

SEPTEMBER 1924

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Nita Naldi

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Pat. May 13, 1924

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GILDA GRAY

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

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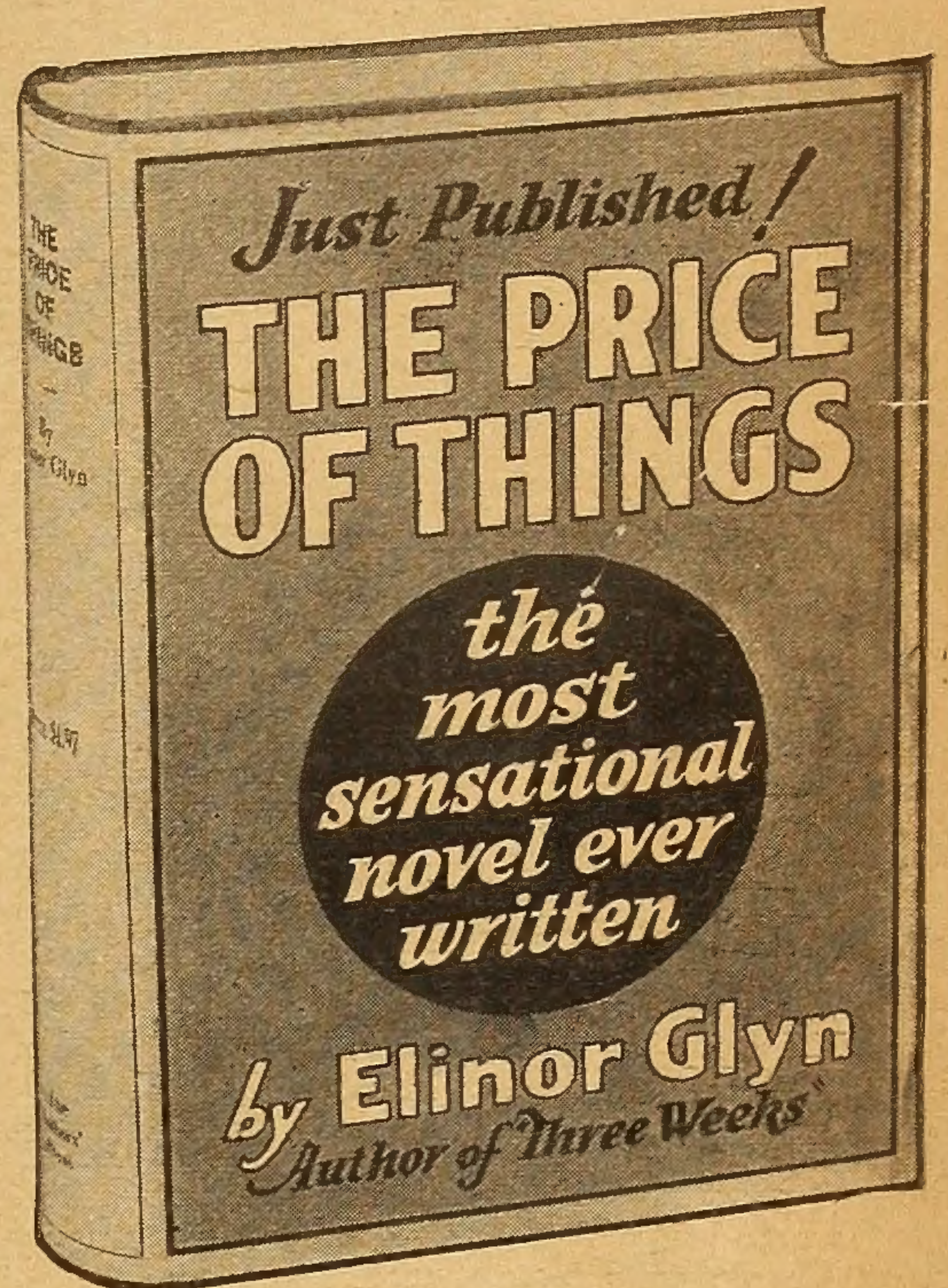
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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1924

VOL. IX, NO. 6

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

CAN YOU USE \$500.00? SEE PAGE 28

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In the October Issue Screenland

Hamilton Thompson contributes *Nothing Today*, a two-part fascinating story dealing with the life of an "extra girl" in the studios and boarding house of New York.

You will be pleased with Peggy and her two gold fishes. Peggy and her roommate had named the fish Ghoulish and Foolish.

Peggy crossed to the fish bowl, Sid, watching her with adoring eyes. "You poor little fish, we haven't fed you since the Lord knows when, and you never let a peep out of you."

So, to make the fish feel better about it and in honor of the doctor who was calling on Gloria, they named them Adanoid and Thyroid.

You will enjoy going with Peggy on location, her adventures, temptations, disappointments and love affairs.

THE LATEST FAD

The *Cross-Word Puzzle* craze has reached the moving picture lots, and the stars offer you some puzzles of their own.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

"A difference in opinion makes horse races." A Pessimists' Column and an Optimists' Column. Reviews of the same films, one by John W. Knocker and the other by Miss Pollyanna herself.

FEATURES

With interesting articles by Anne Austin and Delight Evans and Eunice Marshall, the October SCREENLAND is sure to continue its friend-making characteristics. Myron Zobel, from Paris, will give us an editor's reaction to the French brand of drama and his usual colorful editorials.

The *heart interest* story concerning all those connected with the screen which has become identified with SCREENLAND will be very much in evidence with the October issue.

The House of Hope, a story of the hospital which has been erected to the memory of Wally Reid, is a story which will appeal to the sympathy and emotions of the millions of fans who so dearly loved Wally.

A special interest in the October issue is a personality story with a real hero. Charles DeRoche is a screen star with laurels too well deserved and abundant to need introduction to our readers, but the life that has been led by his remarkable Frenchman will be a revelation to the fans. Let them who believe that the male motion picture stars are cuff-shooters and lounge-lizards, read the story of Charles DeRoche.

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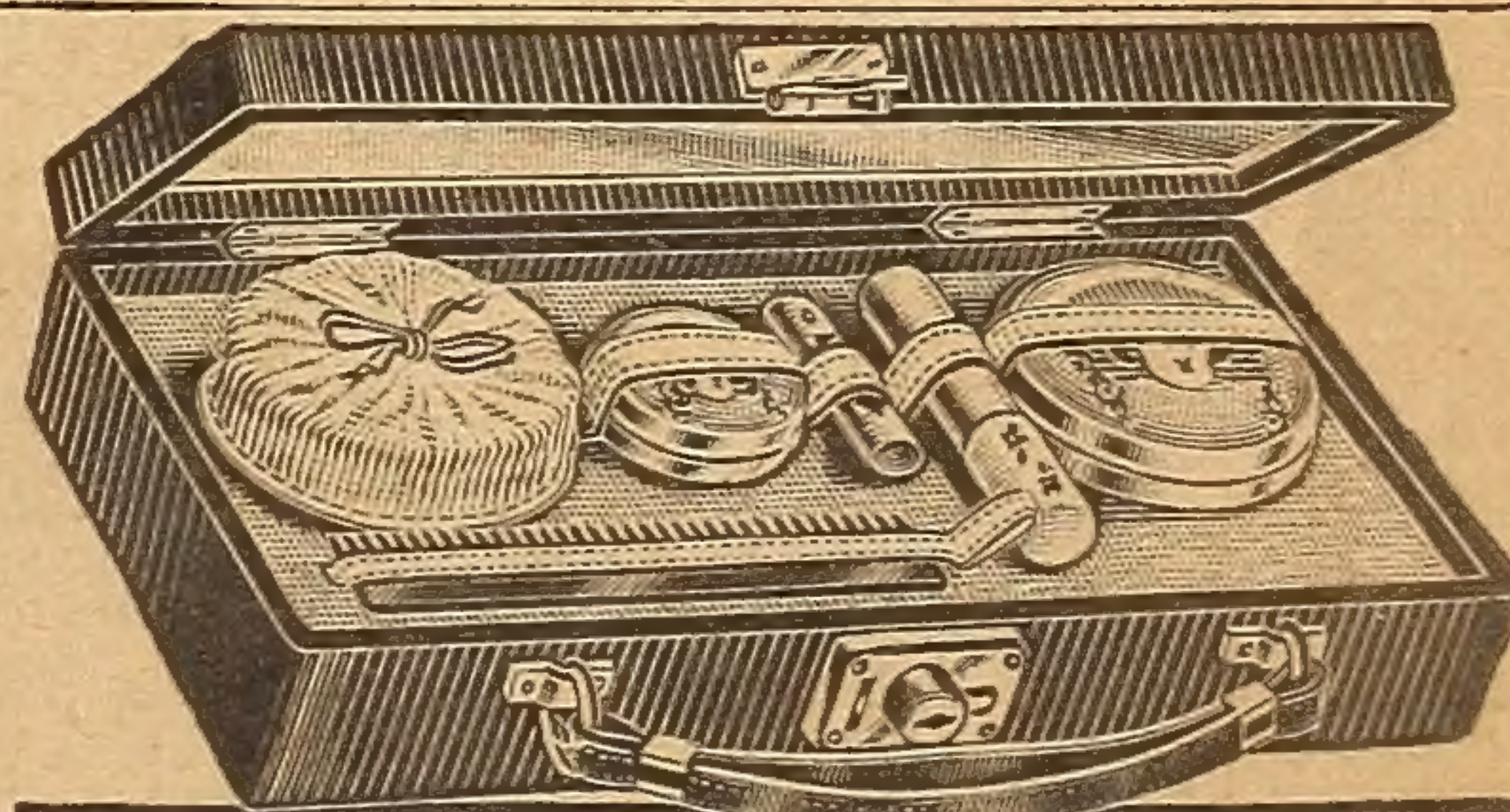
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Brief Reviews of Current Screenplays

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.

THE SPITFIRE—*Murray Garrison*—This is a movie with more plot than there were extra people in *Robin Hood*. Also more screen high lights for a picture of its size and importance than there were custard pies in a 1915 Chaplin special. There are (count 'em as you go) Betty Blythe in the leading feminine role; Elliott Dexter, more adorable than ever he was before; Pauline Garon in all her ingenue winsomeness; Burr McIntosh, the man who made a reputation selling Liberty Bonds during the war—and then talked himself into a job in Hollywood; Lowell Sherman, who managed to put in a little time between curtain calls in Broadway stage productions; and Robert Warwick, one of the grandest grand old men of the cinema. There you are—a sextette of artists to do any director proud. Bill Cabanne, the man who wielded the megaphone, couldn't help making a Grade—A fillum. And *The Spitfire* is all of that. Mark it down as one of the things you can't afford to pass up.

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—*Universal*. Here we have jumpin' Jack Hoxie in what would have been a tale of the open spaces if they hadn't been so economical with the spaces. Hoxie, of course, is the whole show. Probably Cliff Smith, the director, thought Jack'd be a lot more interesting to the fans than a lot of Montana landscape anyhow. Well he is, but not any more so than the little flapper who comes into the picture ritzing everybody from the cattle king himself down to the Chinese cook. The flapper person isn't given screen credit but from what this reviewer saw of her work, she should have been co-starred. The plot is pleasantly different from the usual run of "westerns," there being something or other about a girl remaining all night in a ranch house and even in Montana that is considered sufficient to compromise a lady. This is a picture for the please-easies. Hard boiled fans are urged to stay away for the management's sake.

TRAFFIC IN HEARTS—C. B. C. They'll like this film down in the

By Martin B. Dickstein

Gas House district because it is so morally clean, inspiring and so darn full of hokum that it'd make the toughest yegg toss his brass knuckles away and beat it for the Y. M. C. A. and a Gideon Bible. Dorothy Yost wrote the story which is, for the most part a lot of sentimental garbage mixed with some very incredible political situations. The hero (Robert Frazer) has the role of a clean young political reformer with a halo over his well shaped head and he sets out to "get" the graft ring hell bent for matrimony. You know the rest. He gets both. This is just another *what* in the long list of what's wrong with the movies.

BROADWAY OR BUST—*Universal*. This is one of those rodeo-come-to-town atrocities in which the longhorn wrasslers come into a bit of money and put on the dog. Radium is discovered on Hoot Gibson's tumble-down ranch and he draws down a cool million for his share. Of course the city slicker real estate guy comes on from the East in a yellow duster and a satchel full of greenbacks and pays him in *cash*. Don't blame *Hoot* for not wanting to take a movie actor's check for that amount though. Thus the *nouveau riche* from the cow country rides his bronco hell bent for election into Noo York and proceeds to paint the Gay White Way a deep dyed scarlet. If you haven't seen too much of this sort of thing before, you might like it. But you probably won't.

WANDERING HUSBANDS—*Hodkinson*. Lila Lee and her equally celebrated husband, Jim Kirkwood, seem to have been very, very jealous about this very, very inconsequential photoplay. They held the cast down to three, the party of the third part being Marguerite Livingston in the vampingest role ever we did see. Give you eighteen guesses to tell what the vamp was put there for. Right. She vamps poor Jim Kirkwood so hard that it's a safe bet Lila won't ever tolerate her again in the same cast with friend husband. The

story itself is trite and extremely dull. The characterizations are excellent, though, and altogether, *Wandering Husbands* ranks well up among the better program pictures of the season.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT—*Associated Exhibitors*. Another fillum with a moral. You can't go to a movie these days without being thoroughly sermonized, moralized and spiritually sterilized. William Faversham is the outstanding personality in this production, though John Bohn tops him in the number of scenes in which he appears. William Christy Cabanne, the director, has shot a lot of excess footage in the preaching of this cinematic sermon which gives the picture a tendency to drag. Where the sermonizing is thickest the film becomes irksome to distraction, Kathleen Martyn, an ex-Follies girl, plays the feminine lead. She screens poorly and is camera conscious. Altogether, *The Sixth Commandment* is much too morbid to be entertaining.

THE RECKLESS AGE—*Universal*. This obivous follow-up on *Sporting Youth* is a marvel of incredibility but Reginald Denny, the star, does absolutely right by his producers and does much to lift his audience up to a more or less receptive mood. Reggie appears to be quite at home in this sort of Wally Reid role. He has captured much of the late Paramount star's wistful appeal and with Ruth Dwyer in the opposite role they make an attractive team. The story itself is too thin and wobbles dangerously in the biggest moments. But, still, it's *The Dangerous Age*, you know. However, the hot weather isn't over yet and it's a pleasure to be able to walk out on a picture and know you're not going to miss much. No?

IN FAST COMPANY—*Truart*. Richard Talmadge in a zippy rah-rah yarn that ought to go big at Ann Arbor and in every town boasting a branch of the I. C. S. Some brand new ideas on how to stage a fast steppin' collegiate hi-jinks without bringing down the wrath of the prexy. Dicky Talmadge will make

a lot of new friends with this picture. He reminds one a lot of the Doug Fairbanks of half a dozen years ago before *Robin Hood* gave him the million-dollar-picture habit. Mildred Harris and Sheldon Lewis are in the cast and they're happy choices—both of them. This picture is one of the good-old-days variety and who can say that they're not, "art"?

LOVE OF WOMEN—*Selznick*. Maybe Whitman Bennett doesn't make the worst pictures in the world, but we don't know who else deserves the palm if he doesn't. *Love Of Women* is sufficient cause for Helene Chadwick to sue for damages to her reputation as an intelligent actress. It's another of those marriage triangles, where the little che-ild gets

sick and brings the erring couple together again. Montagu Love is the "heavy", Lawford Davidson, a good-looking young chap, is the husband and poor Helene is the unhappy wife. Mary Thurman has the role of vamp—in a blond wig bobbed King Tut style.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—*F. B. O.* As a means of putting Alberta Vaughn before the public, this series of 12 two reels comedies is good stuff. The one I saw—*Love and Learn*, was crammed with action and carried a few good laughs. Alberta as an exponent of the jazzy working girl is all to the good, and her figger is even more so. A good trailer to the feature picture, when a Mack Sennett comedy isn't available.

Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM AUGUST SCREENLAND

THE DANGEROUS BLONDE—*Universal*. If Carl Laemmle doesn't know it already, he ought to be told that just that sort of cheap comedy which is Director Robert F. Hill's idea of comic relief in *The Dangerous Blonde* in one of the worst in what's wrong with the movies. At best, it is just chuckle food for the morons. The title of this film is a rank misnomer so don't be misled. Laura La Plante, Universal's last word in screen starlets, is a feast for these poor, tired, cinema strained eyes, but we do wish she wouldn't overact her parts so. Yes, she's the blonde, but not so very dangerous.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—*United Artists*. Mary Pickford fans are pleased, but it is not Mary's greatest picture. Just another luxurious and expensive costume picture, with Allan Forrest as the leading man. Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth walks away with first honors. A good picture, but not what Mary could have done.

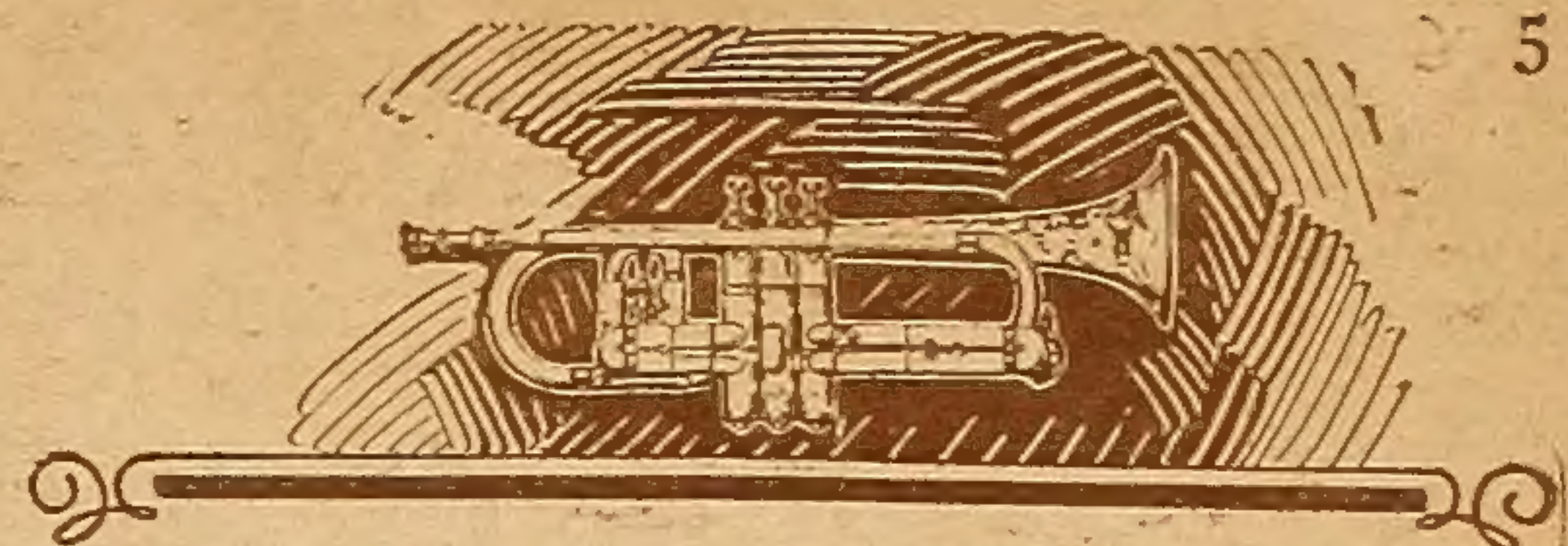
THE GOLDFISH—*First National*. The best thing Constance Talmadge has ever done, and one of the sprightliest comedies of the year. You'll not be bored a second with this frankly frivolous flimzation of Majorie Rambeau's stage vehicle. It is lightweight and without a mission or a moral. Jack Mulhall keeps up with Connie, and Jean Hersholt is a constant comic cyclone as the heroine's second huband who gets the goldfish—meaning the gate.

JUST OFF BROADWAY—*Fox*. Scenes range from underworld dives in the Montmartre to more familiar stamping grounds in the Roaring Forties, N. Y. Then that most common cinematic affliction, aphasia, (it's fast becoming an epidemic) gets in its dirty work and the w.k. plot begins to thicken. John Gilbert and Mary Nixon have the leading roles. This is an exciting and amusing picture play that's sure to please.

MADemoiselle MIDNIGHT—*Metro-Mayer*. It's a Murray paradise. The Murray *moue* is a bit overworked, but the Murray halo is discarded for the time being; Mae wears a brunette wig most of the time. I thought at first it was going to be a good picture, for it begins with a flashback to the French court of Eugenie, introducing Maxmilian, ill-fated emperor of Mexico. But after that it is just Mae Murray. Monte Blue is the cause of her reformation.

THE MASKED DANCER, I am told, was made in eight days, and not one of the players, who include Lowell Sherman, Helene Chadwick, and Joe King, knew what it was all about. I can believe it.

MEN — *Paramount*. Another Pola Negri picture that fails to ring the bell. They decided to let Pola be herself, and rushed Dimitri Buchowetski over her and told him to let Pola be herself. The result is pretty



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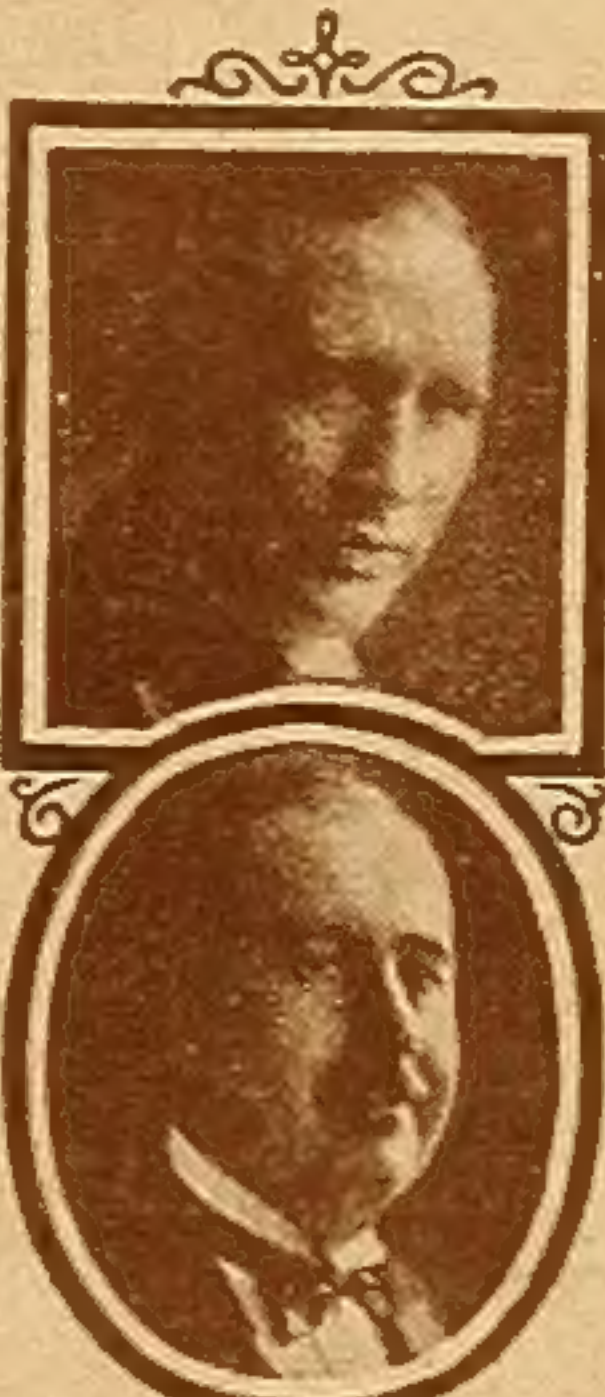


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awful. It begins with a bang—lovely little waitress lured into nobleman's palace, finds herself penniless on the streets. Next we see her as "Cleo, the idol of Paris", making at least ten idols that Paris has had this season. *Men* is an attempt to be awfully continental. It succeeds in being awfully Hollywood.

MIAMI—*Hodkinson*. Unworthy of Betty Compson. Why should one of our most promising stars assume a role which requires merely shapely underpinnings when any Sennette belle could play it just as well? Another of those plots which could be cleared up in the third reel if the members of the cast used their minds instead of losing them. Seven reels of Florida and Compson scenery.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—*F. B. O.*—With a stubby little fellow by the name of Gwylm Evans playing Nap and a bosom-heaving trouper of the old school in the role of Jo, F. B. O.'s film version of one of the greatest romances in history is certainly one great big whopper of a comic opera. We'd like to sentence Director Alexander Butler to sixty days on St. Helena for the way he muffed all the wonderful chances he had to make *Napoleon and Josephine* a really beautiful love story.

THE SHERIFF OF POWDER CREEK—*Universal*. All about the sheriff-hero's sensational capture of One Eyed Jake, wanted in the East for a bank busting and killing. So the handsome sheriff takes the 500 simoleons reward and buys himself a love nest for him and his gal. Yeah, they're still making them that way but there's no law that says you gotta go see 'em. This is a free country.

SHERLOCK, JR.—*Metro*. As a *dick*, even one of those champion, soft shoe, shadow guys from one of our leading correspondence schools Buster Keaton is an awful flop. He gets his man, but the scenarist has made the process too ridiculous to be even funny. *Sherlock, Jr.* is a cinematic mess of fish with a side order of surprise dressing in the form of a hodge podge of trick photography. Enough to make a tired brain turn somersaults and flip-flops. Altogether too hectic to be amusing; and too much Buster Keaton, you know, is like a dose of ipecac.

THE SIGNAL TOWER—*Universal*. Just the kind of picture the title implies—railroad thriller in which the hero saves the Limited (ye gods, are there never any other trains on the

road?) from a horrible disaster. Wally Beery is corking in the heavy role as a city slicker who comes to do the switchman's wife dirt in the dead of night. Virginia Valli is the star. This picture accomplishes what it sets out to do—thrill—and save for one or two rank melodramatic sequences, it's good stuff:

SOULS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT—*Universal*—This is one of those eerie mellers in which a soothsayer mumbles strange words over a crystal ball and departed spirits come again to walk this earth and haunt the seven-and-a-half-a-day actors into purgatory. Lucille Ricksen is the most prominent in a mediocre cast. The play proceeds steadily from bad to worse, or rather worse to worst, and in the closing sequence we see two seemingly grown-up people riding off to school, books slung over shoulder, as they pedal their merry way on their bicycles. Collegians, they are too. Won't that hand the undergrads a laugh! Like the title, this film should pass in a night—one night.

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—*F. B. O.* Emory Johnson, bless his heart, has just heard that there was a war. And he thought it would be just great to make a picture about it. The snappy result of this timely decision is *The Spirit of the U. S. A.* Johnny Walker is the little busy bee around the farm, and his brother is just horrid. The war, that great leveler of men's souls, brings them together again. Mary Carr is again turned out of her home, and is again saved from the poorhouse by Johnny Walker, Gloria Grey is the girl.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—*Paramount*. The best full-length feature ever done in colors. A picture that makes film history. The Zane Grey story, in black and white, would have been just another movie; in colors it is a screen triumph. Billie Dove is exquisite as the heroine; Jack Holt does good work as the Wanderer and Noah Beery slouches away with the honors of the picture as the desert rat, Dismukes. See it by all means.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—*John M. Stahl*. A charming domestic comedy; don't be misled or kept away by the title, which is an insult to the picture—intelligent comedy that it is. Lewis Stone is the husband who strays temporarily and Helene Chadwick is the wife who learns how

to keep a husband. Miss Chadwick has played almost as many wives as Mr. Stone has husbands; they make a good team. You'll like the picture.

WOMAN ON THE JURY—Sylvia Breamer find herself on the jury which is to decide the fate of poor little Bessie Love, who killed Lew Cody. Because Lew was an old and ungrateful flame of hers, Sylvia saves Bessie by telling her own story to the other members of the jury. The suspense may be terrific but it was all wasted on me. Bessie Love was particularly poignant—what a great little trouser she is!

THE LONE WOLF—Associated Exhibitors. The combination of the title and the name of Louis Joseph Vance, the author, should make this screening one of the best box-office bets of the season. Lots of hokum, of course, but it's the popular kind from which people will come away saying "ain't that a grand movie?" Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt play the leading roles. Plenty of excitement and the suspense is effectively maintained until the end.

THE LOVE MASTER—First National. Another Larry Trimble-Strongheart co-starring combination, and one of the best so far. Strongheart is one of my screen favorites, along with the Fox comedy monkeys, Teddy, Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan. It will soon become necessary, however, for Mr. Trimble to buy another brand of dog biscuit, or to install a reducing machine in his kennels. For Strongheart is taking on a little too

much weight for one who is so much in the limelight. Lady Julie, Strongheart's wife, is the leading lady.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph. Between Friends is a story of a man who had a wife and couldn't keep her and who cooks up a fitting revenge for the fellow who stole her away. Lou Tellegen again plays the part of the much abused husband, a role for which he seems to be particularly well suited. There is a period of agonizing suspense toward the end of the picture but nothing comes of it. Altogether an inane and aimless bit of screening that would have been better left undone.

BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Again Again Adolphe Menjou is called upon to be a suave, sophisticated man of the world—for the steenth time since *Woman of Paris*. Monta Bell, the director, has really done wonders with an old Owen Davis melodrama. The persecuted heroine is played by Norma Sherer, to which she brings sincerity and something more than beauty.

THE CHECHAHCOS—A picture of Alaska, that, as a movie, is a splendid scenic. Best Alaskan scenes yet. It is too bad the plot couldn't keep up with the atmosphere. They put every gag known to northwest melodrama into it, and it failed to jell. The queen of the dance hall turns out to be the mother of the little heroine. Except for Alaska, not even an average program picture. Good hot weather scenic stuff.

REPRINTED FROM JULY SCREENLAND

THE BELOVED VAGABOND—F. B. O. A poor interpretation of William J. Locke's novel, so atrociously miscast and amateurish in its presentation that it seems hardly worthy of a serious criticism. Carlyle Blackwell is sponsor for the film, supervised its production, stars in a dual role and generally monopolizes everything in sight.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph—J. Stuart Blackton, Lou Tellegen and Robert W. Chambers—director, star and author—get together and fool the critics, by turning out a good picture, which can be summed up in a subtitle, "My wife—and my best friend!" the wife being Anna Q. Nilsson, who gets run away with by Norman Kerry, Tellegen being left to mourn her untimely departure and her subsequent death. Alice Calhoun consoles him.

THE BREAKING POINT—Paramount—Herbert Brenon intelligently

directs Matt Moore, Nita Naldi and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather foolish story. Matt is allowed to be perfectly natural in a drunken scene; there's a frenzied murder complication and Naldi relentlessly stalking our hero.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN—Paramount—Thomas Meighan gives his pleading public another crook melodrama, and says it is his greatest since *The Miracle Man*. Some may not agree with Tommy. Virginia Valli is crowded into the background; she is wasting her time. If you like crook pictures, you'll be vastly entertained, and Tommy is always Tommy.

CYTHEREA—A Samuel Goldwyn production—An intelligent sex play minus an orgy and yet not censorable. It actually retains some of the author's idea. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Irene Rich do splendid work. Not for children.



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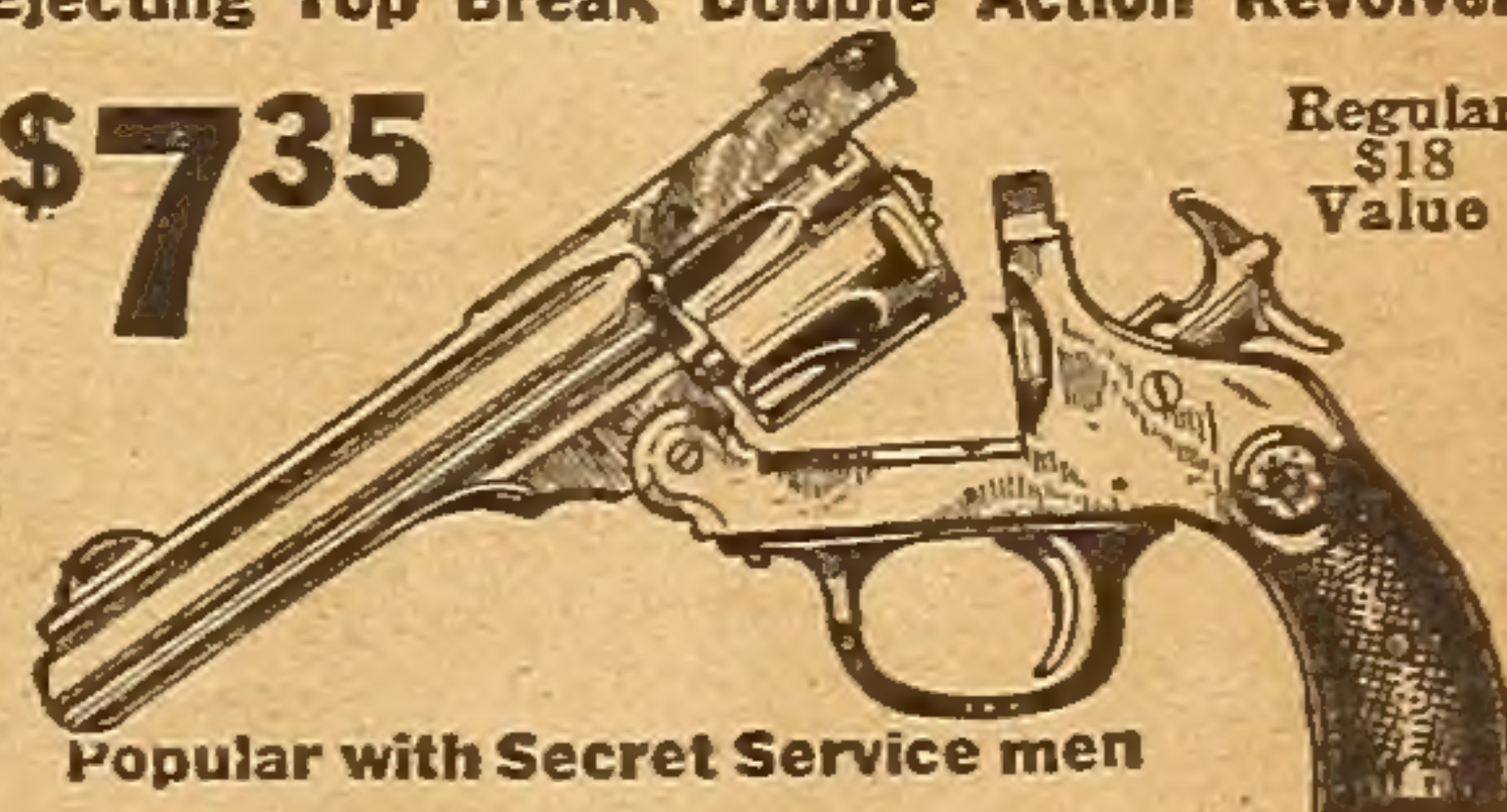
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The Editor's Letter Box

Q 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.

Q To Francis T. Howard, 320 Washington Street, goes the award of \$10 for his letter "rating" the July issue. We are grateful to Mr. Howard and to the hundreds of other helpful readers who conscientiously graded every story in SCREENLAND. We are sorry that every person who made out a report card for the editor could not get a prize. The following letters are chosen for their varied appeals, to fill the small space allotted to this department:

By Our Readers

Dear Editor of SCREENLAND:



Blanche Mehaffey representing perhaps what W. J. H. had in mind. (Read his letter.)

We have had all the remote and costumed days put into the films and they are quite wonderful too, but it seems to me that there is a period that has become unpopular that as a matter of fact still deserves the attention of the producers. Or perhaps I should not call it a period, but a locality. I refer to the good old Desert Island film.

I have never passed one by yet, and I would be glad to see many more. It is true that I would welcome a new twist to the plots, and the clever scenario writers could think of new situations I am sure. And, what fun these films are to watch. I suppose the sea islands that so intrigue me, are within hail of Hollywood, but what of it. These films have imagination and picturesqueness and if perhaps the beautiful heroine wears fewer clothes than the Duc d'Orleans or Lady Silks-and-Satins sport about with, that is really no disadvantage.

"Where the Pavement Ends" was fine, and the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" was cleverly set. I liked "The Marriage Cheat" too. Oh well, I suppose I like them all, and I don't suppose I can claim that the Desert Island is really neglected, but let me tell the world of producers that these films ring the bell with a whole lot of people.

Perhaps it is the simplicity of the clothing that gives me a kick, (I hope that I am not revealing a low mind.) But I

think the hero also has a more or less of a popular role. We like to see resourcefulness.

Speaking of ladies with very little to their wardrobes except curves, did you notice when you saw Doug's "Thief" that the point of the dagger against Anna May Wong's little body marked the very peak of interest in that gorgeous film?

If you print this, I'll bet you will find that other people will write in to tell you that—

I've said something.

