for all the world as though they were rich and dazzleful stars. They said they rather liked the taste of it. And so did I. Rich and glamorous stars are not half so interesting.

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Q Delight Evans describes the Mona Lisa of the Movies— from page 24.

modesty are genuine, not assumed.

But I do not doubt that, if her role called for it, she would do a Lady Godiva without a murmur. When she is working she is impersonal. I spent a week-end with the Gishes when they lived in Mamaroneck. The family retired early. On Lillian's bed-table was her prayer book with its "L. G." on the cover. The next morning she was up at six and at the studio at six-thirty. It was Sunday. She was directing Dorothy in a comedy while Mr. Griffith was in the South. She made it a good comedy by sheer determination and desperately hard work. Everything happened to hinder her that can happen in a studio. The electrical apparatus wouldn't work. It was a grind. In her severely simple suit, with a green shade over her eyes, and a huge megaphone, she was L. Gish, director, and a darned good one. Not a vestige of the girl the world knows. She was the most impersonal director I ever saw on a set. Her own sister might have been a casual acquaintance. Patient, tactful—yes. But business-like. She hardly had time or the inclination to pose for publicity stills. I have always handed it to her for her work with that comedy. It was an achievement entirely unassisted by personality.

A Good Sport

WHEN, the first time she left Griffith, the company that was to have starred her in a series of features fell through, she was a good little sport. She had made up her mind it was time for her to make money—compared to the salaries of other stars, her Griffith remuneration was small, indeed. But when her company failed she went back and quietly became a part of the Griffith organization again. It must have been a keen and bitter disappointment; but if it hurt her nobody knew it. She played her parts in the Griffith pictures more exceptionally than ever before. She shared, more than any other Griffith player, the director's triumphs. At one of the premiers, the audience called for Mr. Griffith; and after his speech, applauded thunderously for his heroine. Griffith smiled. "You are looking in the right direction," he said, waving at her box. Somehow a Griffith first night has never seemed so colorful since she has left.

Now she is an established star in her own right. She has made *The White Sister* and *Romola* in Italy. She shops in Paris and Rome. She has met and grown to know men and women of the world; the substantial things of life are hers. And has she changed?

Of course, she has. She has taken on a new poise and a fresh charm. Her contact with another world—the bigger,

polished existence outside a studio—has left its impression. She is mentally more alert—and more silent than before.

A Trifle Tired

THE thought has occurred to me about her that she is a trifle tired. She has accomplished so much in a few short years. Not yet thirty, she has been accorded a niche next to Duse. Her personal popularity is greater than Maude Adams' ever was. John Barrymore has called her a truly great artiste. So have many others. With the illusion that she, a real actress, a conscientious, devoted artiste, loved and lived only for her work, I once said to her: "But, of course, you wouldn't be happy if you weren't always busy."

She turned to me, and her lovely eyes—the only eyes I have ever seen which could be called limpid—were a little weary.

"Oh, yes I could," she said. "Do you think any of us would work if necessity didn't demand it? I would love to have money enough and time enough just to follow spring around the world."

Her earnings have been considerable. And the Gish family has never lived exorbitantly. Theirs has been the life of the usual prosperous home. But the long and serious illness of Mrs. Gish, with its heavy expenses—for nothing was spared that their beloved mother might be well and strong again—was a severe drain on the finances and the courage of the sisters.

Speaking of courage, Lillian has it. Mrs. Gish lay ill in the hospital while *Orphans of the Storm* was being made. Lillian and Dorothy often dashed to town from the suburban studio for a moment's visit. They did the greatest work of their careers while their hearts were heavy and their nerves at the breaking-point. Their mother has always been their first consideration. Studio mamas have been kidded, and often with justice. But here is an exception. Mae Gish is one of the finest women whose fortunes have ever been associated with the films. Slight and pretty, with Lillian's gentleness and Dorothy's sense of humor, she has sympathy and savoir faire. Her son-in-law adores her. What higher praise? She is well again and with her girls in Italy.

Lillian is Old-World

SOMEHOW I think Lillian has always belonged there. She is old-world. I can imagine her among the ruins of the Renaissance; in those serene places where the lustrous ladies she rather resembles used to linger. I'd like to have her play

Beatrice d'Este, that capricious child of Milan, with her dwarfs and her festivities and her gem-encrusted gowns. Lillian would rather play Isabella, I suppose!

If she could only be persuaded that her dramatic future lies along different lines. She has played too long the passive part. Except in a few of the old Triangle films, such as *Diana of the Follies*, she has been the instrument of a cruel fate. If she would shake off the shackles of conventionality, she would be truly great. She has courage. Why not use it and play *Cleopatra*; or *Mona Lisa*, or *Beatrice*?

Perhaps, like her friend Mary Pickford, she is bound by cinema traditions. Mary is firmly convinced that she dare not trifle with the public affection to the extent of portraying a human being; and so she keeps on playing her pretty, innocuous children. Does Lillian Gish dare to do a *Cleopatra*?

I had hopes when I read the reports that she was at last to embark upon the high sea of real romance. The rumors of her engagement to Charles Duell, the president of her company, Inspiration Pictures, still persists despite cabled denials from Italy. And only the other day I heard that a young naval officer had given up his post to follow her to Rome and Florence, and that she was as enamoured of him as he of her. Again, denials. Let Lillian Gish allow herself to indulge in a little *amour*, away from the blinding studio lights and the ceaseless click of the camera; let her marry and even retire for a while—and the screen will be richer for her experience. Is it because Lillian's life has been devoid of glamour that she shrinks from the uncertainties and perils of romance?

A young man in England used to send her poems, all nicely bound and expressive of his undying devotion. Lillian was pleased with them, and showed a little-girl eagerness for the next edition. Will life cheat her of the passions and perplexities she has never enacted before the camera? Will her own existence resolve itself into a repetition of the passive part she has played on the screen?

You may answer that in *Way Down East*; her Anna Moore suffered, and suffered, and suffered. I know she did. But Anna Moore was a dumb-bell. Almost without exception, the girls she has been called upon to act have been dumb-bells. They suffer, but only physically. You feel that they have learned nothing from life. Lillian has absorbed. She has a receptive mind and a retentive memory; and, unlike her heroines, she has grown up, with the potentialities for honest emotion and drama. Lillian Gish is not a dumb-bell. She is a remarkable woman. And the sooner she proves it upon the screen the better.

MAE MURRAY

Delight Evans has chosen a colorful figure to write about next month, the blonde star with the "bee-stung lips", the exotic Mae Murray. In Screenland for July. Ready June First.

Home Made Stars—from page 29

directly to the truth of our statements concerning the folly of attempting to teach film acting by mail that we publish it herewith in full:

San Francisco, Cal.,
March 11, 1924.

Dear Miss Herbert:

I received your letter today. I will do anything possible to help you. As you know, I like you, have chosen that wonderful art, "Movie Acting," as my life work.

I purchased a course in acting from the concern in Michigan about three or four years ago. To tell the truth I gained very little by it. All I can say is this: no correspondence school or any school right in your home town can teach a person screen acting. It's a fact because I have had experience with these schools. To learn acting, you must learn in a picture studio, it is the practical experience that teaches you. Miss Herbert, you know what this means, you must go to New York or Los Angeles. I have been to the latter city twice without succeeding, but they say the third time is a charm. I shall never give up hope and courage. They say one in a thousand succeed. It is true, very much so.

It is "Hell" to go to a strange city alone, especially you, a woman, so think twice before leaving home. If you make up your mind about going, try to get your folks to go with you, and, remember, it takes money to live in the city for six months or a year looking for work. I know the little I had vanished very quickly.

After reading over my letter it sounds more like a sermon than anything else. But I do hope this little information will help towards gaining your life ambition.

I should like very much to keep in touch with you, wishing to know how you make out.

Miss Herbert, I wish you all the success in the world.

Yours very truly,
ALVIN CARLSON.

177 De Haro Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

NEXT MONTH

The daily papers in Los Angeles recently brought to light a group of so-called "Make Up Schools." The gross abuses that went on behind these walls will shock and astonish you. Read the details of the Movie Make-Up Schools in SCREENLAND for July. Ready June first.



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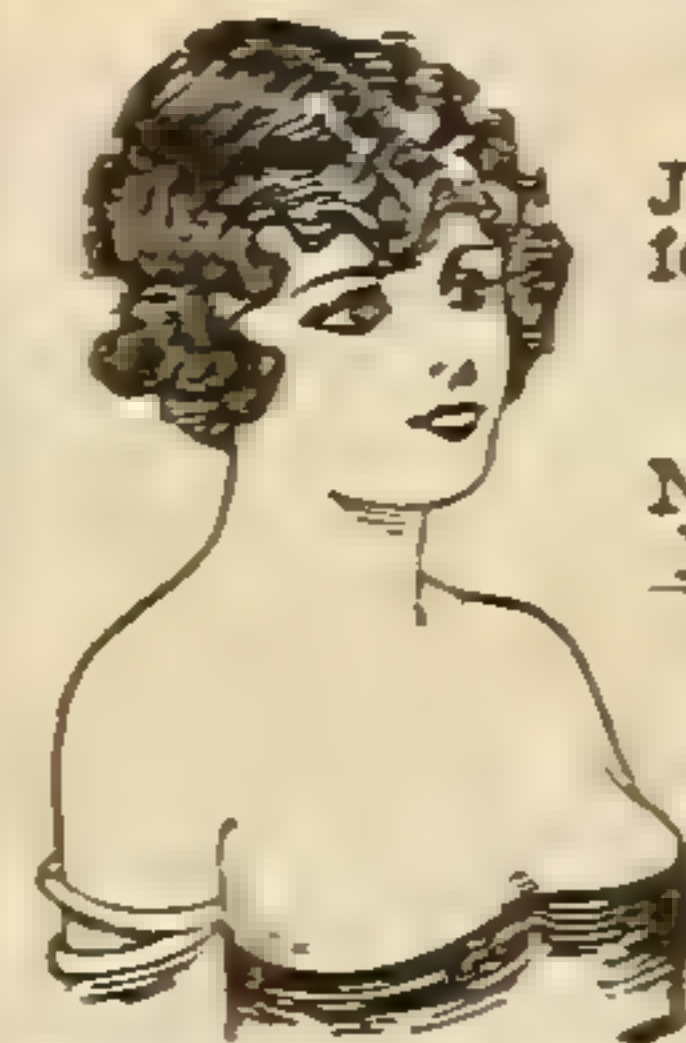
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Q *Eunice Marshall tells of Charlie's Brother—from page 31.*

offered the colossal sum of \$175 per week in pictures, Syd cabled in great alarm to investigate thoroughly the financial standing of the company. It seemed incredible to him, that salary. But it wasn't long afterward, as Charlie's business manager, that he was demanding for Charlie's services sums that made the industry gasp.

It's a standing joke in Hollywood that whenever it came time to sign one of those amazing contracts, Syd has worked on the contract and Charlie has been out of town. Charlie didn't have the nerve to ask the sum that Syd demanded for him, they say, and ducked out of sight until the deal was over.

Syd came to America to study the business end of pictures and, perhaps, do something in an acting way while he was studying film economics. But he soon realized that Charlie was a gigantic asset, and Charlie, like most geniuses, was—and is—no business man. So Syd put aside his own personal ambitions for the time and retired behind the scenes, to advise and work and plan for Charlie's success. Charlie's Utility Man, he called himself. The rest of the world who knew of him at all called him just "Charlie's brother."

It was Syd who brought Charlie's films out in the open market, sounding the death knell of the antiquated footage basis of film selling, by which all film, regardless of actor or subject treated, sold for the same amount of money per foot.

Syd Engineers Million-Dollar Contract

IT was Syd who engineered the famous \$670,000 contract with the General Trust, and the still more famous million-dollar contract with First National. Charlie lost money on the contract, because he took four years to complete the eight pictures which he should have made in one year, but the contract was a stroke of financial genius on Syd's part, just the same.

If you have laughed over Charlie's pictures, during the last six years, you probably have chortled at Syd's antics without knowing it, for Syd has featured

in almost every one of his brother's pictures. Whenever a particularly difficult bit called for special treatment, Charlie would draft Syd for the action.

Do you remember the hot-dog vender in *A Dog's Life*, from whom Charlie stole the sausages? That was Syd. The bit required perfect "timing." Two men were tried out and rejected, and Charlie, in despair, was about to cut out the scene altogether. But it was a good gag and he hated to.

"Why don't you put on a 'muff' and do this for me?" he asked his brother. A "muff," by the way, is in stage parlance, a mustache.

Syd hesitated. He thought that to play a "bit" after his extensive stage and screen experience in "leads" might hurt his reputation with the industry.

"No one will recognize you," Charlie coaxed, and Syd consented. That episode was one of the most hilarious in the picture.

In *Shoulder Arms*, Syd played the part of the Kaiser, and also took the part of the sergeant who slept next to Charlie in the water-filled dug-out. You remember, doubtless, that deliciously funny bit where Charlie rubbed the numbness out of Syd's foot instead of his own.

Syd's Part in Charlie's Pictures

SYD had three roles in *The Pilgrim*. He was the eloping lover in the opening scenes, the conductor on the train, and, funniest of all, he was the visiting church member whose derby hat figured in the plum pudding incident.

If Syd ever wants to go into the diplomatic service, he can say with truth that he has had excellent training. He has been Charlie's emissary more than once in *affaires de coeur*. It is said that, after Charlie's separation from Mildred, whenever Syd would show up at Mildred's house, she would burst out with, "Oh, I know what you want; you want to see how cheap I'll let Charlie off!"

When Charlie outgrew his old studio headquarters, he began to think of building his own studio. Wherefore, after his

custom, he sent Syd out to find the tract. Syd nosed out a five-acre tract that seemed to be just what he wanted, out on LaBrea and Sunset Boulevard. In addition to the ground, there was a fine old house in a setting of palm trees.

"Go in and see if they'll sell," Syd instructed a real estate friend. "And don't say it's for the pictures." Hollywood looked down upon the picture industry in those primitive days of 1918.

The owners needed money and were willing to sell, so the deal was closed. But no sooner had the word spread that a film studio was to be built right in the heart of Hollywood's residential district than a fine hullabaloo arose, and all of Syd's diplomacy was needed. The churches protested. So did the teachers of the near-by high school. But the deal was already in escrow, and when Syd showed the protestants the architect's drawings of the proposed studio, beautifully done in colors suggesting a row of quaint English cottages instead of the ugly shacks that the neighbors had feared, the opposition died down. When the studio was finished, it so little resembled the usual factory-like studio that one little old lady waxed very indignant when she was not permitted to rent one of the "cottages" for her own use.

After very nearly six years of behind-the-scenes work for Charlie, the old longing for the footlights that never deserts an actor has led Syd to the acting game again. His brother firmly established on the pinnacle of fame, Syd is about to resume the furtherance of his own career. His decision was hastened by his recent staggering loss of \$350,000, wiped out in a day by the failure of a broker with whom he traded in the stock market.

His clever and convincing characterization of the British sergeant, Winkie, in Neilan's *The Rendezvous*, was his first contribution. He followed that up by two more comedy successes in *Her Temporary Husband* and Ince's *Galloping Fish*, and is now at work supplying the comedy relief in Colleen Moore's new picture, *The Perfect Flapper*.

Q *EUNICE MARSHAL promises us something unusual in her article for next month. She calls it--The New Pola. We have given Delight Evans the assignment that goes with it. The New Gloria will be the title of Miss Evans' article. The last time the Mademoiselles Evans and Marshall combined on one of the East and West articles they produced Petroushka-Algonquin, a study in restaurants. That was last month. The Negri-Swanson combine promises to be even better. Watch for it in the July Screenland.*

READY JUNE FIRST

*Q Neck and Neck—*from page 35.

hand is simply frenzied. He makes love madly in all directions.

Norman Kerry is turgid even if he did give a creditable exhibition as Little Phoebus in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* while entirely surrounded by tin-ware.

The frigid Conrad Nagel is as inspiring as an Eskimo pie except to little girls who still believe in Santa Claus.

Lew Cody is turbulent while Walter Hiers is only corpulent.

Bill Hart with his quarter-sawed, unfinished face is pure and loves horses. He has appeal for the Joans who find Ray and Dick Barthelme too chastely chaste.

Adolphe Menjou is virulent and Frank Mayo flatulent.

Tony Moreno was as passionate as a pork-chop until Pola Negri caused him to find himself, or perhaps it was impending matrimony.

Bill Haines, despite Peggy Hopkins Joyce's dictum, to the contrary, is timid.

Douglas Fairbanks as a gay Lothario is a darned good acrobat.

Many in this list of the lovable are deserving of the rating of "actor, first class," but doggone it, they seldom get an opportunity to prove it.

Art is for the few, while hearts are for the many.

The reasoning of directors and producers seems to be that grasping at nuances is futile as long as necking knocks 'em off their seats.

O. K. AS "BEST MAN" But N. G. As a BRIDEGROOM?



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UNFITNESS for marriage is the most humiliating thing in life. It stings like a lash to see your friends stride masculinely to the altar with their heart's beloved ... to feel your own bachelor circle growing sparser, emptier, lonelier, until you perceive in yourself an outlaw of Nature, a flat, stale, incompetent specimen of man.

Yet what can you do? It would be sheer villainy to wed a pure and lovely girl whose mate you are physically unfit to be, of whose children you can never honestly become the father, whose hate and contempt would be upon your head as surely as you led her to the altar.

