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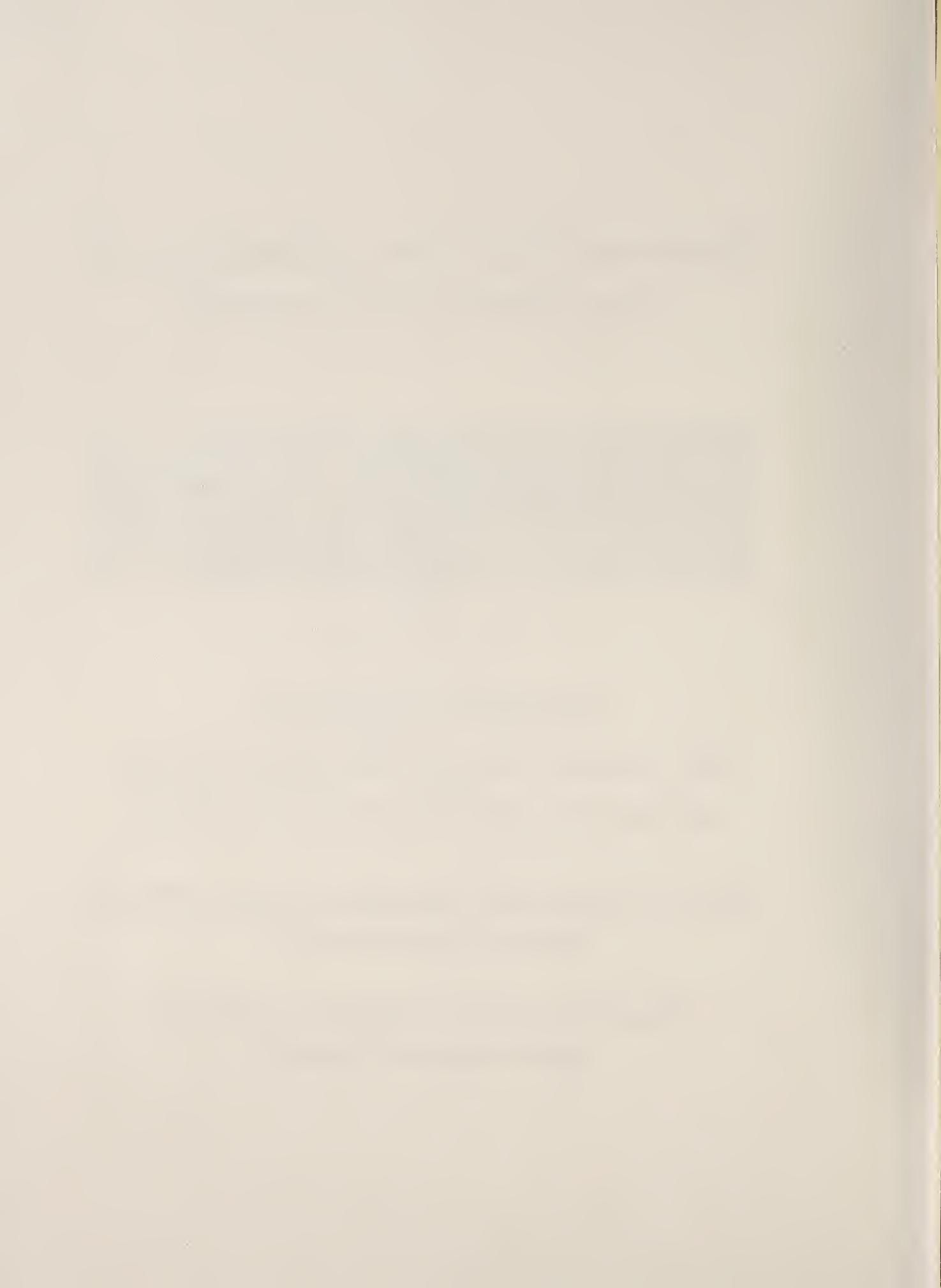
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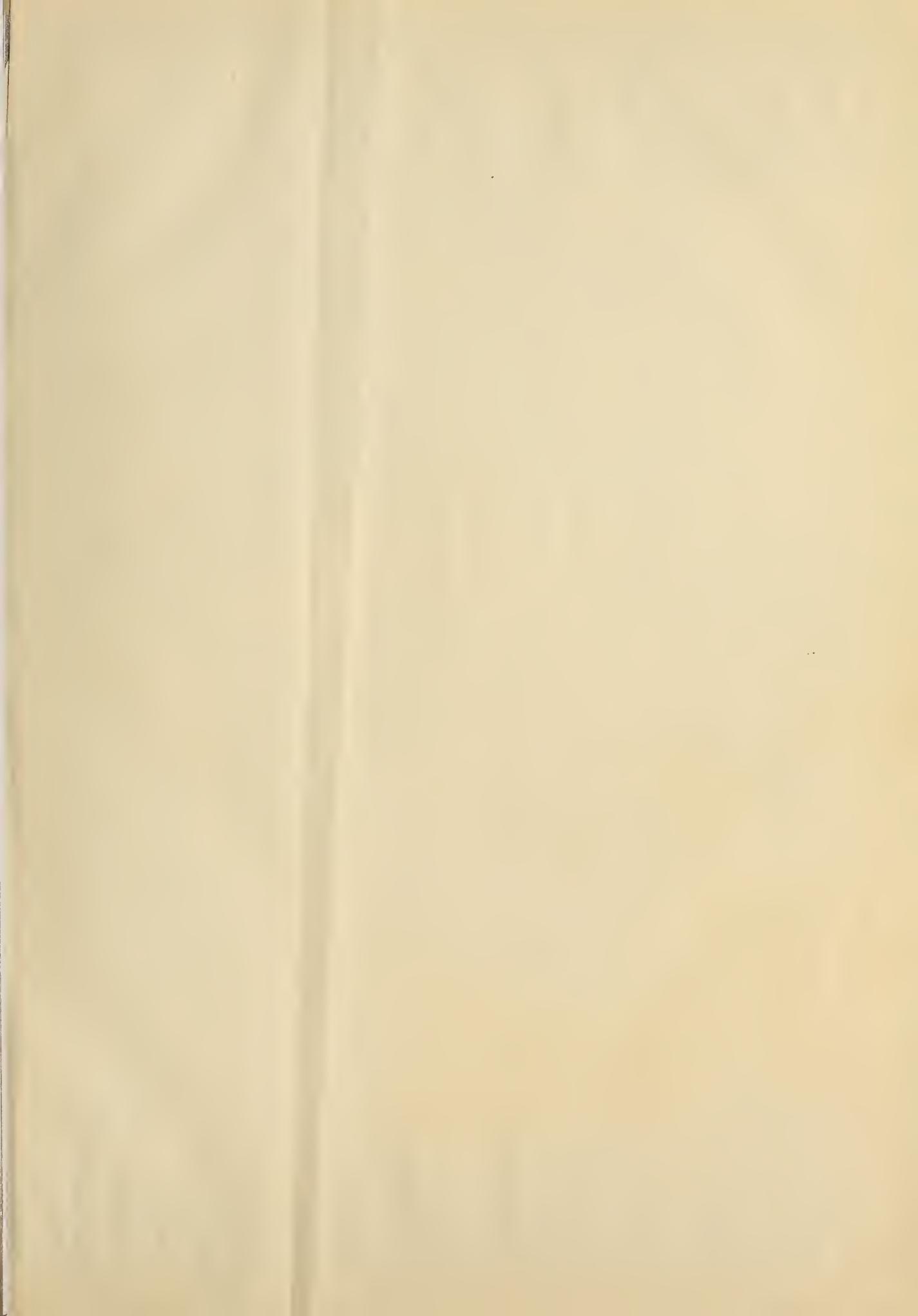


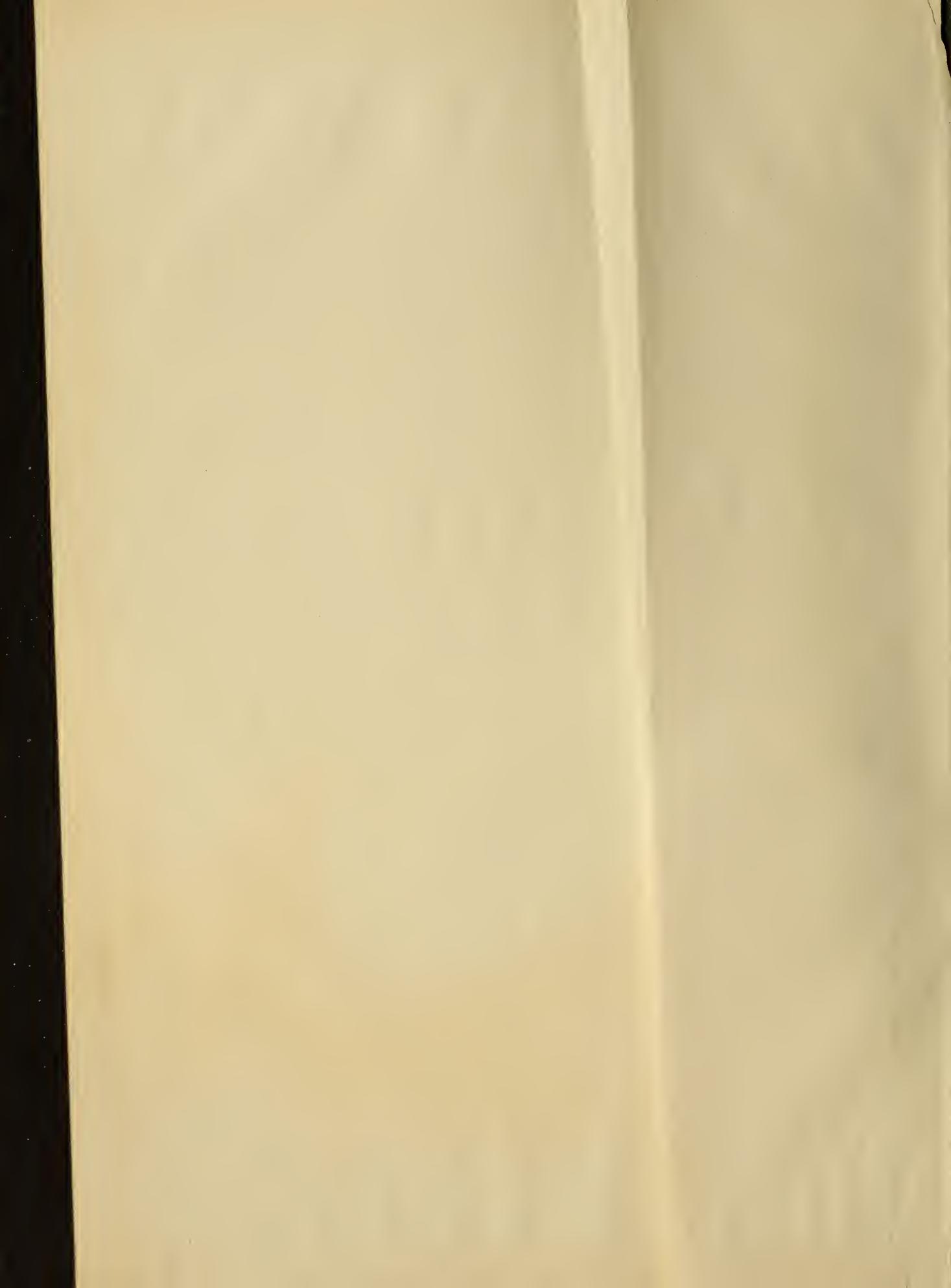
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OCTOBER 1923 • PRICE 25 CENTS •