Yours truly,

W. J. H.

Dear Editor of SCREENLAND:

After a study of your July SCREENLAND and careful comparison of it to the others of its class, I have come to the conclusion that its grand total batting average is 400! It is so clean, so American in its fair play, does not have a Police Gazette atmosphere, information—not misinformation—is ladled out in healthy chunks and is a safe, sane and sound magazine. According to my humble and not highly developed mind, the gradings for the July edition are as follows:

Illustrations

The Cover—100%. Rolf Armstrong has succeeded admirably in imparting "atmosphere" to his portraiture of our beloved sheikess, Pola. Does it not radiate much of her warmth, lure and witchery?

Covarrubias—99%. Always charmed as I am with "Covey's" snappy caricatures, I deduct one per cent from his otherwise perfect score as I fail to see all of Leatrice Joy's individuality in his cartoon of her.

Addison Burbank—50%. His pen drawing is first class but he falls down on originality.

Edward Butler—75%. Would hesitate to give even this batting average for his "Screen Stars" cartoon but for his clever "Charley Chaplin" sans his dinky little mustache, sans battered derby, sans baggy trousers and sans seagoing shoes.

Kliz and Wynn—90%. In their usual good form but are writing extra in humor this time.

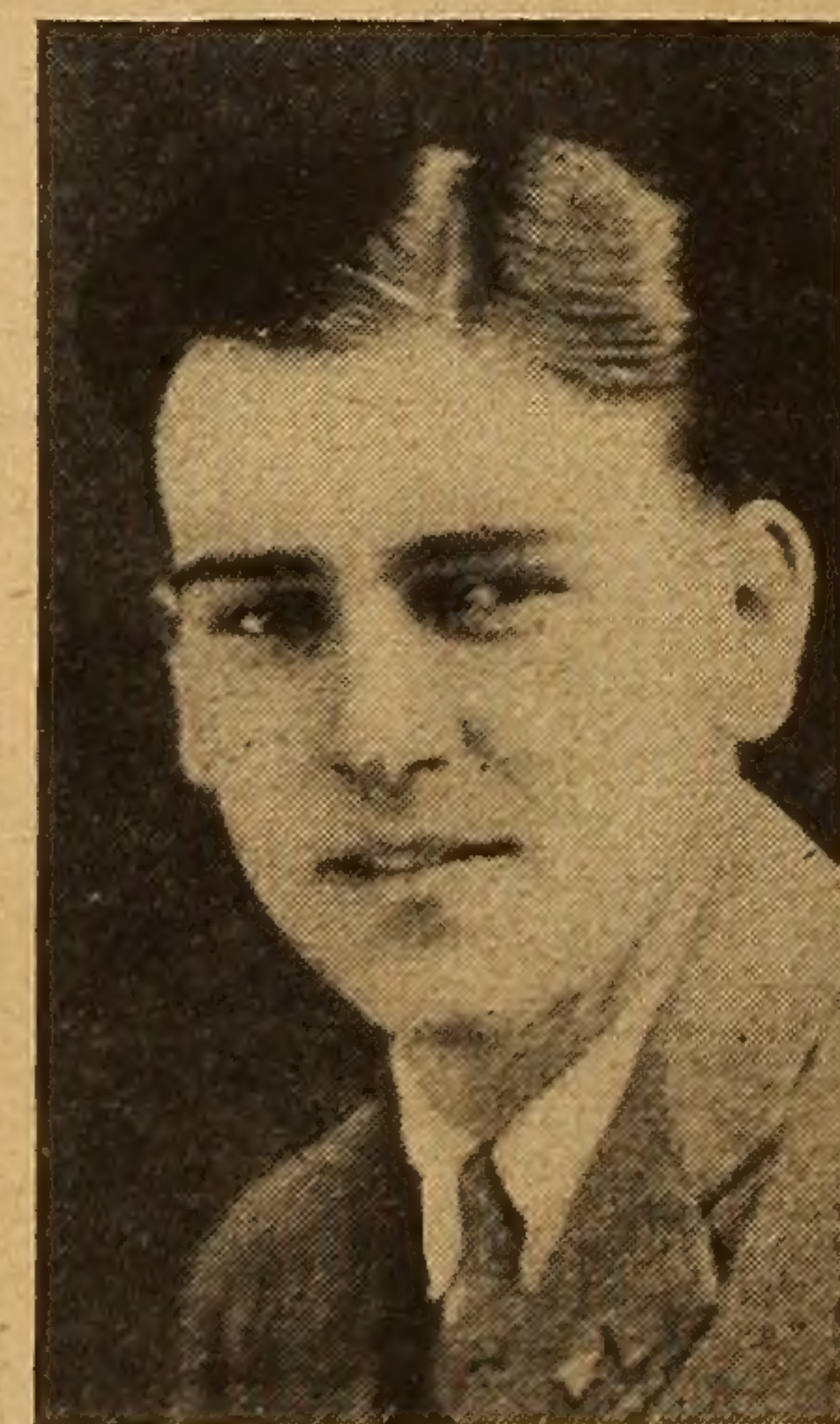
Benito—80%. Too many Albert Vaughns and Slim Summervilles in his beach scene. Give us a few curves.

Photogravures—99%. One per cent. is lost because one "Babby" is seen eating the lovely banana when it should be a cluster of cherries.

Stories, Articles, Etc.

The Editors' Letter Box—50%. A worth while institution. Let us go on agreeing and disagreeing but "Remember—No Shooting!" as Jack Pickford says in his "Hill Billy."

The Silent Drama—75%. Martin Dickstein loses the other twenty-five per through no fault of his. In handling his line, he is the hippo's tonsils but somebody is stingy with him and doesn't give him enough space. Make him earn his salary with an extra page or two,



FRANCIS HOWARD

preferably two-Editorials(?) I could place my valuation on friend Myron's library calisthenics but hardly dare to. If I should say "100%," would he be liable to go and raise the price of SCREENLAND Mum is the word.

As We Go to Press. 99%—Newsy, breezy and gossipy enough. Just a literary box score.

The Riddle of Mae Murray—100%. More power to Evans Delight for her splendid characterization of Mae Murray. I am delighted to find Delight on my side of the controversy, concerning Maes' right to her place in the sun.

Fake Make-up Schools—99%. Good but

its treatment is a bit faulty, its continuity being somewhat hard to follow. However it has its value.

The Fame Tax. 50%—Nothing extra. People and Things—95%. Nothing spectacular about friend Lamar but he sure talks sense.

Class—50%. Something of a piffle. Does not belong here.

The Man Who Lacked Menace 100% Jim dandy reading—If you want to know how great and versatile an actor Ernest Torrence is, Jim Tully gives you all the dope here.

When Screen Stars get together—80%. Just gossip junk that doesn't add much to the gayeties of the nations.

Eight Dollars A Minute. 100%—Great sob story. Poor Ray! Better Luck next time.

Side Burns—10% Bunk.

Dramaland—100%. George Jean Nathan. You know the rest.

New Screenplays—100%. As an analyst and reporter of new plays, Delight Evans has yet to give me a headache.

The New Gloria—100%. I have had a healthy prejudice for Gloria, influenced no doubt by her preference for such roles as *Zaza* and *The Humming Bird*. On the screen she is so realistic that I got the conviction that in real life she is a veritable tornado. D. E. persuades me that she isn't such a wild woman as all that.

The New Pola—100%. Great stuff. Now we know the insides of Pola's past failures from this graphic story by our little Eunice. Be yourself, Pola.

Anita Stewart—95%. Good reading. 5% is lost only because much of it is old stuff.

Alice In Screenland—0%. Being a mere man, I am no competent judge.

Smile When you say Good Bye

A Shingled Star

Elliott Dexter

Sitting Pretty

With the Location Man

The Listening Post—100% more or less.

Dear Editor: of SCREENLAND, May I from my couch, (I really am much better now, and will be all right again very soon—thank you for asking)—may I inquire—Why don't the common people get a chance in the movies?

I am sure that the people that I know are not freaks, in fact I am certain that they are just regular people, but I never, or hardly ever, see in the films the same kind of people that live in my world. The obvious answer is, that my friends are not interesting, but although that is more or less true, there are ordinary people who are very interesting indeed when the dramatic moment arrives. Why I know a man who, just works around and doesn't

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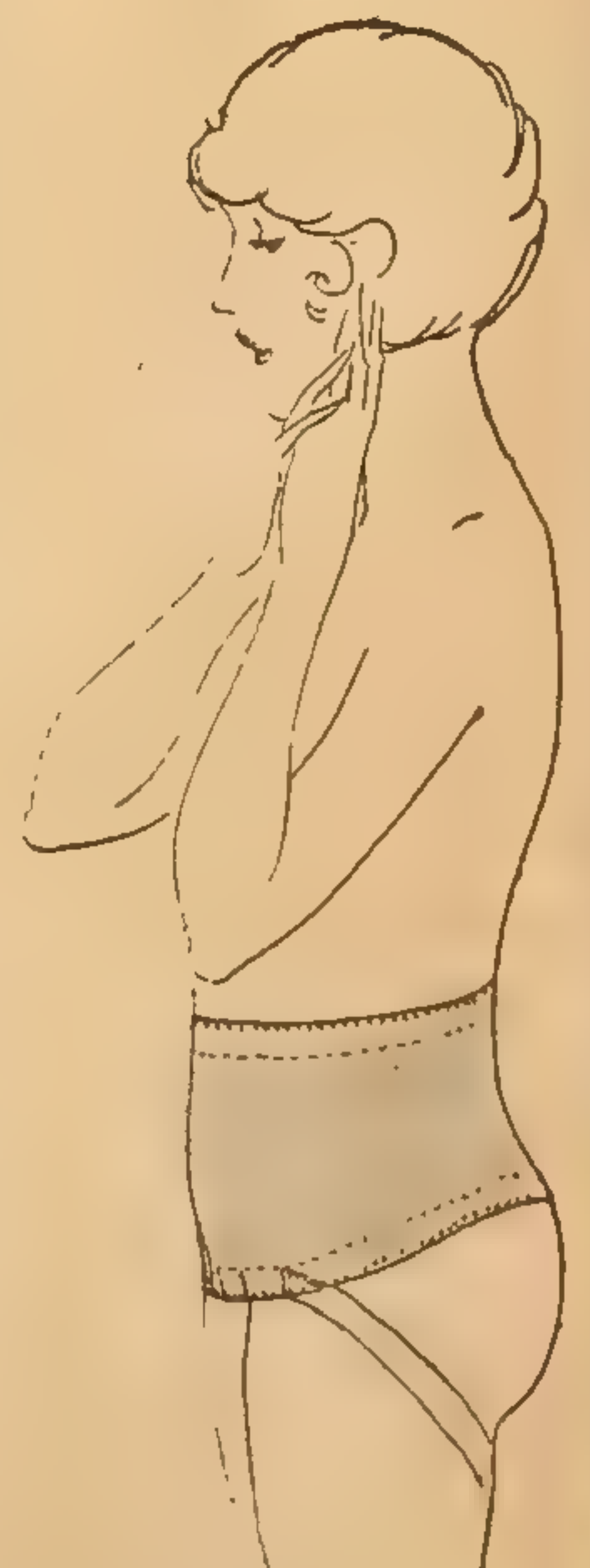
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amount to much who rose mightly to the occasion once that he now has a medal from Congress which was voted to him. I read a book by Dicken's the other day—I am ashamed that I never read it before—but every character in it was peculiar in some way, and I couldn't help thinking that the movie people are so anxious to make each character really individual that they develop the characters into caricature.

Milton Sill is of course wonderful in everything and perhaps one of the reasons that he is so wonderful is that he is a regular person and makes the man that he is supposed to be a real living breathing human being.

Yours,
May O'D.

Dear Editor of SCREENLAND—I believe it was in 1909, when I was about six years of age, that I was first introduced to the moving picture. From that time to 1920, I saw one picture. I don't believe I missed a great deal for I have since the BIRTH OF A NATION which was the outstanding production of that period.

Then after taking an interest in the cinema I followed a hit-and-miss fashion of selecting my entertainment for a year or two until I finally came to recognize Wallace Reid as my personal favorite. I now have lots of favorites, but no one individual whom I personally prefer.

Where two years ago, I used little or no selection of pictures, I now have a very definite system which however, may seem huge and peculiar to some. Here it is:

I generally see the pictures made by these stars provided they are not too rotten: Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Poli Negri, John Barrymore, Gladys Walton, Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray and Ramon Novarro. A few of these are actors, a few artistes, and a few just stars, but they all have something definite to offer which appeals to me. I may be credited with versatility of taste.

Betty of the Hungry Heart—100%.
Smile When you say Good Bye, A Shingled Star, Elliott Dexter, Sitting Pretty, With the Location Man—Good enough.

The Listening Post—100%.

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The Editor invites the readers of SCREENLAND to send in letters of criticism. Tell us exactly what you think about the films.

It does not matter whether you discuss the latest film to be released or whether you discuss films of an older vintage. If the point that you make is a good one, the other movie fans will be interested.

But—

How easy it is to wield the hammer. There are few individuals indeed who do not enjoy themselves in criticism concerning somebody else. This criticism is very valuable, even to the party criticized. But it can be more valuable, if, instead of tearing down with the hammer of criticism, that some construction work be done. Constructive criticism is the most helpful variety of fault-finding.

Let us hear what you can say regarding the faults of the films with, perhaps, some suggestions for their improvement. For example, probably some time ago, someone wrote to Charlie Ray and told him just what they thought of him, but they sweetened it by saying that in a country boy part he is one of the greatest actors on the screen. The result is that we are to have Charlie Ray in some more country boy parts. This is constructive criticism.

There is only one type of critic who can knock the films and get away with it and that is the skillful satirist whose jabbing pen is dipped in the ingratiating ink of wit and burlesque.

Well, perhaps you are one of these.

Address your letters to The Editor's Letter Box, SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York City.



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S C R E E N L A N D



ALBERTA VAUGHN

Little Alberta of the "Go-Getters" has wrapped herself up in this veil because Edwin Bower Hesser says that she has "The

most beautiful body in Hollywood" and such praise as this makes Alberta a little self-conscious, you know how you'd feel.



Billie Dove

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

- Q John Golden, sponsor of *Lightnin'*, one of America's greatest producers, signs with Fox Film Corporation for the filming of his famous dramatic successes.
- Q Lon Chaney as "He Who Gets Slapped" for Seastrom who is directing the film version of Andreyer's story is creating a sensation.
- Q Hail to Theodore Roberts. He's back in grease paint and overalls after an illness of six months. Mr. Roberts will assume one of the feature roles in *Lord Chumley*.
- Q Rudolph Valentino to cross the pond again on a six months vacation, after finishing his work in "The Sainted Devil."
- Q Richard Talmadge has the sympathy of all of us. His injuries sustained while filming "Stepping Lively" are serious.
- Q Barbara LaMarr and Ben Lyon, the former working and the latter vacationing in New York, are rumored to be engaged. It will be Barbara's sixth wedding, if it materializes, although the court rules that not all of her marriages have been legal.
- Q Prominent screen folk, including the Sidney Chaplins, are brought in the limelight in Ann Luther's suit against Jack White, Los Angeles millionaire and promoter, who renegeed on a starring contract, so Ann says.
- Q Brilliant opening of *Janice Meredith*, Marion Davies' latest and best picture, draws immense crowd of stage and screen celebrities, including Gloria Swanson, May Allison, Dagmar Godowsky, Nita Naldi, Richard Dix, Jacqueline Logan, Anita Stewart, members of the brilliant cast, excepting Miss Davis, who is resting in Los Angeles; as well as prominent society folk.
- Q Imogene Wilson, who had signed with Mary Pickford to play in pictures in Hollywood, admits publicly that her suit against Frank Tinney, whom she still loves, has killed her stage and screen career, that her contract with Miss Pickford is cancelled.
- Q Lois Wilson returns from London, denying her engagement to the society scion, Bernard Baruch.
- Q Hope Hampton signs as lead in *Mme. Pompadour*, a musical comedy to open on Broadway early this fall.
- Q Miss Billie Dove turns down Ziegfeld offer to be featured in the Follies as "the most beautiful woman in the world."
- Q Will Rogers is again the hit of Ziegfeld Follies, and hasn't a swelled head, although he received one vote for presidential nominee at the National Democratic convention.
- Q Police seek thieves who robbed Marilyn Miller in Los Angeles of thousands of dollars worth of jewels, hunt centering in Philadelphia.
- Q Bert Lytle!! mourns in New York the abrupt departure of Claire Windsor for the coast. Rumors of an an engagement have turned into condolences for Bert.

The Meanest Man, Grit and Editorials By

Dear Connie and Norma:

LAST night I saw *The Goldfish* in a little theatre on Long Island. It was one of those exclusive little towns to which the tired business men of New York return after the hard days golf is done. And, Connie, you won that audience over, body and soul. You had them laughing from start to finish. The fine folk in the boxes way back laughed at the rough stuff you pull in the opening of the picture because it was new to them and because you made them love it. The serving maids and chauffeurs in the seats up front enjoyed the "society stuff" at the end of the picture because you got away with it as a comedy queen should and still flattered them because you played to them and made your radiant smile include them in your circle of friends.

Connie, you are the last of a not so very long line of screen comediennes. You are still fascinating. Your reputation is unsullied. Screen fans pin their faith on you to keep alive a line of high class comedy drama. They need it.

And as for you, Norma. Who that saw *Secrets* can hesitate a moment to agree that genius is hereditary. It runs in your family. All that you and Connie need now is to adopt Eugene O'Brien as a brother and you can produce pictures with Ingenue, Mother Role, Hero and Heavy without hiring a single person except blood relations. Brother Buster and Natalie will play the comic relief. Eugene will play the dashing lover in the first reel and the tough heavy in the second. Norma will play both bride and mother-in-law. Buster Keaton, Jr. will play the child with due sanction of the censors, Ma Talmadge will write the script and Papa Schenck will produce it. If that isn't a talented family there never was one.

Grit:

DURING the making of *The River Road*, not yet released, an extra was struck on the head by the revolving propellor of an airplane. His head was cut open and his brains exposed. They took him to the hospital and patched up that broken skull with clever trepanning. When the boy who had escaped death by a miracle

regained consciousness after two weeks of utter darkness, he asked first:

"Will I be all right in time to finish the picture?"

And when he was told of those disastrous two weeks during which the picture had been finished without him, he asked the producer who had visited him at the hospital:

"And will you save me a bit in your next picture?"

You simply can't discourage an extra!

The Meanest Man?

THERE is a chap in Hollywood, so the story goes, who makes the most of his stardom. His daily mail is weighted down with twenty-five cent pieces, enclosed in payment for autographed portraits of the star. "They say" that he abstracts the quarters and lets the mail pile up indefinitely; that he has not yet mailed out any photos. He says a secretary would cost him more than the thirty dollar a week he averages in this merry little game of pillage, and that he personally can't take the time to autograph and mail out all those pictures.

A star who thinks as little of his duty to his public as this man must is our candidate for "the meanest man in pictures."

Betting on Babies:

THE gossip grapevine brings us the rumor that producers who have baby stars on their hands are wishing that their mothers had the little fairies in their home, rather than in the studio. For some unaccountable reason the child star picture does not seem to be drawing as well as the powers thought it would. Two or three producers are wondering what to do with some glittering long-term contracts which they signed in moments of rare enthusiasm.

One sad bettor on babies is said to be singing this ditty in impassioned, pleading tones.

"If you know any producers who want any babies,

Just send them around to me."

Mothers with rivals for Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy would do well to train their offspring to split rails and knit, rather than to act cute before the camera.

Troubles of an Usherette

Myron Zobel

Uncle Sam, Producer:

UNCLE SAM has joined the lists of thrill producers, with an exciting screen play called *When a Man's a Miner*. The Bureau of Mines is the specific producer, and copies of the film are now available for exhibition purposes by educational, civic, and commercial institutions, and may be obtained from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It's all about "Lucky," a miner who didn't believe in safety first methods, but who was taught to respect them in a frightful mine disaster. Uncle Sam claims, as do all producers, that this is one of the finest pictures ever made. And there's a romance too—"Lucky" wins the girl and gets a medal!

Pretty progressive government we have, in spite of Tea Pot Dome scandals and what the disgruntled immigrants say about us.

The next step should be the filming of all histories used in public schools, and the installation of federal projection machines, along with the free distribution of all educational movies.

Salt:

LAST month this page carried an editorial headed "Cream Puffs." It was a request—and I believe it voiced the wishes of the average American—for fewer costume pictures and more films which picture real life as we know it—not as Rafael Sabatini and Charles Major and other romanticists picture the life of a bygone day.

And I have already had my request answered. At least three pictures released this last month are strictly American. They are not great pictures, perhaps, unless *The Signal Tower* is worthy of that adjective. But at least they are honest pictures, compounded of honest American ingredients, and leavened with the salt of realism.

I speak of *Bread*, *Babbitt* and *The Signal Tower*. *Bread* is full of faults, because it was built on a book that is far from great, but there are splendid bits in it—little pages of real life, with the sturdiness and earthi-

ness of everyday American life spread upon them. Now don't say I said *Bread* was a great picture—but it might have been.

Babbitt is almost painfully real, just as the seamy side of a theater's curtain is real. But *Babbitt* builds a flesh and blood body—and leaves out the soul. Life as the Babbitts live it has something more in it than Sinclair Lewis or the director of *Babbitt* was able to grasp and picture. If *Babbitt* had caught, even for a moment, the soul of a Babbitt, along with his ridiculousness and pettiness and pomp and emptiness and heart hunger, it would have been a great picture. But even as it is, it has something to get your teeth into.

The Signal Tower is a record of ordinary people—the kind of people who are known as "the salt of the earth." There is scarcely a movie situation in the whole picture. Real life is the director behind the play, and we have the illusion when the last reel is finished, that those same people will go right on, living their ordinary lives, paying for a home, raising their children, and rising to heroism when the occasion demands it.

Why not more pictures directed by Real Life?

And when I ask that question I know it will be answered by a flood of cheap imitations of *The Signal Tower*, every one lacking the only thing that made *The Signal Tower* great.

Troubles of an Usherette:

THIS craze for dressing the girl ushers in the movie theaters to carry out the spirit of the picture sometimes goes a little too far, according to an usherette who took me into her confidence as I waited for a seat in a crowded Broadway motion picture palace.

One of those bewigged and hoopskirted costume picture was being shown, and my usherette was disgustedly adjusting her numerous hoops and skirts, which, she said, had an annoying habit of tripping her up as she hurried down the aisles. And her wig was devilishly hot, she confided.

"Gosh! I wish this was a Palm Beach picture or something, so they'd let us ushers wear bathing suits."

Our Family

By *The Editor*

EVERYONE knows the people of the films. Not only do we know the stars, but also many of the actors and actresses who do not receive any great amount of advertising. And the reason for this is not because their names may have been in some few paid ads, some interviews and some of the gossip columns, but it is because the screen itself—the photograph in motion—has the mysterious power to bring these players to us intimately and to show us their very souls. Then we love them and they are friends of ours.

What a wonderful phrase. "He's a friend of mine!"

I have never met Charlie Ray but I feel toward him a warm, understanding friendliness.

We do not forget our friends. Time may go by, even years, but it's: "Hello, you old son-of-a-gun," when a friend does show up.

The wonderful family which the movie fans make up is a new thing in the world. Money spent in advertising or in stunts could make a man's name known around the world but all the advertising on earth would not gain a man a friendly place in a million hearts. And that's what the screen has done for those who give their lives to pictures.

To realize what this means, imagine, Theodore Roberts without any baggage without a cent or a hat—imagine that he appeared upon your doorstep and that famous smile looked in at you—eyes a-twinkle and he said to you:

"Have I got a friend living here?"

What would you say to Mr. Roberts?

I know what you'd say:—

You couldn't get the door open quickly enough. You would put a chair up to the table and the missus would be all smiles and she'd dash out for a jar of her special preserve and you'd try to keep the baby from climbing into his lap while you sent sonny to the store for some cigars.

You know darn well you would! And why?—Because you feel him to be a friend of yours.

The people who go into the movies give everything, their privacy, their strength and their brains, but the screen pays them back ten times over with the friendship of Our Family.



May Allison
Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Betty Blythe

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Lion and the Mouse

By Grace Kingsley

Q *Translating Aesop to Hollywood, does the Lion remember the Mouse which helped it when help was sorely needed? The answer, according to Miss Kingsley, who knows everyone in pictures, is that some lions do and some lions don't—but more do than don't!*

EVERYBODY remembers the famous story by Mr. Aesop about the lion and how the mouse gave first aid to the lion when the latter found himself in a tight box.

Some of our very best little picture stars would now be struggling geniuses imprisoned in the net of circumstance, bound down to earth, if it hadn't been for some humble, mouselike individual, who came forward at the right moment to help out. Sometimes, to be sure, the helping hand was that of some important person, but often as not it was some humble soul, some unpretentious and unselfish person, who gave the needed assistance at the right moment to aid aspiring genius in its moment of despondency.

Sometimes this help has been remembered and returned,—usually, to the credit of the picture stars be it said, it has been—but sometimes the star has been selfish, careless and forgetful.

It was a kindly doorman, maybe, who let a little extra girl slip by when nobody was looking; or one extra helped another; or the woman who did the girl's washing or the cafe keeper who fed her, trusted her and loaned her money. A good many of the beneficiaries were men, and these, truth to tell, seem more prone to forgetfulness than the women.

But Charlie Chaplin is one of those who remembers. He has never forgotten the little boy, a member of the Lancashire Lads, who helped him get his first real engagement on the stage. Charlie spoke of him recently with the deepest affection and gratitude, and likewise of the whole Lancashire family, father and several children, who meant so much to the comedian in his start in life. I don't think he ever hears from the family now, but he did keep in touch with them for some time.

Never has beautiful Betty Blythe forgotten the Three Arts Club in Chicago nor the kindly old white haired matron, who aided her when she was hobbling about on crutches as the result of an accident, and bedridden for days at a time. The Three Arts Club took Betty in and



Q Ramon Navarro's mouse was his own younger brother.

kept her, without money and without price, for several months, until the young actress could get about again and go to work.

Betty has grown famous since then, but never does the Club ask her efforts that she does not respond. She has appeared at innumerable benefits on behalf of the organization, and has been instrumental in turning in hundreds of dollars to the Club.

"I'll never forget how sweet those people were to me," said Betty. "I wouldn't send home to Los Angeles for money. I was too proud. Besides my family didn't approve of my stage career, and I didn't want them to help me against their principles. When I got able to go about, however, I went to my uncle, Samuel G. Blythe, the well known political writer, and borrowed \$75 from him to get to New York. Once in New York I soon went to work for Vitagraph, and it was my husband, Paul Scardon, who first decided that I had acting ability, and gave me a chance. My gratitude to all these will never cease."

Claire and the Mouse.

A GORGEOUSLY beautiful girl with blue eyes, golden hair, a complexion like a rose-leaf, came onto Allan Dawn's set one day, at Union Studios in Hollywood. That is, ordinarily her complexion was like a rose-leaf. But the day I speak of it looked jaundiced and awful. She was playing extra. Another girl came over and spoke to her.

"Say, kid, you look like something the cat dragged in!" said the second extra to the first. "Come with me, and I'll fix you up. Mr. Dawn won't need us for half an hour."

Claire Windsor was the girl with the bum make-up. The other girl took Claire into the dressing room where the extras made up, wiped her face with cold cream, put on a white make-up which experience taught her a blond should

Q Mary Pickford took Lillian Gish to D. W. Griffith, and insisted that the great man give the shy little girl a chance to act. Mary was then the lion and Lillian the mouse; now both are lions and neither has forgotten.



Q Charles Ray has not forgotten the unnamed friend who lent him money so that he would not have to walk long distances between studios to look for work.



wear instead of the awful yellow, and when Claire returned to the set, Allan Dawn himself noted her beauty, and came over and spoke to her.

Charlie Ray's Story

IT was a hot day, and a weary boy who had walked fifteen miles that morning dropped down in the shade of one of these houses without any insides which adorned the Thomas H. Ince western street on the old Ince ranch near Santa Monica on the Pacific.

The boy mopped his hot, red face, rested a moment, got up and went for a drink of water at a faucet. He was a very handsome, attractive young man, and he had an air of good breeding for all that his clothes weren't of the newest or latest cut, and now were coated with dust.

As the boy lifted his head from taking a drink of water, an older man accosted him.

"Hello, Charlie Ray!" said the man.

"Hello, Sam!" said Charlie.



Q Carol Dempster is still fast friends with the little crippled girl who helped her in the old days by believing in her and making Carol's elaborate dancing costumes, even though she was chained to a wheel chair.



Q Zazu Pitts was a star and Tom Gallery was an extra when Zazu "took him up." Now they are happily married.

We shall call him Sam, at any rate.

"How is the walking today, Charlie?" inquired Sam.

"Rotten," said Charlie.

It was after this that the actor we shall call Sam loaned Charlie Ray money so that he need not walk to the studio for lack of carfare.

That's how brave Charlie Ray was. He was so determined to succeed in pictures that not even a walk of fifteen miles when he was out of funds could deter him once he had started. Things are reversed between him and Sam now; but Charlie does not forget.

Duane Thompson, a pretty little girl fast climbing the ladder of fame via the Christie Comedies, says that it was through a wardrobe woman that she got into pictures.

"My mother was working in a costume establishment down town," said Duane, "when the wardrobe woman from Christie's came and wanted some costumes one day. I was with mother, and she asked me if I wouldn't come out and pose with some of the clothes. I went out, and the first think I knew I had a job. I've been playing leads ever since."

Carol Dempster's Little Mouse

BEAUTIFUL Carol Dempster, star of D. W. Griffith pictures, admits that she owes a large part of her inspiration and aid to another beautiful little girl. But alas, this other girl as lovely as Carol herself, is lame. Her lower limbs are paralyzed, and while she remains as beautiful as ever, she cannot walk.

But she can inspire others to do (Continued on page 77)



Q Betty Blythe has never forgotten the Three Arts Club in Chicago which aided her when she was crippled from an accident. The Club took her in and cared for her without charge for several months, until the young actress could get back to work.



The HOUSE of

Q In Hollywood there is a house which has behind it a beautiful ideal of Charity. It succors those girls who are struggling to gain a foothold on the ladder of movie fame. It saves those who are unable to get work from starvation—or worse—for a time.

THE girls who wish to "make the movies" are housed in an old colonial building that squats dejectedly in the center of a tree-dotted acre in Hollywood. Everything about it has gone to seed. The stairs leading up to the main entrance are warped and sun-blistered. The balconies, from which cinema Juliets look down upon embryo Romeos with rejected scenarios in their pockets, are worn and twisted looking—like beaten dreamers when the sun goes down. The wooden swings under the trees are dilapidated—having served their purpose ever and ever so long. Could the inanimate objects of life yield up their secrets, what tales those swings could tell. Here came the shallow pates from far places to rattle in pates even more shallow than their own—the whisperings of ego and the cosmic urge.

And the girls, for the most part, must have listened coyly, for they are young—but old—and wearily wise. Some of them may be chickens, but they know chaff from grain. A brilliant novelist once said to me, "Do not marry for money, Jim, that would be terrible—go where money is and fall in love."

I write with no rancour—I love pretty girls—they represent dreams to me—and the glory and the wonder and the wild lure of living. If they are false—who would desire honesty—have they not heard from their mothers—an ancient slogan—"Better to lie a little than suffer much."

Honest people are never invited to parties—unless they are terribly domineering and brilliant—and then, if they are, as a rule, they are too easily bored. Boredom is the price all great talent must pay to survive. The person of talent doles out the price in hearts' blood, and broken chunks of soul.

If many of the girls have worked in goldless mines



BROKEN DREAMS

By Jim Tully

Q But those who live within its walls sometimes refer to it as *The House of Broken Dreams, The House of Hope Deferred.* Jim Tully knows this House and its history. He makes it heartbreakingly clear to us—the tragedy of those who “fail by inches.”

with broken picks, they should also be pitied—for beauty must pay its prices as well as talent.

Having lived on the crumbs of charity for many of my early years and knowing the system under which the Studio Club is run, I feel that it is a demoralizer instead of a builder of character as are institutions of its kind all the weary world around.

If it had not been for the Studio Club, girls who had not the slightest chance to get into pictures would not have prolonged the dull agony of hope deferred for months at a time. All charity is for failures, unless it be the charity meted out to children. To fail in this materialistic age is no crime, for it has no doubt crushed some of the rarest natures in the world. But to fail by inches is a torture that no age should inflict. And many of the Studio Club girls fail by inches.

Failing by Inches

THERE is one girl, of splendid memory, name unmentioned, who walked to the different studios for a year and a half. In that time she worked three months—with a pittance as a wage. She was possibly the cleverest girl the Club has known. Of the old south, she was permeated with its charm. Witty, and with poise acquired through four generations of culture—she knew what everything was about—except that it was foolish to make the rounds of the studios.

Casting directors, with the mock chivalry of the Babbitt breed, had not the courage to tell her that she would never make the long steep grade. Beautiful, she did not photograph as many of her more homely and stupid sisters. She failed to register that evanescent thing called soul. It is not to be wondered at—those who spread their souls on the screen are rare—two people lead all the rest—Charlie Chaplin and Mae Busch—the others are lost in the fog. But the girl knew no more about pictures than the casting directors.

Had she started in the early days when stage failures turned to the screen—had she only met the MAN who would have put her over—had she—but it is all futile. The one proper “had she” is this—the club gave her a

haven—she paid a small amount for board—and ate her heart out month after month. Without the Studio Club she would have come to her senses sooner.

It is all very well for the “none such” people of the screen who reached success through a freak of destiny to chatter success to these girls—the bare fact remains that none of them have succeeded. Some of the stars do condescend to sell their old clothes to the girls—and the girls—knowing the art of dress—look well in them—but after failure they leave the Club with their morale gone. Institutions crush individuality.

Another Little Tragedy

ANOTHER girl—almost made it. She was Irish—and had a code of morals. She was so near stardom she could touch the sparks. Then a bald-headed director sent for her. On her way to the interview an Irish assistant director said to her, “All I can tell ye, little girl, is remember what you’ve been taught.” The door closed and she was alone with the pseudo-artist in his private office. The world-old questions—but not the world-old answers—this girl was a member of a battling guard that died but did not surrender. . . . She said. . . . “Mr. — I may give some day with a heart full of love—but I have nothing to sell—not even for the whole damn studio.”

The door closed. The director dined that night with his wife and a party of friends. And that ended that—for the girl.

There was another girl who held the position of Club Secretary for years. She once had a good start in pictures. She worked with Nazimova in many pictures. She took a three-months vacation and went to her home in the east where her friends congratulated her upon such great success—for distance lends enchantment to success in Hollywood. Upon her return she found that her place had been taken by others. Not being strong enough to win back the position she had lost, she gave it all up and devoted several years to cheering other girls (Continued on page 79)



Q Male scribes sit up nights trying to think up new adjectives to describe the fragile, orchid-like loveliness of Corinne.



Q Corinne Griffith is what all the novelists of all times have meant when they described impossibly beautiful and poised and charming heroines. She is almost insolently beautiful.

Femininity Plus

By Anne Austin

Q Deep in his heart every man cherishes an ideal of utter femininity, and in spite of her boyish bob and easy aping of masculinity, every flapper would love to be a Corinne Griffith.

APERT-EYED, sleek-bobbed, hoydenish little flapper who sometimes shares my movie pass with me and annoys me with her cheerful chirpings about the picture, grew thoughtful and quiet—blessedly quiet—as we looked at a not very good film, *Lilies of the Field*. My own admiration for Corinne Griffith was registering one hundred per cent, but my picture sense was crying out against the tinsel absurdities of the plot. But this is not a review.

“Do you know,” the barber shop’s best customer said as we left the theater, “I’m thinking what darned fools we all are, not to try to look like Corinne Griffith, instead of shaving our hips and our hair to look like boys? Most of the time I’m pretty much sold on me myself. I warble, ‘I love me’ and I admit there’s usually a line forming on the right to bid for my spare time. I’ve got an engagement book dated up two or three weeks *solid*; even breakfasts. But—I’m always dead sure when I look at Corinne Griffith on the screen that she’s got it all over the best of

us flappers when it comes right down to drawing power. She’s Lady Beautiful and Princess Patricia and all that stuff, while we—well, I have to dance a little closer and drink a little more boisterously than the rest of my crowd to *keep* that engagement book pre-dated—”

Adjectives have been sprained by better pens than mine in a futile attempt to describe the charm and beauty of Corinne Griffith. Male writers for movie magazines wax lyric and forget to pose as hard-boiled, blase birds, when they report on Corinne. Fragile orchid, Golden calla lily. Purple iris against black velvet. Somehow only delicate, exotic flowers suggest themselves as dazzled scribes rummage a vocabulary practically unexercised since college days.

The hoydenish little flapper whose lips are too crimson and whose eyes are too wise explained it further:

“Corinne works the femininity gag, and I guess she knows what she’s doing. I never take my sweetie to see one of her pictures. He’d want to start right in and reform me, or he’d pull that moral Frank (Continued on page 80)

Q Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco. It was a sudden marriage—Corinne admits it, but that makes it all the nicer, she says.



Let Your Brains

Write a Slogan for Mae Murray's Film

Brevity is the soul of successful advertising.

Can you write a slogan for Mae Murray's forthcoming production, which will briefly and attractively advertise this film?



THIS slogan must have as few words as possible; an intriguing, catchy quality and must advertise the production or the star.