Slipping, Slipping, Doomed?

You can only let yourself go just so far ... and then you're done for,

squeezed dry, scrapped. Nature will stand for only so much defiance of her laws and when she punishes the penalty is a fearful one. No form of capital punishment ever yet devised by man is so cruel, so devastating as the sentence of Sexual Death ... the doom of a companionless existence from youth unto the grave.

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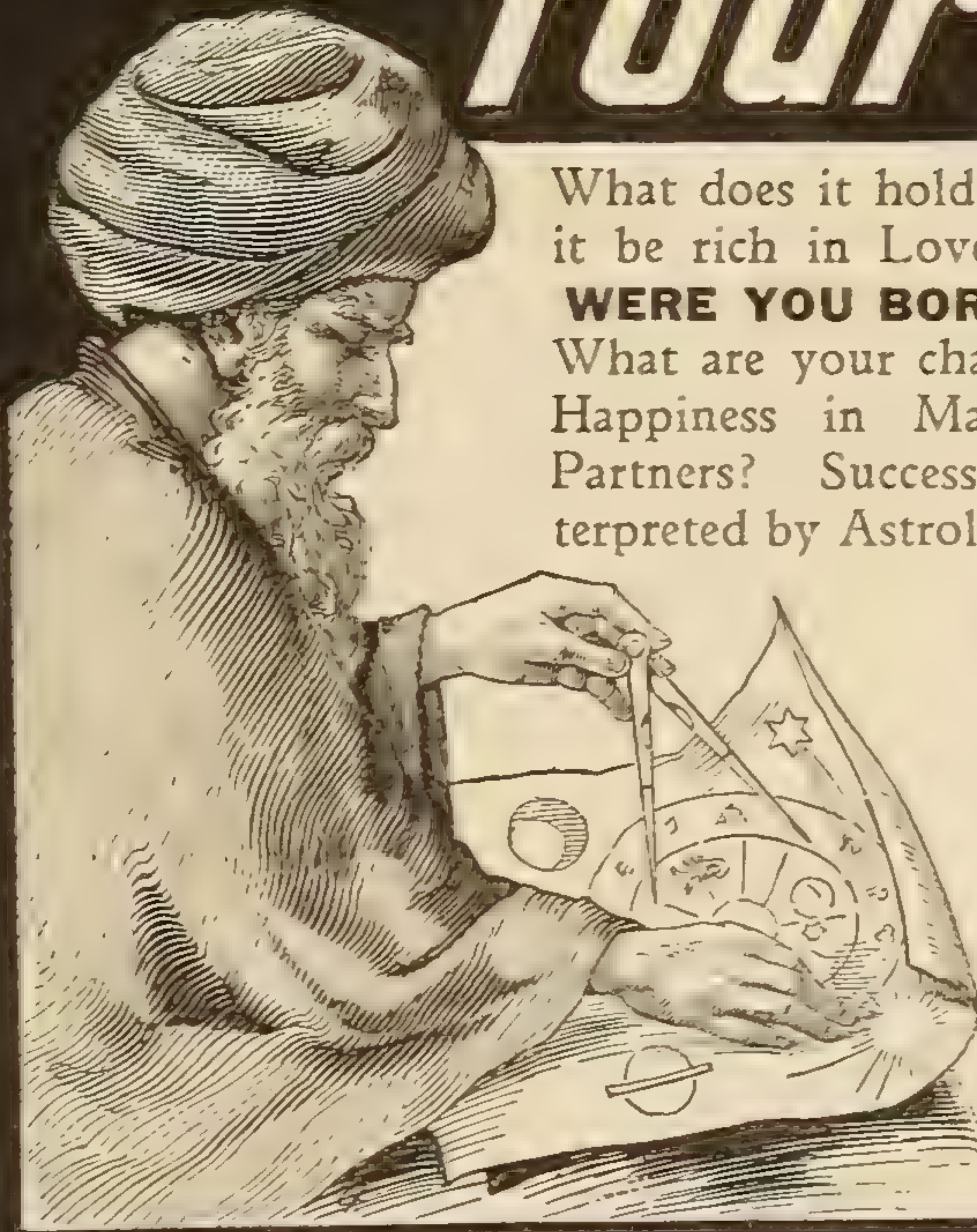
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SING A SONG OF SIDEURNS

H. B. K. Willis has the faculty of presenting film facts in fanciful form. His articles are so amusing and so pat in their expressions that we scarcely realize, while we are reading them the extreme seriousness of his remarks. Next month the Reverend Willis, will choose as his text the hirsute adornment now prevalent amongst our male luminaries. We have not seen the manuscript as yet, but from the rumors that creep eastward—H. B. K. lives in Hollywood—it promises to be a tongue twister. In SCREENLAND for July. Ready June first.

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Q Breakfast Together—A Story of Marriage a la Mode—from page 33.

will have gained a victory.

With the Vidors, it hasn't worked quite so well.

You remember, some months back, that gentle Florence Vidor announced that she and King Vidor were going to take a "vacation from marriage." She was going to Honolulu for a holiday. Perhaps when she came back . . .

But she has been back for six long months, and things are no better. The rift in the lute of their happiness has widened. New interests have led King, the youngest director in the business, far afield. The young couple no longer feel the unity of spirit that led them, fresh from a small Texas village, across the continent in a rickety flivver to the Promised Land of Hollywood. Even the common bond of a chubby, small daughter, Susanne, cannot avail to link them together in the old close comradeship.

So the marriage vacation continues. But in spite of it—or maybe because of it—love still exists, unless we are very much mistaken; a strong, steady flame in Florence Vidor's heart; a flickering flame

in the young director's breast, but still a flame.

Some day we think, when Life has had its way with them, the old love will call more urgently than fleeting fancies of ambition or adventure, and the Vidors will be happy again.

Leatrice Joy and her Husband

LEATRICE JOY and her strapping actor-husband, Jack Gilbert, have given the intermittent matrimony formula more than a fair try.

Ever since their romantic and hasty marriage, just over the border-line in Mexico, their married life has been a constant, "in again, out again, gone again, Finnegan" affair. They either are suffering from "mads" on each other and are parted for ever and ever, or have just "made up" and are never, never going to be separated again.

At present writing, they have just "made up." Their latest "marriage vacation" has proved an effective tonic.

Cullen Landis and his wife, Mignon Le

Brun Landis, conscientiously tried the absent treatment theory on their marriage, but the recent filing of Mrs. Landis' suit for a divorce seems to prove that in their case it did not work.

Rumors of their matrimonial differences have been current for several years. Only the birth of their second baby some two years ago kept them together then, it was said. Then Cullen left home and went to San Francisco, remaining quietly in seclusion while waiting for absence to make the heart grow fonder. Unfortunately, Mrs. Landis feared for the safety of her missing husband and appealed to the police for news of him, thus interrupting the experiment before its full value could be determined.

The handsome Cullen has filed an answer to his wife's charge of cruelty, by a cross-complaint of mental cruelty and desertion.

Fannie's theory is rather like the Coue system or sulphur-and-molasses; sometimes it works and then again, it doesn't. Perhaps it all depends on how you stick to it.

Q The Editor's Letter Box—from page 11.

guess. Everyone enjoys diagnosing the ills of the movies and wagging their heads solemnly from side to side after the manner of doctors at a consultation. But perhaps the most unkindest cut of all comes from Mr. Sinclair in the same article quoted above, *not* in his accusation that movies are controlled by capitalists (Incredible though it may seem I have known some nice human capitalists with more aesthetic appreciation than coal heavers) but when he says: "The movies are made for children. . . ." Mr. Sinclair, may I ask you what you have against children?

The business of producing moving pictures is entirely too strenuous and mad an affair to permit of much time being spent in answering self-appointed critics, but every now and then some harassed director who has practically been accused of being a mental moron will drop his megaphone long enough to plead with a tear and a tremolo: "Don't be hard on us; movies are in their infancy!"

And that is just what is the matter with the movies—they are *not* in their infancy; they have had no childhood to speak of; they were born old and have been shackled from birth with the traditions and conventions that all the other arts have been building up from the time Man first started fashioning images out of the materials of the earth. They are suffering from an over-dose of inherited knowledge too hastily assimilated; they have not realized that where creative art is concerned ignorance is indeed bliss.

For art is creation, and creation presupposes beginning at the beginning. In the case of the movies, producers have been dissipating their energies in trying to weld together the innumerable tag end conventions of art, literature, and drama and on top of the wierd concoctions resulting they have placed a dash of whipped cream and a cherry that they may slip

easily down the public throat. Though it is doubtful that they ever will, producers would do well to disregard artists, dramatists, critics, interior decorators, and the whole crew of professional aesthetes with their boxes of tricks; they would do well to start all over again and, with the assets of ignorance and enthusiasm, use their new medium of expression creatively, inventing and experimenting until they either discovered a new stimulus to produce new emotional responses, or arrived at the conclusion that their world was in truth nothing but a shadow world only capable of echoing the most blatant noises of the real world. Critics would regard more leniently mistakes made in an effort to attain aesthetic independence than movies that are "artistic" mongrels.

But the Public would howl. Good—that proves our point, for we can accept it as axiomatic that the public is always wrong, you and I, dear reader, being the exceptions.

DILLWYN PARISH,
Claymont, Delaware.

DEAR EDITOR:—



Q Ralph P. Anderson and bunk in moviedom. You're going up against some strong opposition, but truth and reason

are on your side, so you'll win out.

The "sassy" telegram from the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, reproduced in your February issue, was amusing. I wonder if you heard about the grand annual ball that this organization "pulled off" in San Francisco during January? You know, they usually hold their annual blowout in Los Angeles, but this year the wise Angelenos didn't support the project to the Wampas' satisfaction, with the result that they transferred their allegiance to San Francisco. 'Twas a wise move, for they took away from San Francisco several times the amount of cash they had been accustomed to garnering in Los Angeles.

Judging by the daily papers, it was a grand and glorious affair, but the story is quite otherwise, according to many who attended. The Wampas advertised that many stars would be present. They were there all right, but the darned advertising men sold so many thousands of tickets to ordinary citizens (at \$4.40 and up) that the poor stars were lost in the shuffle. The Wampas also advertised that the stars would "put on" many stunts. There were rumors, occasionally, that the stunts were being performed, but so great was the crowd, and so poorly was the affair arranged, that only a limited part of the audience could see the said performances.

Incidentally, only one paper had the courage to tell the truth about how disappointing the affair was. The others, with one eye on the advertising department, hailed it as the seventh wonder.

More power to you, SCREENLAND!

RALPH PARKER ANDERSON,
606 San Pablo Avenue,
Berkeley, Cal.

Q Mr. Griffith Keeps His Date—*from page 37.*

The work was almost done as the audience assembled that evening. But not quite. So while the first part was projected the latter half was still in the hands of the film physicians, while the producer was still in the hands of his. That doctor was probably the most unpopular person in the dressing room at the time. But he persisted, and whenever he could get a firm hold on the director he swathed his throat and chest with cold compresses, demanding all the time that Mr. Griffith get out of this place and go to a hospital—or at least, home.

Mr. Griffith, needless to say, did nothing of the kind. He may have admitted to himself after a while that there might be something in what the doctor said, but when he heard the appreciative audience demanding his presence before the footlights, he answered their call.

A Griffith first night without a speech by Mr. Griffith? Unheard of and unthinkable. So he appeared. And he hoped nobody noticed that he swayed a little as he walked off the stage.

His word of thanks was the last one he spoke for several days. His voice left him entirely alone. He became a pantomimist through necessity. They finally made him go to bed—not, however, in a hospital; and at the Hotel Astor for the next week he was muffled in blankets and immersed in medicine with the telephone service completely cut off and isolating him from the world.

A little illness is evidently the only thing to make Mr. Griffith stop working. And, after he was sufficiently recovered to be up and about, did he run down to Palm Beach or Miami for a vacation, to bask in the sun with obese millionaires and to pose for the news weeklies? No. The only time Mr. Griffith was in Florida was to shoot exteriors for a picture.

Griffith is a cinema tradition. He is the most romantic figure in the whole world of films. Because he looks the part. He's a Great Man. See him on Broadway, his spare frame in well-cut clothes; or on the set, where he wears an old suit and a battered hat and never, never puttees—and you'll have to admit his magnetism. A girl I know had never seen him before, and she knew little about pictures. She rode in the same elevator with him one day. "He didn't even look my way," she gasped, "but I knew he was somebody. He gets you."

She was right. He has a curiously compelling charm. Perhaps those who have dubbed him a Svengali are correct. His deep, slow voice; his smile; his courtesy—he never addresses a player by his first name on the set—make him a figure of fascination and incessant conjecture. That is why he can take an apparently phlegmatic little girl, without beauty and without sex appeal, and make her an interesting actress. That is why he has withstood the storm of poor screen plays and the influx of amazing talent from Europe. He remains our Great Director. He inspires loyalty and commands attention. Of the old school, he alone has not altered his methods. Other directors have adopted theirs to the chang-

ing tempo, the swifter sequences, the more smashing effects of the present-day screen. Not Griffith. His technique stays the same. He represents the heroic order of things; he believes implicitly, for film purposes, in the pure heroine; the stalwart hero; the shameless villain. His celluloid world is peopled with impossibly good and hopelessly bad men and women. His philosophy of life, if it can be called a philosophy, is that of the mid-Victorian era. His outlook has not been influenced in the least by the moderns—possibly because he never reads them or sees their pictures. He lives in a poetic past—a dreamy, distant time of knights and fair ladies, where right is always right and wrong is wrong, and the villain bites the dust and the good folk study the sunset.

But he is comfortable in his beliefs. And what would we do without him? We might not get excited over the von Stroheims and the Lubitsches and the Seastroms, with their slashing, ruthless realism and their contempt for the conventional, if it weren't for the Griffith picture. We may laugh a little at his theatricalisms; his artifices that seem to belong to the good old days; but we watch them and we applaud them and sometimes we even weep over them.

And, like all great men, he is a bit pathetic. He has made very little money compared with the directors who have done so much less for pictures than he. He has worked hard. He has put a little of himself into everything he has ever done. He has believed. That is more than many have done. If "America" is a great picture it is because the director worked under high pressure. His finances have never been excessive and right now, it is rumored, they are low. He didn't have money enough to make "America" as he would have liked to make it. The backgrounds of glass were not of his choosing. But he put them under the "artifices of art," resigning himself to the fact that to build villages just for a single shot would be useless expenditure.

The village of Lexington, which was built on the Mamaroneck studio grounds, was a faithful reproduction. So faithful, in fact, that two hilarious customers, wandering from a nearby town, walked down the main street discoursing upon the nice lil' village that had gone up over night, and discoursing thus walked calmly off the sea-wall. They woke up, sober, in a hospital.

Did you notice that in the battle scenes of "America" there was a peculiar fairy-like atmosphere—a dream-like effect that made them so attractive you would have enjoyed being a participant? Here's the reason. Mr. Griffith, despite the protests of his aides, insisted upon selecting a horrid, nasty, drizzly day to film the scenes. In vain did his photographers argue that the scenes would be total losses taken in that weather. D. W. donned galoshes and slicker and set the smoke from the guns to float on the air, giving that quality the director was striving for.

Probably that's where he caught his cold. But Mr. Griffith kept that date. And he always will.



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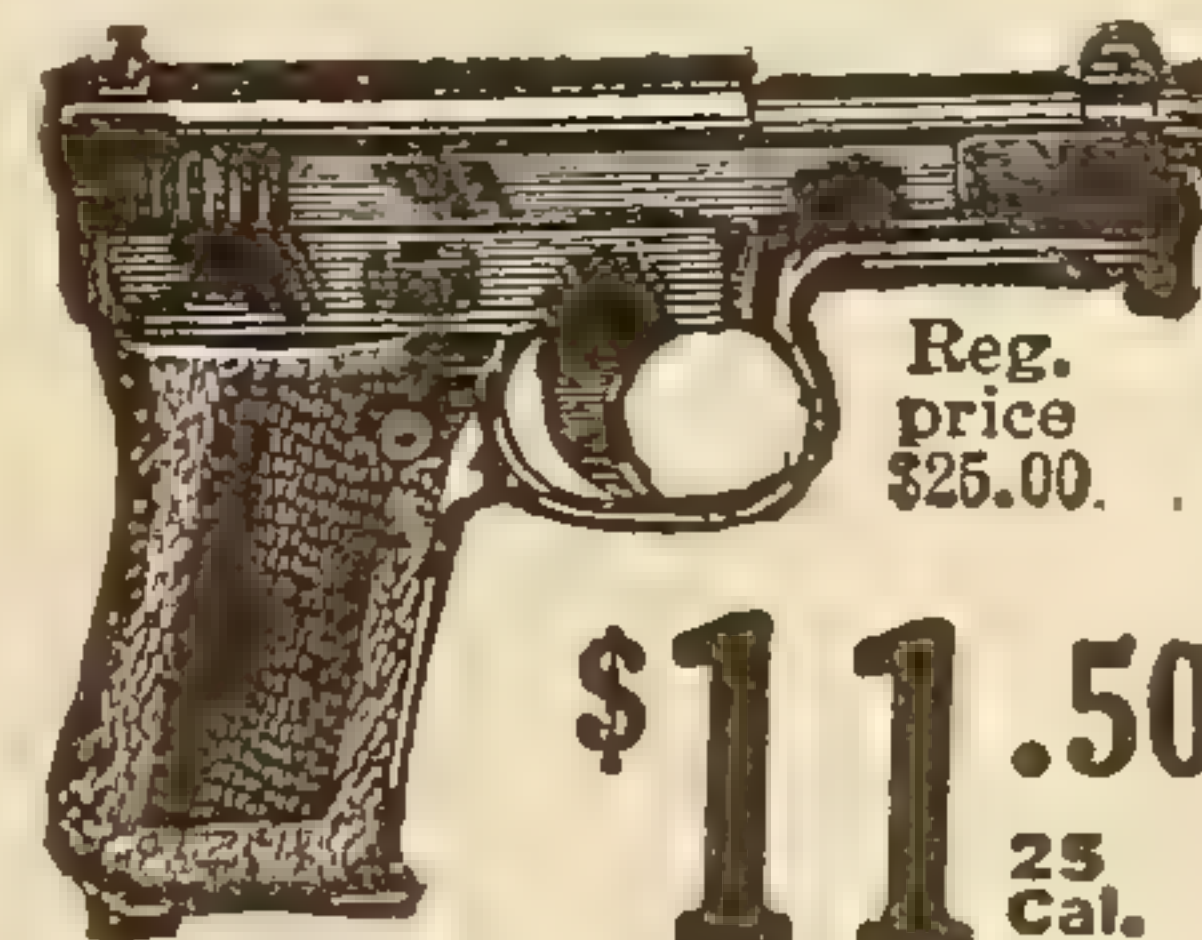
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Q Barry Vannon's Story of Hollywood Counterfeit—from page 45.

her girlish head, and hurried to her last fight, crying "I still am Fanny Barr!"