SCREENLAND



CLAIRe WINDSOR

My Honeymoon *by* Mrs. Rodolf VALENTINO

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SEP 12 1923

Screenland

a Magazine of Young Ideas



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VOL. VIII

No. 1

Contents for OCTOBER, 1923

CLAIRE WINDSOR (Cover Design)	Rolf Armstrong
SCREENLAND GALLERY	11-14, 31-34
FEATURES OF THE MONTH	
THE ROMANTIC AGE OF THE MOVIES	Robert E. Sherwood 15
<i>The Costume Pictures Develop into an Avalanche</i>	
IS THIS WASTE?	Helen Starr 17
<i>Fortunes are Annually Wasted Through Ego</i>	
THE ADVENTURES OF PHOToplay PHYLLIS	John Held, Jr. 20
<i>The Beginning of a Fascinating Cartoon Series</i>	
RODOLPH VALENTINO AND MATRIMONY	Anna Prophater 22
<i>Mrs. Valentino says there is no secret of love</i>	
THE CREPE DE CHENE REVOLUTION	Helen Lee 26
<i>How the photoplay has changed the taste of America</i>	
DOES GLORIA BELIEVE IT HERSELF?	Delight Evans 29
<i>Is Miss Swanson just a good business woman?</i>	
IS THE SCREEN AFRAID OF SEX	Gladys Hall 36
<i>The Silversheet shuns the facts of sex</i>	
BURSTING BUBBLES	Mildred Doherty 38
<i>Shattering Illusions Is Hollywood's indoor sport</i>	
GRAND LARCENY	Eunice Marshall 40
<i>Anent the gentle art of stealing the picture</i>	
AN OUTLINE OF MOTION PICTURE ETIQUETTE	Delight Evans 44
<i>A humorous discussion upon correct picture behavior</i>	

THE MOVIES? ABSOLUTELY, MR. GALLAGHER!	Harriette Underhill 46
<i>The comedians, Gallagher and Shean, invade the films</i>	
HIDDEN WEDDING RINGS	Grace Kingsley 49
<i>How Film Weddings are kept secret</i>	
NEW HOPE FOR THE AMERICAN PHOTPLAY	Constance Palmer Littlefield 62
<i>Victor Seastrong talks of our pictures</i>	
STARS IN EMBRYO	Ted Rupert 70
<i>Screenland's Hollywood artist observes the st extras</i>	
FOOL'S GOLD	Anonymous 79
<i>Further chapters of the Extra Girl's Diary</i>	

DEPARTMENTS

THE SCREEN YEAR IN REVIEW	Frederick James Smith 52
<i>A complete analysis of the film season</i>	
AND YET THEY CENSOR THE MOVIES	56
<i>Photographic glimpses of the Stage Hits</i>	
OUR OWN NEWS REEL	58
<i>The film news told in pictures</i>	
AUTUMN AND MILADY'S FASHIONS	64
<i>The newest fashions of the picture stars</i>	
THE LISTENING POST	
<i>Eunice Marshall and Constance Palmer Littlefield 72</i>	
<i>The gossip of Hollywood and New York</i>	

Announcing

A NEW MAGAZINE

Screenland, Inc., publishers of *Screenland Magazine*, announce the first issue of a new national magazine—REAL LIFE STORIES.

A high and worthy purpose actuates the publishers in their new venture.

The new magazine, we believe, is destined to be a very real and helpful force in the lives of its readers.

It is to be a Book of Life. Every story will be a heart story, a living, throbbing slice of Life. Our book will be written by our readers, out of the fullness and richness of *their own experiences*. The tawdry, the cheap, the flimsy, the unreal will have no place in REAL LIFE STORIES. But every phase of *real life* as it is lived in these good, old wholesome United States of America will be mirrored there.

The First Issue

From the very first number, we want you to feel its excellence, its sincerity, its dignity of purpose, and its absorbing interest.

Here are only a few of the titles, but they will give you a glimpse into the new book, sufficient, we are sure, to intrigue your interest:

Mad Youth

The poignant story of a child-wife, bored with the monotony of the farm and with her silent, good husband, steps blindly out upon the primrose path with a charming vagabond poet, who feeds her on lyrics and "tramps" the lovely countryside with her in a rattling Ford, until—

Strange Seas

Not all show-girls are tarnished gold; not all well-bred men are chivalrous; but some show-girls are pure and many "gentlemen" are cads, according to the bitter experience of a soubrette who steps down from the stage into marriage and grief.

And the Gods Laughed

An O. Henry bit of brilliant satire upon a stage woman's craving for domesticity, told by a newspaper reporter who interviews her.

The Dangerous Age

Every man of forty-five who has been serenely married for years meets a Rosalind; and every Rosalind who works for a living meets her "Judge Thompson" sooner or later.

The Brick Wall

All the delicate wistfulness of the sorrow-ravaged face of her who wrote this story is here for you to see, together with a poetic quality which we had believed to be stifled with grief.

Free Love

"I have heard a hundred variations of the gospel of free love, and every one of them from some man who wanted to possess me—temporarily—and to salve his conscience," said a self-sufficient and charming young business woman. "But I know a girl who beat the 'free love' game, and I believe she'll write her story for you." We found her in the little Western city where she now lives happily, and asked her to write the story—and she did.

The Poppy Plant

The story of a dead soldier's intervention between his worthless wife and his own brother—a "come back" by way of a poppy plant and an opium pipe.

Watch for the first issue—fifteen splendidly told stories out of the lives of real men and women.

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

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Balboa Studio.....	East Long Beach, Calif.
Berwillia Studios.....	5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Century Film Corp.	6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Chas. Chaplin Studios..	L.A. Brae Ave., Hollywood
Christie Comedies..	6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Irvings Cummings Prod.	1729 Highland Ave., Hollywood
Doubleday Productions	Sunset & Bronson Ave., Hollywood
Ferdinand Earle Productions	Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
Wm. Fox West Coast Studios	1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
Fine Arts Studio..	4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
J. L. Frothingham Prod.	United Studios, Hollywood
Garson Studios....	1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
Goldwyn Studio.....	Culver City
Great Western Producing Co.	6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Thos. H. Ince Productions.....	Culver City
Lasky Studios....	1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles
Louis B. Mayer Studios	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Metro Studio	Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
Morosco Productions	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Bud Osborne Productions	6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
Pacific Studios Corp.....	San Mateo, Calif.
Pickford-Fairbanks Studio	Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Pacific Film Co.....	Culver City
Principal Pictures....	United Studios, Hollywood
R. D. Film Corp....	Balboa Studios, Long Beach
Chas. Ray Studios.....	Hollywood, Cal.
Realart Studio....	201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
Robertson-Cole Productions	Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
Russell-Griever-Russell	6070 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Hal E. Roach Studio.....	Culver City
Morris R. Schlanck Productions	6050 Sunset, Hollywood
Jos. Schenck Prod..	United Studios, Hollywood
Schulberg Productions	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Sennett Studios.....	Edendale, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork.....	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Universal Studio.....	Universal City, Calif.
King Vidor Prod.....	Ince Studios, Culver City
Vitagraph Studio....	1708 Tahnadge, Los Angeles
Warner Bros. Studios	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
	Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
Ben Wilson Productions	Berwillia Studios, East Long Beach, Calif.

EASTERN STUDIOS

Biograph Studios....	807 East 175th St., N. Y. C.
Blackston Studios.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Este Studios.....	124 West 125th St., N. Y. C.
Famous Players' Studios....	Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Fox Studios.....	West 55th St., N. Y. C.
D. W. Griffith Studios.....	Mamaroneck, N. Y.
International Film.....	2478 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.
Harry Levy Prod....	230 West 38th St., N. Y. C.
Lincoln Studio.....	Grantwood, N. J.
Mirror Studios....	Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
Pathé.....	1900 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.
Selznick Studios.....	Fort Lee, N. J.
Talmadge Studios....	318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
Vitagraph Studios..	East 15th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



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By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



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PHYLLIS HAVER
BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



GLORIA SWANSON
By WILLIAM EGLINTON

The Romantic Age in the Movies

By Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by Everett Shinn

C The Costume Pictures are a Terrible Blow to the Hollywood Barbers—but the Fencing Instructors are Growing Fat.

EVERY human being who is deposited on this earth, for one reason or another, passes through two stages before he (or, as it frequently happens, she) attains full growth.

The first stage is Infancy. The second is known as "the romantic age."

The symptoms of the romantic age in the female of the species are these:

Reading and writing poetry.

Pasting pictures of Ramon Navarro on the mirror.

Gazing at the moon.

Wishing that the days of chivalry would come back.

Writing fan letters to handsome actors.

Posing for photographs with a rose held between the teeth.

Practising Greek dances on the lawn.

The symptoms evinced by the male element are almost parallel:

Reading the novels of Scott, Henty, Dumas and other writers of historical fiction.

Gazing at the moon.

Trying to cultivate a small, silky mustache and a pair of side-burns.

Writing fan letters to comely ingenues.

Posing for photographs with Bill Hart expression of calm determination.

Practising tenor solos.

Stars, once content with sport shirts and evening dress, are now going in for jerkins, suits of armour, doublets and other antiquated articles of regalia.



None of these symptoms are serious or incurable. Indeed, they are all part of the natural course of events.



Richard Barthelmess, whose chief charm has been his homely Americanism stepped forth in the finery of another day in "The Bright Shawl," that flashing affair of the brave days of 1850.

How "Passion" Started It

THE romantic age on the screen started on a chill December afternoon in 1920, at the Capital Theatre on the desert isle of Manhattan. The occasion was the first film to be imported from Germany since the invasion of Belgium in 1914. The picture was "Passion"—a costume drama if there ever was one.

When *Passion*—or *Du Barry*, as it was originally called—reached the unfriendly shores of these United States, it confronted a situation difficult enough to scare off the most determined invader. As the shortage of bananas had not become acute at that time, the popular song of the moment was, "Yes, We Want No Costume Pictures."

Romantic dramas, said the wise-ones of the movie industry, were as out of date as yesterday's shave. Any producer who dared to suggest that he would like to make a picture with scenes laid in the good old days of 1911—or previous—was told to buy a one way ticket to Samoa and take time to think it over.

The film rights to old novels were in the same dormant condition with the proverbial Ford Service Station in Jerusalem.

Shaking Off the Cocoon

"**P**ASSION", however, surprised everyone (including its sponsors) by making a big hit. It was bought on a basis of German marks, but it was sold to the local public for 100 per cent. American dollars.

Moreover, it made a profound impression on the Hollywood aristocracy. Movie people decided that they would like to direct like Ernst Lubitsch and act like Pola Negri. When that idea had been firmly implanted in their minds, the silent drama started to shake off the cocoon that had stifled it and emerged from its infancy.

The results of this tremendous upheaval have been startling.

Aside from these incidental aspects of the situation that I have mentioned above—the opulent fencing masters, the impoverished barbers, etc.—there have been many revolutionary changes on the screen. What is more, the public has accepted them.

