

Screenland

Magazine

Xmas Number.

20¢



Norma Talmadge

Heisley



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The Magazine With a Heart

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

December, 1920

RALPH CUMMINS, Editor

Vol. 1, No. 4

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Little Hints to the Playgoers

Short Reviews of the Month's Pictures

"Food for Scandal"

A clever little story of human nature with its weakness for gossip and delight in scandal.

Wanda Hawley plays in an entirely different role and surprises one with her versatility.

"His Own Law"

This great motion picture featuring Hobart Bosworth, is a smashing story of two pals who loved the same girl — the inevitable clash between love and friendship — and of a code of honor which bound firmer than any law.

"The Restless Sex"

A Cosmopolitan Production by Robert Chambers, directed by Robert L. Leonard. The best thing about it is the Hearst publicity. The picture is apt to prove a keen disappointment after waiting in line on the strength of the elaborate advertising.

"The Ball of the Gods" is one really good scene in it, however, and Stephen Carr, who plays a juvenile role, gives us a bit of humorous relief for which we are duly grateful.

"The Branded Woman"

A picture adapted from Oliver D. Baily's dramatic success, in which Norma Talmadge undoubtedly reaches the zenith of her career as a character actress. It is the story of a girl who is confronted with a situation so hideous that to escape from its defiling atmosphere, is her one aim. A sordid mystery and the unscrupulous schemes of society vultures, form the main body of the plot. Miss Talmadge is supported by an able cast.

"Always Audacious"

is Wallace Reid's unique new picture. He plays a difficult dual role, in which he assumes two distinct personalities, entirely antagonistic to each other.

As the hero, Wallie is his own superb self, but his portrayal of the crook leaves us doubtful. Wallie was never intended by Nature to play anything but "hero" roles. For villainy in any form, his face is against him.

"Always Audacious" is a Paramount Picture, directed by James Cruze. C. E. Schoenbaum is the cameraman.

"Hell's Oasis"

A Pinnacle Production, starring Neal Hart in his first five-reeler. Adapted from "The Fighting Parson," by William Roberts. Poor direction and poorer continuity. However, Mr. Hart as "The Fighting Parson" saves the picture.

"The Life of the Party"

Adapted from the Irvin Cobb story. "Fatty" Arbuckle in another of his five-reel comedies, in which the star plays Lawyer Leary to the button-bursting satisfaction of the reviewer.

"Sundown Slim"

Harry Carey's latest Universal. A disappointment to those of us who have learned to like Mr. Carey in real Westerns.

"Once to Every Woman"

Dorothy Phillips' latest starring vehicle, directed by Allen Holubar. It is a story which deals with the frailty of fame and fortune and brings about a realization of the true values of life.

"Pink Tights"

A Universal Production, presenting Gladys Walton with Jack Perrin. It is a wholesome little story of a dainty circus performer who drops from her balloon upon the house of a prejudiced minister. She has on pink tights — and well, some of the situations are well worth witnessing.

"Drag Harlan"

In this latest of the William Farnum star series produced by William Fox, Farnum appears as the "two-gun man from Pardo," whose name was uttered with fear and trembling by every outlaw, lone rider and road agent. Jackie Saunders plays opposite him in the role of Barbara Morgan.

"The White Moll"

A picture that has proven a worthy vehicle to carry Pearl White from serials into a wider field of production. It is an intense story of life in New York's underworld, lending to the screen the most dramatic visualization of the depths to which a soul may sink and bringing relief in the final survival of the spiritual.

The story was written by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man," and the scenario is by E. Lloyd Sheldon.

"Her Husband's Friend"

An amazing picturized story, adapted to the screen from Marjorie Benton Cook's novel, "The Incubus."

The plot is woven around a husband who is a waster and his wife whose goodness and virtue are her two most prominent attributes. He eventually loses her love, while a life-long friend has bonded himself to pay the alimony allowed the wife in divorce proceedings. This all leads to one of the most startling climaxes conceivable.

A cast of exceptional worth interprets this cinema, Enid Bennett playing the heroine.

The Best Picture of the Month

"WAY DOWN EAST"

A D. W. Griffith Production

Elaborated by Mr. Griffith from the Stage Play by Lottie Blair Parker.

CAST

Anna Moore	Lillian Gish
Her Mother	Mrs. David Landau
David Bartlett	Richard Barthelmess
Lennox Sanderson	Lowell Sherman
Squire Bartlett	Burr McIntosh
Mrs. Bartlett	Kate Bruce
Martha Perkins	Vivia Ogden
Seth Holcomb	Porter Strong
Reuben Whipple	George Neville
Hi Holler	Edgar Nelson
Kate Brewster	Mary Hay
Professor Sterling	Creighton Hale
Maria Poole	Emily Fitzroy
Mrs. Tremont	Josephine Bernard
Diana Tremont	Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Her Sister	Patricia Fruen
The Eccentric Aunt	Florence Short

Scenario by Anthony Paul Kelly.
Photography by G. W. Bitzer.
Personally directed by D. W. Griffith.

HIGH LIGHTS

The barn dance comedy of Creighton Hale.

Vivia Ogden as the catty gossip.
Applause for Lillian's close-up portraying physical suffering.

The heart-gripping climax of the ice break.

Screenland Magazine

VOLUME I

DECEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 4

Success---and Christmas

IN no other line of human endeavor does Success mount so quickly to substantial heights as it does in the motion picture industry. And, lifting Unknowns overnight to fame and fortune, motion picture Success accomplishes strange transformations.

What of the character change when the girl of yesterday's "bathing beauties" becomes the popular star of today? Or when the idolized hero of today slips down the toboggan of a fickle public's ever-changing desire?

Who of the Bright Lights cherish the Goddess of Success, and appreciate her rich blessings? Who among the stars of today burn up their Goddess with the flames of unholy dissipation? Or ruin hopeful careers by a mightier-than-thou attitude that antagonizes the very people whose applause they belittle?

Sada Montgomery, who shot starward in a few short months, now ignores her friends of the lean days, and plans a world-conquering tour of Europe.

Little Annie Perkins, who began life next door to the great Sada and struggled step by step to leading roles, has a smile and a kind word for everyone.

Verne St. John, who rose to stellar heights in the spotlight of his wife's ability, now poses upon the Alexandria rug, and complains indolently of the insistence of a work-mad director.

And Jim O'Neil, leather-faced, bow-legged cowpuncher-star, squats on his heels in a corner of the corral and yarns with his old cronies while a sweating press agent seeks him in vain.

Christmas Time — and Success.

Starving children — and a four-figure salary.

Stars with warm hearts — and fashion-plate figureheads.

Oh, what's the use? Sada Montgomery and Verne St. John will celebrate their Christmas at the Swelldom Cafe as usual, while Annie Perkins and Jim O'Neil will wear themselves out distributing Christmas baskets.

ON THE HONEYMOON TRAIL

By George Emmett

Illustrated by Don Hix

Of all the big scenes staged in the old Western Star studio, never had one been so rich in colorful atmosphere, and so filled with dramatic possibilities as the wedding of Josie Story, the Western Company's popular little star, and Bert Flynn, her leading man. Even after the ceremony was over a tense interest held the mob of enthusiastic guests as they jostled from the decorated stage and packed themselves into the street with a jumble of dancing horses and honking automobiles.

Bert Flynn, the blushing, bow-legged cowpuncher bridegroom, was fussing around two big bay horses that were standing saddled at the gate. Josie had gone to her dressing-room to change from wedding silk to riding corduroy.

"Some honeymoon idea," observed Gabe Parker, the cameraman to the uneasy Flynn. "Gee, it'll be great to beat it away from the highway and get off where you can hunt and fish and make faces at the thought of work—"

"He's jealous, Bert," put in Art Givens, Miss Story's director. "He's sore because you've won our little girl. But he don't mean it." The big director slipped his

The leathery face of the cowboy actor twisted into an embarrassed grin. He hitched at the belt of his new moleskin riding breeches and dug his finger inside the collar of his gray flannel shirt.

"I—shoah—like tuh heah you spread that stuff on," he gulped, a huskiness in his soft Southern drawl. "I know I ain't in th' class with yuh birds, but somehow such stuff makes me forget that I can't talk United States, an' that I'm uh bow-legged fool when I'm mixed in with white-collah people. Reckon I mixed with the tough hombres down on th' bordah too long tuh evah reform. But yuh jest tell th' boys aftah we 'ah gone that I'm all fussed up with this send-off—an' that Josie an' me—well, we're shoah tickled." He cast a furtive glance out over the good-natured crowd, then he lowered his voice and swung his head nearer the director. "I've been so darned scared they'd try tuh pull some crazy stunt," he muttered. Then he shook himself like a bathing dog and grinned sheepishly. "Down where I usta hold out in Texas, a fella wasn't married right unless there was uh fool kidnagin', or uh duckin'—or suthin' worse. But this bunch—"

The director laughed. "These lads have too much respect for that old deputy-marshal rep of yours, Bert. Jokers sort of fight shy of a man who's brought in as many desperate characters as you have."

Flynn merely grinned, shifted his bowed legs and hitched his belt higher on his lanky waist. Then he gave up trying to appear at ease and threw an impatient glance in through the studio gate.

"It shoah takes her a long time tuh change her clothes," he muttered.

Gordon Harvey, the tubby studio manager, strolled out through the gate with a photographer and two reporters. Even while his bantering smile played upon the nervous bridegroom, his little eyes darted over the crowd in search of publicity possibilities.

"Woman is always late, Bert," he stated with his wide smile, "except when the poor male man has made a slip—then you'll find her right on the set."

"Huh!" sniffed Givens. "Bert won't have any trouble. An ex-marshal with a gun ruined with notches ought to be able to handle any woman."

Harvey shot a quick glance at Flynn and stroked his smooth chin. Then he shrugged his big shoulders and turned to the reporters.

Josie Story's wedding meant much desirable publicity for the Western Star Corporation.

"Josie better be hustling out here," grumbled Givens. "This crowd is getting nervous. They're apt to start something."

Harvey turned with his fat smile. Then he caught Flynn's worried frown.

"Run in and see what's keeping Josie," he ordered a prop boy.

The bridegroom pulled at the saddle on the horse



"He don't mean it, Bert. We're glad she's found a real man."

arm across the bridegroom's shoulders. "We're glad she's found a real man. We want you to know that we're all for you strong. Here's wishing you a long and adventurous married life."

beside him and became still more uneasy. Suddenly Givens sobered and looked sharply at Flynn.

"Say, Bert, you're not worrying about that crazy letter, are you? It's only in stories that the ex-convict comes back to get the man that sent him up."

Flynn turned with a puzzled stare.

"What? Oh — that bird! No, I ain't worryin' — but, yuh see — I've got responsibilities now — if uh dirty skunk like that 'ud get after Josie —"

The prop boy came running from the studio lot.

"Miss Story isn't in her dressing room," he said, his voice a little uncertain. "And I couldn't find her anywhere."

Bert Flynn frowned and scratched his chin. The others gave impatient exclamations and growled at the messenger.

"She's gone to the wardrobe," suggested Givens, "or maybe she went to get something from the prop room. Let's hunt her up, Bert."

In a silent study Flynn followed the director across the stage to the star's dressing room. Givens rapped, then opened the door. Josie's maid was packing wedding finery into a suitcase.

"Where's Miss Story?" demanded the director.

"She sent me out with a telegram," explained the maid. "When I came back she was gone. I thought you had started," she finished with a wide smile at the bridegroom.

Bert Flynn sat upon the dainty little chair before Josie's make-up table. His face had grown more troubled and his roving eyes were full of a plaintive question.

The director straightened with determination just as Harvey came to the open door.

"Miss Story seems to be hiding out on us," Givens said to the manager. "Suppose you have some of your men hunt her up." Then he laughed. "Why, she must be right here."

Harvey immediately took charge of the search. Quietly he sent a number of the studio men to look for Josie. All at once every one on the stage became sober.

Fifteen minutes later Givens and Harvey faced each other in front of the still bewildered Flynn. The bride had disappeared!

A second and very thorough search of the studio failed to develop a trace of the missing star.

"I'll tell the crowd they slipped away," said Givens. "Then we'll get down to business and solve this mystery."

"Why not tell the crowd the truth," suggested Harvey, "and let them help hunt her?"

Givens glanced sharply at the manager's face, but Harvey's expression held only a growing anxiety.

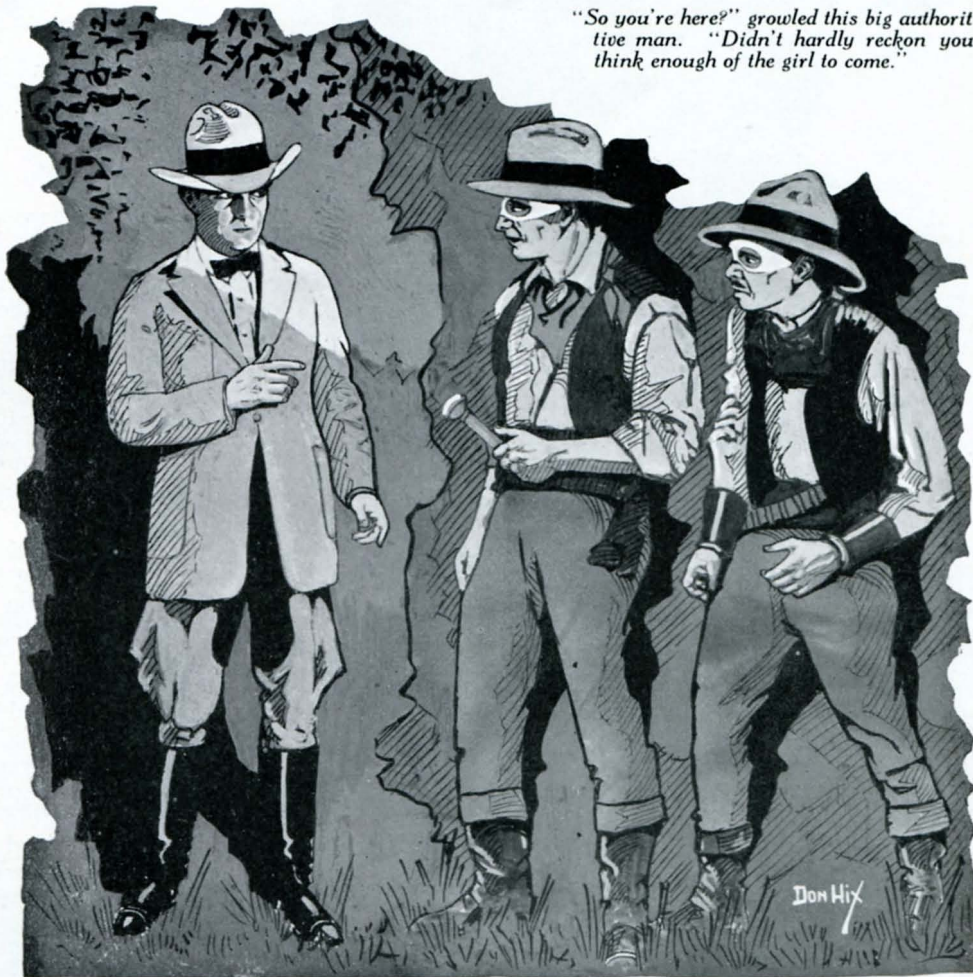
But as Givens turned toward the gate, Parker the cameraman came up with a piece of news.

"Millie Cox, up in the cutting room, said she saw Josie drive out in her green roadster," he announced.

At once the little party on the stage hurried around to the big shed back of the dressing rooms where the studio

machines were kept. Sure enough, Miss Story's big green car was gone.

Struck with a sudden thought, Givens walked over to the window of Josie's dressing-room, which opened on the alley within sight of the spot where the car had been



"So you're here?" growled this big authoritative man. "Didn't hardly reckon you'd think enough of the girl to come."

parked. He peered at the ground under the window.

"She jumped out of her window!" he exclaimed. "Here's her tracks in the geranium bed."

Bert Flynn clumped over and stared down at the tracks of Josie's riding boots. The plaintive frown was still upon his face and he continually mopped the sweat from his forehead. His eyes held a dazed expression, and he seemed hardly to understand what was going on.

"She's got nervous of the crowd," suggested Givens. "She'll telephone in a few minutes."

But no one thought seriously of that explanation. Josie Story had been friends with that crowd too long to fear their loving gibes.

Then one of the searchers outside the studio lot found a man who had seen the green car driving down Sunset toward Los Angeles. He thought that there had been a man and a woman in the car. In ten minutes three private detective agencies were looking for that green car, and Harvey was insisting that the police should be called in. Flynn was still standing around, fumbling with his belt and staring at nothing.

The crowd hooted when informed that the honeymooners had slipped away, but they finally dispersed, with good-natured threats.

An hour of active inaction passed. The two telephone lines were kept busy with inquiries to all possible points. Everyone was plainly worried.

(Continued on page 46)



The Truth About Ruth

By Robin Dare

“YOU will find Ruth up-stairs in her room,” said Miss Roland’s Aunt, “The door is open — you will see her.”

Happy to have been received so informally, I set forth alone, found the right door — but stopped on the point of knocking.

A little girl was sitting on the floor, playing with her dolls. Her lips were half parted in a smile. She had just arranged all the small members of her bisque family before her and was viewing them with unconcealed pride.

“Billy — Mary Anne — and Jane, you are really beautiful children,” she murmured, and then turning to a saucy Cupie doll, she sighed sorrowfully.

“What can be done for you, I wonder? It worries me to think you can’t sit down. Poor child! Stiffening of the joints — let me see —.”

I knocked guiltily, with the feeling that I had been eaves-dropping.

Ruth Roland started to her feet with an apology, brushing a stray curl out of her eyes, and trying to summon as dignified an expression as was possible in the face of so much evidence.

“I come up here to play with my dolls,” she explained with a shameless little laugh. “I really love dolls, you know. Dolls and babies are my hobby. I just want barrels of ’em around all the time. Look at them. Don’t you think they are sweet?”

They were marvelous dolls to be sure, though far outshone by their dazzling “mother.”

Miss Roland dropped into a deep over-stuffed chair, looking like a dainty piece of bisque herself, with the boudoir piece of cream enamel and rose draperies as her background.

About her was a subtle fragrance that brought to my mind a field of wild flowers after a teasing spring rain. Her very dark blue eyes were sparkling as if they had caught a few rain drops themselves; her teeth flashed with every smile; her golden hair

*Sometimes
this is
the hospital
for Ruth's
little hurt
birds.*



*Ruth was
once a doll
herself.*



In the midst of her family.

seemed to be competing with the sun. Really, Ruth makes you rhapsodical in spite of yourself.

She was telling me a little about her dolls. It seems that the last one given to her by her mother many years ago, had recently been redressed for Miss Roland's birthday, and adorned with a new wig of real hair as near the color of her own as possible, to say nothing of some long curling eyelashes. There was a baby doll too — Miss Roland's "boy," and everywhere about the room were pictures of some much loved and lucky infant friend.

With a strange feeling, almost akin to a jealous pang, I found myself wishing that I were a child again; that I could run up to her, and somehow fall asleep in her lap. An admission like that only goes to show what Miss Roland does to you. She strips you of the last particles of reserve and you are immediately your own helpless self — because she understands you.

"Of course, people would think me very foolish," she declared, "if you told them how little I have grown up — really. Why, after a hard day's work I can get down on the floor with the neighborhood kiddies and play "Jacks" with a rubber ball. Yes, sir-ee—and enjoy it! Not having any playmates as a child on the stage may be partly responsible. I have been educated mostly



Miss Roland's morning mail is not a breakfast-table affair.

by governesses and sometimes I feel that I have been deprived of something very precious — a girl's dream of going away to school. I should have enjoyed all those 'after retiring' frolics of school girls — midnight feasts by candle light, luke-warm tea served in hot water bottles, strawberry jam that simply can't be spread without getting in one's hair, chafing dish parties —"

Here she looked at me impressively and added:

"I can cook too. You should see me cook an egg. I can do anything with an egg. Eggs are my delight — my passion. I am mad about eggs!"

She was laughing of course, but I felt that Columbus was not the only one who favored the egg as an illustration of new discoveries.

"And what else do you like?" I volunteered, wondering what bit of originality would be forthcoming next. She was quite serious when she answered.

"I like little hurt birds. You would be surprised to know how many I find

(Continued on page 33)



Is it any wonder that passersby pause to listen?

Author! Author!

By Joseph Ashurst Jackson

WHILE wandering around the Goldwyn studio not so long ago I gathered the impression that I was in a literary corral—a sort of round-up, as 'twere. Men and women who have made themselves famous by the judicious and meticulous use of their typewriters seemed as ubiquitous (I like that word; it has literary quality) as razors at a negro picnic.

These mighty wielders of words seemed entirely human and unpretentious—regular people. So I approached a group of them at lunch in the studio commissary, expecting to hear a brilliant discussion on the relation of motion picture scenarios to the Greek drama. My ears pricked up when they caught the word "punch," an expression frequently used to describe what a story lacks. Ah, I thought, here is conversation worthy of a young Boswell. On closer approach I heard Thompson Buchanan, author of "Civilian Clothes," tell J. G. Hawks that one M. Carpentier had greater punch than one M. Dempsey.

Mr. Hawks, as managing editor of the scenario department, is the boss of this distinguished crew. And speaking of matters pugilistic, he is himself, big enough and powerful enough to make a success by punching a prizefighter instead of a typewriter, but when you look at his kindly face and notice his quite, unassuming manner you forget all about controversy of any sort.