Tommy was making a desert picture not far from Santa Barbara, a few hours' drive. Fanny arrived at noon, and parked her car, and sat at the wheel, waiting.

It was hot. The very winds perspired. It had been stifling in Hollywood, but here—there never was so hot a place.

Moe Eckstein, the director, wiped his brow and cursed the heat, and waved a languid arm at her, then bellowed through his megaphone, and the cameras started work.

Adele Blood rode out across the sands, slowly. There was a signal. The weary horse fell, and Adele with him. She staggered erect, looked toward the horizon, brushed the sand from her habit.

"Now," Eckstein shouted, "your horse is dead. You're alone in the desert. You're frightened. You're nearly dead. How many times I tell you that? Feel it! Act it! Fall on your knees and pray!"

Fanny smiled at the acid in his voice. Adele was one of the young generals.

Over a distant sand dune appeared the heads of men and horses. The leader turned, gave a command, and a body of Arabs came galloping into the picture.

The riders jerked to a stand, the leader cantering up to the praying girl.

It was Tommy.

Fanny's eyes caressed him. Fanny's hands sang silently of his beauty and his hardness of heart—and of his youth!

Fanny forgave him his letter, and wished but to kiss his chin.

fingers scream with their mute tongues—her honest fingers and her eyes. But her face smiles the smile the doctor made.

The cameras stop. Eckstein walks through the sands, clumsily, angrily. He feels that lump on Tommy's chin. He pats it. He pushes it. He pats the other side of the chin. He seizes the chin, and squeezes it—and swears.

"Paraffin!"

Tommy stands ashamed in his Arab glory and mutters something about his chin—"guaranteed to stand all climates."

"Paraffin!"

The only sound in the desert—a sound to stop your heart.

"A chin what melts in the sun! One hundred thousand dollars gone to hell!"

Fanny smiles sweetly at Adele, and walks past her to her husband.

"I got your letter," she says. "You need not bother with the suit. My lawyer will attend to that. Did you think you could divorce me? Me, Fanny Barr?"

And as he stares in his dumb misery, one honest hand cracks smartly against his counterfeit jaw.

"Not by the hair of your Chinny-Chin-Chin!" and she laughs. "I will get the divorce, you—you chinless wonder. And I'll charge you with obtaining matrimony under false pretenses."

She waits until his hand leaps to his chin in that peculiar gesture she once had loved, then leaves him and rides away.

Fanny Barr, the great Fanny Barr, sits alone in her boudoir and weeps for her lost old age. And a fresh young wind elbows in through the window and taunts her with the echo of a laugh.

He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 10c for packing and mailing will bring you our free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining these amazing revelations. Send your dime today. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 29-F 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.



CLASS

That is the title of next month's fiction story. Only it really is scarcely fiction; it's so near fact. Lillian Day tells of Fannette Bischel and her trip to Hollywood. Fannette is so much like a girl you know that she will tickle you. There is a laugh in store for you, in the July Screenland, ready June first.

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Q Alberta Vaughn—from page 56.

she has only worn a bathing suit in a picture once; that she was born in Kentucky seventeen years ago and is a whiz at horse-back riding.

But we consider it a matter of much more interest that Alberta is the most delectable cutie that we have glimpsed for many a day; that she calls everybody

"honey" from her director down; that she confessed that her ermine wrap is not "really good"; that her nose crinkles adorably when she laughs, which is often; that she lets her mother make her dresses; and that she is a coming comedienne who will make Mabel Normand look to her laurels.

She's a riot, positively!

"I DID not spend your rupees," said the Burmese girl-wife to her English lover, "I saved them all — and when you told me you were to leave me, I gathered them all together and took them to the old silversmith whose shop is not far from the bazaar of my father. * * * He melted the silver and it became cold and then he hammered it, as I ordered him. I could not watch him do that, though! He—was hammering me—the inside of me. * * * When the silversmith returned to me your rupees, they looked like this," and she held out a cigarette case, hand-hammered and with a representation of the Temple-Pagoda, where the two had first met.

A story of love "without benefit of clergy" that will wring your heart with its lyric tragedy and its ironic ending. A story lit with the radiance of passion and painted in the harsh, bright colors of India.



You will want to know all of it—this love story of the Burmese girl who loved her Englishman too well, of the white man who gave up real love in a brown heart to seek a virginal ideal among his own kind. You will want to know what he found at journey's end—then read the whole story—"MISS PRETTY HAIR," by Roy Griffith, in June REAL LIFE.

And that is only one of the thirteen fiction stories that await you in our June issue.

Have you wondered what grisly and relentless game is behind the mysterious, unavenged deaths of Dot King and Louise Lawson? STALKING SWEETIES, by Rhoda Montade, gives you an insight into the most ghastly sport of those warped minds which make Broadway their hunting ground.

DOES HEART BALM HEAL? A question that is aired by clever Eileen O'Rell, author of SHEIKS IN REAL LIFE and MALE GOLD-DIGGERS, articles which have aroused a great deal of comment in former issues of REAL LIFE.

And last, but not least, a new department, MY SLANT ON LIFE, in which you can air your own philosophies of life, and from which you can glean sterling bits of humor.

A book of exceptional fiction, by such well known authors as Carl Clausen, F. Hugh Herbert, Hal White, F. H. Hicks, Winifred Van Duzer, Leavitt Ashley Knight, Travis Hoke and Roy Griffith.



A beautifully dressed-up book, illustrated by such artists as C. J. McCarthy, Dudley Gloyne Summers, Courtney Allen, Edward Butler, Harold Denison, A. W. Sperry and Raeburn Van Buren.

You can no more afford to miss June REAL LIFE than the first circus of the season or the first May picnic in the woods. In fact, it's a treat the whole family will enjoy.

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In this painting, Willy Pogany has caught the very spirit of the Carnival held each year at Nice on the sunny Riviera.

From Nice—a Secret of l'Élégance Française

NICE! The Carnival! Gaiety enthroned! Here indeed may we mingle with Beauty of the Old World and the New. Here, truly, may we admire the charm, the verve—the subtle allure—of the smart *Parisienne*.

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These *spécialités*—Rouge, Lip Rouge, Compacts and Creams—blended here with pure Djer-Kiss Parfum imported from France.

Q Grace Kingsley describes the Kid Himself—from page 46.

stories. His mother wisely, it seems to me, does not try to curb his imagination.

"I 'member about Heaven," explained Jackie. And he went on to tell me about it all. A funny place, heaven, a mixture of gold clouds, ice cream cones, Charlie Chaplin, baseball, movies, and white angels. He tells you quite solemnly and with widening eyes about wandering around the place. Maybe it is from this childish fancy that Chaplin evolved the greatest picture of his career, *The Kid*.

But Jackie Coogan has to study. He has a governess, and his eager mind, she tells me, quickly gathers up everything she can feed it.

The one great, over-shadowing fear of Jackie's family is that he will be kid-napped! So he isn't permitted the freedom of other little boys. Besides, it seems to be in the minds of his father and mother that he must not be spoiled,—a worthy thought, no doubt, but one that is hampering to a child in a thousand ways.

But how Jackie minds! Sometimes the tears will come to his big eyes, but he always obeys sweetly, perhaps after one little mildly protesting and heart-breaking, "Oh, mother, why?"

Jack Coogan, Sr., is a keen humorist, and his son adores him. He treats Jackie like a grown-up, which immensely pleases the little fellow; but also he rollicks and kids with him. Nobody can get Jackie's goat except his father! Jack, Sr., can make little Jackie puzzle to bewilderment over some of his jokes, though concerning anybody's else kidding, Jackie will either get you at once, or dismiss your ideas

from his mind without troubling to find out what you mean. And he can make Jackie laugh more than anybody else can. Little Jackie does not laugh so very much. He is too busy and earnest about his play, and he doesn't think many things are funny, I think. Like any other boy, he laughs more at horseplay than anything else.

Jackie had a little sister for a while. That is, the Coogans took little Priscilla Moran into their home when her mother died. The two children were great play-mates, and Jackie was most gallant to the little girl. But there seemed, somehow, to be too much childish temperament around the place; besides which, when you get two Irish youngsters together you can well imagine the noise. Then, too, Priscilla's father grew lonely for his little girl. So he took her away, and now Priscilla Moran is another kid star herself.

There is a story about Priscilla and Jackie. It is to the effect that Priscilla after dressing to go out one day was told by the maid to hang up her cast-off clothing.

"See, Jackie always hangs up his clothes," explained the maid.

"But," protested Priscilla, "rich little girls don't hang up their clothes."

"Maybe you won't always be rich," said the maid. "Perhaps you'll have to earn your living some day."

"Well, when I do," retorted Priscilla, "it won't be at hanging up old clothes!"

Maybe the real tragedy in Jackie's life now is that he is growing up! Soon a new Jackie will be coming to the screen. But the little Jackie Coogan we have learned to love is being lost to us forever.

GRACE KINGSLEY

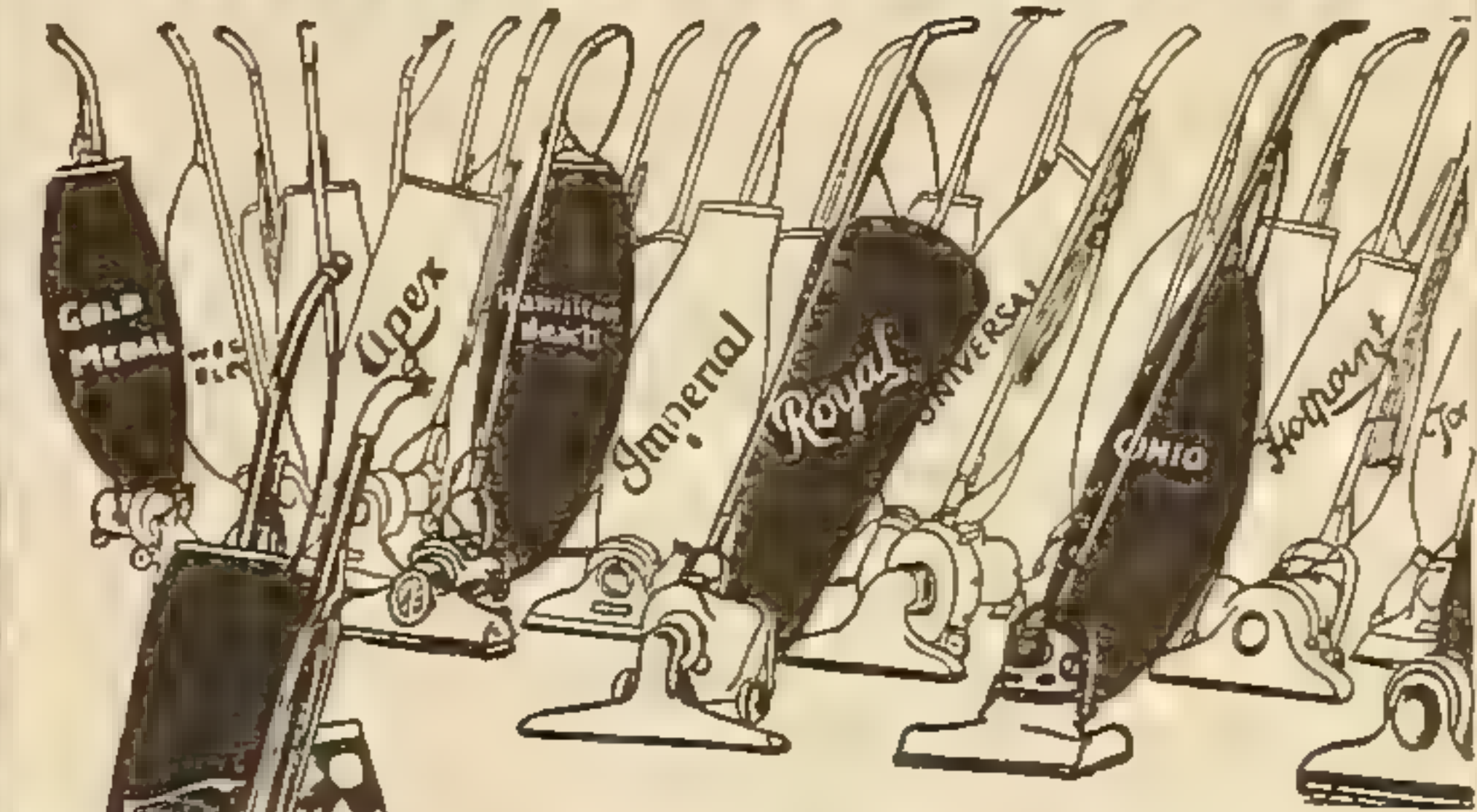
has written a story for next month. It is a tale of the pluck and tragedies of the Hollywood Extra, whose slogan is "Smile When You Say 'Goodbye'" and that is the title of her story. In SCREENLAND for July. Ready June first.

Q Song of a Spinning Wheel—from page 55.

"Just Look inside that Door."
He Opened one of his
Compartments.
"What do you See?
Yes—of course.
I'm a Completely Equipped
Cellarette.
I Contain the Choicest Wines
And Liquors. And
I am Scheduled
For the Biggest Role
Of my Career.
I am to Play
In the All-Star Cast of
Cringing Cocktails; and
I am to be
In Every Other Scene.
It's
The Opportunity
Of a Lifetime.
Some Producer is Sure

To Offer me
My Own Company."
A Shaky, Silvery Laugh
Issued from the Spinning Wheel.
"Oh, oh," she Quavered,
Quite Hysterical.
"I Feel
A Couplet Coming On."
The Phonograph Glared.
"Go On."
The Spinning Wheel Sang:
"All that glitters is not gin,
Cocktails, sparkling Brut or whisky.
When you're called upon to sin
It's cold tea that makes you frisky."
"I'll Get you for That,"
Panted the Phonograph,
Running Down.
"Oh, Go Change your Needle!"
Sniffed the Spinning Wheel.

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ARTEX CO., Dept. 93, 1133 B'way., N. Y. City, N.Y.

Q. E. V. Darling tells of Bill Hart—from page 47.

dear, old Brooklyn, the city of churches, rubber plants, baby carriages and tail-end ball clubs.

When Bill finally sought the West to make his fortune he was already a middle-aged man. For over a quarter of a century he had been a Broadway actor starting as a leading man for Mme. Modjeska. In those days, according to old George Fawcett, Bill slicked his hair back of his brow much after the manner of the present day finale hopper and spent his idle hours cruising Broadway featuring a pair of yellow spats and a bamboo cane as important cogs in his sartorial equipment.

Bill's best friend then, and the same is true today, was his sister, Mary Hart. They were inseparable. During the off season they retired to an old farm up in Westport, Conn., and there the ambitious Bill studied Shakespeare, thinking, some day to appear on Broadway in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and the rest. The nearest he ever got to so-called classic acting was to play in *Ben Hur* and that wasn't very near, though Bill played Messalia, one of the best parts in the show. William Farnum played Ben Hur in the same company.

It was Thos. H. Ince who discovered Bill Hart's resemblance to the Westerner of fiction, though his appearance on the stage in *The Squaw Man* had given the general public some inkling of it. So, Bill

was taught how to ride a horse, rope a steer and handle a gun. For something like ten years he has lived the life of a story book Westerner.

Bill Now Believes it Himself

BILL has been playing this part so long that now he actually believes himself to be an old plainsman. The cynics are inclined to say that Bill's repeated statement that "a man's best friend is his horse" is due to his matrimonial experiences, but I feel differently. That is part of the character he has assumed. When introduced to a lady, this erstwhile Broadway Lothario smiles in a shy manner, sidesteps a bit and then says sheepishly, "Glad to know ye, ma'am." Others may claim to be the originators, but it was Bill Hart who popularized the styling of one's sometimes better half as "the little woman." It was he, too, who astounded a lady, who had known him in the old days, by suddenly saying, "I know I'm rough and Western, gal, but I've got a heart and you've touched it."