Following *Passion* and its Teutonic brethren—*Deception*, *Gipsy Blood*, *All for a* (Continued on Page 84)

Now Comes the Romantic Age

THE fact that the movies are fundamentally human is proven by their career. They passed through an infancy that was as celebrated and profitable as their own Jackie Coogans, and as long as Mary Miles Minter's; now they have entered upon the romantic age.

Today, the screen is all littered up with love (in the old fashioned sense of the word.) Stars who, four years ago, were content to appear in immaculate evening dress, sport shirts or natty cowboy togs are now going in for jerkins, suits of armor, doublets, crinolines and other antiquated articles of regalia.

Villains who once were willing to be killed with blank cartridges, are now being punctured with lances, rapiers and dirks. Fencing instructors in Los Angeles and vicinity are growing opulent and fat.

Chins that were once as smooth as an oil stock promoter are now hidden behind Van Dyke beards. The Hollywood barbers are starving.

It is indeed a strange situation, in a world that is sufficiently strange to begin with.

How, you may ask (and probably won't), did it all happen?

Chundreds of Thousands of Dollars Are Annually Thrown Away in Pictures Because of Ignorance, Vanity and Wilfulness.

IS THIS WASTE?

By

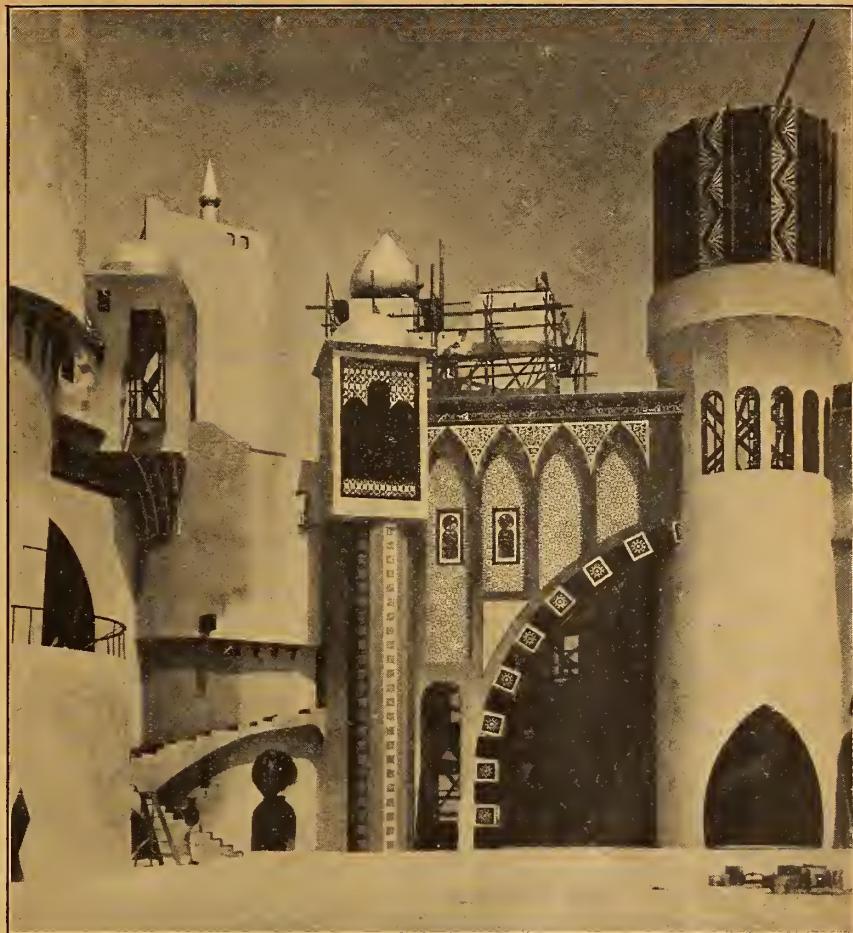
HELEN STARR

FORREST HALSEY, the playwright, wrote a story with a motion picture angle. He offered it to a big film producer, who put a ridiculously low price on it.

"Originals, they are no goot," said the big producer. "But your name, it might sell it. How about fife hundred dollars, nicht?"

"Nicht," said Halsey decidedly, and put his story on the shelf. A month later he wrote a play around the plot, and secured a brief Broadway run for it. But after that it faltered and died, as so many Broadway plays do, and the storehouse received it.

But an agent, who knew the psychological processes of big film producers, asked to be allowed to sell screen rights for the play. He named a figure he could get for it—twenty times what the first offer had been. Halsey laughed at him but told him to go ahead.



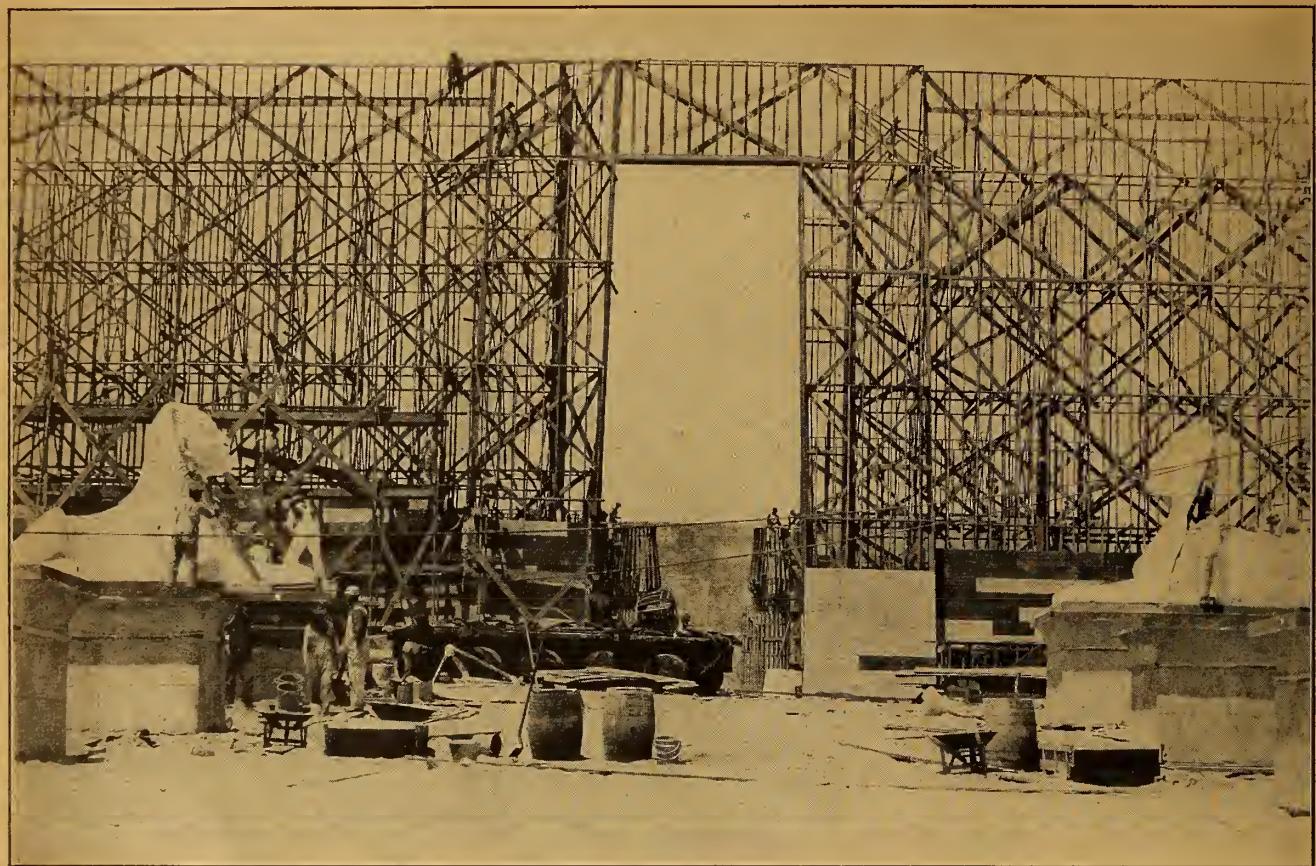
One shot of the fantastic set showing the ancient city of Bagdad, built for Douglas Fairbank's new photoplay, "The Thief of Bagdad." One and a half acres of concrete forms the basis of the structure.

Within thirty days the agent came to Halsey and asked if he would accept a check for \$20,000 for the screen rights to his story. The offer was from the same producer who had originally offered him \$500. When Halsey came out of his delirium, he accepted on the spot.

The reason for the enormous increase? Simply that the scenario was no longer an "original"; it had had a stage showing. And although the publicity value as far as the country as a whole is concerned to the producer was worth about a thin dime, yet he was impressed by it to the tune of \$20,000.

Cecil de Mille about to "shoot" the spectacular charge of 250 chariots and 500 horsemen across the Mojave desert in California for his "The Ten Commandments."





The high pylon of Pharaoh's palace, designed for Cecil de Mille's "The Ten Commandments," in course of construction. When finished it was a hundred feet high and a thousand feet long.

What of Cecil de Mille?

WILL failure face Cecil de Mille's *The Ten Commandments*, now being done so luxuriously in California that it may eventually cause the famous director to change his studio base of operations? That remains to be seen. Anyway, de Mille is spending a fortune.

Will Doug Fairbanks' *The Thief of Bagdad* be a superb adventure or a financial winner? Anyway Doug has gone ahead to build the ancient city of the Thousand and One Nights adventures as he fancies it—without regard for cost.

What of the dozen or so other big "specials," already completed or under way?

Is this waste?

A Wasteful Business

THIS typical incident is only one reason for the colossal wastefulness of picture producing. In no business in the world is the overhead so tremendous and the wastefulness so wanton—except perhaps in our government at Washington. It's an amazing business!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are thrown away annually in the making of motion pictures.

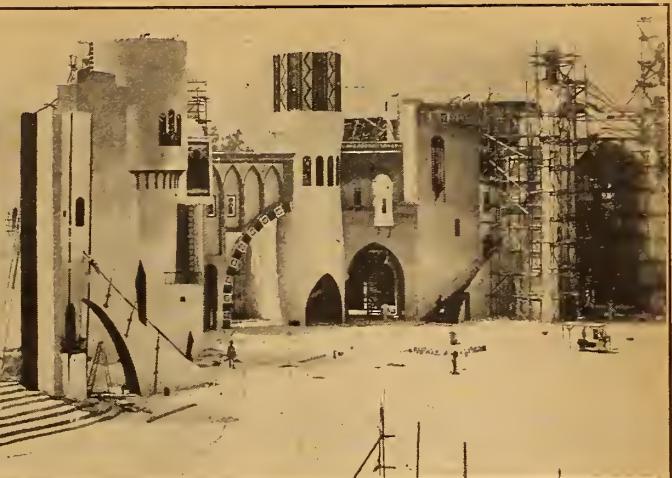
The same setting as shown above—in its completed form and as it appears in "The Ten Commandments." The royal procession is about to exit.



Thrown away, because of the ignorance of a producer, or the vanity of a director, or the wilfulness of a star. And, sometimes, thrown away because of situations that could never be foreseen and are undoubtedly caused by the malice of Satan himself. Any director will swear to the last statement.

A certain street in Hollywood has cost the Fox studio thousands of dollars. The Fox studio rambles along on either side of Western Avenue—the dramatic lot on one side and the comedy lot on the other. Every day, lumber and "props" and lights have to be carted across the street, laboriously engineered over the heavy flow of traffic. When the studio was built, Western Avenue was a little-frequented street. Nobody foresaw that it would become the artery of traffic that it now is. Nobody foresaw that so much time—and time is money in picture-making—would be wasted, just in crossing that street.