When you think of the great businesses of America, you will find identified with each, a catchy slogan which remains in the mind of the reader when all the big full-page spreads and bill board flashes have faded into a vague memory.

The captivating, teasing slogan is so important that this \$500.00 will all be awarded for one slogan. There will be no second prize, there will be no honorable mentions. The contestant who sends in the best slogan will receive a check for \$500.00 in a few days. This is an opportunity for all.

In the land of Motion Pictures, every day a fresh opportunity is granted to some one. The Goddess of Fame prepares a laurel wreath to place upon the brow of some hitherto unknown. Perhaps, you will write the winning slogan and thereby start on the way to movie fame and fortune.

Read carefully the synopsis so that your slogan will really say something. Consider well the characteristics of Mae Murray. Do not repeat the title as this slogan is to be used as a sub-title. The name of the picture is "Circe, The Enchantress."

Write your answer on a post card, one answer on a card, and mail to this office, address given below.

A contestant may send in as many answers as he wishes. The number of words is not limited, but of course, there are practical limits.

In the event of two or more persons submitting the winning slogan, the full amount of the prize offered will be awarded to each.

The contest will close on the 15th of September, 1924.

The prize will be awarded to the slogan which, in the opinion of the Judges, is best.

Address: Mae Murray Slogan Contest, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.

Cecilie exercises a spell over all men. James Kirkwood as Richard Van Dyke, Mae Murray's victim.



Cecilie, heart-broken, in a frenzy of despair gives a mad party in her effort to forget.

Go Into The Movies

\$500.00 Will be Paid for a SLOGAN for "Circe, The Enchantress"

Written especially for Mae Murray
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez

The theme follows the myth of Circe, daughter of the Sun, who turned infatuated sailors into swine until checked by Ulysses.

Cecilie, who exercises a Circe-like spell over men, gives countless parties at her home on the north shore of Long Island. Discovering a new type of victim in her next door neighbor, Dr. Richard Van Dyke, the celebrated New York surgeon, Cecilie invites him to one of her jazz parties. But he does not participate in the drunken revels and spurns her advances.

Desperately in love with him, Cecilie calls at his New York office as a patient. Here she learns that he is engaged to a haughty beautiful girl of his own set, and that he wishes to have nothing to do with her (Cecelie). Heartbroken, she determines to forget everything in a wild carousal.

Consequently, that night, her home is the scene of mad gaiety and recklessness. She gambles away her money and home and finally loses her precious jewels. In a frenzy of despair, she fractures the wine glass in her hand, cutting an artery. Called to the scene, Dr. Van Dyke dresses her wound, prevents a mortal combat between two of her admirers, and leaves her after denouncing her as a modern Circe who lures men to their destruction.

Still hopelessly in love with the doctor, Cecilie flies after him in a condition bordering on collapse. Realizing her danger, the doctor attempts to calm her. She succeeds in restoring her self-control, and Cecilie, for the first time in her petted life, perceives her waywardness. A change comes over her. She casts one fond last glance on the doctor, throws her arms about his neck, kisses him, and departs for the convent in which she had passed her girlhood, to become a lay sister.

But Dr. Van Dyke has finally succumbed to Cecilie's great charm. By means of a slender clue, he traces her to the convent, but the sisters tell him no such person is there. As he leaves, Cecilie is brought in by another door, unconscious and inert, as the result of having risked her life to save a child from being run over. The local doctor tells the sisters that only Dr. Van Dyke's skill can save her.

Reluctantly, Dr. Van Dyke goes to the convent to tend the injured woman. He is startled to recognize Cecilie as his patient. Aware that the life of the woman he loves is at stake, he sets to work over her with his cool skill. The operation is successful and Cecilie has promised to become his wife.



Mae Murray, the screen's best dancer, as "Circe, The Enchantress." Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

The Good Little BAD GIRL



Q Carmel Myers as she looks when fully clothed and in her right mind—that is, Carmel off the screen.

CARMEL MYERS is a vampire who doesn't know it.

Carmel cavorts capriciously upon the screen, luring handsome heroes to her boudoirs, lighting perfumed cigarettes for them, trailing around in soft negligees, smoothing their hair, and otherwise behaving as no perfect lady should. Ask her how she does it—her technique, her method of allure—and she'll answer, "I haven't the slightest idea."

She has vamped John Barrymore—but wait a minute. "Don't," begged Carmel, her gray-green eyes almost glistening with unshed dew-drops, "don't whatever you do, call me a vamp." But as Carmel didn't volunteer any good substitute for that tried-and-true tag, I shall keep right on calling her one. John, as *Beau Brummel*, coldly thrust her from him, at the director's orders. But John, I am reliably informed, actually fell, with a thud which resounded around the studios, for Carmel's crafty machinations with her ukelele.

Carmel, on the screen—a sometimes subtle lady with

Q Carmel Myers is a vamp who hates the name, and who believes that she wants to play "regular girls" on the screen. And when Carmel gets to taking her "art" too seriously, her sense of humor—full-grown—comes to her rescue. Yes, in "private life" she's a "good girl."

By Delight Evans

insinuating clothes and coiffure; a heartless hussy who reposes on a tiger's skin for no good purpose; and Carmel, a girl with an ingratiating giggle which is induced when Mrs. Myers anxiously asks that her child in private life be not confused with the woman of the celluloid amours. Mrs. Myers needn't worry, for Carmel is as unconscious of her many screen pasts as if she'd never lived them. It's all in the day's work for her.

But Carmel, with the perversity of which only a young and pretty girl is capable, was not thrilled when a New York newspaper, usually devoted to the goings-on of beautiful bandits and villainous financiers, went out of its way to herald Miss Myers's arrival, snapping her in her temporary domicile before she dashed off for Europe.

"They say," objected Carmel, "that I was the good little vamp who never took a drink, never smoked a cigarette, and went to bed every night at ten o'clock. Making me out," mourned Carmel, "an awful ga-ga."

The Pink of Propriety

"But you are," I reminded her, "the pink of propriety and sobriety."

"I know it. But they needn't rub it in." Then she atoned: "Not that I believe an actress has to live the life she lives on the screen. If I were a real vamp I'd like to be a good one; and in the pictures I have made, I'm never a real riot, John Barrymore sneered at me—it was a gorgeous scene, but still a sneer. In *Broadway After Dark*, Adolphe Menjou thought I was a knock-out—for a while. He even kissed me on the shoulder—I hope they don't cut out that bit. But then I committed the unpardonable error of kidding my husband over the telephone—which no one except a total dumb-bell would really do. And Adolphe walked, as the saying goes, out on me. No—if I were living my screen parts, I'd pray to be a bigger, (Continued on page 84)



Bareback posing is one of the best things Carmel does. Carmel says she wants to be a "good girl" on the screen, that she hates to be known as a vamp. And yet her favorite photographs are those which bears no resemblance to the real Carmel, but show her all dressed up or rather all undressed in clinging gauze, jewels and a dizzy-head dress.

The BEAUTY



An example of backlighting the hair so that the coveted aureole of light will appear. Mae Murray's face also is best with strong front lighting.

WE all cherish illusions. We like to be fooled. The little girl who looks in lily cups for fairie (not the papa ones, silly) is the same little girl grown up who looks for goddesses of beauty upon the screen,—and finds them.

"Is she really as beautiful as that off the screen?" is the first question any fan asks any person who has seen any famous picture star "in person." And the answer, oh, so disillusioning to the grown up little girl who still believes in fairies, is always, "We-ell, I was disappointed in her. Her skin is not any better than mine, and her hair is bleached to make it look that way on the screen." So another fan has lost a precious idol, and the screen is just that much worse off.

I believe "personal appearances" have done more harm to the industry than anything else, more even than radio. For the radio merely keeps a good many picture-goers at home, while the personal appearance of a hitherto worshipped idol often shatters illusions and weakens the allegiance of the entire audience toward all stars.

If I were a producer, I'd write a clause into every contract, forbidding my star to be seen in public without a thick veil, and then only by blase tradespeople who are accustomed to shocks. I'd use that old Fox trick that succeeded so well with Theda Bara—I'd make my stars ladies of mystery—a mystery that could never be solved.

For it is a sad fact that "screen faces" are seldom beautiful in the way that Follies girls are beautiful. The average chorus girl on Broadway is far more beautiful than the Venuses of the silver sheet. The stage girl's beauty must be perfect in coloring and line. Her sole aids to beauty are grease paint and footlights. But the screen beauty has at her command all the tricks of an expert cameraman, plus grease paints and spotlights.

George S. Barnes, cameraman for Marion Davies, and a veteran of seven years experience in the game, despite his

youthful appearance, has helped make so many beauties that he is a connoisseur of screen faces.

"Screen beauty is largely a matter of lighting," says Mr. Barnes, "and the harder a face is to light the less chance its owner has of success in pictures. I've spent an entire day experimenting with overhead lights, and spots and back lights, trying to make beauty blossom where there is no beauty. And all the time the relentless studio overhead is going on. A director is seriously hampered if he has to remember all his star's bad points while trying to get emotional work out of her."

It was George Barnes who photographed Laurette Taylor in *Peg O' My Heart*. When it occurred to me that the cameraman is probably the god to whom screen beauties pray and whose favors they curry with all their wiles, I asked who had been responsible for the almost miraculous rejuvenation of Miss Taylor as she appeared in the screen version of her famous stage comedy. And when they told me that it was George Barnes, I went to him.

"No, it wasn't easy to photograph Miss Taylor. She's



George S. Barnes, expert cameraman, responsible for the caught in the act of commemorating the blonde beauty of

MAKER—

By W. R. Benson

Q The cameraman is really the god to whom all good little girls in pictures should pray, for in his hands lies their fate. He can make them beautiful, or by tricks of the camera, he can rob them of the beauty with which Nature endowed them. George S. Barnes, cameraman for Marion Davies, lets us in on secrets of the trade.

not so young as she once was, and yet she had to appear to be about sixteen. She had great deep circles under her eyes, and lines from her nose to her chin. Most women have those lines, and they are the bane of a Cameraman's existence. I had to photograph Miss Taylor full face, flooding her features with light. Light flattens the face, ironing out the



beautiful photography in Yolanda and Janice Meredith, the star. Miss Davies is the most easily photographed blonde.



Madge Bellamy's beauty is purely a camera product. In real life she is not noticeably pretty, but she should worry.

lines, and the circles under the eyes. For the close-ups she was photographed through gauze. All cameramen use gauze for the misty, ethereal close-ups. Alice Terry owes her beauty to gauze. Off screen, she is rather coarse-featured and entirely lacking in that delicate, elusive quality which the fans have come to associate with her. I have never seen anything more beautiful than her close-ups in *The Four Horsemen*—gauze did it, and scientific lighting.”

Blondes are much better camera subjects than brunettes. Golden hair can be back-lighted to glorious effect, while a brunette must depend entirely upon beauty of features to get her over, says Mr. Barnes. Mae Murray is a splendid example of the perennial screen beauty of a blonde. Every cameraman revels in his chance to make haloes of her hair. But at the same time the Murray features must be flooded with light to flatten out the lines, for Miss Murray is long past the flapper age.

So that the flood of light used on a blonde's face will not make her eyes too pale, skilful make-up is required to intensify their brilliance and their long lashes. Marion Davies' eyes are the only feature which ever gives trouble to the cameraman. In fact, Mr. Barnes vows that Marion is the most easily photographed person he has worked with.

“She can stand moods in lighting, as we call it. That is, part of her face can be thrown in shadow and the rest highlighted. Only a really youthful beauty can stand that sort of photography. And fortunately she can be photographed from every angle. Many stars have to be photographed entirely from their ‘good side’. For instance, Anita Stewart must be photographed from the left side. I study a star's points thoroughly before a scene in the picture has been shot. Many feet of film are consumed in tests, before I am satisfied that I know the best angles from which to photograph the subject. Various types of



Laurette Taylor, photographed so successfully by Mr. Barnes in Peg O' My Heart, requires a flood of light on her face.

ible angle is experimented with before the director takes charge. Even then, the director defers constantly to the cameraman, whose final O. K. of a scene must be secured before it is shot. Some directors think they know more about his business than the man at the camera, and much film is wasted. Sometimes I pretend to concur with the director's opinion, and then do it my own way. They usually don't know the difference, and the results justify the mild insubordination."

Of all the stars George Barnes has ever photographed, and their name is legion, he picks May MacAvoy as the most beautiful brunette.

"Miss MacAvoy has an almost flawless beauty. She is the cameraman's delight, for it is almost impossible to photograph her badly. She is susceptible to all the moods in lighting, and offers no problems in make-up. Anita Stewart, for instance, must be made up in a certain way for the best effects. Miss MacAvoy's features are delicate, dainty and yet decided. She has no 'bad side', no incipient double chin to be erased with skilful red grease paint and careful lighting. Her hair has a peculiar live quality, which makes it respond beautifully to backlighting. Her skin will stand close-ups without gauze."

The tricky Camera

THE camera plays strange tricks upon faces: Many a homely girl walks the streets of Hollywood unnoticed, unrecognized, while at the theaters thousands of fans worship at the shrine of her beauty. Madge Bellamy, says Mr. Barnes, is one of these queer contradictions. Off the screen is she not even pretty. She merely happens to have that most priceless possession—a perfect screen face. The

camera seeks and finds hidden beauties; it transforms her rather nondescript coloring to gleaming brunette radiance. It would be folly for Miss Bellamy to make personal appearances; she would disillusion thousands who now acclaim her as one of the most beautiful stars of the screen and rightly so.

Colleen Moore is another who becomes a beauty when the Kleig lights focus upon her. Off screen she too is nondescript, lacking in verve and brilliance. The same transformation which turns Madge Bellamy into a beauty makes Colleen an optical delight, seen through the lying eyes of the camera.

Mary Pickford gains immeasurably by camera kindness, as indeed does almost every star in the business, except a few who are so unfortunate as to lose through photography. There are no lines in her face. Back-lighting

brings out the beauty of her naturally golden hair. She is particularly skilful and conservative in make-up, never using the accentuated cupid's bow or the exaggerated eye-lash. She is one of the few stars who are not disappointing off the screen.

Mr. Barnes, after seeing Billie Dove in *Wanderer of the Waste-*



May MacAvoy is the most beautiful dark-haired girl in pictures, according to Cameraman Barnes. He believes she is ideal actress for Peter Pan.

A beautiful study of Mary Pickford, showing to what advantage the photographer can employ moods in lighting. Her face does not require the strong front-lighting that a less beautiful or older face demands.—Photo by Hoover Art Co.



land, almost wavered in his allegiance to May MacAvoy as the most beautiful dark-haired star he had ever seen. He is enthusiastic over the use of color photography for certain stars, such as Billie Dove and Betty Compson, stars whose natural coloring is one of their chief assets of the screen.

Mr. Barnes calls Billie Dove a "perfect beauty," so far as features and coloring are concerned. He believes she lacks the spiritual (Continued on page 84)



Laska Winter

Q The Marriage Cheat stands out of the month's pictures for the sole reason that it brings Laska Winter into the limelight. No one seems to know who she is or why, or where she has been all these years when the screen needed just such fire and beauty as hers. But this is a prophecy—other publications please copy!—that Laska Winter will some day reach stardom. The portrait above shows her "as is;" the insert on the right is Laska as the half-caste girl in The Marriage Cheat.





In a very extensive tour of motion picture theaters the writer has observed couples holding hands whose average age varied from seven to seventy.

The PETTERS

By Rupert Allen

BLAMING it on the movies is one of the favorite pastimes of professional reformers. No matter what sin, crime or vice is under investigation, the odds are always in favor of a resolution being passed to the effect that the pernicious influence of the movies is at fault.

Reporters also seem to have an uncanny faculty of smelling out the most remote connection which any notorious person has had with some phase of the motion picture industry. If Mamie Snooks, having been turned down by her sweetie, gets peevish and tries to stab him in the back, you may be sure that they will have found out that in 1916 she worked for two days as an extra over at Fort Lee, and the news story will be duly captioned "JILTED MOVIE ACTRESS STABS LOVER." This, of course, gives the paper a wonderful opportunity to hunt through the files and reprint spicy resumes of all the more recent Hollywood scandals.

Not so very long ago an incautious gentleman was indicted on a charge of bigamy in the state of Illinois. He happened to be a very wealthy wholesale coal merchant, but because he owned several thousand shares of stock in a well known motion picture producing company he was described in the majority of newspapers as a *movie magnate*. Intelligent people are divided between amusement and disgust at these repeated attempts to make the movies indirectly responsible for,

Investigation has shown that when Harry takes Harriet to the movies he is frequently far more anxious to hold her hand in the convenient gloom of the theater than to watch the picture. This, according to reformers, is a perfectly terrible state of affairs.

or connected with every sinful lust of the flesh, but one can hardly blame the papers. They work in the perfectly correct theory that movie magnates and actresses



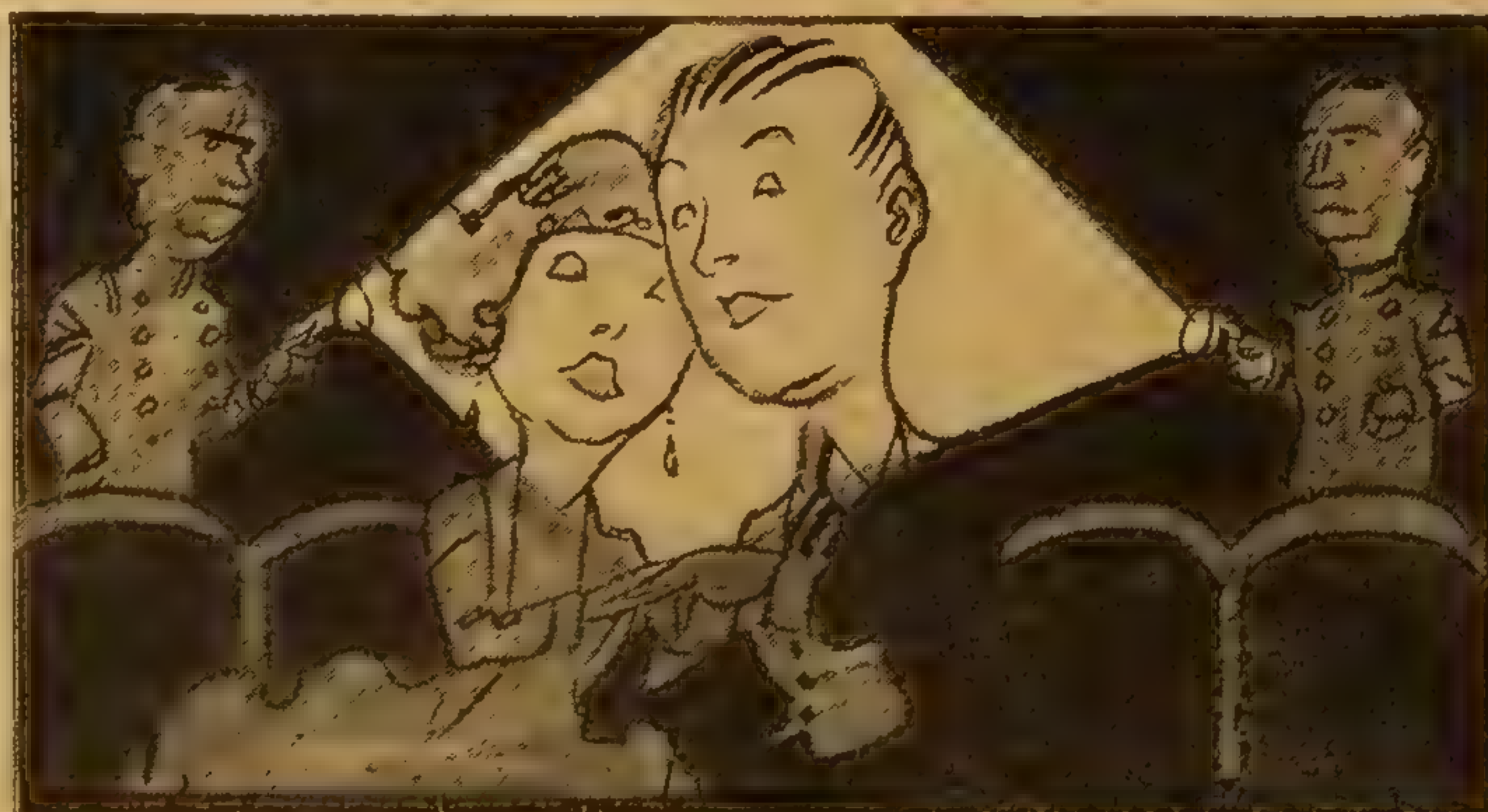
As reformers would like to see us watching the movies.

are more interesting to the general public than wholesale coal merchants or filing clerks.

Harry and Harriet at the Movies

RECENTLY there has been much agitation among the self appointed guardians of the public morals, because investigation has shown that when Harry takes Harriet to the movies he is frequently far more anxious to hold her hand in the convenient gloom of the theatre than to watch the photoplay on exhibit. This, according to the reformers, is a perfectly terrible state of affairs, and is taken as but one more sign that the Messrs. Loew, Zukor, Laemmle *et. al.* are rapidly leading this nation to a moral Gahenna.

Let us review some of the evidence upon which these charges are based. Firstly, is

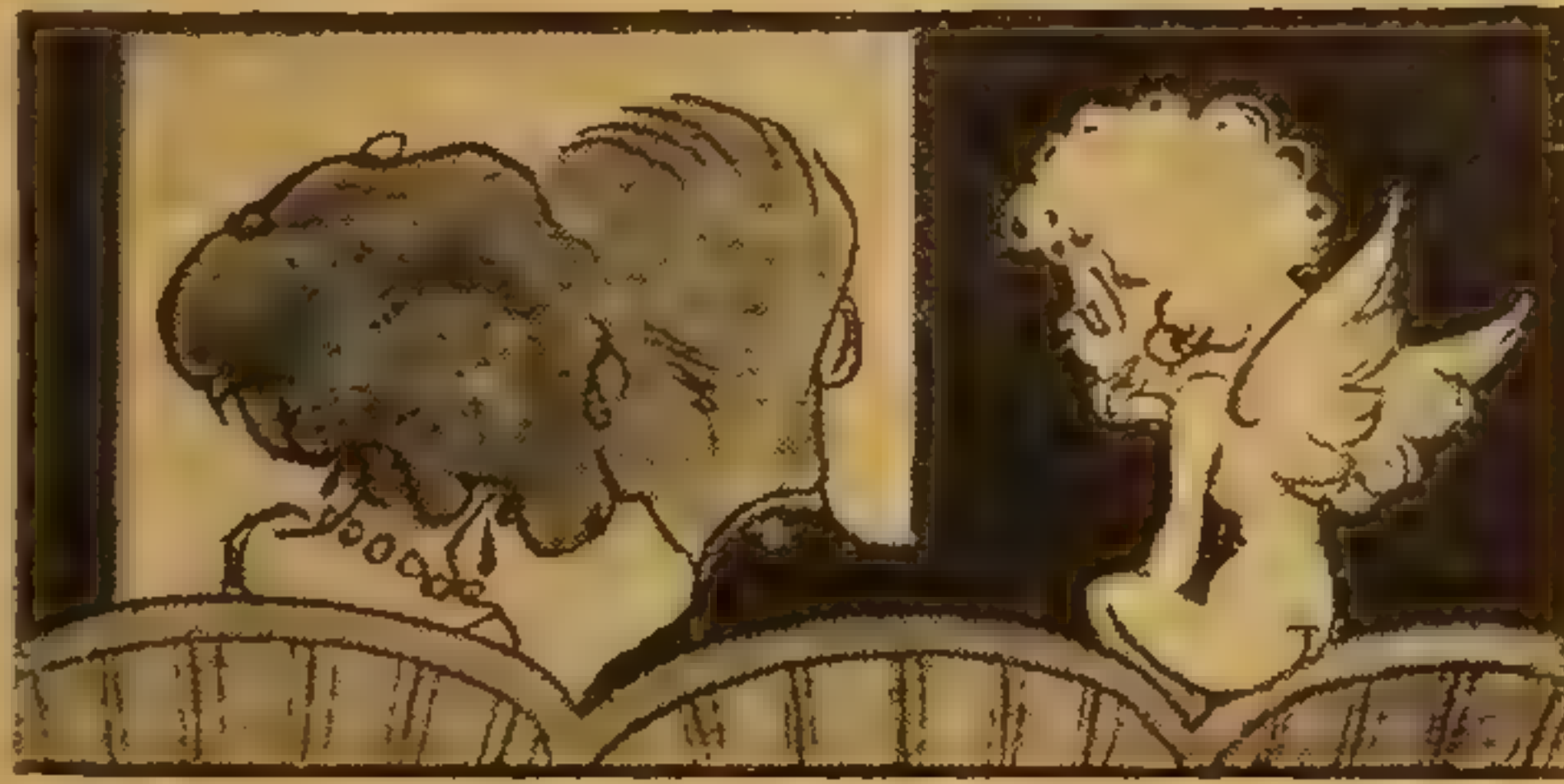


College co-eds make far more work for the ushers than sweeties in little manufacturing towns.



PARADISE

Illustrations
By
Edward Butler



If the young folk in a city can't court in a movie theater, where is the next generation coming from?

number of people who go to the movies hold hands while they are there. A great many go even further. Some utterly depraved men actually place an arm on the back of the chair occupied by their girl! Could anything be more disgusting?

The writer has discussed the prevalence of these customs with exhibitors from all over the country, and learned some very interesting facts. The smaller the town, for instance, the more petting goes on, as a general rule. Further, the wealthier the patronage, the greater the extent of the "spooning." In college towns, for instance, where students and co-eds make up the bulk of the audience, there is far more work for the ushers than in little manufacturing towns.

In New York City, the larger motion picture houses claim to be almost entirely free from this furtive philandering. At the Capitol, Rivoli and Rialto theatres the ushers have very strict instructions to nip any tendency towards amorous instincts very early in the bud. At the Stanley Theatre, Seventh Ave. and 41st St.,

it true that the movie theatres, as alleged, are little better than petting parlors, and secondly, if this be true, is any great harm being done?

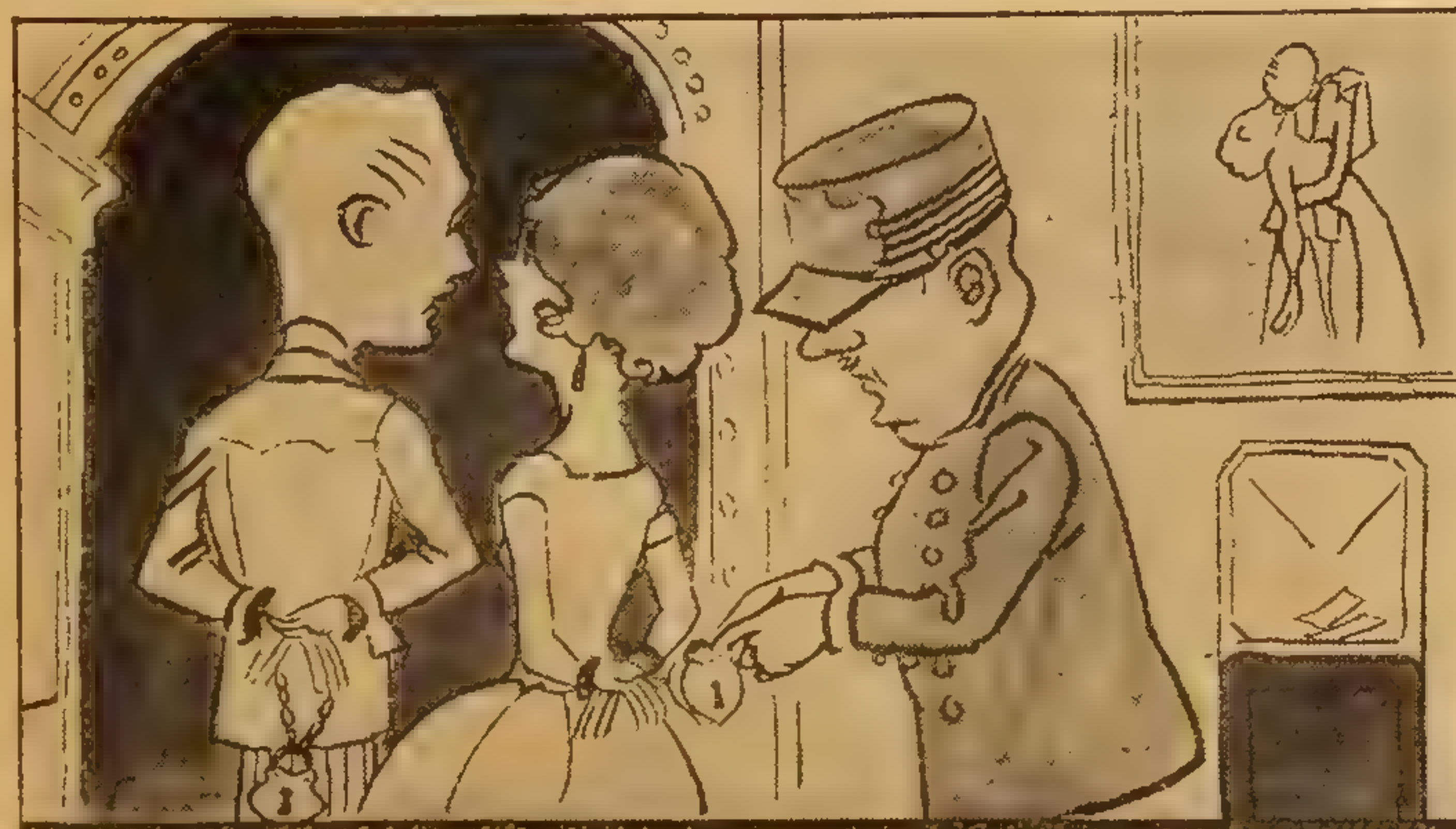
Well — these's no use beating about the bush — it is a fact that quite a

the manager claims that husband and wife are not even permitted to hold hands! Ushers patrol the aisles constantly, and where two bold spirits, carried away by their mutual affection are seen to be clasping hands, the manager is hastily informed, and they are respectfully requested to behave themselves!

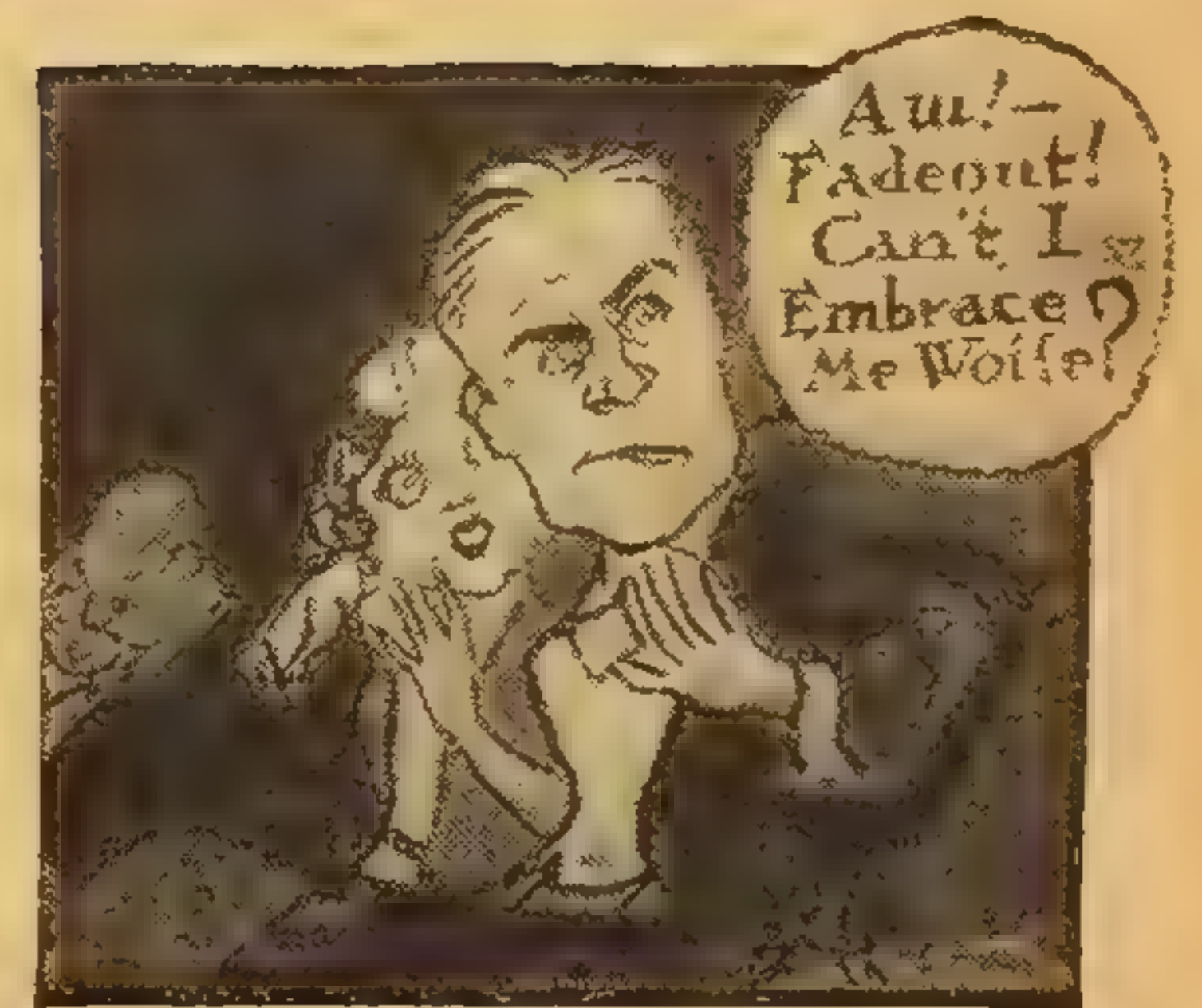
On the other hand certain theatres west of Seventh Avenue, and East of Madison are not quite so rigid in their enforcement of propriety. Quite fervent embraces are tolerated, and in the course of his investigation into this absorbing question the writer became acquainted with a little theatre not a hundred miles from Union Square, where certain of the arms dividing the seats are conveniently removable, to permit of greater comfort to the petters.

In a large Eastern city a very novel and enlightening test

was recently made to determine the prevalence of petting in movie theatres. A house with a capacity of over fifteen hundred had acquired the reputation of being one of the favorite haunts of the 'necker' owing to the fact that the lights were kept so dim as to be practically negligible, while the ushers, it was said, had instructions to ush with their eyes closed. Accordingly a band of reformers obtained per- (Continued on page 54)



There are many zealots who would compel us to have our hands tied behind our backs before we enter.



Sentiment in the house compliments the film.

This WAY OUT!

By H. B. K. Willis

THERE are two roads to success in Hollywood. One turns to the right to stardom. The other goes straight on through. It was this straight highway which knew the tiny feet of Sigrid Holmquist, scintillant Scandinavian, who would have become a star if she had not turned out to be a movie meteor.

Movie meteors are dazzling objects appearing in the cinema heavens for a space which land elsewhere with a dull, sickening thud with the dimmers on.

Such a phenomenon was Sigrid. Without warning or fanfare of publicity trumpets she burst upon Hollywood, a blonde and blinding claimant for the highest celluloid honors. A queen she was and the homage of a queen she craved, nay demanded.

QSun-kissed hair and eyes of baby blue. — yet they say Sigrid wouldn't photograph!



QWhy did dazzling Sigrid Holmquist, yclept "the Swedish Mary Pickford," bump against the "This Way Out" sign on her arrival in Hollywood? H. B. K. Willis thinks he knows—

Her inability to appear pleasing in the camera's eye was given as the reason for the classification of movie meteor affixed to Sigrid by those who ought to know.

Perhaps you have seen her, a frightened, childlike wisp of a girl, playing opposite Jack Holt in one or two calcium bromides, a timorous Juliet to his grim Romeo.

But now she has gone, departed, left and those who knew her best thus indite her screendom epitaph:

"Sigrid Holmquist, the Swedish Cytherea who could not seethe."

In the black book of an actress, whose acquaintance she made here, Sigrid is classified as "one of those things which are interesting but without appeal—a wart on the nose of an otherwise beautiful woman, for example."

"But Sigrid did not have even a wart," the entry concludes. The notation is significant although it slights many photoplaying assets Sigrid had.

Sigrid "lithps"

THE had a "lithping," distracting prattle. Her canary-colored hair was the medium introducing Parisian bobs to Hollywood. Bulging bondholders grew protective after one long look into her pale, blue, infantile eyes.

Hence her squires were legion.

The wardrobe which she had culled for her adolescent figure was as complete as a book on etiquette—something for every occasion without arousing the comment, "What's wrong with this picture?"

Early Sigrid let her critics know that to her the word, "convention" meant something political in nature.



Q *She got the laurel wreath in Sweden but here she got the gate.*

Sigrid made a great impression on me. For a long time I regarded her as a sacrificial lamb on the altar where the Kleigs are ever alight, tended by fastal (correct) virgins. But that was an error. Sigrid could not and would not be a sacrifice.

Well I remember that day in dread September when first I met her.