Recently, when Bill's matrimonial adventures were receiving some special attention from the press, several of the older employees of the New York Post Office recalled Bill Hart as a clerk in that establishment in bygone days. He was, they said, a mild-mannered, retiring, well-behaved young man with an ambition

to go on the stage and become a Shakespearean actor.

The remarkable thing to me with regard to Bill's transition from a Broadway actor and a Brooklyn resident to an old plainsman, on and off, is that he has absorbed the ideals of the old West as well as he wears its habiliments.

Bill's one thought is to treat everybody fair and square, or as he would put it, "fa'r an' squar'." His word is as good as any man's bond and in every detail of his life he is the soul of honor. He lives cleanly and decently. There is absolutely no show about him. In short, when you see Bill Hart in a picture you come pretty near seeing the man he wants to be and is trying with all his might to be.

Bill was a bachelor for years but that was no fault of his own. He always wanted to be married and "have kids." I remember distinctly, when he received a letter from President Wilson complimenting him on his work during the war, that he said proudly, "If I ever have a son, I'm going to give him this." When Bill was married I am sure his one desire was to get together enough money, retire from the screen, settle down in a little house by the side of the road and raise a raft of children. That things turned out otherwise is a great misfortune, as I am sure no kid could have a better father than Bill Hart, nor no wife a better husband.

PICTURE PESTS

By Vivien Chandler

WILLIE SHRIMP asked Hortense Brady, A most up-to-date young lady,
Out to have what *he* supposed, a lovely time.

She prefers cafes and dancing,
So her language was entrancing,
When he tried to entertain her for a dinee.

* * *

"Well, Willie, I hope you're satisfied now you've got me here . . . Oh how it smells! . . . Just like the lion house, in Lincoln Park! . . . Lets move! . . . I can't sit here!—The man next to me has been eating onions. . . Come on! (She wedges her way across to aisle "Look out for your feet, Willie! . . . That woman *tried* to trip me! . . . Here are two seats (sits down) Good Lord! (jumps up hastily) . . . "Well why did you *park* your baby there, if you didn't want it sat on? . . . I couldn't see it in the dark! . . . Why, Willie, I am *not* disagreeable! . . . I simply am not accustomed to such places. (watching screen) So that's Chaplin? . . . Well, I don't see anything so funny about him. . . Awfully ordinary, I think. . . My! Such clumsy feet! . . . No wonder Bebe Daniels wouldn't marry him! . . . You say it was Pola Negri? . . . Well all these screen persons are alike to me Don't laugh out loud like that! . . . You're attracting attention. . . Isn't

that organ terrible? Have you heard the new orchestra at the College Inn? . . . Harold Jones took me there last night. . . . He's going to take me to The Follies tomorrow night. . . Oh, Willie! . . . There's that man with the onions again! . . He's moved right behind us! . . . I can smell him! . . . He just breathes and breathes . . . Tell him to stop! . . . You won't? . . . Well I can't stand it! . . . I'm going out in the lobby, where I can get some air! . . . You can stay here, and sniff him all you want to!"

* * *

THE LOVERS

In the dim, dark picture palace,
Jim gets mushy. . . So does Alice.
For they haven't any place at home to spoon.
So they take some awful chances,
While they're watching screen romances,
And you wish that they were on their honeymoon.

* * *

"O-oh, Jimmy! . . Isn't it dark here? . . . Honestly I can't see a thing? . . . Is that *your* hand, Jimmy? . . . Now you stop! . . . You promised you'd be good, if I'd come out with you tonight! . . . Now stop that, or I'll go straight home! . . . Say, do you think I look like Lila Lee? . . . Well perhaps I do have more expression. . . My forehead is higher than

hers, is what makes the difference. . . . I wish I had a Spanish comb like hers. . . Why I wasn't *hinting*, Jimmy! . . . Now you behave! . . . I just know that woman saw you then! . . . Oh, Jimmy you're killing! . . . You ought to be in the movies yourself . . . Why you're perfectly scandalous! . . . If you don't stop I'll—Say, those people are getting up! . . . Let's go over there where it's *darker!*

* * *

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER

Mr. Hezekiah Crumpett
Will not purchase an ear-trumpet,
And his wife will not wear glasses . . .
(She's too proud.)
Though he's deaf, and she's near-sighted,
With the movies they're delighted,
For their daughter reads the titles all aloud.

* * *

"Ma, do you suppose this is near enough for Pa to hear the music (shouting)—
"PA!—CAN YOU HEAR THE MUSIC?
. . . ALL RIGHT. . . ARE YOU COMFORTABLE?" (to mother) "He says he's all right." (to father) "OH, PA! . . . MA WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU LEFT THE KEY OUT, FOR THE ROOMER. . . NO! . . . NOT RHEUMATISM!

(Continued on page 95)

Upton Sinclair on Money and the Movies— from page 38.

old friend, and it wasn't his fault. He agreed to do the story just as I had written it. But after he had the scenario made, he came to me in distress, and said that *The Moneychangers* wasn't a moving picture, it was a grand opera.

I was very much impressed by that piece of criticism; I didn't know just what was the difference between a moving picture and a grand opera. But later on, when the picture was made, I saw the difference, and it isn't so complicated as it sounds. In my novel, *The Moneychangers*, the heroine commits suicide at the end; in the moving picture, as it was finally produced, the heroine marries the hero and lives happy ever afterwards. That is the difference between a grand opera and a moving picture.

My friend had a new scenario made for *The Moneychangers*. I was busy with a book, and didn't bother about it—until one day I went to see the finished product. My story of how J. P. Morgan, the elder, caused the Wall Street panic of 1907 had been turned into a story of Chinatown and the dope traffic. The only thing that was left of my novel was the names of three or four characters, and the fact that the heroine worked in a settlement.

There was the usual attempt at rape, the heroine staggering about with her clothing half torn off, and her hair in disarray—the only time that the marcel wave or the Fauntleroy curls are permitted to be disturbed in the movies! Also there were several Chinamen stabbed to death with bloody knives—when I saw this picture I vowed that I would not permit it to go out under my name. But the contracts had been signed, and my name was a part thereof, and the distributors wouldn't give it up. So there I was, an inciter of race prejudice and a slanderer of Chinamen, who do not all spend their time selling dope and stabbing people, but who as a rule work eighteen hours a day making our dirty clothes clean.

Just now I am reading a very charming book, called *Bunk*. If you don't know it, hunt it up in your book store. Here is a criticism of magazines.

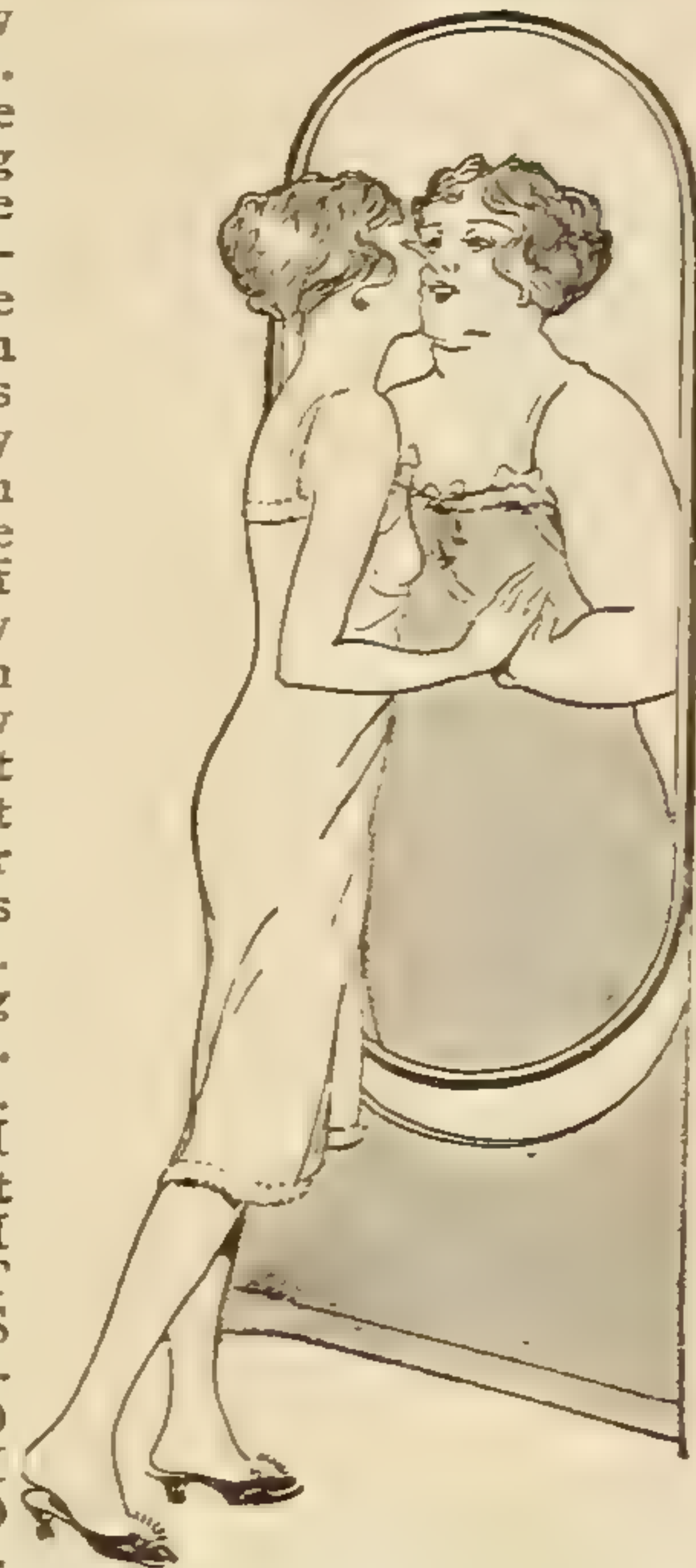
"Three-fourths of the income of the magazines come from their advertisers—consequently the advertising idea permeates the whole thing. In advertising, there are no really poor people, and no melancholy endings. Just fancy how silly an advertisement for chocolates would be if it ended: 'And so she ate them and died.' Most of the characters in advertising are either waving flags at a college football game, or inspecting the beautiful new kitchen, or listening to music, or trying on natty suits of clothes."

In other words, everybody in the magazines is spending money freely. And everybody in the movies is doing the same.

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New Screenplays in Review— from page 50.

thing and without Miss Taylor's enlivening presence it would be downright dull. But there is an elfin quality—how I dislike that expression, but what other one is there?—about the celebrated star which the camera has caught; and it is the excuse for this picture.

She is wise to make only one picture a year. I shouldn't care to see a Taylor film as regularly as a Swanson or a Compson. Our celluloid actresses must have more potent personalities than we usually credit them with. Surely no Taylor or Ethel Barrymore could stand the strain of a motion picture appearance every few weeks. To get back to *Happiness*—there's a corking contribution by Hedda Hopper, who is one of the most distinguished non-starring ladies on the silver sheet. She is never tiresome; and she is pleasant ointment for the optics. Pat O'Malley is good if you like Pat.

Hill Billy Refreshingly Different

THE HILL BILLY is a refreshing film. It brings back Jack Pickford, who has been doing little of late except posing for pictures with his lovely wife. Jack loses his well-tailored identity completely and becomes a mountain boy—proving that there's another real Pickford on the screen besides Mary. Not a startling drama, but one you'll like unless you're fed up with feuds, and even if you are you'll find that this is "different"—yes, I mean that.

Lloyd Hamilton in Poor Five Reeler

HIS DARKER SELF is unique in that it contains the most fearful collection of cunning sub-titles in film history. They are so simply awful that they are almost worth going to read—almost. Lloyd Hamilton may have believed, when he left his comfortable two-reel comedies for a flyer into the five-reel class, that he was advancing. Mr. Hamilton is far too good a comedian for this sort of five-reeler. He has little or no opportunity to display his very definite comic talents. The result is the most dismal "comedy" in years. It concerns itself with chocolate-colored bootleggers. This was the vehicle selected for Al Jolson's screen debut. Now I know why Al went to Europe instead.

I don't mean to imply that Lloyd Hamilton couldn't be funny for five reels. He has as much legitimate business in longer films as Buster Keaton. His small cap and large feet are the least of his resources. Given a chance, Hamilton could step into the ranks reserved for the real comedians of the reels. And I just said that those puns were the worst I'd ever read!

Clyde Cook is doing pretty well these days. In *The Misfit* he displays a real flair for farce. Now that he has returned to the stage in Ziegfeld's Follies I sup-

pose the films will begin to appreciate him.

Singer Jim McKee is chiefly notable for a thrilling spill which Bill Hart and his horse take off a cliff. The star was worried for fear people would think his steed had suffered in the fall so he immediately had a strip of film made to show that Paint was alive and trotting. Phyllis Haver is in it, having made a quick change from her crinolines to a divided skirt, with equally pleasing results.

Second Thoughts on America

SINCE the opening night of the D. W. Griffith photoplay, *America*, the director has stood his story on its head, amputated parts of it and grafted on new scenes and incidents until it is an entirely different drama.

The second part of *America*, as it was shown at the premier, lacked life. Screenland's May reviews called this to your attention. Now Griffith has made over his picture until as it stands today, it is a great and splendid thing—stirring and sweeping from start to finish. He has introduced Lafayette; he has taken out the orgy; he has builded his second act around the attack and the rescue of Fort Sacrifice. Therefore, the criticisms which you read in the last issue have been borne out and when you view *America* you will see one of the most masterful screen plays ever produced. It is now as mighty as *The Birth of a Nation*—the only worthy successor to that picture which made film history.

Some Poor Ones

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER receives the celluloid ribbon as the month's—no, year's—Camembert. It is too frightful to be funny. The photography in spots is so bad that the action is almost indistinguishable from the scenery; but unfortunately many of the scenes are all too clear. Henry Hull certainly selects peculiar vehicles for his film appearances. He made his debut in *One Exciting Night*; and now—but maybe he never goes to see his own pictures. If he sees this one I am afraid he will retire.

The best thing about Sennett's *The Halfback of Notre Dame* is the title. Why didn't Maestro Mack make a real comedy with Ben Turpin in the title role? This is just a weird jumble of scenes which look suspiciously like leftovers.

Daughters of Today is another one of those things mortifying the American girl. It tries awfully hard to show that the younger generation is going to the d-v-i-l; but it isn't particularly convincing because the boys and girls seem to be having such a good time going there. They don't begin to reform until almost the end of the picture; so if you go in for indictments of flaming youth you may have a good time.

DRESSING THE USHERS

By Stanley Raub

The producer started yelling: "More atmosphere," and they took it out on the ushers. The poor kids have to be down an hour or so earlier now to be garbed out from head to foot as something or other, which will flavor the picture. Only the other day I dropped in to see the "Ten Commandments" and found them all dressed up apropos. You could have sworn you were right up on Mount Sinai. One little Ten Commandment was short with black hair and blue eyes, another tall and lean with a blonde frizzled variety, but all naughty little Ten Commandments they were, with searchlights too. However, they almost fooled me. On first entering I thought the house was showing Robinhood and they the robins. Perhaps Hebrew letters should have been cut out and pasted on but after all only a few of them needed that.

I will never forget what happened up at the Cosmopolitan, when I went to see "Little Old New York." Not being acclimated to this additional atmosphere I suddenly noticed one of the Little Old New York ushers standing near me. Nudging my partner I said: "John, look at that poor Swedish girl just over from the old country and all alone. Maybe we can help her." So up we go in charitable fashion and approach the maid, saying in the best of Swedish: "May I help you?" Imagine our dilemma when the girl replied that "youse guys will have to speak English." At least they could have dressed the girls as the Woolworth Building or Mayor Hylan—or something at least half way suggestive.

And then there was the Hunchback. The girls had seen the picture so much it seemed they were becoming a bit round-shouldered. Here they were all frolicking around all dressed up as a Midsummer Night's Dream, "All ready for Webster Hall" I heard one party remark.

Picture Pests— from page 92.

... ROOMER!" (to mother) "He says his rheumatism's better. . . I'll find out later about the key." (reading from screen) "IN THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE, WHEN MEN HAD NEED OF COURAGE, AND WOMEN OF PATIENCE." " . . . Oh, it's one of those old Western things again! . . . Not a decent dress it it! . . . We must have got our dates mixed. . . (to father) "NO, PA, THAT AIN'T GLORIA SWANSON! . . . SHE DON'T COME TILL SATURDAY! . . . THAT'S THE MINER'S POOR OLD MOTHER!" (To mother) "I can't make him understand. . . I think he's gettin' deefier. (Yelling to father) "I SAY THAT AIN'T GLORIA SWANSON!" (to mother) "Oh, well, what's the difference? . . . Let him think so. . . See, the bandits are goin' to kidnap that baby! . . . Cunnin', ain't it? (reading) "TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS, CLAUDE RE-VISITS THE

Then there was "Rosita"—ah, there was a picture; I mean the ushers of course. All togged out for gym class. How could one keep one's mind on Rosita when legs were bold?