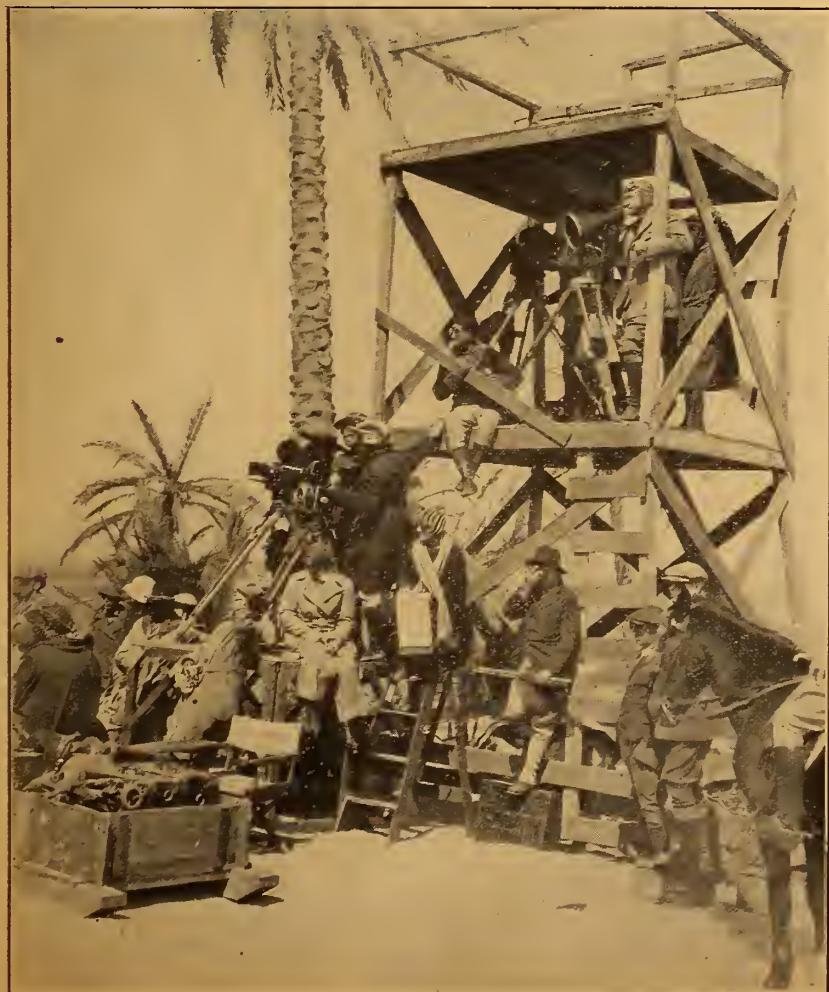
Fox has purchased 450 acres of land out in Westwood, midway between Hollywood and the ocean, for a new



Another glimpse of the old city of Bagdad as Doug Fairbanks has re-created it.

studio. The Fox heads figure that it is cheaper for them to buy new land and move their huge plant, than to continue carting materials over expensive Western Avenue. And the new studio will not be separated by any public thoroughfare!

The studio will have its own private lake and its own railroad track. It is tired of paying from \$50 to \$100 an hour to the railroads, for the privilege of using their trains for a few shots. Now some retired, decrepit engineer will run one ancient locomotive up and down a studio track and enjoy the comfort of his pension days.



Real Jewels for Atmosphere

THE passion for realism has carried many a director to lengths that gave his producer acute agony in the region of the pocket nerve. Consider the director who hired some \$400,000 worth of diamonds from Tiffany for a ball-room scene at an exorbitant rental, when the five-and-ten cent store variety screen exactly as well.

Consider, too, the directors who "write in" location trips in the quest for pleasure.

Locations cost money. To move a whole company of actors, technical people and live stock counts up tremendously. One shudders to contemplate the cost of the location trips entailed in *The Covered Wagon*—but in that case the cost was certainly justified by the results.

More and more, however, directors are passing up locations in favor of studio sets—or rather, the cost experts are doing it for them. Studio carpenters and "prop" men are becoming so clever that they can manufacture a desert that looks more like

a desert than the Sahara does. In fact, not so long ago, a director out on location in Arizona wired his boss, "Coming home tomorrow. Better western atmosphere on the back lot." *Cont'd on page 82*



1. (left)
Came a day while walking
through the garden of love,
she came—



2. (right)
Face to face with a sheik who—



3.
Gathered her in his
strong brown arms
and hied him hence

The ADVENTURES of PHOToplay PHYLLIS

By JOHN HELD, Jr.



4

To his Bedouin tent— as
she regained consciousness
she felt a hot breath upon
her cheek—



5.

And, awakening,
found she had
dozed off in the
calf pasture.



BALL

Natacha Rambova Valentino believes that an over-emphasis of the Valentino personality has blinded the public to the fact that Valentino can act. And so her whole fight—and his fight—has been against "Sheik stuff."

CMrs. Valentino says there is no secret of love and matrimony--and that Rudy's film personality is a false one.

RODOLPH VALENTINO and MARRIAGE

By Anna Prophater

WHEN RODOLPH VALENTINO married Winifred Hudnut, the opinion of nine-tenths of the women in the United States was that she was the luckiest girl in the world. The opinion of the submerged one-tenth was that she might have done better had she married the Prince of Wales.

And the unanimous opinion of the men who had seen the Valentino craze break hearts, homes and engagements was that the marriage wouldn't last two months. For everyone with any common sense knows that a crazy, dancing foreigner is a bad choice for a husband and that a girl who calls herself Natacha Rambova and goes in for Russian dancing doesn't measure up to the requirements of the ideal wife. Just a couple of crazy love Bolsheviks, that's all.

*Still Laugh at
Each Other's
Jokes*

WELL, the Valentinos have been married nearly two years, New York time, and almost a year, California time and they still laugh at each

Natacha Rambova Valentino is engrossed in her husband's success and his ambitions. Like Mary Pickford, she is the Disraeli, the Colonel House and the Charles Evans Hughes of the household.

other's jokes. The first sign of domestic trouble comes when the husband springs a good one and the wife merely answers with a dirty look. The Valentinos haven't come to that.

Of course, just because a movie star and his wife have lived together more than a year in peace is no sign that they will be celebrating their golden wedding. But you ought to give them credit for breaking all records established by the Upper Park Avenue set where marriage doesn't last as long as the lease on the apartment.

Contrary to feminine opinion, Mrs. Valentino was not



BALL



"If Rodolph had simply been an attractive man with a certain charm for women, it would have been easy to replace him," says Mrs. Valentino. "But it hasn't been so easy to find another Valentino, has it?"

tute legal papers. But it's all over now. In her apartment at the Hotel des Artistes, Mrs. Valentino prepared for a trip to France and Italy. Another honeymoon? No, just a vacation. It will be a rest from the long, dreary and lonesome months spent on the dancing tour.

An Unusual Sort of Movie Wife

HERE ARE all sorts of movie wives. There are the frivolous ones who step out, there are the home-loving ones who do the mending, there are the wives with careers of their own and there are the wives with influence. Mrs. Valentino is one of the few wives with influence. She reminds you of Mary Pickford. She talks business in a sane, cool-headed way. She is engrossed in her husband's success and his ambitions. Like Mary Pickford, she is the Disraeli, the Colonel House and the Charles Evans Hughes of the household. And, naturally,

BALL

the luckiest girl in the world. Would you consider yourself the luckiest girl in the world if you married a man who owed \$80,000? Would you think you were in for a life of bliss if your husband had no position and stood small chance of getting a position for several years? Would you think you stood on the top of the world if your husband were dragged from the honeymoon to answer a charge of bigamy?

No, you wouldn't. Very likely you would go home to father and the certainty of three meals a day.

Mrs. Valentino, naturally enough, won't admit that she wasn't the luckiest girl in the world. But she will admit that the first months of their married life weren't all moonlight and roses. For moonlight please substitute the unbecoming glare of publicity and for roses please substi-

her husband thinks she is the Whole Works.

Too Sophisticated to Talk of Love

MRS. VALENTINO is much too sophisticated to talk about love and marriage. She won't give you any rule about How to Hold a Husband. She knows that if there were an infallible method the secret would be worth a million dollars.

Too much publicity about her marriage has made her sensitive and shy about talking about her romance. She believes that an over-emphasis of the Valentino personality has blinded the public to the fact that Valentino can act. And so her whole fight—and his (Continued on page 96)

With reports of her divorce rumored and denied and rumored again, Irene Castle has just returned from France. The two pictures on this page were "shot" on the famous beach at Deauville. They reveal a different glimpse of "the best dressed woman in the world."



WIDE WORLD



WIDE WORLD

*F*rom
*D*eaufville
*T*o
*L*ong
*I*sland

In contrast to Miss Castle's Deauville costume is Alice Brady's bathing suit and soft coat for strolling along the beach. The picture was made beside Miss Brady's own pool in the garden of her Long Island home.

© UNDERWOOD AND,
UNDERWOOD



HESSE

BACK in the days when we were young and innocent and never went to the movies, all little girls and boys thought that an envelope was something you sent a letter in and that a combination was a salad made of cucumbers and tomatoes.

Also it was polite to refer to lingerie as "unmentionables," although, strictly speaking, it should have been "unpronounceables."

It was generally conceded that you couldn't beat a good, high-necked and long-sleeved flannelette nightgown for durability and warmth. You were also supposed to be risking a bad case of pneumonia or a severe attack of quinsy sorethroat when you ventured forth in less than two flannel petticoats. Nightgowns or petticoats with ribbons on them were thought to be an infallible sign of a wayward disposition and a tendency for the primrose path.

The first daring pioneers who ventured into pink crepe de chine were terribly talked about when the neighbors sighted the filmy garments on the clothesline. Clergymen were immediately reminded of the Fall of Rome. Nowadays the girls who wears pink crepe de chine is considered just too naive and unsophisticated for words.

Gloria and the Flannelette Market

BUT, so far, no viewer-with-alarm has yet blamed the movies for the terrible slump in the flannelette

The Crepe de chene Revolution

By Helen Lee

Black negligée is piquant—and as worn by Mae Murray, at the left, is more propaganda for crepe de chene. The young lady below is Peggy Shaw.



HESSE

C. *The Photoplay has changed the taste of America in what our pre-movie land once called "unmentionables"*

market. And yet one flannelette factory after another has gone out of business. Everytime Gloria Swanson appears in a new picture, the market price of flannellette drops ten points and the price of Georgette crepe and chiffon soars to the skies.

Such is the terrible georgette menace of the screen that out in Minnesota where the thermometer falls to thirty degrees below in Winter, the girls wear the local imitations of the same garments paraded in sunny California by our neatest film sirens. If Bebe Daniels and Corinne Griffith say it is to be black chiffon, black chiffon it is back on the farm, even though father freezes his ears and the water gets solid in the pump.

On the screen, of course, the stars wear lovely lingerie in the interest of art. How else, in fact, are you going to portray ladies with chiffon souls? If the scenario writer demands that you be a daughter of the idle rich, how better to register luxury than by a bit of lingerie that won't stand the strain of the old family washboard.