She was standing at the curb in front of the Lasky lot at dusk, looking wistfully, yet meaningly at the taxicab then waiting for me but not for her.

It was very obvious the lady desired a lift.

Q *Can it be that such blonde loveliness as this failed to register? No, look deeper for the reason why Sigrid is called a movie meteor.*

ONE big, blue eye peered out from the white felt helmet crowned down askew upon her bob. A crimson blouse was visible save where a soft-leather, sleeveless jerkin of black, trimmed with steel beads, intervened. Her skirt, a billowing thing of pleats, shrieked attention to her slender ankle and the tiny foot, tap-tapping in feigned impatience and displeasure.

Adventure lurks in Hollywood and, though I have two good reasons for not being venturesome—one of them is as old as myself and the other, nine—I felt an urge like unto that which must have impelled Sir Walter Raleigh to bridge the mud-puddle for good (Continued on page 88)



Q A baby show was put on in Hollywood to recruit babies for *What Shall I Do?* The droves of mothers with babies who turned out in answer to the call prove definitely that there is no race suicide in Southern California.

Movie Struck

STRANGE sounds emanated from the Fred Niblo set. A barking of dogs mingled with queer cluckings as of delirious ducks.

"I thought *The Red Lily* was a French picture," I mused. "Sounds more like an animal picture." I wandered over.

There were no animals. There was only a baby, a sad looking baby, a rattle clutched in his fat fist. Before him capered Fred Niblo, barking hoarsely. He danced; he put his thumbs to his head and wagged them comically; he tickled that baby amidships.

Enid Bennett tiptoed over and whispered in my ear, "We want the baby to laugh. The scene hinges on it."

Fred Niblo kicked his heels. The baby looked bored. He whistled merrily. The baby yawned. "Coochie, coochie," he gurgled ingratiatingly and chucked the baby under his fat chin. The baby looked as if he had never smiled in his life.

Niblo wiped the perspiration from his brow. "All right, you win!" he said to the infant, and then to the exhausted company, "We might as well call it a day. We can't shoot that scene without a laughing baby, and that kid hasn't a laugh in his system."

And as the delighted actors went away from there rapidly, before Niblo could change his mind, the baby took his thumb from his mouth and laughed.

PUTTING baby in the movies is probably the favorite indoor sport of Los Angeles mothers. It is certainly the least popular with directors. Meaning no offense to the little darlings, directing youngsters is right in a class with directing animals, as far a difficulty goes, and there are plenty of directors in the business who would rather

take a chance on the animals.

"Every baby is a new and unsolved problem," Niblo declares. "Some youngsters you

must coax. Others you must impress with sternness. Others react best to indifference, to pique their desire to impress you with their merit."

One thing Fred Niblo knows: he will never, never bribe his child actors with candy. He has had his lesson.

His picture, *The Red Lily*, deals with a bourgeois family of the French provinces, a veritable family of discord. The mother and father, dirty, slovenly, ambitionless, fight eternally.

The small son and daughter quarrel. Even the family cat and dog keep up a constant warfare. For the children, Niblo found two apparently perfect types. The little girl was an angel

child. She took direction perfectly and Niblo beamed upon her. But the little brother! He was what the French call an *enfant terrible*, in plain English a "holy terror." He was motivated, not by just boyish naughtiness, but by outright ugliness. His bullet head and underslung little jaw suggested too plainly a potential criminal. But he was perfect just "as is" for the part of the quarrelsome child.

All morning, he gave director and camera man incessant trouble. He wouldn't stay on the set for the few shots in which he was needed. Finally, in desperation, Niblo said, "Now if you are a good boy and don't go off the set, I'll bring you some candy when I come back from lunch."

He was as good as his word. Afternoon came and they proceeded to shoot the family battle, where everybody fights. And lo and behold! the young hellion who had sworn at the director and kicked his mother an hour before was now transformed into a pious child who followed Niblo about with a holy smile on his sticky young face. They did everything but pinch the kid to change him back



Q "Catch 'em when they're young," says Police Judge Pope, one of the judges in the baby contest.



Every mother who brought a baby to the contest knew that her child could make Jackie Coogan look like thirty cents, if the infant only had a chance! And the mothers were there to see that the judges played fair.

B A B I E S

Marshall

to his normal self, but to no avail. He *wouldn't* get mad, and at last Niblo had to get another boy to do the part!

proves of little or no use. Prospective mothers don't register their unborn babes, although that is about the only phase of registration neglected by the enterprising Hollywood sisterhood.

A lollypop had gummed the works.

Little Eugenia O'Rourke is a born actress, Niblo declares. She is about nine years old. Two minutes of instruction, and she goes on the set and performs her duties perfectly, like a regular little trouser. But well-trained little actresses like Eugenia are not so often found.

The babies that were presented for the picture, *What Shall I Do?* would have delighted any Better Babies committee. The story, which featured Dorothy Mackail, required babies. A baby show was put on, with Police Judge James Pope of Los Angeles as one of the judges. The three best babies got parts, with close-ups and everything. And the droves of mothers with babies who turned out in answer to the call proved definitely that there is no race suicide, in Southern California. And every mother there knew positively that her baby could make Jackie Coogan look like thirty cents, if the child could only have a chance.

Directing babies is difficult enough, but managing the mothers is something else again. No sooner would the director get the babies the way he wanted them, than an anxious mama would rush on the set to straighten the bow on her darling's bonnet or fluff out the little skirts. But though it is a lot of work, the results are worth it. An endearing baby has put over many a scene, and the producers know it.

ALMOST every drama of married life requires two or three children, and almost invariably the new-born babe lying in its weak, white-faced mother's arms. What would drama be without the little che-ild to lead the straying papa back to mama? When a new-born babe is needed for an out, out into the snow sequence, or a "little child shall bring them together again" scene, the casting director



Sheriff Traeger takes this job of judging babies very seriously—so do the babies!

But a call goes out in frantic haste, stating that a three days or three weeks old child is needed. Hollywood's most amiable obstetrical physicians are called upon to supply names and addresses where the stork has made recent calls, and diplomatically the proud parents are approached. You might think that the mama would hate to see her brand-new darling torn from her arms for even a moment, or that she would be jealous of the fake mama in whose arms her offspring would nestle before the camera.

But not so. She sees in the embarrassed casting director's appeal the hand of fate. Fame has sent out a clarion call for her darling. If the babe is old enough, she gets out of her bed and takes it to the studio in person, and hovers like a weak guardian angel while the fierce white lights beat upon its tiny red face. And for ever after she has an un-failing topic of conversation. Little Imogene or Lester has appeared in the movies. His astrological chart forecasts his fame in the screen world. The family has won distinction. Another baby is destined to be forever storming the citadel of Hollywood fame—and in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand—unavailingly. Unavailingly—who shall say!

Certainly the present batch of movie makers, having arrived at perfection and prosperity, will soon retire. Who, then, will carry on the banner and carry out the fade-out?

Perhaps the very kid who did not laugh at Niblo. Certainly his early record shows control and all he will have to do is to develop speed—and there you are, the perfect director.

If the mother heart of Hollywood yearned in vain for a screen career, what more logical course could she pursue than to rear some careers, in order to at least feel the thrill of the most fascinating profession i. t. w.

Alice in



Silver embroidery on doeskin velvet makes this closely fitted bodice, and silver cloth models the foundation skirt over which are hung flounces of sheerest lace in tones of brown. The cap is of the same exquisite lace, the turban of tulle. Costume from Gilber-Clark, Inc., posed by Jane Winton, featured in Paramount pictures.

All pictures especially posed for Screenland by Famous-Players Lasky stars.

Q *When I decided it was about time for other poor working girls, I called in as I know.*

Q *May M. Hallett, assistant costume designer, nobly, with the following Paramount stars posed especially for article should be properly dressed up.*

Q *Maybe you'll like Miss Hallett's story I never come back from that vacation!*

are the fabrics for the coming season, and following are a few of the names of these lovely materials:

New Materials for Fall

DAMAS BAGDAD is a metal brocade on silk in double-face quality, featured in rich colorings.



Miss Helen D'Algy, who plays opposite Valentino in The Sainted Devil, is seen here in a new dance frock, of taffeta and chiffon. — Lucile Staff, Inc.

FALL fashions, as they are flashed upon the silver screen before the critical eye of the public, show an interesting contrast to the styles of the season just past. The severe line of the tubular gown which has dominated the summer mode is losing cast, and the princess silhouette, with a decided flare to the lower part of the skirts, takes its place.

Ruffles, flounces, and godet gores are greatly in evidence, giving an air of Mid-Victorian times; while the long slender bodices moulding the figure to below the hips, with very full skirts, remind one of the modes of the Renaissance period. The influence of that same time, when all art was undergoing a great change, is felt in the sumptuousness of the fabrics and the profuse use of furs on costumes both for street and house wear.

Brilliant, lustrous, satin-finished materials, both in silks and wool, are in vogue. Laces of sheer quality and mixtures of silk and metal take precedence.

In fact the keynote of the Fall and Winter mode is simplicity of line and richness of fabric.

Marvelous brocades with novel ideas in designs and color combinations in parchment-like patterns of Hindu and Arab inspiration, shimmering metallic cloths and chiffon velvets, and panne velvets in lustrous finish and in combinations with artificial and pure silk, satin-finished cloths, such as ribbed velours, broadcloth, and kasha novelties,

SCREENLAND

little Alice to take a vacation, along with my substitute the cleverest fashion expert

rector of Famous Players-Lasky, came to brilliant analysis of fall fashions. And SCREENLAND, so that Miss Hallett's

so well you will suggest to the editor that If so, goodbye.—ALICE ANESELY.

CREPE MAURESQUE FACONNE is an artificial crepe in Moorish design.

SATIN MOUFLON is a combination of satin and duvetyn in two-color effects carried out on a satin ground in contrasting color.



Turquoise velvet of a deep, rich tone makes this evening wrap from H. H. Hornfeck & Son, Inc. The scarf collar and long, crystal tassels are Oriental in inspiration. Worn by Miss D'Algy.

Miss Winton shows the becomingness of her new cover of soft pile fabric of bottle-green. The embroidery in grey, green and blue, adds a touch of individuality as does the monkey fur. Designed by Lucile Staff, Inc.



INDIEN is a printed crepe overcast with metal brocade, also Georgines. These are similar to the Roman crepe.

SATIN WINDSOR and SATIN IMPERATER are of the old-fashioned, pure silk satin of heavy quality.

RUISSELANTE is a new satin marocain of great suppleness.

Chiffon velvets known as SALOME, TANAGRA and MANDARIN, continue in vogue, as does the metal moire called SOUVERAINE.

Plain metal fabrics, known as REFLIT D'OR and COTTE.de MAILLE are in demand.

Oriental Influence

In designs there is a decided Oriental influence, while the colors are subdued rather than brilliant. Soft shades of rose, coral, copper, red, white and yellow dominate for evening wear, and the warm chestnut browns and spicy shades and caramel tones are good for day cloths. Green is also favored in soft olive, and also the rich tones of claret.

Jewelry for the winter wardrobe vies with the fabrics in brilliance and richness. Pearls which are extensively worn, are strung with large cabochon emeralds, or with coral, jade, quartz or cornelians. Earrings are extremely long and ornate, of the Italian Renaissance inspiration. Necklaces of large jade beads or coral are worn twisted several times around the neck.



WANDA

Grew

By Vivian

Q *With Revelation Viola Dana bids a long farewell to cutie-cute roles, and also to Metro, who wanted her to continue in program pictures. But her reward is the leading role opposite Glenn Hunter in Merton of the Movies.*

If you wish for a thing long enough, and hard enough, you're practically bound to get it in the end. It's a good theory, and I can prove it. I've been wishing on seven stars for seven nights that Viola Dana would drop her cutie-cutie roles and give us a glimpse of the real acting ability that she keeps hidden away in that saucy bobbed head of hers. And now she's done it.

They wanted her to keep on doing program pictures, over there at Metro's. She was so good at it, you see. "Sure-fire box," the exhibitors called her, than which there is no higher praise in the minds of the trade. If she had been a little less cute in those daring-daughter-of-the-rich country club tabloids, she would probably have been given her chance to step out into real dramatics sooner. But as one flapperette film succeeded another, Viola grew rebellious. She knew she could act, and she looked about for a story that was worthy of the passion of expression that was bubbling up in her heart.

She must have a story that required real acting, real emotion. Metro still owned the rights to *A Rose of a Thousand Years*, which Nazimova played so superbly as *Revelation*. And Viola demanded that story. Metro officials were aghast. It was really rather like Pollyanna yearning to be Lady Macbeth. Viola stood pat. She would do *Revelation* or nothing. The fact that her interpretation of the part would inevitably be compared to Nazimova's version, merely lent an added fillip to the game. *Revelation* would be at once a challenge and a vindication. And it is only fair to Viola to add that audiences in New York are crazy over *Revelation*, which at this writing is being shown at the Capitol theatre.

Viola was given *Revelation*, but it cost her a new contract with Metro. But as the new contract would have meant just another series of program pictures, Viola didn't worry. She just went over to Lasky's, and landed one of the plums of the season, the part of the hard-boiled extra girl in *Merton of the Movies*, playing opposite Glenn Hunter. Hardly had she removed her make-up after finish-

ing the last scene in that picture than she was signed up for Paul Bern's picture, *Open All Night*, a clever French farce. Viola will be featured along with Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Grif-

Q *Wanda as she would like to be forgotten—all curled up and playing a leading role under Penrhyn Stanlaws' direction. Just too cute for anything!*



Q *Wanda with the curls subdued and playing a serious role in Bread, as the little sister of Jeanette, Mae Busch.*

and VIOLA

Up

Victor

Q *Wanda Hawley had to go to Europe to live down her past as a curly-headed blonde ingenue. She's come back to the screen, minus her curls and her cuddly ways, in Bread, a very serious affair.*

fith and Jetta Goudal. A new and brilliant career seems to be opening up for Viola. In her case, virtue was not its only reward.

Viola a Real Actress

Those sceptics who refuse to believe that Viola Dana is a real actress have either never seen her in any but the flapper roles of the past three or four years, or have forgotten her early pictures. Viola is a born actress. She was trouping with the best of them when many of the present film producers were selling ready-to-wears. When she was only eleven, she made a hit in the stage production of *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Littlest Rebel* and *The Poor Little Rich Girl*. She was an engaging little thing, about as big as a pint of cider, with mischievous eyes and curly hair. Whether the curls were natural or acquired by the familiar method of rag curlers, I cannot say, but Viola had 'em, and they were very becoming.

She was hardly more than a little girl when she appeared in the old Edison picture, *The Stoning*, and in that picture she proved her claim to being an actress, for all time. She played the part of a girl betrayed by love, left to bear alone her shame. An old, familiar, melodramatic role, but she gave to it such pathos, such sincerity that no one who saw it could forget it.

Then came *Blue Jeans*, in which she scored a great popular hit. It was a Metro picture, and marked the beginning of her five years with that company. She had worth-while stories at first: *A Weaver of Dreams*; *The Willow Tree*, in which she played the part of a Japanese maiden; *Diana Ardway*, *Jeanne of the Gutter*; *False Evidence*. Then came the deluge of cutie parts: *The Off-Shore Pirate*; *A Noise in Newborough*, and many more on the same model. Oh, many more. Cute, you know, but tiring after a while. Sugar as a steady diet becomes mighty monotonous.

Viola Dana is a wise little girl, and her long farewell to flapper roles is *prima facie* evidence of that wisdom. Viola has outgrown those roles, both in mind and in years. Not that she is old; she is only twenty-five. But a woman of twenty-five is not a flapper, even if she is only four feet eleven in height and coquettish by nature. Any person who reaches the quarter-century mark without some character-lines on her face is a nit-wit. The (Continued on page 91)

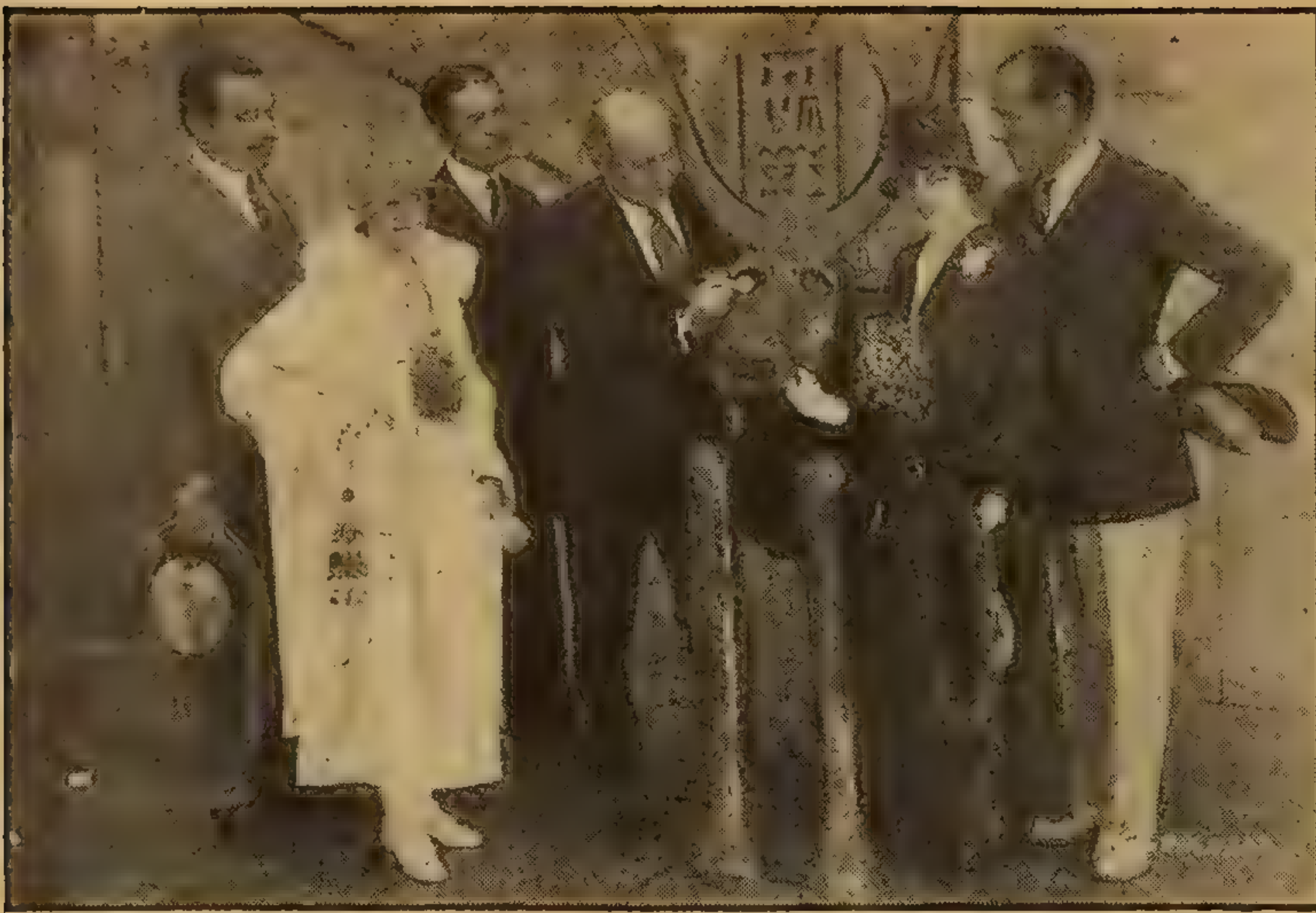


Q *An unusual portrait of Viola Dana, showing the spirituality and wistfulness which sometimes subdues the hoyden in her volatile nature.*



Q *Viola as the tempestuous model in Revelation, in which the erstwhile program picture star makes a bid for Nazimova's laurels.*

OUR OWN



Q Celebrating the 250th performance of *The Ten Commandments* at the Hollywood-Egyptian Theater. Present are Noah Beery, Julia Faye, Malcolm McGregor, Jeanie Macpherson, Jack Holt and Cecil DeMille.



Q Baby Peggy is the busiest person in New York, what with helping to put Governor Smith in nomination, radioing bed-time stories, giving luncheons, and taking dancing lessons; to say nothing of opening her picture, *Captain January*, at the Strand on Broadway.



Q James Rennie hastens to the boat to meet his wife, Dorothy Gish and sister-in-law Lillian, on their return from Europe, where they made *Romola*. Lillian denies all engagements to be married. — International News Reel.

Q Amelita Galli Curci, Italian songbird, loves brawn as much as any flapper. She had a good time on her visit to Jack Dempsey's training quarters at Universal City.

Q The Mark Strand Theater sent its ballet corps, along with Jean Tolley, picture star, to entertain crippled and sick children at Bellevue Hospital.



NEWS REEL



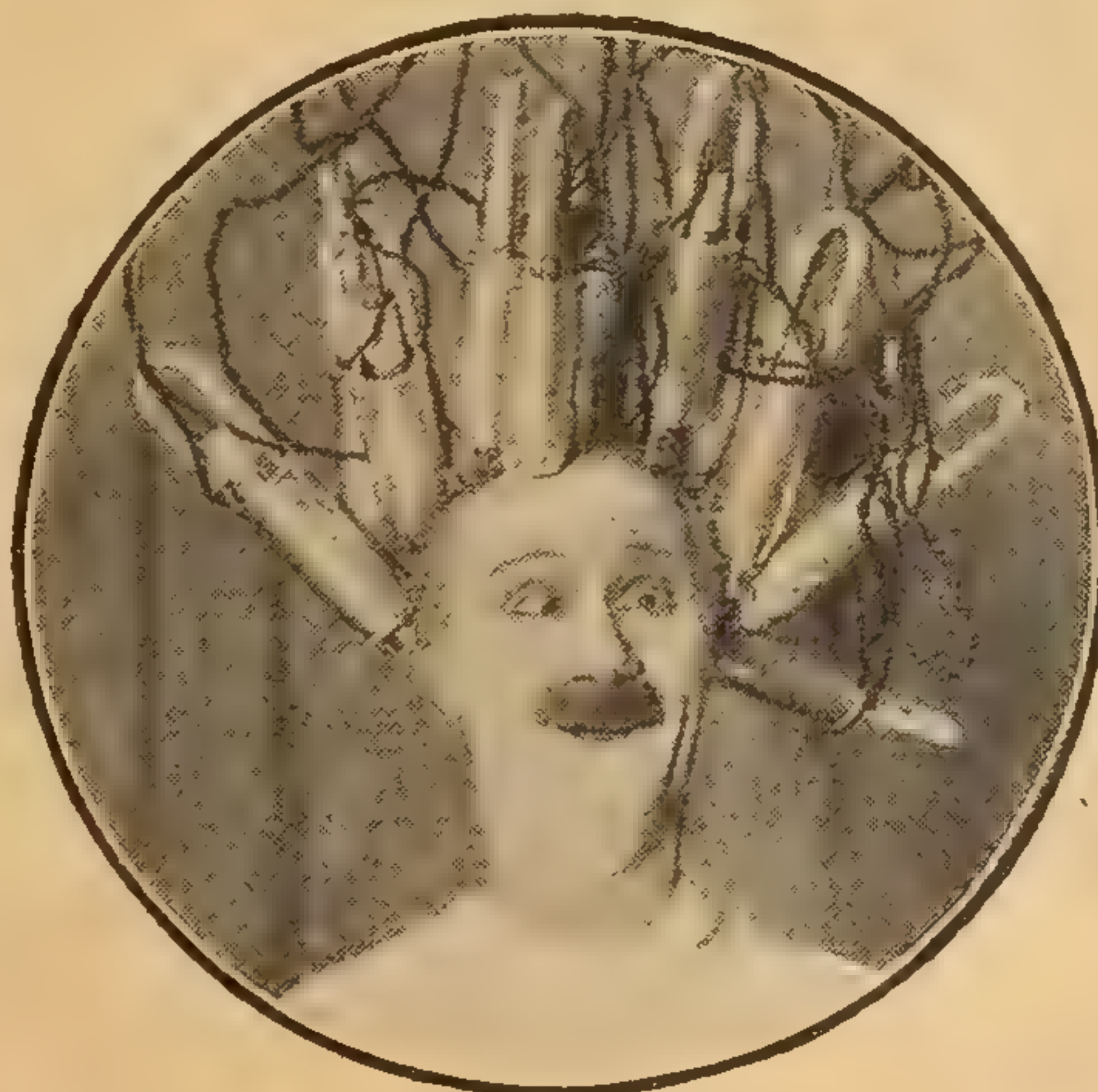
Q Berlin turned out en masse to welcome Doug and Mary. Their automobile had difficulty in navigating the dense crowds which closed in about the stars.—International News Reel.



Q Three guesses as to who the fat lady is! No! Mary Miles Minter! As she looked when she appeared for depositions in the damage suit instituted against her by her maid. Mary is said to weigh close to two hundred pounds—and isn't worried.—International News Reel.



Q Jackie is collecting the million dollars worth of milk he will take with him to relieve the starving orphans of the Near East. The dog is a great help.—International News Reel.



Q Ben Turpin gets a nice permanent wave! He suffered this torture in the interest of art, for a new Mack Sennett comedy calls for wavy hair, as well as crossed eyes.

Q The Parisian painter and sculptor, Spat, models Valentino in his principal roles. The statues were ordered by Valentino during his stay in Paris, Fr.—Artistic Press Syndicate.



When

Screen Stars

By Lucille



Q *Silver King, Fred Thomas's son's temperamental horse, is said to be a camera hog, fighting any rival horse off the set.*

THE daily noon-time struggle for tables at the Armstrong-Carleton on the Boulevard is being fiercely waged. With the exception of a few tables decorated with a "Reserved" sign, all the tables are occupied, while in the little ante-room another group shoves and squirms for place and endeavors by hook or crook to catch the eye of the plump little man in the brown suit who deals out tables as a faro-dealer deals cards. The round table in the center of the room is as usual filled with extra girls and men, there on business. Their business is to be noticed by interested directors. Along the wall, with their backs to the violent azure plaster, sit celebrities and near-celebs. The tourists are there in force; they come early and see the whole show. Every curly-headed blonde there is pointed out as Mary Pickford. The Baby Vamp and the Ingenue catch Mr. Carleton's eye. "Two on the aisle," chirps the Baby Vamp, and it is even so. The Vamp was talking. She had been engaged in that

act ever since they had left the studio, and now she continued her monologue without even shifting gears.

"... Absolutely. I got it straight. A girl who lives in our court heard it from the wife of a man whose sister works out at Goldwyn's. Ramon Navarro is going to do Ben Hur in place of George Walsh, and is already on the bounding wave. Brabin is out, too. Fred Niblo is going to direct the film instead. And they say that June Mathis will come home soon, bringing her script with her."

"I don't believe it!" said the Ingenue, flatly. "Why you know yourself that June Mathis is the big noise out at Goldwyn's."

"I know she was," said the Vamp, dryly. "But you knew that there had been a merger out there, didn't you? And that there are two more companies than there were, don't you? And you know what always happens when anybody gets elected general manager or something, don't you? Sure you do. He cleans house and throws out everybody who was hired by the old boss and puts in his own people. Well, that's what has happened now, when Mayer and Metro came in with Goldwyn. At least, that's what I heard, and the news came straight."

"Of course, Niblo is Mayer's man," said the Ingenue thoughtfully, taking out her lip stick. "And I never did see why they gave the important job of directing Ben Hur to such a com-



Q *Virginia Lee Corbin, in knee dresses last year, but grown up this, sent out word that she was to play Peter Pan, but Mr. Barrie hasn't said so.*

Q *At left: Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key and Gertrude Olmsted won fat parts in Ben Hur, partly because they have long hair!*



Over the luncheon table in Hollywood the Ingenue, the Vamp and the Baby Vamp exchange choice bits of gossip, scandal, prophesy and rumor—all of which can be taken with a grain of salt.

Get Together

Q Nineteen year old Dorothy Wood, whose type of beauty is causing flappers to wonder if the demure stuff isn't surer after all. She has an important part in Merton of the Movies.

Larrimer



Q George Walsh, the deposed Ben Hur, and June Mathis, the scenario writer whose script may be replaced by that of Bess Meredith, are said to be engaged.



paratively unknown director as Brabin. And I always did think George Walsh was the world's worst choice for Ben. Ramon, now! There's a Ben for you!"

"Boy!" breathed the Vamp in concurrence.

"But I happen to have heard the choicest bit of all. What do you know about June being engaged. Isn't love wonderful!"

Q Raymond McKee's orchestra, known as the "Hollywood Irregulars," composed of Gil Pratt, director; Earl Metcalfe, John Miljan, Raymond McKee, Creighton Hale, and Conway Tearle. (absent on location.)



Q If these reports from Rome are true, then, apparently, there is nothing to prevent George and June from getting married, settling down and carrying on the race. (No, not the chariot race, don't be silly.)



New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

THE SEA HAWK should have made me feel just like a kiddie again. It should have taken me back, back to those dear old days when I held a book about pirates before my bulging eyes and had bad dreams later on. It should have.

It made the most critical "film man" of my limited acquaintance feel that way. "Why," he shouted in ringing tones which could have been heard all over the Algonquin if anyone had been listening, "Why, I tell you, my dear girl, that picture has given me a new lease on life. It's made me a boy again. It's made me feel that there is still some poetry and romance in this sordid world of that all that men have done for this infant art and—" modestly—"even the little that I have done, has not been in vain."

It was all very beautiful. The film man almost believed it himself. Unfortunately, it failed to register with me. I remembered that he was remotely, oh, very remotely, connected with a certain film company not a thousand miles away from the estimable organization which made the motion drama in question—and preserved my first-night impression of *The Sea Hawk*.

It is "The love story of a mighty pirate chieftain of the seas," by Sabatini, with Milton Sills, Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, Lloyd Hughes, and thousands of people—the pretty programs said so. They built the carpenters, not the cast—four sixteenth-century ships, each with fifty cannons, one hundred to four hundred and fifty sailors, fighting men and galley slaves, at a cost of \$275,000. There were 3,319 performers, including cameliers, nubians and harem women. The cameliers were especially striking. In fact, so far as I am concerned, the only thing *The Sea Hawk* lacks is—well, we'll call it life.

In their praiseworthy effort to be just awfully red-blooded, virile and piratical, a group of Hollywood's best people got together, narrowed their eyes, clenched their fists, and pitched right in among all the cameliers, nubians and harem women. Everybody present succeeded in remaining a perfect little lady or gentleman. Frank Lloyd is one of the more intelligent and painstaking directors. *The Sea Hawk* simply yelled for a gay and reckless guide. One feels that Mr. Lloyd looked the facts squarely in the face and muttered, "This must be red-blooded—and then rushed out and hired Milton Sills and Enid Bennett for the leads. Now, I ask you!

Mr. Sills is an excellent actor who used to be a college professor. Neither qualification is particularly apropos. He works hard; he looks grand; he just isn't my idea of a pirate, that's all.

I never read *The Sea Hawk*, so I don't know if the heroine, on paper, was such a sap as the scenario makes her out to be. As she appears on the screen, Rosamund Godolphin is the original clinging vine—one of those wide-eyed ones who is always saying, "Don't dare touch me," whenever things are beginning to show signs of life. Enid Bennett makes her more so, if you trail me. For this prize heroine who doesn't know her own mind, if any, Milton Sills becomes the terror of the Spanish Main, donning a variety of peculiar helmets and Algerian kimonos. The costumers must have been cleaned out for this picture.

All this sort of thing ought to be hot stuff; and while Lloyd and his aides doubtless did all they could, and turned out a costly and impressive picture, they might have made a great one. Even Wallace Beery, the silent drama's premier rough-neck, acts a bit embarrassed and refined. His responsibilities as the life of a polite party

Q Betty Compson and Percy Marmont in *The Enemy Sex*.



Q Enid Bennett and Milton Sills in *The Sea Hawk*.



Q Best Screenplays of the Month:

Q The Enemy Sex

Q The Turmoil

Q Only two this time

weighed heavily upon his broad, bare shoulders. At that, he's the best part of the proceedings. Next, Kathleen Key's flash as a lovely slave; and the swarthy gentleman who played the Sea Hawk's fellow galley-slave.

I'm just sorry that the screen has not yet really recorded the romance of that everlasting frontier, the sea. What poetry and adventure, untouched by the camera chroniclers. Imagine Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus!* Sabatini's best seller had glamor, at any rate; but in celluloid—well, it was just as if the Girls' Club had banded together to present *Mlle. de Maupin*.

The Enemy Sex Is Great Stuff

BUT here, children; here is a picture! It won't make you feel like a little boy or girl again. It will make you glad you are grown-up enough to appreciate deft and sophisticated drama.

I am still almost as excited about the Cruze-Compson combination in *The Enemy Sex* as I was in the theater. There, I writhed in pure joy. "Here, at last," I said, to the vast annoyance of surrounding spectators who seemed to want to watch the picture, "is adult entertainment, designed for the full-sized bean and well-developed sense of humor. Here is comedy and here is drama, shrewder and finer than

Q Bessie Love, Blanche Sweet and Warner Baxter in *Those Who Dance*.



Q Best Performance of the Month:

Q Betty Compson in *The Enemy Sex*

Q Wallace Berry in *The Sea Hawk*

Q George Hearn in *The Turmoil*

Q More good performances than good movies.

many things we've seen on the stage in seasons—yet always remaining motion picture entertainment. Here—"I said some more, when a rather burly man turned around in his seat and inquired in a rather warm tone why in — I didn't hire Madison Square Garden. Tarrying only long enough to reply that the convention prevented, I hastened out. Oh, well, I'd stayed through *The Enemy Sex* twice, anyway.



Q Theodore von Eltz, Eleanor Boardman and Emmett Corrigan in *The Turmoil*.

The trouble is, this won't be hailed as the great picture it is because it isn't, as the casting directors say, the type. Its comedy is of characterization. Its drama is psychological. Sometime, its situations are so swift and skilful that you are roused from the usual cinematic slumber and have to race to keep up with James Cruze. He is the most versatile of all our directors. There seems to be nothing he can't do, and just a little better than anyone. Satire is his strong point; and here he revels in it. More than any other director, always excepting the immortal Charlot, he knows his genre. His touch

is as light and sure as a surgeon's. A master of delicacy; an artist in puttees, a cap, and a dilapidated mackinaw!

Cruze has a worthy co-star in Betty. I consider Dodo her very best work. The gold-digger of *The Enemy Sex* is more complex than the Rose of *The Miracle Man*.

Q A naughty scene from *The White Moth*, showing Barbara La Marr in her most intricate costume.





Q Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels in *Unguarded Women*.



Q Ethel Wales and Charles Ogle in *The Bedroom Window*.

Like a fine violin, Betty needs expert handling. She has done some of the worst, and some of the finest acting a camera ever caught. It looks as if Cruze is able to bring out the best of her talents, even surpassing the late maestro Tucker as her director. The Compson close-ups are the most poignant and bewitching I have seen since Griffith's of Lillian Gish. For the most part, Betty is breathtakingly beautiful, and constantly reminded me of Anne Austin's character-study of "Betty of the Hungry Heart"—"Betty of the passionate, twisted, restless mouth; and Betty of the eyes that shine with the light of a thousand altar candles." Betty Compson is Dodo.

And then there is Percy Marmont, hitherto the gentleman of the gelatines, having the time of his staid career as the drunkard whom Dodo mothers. Marmont is one of the very few film actors who deserves a little portrait in the gallery of the great. If you have seen his Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes*; and now see his glorious souse, I think you'll agree with me. As usual in a Cruze festival, all the players are featured. Betty gets no more than her share. Among the others, all corking, are Huntley Gordon, Sheldon Lewis and Pauline Bush (the former Mrs. Allan Dwan) both of whose returns should be heartily hurrahed; DeWitt Jennings and Dot Farley.

I said last month that Betty should be spanked. Betty,

I take back my slapstick and hand you a wreath with "Success" embroidered on it instead. And, Betty, let James Cruze wear his old mackinaw if he wants to. After all, it's just a little thing; and he did give you some perfectly grand close-ups.

The Arab *Disappoints*

PEOPLE were all keyed up about the newest Rex Ingram opus. This young director has come to be as much of a tradition as David Wark Griffith himself. His pictures are awaited with the same eagerness and hailed with the same acclaim. And he is such a consistent director—considering he's also an Irishman—that people, and critics, just hate to tear loose and burn up their columns with anything except the highest praise.

Which *The Arab* does not deserve. If it had been the first "sheik" picture instead of the one hundred and sixty-first, it might have more appeal. As it is, any picture-goer who has followed the fortunes of the handsome young desert dog who falls in love with the beautiful Christian and turns out to be the youngest son of a youngest son with a scar on his shoulder, or something—will naturally feel somewhat bored with the adventures of Mr. Ingram's particular sheik.

Q Agnes Ayres and Edward Burns in *The Guilty One*.



Q Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor in *Tiger Love*.





QLeatrice Joy and ZaSu Pitts in Changing Husbands.



QColleen Moore and admirers in The Perfect Flapper.