Exhibitors, please take notice. Here are some suggestions for dressing your ushers for the picture:

The Thief of Bagdad—Ushers should wear purple tunics with yellow straw hats and carry diplomas tied with blue ribbon. They are representing peanut venders of Bagdad, only don't tell anybody.

The Mailmen—Ushers should be dressed as firemen or ambulance drivers and wear large pink D. S. C. (Dept. of Street Cleaning) across the diaphragm. They should carry a tennis racket in one hand and a swiss cheese sandwich in the other.

Twenty-one—Half of the ushers should be dressed up as threes and the rest of them as eighteens. They should always walk in pairs as 3 plus 18 equals 21.

Broadway After Dark—Ushers should wear light blue pajamas trimmed in gold braid of Victorian period. They should also carry a basket of eggs significant of the Rubes on "Broadway After Dark." When seating guests they will place an egg on each seat without detection, thus causing much merriment.

Lillies of the Field—Ushers should wear lavender polo caps with green tights, thus representing geraniums in full bloom. Shoes should be covered with mud as significant of field.

The Goldfish—Ushers should wear magenta overalls with bodice of light yellow tulle (can be secured from any tool chest) and dunce caps of bright opal. They are dressed as artichokes which is the favorite flower of the gold fish.

His Darker Self—Ushers should wear any minstrel paraphernalia attainable and while escorting patrons to seats should tell the one about "who was that lady I seen you with."

SCENES OF HIS CHILDHOOD." (to mother) "Ain't it pathetic?—He don't know his own mother. (To father) "PA! MA SAYS SHE THINKS IT'S STRANGE THE CHILD SHOULD HAVE TURNED OUT JEWISH. . . HE WAS A SWEDE, WHEN HE WAS A BABY!" . . . (To mother) "Pa says they all get that way in the movies. . . But I never saw a Jewish cowboy before, did you? . . . (To father) "OH, PA! MA WANTS HER TROCHES! . . . THEY'RE IN YOUR PANTS POCKET! IN YOUR PANTS! . . . P-A-N-T-S!" . . . Not Turkish Trophies; Bronchial Troches! Cough drops! . . . NO! . . . (to mother) Here they are, Ma. . . I'll take one too. . . I'll need it, if I've got to keep on yellin' like this. Why wont Pa buy an ear-trumpet? (to father) "OH, PA! . . . HUNT FOR YOUR KJUBBERS! . . . IT'S TIME TO GO HOME!"



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Q New Noses for Ola—from page 53.

Fannie's "Experiment"

BUT Fannie got tired of being picked on. She overlooked entirely the fact that her "beak," as Fannie herself calls it, now that it is remodeled, got her more laughs than Wesley Barry's freckles. And if a comedienne doesn't want laughs, what does she want? But before she was a comedienne, Fannie Brice was a woman. And what woman, I ask you, wants her beauty spoiled by a nose that just rambled on down her face, as if it didn't know when to stop? So Fannie went ahead—paraphrasing the old proverb—and cut off her nose to spite her race.

Now the doctor who fixed up Fannie's nose is in Dutch with the American College of Plastic Surgeons, which has filed charges against him with the Illinois Department of Registration. Just what Dr. Henry Schireson did is not made clear, but Fannie sticks up for him. She says he made her what she is today, and she for one is satisfied. Maybe Flo Ziegfeld wasn't so stuck on the job which turned his best fun-maker into just another pretty girl; but anyway Fannie's nose is bobbed and that's all there is to it.

Mrs. Tom Mix Follows Suit

VICTORIA FORD, who has been Mrs. Tom Mix for quite a long spell now, objected to the aquiline cast of her most prominent feature, and submitted to the surgeon's knife, to the eminent satisfaction of herself and husband. The press story does not go on to say that little Thomasina Mix failed to recognize her mamma with the new nose, but Fannie's tale-bearer to the metropolitan press didn't neglect that angle. It made quite a pathetic story—Fannie coming home all happy over being beautiful, and her small son or daughter, as the case may be, howling for mamma, and refusing to be pacified by the bobbed-nosed Mrs. Nicky Arnstein. P. S.—Nicky is said to have disapproved.

Mrs. Syd Chaplin's Unfortunate Case

NOT so successful, however, was the remodeled nose which Mrs. Sydney Chaplin, wife of the comedian and sister-in-law of Charlie Chaplin, is now mourning over. Mrs. Chaplin has consulted an attorney about bringing suit against the surgeon who performed the operation on her nose. She is reported to be asking a large amount for the asserted damage and suffering caused her. Ordinarily such an operation as Mrs. Chaplin underwent can be performed at one sitting and the only resultant discomfort is a slightly swollen and sore nose, which gradually becomes normal. But Mrs. Chaplin's nose, she says, is far from nor-

mal. What was to have been a line of pure beauty has proved to be marred by a sharp dip at the end. There are also indentations and puckers where firm flesh ought to be, Mrs. Chaplin says. She is going to another plastic surgeon, who promises her to be able to cure the infected organ and to remodel it along the lines she had hoped for. The new doctor says he will have to take cartilage from behind the ear and use it to fill out the nose.

Lucille Carlisle's Recovery Slow But Successful

LUCILLE CARLISLE also had a rather unfortunate experience in trying to remedy a slip of the Potter. Or, rather, a slip from her high chair when she was a baby, which caused her nose to be slightly crooked. Now, we had always thought Lucille's nose quite a work of Nature, even though it was a trifle large. But Lucille was not contented to see Helen Ferguson and Victoria Ford and Fannie Brice get rid of their nasal grouches, while she could see that her nose was not quite straight. So she went to a plastic surgeon and had the offending piece of cartilage straightened and bolstered up so it would stay in place, and all would have been well, except that an infection set in which caused Miss Carlisle to be confined to her home for several long weeks, while work was impossible. Now, however, the storm clouds are blowing over, for the infection has been conquered and only a narrow strip of adhesive stands between Miss Carlisle's now perfect nose and a promising future on the screen.

For the last few years women have been having their faces lifted, thereby deftly removing all traces of age. Tiny half-moon scars hidden under the hair are the only tell-tale marks. Sometimes this method of rejuvenation, when the subject is not old, really, but haggard from ill health or worry, has worked wonders. We are reminded of a very splendid actress, whose day was thought to be over because she had allowed her beauty to fade before its time. A sick heart does not make for a smooth face, you know. Then she married the man she had loved for years, and he helped her to get back into pictures. He has even directed her himself—he is one of our most famous directors. Her fans noticed immediately that she was different. Not only was her beautiful golden hair bobbed and endowed with new life, but her thin, lined face was suddenly youthful and rounder. Even her very good nose seemed to be a little more perfect. Her sudden popularity has caused great rejoicing in the film colony.

Fanny Ward's Rejuvenation

FANNY WARD has been enviously accused by her less beautiful sisters of having done all sorts of things to effect her complete and marvelous rejuvenation. She is variously said to have benefited by the wonderful Roentgen ray treatment, expounded so cleverly in *Black Oxen*; to have had her face lifted; to have discovered the Fountain of Youth; to have used a beauty clay, and to have changed faces with some beautiful young girl on St. Catherine's Day. Be that as it may, Fanny Ward has actually done it. All photographs, even those hideous ones usually taken by the news reel companies, reveal her as amazingly pretty and youthful.

I never felt quite so enthusiastic over Edna Mason Hopper, though her experience with plastic surgery seems nothing short of miraculous. She looks not so much young as well starched and ironed. And yet her face does not lack animation, vivacity. I suppose it is the fact that she is really sixty-two years old, and that all the rejuvenating was done on the surface and not from within the body, as in *Black Oxen*, that she seems more like a violent contradiction of nature than like the flapper which she calls herself. Her hands betray her, even while her face belies the sixty-two years.

Edna Mason Hopper's Complete Remodeling

WHEN Edna Mason Hooper went through the beauty mill, she gave the scientists *carte blanche*. She told them not to stick at a little job like remodeling her nose. If her upper lip would look better a little shorter, why go to it, doc, and hang the expense. Edna wanted the job done up brown. She didn't want to come out from under the ether and find that they had neglected anything, even a little thing like a wrinkle on the neck or a flaccid dimple which needed a new puckering string. And Edna liked the results so well that she took the film which had been made during the beautifying process and showed it all over the country, along with herself.

All we ask of this new craze for sculpture—using human flesh instead of clay—is that it doesn't get too far. Especially this nose-bobbing business.

What if Norma Talmadge should cut her nose by the Irish pattern? Who would believe in the depth of her suffering through seven reels if her tears caught on the turned-up end of pug nose?

And what if Gloria Swanson should have her nose built up on the bridge and shortened at the end?

And ah, perish the thought of a bobbed-nosed Nita Naldi!

JIM TULLY will be with us again next month. Readers who enjoyed his story on Elinor Glyn in the April issue will be pleased to know that Mr. Tully will write henceforth every month *exclusively* for this magazine. Beginning in the July SCREENLAND. Ready June first.

Cupid as a Press Agent— from page 59.

Chaplin a Stubborn Client for Cupid

OF all Cupid's clients, Charlie Chaplin is the most stubborn. He just won't live up to Cupid's plans for him. And Cupid has trotted out the cream of the picture world, as well as of the legitimate stage and society, for Charlie to choose from. Cupid has conscientiously press-agented Chaplin as being engaged to May Collins, Edna Purviance, Eleanor Boardman, Claire Windsor, and, most important among the many others, Pola Negri. But the rumors serve their day as rumors only and then die out. Only once since his fatal first wedding, has Chaplin admitted an intention to marry again. Maybe Cupid's insistence on something coming of all his hard work for Chaplin and Miss Negri had something to do with Charlie's reluctant admission, when cornered by a squad of reporters on the golf links of a famous southern California country club. There are those who are sure that Chaplin never intends to slip his head into the noose again, but it is equally certain that he will go on entertaining visits from his press-agent friend, Dan Cupid. Why not? We love to read about Chaplin's amorous adventures; we are all sentimental, at heart. And it does help the struggling young actresses for Charlie to allow his name to be linked with theirs in an artist's layout in which the heart motif dominates.

Charlie Sponsors Pola

WHETHER Chaplin ever had any intention of marrying Pola Negri or not, his decided interest in her and his announced engagement later, together with the long arguments pro and con as to whether they would or would not marry, which the press loved to carry on, and even the announcement of the breaking of the engagement, served Pola Negri extraordinarily well as publicity. It installed her in the hearts of the public, where before she had been a Polish interloper. If our Charlie liked the gal, there must be something in her. If he wanted to marry her, she'd then become an American citizen and all would be well, patriotically speaking. Pola did not net much other publicity, nor did she need any other press agent while Cupid was on the job.

Speaking of Chaplin's many loves reminds us that Claire Windsor is one of Cupid's best clients. Claire Windsor is the "womanly woman" of the screen. There are only one or two others of the type, Irene Rich and Florence Vidor, notably. Womanly women have to be so careful of the kind of publicity they get. If unmarried, Cupid is their safest bet. Claire has been married, but since her entry into the films has been free, but, according to her press agent, Cupid, never quite heart-whole. Whenever the popular and beautiful Claire Windsor is seen at the Coconut Grove more than twice with the same man, Cupid gets an item into the paper, discreetly hinting that Claire is engaged—again.

After Cupid had squeezed all the heart-

interest possible out of her reported engagement to Chaplin, he got busy on another tack. Soon it was confidently reported that Claire was to marry that fascinating tenor, John Steele. We remember that one press item boldly stated that Claire returned from a trip to New York, wearing a solitaire which Mr. Steele had given her. But so far, Claire is still a client of Cupid's.

Compson Keeps Cupid Busy

BETTY COMPSON gives Dan scarcely a free moment. If the small press agent's word can be believed, beautiful Betty will be safely married and out of Cupid's hands by the time this is printed. For Cupid assures the world that Betty is to marry Jimmy Cruze, the man who made "The Covered Wagon." But we remember the times we almost bought a wedding present to give to the future Mrs. George Loane Tucker, and to the prospective Mrs. Walter Morosco. But death cut short the first romance and Betty herself severed the ties which bound her to young Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco, famous producer of legitimate dramas. And now Corinne Griffith, with whom Cupid had little to do as long as she remained Mrs. Webster Campbell, is married to Walter Morosco, and Cupid is probably suffering from a nose out of joint, for the inconsiderate couple didn't give him a chance to press agent their dawning interest in each other, their rumored engagement, their coy denial, their reluctant announcement and their wedding plans. This ignoring of a faithful press agent is a discourteous and dangerous thing. Cupid may get even with them yet.

When Gene Sarazen, golf champion, went to Hollywood to play around the motion picture studios and to get his pictures taken with the leading film luminaries, Dan Cupid snatched up a new quiver of arrows and preceded him by the length of a wing.

One of the first results of Cupid's violent interest in the young golf champ's heart was the reported engagement of Sarazen to Miss Derelys Perdue, slated to become a star with F. B. O. No one knows exactly why Miss Perdue's starring career has been allowed to die aborning. But while it was in its incipient stage and the pretty brunette was making "Daytime Wives," Cupid gave her a boost by broadcasting the pleasant rumor of her engagement. Mr. Sarazen consented to have his pictures taken with the pretty Derelys and did not deny his infatuation. Nor did he deny that he felt a strong heart throb when he gazed into the big brown eyes of Clara Horton, opposite whom he played in a picture.

A Flutter for Pauline Garon

BUT it was Pauline Garon on whom Cupid at last settled definitely. For wasn't Gene to be seen with her everywhere? But, of course, seasoned movie people like Pauline and Gene knew what was owing to their grand little press agent,

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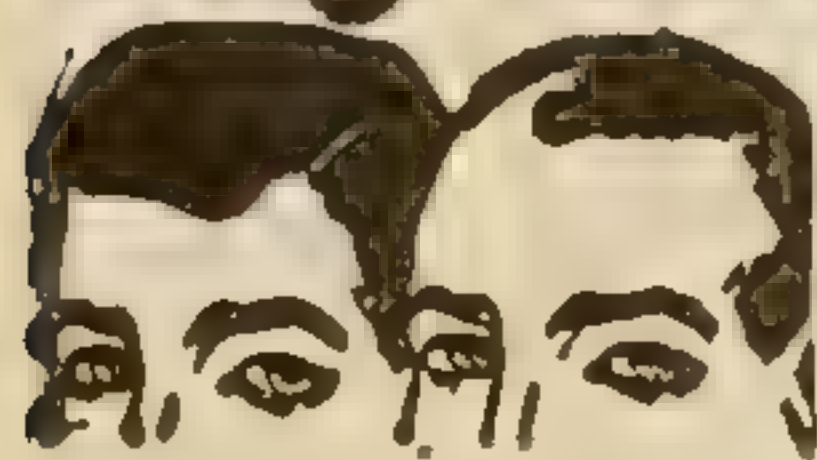
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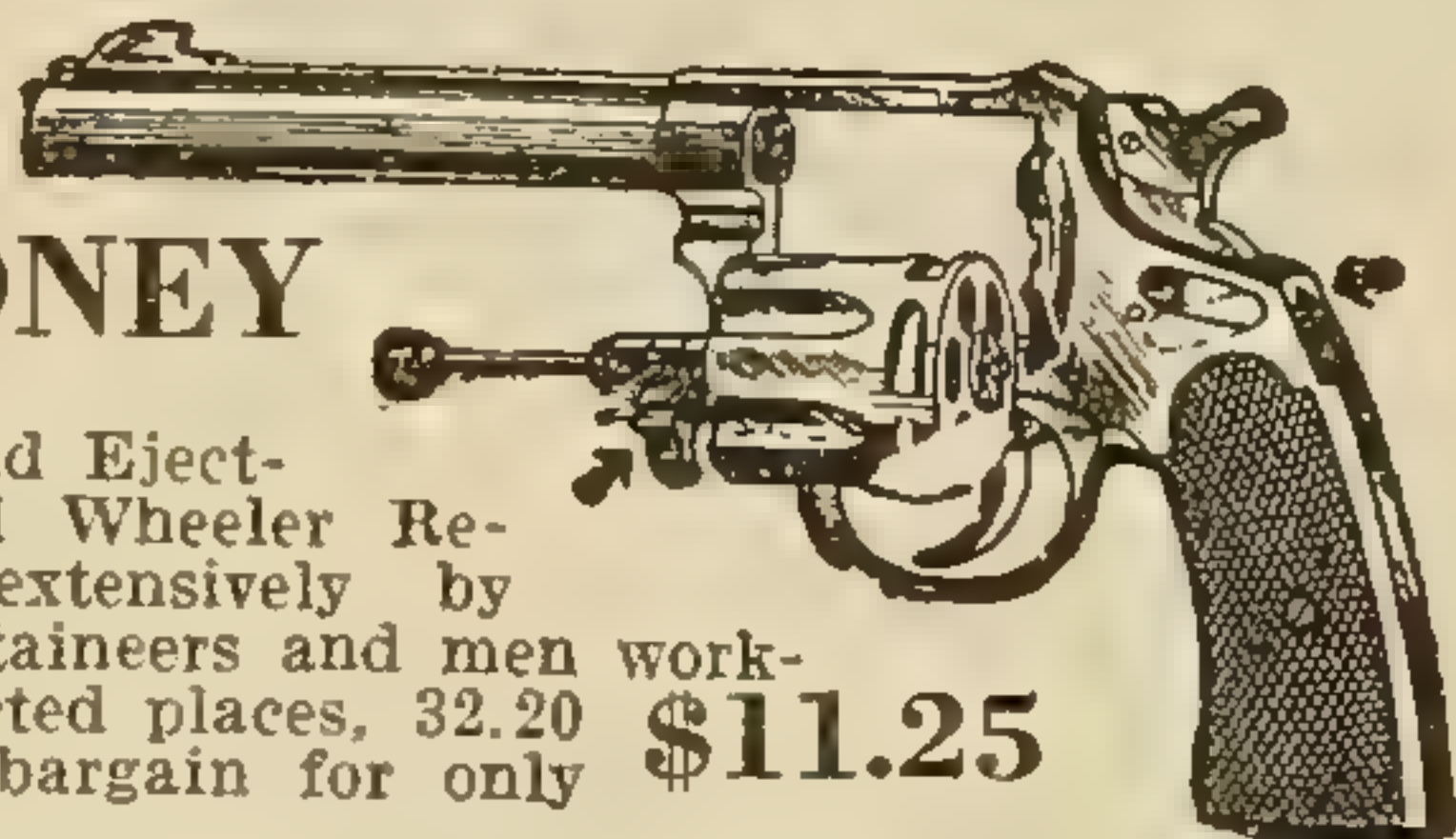