Rainbow Lingerie

EXPERTS agree that pink lingerie is only worn by women with no imagination. A trip through the studios when the boudoir sets are disclosed to sight-seers proves that the lingerie of the stars comes in all the colors of the rainbow.

Gloria Swanson, for instance, has darkish red hair and green-gray-blue eyes. On or off the screen she seldom wears emphatic shades; she likes pastel hues. When it comes to lingerie her favorite colors are green and pale yel-



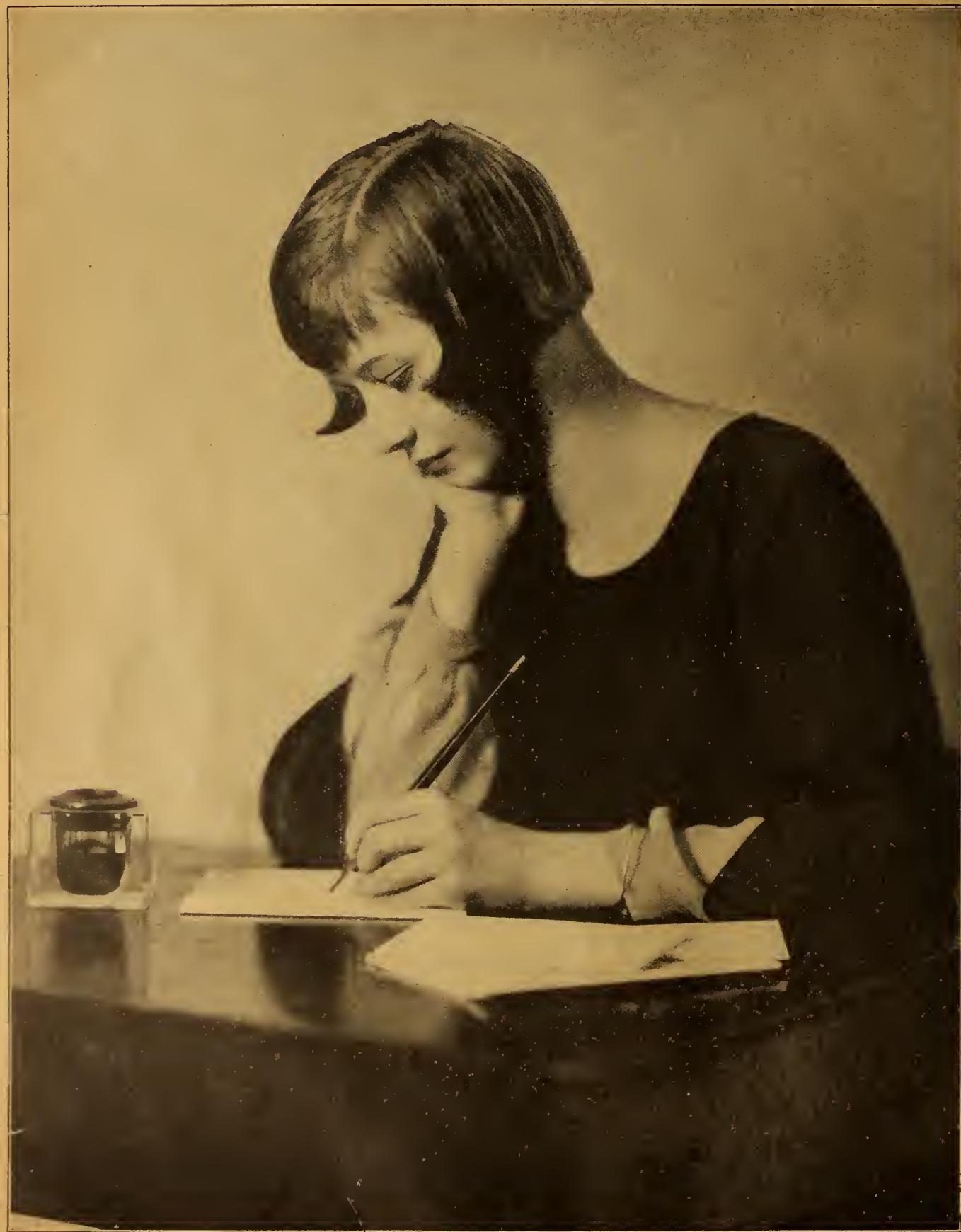
HESSER

Mae Murray is probably the best exponent of negligee on the screen. Miss Murray has carried her propaganda against red flannel to the far corners of America.

low, set off by black or white. Do you remember the negligee in *The Gilded Cage*? Of course you do, even if you have forgotten the plot of the picture. It was green chiffon with an over-drapery of black lace worn over georgette lingerie. Or do you remember the still more dashing lingerie in *His American Wife*? It consisted of black chiffon, with sleeves two yards wide. And there was another negligee of pale citron yellow, embroidered with white beads and trimmed with ermine tails. Try that at home on your sewing machine.

In *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, Gloria will launch the winter underwear season. She will show you the correct styles to replace the long-sleeved union suit and the high-necked nightie. There is for instance, a black chiffon and yellow (Continued on page 92)

- C.** *Every time Gloria Swanson appears in a new picture, the market price of flannelette drops 10 points.*
- C.** *Posing in your underwear has become one of our quaint native costumes.*
- C.** *Soft white is more disastrous than black jet.*



Miss Evans, the best little Southpaw writer in all picturedom, was long the mainstay of one of the motion picture magazines. Now she is contributing her brilliant articles to SCREENLAND.

CAMPBELL STUDIOS

DELIGHT EVANS



GOLDBERG

Gloria Swanson wears an amazing wig in *Zaza*. Everyone protested about it—but Gloria liked it. Hadn't she been told, by Elinor Glyn and others, that she is reminiscent of Sarah Bernhardt?

DOES Gloria BELIEVE IT HERSELF?

By Delight Evans

Gloria and her destined-to-be-celebrated wig, as they appear in *Zaza* opposite H. B. Warner.

CBehind her *Benda Mask*, is Miss Swanson just a good business woman from the middle-west?

CAN a girl be herself with the world looking on? How can a screen star be sure she isn't kidding herself as well as her audience? When, in other words, to get right down to cases, does Gloria Swanson stop doing her stuff and begin being Gloria?

The answers to these questions will not be found here. The Swanson Clubs of the country might hold a national convention and decide it once and for all, except that it's really immaterial to them as long as Gloria wears a new coiffure in every picture.

So far, Miss Swanson has risen to the occasion. And in *Zaza* she does it again. According to the records, *Zaza* was French, and as far as we know, never wintered in the Fijis. With superb disregard, Gloria, or Gloria's hairdresser, has given *Zaza*, for some of her big scenes, a wondrous wig with a sparkling spangle suspended from each curl. Nazimova wore something like it in "Salome." It's an Aubrey Beardsley nightmare. Gloria glittered—diamond "Z's" around her neck, "Z's" in spangles on her arms, "Z" patches on chin and cheeks. There were no two ways about it—she was playing *Zaza*.





"I believe the modern flapper is more wholesome than her mother or grandmother," says Gloria. "The things they longed to do and dared not, she does naturally. She is herself."

How Zaza's Head-Dress Developed

ELINOR GLYN was not to blame for the head-dress. Neither was Sam Wood, who used to direct Gloria. Maestro Wood told Mary Eaton, who lately glorified the Follies and is at present illuminating Paramount's Long Island City factory, and Mary Eaton told me, that he couldn't see that head-dress at all. Gloria liked it. Her red mouth curled around her little pointed teeth. She has been told, by Glyn and others, that she

One of the Parisian back stage scenes of Miss Swanson's "Zaza."



is reminiscent of Sarah Bernhardt. Especially when she throws her head back.

It was one of those massive Allan Dwan sets. Ever since "Robin Hood," Mr. Dwan has been doing things in the grand manner. "Zaza" apparently held forth in settings that would have pleased, in point of size, a mediæval monarch.

Background of Follies Girls

LOVELY young things, presumably from the New Amsterdam, stood about waiting to be called.

Gloria, ensconced in the stellar chair, was surrounded by visitors—Fay Bainter, from the stage; a South American official's spouse, breathing rather heavily; miscellaneous admirers. Hands on hips, La Swanson rose and confronted Madame from Buenos Aires—or was it Chile?

Gloria has no vague voice. It is snappy Chicago-ese, untroubled by acquired inflections. Madame's daughter wished to go into the movies. Her father wouldn't hear of it.

But—"Oh, mother," pleaded daughter, "please let me try."

"That," nodded Gloria, "is just what I said to my mother."

"Really," cried the relieved lady, "isn't that wonderful?"

The substantial South American's permanent rave was kindly but firmly succeeded by an Ohio censor. Zaza had little in common with him. I am sure it was not his fault.

(Continued on page 104)



LILLIAN & DOROTHY GISH
By ALFRED CINNEY JOHNSTON



REX INGRAM
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

*F*rom
A. M.
*C*o
P. M.

IN HOLLYWOOD



Morning

6:00 5,782 extra players awaken.
6:30 Milk-wagon horse refuses to climb Whitley Heights.
7:00 192 directors awaken.
7:01 191 directors go back to sleep again.
7:15 349 alarm clocks serenade 349 assistant directors.
8:00 1,831 extras report for work.
8:30 42 stars stir in their feather beds.
9:00 Goldwyn gatekeeper checks in Abie Lehr.
9:15 First automobile accident of day.
9:30 First actor shows up at Armstrong's restaurant.
9:45 Lasky office boy is sent in search of Pola Negri.
10:00 June Mathis and Frances Marion complete first scenario of day.

10:30 47 excursion buses leave for new real estate tracts with 759 passengers and 8 prospective buyers.
10:50 25 sight-seeing buses leave for "free trip to the oil fields" with 45 stock salesmen.
10:59 Weary bootleggers start on their rounds.
11:00 Lasky assistant director is sent in search of Pola Negri.
11:02 Goldwyn gatekeeper checks in Mickey Neilan.
11:15 All film executives reported "in conference."
11:30 Title writer, who has been thinking all morning writes "Came Dawn."
11:45 First hot dog sold at Venice.

Noon

12:00 3,678 pies ordered at Universal lunch counter.
12:05 Party of tourists from Clinton, Iowa, arrives in Ford and inquires way to nearest studio.
12:06 Lasky director sent in search of Pola Negri.
12:30 27 actors at Goldwyn studio ask Murphy to charge the lunch.

12:31 Young girl from Clinton, Iowa, thinks she sees real actor and faints dead away.
12:35 First section Overland train pulls in with 423 home-seekers, 18 travelling salesmen, 6 imported English authors, 71 writers assigned to "cover" Hollywood boulevard and 3 Californians.

Afternoon

1:00 55 actors at Armstrong's sign the luncheon checks.
1:15 All male members of Writers' Club adjourn for game of pool.
1:16 Women scenario writers return to work.
1:30 127 ex-plumbers sign up at a motion picture talent bureau.
1:31 Government reports labor shortage.
1:35 Another "second Valentino" is given the air.
1:50 Street railway inspector notes uncrowded cars reaching business district.
1:55 Street railway corporation cuts down number of cars 11 per cent.
1:57 Second hand Ford dealer sells 175th car of day.
2:00 Lasky studio manager sent in search of Pola Negri.
2:15 Cecil B. De Mille shoots first scene of day.