The sad part about these pictures for which a director and his staff and company travel all the way to the east to make, is that the California desert looks almost as convincing as the real thing in celluloid; and old Roman ruins seem to add no especial glamor to the romance at hand. Ingram has chosen some excellent types, including the girls of the Oulad Nail persuasion; he has developed his story with his usual rapt attention to detail. He picked Ramon Navarro of the flawless profile for the title role. Navarro leaves me cold. He never seems to forget for an instant that Mr. Ingram pronounced him as a better actor—I don't know much about acting—I just know what I like; and Navarro, for all his profile and poise, isn't it. Alice Terry in her very own hair is not the Alice Terry of previous pictures. In doffing her blonde wig she must also have left behind her spiritual grace, which was the justification for Mrs. Ingram's featured position. If you feel I am wrong about Ingram go to see *The Arab* and tell me if you honestly consider it a worthy partner to *Scaramouche* or *The Conquering Power*. Don't blame me, because I'm as disappointed about it all as you are.

The Turmoil Excellent Picture

EVERY so often, Universal redeems itself for its many program pictures. This time, *The Turmoil* is offered

QRamon Navarro and Alice Terry in The Arab.



in extenuation. And I feel inclined to accept it as a pretty good apology. If you're one of those detail hounds who watches a picture for the slightest deviation from the original plot, you may be disappointed. But Hobart Henley has translated Booth Tarkington's tale in a manner which leaves small room for doubt as to the author's intentions. It's the story of a family in the grip of the money god, and the efforts of the youngest son to break away and be himself. He has a poet's soul, which shrivels in his mercenary father's factory. His two brothers are sacrificed to the god; his little sister runs off with a dancing man—and the girl he loves misunderstands and is misunderstood. All of these complications make young Bibbs Sheridan a more than usually interesting motion picture juvenile. And as he is sketched by George Hackathorne, he's the nicest boy we've had on the screen since *Tol'able David*.

Hackathorne is one of those wistful young men who makes a girl yearn to put her arms around his shoulders and say, "There, there—it can't be as bad as all that." He's the foremost juvenile precisely because he can look pathetic. He's a very good actor, too, of course, which may help some to hold his jobs. Eleanor Boardman is the sweet girl on whom his affections (Continued on page 93)

QFlora LeBreton and Pedro de Cordoba in Swords and the Woman.



Q *The Petters Paradise—*from page 37.

mission from the management to conduct a surprise test. A score of "spotters" were scattered through the auditorium, and at a given moment, in the middle of a picture, the lights were turned on fully, without a second's warning. In all, the spotters were able to record less than thirty couples who were behaving in a manner unbecoming to a lady or a gentleman, and it is amusing to note that, of these, two were ministers of the Gospel, who, no doubt, denounced such things most eloquently from their pulpits every Sunday. The result of this great moral test was never published, and the writer is indebted for his facts to a newspaper colleague who was selected as one of the spotters.

Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, to whom the question, have morals deteriorated with dark movie theatres? was put, smilingly shook his head, and gave a very illuminating answer.

"You want to know if I think dark movie theatres have affected American morals?" he asked. "Why pick on movie theatres? They always have *some* light, while the legitimate theatres are in *absolute* darkness! Why don't the reformers insist that every auditorium be brightly illuminated throughout the performance?"

Dr. Riesenfeld, who, as everybody knows, controls the destinies of the Rivoli and Rialto theatres, believes that ninety-nine per cent of the people who visit his theatres do so in order to hear his music and see his photoplays, and not for any ulterior amatory purpose. But if a young couple elect to hold hands discreetly, he is far too tolerant to cast them out upon the sidewalk.

"Long before the movies were dreamed of," says Dr. Riesenfeld, "the sun used to set and there was darkness. . . . Ever since time began, lovers have sought the darkness. . . . and who can blame them? Before the movies came, the same young people who now hold hands in the gloom of the theatres, were probably out in a shady lane, holding hands under the shadow of a tree. . . . It's the most natural thing in the world!"

So there you have one man at least, who ought to know something about it, ridiculing the idea that American morals have deteriorated as a direct result of the dark movie theatre.

A point to be constantly remembered in connection with this question is that movie theatres are only relatively dark. The illumination of the auditorium is compulsory to a certain extent, and inspectors are always on the watch to see that these regulations are enforced. It is only upon entering, therefore, that an impression of darkness prevails. Coming into a movie theatre from the bright daylight, one gropes for one's seat, and for

several minutes is unable to see anything but the screen. Soon, however, the eyes become accustomed to the dimmed lights, and there are very few theatres where it would not be possible to recognize a friend sitting twenty feet away. In many of the larger theatres, in fact, the light is always sufficiently strong to enable one to read very small print on the programmes. Under such conditions of illumination, therefore, one is hardly justified in speaking of the darkness that is supposed to cover so much iniquity.

But let us grant for a moment that conditions are very much worse than they have actually proven to be. Let us assume that the practise of "petting" or "necking" is universal in the movie theatre. What would this indicate?

To the writer it seems that such a condition would reflect upon the discretion, and possibly the innate modesty of the participants, but hardly upon their morals. If Harry loves Harriet to the extent where he cannot be happy unless he strains her to his manly breast, he will not be thwarted of his desire even if every movie theatre in these United States be closed tomorrow by federal enactment. In other words if a couple have determined to "pet" they will find some convenient spot where they may do so. As Dr. Riesenfeld so shrewdly points out—there has always been twilight and the wood. And in the woods there are no ushers, and there is no other entertainment when the glamor of petting begins to pall. In the movie theatres, at least, young people may combine philandering with interesting glimpses of the unveiling of the statue to commemorate the historic meeting between Hart, Schaffner & Marx, or other stirring news events, to say nothing of the education to be derived from watching *The Sins of Paris* unfold their lurid length!

The movie theatre, is, to a large extent, the meeting place of the masses. Young people, who, for instance, do not live at home, and therefore have no room at their disposal where they can entertain friends, have the alternative of going to the movies or to a dance hall if they desire each other's company and a little entertainment. Of course if they live in the country they can sit on a stile and swing their legs, while if they are fortunate enough to live in a big city, they can go back and forth in the subway for a nickel. Where then, if they are to court each other—and unless they do that, where is the next generation coming from?—where then, as we have already said, can they meet under more congenial atmospheric and other conditions than in the movie theatre? They must make love to each other somewhere. They can't do it in business hours. Landladies frown

upon the use of the parlor too frequently. Park benches are damp and draughty. The movies are their last resort.

One could wish, of course, that they showed a little more discretion and modesty in their affection. It is frequently embarrassing to be seated next to a blissful young couple in a theatre, for there is such an amazing unconcern about their embraces. Perfectly respectable young people, who would probably refrain from taking each other's arm when walking along the street, seem to think that in the movie theatre it is perfectly all right to hug each other with considerable vim and ardor. The fact that they can be closely observed by everyone in their vicinity does not worry them in the least. They gaze raptly into each other's eyes, crooning mushiness to each other, and are perfectly happy. The majority however do not make themselves so conspicuous. They are content to hold hands, and few will be so mean as to grudge them this modest expression of affection. There is, in fact, something very charming and naive about the whole process. In the writer's own observation the holding of hands is by no means confined to young people. In a very extensive tour of motion picture theatres he has observed couples holding hands whose average age varied from seven to seventy. In the "test" already quoted, the average age of the miscreants was estimated at over thirty-five.

Broadminded ministers everywhere are recognizing that the movie theatres are by no means the incentives to iniquity that they are represented to be by the fanatic reformers.

A survey recently completed by a trade paper circulating among exhibitors revealed the fact that the conditions, never at any time really serious, are today very much better than in previous years. This, of course, is largely due to improved conditions of projection and illumination. It is now possible to project in a room that is comparatively well lighted, where five years ago the image was indistinct unless an almost Stygian gloom prevailed.

One progressive clergyman has even gone so far as to throw open specially reserved pews in his church for the sole use of lovers who wish to conduct their courting there. They are assured that they will not be disturbed, and are merely requested to comport themselves in as decorous a manner as if they were in a motion picture theatre with efficient and watchful ushers.

Another point which will be of special interest to 100 per cent Americans, is the fact that in Europe and particularly in England, the same agitation prevails with infinitely greater success.

Mary Carr

Q *Mother, Actress, Philosopher and Lover of Life—*

By *Madeleine Ruthven*

THE curtain had just gone down on an amateur performance of "The Charity Ball" in Philadelphia more than twenty-five years ago. But the audience was not satisfied. Their applause had thundered continuously while the happy cast bowed before the curtain, but it was the leading lady they called for now, stamping, clapping, shouting in their enthusiasm:

"Mary—Mary—Mary—we want Mary!"

The curtains parted and a girl of nineteen, her slender figure haloed in a blue chiffon gown, her arms full of delicate pink roses, her blue eyes shining beneath the shadow of her bright hair, stepped out to receive the homage of her friends and admirers. In the sudden silence that fell upon the hall they heard her voice, girlish and tremulous:

"How can I ever thank you!"

Oh beautiful and radiant, flushed with triumph, the young Mary Carr!

In the audience that night there was a man whom Mary had not yet met, who was to

change the whole course of her life. William Carr was already a veteran of the stage, but thirteen years of acting had not made him so blase that he could not be touched by the fresh eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, especially when to youth was added talent and beauty. The next day Carr met the manager of the Girard Avenue Theatre in Philadelphia and spoke to him of the young girl who had made such a sensation in "The Charity Ball". So it happened that Mary left the normal school where she was learning to be a teacher, and entered the manager's stock company.

What rosy dreams of fame and happiness the young actress had. And William Carr was part of them. His swift wooing won the girl's first love. How could she not love this tall distinguished man who had brought her her first chance, who carried the very glamour of the theatre with him, and who asked her to be his wife. She saw herself as his wife embarked on a career (Continued on page 71)

Q *Mary Carr and all the little Carrs—Cars enough to make a train.*





Q Rudolph Valentino and Doris Kenyon.

Q The screen's most ardent lover in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Booth Tarkington's masterpiece, is an inspiration to poets and a model of behavior for the romantic.

Q Bebe Daniels and Rudolph Valentino.





© Doris Kenyon
and Rudolph
Valentino.

Monsieur Beaucaire

A Rhymed Review

By

Dorothy C. A. Isenbeck

THE glimmer of steel in the moonlight,
The glint of a lady's hair;
A perfumed rose with the stain of blood
Trampled to death in the forest mud—
And crushed like a rose beyond repair
Is the sickened heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.

THE glimmer of silks in the lamplight,
The glint of a lady's hair;
A brilliant throng at the royal ball;
A promise kept though the heavens fall,
Yet crushed,—like the rose,—beyond repair
Is the cavalier heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.

THE glimmer of love in the lamplight,
The glint of a lady's hair;
A precious tear on a perfumed rose,
A lover's kiss as the moonlight glows;
Revived forever, Romance is there
In the tender heart of Monsieur Beaucaire.

© "A lover's kiss
as the moon-
light glows."



The PATHOS of

WALTHALL

Q-Is the long night of obscurity for "The Little Corporal" about to pale into a glorious dawn?



Q-There is a poignant quality to his acting of pathos that none of our handsomer and younger stars seem to capture, unless it is Barthelmess.

IT was at the old Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard, some ten years ago, and a large and expensive company had gathered on the set. It was eleven o'clock on a Monday morning, and though the call had been for nine o'clock sharp, not a camera had turned. The star had not turned up.

The director bit his nails and swore. The cameraman leaned up against his camera and chewed gum. He could do this for hours at a time. The actors and actresses perched themselves comfortably on camp chairs and carpenters' tool-boxes and gossiped or lapsed into lethargy. They were paid whether they worked or not; if the star never showed up, they should worry. At ten minutes after eleven a slow and deliberate step sounded on the wooden run-way. The company stopped talking and prepared to listen. The cameraman shifted his gum. The director took out his watch.

Henry B. Walthall, for it was none other, gentle readers, crossed the set and sat down on the camp chair with his name painted on the back. He looked low in his mind and regarded the toe of his shoe gloomily. He was not made up. It was Monday morning, as I have said.

The director looked at him uncertainly, opened his mouth to speak and shut it again. Henry B. Walthall was a power in pictures, and directors addressed him discreetly. But two hours had been wasted and the set was running into money. And the star was not made up and seemed to have no intention of ever being made up. The director looked at his watch significantly, and spoke.

"Mr. Walthall," he said, "it is eleven o'clock."

Mr. Walthall sighed and turned his shoe ever so slightly so that he could get a good view of the side.

Encouraged, the director continued, more firmly this time. He was a short and puffy man.

"Mr. Walthall, you are not made up, and the call was distinctly for nine o'clock."

Mr. Walthall slouched in his chair. The company opened its (Continued on page 93)



Alma Benney
PHOTO BY EUGENE RICHEL



Helene Chadwick

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Shirley Mason
Photo by Melbourne Spurr



Jacqueline Logan
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THAT BOYISH FIGGER

This is how Clara Bow got off with such a fine start.



Colleen Moore is so slender that she doesn't have to worry about poundage, but she finds garden work good for the digestion. And besides overalls are so becoming! — International News Reel.



Kathleen Clifford, playing one of her famous "boy" roles in Grandpa's Girl, has to do several times the daily dozen in the Christie gym to make the characterization convincing.

SEARCHERS

A strange tale of motion picture people; a story of cross purposes and hidden motives, of startling coincidence and a watchful Fate which sets at naught the kindly scheming of a director and a writer in behalf of a popular male idol of the screen. An unguessable riddle told with sparkle and color.



By Rose Gleason

PART II

WHAT HAS HAPPENED;

Jim Hoffman, popular idol of screen fans, is content with clean, wholesome stories, and refuses to play a strongly dramatic story in which a fallen woman redeems herself through kindness to the chief male character. The writer, Greaves, and his director, Kregg, scheme to convince him that there is truth behind the story, which Hoffman doubts. They get Hoffman to agree to live incognito in New York's underworld for a week between pictures, Hoffman agreeing to take up with the first woman who accosts him on a certain designated street corner. If the woman proves to have any admirable traits of character, Hoffman is to do Greaves' story; if not, he will stick to the stories he has been successful with.

Greaves and Kregg, anxious to see Hoffman make Greaves' picture, conspire to "plant" a movie character actress on the street corner. Rita, the girl chosen to play the queer role, determines to double-cross Kregg and to feather her nest through a breach of promise suit against Hoffman after the episode is over. Hoffman, ignorant of the machinations of his friends, prepares in good faith to keep his appointment with the unknown. THE AUTHOR CONTINUES;

IF there had been any lingering fear in Kregg's mind that Rita would recognize Hoffman through bill-poster ads or by other means of publicity, it disappeared, when at eleven-thirty that night he surveyed the actor, for by then only the bodily outline remained of the handsome, successful young star, and in his stead stood a man prematurely old, not in years, so much as spiritually. Hoffman's black hair was unbrushed, and due to some process to which he had submitted it, it appeared dry, unkempt—almost matted. His face remained unshaven and his mouth, due to some eccentricity of make-up, looked drawn, sullen—slightly loose, despite the fact that it still retained some of his natural fastidiousness. A done-for droop to his shoulders clung to their usually level line malignantly, and there was certainly something about him morally off-shade. Obstinate, too, he looked, and more than a trifle insolent. In his deep-set eyes, that reminded one of fires that had been banked, indifference gleamed out menacingly, and since his color was sallow instead of his usual bronze-brown, he'd not impress one as enjoying particularly good health.

His clothing comprised a shabby coat, and trousers that

IN THE DARK



Q "Halloa, there!" said the girl, annexing herself to Hoffman as some small creature annexes itself to newly acquired prey.

"Then you think me fatal beauty isn't liable to knock anyone cold—eh, Bill?"

Kregg stood enduring the combined sensations of the manager of an unexpected hit, and those of a conscience-stricken perjurer of his best friend. Or, to state his frame of mind more graphically, the actor's plan and his own method of retracting it, had him all mixed up in his emotions.

"Quit your kidding," he said unanimatedly, "and don't forget, Jim—O'Reilly's at headquarters—and—er—er—"

Sentiment came uneasily to John Kregg.

"—I guess you know that should you need me, I wouldn't stop this side of Hell for you!"

Hoffman reached for an old hat that matched the appearance of his trousers.

"Listen to him!" he jeered, eyeing himself professionally, "pulling the sob-stuff when all that I ask is a taxi! Cheerful kind of cuss—eh? Well, come on—you started this funeral!"

Seething, sinister and full of queer sounds faint as the whisper of dead and dry leaves, is Sixth Avenue once night takes it for its own. Noisy and riotous as it is during the day, when midnight, at last, claims the long street, Shadows come tip-toeing softly. Sometimes the Shadow is slit-faced and sensuous-lipped—sometimes it's a faded-before-her-time young child-woman, tired-faced and heavily roughed.

Sixth Avenue, who wears its working blouse by day—and who puts on its soiled, tinsel gown in the dark hours Sixth Avenue, "whose sex is woman."

Always, when at regular intervals, a lighted elevated train rushes by, the Shadows draw back and crawl away, only to re-appear when the train has gone. Always, too, at certain intervals, blue-coated officers pace their beat, but about midnight they, too, fade. It is then that as though a lamp has been extinguished, the Shadows come out and slink in between spaces of light. Lurk there. Ill-omens.

were equally shabby. His shoes were cracked and unbrushed. In short, instead of the former immaculate actor, stood a badly-groomed young man in whom an almost burnt-out power smouldered feebly. A man who appeared worthless; not at all sinister—yet, withal—weary.

In Other Words—a Derelict

Greaves, sitting back and eyeing him banefully, made the most of the occasion.

"A guy who poisons pups could be twin brother to you, Hoff," he said complainingly, "but to just the average man in the street, you'll look like the fiend who robs kids of pennies!"

Hoffman's voice still contained an "I'll prove to you" note, but his grin came across less menacingly. The experiment had begun to assume the aspects of a lark.

Tonight, the breath of a hot summer breeze fell like a mist on the corner where Rita waited.

"Just what Kregg's idea is, I can't exactly figure," she was saying to herself, "he's such a hardboiled nut to be turnin' philanthropist! Well, come on, kid, step into it! You booked this show for eleven-thirty!"

Her bold glance swept the street, but at sight of an approaching cab, a tremor raced funnily across her throat.

"Guess that's them," she whispered, gathering up all her forces.

Rita's eyes took on a shining glow as the taxi turned and pulled up at the same corner. Three men stepped out. The cab waited. The actress heard one of the men laugh and saw how, with a devil-may-care salute, he turned and started down the avenue. She recognized Kregg as one of the two who stood looking after him.

Tipping her hat to an exaggerated slope, and glancing down her tall length to note if everything was equally rakish, Rita stepped forth.

Tales have been elsewhere told of plans changed within the flick of a lash, but in this case, it took the full half-minute that Rita devoted to that final survey, for a lurking form to dart forward.

Alert as was Rita, and quick moving, too, even more so was the other girl.

"Halloa, there!" said the latter, annexing herself to Hoffman as some small creature annexes itself to newly acquired prey.

The actor glimpsed a young face, and, smiling, laid a pacific hand upon her arm.

"Hallo yourself, kid!" he answered in the vernacular.

A minute added itself to the annals of time, during which Kregg and Greaves continued to stare. Continued to realize that much had been lost according to the terms of the bet! In that minute a girl ran up and clutched at them.

"She beat me to it! Honest to Gawd, Kreggie!" Rita exclaimed, informing them of something they already knew. "She beat me to it!—and I couldn't help myself! Honest to Gawd, Kreggie an' it wasn't half a minute——!"

Kregg continued to start ahead. It was Greaves who finally burst forth:

"Well, what you know about that!" he said, laying emphasis on every word.

The girl clinging to Hoffman's arm, was slight and thin and of an early age. Perfume, presumably thought to be seductive, but which badly deodorized the ordinarily pure air, clung about her suffocatingly. An ornate ring gleaming on one hand peered up at Hoffman watchfully, and a transparent waist revealed a cheaply trimmed underslip. Some half dozen inexpensive bracelets, strove to enhance her arms, and from her ears dangled long black rings.

As for her face, if Life, that great masseuse, had taken away any of its beauty, the girl seemed to have endeavored to make up for deficiencies by wearing a hat to which was transfixed a white plume, which in turn adorned fair-colored hair frizzed to the nth degree. A thick layer of rouge carried out an effect of strong coloring.

Round-toed, high-heeled pumps were attached to her lower extremities and her bright-colored dress was mostly of silk, trimmed with a glistening material that was ornamental and served to emphasize its gaudiness.

"D'yuh see that dame?" she inquired with a backward jerk of the head that indicated that to which she alluded, "thought you belonged to *her*, didn't she! Well, believe me, to get ahead of little Sadie, you gotta be there before the first curtain!"

"Sadie?" queried Hoffman, endeavoring with a side-long glance, to sum up her tiny measurements.

"My name," she said, suddenly tightening her grip as a shadow stole by with speculative stare.

The actor laughed good-naturedly, and looked around to see if there was a place they could converse.

A crescent-shaped moon hanging low over the Astor Library, revealed an unoccupied bench in Bryant Park. A few minutes later they were occupying it.

From where they sat they could see a Fifth Avenue traffic tower. Forty-second street happened to be quiet for the time being. From a distance came the rumble of an 'L' train.

"Sort of reminds one of an empty theatre when the sounds are heavy and roll back," Hoffman said assuming a fagged air.

Sadie remove dher hat.

"Gee! nothin' about this berg ever struck me as belongin' back stage!" she said, moving herself up close to him. "What with Hylan turnin' the spot on the old dumps, an'——! Say?" she asked, breaking a thought, "s'matter with you? Sick or somethin'?"

For verily the actor looked tired and almost ill. For all of three minutes he had been trying to get over such an effect. Her question came in the form of a suggestion.

"Weak heart," he said with a cough, not knowing that a cough doesn't necessarily accompany a weak heart, "and blue at having to go away. Glad as the deuce, though, little girl, of your company!"

Sadie leaned over and under the rays of a Forty-second street arc, and a low-hanging crescent-shaped moon, inspected his features introspectively.

"Once before," she said, lapsing into pessimism, "I picked up a guy like you, and blamed if he didn't croak before I could get rid of him!"

She saw the curl of Hoffman's fingers whiten his knuckles as he twisted them.

"This town gets one!" he said as though he were suffering mentally, "having to leave it is like losing something vital!"

The lateness and the hour settled. The girl stared, and then she laughed. And her laugh was not short nor was it shrill. Instead, it was low and it had a blunt edge.

"You've gotta beat it, then?" she questioned in a low tone.

In a way Hoffman had done many times before when registering strong and tense emotion, the knuckles of one hand sunk deeply into the palm of the other. Lifting his head he looked at the moon, or it may have been the roof of the library.

"Yes," he said, and he said it huskily, "that's the devil of it! I'm eviled!"

An 'L' train rushed along, flinging across them great tossing shadows. Sadie stared at Mr. Astor's gray walls.

"Where to?" she asked strangely witchlike.

Hoffman's dark eyes appraised her.

"Upstate, to a farm on which I've obtained a job as caretaker. A place in the backwoods where I'll have to live pretty simply. Best thing in the world for me, I suppose, but Lord!—it's having to live—*alone*—there!"

Hoffman, wearing the done-for look, also previously registered don the silver-sheet, watched a Fifth Avenue bus pass the signal tower. Sadie emphatically expressed her sentiments:

"I ain't such a dumb-bell," she said, eyeing him unsentimentally, "that I can't guess you're tryin' to make me a proposition. Well, where'd you get the idea you're the only first-nighter who's wanted to sign me up for an extended engagement? C'on, baby,—do your monologue!"

To the lips of a motion picture star came a grin he had difficulty in repressing. One of his hands covered hers.

"That's just exactly what I *am* trying to do," he said, "trying to get up nerve enough to ask you to go with me."

Something tragic came into his face as his free hand brushed his countenance with the gesture of a tired man who has wandered far and come back lonely.

"Will you?" he tensely questioned.

The girl leaned slightly forward.

"Say! what'd you ever see about hayseed that'd make you think it'll appeal to one of my artistic temperament?" She paused before inquiring tentatively, "Besides,—who'd be there besides me and you?"

"No one."

"No one?"

She chuckled.

"A one-act with two people, and the frogs and crickets for audience! Say,—what'd we do to kill time?"

"Work, I suppose,—and oh, there'd be other things."

"Baby," she said, rising and straightening her short skirt, "if this'd happened before they headlined Volstead, you'd be layin' in a stock of booze instead of tryin' to sign up a woman, but seein' it's this dead day and age, I reckon even a poor has-been's entitled to some little form of amusement!"

The situation seemed to call for some display of emotion. Hoffman seized a thin hand and pressed it.

"You mean?" he asked, "you'll accompany me?"

Sadie tolerated his grip. She nodded.

"But you might as well know," she said, "Mr. What Ever Your Name is, that, while, of course, I'm sorry you gotta bum ticker, the real reason I'm acceptin' this proposition's not because you've been put out of the first row, but because that farm's the added attraction. Always thought I'd like to try livin' on one. Take it from me, if you hadn't mentioned it, I'd never played on this bill! Strollin' along the shady lanes'll be a change from hotfootin' it on dark streets, but I 'spect I'll get awful sick of it!"

Taking with him the girl's promise to rejoin him shortly at Grand Central, Hoffman sauntered east to purchase tickets with what was supposed to be advanced salary, for a night train to a city upstate, and Sadie departed westward, presumably to her room to pack a needed grip.

Four hours later, both were descending from a New York state suburban trolley and facing the two mile stretch back country.

It was during that almost silent walk along a country road bordered by bushes that huddled like live figures, and trees that met and whispered above their heads, that the actor first heard the girl express herself sentimentally.

"Gee!" she exclaimed, shivering in the cool air and lifting a little tired, painted face to stars that were slowly fading, "those twinklers 're like lights in a theater, that someone's forgot to turn off! An' that little one makes me think of a peep-hole. Suppose anyone's lookin' down at us from up there behind that curtain?"

A wonder crept into her face; an eagerness vaguely wistful.

"Oh, damn!" she exclaimed the next instant, when high heels and a pebble failing to make contact, she barely saved herself from a dusty fall.

"You ought to have had sense enough to change those shoes," informed Hoffman, disgustedly striding ahead.

Sadie paused to adjust her hat which had shot awry when she stumbled. She also solitiously adjusted the white plume.

"Holy Smoke!" she exclaimed crossly, "walkin' the ties

with a busted road show ain't got a thing on this, and if ever we make this joint we're bound for, it'll not be of any help you've given me!"

Up-to-date, her precociousness had amused, but the fact that it was early morning, and they were tired from the trip and of each other, had put them both in a bad mood. Hoffman waited for her to catch up.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, come on," he said, irritatedly shifting her grip.

Like some tropical little bird, drooping and pathetically weary, she hopped painfully along, and if she knew that as he took her arm, the flues of her long plume brushed his cheek in a way that added nothing to his enjoyment, she did not reveal her awareness.

After a time on a high knoll, with huge trees overhanging it, and a lake glimmering in the background, Sadie saw a house. A low, rambling house; a very silent-looking house around whose closed doors and windows the soft morning breeze was wreathing in little whispers. A squatty house. One of those low, square cottages to which here and there at various times, an ell or porch had been molded.

Sadie stared, for a bare second inarticulate. Then:

"Some dump!" she said, "beats the movies, an' better'n any stage set!"

The truth regarding the house was, that it had descended to Hoffman through the death of his mother's brother. Once before, only, had he visited it, and that was a month ago, and then on a hurried trip for the funeral. When, some hours previous, the argument about the play had arisen, he had recalled this as an ideal place to take the girl; play the derelict, and try to learn something of her inner nature.

Entering the house, they found it completely furnished, and, in a butler's pantry, they glimpsed shelves well stocked. Entering the dining-room they faced a yawning fire-place,—and off the dining-room was a library. Nothing, as yet, had been dismantled.

"This's the life!" said Sadie, limping to a chair and kicking her pumps as far as she could kick them.

Hoffman wearily discarded the grip.

"Scout around and make yourself at home," he said, "as for me, I'm tired! There're plenty of rooms, no doubt, where you can find a bed."

Without much ado, and as though he were glad to break away, he passed through to the library with a pleasant-enough "goodnight," and began to climb a winding stairway.

Sadie remained staring after him.

She sat for a long time staring in the direction he had gone. After awhile, she rose and noiselessly locked the doors. Locked, also, the one between the two rooms. After that she turned to stare first at this then at that. Turned to the solidly-built old buffet; to the quaintly carved chairs and table. To the well-done paintings rather large for the size of the room. To other things, solid—aged. Drank in the atmosphere that seemed to hover. An atmosphere suggesting how a motherly lady, entering that room many times long ago, might have been greeted by a stately old gentleman who turned to smile at her from his stand before the fireplace. An atmosphere sweet—and ancient.

"What a lovely, lovely home!" murmured Sadie in a tone that had Hoffman heard, would have caused him to wonder at its refinement.

(Continued in October.)

Start this story with this issue. You can quickly catch the thread of the plot.

Enjoy now this fascinating movie serial.



Dramaland

JOE LAURIE, JR. is the only comedian I know who is funny in his dressing room. Joe is not a collector of wise-cracks; he is an originator of them. When you see *Plain Jane* you will behold the spectacle of a comic artist who can take a hold of a part and shake the life out of it. And take it from me there is a lot of life in it. I can't say enough for Joe Laurie, Jr. He's good.

In addition to Joe there's a *Some*le of good songs and three *little* dancers who deserve honorable mention. Their names are Frances Wilson, Estelle Penny and Mable Grete.

II.

Sweeney Todd, otherwise known as *The Demon Barber*, and if this is not enough identification, you can have the third title, *The String of Pearls*, did one good thing for me anyway. It reminded me of the fact that I needed a haircut.

The play is old English melodrama about a tonsorial artist who had a playful way of chopping his customers up into veal pies. He chopped up his first customer at a quarter to nine and I thought longingly of the fact that here in New York barber shops stay open late—having in mind my need for a hair cut and no sadistic desire to be turned into succulent meat pies. At nine by the clock the second customer was demolished and my mind turned longingly to the

cool perfection of the Terminal Shop at Forty-second and Broadway where Tony holds sway over chair number three.

At 9:15 Mr. Todd did away with his third customer and I walked out to get the air. The next thing I remember I was in the barber's chair and Tony had the haircut under way. In consequence of which I think the production of *Sweeney Todd* an eminently satisfactory one.

III.

The Ziegfeld Follies' annual production is the circus of the tired business man. How the little fellows caper when the circus comes to town, and the fellows a little bigger and no whit different in the college towns of Boston, Princeton and New Haven caper just as joyously when the Follies comes around.

To me there is no "good year" or "bad year" for the Follies.

They have the thrill of youth and color about them. To the small boy the circus is just "the circus." It is always good. To his father, Mr. Ziegfeld's production is the same.

Of course the ring leader of this year's production is Will Rogers. The jokes he cracks are sharper than the snip-snap of the whip in the hands of the red-coated riding master. And how the "ponies" in the Ziegfeld circus step and prance about! Lupino Lane as the head clown and tumbler is a roaring success. He has always seemed to me the cleverest of the movies' many

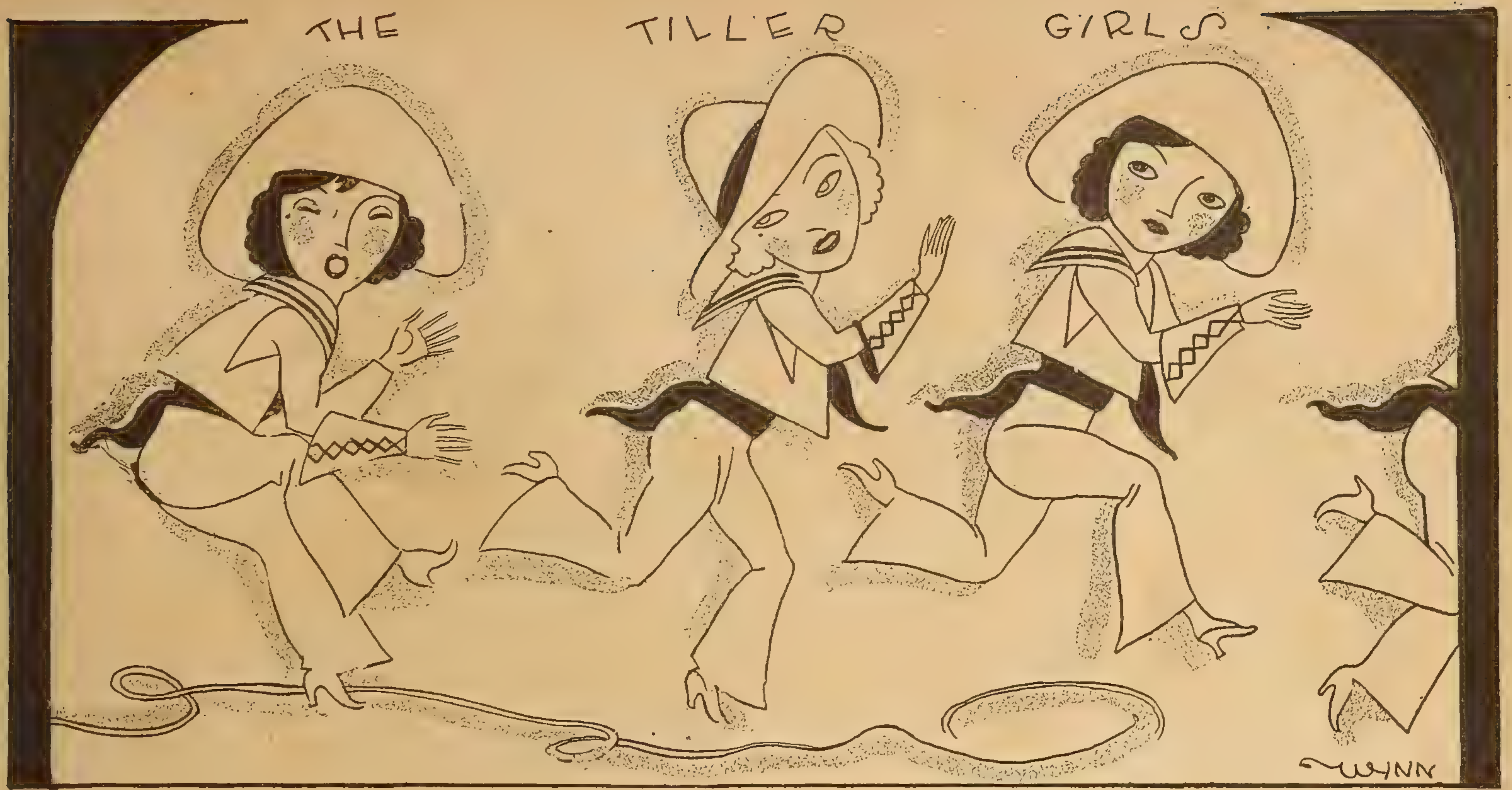
Q Says Mr. Zobel

Q *Plain Jane is a good comedy because it is built around a good comedian. His name is Joe Laurie, Jr.*

Q *Sweeney Todd may be a good show for all I know. I couldn't stay to see the finish.*

Q *The Ziegfeld Follies is the circus of the tired business man. They change the sawdust but the animals are always the same.*

Q *Keep Kool is one of the best shows in town. It has sprightliness and originality.*



By Myron Zobel

Decorations by Wynn

eccentric comedians. Such noise, such laughter, such color!

Ann Pennington is the prima ballerina. Her twinkling toes twinkle faster, her dimpled knees dimple more delightfully, and her broad smile is broader than anything on the stage this summer.

Congratulations, Mr. Ziegfeld for the great eye fest. A great and glorified time was had by all.

IV.

The cleverest lyrics of the year, to my way of thinking, are in *Keep Kool*. Carl Gerard Smith wrote them and if this notice should come to his attention I will thank him to send me a copy of his extremely clever burlesque on "Gunga Din" which Hazel Dawn recited in scene five on the subject of beds, bedrooms and boudoirs she has known.

The show is full of talent and the sketches have originality and sprightliness. In particular, the satire "Justifiable Homicides," stands out in my memory. It contains seven episodes, each of which offer a perfect excuse for murder in the first degree:

1. The Lithuanian ticket chopper who gives directions to subway passengers in a mixture of Yiddish and Greek.
2. The hail-fellow-well-met chap who insists on slapping the freshly sunburned chap on the back.
3. The solicitous gentleman who goes around on a scorching day and asks, "Is it hot enough for you today?"

4. The singers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

5. The commuter who drops his bundles and misses his train in order to give a stranger a match.

6. The girl who crowds in ahead of her place in the line at the ticket window.

7. And one other which I forget.

Ina Williams, Johnny Dooley, Hazel Dawn and Charles King are an unbeatable comedie quartet. If you miss this show don't blame me.

V.

R. I. P. *Shooting Shadows* passed quietly through New York during the hottest part of the summer and left no trace. It was, according to the authors, a melo-mystery farce, concerning a missing body, which refused to stay put. It contained the usual number of dumb professional sleuths and clever amateur detectives, with the least suspected person proving to be the guilty party—according to formula. Several shots rang out from the darkened stage and an extremely well-behaved audience only laughed once in the wrong place.

Edward M. Favor did a splendid piece of character work in it as Noah Flood.

VI.

No, it isn't Mistinguett who has the *Innocent Eyes*. She has headdresses—oh, many and various and weighty head-

Q Says Mr. Zobel

Q *Shooting Shadows* was a melo-mystery. That means just what it says.