Clayton Hamilton, seated at the same table, was professor for many years at Columbia University and is the author of several books about the theatre. He had just received his census blank, which asked the question:

Mary Roberts Rinehart is an "Eminent Author—ess."



Rupert Hughes (right) and Rex Beach.

Above is Thomas Buchanan author of "Civilian Clothes."

"Can you write?" To which he replied: "Consult my publishers." I asked him if he would return to Columbia this year, and to that he replied that he needed a rest from teaching, and that he was sure his students did. Which isn't bad at all for a professor.

On going out on the lawn, I heard a noise like unto the rumble of a motor. Inquiry elicited the information that the strange sound emanated from the portable typewriter which Gertrude Atherton manipulates with

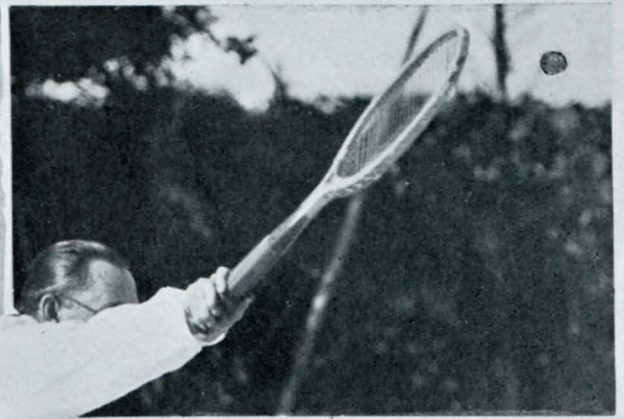
such skill and vigor. Cleves Kinkead, who moulded "Common Clay" into play form, remarked in Southern drawl that the machine seemed better suited to the writing of grand opera than the silent drama.

Mrs. Atherton is a hard worker. She keeps regular office hours and pounds her typewriter most industriously until five o'clock, when she "knocks off" and serves tea in her office to some of her distinguished co-workers.

One of the regular attendants at these informal parties is Gouverneur Morris, author of "The Penalty," "The Water Lily" and numerous other photoplays and printed stories. Although most of Mr. Morris' stories deal with tremendous action and virile theme, he is himself extremely shy and unassuming. (He reminds one of Robert Louis Stevenson in this respect.) But under the influence of Mrs. Atherton's tea and her faculty for making her guests feel at ease, he loses his shyness.

Another eminent at the tea-party was Rupert Hughes, who was collaborating in the production of his story, "Canavan," called in the film version "Hold Your Horses," and starring Tom Moore. Mr. Hughes was also writing "Mr. and Miserable Jones," an original story for the screen. He is an easy man to interview. He has ideas on every phase of the writing business and expresses himself fluently and picturesquely. He carried a stick — a custom quite common in New York, but rare in Califiiland.

Charles Kenyon, who acquired a reputation when he



wrote "Kindling" and whose original story, "The Alibi," will be produced by Goldwyn, is the most dapper of the lot. He wears his clothes better than most leading men and carries himself with a smart swagger.

The youngest of the lot is Elmer L. Rice, author of "On Trial," a sensational stage success. He is only 28 years old now and hardly looks that. He has wavy red locks and wears shell glasses. There ought to be a gag in that about the tortoise and the hare. He was then adapting Maurice Maeterlinck's story, "The Power of Good," to the screen.

I did not meet Rex Beach, the President of the Eminent Authors, but I did hear a good story about him. An "extra" girl in one of the pictures said she had always thought Rex Beach was a summer resort, now she learns that he is a writer.

Nor did I meet Mary Roberts Rinehart, Basil King or LeRoy Scott, who also contribute to the Eminent Authors Productions. They were not at the studio that day. The company is probably afraid it will be accused of being a literary trust if all of them are found there together at the same time.

Gertrude Atherton (above), Gouverneur Morris in action (below).

A Gentleman of the Screen *By Tam O'Shanter*

"GOOD MORNING!"
I had been waiting in the reception hall several minutes when I heard myself greeted in this manner.

Coming down the stairs was an odd looking gentleman in lavender pajamas, while in one hand he carried a shaving brush and in the other a razor strop. He looked at me gloomily out of strange, round eyes, that even from a distance I observed to be a bright transparent brown.

"You caught me inopportunistly," he said. "I seldom rise before ten o'clock." And his face became hidden behind a huge shameless yawn. Throwing one foot over the bannisters, he slid the rest of the way down.

"I am very fond of this form of exercise before breakfast," he explained. "With a little practice I'll be able to slide up as well as down."

Next he performed a few stunts, hanging by his feet and turning wierd somersaults.



"Good Morning."

Last, he made a wild dive into the air and landed directly in front of me — a calm self-contained Chimpanzee, not of the jungles — but of the world.

"You have come to interview me, I presume," he drawled. "Beastly bore — interviews, but then that is what comes of being inordinately famous. If you will excuse me, I will adjourn to the most convenient dressing room and dispense with my pajamas. I understand it is not correct to receive visitors thus clad. Stupid idea! My grandfather in Africa didn't even bother about pajamas—owing perhaps, to the fact that some of my ancestors are reported to have had especially long and cumbersome tails." He broke off and called loudly up the stairs.

"Hi, James! Bring me something spiffy in a cravat, please; it's another of these idiot interviewers."

Snooky yawned again and withdrew into the most convenient dressing room. When I saw him again, a splashy tie and socks to match lent him a few of the graces of the fashion plate.



The finale of every interview.

"I wear red socks because they make me feel devilish," he confided with a chuckle. "But I hate to think what my grandmother in Africa would say. In her day, Chimpanzees deported themselves differently. Imagine the dear old soul in red stockings. Ha ha!"

I followed him into his sitting room where he esconced himself in a big chair.

"Oh, I say, James," he called again, "where are my Turkish cigarettes? Haven't I given you explicit orders to have Turkish cigarettes any place where I happen to sit down in the morning?"

He flicked the ashes from his cigarette and sighed deeply.

"By the way," he said, "I will tell you a little about my past. I come from one of the oldest families of the jungles—the Chimpanzees. We are the rarest of anthropoid apes, and considering my heritage, I do detest being called a monkey—unless the term is used affectionately, of course. I am very affectionate."

He illustrated his last remark by grabbing a fat puppy that was wobbling across the room and hugging it ardently.



He glowered darkly and turned to me. "Gad! my man James is stupendously stupid. Wouldn't you think he would know where I am apt to sit down next, without being told?"

His valet came with the cigarettes and when he had disappeared again, Snooky winked wickedly.

"Personally, I would rather loll on the bear rug yonder and chew tobacco, but then the world has become so deucedly conventional since I came from Africa. There—ah—I can remember a certain cocoanut tree—a great, mellow tropical moon . . ."

Stolen sweets.

"Dogs and children always take to me," he smiled benevolently. "You may draw your own conclusions as to what kind of an ape I am."

He looked over his shoulder suddenly and then assured that we were alone, whispered guardedly.

"I have made a marvelous discovery—I haven't told a living soul."

He motioned to me and I drew my chair nearer.

"I have been reading various philosophies during my moments of leisure—such as Theosophy, Psycho-

(Continued on page 33)

Behind the Mask *By* Alstan Barke

HEAVEN help me! I had to interview Eric Von Stroheim! I put an extra hat-pin in my hat, tested the sharpness of my finger nails — and set out. I would hate him; there was comfort in that thought. He would see that I hated him, and suffer terribly. Aye, more than that, this ultra screen villain — this super-director-author-star would see murder in the heart of one interviewer — he would recognize at once that I had seen him in some of his best pictures.

Almost stealthily I tracked him out on location, where, I was able to gather, he had every inducement to be in one of the fiendish humors he portrays so excellently. He had been working nights and falling into an artificial lake every few minutes for a week, the result of which was a severe cold. It was good enough for him, I reasoned hotly. He writes his own pictures and puts awfully wet lakes in them. Brute!

I was nearing the set and approached carefully — one step at a time. At intervals I turned around abruptly, hat-pin in hand, and hissed: "Hah! I caught you in the act!" just in case he should be creeping up behind me. To be even more cautious, I tried walking backwards, but stumbled into a mud puddle. Of course, I could see that the mud puddles were put purposely in the way of interviewers. I laughed hoarsely. I was too clever for him. I had discerned all that. I would fool him and walk front forwards.

It was a damp and slippery business. Bitterly I classified Von Stroheim as the kind of a man who would collect cockroaches for a hobby.

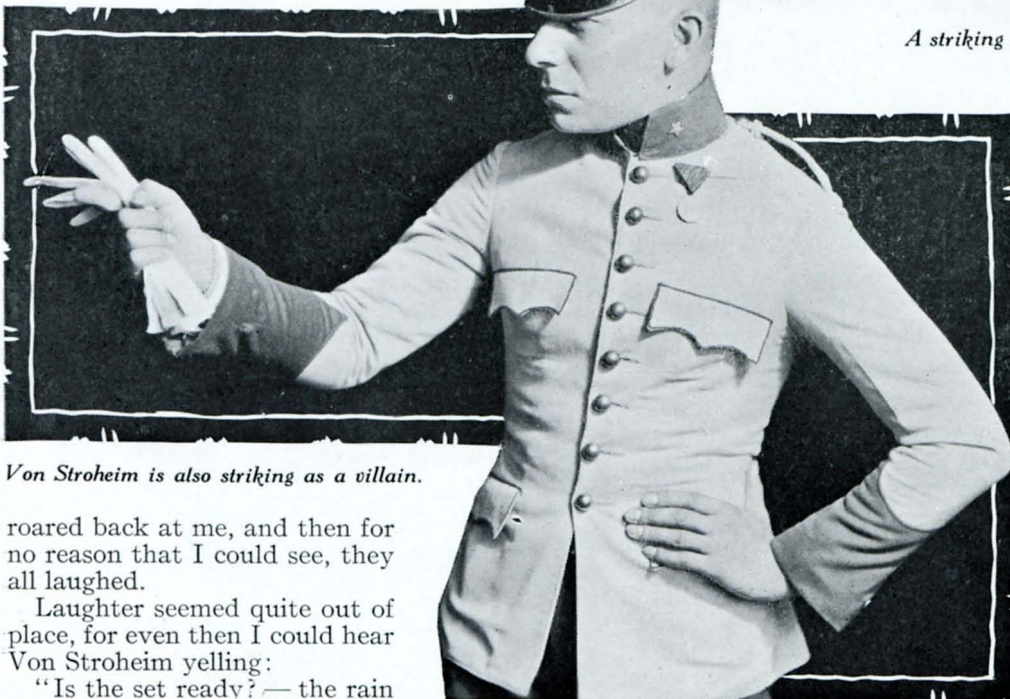
I arrived at the door of the "witch's hut" where he was hiding, no doubt, and paused irresolute.

"D-does he grab interviewers b-b-by the hair?" I inquired huskily of the musical trio who had been playing weird Russian folk songs at a safe distance from the hut.

"Eats 'em alive!" one of them



A striking man with direct brown eyes.



Von Stroheim is also striking as a villain.

roared back at me, and then for no reason that I could see, they all laughed.

Laughter seemed quite out of place, for even then I could hear Von Stroheim yelling:

"Is the set ready? — the rain

wet? (He was not content to have the lake wet alone; he must have the rain wet. Monster!) Where's the dog? Where's the cat? How the devil can you find a black cat in a black night? All right, I'll cut it out! I'll cut out the big set! Bah! Where's the girl? (I started to run.) Here kitty—kitty—kit-ty! There's the cat. Hold it up by the back of the neck. (Poor cat! Imagine holding a cat by the neck!) There's the girl! All right Miss Armstrong! That's a good cat! Let's go! Step lively! Ah, dear girl, we two are alone in the midst of a black and stormy night — we . . . Hey! Cam-er-a! You fools — can't you see I'm acting — not directing? What's
(Continued on page 42)

Laughing Eyes By Frank Granger

HERE is a girl — one in a million — who would gladly forfeit her opportunities for fame and fortune in the movie world, to the film-struck remainder of that million.

Naomi is her name, but it would have been equally fitting to have called her "Laughing-Eyes," for there is in her veins a trace of real Indian blood, with a hint of inherited characteristics in the fly-away strands of her straight black hair.

Nothing matters to Miss Naomi Monahan but the width of the great blue sky over head and a little mountain cabin hidden somewhere among the pines. There, she runs away to hunt and fish and to let her hair fall in long thick braids.

She knows the call of the wild quail and the tracks of her game. She can shoot a bow and arrow when she hasn't a gun, and knows the magic of sleeping rolled up in a blanket before a camp fire. Only these things matter to Naomi, and perhaps that is why she cares not a bit for her many offers to go into motion pictures. She turns up her little unpowdered



Laughing eyes peer out at you.



She admits that she would rather ride a horse.

nose at anything artificial in society, or staid in the work-a-day world, and flies away to her mountain haunts like a fresh, warm breeze in an Indian summer

If you ask her what she thinks of afternoon teas and the feminine arts of embroidery and subtle gossip, laughing eyes will peer out at you from beneath heavy black lashes, and she will begin telling you of a bear she shot and skinned once, or the fun of swimming across the Potomac, or again of the strange dances of the tribe of Hopi Indians, among whom she feels at home.

No wonder the directors are in pursuit of this winsome progeny of our forefathers — this quaint combination of daring and shyness.

"The things most girls are afraid of, I adore," she declares, "but on the other hand, I am terrified of the little things that mean only a part of the day's program to them."

To see "Laughing-Eyes" even in passing on a busy street, is seldom to forget her. The jet black hair parted in the middle, the ribbon of Indian beads around her neck, the blanket skirt fringed at the bottom, a brown sport coat and a pert little hat, perhaps, complete the most typical picture of Naomi on Broadway in Los Angeles.

The screen is very anxious to kidnap the fair Naomi, but whether she will continue to laugh and elude it or will some time consent to lend herself to pictures, we cannot say.



THE FILM FLAMMER



EDITED BY GROVER JONES
TERRIBLE-DECORATIONS BY HESS PUNKO

PUBLISHED BETWEEN HERE AND THERE JUST ABOUT NOW

Personal Notes of Picture Goats

Adam Upp, cashier for Pinsetta Picture Company, went to Tia Jewanny, last week. Yesterday, the company was declared defunct.



R. S. Outt, cameraman for the Kalcimo Komedy Kompany, has invented a lens which eradicates double-chins on leading ladies. R. S. Outt recently perfected a scheme to match an actor's featheredge haircut with the rest of his neck.

The Elsa Gundo Feature Company was unable to work yesterday due to Miss Gundo's inability to take her usual morning milk bath. The milk was shipped via the Sygan & Chawtobacco Valley R. R., and was churned to butter.

Egbert Loquat, who is starring in a Satsuma Biblical picture, was arrested for bootlegging Friday. Justice Yokum says that movy folks will have to get rid of their stills.

SYSTEMATIZING THE MOVIES

By Edgar Watt Muley

I followed Axion Cutt, the great motion picture director, into his office and nervously accepted the proffered chair.

"Mr. Cutt," I began nervously, "I have been sent to interview you by 'The Film Flammer'."

"So-so." The great director eyed me with a smile and proceeded to crunch his large diamond tie pin between his even white teeth.

"You are conceded to be the greatest living director?"

"Without a question or a doubt."

"Tell me—is directing harder than playing a flute?"

"Very much so. In fact, a flute player has less idea what he's doing than has the average director."

"What scene do you find the hardest to make?"

"The sawmill scene. We have all the others in stock."

"Of what use is an assistant-director?"

"He is invaluable. Through him I alibi to the office. If they don't like my alibi they fire the assistant-director."

"What does your property man do?"

"He writes the stories, titles, dresses the sets and keeps the leading man from getting drunk."

I thanked him and arose to go.

"By the way," he asked, "what size type do you figure my name will appear in?"

Likskillet now claims ten producing companies, and two hundred which have studios.

Try Bodine's Body Builder. Fay Doubt uses it and she now has more gall than an atmosphere cop.

Pat Broiler is ulcerating the titles for "Sex and Insects."

"I Came to Bury Caesar; Not to Praise Him"

It wasn't his fault the picture was punk,

He did all he could to put it across, He took out the scenes he considered the bunk

And rid all the others of odor and moss.

He slipped in a close-up—the heroine in tears;

A bird cage and window nearby; A black velvet drape where the victim appears,

Some papers and such for the spy.

He added some titles—"Month later" "That night"

And others equally as good. He lengthened the scenes of the terrible fight

And irised the shot of the wood.

It wasn't his fault that the picture was punk,

He did all he could to get it across. Why, the script he received was a big piece of junk,

At least, that's the story he told to the boss.

FOR SALE—Men's pants one-half off. Buy before they go up. E. Z. Mark, Tailor.



(To be continued)

Famous Players



Justine Johnson



Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven



Helen Jerome Eddy



Monte Blue



Blonde Betty Francisco enjoys a California "snow."

PHOTO BY WEBER.



Naomi Childers invites you to join her.



"Merry Christmas," from Bebe.



This must have been taken last Christmas — Molly Malone is now grown up.

The Leading Man Who Is Not Afraid to Muss His Hair

By Marie Ethelyn Dubree

I was standing on the side lines watching fight scenes. Now, there are fight scenes — and pink teas. In the latter the hero part of the fracas comes out of the scrimmage with his hair neatly slicked down with bandoline. In the former — well, by the appearance of the hero you can tell a whole lot about how soon the villain will be able to make the remainder of his scenes.

As I said, I was watching fight scenes. It was in Irvin Willat's "Down Home." Two men were doing their best to wreck the stage as well as the set. I wasn't particularly shocked at first. As if to reprove my scepticism one of the fighters smashed a real chair over the other's head.

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Hurt you, Eddie?"

But the leading man never heard. Dashing the real blood out of his eyes, he proceeded to do a few real things to that poor heavy.

When the assistant finally managed to convey the information that the cameras had ceased to grind, Edward Hearn wiped some more blood, shook his hair out of his eyes and grinned at his chief.

"I always have a fear that I will come out of a fight scene with my hair nice and smooth," he confided to me. "That's a thing that disgusts me with a lot of pictures. The hero goes into a big fight looking sleek and handsome — and



comes out the same way. I've had just ten scenes in this picture with my hair combed."

"Come on, Eddie," called the director, "we've got to take that over. I don't like that crack with the chair. Technically, as they say in sham-battle maneuvers, that smash should

have made you a casualty right there — and we need another fifty feet of this fight."

I expected Mr. Hearn to protest, but he merely grinned wickedly at the discouraged heavy and took his place in the set.

I didn't linger to see any more. I was satisfied. I'll wait until the picture is released to see the rest of that fight.

Edward Hearn, now playing the lead in a Ruth Roland serial.

"A Bookworm of the Screen" By Myron Zobel

FASHIONS prevail in the motion picture world exactly the same as they do in the world of society. It is no difficult thing to pick some of the fashions that prevail today — the fashion for social dramas — for bed and bathroom sets (a take over from the legit) and for the injection of heavy morals into light plays tending to make them 'top-heavy.'

* * * *

One of the best examples of these 'top heavy' plays is EARTHBOUND. The idea of a man's soul returning to earth is a splendid idea — the moral of the avenging conscience is excellent. But 6,000 feet of perpetual double-exposure is not sufficient to put such a big idea across. Moreover, the double exposure not only is overdone — tediously overdone — but it is bungled as well. It is as though one heard the megaphone in every scene in which the ghost appears. By lighting the 'spirit' from a new angle (below, for instance) some of this artificiality might have been overcome.

* * * *

Way Down East here in this little column there can surely be no harm in saying just about the truth of what one thinks — even though that truth be unpleasant, or the reverse. In this case it is a mixture. Griffith's choice of a story for his great 12-reel special is obvious. He wanted something that would have universal appeal. So he chose that old stage-vehicle that has been the laughing (and the crying) stock of half a generation. Of course, the wheels of the vehicle squeaked a little. One never is quite sure what century the action is supposed to run its course in. The characters are dressed in the style of 1921, but somehow there is a mustiness of age about their houses, their ideas, their prejudices even — and they drive in buggies only. It is easy to criticize the first ten reels — to call them experimental — almost mediocre. The last two reels are beyond criticism.

* * * *

That brings us to the question of length. Five reels certainly is not enough for the development of a story and an idea in pictures. It is like a two act play. Twelve reels on the other hand is too much. When the M. P. get out of their much-heralded infancy eight to ten reels will probably be the established length. That will make it possible to fill an evening's entertainment without padding the bill with travelogues, song-and-dance-artists, and the eternal pictorial weakly. (Sic.)

* * * *

Another one of the present motion picture fashions (exclusive of the perpetual search for a second Miracle Humoresque Man) is the fashion for Changing Titles. If a book called "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is scenarioized it will appear on the three-sheet poster under the title of "The Folly of a Life of Crime" or "Theodore — the City Guy that double-crossed our Nell," or some such allied concoction. The object so far as we have been able to discover, ascertain and determine is to popularize the thing. The assumption being that YOU—gentle or otherwise reader — will not be qualified to appreciate the story under the title given to it by its original author. Thus — I quote examples—"Head and Shoulders"

Beginning with this issue of SCREENLAND a column of literary questions and answers will be conducted by The Bookworm. You are invited to send in questions about the preparation of continuity, about tiling or about original stories and their authors. What do you think about stories and books now being made into pictures? Have you read any that you think would make good pictures? If so, tell us. Or, ask us. It is the object of The Bookworm to advance the interest in and the interests of the Screen Writer. Please write in clear brief style, sign your name and address, and send to "The Bookworm," SCREENLAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Wesley-Roberts Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



Bayard Veiller. Headquarters of the SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD is in the Markham Building, Room 224, Hollywood, California.