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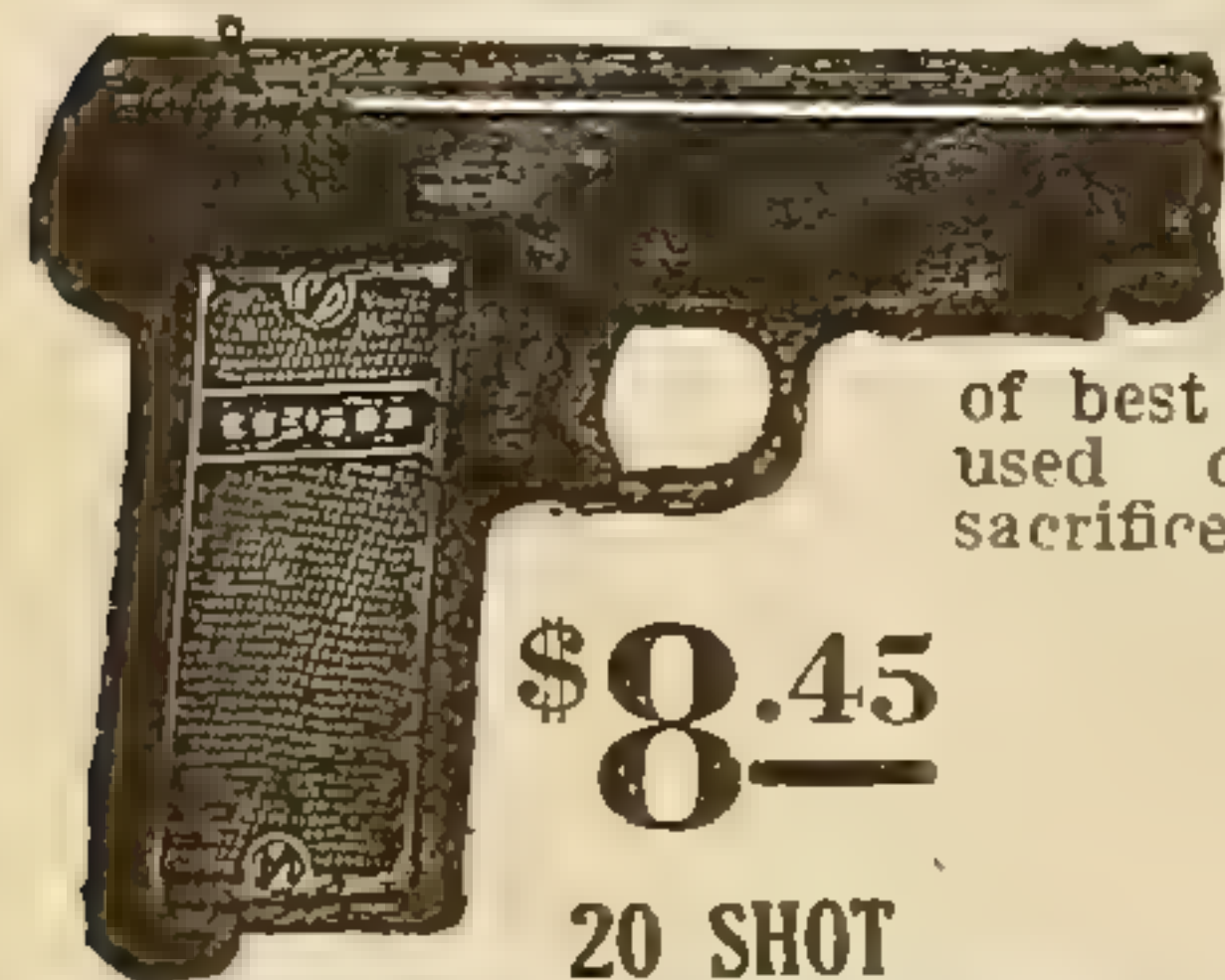
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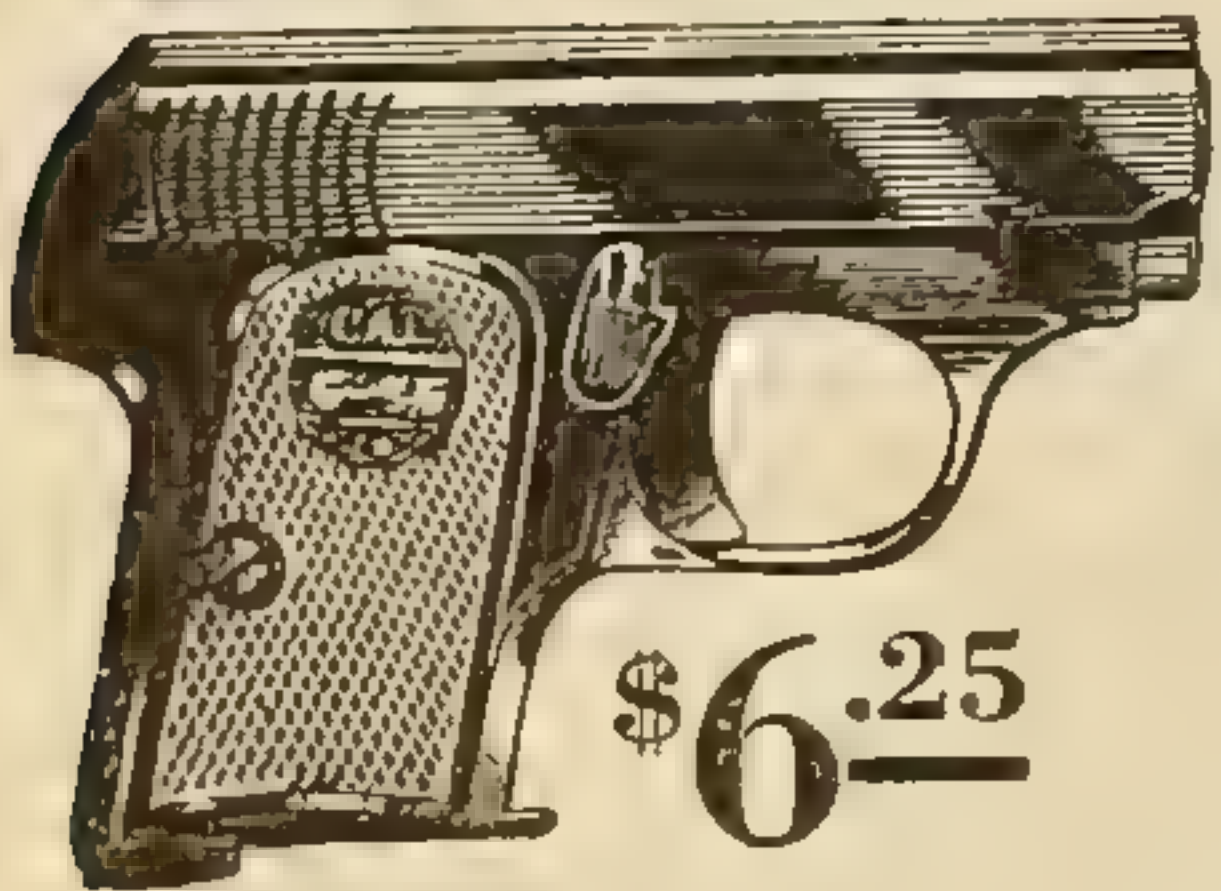
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Cupid. When anyone asked Gene about the rumors he would mumble something like, "Thanks for the compliment, old top, but you'd better ask Pauline." And when old top asked Pauline, she'd blush and dimple—and she can do them both mighty well—and refuse to be quoted for publication. But their press agent, Cupid, kept the papers supplied with interesting items.

Cupid, however, managed to bring things to a crisis, in spite of his hard work. Sarazen left the Kleigs flat and went to Florida, where society beckoned imperiously. Sarazen is a great social favorite, you know. And there he met a little girl whom he had known for one romantic day when he was a basketball champion and she a winner of a Mary Pickford beauty contest, or something like that. Now, Sarazen is engaged to Miss Mary Peck, who is said to be an almost exact double of Pauline Garon. Cupid now would have us believe that, in Hollywood, Pauline was only pinch-hitting for Mary.

Lillian Gish has been a sore trial to Cupid until recently. The sad-eyed little tragedienne persisted in living a cloistered life. But suddenly there has broken out in all the papers, rumors of her engagement to two different men and denials and confirmations, and all the regular press routine. Cupid is at last working on the Gish case.

A Faux Pas

His first step, however, was a *faux pas*. He had Lillian engaged to Mr. Charles H. Duell, Lillian's boss, head of the Inspirational Film Corporation, who happened to be married at the time. Then came report of Mrs. Duell's divorce, which she at first denied as absurd. Then came confirmation of the divorce. Then came Mr. Duell's denial of his engagement to Miss Gish, along with Miss Gish's denial. The report persisted, however, until there came a startling new rumor that Lillian was engaged to marry Pierro Frois, an officer on the ship which carried Miss Gish and her company to Italy to film *Romola*. It is said that, although his ship has sailed from Italy for America, Signor Frois is still in Italy—in Florence, to be exact, paying court to Miss Gish. Miss Gish cables her denial. And Dan Cupid has an awfully good time.

The picture world, especially in Hollywood, where film players live practically a colony life, seeing only each other, there are boundless opportunities for falling in love. Perhaps the lack of conventionality which obtains in any colony, where everybody knows everybody else, makes it easy to fall in love and out of love; into marriage and out of marriage. Those who are going through a chronic state of heart troubles and joys on the screen are apt to have a romantic hang-over in their private lives. At any rate, Cupid has to be eternally vigilant to keep up with all the love affairs which ripen as quickly as California oranges, and as quickly drop from the tree of romance to the sordid ground of divorce.

Undoubtedly Cupid hates a placidly married state of being. There is nothing for him to write about, when a screen

star is happily married or press-agented as happily married to his wife. The Charles Rays and Conrad Nagels, for instance, are a personal affront to Cupid. But he doesn't seem to be able to do anything about it.

A bachelor in the film colony is simply nuts to Cupid. He'd rather write a palpitating item about J. Warren Kerrigan at last succumbing to his darts than to dine on ambrosia and nectar with the other gods. Dan had quite a lot of fun prophesying the marriage of Lois Wilson and Jack Kerrigan, when the two were working together in *The Covered Wagon*. But, unfortunately for Cupid's schemes, Lois didn't feel about him off the lot as she did in the picture.

Lois a Difficult Subject

LOIS WILSON is terribly hard material for Cupid to work with. She's such a nice, frank-spoken girl that she won't be coy about her heart affairs. If she isn't going to marry a man, she says so flatly and that's that. The latest effort on Cupid's part is to get her married to Richard Dix, who plays with Lois in *Icebound*. We're willing to forecast that when Lois does get married, she'll stay married. So if Cupid wants to keep her as a regular client, he'd better not force issues.

Two of Cupid's favorite bachelors proved rank deserters of picture maidens. For Elliott Dexter married Mrs. Nina Untermeyer and Antonio Moreno married Mrs. Daisy Danziger—both of the brides being society women. And Cupid had tried so hard to marry these favorite leading men to screen heroines, thus killing two birds with one stone—that is, getting publicity for both bride and groom.

CUPID hasn't given Jack Dempsey up, even though he has apparently decided to let the films wobble along without him forevermore. But when Jack was in pictures, little Dan made the most of his opportunities. He had the stalwart Jack engaged to luscious Bebe Daniels, which rumor brought in its train the usual half-hearted and coy denials. But Bebe is still unwed, and Cupid is getting disgusted with her.

Cupid turned flip-flops of delight, thereby losing two or three perfectly good arrows out of his quiver, when he arranged the match between Winifred Westover and Bill Hart. And when the affair terminated so sadly, Cupid didn't give up hope. He did his darndest to bring the stubborn Bill back to the hopefully waiting Winifred, but it was all in vain. Bill was through, and that was all there was to it. But now the hardest working press agent in the business is lifting his drooping wings with delight, for Hart is exhibiting a poignant interest in Mary Garden, whom he has known for years. Bill says fine complimentary things about the prima donna, and Miss Garden counters by getting coy on why she stayed in Los Angeles instead of going to San Francisco to sing. And Cupid reports it happily, hoping that his interest in Hart all these years will be

justified. But there is a little matter of a divorce between Hart and Winifred Westover to be attended to, and Mrs. Hart says she won't get a divorce. At the same time, she desires to return to the screen, using the name of Mrs. William S. Hart and Bill has a separation allowance contract with her that prevents just that. Maybe they'll compromise.

How Cupid Works

SOMETIMES Cupid gets desperate for news. There is a cute little ingenue who can't get a bit of desirable publicity unless she does get engaged or rumored to be engaged. She simply acts in pictures, that's all, and sometimes the reviewers mention her, and sometimes they don't. The publicity staff of the company she works for rather overlooks her. Sometimes they think of her and then they get her to start a new style in hairdressing or to wear a handkerchief tied around

her ankle, or something equally exciting, which the papers nearly always refuse to print. And Cupid gets sorry for the little thing. He sees her eating in a studio cafeteria. And he sees a good-looking screen star of the male persuasion, take the empty seat at her table. The screen star doesn't know the little ingenue, but he doesn't hesitate to ask her to pass the salt. Cupid chortles with glee. He rushes out to catch the afternoon editions with a rumor of their engagement, tender looks across the table, hands touching as they make a pretense to pass the salt, etc., etc. Then follows a vigorous denial by the male star, who is grateful for the publicity; a timid, blushing denial by the little ingenue, who adds that the reporters must ask Mr. Screen Star if they really want to know. Their pictures are printed, their names banded from paper to paper across the United States; we, fans, get our love of romance satisfied, Cupid is happy, and there is no harm done.

Q The Duke of Hollywood— from page 57.

play, *The Man Higher Up*, for a six weeks' engagement between films at the Orpheum. In San Francisco, his old home town, his old school-fellows (old men now), mustered in a body to do him honor.

Men from all walks of life, men whose fortunes had gone up or down, united only in the one bond of love for Theodore. And they applauded wildly, shouting for their hero. Theodore Roberts lost his stage presence for the first time that night. No brilliant epigrams, no dazzling, kindly humor would come. Theodore's heart was in his mouth and he was indeed stunned with happiness.

Another instance of his popularity was at the Monroe Doctrine Exposition in Los Angeles when all the stars were mustered to help fill the great 75,000 seat auditorium. A brilliant, notable gathering. And as the spotlight fell upon each star present and they rose to bow, applause greeted them. But when Roberts' turn came, it was no mere applause. That great crowd

simply rose and yelled itself hoarse with boundless enthusiasm for five minutes without pause. There wasn't a moment's doubt as to who was the most popular star there that night.

Talk to any of the little extra girls on the lot and you will find that they regard Theodore Roberts as a jolly, old, benign father. He seems to be able to hearten people with just a smile and a quip or two. He never forgets that he was a poor, struggling, ambitious, young colt once, himself. Why, this man is even benevolently fatherly to Cecil de Mille and Jesse Lasky and Will Hays and Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan and all sorts of superior people before whom the rest of us stand in awe.

And when the news came that Theodore would recover, that he was to be spared to them, the air was electric with heartfelt rejoicings. His precious title had been well earned, the Grand Old Man of the Screen.

A SONG

I made my love into a song
 And sang it low to you.
 From out my heart it echoed long
 The notes were full and true.
 I sang it low, you did not hear,
 You nor the passing crowd.
 I made the music still more clear
 And then * * * I sang it loud.
 At last you heard and stayed awhile
 But soon you turned away,
 Yet as you went I saw you smile,
 I'll sing again, some day.

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In its passage through the body mucus is secreted in various organs, causing disease. The effects or symptoms are then named variously according to location, but the source of the trouble is the same—fermentation, chiefly from butter, cheese, cream, fat, oil, salt, etc., when used beyond your capacity, or in wrong combinations.

100 Names for 1 Disease

Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of the bowels (colitis), etc.

Correct Eating Cures

Pure juice from grapefruits, without sugar, and pure tomato juice, berries, etc., when used as freely as water and combined with adequate quantities of the brain-and-nerve nourishing foods with stimulative and laxative vegetables, can prepare your blood for dissolving mucus.