Q *Innocent Eyes*. When they say that they don't mean the audience.

Q So This is Politics. A mystery farce. An outgrowth of the democratic convention. Equally important.

Q I'll Say She Is is a revue to laugh at, not look at. That's something new.



Johnny Dooley, Hazel Dawn and Charles King in "Keep Kool." Johnny Dooley says that he intends to take up comedy in a serious way.

dresses, and beautiful legs, but an otherwise rather too oppulent body. It's Cecil Lean who plays the part of the gullible and easily led astray professor who starts the play with "innocent eyes" and ends it with that tired feeling and a headache. For it is a very wild party which the professor finds himself involved in, when he takes over the management of a cabaret for one night—a clause in a will giving the excuse for his getting into such a situation.

This Winter Garden spectacle has more of a plot thread than the usual ensemble of music, noise, talent and backdrops known as a revue. The cast fairly bristles with important names, but Cleo Mayfield stands out in my memory, chiefly because I can still hear the echo of her enchanting whine. And Cleo is awfully easy to look at. Mr. J. J. Shubert, who admits that he "personally supervised" the big production, has an eye for color and beauty. If there's been a handsomer show in town, I haven't seen it.

If you like dancing, and you won't go to the Winter Garden if you don't, you'll feel like flinging coins at the exotic figure of Vannessi, who looks like the poet's ideal of the heroine of "On the Road to Mandalay." See her in her "peacock strut!" The song hits are the name piece, "Innocent Eyes", "Organdy Days" and "Garden of Love".

VI.

So *This Is Politics!* was one of the regular convention crop of plays that hit New York with the hot weather and the out of town

are both made to get in on, not to stand on."

VII.

The Four Marx Brothers blew in out of the west on a gale of laughter. They have brought a new kind of slapstick into the American revue. None of the attempts at broad sophistication are here; no nifties; no wise-cracking gentry or patter artists, but *I'll Say She Is* has some of the most rib-tickling, side-splitting (see press agent notices for further adjectives) situations you ever saw.

Herbert Marx is, to my mind, the funniest of the Four Marx Brothers. He speaks not a single word through the entire performance, but his actions and looks bespeak volumes. He is made up as a sort of half-and-half mixture of Boob McNutt and Dinty Moore. I saw the play when it first came out in Chicago and I paid for the tickets at box office prices. When a reviewer does that and still praises the piece, it is a recommendation for fair.

East Side Wins

The Grand Street Follies proves the old saw that if a man can write a better review than his neighbor though he lived in the lower East side of New York the audience will beat a pathway to his door. It isn't only that the East side of the girls is the same,—er—that is, East side girls are the same but the show is good.

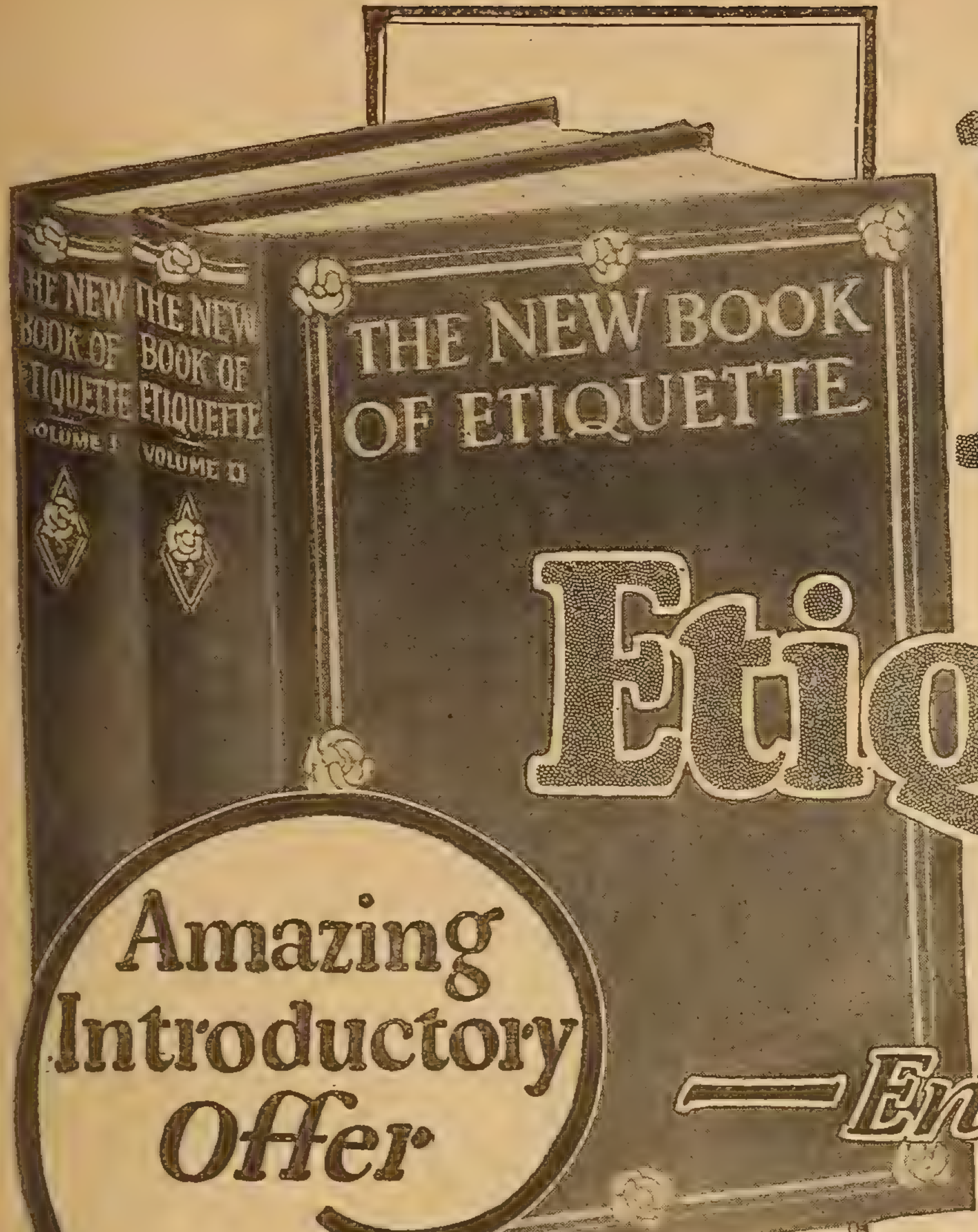


Myron Zobel sketched by Wynn passing the 12 mile limit as Wynn, as it happens, was out at Rum Row looking for artist's material.

Which came first, the chicken or the egg? We have applied that question to the theatre and we are sending Myron Zobel to Paris to settle the question long disputed as to whether the Parisian revues furnish the inspiration for the American article turned out by Messrs. Ziegfeld, Shubert, White, Hammerstein et freres or whether the French revue producer of today gets American chorus girls, American song writers and American "nifties" and himself supplies only the gallic flavor.

Mr. Zobel will send over his next article on the theatre from somewhere in France, most likely the front row of the Follies Bergeres, the Palais Royale or the Casino de Paris.

—THE EDITOR.



1925

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—and Slang

Though it has been condemned by almost every writer on etiquette, slang is accepted by "The New Book of Etiquette" which says, "Slang is a characteristic phase of the American language. It can be colourful and expressive without being coarse, and since it adds a typical verve and piquance to our talk, there is no reason why it should be condemned."

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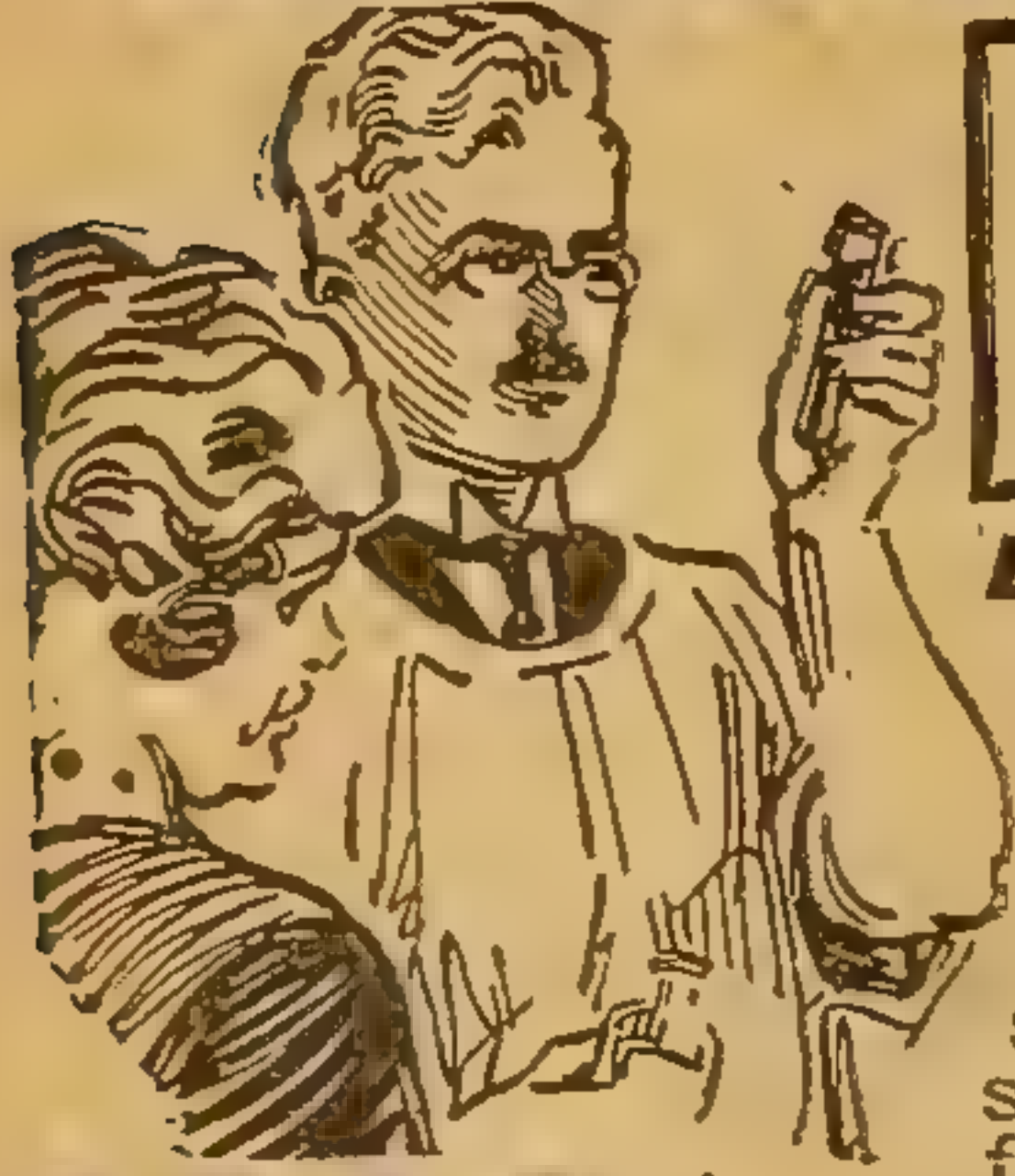
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HARRY LATZ,
General Manager

Q The Beauty Maker— from page 86.

possible that a new cameraman would be speedily engaged. But while the attention of director and producer are centered upon the star, it is easy for a cameraman to neglect a lesser player, bringing out her worst points, rather than her best, and lighting her so badly that her beauty is lost or badly damaged.

"The possibilities of working off a grudge in this way intrigue me," Mr. Barnes acknowledges, "but I've never known of its being worked. I suppose we have all neglected some of our opportunities to make beauties out of extra girls, and I've actually known cameramen who had the interest of certain girls at heart and boosted them with all his skill. But it is impossible, working under the hectic conditions which obtain in every studio, to devote a great deal of time, lighting and skill to the unimportant members of the cast. Occasionally, when the time permits, I spend more than a fair amount of time and Kleig juice on a close-up of an extra girl, and in one case at least a contract has resulted. But such things are usually accidental."

An expert cameraman makes a salary equal to that of a leading lady or popular character actor—that is, from two hundred to four hundred a week. Considering the importance of his job, the beauty-maker is not overpaid. As Mr. Barnes expresses it, "After all, the public pays to see pictures. If the photography is bad, the picture is bad, no matter how inspired the direction or the story or the acting." Naturally, Mr. Barnes thinks cameramen are underpaid.

Q This Way Out— from page 39.

Queen Bess with his cloak.

I also realized that an opportunity was presented.

I could not spread the taxi under her agitated foot, but I felt I could at least let her sit in it.

So with a grandiloquent gesture I bared my growing bald-spot and bowed low before her, muttering my proffer of service to a fair lady in distress; how I had recognized her from her "stills," etc., etc.

Oistress ceased. That feminine danger signal, the tap-tapping foot, was stilled. I strove to make the unconventional seem conventional. It was unnecessary. She was already within the cab.

Thinking that perhaps Sigrid desired to be aloof, I sought a perch beside the chauffeur, seeking directions through the window. But the queen beckoned.

"Mitther Willith! This inthide with me!" was her command.

"Where do you wish to go, Miss

SCREENLAND

Holmquist?" I murmured meekly as I slunk to do her bidding.

"Jutht take me home. Do you know where it ith?"

I did and so did the driver.

"Theems thtrange the garage did not thend my car ath I athked them to," she quavered plaintively as the car got under way.

"Yeth, I mean, yes, it doth; I mean, does—dammit—pardon me," I responded politely, knowing that she was then motorless, having been in Hollywood but a few days. (Lisping is strangely contagious.)

Straightway she launched a desire for newspaper publicity which, in the telling, consumed the several miles until the car was shuttling in and out of the Laurel Canyon traffic. Then she began to talk about herself.

The cars were thick and the pace, fast. Drivers with one arm about the neck of another are not to be trusted. And there were many of them hurrying their forty-horses and less up the steep and twisting roadway to hillside dove-cotes. One could hear them cooing as they passed in the snorting motors.

Hence hearing what she "thaid" to the King of Portugal in Paris and what he "thaid" to her is now hazier than I wish it were.

Her enunciation of the word "Manuel" was a caress. Her pronunciation of "Deauville" made me conjecture she would spell it "dough."

The car turned sharply off the main road at the second fork and then to the right into a gulch as black as a jealous bridegroom's heart, stopping suddenly in the gloom with shrieking brakes.

Sigrid clambered out, trailing an unfinished sentence in her wake.

She spoke harshly in an outlandish tongue. A tiny light cut the gloom above us.

Seizing me by the hand Sigrid bounded up a series of flag-stoned steps. I felt like Alice in Wonderland in the grip of the Duchess.

We stopped suddenly in the darkness. She beat upon an unseen door with both her hands.

The door swung back. Her sleepy, young servitor, Johnson, a comely if somewhat too rotund lass, greeted her in some scrambled tongue. Sigrid returned in kind as she brushed by. Since she had regained hold of my hand, I followed.

Sigrid flitted about what was evidently the living-room, snapping on lights in the corners, snatching up an abandoned feminine garment here, flicking away cigarette ashes there.

Light from a lamp, draped with some iridescent, gossamer stuff, standing on a wicker table opposite the entrance, imparted the gleam of a topaz to half a

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, famous statesman, on his ninetieth birthday attributed his longevity to laughter. As a reliable means to that end we recommend the reading of "Experience, the World's Greatest Teacher" (formerly The Flapper) --the magazine for sheiks and shebas and the young at heart. Published for laughing purposes only. Send stamp for sample copy.



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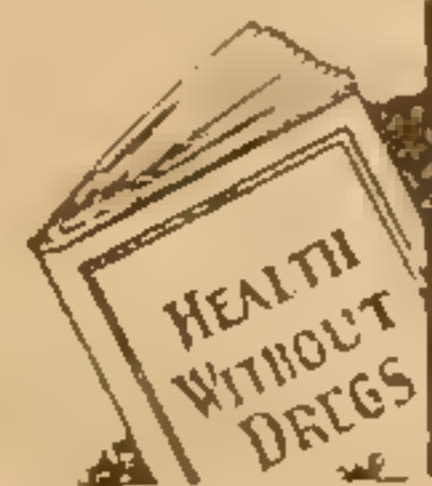
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tumbler of liquid poised perilously near the table's edge.

Sigrid darted toward it as a child to the rescue of a shard of some bright glass from a rubbish heap. She raised it to her lips and gulped. Her eyes grew wide with apprehension. Tilting back her head and looking at me down her nose, she replaced the tumbler hastily.

"Ugg wugg erth erble," she remarked liquidly with some difficulty, as she sped to the door. There she cast the offending fluid in outer darkness with a boisterous expectoration.

"Barbarouth thtuff," Sigrid declared, making a wry face, on her return. "Pleath make yourself at home till I come back. Pahdon me."

A doorway swallowed her.

STRAIGHTWAY heated words came through crevices in the flimsy wall. Crackling syllables hissed and sputtered in intense dialogue in a strange tongue. Something that sounded like a slap ended the argument.

A tearful maid entered. She seized the tumbler from which Sigrid had recently quaffed an unpleasant potion and retraced her steps.

I was alone in the salon of a Laurel Canyon lair.

Frankly the room was disappointing. It was a welter of disorder, dingy and dusty. The maid was evidently in love. The place was utterly without character. "Fifty dollars a month, furnished" was written all over it.

I was just about to lower myself into the only comfortable chair in the room when I was deterred by a screech. A flying pink and filmy negligee, picked out by gleaming arms and a flash of silken-clad calf, swooped down upon me and swept a dark and furry something from the seat which was to have been mine.

I staggered back and waited for things to straighten out. Sigrid, smiling maternally and cuddling a wierd animal in her arms emerged from the murk born of the rapidity of her motion.

"You almotht that on Thweetheart," she crooned.

My chin was on my chest. I could feel my eyes bulge. "Thweetheart" was an animal big as a house-cat with a weasel-like head, a squat body covered with fur akin to sable and a tail seemingly a yard long. He regarded me with beady eyes full of hostility.

"What is it?" I queried, indicating "Thweetheart" with a trembling forefinger. If he had been green with pink stripes he would not have been half as upsetting.

"It ith a mongooth," Sigrid said. "An admirer thent him to me from Thouth America.

"Come in here and we thall talk. Thith room ith tho deprething."

SCREENLAND

She led the way into her boudoir.

We sat on a plebeian brass bed, gay with crimson silken cover, with "Thweetheart" romping, as if his dear little heart would break, between us.

She told of her European conquests; of her continental title, "The Swedish Mary Pickford"; of her life in New York, in the Follies or something; of meeting prominent men intimate with movie magnates.

It was an automatic interview. Questions were unnecessary even if they could have been inserted in Sigrid's purling monologue.

With a keen edge to her lisping syllables she flayed her fellow-players under the Paramount banner, telling how all the women were jealous of her because of her beauty; how all the men hated her because she laughed off their advances.

"Nathty beatht," Sigrid declared. "Would you like to thee my gownth?"

Without regard for my blushes or waiting for an answer, she threw open a closet door. The recess, a deep one, was crowded with confections capable of turning any woman glassy-eyed with envy. There were gowns trimmed with ermine, garments of every hue and texture, alluringly intimate apparel in a myriad of shades—coats, wraps, cloaks, capes and all the what-nots dear to the heart of woman but beyond the ken of man.

"These represent a fortune," I ventured.

"They did not coht me anything," Sigrid replied carelessly but with a trace of pride, withal. "Nithe men like to give me thingth."

"My Gawd! I have an appointment!" she exclaimed in the next breath. "You'll have to take me—but don't forget you thould write thomething about me."

She pushed me out of the room into the company of "Thweetheart." The interview was at an end. There was naught left for me but the way out.

Wanda and Viola—
from page 45.

old gray matter isn't functioning. And Viola is by no means a nit-wit. She looks as a normal woman of twenty-five ought to look, only better-looking than most. And as her mind has developed right along with her body, she wants parts that are worthy of her steel. She wants to act, and in the future she expects to.

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But Viola is not the only Hollywood cutie who aspires to dramatic honors. She has a blonde rival. Wanda Hawley is back on the screen, with all her blonde curls slicked straight back, trying her best to look intense.



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Wanda has a straight dramatic part in Victor Shertzinger's production, *Bread*, by Charles Norris. She got it by brushing out her curls and looking intense where Shertzinger could see her. It really makes her look quite different. More "soul," you know, and everything. And as far as Wanda is concerned, the Hollywood beauty shops can just close their doors before she makes an appointment for another marcel.

Wanda was one of the old guard at the Real Art Studio, and after that, at Lasky's. She was being cast in fluffy roles when Bebe Daniels was playing opposite Wally Ried in *The Dancing Fool*; and Gloria Swanson was swishing about Cecil DeMille's sets.

And always Wanda played the role of the sweet young thing. Her main duty was to look cunning and to wear clothes.

To be a perfect foil, by her five feet three inches of pink and gold femininity for stalwart screen heroes. But it must be confessed, that as far as honest-to-goodness 14-karat acting goes, I have never caught Wanda in the act.

Perhaps she has never had a chance. She had the leading role opposite Valentino in that fearful affair; *The Young Rajah*; but stronger personalities than Wanda's have been eclipsed by the colorful Rudolph. She was lovely but vapid. Never once did she stand out as a personage to be taken seriously. She was a decorative part of the stage setting, no more.

In *Affairs of Anatol*, Wanda did the best work of her career, I believe. I remember thinking at the time that she was better than I had ever seen her. But her characterization was not clean-cut enough to leave in my memory as I write this other than a vague remembrance of a young and cuddly person who cried on Wally Reid's shoulder.

Her starring pieces, *Miss Hobbs*, *Her Sturdy Oak* and *The House that Jazz Built* were all fluffy things that needed a stronger personalities than Wanda's to put them over. They all sagged in the middle. Evidently others thought the same thing, for soon after *The Young Rajah* flopped with such a dull, sickening thud (I hasten to add that the fault was by no means all Wanda's) Wanda's contract expired and was not renewed. Wanda went to Cairo to make a picture for a foreign company. After her return, she played the demure little housewife in her own home for a year, until the idea seized her that perhaps it was the fault of the curls that kept her from realizing her dramatic aspirations.

At any rate, with the release of *Revelation* and *Bread* you will see the gesture of two young rebels against the flapper and all her works. The dramatic season is looking up.

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are fastened. I am one of those who have found Eleanor a believable and not-too-saccharine ingenue. The most colorful feminine interest, however, is supplied by Eileen Percy—in a black wig, did you ever?—and Pauline Garon, who stages a delicious Dempsey-Carpentier—the best female screen scrap since Gerry Farrar and Jeanie MacPherson turned *Carmen's* cigarette factory into a prize ring.

But I shall recall *The Turmoil* for a long time because of one superb scene, which occurs in a barber shop. The senior Sheridan, very well played by Emmett Corrigan, steps in for his morning shave, unaware of a tragedy in his house which the whole world knows. He becomes gradually conscious of the horrified suspense with which he is regarded; and his awakening provides a bit of genuine emotion.

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Q The Pathos of Walthall— from page 58

eyes to see the temperamental star take a reprimand without resentment. The director began to work himself up into a frenzy, and as no word came from the huddled figure in the chair, concluded at last in a stinging ultimatum. He was having a splendid time, the director.

“ . . . and I want you to know, Mr. Walthall, that when I call my actors on the set at nine o'clock, I want them there at that time.”

Then the huddled figure rose. With simple dignity he spoke.

“All right, call 'em for Thursday morning at nine o'clock.” And walked off the set. As I said, it was Monday morning. And not until Thursday did our hero come back.

But that was ten long years ago, and

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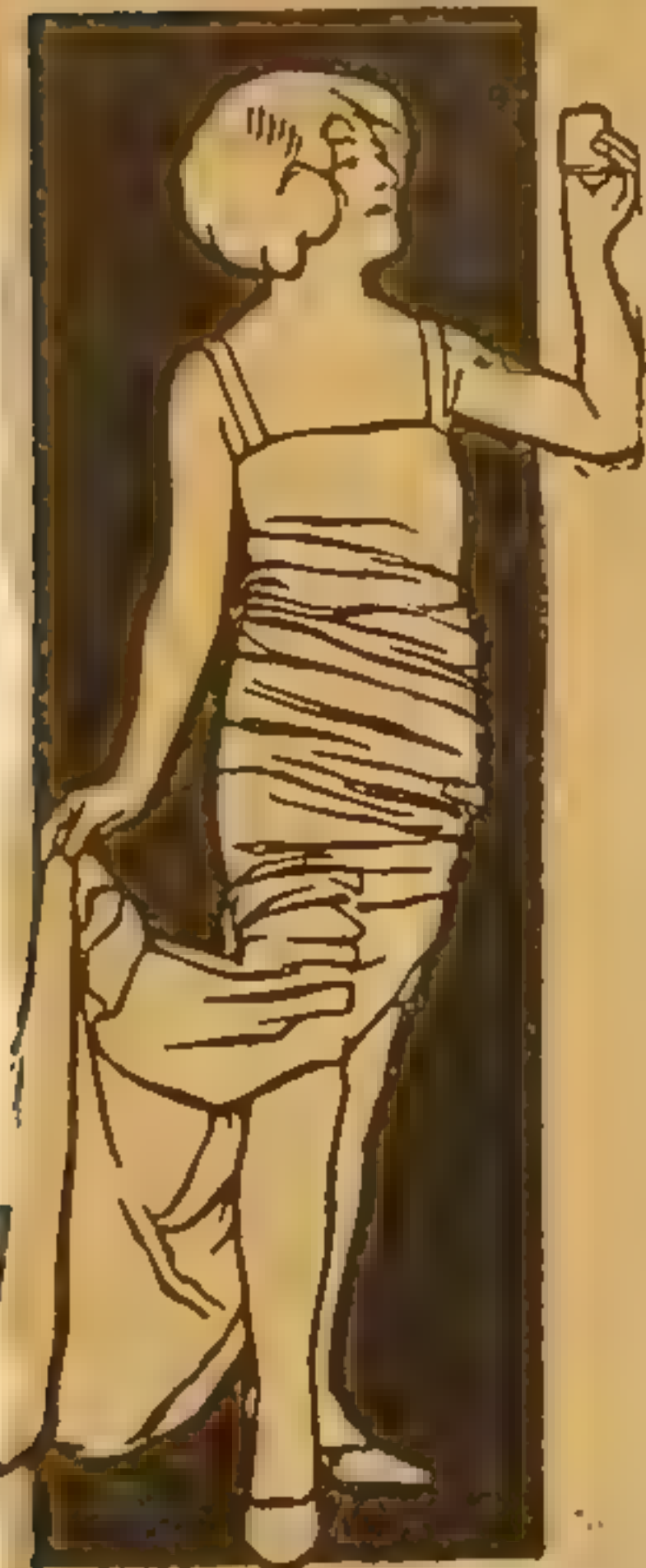
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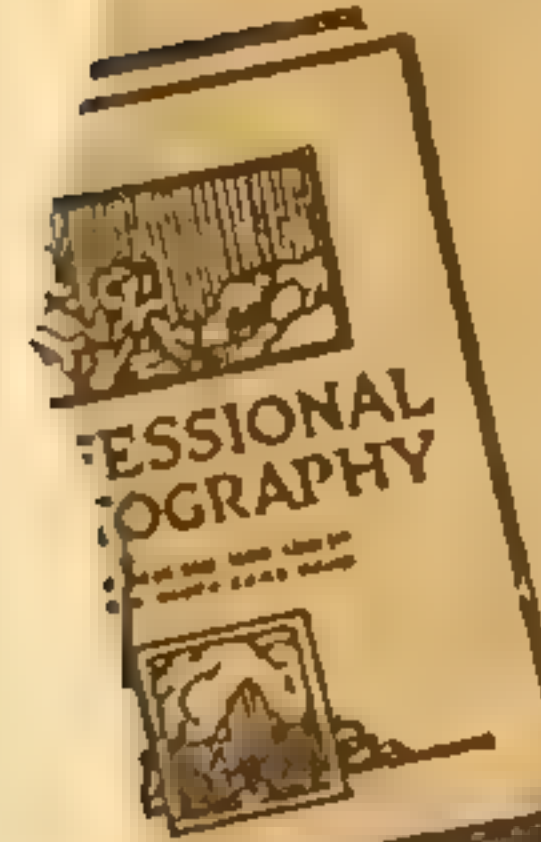
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a decade in the "great onrushing art" of pictures is as a century in other fields. The stars who shone so brightly in that year of grace, 1914, have passed into oblivion, and new generations of stars have filled their places for a brief day, only to pass on in their turn. Some have left a dear and fragrant memory in their wake; the very names of others, once famous among stars, have been forgotten. The years that have swept to forgetfulness many and many a proud name have not obliterated the name of the finest actor of his time, Henry B. Walthall. But they have dimmed its lustre. His slipping away into obscurity is one of the saddest phases of film life, and one of the strongest counts against the sincerity of pictures as an art.

If Henry B. Walthall had been a little less finished as an actor and a little more physical in his appeal, his name might still be blazing in electric lights. But he was an actor, not a young Greek god. Even as the Little Colonel, Ben Cameron, in Griffith's immortal *Birth of a Nation*, he was not handsome. His appeal lay in the firmness of his technique, in his speaking eyes and his sensitive mouth. He was, and is, unimposing of figure; he is only five feet six inches in height, and weighs about 140. His brown hair is inclined to curl, and he wears it brushed back from a high, broad forehead. He is a mental type, except for his mouth. His eyes are brown and eloquent. Though he is a Southerner, born in Shelby county, Alabama, he speaks without the soft slurr of the South. His long years on the speaking stage have eliminated that.

It was from the stage that Walthall came to make a name for himself in pictures in *The Birth of a Nation*. And there he was one of a galaxy of players that made screen history, a galaxy scattered to the four corners of the earth and beyond now. Lillian Gish alone of that brave company retains her fame. The others? Miriam Cooper? Merely a name; perhaps not even that to the newest generation of film fans. Mae Marsh? In pictures still, to be sure, but not the Mae Marsh of the Griffith film; not the pixieish Littlest Sister who bravely trimmed her shabby gown with cotton "ermine" to celebrate her brother's return from the war; a woman now. Bobby Harron? Gone, with that blithe spirit, Wallace Reid, to the shadow land of peaceful rest.

It was *The Birth of a Nation* that made Henry Walthall on the screen, and it was the same picture that nearly killed him professionally, a few years later. For some four years Walthall starred. Not all of his pictures were good. Some were trivial. But his technique was as sure and his charm as subtle in the poor stories as in the good. He made many pictures: *A Great Love*; *False Faces*; *And*

a *Still Small Voice; A Splendid Hazard.*
 Then came the beginning of the end. Never strong at best, under the strain of the exotic life of a famous star, Walthall's health failed. For weeks at a time he would not be able to work. His nerves grew abnormally sensitive. He was often moody, even irritable. His engagements fell off. For several years his face vanished from the screen. He took a home at Santa Monica and waited, perhaps reading in the dull booming of the waves against the rocks the final doom of all actors grown old in the harness.

A few remembered him in his exile. The faithful few wrote to the editors of film magazines, "Where is Henry Walthall? What has happened to him?" And the editors could only say they did not know. The producers were not interested. Walthall? Why, he was the chap that played in *The Birth of a Nation*, wasn't he? And that was way back in—why, it must have been around 1910! Say, the man's old, now! This studio ain't no Home for Retired Actors, y'know. Oh, well, if he's that good, maybe we can work him in a character part.

And sometimes they did. Small, trivial parts that must have hurt Walthall to the quick to play, and surely hurt the faithful fans who remembered his past glory. It did not even occur to producers to give him a romantic part. The man was forty. In those days the romances of the screen were chronicles of puppy love. Half-baked boys of twenty-one were making half-baked love to sixteen-year-old girls who wouldn't have recognized adult passions if they had met them on the street. And so Henry B. Walthall remained in obscurity for another year.

Then sophistication came to the screen with the advent of foreign stars and foreign directors. Grown-up men and women portrayed the love scenes. Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon came into prominence. And the audiences applauded the experience of their touch and called for more. It dawned upon the producers that adult men and women could love. The just-past-adolescents fell back into their proper juvenile roles. Walthall was no longer passe, an "old man"; he was merely experienced.

For once, that fickle jade, Fortune, smiled upon him. He was given one of the principal roles in a picture that has turned out to be one of the big box-office sensations of the year, *Boy of Mine*. The boy, Benny Alexander, is starred, but the real interest lies in the love of Henry Walthall and Irene Rich, as the parents of the boy, and is Walthall's struggle to understand the workings of a small boy's heart. In a most unsympathetic part, he manages to be great.

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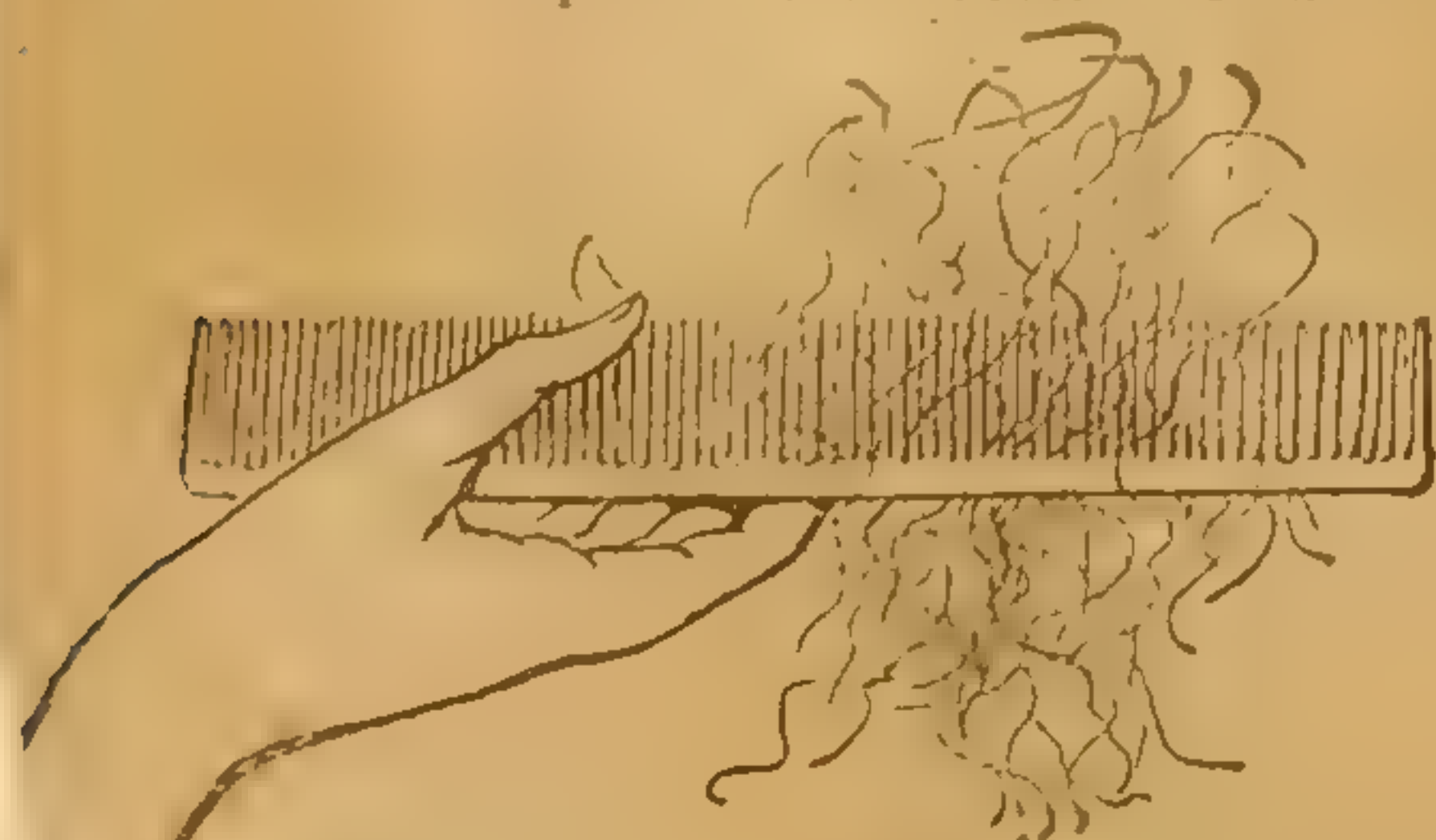
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Thin, falling, scraggly hair is a sign of starved root cells. But now a method has been perfected which penetrates to these cells and stimulates them into new activity.

(Continued from page 55) leading to ever greater and brighter triumphs. They would become famous together—he would be Romeo, she Juliet.

The Bride, Mary Carr

Oh shining-eyed and joyous, wrapped in dreams, the bride Mary Carr!

But Mary soon found that her husband had decided ideas of his own about his wife's career. It was for him to work in the world, to reap the triumphs and the world's applause. Mary's place was in the home, cherished, protected, basking only in the light of reflected glory. It was hard, but Mary loved him, and as most women have always done, she acquiesced. Was the first bloom of her illusions lost? Still she was eager and loving, the young wife, Mary Carr.