2:30 Carl Laemmle decides to spend another million.
2:45 78 divorce decrees granted.
3:00 77 more marriages.
3:05 Bootlegger admitted to exclusive country club.
3:15 Jesse L. Lasky starts in search of Pola Negri.
3:30 Ambulance rushes down Boulevard. Excitement.
3:31 Automobile with movie camera follows. More excitement.
3:33 Crowd gathers.
3:34 Police reserves arrive.
3:35 Automobile accident.
3:36 Crowd disperses.
4:00 Six movie ingenues adjourn for ice cream soda.
4:15 Pola Negri reports for work.
4:30 Pola Negri quits work.

(Continued on page 99)



Besides being a frequent contributor to the fiction magazines, Miss Hall is one of the best known writers on motion picture topics. She is an author of decided sparkle and vivacity.

GLADYS HALL

IS THE SCREEN AFRAID OF SEX?

By Gladys Hall

WHY is the screen afraid of sex?"

We put the question naively.

Laughter.

Mocking, magnificent and ironic laughter.

Petrova speaks with the poniard of irony. When she writes she dips her pen into vitriol and veracity. When she laughs the heathen gods awake and shudder and the powers of darkness slink away, their tails between their legs.

Traditions Do Not Shackle Petrova

SHE is brilliant, ruthless and relentless. Bogies do not jump at her from sentimentally shadowy corners. Superstitions do not shackle her nor traditions hamper her.

We said again, more timorously, "Why is the screen afraid of sex?"

"IS it?" she asked. More laughter. And before our mind's eye came scenes from here and there which must have sent the youths and maidens of the great towns and small hell-bent for the park benches.

"Still," we protested feebly, "there's less of it now than there used to be in the flaming films gone by."

Which same Madame admitted.

The High Point of Sex

"AHH, THAT is probably true" she said, "some time ago I saw a very well-known picture made by a famous director, who shall be nameless in the interests of discretion. In that picture a scene occurred the



"There are two ways of looking at sex,"
says Mme. Petrova. *"One person will say
Sex and will mean innuendo and sensuality.
Another person will say Sex and will
mean frankly what he says."*

MURAY

equal of which for sheer ribaldry I have neither seen or heard of since. At that time I said to my companion in the theatre. 'This is the high point of sex on the screen. They can go no farther.' It has evidently proved to be so

"Possibly a reaction has set in. I do not see very many pictures and therefore cannot constitute myself as an infallible judge, but it is quite likely that there has been a reaction and that with this reaction the screen will revert to putting skirts on the piano legs and valances of lace and tulle upon the nude statuettes.

Afraid of the Reality of Sex

CTHE photoplay shuns the facts of sex and whets the appetites of curiosity mongers with fiction of sex, says Mme. Petrova.

THE SCREEN is, however, afraid of the reality of sex. It will tear rents in the skirts covering the piano legs, but will not remove them. Result: an urgent and persistent curiosity regarding these factual and not always lovely objects." (Con't. p. 103)



CShattering Illusions About Our Dear Stars is Hollywood's Favorite Indoor Sport.

HOLLYWOOD hasn't any Follies, nor a Woolworth Building. Ethel Barrymore wouldn't shed a tear if she never saw the City of Angels again. Third, and even fourth musical comedy companies try their pitiful best to please at the Mason Op'ry House. And they do say it takes a year for a style to travel from Fifth Avenue, east, to Seventh Street, west.

But—

And it is around that "but" that Hollywood carols gleefully. For, my dears, Hollywood boasts that it is THE film capital. Its secrets are as safe with us as with a broadcasting station.

Hollywood inhabitants are the only and original star-leggers—willing to exchange 'em for any illusions you may have.

Imagine saving all year for one look at that storied place, Hollywood! And then—

You are the envy of all Duluth when you announce your plans. You are actually going to see Gloria Swanson—for didn't *Fan Fare* show pictures of her strolling down Hollywood Boulevard, buying the evening pork chops, and trundling Gloria II? Perhaps Charley Chaplin will ask you for a match!

The carefully buttered publicity has been carefully digested in your town, however. You know, for instance, that some of the stars aren't a bit better looking than the local gals. And you have been warned that all that moves is not movies.

But—again that volume-speaking "but"—that isn't the fourth of it.

All Hollywood, and your friends in particular, are only too eager to play that tireless game "un-hokumming Hollywood" for you.

"Do you use rouge?" the interviewer asked Miss Ayres. "Why paint the lily?" responded Agnes.

BURSTING BUBBLES

By Mildred Doherty

You get off the Santa Fe Limited, with your handbag and your happy illusions. You leave, a withered wretch, minus all the illusions you brought and a few you didn't know you had.

Hollywood, thy name is Heartbreak!

The Old Hokum!

"ISN'T Viola Dana too lovely for words? And that won-der-ful Bill Hart!" you exclaim.

"Cowbells!" choruses Hollywood.

"And, oh, please, could I see naughty Barbara La Marr in a dope den or something? Just slumming—" apologetically.

"Apple sauce!" the chorus barks.

And so they go—out of the ardent fire of your imagination, into the frying pan of heartless Hollywood—all your little illusions. Believe me, they are panned, all right.

The old cardiac regions get the greatest knock-out when the open secret of Hollywood is told within this orange-walled city.

Rudy Won't Vamp!

VALENTINO is no lover!

There! What's more—Rudy hates the very word sheik. An ex-Metro star is said to have given Rudy a broken wheel made of lilies after a beach party with him. That was before either of his marriages, of course.

A week and you are in the know. You can write home with suavity about Claire Windsor's wig, and Larry Semon's doubles.

Then There's Alice Terry's Hair

Alice TERRY's hair is really brown-black, as any blase citizen can tell you. A disappointment? At that, Alice is twice as sensitive about her ankles as her hair.

Another Broken Blossom

KATHERINE McDONALD, the favorite of Former President Wilson, Former Husband Malcolm Strauss, and Current Husband Charles Johnson, is another broken blossom when it comes to living up to her publicity. Let me hasten to explain—not in the line of beauty. She's really lovely. But about those wondrous advertisements, claiming she got that way by using X's cold cream, Y's powder, and Z's corn cure.



Alice Terry wears a wig—even in private life. This, however, is the wig she adorns in "Scaramouche"

Katherine is a Scotswoman, who scorns expensive emollients and perfumes, and goes in for a certain five cent brand of soap, and plenty of city water. She has a marcel only when the script calls for one, but then she gets only \$50,000 a picture.

When Katherine dies she can tell St. Peter the last number in her savings.

Louise is Comely and Clever

LOUISE FAZENDA has disappointed many a hopeful tourist. The uncooked truth is that Louise is a comely young lady who reads D. H. Lawrence, and rides in limousines, keeping the broken shoes and the wheelbarrow only for celluloid gymnastics.

I know of one hopeful lady interviewer who came to Hollywood, determined not to have her cherished fancies about her favorites squelched.

The Film Intelligentsia

HER FIRST interview was with Agnes Ayres. It had been bruited about that Agnes had (*Continued on page 95*)



HESSER

"He Stole the Picture!"
is the one Glorious
Phrase in all Screen-
dom—FamousThefts
from Charles Ray to
Ernest Torrence.

THESE are dark days for the Arrow school of actors and the seminary of golden curled actresses. The character player is darkening their doorsteps with a vengeance.

Time was when a perfect profile or a baby stare meant a well nigh sure road to celluloid stardom. Those days have gone forever. The public is actually demanding that actors act!

Not so long ago, the Hollywood press agents put on a party and invited many guests, at five dollars a head. To entertain the guests, the press agents trotted out their prettiest stars of both sexes. And after Herbert Rawlinson and Anita Stewart and William Desmond and Pauline Garon and J. Warren Kerrigan had smiled and dimpled over the footlights, who do you suppose carried off the greatest round of applause?

Ernest Torrence, the demon "heavy" of *Tol'able David* and the memorable scout of *The Covered Wagon*.

And the cheers that greeted Torrence symbolized the new public taste. Which undoubtedly accounts for the frequency with which character actors have "stolen the picture" in several recent big productions. We want acting, and the man who can give it to us,

Dial Patterson ran away with several hits in Richard Barthelmess' productions during the past year. Judging from this camera study, we can't understand why Dial plays character roles.

GRAND LARCENY

BY EUNICE MARSHALL

be he hero, villain or 'comic relief,' is the man for our money.

To "steal a picture," in Hollywood parlance, is to carry off acting honors away from the star. Such dramatic larceny is the end and aim of every actor that is worth his salt. But the star could be arrested and put in jail for life for what he thinks of the proceeding!

That Robber Torrence

ERNEST TORRENCE is a notorious bandit, when it comes to stealing a scene right out from under a star's nose. Remember how he stood out as the central figure in *The Covered Wagon*? He wasn't supposed to. He was only a scout, a subordinate character. He wasn't pretty and he hadn't shaved for weeks. And as for the "sex appeal" that the exhibitors swear by, he had about as much as Bull Montana. But every spectator that saw the picture went home to tell about the old plainsman who got so deliciously drunk, and perhaps quite forgot to mention anything about the two leading characters, Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan. Quite right, too. Lois Wilson was sweet and gentle, but she missed the chance of a life-time to act, and Kerrigan wore what was apparently a self-cleaning, white doe-skin suit and looked as pretty as a new red wagon, but that was all. The real actors in the picture were Torrence, Tully Marshall and the little chap who "chawed tobacco" so manfully.

But, speaking of Torrence, reminds us of his first success. He snapped into fame with his unregenerate bad man of *Tol'able David*, that classic of the Virginia hills in which Richard Barthelmess starred. Torrence didn't run away with *Tol'able David*, Barthelmess is too able an actor for that. But he did put himself across with a smash.

Wallace Beery's "King Richard"

WALLACE BEERY had wronged innocent young damsels under the blistering Kliegs for many years, before Douglas Fairbanks saw that he was something more than a "heavy." So it was a delightful surprise to the public to view Beery's superb characterization of the roystering *Richard the Lion-Hearted*, in Fairbanks'



Three notorious gentlemen bandits of the silver-sheet: Malcolm McGregor (above), Ernest Torrence at the left and Wallace Beery below.

Vera Gordon "ran away" with "Humoresque" and started a vogue of mother pictures.



One of the most famous thefts: the hit of Charlie Ray in "The Coward."



Robin Hood. In fact, he was so good that, if rumor is true, as occasionally it is, Douglas sharpened up the scissors and operated on that film in the privacy of the cutting room. It's all very well to have one's supporting actors good, but it's not necessary to have them *too* good, you understand, Mawruss!

A Hebrew Mother Machree.

You saw *Humoresque*? Of course. Everybody did, and loved it. But did you realize that one of the most flagrant instances of grand larceny was being enacted before your eyes? Vera Gordon was happily engaged in stealing the picture right away from the outraged Alma Rubens. And she did such a good job of it that the exhibitors put her name up in electric lights instead of Alma's.

The success of *Humoresque* precipitated upon us the flood of "mother" pictures. Up to this time, screen mothers had been all very well as atmosphere, handy to have around and all that, but they mustn't get under foot when the young lovers got into action. Vera Gordon showed them that a mother's place is right in the spotlight.

