

Made where the Movies are made

# SCREENLAND

For  
April

25  
Cents

In this issue  
ELINOR GLYN  
JOHN MOROSO  
FRANK CONDON  
COSMO  
HAMILTON  
HARRISON  
FISHER  
GENE STRATTON  
PORTER



Martha Mansfield

Do not miss ~  
Confessions  
of a star  
Interviewer

Two Great Features  
"Such a Wonderful Lover" by Elinor Glyn  
"Golddiggers of Hollywood"  
Real Stories of Real People

MYRON ZOBEL, Publisher





Man's Ring



Lady's Ring

Genuine Lachnites set in solid gold

## 300,000 People Saved \$150,000,000 by Sending this Coupon

A few years ago an important discovery was made by the world famous scientist, M. Verneuil. While studying the effects of the terrific temperatures at which diamonds vanish into vapor, Verneuil accidentally created a new and unknown gem stone. His associates examined the new gem and declared the secret of making diamonds had been discovered. Scientists and jewelers scrutinized the new gem in every way, put it to every test and pronounced it a diamond! Verneuil alone was undeceived. The new gem he said, flashes like a

diamond, acts like a diamond in the chemical tests, and will last forever, but the composition is not identical. The new diamond-like gem stone was given a new name—Lachnite.

Already over 300,000 Americans wear them in place of diamonds. The cost of a Lachnite is nominal. These 300,000 people have probably saved over \$150,000,000.00.

For your convenience the same coupon that they used is now published at the bottom of this page.

### Diamonds and Lachnites Resist Tests

This table shows the astounding similarity between Lachnites and diamonds. They defy the same corrosive acids. They resist the same fiery temperatures. They flash with equal brilliance. No wonder men can not distinguish them, even when they are placed side by side. Knowing that Lachnites are produced slowly and so have never been plentiful, a number of firms have attempted to take advantage of the Lachnite reputation. You will find the Lachnite name and advertising extensively copied. But Lachnite quality you will find only in the original genuine Lachnite itself, sold in America by Harold Lachman Company alone.

Tests	Diamonds	Lachnites	Imitations
Hardness . . .	<b>10</b> (highest known)	<b>9.4</b> (next highest)	<b>3 to 4</b> (very soft)
Resistance of Hydrofluoric acid . . .	<b>100%</b> (not affected)	<b>100%</b> (not affected)	<b>0</b> (easily dissolved)
Melting Point . . .	<b>4372°F.</b>	<b>5050°F.</b> (platinum melts at 3187 F.)	<b>850°F.</b> (quite low—melts as easily as lead)
Chemical Composition . . .	contain no lead nor glass	contain no lead nor glass	contain both lead and glass
Color . . . . .	variable—brown to blue white	blue white only	transparent white
Refractive Index	<b>2.417</b> (very high)	<b>2.105</b> (very high)	<b>1.98</b> (only when new)
Reflective Index . . .	<b>.942</b> (very high)	<b>.921</b> (very high)	<b>.381</b> (very low)
Cutting . . . . .	<b>56 facets</b> (hand cut)	<b>56 facets</b> (hand cut)	<b>28 facets</b> (machine cut)
Permanence . . . . .	everlasting	everlasting	a few weeks
Value per Carat . . .	<b>\$500</b> (good quality)	<b>\$14.50</b> (unmounted)	<b>10c to 60c</b>

### Wear a Lachnite Ten Days at Our Expense

Why buy a diamond, when a Lachnite will give you the same beauty and permanence for but a few cents a day? Lachnites are cut by the diamond cutters of Europe. They are guaranteed to keep their radiance forever. When subjected to laboratory tests, they re-act so like diamonds (see chart) that the two are interchangeable.

You need not take anybody's word for the beauty of a Lachnite. Just mail the coupon below and we will send you a Lachnite in a solid gold ring for a ten-day test at our expense.

### Imitations Fail

To show how common "imitation diamonds" fail to withstand the diamond tests, we have added a column to our chart. See how the imitation diamonds fall short in hardness, dissolve in the acids, melt in the heat test, and fade in brilliance. Buy **Genuine Lachnites**.

### Lachnite From a Diamond, Send It Back

Send the coupon and only \$1 deposit. When the Lachnite arrives wear it for ten days. Then if you or your friends can tell it from a diamond send it back. We will refund your deposit at once. If you decide to buy send only \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid.



Trade Mark Registered

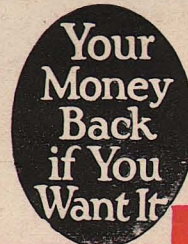
## Mail this Coupon

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 2144, 204 S. Peoria St., Chicago

I enclose \$1.00. Send me prepaid on 10 days' free trial Ladies' solid gold ring set with a genuine Lachnite as pictured above. If I can tell it from a diamond, I will send it back by registered mail and you agree to return my money at once. If I keep it more than 10 days I will send you \$2.50 a month until the balance has been paid. Total cost to me \$18.75. I enclose my finger size. (Cut a strip of paper that will just meet around knuckle of ring finger).

Name ----- Size -----

Address -----



Copyright 1921, Harold Lachman Co.

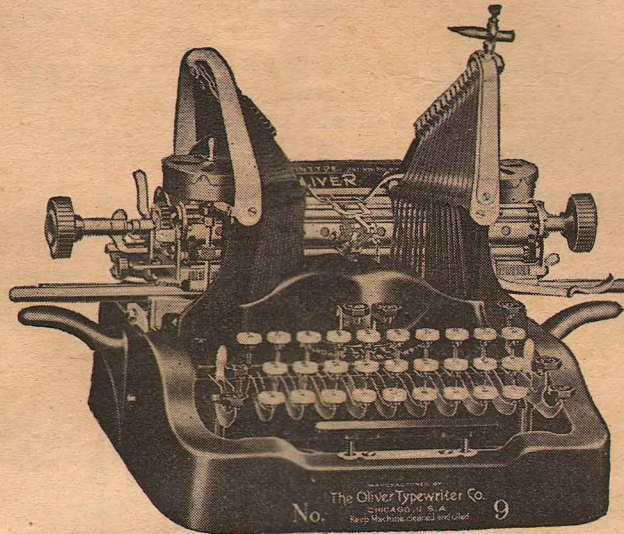


# Have You Learned to Typewrite Yet?

Universal typing is *here*. People are abandoning the slow, tiring task of long-hand writing. How long are you going to cling to it, in this world of advancement? Everybody dislikes to receive long-hand letters. And everyone shirks at correspondence when it has to be done the old-fashioned, tiring way. So join the progressive throng—get a typewriter NOW.

## Free Trial

We ship the Oliver for five days' free trial. Let it sell itself. Or send it back.



## 14 Months To Pay

Pay for this Oliver while you use it. Only \$4 per month and you soon own it.

# \$49.50 or \$100? Which would you rather pay for a standard typewriter?

For 25 years all standard typewriters have been priced at \$100 or over and still are—except the Oliver.

It is the only standard typewriter selling at half. It is the only standard, \$100 typewriter being marketed direct from the factory.

Were it not for this simplified selling plan, the price of the Oliver would also be \$100 or over. For it is the same fine machine, the finest model we have ever built. Over 900,000 have been sold.

We simply sell the identical \$100 Oliver direct from the factory, and subtract all the extravagances of complicated selling. We have found that it is needless to maintain a high army of salesmen and agents. We have found it unnecessary to sustain a costly chain of branch offices in over 50 cities.

The \$50.50 you save is the sum that it would cost us to sell the Oliver the roundabout way. Plus a saving made because of the volume of business created by our plan.

### Send No Money

We let the Oliver sell itself. We ship it to you for free trial. Then you can compare it with other standard typewriters at \$100 or over.

You become your own salesman. You are the sole judge. No anxious solicitor will urge you. In the privacy of your own office or home you can decide for or against the Oliver.

If you want to own it, send us \$49.50 cash. Or if you wish to pay for it in installments, send us \$3 after the trial period, then \$4 per month until \$55 is paid.

You can readily appreciate that it takes a super-typewriter to sell itself.

No test could be severer. Remember, there need be no fluent salesman to urge you.

If you decide against the Oliver, ship it back at our expense. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges, so that you do not risk one cent in the test.

Now we ask you, would you rather pay \$50.50 additional and not get a finer typewriter? Would you care to support a \$100 price for the Oliver, and get nothing tangible in return?

Or don't you agree that our new way of selling is logical? Doesn't it appeal to your common sense?

### Some of the Famous Users:

New York Central Lines, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, U. S. Steel Corporation, N. Y. Edison Co., National Cloak & Suit Co., Morris & Co.—and hundreds of others.

SAVE \$50.50

### How to Save

The coupon below brings you EITHER a Free Trial Oliver or Further Information. Check which you desire.

This is all you have to do to save the \$50.50. Without such a plan, you'd have to pay \$100 or over.

But this way you not only save—you get the finest typewriter that can be built by a leading maker. It comes fresh from the factory, our latest and best model, a 25-year development.

Check the coupon *now* and mail it in. Canadian Price \$79.

The **OLIVER** Typewriter Company  
434 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,**  
434 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay \$55 as follows: \$3 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you \$49.50.

If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

Occupation or Business.....





# How Would You Like

—to be the only representative in your town of the great motion picture industry and of Screenland its great national magazine?

How would you like to receive special bulletins straight from Hollywood keeping you posted whenever something important in pictures takes place?

How would you like to wear the solid gold button reproduced above which will mark you out as the only person in your town who knows the "real inside truth" about the movies?

(This is a reproduction of the 14 karat solid gold button specially designed by Nordlinger's—oldest and best known Jewelers on the Pacific Coast—to be worn by the Special Representatives of Screenland Magazine.)

## For A Limited Time Only

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY Screenland is going to select well-qualified persons to act as its confidential representatives, supporting in their own home towns the real truth about our wonderful new industry and its great national magazine Screenland.

ONLY ONE representative of Screenland in each territory will be permitted to wear the gold button and to receive the special bulletins from Hollywood.

IN ORDER to secure properly qualified representatives Screenland has arranged, by special permission of the PHOTOPLAY RESEARCH SOCIETY to present for the first time their comprehensive library of three priceless volumes—handsomely illustrated.

## Opportunity in Motion Pictures and How to Qualify in Its Many Branches

THESE THREE VOLUMES cover, in chapters by world authorities, every single branch of the Motion Picture industry and qualify its readers to view this great industry intelligently and as a whole. Students of these authoritative books will make the intelligent picture goers of the future and it is in their hands that we desire now to place the representation of this great industry and of our national magazine.

## Training

AS A FURTHER TRAINING for our representatives we will enter them on our circulation books as life subscribers to Screenland magazine, to receive our publication monthly for the rest of their lives.

WE ARE ANXIOUS to close the territories now open for special representation as rapidly as possible. In the order received, your name and qualifications on your application will be considered by our staff. As rapidly as suitable applicants are chosen their names and the territories they are to represent will be published in this magazine, so that no other person need try to apply for that same territory.

## How To Qualify

DESIRING to make the application for selection in the honorary position of special representative open to everyone, the cost of the life subscription to Screenland magazine, the complete set of illustrated volumes, the special bulletins, and the 14 karat gold badge of representation have been set at \$25—a sum far short of the actual cost of producing this combined offer.

FIVE DOLLARS must accompany your application. This five dollars will be returned to you in case of your not qualifying or in case the territory you desire has already been assigned. Should your name and qualifications secure for you the position of special representative you will receive immediate notification and by prepaid post a set of the complete series of OPPORTUNITY IN MOTION PICTURES and How to Qualify in Its Many Branches. Your subscription to Screenland will also start at once. Upon receipt of the remaining twenty dollars (which may be paid in four monthly installments of five dollars each) you will receive the 14 karat solid gold button of special representation which you are authorized to wear upon all occasions. Upon receipt of this button you will also be duly installed in our records as special honorary representative in your territory and your name will be entered to receive the special bulletins. You will also be entered then as a life subscriber.

### COUPON

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,  
Bureau of Representatives, Desk A,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find my name, qualifications and five dollars initial payment. I desire to make application for the territory of..... (name of your home town) to act therein as the Special Honorary Representative of Screenland Magazine—to uphold in all ways within my power the prestige of the motion picture industry and of Screenland its national magazine.

It is understood that if my application is not accepted I am to have returned to me immediately my five dollars initial payment and also my application.

It is further understood that should my application be accepted I am to receive at once the three-volume set (illustrated) of OPPORTUNITY IN MOTION PICTURES and How to Qualify in Its Many Branches and that my name is to be entered as a regular subscriber to Screenland magazine.

On payment of the remaining twenty dollars (which may be paid in four monthly installments of five dollars each) I am to receive the 14 karat solid gold button which as special representative of your magazine I am entitled to wear on all occasions. I am also to receive the special bulletins and to have my name entered as a life subscriber to Screenland magazine.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY (this represents your territory)..... STATE.....

QUALIFICATIONS (state here reasons why you believe that you are qualified to act as special honorary representative of the Motion Picture industry and of Screenland, its great national magazine.)

.....

.....

Note: If writing for information only, address Desk Q.

## One Man's Views

*Polly With a Future*  
*Back to the Footlights*  
*The Arbuckle Serial*

Screenland disclaims responsibility for this one man's utterances. Challenges coming by mail will be forwarded to him promptly and duellists calling in person will be given his address and no questions asked.

WELL, Polly Frederick is again a bride. She didn't take any chances this time, her third attempt, so didn't go outside the family; the new hubby being her second cousin, Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, aged 44, according to the marriage license—residence, Seattle, Wash. The bride's age was given as 37. The marriage occurred at Santa Ana, which has long been the Gretna Green of Los Angeles, the date being February 4. Polly's first husband was Frank Andrews, a Boston lawyer, and the second Willard Mack, the play-right-actor who is leading Polly by one point, "Bill" having taken unto himself a fourth bride in January, a Salt Lake divorcee.

Lasky's are going to film again that bucolic classic "The Old Homestead," the daddy of all rural dramas. It was done about a half dozen years ago at the New York studio of Famous Players. The new version will be a modern story as it has been entirely revamped by Percy Poore Sheehan, the well known author of *The Whispering Chorus*, *We Are French*, *If You Believe It, It's So* and other well known novels which have been done into the celluloid.

And while on the subject of redoing the old ones, it may be recorded that Priscilla Dean is to play *Cigarette* in a Universal revival of *Under Two Flags*. The Ouida story has been filmed several times, the most notable production being the Theda Bara version done at Mr. Fox's establishment.

Architects are busy planning an important addition to the Bill Hart hacienda. For the Hart family has foreseen the need of a nursery wherein the celluloid gunman may ride night herd in a few months with an heir apparent.

Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Doug. Fairbanks and scores of other screen celebrities back on the stage! That's what's likely to happen at the big show that all Los Angeles and Hollywood is talking about—The Hollywood Follies of 1922. The show which will be a big revue built on the design of the Ziegfeld and Greenwich Village Follies will be entirely original. Nothing has been said about (Continued on Page 7)





Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds and more.



Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion as well.

# Doctor's Wife Takes Off 40 Pounds Through New Discovery!

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, starving or discomfort. Many others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start!

**B**EFORE I began following your course, my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak, and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick. "With your help, I am now in what you could call perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is wonderful and my weight is 128 pounds—a loss of 40 pounds."

Above is an extract from a letter written to me by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Vermilya was distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure. Not one pound of unnecessary flesh marred her exquisite slenderness. No matter what she wore, the simplest little summer frock or the most elaborate evening gown she was at ease. For she knew that she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

## Begins to Put on Flesh

With marriage came more happiness, more friends, "I felt that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for!" Mrs. Vermilya confides. Yet even then a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy her youth.

It was hardly noticeable at first. Then, slowly, she began to realize what the trouble was. She was putting on superfluous flesh. But how could she prevent it? It seemed that most men and women, once they became overweight, began naturally to add more and more flesh until they became very stout. Already she had gained flesh until she weighed 168 pounds, 40 pounds more than her normal weight.

## Tries in Vain to Reduce Weight

She began to starve herself in an effort to reduce. She even gave up one meal a day and ate barely enough to satisfy her hunger. But it only weakened her without taking off a pound of flesh.

Then she drugged herself with medicines. "I even used a special corset to reduce my hips," she writes, "but it made me look just awful."

She exercised and dieted—all in vain. She was still 40 pounds overweight, and no matter what she did she could not take off the excess flesh that was spoiling her figure and ruining her health.

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered a way to reduce weight by eating. And she had been starving herself!

## Finds Right Way

"I grasped at that new discovery as a drowning man grasps at a straw," Mrs. Vermilya tells us. "I had tried almost everything and I was still 40 pounds overweight. I couldn't enjoy my meals any more—I felt sure that everything I ate would add more flesh. Oh, if this new discovery would only show me the way to regain my normal weight!"

## A Remarkable Reduction

She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments" and just followed the one simple new law that has been discovered. It meant almost no change in her daily routine.

She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable. She slept better than she had in months.

"Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything discomfoting, didn't have to deny myself hardly anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Almost before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health improved 100%, too. I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret."

## Read What Others Say!

### Loses 36 Pounds

"Before I adopted your method of Weight Control I weighed 190 pounds. I reduced to 154 pounds in a few weeks and am still reducing. I feel better than I ever did before. Before reducing I was always tired. Now I can walk 6 miles and feel no ill effect. My complexion has wonderfully improved also." (Signed) Miss Anna Queenan, 5570A Vernon Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

### Lost 20 Pounds in 3 Weeks

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Miss Kathleen Mullane, Famous Artists' Model, New York.

### Lost 23 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 23 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) Earl A. Kettel, 225 W. 39th St. New York City.

### Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach trouble bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now." Mr. Ben Naddle, 102 Fulton St. New York City.

Above are just a few of the hundreds of letters on file in our office. Nearly every letter we receive first mentions the quick reduction of weight and then states that this reduction is accompanied by better health and improved complexion. This new discovery is the safe, quick, easy, natural way to reduce.

## What is the New Discovery

The remarkable new discovery—weight control—is the result of many years of extensive research by Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist. It is one of the most amazing—and yet one of the most simple and inexpensive methods of weight reduction ever discovered.

He found that certain foods when eaten together are almost immediately converted in-

to excess fat. But these very same foods, when eaten in combination with different foods, actually cause the fat which has already accumulated to be consumed in the simplest thing in the world. It's just a matter of eating the right food combinations and avoiding the wrong ones.

This is not a starving "treatment" or a special food fad. It's entirely new and different. You can bring your weight down to where you want it and keep it there with practically no trouble. Instead of starving yourself, or putting yourself through any trying discomforts or painful self-denials—you actually eat off flesh!

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course absolutely free to any one sending in the coupon. No money. Just the coupon.

You don't starve yourself, or punish yourself with strenuous exercise. You just keep on doing practically whatever you please, eating many of the delicious foods you may now be denying yourself. All you have to do is follow one simple little natural law and you can weigh exactly what you should.

## Send No Money

Mail coupon at once. The complete 12-lesson course will be sent to you promptly. When it arrives pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) and the course is yours. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary. You have the privilege of returning it and having your money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied after a 5-day test.

Don't delay. This is a special offer and you can lose nothing—yet if you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW! The course will be mailed in a plain wrapper. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-2224, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

## CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.

Dept. W-2224, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

You may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning the course to you within 5 days after its receipt and my money is to be refunded at once.

Name ..... (Please write plainly.)

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Price outside of U. S., \$2.15, Cash with order.



Rate  
5 cents  
a word

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Last forms  
May issue  
close  
March 10

## ASTROLOGY

**ASTROLOGY**— Stars tell Life's Story. Send birthdate and dime for trial reading. Eddy, Westport St., 33-79A, Kansas City, Missouri.

## AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

**PISTON** Ring perfection reached, send for free evidence booklets. "It's What the User Says that Counts," that's making the demand for Zelnicker Every Tytes the ring that saves fuel and oil and increases efficiency, stops oil pumping, and saves rebor-ing of cylinders. Made in all sizes up to 100 inches for boats, locomotive, engines, pumps, compressors, airplanes, etc. Will send on trial to anyone commercially rated. Ever-Tyte Piston Ring Div. St. Louis.

## BEAUTY CULTURE

**LADIES**—Clear Complexion And Luxuri-ous Hair Is Easy To Possess If You Know Secrets Contained In DEVINNE'S FRENCH BEAUTY COURSE.—Used by famous beauties.—Price \$2.—E. DECKLAR, BOX 232, TONAWANDA, N. Y.

How to Become Attractive. Send 50c for booklet. Mlle. Farr, 20 Eastman St., Cranford, N. J.

**BEAUTY CULTURE TAUGHT THOROUGHLY** AND practically by mail in your spare time. Manicuring, massage, hairdressing, facial, scalp treatments, etc. Full course \$20.00 on easy payments. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Graduates earn \$60.00 upward weekly. Paris Institute of Beauty Culture, Dept. "W", 911 Garden Street, Hoboken, N. J.

## BOOKS

Plain, authoritative sex books for adults, written by noted physicians. Illustrated catalog 4c. Smetana & Co., Dept. 1, Owosso, Michigan.

## FILM DEVELOPING

**AZ-U-LYK-M.** Send your next roll film and 20c. Will make six prints, one "hand tinted" free. Az-u-lyk-m, Drawer K, Bristol, Vt.

## HEALTH RESORTS

The Van Valen Sanatorium, Yonkers, N. Y. Marvelous cures are made here in Mental, Nervous Functional Diseases and Addictions. Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment.

## HELP WANTED

**MEN WANTED** to make Secret Investigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 145 St. Louis, Mo.

**DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY**—Travel. Excellent opportunity. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

**MEN, WOMEN:** \$40.00 to \$150.00 WEEKLY. Become writers of Advertising, booklets, circulars, folders, letters. Previous experience unnecessary. Splendid income while learning. Prepare in short time. Write for Full particulars. APPLIED ARTS INSTITUTE, Dept. 126, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia.

Become Government Railway Mail Clerks. \$133-\$192 month. Steady. Men-boys, over 17. List Government positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 150D, Rochester, N. Y.

The Motion Picture industry needs representatives in every locality in the United States and Canada. Write for full particulars to Screenland Special Representative Department, Markham Building, Hollywood, Calif.

## MAGAZINES

**TO READERS** of these classified columns, SCREENLAND offers a special trial subscription offer of seven months for \$1.00. This offer to new subscribers only. Send stamps or money order to Dept. C., Screenland, Markham Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

## OFFICE SERVICE

Have a Los Angeles address. Be Represented in movie land. Mail forwarded. Make use of our office service. Special missions efficiently and confidentially executed. Write for information, Mormark Company, Garland Building, Los Angeles.

## PLAYS

**PLAYS**, musical comedies and revues, minstrel choruses, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 82, Chicago.

## PHOTOPLAYS

**SELL YOUR IDEA OR PHOTOPLAY**—Plots, stories and scenarios builded, rewritten, published, copyrighted, marketed. Particulars FREE. National Scenario Service, 510 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles.

**LET** an experienced fiction writer help you with your stories and photoplays. Big demand. I sell mine. Criticism and typing service. Stamp for reduced prices. X5 Woodland, Washington.

**PHOTOPLAYS WANTED FOR CALIFORNIA PRODUCERS;** also Stories for publication. (Manuscripts sold on commission.) Submit manuscripts, or if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 312, San Francisco.

**EDITORIAL SERVICE**—High class work. MSS. criticized, revised, marketed. H. K. Ellingson, Authors' critic and Manuscript Broker, Box 523, Colorado Springs, Colo.

**AMBITIOUS WRITERS** send today for Free copy, America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 638 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

## PICTURES

**PICTURES.** Zee Beautiful Girl Pictures. 10 wonderful poses \$1.00. 18 specials, \$2.00. Real "Taken from Life" photographs. Your money refunded if dissatisfied. Bairart Co., 1008 St. Louis, Missouri.

Original photographs movie stars, bathing girls: 8x10 size \$1, four \$1.75. Post cards 20¢-\$. Picture Stars Photo Co., Box 886, Station C, Los Angeles, California.

## PRINTING

1000 Letterheads \$3.50. BERRY PRESS, Mattoon, Ill.

## REAL ESTATE

**Oklahoma Farms**—Write for Free Agricultural Booklet. Board of Commerce, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

\$5,000 Yearly Income paid thousands of people who invested in Texas Oil Lands. They made the start. \$2 may start you making \$200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 597 Dementil, St. Louis, Mo.

## SONG WRITERS

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 262 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

**SONG WRITERS**—If you have song poems or melodies write me immediately. I have absolutely the very best proposition to offer you. Ray Hibbeier, D167, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

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# One Man's Views

(Concluded from page four.)

the appearance, as yet, of Doug, Mary and Charlie but it is generally assumed that they will take part. It is planned to put the show on for two nights in Los Angeles and to make a one night stand in San Francisco.

It looks like *The Arbuckle Serial's* all-star high priced legal cast pulled the prize boner of the century in the fat comedian's second trial at San Francisco when the case was submitted to the jury without argument by the defense. Fatty's counsel figured that the state hadn't made any case and that it would have a good psychological effect on the jury if they just said "go to it" without any spouting. But the jury construed this tactical move as an admission of defeat and dam near found Fatty guilty. And the third trial is scheduled to begin March 13.

That sterling young Italo-American thespian, Bull Montana, is said to have recently signed a contract with the Robertson-Cole company calling for a big salary. At least it's a big one for Bull whom Doug Fairbanks brought out from New York five years ago on a salary of 25 smacks per Saturday. Bull will be drawing down 1,000 iron men each week on the final year of his contract. Just what sort of plays the handsome Luigi will be starred in hasn't been divulged by the employing corporation and Bull don't know anything about it either but suspects he will be entered as a rival of Jack Barrymore.

William Randolph Hearst is going to blow himself in making a picture out of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* with Marion Davies in the leading role. He has hired most of the good actors in New York, according to word from that city, and is erecting sets that will cost a heap of dough. It is said that he expects to spend at least \$800,000 on the picture. The nice thing about the venture is that nobody will go broke if the picture's a flop.