Twelve years—seven children! No time for dreams now. They came so fast, these little ones, clinging about her skirts, heavy in her arms, warm under her heart. Her blue eyes that had been so bright shone now with the soft radiance of mother love. How she loved them, and perhaps the one who would not stay most of all. Busy, busy years, years of toil, and love and suffering, spent in a world of helpless, growing things. This was Mary Carr the mother, the elemental woman, utterly surrendered to the impulse of creation.

Mary Carr, Mother

Tragedy! Six helpless little things for her to care for, and now their father a helpless seventh. How to feed those seven mouths, how to keep a shelter over them, how to clothe them? She could not leave them for the stage, even if after twelve years there was a place for her upon its boards. She must find work that would enable her to take a home for them, to keep them in the shadow of her protecting love.

The old Lubin studio was still located in Philadelphia. In happier days her husband had been a director there, and now Mary turned to men who had known him there for help. They gave her her first picture work.

Ten years of ceaseless, weary struggle. Little by little Mary Carr and her children gained a foothold in the studios, in Philadelphia only at first, but later in New York. Who can ever know what those years meant to her, the search for work, the constant worry over those seven dependent on her. This was Mary Carr, the woman at bay, her back against the wall, fighting with savage persistence for her children, holding the wolf aloof by the sheer strength of her will. No wonder the mother in "Over the Hill" carried the mark of absolute truth in her portrayal.

But now the stress has a little abated. Mary Carr has brought her brood on what seemed an endless journey through a dark and dangerous forest. Now they have emerged into the sunlit meadows, and Mary can sit a little apart and look at them as though for the first time.

Incredible! These bright and splendid youngsters are not the babies she has known and brooded over. Eager, restless, bursting with life and the sense of their own power, they are where she was twenty-five years ago, snatching at life with the greedy egotism of youth. They press around her, beautiful with the hard strength of youth, almost overwhelming, no longer the young helpless things which she has moulded, but definite, demanding individuals each.

Mary Carr sits in a low rocking chair beside the window. Her face is calm and sweet, her blue eyes are very wise, her mouth has a little humorous twist.

Mary Carr, Philosopher

"My children love me," she says, "but I am an abstraction to them, not an individual. It is the eternal struggle of youth and age. They cannot understand that 'mother' has a life, a mind, an individuality apart from them. They think of me as they might of some revered image with a benignant face, and it disturbs them to have their unconscious concept destroyed. They are hurt because I wish friends of my own, and because I do not wish to give them all my thought—they think I do not love them. They are critical of me, my dress, my manners, my whole life, with a tender sensitive pride, just as I was critical of my parents at their age—as their children will be critical of them. They would like to see me sit with idle hands, while they took care of me, repaying with their reverent love and devotion what I have done for them.

"And because they are too young to understand, they suffer.

"And they cannot see how my heart goes out to them, and how I would yield to them if I could. But I cannot, without destroying myself. I was a human being, an individual, before I was a mother—I shall always be a mother, but I am individual too

This is Mary Carr, the individualist, the rebel.

But how proud she is of those children, how ambitious for their future! All of them are handsome and with the traditions of the stage on both sides of the house they have all naturally expected to be actors, and all have worked on

the screen, but they have other gifts as well. Luella, the eldest, draws quite well, and John, the redhaired clever boy who comes next, is both poet and artist. Then comes Stephen, the wit of the family, who has never had a music lesson, but who improvises soulfully. Then Thomas, dear, lucky, plucky youngster, who never waits for things to turn up, but goes out and digs for them, and who shows a marked aptitude for business. Then Rosemary, the beauty; and last lovely Maybeth, golden-voiced, talented in music, and already in demand for picture roles which require the peculiar spiritual quality which distinguishes her beauty.

"If you had your life to live over again, would you have it different, a little easier, a little brighter?"

Mary Carr's blue eyes flash, her head goes up proudly, as she answers the question:

"Not a single thing would I change in it. It has been hard and bitter, and I have often been weary, but it has been worth it. Life has been wonderful and beautiful to me, full of rich rewards. I have seen too many prosperous, happy women, sunk into narrow, futile, dull lives to wish to exchange with any of them. If suffering was the price for what I have gained, individuality, tolerance and broadness of view, capacity to enjoy life, then I am glad to have paid it. How could I regret any life that has brought to me my children?"

This is Mary Carr, the philosopher, the incorrigible lover of life. And as Mary Carr proudly surveys her babies we would like to have her know that the fans are proud of her.

Here's good luck to you, Luella, John, Stephen, Thomas, Rosemary and Maybeth! And to you, Mary Carr, our love.

EAST COAST

By Billie Dove

I HAVE looked over the editor's shoulder and seen that Miss Logan has explained that she is not a writer, but that she will do her best to tell what has happened in Hollywood this last month. That goes double, so without any preliminary apologies, I'll tear pages from my notebook—I'm very proud of the notebook; I felt like a real reporter while carrying it—and present them to you, realizing that the regular conductor of these columns could have done a better job, and, as the old-fashioned after-dinner speakers say, "craving your indulgence."

A Bright Husband

Trying to get accustomed to the position of interviewer instead of the one to be interviewed, I wandered over to the set on which my director-husband Irvin Willat was working. Miss Agnes Ayres, who is playing in the picture, most courteously introduced us.

"I would like a few words for publication from you, Mr. Willat," I began rather haughtily.

"Well, what will I say?" he asked.

"Something bright, if you please."

"Lights!" said he, as he turned to his electricians and went on with his scene.

This was much too bright for me.

Cullen's "Personal Appearance"

I MET Cullen Landis walking on Fifth Avenue a few days ago. I had not seen him since Yuma, Arizona, where I was working on location and at which town the train

Who wouldn't be a reporter? Billie doesn't look over-worked nor dissatisfied. And Valentino is wearing his million dollar smile as well as a new slave bracelet.



Billie Dove, called "the most beautiful girl in the world" by Florenz Ziegfeld, took the job of "star reporter" for SCREENLAND this month, to "cover" the east coast. Her gentle, uncritical personality radiates from her budget of items. By the way, don't fail to see her in Wanderer of the Wasteland, the gorgeous picture in natural colors, about which Miss Dove wrote for August SCREENLAND.

on which he was traveling stopped for a short time. In this profession, one never knows where one will meet a fellow-player. Our conversation led to the picture we had made together about two years ago. We were in Sacramento, California, for a few days during which time a picture of Cullen's played at one of the leading theatres. One morning, the manager asked both Cullen and me to make an appearance after the film on that night. We told him that we would be glad to and then hustled off to do our day's work. It was not until dinner time that we again thought of it and realized that we had planned to do nothing. We knew how hard and formal it was to just come out on the stage and make a "speech," and decided that we should do something different. The company offered no assistance but laughingly told us that they would all be there, which made it much harder for us. Finally, with still nothing planned, we left the hotel and on our way out, saw Cullen's little red roadster, which he had built himself standing near the curve. It was really no bigger than a minute, and had it been standing on the sidewalk, I do not think anyone would have noticed the difference.

It gave us an idea, though, and with our hearts much lighter, hurried to the theatre to speak with the stage manager.—The curtains were drawn after the picture. The stage manager appeared. With a rather hesitant voice, he started to apologize for the players who did not keep their promise to make the appearance. (Continued on page 74)

You'd think Billie Dove is making peace between enemies, but Antonio Moreno used to work as an extra on the same lot with Maurice Costello, when that grand old actor was a star. Now they are working in the same picture together.



WEST COAST

By Jacqueline Logan

SO you want me to tell you all about the happenings in Hollywood this month! Well, I never attempted to write, but it is never difficult to talk, so let's just imagine that we are together and I am telling you the things I can remember.

First, where will we go to be comfortable? I know! Down to the beach. Everybody goes to the beach when they can find time away from the studio. So just imagine that we are sprawled out on the California sands (everybody's sprawls out comfortably beside the Pacific) and we will have a nice talk about folks and doings in Hollywood and around the studios.

Sitting right over there under the big beach umbrella are Shirley Mason and Dorothy MacKaill. Don't they look comfy? Oh, yes, that is a pretty bathing suit Shirley has on. She is so tiny and demure; she is just lovable. And blue looks well on her, doesn't it?

And there is Bill Hart just wading into the water. See him raise his foot? The water is slightly cold today. Look at Malcolm MacGregor dive in without hesitating. He is a splendid swimmer. He was a champion at Yale and he certainly knows how to shoot through the water.

Gracious, the studios must be deserted today. There are lot of actors and actresses seated around us. There is era Reynolds at the hot dog stand. Right beside her is Virginia Valli. I wonder if they know hot dogs are fattening?

Her director sent Eleanor Boardman back to nature to get fat—or a least a little less thin—and she took Dolly, the faithful brown cow along. Success is reported and art is saved.



Jacqueline Logan has a sense of humor that makes her budget of west coast gossip mighty sprightly reading. Jackie says she's all set to apply for a newspaper job when she is "through" with pictures—which, judging by Jackie's popularity at the present time, is not likely to be in the near future at any rate.

And look! Here comes Pat O'Malley and Conway Tearle. Both of them look nice in bathing suits, don't they? Pat has big muscles, which he must just hate to show!

But we didn't come down to the beach to watch all the people swimming and lounging, did we? I was going to tell you what had happened in Hollywood this month. Well, now, let's see:

The "Irregulars" Whoop it up

OF course, you've heard a great deal about "The Regulars", a club formed here in Hollywood with motion picture leading ladies as members? Well, trust the men to be just as clubby as the opposite sex. A group of leading men have just joined hands and formed "The Irregulars". They meet every week at the home of one of the members. Last week they gathered at the home of Raymond McKee, who really formed the club. What do they do?

Why, my dear, they are all musicians, and good ones, too. Raymond plays every instrument, but when the Irregulars get together, he confines himself to a cornet. Conway Tearle, Earl Metcalfe, Gil Pratt (he is a director, perhaps you know), Creighton Hale and John Miljan are the other members of the club. All of them play musical instruments of one kind or another, and they have quite an orchestra.

Raymond McKee said to me just the other day: "We are not so bad . . . but not so (Continued on page 75)

The Fox artist had a nice little job of bareback writing on the back of twelve girls in a cabaret scene. No, dearie, the torn panties aren't part of the costume—but wait, something a little snappier is!





Marjorie Daw enjoys SCREENLAND in faraway London, where she has been working in *The Passionate Adventure*, an English picture to be released soon by Selznick.

(Continued from page 72) Suddenly, a loud "honk honk" drowned his voice; two headlights gleamed from one of the back "Exits" and amidst much laughter from the audience, down the aisle to the stage we drove the little red racer. The rest then, of course, was easy.

The Bewildered Captain

THE most bewildered expression I have ever seen was on the face of the Captain of a yacht which was being used in a picture recently. The ship with its crew was rented for the week. The Captain, not understanding the many orders to "come on" and "go back again," conscientiously though confusedly obeyed all instructions but was finally absolutely dumfounded as through the megaphone of the assistant director was bellowed from the shore, "Go up-stage farther, Captain, up-stage."

Honest Boy, Lane

Lupino Lane, the likable English comedian, has deserted California and his two reels for the time being and is "cutting up" in the Follies. Between the acts, at rehearsals, before the show opened, he kept the company amused by causing coins which he had gathered from the various members, to disappear. (Yes, I might mention, that he returned them.)

Happy Warners

H. B. Warner and his wife planned and planned—then they built and built. Now they are enjoying both the gorgeous new house in Great Neck, Long Island and the vacation Mr. Warner is taking. Theirs is one of the many happy film marriages. They have three of the sweetest children in the world. Ask H. B.—he'll tell you too.

Ramon Navarro, so many times unfairly called one of Rudolph Valentino's successors, stopped in New York for a few days on his way to Rome, where he is to replace George Walsh in the picture, "Ben Hur."

One on Harrison

BAD weather caused several changes in the original schedule of the "Story Without a Name" company working on location, and there were many trips to and from New York, in-

cluding midnight and early morning rides until the company was in a fairly tired condition. The day following an all night session Harrison Ford was stealing a few minutes sleep on the set. When it was time for him to go to work, the assistant director shook him by the arm. Harrison opened one eye, jumped up and exclaimed, "What? Home already?"

Dagmar Busy

ALTHOUGH Dagmar Gadowsky's father, the great pianist, and family left her alone in New York for a whole year while they toured Europe, Dagmar finds no spare time. At present, she is working in two pictures, "The Story Without A Name" and "The Price Of A Party." Not satisfied with this, a few days ago, the ambitious little Dagmar left the studio hurriedly and made a personal appearance in Passaic, New Jersey. It was her first speech and in her own words, she was "panicky." I really think, though, that that was an exaggeration, because, as I know Dagmar, anything she attempts, is usually a success, and I am sure her appearance and little talk were greatly appreciated and applauded. Later, on her return to the City, Texas Guinan gave a (Continued on page 76)



There was Hope for Governor Smith, at least, and it is not Miss Hampton's fault that he won't be the next president.

(Continued from page 73) good . . . when we get together to play. My dog, Bozo, often interrupts us by howling as we play. Neighbors complain once in a while, and once the policeman on our beat dropped in to see if he could be of any assistance. Other than these minor troubles, we proceed with our practices unmolested."

Lots of the younger folk in motion pictures, and I include myself, hope for an opportunity to dance to the music of *The Irregulars*. Wouldn't that be thrilling?

Can you *imagine* a feminine Jackie Coogan? It is hard to do, isn't it? But out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they think they have uncovered just such a possibility in little Jane Hughes. She is very good, too. I saw her work in Elinor Glyn's *His Hour* and you can't help loving her. Little Jane departed for the East when she finished this picture. I understand she comes into some money back there this summer. When she gets it, she will return to Hollywood and resume her picture career. I wish her success. Despite her age, four and one half years, she is a perfect-mannered little lady and all of us who know her, love Jane dearly.

Those famous \$100,000 legs, insured for that sum by Mack Sennett. The owner—oh, Cecille Evans a gay little bathing beauty.



*Charles Ray is said to be entirely happy, back at Ince and doing *Dynamite Smith*. Good luck, Charlie!*

Walter Hiers' Good Luck

EVERYBODY'S friend Walter Hiers . . . has at last won the success he is entitled to. He is at the head of his own company. Isn't that lovely? He has already started making the *Walter Hiers Comedies*. Hollywood gave him a big congratulations party just before he started to work. Mrs. Hiers was there, just beaming over her hubby's success. We all had a peachy time, too.

Lew Cody was there and I danced with him. He is a marvelous dancer . . . the best, I believe, I have ever danced with, in Hollywood, at any rate. Lew is very clever with his tongue, too. He was toastmaster at the dinner and believe me, everybody was "razed" mercilessly by the quick-thinking Lew.

Madge Bellamy looked beautiful. I think Madge is perfectly lovely anyway. She had on an evening gown that was a combination of the alluring lines of 1924, added to which were the winsome old-fashioned touches of 1850. She wore her lovely hair piled high on top of her head.

One thing I noticed particularly, and have seen at other recent Hollywood affairs, was the lack of jewels worn by the stars and leading ladies present. Jewelry seems to have gone out, as a fad. Claire Windsor, with pearls, wears jewelry as well as any person I know, but even Claire is making little use of them.

Of course, Walter was the life of the party. He always is. Jolly, good-natured and witty, Walter is ever ready with a sally or a cheerful quip.

Huntly Gordon Has Sprained Back

POOR, poor Huntly Gordon is suffering pains from a severely sprained back. I am not sure whether the joke is on Huntly or on Myrtle Steadman. Maybe I'd better explain from the beginning. Huntly and Myrtle were taking part in a picture at Universal titled *Wine*. One scene necessitated Huntly picking Myrtle up from the floor and laying her on a couch. But bless your heart, that was quite a job. Myrtle isn't at all stout . . . in fact, she is beautifully formed . . . but she weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. Huntly went through the scene all right, but the next day he was suffering agonies from strained back muscles. He was nearly forced to resort to a cane or crutch for a few days. (Continued on page 77)

La Plante to Make Pictures

PHILIP LA PLANTE, who has come to the attention of the public through the automobile accident in which pretty Helen Jessmer was injured, is now interested in pictures. He is backing a production called *Born Rich*, in which Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon and Barney Sherry are playing.

WELL, I tell you," said Louis Wolheim, at the end of an argument on the profits of experiences, "Twenty years ago, if a man said to me? 'You're a blankety blank-blank-blank!' I would up an smash 'im in the eye. But now," he said, as he rubbed his broken nose, "if a man calls me a blankety blank-blank-blank, I merely answer, 'Maybe you're right, maybe you're right.'"

Gloria Upholds Bobbed Hair Too

ALTHOUGH Gloria Swanson loves to comb out the wig she is wearing in her latest picture and is thrilled at the feel of the long silken hair over her shoulders, she told me a few days ago that her own bobbed hair is by far the most comfortable. "It is so much easier to dress. Women with long hair never seem to put it up becomingly. I have always kept mine rather short and have added switches or braids to complete the coiffure." Gloria looks very beautiful in her role of a Balkan Princess and I am looking forward, as are many others, to the completion of the picture.

Engaged? Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller are said to have developed an awful crash on each other on the F.B.O. lot, while making *Fools in the Dark*. Maybe they will next co-star in a serio-comic drama, entitled, *A Leap in the Dark*.



Rosemary Davies, sister of Marion, has been engaged for four starring features by Frank Donovan. The first will be a modernized version of Sir Bulwyer Lytton's Alice.

(Continued from page 74) party in her honor at the "Elsey Club." From all reports there were "hundreds of guests." Evidently, the producers and friends of Dagmar have no intention of giving her any time to be lonesome.

Alice Terry Under New Direction

FOR the first time since they have been married, Alice Terry is going to make a picture with other than the direction of Rex Ingram. Alice was in New York with Rex but returned almost immediately to California to play in "The Great Divide." Mr. Ingram will leave in several weeks for Algiers where he has bought a chateau and where he and Alice will live, his wife joining him on the completion of her picture.

Imogene Wilson Out

BEFORE Mary Pickford sailed for Europe, Imogene Wilson, whom she had seen in the Ziegfeld Follies, signed a contract to go to Hollywood with Miss Pickford on her return from abroad. When the unfortunate affair with Frank Tinney was published in the papers, Miss Pickford's representative and Imogene, by mutual agreement, cancelled the contract. Miss Wilson, however, says that she is still going to Hollywood to appear in pictures, even if she has to change her name.



Q West Coast —from page 75.

Italian Sheiks the Rage

WOULDN'T it be terrible if we should lose all of our Italian screen lovers at one time? The disaster is a possibility, I understand. I know that Rudolph Valentino, Naldo Morelli and George Beban have all be invited to Rome, Italy, to attend the opening of Europe's biggest theater, which is now being constructed in that city. Naldo, I hear, is a close friend of the architect who designed the theater and may be the master of ceremonies. Goodness, but the screen would be quiet if Italy should manage to lure these three away, even if only temporarily.

A Leap Year Club

GOODNESS, but thoughts of matrimony seem to have taken Hollywood and the movie colony by storm. Just the other day someone was telling me that five girls have formed a Leap Year Club. The five, I believe, are Marian Nixon, Ruth Clifford, Ann May, Dorothy Wood

and Alberta Vaughn. They met one night at Marian's house, and the next thing we knew, the newspapers told us about their new Leap Year Club.

It is a jolly little club, at that. Each member put in one hundred dollars, five hundred in all. The first girl of the group to marry in 1924 will receive the entire sum as a wedding gift. If, fifteen days before Christmas, all of them are still single, the money will be devoted to some charitable use. Isn't that a nice idea?

Marian told me about it yesterday. Within a week following publication of the stories about the club, she received forty-one proposals of marriage from unknown people who resorted to the mails to present their sentiments.

I was so sorry to hear about Wallace MacDonald's and Doris May's (she is Mrs. McDonald, you know) sad misfortune. Mrs. MacDonald was to become a mother in August, you know, and both of them were so happy, planning

for its coming and future. Wally's mother came all the way from Canada to be present. Then something happened and the baby was born prematurely. Of course, it didn't live, but Mrs. MacDonald is alright. Doris and Wally both bore up remarkably well under the blow, but she confided to me how very sad she really is.

Oh, did I tell you about Charlie Ray? I have been playing opposite him in his new pictures for Thomas H. Ince, you know. The first one is titled "Smith". Charlie is very glad to get back to the Ince studio, he told me. He says that the worries of producing were too many for him. Now he is satisfied to remain a star and let someone else do the producing and releasing.

He is the same old Charlie. . . good-natured and always ready to lend a helping hand to ambitious beginners. I enjoy very much appearing in pictures with him. . . in fact, I can't say that anyone has been a more congenial working partner.

Q The Lion and the Mouse—*from page 23.*

things. Her name is Ella Wickersham. She dwells in Hollywood, and she and Carrol were schoolmates together. Ella had intended becoming a dancer, too, but when misfortune overtook her, she bravely made up her mind to hide her own deep grief and trouble, and to aid others all she could. Carrol and Ella used to have long talks, in which Ella encouraged Carrol to hope that she could some day be a great dancer or a great actress. Carrol and Ella's brother William were dancing partners doing exhibition work, and Carrol was studying dancing with Ruth St. Denis at the same time. Sometimes Ella aided Carrol in making Carrol's dancing costumes, for Ella could sit and sew even though she could not walk.

When Carrol got a chance to play a nice bit in *Intolerance*, it was Ella who congratulated her with shining eyes; it was Ella who told her, "You'll be great some day, Carrol!"

So on the brief occasions of late when Carrol has come to Hollywood, it is her brave, beautiful schoolmate she looks up first of all.

Ofttimes it is the stars themselves who are great helpers of others stars. Mary Pickford it was who took Dorothy and Lillian Gish to see D. W. Griffith.

Mr. Griffith evidently at once sensed that the girls had screen personality and talent. For he made them act. Yes, indeed. Let Dorothy tell it in her own words:

"We all went up into the property room to see the interesting things there, and suddenly Mr. Griffith grabbed a knife

and chased us about. We were scared to death! I think now that he wanted to see us register fear. He got his wish."

Mabel Normand helped an unhappy girl, who was ill and out of work, once on a time. Miss Normand gave the girl clothes and got her a job. But once the girl had risen, she seemed to have forgotten all about Miss Normand. She was the cause of the greatest unhappiness in Miss Normand's life. Her name is well known now.

A BEAUTY contest was being held in New York by a big magazine. The name of a pretty young girl named Virginia Brown was prominently mentioned for one of the first prizes. But the owner, and publisher of the magazine was a great admirer of another girl. He held the contest down at his country place in Long Island. Mabel Julienne Scott was invited as one of the judges of the contest.

Miss Scott favored Virginia Brown. The magazine owner didn't like it at all. He told her he had invited her down there as his guest, and he expected her to vote as he wanted her to. She held her ground, and persuaded others to vote with her. Due to her efforts Virginia Brown, whom we now know as Virginia Brown Faire, won a prize which put her in pictures.

Miss Faire has always been grateful to her until recently unknown friend. She knew that some one had helped her, but she didn't know who it was.

The girls met at a party, the other

evening, and got chatting. Miss Faire said she wished she knew who it was had helped her win that contest. She said she was sure he had some unknown advocate.

"Well, here she is!" answered Mabel. "I know you had talent, when I saw that little test of you run off at Mr. Blank's home."

And now Virginia is wondering what on earth she can ever do for Miss Scott.

WE kept a grocery store and I gave music lessons. Usually the grocery store was more remunerative, and we could always live off the groceries he didn't sell, anyway."

Ramon Novarro gives credit to a younger brother for all the help in the world when he first came to Hollywood, an unknown boy, from Mexico, seeking his fortune. The younger boy started a grocery store, and Ramon worked with him, too, when he wasn't ushering in a theater or giving music or dancing lessons.

Now Ramon is aiding in supporting his big family of brothers and sisters.

Norman Kerry aided an unknown young man to get a foothold in pictures. The young man is well on his way, but he seems to have forgotten his benefactor. Kerry gave the boy clothes, loaned him his machine, even gave him money for food and entertained him at his home.

Kerry was very patient. He never wanted the money back, he says, nor anything else, except a decent amount of recognition.

"But I thought it was about the limit," Norman told some friends, "when, the

other night, my car being in the shop, and it being a rainy, nasty evening, I was standing at a corner waiting for a street-car, and I saw my erstwhile friend dash by in his machine! He looked at me, gave me an airy hello,—and went right along,—never even offered me a lift!”

Kerry is one of the kindest hearted, most generous actors in the business, and many are the beginners to whom he has lent a helping hand.

A Writer's Mouse

ONE of the greatest and tenderest romances of all times went on unobtrusively in a little apartment in Hollywood. Maybe you have seen *Abraham Lincoln*, and if so you remember the fine work of Nell Craig. Nell Craig's husband is Fred Wright. He was one of the top-notch directors at Vitagraph when Nell met him. Nell herself was an extra girl. Mr Wright fell in love with her. He was older than Nell, and Nell rather respected than loved him. Certainly she was hugely flattered. The pair were married and Nell became one of the most devoted of wives. Then times became hard in the picture business, and Wright was out of work. He took up writing, became so absorbed in it that he refused to go back to directing even when he had a chance.

Meanwhile Nell Craig went forth into the world to work. She had faith in her husband, and she kept the home together while he clattered away early and late at his typewriter, working on a novel. Nell faced the world three long years, always believing her husband would win. And he has! His novel, "Pandora La Croix," was no sooner on the bookstands than it was at once seized upon by the publishers, and was grabbed off by a picture company. Mr. Wright,—who writes under the name of Gene Wright,—will tell you that his success was due to his wife.

Often that young wife, out in the world, while her middle-aged husband toiled at home, had the chance to go the way of the world; often she was offered the easiest way to success; often fascinating men of the film world made advances to her. But she kept the even and deeply sincere tenor of her way. And there's no happier home in Hollywood these days than that same little apartment. That apartment, though, is going to be changed soon for a beautiful little home in the Hollywood Hills, owned by Nell Craig and Gene Wright.

Priscilla and Her Mother

IF you ask Priscilla Dean who helped her she will answer promptly: "My mother, Mary Dean!" Priscilla's mother it was who trudged from studio to studio, trying to get her pretty and brilliant

young daughter into the films. And Priscilla's mother gave up her own stage career to stay at home and work for her daughter, cook and sew for her, or go forth to do battle for the girl she had so much faith in. And Priscilla landed fairly with both pretty feet well up on the ladder of fame.

Then Priscilla married Wheeler Oakman, and Priscilla's mother went away. She and Wheeler did not get on well, she said. The saddest experience in Priscilla's life came through this rift. She cannot talk of it. Now, however, I hear that time has soothed this estrangement, as it soothes all troubles in this troubled life, and Mrs. Dean once more freely visits her daughter, with better feeling all around.

Alice Calhoun, Jacqueline Logan, and Anita Stewart, too, will tell you they owe everything to their mothers. All these mothers, when their daughters were starting their careers, cheerfully sacrificed home comfort, all luxuries, even some necessities, that their daughters might be near their work and might be always nicely dressed.

The Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, who are making such a great hit in Chicago at present in "Topsy and Eva," are to become film stars soon, if their present plans are carried out.

Their fondest memory is of a sweet-faced matron of a summer nursery at Manhattan Beach, California, established for orphans without much money. Their own mother died when they were little children, and their father put them into this orphanage at the beach. They left it and went on the stage, but no matter what their success, they never forgot Mrs. Turnbull. As soon as they arrived in Los Angeles, down they popped to the beach to see their foster-mother. Even after royalty had greeted and accepted them abroad, they didn't forget her. And one of the big sorrows of their lives came when they received word from their father, during their last stay in the east, that Mother Turnbull had been killed in an automobile accident.

The Red Hat

LEATRICE JOY admits that it was a pretty red hat loaned her by a model and the admiration for herself plus the hat of a kindly faced old doorman down at the Goldwyn Studios, when they were the Ince Studios, at Culver City, which gave her her first entrance into the picture world as represented by Thomas H. Ince, and it was with Ince she got her first big parts.

Leatrice had been earning fifty cents an hour—sometimes—as a model in an art school in Los Angeles. She walked to save carfare to and from the school. One day

she was talking to some of the other models about working in pictures. She said she wanted to call at the Ince Studios, but didn't have a nice hat. One of the models told Leatrice she might borrow a red hat which was particularly becoming to Leatrice and which she had often admired. Leatrice borrowed it, spent the necessary carfare to go to Culver City, walked up to the gate man, and said she had an appointment inside. The gate man didn't seem to believe her story; but he looked at the red hat, and at the eager face beneath it,—and he relented.

"Gee, you're certainly purty enough to get in anywhere!" said the gateman, and smilingly smuggled her in.

Of course Leatrice had done stage work and picture work before that, however.

Jackie Saunders says that she got her start in pictures through Mabel Normand, whose record of kindly deeds seems never-ending. Though Mabel herself would be the first to deprecate any unselfish purposes in her own acts.

"Oh, don't be silly! Be yourself!" Mabel would say, if you tried to thank her.

Jackie Saunders went to the old Biograph Studios where Mabel was working. Jackie had long curls of a beautiful golden color. Mabel ran over to her impulsively, exclaiming: "Say, kid you ought to make good! You're a pretty kid! Here," she called out to one of the directors, "Here's a beautiful girl! Don't overlook her!" Mabel helped Jackie to make up for a test, and Jackie got work almost at once.

A GOODLOOKING boy of twenty stood watching Zasu Pitts at work in one of the studios. King Vidor was directing. The boy had done a little extra work in pictures. Zasu glanced over at the boy. He was looking at the boy. He was looking at her. She glanced again. When the scene was over she asked Vidor who the boy was.

"Oh, an awfully nice boy with a lot of talent," said the director. "Want to meet him?"

That was in the day before stars were as formal as they are now.

"Sure!" said Zasu. He played a small part in that picture, and did it so well that he was engaged as her leading man for the next picture.

And that was where the romance between Tom and Zasu began. Miss Pitts is considered a star these days, and it is said she is going to be one of the first luminaries of the screen when *Greed* directed by Von Stroheim comes out. Tom Gallery is progressing nicely, and never misses an opportunity to say that he owes it all to his clever wife.

*Q House of Broken Dreams—*from page 25.

whose dreams were yet to be broken completely. Thus do movie values fluctuate in Hollywood.

Another girl, in a wild stagger for oblivion, tried to take veronal one night on the warped balcony. Some said a lack of work—but the house mother took the poison away from her—and she returned east to gather the remnants of a broken dream.

The picture bacillus is never completely cured. One girl made a moderate success in small parts on the eastern stage. And then, of course, she tried her luck at pictures. She would get a day's work now and then—just enough to keep her hopeful—and the weekly pittance for board almost paid. The months, like wounded soldiers, passed slowly by. Her wardrobe grew shabby and her spirit grew shabby with it. She borrowed money which she must have known she could never pay back. Later she dodged people on the street to whom she owed the money. Finally, she was unable to pay even her board at the Club—being months in arrears. Her moods became as dark as a storm-clouded sky. But the spell of the pictures was upon her—and even had an honest person told her she had no chance, she would not have listened. The picture ego is mightier than words. This girl has a genuine flair for writing, but being in a shallow atmosphere, she had not the strength to develop it. It were better to be a Swanson than a Willa Cather. She had brains, could talk well, even brilliantly at times, and was a decided modernist.

But earning a living at anything but pictures in Hollywood was not to be considered. This girl may have written in granite but she preferred to scribble in sand. The waves, in irony, washed away her ineffectual scribbling and she went out with the tide.

The Beauty Contest Winner

ANOTHER girl was as beautiful as the dawn on a California mountain. Her eyes held mysteries that men have tried to solve—and failed—but that is nobody's business. She won a beauty contest put on by a magazine and a producer. The producer was to use the girl for some time at one hundred dollars per week and the magazine was to pay her expenses to Hollywood. The magazine kept faith to the letter—even if it did overlook what Browning said:

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And trouble enough to save one's own."

But producers always seem to be ill or out of town, or in conference or something when so many high hopes de-

pend upon them. This producer was ill for a while. The picture did not get under way. A year after the contest ended, the magazine paid the girl's fare to Hollywood and introduced her to the studios and even obtained work for her at the most dreaded of things in the movies, "atmosphere"—filling in the picture. She was even given a chance to write her own publicity and sign it—the magazine publishing her story of "success." The producer paid the girl's board at the Studio Club for a month. Then everything was over and she was left to shift for herself. The moss has long grown over her broken and golden dream. Any human's destiny is cruel enough—one should not play with it. The girl is still an extra.

But on they come—the lovely pilgrims to the land of shadows.

One of them walked from Seattle to Hollywood with the hope of flickering awhile. She arrived, penniless, and sick, as only a girl can be who has walked two thousand miles, and who had been married three times before she was nineteen years old. She was as sweet as sugar cane, and married three times, paradoxical as it may seem, she looked to be as perishable and frail as beautiful Chinaware. She had no physical stamina at all, though it does not require an Anatole France to explain the reason. She just could not stand the gaff. A child in mentality, with no innate ability, she had to depend on personal appeal to get by at all. Being forced to give up making the rounds of the studios, she was given work in the cutting room. It was damp, unhealthful work, with long hours, and she was forced to give it up. She then solicited subscriptions for a newspaper. Some of the girls tried to induce her to return to her mother, but that parent had married a second time, and the girl's stepfather had an unholy lust for her. She was alone in the world, with neither ability nor the physical strength to fight even the weakest battles. But if courage was the password, she would get into the shifting movie hall of fame as a Pickford-Negri. She married a fourth time. Frail atom floating in a sea of atoms—she seems to like men.

A girl friend of mine often heard her sobbing in the night. They were soul-breaking sobs that shattered her frail body. She finally went away and was heard of no more.

Ah, destiny, ruler of vagabonds and kings—is there no mercy—but I must stop and choke back the sob in my heart—for I am afraid the Pseudo Younger Intellectuals will get after me—for I live life—and I must not be sentimental. Sentimentality is merely sentiment that

has boiled over the fire of life too long. Damn the younger intellectuals—My heart aches for this bruised traveller with the broken dream in her head.

I have never been one to quarrel with the morals of Hollywood. I quarrel with its heartless mediocrity. Unless a spiritual flower be of terrible strength it cannot grow in Hollywood.

If a girl wishes to gamble with fate with the hope of winning out, she should at least be told that she has one chance in three hundred thousand. She should know that merit in pictures does not always count.

But then it may be thought that I paint too dark a picture of the Studio Club. The girls do not all fail—though none of them succeed.

Were I a moralist, which, fortunately, I am not, I could draw a picture of five girls who once chatted with me in the reception room of the Club. They seemed to like me, for I was a penniless broker of destiny like themselves, and I said things that the girl from the south called "provocative." These girls debated with me the question whether it were wiser for a girl to sell beauty and youth for success when it was all one had to sell, or to retain the Ivory soap percentage of purity and never get anywhere. I kept in the middle of the road, as a clever man will who walks with five beauties. But four of the girls thought it wiser to sell golden fruit when it was ripe. One girl decided otherwise—she was the Irish girl who had the interview with the director. I am no moralist, and this may, or may not be, the female psychology of Hollywood. I only record a fact.

Somehow it makes me sad to see love go abegging. And these beautiful girls are made for love, of the old-fashioned, dream-drenched kind. They all belong in cottages; they should be struggling shoulder to shoulder with clean boy-husbands. They should be making dreams come true, instead of watching them shatter hopelessly in the Hollywood night, like spent stars.

But what is the answer? They can't go home. Even if they want to. Every dollar is spent far in advance of being earned. Debts yelp at their pretty silk-clad heels, never letting them alone for one single day of glad, carefree youth. One by one they disappear—God knows where. Eaten up. Devoured by lust or retrieved by parents, who manage to scrape together the necessary money for a railroad ticket. The pity of it is that so many are orphans—or girls "on their own"—with no one to salvage their tired bodies and tarnished souls with railroad tickets. But—I wish there was something we could do.

Q *Femininity Plus*—from page 27.

Mayo uses in *The Perfect Flapper* about men wanting girls like me for playthings and queens like Corinne for wives! Believe you me, if I had long hair I'd be tempted to try Corinne's line. I want to get married before I'm twenty-five, and would you believe it?—I've only had three proposals this season, and not a one was what the old-fashioned girl would call 'eligible.' But my hair's boyish-bobbed and it takes an awful long time to grow out—oh, say, there's the cutest new cut, called the mannish bob, and my dear, there's hardly a hair left on the female head! But it's so *chic*! Well, when I'm bald, I'll buy a wig just like Corinne Griffith's hair—"

But I doubt if my flapper friend can put it over in any such simple fashion. For Corinne Griffith means more than long hair. By the way, her hair is really bobbed, but she's letting it grow and is able to dress it so that it gives every appearance of being infinite in its length. I suspect her of what the sisterhood calls 'side pieces.'

No, Corinne is *Femininity Plus*.

The knowledge of perfect loveliness dwells deep within her, giving every movement that gracious poise and langour that have made her a 'different' screen personality. She has the sort of face that every woman would cheerfully buy at the price of brains, and yet she has brains, too, or enough of them to give the appearance of having them. It doesn't really matter which.