Walter Long Did It, Too

STEALING a picture away from such a popular actor as the late Wallace Reid was quite a feat, but Walter Long accomplished it. It was in *The Dictator*. Walter Long, as the hard-boiled taxi-driver who followed Reid clear to one of the banana republics to collect the money the latter owed him, proved himself to be a comedian utterly wasted as a "heavy." The scene where he was arrested by a company of militia, marched up against a wall to be shot, at the last minute reprieved and all unconscious of his fate, remarked to the staggered soldiers: "Well, so long, you fellers. When I come back, I'll drill you some more," stands out as one of the funniest scenes the writer has ever giggled over.

There was no danger of Long's name being put up in electric lights instead of Reid's. Wally was too universally beloved for that. But he did get a great deal of comment, both from the press and the public. We would like to see more of Walter Long in comedy roles.

Enter Rosa Rosanova

WHEN Goldwyn cast *Hungry Hearts*, it chose Helen Ferguson for the (Continued on page 102)

In the oval—George Hackathorne, a dangerous member of any cast. In silhouette, Sid Chaplin, who, they say, burns up "The Rendezvous" with a personal hit.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WHAT do you think of this issue of SCREENLAND? In it you will find a number of writers new to SCREENLAND.

Delight Evans, for instance. One of the cleverest—and youngest—writers in the whole field of motion pictures.

Robert E. Sherwood, associate editor of *Life* and motion picture editor of *The New York Herald*.

Harriette Underhill, motion picture editor of *The New York Tribune* and a sparkling writer on the photoplay.

Grace Kingsley, the motion picture editor of *The Los Angeles Times* and one of the best informed authorities on motion pictures in the very capitol of picturedom.

Gladys Hall, the versatile and unusual writer on the silent drama and the people behind the screen.

THESE writers will continue to contribute to SCREENLAND. And—to this list—will be added the best contributors on motion picture topics in America. Such writers as Helen Starr, Alma Whitaker and Eunice Marshall will continue to contribute to SCREENLAND.

SCREENLAND is to be the young magazine of the screen—fearless and unafraid, untrammeled by precedent and radical in its ideas about the world of celluloid. With the best writers in all filmdom contributing to its columns, SCREENLAND will be the one magazine of personality in the entire field of motion picture magazines.

SCREENLAND points with especial pride to its department of reviews, conducted by Frederick James Smith, the leading authority on the cinema in America today. Mr. Smith, who is also the editor of SCREENLAND, shaping its policies, was managing editor of *Photoplay* until he re-

signed to accept the editorship of SCREENLAND.

You can count upon frank and unbiased criticisms from Mr. Smith. Better turn now to his review of the past screen year in this issue.

PICTORIALLY SCREENLAND will be the most attractive magazine of the films. The foremost photographers in this country are now taking pictures exclusively for its pages.

THIS month you will find such distinguished art contributors as Everett Shinn, John Held, Jr., and Wynn among the pages of SCREENLAND. The next issue will find such famous artists as Oscar Frederick Howard and Ray Van Buren added to the list.

SCREENLAND's covers stand alone. The greatest cover artist in America is making them—Rolf Armstrong.

IN brief, the new SCREENLAND will be built upon the theory that the motion picture needs a magazine of youth. The field crowded with Merton magazines, with their purring, bla-interviews and cheese-cake criticisms. SCREENLAND believes that the time has come for a magazine to treat of the screen lightly, through the eyes of youth.

THERE will be nothing old, antiquated or ponderous about the new SCREENLAND. It will be a live magazine of personality dealing with live personalities in the one walk of life in which the romantic lure of the gypsy still remains.

ABOVE all, SCREENLAND will strive for humor. It will direct its appeal to the sophisticated. It will be vigorous, young and unafraid of anything or anybody.

YOU'LL enjoy the movies more if you read SCREENLAND.

What are the Ten Best Pictures Ever Made?

SCREENLAND is interested in finding out the ten best motion picture plays ever made.

To secure an accurate idea of the real ten milestones of the silver-sheet, SCREENLAND has asked the foremost authorities in motion pictures in America to name their ideal list.

The next issue of SCREENLAND will present the results of this canvass—together with a tabulated list of the ten photoplays receiving the most votes.

Watch the November issue!

We Want YOU To Write For Screenland

SCREENLAND realizes that it must be in direct touch with its readers.

It must have the pulse of the public.

To reflect this accurately, SCREENLAND wants you to write for its columns.

Beginning with an early issue, SCREENLAND will conduct a department consisting of the best contributions of its readers. Every contributor will be paid for his work—according to the importance of the contribution and its individual merit.

But contributions must be interesting and they must be constructive—besides having ideas. Don't be afraid to say what you think about the screen and its players—in your own way.

Address your letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



Perfect behavior at orgies: All the guests should fall gracefully into reclining attitudes.

Advice to Mothers .

ALL MOTHERS whose sons are away from home should keep a lamp burning in the window. On Christmas Eve, a candle should be substituted. The mother should arrange, on this holiday, to be seated at the old organ singing. When the door opens she should not turn—it might be only Santa Claus. But at the word "Mother" she should allow her hands to fall slowly from the keys, and should respond, "My son." White hair, a hurt expression, and a skirt which sags slightly should always be worn.

Young mothers should neglect their kiddie for Society until the little one falls ill and cries feverishly for "Mummy." She should then come running home in her evening gown and kneel beside the little bed to gather baby in her arms and murmur, "I'll never, never leave you again." At these words the little fellow is restored to perfect health and confidence and pats Mummy's cheek with his hand. This is Mummy's cue to break down and have a real good cry.

Conduct for Kiddies

THREE are two kinds—*rich kiddies and poor kiddies*. It is the rich kiddie's duty to climb out of his bed in the nursery while nurse is asleep, and with his little white wooly lamb interrupt the big domestic scene down in the drawing room. He should take mama's hand and papa's hand and drag them together, smiling up at them through his curls. This invariably results in a reconciliation and kiddie being bounced on daddy's shoulder. The poor kiddie is an orphan; but he should learn to cry prettily and the Little Angel of the Slums will take him home with her and he will soon be a rich kiddie himself.

Rules Regarding Love

WHEN kissed for the first time, a girl should close her eyes. The second

Rule regarding the debutante—she should be surrounded by a mob of young men all trying to claim her attention.

AN OUTLINE OF Motion Picture Etiquette

By Delight Evans

Drawings by Wynn

time, she should give an ecstatic back kick, clutching her sweetheart by his coat lapels. The proposal should take place in a roadster parked in a flowery lane, in an old fashioned garden, or in the conservatory. One of the important points in any courtship is the chase from tree to tree. Girl should glance coyly back over her shoulder, and when she has dodged the tenth tree she should allow him to catch up with her and kiss her hands. This scene is played only by engaged couples.



CAny one who desires to behave properly in pictures should heed these words of advice. The screen has established its own code of morals and manners, and to succeed in its best society certain rules and regulations must be observed.

Perfect Behavior at Orgies

STRICKLY speaking, this is impossible. By perfect we mean, of course, correct. Flowers will be scattered and paper caps distributed. Sometimes a swimming pool is provided for the guests. Care should be taken not to drink champagne from a slipper. Up-to-date orgies have a reigning beauty appear from a floral centerpiece and dance. The male guests should then toss jewels at her. An air of impressive hilarity must be obtained at any cost. To gain this effect it is generally necessary for all guests to fall gracefully into reclining attitudes. Otherwise your audiences might not guess that the orgy has been a huge success.

Hints for Big Business Men

PRACTICE is required to give just the right touch to the examination of the ticker tape, the alighting from your motor, the chewing of cigars, and presiding at directors' meetings. Perhaps even more difficult is the scene at your desk when you sit there with bowed head groaning, "My God, I'm ruined." The pace up and down the office is a good thing to remember. It should be done slowly, one hand behind the back, the other toying with pince-nez. The pince-nez is also employed to advantage in a conference—tapping the chin with it has been known to change the entire course of events in The Street. Don't worry about your home life. You can always be detained at the office.

Private Lives of Actresses, Dancers, etc.

ALUXURIOS apartment is absolutely essential, one with iron-grilled gates instead of doors preferred. No man should be permitted to cross the threshold. Don a negligee and begin returning the gifts admirers have sent you. You may keep the flowers, but pearls, bracelets, and diamond pendants must be returned. This will take up all your time outside of the theatre.

How to Behave at Tea

IT is quite all right for you, little girl, to go to tea in his apartment. Your poke bonnet will protect you. After the Japanese valet has been dismissed, your host will try to hold your hand. Snatch it away and run to the door. When you find it is locked, try to assume surprise. When



Rule regarding love: When kissed the second time she should give an ecstatic back kick, clutching her sweetheart by his coat lapels.

a knock is heard, run into the next room. In a moment you will hear a female relative's voice—it may be your step-mother, or your older sister, demanding to know where you are. In a minute she will join you—your father, fiance, or brother has arrived. Clutch her hands until she leaves you to confront the men. As soon as the hub-bub dies, slip out quietly. Remember, a real lady always avoids scenes.

The Debutante

SHOULD be surrounded by a mob of young men all trying to claim her attention. She should laughingly shake her head at them and run off to another group of young men. Of late she has extended her activities somewhat—she lived her own life in Greenwich Village, smoked, went for rides in airplanes. But it is the earnest hope of all lovers of good form that she will soon return to the ballroom and be her sweet, simple natural self again.

Procedure at Country Places

ONLY those with appropriate wardrobes may aspire to social success in the country. Natty little sports costumes of velvet or georgette, trimmed with fur, for the girls;

(Continued on page 100)

CThe famous comedians of the Follies invade the screen with a film comedy.



Being a celebrity, Mr. Gallagher, along with his partner, Mr. Shean, has invaded the screen. Why? Because he's a celebrity. The films never reason why.

The Movies?

Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher!

Positively, Mr. Shean!

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

WHENEVER anyone succeeds at anything, whether it be crocheting doilies, playing the piano, shooting a help-meet or reciting verse some perspicacious person conceives the idea of putting him or her in motion pictures. If you are a him it is desirable that in addition to your other qualification you have straight shiny black hair. If you are a her it will help a lot if you have wavy blonde hair. But these are not absolutely necessary. The real thing is to have succeeded at something.

Now there's Gallagher and Shean. To New Yorkers that needs no addendum. "You're a celebrity, Mr. Gallagher, you're another, Mr. Shean," to put it in the well known rhythm which has made this pair famous. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean have succeeded in making people laugh immediately at their verses which they chant each night at the Ziegfeld Follies. Whereupon Mr. William Fox immediately decided that they would be great on the screen. Whether he is right or wrong remains to be seen but at any rate the two versifiers are now hard at work in a studio built on top of one of Manhattan's tallest skyscrapers.

"Around the Town"

WE VISITED them there the other morning and watched them making their first picture which is going to be called *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*. For once the title of a movie will bear some relation to the picture itself. There is nothing so very original in *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*, but it is explicit.

And from what we saw of the shooting, and from what we know of the plot, the picture ought to be amusing and probably a lot of people will go to see what Gallagher and Shean are like who would not otherwise go to see what the

picture was like. That is why it is good business to become famous in almost any line. Somebody is sure to realize that the rest of the world would like to know how you look and will satisfy their curiosity if given a chance to look you over on the screen. Then that somebody will offer you a job in the movies.

OH Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher,
Do you like to work in pictures here all day?"
"Well, I think I'll like it fine,
For I'm swinging right in line,
And I feel I'm getting Better Day by Day."
"Oh Mr. Shean, oh Mr. Shean,
You're a star, yourself, if you know what we mean;
And if Gallagher's half as good
You'll be where we said you would."
"In the ash can, Mr. Gallagher?"
"In the Astor, Mr. Shean!"