* * * *

Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "RIGHT OF WAY," "MONEY MASTER" and many other works, has come to Hollywood and is at present at the Lasky studio engaged in the preparation of his own stories for the screen. Sir Gilbert in future will devote himself to original stories, writing exclusively for film production and with no further intention of book or play production.

* * * *

H. Tipton Steck did a very fine piece of continuity when he adapted the Lew Cody vehicle "OCCASIONALLY YOURS" to the screen. While a great many people object to male vampires on personal or family grounds and nearly all audiences in America feel cheated when plays turn out unhappily for the ingenue — still no one can deny that OCCASIONALLY YOURS is true to type, that it is a heart-winger and a smile-getter; and that it is a fine piece of work from the standpoint of actor, director and writer. (And strange to say we get nothing at all in the way of publicity encouragement for all this; and even paid our 38 cents to get it.)

* * * *

[Somebody would make a better photoplay by screening Kathleen Norris' "STORY OF JULIA PAGE" than ever was or could have been made out of "HARRIET AND THE PIPER" by the same author. The first is a story and an idea; the second is just a story. And they had to drag the Hindoo fakir in to murder the villain after all

* * * *

Now Edna Ferber's stories are an example to the contrary. Everybody has read them; everybody enjoys them; and yet only two of them — EMMA McCHESNEY and one other — have ever seen screen production. The reason for this is simple. Miss Ferber is a specialist in character studies. She dotes on detail. What she gives us are little miniatures of people we all know. We recognize all of them; but we do not see them doing very much — only being. That is why they are so hard to film—to interpret into screen action. They are delightful little literary thumb-nail sketches, but you cannot photograph that.



Story Version written for Screenland, with the permission of Irvin V. Willat Productions

“**L**OOK, Dabney! There she goes again! Every mornin’ reg’lar, slippin’ off on th’ stage t’ Redburn t’ hang round Barney Shayne’s whiskey-sellin’ cafe till all hours o’ night. Y’ can’t tell me no girl that’s decent ’ud be doin’ a thing like that!— Y’ve jest gotta make Chet stop keepin’ company with her! She ain’t fittin’ t’ —”

“Sho, Neevey! Hold your hosses. Nancy Pelot’s a fine young woman, an’ if she wants t’ go down t’ Redburn every day y’ can bet your last doughnut she’s got some’n better t’ do than jes hang round a cafe fer th’ fun of it.” Dabney Todd struggled into his rusty old coat beside the still-cluttered breakfast-table. “Y’ orter remember that evil thoughts breed evil deeds, an’ if you keep thinkin’ wrong about Nance Pelot you’re goin’ t’ make her *do* wrong. Besides—”

His irate wife, interrupted his implied criticism. “A girl with a drunken father like Joe Pelot that’s drunk himself from the biggest man in New Canaan down t’ th’ lowest can’t be expected t’ do no different. Everybody in this town has seen her whizzin’ round in Larry Shayne’s automobile, ’n everybody but you knows good an’ plenty that a dude like Larry with a s’loon-keeper for a father, don’t ride no girls round in a auto furnuthin’.”

“Steady; steady now, Neevey. Don’t you get het up ’bout Chet. Good girls attract good boys. If she

By L. V. Jefferson

weren’t a good girl she wouldn’t be attractive to Chet.”

It took Neevey some time to get the full significance of this last speech and Dabney taking advantage of the opportunity grabbed up a doughnut and slipped out.

AND in the meantime, shrinking into one corner of the Redburn stage that made its daily pilgrimage to and from the little New England village of New Canaan, the cynosure of all hostile feminine eyes, Nancy, the girl under discussion, ran the daily gauntlet of snubs and criticisms to reach her journey’s end.

A girl of twenty, beautiful despite the tale of sorrow printed on her face, with the burden of her drink-cursed father’s support and the necessity of keeping up the little home that had once been her mother’s, she did not make her daily trips to the cafe in Redburn for any of the reasons that her Christian neighbors were so quick to credit, but for the few paltry dollars she could earn playing the piano for the benefit of those who could buy their pleasure without the thought of her sorrow. If she were subjected to temptations that did not really tempt it only proved her greater heroism, and if at times she allowed the suave and plausible son of the proprietor, Larry Shayne, to drive her home in his machine it was not because she cared for his company but because she wanted to reach home the sooner in order better to look after her weak and helpless father.

But you couldn't have convinced the egotistical Larry of this; and you couldn't have convinced her neighbors, with their rock-ribbed standards of virtue, and being a proud girl she hid her hurt and refused to try.

ONLY Chet Todd, the big-hearted young giant who had caused his mother so much concern, refused to credit the whisperings that surrounded her. He loved her, sang beside her in the village choir, walked home with her after church, "set up" with her in her little parlor two nights a week, and otherwise advertised to all and sundry that she was his "girl." And she loved him and only waited for the day that he would screw up his courage to the proposing point.

Chet, however, had held back for want of the money necessary to set up a home for his bride. The fact that Nancy "owned land" in her own name, even though that land was barren and rocky and apparently utterly worthless, touched his pride and he determined that no one should ever say that he had married her for her property. Therefore he worked diligently in his father's black-smith shop and saved his wages with an eager, boyish looking forward to the time he would have enough.

The land in question had belonged to Nancy's mother, but under the will it was not to become hers until she was twenty-one; therefore, while it gave the girl the distinction of ownership, yet it was not hers to sell at any price until her twenty-first birthday, so that it served no purpose in solving her immediate difficulties and she was forced to earn a meagre living for two by bartering the respect of her neighbors for Barney Shayne's dollars, forced to accept attentions from the beguiling Larry, and forced to give her lover the unhappy moments he suffered despite himself whenever he saw her huddled in the stage for Redburn.

He loved the girl and held to his faith in her and generally-speaking the villagers were careful not to allow him to directly hear their sentiments. Only Martin Doover, the village-loafer and would-be sport was less tactful than the rest and when, on this morning, Chet

turned from the open doorway with a dull pain in his heart and a lump in his throat to discover that worthy grinning at him from the shadows, his first blind impulse was murder. He wanted to take out on that leering face all the resentment he felt against the fate that kept him from his happiness.

In a bound he was upon his man and so quickly did he move that Doover hadn't the time to hide the whiskey-bottle he had been pressing upon Nancy's father, coaxing him to drink for the mere sport of seeing him drunk again.

Naturally Chet saw it and it gave him the excuse he needed. Snatching it with one hand he reached for the loafer's collar with the other, but Doover dodged and darted for the door. Turning there he laughed back nastily.

"Huh! Think y' have t' wet-nurse th' whole damned Pelot family, dontcha? Well, you'd better look after that gal o' yourn. You'll have your hands full," and then, before Chet could reach him he had whirled and vanished, chuckling.

Chet could only struggle for his self-control as, seeing old man Pelot already showing the effects of the drink, he put aside his desire for personal revenge and slipping his arm about the poor sot's shoulders led him to his home.

ON this same eventful morning another incident transpired beyond the outskirts of the village. Larry Shayne had been driving two guests from his father's inn about the country roads. They were apparently business men of affairs, whiling away an idle hour.

Reaching the scraggy little farm bequeathed to Nancy, Larry had discovered that his radiator had run dry and had stopped to refill it from a brackish pool just over the fence. The two men had stepped out to stretch their legs and one of them had suddenly noticed something peculiar about the odor of water. When Larry's back was turned he stooped quickly, tasted it and beckoned to his companion. The other had repeated the



Out of the Night

operation with an expression of amazement at the results, then while Larry still bent to his task, had hastily snatched a pocket-flask, emptied its contents, filled it with the water and slipped it out of sight again.

Unfortunately Larry had caught a glimpse of their actions out of the tail of his eye; and when, on returning to the car, they pretended to study the landscape with large and childish innocence, mentioning for Larry's benefit that it would make an ideal golf-course for their country-club and that they'd have to see about buying it, Larry plainly "smelled a mouse" but was a good enough actor to hide his suspicions in the face of a possible profit for himself.

Pretending to accept their statement, he announced that he knew the owner and could buy the land cheap if empowered to do so. An hour later, depositing them at the nearest railroad station for their trip back to Syracuse, he had secured a signed order from them to negotiate a trade; and still another hour later, crafty youth that he was, he was back on the land filling a second bottle with the strange fluid for his own edification.

THEN began a three-cornered fight none the less tense because it was fought so far below the surface or dealt with such intangible shadows. A girl with a worthless farm; a man of the cafe-stripe who looked upon that girl to want *her*,—her kisses, her charms, her body; whose look was searing to the soul as it swept over the defenseless, blushing flesh that shrank instinctively, but who, failing to satisfy that lust, now wanted the poor birthright of her mother's property;—and a youth, clean-minded, idealistic, hopeful, simple-hearted and trusting, yet with a pride that was the epitome of folly since it raised the only self-made barrier to perfect happiness.

With Larry it was a matter of immediate action. Being the sort of man he was, his thought was to marry the girl, get possession of the land and turn the whole thing to his own account as a *major* profit. Of course, included in this plan, there was always the *minor* profit of the pleasure he would have in the possession of the girl for such time as he cared for it. After that—well, divorce was easy.

All this, however, was subject to his winning the confidence of the girl, a matter in which so far he had not met with signal success. Now, however, he had an incentive; and by the time he reached his father's cafe he was all primed for the effort of his life, but Fate, in the shape of his hard-headed father, interfered and he lost the day.

WHATEVER else might be said of old man Shayne he still had some remnants of decency. He knew a good woman when he saw one and his doctrine was, "No girl goes wrong less'n she wants to, and them 'at's under my care won't git a chanct to." Therefore when he caught his smug-faced son hovering about his pet piano-player he called that young gentleman down in language more forceful than elegant and sent him about his business with an awkward apology to Nancy to "keep on pawin' th'

"You be the first,
daddy—you lead
the way"



ivories an' pay no attention t' that cub."

But next morning before Nancy could leave the house Larry's big red car snorted up to the curb among the eager, covert glances of all the neighbors and Larry himself leaped out with a flourish and hurried to the door just as Chet Todd paused in his own doorway trying to make up his mind to call on his sweetheart before going

to his daily work. Of course Chet saw Larry, and boy-like waited only long enough to see his neighbor's door opened and his rival received. Then, crestfallen, he shambled toward the shop trying to force back a flash of resentment and convince himself that he did not care.

And Nancy? Back in the little home she had heard the knock and with a wistful little smile had sprung to the door hoping that it might be Chet. When the grinning Larry had boldly shoved his way in and greeted her with his usual familiarity that seemed to lay spirit-hands upon her very body she shrank back and a chill ran through her. Even he, dull-witted as he was, saw the change and felt the necessity for diplomacy.

"Why Nance! I didn't mean to upset you. I came on business," he said.

Relieved by his evident sin-

"DOWN HOME"

From the book, "Dabney Todd,"

by F. N. Westcott

Screen Adaptation and Direction by Irvin V. Willat

Photographed by Frank Blount and Andrew Weber

Art and Technical Director, Harold G. Oliver

CAST

Dabney Todd.....	James O. Barrows
Chet Todd.....	Edward Hearn
Minerva Matilda Todd.....	Agnes Herring
Joe Pelot.....	William Robert Daly
Nancy Pelot.....	Leatrice Joy
Reverend Blake.....	Bert Hadley
Barney Shayne.....	J. P. Lockney
Larry Shayne.....	Frank Braidwood
"Cash" Bailey.....	Sidney Franklin
Martin Doover.....	Edward Nolan
Mr. Brewster.....	Willis Robards
"The Painted Girl".....	Florence Gilbert
Deacon Howe.....	Robert Chandler
Lige Conklin.....	Nelson McDowell
Link Watkins.....	Fenley Cooper

cerity Nancy forgot her fears and asked what he wanted; but keeping up his pretense of abstraction he glanced at her cloak and hat and suggested that she get into his car where he could tell her all about it as he drove her over to Redburn.

And Nancy went. Concerned only with the "business" he made such a secret of, she thought nothing of the effect of her action upon the watching neighborhood; thought not of them at all, although the Reverend Blake and Neeve Todd and several of the village-gossips "happened" to be lining the sidewalk as she drove away. But when she caught a glimpse of Chet's white face staring after her as she passed the blacksmith shop she was reminded of all this and read in his accusing glance all that her neighbors were even then whispering.

Nancy was a proud girl. Her first impulse was to cry out to Chet that it wasn't true; to spring out of the car and run to him begging him to believe in her; but her next thought was born of a woman's pride and suffering.

"If he loves me he will believe in me. Let him think what he likes. It won't make the truth any different. If he can't trust me I don't want any thing to do with him," and she turned her head, frowned and bit her lips.

Larry caught the whole little drama out of the corner of his eye; saw the quick flush; felt the body stiffen; noted the expression of pain and smiled. This was just the sort of situation he could make best use of. Instantly he proceeded to do so snuggling down a bit closer, drawing the robe about her limbs with a possessive manner and laying his hand "accidentally" upon her clenched fingers. But this was one time that his "system" failed, for Nancy would have none of his sympathy or pa-



"You've got me wrong, Nancy, I came on business"

"It's easier to control a loss with kindness than with a hammer-handle—they're powerful like humans."



wouldn't even allow him to talk about it, but abruptly informed him that it had been her mother's home and she wouldn't think of selling it. Nor could he urge the matter without arousing her suspicions. Thus the ride ended in silence before the cafe door, thru which the unhappy girl went to the weary round of her work for the day.

BACK in New Canaan things were no less dark and miserable for the young blacksmith. The sight of the girl he loved thus closely associated in an apparent intimacy with the

man he hated brought to a focus in his mind all the whisperings he had been hearing of late among the gossips, male and female, about the general store and postoffice. The nasty allusion of Martin Doover and the forthright objections of his mother came back to him. Granting that there was nothing wrong between Nancy and his rival, still what was there to keep her from loving Larry? Nancy had never said she loved *him*. The fact that he had said nothing about his own love to her did not enter his man's mind. He was too busy thinking of his misery and the more he mulled over it the more certain he became that Shayne had won her while he himself had been toiling to get her a home.

By the time evening fell he had worked himself up into a great state and hating the sight of food or men he had carried his woes out into the fields in a long tramp across the country.

The gleaming camp-fire of an old peddler beside the road was the first thing that brought him back to earth; and a cheery hail from the darkness drew him to the feet of Cash Bailey, the highway philosopher, whose creaking van loaded with a thousand trifles to tempt the feminine eye, and his quaint logic, had combined to bring more human satisfaction into the neighborhood than any other influence.

Dropping down wearily Chet had refused all food and gloomed into the embers with his face between his hands

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Doover meets his match at last



tronage and when he attempted to switch the conversation to the actual business of buying her land she

The Six-string Bow

By John Graham

A mere mortal is generally doing pretty well if he attains success and recognition in one line of work in the short space between irresponsible youth and doddering old age. For a man to achieve distinction in six difficult arts at the age of thirty-one is nothing short of remarkable.

These cerebations are prompted by the announcement that prominent New York producers have accepted two plays with music and lyrics by Victor Schertzing, who is also one of the best known motion picture directors, a successful scenario writer, and who before all that was an accomplished violinist and orchestra leader. He also designed and is now building a palatial home in Hollywood, but as this was not done professionally, architecture is not listed among his other numerous accomplishments.

"The Sympathizer" and "In for Thirty Days" are the latest plays for which Mr. Schertzing has written the music and lyrics. He composed these scores in the evenings after having spent his days in piloting Mabel Normand through a series of Goldwyn cinema adventures. Writing the music for plays isn't a new experience with him, however, for he has already had three to his credit. "The Tik Tok Man" and "The Pretty Mrs. Smith," with Kitty Gordon

starred in the latter, are the best known. Mr. Schertzing has directed all of Mabel Normand's recent pictures. He is now supervising for

Goldwyn a magnificent all-star production of "The Concert," from Bahr's play in which Leo

Ditrichstein starred for

Here we see him collaborating with his trusty typewriter.



A striking triple exposure — pianist, violinist and composer.

two seasons. The story centers around a great maestro, famous for his temperament and attraction for women. It is believed that Mr. Schertzing's long association with musicians and his intimate knowledge of their mental processes will enable him to catch the subtleties required in the characterizations of the temperamental genius.

This director-musician-composer-conductor - lyricist - scenarioist has written many popular songs which have been sung the country over. Two of his numbers have just been accepted for the next edition of the Ziegfeld "Follies." He has a gift for rhyming that is remarkable. When an idea for a song comes to him he writes it down immediately. The words come easily and very few changes are needed after the

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A concert between scenes. Left to right: Myrtle Stedman, director Victor Schertzing, Lewis Stone, Mabel Julienne Scott and Lydia Yeamans Titus.

Everybody's Mother

By Truth Wallace

MISS RUBY LA FAYETTE met me at the door, just as one would expect "Everybody's Mother" to do. She was smiling that warm smile of hers that might be saying:

"Why God bless you, you're right on time for dinner!" or again — "Don't tell anybody, but there is a big piece of ginger bread waiting for you in the cupboard."

I knew in a minute that, like everyone else, I would love Ruby La Fayette.

She extended her hand and led me into a homey little room, all full of flowers and cushions and the things that make one want to stay longer than is really necessary. This was the abode of the oldest living actress. As I watched her trip in ahead of me, to be sure that I would find the most comfortable chair, laughing all the while a dear, contagious little laugh that did justice to her smile, I could not help wondering about that beautiful young womanhood that she had left so gracefully behind her.

As if in answer to my thoughts, she took me swiftly back over the days of her stage triumphs.

"I was so young when I made my first appearance," she began, "that all I can remember about it is the applause. I had very



wonderful hair in those days — perhaps it was that — but —"

Well, I knew, of course, that it takes something more than hair to make an actress who is still popular at the age of seventy-six. The applause was probably not so much for the hair as for what was under it.

"Those days of my stage success were wonderful," she continued, a dreamy note creeping into her voice. "I played every kind of a part; light comedy — tragedy — and two or three rough parts too."

Here she glanced at me suspiciously and I was care-

ful not to appear incredulous. But imagine our "little mother" doing rough stuff!

"Sometimes," she went on, "I look back and wonder how so much could have been crowded into one small life, and I know that the wildest plot in fiction cannot be exaggerated or embellished if it is taken from actual experience. Oh yes, I have lived —"

Sighing half wistfully, she picked up one or two old fashioned photographs.

"Can you believe that I ever looked like that?" she asked.

My next question was prompted by fear, lest going back over her old triumphs, she would underestimate her present work.

"How did you happen to come into moving pictures?"

"Why, when I first came to California," she explained, "it was to see my great-grandchildren. I had a horror of the screen, but now — well, I want to die with my 'war paint' on. Furthermore," she added, as if in defense of her robust health, "when I do die, I want to die altogether — not in pieces."

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A Glimpse of "Smiling" Bill

By Helen Ludlam

IF there is one thing that will get William Farnum enthusiastic it is for someone to mention Dustin Farnum. "Isn't he great?" he will say, his face beaming like the morning sun, "but you should see him when he is on his boat. That is when he is the most fun. Last summer I was doing a picture at Catalina and had three days during which I did not work. I asked Dus to join me on a fishing trip. We arranged the time and place, but Dus did not come. On the third day Cap and I saw a speck of white flying across the ocean. 'I'll bet that is Dus,' said Cap, chuckling. Straight at us came the little speed boat, nearer and nearer until it seemed as though it would certainly plunge into us. 'Hey!' yelled Cap really alarmed, 'Isn't the ocean big enough? Get away!' Suddenly the boat veered to one side and Dus waved to us from the wheel.

"I've been looking all over for you Bill," he called, "I've scared about six boats to death because they thought I'd run into them. Just wanted to tell you that I couldn't go fishing because I had to paint the boat."

"I reminded him that our fishing date had
William Farnum and "chu-chu" studying a manuscript.

Vacation days at Catalina.



Laddie is doing his best to "look pleasant, please."

was beaming with delight and pride and a three day's growth of beard. Nothing on earth had existed for him until the bottom of the boat was painted — then he had remembered our date and had run right over from Wilmington, a little matter of thirty miles which he does in 45 minutes in 'Miss Los Angeles', to tell me about it."

We asked William Farnum if he too, got such obsessions.

"Oh no, I hate to fuss with things — and I can't do it, anyway," he added boyishly. "One day at Sag Harbor I thought I would paint the ceiling of a little one room den I had built.

I was wearing white flannels but that didn't matter. I don't know yet how it happened, but the paint, a dark brown it was, dripped off the brush down my arm along the inside of my sleeve and on until it ran out of my trouser leg. I was an absolute mess and I decided then that painting was not my profession."

Apparently homes are William Farnum's hobby. He has five. One in Bucksport, Maine, his boyhood home, which he visited this summer; one in Sag Harbor, Long Island, New York, which overlooks the sound; two houses in New York City which he plans to throw into one, and one beautiful estate in Hollywood, California. Mr. Farnum's Hollywood home is on the side of a mountain and overlooks Los Angeles, Hollywood, Santa Monica, the Pacific Ocean and Catalina Island.

When, after a trying day at the studio, Mr Farnum reaches his gate at the foot of the Hollywood Hills he feels the cares of the day slip from him one by one, until by the time he has reached the top of the hill they are all smoothed away.

been two days ago and that he was rather late about informing me. But he didn't get the sarcasm. His face

Mystic Dreams

By Carmen Ballen

OBVIOUSLY, after that, one could not ask her to pose in the conventional at home attitudes which are a result of the ordinary interview.

That — meaning a queer little book shelf tucked behind the door of her bedroom as much out of sight as possible, and containing worn copies of Lafcadio Hearn, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tagore, Khayyam, and a strange collection of unpronounceable philosophies. But the thing which absolutely ended the conventional pictures prospect was a much thumbed copy of Kipling's "Kim."