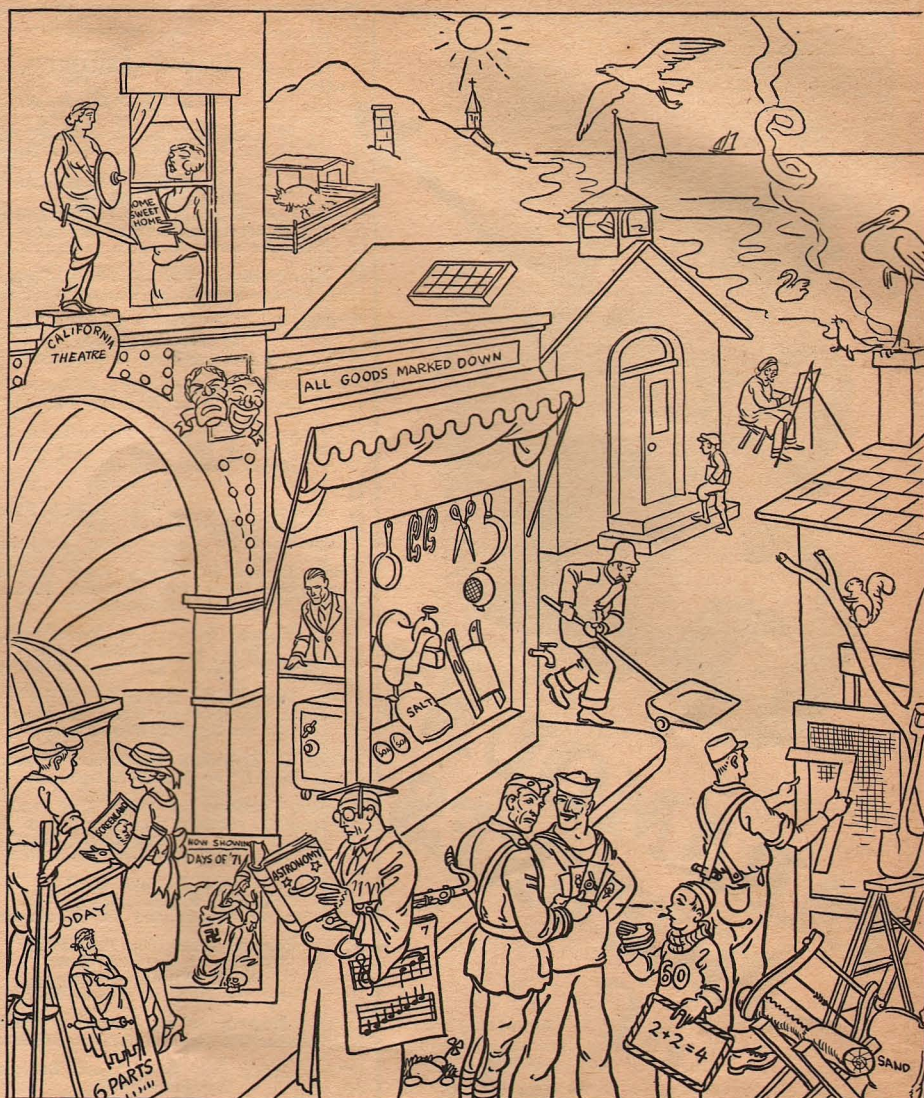
Maybe you don't know it but *The Spirit of Chivalry* which Doug Fairbanks is now making is the story of *Robin Hood*. And when it's released it will probably bear the latter title. Doug and Mary now occupy the studio on the edge of Hollywood which they bought recently from J. D. Hampton. They paid \$150,000 for it.

Robinson Crusoe is getting into the movies with a vengeance. Eddie Polo is making him into a serial in Florida and Harry Meyers of Connecticut Yankee fame has been hired by Universal to impersonate that well and favorably known gentleman in another serial. You pays your money and chooses your Crusoe.

With murders, marriages and miscellaneous mix-ups going on, the Dirt Dishes' Association has been holding night sessions to keep up with the latest scandals.

A special meeting of the D. D. A. is scheduled to take up the rumors that Connie Talmadge has been doing a lotta dancing in public with Maurice, the tango connoisseur. Resolutions will be passed calling upon Elinor Glyn to tell where she got the dope on American girls.

Winners of the "Screenland" Word Contest will be announced in the May issue of *Screenland*.



## HOW MANY OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "S" ?

### \$100 IN CASH PRIZES!

The names of a long list of objects in this picture start with the letter "s." Do you believe that you can guess them all? This picture will appear in the May, June and July issues of *Screenland* to give every reader a chance. But send your guesses early. The prizes will be awarded at the close of the contest on June 20, 1922, and the names of the six winners published in the August issue of *Screenland*.

Any *Screenland* reader is eligible for this Contest. But you can **MULTIPLY YOUR WINNINGS BY FIVE**

If you clip the special offer coupon at the bottom of this page, attach it to a dollar bill and send it with your list of guesses.

The longest list of the correct names of objects in the picture starting with the letter "s" will win \$50.

The next longest will win \$25. The third longest will win \$10.

But mail your list just *as soon as you can*, so your subscription will start promptly.

### COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

But you need not become a subscriber to *Screenland* in order to compete. If you do not send the coupon and the dollar bill, the longest and nearest correct list unaccompanied by such subscription will win \$10. The next longest will win \$5. The third prize in this class will be \$2.

If your list contains incorrect names, it will not disqualify the entire list. The correct words will be counted just the same. Thus, if you guess 72 objects and two are wrong, you will be credited with 70 correct guesses. One word only will count for each object. One list only will be counted from a single address.

### WHAT YOU CAN WIN

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The second prize.....	25	5
The third prize.....	10	2

Address your list to Letter "S" Contest Editor, *Screenland*, Markham Building, Hollywood.

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I am enclosing one dollar for which please send me *seven* issues of *Screenland* Magazine. It is also understood that this special subscription (regular subscription price is \$2 50 for 12 issues) qualifies me as a contestant in the \$50, \$25 and \$10 set of prizes offered in the Letter "S" Contest.

Name .....

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



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62  
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- Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's Story  
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
- Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"  
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel "Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich
- Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"  
by Donn Byrne  
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions
- Bebe Daniels in "Nancy From Nowhere"  
by Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton  
A Realart Production
- A George Fitzmaurice Production.  
"Three Live Ghosts" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.
- Mary Miles Minter in "Tillie"  
From the novel by Helen R. Martin.  
A Realart Production
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Saturday Night" by Jeanie Macpherson
- Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman." Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play "The Woman in the Case"  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
- "One Glorious Day"  
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee  
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer
- George Melford's Production  
"Moran of the Lady Letty"  
With Dorothy Dalton  
From the story by Frank Norris
- May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"  
By Hector Turnbull. A Realart Production
- "Boomerang Bill" With Lionel Barrymore  
By Jack Boyle.  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"  
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan
- John S. Robertson's Production  
"Love's Boomerang" With Ann Forrest  
From the novel "Perpetua"  
By Dion Clayton Calthrop
- Constance Binney in "Midnight"  
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production
- Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"
- Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"  
By Nina Wilcox Putnam  
A Realart Production
- William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"  
By William S. Hart  
A William S. Hart Production
- Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in  
"Peter Ibbetson"  
by George Du Maurier  
A George Fitzmaurice Production
- "The Mistress of the World"  
A series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May. Directed by Joe May.  
From the novel by Carl Figdor.
- Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"  
Based on the play "The Champion"  
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Loudon.
- Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark"  
By Clara Beranger.
- Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"  
By Hector Turnbull  
A Realart Production.
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
"Fool's Paradise"  
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story  
"The Laurels and the Lady."
- Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"  
By Aubrey Stauffer  
A Realart Production.
- Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"  
By Sophie Kerr.  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Betty Compson in  
a William D. Taylor Production  
"The Green Temptation"  
From the story "The Noose"  
By Constance Lindsay Skinner.
- May McAvoy in  
"Through a Glass Window"  
By Olga Printzlau  
A Realart Production
- "Find the Woman" with Alma Rubens  
By Arthur Somers Roche  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"  
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux
- Mary Miles Minter in  
"The Heart Specialist"  
By Mary Morison  
A Realart Production.
- Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in  
"Bought and Paid For"  
A William DeMille Production  
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
- Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
- Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"
- Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"  
By Will Payne.  
A Realart Production
- John S. Robertson's Production  
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett
- "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers.
- Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's  
"Beyond the Rocks"
- Mia May in "My Man"
- Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"  
By Marie Corelli  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in  
"A Stampede Madonna"
- A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"The Man from Home"  
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming and John Miltern  
From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson
- Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"
- Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"  
From the novel by Edward Peple
- Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"  
By Byron Morgan
- Sir Gilbert Parker's story  
"Over the Border"  
with Betty Compson and Tom Moore.  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
- "Sisters" By Kathleen Norris.  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- George Melford's Production  
"The Cat That Walked Alone"  
with Dorothy Dalton
- Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"  
By George Ade
- Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"
- Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"  
By Hamilton Smith
- Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"  
From the play by Elmer Rice
- Mia May in "Truth Conquers"
- Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"  
By Rachel Crothers
- "The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock. From the musical comedy by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf  
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"  
By Ewart Adamson

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN



# CONTENTS OF SCREENLAND

Vol. IV

No. 2

For APRIL--1922

MYRON ZOBEL, Editor

SYL. MACDOWELL, Assoc. Editor

COVER DESIGN	MARTHA MANSFIELD
by Nikolaki	
THE EDITORS' PAGE—Timely Screen Comment	11
Portrait Gallery	12-17
BESSIE LOVE—Pastel Portrait	18
by Harrison Fisher	
GOLDDIGGERS OF HOLLYWOOD—A Feature Story	19
by Selwyn K. Stanhope	
WHAT ARE THE MOVIES DOING TO YOU?—Article	22
by Gene Stratton-Porter	
THE SEX PLAY—Article	24
by Cosmo Hamilton	
SUCH A WONDERFUL LOVER!—Article	25
by Elinor Glyn	
MISERY LANE—a Poem	26
by John Moroso	
THE GIRL WITH A PULL—a Short Story	27
by Louis Weadock	
CONFESSIONS OF A STAR INTERVIEWER—Memoirs	30
by One of Them	
MIRRORS OF SCREENLAND—No. 3	32
by Frank Condon	
SHOULD A STAR MARRY?—Article	33
by Harry Carr	
MAKING YOUR OWN MOVIES—Article No. 2	35
HOW DO YOU DANCE?—Exclusive Photographs	36
by Rudolph Valentino	
WHO SAID MILDRED HARRIS CAN'T ACT?—Camera Studies	38
Posed by Mildred Harris	
LITTLE HINTS FOR PLAYGOERS	39-42
BUNGALOW BOULEVARD—Pictorial Feature	44
SCREEN SNAPSHOTS—The stars off-stage	46
SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX OPPORTUNITY CONTEST	48
YOUR OWN PAGE—Letters from readers	52
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY STORY?	54

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## JOHN MOROSO

Who wrote *The City of Silent Men*, recently picturized with Thomas Meighan as star—

—knows Life's humbler roles as do few authors. The following extract from a letter proves better than editorial words the soundness of his tales:

My dear Mr. Moroso: I am confined in the Eastern State penitentiary, a victim of an overzealous prosecutor who forgot he was a public defender and became my persecutor. I have just had the pleasure of reading a review of your book: *The People Against Nancy Preston*. The few paragraphs quoted are so similar to my own misfortune that I feel a surplus of your story will lighten my burden. Pardon my addressing you, but I want to know where to get your book.

Yours respectfully,

CONVICT NO. C-1066.

A copy of this issue of *Screenland* is being mailed to Convict No. C-1066 so he may read *Misery Lane*, Mr. Moroso's verse contribution on Page 26.

## NEXT MONTH

### CONFESSIONS OF A STAR INTERVIEWER

By *Another One of Them*

How Charles Ray wears the Laurels of Stardom. The most revealing "inside" movie article you have ever read.

THE LENS LOUSE—Another Mr. Bloom short story by Louis Weadock, author of *The Good Conduct Clause* and *The Girl With a Pull*.

Beginning—a Serial Story by the Stars and Frank X. Finnegan, with camera illustrations posed by the writers!

—Twenty other Unusual Features—

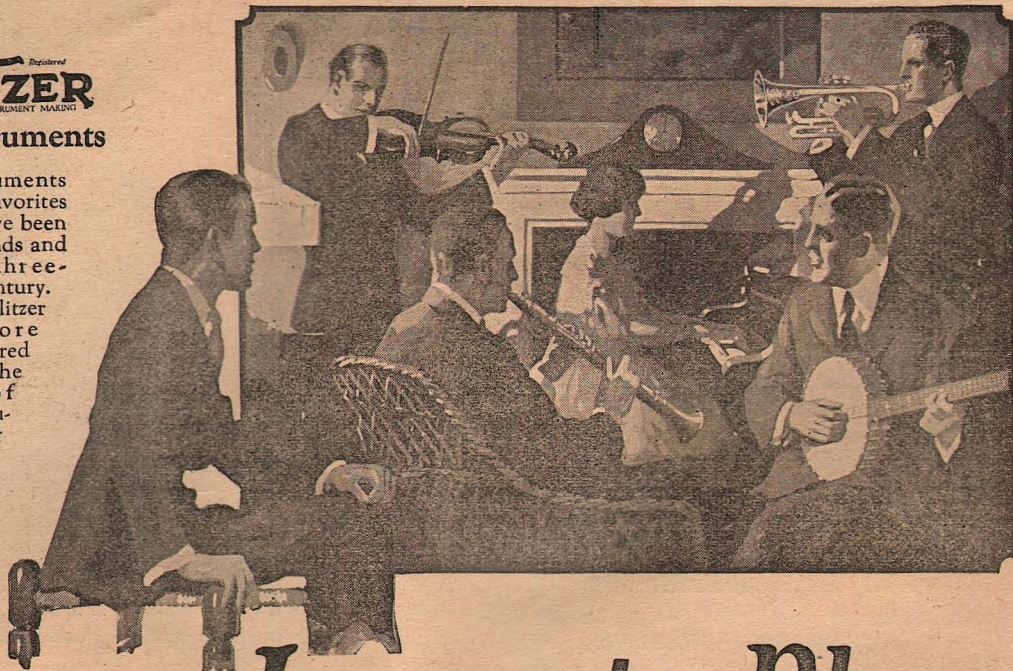
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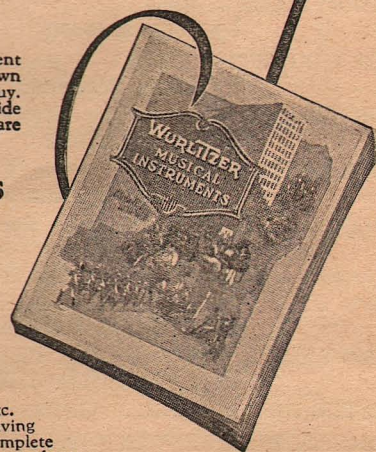
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Some people take to drums like a duck to water. Three or four weeks' practice makes good drummers of others. If you like the drums that means you.

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# SCREENLAND

## The EDITORS' PAGE

MYRON ZOBEL  
EDITOR

SYL. MacDOWELL  
ASSOC. EDITOR

### MADE TO MEASURE MOVIES

THE movies today are passing through what the drama passed through four hundred years ago.

Dramatists of that day had three forms of drama to choose from—*Miracles*, *Moralities* and *Interludes*. The five-act play was the accepted form—for tragedies, verse—for comedies, prose.

Within these limits Shakespeare, Marlowe and Jonson wrought great dramas. But there were limits still.

The six-reel drama has become the accepted form of today. We have no *Miracles*, *Moralities* or *Interludes*. But we have tragedies in which the villain reforms and wife's virtues restore her husband's fortune. And comedies in which the wilful daughter named Constance outwits her father and runs away with the chauffeur.

These are the limits of our modern art. Within these limits great things can and have been wrought by Tucker, Stroheim and Griffith. They have lifted the movies, for a time, out of the "made to measure" class and kept the new art from crystallizing into a sausage machine.

But already one can see the new romantic spirit entering in and daring souls attempting newer forms. The two-reel picture is again to be reckoned with . . . and amateur productions.

For it is the amateur spirit that has kept the drama alive and flexible. And it is the spirit of the amateur (the man who loves his work) that will give flexibility and new life to the motion picture.

Last month *Screenland* started a department for the encouragement of amateur motion pictures. In this issue and future issues this worthy ambition will be kept up. There is no inspiration so vital as the inspiration to create. And the inspiration to create pictures for the sake of the pictures themselves is the only cure for made-to-measure movies. It must not be lost.

### MORE ABOUT INTERVIEWS

TEN YEARS ago when movie magazines were started the interview was the accepted literary form.

In those days the stars had something to say. They had lived, they had traveled, they had known life. They came from the stage, bringing with them the training of the stage. Their lives had "background." These people had stories to tell and they told them through the columns of the movie magazines.

Today this race of stars is dead; or such of them as still are acting have long ago told their story and told it many times.

The stars of today are recruited from another field. Many of them had no experience of art or acting before their first appearance on the screen. They came from the small towns and villages. Their "background" to life was narrow and undeveloped.

To interview this class of stars for their opinions on life and their outlook on the progress of the world is ridiculous. It is as ridiculous as interviewing congressmen from the middle west who are entering their first term in the House of Representatives. They come to learn and not to teach.

This is one of the reasons why interviews, except in the rarest cases, are barred from the pages of this magazine.

The interview today is not what it once was. It is a dead organ—like the appendix.

### INK STAINS

A MUCK-RAKING, yellow daily press has probed deep into the private life of the late Wm. D. Taylor. And it has dragged forth, in black headlines, the dark truth that the man was loved and admired by women.

The affection of a worthy woman is a thing of pride and inspiration to most men.

But in the case of a motion picture director it is a heinous moral offense.

It is journalism such as this that has sought to make Hollywood stand out as the sore thumb of the world.





Screen  
land

**PAULINE STARKE**

Has that touch of the primitive woman which makes us understand why our ancestors went courting with a club instead of a bouquet. To be seen in **THE SHAUGRAUN**, an Irish costume play being produced by Vitagraph.

*Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser.*





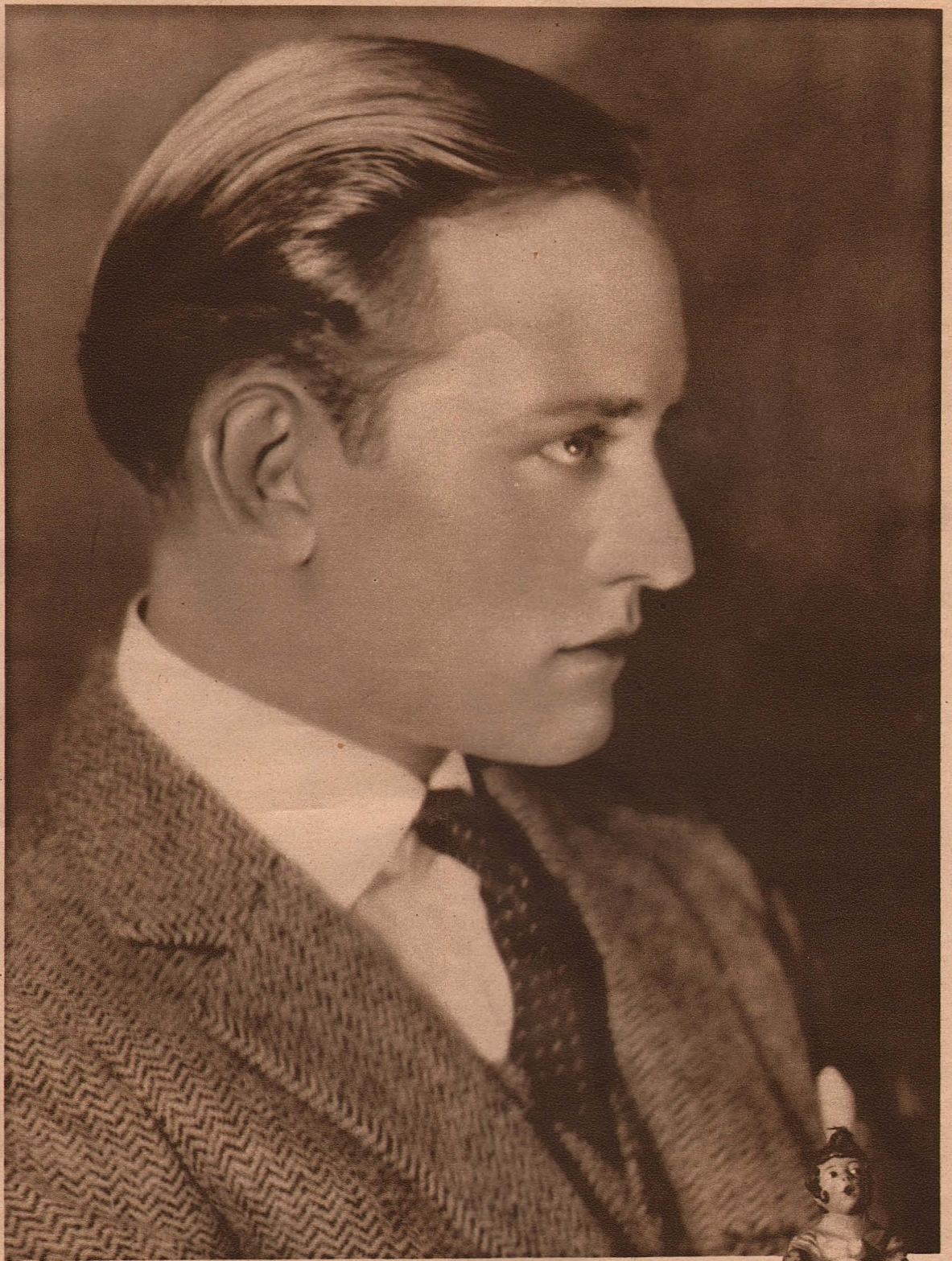
Screen  
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GLADYS WALTON

What do you suppose would happen if a magazine would ever print a portrait of a pretty star without some tribute to her face or figure? Someday we will try it.

*Edwin Bower Hesser.*





Screen  
land

**CONRAD NAGLE**

Stars should be elected. If high school lassies were voters, this Paramount leading man would quickly supplant one of many less likeable stars.

*Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser.*







Screen  
land

DOROTHY DALTON

A "wish I were a man" type of girl with a "glad she isn't" public, even if she does wear Lasky wardrobe trousers as MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY.

*Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser.*



W. J. ...



Screen  
land

**LIONEL BARRYMORE**  
Stars simultaneously on Broadway and in filmdom.  
As **BOOMERANG BILL**, he is one of the most  
wholesome crooks the screen has seen for months.  
*Photograph by Abbe for  
Cosmopolitan Productions.*





Screen  
land

**MARTHA MANSFIELD**

The girl on the cover. Broadway-ites have followed her footlight triumphs with such interest that we now are happy to see her in Hollywood as a Selznick star.

*Photograph by Muriella.*





This roguish little lady awakened the genius of the great artist's pastel exclusively for SCREENLAND.

Screen  
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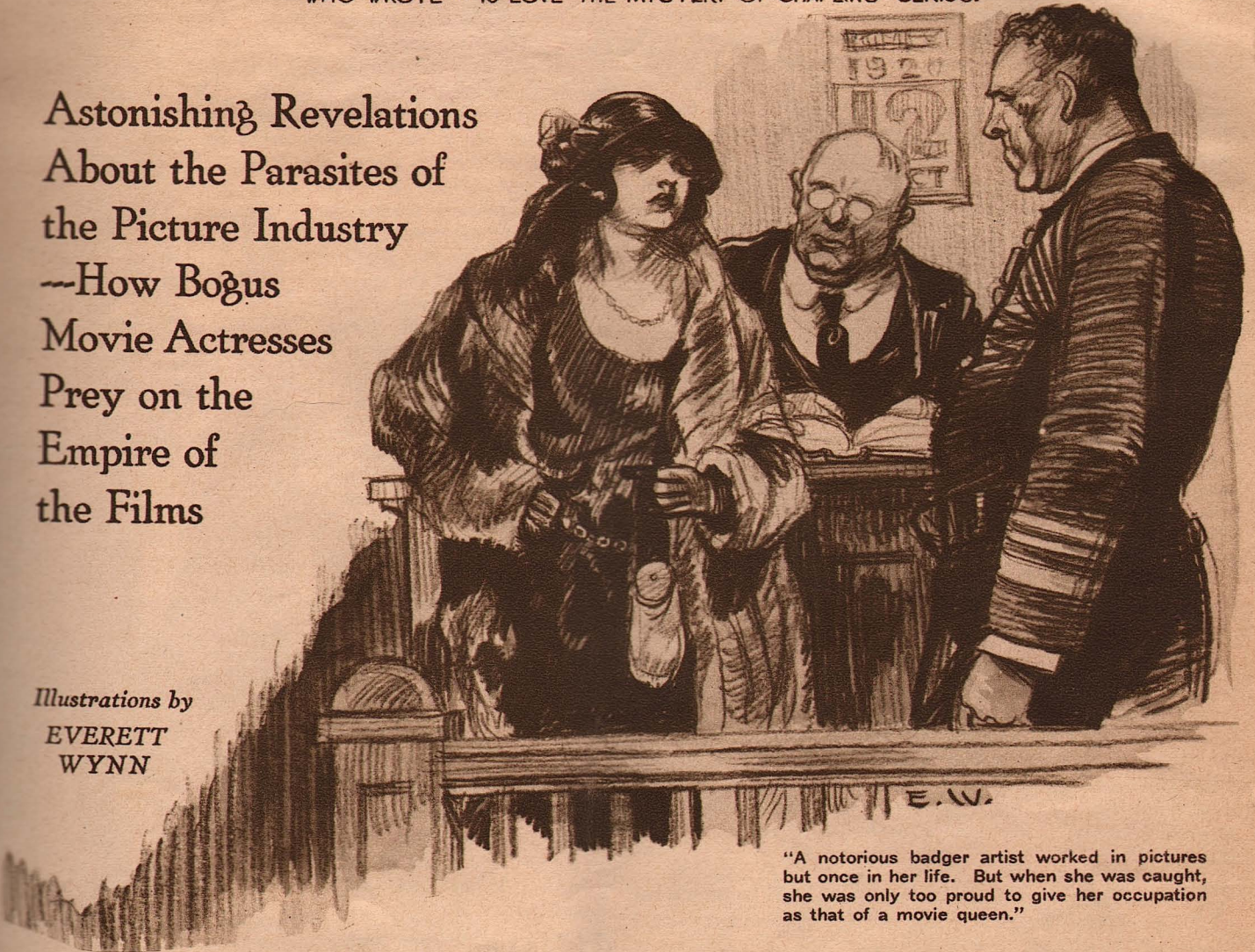
# GOLDDIGGERS OF HOLLYWOOD

BY...SELWYN K. STANHOPE

WHO WROTE... 'IS LOVE THE MYSTERY OF CHAPLIN'S GENIUS.'

Astonishing Revelations  
About the Parasites of  
the Picture Industry  
—How Bogus  
Movie Actresses  
Prey on the  
Empire of  
the Films

Illustrations by  
EVERETT  
WYNN



"A notorious badger artist worked in pictures but once in her life. But when she was caught, she was only too proud to give her occupation as that of a movie queen."