Fresh fruit acids clean a stomach that is suffering from mucus or acidity. Hyperacidity, acidosis, is produced by mucus from fermenting foods, just as vinegar is made from fermenting sugar, syrups and fruits. But fresh fruit acid when correctly combined is always beneficial.

Objectionable features of catarrh are expectoration, "hawking," "running nose." In a singer or speaker, a career, a life work, is ruined by a little flocculent matter on the vocal cords producing hoarseness, forfeited engagements, missed opportunities, etc. Deafness hinders advancement in business. Noises in the head make the sufferer irritable, and irrational.

Tubercular Catarrh

A deposit of mucus in the lungs is often suppressed by medicine made from coal tar derivatives. The cough is sometimes quieted, but the mucus remains to form the seat of tuberculosis.

Why Envy the Live-Wire?

Mucus when present in large quantities prevents the nerves from assimilating their due nutriment. It is a cause of undue fatigue.

Stop using mucus-making foods and learn to take brain-and-nerve foods, etc. Build yourself into a go-getter, a live-wire, an untiring person, internally clean, who turns work into pleasure.

One pupil wrote: "No mucus, voice stronger, head clear as a bell, gained 20 pounds, and now earn four times as much."

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Q George Jean Nathan's Review of *Dramaland*—from page 69.

and misadventure that ever trim their sails to life. The tale, in simple, of the seduction of an idealistic boy of eighteen by a married and worldly woman, the play brings forth, in their persons, a twain of characters etched to perfection in the matter of the smallest detail and, further, an economy of dialogue that spells a score of shadings and meanings into its every intervening moment of silence. With the possible exception of the seduction scene in the second act of Vildrac's *Steamship Tenacity*, I know of no such episode in modern drama written with more complete finish than the scene in the initial act of this play. It is as delicately done as lace-work, and it is as thorough in form and achievement as a well-aimed rifle. Vajda is a second-rater among the Hungarians, but in this comedy he comes pretty close, at least for the hour, to the front line.

The scenes which he has written for the woman on the one hand—spoiled, selfish, sensual, smiling, pretty, desiring and desirable—and the boy on the other—young, inexperienced, dreaming and humble before the palpabilities of life that seem to him so infinitely complex and mysterious—these are uncommonly deft orchestrations of careless irony and heart-breaking tragedy; the woman laughing behind her hand in counterpoint to the boy's tears, yet within that laughter still a touch of amused comprehension and compassion. As these scenes are enacted by Miss Emily Stevens and Morgan Farley in the excellent Theatre Guild production, they reach to the heights of smooth comedy. Every word gets its proper shade of emphasis; every little movement has a meaning all its own. On the whole, for all the instances of padding periodically apparent in the manuscript, a comedy of the school of Lothar Schmidt and Misch and Korfiz Holm across the border, but a considerably better one than any of the latter has thus far written on a related theme.

IV.

The Kaufman-Connelly success, *Beggar on Horseback*, is an amusing comedy but, so far as I am concerned, not one-third so amusing as the majority of my colleagues seem to find it. I suppose that the trouble with me is that I saw the play from which it was taken—Paul Apel's *Hans Sonnenstosser's Trip to Hell*—done in Berlin back in 1912 and what seemed awfully funny to me twelve years ago doesn't seem quite so awfully funny to me today. It is true that the Drs. Kaufman and Connelly have put some original and up-to-date humor into their version, but at bottom their play isn't so much

different from the one I saw and enjoyed in the days before the war made the world unsafe for decent beer.

It seems to me that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly, both of whom are talented and diverting fellows and both of whom are not devoid of originality, are still suffering from the assiduous backslapping of their friends and boosters on the New York newspapers. When I say suffering, I mean, of course, so far as critical over-touting goes, for this backslapping certainly does not cause them any pain financially. Indeed, it makes a lot of money for them that they otherwise might conceivably not make. It is the critical goose-greasing of them that brings about the proclaiming of their adaptation of the Apel play as a tremendous artistic feat when it is actually considerably less than that. It is a good job, and they deserve credit for a good job, but they hardly deserve the rest of the ecstatic hula-hula that has been dished out to them. And since they are both intelligent men, they doubtless appreciate this as well as I do.

The story of *Beggar on Horseback* is of a young composer who thinks of marrying for money and who dreams a dream showing him what life would be like if he did. He is cured of his intention and the final curtain finds him necking a Cinderella. Roland Young is satisfactory as the hero, though Kay Johnston is possessed of somewhat too Teutonic a figure to make a convincing ingénue for an American audience. At least an American audience made up of George Jean Nathans.

V.

A dream play is very often the refuge and artful dodge of a lazy and unimaginative playwright. He knows that in a dream play he can get away with nine-tenths of the things he couldn't possibly get away with in a play that wasn't a dream play. The very facts that the leading character is dreaming the body of the play and that a dream is a wild and crazy thing, anyhow, let him off with a lot of wild and crazy things for which otherwise even a special matinée producer would boot him prettily in the panties. He can let construction, form and most of the other things that comprise dramatic technique, and that take a deal of time to learn, shift for themselves, and do very much as he blamed pleases. A dream play in the hands of a dramatic artist very often turns out to be a beautiful thing, but a dream play in the hands of an inferior craftsman just as often turns out to be an exceptionally empty omelet.

It seems strange that two such talented artists as H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine

have made a mess of their attempt at a dream play, called *The Wonderful Visit*. It is in general so amateurish an affair that, if I hadn't known who the authors were, my guess would have been that it had been concocted by a couple of bright Greenwich Village boys. The story is of a vicar who dreams that an angel has come to earth, has tried to elevate the soul of man and has found the job impossible. But, though the theme is valid enough dramatically, the esteemed authors have merely tickled it and pinched it, with the result that the evening is not much more stimulating than a bottle of pop. Margaret Mower has the role of the angel. Miss Mower may be the management's idea of an angel, but she is hardly mine. And even if she were, her performance would make me change my mind all over again.

IV.

The musical comedies that have been put on view since my last appearance in this forum contain little to make one want to sit on my hat in order to see better. *The Chiffon Girl* has Eleanor Painter and her very lovely voice, but nothing else. Its libretto is the old stuff about the poor little East Side wop who turns out in the end to be a great opera singer, beloved by kings, dukes, earls and the tenor. Every fifteen minutes or so, someone makes a Prohibition joke, and the chorus numbers have been staged by a gentleman who evidently admires the way they used to put on chorus numbers while Charlie Bigelow was still alive.

Sweet Little Devil is similarly the possessor of a libretto that needs only Will Rogers, George Ade, Stephen Leacock and a few dozen other humorists to make it humorous. The generally skillful George Gershwin, furthermore, has here fallen down with a thud in the matter of the score. Constance Binney has the leading part and does little with it. Of the Sœurs Binney, I prefer the one named Faire. I wonder why someone doesn't put her into a music show. Ziegfeld did, for a few weeks, in *Sally*, but that was some time ago. I'd like to have another look at her.

Moonlight has an amusing book, but the trouble with it is that it has already served time as a straight comedy. Its edge is thus somewhat dulled. There are a couple of affable tunes in the show. The weakness lies in the principals. They are not particularly interesting. The same is true of *Lollipop*.

VII.

Which closes the interesting lecture for today.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN—THE YOUNGEST AS WELL AS THE MOST TALKED OF CRITIC OF THE THEATRE, WRITES EVERY MONTH FOR SCREENLAND. TO READ HIM IS TO KEEP ABREAST OF ALL THAT IS BEST ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.

Q Grauman— from page 64.

the open-air stage beneath them.

It was when Sid was fifteen years old that the family moved to San Francisco and opened the first motion picture theater in the country. *The Unique* was the first name of the theater, and young Sid was the manager. He treasures today newspaper clippings heralding him as the "youngest theater manager in the country." But in spite of his youth, he was already old in knowledge of showmanship, and he held down his man-sized job so hard that the job was soon calling for help. The house put on a combined motion picture and vaudeville bill. The films, brought over from France, were not rented as films are today, but purchased outright, in lengths of fifty or sixty feet.

"Come see the watchman jump off the dock into real water and then jump back on the dock again," Sid would advertise in all the San Francisco papers, and the crowds would flock to gaze in wonder at the new-fangled pictures that actually moved.

They played seven shows a day and fifteen on Sundays at *The Unique*, and the management served meals back-stage between shows. Sid's father used to part the curtains and, pointing to his actors busily stuffing themselves at the long tables, exclaim to his son, "The reason my shows are better than my competitors' is because I feed my actors better."

That little old theater on Market Street saw the beginnings of many a famous career. Frank Bacon put on a little sketch that he called *Lightning*, and swore that some day he would be on Broadway with it. Almost a score of years intervened before his dream came true. Roscoe Arbuckle sang accompaniments to illustrated songs, earning a princely wage of \$17.50 a week. Jesse Lasky, now co-head of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, trod the boards at *The Unique* with his sister, the team earning a weekly salary of \$75, which was good money in those days. Al Jolson, too, did a song and dance act, winning as enthusiastic a hand from the audiences in the little theater as he later did on Broadway.

The Unique prospered under the Grauman management for ten years. Then their lease expired. When Sid and his father applied for a renewal of the lease, it was refused them. A rival vaudeville house had bought the building containing the theater in order to secure the lease and oust the Graumans. But they never enjoyed the fruits of their victory. The last night of their occupancy Grauman and his father hired a crew of fifty stalwart longshoremen. Arming the huskies with axes, they left the playhouse an empty shell. And when the enraged new owners tried to rebuild the theatre, they discovered that a new city ordinance forbade them to rebuild any part of the old building. They were forced to wreck the edifice and build anew, from the foundation up. And as a last misfortune, two days before the opening of the new theatre, the earthquake of 1906 left not one stone upon the other of the new building. (Continued on page 102)

Q Riesenfeld— from page 65.

bring flowers; I wish they'd leave something more substantial!"

A peal of laughter greets this. Everybody is in good humor now and ready for work. All Europe and America has heard of Riesenfeld's Classical Jazz. It's that and then some!

The score begins. "Hey! Don't you know what legato means?" Riesenfeld calls a halt to scold a rascal in the back row. "Smooth! Connected! Smooth!" The instruments are off again, rounding out the angles, perfecting themselves for the audience which has come to take perfection for granted.

Glad and gay one moment, moody as a Spring day the next, this is Riesenfeld. There was a time he didn't stand up there in the spotlight, bowing and kow-towing in his immaculate black and white evening clothes, coming out again and again, to acknowledge the applause of a house rocking with delight and clapping itself red in the face. There was a time when Riesenfeld was shabby and hungry and when there were more feet to kick him out than hands to haul him in.

Dr. Riesenfeld's climb to the altar he now occupies was not paved with velvet, by any means. Fired from the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, because he was spokesman for a raise of salary, he arrived in America with as much knowledge of the English language as a squirrel.

For seven months he headed the list in the Blue Book of Unemployed, and when he finally met a friend, who was at that time leader of the Irving Theater, and was asked: "Can you play the organ?" his response was very much to the point—and in perfect English! "I can play anything that will buy me a meal!" he declared, though he had never played the organ in his life.

And he did. For three days he went about on crutches since pumping made his legs lame. But go on with the story as he tells it himself:

"The first Saturday, that was a divine Saturday in September, 1907, when I received the munificent salary of \$18.00, the largest amount of money I had ever earned. I counted it over and over to make sure it was 18 and not 8, and 18 it was!

"Hammerstein heard of me then. I became concert master for him, but the work was so strenuous that I paralyzed my arm and was thrown into idleness for a month.

"Like a girl in love who consults the daisy petals, and pulling them out, says to herself: 'He loves me, he loves me not!' so I went about, not knowing which way my fortunes would fluctuate next, and saying to myself: 'I eat, I do not, I eat, I do not!'

"The next opportunity that presented itself was an opening with Klaw & Erlanger. I wrote *The Merry Martyr*, a musical comedy. It wasn't a success.

"Then came the conductorship at the Century Opera House—but that, too, went as it came. (Continued on page 102)

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Q Grauman— from page 101.

The Graumans, deprived of their theater, made a virtue of necessity by erecting a tent show house, and billing it to the terror-stricken populace as the ideal theater. "There's nothing to fall on you," was their slogan during the quake days. Later a permanent theater was built upon the site of the tent theater.

By this time Sid Grauman was twenty years old. He had saved \$25,000. He opened up a little theater in San Jose, California, which thrived. But his soul yearned for Broadway's bright lights, and soon he thoughtfully counted his bankroll and boarded the train for New York.

On 125th Street, across from Proctor's, he leased a theater. He booked a bill of vaudeville actors and some good films. And the day before the opening, he got his first taste of Manhattan's business methods. A rival house had booked every one of his acts away from him.

By the grace of God and a friendly booking agency, Sid booked in another bill. But no sooner had his heart resumed its normal beating than a city official entered his office, on the morning of opening day, and informed him coldly that the place was closed down.

"But why?" Sid moaned, with elaborations.

"Man, you've violated 350 city ordinances," the official said. It seemed that the wiring was all wrong, the exits were marked incorrectly, the seating arrangement was not right, and heaven alone knew what else was wrong. It was politics, of course. Two days afterward, Sid encountered an old friend of his father's, a power in city politics, and the word was passed to let the new theater open up. Sid ran the theater profitably a while and then sold out to Sullivan & Considine.

Los Angeles was his next location, and in promoting the building of Grauman's Million-Dollar Theater, at Third and Broadway paved the way to his triumphant career as the West's greatest showman. With the Third Street house running nicely, he started work on the Rialto on upper Broadway, and followed that up with the magnificent Grauman's Metropolitan Theater. He held a half interest in all of these theaters, the other half of the stock being retained by Famous

Q Riesenfeld — from page 101.

"Last thing of all things, the Rialto Theater opened up, at that time under the direction of Rothapfel, who is now managing the Capitol. He chose in my favor, and I thought surely, that here, now, from this time on, easy sailing was before me. I've found instead, that my troubles had just begun!"

He has picked up the baton, there is a crash of music, and the empty theater resounds from cellar to ceiling. Melodies rise and fall, coaxing all the sleepy people to get up out of their warm beds and rush back into their seats to listen.

Soon the rehearsal is over. The musicians bundle up their instruments into odd shapes which resemble bottles of port and German sausages and what not. One by one the men file out through the

Players-Lasky. Recently he sold his stock in these three houses and concentrated his interests in his unique Egyptian theater in Hollywood. This theater is one of the most luxurious houses in the country and is probably the most unusual. As the name implies, it is Egyptian in architecture, fronted by a court with playing fountains. Across the battlements pace two young Arabs, muskets on shoulders, silhouetted against the sky. Only de luxe presentations are shown here. In the year and a half of its existence, only three pictures have been presented at the Egyptian: *Robin Hood*, *The Covered Wagon*, and *The Ten Commandments*. Something of the success of the theater may be surmised from the fact that Sid Grauman paid \$200,000 in rentals for *The Covered Wagon* and a quarter of a million has been paid already for *The Ten Commandments*, with the end of the run not yet in sight.

Grauman is the new type of exhibitor, who tampers with the films *before* they are made, instead of afterwards. It was Grauman who suggested the story for Jackie Coogan's *My Boy*. Hollywood producers, who are in the closest touch with Grauman, call him in to ask his advice, recognizing his almost uncanny knowledge of the public taste. Many of his personal experiences in Alaska are now being incorporated in Charlie Chaplin's new Alaskan comedy.

Sid Grauman has the greatest faith in the prologue, and has demonstrated his faith for years. Those who think the prologue a comparatively recent thing, perhaps do not know that Grauman invented it as atmosphere for his presentation of *The Great Train Robbery*, years ago. Probably the most beautiful prologue that Sid Grauman or any other exhibitor has ever staged is the culminating scene of the tableaux that precede the showing of *The Ten Commandments* at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. The beauty of the tableau of the Last Supper, taken from the famous painting, draws tears to the eyes of the audiences. It is such features that bring people hundreds of miles to view pictures presented by Grauman and that have won for him the title of "the Born Showman."

alley, with its hand-painted brick simulating a summer garden. Daly, the doorman has imagination. On hot days, he loves to busy himself with the hose, sprinkling the painted vines and fancying that he is helping them grow.

A clock strikes one. Riesenfeld has still to close the gate behind him. There is a roll of music under his elbow. Work to take home. He looks up and down the street, with its yawning stay-outs scuttling home to their beds, and its hoarse newsboys crying out some new murder with happy abandon, and its pale yellow cabs cruising about on the lookout for customers.

Overhead the electric signs light up a pathway as bright as day. Riesenfeld steps into it and is lost to Broadway.

Hollywood's Melting Pot— from page 71.

guff. The producers like it fine; the New York exhibitors think it is "hot stuff"—for New York, and yet every audience goes away praising it as a "work apart;" but damning it as an "audience picture" in the same breath.

The Warners refuse to be terrified. They like their "foreign invasion" because of the immense publicity attached, and undoubtedly because of their belief in the artistry of Mr. Lubitsch, and are again allowing him carte blanche in choosing and making his next picture. He has decided upon that immortal French tragedy, "Manon Lescaut." It is safe to predict that will not be an "audience picture" either.