She stood in the middle of her bedroom, Molly Malone, and wore a perturbed expression.

"I haven't a thing to pose in — I mean any drapes or anything. We've just moved in here, and our trunks are not arrived. You can see it's a very unattractive house . . ." She sighed in a final way that would seem to end the matter.

It did appear hopeless. A tiny bedroom with a naive, school girlish atmosphere — a prim little bed with not even one boudoir pillow — a simple bureau (not a dressing-table) — nothing exotic, or weird, or vampirish there. Yet as she stood there, and her eyes dropped to the loved books, the gingham house dress slipped from her, and a reflection of those mystic Indian stories she knows so well came over her face.

"All right — Kim! Take your clothes off!"

Her eyes flew open apprehensively, and then like an obedient child she commenced to disrobe. After that it took but a moment to snatch the almost too short length of Oriental gold cloth brocade from the living room table, and wrap it around her small straight figure; to slip a similar piece from a sofa pillow and fit it to her head, turban wise. She stood forth then as odd, as unreadable, as wordly wise and as babyishly unsophisticated as the original Kim of Kipling's immortal story.

Almost unconsciously she dropped into the poses — standing proudly erect, bearing a basket of fruit, much as Kim might have done when he played "chela" to the holy man of India — or sitting pensive over a bowl of flowers at her slender feet. The Molly Malone of the everyday world had flown, and in her place this wistful, mystic-eyed child.

No periodicals of the latest fashions, or illustrated plates of imported gowns are to be found

among Mollie Malone's books. The only current event magazine she reads is "Asia" and she pores lovingly over its exquisite color tones. Old copies of Grimm's and Andersen's fairy tales, still bearing the pencil written comments of childhood, are read by this unusual little actress with the same big eyed wonderment as when the bewitching world of faerie was first opened to her.

After living in South Africa, the Orient and other such places where her mining-man father took her, it is not to be wondered that her imagination is tuned to such subjects, and that she lives in a little world all alone, to which unbelievers may not penetrate. That and that unexplained twinkle in the depths of her eyes — the manner that makes people to observe, "a pretty little ingenue, but — she doesn't think much!" On the



contrary Molly might lead them through a confounding maze of mystic old world philosophy, speaking in complicated terms and referring to the learned things of the Orient — if she willed — but she does not!

Who is she, this quaint little Molly Malone, whose name would signify the fresh wholesomeness of the Irish lass, and which indeed probably accounts for her unconfessed belief in fairies, for of all people the Irish have most of this lore.

She is just Molly Malone — daughter of a mining man, whose mother was just mother, and who says she hasn't any famous relatives, or — anything. She even goes so far as to claim her hobby is interior decorating, "But then I'm only talking for publicity," she admitted one day in a spell of confidence. "What I really love to do is to write fairy stories." Odd, improbable, fantastic pictures they are, which she scribbles off madly and then hides away from unsympathetic eyes.

She'll Fool You

By Barrett Kiesling

IF you had beautiful blonde hair, rippling about your shoulders like a cascade of sunshine — wouldn't you be just a little bit proud of it?

But not so Mary Miles Minter, for she has supplemented her blondness by appearing, successively as a brunette beauty — followed by a maiden of entrancing nut-brown tresses.

"What will the public say?" worried the wisacres when "Sweet Lavender" went out to the exhibitors. Would they accept Miss Minter in brunette guise — or demand that she forever after continue in the blondness for which she is best known? Which do the playgoers love best — Mary the golden-haired, or Mary the actress who charms by personality regardless of physical perfections?

It was a real test.

"You can imagine I was delighted," the young star tells her friends, "when the exhibitor's reports began to come in praising the innovation and asking for 'more.' My experiment proved more than justified."

And it was so. The change satisfied the

Here she has brown hair.



She is naturally blonde.



Here she is a brunette beauty of the 60's in "Sweet Lavender."

eternal craving for variety — opened a new and untouched field of appeal.

The opportunity came to buy a play for a dual role, requiring the star to interpret two different types of beauty.

"Splendid," again said Miss Minter, and in the sacred precincts of her dressing room she donned the brown transformation which divides "Mrs. Heath" of the play from the blonde "Nora O'Hallahan."

Again she was entirely different. The brown-haired Mary Miles Minter proved as much different from the brunette as the black-haired is in turn opposite to the qualities of the blonde.

"Why, it just triples my possibilities as an actress," enthused Miss Minter. "The characteristics of people change radically with their hair. When you change the tint of the scalp covering you must change with it, mannerisms and actions to match."

"A blonde, for instance, is vivacious, mercurial, while the brunette is usually more calculating — a possessor of deep, powerful passions. The brown-haired girl is a cross between the two. There are real problems in these three different types — problems that are a real challenge to a player's originality."

In the meantime, has she fooled you? Lots of people failed to recognize the brunette Mary. She'll fool you — if you don't watch out!

The Truth About Ruth

(Continued from page 9)

that — well, need me. Just last month I found three. One, a black bird that was half dead from exhaustion; another an oriole with a broken leg, and the other a little gray dove with a sore eye. I fixed them all up and set them free, but not before giving them explicit orders to come back the next time they needed medical aid."

Miss Roland's deep, musical voice had grown very soft during this monologue. It has a caressing quality unlike any voice I have ever heard. She sings too, of course, in a wonderful, natural contralto, such songs as "I Love You Truly" and "Just Awearry-in' For You." Singing is just another of the things she does unusually well.

It would be impossible to classify Miss Roland as any one type of person. You cannot say she is as joyous and unassuming in her bearing as a child, and forget those moments when a certain sympathetic quality lends her an air of gentle dignity. You cannot dwell upon her marked efficiency as a business woman, without taking a mental peep into her kitchen after business hours, to see her, spoon in hand, registering deep thought over some marvelous concoction of domesticity. You cannot view her many silver cups and expound her victories along athletic lines, without at least one side-long glance into her boudoir, where, curled up in a big rose velour chair, she becomes a bit of pink and white daintiness that actually makes you hungry.

From this last picture, she led me to her living room, a haven of rich colors, pieces of rare teakwood furniture, Oriental lamps, and long, tasseled cushions lying about rakishly on the floor. There, we both sank, not upon — but into, a huge "squishy" davenport before the fire.

Following my glance about the room, she explained.

"I like things just this way. If I want a flock of things there — I wantum there, whether it's proper or not."

And then she went on telling me funny little stories of her life, shoving chocolate peppermints under my nose, until I forgot the actress entirely and saw only an entrancing human being, who could devour chocolate peppermints, even as I.

Miss Roland frankly likes people, as well as dolls, babies, little hurt birds, and eggs. She is never so busy that she cannot take a personal interest in her correspondence and she has some very real friends, she confided to me, that she has never seen.

I left her with a promise to come back, a promise which, of course, she only tore from me under terrific protest. She seemed to understand — just as she understands so many things, that to leave her without some hope of seeing her again, would be hard indeed.

"Yes, I really mean it, and come to dinner too," she urged, while I was conscious of the kind of a firm hand-clasp we all like.

"And I will sing for you," she added, as if seeing her were not quite enough.

She stood framed in the door way, a scarlet lamp shade casting a soft glow over her face, and I found myself thinking with a vim of those words:

"There is nothing quite so beautiful as a really beautiful girl."

I don't know just what it was — maybe it was one of Miss Roland's little birds, but something seemed to tell me I would be going back.

A Gentleman of the Screen

(Continued from page 13)

analysis and Darwinism, and I am thoroughly convinced that in my next incarnation I will be a man."

He put a warning finger against his lips.

"S-h-h! I don't want James to hear of it — he is of a jealous temperament."

"At present," he continued, "I have only one lobe in each lung and take cold with disgusting frequency, but there is nothing wrong with my intelligence. My brain has been developed through association and environment. Here is a story to show you my marvelous memory:

"Once I was given a quinine pill disguised in the end of a banana. I unsuspectingly bit it off and ate it. I shall never forget that moment. In fact, I never eat a banana to this day without always biting off the end and spitting it out, to be on the safe side."

He chuckled and then became occupied with the puppy. He poked at its roly-poly stomach with a very perplexed expression upon his face.

"Here is just one thing my intelligence has not been able to grasp," he informed me.

"I distinctly recollect an occasion when I was given a small toy dog to play with. Every time, without exception, when I squeezed its stomach, it squeaked. I

have spent hours squeezing this one's stomach, without effect. It worries me exceedingly. There must be something wrong. It hasn't squeaked once."

He scratched his head thoughtfully and then held the puppy up to me for inspection.

"Isn't it a charming fat one?" he beamed. "It almost makes me ravenous to look at it . . . Oh, James — bring in some tea and wafers! I think I will have tea this morning instead of this afternoon. I hate monotony."

Directly the tea wagon arrived and Snooky became host over the pot.

"After this, I will play for you," he offered. "I consider myself quite an extraordinary musician. I neither read music nor play by ear. I play with my hands alone — or just occasionally with a foot. Furthermore, I play all instruments equally well."

It was during the display of Snooky's talents that I suddenly remembered an urgent engagement.

He escorted me to the door and grinned gratefully. "It's a strange coincidence that all my interviewers leave about the same time," he remarked, "just before I have quite finished playing for them."

Once more he winked slyly.

"Beastly bores — interviews — eh?" he asked.



Who Says Mack Sennett Bathing Girls Can't Act?

Who says the Sennett Bathing Girls can't act?

Here are six of them, far removed from the billows that break to the horse that has been broken.

The large person at the horse's head is Kalla Pasha, as completely disguised as the Bathing Girls. Kalla Pasha is Mack Sennett's largest comedian, with a sense of humor as ample as his girth.

The lady in the riding clothes, who appears reluctant to make a sextette of the party on the horse, is Harriet Hammond, whom Abbe, the New York photographer, declares is the prettiest girl of screenland.

From right to left, these rural beauties are:

Katherine McGuire, Jane Allen, Gladys Whitfield, Mildred June (sometimes called "Pudgy"), Joy McCrary.

A Double Exposure

A picture star of worldly fame,
Who knew the advertising game,
Had photos of herself astride a goat;
And so, with more than average pride,
She mailed these photos far and wide
To Editors of Movie Periodicals, and wrote
A letter asking each to add a caption to the scene,
And use it in an early issue of their Magazine.

The Journals soon were put on sale,
But each contained a different tale
About the famous actress and her steed.
The first announced it was her own,

The next one said 'twas carved from stone,
Another swore it was a goat of finest breed.
A little Editor who seemed to have a lot to say,
Claimed she rode the animal to work most every day.

A fan was angry when she read
The foolish tales they tried to spread,
And she resolved to look into the mess;
To find out why so popular
A star allowed it to occur,
So she wrote and asked the actress to confess.
The star replied, "I never saw the goat, so don't blame me;
It simply was another case of trick photography."
—William W. Pratt.

Your Own Page

A Department Devoted to the Frank Expression of Public Opinion

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 2, 1920.

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: It looks as though we had at last been given a magazine that sane lovers of good pictures can enjoy. No gush; no slush; nothing but enjoyable reading matter. With your permission, I'd like to go to the mat for a few moments with my esteemed fellow-Chicagoan, Mr. John D. Cahill. Discussing comedienness, Mr. Cahill says—"Here is Queen Mabel"—then he slams the door! Admitting that Miss Normand possesses more talent, spontaneity, and dash than the average star, what has the Goldwyn-Normand combination shown us in the way of good pictures? In three years we have seen just two good Normand pictures; "Pinto" and "Joan of Plattsburg." ("Mickey" was not a Goldwyn picture.) Constance Talmadge, aided by Harrison Ford, in a "sexy" Emerson-Loos story is a good comedienne—alone, she is a mediocre performer. In Chicago, Dorothy Gish is not considered a high-class comedienne. Her work is forced, and lacks spontaneity; she reminds me of one of the little jumping monkeys you see in the Zoo. Our only hope seems to lie in Viola Dana, since Mabel refuses to cut out the pathetic stuff. Miss Dana seems to have finally dropped many of her cutie mannerisms, and, in her last two pictures, gets back in the good graces of critics and fans who had given up all hopes of ever seeing Miss Dana back in her old-time form. Yours for good comedy,

BILL STEELE.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Editor: I am assistant to a certain well known director, and I have a bone to pick. This well-known man is called "brilliant," "remarkable," and a "genius." He never needs a story when he directs a picture, for his brain in supposed to create it automatically as he directs. Some have even called him the most wonderful man in pictures. His assistant is never mentioned.

At present said director professes to be a sick man—brain fever or something. He puts all the active work upon my shoulders and sits around a day to think—and think. He makes an impressive picture with one finger against his brow.

Pretty soon when the strain begins to tell on him, I sally up and say, "How about such and such, for a brand new gag?"

"Rotten!" says he.

And then in about an hour I'll be darned if he doesn't take his finger from his brow and spring it as original, adding even more laurels to his empty head.

I'm glad the old hypocrite is nearing the end of his rope.

Long live SCREENLAND!

"OUT OF SORTS,"

Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Listen to me! I am one man who can honestly say that I hate the very thought of anything that pertains to moving pictures—with the exception of your worthy magazine.

That's just what this is going to be—your own page. If you are sore at somebody, here's a chance to get it out of your system. If you've just seen a picture that made the world look brighter to you, tell others about it. If you like the work of a particular actress, or if you don't like it, we'll help you to tell her about it.

There will be space here for the problems of the extra girl. The actor who thinks that his ability is not appreciated may tell his side of the story. And the fan may kick or praise to his heart's content.

Make your letters short and to the point. Address them to the EDITOR of YOUR OWN PAGE, care of SCREENLAND. If you don't want your name printed, say so.

I will stand alone and shout to the world that they are rot and rubbish. They depict life as an absurdity, ruin good literature, insult all but nine-year-old intelligences, paralyze the brain and dope the emotions.

The men—if they can be called such---who portray the hero parts, are weak-kneed, simple minded, conceited little pups who soar in pink clouds of ecstatic self worship, because they know themselves to be lords over the hearts of servant girls.

The ladies—perhaps a few of them can still be called that---are slangy, loose, simpering, artificial, disgustingly material dolls, who understand nothing but flattery, all night parties and the things that rob them of the last vestiges of true womanliness.

The good Lord intended most of the directors for butchers and brick layers.

I heartily and cordially wish them all the worst of luck.

IVAN CHERILL,
Riverside, Cal.

* * *

Editor of "Your Own Page,"

Care of SCREENLAND.

Dear Editor: I have something on Bebe Daniels. I think it's pretty funny, myself and I bet you'll laugh when I tell you.

I once knew Bebe as a demure little convent girl, who "stepped softly, looked sweetly and said nothing." She wore a black veil to mass every morning except on Sundays. Then she wore a white one and looked more like a saint than ever.

Picture her kneeling in a quiet little chapel with only the light from many candles and the soft red lamp that swings above the altar, while all about her the shadowy saints were peering skeptically from their corners.

I never actually saw her saying a rosary, but as she would probably say in her latest picture, "You Never Can Tell."

Anyway, as a last word from an old school mate, I will say, that in spite of her past, Bebe is the cutest little devil on the screen. Sincerely,

BETTY BURKE,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor "Your Own Page."

Care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: There never was and never will be another Nazimova. That baffling, exotic little will-o'-the-wisp has put a magic into her portrayal of character that can never be equaled.

Why is it, we hear so little about her private life? She eludes all scandal and notoriety of a cheap order, and apparently lives a life apart from her profession. One wonders and wonders about Nazimova—and is left still wondering.

That she has drunk deeply of life, we have guessed, for no one could assume the personalities of fiction so perfectly without a deep understanding of all emotions.

We should like to hear more of her.

Yours very truly,

JACK FREMONT, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: I am seventeen years old and at present attending the Western Military Academy in a God-forsaken hole called Alton. I haven't talked to a girl for almost two months and find that I have become excessively susceptible to all feminine charms which I witness upon the screen.

It causes me much deep sorrow to think I can't decide which one, of Marjorie Daw, Constance Talmadge and Mary Miles Minter, I like the best. I don't think I am fickle hearted, but I've sure fallen hard for the three of them. I should like very much to call upon them singly sometime and straighten this matter out. When I allow myself to brood upon it, I lose my appetite and can't sleep. Are any of them married? Hopefully,

MIKE ROBERTS,
Alton, Ill.

* * *

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Something rather surprising has happened to me. I cannot explain it and am not sure that I want to. I have long prided myself on being a woman-hater. Girls simply didn't interest me. When I went to call on them, I much preferred to smoke a good cigar with "Dad" and discuss business, war, current events and the really important issues of the day, which most girls are not able to comprehend.

But last night the subtle change took place. I went to a movie and saw the silliest kind of a fluffy haired creature you can imagine. She had some fool name like "Bebe" and acted as if she hadn't a grain of sense. I was charmed.

All of a sudden I realized that if I went to see her I wouldn't be apt to smoke cigars or talk business with her Dad. Instead, silly speeches about her cute little nose or big black eyes, began to occur to me. I didn't even want her to be sensible. In fact, revelations of why women should not be sensible began to come to me. Where would we men be if they were?

Thanks, Bebe—or whatever your name is. I'm going to make a new start.

GEORGE MAURICE, San Francisco, Cal.
(Continued on Page 44)

What They're Doing

LOCATION scenes for Neal Hart's current picture for Pinnacle Productions, tentatively titled "The Valley of Living Death," will be photographed in Death Valley, where much of the story action occurs.

Philip E. Rosen will direct May Allison in her next Metro starring picture, "Are Wives to Blame?" which was adapted by Edward Lowe, Jr., from Ben Ames Williams' story, "More Stately Mansions."

Edwin Carewe has been selected to direct Alice Lake in her new picture which will be a screen version of Irvin S. Cobb's widely read story, "The Five Dollar Baby."

Tod Browning has filmed the last scene of his Universal-Jewel feature, "Outside the Law," starring Priscilla Dean. Four months has been spent on this production, and a sum of money which looms large even in this day of extravagant expenditures.

Work has been started at Universal City on "White Youth," a story by Clara Beranger and Forrest Hallsay, under the direction of Norman Dawn.

Eddie Polo is engaged on the tenth episode of his super-serial, "The King of the Circus," under the direction of J. P. McGowan. The story is based on Polo's own life.

"The Flip Flapper," the Palm Beach comedy drama by John Colton and Douglas Doty, has been started at Universal City with Gladys Walton in the title role and Rollin Sturgeon at the megaphone.

"Gold and the Woman" has been put in production at Universal City under the direction of Reeves Eason, who has produced a number of Harry Carey successes.

Gloria Swanson will soon begin work at the Lasky Studio in the first of her new Paramount Pictures, in which she will be featured under the direction of Sam Wood.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle has completed "Brewster's Millions" under the direction of Joseph Henabery, and will begin on "The Dollar A Year Man," an original by Walter Woods, which James Cruze will direct.

The second Bebe Daniels production for Realart, "Oh, Lady, Lady," has nearly reached the completion of its cutting and titling. This picture was adapted from the successful Bolton and Wodehouse musical comedy.

Hallam Cooley is planning a trip to New York in the near future, and may soon be at the head of his own company. It will be financed by Los Angeles and New York capital, if present plans mature.

The Pathe company announces the beginning of a new one reel series of boy stories, to be produced by Cyrus J. Williams of Los Angeles, producer of the Tom Sanchi Western Series, to be called "The Adventures of Bill and Bob," and featuring the eleven year old twin sons of Director Robert N. Bradbury.

Tom Moore will next star in "Mr. Barnes of New York," a novel by Archibald Claverling Gunter, adapted for the screen by Gerald C. Duffy. Victor Schertzinger will direct.

Val Paul, directing Harry Carey, left Universal City for a flying visit to Jerome, Arizona, to see if the mining town has changed considerably since a few years ago when he was located there as engineer in the employ of Senator Clark, of Montana, owner of the United Verde Mines. As Paul remembers the town and mines, Jerome would make an ideal setting for Harry Carey's next story, "West Is West," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, and as he is a personal friend of Charles Clark, son of the Senator and resident manager of the mines, he is sure to be invited to "shoot to his heart's content." Paul was accompanied by Lee Lawson, Universal technical director, who will make plans to reproduce some of the most important scenes and the interior settings at Universal City.



R. S. Outt, the inventive cameraman, is now using his periscope lens.

"I hope you'll like this set, Mr. Mayo," remarked E. E. Sheely, Universal interior art chief, to the star of "Black Friday," "because this is the thirteenth set for this picture."

"That's nothing," replied Frank Mayo. "If I were superstitious I'd have more than this and the title of the picture to worry me. We started shooting on the 13th of July; our first scene was filmed at the 13th hole of the Annandale golf course and it ran thirteen feet. Also, there are thirteen principal characters in the story, and the studio number of this picture is 3513. Do you blame me for carrying a rabbit's foot?"

Lucien Hubbard, Universal scenario editor, has accepted from Jacques Jaccard an original feature called "The Throwback," which Jaccard will personally produce and which will be a starring vehicle for Frank Mayo. Jaccard is one of the youngest directors in motion pictures and has written almost every story he directed. He has just completed for Universal a series of six short subjects and one full-length feature dealing with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and his, "The Great Air Robbery," for Universal, starring the late Lieut. Locklear, was the first romance of the clouds.

Harry C. Myers encountered Director Jack Ford at the William Fox Studios yesterday. Myers did not know Ford, but the director remembered the comedian and reminded him that he (Ford) had held Myers' coat during the filming of a Lubin picture nine years ago.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, the veteran motion picture producer-director, has had a remarkable reception in London, where he has been visiting for over a month. Commodore and Mrs. Blackton are returning to America on the S. S. Olympic, sailing October 27th.