OF course the iniquity of Hollywood has often been charges, but it has always been denied. The policy has been to admit nothing, though common sense tells the public that where there's so much smoke there must be a fire.

In its mid-winter edition of recent issue, the Los Angeles Times charges:

"The air of Hollywood is electric with emotional aspirations, with vast imaginative hopes, with industrious yearful striving, with lofty ideals—side by side with frivolous inconsequence, foolish dissipation, wild orgies, jealousies, hates, loves, passions and scandals. Tragedy and comedy play together, not only in the professional film realms, but in the highly-keyed emotions of these strange inhabitants. There is nothing humdrum, nothing monotonous, nothing uniform, nothing consistent, nothing homogeneous about Hollywood ever. It is at once counterfeit and stern reality, ugly and beautiful, cunning and sly, innocent and naive.

"Up in the hills, in one of those picturesque bungalows known to the ribald as 'Passion Nests,' some reckless Don Juan in real life will shriek out his soul, the victim of a ghastly murder, the while the murderer flies through the night in a

*DENOUNCING the lecherous courtesans whose luxurious debauchery had tainted the French kingdom, Danton, the revolutionist, damningly thundered:*

*THESE women are the enemies of the Republic! They are more dangerous than invading armies! To the guillotine with this wanton soft sex!*

ghostly machine to escape the Nemesis of the law.

"So upon the main thoroughfare stands a majestic woman's clubhouse, maintaining the best solid standards of average womanhood, to which, on its club days, long streams of well-

conditioned, intelligent and mostly middle-aged matrons may be seen wending their way. And flying past them in machines will be flighty bobbed-hair, penciled-eyebrowed, rouged and lip-sticked, youthful sirens in amazing clothes and usually smoking cigarettes as they drive. They may be film actresses or they may be little girls who hoped to be but failed—and accepted the automobile standard otherwise.

"Among the film people one can see delightful, romantic, wholesome domesticity on the one hand, or an amazing effrontery in free love on the other. There was one little lady at a hotel whose ideas were distinctly interesting. A frightful crash was heard at midnight and it appeared an irate husband had forcibly removed another man from her room via the window route."

WE are not without fault, yet we are not as bad as the space writers of the yellow sheets have painted us. We stand in the spotlight of publicity because we are the Empire



of the Films. Our sins are magnified, our virtues seldom mentioned. Facts and causes are overlooked, or neglected entirely. Hollywood and the picture industry are damned in one breath. Sooner or later the truth must be told. Let us look to the chief cause.

The golddigger has been an abomination through all history. In every age she has poached among civilized peoples, coaxing and cajoling for the soft luxuries of life. Each century of Time has suffered from its Cleopatras, its Madame Pompadours and its Peggy Joyces. They nested in your community long before the era of moving pictures, and today, every Main Street has its goldiggers. Perhaps in your town one of them is a milliner, sings in the church choir, and wears her cloak of respectability with proud dignity, while filching from the pockets of your leading citizen.

**I**N California this same type of woman calls herself a motion picture actress. The studio is her mantle of decency. The movies are merely the apt instrument of her parasitic profession. She never expects to make good before the camera because the desire to work isn't one of her assets. The road to success is too distant, and the climbing is too arduous, especially when there's so much fun in life and a rich profligate just around the corner. She wants clothes, diamonds, motors, and a good time. She scorns the role of the extra girl—the work is hard and the pay is small. Instead, she sets herself up in an apartment, a hotel, or perhaps a bungalow, styles herself as a movie actress, and cunningly sets about to capture the fancy of some prodigal waster. Every now and then, through the connivance of her rich friends, she lands a part in some picture, and once an actress, always an actress. But she never works twice for the same company.

California is the playground of millionaires, some of them spendthrifts of no mean ability. Their sons are seldom anything else. Here, then, Miss Golddigger finds an abundant harvest waiting to be reaped. She has but to crawl into the lap of luxury, for millionaires, you know, have a weakness for the smiles of moving picture actresses. In-as-much as the famous ones are all safely married, or live with their mothers, these bogus actresses find little competition and less difficulty in conquering the fancy of the most fastidious connoisseurs of the softer sex.

**W**HAT of the goldiggers themselves? Who and what were they before styling themselves moving picture actresses? Where do they come from?

Neurotic women, most of them. A great many are divorcees who have fled from their former homes to escape the odium of their marital high jinks. In California under the name of Dixie Ross or some other mellifluous tag, she becomes the innocent little girl. And the story she tells is usually a gem. She wouldn't marry the horrid old grandpa who held the mortgage on the home, which is just as likely to be in Alabama as in Oregon. Picture her—a good-for-nothing female who wishes to wallow in idleness and luxury, transformed to innocence-out-of-a-job.

Also, there is the adventurous type of girl who seeks excitement. She wants her fling at life before marrying and settling down. She comes to the beauty market, intent upon conquest—movies or men. Quickly tiring with the ordeal of work, she finds her flapper style has a value among the live ones. She plays no favorites, figures largely in the night life of the coast resorts, and winds up by marrying one of her victims, retiring to his home in the East to conquer fashionable society.

It would seem that every cabaret and chorus girl, from New Orleans to Winnipig, eventually drifts out to Hollywood. Not one out of a thousand succeeds in pictures. The stage has already drafted the talented and courageous of their number, and the studios suffer from these mediocre applicants. Turned down at the casting office, they join the army of goldiggers. Should their sharp practices land them in the toils of

the law, they invariably represent themselves as movie actresses—never as show girls.

**W**INTER in the East drives shoplifters, pick-pockets, badger artists, and other ladies of unsavory professions to the warmer climes of sunny California. They come in flocks and droves, pursuing their wealthier prey who have winter homes here. These women pick up acquaintances with the fast crowds, goldiggers and their companions, but it is seldom that any of them even try picture acting. They are the sort that use drugs and opiates. When the police raid one of their parties, every joy-daughter of the lot claims she is a moving picture actress. The resultant notoriety damns the entire acting profession. The newspapers seize the slightest pretext to villify the picture people. Should one actor be caught in such a raid, the entire colony is alluded to as of like stripe and kidney.

Recently a notorious badger artist, after fleecing her victim of thousands, endeavored to escape in a stolen automobile. It happened that she had worked in pictures but once in her life, while "laying low" of the police. Caught, she was only too proud to give her occupation as that of a movie queen. Is it any wonder that the public thinks we are a miasmatic mire of drug fiends, crooks, and immoral debauchees?

How do these ingenious ladies with golddigging proclivities ply their art? What are the spoils of the game? What are the risks?

**T**O a golddigger, nothing is impossible. Anything can happen, and her every male acquaintance is a prospective victim. Today their sort may be on the ragged edge of existence, and tomorrow move into a six-room suite at the Ambassador. Or vice versa, she may be billed as a star one day, and deserted by her angel on the next.

Every man with money who sojourns in California thinks he would like to get into the picture business. That is why the golddigger's chief asset must be a movie career, or a picture connection of some sort. While looking the business over, the eye of the moneyed man falls upon a tantalizing tid-bit of feminine temptation, whom he later learns, is in the movies. An introduction is managed, and soon the wealthy patron of the arts is getting first hand information about the picture business, the stars, the directors, and the writers. Of course he wants to see his fascinating little companion get ahead. After a few supper parties, a present or two, and the man with riches wonders if he shouldn't star the little girl. In other words, he has fallen.

Some do and some don't—I mean, put their lady friends in pictures.

Married men and elderly bachelors are more often the best spenders. Neither are they as fickle as the youthful wasters.



"California is the playground of millionaires. Here, then, Miss Golddigger finds an abundant harvest. She wants clothes, diamonds, motors and a good time so she calls herself a movie actress."



A tight rope walker from a circus wintering in California broke up the home of a Beverly Hills millionaire. In the divorce allegations his wife called her a movie extra. The papers went the wife one better and styled the corespondent "a star of the silent drama."

A high-stepper of New York's follies' and frolics' fame lured a New York merchant to a love nest in Pasadena. She visited frequently with her golddigger friends in Hollywood. The merchant went broke trying to satisfy her craving for luxuries. When he filed suit for the recovery of his gifts, the head-lines spoke of her as "a Hollywood picture actress."



Palatial homes, limousines, priceless jewels and fine raiment are the spoils of the game, depending upon the strength of the infatuation and the ingenuity of the woman in the case. Sometimes suicide and murder are also the spoils of such affairs.

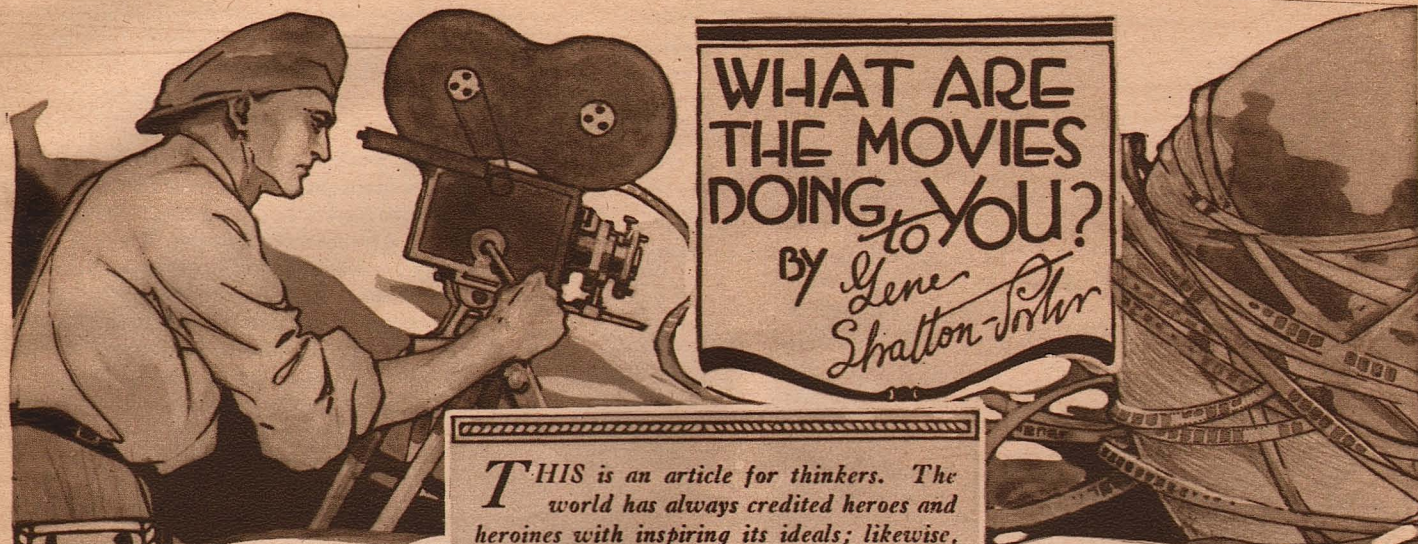
**D**ESPITE this, the golddigging goes on merrily. Comes the day when a scandal breaks, or the man gets tired of being a good thing. Once in a blue moon a marriage results, and afterward, when their romance lands in the divorce courts, Miss Golddigger is spoken of as "a movie bride." Of course she gets alimony. Whatever the end, the yellow sheets take delight in writing of these interlopers as "film people"—and you wonder if you've seen them on the screen.

A vaudeville song bird came to California to recuperate from a nervous breakdown. In the cause of publicity she announced that she was going into pictures. To maintain the style of living to which she was accustomed, she accepted the attentions of a retired mid-western banker. He was a user of drugs. When he was found dead in her home one morning, the space writers headlined her as a film vampire, though she had never seen the inside of a studio.

**H**OLLYWOOD merely happens to be the village where the movies are made. It has no other reason for a spot in the sun. But it has become the rule to attribute most of the normal sin and iniquity of a great city like Los Angeles to its suburb, a region where the film people live. Successful golddiggers refuse to live in Hollywood, preferring the more comfortable quarters of Los Angeles' great hotels and apartment houses, and the secluded nooks of the beach towns, where they may weave their webs of allurements with greater dispatch, secrecy and success.

Imputations of the immorality of the real workers of the films; of the degradation of Hollywood is largely newspaper talk—sensation to grip your interest. The parasites of the picture industry are responsible. We are not without sin, even as the men and women of any other profession, but we are no worse. And if you can suggest a remedial course by which we may rid ourselves of the leeches who have tainted the atmosphere where our homes and firesides are located, you are capable of leading all Humanity to the true ideal of Life.





**N**O form of amusement ever has been devised in the United States which has reached such increasingly large numbers of the people as a photodrama.

At a time when theatrical performances, opera and grand opera were ranging in price from one and a half to ten dollars a seat, there came before the American public a form of amusement in which the day-laborer might indulge for a price which meant the same to him that the three-dollar theatre ticket meant to his millionaire employer.

Bridging the generation which had provided no entertainment other than the back seat of a church, or a band concert at a sometimes inaccessible park, there suddenly came very close to the door of the common, laboring people of this country a form of beautiful entertainment.

For their nickel or their dime, working people might take their children and go to an entertainment at which in exquisitely beautiful pictorial form they might see the wonders of the world—the Laplander herding his reindeer, Kimberley Mines turning out diamonds, the curing of Darjeeling tea. They might become familiar with airships, submarines and Zeppelins, without ever having been within a thousand miles of any of them. They might see beautiful men and women portraying the characters of books they had read, or working out interesting life histories on the screen before them.

I am accustomed to doing scientific natural history work, to probing deep, to cutting up, dissecting, magnifying, learning why the moth takes no food, how the caterpillar lays its eggs on the right leaf upon which its emerging young ones shall feed; to describing the last gleam of color on the feather of a butterfly or the scale of a fish; but I have no words in which to describe the effect on the minds of men and women working all day in the fields, at the forge, in mines, in the kitchen, at the wash tub, doing the work which actually feeds and clothes us, when they laid down their heavy tasks, frequently distasteful, and sat resting while they watched the panorama of the world unrolling before their eyes.

They could come no nearer telling what the silver screen has meant to them than could I, who am supposed to have some facility with words.

**I**N giant strides the industry is girdling the world. Pictures started with the wonder of watching a train move, a rough rider herding cattle, an automobile circling a mountain, a flying machine crossing the sky. Rapidly the art advanced until today we are seeing pictures which actually put across psychology. You see what a man is thinking. You read his mind, and know before he has made a movement what he is going to do next, because the workings of his brain have been laid bare before you.

## WHAT ARE THE MOVIES DOING TO YOU?

By Gene Stratton-Porter

**T**HIS is an article for thinkers. The world has always credited heroes and heroines with inspiring its ideals; likewise, spectacles of luxury were acknowledged to inspire ambition. But now we are told that extremes in films incite social unrest and create moral decadence. This is the belief expressed.

By GENE STRATTON PORTER

I can recall only one greater wonder that ever has been performed in the line of inventions for the education and the amusement of the people.

But alack and alas, the extremes discussed in my previous article, extremes of dress, extremes of thought, extremes of action, were allowed to creep into

this beautiful art until there have been put upon the screen, before the general, indiscriminating public, pictures that have had such bad effect that now the public has arisen and gone to the opposite extreme by demands which hamper artistic expression.

There is one picture in existence which must be horrible. In Japan, a country which bathes indiscriminately in public, and upon dress occasions covers itself completely from chin to finger tips and toes, the suggestive dressing and the abandoned passional scenes were things absolutely impossible to be thrown upon the screen of that country; so one producer cut all these scenes from all the American pictures that came to him, piecing them together into one long picture which he dares show only in private.

If that picture could be shown in all its horror to the producers, directors, and the men and women who are making the pictures, it certainly would have a restraining effect upon their future work.

**T**OO great extremes along these lines have resulted in the public absolutely crippling the picture industry in their demands for a cessation of extremes in dress and conduct in pictures. The Boards of Censors in many States are doing terrible and inartistic things to pictures which really do not require censoring; but producers, directors and actors are responsible for this state of affairs, because they allowed themselves to be led into the extremes which caused the revolt now raging on the part of the public.

To me it is scarcely understandable that this would have occurred. It undoubtedly *did* occur through salacious pictures making wonderful box office returns; but the fact stands unchallenged that the big pictures, the ones which lived, went the farthest and scored the highest returns in money, were *absolutely clean*.

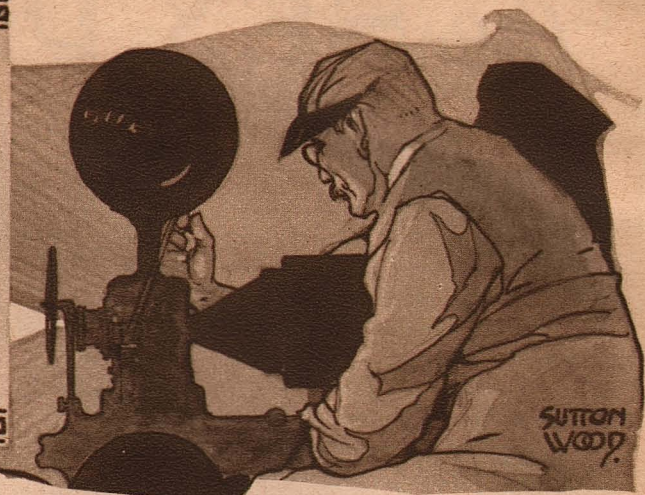
They did not portray extremes in dress, in thought or in action; they did portray life as it is lived. They were such pictures as "The Miracle Man," "The Master of the House," "Over the Hill," and "The Old Nest."

No pictures ever have earned the money and appeared before numbers of people to surpass those of Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. I have not seen every picture made by these actors, but I have seen a number made by each of them, and I never have seen any vulgar extreme in dress, action, or salacious thought put before the public by any one of them.





**D**O you agree with Mrs. Stratton-Porter that the screen should avoid extremes? Do we want to see ourselves mirrored in our own surroundings? Or are you one of those who believe that a "truthful portrayal of life" would not be tolerated on the screen? This is an important thought. Write your own views in a letter to Gene Stratton-Porter, in care of Screenland.



In view of these two things, how producers, directors and actors can feel that indiscreet pictures are the things wanted by the public, I cannot fathom. In thunder tones the public have endorsed the kind of picture that is wanted. Either these producers and directors are blind to their best interests, or they deliberately try to train the public to accept pictures having effects that are *bad* in the extreme.

**W**HEN a man has worked all day in an office, shop or factory when his wife has worked in her home, sweeping, sewing, dusting, when at night they take their recreation and go to see whatever picture is being shown without knowing anything about the book or story presented or the actors presenting it, they merely go for recreation and change to see a picture. They often see represented on the screen men and women that they figure are in walks of life very similar to their own.

Yet the screen portrays working people living in beautiful houses, beautifully furnished, fashionably dressed, riding in automobiles, and employing servants. There can be no other possible effect than that such people go home feeling that they are the under dogs, that they are not getting what they should have; that they and their children should be living as they see the people living in pictures. There is no one to whisper to them that there is no front to the house they are seeing, that the clothes worn in the pictures are rented from a costuming company, that the people playing the parts work harder at more dangerous jobs than do workers of the audience.

The producer, the director and the actors did not have the art and the common human kindness to portray life as it is lived. They did not make their pictures of working people in the homes of working people; they made them in studios, in sets richly dressed; but the effect is altogether bad on working men and women. It has done more to breed unrest and Bolshevism in this country than any other one thing. It would have been easy, in picturing a young bookkeeper and the clerk he marries, and their start in life, to portray such a start as it is truly made, to dress actors as people in like circumstances can afford to dress, to make them live and act as people act in times of stress and storm in real life.

**A**S the picture industry has increased, these effects of extreme in every direction have been magnified and brought out by portrayal of the very limit in dress, in stage settings and in conduct, until the culmination has been reached. In talking with educators, ministers, social workers, and the great general average, it develops that the protest against pictures today has two features: one being the extremes of dress and conduct portrayed in the pictures, the other, of equal importance, the effect of this on the lives of the average of the people who are seeing the pictures.

When judges had been told by little Johnny that he learned how to burgle from having seen how it was done in pictures; until it became an old story, naturally the judiciary arose and pronounced against such scenes being shown on the screen.

When police matrons and social workers, on questioning the young girls brought to them, learned that thousands of them had been incited to attempt taking pretty things from their employers, shoplifting in stores, or picking pockets, in order that they might have a dress or a room like such and such an actress had in such and such a picture, a cry went up against the extremes of luxury displayed in pictures.

When the school girls and the working girls of the country began appearing on the streets with kalsomined faces, court ball hair dressing, party dresses and dancing shoes, a cry went up against that sort of thing.

**S**O the verdict has gone against pictures as they have been, until directors and actors are rather put to it to know what they may portray and how they may portray it, in order that their picture shall not be ruined by the censors of New York or Pennsylvania.

The public themselves have come to the place where they are protesting loudly against further extremes in pictures. What they are demanding is that men and women acting in pictures shall be dressed and shall conduct themselves exactly as do the men and women living the life they are portraying; but large and plain have they made it evident by the indisputable returns of the box office that the lives they want to be shown are those that they may witness without lowering their own moral standards, without leaving a bad taste in their mouths, without being ashamed that they have seen distasteful scenes in company with their sweethearts or wives or daughters.

Producers, directors and actors rail at the public for almost universally demanding the happy ending; but I am not so sure that the public is not within its rights. Scarcely a human being faces the silver screen from the audience who has not his problem, often exceedingly bitter ones. If the money he pays buys him light and hope for his future, he is delighted; if he is only saddened by the hopeless misery of others, he has a right to feel his time wasted, his money lost.

**T**HEORISTS may talk, social workers may rave, ministers may preach, and it may all go with seemingly small effect; but when that thing in America which can be no better denominated than "public opinion" puts its weighty and mighty foot flat upon any project, that project is smashed. It is sat upon as was the Dewey transfer of property, given him by the nation, to his wife; Grant's third term for the Presidency, or Woodrow Wilson's personal ambitions for world power.

When the general public smash down, as they have smashed down today, upon extremes in picture settings, in dress, and in passionate portrayal, those things are dead. They can no more lift their heads again than can the things I have enumerated, or many others I have not space to enumerate.

So now it is up to the producer, to the director, to the actor, to give to the public a *truthful* portrayal of life, history, art, books, what you will, so that it teaches an effective moral lesson and points in the direction of character building, of growth, of help, rather than of deterioration.



# The SEX PLAY

**COSMO HAMILTON**  
AUTHOR OF 'SCANDAL', 'MIDSUMMER MADNESS' ETC.

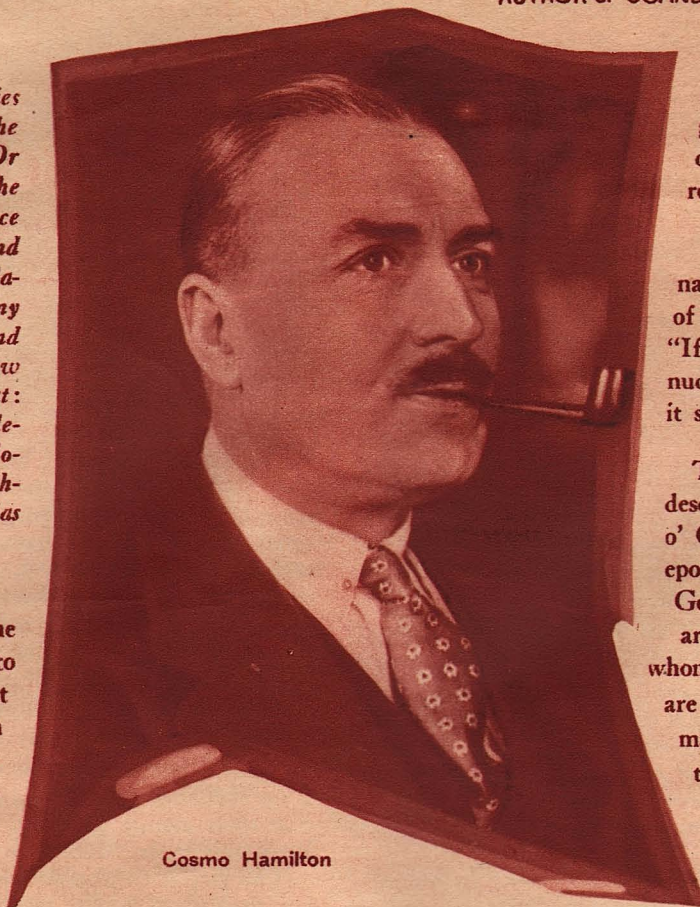
ARE the writers of sex stories and plays panders to the lowest levels of public taste? Or are these well-meaning authors the victims of nudgers in the audience who grasp at double meanings and snicker suggestively? Man's relation to woman is the basis of many splendid Cosmo Hamilton plays and novels, so he really ought to know when he writes for Screenland that: "These nudgers are the direct descendants of Peeping Tom o' Coventry, to whom even the epoch-making act of Lady Godiva was not sacred."

WHAT is a sex play? The query at once brings to my mind the ten cent receptacle for matches on which are a smooth black kitten and a rough black cat, the kitten saying, "Don't Scratch me. Scratch mother!"

In other words, were I so minded, I could pass the buck to the really great writers of sex whose names are signposts along the road of literature through the ages,—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Balzac, De Maupassant, Brieux, Kipling, Hardy, Walt Whitman and Wells. Take the trouble to analyze any of their works from *Romeo and Juliet* to *Love and Mr. Lewisham* and you will find that there is only one answer: *sex*.

The reason that sex is the keynote of every really great book and play is conspicuously simple. It is because consciously or unconsciously sex is the pivot on which the world rotates.

The present-day mind, however, which tolerates Blue Laws and Prohibition has become atrophied through long years of hypocrisy. Forgetting the fundamental fact, it has caught hold of the word "sex" and has debauched it, made of it a hideous thing, a danger-sign, a sort of no man's land. The word has been dragged from its place in the dictionary and forced by the censor to associate with "leg-shows," "red light districts" and "vice crusades," just as the super-patriots, during the period of war-hysteria, went crazy at the sight of



Cosmo Hamilton

an unfortunate three days gone as to his chin and without the price of a hair-cut, and reported him as a spy and a red.

A well known critic hits the nail on the head when, speaking of a so-called sex play, says, "If it is sexy, it is because the nudgers in the audience make it so."

These nudgers are the direct descendants of Peeping Tom o' Coventry, to whom even that epoch-making act of Lady Godiva was not sacred. They are the kind of pure people to whom all things are indecent. They are the kind who can see evil in maternity, who snicker suggestively if a man and woman kiss each other on the stage, who read double meanings, police-gazette meanings, into the most ordinary bit of dia-

logue and whom the sight of a baby's layette sends into an orgy of nudging.