In her acting, as in her personal contacts, she gives the appearance of thinking. Sometimes I think it is laziness that restrains her acting so admirably. Then I forget that criticism in seeing her thoughts slowly materialize on the screen. She *thought* her way through *Black Oxen*—scarcely *acted* a scene of it.

"I'm so glad you think that," she told me in her rather ugly and very big sitting room at the Plaza Hotel the other day. "I've wondered if anybody realized that I was consciously attempting to make thought rather than facial contortions register. I loathe acting. I would never have chosen acting as it used to be conceived; I had rather have remained in obscurity. Some actresses believe that if they dress the part and make up for the part and follow the director's orders, they are creating the role. I force myself to concentrate. I forget Corinne Griffith. Oh, I know it sounds trite to say that while I am playing Mary Zattiany I am thinking Mary Zattiany, I *am* Mary Zattiany, but it's true. I used to get that feeling in looking at Sessue Hayakawa's work. He stood perfectly still, his face impassive, masklike almost, and he *thought*, and slowly the thoughts

drifted out from the screen and entered our consciousness like spoken words. I determined to learn that trick."

In that rather ugly hotel room, with its stiff, hotel-like furniture, there were quantities of withering flowers—duty-flowers, they seemed to me; the masses of blooms that producers tell their secretaries to order so that the visitor will feel adequately welcomed. Great baskets of withering, blackening peonies, roses curling up discouraged in the New York heat. But on a little table beside what looked like an Episcopalian prayer book but was an engagement book there was a beautiful little crystal vase with two crisply fresh orchids, as ephemeral as butterflies, as poised and gracious as Corinne herself. I think there is a real affinity between Corinne and orchids. She feels it, is happier when there is an orchid in the room—as indeed most women would be. The new husband had laid them as a daily offering upon the shining threshold of honeymoon love.

But Corinne talked little of beauty and femininity and orchids and honeymooning. She talked business.

"I'm not happy in pictures. I've been accused of temperament. Just because I won't permit ugly, suggestive things in my pictures certain people believe I am wilful. I *am* wilful about what goes out as a Corinne Griffith production, starring Corinne Griffith. In making *Single Wives*, for instance, out of the remains of Warner Fabian's *Flaming Youth*, they wanted me to beg a doctor to perform an illegal operation for my sister, to relieve her of an unwanted child. I refused, hated even to discuss the thing, refused to rehearse the business with the actors, much less to allow it to go out on the screen. I don't care if it *is* in the book. I'm not responsible for the book, but I *am* responsible to the public for the things that go into my picture."

Temperamental, perhaps. But not in a stormy, impetuous way. Just stubbornly determined, sure of herself. And always poised. Outwardly as soft and fragile as the orchid in the twinkling crystal vase, but inwardly as indomitable as Joan of Arc. Isn't that often the way with feminine women?

Corinne's fragility is largely a matter of screening. To look upon in the flesh—to use that handy but unlovely phrase—Corinne is glowingly healthy and strong. Very slender and graceful, with small feet and marvelous ankles. Her skin has a warm, healthy glow, independent of her skilful rouging. There is no suggestion of the lily-like pallor which the screen creates. Her lips are firm-cut, richly-colored, breaking in easy, frequent smiles over her perfectly shaped teeth—not tiny pear-

ly teeth, but good substantial tooth-paste ad teeth, that look as if they bite with healthy appetite into satisfying foods. Her hair is brightly brown, marcelled with an utter lack of that mechanical, crimped effect that some stars seem to think indicates careful grooming.

Corinne has less of the "show girl" effect than almost any star I've met, excepting always May McAvoy. She seems to scorn posing. She has not cultivated her voice. It still has that negligent ease of the born Southerner, and is as little musical as the voices of most southerners, begging tradition's pardon. She says over the telephone, which interrupts our talk constantly, "Yes, this is Miz Morosco." and she says it unhurriedly, rather than with a drawl.

She is tired of it all. Tired of never belonging to herself, of fighting for her principles, of maintaining her hold, of straining upward.

"It's the hardest life in the world," she said that day on which she had had not five minutes alone. "I sometimes think it is like a nightmare I've often had. I dream that I'm hurrying frantically to catch a train. I pack my suitcase, watching the clock. Then I have to pack it all over again because I've put in the wrong clothes. I cry on the street corner for a taxi, and no one will heed me. And I run, the suitcase knocking at my knees. It is terribly important that I catch the train. And I never do. I run and run until I wake up exhausted. That is the way with the picture business. You run and run for years, trying to catch phantom trains. And at last you wake up, wet with sweat, to find there was no train to catch. I've had enough. I love some phases of the game, but mostly it tires me dreadfully, and keeps me wondering what all the mad scramble is about. Eight years of it! I used to think when I did dreadful things for Vitagraph that if I could get with a big producing company I would be happy. Then I did and I'm not. It seems to me now that I want peace and a home like obscure women have, with my husband to love and serve, and a baby or two. Every woman dreams those dreams, I suppose, and maybe it sounds like a bid for favorable publicity, but it happens to be true. I'd rather get out now, while my popularity is at its height, than to find myself coasting downhill a few years from now, a lonely woman without husband or children or friends. It is hard to keep friends in the picture business. Professional jealousy. Changing conditions. Irritated nerves. No I mean it when I say I'm going to quit and be Mrs. Walter Morosco. And I'm selfish enough to hope the public will be a little sorry and sentimental about it." Frankly, I will be. Won't you?



1 After moistening hair with Spanish Curling liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.

2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcelle as you ever had in your life.

Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

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HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls *all the time* at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

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You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how

they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcelles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair's the thing now

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least \$10 or \$15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous

quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of \$2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. As this same bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid has always sold for \$1.87, you can see that you are really getting the Curling Cap for the ridiculous price of one dollar, which is just about what it cost to make.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him \$2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcelles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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Gossip of the Stars

By Lucille Larrimer

"Well, I'm getting so that I'm not surprised at anything, any more," said the Ingenue. "Now that I've learned that Eric von Stroheim is to direct Mae Murray. Can you feature that combination?"

"I don't even believe it."

"Yes indeed. Von is going to direct Mae in *The Merry Widow*. I can't quite imagine stark realism connected with Mae Murray, somehow. But it sounds interesting, anyhow."

"Oh, my dear! Were you at the opening of *Three Weeks*? No? Well, then, you missed something. Lew Cody made a speech introducing the picture, and I'd rather hear Lew make a speech than eat. The nerve that boy's got!"

"Well, go on. What did he say?"

The Baby Vamp snickered, then remembering her role, laughed silently, quirking her lips a la Barbara LaMarr.

"He said: 'Mrs. Glynn is a timely writer. First she wrote *Three Weeks*, then *Six Days*, then *His Hour*, and I fully expect that her next will be titled *Come On, Kid!*'"

"And what did Mrs. Glynn say to that?" gurgled the Ingenue.

"Oh, she just sat and smiled behind her glove. You know she thinks Lew is a very interesting boy."

"Well, so do I," sighed the Ingenue, who had worshipped at that popular shrine for almost two weeks now. "I wish he'd pay some attention to me."

"Write him a letter," advised the Vamp genially. "He's in a wonderfully good temper just now."

"Oh, look! There's Pauline Frederick. Isn't she stunning? You know, Lubitsch is directing her, and he has only the highest praise for Pauline. E. says she has distinction, poise and discretion. 'She does nothing too much,' he declares."

"I've always had a crush on Pauline," agreed the Vamp. "I've already seen her twice in *Spring Cleaning* at the Playhouse, where she is appearing in person, and I'm going to see her again."

"I want to see Gloria Swanson . . . and that reminds me!" broke in the Ingenue. "You know those three-sheet posters you see on bill-boards everywhere. 'Imagine! Our Gloria, Man-handled!'"

Marjorie's Marital Mix-Up

"There's Virginia Valli. Doesn't she look adorable with her hair bobbed? She just cut it recently."

"Oh, no, dear. It's been cut for over a year, only nobody knew it."

Scientific Face-Powdering

Having spoken at some length of the use of rouge it is relevant to say a few words about face powders.

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Science has given her attention to this article of woman's toilet as she has to other accessories of her dressing table, and in doing so has dispelled once for all several superstitions that lingered for many many years in the minds of the public. One of these bugaboos has been that powders are injurious to the skin. The other that if the face is to be powdered at all, only pure "rice" powder or flour should be used for the purpose.

When one considers that dusting powders of one sort or another have been used since time immemorial on the bodies of children from earliest infancy, this charge of harmfulness of powders as such must forever remain an unsolved puzzle. There is hardly any face powder used but contains one or more of those very ingredients, which, singly or in various combinations, have been used by physicians as dusting powder in many skin affections where these powders frequently came in immediate contact with raw surfaces of the skin. If their influence was a healing one when dusted over sore and open tissue, how could these same powders be harmful when dusted upon an unbroken, healthy skin?

However, the prejudice against the use of face powders as other similar prejudices fostered by ignorance has gradually died away and the medical authorities themselves now admit the usefulness of face powder for protective, antiseptic and moisture absorbing uses and have, moreover, admitted them as legitimate toilet accessories, provided they are desirable from the point of view of quality and purity.

Another superstition was the notion that preference should be given to rice powder by reason of its vegetable character. That view also has been consigned to the limbo. Powders of a mineral character which have had to fight their way to the fore for years, have now practically supplanted altogether the various vegetable preparations. The scientific reason, for the change was that the mineral powders such as talc, zinc-oxide, and the like, are not subject to alteration. They always remain the same, while vegetable compounds are subject to contamination

by germs, mould, and to decomposition generally. Moreover when coming in contact with moisture on the face, these flours swell and are therefore apt to clog the pores and to enlarge them. The science of chemistry brought to bear upon the manufacture of powders has now such skill, such refinement at its disposal that it is capable of determining almost to a nicety the character of a powder suitable or essential, in fact, to one person rather than to another.

With the exercise of a little discrimination in the choice of the make or brand of a powder, and ordinary common sense and judgment as to the standing and reputation of the maker for scientific methods of production, a woman nowadays is without excuse if she uses a face powder that disagrees with her skin and which is in the least degree harmful to her.

And now, may I be forgiven for saying that it is to me as the originator of the theory and practice that the use of face powders has been classified and made so simple that it is almost impossible for any woman to be in error as to what sort of powder is suitable to her individually. All that the principle amounts to is this: When your skin is dry, use what I call a "fatty" powder. By that I mean a powder which contains a certain quantity of cream in order to keep the skin from further drying and to relieve in a measure, the dryness already existing. When the skin inclines to be oily or is normal, use an ordinary or "absorbent" powder of a good pure quality.

This same distinction is now observed in the production of powders in compact form as well as in what is known as liquid powders and by putting this strictly scientific differentiation into practice,—you will not only insure the sticking of the powder but you prevent deterioration of the skin. It is just as well and just as cheap to proceed even in this apparently simple matter on a scientific basis. To use unscientifically prepared powders does not cost you any less than you pay for the scientific ones. By getting the latter you get greater comfort, greater beauty results and preserve the healthy condition of your skin.



30 DAYS AGO THEY LAUGHED AT ME

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was *trying* to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Someday I would show them. Someday I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time

and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which, I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course. I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No!" I retorted.

He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I *would* come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mail-box—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads, and how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling. I

knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause!

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 3 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight!

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Carmel's Comeback

I hand it to Carmel because she has come back so bravely. A star at seventeen, she might have had her sleek head turned. But she kept her balance and her sense of humor, and so it wasn't so hard for her when the vogue for her pictures died, and she found herself without a very definite place in the screen world. It wasn't her fault—her pictures had been terrible. But there she was,—if she hadn't been a screen star she'd have been out of a job; as it was, she was minus a good contract. She wasn't licked—not Carmel. She packed her trunks, came to New York, and got a singing and dancing part in "The Magic Melody." She returned, and began to find herself again. Fred Niblo offered her a herself again. Fred Niblo offered her a grown-up role in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*—he's responsible for her screen downfall; it was the first time she ever vamped. It's the thing in Hollywood to keep right on giving 'em what they want. "Carmel Myers was great in that Niblo picture; here's a vamp part she could play." And she's been doing it ever since.

But the parts have been growing gradually more subtle. She hasn't had a tiger rug for ages. And now she has been selected to play *Iras* in *Ben Hur*; and *Iras*, while she may be called a vamp without fear of argument, was a big-time enchantress; in other words, she used her brain as well as her more obvious attributes.

The Beauty Maker— from page 34.

appeal and acting ability of May MacAvoy, however. Miss MacAvoy, by the way, is Mr. Barnes' choice for a Peter Pan.

"Estelle Taylor has an obvious, easily photographed type of good looks. Her face can be caught from any angle. I imagine DeMille will bring out qualities in her that the screen has not seen, but after all, the task is really up to the cameraman. Sometimes I think Miss Taylor is too easily photographed. The cameraman's task is apparently so easy that he does not take pains to bring out mysteries, hidden qualities. And without them Miss Taylor lacks soul and fire," says George Barnes.

"Enid Bennett is the exact opposite of Miss Taylor. Miss Bennett is a difficult camera subject, for she requires front lighting and must be photographed from



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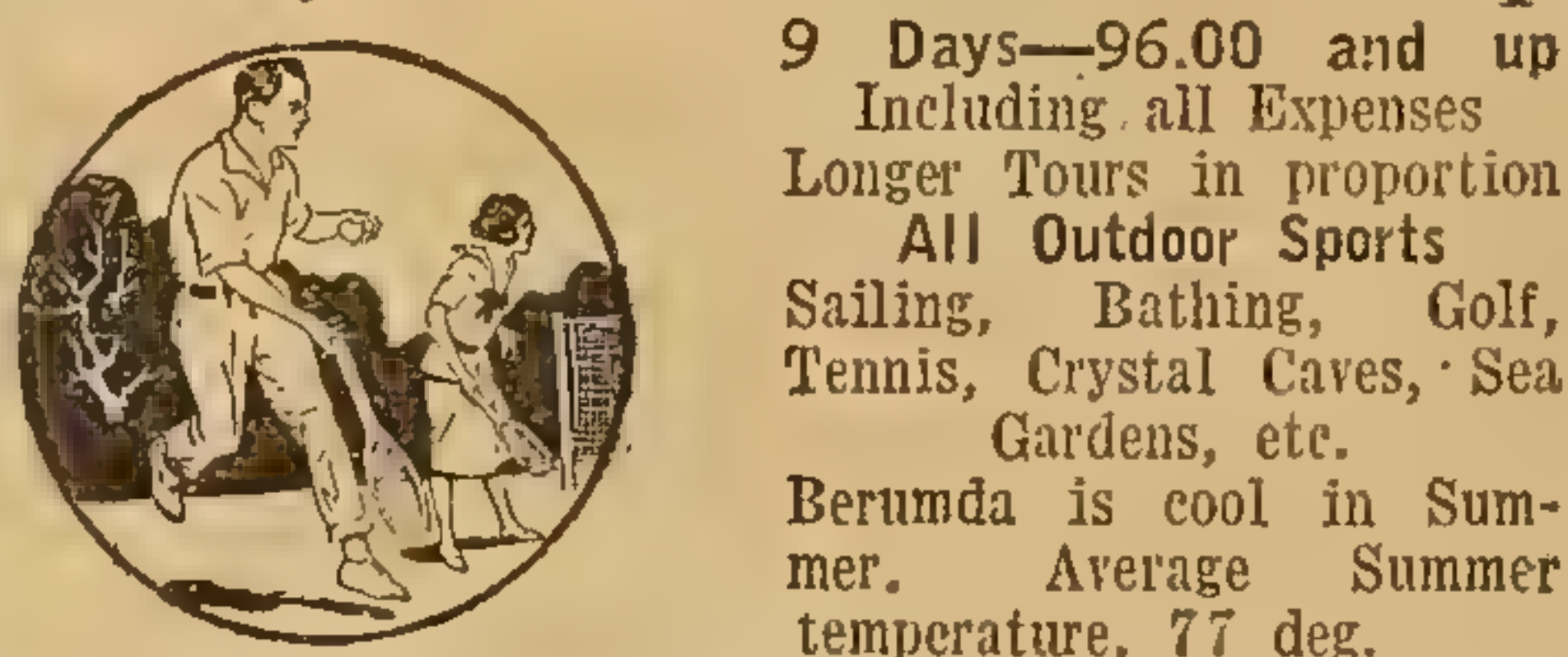
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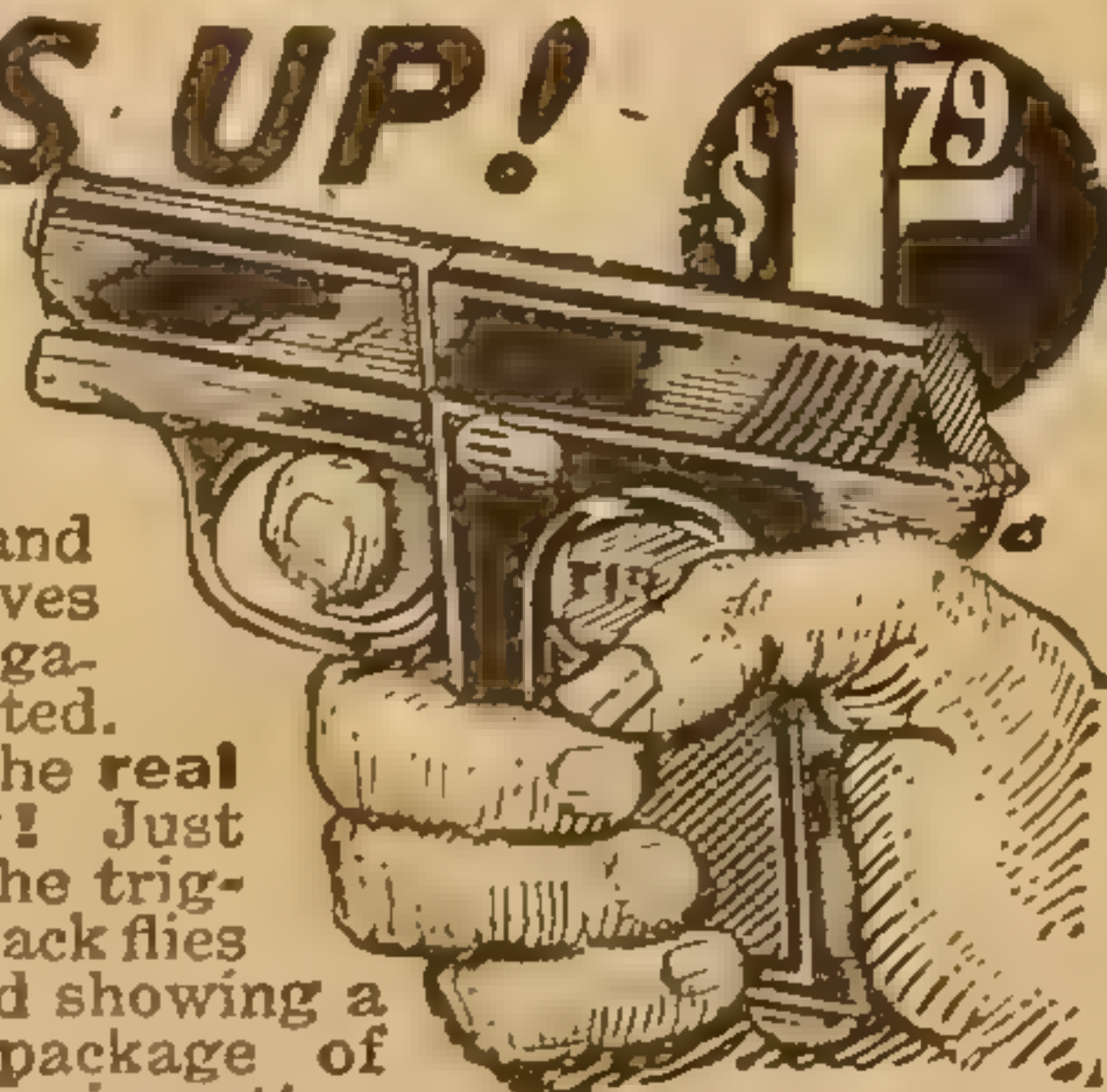
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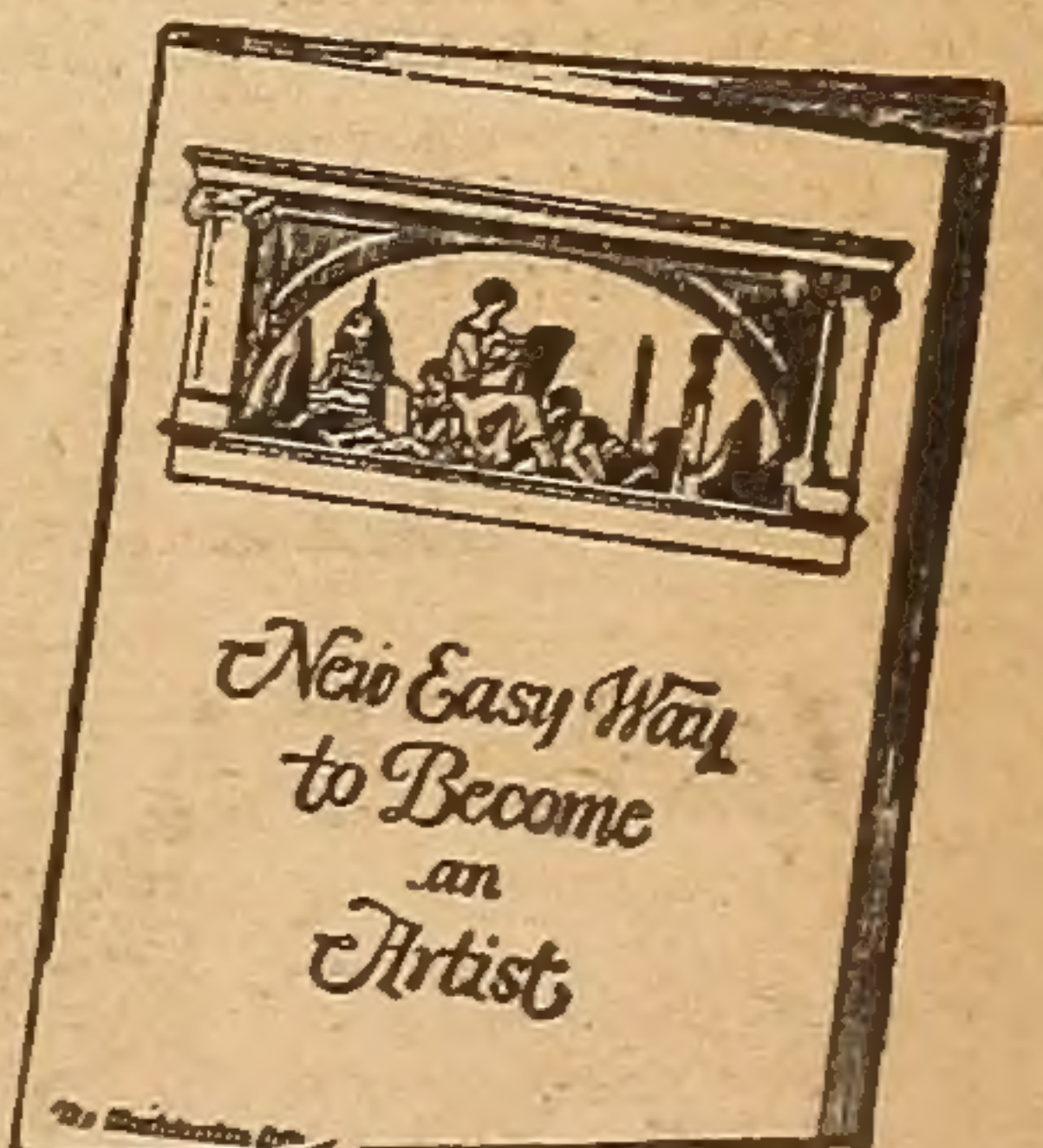
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The Beauty Maker— from page 84.

the front to insure pleasing results. Her profile is bad, since her chin recedes. Photographed with the utmost skill and through gauze, Miss Bennett is a very appealing and spirituelle screen personality.

"Hair causes more trouble than anything else except deep lines. A star's beauty often depends upon highlighting around the difficulties of backlighting the natural hair. Hope Hampton, for instance, has a glorious head of bright red hair, which, one would think, would photograph beautifully. But it does not. It comes out an uninteresting brown. A cameraman would have to drown her with light to get any beauty into her hair. A blond wig is the easiest solution. Claire Windsor has bleached her naturally blond hair, and often resorts to very light blond wigs. A golden-blond photographs brown-haired. An interesting example is Flora Le Breton, the English beauty who appears to such good advantage in *Swords and the Woman*. Miss Le Breton's hair is real gold, but it photographs dark brown, and she is accused of wearing a wig for her pictures.

"The screen plays queer tricks with personalities. I have seen Virginia Valli on the screen several times, and did not get at all excited about her. To me she seemed rather insipid and uninteresting. Then I saw her in *The Signal Tower* and it seemed to me I was looking at a new and vibrant personality. Part of the miraculous change was due to direction and part to extremely skilful camera-work. It has always been my contention that the camera acts as a searchlight upon the soul and heart and mind, discovering the true person beneath the camouflage, delving even into the subconscious. The camera lies about lines and coloring, but I do not believe it falsely photographs the soul of the player. I am willing to wager that Lillian Gish of the screen is the true Lillian Gish; that the vamp of the screen is subconsciously a siren even if in private life he is above reproach. And yet, knowing the tricks of the camera as I do, I wonder sometimes if we cameramen aren't soul-makers as well as beauty makers," is Mr. Barnes' startling observation.

This young veteran of the camera believes that he and his brotherhood hold the fate of screen beauties in their hands. He even believes it is possible for a camera man, if he were willing to double cross his employer, to "kill" a player. Of course it would be harder to queer the chance of a star, whose work is so closely watched by all concerned. If the star showed up badly on the rushes, it is very



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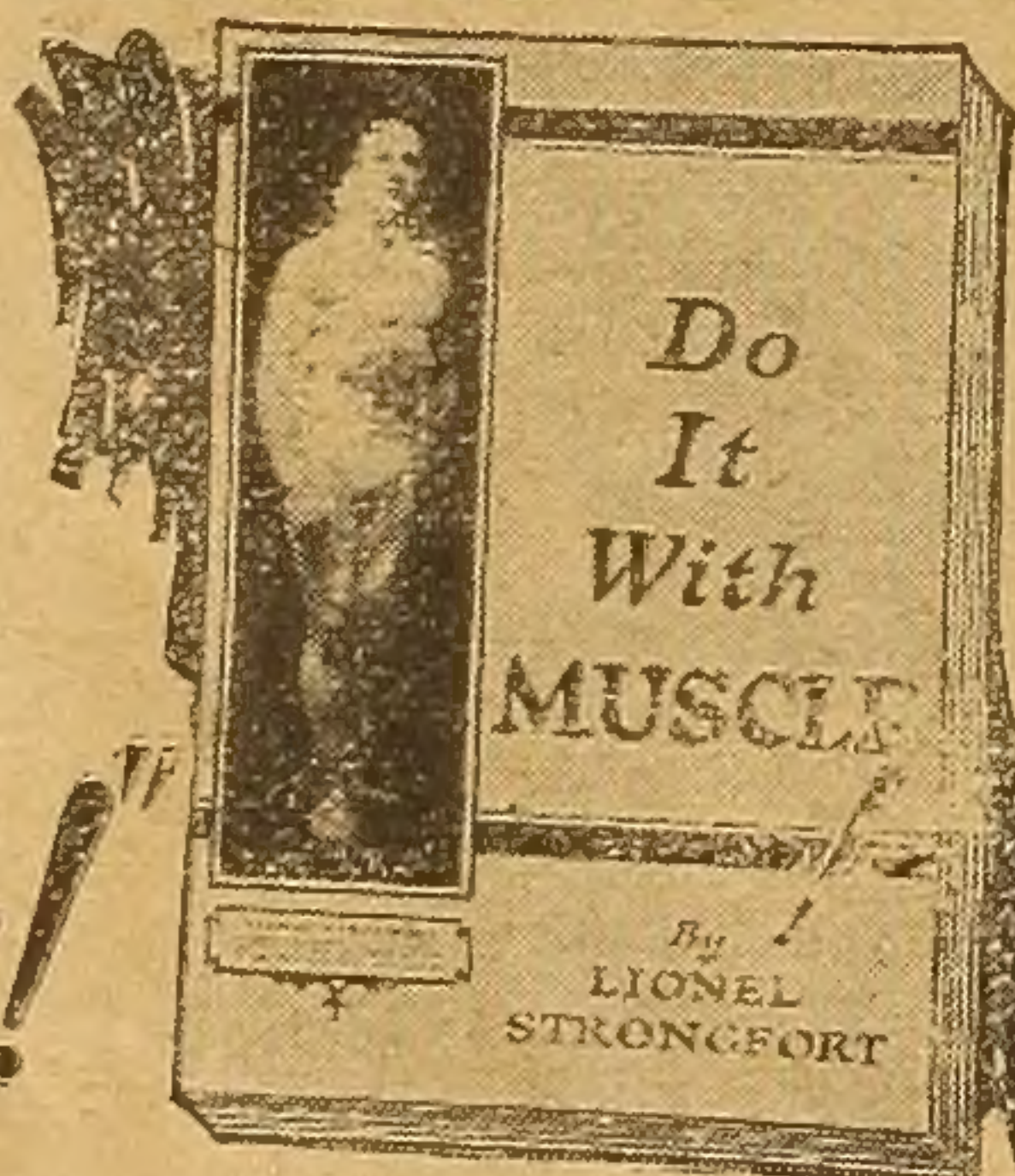
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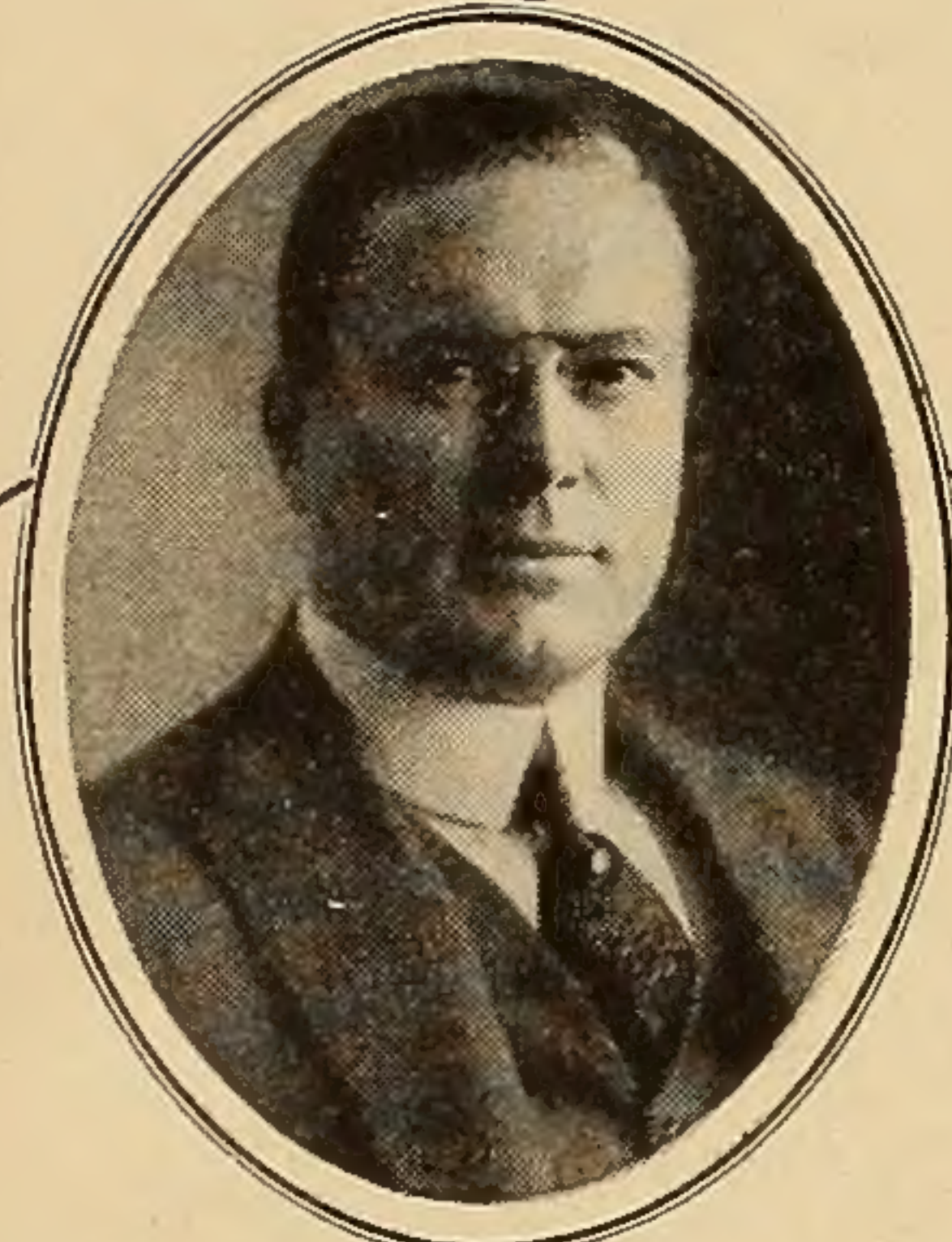
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A Statement by Porter M. Farrell,
The New President of Philipsborn's

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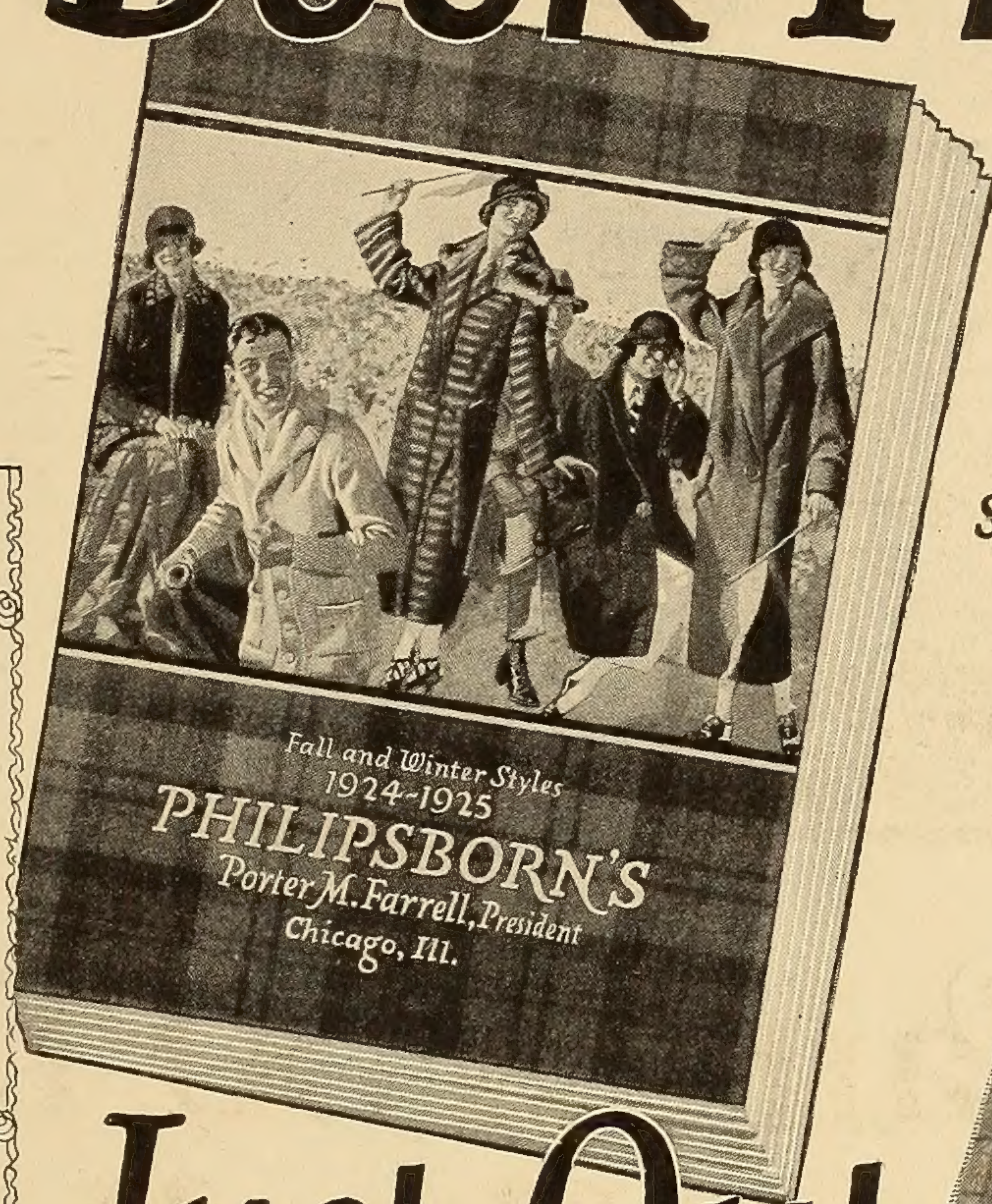
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