Louis B. Mayer will soon return to his studio to resume production activities. His plans for the coming year include the making of a number of big all-star productions in addition to pictures starring Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris. He now owns the famous Harold McGrath story, "Drums of Jeopardy," and also has the screen rights to a number of James Oliver Curwood's best works.

Rex Beach has completed an adaptation of his novel, "The Net," for the screen. The film version will be known as "The Vendetta."

Jack Holt finished a picture with Mary Miles Minter, only to start on a new Bebe Daniels production, written by Elmer Harris.

Wanda Hawley has finished "The Snob," her latest Realart picture, and will rest until work starts on "All Night Long," from the play by Philip Bartholomae.

Production is well begun on Lois Weber's third play for Paramount, to follow "To Please One Woman" and "What Do Men Want?" in release.

William D. Taylor has returned from his six weeks' vacation in the mountains of central California. He will shortly start production on his newest Realart Special, which will be an adaptation by Julia Crawford Ivers from an original story by Cosmo Hamilton.

Carmel Myers' third production since her return from New York has been completed. It is called "The Orchid," and is based on a magazine story by Marguerite Storrs.

"Burning Embers" is a western story written by Harry Carey for his own stellar use, and is now being filmed at Universal City under the direction of Val Paul.

Pola Negri is the star of the First National super-special "Passion"—the most pretentious offering in the history of the exhibitors' organization.

Harrison Ford has arrived in New York to begin work on "Satan's Paradise," Norma Talmadge's new production. Mr. Ford has signed a year's contract with Joseph M. Schenck to appear in pictures with both Norma and Constance Talmadge. "Satan's Paradise" will be directed by Albert Parker.

John Emerson and Anita Loos have been chosen by Joseph M. Schenck to make the adaptation for the screen of the well known Broadway play, "Mama's Affair," which Mr. Schenck has purchased for Constance's first picture on her return from Europe. Victor Flemming will be Constance's new director for this story and Chet Withey will direct her in the two succeeding stories. Albert Parker will continue as Norma's director.

“Down Home”

(Continued from page 27)

until a chuckle from the older man had aroused him and he looked up to find the peddler regarding him between mouthfuls with whimsical attention.

“What’s on your mind, Chet? A gal?” he asked. Chet flushed up and indignantly denied that there was any “girl” in the case or in the whole world for that matter, but Bailey had seen too many boys in love to be dissuaded, and before long Chet had told him the whole story, ending with:

“Cash, how can a horse-shoer win a girl?”
“Get out of your rut. Do something worth while. No man succeeds who is satisfied with himself.”

The idea struck Chet like a blow between the eyes. Instinctively his quick mind grasped the truth of it and leaped toward a solution. Half vaguely he muttered as he stared into the fire.

“I could do other things.—Lots of times I’ve fixed automobiles that broke down here.—More than that, I could open a garage—get an agency.”

“That’s it! Fine! That’s the way to make a woman want you. Sell automobiles. Do something!” but the next moment the self-assured philosopher almost regretted his enthusiasm for he found himself in the grip of a young whirlwind as Chet grasped the idea more fully and set to work to sell him his first automobile.

Bailey had to laugh in spite of himself for before he knew it the now thoroughly aroused lover had forced him to sign his name on the dotted line of a brief contract, and Chet was dashing madly back to the village to grab the first train to the city, there to engage the agency for a line of easy-selling cars.

DAYS followed — days of breathless activity in a distant city to the eager lover; days of weary drudgery to the girl all unconscious of this activity in her behalf; days of brooding and plotting to the wily schemer who found no solution to his problem, though the business men in Syracuse repeatedly urged him for a report on his negotiations and threatened to deal directly with the owner if he did not get action immediately.

Then Fate led a card in the game by throwing Martin Doover in Shayne’s path; Doover, the scamp who had suffered a tongue-lashing from Chet for remarks against the girl and who thirsted in his evil nature for some chance to “get back” at both of them.

Doover and Larry had been old cronies together and now as Doover mentioned something of his hatred for Chet and added something about old Joe’s penchant for drink Larry got his big idea.

With Nancy still under age, and her father her natural guardian and trustee, Shayne knew that any arrangements made with the old man would be accepted by the girl. Loving her father as he knew she did, he felt sure she would never contest any transaction made by him.

With a joyous chuckle he crowded a roll of bills on the astonished Doover, thrust a bottle of liquor into his pocket, whispered a few instructions in his ear and sent him back to New Canaan in a hurry; and Doover went, grinning maliciously as the scheme seeped through his brain.

To make things doubly safe for the venture Larry had the telephone operator send Nancy a message to stay in town overnight as his father wanted her to do some extra work, and Nancy, never suspecting the source of the message, took it as a command and sent a note home to her father by the stage driver which read:

Daddy:—

I will not be home tonight. Mr. Shayne wants me to stay in Redburn. Nancy.

It was only a brief note scribbled in a hurry and Nancy had no idea how unfortunate her choice of words or how ambiguous her meaning might appear to eyes that read it. At the moment she had forgotten that Shayne, her boss, had a son by the same name and that the two identities might easily be confused by a stranger. It was just one of those “oversights” that make for tragedy.

Late that afternoon Joe Pelot received the note, read it with bleary eyes, looked about the little kitchen with a sudden sense of loneliness, then dropped it on the table as with a stinging sense of self-pity he set about getting his evening meal.

Ever since Chet Todd had driven Doover away, Joe had honestly striven to let whiskey alone for his daughter’s sake, but what the struggle had cost no one but a confirmed drunkard could have told. Therefore when in the midst of his aimless potterings the kitchen door opened and Doover entered with a grin on his face and a bottle of “cheer” in his hand, something gave way inside and the poor fellow forgot all his good intentions.

Doover smiled as he read in advance the end of the momentary struggle and to hasten the event kept offering and withdrawing the bottle until the old fellow fairly raved for the stuff and when at last he got it, fairly guzzled it.

In no time he was drunk; thoroughly and completely besotted and as wax in the hands of the tempter. Then Doover drew out the great roll of bills, thrust them before him and said:

“Joe, some friends of yours sent this to you. Here’s five hundred dollars to put you on your feet again.”

For a blinking moment old Joe couldn’t believe his eyes. It didn’t seem possible. The next instant his claw-like hand reached out only to find the money drawn back as the crafty Doover whipped forth a paper from his pocket, spread it before him partly folded, and offering a fountain pen, said ingratiatingly:

“Just a minute. I’m only the messenger-boy. Sign this to show that I delivered it safely,” and he indicated the place for the signature.

Greedily old Joe grabbed the pen and affixed his sprawling name as the other watched with an evil smile. Little did the father know that what he signed was nothing less than a bill of sale for Nancy’s property and the paltry sum received was acknowledged as full payment.

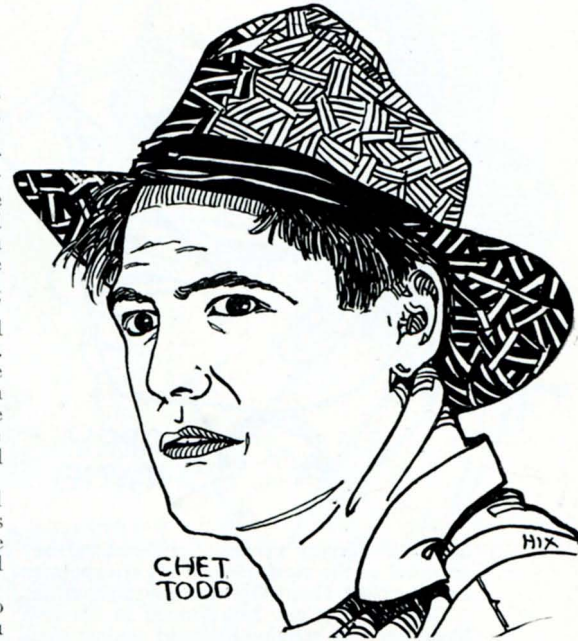
So intent were both upon their occupation that neither saw the white face pressed against the kitchen window watching their every move and taking in at a glance the half-empty whiskey-bottle, the roll of money and the partly folded paper.

CHET TODD had come home that night; come home filled with the things he had done for the girl he loved. Too eager to pause he had hurried to her home to tell her the wonderful story and claiming the intimacy of affection had slipped around to the kitchen where he was sure he would find her absorbed in her homely tasks; and there his stunned eyes had beheld this conspiracy to defraud her as his ancient enemy dragged her father down to a deeper shame.

He did not know what it was all about. Doover’s presence together with the whiskey and the money were sufficient and when he

saw the latter pocket the document and shove the money across to the gibbering derelict he waited for no more. With a crash he threw the kitchen door open and stepped inside. Before either could do more than blink at him he had turned the key in the lock and strode to the hastily rising intruder.

“Once before, Mart Doover, you ran. This time you stay,” he said. “Now give me that paper Joe Pelot signed.”



But the other began to temporize. He knew that he was trapped and his coward’s flesh shrunk from the beating he felt was imminent as his little eyes darted about the place seeking a way out. Glimpsing the door to the inner room he began to edge toward it as with wheedling voice he began, “Now, Chet —”

“Give me that paper or there’ll most certainly be trouble,” Chet cut in, and the chill in his voice froze the sickly placating smile on the ugly face before him. One moment more Doover tried to brazen it out and then something gave way inside and he sprang toward the inner door.

With lightning swiftness Chet grabbed him and whirled him about and sent him reeling back across the room to knock over the kitchen table and to spill the forgotten note from the girl upon the floor unnoticed, while the panic-stricken father crouched in the corner and whimpered.

They say that even a rat, cornered and desperate, will fight, and Doover was all of a rat. Now he was desperate.

“You started this, damn you, and now I am going to finish it!” he cried with a rodent-squeak as in berserk blindness he lashed out with his hairy fist and bored in head downward.

Chet met him column-like, squarely, without a thought of science or tactics; met him midway and slashed into him right and left with every ounce of his youthful strength and pent-up emotions, and Doover, deaf to all reason and blinded by his own blood and his own pain, fought back blow for blow ever seeking by some foul trick to best his adversary, ever resorting to some new device to break down that terrible assault.

Back and forth across the blood-sprinkled floor they swayed, turning over the stove, tumbling down the shelves with their pathetic contents, hurling the frail chairs at each other while poor Joe Pelot crawled from one protection to another whimpering and clutching his money.

Time after time each man was floored only to bound upward again and renew the attack. Torn, disheveled and bleeding from constantly new wounds their appearance was terrible.



Stripped of every veneer of civilization, they reverted to the stark elementals of cave men and the place about them became a shambles.

Once when Chet had slipped in his own blood and fell, striking his head against some obstacle that briefly stunned him, Doover had sprung over him with hob-nailed boot aloft to stamp his face into a pulp, but even as his foot descended Chet's guardian angel flashed a signal to his weary brain, his hand automatically reacted and caught the boot and the next instant the would-be murderer was on his back. They rolled and fought and clawed each other like maddened tigers till finally Doover broke away and seizing a heavy chair raised it above his head, then with a mad rush bore down upon Chet. The time consumed by Doover in securing his weapon gave Chet ample opportunity to set himself and he met Doover's dastardly onslaught with a quick move and a well planted blow to the chin. The one hundred and eighty pounds of clean bone and muscle had its effect. The chair fell from Doover's up-raised arms as his limp body sagged to the floor.

Right thrice arms one gainst a guilty conscience and a whiskey diet breeds a poor opponent for a clean living man.

Chet, sick with the reaction that came in a flash with the cessation of the strain, had barely strength enough to take the contested paper from Doover's pocket.

He lurched across to Joe Pelot, unclasped his claw-like fingers from the roll of bills, silently carried them back across the room and as silently thrust them into the other's pocket. Then unlocking the outer door he motioned for him to get out.

With eyes still clinging in terrible fascination to those bloodstained fists, Doover began to gather himself together, whimpering as he did so, "Y' aint goin' t' hit me if I get up, are you, Chet?" Chet could only look down on him with a sickening scorn as he shook his head and answered:

"No, Mart, I aint ever going to hit you again — because you ain't going to be round here after tonight — ever."

Gulping and trembling Doover sidled past him, but when he reached the threshold the haste with which he stumbled over it and rolled into the night would have been comical had it not been so disgusting.

For a long moment Chet leaned against the door-frame breathing deeply, drawing the pure air into his tortured lungs, while the blood still trickled or dried in unsightly blotches about his swelling wounds. A little later he discovered the crumpled paper in his hand. Stumbling to the lamp that still hung upon the wall, he thrust one end into the flame within the chimney, then held it in his hand as it burned before his eyes, and as it burned the ashes fluttered downward and his smarting gaze following them, rested upon the crumpled note on the floor. Mechanically he stooped, picked it up and read it.

Daddy:—

I will not be home tonight. Mr. Shayne wants me to stay in Redburn.

Nancy.

Chet Todd could think of only one "Shayne" in all the world and his first name was Larry. After the fires of sacrifice had come the ashes of his dream.

As his eyes drifted up from the note they held the look that men wear when their souls leave their bodies, seeing nothing yet seeing everything—the grinning face of Larry smug in its self-conceit; the worshipful surrender of the girl to such a beast; the girl he had loved, worked for, fought for. Surrender!—"Mr. Shayne wants me to stay in Redburn,"—and only a moment before he had risked his life for her. God!

What happened after that he never could remember. When next his mind did take toll of events he found himself mud-spattered and blood-caked, sitting on the edge of his bed in the little room among the dormers tugging at his grimy boots and muttering through blackened lips, "All night—all night—" and then, as the grey of dawn blurred the windows, "Well, it's over now—all over—it's morning. I wonder—" the dazed wonder that is the estate of little children.

AND the night was over—for Nancy; and such a night. Late in the previous afternoon, after she had sent off the fateful note to her father, old man Shayne had found her hovering about the cafe-piano and in surprise paused to ask what she was doing there and why she had not gone home. She told him then of the message asking her to wait. Astonished, he demanded to know who had dared to send it and had not rested until the little phone-operator had confessed that Larry had been the instigator.

With a quick word of rebuke to the switch-board girl he turned away and for a moment was lost in deep study as he tried to divine his son's purpose, his lips silently repeating the name "Larry," then with a sudden decision and a shake of his head that indicated he knew no good was back of it he reached into his pocket, withdrew a roll of bills and peeling one off handed it to Nancy.

But the girl hesitated to take money that she had not earned until with a crooked smile meant to ease the harshness of his words he said gruffly:

"Go on—take it—get a rig, go home, and don't come back."

Despite herself Nancy shrank a bit as she realized this meant the loss of her job. He saw her hurt, and added more gently:

"You're the best piano-player I ever had and I'd keep you if it wasn't for that idiotic son of mine."

Nancy saw then that his only thought was to protect her, and with a warm little impulse

of gratitude she took the money and hurried away to do his bidding.

Night had fallen by the time she reached New Canaan; night and the black cards of a cynical fate, for hardly had Chet stumbled out of one door into the darkness amid the crash of his idols than she had stepped into the kitchen through the other, only to pause amazed at the wreckage that confronted her as she strove to get her bearings.

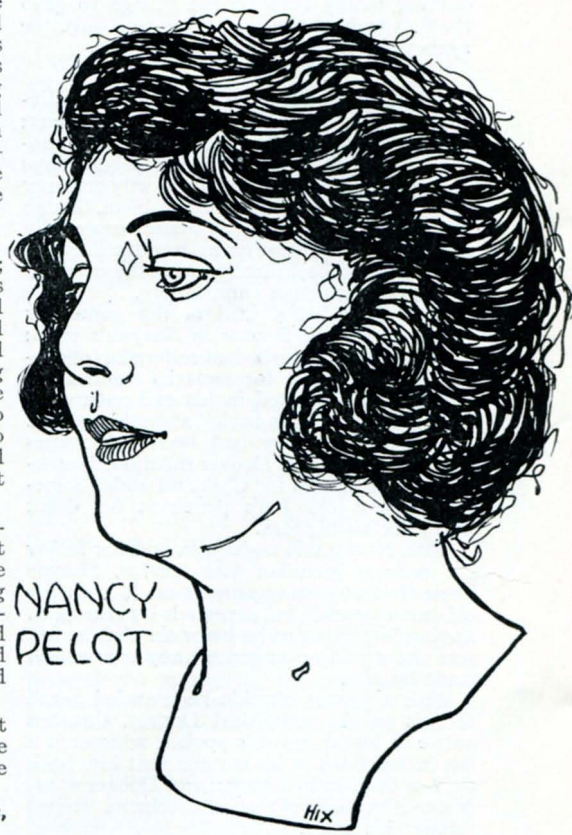
A plaintive wheeze from the corner and she looked over to see her trembling father rising from behind the upset table as with clasped hands and palsied body he whimpered like a child that feared chastisement;

"I didn't do it, Nancy. 'Twasn't me. It wuz Doover—he was here and—"

She couldn't let him go further. It made her sick, this sight of the father she had striven so hard to lift from the gutter. She didn't realize what she was denying herself as she silenced him but holding up her hand she said hopelessly as one talking to an infant that could not be expected to understand:

"There, there, father, I know. Don't say anything more about it. It's all right. Come get into bed."

Child-like he went, sniffing and wiping his tears, and mother-like she tucked him in and sat beside him through the hours looking out through the night hung windows until they greyed with dawn; while somewhere across the bogs a bruised shadow reeled and flitted and in the morning when the first light streaked the panes and her father slept she sighed and straightened up her stiffened back and whispered "It's over. It's over now. It's morning. I wonder—" and then slid down in a heap on the floor with her head against the bed clothes and slept.



LIFE flowed along with its commonplaces after that night as life has a way of doing, but with Nancy and Chet it seemed to have stopped abruptly, for each moved through it dazedly, conscious only of dim shapes about them as a diver in murky water, but failing to recognize them.

In time Cash Bailey's new automobile was delivered, a gorgeously painted covered van on a truck-chassis, the first monster of its kind ever seen in the village, and proud of the advertisement it brought him, Bailey parked it before the fire-house that held the only "engine" locked in a Rip Van Winkle slumber, to the instant criticism of a few busy-bodies who held those precincts sacred — criticism that only Dabney Todd succeeded in silencing with his voice of authority.

"It's been two years and we aint had a fire," he had remarked in his largest manner. "Leave it there, Cash. I'm Chief and I reckon as how it's all right." The opposition had melted before him as Cash, with a bland smile, stalked off to dinner.

All unnoticed a group of village urchins had heard the controversy and their mischief-loving natures had been fired with an inspiration. Therefore, when the entire community was peacefully absorbed in its evening meal or in its primping and preening for evening callers according to the age and sex, the vagrant cat upon the church-roof stalking the belfry-pigeons was suddenly startled out of a year's growth as a feathered host rose about it and half a hundred homes were thrown into confusion as the clarion call of the alarm-bell boomed its hysteric notes of warning and appeal upon the peaceful air.

In one accord the Volunteer Fire Department rose as a single man, wiped its collective mouth upon the back of its collective hand, shook the accumulated contents from its collective tin-helmet (proud badge of authority) and regardless of condition of raiment dashed heroically to the rescue only to find the fire-house blocked by the forgotten monster that squatted there.

When Dabney arrived, still swallowing the last mouthful of supper as he wrestled his helmet into place, he was greeted by a babble of complaint and protest as the men and boys tugged at the inert mass to move it.

"Where's Cash Bailey? — You let 'im set it here — now we can't git her out — 's your fault! Now th' whole town'll burn down, see if it don't!"

Plainly it was up to Dabney as Chief Fireman to do something. He didn't know a thing about automobiles but under the sting of his injured pride he refused to admit it, leaped into the driver's seat and the next instant his feet were blindly groping over the maze of pedals as his hands fumbled with lever and wheel.

Suddenly he touched something vital and the lumbering vehicle shot out almost from beneath him and dashed careening down the street with its astonished mentor hanging to the steering-gear for dear life and choking over the rush of wind.

As the dazed crowd rose from its tumbled astonishment and gazed in awe after the rainbow-streak someone asked: "Where's the fire?" The loyal old timers answered, "Follow your chief, you durned fool!" and each man taking the remark to himself instinctively dashed after their astonished leader.

One moment the scene suggested a fiery rocket shooting above the turnpike with a stream of bobbing black spots chasing it. The next moment Dabney's exploring hands had made a new discovery and the great leviathan had whirled abruptly in its tracks and with almost human intelligence had charged back upon its pursuers — a rocket gone lunatic and consuming itself.

After that incident piled on accident and events splintered themselves in flying debris. Across lots, through fences, over bridges, upsetting rigs, crashing into outhouses, demolishing barns and even slicing out the corner of an intervening shop, only to bring up at last in the very place from which it had started, where the pale and shaken but undefeated pilot stepped down from his perch

to greet the wild-eyed crowd with a complacent nod of his head as he said casually:

"Well, by gosh, I rid her, even if she did act up pretty smart."

YES, life flowed on pretty much as usual — for all but Chet and Nancy. For him the joy of conquest and achievement had died and he went about the completion of his new garage with a manner that was purely mechanical, unable to tear his thought from the thing he had discovered.

Nancy felt the change in him and wondered. Now she was utterly alone, and in this loneliness felt more poignantly the scornful glances of the neighbors about her.

In this time of trial Dabney Todd seemed to be her only remaining refuge, for on one occasion when the neighbors had been especially cutting as she stepped from the Redburn stage, he boldly walked up to her and taking her hand gently had said:

"I've watched yuh stickin' by your dad and a' holdin' up yer head and I'm proud of yuh. I want you t' know you've got a friend yuh can count on."