It will be seen, therefore, that the stage today is in a parlous condition since the dramatizing of almost any situation in which the central theme is the relationship of men and women, whether before or after marriage, earns for the dramatist the unsavory reputation of sexiness. With cunning he may be able to stave off that reputation for a time by staging the harmless necessary love scene in a cafe or in a cathedral.

But if one day he should forget or deliberately say, "To the devil with camouflage! Let me do something for once which is true to life," and place his love scene where love scenes sometimes occur,—in the bedroom,—he is labelled, pigeon-holed and damned. It is of no avail that afterwards he should write romantic costume plays or tragedies in rhymed verse. From the moment of his bedroom scene he is a sex writer and at every opening the nudgers will be there!







**WALLACE REID**  
 "The reason that thousands of dear little girls all over America flock to see Wallace Reid is because he possesses 'It' on the screen."

**T**HERE is a quality which, if either man or woman possess it, they need not worry as to their reception in life by the opposite sex. I call this quality "It." I make one of my heroines thus describe the intangible thing! She was a saucy minx called Ermytrude who gave her opinion rather sapiently about many points in life.

"It"—she said was made up of "un-selfconsciousness, and self confidence, and indifference as to whether you are pleas-

## Such a Wonderful Lover

By Elinor Glyn

ing or not, and something in you which gives the impression that you are not at all cold, but could be awfully loving if you wanted to be, and would really enjoy dozens of kisses—from the right person—but did not like anything promiscuous—"

"It"—in short, she went on to say—was magnetic and peculiar, and directly anyone with it came into the room, you were aware of it!

Now all of us have met people with "It!" It does not depend upon beauty, and many beauties are quite devoid of it, while the handsomest men often do not suggest it at all. There are only a *very few* of the male screen stars who possess the least touch of it, but the ones that do draw every woman in the house . . . women are ready to forgive a man with "it" almost anything, and will stand things from him which good, honest Jack, without it, would not get the least chance of "putting over!"

It is this quality in men that women are always longing to find. In their hearts all women desire romance. They are

**NORMA TALMADGE**  
 "Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are the only two feminine stars who possess 'It.'"

**BERT LYTELL**  
 "Bert Lytell is one of the four male stars who possess 'It.'"



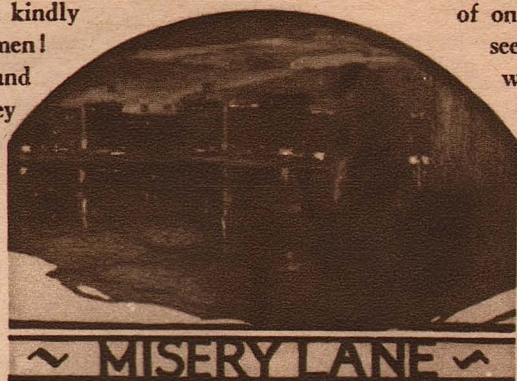


caught by courtesy, exquisite manners, consideration, tenderness, subtle flattery, sentiment and masterfulness. They are drawn to a man who is instinctively a gentleman with refinement of soul. Over servility, and a general kindness to the sex does not attract them at all! They like to feel that they are loved individually, not treated kindly just because they happen to be women! They like a man with sophistication and worldly knowledge—one whom they cannot really conquer and who expects them to obey him—not because he is bombastic and announces this fact, but because it has just never entered their head that obedience to him would not be their natural attitude! They like to imagine that if he were their belonging he would make a very tender lover.

In short they adore a man with "It."

**R**USSIANS often have "It," Italians sometimes—French less often, there is too much egotism in the French nature. Englishmen of the upper class quite frequently—not so often in the lesser classes because they have not the same self confidence and un-selfconsciousness—two absolute essentials for "It!" American men very rarely have "It" although they are filled with all the other good qualities. Kindness, generosity and chivalry towards women. But that subtle something of romance, that tender sentiment, that instinctive air of mastery is lacking. The reason that the thousands of little telephone clerks and shop assistants and dear little girls all over America flock to see Wallace Reid in spite of the uninteresting bunk stories the poor fellow is made to appear in, is because he possesses "It" on the screen. He unconsciously suggests romance to their imaginations. Rudolph Valentino shows this quality strongly also. The one in an Anglo-Saxon way, the other in a Latin. Bert Lytell also possesses "It" and Douglas Fairbanks—in "The Mark of Zorro." But these are the only four on the screen, as far as I have yet seen who really possess this weird attraction. And I use them as an illustration, because any reader can go to the picture houses and see for himself, or herself what I mean by "It."

Among women this quality (or ought we to call it attribute?), is much harder to find. The real thing I mean, not the ordinary attraction of prettiness which makes dozens of sweet, meaningless, little fluffies run after. Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are the only two I know of on the screen who possess it. I have not seen any others, except Miriam Battista, who is only nine years old. But then I have seen comparatively few pictures, so that I can only give a limited opinion.



(Twenty-sixth Street, from First Avenue to East River.)

BY JOHN A. MOROSO

Author of *The City of Silent Men*,  
*The People Against Nancy Preston*, etc.

**T**HE sun shines brightly on my pave,  
And the wind is brisk and sweet  
As it sings its song with a good "So long!"  
To the gloom and the hurt and the awful wrong  
That pack my narrow street.

**I** LEAD to the place where the homeless go  
When they halt and fall on the way;  
For a Bellevue cot is the poor man's lot,  
And the Morgue is across the way.

**M**Y wall to the south is a quaint affair—  
A saloon at the Avenue—  
Then the shops pack hard and I tell you, pard,  
That, along with the clinics that interlard,  
They're waiting for you, for YOU!

**F**OR you who've saved by belly-pain  
Just a dollar or two, with stint,  
For a wooden coat that the poor man's groat  
May wring from the heart of flint.

**T**HE tugboat grunts to the wharf down here  
Where the corpses pile ten deep,  
And she takes the dead where Judas led—  
To Potter's Field—O, the Christ that bled;  
For the long and lasting sleep.

**T**HE mothers wend my sunlit way,  
The morning, noon, and night,  
To seek their girls and their golden curls  
Lie flat in the Morgue's gray light.

**Y**OU can see the old folks reel away  
With their old eyes crazy red,  
When they find the one by a man undone,  
And, ashamed to live through another sun,  
So sought her place with the dead.

**I** AM Misery Lane, I'm the short, last lap,  
And I'm run by the Board of Health.  
O, the bitter tears and the endless cares  
And the poverty and wealth!

**B**UT if I were a cinema producer I would get some woman of the world who had the faculty of psychological deduction, and an insight into character, to go and search for me to find some young men with "It!" And when she had found them, I would not care whether they had never acted before. I would get them under contract and train them, *put them in the leading parts* and be perfectly certain that I should make a thousand percent over them!

For a man with "It" fills cinema houses and becomes a hero to women of all ranks. And the handsomest man without the strange quality can act to perfection, and leave females cold. "It" cannot be acquired—it is born with the individual. No one with egotism or self consciousness can possess it.

"It" is not the inevitable companion of fine quality. Alas! It is a thing apart, and is expressed quite as often by a bad man as a good one. There was a murderer about twenty years ago in England, who was finally hanged for killing his third wife and deserting his fourth and fifth ones. They both came forward to give favorable testimony for him. Both adored him. "*Such a wonderful lover!*" one said. "He has a way with him," the other asserted. Every man marvelled at them but all women understood! The creature of course had "It!" That is all there was to be said about it!

**N**OW you who read, try and think over your acquaintances, and decide which of them, if any, have got this magic quality! And girls! If you can really find a man with "It"—*take care of your hearts.*



# The GIRL WITH A PULL

*Mr Bloom resolved to buy no more gowns for actresses—and then came the little girl from home*

by LOUIS WEADOCK

who wrote THE GOOD CONDUCT CLAUSE etc

Illustrated by  
EVERETT WYNN

MR. BLOOM, the plump little president of the Planet Film Corporation, Inc., took his feet off the presidential desk, and examined, with no enthusiasm, an unmounted photograph which his casting director handed to him.

"Sincerely yours, Veronica Mirabeau," he read aloud, then passed his thumb over the signature. "Printed," he pronounced, "her sincerity comes by the dozen."

"The still doesn't do her justice," explained the casting director, "but don't you think she has a beautiful figure?"

"I was looking at her face," said Mr. Bloom, severely, "looking at it and wondering whether she's a costumer or a no costumer."

"Miss Mirabeau will expect us to provide her costumes."

Mr. Bloom surrendered the photograph, and rolling down the top of his desk, stood up and began to brush his hat with his sleeve.

"Bartley Jerome expected us to pay him five hundred a week," he said, "but we ain't going to."

The director looked at him in mild surprise.

"Miss Mirabeau will be so disappointed," he murmured regretfully.

"Ain't that too bad?" said the unsympathetic producer. "Maybe she'll be more disappointed when she hears we can't use her—"

"Why, she thinks she's as good as engaged," interrupted his agitated subordinate, "and I'm sure she thinks Jerome has agreed for five hundred."

Mr. Bloom shrugged his shoulders and moved toward the door.

"If she didn't do so much thinking she wouldn't make so

"As he put his arm consolingly round the girl's shaking shoulders, a door opened, flooding the room with sunlight. And there spoke a voice which Mr. Bloom had heard daily for twenty-seven years."

many misses," he remarked. "Anyway, I can't see what business it is of hers what we pay a leading man."

"She thinks it's her business what we pay this one. She says that as soon as Jerome gets his salary established at five hundred she can afford to marry him."

Mr. Bloom came to a standstill.

"Now I know I don't want her," he exclaimed. "I'll bet you for a birthmark she's got a cash register. I'll make you another bet. I'll bet you that when she finds out that Jerome ain't going to get five hundred she'll quit chasing him."

"She won't want to work for us if Jerome isn't to play the lead."

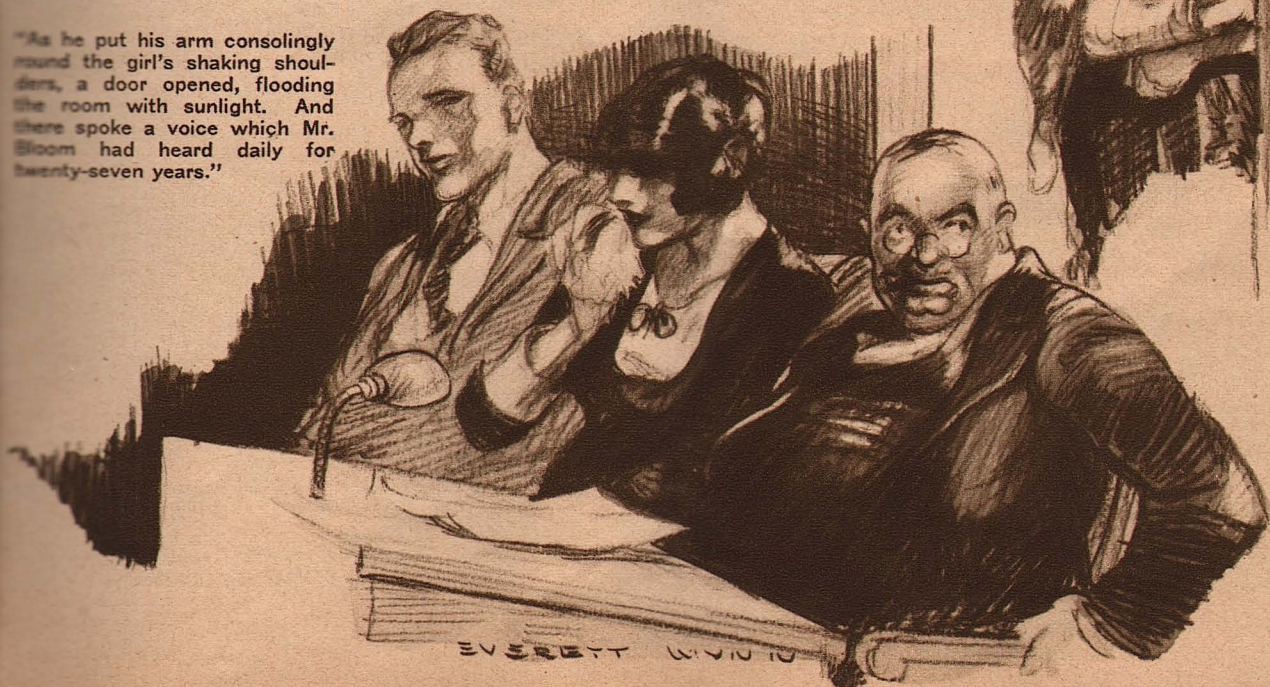
"Who said he wasn't going to play the lead?" demanded Mr. Bloom.

"Didn't you just say that you'd refused to give him five hundred?"

"Why should I give him five hundred when he's willing to work for four?" inquired Mr. Bloom blandly; then, seeing that his director was still skeptical, he continued. "Of course, he asked for five. I offered him two—"

"He'd never work for two," broke in the other.

"Which is one more thing that I know just as well as you do," observed Mr. Bloom. "I never thought I'd get him for less than four. After I offered him two we conferred for an hour and finally he beat me into giving him what I meant to give him all along. And he'll do better work for the four hundred he got my way than he'd do for four hundred if he got it his way. It was better for me to let him beat me up than it would have been





for me to beat him down. That's pretty clear, ain't it?"

"But he'd do even better work if Veronica was in the cast," protested the director. "She says she's a great help to him—"

"She ain't no handicap to herself," sniffed Mr. Bloom, "but I ain't going to hire no more of these actresses for which I've got to buy gowns. There are plenty of them that will buy their own. The trouble with those that you buy them for is that they can't read price tags. They all got one speech when they go shopping: 'Gimme the best in the house and if you ain't got it, send out for it.' Now quit worrying your brains about Veronica and get me some lady, that ain't so expensive, to play that bride that's killed in the railroad wreck during the forest fire and the earthquake on the desert island. If you don't get me somebody pretty quick, the people we've hired already will be too old to play in anything but an imported picture."

"No objection to amateurs?" asked the director sarcastically.

"None in the world," answered Mr. Bloom. "Amateurs come cheaper than Veronicas."

"There's one waiting to see me now," admitted the other reluctantly.

"Don't keep her waiting," urged Mr. Bloom, pushing him toward the door. "Every time you get a chance to save me money you almost cry."

HE closed the door upon him and did not re-open it until he thought he had given the director sufficient time in which to dispose of Veronica Mirabeau and begin negotiations with the amateur. Then he left his office and proceeded to that of the director with whose antipathy to amateurs he had no sympathy. He found the director's door partly open and he stopped outside.

"No, honey, I'm afraid you won't screen well," he heard his unseen subordinate saying.

"He calls 'em all 'honey,'" reflected Mr. Bloom, a shade enviously. "I ain't got the nerve."

"I'm so sorry," said a girl's voice, so rich and warm that it reminded Mr. Bloom of a violin.

"Your features are not sharply defined," went on the director, "your eyes are beautiful but they are dim and misty."

"I thought they would be," Mr. Bloom told himself.

"Your complexion is wonderful," the director told the girl, "but it won't show on the screen. Then your nose is the least bit crooked. It is a charming nose but it is the least bit crooked. Only straight noses photograph well. I'm sorry but I can't use you."

"Won't you let me leave my name?" asked the girl unsteadily. "You may change your mind."

"What is your name?" the director asked indulgently. "I'll write it down."

"Helen Bradshaw."

Mr. Bloom coughed and pushed open the door.

"Pasadena," he said decisively.

The girl's dim and misty eyes rested upon him for one delicious moment.

"Pasadena," he said again, and glared at the director.

"Philadelphia," muttered the director. "Philadelphia or Petrograd."

The girl, a slim, dark beauty, turned instinctively from him to Mr. Bloom.

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"It's a secret between him and me," said the plump little producer. "I'll explain it."

"Shh," began the director warningly.

"Don't try to shush me," advised Mr. Bloom. "I'm the boss and nobody can shush the boss—"

"You're the boss but you're going to make a mistake—"

"The boss can't make mistakes," declared Mr. Bloom. "I own half the secret. I'll tell my half. You see, Miss Bradshaw, them is clew words—"

"Cue words," corrected the director resignedly.

"Clew words," continued the unabashed little man. "When I think he's going to hire somebody I don't want I say the name of some faraway city like—"

"Philadelphia or Petrograd," she murmured, half-smiling.

"Or even farther, like Kansas City or Oklahoma," said Mr. Bloom, "and when I think he ought to hire a party I mention a nearby word like Pasadena. You heard me say 'Pasadena.' That means I want him to hire you."

"Her nose is crooked," announced the man who disliked amateurs.

"Your eyes is crooked," exclaimed Mr. Bloom. "I got to have somebody to play the bride that's killed in the railroad wreck during the—"

"I know," interrupted his subordinate, "but what makes you think she can play it?"

"What makes you think she can't," retorted Mr. Bloom. "Everybody was a new beginner once—even Bartley Jerome."

At this name the girl started.

"Mr. Jerome is still in New York, isn't he?" she asked with impulsiveness that betrayed her concern.

"No," said Mr. Bloom, pretending that he had not noticed her agitation. "He was, but he ain't. An hour ago I saw him going into the publicity department to borrow a match. I ain't seen him come out."

"The publicity department?" she repeated. "You mean here, in this studio?"

"Oh, yes, we got one," Mr. Bloom assured her. "But nobody knows about it except us. Not even the newspapers knows about it. Are you a personal friend of Jerome's or have you just heard about him from hearsay?"

She answered his question by asking uneasily:

"Is Mr. Jerome to be in this picture?"

"Mr. Jerome," said Mr. Bloom, "plays the bridegroom of the bride that's killed in the—"

The casting director coughed.

"Perhaps the young lady does not care to play with Mr. Jerome?" he suggested hopefully.

"Perhaps you'd give me a treat by minding to your own business," advised Mr. Bloom, then turned less haughtily to the girl: "If you ain't got no objections, I'll pay you a hundred a week," he said, adding reassuringly; "Jerome is one of the finest young fellers in the business. All that's the matter with him is a few bum friends that he's picked up lately."

"I am not interested in Mr. Jerome," said the girl defensively. "I need work."

"I don't suppose," inquired the producer, studying her, "that you're related in any way to Virgil P. Bradshaw?"

"He was my father," she answered in a voice that thrilled with pride.

"I raise your salary," he cried excitedly. "I double it. How is your mother? Where is she? When did you leave New York?"

She tried to answer but he was too excited to listen.

"And you need work? I'll give you all the work you want."



*a course in your movie education if you fail to read these Mr. Bloom stories. They are about real people and real situations that occur every day in Hollywood. And you may be sure that the atmosphere is accurate, too, because Mr. Weadock lives in this gay, colorful studio community and gathers his amusing material firsthand.*





"I'll give you and your mother anything I got. You've had a hard time. It's all over now. You're all right now. I'll fix everything but first I got to phone Mamma. She'll be as glad as I am. You wait here. This gentleman will explain all about work. But you don't have to work if you don't want to—"

"I want to," she protested.

"The old Bradshaw pride! Good!" he chuckled. "Talk to this feller. Then come up to my office. I got to phone to Mamma."

He rushed away, leaving the girl and the casting director staring at each other in astonishment. They heard him hurrying down the hall. He was singing, or rather, he was trying to sing.

The song was "Rosie."

"I haven't heard it for years," said the casting director, more to himself than to the bewildered girl. "I used to hear it years ago at Weber and Fields' in New York."

HELEN BRADSHAW was on the Planet pay-roll one week before the casting director discovered why she was on it at all. Mr. Bloom told him, as, on the morning of pay day, the two men sat in the presidential office and watched the actors and actresses coming in to work.

"I got twenty odd members in my all star cast," mused Mr. Bloom, his feet on the window-sill. "The Cast Up Castaways' ought to be a good money picture. Anyway, there's a lot of good money in it."

"Two of the all stars are odd enough," said the casting director.

"You mean the two you didn't hire?"

"I never engaged a leading man that kicked because he was getting too much footage," said the director disdainfully, "nor an ingenue that—"

"Never mind the ingenue," warned Mr. Bloom. "Helen Bradshaw suits me and she suits Mamma. In this case, that's all that's got to be suited. Of course, if you don't like her as well as you like Mary Pickford—"

"I do like her," protested the other, "but I don't like her

acting. Everybody on the lot likes her and nobody on the lot thinks she can act."

"I'm on the lot," Mr. Bloom reminded him, "and Bartley Jerome is on the lot, and ain't Bartley Jerome, who is the worst lens louse in the business, begging us all the time to light her better and give her more footage?"

"He's goofy over her and she hardly speaks to him. Somebody was telling me they used to be engaged—"

"You shouldn't gossip," said Mr. Bloom, severely. "Who was telling you?"

"Veronica. She says Jerome and Miss Bradshaw were engaged in New York. She says they had a quarrel. That's where she came in."

"That's where most of the Veronicas come in," commented Mr. Bloom, and began to whistle "Rosie."

The casting director preferred his employer's conversation to his whistling.

"You've been fighting that tune ever since Miss Bradshaw came on the lot," he said, peevishly. "Maybe you'll get it right after while."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," Mr. Bloom answered, retreating in disorder from a high note. "But if it wasn't for 'Rosie,' Miss Bradshaw wouldn't be here and you wouldn't be here and I wouldn't be here."

"I heard it first at Weber and Fields'," sighed the casting director. "Do you remember Shanley's and the Haymarket and the Gilsey House bar?"

"I remember Shanley's," admitted the discreet Mr. Bloom, "and Martin's. Everybody in the Street knew them places."

"You were in Wall street?"

"In it,' is the word," said Mr. Bloom, soberly. "I was a curb broker. The only roof we had on our office was the sky. That sky was awful black one afternoon when three o'clock come and I knew that at ten o'clock the next morning I'd be worse than broke. I'd be owing money that I couldn't pay. That's where this little girl's father came in. He was a big man in the Street in those days. I was just a young feller hustling to get along.

(Continued on Page 43)



"Pasadena," said Mr. Bloom decisively. "Philadelphia," muttered the director. "Philadelphia or Petrograd."



# Confessions of a Star Interviewer By one of them

**I**NTELLIGENT persons resent the poppycock written about movie celebrities. This absorbing set of memoirs was written by a popular "fan writer" whose name you have seen many times in movie magazines. Read them, and you will realize why **Screenland** does not print silly, deceitful "interviews" with the stars. These confessions, all written by real interviewers, will appear regularly in following issues. In them you will find the **REAL** truth about people of the screen.



I found it necessary to write two interviews with Bebe Daniels before I even MET her. Photo by Witzel

I came to the movies from the newspaper field, where I was schooled in the sound belief that an interview was "an expression from an authoritative individual." As a newspaperman I wrote many interviews. Most of them were with men in public life who had something to say of actual interest. The interview, as I saw it, was a form wherein men who were too busy or too disinterested to write their own articles dictated their thoughts to a competent listener. I felt bounden by ethics always to quote accurately, fairly—never to distort the thoughts which had been entrusted to me to pass along to the men's audience, the public.

With these ideas I came to the movies and set about "interviewing" stars. And this twaddle about the film celebrities, I now want to tell the world, is hokum. In my three years as a star interviewer, I have resorted to every known petty deceit. I am ready to confess.

I have violated my early journalistic ethics by putting into print these star "interviews" not because I am fond of lying. I came to learn, early in my movie career, that most stars, particularly the cute girl stars, have nothing in their fuzzy little heads to startle a waiting world by its telling. So I fell, with the rest, into "faking" interviews.

Perhaps you have read many of the vivid dreams I have had in these three years over the keyboard of my typewriter and believed that the stars I wrote about really said all those things. The funny part of it is that I am not at all repentant. If you really believed that stuff you have my sympathy.

In all these three years I have never conscientiously set out to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about any of the screen satellites I have recorded in print. However, I have "interviewed" innumerable stars whom I have never seen. I learned of them from their press agent.

"Tell me the color of their hair and eyes," I would invariably say, "and give me some pictures." Then I would go home and write the "interview."

**M**OST of our interviews—when we really meet the star,—are "staged" by the press-agent. Usually he does most of the thinking for his client. He is the *brains* of the interview. It is to him that I have come to look for any original ideas I may wish to incorporate into my story. Without him my interview would be a sickly thing,—a huge disappointment to me and a huge one to my editor.

Not long ago I went to interview a pretty ingenue who in herself has no real claim to stardom. I arrived fifteen minutes too early, and, as I waited at the door, I could hear voices within.

"Don't say anything about marriage," admonished a masculine voice. "It's bad policy in your case."

"What *shall* I say?" I heard a lady pipe.

"Anything,—tell him about your ideas of winter furs."



Doraldina, exploited as an Hawaiian vampire by some editors, had an ice cream soda at a corner drug store with her husband and me while I got my interview.

Photo by Lumiere



An original thought! But the girl adhered strictly to her P. A.'s instructions,—and I went home and concocted a fugitive yarn about her w.k. "personality."

Incense and tea furnish most of the 'color' for our interviewal atmosphere. Both are, in themselves, harmless. I have ascribed many beautiful thoughts to their lure. The old-style vampires used nearly to suffocate us scribes with their fumes of patchouli in order to make us fall for the "gag" of their wickedness. As if incense has anything to do with a vamp's destiny!

An interview, says the dictionary, is "a colloquy with one whose views are sought for publication." As far as I have been able to judge only the minutest few of the flicker celebrities have real views on anything else than their latest picture, clothes, or motors.

**T**HE editors and the public have a habit of wanting "copy" that is written from a seemingly new angle. It is up to me, as the writer, to furnish it. Therefore, to get it, I generally write anything else than the exact words of my interviewed subject.

Also, I should not be happy if I were to tell my readers that some of the best leading ladies use horrible English and split their infinitives. And I would never,—never!—commit the error of deliberately wanting to spoil anybody's illusion about, for instance, Mary Pickford's curls.

I always like to ask the stars if they have ever wanted to go on the legitimate stage.

Invariably comes the answer, "Oh, no! I love my art on the screen too dearly!"

Which leads me to say that they are wise enough to know what side their bread is buttered on. The legitimate stage requires many more attributes than merely photographic eyes and hair and teeth.

The magazines always want sensation. A recent telegram assigned me an interview with a justly-celebrated screen vampire.

"Get her to talk about the immorals of Hollywood," was the message. Lovely! I always like to dish the dirt. I find that I am usually well reimbursed for my pains.

To save her the trouble of being interviewed, I have written three interviews with Wanda Hawley out of one conversation I had with her.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Geraldine Farrar is never separated from her pearls during interviews.

Photo by Jean DeStrecki



But the trouble with this type of story is that the interviewed one is required to say something printable. It isn't always possible to get blood out of a stone.