Seastrom No Longer "Foreigner"

VICTOR SEASTROM was widely heralded as one of the chief menaces in the foreign horde. Eagerly and fearfully the foreign-shy Hollywoodites awaited his first film for Goldwyn. It is "Name the Man," from Sir Hall Caine's "The Master of Man."

Mr. Seastrom had produced the best of the Swedish pictures, which had not made much of a ripple over here, but which had seriously endangered American supremacy in the film world of Sweden. It was cheaper to hire him to make American pictures than to fight him as a Swedish director in Sweden.

Possibly there was some deep-laid plot against Mr. Seastrom's prosperity in this land of the free, for the choice of story was absurd, and the editorial direction of June Mathis certainly went wide of the mark. It is neither a sophisticated foreign triumph, as Lubitsch might have made or von Stroheim, nor is it unalloyed American-brand hokum. It is a queer blend of all the things that can be wrong with pictures, and yet it is not wholly a flop. There are moments—oh, most decidedly. You can imagine that Mr. Seastrom forgot all his American teaching and his little book of Studio Don'ts, and soared every once in a while. But it is not the kind of a "foreign" picture to frighten Hollywood actors with.

The king-pin of the foreigners—directors, we mean—was Erich von Stroheim. When he made "The Devil's Passkey" and "Blind Husbands," American directors shook in their boots. Some planned to spend a year in Austria, learning foreign ways.

Then, without supervision, even of the exchequer, Mr. von Stroheim was turned loose at Universal to make "Foolish Wives." Mr. Carl Laemmle is still nervous at the mere mention of the name, for it was the most expensive flop in pictures. Mr. Laemmle had visions of the bread line, with himself at the end of it, so he made a quick sleight of hand

motion. The result was that some of value was retained in "The Merry-Go-Round" before he had completely bankrupted the company, and then Rupert Julian was made master of the flying jenny.

Von Stroheim Joins Goldwyns

IT was a clever trick, and the industry chuckled at this signal victory over the foreign invasion. Then von Stroheim was hired by Goldwyn. No one knows all the bloody details yet—that is, outside the carefully guarded walls of the Goldwyn plant, but it is whispered that Mr. von Stroheim has not forgotten how to spend money, nor has he developed an efficiency complex.

He has been working on "Greed," the picture from Frank Norris' powerful novel, "McTeague," for more than a year. A year on a picture is practically ruinous to any company. And by the very nature of it, "Greed" cannot be a popular success. It is a stark, grim tragedy, if it follows the book—one of the most unpleasant stories in the English language. And judging by the advance stills we have seen, the picture is a remarkably faithful adaptation. For this von Stroheim is to be congratulated.

If he chose to do this American classic of greed, lust and murder, it was decent of him not to turn it into an Austrian orgy. He does do Austrian orgies so well, you know.

The print of "Greed" which has finally reached New York is forty-three reels long. The longest "super-special features" are not shown at a greater length than twelve reels. Von Stroheim was said to treasure as the apple of his eye every scene in those forty-three reels. Undoubtedly someone else had to wield the final pair of shears. Imagine the expense attached to making a picture, which when boiled down to the satisfaction of the director, is forty-three reels long! The original film must have been somewhere near a hundred reels long—probably the most extravagant piece of directing the screen world has ever known.

So much for the much-feared directors. The actors are more interesting. Of the foreign male stars, one of the most feared a year ago was Charles de Roche, a Frenchman, who arrived in Hollywood, heralded as a successor to Valentino, at a time when Valentino was in the thick of his trouble with Lasky.

But time has gone on and still de Roche is not a star. His latest role is that of Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments," not a leading role by any means. It is safe to say that de Roche will not keep ambitious young American leading men awake nights, looking to their laurels.



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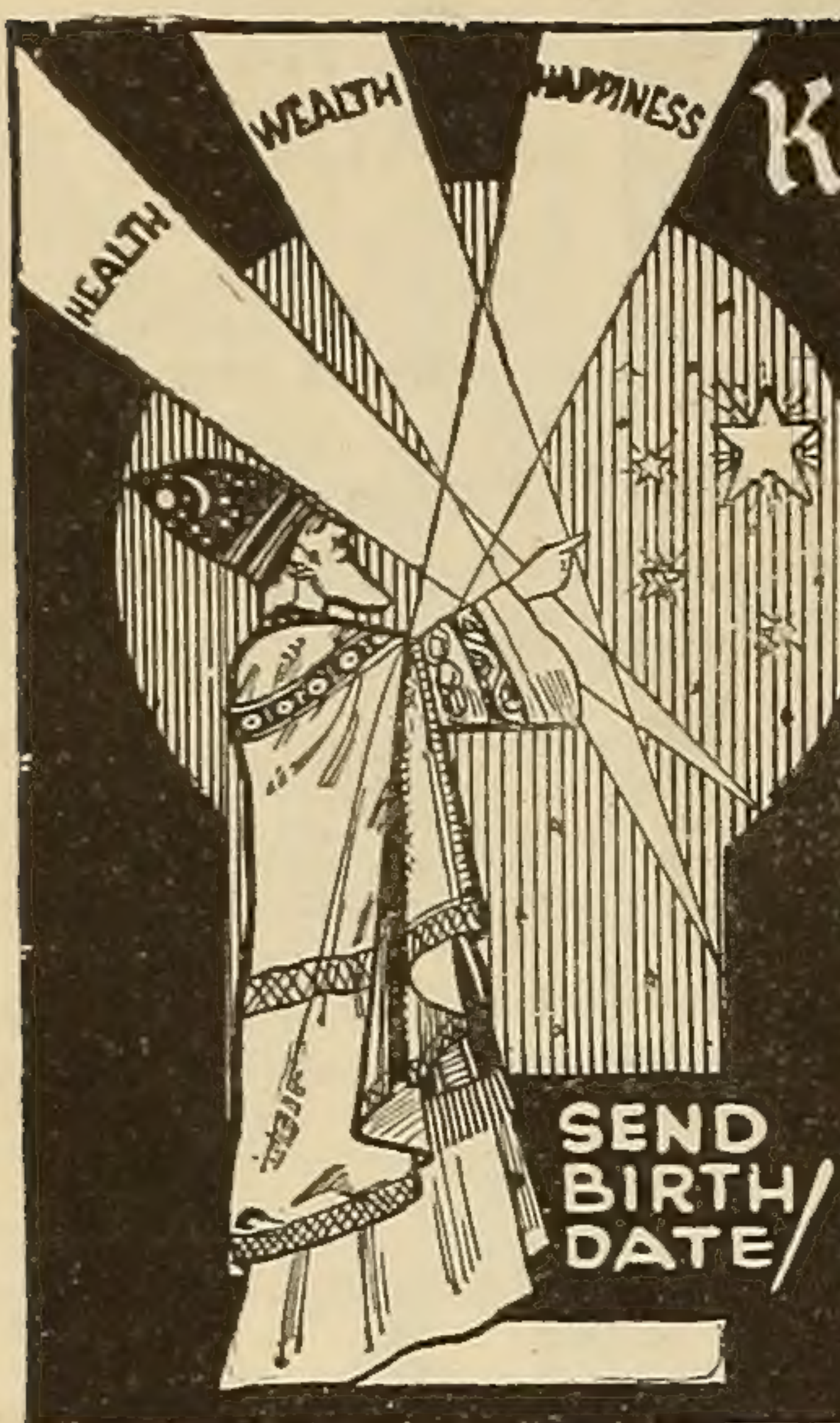
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Valentino and Negri American Successes

RODOLPH VALENTINO is a foreigner by birth, it is true. We believe he is an American citizen. At any rate he has made his way entirely on this side of the Atlantic. He began his film career as an extra in Hollywood. He learned everything he knows from his odd jobs in studios, and he is certainly a typical example of American success. The same can be said *in toto* of Ramon Navarro. It is the invasion of the foreign celebrity which has so terrified Hollywood.

Pola Negri is a good example of this sort of invasion. She has done two splendid services to American pictures, both of them indirect. She has proved that you can't make an American pretty girl out of a fiery, temperamental Polish tragedy queen. And she's undoubtedly been an impetus toward making Gloria Swanson into what promises to be America's most versatile emotional screen actress. Rather a mouthful to say about Gloria, but have you seen her in "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird"? And do you realize what it means that she has been chosen to play "Peter Pan"? The film world would have laughed at such an announcement a year ago. Now it is considered only a just tribute to her acting ability.

The explanation of both statements about Pola's service to America is simple.

Lasky brought the Polish star over here at tremendous expense and at a salary hitherto undreamed of by the actress of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." As a celebrated foreigner, the chief reason for the hysteria over foreign pictures, Pola was undoubtedly a good publicity bet. She was uprooted from the soil which had given her career its birth. But she was spoiled with sudden prosperity.

Pola Negri was hurtled into a strange, and to her a fearful, studio life. She was gluttoned with fine clothes and maid service and directors and assistant directors and unlimited authority.

Then Pola's generous mouth was Bebe-Danieled. Her hair was oh, so niftily bobbed and marcelled. Her face was so beautifully made up, that Pola was afraid to emote for fear of ruining her complexion.

Thus Pola Negri spent a bewildered, resentful first year in America. She was feared as a foreign invader. She had usurped the throne of Gloria Swanson. She had annexed the most eligible male in Hollywood.

But the fears proved groundless. While Pola Negri is still very popular, a large part of her popularity is a hang-over from "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." "The Spanish Dancer" has, we have been told, failed to make the money its producers had every right to expect it to drag in. "Bella Donna" was a financial disappointment, for it did not come anywhere near reaching the gross mark set

for it. The overhead had been tremendous.

As for her service to the screen through Gloria Swanson: The rivalry between Pola and Gloria was, as the children say, "something terrible." Gloria had been Queen Bee at the West Coast studios. Her word had been law on the lot. Their highest hopes, next to those centered on Gloria's pictures.

It was a real blow to Gloria Swanson when Pola Negri was blaringly press-agented into her place. It is undoubtedly due in part to Gloria's resentment of Pola and their constant antagonism, that Gloria is now producing at the East Coast studios, while Pola queens in on the West coast.

Be that as it may, it was Pola's assumption of superiority that stirred Gloria to put forward the very best that was in her. In Hollywood Gloria had spent quite a lot of time "queening it." Now Gloria, in New York and very much in earnest, has settled down to terrifically hard work and is astounding even her fond producers by making such pictures as "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird." In the latter she proves herself one of the most versatile character actresses on the screen.

And now, it is with sincere pleasure that we note that there is strong hope for Pola in the offing. She has a fellow-countryman for a director now—Dimitri Buchowetzky. They are making "Men." The report from the Coast is that the unhappy and misunderstood Pola of a year ago is gone, and in her place is the old Pola of Berlin days. If the foreign director helps Pola to find herself in America, surely his invasion cannot be seriously resented.

The last of the triumvirate of charges

made against Pola Negri was that she had promptly annexed the most eligible male in Hollywood—Charlie Chaplin. That dread result of the foreign invasion has likewise failed to pass. Charles the circumspect, the wary, is still unattached, though there has been no formal breaking of the engagement—in public prints at least. But no one except Samuel Goldwyn, who professes in his book, "Behind the Screen," to believe that they may marry and that Chaplin is as much in love with Pola as she is with him, believes that there will ever be a marriage.

Chaplin was undoubtedly strongly attracted to Pola Negri. She had zest, novelty for him. And she was a celebrity. Chaplin is not exactly averse to being associated with famous people. But Chaplin has an equally well-known reputation for being fickle. No one of the long string of infatuations and reported engagements has materialized, since his fiasco with Mildred Harris. Chaplin is certainly bride-shy. Pola's determination to annex the famous comedian was not as strong as Chaplin's determination to keep his freedom.

So it really seems as if America—or Hollywood—has been able to draw the snake's fangs. The only other field in which the dreaded menace may strike is in the fold of the extras. As long as we continue to make costume pictures, just so long will there be a heavy demand for foreign types. But when that cycle has passed into cinema history, and the "early American" period has definitely set in—as it really has with "The Covered Wagon" and "Abraham Lincoln"—then the foreign menace will automatically and painlessly—pass out of the picture.

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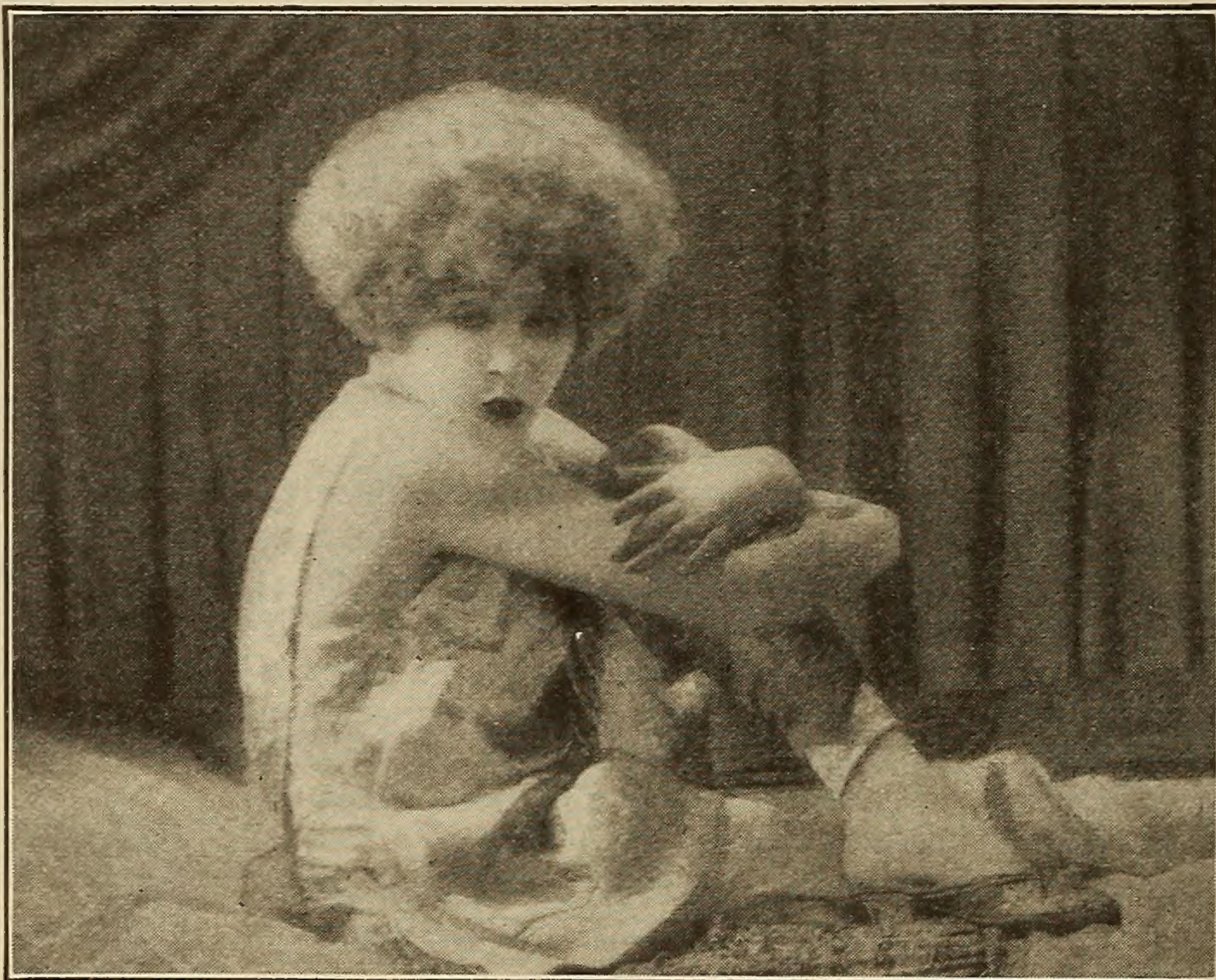
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THE scene was Mae Murray's suite in the Plaza Hotel, New York. The time was lunch time. (It is usually that time when magazine writers and movie stars get together). The characters were Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, representing the Pictures; and Delight Evans and the editor of *Screenland*, representing the Press. Conversation turned to food, and theatres and weather conditions. In fact to everything in the world except Miss Murray herself. And then they got around to clothes.

"Well," said Miss Murray, "I've had to get twenty-two gowns made and fitted in ten days. And, my dear—hats to go with them, gloves, furs—you can't imagine. . ."



"Oh," said Miss Evans, "I can sympathize with you. I know the best little shop to buy. . ."

And with that Mr. Leonard and Ye Editor tiptoed out of the room. For we knew that the interview—so called—had begun.

FOR those who desire to carry this thing still further, we suggest the purchase of a copy of the July SCREENLAND. It will contain, in addition to Miss Evans' personality story of Mae Murray, some dozens of other choice and delectable bits. To wit:

BETTY COMPSON—A study in character. By Anne Austin.

ALICE JOYCE—Another personality story. By Delight Evans.

ANNA Q. NILLSON—a sketch. By Sydney Valentine.

Other writers who will contribute to this unusual issue are:

George Jean Nathan
Eunice Marshall
Jim Tully
E. V. Durling
Katherine Albert
Lillian Day
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There will be the usual handsome rotogravure gallery—eight full page pictures of the stars—the work of one of Hollywood's foremost camera artists, Melbourne Spurr.

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In addition to the above, a half score feature articles and the usual SCREENLAND news, reviews and departments.

Altogether a very worthwhile issue.

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