Nancy could only choke back the quick tears as she looked up into his kindly face, unable to trust herself with words. Instead, she tried to thank him with her eyes and then ran into her home to throw herself sobbing across her bed while her father, still sick from his last debauch, mumbled and fumbled wonderingly over her.

BACK in Redburn during this time Larry fumed and fretted over the failure of his project. Doover had returned with the marks of his conflict and when Larry had demanded an accounting had said sullenly:

"Aw, I couldn't help it. I got Joe Pelot's signature t' th' deed an' give him th' money but th' gal come in unexpected an' I had t' burn it t' keep her from gettin' wise. It was your fault. Why didn't you keep her like y' promised?"

He stuck to this story even as the money still nestled in his pocket as a partial salve to his wounded pride and even demanded his "commission," which Larry was forced to give him to purchase his silence.

Altogether the schemer was not proud of himself and the repeated urgings from the Syracuse capitalists only made him all the more determined to win his point, but just how to do it he could not at the moment think.

And so time passed and the Thanksgiving season arrived with its promise of snow and its balancing of the summer's accounts. Things had not been going just "right" in the community, according to the Rev. Mr. Blake's way of thinking. In the pressure of material interests people had fallen away from the church and given themselves over to the easy-going service of the flesh and the devil. He had determined therefore in the face of every opposition from his more conservative, old-fashioned, "moss-bound" associates to hold a "Revival" and to stir the people to a deeper realization of their obligations to God.

"I have submitted to your old-fashioned policy long enough," he told his deacons bravely when they first greeted his proposal with horrified objections. "These people need to be awakened. If this revival does not prove fruitful I shall resign. I can not be satisfied with an empty service to the Lord."

Reluctantly and with many whispered misgivings they had surrendered to his dominance and now the little community waited for the pentecostal outpouring of the spirit.

Nancy had looked forward to this revival with a vague, unvoiced hope. Perhaps at this earthly "Throne of God," when every heart was opened, Chet might soften in his strange harshness toward her. Perhaps her own father might be led to grace and be

saved, and with these timid hopes she had forgotten herself and focussed all her prayers on her father's redemption.

And so, when the minister had called his congregation together on the opening Sunday, Nancy was found in her family pew braving the covert glances of her neighbors and holding fast to the trembling old man beside her. With loving care she had pulled him together into some semblance of his ancient dignity, pressing his single suit and trimming his



scraggy beard the night before and otherwise striving to make him presentable. Now with his fingers in hers she strove to give him assurance while all around her the critical eyes of her neighbors hemmed her in a circle of subtle accusation.

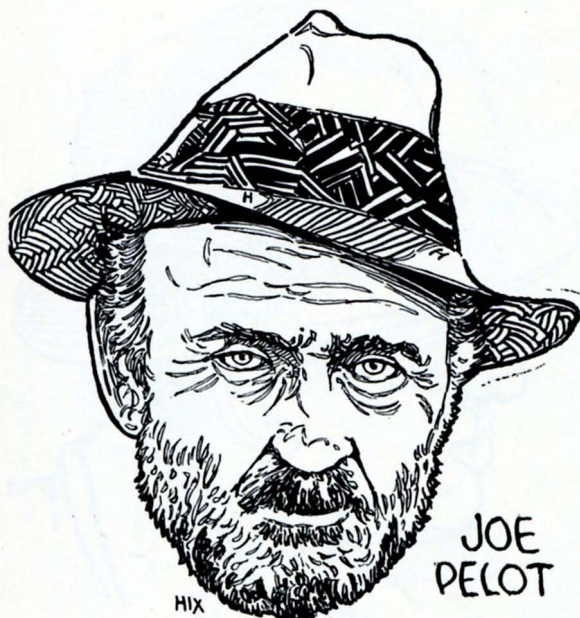
With quick, covert glances she searched the pews for a glimpse of her lover but nowhere was he to be found. Neevey Todd was there, grim and unbending in her conscious virtue, like a fussy old hen, beside the uncomfortable Dabney. The village postmaster, the grocer and all the other dignitaries of the village with their wives and families were there, but Chet was nowhere and her heart sank within her.

Out in the fields the boy had wandered still hot and bitter in his heart and unwilling to bring his gnawing suspicions to the foot of the Cross, and Nancy felt somehow that he had stayed away to avoid her and she was miserable. But when the minister began his sermon and in his gentle, vibrant voice told the ancient story of Christ's love for sinners she forgot some of her own unhappiness and thought of her father's necessity.

Gradually as the minister's earnest prayers were lifted to mingle with the echoes of the simple hymns whispering through sun-tinted shadows, a spirit of humility and self-consciousness settled over the congregation; they forgot their neighbors' failings, forgot the mote in their brother's eye, and as their thoughts turned inward saw more plainly the long-neglected beams in their own eyes, the sins of omission or commission, and were sorry, therefore when with sudden emphasis

the speaker broke the even tenor of his voice and thundered "Look down into your heart and you will find secreted there some sin." Each listener with a little start looked up uneasily and felt that he was looking directly at them, pointing directly into their bared souls and meant only them.

A little wave of restlessness went over the congregation as in short, quick sentences he continued, "All of us have done something to our neighbors for which we should be



sorry." "We must strive to eliminate hatred, prejudice and selfishness, whether it be religious or personal." "Many are sacrificing their health and the happiness of their homes to satisfy some selfish desire," and the general flutter as tense bodies turned or twisted unconsciously revealed how deep his words had sunk in.

Particularly had the last sentence struck old Joe as he sat tense and wrapt beside his daughter. He knew whom the minister referred to and instinctively he rolled his eyes sideways to see whether the girl beside him were also accusing him; but Nancy showed him only a serene, exalted countenance while the gentle pressure of her fingers at his movement told him that not criticism but only love was there. He began to see her in a new light, realizing the awful burden he had been to her and he brooded over it ashamed. A moment later when the minister cried out in heart-stirring appeal, "Don't let your sin remain to rot your soul. Come up and declare yourself," he felt a strange impulse to respond and beg for forgiveness and only the weakness of his limbs withheld him.

At this call for sinners a tension swept over the congregation, attested by the scraping of feet as each one prepared to rise and only paused to discover a leader.

Instinctively Dabney Todd gripped the pew in front of him, his habit of leadership strong upon him, but his nerve failed in the consciousness of his unworthiness, and Neevey's eager nudge failed to supply the needed impetus.

Once more, at a signal from the minister, the choir broke into a hymn of appeal and pleading, voicing to a forgiving Saviour the penitence of every heart before him. Under its mellowing influence a tear dimmed the old drunkard's eyes and Nancy saw it—realized the miracle of transfiguration that was taking place in his soul, and caught her breath in glad thanksgiving.

Lifting a radiant face toward his with the tears of love and hope and sympathy streaming down her flushed cheeks she whispered tenderly, "Go on! You be the first to go up, Daddy; you lead the way," and gently she lifted him to his trembling feet.

For an instant he stood poised, afraid, and then he looked down into her eyes and took courage from what he saw there and straightened up. Something fine and strong and courageous was born in him then, and under its influence he stepped into the aisle.

And the congregation gazed at him spellbound. Self-convicted, conscious of their own sins yet afraid to confess them, they had allowed a drunkard to show them the way and were ashamed. They could only stare and gasp while the minister, realizing the danger of the moment to the lone pilgrim in the aisle, leaned far out over the platform and threw every ounce of his strength into his voice as he called out encouragement and invitation.

But the way was hard and the feet were timid, and once they faltered as their owner turned in a panic and looked back ready to drop by the wayside. But as he turned his eyes met the tear-wet glances of his daughter, the girl he had condemned to suffering yet who bore no reproach toward him, but only love and faith and pride and encouragement, as her soft lips moved in a silent whisper that seemed to say "Go on, Daddy. Don't be afraid. I'm with you."

She looked like an angel there in the shadows, and like an angel she seemed to enfold him and give him strength and assurance. He gathered new courage from her and with a smile that was at once an acknowledgement of his debt and a promise he turned and strode down the aisle to the chancel as the last shackle of restraint and sin fell from him and the choir burst into the sweet refrains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the angels in heaven rejoiced over another sinner saved by the power of love.

AFTER that things looked brighter for Nancy. She had given up the hope of ever winning Chet back again, but the joy in this restoration of her father almost paid her (so she told herself a thousand times) for his loss, and she spent all her time now in an effort to rebuild her home from its shattered remnants.

With old Joe the "coming of religion" had a strange effect. As the days passed his continued abstinence made itself felt upon his numbed brain, clearing the cobwebs away gradually, and he began to remember vague things as from a dream. Among others, one vision kept coming back to mock him. Mainly it was made up of Doover's leering face and a bottle of whisky — whisky was always in his thoughts as he struggled constantly against it — and somewhere there was a roll of money and a paper.

Dimly he remembered the paper, but he couldn't remember what it was all about or whether he had signed it. He couldn't tell Nancy about it; didn't know for sure whether it had really happened or was only a figment of his imagination. Somehow he came to connect Larry Shayne's name with it and on a sudden impulse determined to go to Redburn, meet Larry and demand an explanation.

Without a word he slipped from the house unnoticed and despite the fact that even then a blizzard was lowering, he rented a rig from the local livery-stable and set forth on his drive still lost in his broodings.

When he reached Redburn, Larry was not there and Joe determined to wait for him. The barkeeper greeted him with goodnatured cheer and invited him to drink, but strong in his determination to hold true to his vows the old fellow had refused the temptation and taken himself back to the stove, there to sit

and dream while the storm rose and the snow fell with an ever increasing volume.

Gradually the warmth of the room and the pregnant odor of stale beer worked their havoc. His flesh relaxed to the heat and with it his will became as water. He felt the desire stealing over him and fought it with all his strength as the storm outside raged and the thermometer fell lower as the drifts rose higher. Finally, when he could stand it no longer he arose and staggered toward the door blindly praying only to be allowed to get outside before he weakened.

But the astonished bar-keeper stopped him. "Hey! Y'aint gonna try to ride home in that blizzard, are you? You'll freeze t'death! Here. You gotta throw this under yer belt t'keep yerself alive," and he filled a glass brimfull of the pungent liquor and shoved it across the bar.

"No! — No!" the tortured man cried. "I don't want it — take it away!"

But the barkeeper in mistaken friendliness only laughed, took Joe's hand, set the glass in it and clamped the trembling fingers about it as he voiced the specious old argument "Don't be a fool. One drink ain't gonna hurt you," and Pelot fell — and he drank it.

But as the fiery liquor coursed down his throat it carried with it a realization of what he had done. He knew he had broken his vow to God and he became horror-stricken. Fleeing from his sin he dashed out into the open; and all regardless of the falling snow or the fact that in the blizzard every trace of a highway had been eliminated, he scrambled into his rig and turned the horse homeward, sobbing in remorse.

"I didn't go to do it. Oh God forgive me. I didn't go to do it."

BACK in New Canaan as the storm continued unabated and the night began to fall the livery stable keeper began to suffer twinges of conscience. He realized that Pelot was in no condition to be trusted alone and finally he went to Nancy and told her of her father's actions and his own fears. In a panic Nancy remembered Dabney Todd's offer of friendship and turned to him instinctively.

But Dabney was out when she called and it remained for Chet to hear her half hysterical fears poured out to the unsympathetic Neevey. The latter was just about to send the girl for other assistance when Chet swallowed his pride and shambled forward with an awkward proffer of help, and Nancy, too anxious about her father to consider her own feelings, accepted it and allowed him to hitch up a sleigh.

A few minutes later they were on their way through the ever increasing gloom searching for some trace of the now utterly bewildered father, for by the time Pelot awoke to the fact he had missed the road his horse was completely lost and himself almost frozen with the cold.

For a time he had tried to fight off the increasing numbness and guide the animal, but his mind was in no condition and presently he dropped the lines from his stiffened fingers and let the poor brute have its will while he sank deeper and deeper into a coma.

At last, after what seemed ages of searching, Chet discovered a blur among the trees beside the road, which upon closer investigation was revealed as the stalled rig with the now nearly frozen animal attached.

One glance at the still form huddled in the seat and Chet instinctively tried to cover it from the girl's view, but before he could succeed Nancy had already reached his side and thrown her arms about her father, sobbing hysterically as she called his name.

He seemed to feel her presence and recognize the love that cried out to him, for his old eyes opened slowly and his poor blue

lips moved stiffly as he whispered like a child confessing, "I've broke my pledge — and I did so want to keep it — with Him —" He paused there and closed his eyes, and she thought he had finished; but presently he opened them again with a new tenderness and transfiguration as of one seeing clearly at last, and added almost in a whisper "—and with — you — Nancy." And then he smiled as though he knew he would be forgiven and his grizzled head dropped forward on her shoulder and a little tremor ran through his body as he sank into his eternal rest.

Nancy broke down and cried then — cried utterly and abandonedly, clinging to the still form while Chet stood awkward and helpless by. He wanted to do something — say something — but the wall between them was insurmountable and he could only stand and suffer in silence.

FOR all the remainder of their lives both Nancy and Chet looked back on the winter that followed as the unhappiest they had ever known, but —

There's never a winter so cold and drear;
Never a snow so deep
But under the gentle touch of Spring
The flowers of Hope will peep.

And when spring finally came both were ready for the events locked in the womb of Time.

All that winter Larry Shayne had continued to rack his brain for some means of robbing the now orphaned daughter, but without success. The Syracuse capitalists had frankly told him that they would wait no longer and would proceed to negotiate the deal themselves. He realized that he was helpless to save the profit he had intended for himself until one day in the early spring, while running through his father's files, he had stumbled on an I. O. U. for a few paltry dollars signed by Joe Pelot and the sight of it seemed to give him an inspiration. He grinned to himself as he slipped it into his wallet and stole unnoticed to his den.

At this time the Syracuse men had arrived in New Canaan and Dabney (who had been appointed trustee and guardian for Nancy until she came of age) had been showing them over the girl's farm in one of the automobiles from Chet's new garage. Chet had been impressed as chauffeur and had perforce listened to all the discussions, interested despite his tendency to stiffen up at mention of anything pertaining to Nancy these days.

Brewster, the representative of the Syracuse interests, had frankly admitted to Dabney the real value of the land and had offered to buy it; but the shrewd old Yankee, remembering always the best interests of his ward, had refused the proposition and driven what he considered a much better bargain, and Brewster had finally agreed to it.

The little party had just returned to Nancy's home to close the deal when the girl ran out and met them at the gate, leaving Neevey in the doorway waiting, for since her father's death these two women had come to know and love each other and the old woman who had once been so quick to criticize her was now the loudest in her praise.

The sight of her in this close contact sent a strange thrill through Chet which he strove instantly to kill. He had managed to avoid her for some time and his conscience hurt him. Now as his father introduced Brewster to her he tried to drive away, but Dabney caught the impulse and with a shrewd twinkle in his eye called out "Better stay with us, Chet. We'll be needin' you an' Neevey t' witness the papers" — and Chet had been forced to stay.

Into the neat little parlor the group filed as Dabney explained the situation to the girl, while Chet tried to shrink back among the shadows. No one seemed to notice him, how-

ever, though Nancy was constantly conscious of his presence and only maintained her calmness to match his apparent lack of interest.

Presently everything had been explained to the girl and Brewster's check for \$50,000 had been shown her. It needed only the signing of the legal documents to close the deal and the principals were gaily proceeding to this detail when the door was suddenly thrust open and Larry Shayne launched himself into their midst a bit breathless from his recent hurry.

One glance at the table and he stood informed of the whole proceedings. It looked as though he had arrived too late, but he refused to acknowledge himself beaten. Looking from Nancy to Brewster he said with what was intended for a satirical leer:

"I don't suppose you've told the little orphan that there's a rich salt deposit under your proposed golf-course, have you?"

If he thought his words would prove a bomb-shell he was badly disappointed, for after an instant's silence in which everyone looked at Brewster, who remained like a graven image, Dabney Todd turned to the intruder with the certified check in his hand and said calmly:

"Mr. Brewster has explained all that satisfactorily to us. In fact he has just made this payment as an advance on future royalties."

It seemed to take the wind out of Larry's sails for a moment, and he could only glower from one to the other. Then snatching a folded document from his pocket he almost shrieked at Nancy as he shook it before her: "You can't sell this property. It belongs to me. I bought it from your father."

Every eye turned toward him as Brewster grabbed the instrument and examined the signature. Turning to Nancy he asked: "Is that your father's writing?"

Briefly she glanced at it as her heart congealed, then dropped her eyes and nodded her head as her lips whispered almost inaudibly "Yes — it is."

In a death-like silence, broken only by a creaking chair, Brewster leaned over, plucked the check from Dabney's hand and started to pocket it as the others watched him with fascination. Then Chet leaned forward, looked down at Larry's deed still upon the table, caught it up and examined it closely, then burst forth excitedly:

"This looks exactly like the paper I saw Martin Doover force Joe Pelot to sign the night I returned from the city."

Larry couldn't help a grin of complacency at this unexpected confirmation of his title, but Chet had not finished and everyone was watching him closely.

"He had been feeding him whisky and had him drunk. Then he gave him money and coaxed him to sign. I had to half kill him before I could make him confess his scheme and give me the paper. I burned it — right there in the kitchen." Then he paused abruptly as he reconstructed the vision and saw again the awful disillusionment that had come to him with the discovery of the crumpled note. He could only glance at Nancy then drop his eyes and swallow the lump that sprung into his throat.

But no one had noticed this break. They were too deeply engrossed in the story. Brewster, with a business man's quick grasp of details had whirled on Larry and said, addressing Chet: "Then this man is a forger, isn't he?" and he reached out to grasp his wrist.

Larry was all unprepared for this. The revelation of how his own henchman had double-crossed him and robbed him of the money had been so unexpected that he had not been able to restrain an involuntary start and clenching of the fist, and now with Brewster's words ringing in his ears he caught a vision of prison bars and his courage

deserted him. He gaped once around the circle and tried to voice some protest, some justification, but his tongue refused and his legs weakened and he turned to flee. Brewster sprang after him, but Chet stepped forward and said, "Let him go, Mr. Brewster. I don't think he'll bother the folks in New Canaan any more," as he tapped the deed significantly and thrust it into his pocket, and with that Larry backed to the door, stepped through, slammed it and dashed for his car utterly dumfounded.

A moment of relaxation followed this incident and then Brewster took up the pen and completed the signing of the contract and Neevey and Chet affixed their signatures as witnesses. The deal was closed and Nancy stood as an heiress in her own right, fingering the first evidence of the riches that were to be hers.

But as she looked at it and listened to the congratulation of her elders something seemed lacking and there was no joy in her heart. Automatically her eyes went toward Chet, and Dabney, catching the heart-hunger in them and seeing the confusion in his son's own manner, smiled shrewdly and beckoned to the others to follow him outside.

They did so and as the last one stepped out upon the veranda Chet picked up his hat and started to follow. Then it was that Nancy took all her courage in her hands and stepped toward him whispering, "Chet."

He paused on the threshold and looked back. She came nearer, shyly looking up at him while he tried to avoid her gaze awkwardly. When she was very close she said softly: "You've never questioned me about my trips to Redburn, Chet. Don't you want to know about them?"

He felt the appeal in her voice and by the light in her clear eyes he knew that his suspicions had been base and unfounded and man-like he tried to deny them, saying:

"I didn't have any right to question you, Nance. You don't think I doubted you, do you?"

She smiled sadly and shook her head and all at once she began to cry, softly, noiselessly, the big tears stealing down her cheeks. At the sight of them he forgot everything, even to his own awkwardness, and remembered only that he was a man and she was a woman and he loved her. Dropping his hat he swept her into an embrace and kicked the door shut behind him.

Five minutes later, out at the front gate Neevey suddenly remembered that time was flying and started back to call Chet, but Dabney laid his hand on her and remarked wisely:

"Don't bother. We'll not wait. Youth takes a long time to say goodbye. You and I both know how it was with us, don't we, Neevey?"

And Neevey caught the light in his wise old eyes and her own suddenly grew radiant with memory as she smiled and nestled closer to him. May Youth and Love and Happiness ever take the same long while to say Goodbye.

One of the largest studios in the West was opened this week when the Sessue Hayakawa Feature Play Company moved from their old quarters on the Haworth lot to the new Robertson-Cole Studios at Melrose and Cower. Hayakawa is the first star to occupy the new studio and according to present plans expects to start shooting within the next week. There are fond memories connected with the old Griffith lot for the Japanese star and his working staff, since they made six of the biggest successes while there. "Li Ting Fang," "The Brand of Lopez," "The Arabian Knight," "The Devil's Claim" and two features which have not yet been released, were filmed there.

BEHIND THE MASK

(Continued from page 14)

that? Look here, who wrote this anyway?"

I saw Mr. Von Stroheim's assistant drawing near me, to support me, I supposed, in my hour of need. Instead, he looked at me calmly.

"Mr. Von Stroheim is sorry that he has kept you waiting a moment. He will be glad to see you now," was all he said. Was the man an imbecile?

Mr. Von Stroheim came up to me. I gulped and blinked hard. What I beheld was a striking man with direct brown eyes and a slow, engaging smile. He was standing very erect in a Russian uniform which lent him a peculiar grace. Magnetism seem to ooze from him. He bowed perfectly, escorted me to a high stool out of the mud, and saw that I would not be dripped upon by the drizzle. Then seeing, perhaps, that I was momentarily bereft of speech, he bowed again and withdrew politely until I could recover. This was Eric Von Stroheim — most hated man on the screen.

His assistant would also have left me but I grabbed him by the lapel.

"Stay near me!" I groaned. "For goodness, sake, don't leave me. You can have half my stool — anything, but don't go!"