In my life I have written interviews with innumerable players whom I have never even met. A telegram arrives at my studio wanting stories on three So-and-sos. Two of them are away on location. It is my duty to get their copy across no matter what the cost. It is then I rely on the press agent.

**O**NCE do I remember having done this in Frank Keenan's case. As it happened, I had heard him speak only the week before at a club meeting. Then he seemed to have a rare sense of sympathy, which I incorporated into my story. Since then, however, I have learned that all I accused Mr. Keenan of isn't true. He has the reputation of being a dictator in his own realm at the studio.

Another time I had an assignment to tell how wild Doraldina is. Merely because the lady donned three blades of grass and danced a hula-hula in a New York cafe some editors seem to want to accuse her of cannibalism. I, as the writer, was prepared for the worst. I knew that she was dancing at a Los Angeles theater. I went there and tried to talk with her. Her husband was helping her get made up for her act! The theater organ was grinding out a jazz tune. None of us could hear the other speak. Therefore an appointment for the next morning was duly made.

And, all the time that I was concocting a yarn about her terrible vampishness I was being driven slowly up and down Hollywood Boulevard in a touring car by Mrs. Frank Saunders, as the lady is known in private life, while afterward she, her husband and I partook of ice cream sodas at a corner drug store.

My story was a classic, for in it I accurately described the African jungle in which I claimed to have seen her working. I believe I had her say that she has a passion for snakes. In reality, Doraldina is deathly afraid of anything that crawls.

When the magazines start in to tell the public about the 'inside' of Filmdom's romances,—of how So-and-so met and courted his wife, etc.,—we writers groan, and generally know that we'll have to lie when we tell how much the screen hero loves his spouse.

**A** short time ago I hiked out to Hollywood to see the wife of a prominent actor. I know,—and others know, too,—that this couple would separate if it were not for the resultant notoriety. The husband is ultra-bohemian, and I wanted the woman to tell me something about her matrimonial troubles. In fact, I had a certain amount of space set aside for me in a New York magazine awaiting the story.

It happened in on a typical, fashion- (Continued on Page 62)



# MIRRORS of SCREENLAND



By FRANK CONDON

*WE think it is rather a good joke on Mr. Condon that he wrote these clever MIRRORS just before embarking for New York. But he has unexpectedly returned to Hollywood, while the series is appearing in Screenland. No doubt fully a score of plump starlets will upbraid him, all believing he meant them when he wrote No. 12—AN ACTRESS. This brilliant series will conclude in next month's number and then Mr. Condon will tell you who his "Mirrors" are.*



DECORATION  
by SUTTON WOOD

## No. 9—AN ACTOR

HE would rather shoot a clever dog than a clever man or a beautiful woman. He can squeeze a laugh from a mother's farewell to her dying son, and a tear from a banana skin under the foot of a Wall Street broker. He believes that young fun is better than old fun and that youthful fun comes from youthful actors. He has pounded camera sense into skulls that had previously served only as a parking spot for the pimples of the adolescent. He has taken flappers of admitted stupidity and close-uped them into fame and fortune, concealing the aridity of their intellects and giving them a false merit, which they sell readily elsewhere in the open market. He is young enough and Irish enough to prefer merriment to the tragic, though he values the tragic and uses it, and his trickeries are copied by other men. He is experienced enough to know that nine pictures in ten are silly balderdash and he has slyly slapped at the wooden drama, whilst making wooden drama himself. As they say in Woonsocket, he will be heard of yet.

## No. 10—AN ACTOR

A man of wayward moods and fantastic ego, who sits in a sea-green grotto, pouring jocundities upon a dissolute and stupid world. One who flees before the proddings of his own volatile mind. He who has long since lost himself and is now a pair of shoes and a hairy growth upon the lip. A melancholy and pessimistic man, who is himself always nearer

to tears than laughter, and whose own life has held more of the sombre than the gay. The most misunderstood by the most people. He knows better than others that grief is the sister of laughter. He is the friend of intellectuals and speaks their language. He may wash his teeth with a celery stalk, or tumble a bucket of paste amidst a discussion of Walter Pater or the source of Conrad's inspiration. Yet more men and women have laughed at him than there are words in a book.

## No. 11—AN ACTOR

A single suspender supporting a tenuous pair of pants. Shy immaturity falling over the kitchen chair. If he is accused of murdering the parish priest, under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, he looks guilty as accused, and numb with despair. And if a lady permits him a fleeting embrace, he looks equally guilty and even more numb. He has capitalized embarrassment and made an art of intelligent stupidity. His is a boyish gift. He can dig a bashful toe into the earth better than anyone else I know, and he perceives what to leave out of his pictures, as well as what to put in. For a young man, he is doing very well.

## No. 12—AN ACTRESS

SHE is becoming indubitably obese and she is not nearly as attractive as she was. Further details are omitted for reasons that should be apparent to anyone.







"The husband of a star is a worse nuisance around the studio than a flea or an Argentine ant."

## SHOULD A STAR MARRY?

By Harry Carr  
Illustration by Everett Wynn

**S**HOULD a movie star marry? I don't know.

I have known too many of them before they got that

way to be much impressed by any theory that they are a race of superior beings to whom the rules governing ordinary mortals do not apply.

They are no better and no worse than other foolish young flappers who powder their noses; cry when somebody copies their hats; want to have their own way and have too much money to spend.

When I hear all this twaddle about their "temperament" I yawn. Likewise about their being "high strung" and therefore liable to domestic ship wrecks. There is, in reality, no such thing as being temperamental.

Or perhaps it would be better to say that we are all temperamental: only we don't dare try to get away with it. Tessie, the fascinating young divinity who gives you a look of terrible disdain when you pass up her salad counter at the cafeteria, would probably be just as up-stage as the haughtiest De Mille star if she could: but she can't. The words "won't" and "refuse" are useless to Tessie. Nobody ever lets her use them.

Marriage is just as likely to turn out badly for the young lady at the salad counter as the young lady of the movies.

That old march up to the altar is just as much of a gamble for Bridget O'Leary as for Mary Pickford.

I don't know whether the stars actually give out these funny wheezes about their "careers" of which they appear to stand in such awe. I really believe that they don't. I think most such stuff comes from the press agents. Anyhow, being a star isn't any more of a "career" than any other kind of soft job and actresses are just as likely to have happy marriages as any other girls. And no more likely to.

When this subject comes up, some one always "Tut tuts" me and pulls out the statistics to show that a theatrical marriage is just a good running start for the divorce court. Of course, statistics do not mean a thing in the world. I never knew a dumb-bell who did not have a pocketful of them with which he proves everyone is wrong about everything.

So I don't care what the statistics show. The number of women who go to the divorce court is no guide

whatever to the number who would like to go there.

I am willing to take an oath to the fact that seven out of every ten married women have, at one time or another, wanted to be divorced.

But they do not get to the court. It costs too much. That's the epitaph that is written over the grave of many a dead love. There are thousands of women right in Hollywood who are sodden, wretched, misery-soaked slaves of a marriage that they cannot escape.

A law suit is a mighty expensive luxury: a divorce suit is especially so. So the average woman beats down the sorrow that is in her heart: chokes down the tears and grows old and sick, disheartened and sour. She hasn't the money to be divorced and has no way to make her living if she should get the divorce. She has sold herself into slavery for her "board and keep" and she has to go through with the bargain to the bitter end.

And she envies the movie star her ability to hire a lawyer and pay the court costs far more than she envies her the fur coats and limousines.

On the other hand, consider the case of the movie star. After the first domestic tornado, she does what the other woman would like to do: she goes to the telephone and calls up the family lawyer—and the case is on. The only thing that holds her back is sentiment—and perhaps religious conviction. If that were all that held back the other unhappy wives, the divorce courts would be stampeded.

When you consider how easy it is for a star to accumulate a divorce, I think you must admire the patience that some of them have shown and the fortitude under affliction.

**A**S a reporter, I have seen divorces given to women outside the profession because of disputes over pet dogs: or because the husband and wife didn't like the same hotel. Not long ago, I heard a Superior Judge grant a divorce to a woman because she said her husband always insisted, when there was



company, upon pulling up her skirts to show them the dimple under her left knee. I don't want to do the lady an injustice: maybe it was her right knee. Anyhow, I am sure it was whichever knee is the most charming place to have a dimple.

Every movie divorce I ever heard of has at least been "about something." The little flapper movie wives have always had real and genuine grievances to go to court about.

On the other hand, I know many movie stars who have suffered tortures and misery before taking the final step—who have been patient with iniquity, long-suffering under cruelty and sweet in the face of adversity—and resolutely loyal.

And it must be hard for a movie star to be long suffering and patient: her business associates, for practical reasons, usually urge her on to the divorce. A girl's face reflects her emotions and experiences like a mirror. I have heard D. W. Griffith refuse to make a close-up of a girl who had been out to a perfectly respectable and innocent dance the night before because the camera would reflect the hidden weariness. Domestic discord shows instantly in the face of an actor. Continued for any length of time, it would wreck any beautiful face. Beauty is considerably less than skin deep. It is as intangible and fragile as the light of a dying sunset on a mountain top. You can be sure that any star whose tears over a recreant husband are making her face haggard will get very vigorous advice from her manager to get a divorce "and get it over with."

If you want to be cold-blooded about it and consider the question from a box office standpoint, there is something to be said.

The general theory is that, when a star marries, all the men in the audience are going to rush weeping from the theatre and never come back any more.

I never could figure out whether the managers are laboring under the idea that movie audiences are made up of prospective suitors, or whether they think that a movie studio is a species of a nunnery where the inmates are pledged to a life of celibacy.

Anyhow, however it is that they figure it, the box offices show that they are wrong. The proof of this is that most of the big money winners of the screen are frankly married.

Wally Reid positively flaunts his wedded bliss. If anything I think the estimable Wallace overworks the idea.

Norma Talmadge is married and doesn't care who knows it; she has won her greatest triumphs since she was Mrs. Schenk.

Mary Pickford has never been known as anything but a married lady. Nobody ever heard of her before she was a wife. Mary's experience shows how little a star's domestic affairs figure in the box office. She has been mixed up in two divorce suits—her own and the Fairbanks and has been married again and had an uncomfortable law suit about it; yet her pictures have not suffered. At the time of the Fairbanks divorce, I knew of a college women's club which passed resolutions pledging all the members never to look at another Mary Pickford picture—and they all went within a week.

Elsie Ferguson, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Dorothy Gish, Priscilla Dean, Pauline Frederick, Constance Talmadge,

Nazimova, Anita Stewart, Betty Blythe, Shirley Mason, Enid Bennett are all married and they draw just as well as the girl stars who have never married.

IF you want to take up the ethics of the question, I imagine there isn't much room for argument. In spite of all this slush about their careers, a star is in reality a woman with a job. And it seems to be in the general nature of things that normal women should marry.

Personally, I don't take a very great deal of stock in all this sentimental talk about a star needing to marry because she can only be a great artist when she has suffered. I don't take their "art" as seriously as that. In the main, their immature little attempts at acting could be done just as well with a hubby at home or in single blessedness. Most stars are sweet little flappers, and I am for them straight across the board: but you must admit that, without the aid of the sub titles, no human being would ever know what emotions they are trying to convey.

So my candid advice to the little flapper star who hesitates on the brink is—if you want to, do so. There is no certain recipe for happiness anyhow: you might as well take a chance.

And to the young man who has a chance to marry the star—grab her. The probabilities are you will be getting a girl with a forceful, courageous character who has had the sagacity and the enterprise to get somewhere in the world—usually after a rough and tumble

struggle that has given her poise and patience. There are exceptions, of course; but as a rule, although stars may be a little thin on brains, they are long on character and determination.

THAT'S my advice: marry the star if you get a chance; but my imploring petition is: "My Gawd, feller, I hope you don't."

While the stars are usually adorable children, the husband of a star is a worse nuisance around a studio than a flea or an Argentine ant.

He is always poking around making comments on the sets and whispering treason to the fair one. He tells her in a hoarse whisper in the projecting room that they are cutting out all her best close-ups. He tells what dresses she ought to wear and hints darkly that the scenario writer has jazzed up the whole story and given the best part to another girl.

There is one type of star's husband who is particularly pestiferous: they ought to set the dogs on this one.

This is the sniffer. He goes out into the light studio and says in a casual tone, "My Gawd, dearie, is that your big ball room set? It looks like a railroad boarding house." When the director attempts a comedy scene that he considers to be very Ritz Carleton and perfectly refined and so on, the husband yawns and says, "Where's the Keystone bathing girls and the pies, Dearie. Do you think it will do you any good to come out in a picture like this, Dearie?" And so on and so on.

On the whole, the trouble with the star's marriages is that they are too often happy and their husbands become permanent afflictions.



**"SEVEN OUT OF EVERY TEN  
MARRIED WOMEN WANT  
A DIVORCE"**

*says Harry Carr in this article. It is the most comprehensive analysis of the domestic side of a star's life we have ever seen. Do YOU know what keeps the average wife out of the divorce court? Mr. Carr tells you.*







A LITTLE THEATRE OF THE FILMS ————— HOW IT CAN BE DONE

**M**ANY helpful hints are offered by professional movie folk to amateurs contemplating organization of a *Little Movies Club* in their home towns. The opinions of these picture-makers, expressed below, is the second step in "Screenland's effort to introduce the *Little Movies* idea as a stimulant to the screen art, the same as the *Little Theatre* idea has refined drama of the spoken stage.

**F**RED NIBLO is for *Little Movies*, unreservedly. "Fine!" approved the man who was responsible for *The Three Musketeers* and who is now directing the Famous Player-Lasky big Ibanez production, *Blood and Sand*. "We need new actors, new writers, new minds. The field isn't overstocked, by any means. The *Little Movies* should encourage new ideas, and new ideas are the breath of life to the motion picture. The *Little Movies*, too, may give us a new theme and a new length to the cinema, as the *Little Theatre* gave the one-act play to the legitimate stage. The only objection that I can see is that it is going to cost a lot of money. Actors and directors can donate their services, but raw stock and developing, printing and all the technical details are expensive. If the community can afford it, I should think the *Little Movies* would be productive of much good to the motion picture."

\* \* \*

**T**HE cost problem is solved neatly by Alvin Wyckoff, director of photography at Lasky's studio and special photographer to C. B. DeMille. "It should be a simple matter for a *Little Movies* association to prepare an elaborate program and sell advertising space in the program to merchants of the community, to raise money for the picture to be produced. Or the association could give all profits, above actual cost of making the picture, to some local charity, thus inducing organizations to buy blocks of seats. Or again, they could 'shoot' local news events such as the county fair or opening of court week, and let the local exhibitor run this news reel along with his bill. He could afford to give the association part of the receipts because of the drawing power of this 'home brewed' picture. Thus the news reel could pay for the really artistic picture the association hopes to make. The cinema association ought to be much more popular than any theatrical club, because the movies have a firmer hold on the people today, especially in the small towns."

"Could the local photographer, familiar with the 'still' camera, approximate the effects gained by studio cameramen with the motion picture camera?" Mr. Wyckoff was asked.

"With a little instruction, yes. That is, he can if he is not bigoted and is willing to admit that there is something about a camera that he does not know. 'Still' photography and motion picture photography are very different. The basic principle is the same but the treatment is different. The 'still' photographer may touch and retouch his negatives until they are works of art, but the studio cameraman must depend upon lighting and make-up for his soft effects. A motion picture photographer could write a condensed course of instruction

**D**O you want to form a *LITTLE MOVIES CLUB* amongst your friends? Let **Screenland** help you. Write to the "Little Movies Editor" and ask him the questions that puzzle you.. Read these opinions of leading movie folk who endorse the *LITTLE MOVIES* idea launched in last month's **Screenland**.

in 'cheese box camera' photography so that a 'still' cameraman could easily learn to get some very good effects."

**E**NID BENNETT approved of *Screenland's* idea. "The *Little Movies* plan undoubtedly has possibilities," said Miss Bennett (Mrs. Fred Niblo, as she is in her very happy home life.) Miss Bennett, who is making a very charming Maid Marian in Douglas Fairbank's new romantic picture, *Robin Hood*, has won stage laurels also, both in Hollywood's Community theatre and in the Harlequin Theatre of Los Angeles.

"I am very much interested in the *Little Theatre* movement and will watch a similar movement in the film industry with great interest. But I believe that any results must come from professionals—and professionals are too apt to be earning their daily bread and caviar to give their serious attention to it. I doubt the artistic value of work achieved by amateur companies. Of course, that does not mean that all the artistic or creative workers are in Los Angeles or New York. But most of those who are able to express their artistic thoughts are drawn to the theatrical and artistic centers."

**R**EX INGRAM shares Miss Bennett's doubts as to the reliability of amateurs. "It seems to me that only a long and hard apprenticeship in the business of making pictures can serve to accomplish anything of value," said the director of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. "Amateurs cannot hope to turn out anything but amateurish work. I think the real hope of the motion picture is the establishment of separate theatres for adults and children. We cannot go on limiting our entertainment to the intellectual level of the twelve-year-old child. That is the only hope that I can see to save the movies from going to the dogs."

"**A**S an exhibitor I favor *Little Movies*," declares Sid Grauman, owner of several of Los Angeles' largest cinema houses. "The *Little Movies* will try out the taste of the public and the exhibitor can note the reactions of the audience to the different types of plays, with an eye to his own audiences. The commercial motion picture producers and exhibitors must always proceed tentatively. We must guess whether or not the public is going to like a picture. If we guess wrong, we lose money—and we are not in business to lose money. We can't risk untried ideas. *Little Movies* can. It may introduce a new tribe of writers and players.

"The great danger of the *Little Theatre* movement," continued Mr. Grauman, "is that it alienates itself too often from the mass for the benefit of the class, and a small class at that. What good is a play that no one sees. Sophocles would never have been a force in his day if his plays had not been popular, well known. *Little Movies* should not permit itself to get too remote from human experience. It should not consider itself aloof and superior. There is nothing superior in being incomprehensible."

**C**ONRAD NAGEL, student and philosopher as well as actor, thinks *Little Movies* would develop an appreciation in audiences of the difficulty of making good pictures. "Little Movies would incite new (Continued on Page 50)



# HOW DO YOU DANCE?

by *Rodolph Valentino*

Photographs by Keyes for Paramount.



The proper position to hold a partner.

The proper position, reverse view.

Proper holding position, and beginning of tango.

**T**ANGO dancing is like acting. The better it is done the easier it looks. You will wonder when you begin how anyone can learn it. After you know the tango, you will wonder why everyone can't do it.

Last month Miss Swanson and I showed *Screenland* readers the importance of starting right by posing in incorrect dance postures. So now we are showing you the *correct* way to hold a partner in the tango.

Do not become impatient and expect to learn the entire dance, with its maze of intricate steps, from one lesson. If twenty photographs, showing every figure in the dance, were

shown to you at once, you would not learn to tango without absorbing each explanation, step by step.

So this month's "lesson" is devoted to the proper tango position and the first three steps. In next month's *Screenland*, the advanced figures of the dance will appear. And, also, I have asked the Editor to publish a fragment of tango music for the piano, which will be a great help to beginners in practicing the steps.

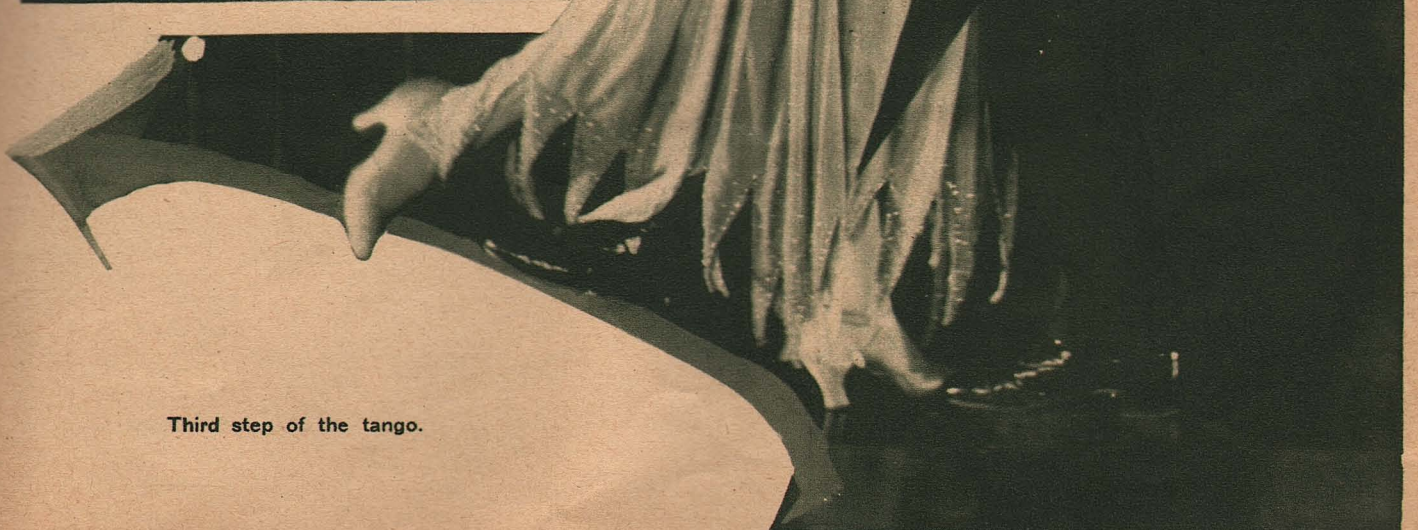
After next month, you may not be a finished tango dancer, but you will have enough figures at your command to adapt to your use.



Second step of the tango.



Third step of the tango.







MILDRED HARRIS  
Dejection



WHO SAID  
MILDRED HARRIS  
CAN'T ACT?

Contempt

*This group of remarkable character studies was especially posed by the Paramount actress for the fourth installment of Screenland's Principles of Pantomime. Next month another valuable lesson posed by a famous star will appear.*

Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser.



Fear



Revolt



LITTLE  
HINTSfor PLAY-  
GOERS,

THE RULING PASSION—United Artists

**Y**OU are supposed to take the title humorously. The ruling passion, in this case, is the harmless hobby of a rich old man for tinkering around with flivvers. George Arliss, as usual, accomplishes a fascinating characterization, as the hobbyist. The genial comedy certainly will put you in a better frame of mind and unless you guard yourself may cause you to laugh outright.

**HER HUSBAND'S TRADEMARK**—Paramount **T**OILWORN picture reviewers will be hard put to classify this refreshing novelty with the usual handy phrases. It begins as a society drama and ends with Gloria Swanson swimming the Rio Grande in an evening gown, with bullets of insurrectos splashing about her. From the title one would suspect that C. B. DeMille had something to do with it. But before the end you will expect to see Bill Hart pop from behind a bush at any moment. That high priestess of marital complexes, Lorna Moon, adapted this Clara Beranger story from which Director Sam Wood created a tempestuous melodrama in a red plush setting.

MIARKA—Vitagraph  
Importation

**M**ADAME RAJANE, the celebrated French actress, isn't going to let Pola Negri grab all of the continental applause so she makes her American debut in this vivid part that recalls **GYPSY BLOOD**. You will admit that there are fascinating touches of French artistry in the acting and the story reveals interesting glimpses of gypsy life and customs.



WHITE HANDS—Wid Gunning  
Release

"HIT me as hard as you like," grinned Al Kauffman, ex-heavyweight champion. Hobart Bosworth DID hit that way and the ex-champ crashed to the deck for a cold, still two minutes. This is a "behind the screen" glimpse into this first of a new series of Bosworth pictures which surpass most of his others in realism. The strength of a C. Gardner Sullivan story and direction by Lambert Hillyer, who helped Bill Hart to fame, add a score of other convincing spectacles that the theatre posters call "red-blooded." Baby Muriel Dana, the child actor, will please every papa and mama.



THE FAIR LADY—United Artists

REX BEACH gives geography an awful wrench and hurdles from his happy literary hunting ground of Alaska to the Isle of Sicily. His facile pen provides a good evening's entertainment, aided by the late Queen of Sheba, Betty Blythe. A warm love story containing the usual Sicilian ingredients, with a dash of Thurston Hall.



BEAUTY'S WORTH—Cosmopolitan

NO simple country maid is complete without an artist to woo her from her bucolic setting to the pathway of luxury and riches. This golden platitude, with all its rich antiquity, is served up by Marion Davies in the role of a Quaker maid who discovers that Lucille gowns and one-piece bathing suits provide a rather fragile thread of a story. The picture isn't bad enough to keep away from nor good enough to urge you to see it. Go in with a bag of peanuts in case the film doesn't interest you.





THE LOVES OF PHARAOH—Paramount

THE Griffith of the Old World, Ernst Lubitsch, has achieved a triumph in this magnificent love epic of the Egyptian king, portrayed by Emil Jannings, whom American audiences will remember in PASSION. Having been Louis XV, and Henry VIII, Jannings accepts this royal role with masterful ability. Sweeping panorama, scenes of barbaric splendor, directorial genius and able acting help dispel the disappointment of Pola Negri not being in the cast.

# LITTLE HINTS

STAGE ROMANCE—Fox

AN actor plays the role of an actor in this love tale from behind the footlights. William Farnum impersonates the great English actor, Edmond Kean, in interesting incidents taken from the real life of Kean. The usual tinnypenny concoctions have been avoided in this drama. Worth-while stories and Farnum are strangers for long intervals sometimes. This reunion is worthy of an admission price.



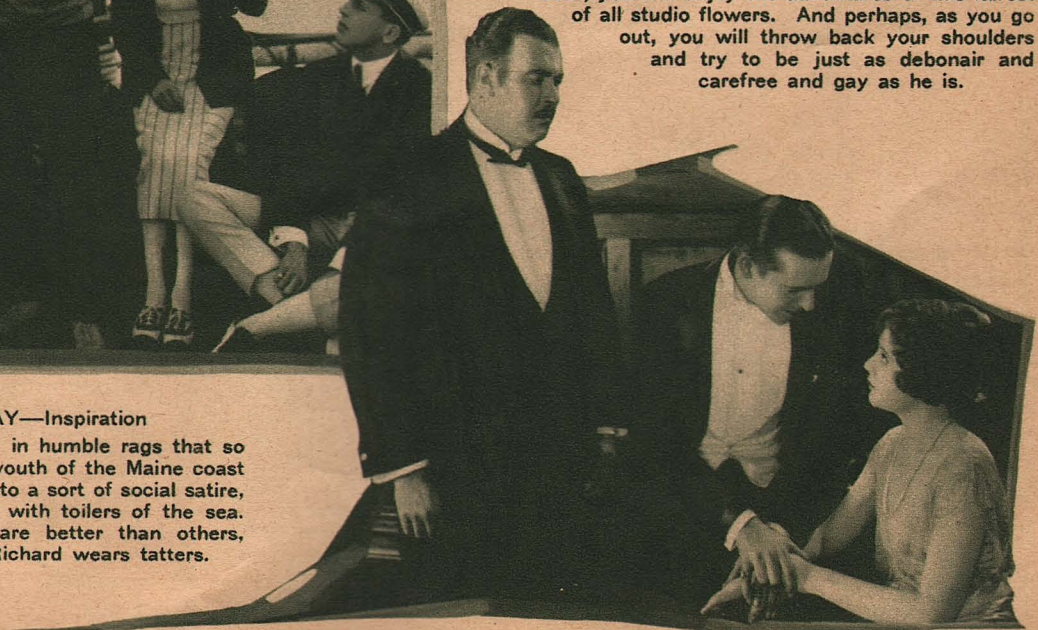
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION—Paramount

THE unforgivable crime in picturedom is to be uninteresting. But Wallace Reid is interesting, even though his stories are always written in the full of the moon, when scenarists are at their worst. Robert W. Chambers once said that full-grown men and women love fairy tales, heroics and improbabilities as dearly as the immature minds. So, if you check the stern world of realities at the theatre door, you will enjoy the adventures of this fairest of all studio flowers. And perhaps, as you go out, you will throw back your shoulders and try to be just as debonair and carefree and gay as he is.