He was a dapper young fellow with a pleasant countenance. I felt sure he would understand.

"What's the matter?" he asked coolly. "Are you afraid the camera will shoot you?"

"Ye gods, no!" I panted. "Look — Von Stroheim! Don't you appreciate the gravity of the situation? Here am I, a poor, lone girl on a wobbly stool. Why, there are only about twenty-five people in here to defend me in case of attack." I glanced around and whispered guardedly in his ear.

"Who knows, they may be spy-y-s!"

"Ooooh," the young man's face was submerged in a grin. "I get you now. Ha! Ha! Yep, I've seen your kind before."

Ass! I stuck my finger through the buttonhole of his lapel. I would hold him by main force.

"Tell me something about him," I pleaded. "I have to write a story, you know. And don't laugh. Try to be perfectly calm and sane. Tell me something about him as rationally as you can."

The assistant became suddenly all interested.

"That's easy," he said. "Mr. Von is the best fellow I know — and the most misunderstood. Hark back to the war, when opinion was so against him in the face of the fact that he was sacrificing himself daily in the patriotic pictures of America."

The young man struck an attitude. I could see he was growing eloquent.

"He stirred thousands with his splendid interpretation of the fiend and devil incarnate. And it was not an easy thing to portray the part of the loathsome 'boche,' or the Prussian officer, when he knew so well the better side of his own people. Yet our American audiences mercilessly confounded him with the actor — his private life with the life he portrayed; and hissed and sneered at him off the screen. He —"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "You talk as if he were a nice man."

"Nice! NICE! He's too nice. I want to tell you, if he were to leave this company, his whole crew would go with him. That's the way we feel about it. Even the animals follow him around. Look over there."

Mr. Von Stroheim had stopped rehearsing his cast long enough to stroke the head of a large Russian wolf-hound. The dog was exhausted and was resting his head against

the screen villain's boots as if sure of sympathy.

I grinned weakly. "Most hated men" didn't usually stop work to pet tired dogs. I almost released the buttonhole — but not quite. At best, hanging on to a hole is not reassuring. I observed Von Stroheim more closely.

The close, military cropped hair, and the long scar across his forehead are enough to make any man look wicked. All this Von Stroheim carried with a singular dash. Somehow I would not have liked him without the scar — (Dear me! am I speaking of liking him so soon?) and to think of him with marcel waves was enough to raise a shout of protest.

"He is essentially a soldier," I said, feeling that I should make at least one intelligent remark to be used as an epitaph after my remains were discovered.

"Yes," the Buttonholed One smiled at me for the first time, and then very confidentially he added:

"It is my own opinion that he is a hero, too. He has saved Americans' lives on the battle fields. Nobody knows how he got the very scar that mars his face."

"You don't mean it," I forgot myself so far as to smile back at the young man. "Tell me some more."

"Well — if you will be so good as to hang on to the other lapel a moment — I'm getting cramped in one position . . ."

I got a new grip and he continued:

"He is a creative genius."

Picture him arising every morning at four o'clock and pacing the floor to think out the day's work. Why does he do it? He explains it like this:

"When I get up at that hour, when everybody else is asleep, I feel that I am cheating the world out of something — that I am getting in ahead of everyone else. I think when no one else is thinking, and grab ideas out of the ether when no one else is grabbing."

"Is it any wonder that Mr. Von is spoken of as 'seething' with ideas?" the Buttonholed One asked.

"No," I answered, for I was beginning to get a few new ideas of my own. In fact they were undergoing a complete revolution.

Von Stroheim had caught my eye and was approaching me in an easy and friendly manner. I watched him fascinated. It seemed of no importance that someone should be howling in my ear:

"For the love of Mike, girl, let me go. Want to get Mr. Von some dry boots . . . bad cold . . . Leggo, I say! . . . Well-l of all thuh —"

I felt a sudden heaviness attach itself to my hand. Had the young man collapsed after all? Looking down, I saw that I was hanging on to the lapel of an empty coat. Von Stroheim's assistant had crawled out and fled fondly in quest of dry boots.

"I must apologize for the delay," smiled Mr. Von Stroheim, as he paused by my stool. "If I can be of any service to you now —"

I was ready for a wholehearted interview. Perched on my stool, I felt like a bantam rooster getting ready to crow.

"They tell me you were a hero," I blurted tactlessly.

He smiled a weary sort of smile.

"Any man who says he is a hero, is a liar!" he assured me vehemently. "I know. I have seen it all. You would be surprised at the thoughts that race through a man's head in the midst of battle — the sickness of soul and body — the fear of the unknown. Some, of course, do not think at all, while others remember a little prayer perhaps. As for

the heroics performed, I think they are prompted merely by sex instinct — the desire for feminine praise. I — well, I always thought what jolly good stories they would make to tell at afternoon teas. The bloodier the better —"

"Have you a hobby?" I inquired, thinking dubiously of the cockroaches.

"I have no time for a hobby," he replied. "My pictures are my life."

Von Stroheim's assistant had appeared with the boots but he was giving me a wide berth. There was something about the set of his jaw that boded no good for me if I allowed his Mr. Von to stand in wet boots any longer than was necessary.

I slipped off my stool, and Mr. Von Stroheim was ready with his most courtly bow. He raised his hand. An hour or so before, I would have ducked instinctively. This time I anticipated his quick military salute.

He has only to look one straight in the eye — a really un-villainous mannerism of his — and all doubts are dispelled. I exultingly admitted that I liked him then.

"And see that this lady is taken home in my car," he ordered as I stepped out the "witch's hut" door that I had so feared to enter. "There are some rather bad mud puddles about the place, and I don't want anybody slipping into them!"

George W. Hill has been engaged by William Fox to direct Louise Lovely.

Mr. Hill, who served as a cameraman for D. W. Griffith, and who was more recently general assistant to George Loane Tucker, is a veteran of the World War and is now a captain in the Reserve Corps of the Army.

Nuff s'nuff.

Jack Holt and Edward Martindel allowed their passion for art to rule when the script of the new Bebe Daniels Real-art story called for a plunge into the ice-cold waters of Big Bear Lake. They didn't even object when the director ordered a second dip to "make sure the stuff is right." But Oh Boy — what a riot when Props started to douse them with a pail of H₂O to give the proper drenched appearance for a close-up!

Stephen Chalmers, novelist and newspaperman, was hunting ducks at Laguna Beach, his home, a few days ago when he encountered a group of motion picture men doing likewise. He asked the name of the picture and they replied "Partners of Fate," a William Fox production. "How interesting," said Chalmers. "I am the author of the picture."

HOW TO WRITE SCENARIOS

By Tryden Failed

Never write scripts on thin paper.

Good stories are judged principally by weight, and an aggravating, bulky missive will be dealt with quicker than one which can be easily pigeon-holed.

Never use words you understand.

Always write sex problem plays. The editor will use his own discretion in changing it to Western, Siap-stick or Underworld.

Enclose cancelled stamps. You won't get your script back, anyway.

A good art director always chews art gum.

The Struggling Monkey Film Company has leased the Slick & Slippy bowling alley. Fuller Static, their cameraman, says it is ideal for long shots.

HERO STUFF

By Mearle Green

I WAS in a savage temper when I stamped into the lobby of the Rio Vista Hotel that night. For three endless days we had been shooting river scenes for "The Island Queen," a big Jane Davis feature, and it had been three days of nerve-shattering misery for all of us. In the first place, Dell Roberts, who had cranked the camera on every one of my pictures for five years, had quit me. Next, Jane Davis, my little star, had developed a most sarcastic grouch. To cap it all, a Sacramento River breeze had drenched me with a chilling spray. Shooting river stuff with a smart camera kid, and a temperamental star! I am not a swearing man, but I was ready to start in when I snatched up the telegram which the clerk threw out to me. And this is what the boss had to say:

"Retake all first day scenes. Over-exposed scratches corners cut out of focus static and is Jane sick?"

The vilest mule-driving language would have been weak then. As I drew breath for an insane yell my eyes fell upon another piece of news in the telegram.

"Dell Roberts left this morning to join you. Ship Benny Smith to studio."

Then I did yell, for suddenly the world was bright. Dell Roberts, the best cameraman in the world, was coming back to us! No more trouble with the glaring river light, no more arguing with a fresh cameraman, and no more pleading with a sulky star.

"Oh, Jane," I called, as the little actress paused at the desk to growl for her key, "guess who's coming?"

Her face lighted hopefully for the first time in two weeks. Of course, she knew the one miracle that could make me human again.

"Dell!" she cried. "Is he coming—really? Oh, when?"

"He left Los Angeles this morning. That gets him into Antioch tonight. He'll be up on the Sacramento boat in the morning."

Benny Smith, the slim little excuse for a cameraman, strolled into the lobby, and I handed him the Old Man's message. I was fiendishly enjoying his expression of hurt surprise, when the clerk called me to the telephone. Over the wire came a welcome voice.

"Hello, Harry. This Dell—in Antioch. Say, shall I come up to Rio Vista tonight with a speed boat, or wait for the steamer in the morning?"

"Why, suit yourself, Dell," I replied; "but there's a wild wind tonight for a speed boat. Better wait for the steamer."

"All right, I will if this hole don't get too lonesome. How's everything?"

"Fine—now. But I've been having one sweet time!"

"Everybody well?"

"Yes, she's well, but she certainly is leading this cameraman a life. Well, good-night, Dell. You'll like like a million dollars to me in the morning, old man."

I whistled as I climbed the stairs to my room. Dell was coming back! Well, I'd try hard to hold him. Yes, I'd even have a talk with Jane. I'd tell her what I thought of her treatment of the boy who had started her on the road to fame.

For my cameraman had discovered Jane Davis. He had talked me into giving the pug-nosed, wide-eyed kid a chance, then he had coached her, and encouraged her, and advised her, and loved her silently through the hard grind that preceded her phenome-

nal jump into stardom and fortune-winning popularity.

Dell was a camera wizard, and turned in perfect stuff day after day when every other cameraman on the lot was shooting retakes. But he was one of those quiet little fellows who never mix well. While the others talked and laughed between scenes, he just stuck behind his camera and followed Jane with his mild brown eyes.

With her rapid rise, Jane drifted away from the pal who had made her, but Dell never showed that he felt her lack of attention until the new leading man, handsome Orville Stover, began an earnest and persistent drive upon the star's heart. Dell stood that through one picture, then he packed his camera, and with hardly a word of good-bye, struck out for a San Gabriel fishing camp.

So I worried not at all that night over the homesick streak that had driven Dell Roberts back to us. I just knew that my troubles were over, and I went to bed at ten prepared to enjoy a perfect sleep.

Hardly had sleep gripped me, it seemed, when I was jerked back to consciousness by running footsteps on the stairs, shouts of warning and alarm, and frantic pounding on many doors.

I opened my eyes to a red glare that lighted my room. I jumped to the window and peered out. A street-wide sheet of flame was leaping from the barn-like structure adjoining the hotel.

I snapped on my light and dressed hurriedly. As I pawed in the closet for an empty grip, my light went dead. An outburst from down the hall told me that the electricity had failed.

I stumbled out and ran to the door of the big corner room which was occupied by the star. I rapped and Jane's steady voice answered me.

"It's Harry!" I cried. "Never mind your things, Jane! Hurry down! I can hear the window glass falling in these rooms across the hall."

I raced down to the cameraman's room. After I had helped with the film boxes, I bumped several of the prop man's costume trunks down the narrow stairs. By that time the halls were full of smoke and lighted by a hot glare through the transoms. Orville Stover and I made a final round, shouting and breaking in all locked doors. When we reached the little hall that led to the corner room, we found ourselves blocked by the heat and the smoke.

"Have you seen Jane?" I yelled to Stover. "No!" he called back. "But she's out. I pounded on her door, then I opened it to make sure."

Outside a fifty-mile gale carried flaming brands clear to the river. Rio Vista seemed doomed, but the townspeople were fighting desperately with garden hose and buckets to save their homes.

Benny Smith set up a camera and began shooting fire stuff. I followed him around for awhile, then I joined the bulk of the spectators on the corner diagonally across from the burning hotel. In forty minutes from the time I awoke light was beginning to show through the front windows of the second floor, and the building was becoming a fiery cauldron.

Suddenly from far down the river sounded the horn-like wail of a siren.

"A fire boat!" yelled someone.

The flames broke through the front windows and whipped straight out with the

powerful draft. The heavy wooden cornice brackets began crashing through the canvas awning that extended over the sidewalk.

The racing boat, screeching like a lost soul, came rapidly nearer. With a final blast of the whistle it tore up to the dock a short block down the street. The pounding rush of feet clattered on the plank walk, then—

"Where's Jane?" cried Mary Long, my character woman. "I can't find her anywhere! No one has seen her!"

Jane! I felt my heart stop beating. I shot one hopeless glance at the corner room of the second story. Flames were rolling from the windows above and great chunks of cornice were falling. The awning below was on fire in a hundred places. Through the windows of Jane's room I could see a light from the transom.

Orville Stover leaped upon a pile of salvaged furniture. "Jane Davis!" he yelled. "Who's seen Miss Davis?"

All at once the attention of five hundred persons centered on that corner room.

"She's in there!" they cried. "That pretty little girl with the curls. That's her room—the corner one!"

Fifty men joined the first rush, but only three reached the sidewalk, and they fell back before the hurtling fall of a section of blazing cornice. A woman beside me screamed and fainted. The glare within Jane's room grew brighter.

Then, like a flash, a familiar figure in a plaid cap bucked through the crowd and ran across the street. With a cat-like leap he caught the outer edge of the awning frame and drew himself upon it. He ripped the burning canvas aside and ran up the hip rod to the corner of the building. Without a pause he slipped along the wall to the window on the right, tore out the screen, kicked in the lower glass, and hurled himself into the room.

The light within freshened with the draft. For a moment I caught fire-fly flashes of an electric torch moving about. Then the light disappeared for a long time. A sharp cry indicated the other window. The sash had been thrown up and I could see the white face of the rescuer pressed against the screen.

A commotion in the street attracted me. Twenty men under the leadership of Stover were folding a big tarpaulin to make a net. My eyes flashed back to the window—the face was gone. An age of suspense dragged by while the men with the net edged closer, and a fire company dashed up and played a hose upon them.

Another scream from the crowd! The man in the room appeared again at the broken window. But he fell across the sill and hung there so long that I nearly burst with holding my breath. Then he moved with an effort, waved weakly to the men with the net, and began pulling something up beside him. As I blinked my stinging eyes, the limp bundle dropped into the net, and the rescuer shunned down the awning frame and fell to the ground. Immediately a hundred eager hands strove to beat out the smouldering fire that clung to him.

The crowd went wild! A gripping something rose in my throat and choked me. Scalding tears taht were not from the smoke blinded me. I rushed through the surging mob toward the hero.

But I could not reach him. Instead I met the crush that bore Jane Davis, and reluctantly I took charge of the star.

We carried her into a restaurant, and Miss Long and I examined her injuries. She was not badly burned, but there was a fearful bruise on her forehead. While Miss Long started with the first aid, I fought back the curious crowd. In reply to my inquiries, someone stated that the only doc-

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tor was attending that "nervy little cuss." A dozen messengers ran for him.

Just as Jane opened her eyes the doctor appeared. He was a big-faced, tubby fellow, to whom a famous star was mighty insignificant just then.

"Say!" he sputtered. "Wasn't that great! Biggest thing I ever saw! There's a man for you!"

Jane looked questioningly from the doctor to me, and I wondered if I should tell her the truth. I decided to stall.

"He means the man who got you out," I volunteered. Then I, too, became a little maudlin. "He climbed up the blazing awning, with the cornice blocks falling, and jumped through the window into that furnace. A man"—I shook my head as I vainly sought for a stronger word.

"Who was it?" asked Jane.

"They said it was your little cameraman," replied the doctor. "Cracky! That was nerve for you!"

"Was he hurt much?" questioned Jane, anxiously.

"Well, he'll come out all right, but it will be a long time before he cranks a camera again," admitted the doctor. "He's got to have hospital care, so I'm sending him down to San Francisco right away."

"I'm so sorry for Benny," sighed Jane, and I shifted uneasily. "I'm ashamed of myself—the way I've treated him. But I—I never thought there was hero stuff in little Benny Smith. You'll see that he's taken care of, won't you, Harry?"

"Why," exclaimed the doctor as he bent

over the star, "you're not burned at all! But that's because your hero wrapped you in a quilt. This bump on your head, though—how ever did you get that?"

Jane puckered her forehead. Finally her face cleared. "Oh, now I remember. I did a baby trick—I ran into the edge of the open closet door. Then I fainted—in the closet."

Soon the doctor departed to have a last look at his nervy patient. As Jane and I prepared to go to the Riverside House, where my assistant had arranged for us, I noticed the first gray light of morning.

"Say, Harry"—Jane's voice was very careless—"what time does that Sacramento boat get in?"

"About eight."

"Will you—just ask Dell to come up as soon as he gets in? I'm so homesick to see him."

I looked down at the big, wistful eyes, and I felt a hot lump in my throat.

"You'll see him for me, won't you, Harry?"

I stepped close beside her, and I swallowed twice before I spoke.

"Dell came up last night with a speed boat," I said.

It seemed like it took an eternity for her mind to grasp the full significance of my words. Slowly she turned to me, and her large eyes grew larger.

"It was Dell!" she murmured at last. "Little cameraman, indeed! Of course it was Dell!"

Like the morning light outside, there grew in her wonderful face the age-old glory of woman love. For a long moment it illumined her, then fierce resolution overshadowed it.

"Take me to him!" she cried. "I've waited three years for Dell to ask me—to marry him. Now"—her lips smiled softly—"now I'll ask him!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1, 1920.

State of California }
County of Los Angeles } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James La Verne, Secy. and Treas., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secy. and Treas. of the SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

		Post Office Address—
Name of	Publisher, SCREENLAND PUB. CO., INC.	Los Angeles, California
	Editor, Ralph Cummins	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, California
	Managing Editor, Ralph Cummins	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
	Business Manager, Jas. La Verne	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

K. F. La Verne, Pres	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
P. O. Lofland, Vice Pres	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
Jas. La Verne, Secy. and Treas	432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholder and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JAMES LA VERNE, Secy.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of Oct., 1920. WM. CROP.

SEAL]

(My commission expires Sept. 23, 1923.)

Your Own Page

(Continued from page 35)

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: Since you so kindly offer to give the long suffering "Picture Public" a voice we hasten to express an opinion in regard to the one thing which has caused us more "suffering" than any other one fault which producers have fallen into. It is that of persisting in "Copycatism."

We have sat miserably through endless imitations of "Old Wives for New" and the "Miracle Man" and are now looking forward with fear and trembling to an avalanche of "Earthbound" imitations. This should not be when the world is so full of potent subjects and worthwhile plots. There is romance in politics, in business and even in the life of a laundress, as Mary Pickford has proven to us.

So please, kind Producer, give us variety. It is the spice of life, you know.

Sincerely yours,
MILLIE FAN.

* * *

MARION HITT—

You say that when Charles Ray wears pajamas he is the image of your father. This is surprising news. Yes, I agree with you, the two men should certainly meet.

* * *

PERCY—

You wonder what Wallie Reid puts on his hair to make it so shiny? So do I. I've asked him too, but he won't tell me, so I can't offer you much encouragement. You might address a real persuasive letter to the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal., however, and try your luck.

SUZANNE R.—

You guessed right the very first time. Lila Lee does sing. She has a voice like a little bird and occasionally when she is making personal appearances, she can be induced to warble. I will tell her what you said and maybe she will sing for you sometime. Now, don't get excited, Suzanne!

* * *

JACK W.—

How can you get into the good graces of Jane Novak? Come here and I will whisper in your ear. Send her poetry! She's crazy about it—thrives on it—stuffs on it, in fact. Jane has what is known as a soul. Remember that before you make yourself ridiculous writing mash notes to her pretty face.

* * *

JIMMIE WATTS—

Will you meet the ideal of your dreams? Would Mary Miles Minter be sympathetic, perhaps? My dear little Jimmie, (I can see that you are young) if you can't ask me something easy, at least try something original. Of course Mary is sympathetic and all that, but does it ever occur to you that she may have ideals of her own? Poor Sonny, cheer up and know that of course you will meet that ideal some day—whether it is a duplicate of Mary or not. Get me?

Los Angeles, Cal., October 30, 1920.
Editor SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I am writing to ask you to tell the readers of SCREENLAND about Tom Bates, that prince of an old-timer whom most everybody remembers as the King in "Huckleberry Finn."

Tom has spent a large part of the past year in the hospital with a bad leg. Just now he is undergoing a series of operations in the hope of saving the leg. He will be laid up for a long time—and hospital and medical attendance come high. Just tell the fans about this—won't you? And say that contributions should be mailed to Tom Bates, Clara Barton Hospital, Los Angeles, Cal.

Yours,
CHARLIE MURRAY.

* * *

Dear Charlie: I have your letter about Tom Bates.

I am very sorry that the policy of SCREENLAND prevents me from giving you the space you request; you surely understand that a dignified magazine like SCREENLAND cannot print a plea like that.

It is too bad, for Tom is a friend of mine, as he is of everyone connected with pictures. I was up to see him yesterday. He's still the same old cheerful Tom, even if his face is very white and he is laid out on a hospital cot. And his cheerful nerve is going to pull him back to his old place with us. He is keeping a list of the people who are helping him and the amounts so he can repay them when he gets back to work.

Regretting that I cannot give Tom's case the write-up you desire, I am, sincerely yours,
THE EDITOR.