THE SEVENTH DAY—Inspiration

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, in humble rags that so become him, is a fisher youth of the Maine coast in this tale that twists itself into a sort of social satire, contrasting fashionable idlers with toilers of the sea. Some Barthelmess pictures are better than others, but they are all good when Richard wears tatters.







The lobby throng at the western premiere of FOOLISH WIVES at Los Angeles.

*Photo by Stagg.*

FOOLISH WIVES—Universal-Jewel

**W**HEN you see FOOLISH WIVES you will have everything appealed to except your heart. Stroheim is no sentimentalist and this stupendous "spectacle" is Stroheim body and brain. It is awe-inspiring, cynical—precise in every detail. But the characters move like Prussian guardsmen and we can just feature Mr. Von at the head of the column shouting commands.

You will be intrigued by the picture. You will certainly be educated in continental manners and morals. But you will not be moved.

COME ON OVER—Goldwyn

**E**VERY lover of good pictures enthused when the able writer and dramatist, Rupert Hughes, bent his energies to the movies. But his influence has not yet shown itself in any improved grade of production and COME ON OVER is distinctly disappointing. One would expect that a Rupert Hughes, with Alfred Green directing and Ralph Graves, the outstanding character in Griffith's DREAM STREET, as leading man, could entertain us better.

This homely tale of Irish folk is well-meant but it continually rambles into dramatic blind alleys. It is one-fourth story, the rest atmosphere.





## The Girl With A Pull

(Continued from Page 29)

"I don't know whether you remember it or not, but them times Weber and Fields was the official hang out for Wall Street. Everybody that was anybody could be found in the music hall. I knew this and Mr. Bradshaw knew this and that's what saved me. He walked me and my wife into that music hall that night and paraded us around where everybody could see us, with his arm around my shoulders and my wife wearing thousands and thousands of dollars worth of his diamonds. And everybody that saw us saw he was our friend and thought we were prosperous and the next day instead of raining me they came around and wanted to lend me money. But I didn't need a cent. Him lending us his diamonds had done the work."

Mr. Bloom, whose voice was not quite steady, blinked his eyes and cleared his throat.

"They were singing 'Rosie' that night," he said, "and many a time since I've sung 'Rosie' to myself. If I ever was tempted to forget an old friend or what he'd done for me I'll bet you the song would come right into my head."

He stood up.

"And that's why Helen Bradshaw can have a job in my studio as long as I've got a studio," he said gravely. "Crooked nose or no crooked nose. Her father's nose was crooked."

He crossed to his desk and began to fumble with some papers. The casting director walked over to him and said with a new gentleness in his voice:

"I'd just like to tell you that if there's ever anything I can do for that man's daughter, I'll do it."

MR. BLOOM looked steadfastly at him for a long moment.

"I believe you," he said. "If she stays in this business, you'll probably have a chance to make good."

"If she stays?"

"She was telling Mamma that, much as she needs the money, she don't think it's fair to take more than she's worth. You might tell her that in this business you're worth whatever you can get."

"What did Mrs. Bloom tell her?"

"That's what Mamma told her, but she knows Mamma don't know no more about the business than she knows herself. Mamma thinks Joe Martin is a leading man."

"I'll tell her," said the casting director. "I'm sorry now we made her buy that trousseau—"

"Trousseau!" cried Mr. Bloom in dismay. "You don't mean to say she's buying her own costumes! Why man, her and her mother are flat broke. They won't let me give them a cent. The money she draws today will be the first real money they've had since they got here. What were you thinking about?"

"You told me you wouldn't buy costumes for the part," the other reminded him.

"I said I wouldn't buy them for Veronica Mirabeau," retorted Mr. Bloom. "I'll bet you the reason we've been held up on that trousseau is that Helen didn't have money enough to buy it."

"She said it would surely be here today."

"Today is pay day," exploded Mr. Bloom. "That's why it will be here today. Go and find her. Tell her you made a mistake. Tell her I made a mistake. Tell her anything you want to. Only don't let her pay for that trousseau or for anything else. Wait. I'll go with you. I don't want you to make any more mistakes."

Together they hurried in search of Helen Bradshaw. They found her outside the door of the projection room. She was wearing the blue tailored suit which, so far as anybody in the studio knew, constituted her entire wardrobe, but under one arm she held an oblong box.

"She ain't running away, is she?" asked Mr. Bloom. "Do you think maybe we've been giving her too much encouragement about her acting?"

"Her what?" inquired the director ironically. "You're certainly a hard man to please. You kick because we don't encourage her. Now you kick because we do. Don't you know what you want?"

"You ask me a question I can't answer," said the candid Mr. Bloom. "Right now I couldn't tell you whether I'd rather have her be a bride in my picture or a bride in real life."

"She'll stay in the picture," predicted the other.

Mr. Bloom, who had taken two cigars from his pocket, now put one of them between his lips and the other back into his pocket.

"If anybody wants me I'll be in the projection room," he said, irritably, and walked away.

BUT he did not go into the projection room until he saw that Helen Bradshaw and Bartley Jerome, to whom he had sent word by a property boy, had gone in first. When he entered he found that they were sitting as far from each other as they could get. He dropped into a seat beside the girl and took the box from her lap.

"I'll hold it for you," he said, and when she tried to thank him for having paid for it he clapped his hands impatiently and called to the operator: "Commence the rushes."

The long, bare room was suddenly darkened. The projection machine in the rear began to whirr. On the sheet which covered the front wall

appeared dancing shapes of light and shade.

"Focus!" cried Mr. Bloom.

Now the dancing shapes steadied themselves into pictures. Mr. Bloom heard the girl beside him give a little gasp of dismay. Not until then did she know what an astonishingly bad actress she was. The scenes, which included several re-takes, were scenes in which she and Bartley Jerome appeared. He was a gay and gallant figure, perfectly at ease, and palpably trying to give her every chance to act. She, in the character of a girl who was quarrelling with her lover, was stiff and awkward. Yet she seemed to be trying hard enough. But it was not a question of trying. The ability simply was not there.

Suddenly Mr. Bloom heard a low sob.

"Poor little girl," he murmured consolingly and put his left arm round the girl's shaking shoulders.

A door opened, flooding the room with sunlight, and a voice which Mr. Bloom had heard daily for twenty-seven years, exclaimed:

"Abie, since when have you been an actor?"

"Stop the picture," cried Mr. Bloom, and jumped up to face his wife.

That placid woman was smiling in high good humor.

"They told me you were in the projection room," she said, putting a ring-covered hand fondly upon his arm, "but they didn't tell me what you were doing."

"I ain't doing it any more," protested her husband. "Somebody ought to do it."

(Continued on Page 50)



### BEHIND THE CAMERA

With Elinor Glyn



Is an irresistible series of up-to-the-minute studio articles describing in searching detail every step in the production of Elinor Glyn's—

#### "BEYOND THE ROCKS"

The coming triumph of Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino.

The twenty-one steps of making a motion picture no longer are a studio secret. Melvin R. Riddle's first article begins in



### SCREENLAND

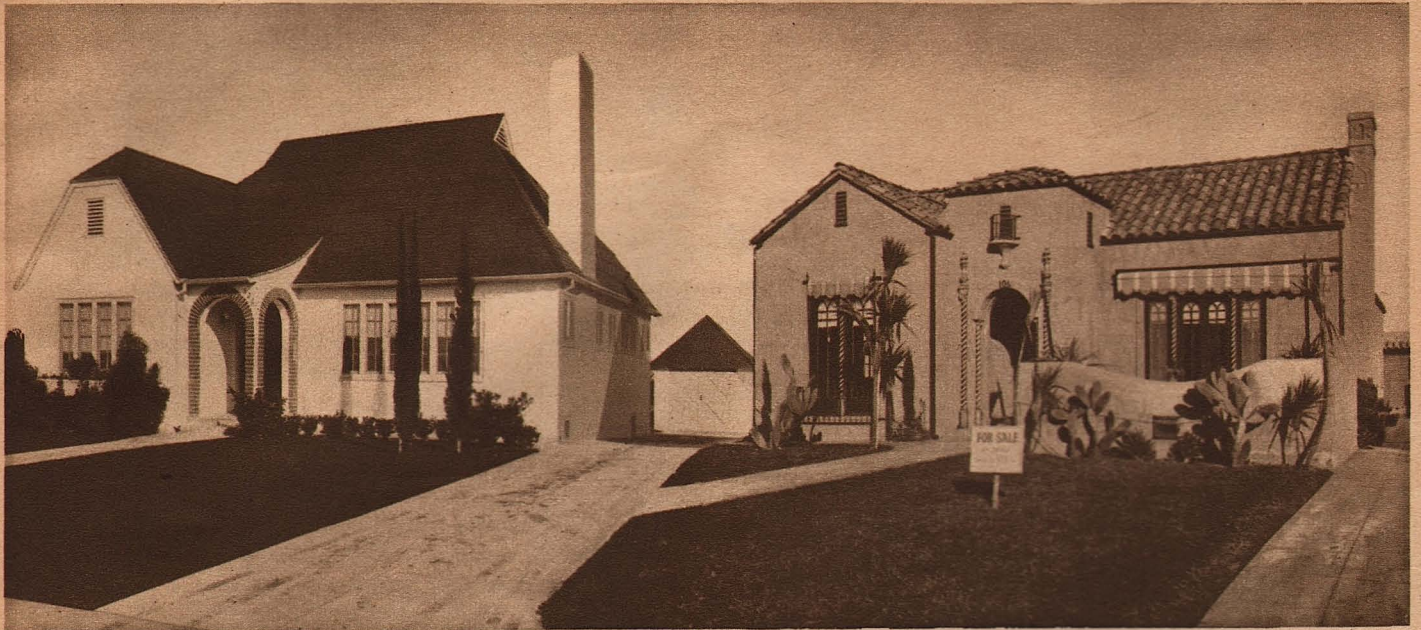
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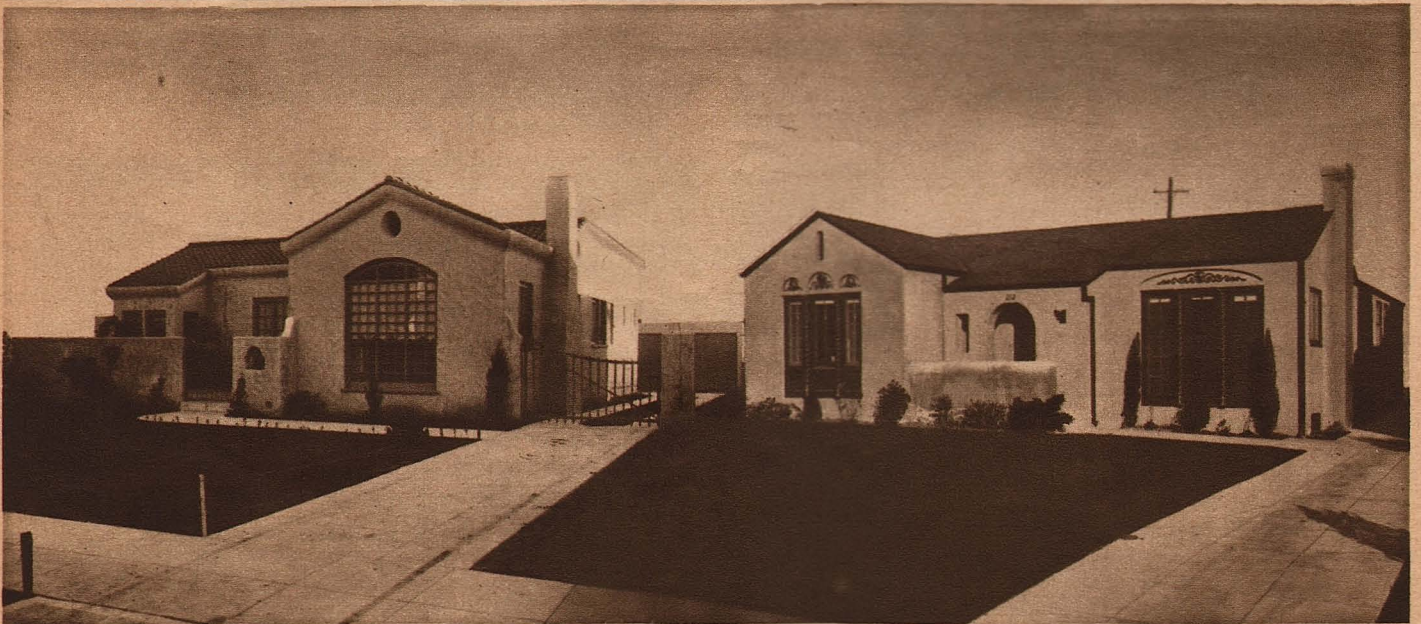
# BUNGALOW

Here you behold the Hollywood home nests on their native heath. Wouldn't YOU like to have such a home? Screenland can help you to get one



The bride who lives in this house should lay in a goodly supply of the stuff that never scratched yet, because there are so many windows to wash! But you should see how delightfully light and airy the rooms are because of those same windows. A green roof and red brick banding around the interesting entrance are vivid beside the white stucco walls.

The stately entranceway and beautiful arched windows give distinction to this Spanish home. The awning-shaded veranda with its potted plants is a charming feature. The elongated shrubbery? Whisk-brooms? No, palms, of course!



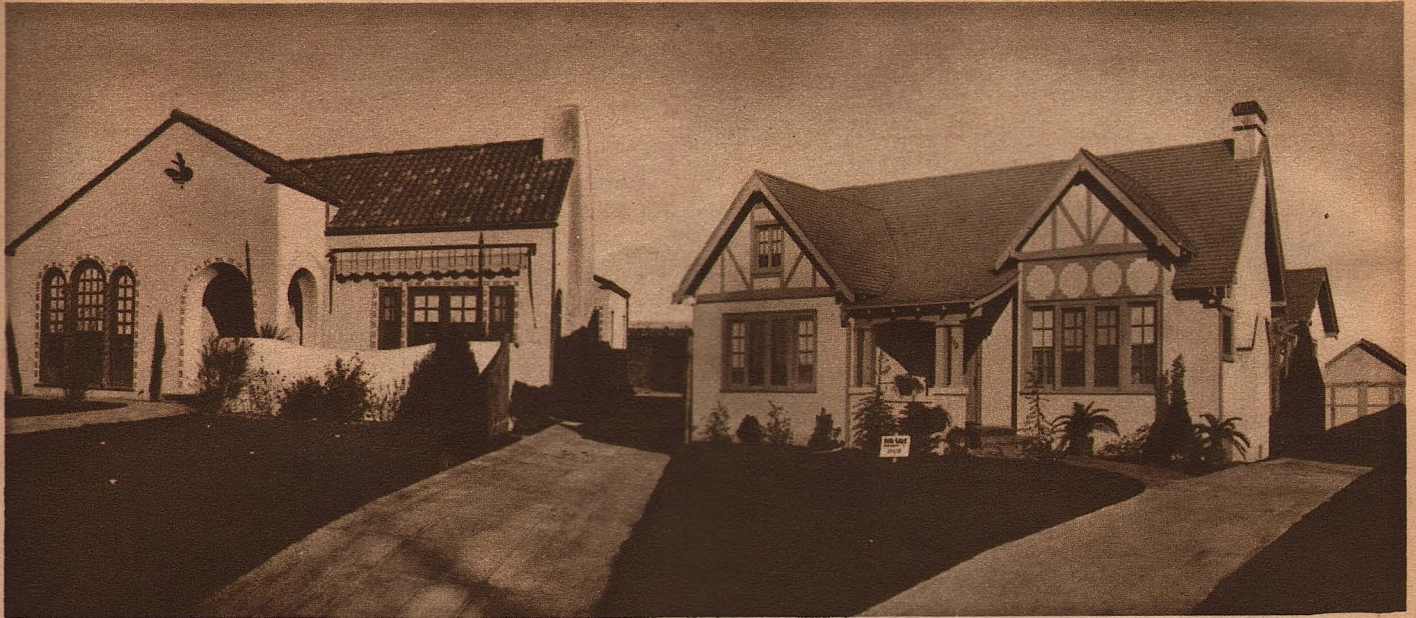
Drooping palms, a magazine and a hammock slung beside a little bubbling fountain in a shaded court. Can you imagine a cozier nook for a siesta on a warm summer afternoon? And the friendly wall foils those nosy Jones across the street when Gladys' friends drop in of an evening.

The architect of this Spanish bungalow had evidently been studying the old missions of the Southland. If you could imagine that the telephone pole was a cross, this bungalow would look very much like one of the ancient missions, only a bit dressed up. The big windows are interesting features. Tan stucco with brown trim.



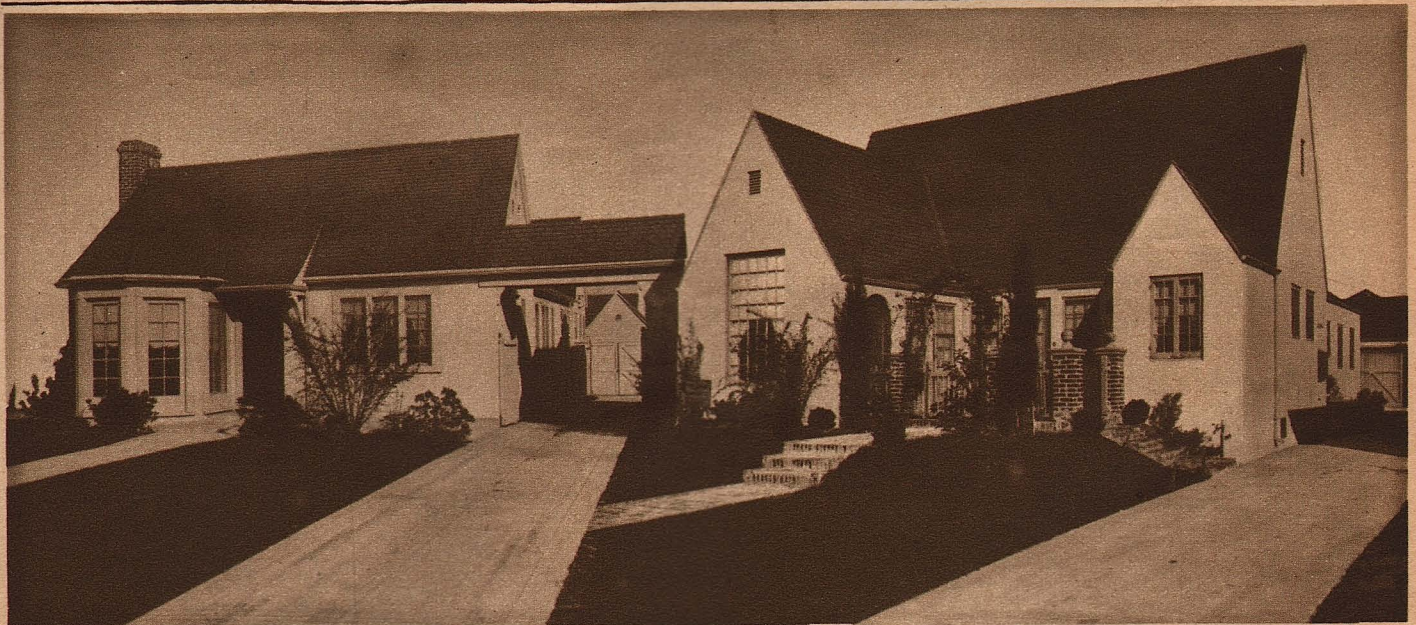
# BOULEVARD.

Read the offer of the Home Editor on Page 59. If you are going to build you cannot afford to miss this unusual opportunity.



The family artist can take her brushes and water colors and stencil a lovely design around the door and windows. The Roman spears emerging belligerently from the little court are to tie the awning onto when the sun gets around to the front of the house.

A real home, with plenty of big, airy rooms and lots of windows. The long living-room has a lofty, chapel ceiling, oak floors and a great fireplace just yawning for the roaring logs.



Would you ever dream that this little snuggerly could contain three good-sized bed-rooms? It does, though. A living-room that extends across the whole front of the house and a pleasant circular sun-room make this an ideal home. And it can be built for only \$6,000.

The cunning gate under its arch of greenery seems made to order for a bride, when she awaits her home-coming lord at evening. One could imagine this alluring cottage tucked away in some quiet English countryside. The red roof and warm red bricks of the porch pillars contrast pleasingly with the creamy stucco.

Photos by J. C. Milligan



# Screen Snapshots

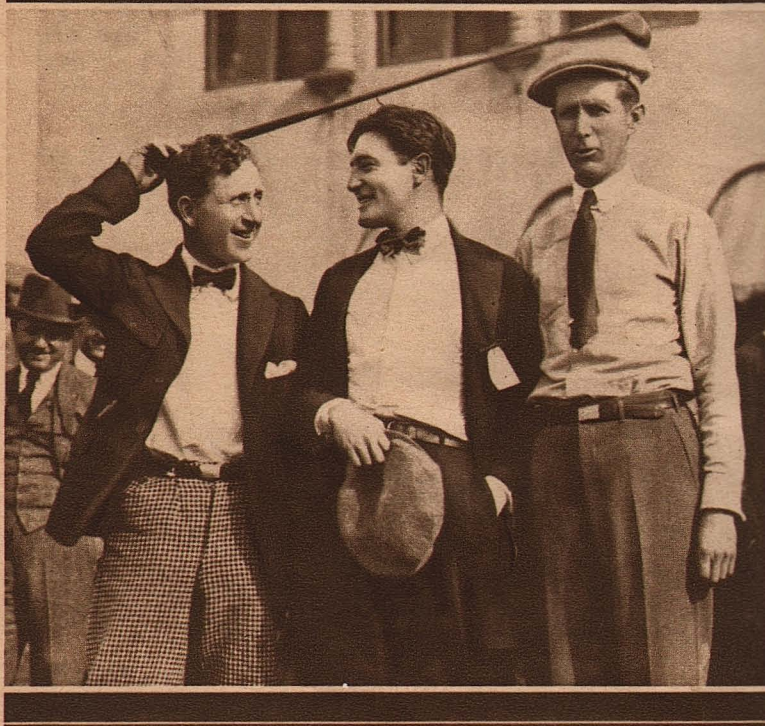


Helene Chadwick at Avalon, Catalina Island, where the stars spend many delightful vacation hours.

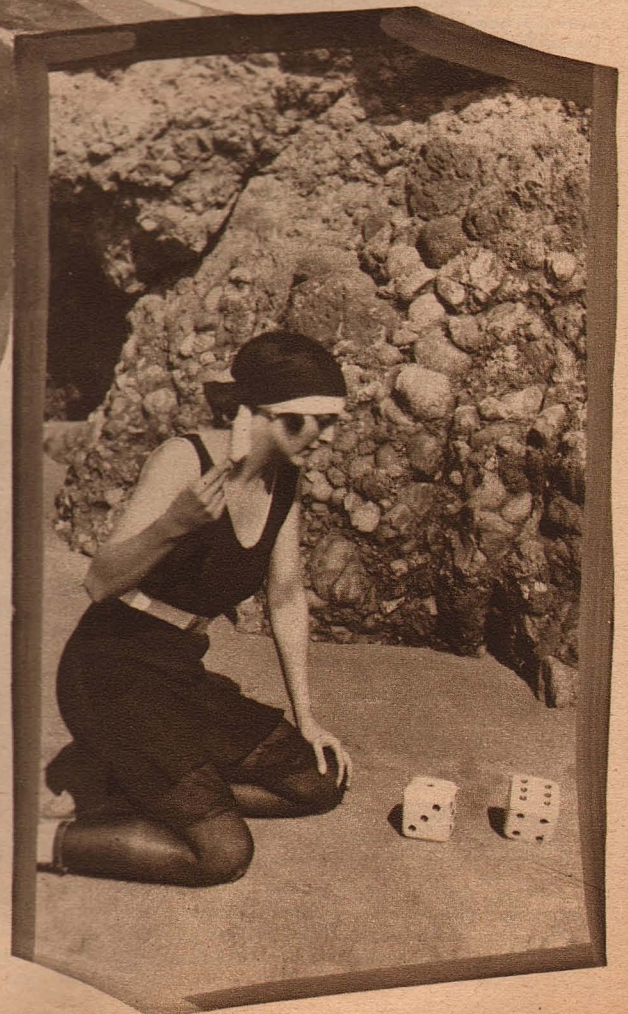


Do you know who they are? Front row: Claire Windsor, Lila Lee, Ruth Weightman. Back row: Charles Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn and Gouverneur Morris.

Mona Kingsley left the snow and ice of New York to play in a Goldwyn picture and play sand dice on the California seashore in February.



Stars of another world crown Richard Dix, Goldwyn leading man, as winner of the President's cup at the California Country Club. Jock Hutchinson, British open champion, at the left, Jim Barnes, American open champion, at the right.

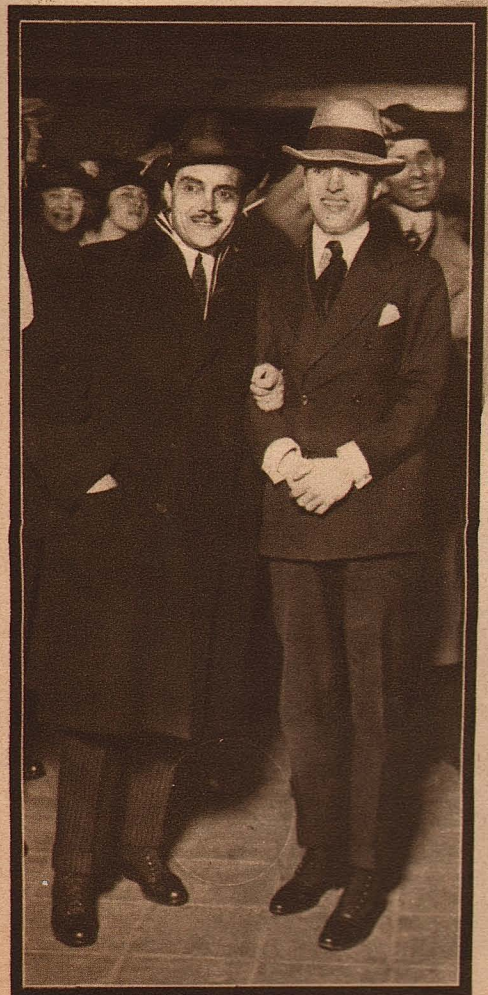




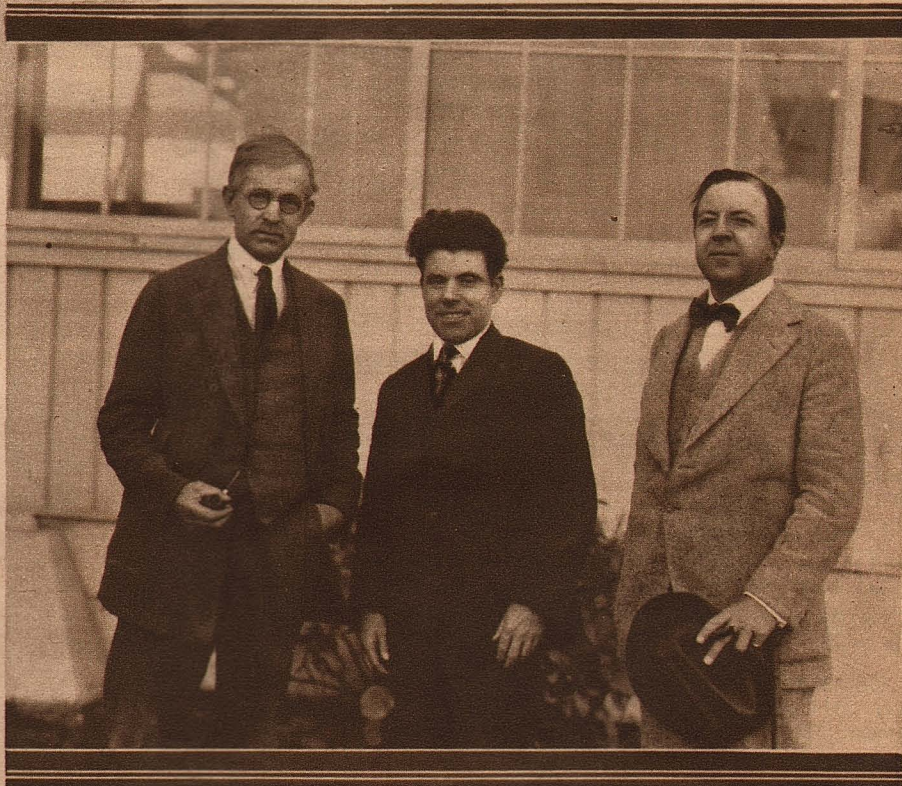


Claire Windsor calls her pet bantam rooster "Charlie" because it has learned the Chaplin walk.

Max Linder, the French comedian, seems proud to be found in a theatre lobby with the gentleman with baggy trousers, whom you would scarcely recognize as Charlie Chaplin. *Stagg Photo.*



The register of the Hollywood Hotel looks like a page from "Who's Who." William H. Crane, the dean of the American speaking stage, pauses with Bert Lytell on the veranda for a Snapshots photographer.



Jim Tully was once a tramp; then a prizefighter. But he is an author now. His biographical novel, "Emmett Lawlor," put him in the company you see—Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Rupert Hughes. *Goldwyn Photo.*



# "One Month More," to send your Photograph



LOUISE LINES  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A celebrated Frenchman once said in my hearing "American women have beauty—but they do not seem to be aware of it." He said this in a spirit of adverse criticism. The *chic* Parisienne is always deliciously aware of the effect she is making; but, to me, the very lack of "awareness" in America's beautiful women constitutes one of their chief charms.

In looking over the hundreds of photographs already sent in to *Screenland* in the Screenland-Fairfax Opportunity Contest, I have been greatly struck with this typically American quality of forthrightness. Self-consciousness and affectation are noticeably absent in a great majority of the faces.

And how universal is the lure of the screen! It seems to me that every type of face, every type of mentality, is represented in these photographs. They are pouring in from every part of the country, from rich and poor, from the young—and not so young.

And one thing more; there is no use in telling us you have "glorious red hair," dear girls. Glorious red hair registers as coal black on the screen.



HELEN BOYD

Baltimore, Md.

JEANNE MOZEE

Belmont, Calif.





# to the Screenland-Fairfax OPPORTUNITY CONTEST

This will be the prize given to "the most beautiful girl in SCREENLAND:"

A free round trip to California—

A \$100 a week contract with Marion Fairfax Productions to play a leading part in a feature production—

A month among the studios, during which time she will meet all the famous stars and directors in Movieland—

Her picture reproduced in a page portrait in SCREENLAND magazine—

An opportunity never before equalled in any motion picture contest.

On April 15, 1922, the most beautiful girl in the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest will be chosen by three judges from photographs submitted. The three judges will be Marion Fairfax, prominent woman motion picture director and producer; Penrhyn Stanlaws, internationally famous artist and director, and Myron Zobel, editor and publisher of SCREENLAND.



MARY M. BLOSIN  
Buffalo, N. Y.

EMILY  
KANIEWSKI  
Toledo, O.



MYRTLE LUCILLE HEADER

Evanston, Wyo.



Paste this Coupon on Back of Photo

Name .....

Street Address .....

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

My height is ..... Weight .....

Age ..... Color Hair ..... Color Eyes .....

Paste this Coupon OUTSIDE of Package

SCREENLAND  
Markham Building  
Care Opportunity Contest Editor  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

No Photographs will be entered in the Contest without these Coupons attached. No Photograph can be returned.



## Making Your Own Movies

(Concluded from Page 35)

writers to try their hand at scenario writing. The commercial motion picture would welcome that. I do not see, however, how the movies can ever be anything but commercial. I am afraid the *Little Movies* would do more harm than good to the commercial picture, and of course we professionals are all loyal to the commercial pictures. The amateurs will confront many heartbreaking obstacles. The Little Theatre can take its plays ready to hand. All that the actor has to do is to read his lines, just as the author wrote them. But no picture can be screened just as it is written. The sincerity of purpose and artistic aims of the amateurs are to be endorsed heartily."

**N**EELY-DICKSON, who has been the guiding spirit of Hollywood's thriving Community theatre since its inception five years ago, has great hopes for *Little Movies*. "Out of experiment comes growth," said Miss Dickson. "There is a sincerity and enthusiasm that invariably accompanies experiment that cannot fail to stimulate artistic endeavor. The commercial photoplay should benefit by the experiments of *Little Movies*."

**R**ICHARD WALTON TULLY, author of *The Bird of Paradise* who is making his film debut as producer of *The Masquerader*, starring Guy Bates Post, said: "The *Little Movie* idea has in it the germ of one of the greatest and most helpful suggestions that has ever come to my notice. Bearing in

mind the marvelous leavening effect on our stage of the Little Theatre, it is natural to presume a similar effect from the *Little Movies*. It is perfectly possible of successful achievement. Practically everyone interested at all in the dramatic side of life has in his own experience at least one event that contains the kernel of an interesting photoplay. The writer who joins himself to a *Little Movies* association in his community can put his brain-child on the screen and learn from actual experience his errors and how to rectify them."

**T**HE technical angle of art direction looks hopefully to the *Little Movies* for possible aid. Wilfred Buckland, art director to Richard Walton Tully, said: "Using the great outdoors and employing the stagecraft of suggestion—as it has been worked out by Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt—the amateur art director can attain wonderful results for the

*Little Movies*. The results of study and patient experiment will be astounding in their artistic merit, I am sure, once the minor material difficulties are ironed out through experience. They should redound to the benefit of the so-called 'commercial production'."

**L**OUIS LEWYN, producer of Screen Snapshots who has directed over a hundred stars in miniature playlets, thinks the *Little Movies* should be a distinct boon to the cultural life of the communities far from the theatrical centers. But he wants to warn prospective players against unscrupulous individuals who might claim influence and experience in the picture world, promising to gain releases for *Little Movies* productions. "Your first picture probably won't be an artistic success. But work will remedy that. Don't try to make it a financial success. Try to make it really worth while. There are unscrupulous persons who might try to win the confidence of your community in an effort to gain control of the finances of the association by saying they were influential in screen circles. Be careful. I advise you to write to *Screenland* to get the recommendation of that magazine on the true reputation of that individual. *Screenland* will know if he has any real position of weight.

"I advise amateurs to start with one or two reel films. They should rehearse their action carefully, time and again, to save film in expensive 're-takes.' They could either rent it to a local exhibitor, lease it to play on a percentage basis or rent a

house and show it themselves. It would be a good thing to send the completed film to *Screenland* to be reviewed, after the manner of the *What's the Matter With My Story?* department.

"**T**HE *Little Movies* will be chiefly interested in beauty," said Ralph Block, associate editor of the Goldwyn scenario department. "They will recognize the kinship of the art of motion photography to painting. They will discard surface realities, wood and mortar, brick and stone for canvas, hangings and curtains. The creative genius of motion will reject massive imitations of reality and will compound effects out of lines, light and nothingness. He will thus decrease the cost of production. A motion picture school that experiments, ignoring commercial possibilities, would be a great thing for the cinema."



**T**HE WORKS OF SATAN, by Richard Aumerle Maher, is a tedious thing masquerading as a comedy of village life. It mirrors the effervescence and quaint characterizations of Ellis Parker Butler without the sustaining quality of plot logic. Weak farce. The MacMillan Company.

**T**HE BRIDGE, by M. L. C. Pickthall, is a story of souls with physical things brought in just sufficient for background. A man struggles to subdue his conscience. A beautiful girl serves to lull it for a time, only to become the means of its final complete awakening. The novel is interesting in its originality of treatment, being prose that partakes of the quality of poetry. The Century Company.

**T**HE WEDNESDAY WIFE, by Juliet Gordan Smith, is a reverse of Edith M. Hull's *The Sheik* although lacking in the arousing conflict and daring of that sensational novel. A Mohammedan husband falls in love with one of his own wives and the result brings him to a renunciation of the Sultan. One can visualize Rudolph Valentino ideally cast in the leading role. The MacMillan Company.



## THE GIRL WITH A PULL

(Concluded from Page 43)

"Somebody is," said Mrs. Bloom slyly.

Mr. Bloom looked down upon Helen Bradshaw. Bartley Jerome was now in the seat beside her and Bartley Jerome's right arm was where Mr. Bloom's left arm had been. The girl's face was hidden against her comforter's shoulder.

"I love Helen," said her comforter defiantly.

"And I love you," murmured the girl in a voice that was muffled because her lips were against his coat.

"And we're going to be married," announced the leading man.

"Oh, Mamma, ain't them grand words?" cried Mr. Bloom.

"They're going to get married and Bartley ain't going to let his wife work in pictures. You don't want her to work in pictures, do you, Bartley?"

"No," thundered the lover.

"Then take this trousseau," commanded Mr. Bloom, thrusting the box upon him. "Take it as a wedding present."

"Abie," remonstrated Mrs. Bloom, in anguish. "You're giving the trousseau to the wrong party. Give it to the bride."

"What's the difference?" said Mr. Bloom soothingly. "Anything you give to a gentleman gets to a lady sooner or later anyway."





One of the illustrations from "The Art of the Dance" sent free on request to anyone interested in classic dancing.

# "I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

**F**EW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from \$10 an hour. But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms—interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek—at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

## A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. Now comes the voice of Marinoff himself instructing you, telling you what to do, while the spirited rhythm of the music inspires grace and confidence in you. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff and his students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Your progress is rapid and soon you develop confidence so that you are eager to dance before an audience.

## FREE

**Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit**

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy

## Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

## And Fortune—and Glory

The popularity of classic dancing grows greater every day. It has won its place in American life.

For the theatre—vaudeville—the movies—civic and college pageants—for private

social affairs—everywhere the dancer is in demand. Startling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

## Send for Marinoff's Free Book

Everyone interested in dancing should send for Marinoff's new book. Profusely illustrated. Describing fully his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. It is free. Send the coupon today.

M. SERGEI MARINOFF

## School of Classic Dancing

Studio 1314, 1922 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago

M. Sergei Marinoff,  
School of Classic Dancing,  
Studio 1314, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago  
Please send me FREE your book on the "Art of the Dance" and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Do you sing?.....

If not, would you like to?.....





**H**OLLYWOOD, today, is filled with more special writers and correspondents representing magazines and newspapers all over the world, than followed the armies on the Western Front during the world war.

The reason for their coming is the sudden crystallization of ten thousand petty rumors—rumors that Hollywood is wicked.

"Screenland," writes a fellow Californian, "is bound to bring a better understanding between film people and the public. But if I, in my obscure position, should attempt telling Eastern friends the prosaic facts that some of the finest screen heroes are ushers in Hollywood churches, there would be a skeptical silence."

A valued reader with our favorite feminine name of Helen is of a different category than the easterners M. G. M. mentions. "I shall continue to believe in the morals and manners of movie people until definitely dis-illusioned," she writes.

A. Y., of Topeka, Ind., tells us he has read about a star that "danced on her lawn with a gentleman friend, clothed with nothing but moonshine on the outside and the same within." This is reprehensible as the deuce and if A. Y. will send along names and addresses we will look into it. Personally.

So many readers were interested in Leroy Scott's *Poverty of Riches*, the original picture manuscript, that *Behind the Camera with Elinor Glyn* will begin in the next number. A motion picture studio, from the property room to "famous author's row" will be turned wrong side out in the searching twenty one chapters of this unusual article.

Silly, harmful publicity is the contributing cause to Hollywood's unhappy reputation among the unthinking. Readers, their credulity stretched to the breaking point by ridiculous "interviews," were ready to accept any negative statement. Screenland never printed "interviews" and thousands of readers rejoiced.

"Confessions of a Star Interviewer," beginning with this number, will do more to restore a normal sense of values in pictures, Screenland believes, than all the attacks and counter-attacks that are being written about the movies. "Tell the truth?" one interviewer asked when invited to contribute to "Confessions." "I am all out of practice because I have been writing about the movies for seven years. I will try but forgive me if I am clumsy at it."

### THE \$25 PRIZE LETTER

This month was written by Miss Molly Sale of 1403 Edmond St., St. Joseph, Mo. It is a good letter—as good, perhaps, as can be written concerning general comment of Screenland, although scores of letters worth publishing were received. The prize in future issues will be awarded to the writer who makes specific comment of the contents of a particular issue.

Editor, Your Own Page.


Dear Sir—It is not my idea in this letter to set Screenland up and throw a lot of posies, in hopes of winning a prize. My purchase of this magazine each month is the sincerest bouquet I can bestow. But I am going to analyze for you, and myself quite frankly, my impressions of it.

1. Screenland has a certain magnetism. It draws and holds its readers. I always feel a little glow of pleasure when I see the new issue out. Because I know I shall not be disappointed.

2. Screenland is largely pictorial. I love pictures. They are "songs without words," and they tell the whole story. Movie fans wait hungrily for the latest from the front. You supply it.

3. The thing I like the very best about Screenland is this: It provides the biggest money's worth of entertainment I have found yet. I love the pith and punch of Screenland. It leaves me keen for more.

But, to criticise—Let us hear more from the editors, personally. I enjoy the Editorials always. But they are far too few. Speak up, Editors; let us know you better.



Every Your Own Page letter helps make SCREENLAND better, so a monthly prize of \$25 will be paid for the best letter of comment and criticism of the magazine. Do not make your letter a general discussion of the issues you have read. Be frank. Be specific. Name the things you like and the things you don't like—and tell why. Tell what issue you are writing about and the names of the authors and stories you want to see more of—or less.

Write about the things you read in SCREENLAND so that we may continue to make each issue more entertaining and attractive. In case of tie prize letters, two prizes will be awarded. Send your letter to "Editor, Your Own Page," SCREENLAND, Markham Building, Hollywood, California.

A man was standing in a doorway, so engrossed in something he was reading that others could not pass him. "I bought a magazine just like the one he had," writes Mrs. C., of Shreveport, La., "to learn what interested him so much. I became just as interested in Screenland."

"It gave me an awful thrill to see my picture on the Screenland-Fairfax Opportunity Contest page," writes Miss Anna Ross of Tulsa, Okla. It gave Miss Aileen Douglas quite a thrill, too, Miss Ross, when she was chosen for a bit in Douglas Fairbanks' next picture—from her picture on the Contest Page!

R. A., of Oakland, Calif., expressed in a picturesque way what Screenland strives for. "Most movie magazines," he informs us, "are like circuses. See one and you've seen 'em all. I like the surprises in Screenland."

Gene Stratton-Porter and Your Own Page are running a race this month. If you haven't any ideas on *Extremes*, as mentioned on Page 23, don't let that hinder you from discussing the rest of this number in a Your Own Page letter.

Bungalow Boulevard! We never realized how interested so many people would be in typical Hollywood homes until this issue. If you live in a house, you will be interested in them. Don't miss Page 44.

It is unfortunate that the most frequent impression gained of motion pictures, through fiction, is stories written by disgruntled authors who have failed to "make the grade" in picture writing. Therefore, Screenland takes more than the usual amount of pleasure in presenting another Mr. Bloom story this month from the pen of Louis Weadock. Next month, read *The Lens Louse*, about the star who "grabbed all the close-ups."

More well-known writers are represented in this April Screenland than ever before have appeared in any motion picture magazine. "That is one of the reasons that I am glad to pay that extra nickel," writes J. N. of Urbana, Ill.

A thrilling serial story, illustrated by the stars who are writing it, begins in the May Screenland. The first two chapters are by Frank X. Finnegan, the novelist who is writing titles nowadays at the Famous Players-Lasky studio. The stars will write intervening chapters and to Mr. Finnegan will fall the desperate task of finishing it. This story is another of the unusual posed illustrated features to appear in Screenland.

"I had a collision in an automobile," explains J. E., of Westernport, Md., "My friends got a copy of Screenland mixed up in my belongings. That's how I started."



## THE SCENARIO WRITER'S CORNER

By FREDERICK PALMER

HERE comes a time in the career of every aspiring photodramatist when he must ask himself the question, point blank: "Am I willing to pay the price of success?"

Too many talented persons rush blindly into the picture world with the idea lurking in the back of their brains that success in scenario writing is easy of attainment, and that, unlike its sister arts, it does not require any long period of apprenticeship. Undoubtedly, the reason for this is that "the wish is father to the thought," and that these persons mistake their eagerness to succeed for real ability. Also, it is not to be denied that sensational promises by certain instructors—who will attempt to train anyone, it seems, no matter how lacking they may be in inherent talent—have had much to do with this general misconception regarding scenarists and their art.

The price of success in this profession, as in any other, may be reckoned so easily and accurately that one can not help but wonder, at times, why more persons are not aware of it.

First of all, of course, the would-be writer of film plays must have within him the gift of recognizing and conceiving a dramatic story. One of the big schools of photoplay writing demands that all applicants for its course must pass a test in which a careful probe is made for this ability; and, although most people have this talent within them, to a greater or less degree, not everyone successfully passes this examination. Having ascertained that he does possess the power of selecting story material and constructing dramatic situations, it is then up to the ambitious scenario writer to devote months—possibly years—to careful study and hard work. Therein lies the rub! For, strange as it may seem, many students of photodrama, who would think nothing of devoting four or five years to a course in law, or surgery,—which bring no greater financial or professional rewards than successful scenario writing—balk at the idea of actual labor in connection with attaining proficiency in this new one of the arts.

There is no other road to fame, however; and the sooner such students count the cost and decide to pay it, the sooner they will enter the charmed circle.

# Photoplay Corporation Searches For Screen Writers Through Novel Creative Test

**Critical Shortage of Stories can be met only by discovering new film writers. World's leading photoplay clearing house invites you to take free examinations at home.**

THE motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fourth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it must have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

But excellent original stories are being written for the screen, and sold to producers at from \$500 to \$2,000 each, by

### Everyday People Trained in the Scenario Technique

Not just everybody—only those gifted with creative imagination and trained in the language of the studios. The unimaginative, unoriginal person can never sell a scenario, no matter how well he masters the screen writers' technique; and the gifted story teller may as well write his idea in Chinese as to prepare it without the technique.

But how can you know whether you possess creative imagination? Should you acquire the technique, and attempt to enter this fascinating and handsomely paid profession?

First, there is no way to endow you with natural ability. Either you have it, or you have not. But if you possess creative talent, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation can, by its novel psychological home test, discover it. Then, if you so elect, the Corporation can train you to think in terms of the studio; to write your story so the director can see its action as he reads.

### Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

By this scientifically exact series of psychological test questions and problems, the degrees of natural aptitude which you may possess can be accurately determined. It resembles the vocational tests employed by the United States Army, and an evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University. Through this test many successful photoplaywrights were encouraged to enter their profession. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

### Scores of Screen Stories Are Needed by Producers

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

### You Are Invited to Try; Clip the Coupon

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of Normal Instructor-Primary Plans to take the Van Loan questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation upon you.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Department of Education, Sd 4  
124 West 4th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.**



Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name .....

Address .....



# What's the Matter with my Story?



## THE MANAGER

by E. E. H., *Newfane, N. Y.*

Do you believe that the thought of a daughter spurning her own mother and leaving her for a man makes a pleasing climax for a motion picture? We don't. Why didn't you bring Perita and her errant mother to understanding and forgiveness at the end of your story?

Suppose the mother had found the broken doll and it had brought to her a realization of the wrongs she had done her daughter. Such a situation would be much finer than the one you have.

John is a wholesome character but you have neglected him. Bring him into greater conflict with Carroll and the wicked elements that surround Perita. Give him a chance to prove his goodness.

Your basic situation, a luxury-loving mother, an earnest daughter, is good. But you must think harder to make a real play from it.

## LOVE PROOF

by C. R. P., *Ada, O.*

To criticize your story comprehensively is difficult. The entire fabric is not suitable screen material. Perhaps we can explain it to you like this: you would not make a ball gown of denim. However well cut, it would still be only—denim.

Whatever the faults, at least you have not shirked. You tell your story well and completely. If you must write a college story, make it a comedy-drama. An audience of worldly folk prefer to think that serious things happen only after school days.

"I am among the failures of story writing. You let me down easy in saying my story was \_\_\_\_\_, showing I have not the talent."—C. H.

A.—*Failure! Forget such a word! If you really WANT to write, you will acquire the talent. In no profession in the whole world is there so great a mass of mediocrity as in writing. But in no profession is there greater satisfaction and reward for the winners. Anyone must work hard to win. Forget your "failure" and the sting of a frank criticism. This page would never aid anyone by flannel-mouth criticisms.*

The Goldwyn scenario department has notified this department that it is seeking outside material for a series of society dramas.



Photo by Frenlich.

## MY MAIDEN EFFORT

By ARTHUR F. STATTER  
Editor Universal Chapter Plays

Screen author of "Honest Hutch," "An Unwilling Hero," "Just Out of College," "The Man from Lost River," "The Poverty of Riches," etc.

**A**FTER many efforts a story finally was accepted. The author's cup of joy was filled to the brim.

He wrote the continuity with feverish haste, and, after every one of the producing company had duly taken a whack at it, the parts were cast, sets selected and locations determined upon.

It might as well be confessed now that it was a comedy in one reel, but no feature since written has brought forth the same swelling of pride.

So the proud author spent his time on the sets and on location. He watched every bit of business. At times he took upon himself the liberty of making suggestions to the director, but being a director of the comedy type he never so much as smiled, let alone accept the proffered ideas.

At the end of about three days, the author had seen the child of his imagination grow from the swaddling clothes of the synopsis into its continuity dress and to the screen costume of maturity.

Most of the members of the directorial staff took a shot at the titles and the cutting and then came the big event—

The producer would see it that afternoon! Together with the members of the company the author went to the projecting room, only to be subjected to that always terrifying wait—wait, wait until the great man finally appeared.

It was a new sensation. It was a new thrill for this aspirant for screen honors to see his name flash on the screen and to hear the uproarious laughter of the members of the company. To the writer it was his "first night" experience. He wanted to laugh but his nerves would not permit it.

But the director sat by the great producer and alibied certain situations while the well trained members of the cast and others of the corps laughed loud and long. The timid writer did not know that was to help "sell" the merits of the production to the producer—the psychology of noisily amused atmosphere.

At last it was finished and the lights of the projecting room were flipped on again.

There was silence—dead silence until the producer's voice broke the stillness with:

"I should think you would laugh—laugh at me. I'm the comedy, ha ha, spending my money for making a thing like that and call it comedy."

Silently I faded out.

## MARTHA

by O. G., *New Orleans, La.*

There is merit in the construction of your story but it is not thoroughly plausible. What father would banish a girl from home on such a slender excuse? The coincidence of Paul Julian being an artist as well as Alfred is bad business. And why include Julian's masterpiece? It is foreign to your story. The sudden success of Alfred, too, is not convincing. Make your people real. Try to feel as they would under circumstances in which you place them and have them act according to their natures as you believe real characters would act. If you must have Martha and Julian meet, contrive something more compelling than the doorstep situation. The framework you have can be improved vastly by careful work.

## THE MASTER HAND

by L. M. R., *Montclair, N. J.*

The best part of your manuscript is the letter you sent with it because it shows you are in earnest. Here are specific answers to your questions:

It is not thoroughly plausible. Improvement will intensify the melodrama. It is not ready for production but holds possibilities if properly built up. The central portion of the story drags. The climax should follow closely after King's ruin in Wall Street.

What father would fail to recognize his son? This is a weak phase of your story, and upon which you have built all following sequences. Also, your Clyde is a fop at first and then becomes a hero. You will have to do some careful work to prove his reclamation—more than the simple message to his father before the vessel sinks.

Of course, you must eliminate the war sequence. Why not have Clyde leave for a colony, after his separation and return with a desire to retribute himself with his wife and at the same time bring his father to America and placate him toward Alice and King. Let Clyde act behind the scenes (this will do away with the weak mistaken identity phase) and only adopt a whisker disguise to shower his hungering affection on Marie at opportune moments, finally facing his wife and father at the climax.