From The Literary Digest "Topics of the Day:"

MANAGER—"Either you or the dog, madam, will have to leave this theatre!" "All right, I'll go. I wouldn't have Fido miss this film for anything."—*Film Fun*, N. Y.

Adv.—"If the lady who stuck her gum on my seat at the movies last night will call she may have the gum. If the gum won't come off, she can have the pants, too."

Wynne (Ark.) Progress.

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

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TOPICS AND COLLABORATORS

"Photoplay Plots and Plot
Sources," by Eric Howard,
A. B. A. M. (Harvard).

"The Point of Attack, or How
to Start a Photoplay," by
Clarence Badger, Director,
Goldwyn.

"The Necessity and Value of
Theme in the Photoplay,"
by Jeanie MacPherson, As-
sistant, Cecil B. DeMille.

"Dramatic Suspense in the
Photoplay," by Denison
Clift, Supervising Editor,
Wm. Fox (West Coast).

"The Necessity of Original
Photoplay Material," by
Col. Jasper Ewing Brady,
Editor, Metro, New York,
Studios.

"Photoplay Characterization,"
by George Behan, Photo-
play-wright and Producer.
"The Dramatic and Undram-
atic in the Photoplay," by
Frank Lloyd, Director,
Goldwyn.

"Photoplay Elements of Situa-
tion Comedy," by Al. E.
Christie, President, Chris-
tie and Strand Comedies.

"Picture Values From an Ar-
tist's Viewpoint," by Rob
Wagner, formerly chief il-
lustrator, Encyclopedia
Britannica Corporation,
author of Saturday Even-
ing Post articles on mo-
tion-picture industry.

"Selling Manuscripts in the
Photoplay Market," by Kate
Corbaley, Palmer Photo-
play Sales Department
(formerly author for Mr.
and Mrs. Sidney Drew).

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photoplay plots in a practical way

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in the new technique

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dred Los Angeles producers are in
the market for five thousand
stories this year. These plots
must be highly original—and
effective for portrayal on the
screen.

Many plots are offered daily.
In frequent cases, these come
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ists and dramatists of standing,
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his own technique. Though these
plots have the earmarks of literary
excellence, invariably they must
be judged according to their suit-
ability for the screen. And this
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laws of the camera, and to the
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and suspense, of characterization,
etc. New conditions have created
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of a new craftsmanship an author
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in the photoplay field today. Mr.
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On the Honeymoon Trail

(Continued from page 7)

ALL at once it was noted that the two reporters were in the thick of the search, very interested but very, very skeptical. They were wise to publicity stunts, and this surely bore the earmarks of a press agent's undertaking. But one of them finally attempted to talk with Bert Flynn, and he shortly concluded that if it was a fake the bridegroom surely knew nothing of it.

Then word was sent from the telephone that the green car with Miss Story at the wheel and with a man beside her had been seen on the Foothill Boulevard, racing toward the mountains.

Givens drew Bert Flynn aside.

"How about this, Bert? Have you any idea — that letter from the man you sent up?"

Flynn drew his hand across his face and tried to look at the director, but his eyes held only that unseeing stare.

"I can't figure it," he mumbled. "Maybe that bird — or someone else that was murderin' sore — but tuh pick on Josie —" His eyes lighted for an instant with a flash of fire.

Then Harvey came up. His face was white and his hands shook.

"I'm ready to take my medicine, Bert," he said in a voice that shook. "I tried to put something over — and it's gone wrong."

"What's that?" snapped Givens.

Flynn blinked and seemed trying to understand the new turn of affairs.

"It was one of my fool publicity gags," blurted out the white-faced manager. "I just happened to think of it when I saw Josie's maid going to send that telegram. I slipped in and told Josie that the crowd was planning something and that Bert said for her to slip out in her car and wait for him at the corner of Seventh and Western. I just thought it would work out as a little joke that would get a good story in the afternoon papers."

"Well," growled Givens, "it was a fool trick, but there's no great harm done. You look like you'd committed murder."

"That's not all," mumbled Harvey, while Flynn edged toward him with a growing interest. "I was wondering why Josie hadn't caught on and phoned in. After that report came in just now about seeing her out on Foothill Boulevard, I telephoned to the real estate office on the corner of Seventh and Western. The man said he had seen Miss Story on the corner talking with several rough-looking men, who later followed her away in a big car. When they left one of the men rode with Josie in her roadster."

At last the glaze of bewilderment left Bert Flynn's eyes, and the leathery tan of his face became chalky white. Harvey shrank back from his quiet advance.

"Yuh rotten fool!" snapped Flynn. "All yuh think is some dirty trick tuh get yuh'ah name in th' papahs. If anything happens tuh Josie —"

"Oh, it'll come out all right," put in Givens. "It's just some mistake. Josie will telephone you and —"

"Mr. Flynn on the phone!" called someone from the office.

Bert's worried frown dissolved into his sheepish grin, as he hurried across the stage.

"Gee," he mumbled to himself, "but wasn't I th' fool tuh get all fussed up that-away?"

With his lips twisted into a bantering grin and with a love for his bride upon his lips, he picked up the receiver.

"This Bert Flynn?" came in a heavy voice.

"Yes — what — who is this?"

"You're the Flynn that used to be marshal down in Texas?"

The man from Texas sat upon the edge of the desk and lifted the instrument close against his chest. His eyes narrowed and he moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Yes," he said softly, "my name's Bert Flynn, an' I usta be down on th' bordah. Now, who ah you?"

The man on the other end of the wire snapped out a hard laugh that made Flynn almost close his eyes.

"It don't make no difference who I am. I'm after you, Mister Marshal Flynn, and I reckon I'm goin' to get you!"

"Well, let's heah about it." The ex-marshal's voice was almost cheerful, but his face was drawn as with a breaking pain.

"You know where the Devil's Slot is, up San Gabriel Canyon?"

"Shoah."

"Well, I'll be waiting for you in the Slot. You come alone and don't pack no gun!"

"What's the big idee?"

Again the hard mirthless laugh.

"You oughta guess that, Flynn — you've sent up a lotta good men. I swore I'd get you — and now, I have got you — right! Your wife is right outside here with my boys. She'll be waiting, too — in the Slot."

Flynn drew a deep breath and pressed the transmitter against his white lips.

"An' what ah yuh wantin' of me?"

"Just want to see you — up in the Slot — alone. If you ain't there in two hours — your wife —" his voice broke into that rumbling terror-inspiring laugh.

"An' if I come?" queried Flynn.

"Then I'll let your wife drive the green boat down the canyon. You better hurry! Good-bye!" The click of a receiver upon a hook, crackled in the listener's ear.

Bert Flynn replaced the telephone instrument upon the desk and walked slowly out upon the stage. As he crossed to where Harvey Givens waited, he produced a new book of cigarette papers and an un-opened bag of Durham.

"It's all right," he said quietly, tapping the tobacco into the paper. "Josie's waitin' for me up th' line. Reckon I'll drive up an' get this straightened out." He closed the tobacco sack with his teeth and reached for a match. "Have some uh th' boys take care uh th' animals, will yuh? We ain't apt tuh get back tonight."

It was dusk when Bert Flynn turned off Foothill Boulevard and drove up the San Gabriel. He left his big car at the entrance to the Devil's Slot, a narrow, straight-walled canyon that broke down from the mountains. It was quite dark when he started up the dry, boulder-strewn bed of the Slot.

A hundred yards up he rounded one of the many sharp turns and came upon a group of half-a-dozen hazy forms. As he stepped closer he saw that the men wore masks of white cloth.

"So you're here?" growled a big, authoritative man, flashing an electric torch in Flynn's face. "Didn't hardly reckon you'd think enough of the girl to come."

"Where is she?" Flynn's silky-soft voice betrayed only a hint of a worried strain.

"Oh, she's safe enough — both ways."

"How th' devil —?" Flynn appeared still worried over the mechanics of the kidnapping.

The big man's triumphant laugh boomed down the canyon.

"We was waitin' around that weddin' bunch, figurin' to follow you when you rode out. But I happened to slip into that alley

back of your wife's little bedroom, and I heard the big bird tell her to meet you at a certain place. That was gold nuggets for me — I met her there and said that you had sent the camp outfit up here on a truck and would meet her here." The big bandit's voice changed to a whiplike sharpness. "But now we'll forget that! I've got you, you measly skunk! You didn't think I'd let you get away — huh?"

"Who th' — who ah yuh?" queried the prisoner.

"That don't matter either — I'm just one of a whole lot that you done dirt to when you was marshal. Now it's my turn — you understand?"

"Shore — yuh'ah some explicit! But most times uh man gets uh chance. Just hand me uh gun an' —"

The other laughed and his companions edged closer around him.

"Nary gun. You jest figger that you're doin' this for your wife. If one of us was to get hurt in this little mixup — well — I couldn't let the wife off so light."

Flynn drew a deep breath and lifted his shoulders in a careless shrug.

"Look's like it was yore game, pardner," he said. "How yuh figgerin' tuh pull it off?"

"You're to walk up the gulch," ordered the big man in tones that were the last word in deadly finality. "Before you reach the corner — but if you do get around the corner — you can't get away."

"All right! I don't suppose it's any use tuh ask yuh tuh play square with th' little girl — but if yuh don't —" he shrugged his shoulders in realization of his helplessness — "Well, I'm jest figurin' yuh'll play th' game."

"We ain't got nothin' against the girl," mumbled the leader. "Now — you ready?"

"Shore — soon as I roll a pill."

While one of the masked men held the torch Flynn produced papers and tobacco and rolled a cigarette. Without a tremor he replaced the makings in his shirt pocket and cupped his hands around a lighted match. In the match's glare his face showed pale and calm.

"All right, yuh big devil!" he drawled, snapping the match into the sand. "Start yore fire-works."

With his careless, bow-legged slouch he started toward a dark point of rock a hundred feet up the Slot. The faint light that filtered down from the stars was so indistinct that he could see only the dark outline of the rocks about him.

Half way to the turn in the Slot Flynn stumbled over a boulder and paused uncertainly. There was no sound from behind. The expected shots did not crash in the narrow passage. He inhaled deeply, growled a curse at the heartlessness of his enemy, and strode on.

He reached the point where the Slot turned. The light seemed stronger. A boulder blocked his way. He stepped upon it and looked back. All at once a nervous frenzy gripped him.

"Why don't yuh shoot, damn yuh!" he shouted, and shook his fist at the sinister figures standing in the Slot.

A mocking laugh replied. He lost his balance on the rock, tried to regain his feet and fell headlong.

Rising to his knees he saw that he was beyond the projecting point of rocks. Also he understood the reason for the added light. The camp fire around which the masked gang had waited was burning beside the canyon wall. There was camp equipment and —

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The Six-string Bow

(Continued from page 28)

first writing. Recently, while eating dinner, he had an inspiration for a song. He stopped his meal and within ten minutes had written a lyric which was immediately accepted by his publishers.

Mr. Schertzingler composes in the evening after his studio work as a relaxation from the day's strenuous duties. He says he finds in this more recreation than in anything else. He puts his musical ideas down on paper and then has his sister play them to him. He then goes to the piano and works out any necessary changes in the melody.

This artist, with six strings to his bow, first became interested in motion pictures when he was engaged by Thomas H. Ince to write original musical scores to accompany feature films. He was the first in this field and wrote the music for "Civilization" and other notable productions.

To establish him as a scenario writer it is only necessary to state that he was the author of "Pinto," one of Mabel Normand's greatest successes.

As a violinist his record is distinguished. He received his early training in Philadelphia and was known for several years as the boy prodigy. He studied later for three years in Brussels and toured with Nordica, Sembrich and Calve. He has acted as soloist with the Boston, Minneapolis and Philadelphia symphony orchestras, and he has himself conducted in New York and other large cities.

Mr. Schertzingler combines his talents in an interesting way. After he has read a scenario which he is to direct he analyzes the chief characters and frequently writes melodies which epitomize their temperaments. Then he has these played over and over to the actors until the compositions become a part of their mental attitude. He also adopts a

musical theme which is kept uppermost throughout a film production. This is to enable the picture exhibitor to know what music will best interpret the spirit of the play.

This versatile artist is a big man — he tips the scales at some 205 pounds. Like most fat men, he has a jovial disposition, but beneath his smile is a serious nature, acutely sensitive to any form of emotional stimulus. He is extremely modest about his accomplishments and expects to keep right on until he does, as he expresses it, "something worth while."

He has lots of time yet — this genius of thirty-one years, appropriately named Victor.

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Buster Keaton, Metro's sad-faced comedian, was walking down a street in Hollywood, Calif., near his studios, when he noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree. Buster takes a fatherly interest in all the little fellows, and stopped.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Buster. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling a lie."

"Youse win," chorused the urchins, "the dog's yours, mister."

Buck Jones, William Fox Western star, plays the part of an evangelist in his latest picture, "Fighting Back," now being made at the Fox Studios. It is being directed by Jack Ford.

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ON THE HONEYMOON TRAIL

Bert rubbed his eyes and moved slowly toward the fire.

A canyas fly was hung to catch the heat of the blazing fire. A number of pots and pans steamed on the coals. And beyond the fly lay a blanket covered with dishes and — and fussing over the dishes was Josie!

At the sound of his stumbling footsteps the girl sprang up.

"Bert!" she cried softly and ran into the half-darkness to meet him. "Why, I thought you never would come. What made you so late?"

"Why — I —" the act of taking her in his arms helped him to stall.

"Oh, I think this was the most wonderful plan! How did you think of it? And the truck with our stuff — it was all here."

The numbbed bridegroom kissed her again and tried to clear his befuddled brain. As she led him playfully to the camp he was sure he heard footsteps, and rumbling voices in the rocks behind.

"Isn't this wonderful?" bubbled Josie, "and see the scrumptious wedding dinner! You weren't looking for such a feast, were you?"

Flynn stared down at the camp service spread upon the blanket. His fast-blinking eyes took in the ten or more plates. Plainly now he heard the voices in the darkness down the Slot.

Again he looked curiously at the places for the wedding guests. Piled near two of the plates were a number of packages, and just

beyond was a large bundle sewed in burlap. Its shape betrayed its contents. It was a saddle. Bert Flynn swallowed hard — then grinned.

"Come on in, Bill Davis," he drawled. "Bring that bordah gang uh youahs in tuh th' weddin' feast. Yuh must be some hungry aftah comin' all th' way from Texas." He chuckled as the crash of feet approached the camp. "Come on, Missis Davis, an' tell my — my wife about that send-off I give yuh an' Bill when yuh was married."

Wycliffe A. Hill, scenario editor, and author of "A Million Photoplay Plots," is the president of a new national association of screen writers known as The Photoplaywrights' League of America, which has been recently organized in Los Angeles and incorporated under the laws of California.

According to Mr. Hill, some of the purposes of the League are: "To protect its members from having story material stolen by unscrupulous producers and writers, to sell stories of members at a standard price, and to obtain recognition and proper screen and advertising credit for members whose scripts are marketed through the League." The League maintains a manuscript sales service which undertakes to place the stories of members for a commission of ten per cent.

It is said that there are seventeen hundred literary clubs in the United States eligible to membership in the Photoplaywrights' League.

Everybody's Mother

(Continued from page 29)

Collectively and individually, I intend to die."

There was a humorous twinkle in her eyes and I presumed to make some remark about the fabled "One Hoss Shay," at the same time expressing the thought that it seemed a little premature for one so full of vitality to be talking about death.

"No," she disagreed, "the world is made for the young — and rightly so." Again that mother look was softening the fine lines in her face. "I love young people. And think what kind of a mummy I would make in fifteen or twenty more years!"

Here I was surprised to find myself visualizing mummies in an entirely new and complimentary aspect. But our humor was taking a morbid turn. I reverted to the "young people."

"Yes, I have had more than my share of children," she beamed in response to my question, "some my own and others adopted on the screen. My first son was Rupert Julian. Next came — or have I forgotten that young man's name —? Oh, no, he was one of my favorites — Herbert Rawlinson. And then William Farnum, Monroe Salisbury and others. And once I had twins in Hale Hamilton. He played a double role. There was another but I don't remember his name either — he was a bad one."

"Miss" La Fayette had indeed acquired some illustrious children, in spite of the fact that she had difficulty in recalling their various histories. She sat musing happily, her sweet face framed in soft white hair, with just a few little ringlets escaping to tell you, that like her heart, they had never grown old.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet on the strength of a new idea.

"I want to show you my new bonnet," she explained. "I made it all myself. There is really nothing that an old woman can wear in the shops now — that is, when one is old fashioned like I am."

Old fashioned! How good it seemed to hear that word of antiquity. Somehow no one can object to it when it precedes — "mother."

Of course her bonnet was a little black, poke effect, and most alluring, you may be sure. She was going to tell me a story about it.

"I got on the car one day," she chuckled, "and noticed a fashionably dressed woman eyeing me up and down. She had all the style that my funny, little old jacket and bonnet lacked, and I knew what was in her mind. I answered the unspoken question.

"Yes -- I came out of the Ark," I said. The woman was very much taken back.

"And in case you should make any mistake, I came out of Noah's Ark! I finished emphatically."

A sense of humor is one of Miss La Fayette's secrets of youth.

"There must be a great deal of happiness in a life like yours," I suggested, and only the merest hint of a shadow passed over her sunny face.

"Yes — and no," she replied. "Sometimes it is very lonely for an old lady — left to herself. But I find my happiness in the sky and the trees and the flowers. If there is a bit of beauty anywhere — whether in the human family, or in nature, my eyes are not so old but what they can see every bit of it."

She paused to run her fingers over the petals of some deep blue morning-glories.

"These are my favorites," she confided simply. "No matter how tired I am at night, I go out and pick the buds so they will bloom here for me in the morning."

To see her bowing over those little blue flowers was very pretty indeed. It was my parting picture of "Everybody's Mother" and one which I am sorry I cannot more justly share with the world.



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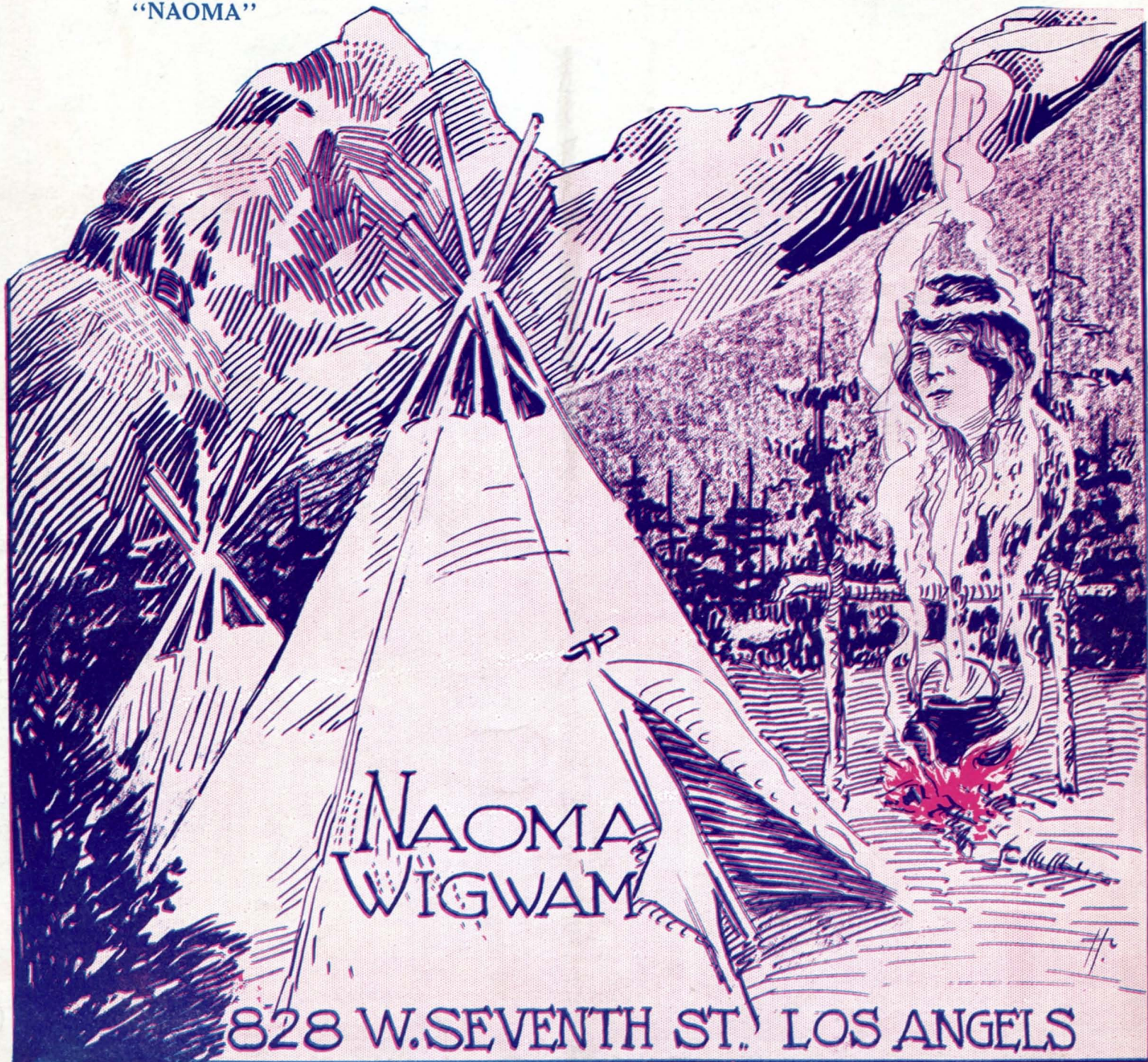
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