## OVER THE TYPE BAR

THAT sensitiveness born of genius which is sometimes called temperament manifests itself in many ways. Somewhere it is recorded that Robert Louis Stevenson was unable to express his best literary style unless he had pen and ink of a quality to suit his fancy.

Everyone who writes is not a Stevenson, as even the most egotistical young author will admit. Yet everyone who writes is sensitive, in some degree, to the environment created by the manual appurtenances of writing.

Paper means less than it did in the days when the hand came in contact with the written sheet and was conscious of its texture and weight. Even ink has come to play a less important part in writing, because hundreds of persons rarely wield a pen except to affix their signature to letters. But the typewriter has come to be the means of fastidious expression. And the typed sheet has come to express personality just as forcibly as selection of pen and ink did in the days of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Clean, crisp, legible typing is essential in business letters. In personal correspondence, the quality of typing is a fair criterion of the characteristics of the writer. And to authors, a precise, sharp type-face is a valuable aid in the sale of a manuscript.

Even to the man who never touches the keys of a typewriter himself, but who dictates his correspondence, the type appearance of his letters are just as important as to the one who "rolls his own."

Before typewritten personal correspondence became fully in vogue, there were people who complained that the typed letter lacked the warmth of a hand-written one. But it now has come to be recognized that the very impression that is given the typewriter keys and the word and space arrangement bespeaks personality just as plainly as the quill and ink did in pre-typewriter days.

Editors who handle manuscript agree that the typed original frequently conveys an impression that is lost when the "copy" reaches the printed page. Corrections, interpolations and erasures made by the author indicate a trend of thought existing at the time of writing that is lacking when the matter reaches printed form.

Several years ago a prominent educator deplored the universal use of the typewriter as a device that was lowering penmanship standards. This theory seems strange in the face of the fact that the Declaration of Independence—the original document—is itself harder reading than the average hand writing of to-day, even though Bill Nye facetiously claimed that John Hancock dashed off the first draft on a typewriter.

Horace Greeley, a notoriously poor penman, once sent a courteous note excusing himself from attending a social function. There came a reply thanking the noted editor for his acceptance. No one blamed the typewriter because it had not yet been invented.

Even the mute machine itself possesses individual characteristics. Criminals have been traced after having typed tell-tale documents on a typewriter of peculiar type alignment. This is an overwhelming argument against the use of a typewriter among blackmailers and careless murder rings. Its vexatious alliance with justice has even foiled the anonymous letter-writer.

# Words that speak louder than action

## PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA



Los Angeles, Calif.  
October 19th, 1921.

Hammond Typewriter Co.

Gentlemen:

As manager of the reading department of the PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA there are thousands of manuscripts going through my hands in the course of a year, and I wish to say that of these thousands the neatest, clearest and most distinctive are the products of HAMMOND MULTIPLEX.

That is why -- after using several other makes -- I bought a HAMMOND myself.

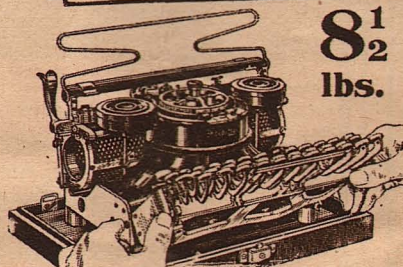
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Yours truly,

Alex. McLaren

This letter is not only one of the abundant testimonials attesting to the supreme flexibility of the HAMMOND MULTIPLEX Writing Machine -- but is itself proof of how words can be made to "speak" with emphasis and individuality. Writers of every kind are finding the Hammond Multiplex an indispensable aid; and here's why:

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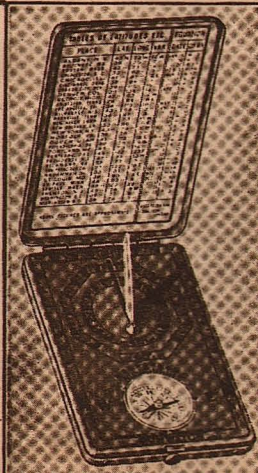


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When Artist Frank Geritz visited the Lasky stage where *The Noose*, Betty Compson's next picture, is being made, the entire cast formed a sketching class and everyone became enthused in attempting to make likenesses of each other. Above is a group of impressionistic ten-second portraits by the artist that encouraged the actors to tackle the tricky graphite.

From left to right: Theodore Kosloff, Director Wm. D. Taylor, Betty Compson and Neely Edwards.





# Is Hollywood As Bad As That

???



A Scene  
from  
"SCREEN  
SNAPSHOTS"

of  
Hollywood  
Girls  
at Play.

Left to right:  
Pauline Starke  
Bessie Love  
Carmel Meyers  
Ruth Clifford



You will  
see  
many unusual  
scenes in

"SCREEN  
SNAPSHOTS"

One reel  
released  
every  
other  
week



## *That's What Everybody Is Wondering*

The attacks made on the Hollywood Movie Colony have been so fierce and so unfair that it is time you are learning the truth.

*Seeing Is Believing!*

# "SCREEN SNAPSHOTS"

The Film Fan Magazine on the Screen

Produced by LOUIS LEWYN  
In Co-operation with

## Screenland Magazine

Shows the real home life of famous movie stars as it *really is.*

If your favorite theatre is not showing Screen Snapshots ask the manager to book it from any FEDERATED FILM EXCHANGE in America.





## Letting An Old Friend In On a Good Thing

You're an old friend of ours. You have seen this magazine grow from a little book of forty printed pages to the present size and quality. You have watched it month by month as improvement after improvement was added to it.

And now a slight increase in price has had to follow the steady increase in quality. Beginning with this issue **Screenland** will cost 25c a copy—\$2.50 a year.

But it is now our turn to stand by you and to show our appreciation of your loyalty and support. We therefore give you this opportunity to send in your subscription at the old rate (\$2 a year) for a full year, or two years or five years. Thus giving you, as an old reader, price protection which new readers will not receive.

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## Little Hints in Spring Sport Things

Will they wear 'em longer this summer? Ruth Roland claims they will. If they don't, she will have no chance to wear this afternoon dress of white brocade. Then what will she do with the unusual girdle of porcelain plaques and jet?

Miss Roland seems to be partial to large hats adorned with spring flowers.



Crochet makes a complete windy day costume and offers a limitless range of color combinations.

A bit extreme, perhaps, except on the links or on a hiking bee. The three-piece jersey sport suit is a useful addition to the wardrobe of the out-of-door woman.

Chester Graves Photos.





## BUNGALOW BOULEVARD

CALIFORNIA invented the bungalow—the cozy, comfy, step-saving bungalow for which grateful housewives render thanks. And ever since it has been the aim of real estate men to make two bungalows bloom where but one grew before. And of all California realtors, the Hollywood builders are most zealous. The result is Bungalow Boulevard.

Bungalow Boulevard is not its honest-to-goodness title. It goes by another name in the city directory. Some people call it aptly Honeymoon Haven, but that isn't its real name either. But it is typical of street after street of Hollywood homes, so charming as to instill longings for his own fireside in the breast of even the most cynical bachelor.

A delightful variety of plan distinguishes the homes on Bungalow Boulevard. A red-tiled adobe house reminiscent of Old Mexico nestles cheek-by-jowl with a demure English cottage. Next door, a steep-roofed Swiss chalet looks down superciliously upon a rambling Spanish stucco bungalow with patio and fascinating iron gate. Surely even Switzerland has no steeper roofs than Bungalow Boulevard boasts, nor has Spain more Moorish castles—in miniature.

The houses seem so tiny on Bungalow Boulevard that the enchanted observer would fain pluck off the bright-hued roofs to peep at the interiors, doll-house fashion. But the apparent smallness is deceiving. A surprising amount of room is concealed behind the stucco walls.

If we could only show you the vivid coloring of these little gems of architecture! Under California's semi-tropical sunshine the houses blossom out in pinks and blues and greens, delighting the eye. The roofs, too, are colorful. Some are red curved tile and many are of dyed shingles or slate.

The cost of these charming homes is not in proportion to their attractiveness. They can be built at prices ranging from \$6000 to \$10,000. Smaller types, of course, cost less.

Following issues of *Screenland* will contain floor plans of these bungalows. Each month, one bungalow will be described and shown in detail. The name and address of the architect will accompany each plan so that if you wish to build along similar lines you can secure detailed plans of the interior and specifications. If your queries to the architect do not meet with prompt attention, please repeat, your request to

*Screenland* Home Editor.

# The Diary of a Lonesome Girl



September 12

Dear Diary:

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. I came home all alone—so tired and discouraged. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely see at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn too, Diary? I'm going to find out anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it, while I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted, at, oh! such wonderful savings. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

December 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Think of it, Diary, I'm learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to

sew for yourself and have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice pretty things. My dance card was filled in five minutes. I've never had such a good time in my life. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

May 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me \$10 and Mrs. Perry \$3.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people. Mother just can't get over it. She's actually smiling these days. Says I'm going to earn \$30 a week, soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had, because I'm going to make it myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy and simple that he thought he would take up dressmaking himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Glady's Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Goodbye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

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IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.



Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 100D, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

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- Century Film Corp.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
- C. L. Chester Productions.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
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## CAN YOU REMEMBER WHEN—

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

"The Great Train Robbery" was being shown at Coney Island?

We saw travel pictures in a show room made to resemble a train coach and the "coach" was made to sway in order to make the thing more realistic?

Clara Kimball Young made "Trilby" for the Equitable Film corporation and it was hailed as the last word in pictures?

Triangle films were shown at \$2 a seat in the Knickerbocker theatre in New York City?

George M. Cohan "flivvered" in pictures?

Enrico Caruso made a couple of pictures which did a terrible flop—nobody going to see them?

John Bunny and Flora Finch appeared in comedies for Vitagraph?

We all thought it funny when folks began applauding in movie theatres?

Folks always read titles out loud in movie theatres?

Folks always kept time to the music by tapping on the floor?

Talking pictures were going the rounds of the theatre and the phonograph mechanism was always getting out of synchronization so that the sound of the crashing dishes came about a minute after the picture of the smash?

Kathleen Williams was having a terrible time with wild beasts in Selig's *Adventures of Kathleen*?

*The Perils of Pauline* was making us hold our breath and the serial was so popular that a very popular song was gotten out about it?

Universal announced that it would pay the stupendous price of \$25 a reel for scenarios?

Universal invited all the visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco to stop off at Universal City and see pictures taken?

Mary Pickford made *Less Than the Dust* as her first picture for Artcraft under her new million dollar a year contract?

Madame Petrova was the principal star for the First National?

Every Mack Sennett comedy had a bathing girl?

Carl Laemmle commenced producing pictures under the trade name of *Imp* pictures?

H. H. Van Loan, the author of *The Virgin of Stamboul*, *The Great Redeemer*, etc., was a movie publicity man in New York City?

The heart of the movie industry in New York was around Madison Square, instead of Times Square?

Fifteen cents was considered a high admission price?

Slides on the screen at the end of a show announced that those who had come in late could remain for the next show?

Slides on the screen requested the ladies to remove their hats?

All the young lady movie fans were crazy about Maurice Costello?

Charlie Chaplin was signed up by Essanay at the unheard of salary of \$600,000 a year?

Mary Pickford curls were all the rage?

Anita Stewart appeared in a serial called *The Goddess*, or something like that, in which she went through a large part of the picture in a long white robe?

Good-sized theatres could rent new films for \$5 to \$10 a day?

There was no movie censorship?



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can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add

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Address .....

City .....

**CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERVIEWER**  
(Continued from Page 31)

able, afternoon tea party. There were other ladies of Filmdom there,—mostly disgruntled wives who were cheering themselves up with Gordon gin. The assemblage grew merrier and more so. I couldn't get the lady to talk at all,—and my story finally had her saying what an admirable chap her roguish hubby is after all.

To save her the trouble of being interviewed repeatedly I have written three stories about Wanda Hawley on the strength of the *one* conversation I had with her. Also, I found it necessary to write two effusions anent Bebe Daniels before I even met her!

Miss Hawley is married. Sad, but true. Nevertheless, I carefully concealed the fact from the gluttonous public. However, in the case of Shirley Mason I forgot to leave her husband out of print. Coily did I announce that she is Mrs. Bernard Durning. The result in print, I was afterward told, created a considerable ruckus at the Fox studio, where Shirley stars in 14-year-old child pictures, because it is not considered good box-office policy to advertise that ingenue actresses have full-grown husbands.

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**Alo Studies**

It is neither the star's fault nor the interviewer's that the public has so long been hokumed with so-called 'interviews.' There are a number of publications throughout the picture-going world that demand it,—depend upon hokum for their circulation. Editors clamor for it, and it is true that a portion of the public expects it in the "fan" magazines.

"Fan" magazine editors would not publish copy that deliberately set about to spoil screen-enthusiasts' illusions. The players know this,—know that they can literally 'get away' with any variety of hokum they wish to hand out. We interviewers know it,—and, personally, when I am writing an interview I prepare deliberately to sell myself as a glorified press agent, a featured advertising purveyor.

IT is strange how we frequently hit upon our story angles. Recently I was sent to interview George Walsh, who is known as an athletic film personage. As a dietetic athlete he is good copy. He can tell you how to keep from getting over-fat or how to cure muscular aches. But as for developing a new quirk to his personality as a screen luminary, that remained for me. I believe I entered into a discussion of classic literature with him for publication!

(Continued on Page 63)

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CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERVIEWER

(Concluded from Page 62)

The public has been led to believe that Pauline Starke is a tearful, wistful individual whose chief raiment is sackcloth - and - ashes. Perish the thought! Even though I have written several 'sob' stories about her I have found her to be a modern, merry little soul who would much rather play comedy than tragedy and whose main thought about her career is the money she makes out of it.

Some of the players themselves revolt against the light in which they have customarily been presented to the public via the magazines. The wife of a director, herself a first-magnitude star, recently told me this when I went to interview her.

"I am human as anybody else," she declared. "Furthermore, I wish you would do me the favor of publishing my *real* views."

And she had some real ones! I printed them. The interview did not 'take' particularly well either with the editors or the magazine readers. My story was free from hokum, and I faithfully tried to present the picture of a brilliant, intellectual woman, thoroughly matured. But film producers film her in slushy pictures and she seemingly has to live up to this false standard in her private-life discussions in print.


The same, I have found, is frequently true. Anna Q. Nilsson, for instance, is actually a domestic girl who can cook, sew and do her own housework if she has a mind to do so. I tried to present a picture of her once in this light but it has been rejected by every 'fan' magazine in publication. However, I found that when I wrote of the genial Miss Nilsson as a Swedish rose or a Viking venus I could have a ready market for my copy. And I am a strictly business person.

We interviewers all have our moments. We find that the film people are willing to please us and our magazines. However, they don't like to get too personal. Many of them say that it's none of the public's business what they do off the screen. In such cases it is up to me, as an interviewer, to create the atmosphere of the entire story. I do so willingly.

THE trumped-up, hokumed star "interviews" that are helping to keep the price of magazine print paper at top-notch prices nowadays are going to continue to exist as long as there is a market for them. And this, I am convinced, will obtain as long as editors feed the gullible portion of the public with untruths and unrealities.



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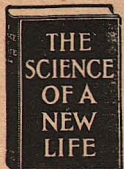
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**SERIAL FILMS IN INDIA**

By S. B. BANERJEA, Author of "Indian Tales," etc.

The American serial film has such a vogue in India that some theatres show nothing but serials. And the houses are always crowded.

The favorite serial stars are Ruth Roland, Eddie Polo, Pearl White, Francis Ford and William Duncan. Any film in which any of these figure always brings a crowd to the theatre.

Fights over seats are a frequent occurrence. On Saturdays and Sundays the four and eight *anna* tickets are sold an hour before performances commence. And late comers have to pay twice as much, sometimes, to secure tickets from the "early birds."

A serious defect in American films, from the Indian point of view, is that the titles are frequently worded *a la American*. If the text were always in pure English, it would appeal everywhere. American producers should avoid colloquialisms, slang and figures of speech of American origin in serials.

I have seen many films with Indian scenes but never was one correctly presented. It is not necessary to make films in India, but when making foreign scenes a producer should have competent technical advice. As for Hindu pictures, however, I would never trust other than a Hindu actor to fill a role. There are too many mannerisms inimitable by others.

This may not be a serious criticism, from an American standpoint. In America, these minor inaccuracies may not be noticed; or, if noticed, perhaps not given importance. But in India it often arouses scornful comment.

Racial ill-feeling should not be tolerated in films. Some American producers lose sight of this in building prejudice against some particular nationality. In India, such film falls from the censors' shears. For here we have a governmental censor board. Sometimes they cut so heavily into a film of race prejudice that it loses its worth.

These are my views as a friendly critic of the American film. We all know that were it not for the American producers, few pictures would be seeing in this part of the world. The development—trade and technical—of motion pictures, was made in America. But there is a *finesse* to be observed when sending the product to foreign markets—a diplomacy that is as important in sealing the fate of nations as anything I know.



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Perfect femininity is the first law of womanly beauty. Anything that even hints at the masculine repels the observer. And so the dainty woman banishes the tiny, shadowy hairs that appear about the rosy lips and on the smooth, white arms. Even though they be but a soft, downy growth, barely discernible to the casual eye, Milady will have none of them, for she knows their presence is inimical to perfect loveliness.

Therefore, she casts out the intruders, root and branch. She does not merely remove the surface hair; she destroys the root, so that the hair will never grow again. But she is cautious about choosing a depilatory.

Milady knows well that many widely advertised remedies contain barium and calcium sulphide that burn the surface growth, just as strong acid will burn a hole in cloth. She knows, too, for Milady is a shrewd reasoner, that a preparation that will burn surface hair will, sooner or later, mar the skin beneath. And her satiny arms and shoulders and lovely complexion must not be menaced by risk of mar or blemish.

Peroxides and ammonias she avoids also, for they too irritate the tender flesh.

The electric needle Milady shuns as it were the plague, for she realizes that its painful ministrations too often stimulate the growth it is supposed to destroy. Then, too, there is the ever-present danger of scars left by the pitiless needle.

A modest pricemark has no lure for Milady. She has learned by long experience that to buy the best is ever the true economy, and so she does not purchase the cheap depilatories. The seemingly inexpensive preparations are costly in the long run, for they do not destroy the hair; they merely remove it temporarily.

Milady Dainty, glorying in her flawless loveliness, chooses a scientifically prepared lotion. She is glad to pay for this preparation, because she knows that it is safe, that it will really destroy and not stimulate the embarrassing growth, and that it will leave her tender flesh as pink and unblemished as a babe's.

Note—Next month a beauty culture article by Carmel Myers, Vitagraph star, will occupy this space.

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**SEND NO MONEY** Just rush your name, address, style and finger size (a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second joint of your finger will do) for your Art-Gem. It weighs one and one-quarter Carat and is mounted in 14K. (Guaranteed U. S. Assay) Solid Yellow or Green Gold for gentlemen, and 14K. Solid Yellow, Green or White Gold for ladies.

**Wear it 15 Days FREE** Give it every test used to determine genuine diamonds—then if it proves to your complete satisfaction, pay \$3.00 monthly for three months. If dissatisfied return to us and get your money back without a question or quibble, by return mail, immediately. You run no risk, merely deposit \$4.50 with the postman when your ring comes, wear it fifteen days free and if it does not prove to your complete satisfaction send it back and we will return your money.

ART GEM CO., Dept. 140, 138 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon

**ART GEM CO.,** Dept. 140, 138 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me prepaid for 15 DAYS' FREE WEAR your ring No..... I agree to deposit \$4.50 with the postman and after 15 days either return the ring or send \$3.00 monthly for three months. In case I am dissatisfied I will return the ring and you will refund my \$4.50 at once.

My finger size is.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Truly  
a  
Wonder  
GEM

Your friends and business associates will admire and envy these beautiful Art-Gems, which are set in genuine 14K. (U. S. Assay) Solid Yellow, Green or White Gold settings.



No. 49. Massive hand carved 14K. solid green or yellow gold mounting for gentlemen . . . . \$13.50



No. 56. Exquisite hand carved solitaire mounting in solid white, green or yellow gold for ladies . . . \$13.50

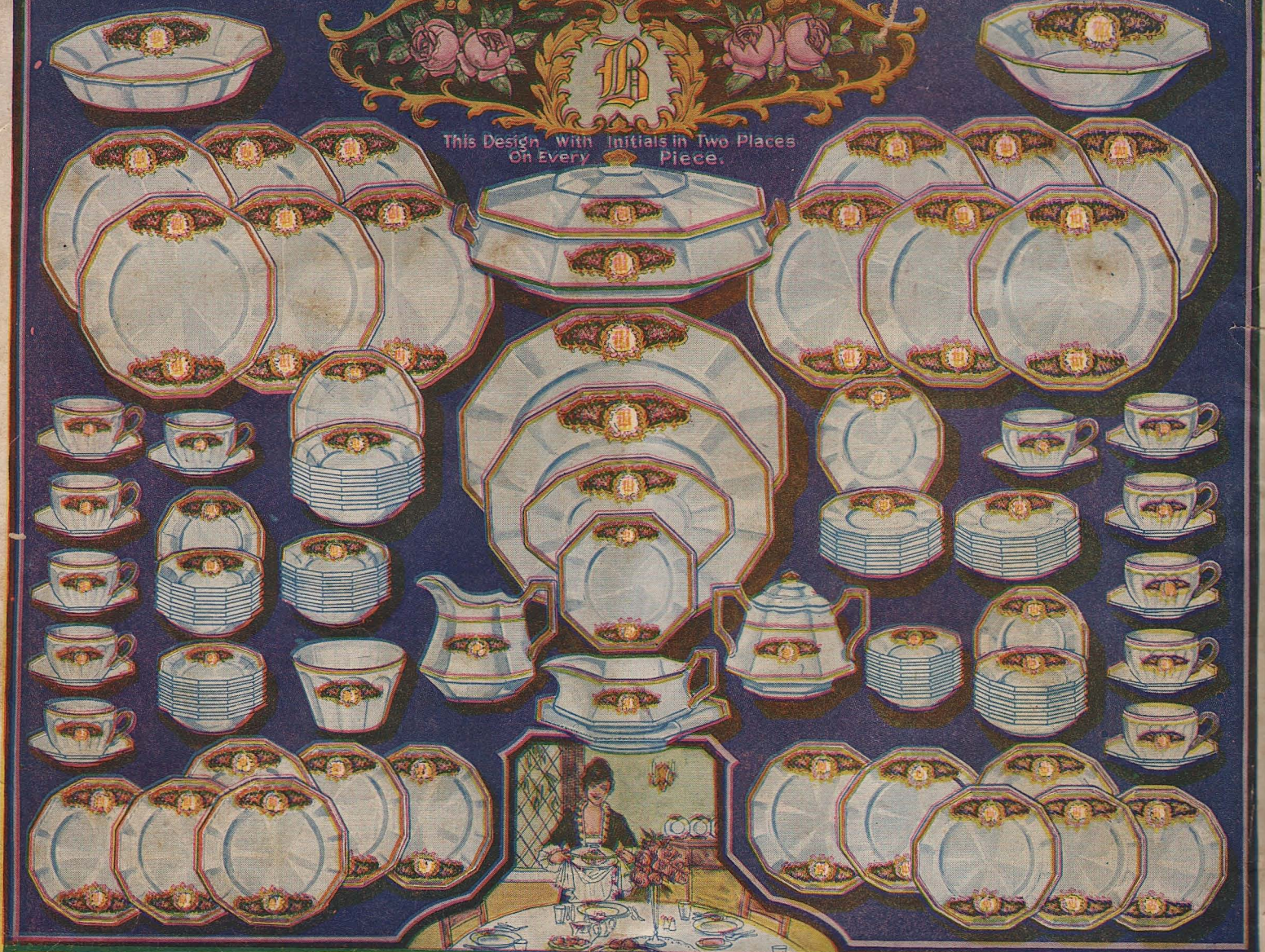


No. 63. Grecian design hand carved 14K. green or yellow gold mounting for gentlemen . . . \$13.50





This Design With Initials in Two Places  
On Every Piece.



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places in wreath with 5-color decorations on every piece, and gold covered handles, consists of:  
12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches  
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches

12 Soup Plates, 7 1/4 inches  
12 Cups  
12 Saucers  
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches  
12 Fruit Dishes, 5 1/4 inches

12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 inches  
1 Platter, 13 1/2 inches  
1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches  
1 Celery Dish, 8 3/4 inches

1 Butter Plate, 6 inches  
1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches with lid (2 pieces)  
1 Deep Bowl, 8 3/4 inches  
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/4 inches

1 Oval Baker, 9 inches  
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches  
1 Gravy Boat, 7 1/4 inches  
1 Creamer  
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

# Brings 110-piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set

Send only \$1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with these superb, gold decorated dishes, return them and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay on easy terms.

**Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece—5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold**

Wonderful artistic effect is given not only by the new and attractive shape of every dish, but by the wreath and the rich design surrounding the initial. Your initial with these superb decorations of scrolls, leaves and roses in natural colors, put on by special fired process, appears in two places on every piece. As handsome as enameling you see on fine jewelry.

**All Handles Covered With Gold**

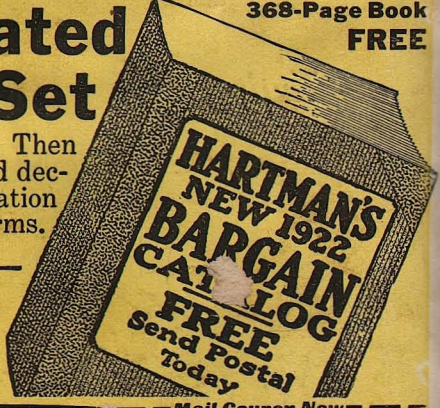
**Important!**  
Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no seconds. This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for 3 years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once. No delay.

Every handle is covered with polished gold. The ware itself is beautiful, lustrous, snowy white. No other pattern to equal the famous "Martha Washington." Elegant, refined, artistic, and yours now at a bargain price. Shipped on 30 days' free trial direct from our Chicago warehouse. Shipping weight about 90 lbs. You must not miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon today.

Order No. 324DMA13. Bargain price, \$32.85. Pay \$1 now. Balance \$3 monthly.

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"Let Hartman Feather Your Nest!"

Name.....  
Street Address.....  
R. F. D..... Box No.....  
Town..... State.....  
State Your Occupation..... Color.....  
Give Initial Wanted (Any One Letter).....

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I enclose \$1.00. Send 110-piece Golden Martha Washington Dinner Set No. 324DMA13. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my \$1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 per month until full price, \$32.85, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.