Mr. Shean and Mr. Gallagher have been "shooting" their first screen comedy on top of a New York skyscraper. The skyline of the metropolis will be the real thing in the way of background.

For years Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean worked side by side or doing a "single" in vaudeville. If we remember correctly they once told us that their average wage in those times was \$40 a week. Now they must be making 100 times as much as that for not only have screen magnates realized their worth but they have drawn a token of appreciation from a newspaper magnate, also, in the form of a nice weekly stipend for allowing the story of their lives to be published or something like that. "Sweet are the uses of"—prosperity, with apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.

Working Atop a Skyscraper

MR. GALLAGHER and Mr. Shean are nice, friendly people who seem as pleased as children over the good fortune which has come to them. We found them up on top of this skyscraper, and the director, the camera man, the assistant camera man and the assistant director all rushed forward with the caution, "Don't tell anyone where we are working, it's an absolute secret."

"But why must you work on top of the—of a building like this? Couldn't you take these scenes in a studio?"

"That's the idea, you see," replied Mr. Gallagher.

"We are the world's greatest detectives," added Mr. Shean.

"And our office is supposed to be in a secret place high up in the clouds," said Mr. Gallagher.

"As it really is," added Harriette Underhill. For we were puffing from the last climb up two flights of stairs and one flight of ladder. The elevator dumps you out at the twenty-sixth floor and that's two floors below the roof. The office of the world's greatest detectives is built up still higher and is reached by a secret ladder. We do not care much for climbing and there would be even more room at the top than there is reputed to be now, if everybody was like us. We do not care much for mornings, either, and anyone who elects to be interviewed by us before 1 p. m. must take the consequences.

"You see by staging our office scenes up on top of the—a skyscraper, we get the whole of New York for a backdrop," said Mr. Shean.

"But don't you know that in that way you are taking all the joy out of the life of the property man?" we said severely. "He loves to furnish painted drops showing the Singer Building and Trinity Church and he has a passion for designing Brooklyn Bridges a yard long and Leviathans which may be wrecked in a bath tub full of rocks and breakers."

(Continued on Page 98)



SHE
COMES
FROM
IOWA



Would you believe that Hazel Keener was born on an Illinois farm? Certainly there is nothing bucolic about the accompanying camera study. But it's true. Hazel moved to Iowa and, at the age of seventeen, won a beauty contest. After that Hollywood was inevitable.



HIDDEN WEDDING RINGS

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

Film Brides Have Been Putting Mufflers on Their Wedding Bells

UNTIL recently, the best film circles considered it highly disastrous to combine a Career and Cupid—publicly. One's public must be considered, you know.

That is, this has been the case right up to the present moment. To be sure, it is fashionable to be married by ring and book, if you can have the ceremony performed up at "Pickfair," for instance as Marjory Daw and Eddie Sutherland. And since Rodolph Valentino owned up to his marriages without any loss in popularity, others are beginning to 'fess up about their nuptial adventurings. So little by little, coyly and with bashful blushes the brides and grooms are brushing the cobwebs off their wedding rings.

But in the old days, you would have thought there was something disgraceful in being married, the way these picture gels denied their marriages.

Louise Could Keep a Secret!

PROBABLY the prize long-term secret marriage of the bunch is that of Louise Fazenda. And yet they say a woman can't keep a secret!

Louise Fazenda became a blushing bride some six years ago, when she ran off to Santa Ana and became the wife of Noel Smith, a comedy director.

PANEL
Louise Fazenda, winner of the prize
for the long time secret marriage.

Francis MacDonald Isn't Telling.

FRANCIS McDONALD is another screen person who owns a hidden wedding ring. He is really a very home loving man, even if he does play villains on the screen. Once upon a time he was married to Mae Busch. But Mae and he parted after about two weeks. McDonald went off a few weeks ago, and married Belle Roscoe, the divorced wife of Albert Roscoe, but somehow the fact never reached the public. Their romance began only a few months ago, though the two have been friends for a long time.

Are You Deceiving Us, Helen?

THERE are those who say that Helen Ferguson and William Russell have a couple of wedding rings that haven't been advertised. Bill and Helen have been even as Joan and Darby for faithfulness for 10, these many moons. Everyone knows they are engaged. And more than a few hint vigorously that there has been a giving and taking of rings. But both Helen and Bill deny it.

A very good job of covering up the wedding ring was done by Helene Chadwick when she married William Wellman. In fact, the world got quite a shock when it learned that Helene was not a flapper, but had an able-bodied husband. Billy Wellman is a director at Fox's, I believe. Now Helene is suing for divorce, charging desertion.

The Farnum-Rubens Match

FRANKLYN FARNUM and Alma Rubens were secretly married. The news broke in a Los Angeles newspaper a fortnight later—but they had already separated! So when

Miss Rubens telephoned Guy Price, dramatic editor of *The Los Angeles Herald*, asking him coyly to deny her marriage, Price printed this:

"Miss Rubens asks me to deny her marriage to Franklyn Farnum. She not only is married to him but she is separated from him, and divorce proceedings are about to be commenced."

Reginald Denny a Benedict

LITTLE is heard about Reginald Denny's marriage, but not because Denny wishes to keep it dark. I imagine that Universal believes that Denny's romantic appeal is greater as a bachelor. Denny has been married for ten years, to the same wife, and still likes her! He is really thirty, though his press agent proclaims him twenty-six years old.

Malcolm McGregor is married too, darn it! He passes for a bachelor in print most of the time, but is an ardent enough husband in private life. Romantic appeal, like the case of Denny, is probably the reason for the non-publishing of the bans.

Evelyn Brent's Marriage

ONE of the most interesting instances of a secret marriage recently was that of B. F. Fineman, the producer, and Evelyn Brent. The marriage was actually kept from the public for more than six months!

Of course, no account of California matrimonial events is complete without comment upon Pola and Charlie.

No, they're not married!

In fact, as we go to press, they're not even engaged. Which is as far as we dare predict.



Mrs. Louis Leon Arms and her daughter; otherwise Mae Marsh and the youngest o' the Arms family. Miss Marsh has just gone to the coast to play the star part in "Daddies."

BALL



The flashing success of Wynn in the field of humorous caricatures has been one of the sensations of the magazine world. Wynn has just returned from a year on the Continent and he will contribute his best future work to SCREENLAND.

MURAY

WYNN

THREE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS: THE COVERED WAGON, DRIVEN AND BLOOD AND SAND



The SCREEN YEAR in REVIEW

THREE are any number of significant features to the screen year which closed on August 1st. First in importance—superficially, at least—has been the avalanche of costume dramas. And the end is not yet in sight, although there is every indication of an overproduction of the romantic picture.

Of more genuine importance is the vogue of picture successes made away from the maddening studio. This we credit to the artificiality of our motion pictures in over-lighting, over-production, indeed, over-everything.

The third—and highly disastrous—element of the film year was the general slump of our directors. Only two or three came through the gruelling twelve months without at least one cinema disaster to their credit. It certainly was a bad year for the megaphone gentry.

An Interesting Year

ALL IN ALL, it was an interesting year. The silver sheet came out of its slump and attempted many things.

The steady trend of romancism—the production of one

costume opus after another—was a curious thing. It dates back, as Mr. Robert E. Sherwood points out on another page, to the first presentation of Pola Negri and Ernest Lubitsch's *Passion* in this country in 1921. Up to that point there had been a positive belief that audiences did not want to see stories of another day. A curious theory—and yet it completely barred the romantic play from the screen until the German-made *Passion* proved its fallacy.

Immediately America launched into the costume field. One important element of the successful German costume pictures was

overlooked by most of our native producers. That was the fact that Ernest Lubitsch, in making *Passion*, *Deception*, and one or two other pictures, had succeeded in making his characters live. They were no mere cardboard folk sporting swords and wigs. Some measure of this ability to re-create the pulsating atmosphere of another day got into *Robin Hood* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. But there was much more of this fine spirit in *Peter the Great*, the visualization of the colorful life of the adventurer who founded the Russian empire.

INDIVIDUAL HITS WERE SCORED BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN, MAE MARSH, ERNEST TORRENCE, EMILY FITZROY, DICK



THREE OF THE SEASON'S LEADERS: ROBIN HOOD, THE PILGRIM AND SAFETY LAST



BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Artificiality of Our Films

WHILE American-made pictures have largely failed to catch the fine skill of Lubitsch in cutting deftly into one episode after another of a story, limning each with quick touches of mental and physical clash, they have unquestionably progressed far further in superficial technicalities. No foreign-made picture can approach our own in lighting, staging or photography. But this very perfection in technicalities has led our producers to worship at the feet of false gods. Each one of the three departments is overdone to the detriment of the story. Our producers seem to confuse the magnitude of their settings with the bigness of their stories. All of which has led our screen into the blind alley of artificiality. We have been over-lighting, over-directing, over-acting and over-producing our silent drama.

This year saw the inevitable reaction. *Nanook of the North*, a picture made under the auspices of a fur selling firm and designed to tell—simply and directly—the life of an Esquimau family of the Far North, made an amazing success. It was different. In reality, it was far more than

The Twelve Best Pictures of the Year

1. "The Covered Wagon"
2. "Blood and Sand"
3. "Driven"
4. "The Pilgrim"
5. "Safety Last"
6. "Nanook of the North"
7. "Robin Hood"
8. "When Knighthood Was in Flower"
9. "Peter the Great"
10. "Merry-Go-Round"
11. "Where the Pavement Ends"
12. "Down to the Sea in Ships"

that. It was vital—and it wasn't overdone.

Away-from-Studio Hits

SOON after that *Down to the Sea in Ships* was released. This was a story of the whaling adventures of the '50's, made by a professional director, Elmer Clifton, but actually produced and financed by the very descendants of the old time whalers themselves, families living in and about New Bedford, Mass. The picture wasn't much on story, as it was screened, but it did show the hardy days of young America—and it had an "away-from-the-studio" virility.

Charles Brabin took a comparatively unimportant company of players into the Georgia mountains and made *Driven*, which if made in a studio, would have been just another moonshiner picture. But, shot far from railroads and hotel luxuries in the very cabins of its prototypes, it became a living thing. Besides experimenting with a slow tempo, Brabin made the picture for \$35,000 and came back to civilization with a fine contribution to the silent drama. It was another "away-from-the-studio" success.

BARTHELMESS, EMIL JANNINGS, THEODORE ROBERTS, MYRTLE STEDMAN, LAURETTE TAYLOR AND RAMON NOVARRO



WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER, WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS AND PETER THE GREAT WERE SIGNIFICANT



"Covered Wagon" Scores

THEN the prize picture of this kind appeared. It was Emerson Hough's *The Covered Wagon*. While everyone in motion pictures seems to be willing to take the credit for this epic photoplay, we strongly suspect it was a lucky shot—and nothing more. One of those chance successes that come once in a life-time. Director James Cruze was sent with a company to Utah to make this story, a romance in the midst of a covered wagon's tortuous passage across the plains from the outposts of civilization to the Pacific Coast. But the slender romance was swallowed up in the midst of the panorama of pioneer hardihood. The wagon train had stolen the center of the screen away from an ingenue, much as the French Revolution swallowed up the petty tribulations of the Gish sisters in David Wark Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*. History has a way of making mere humans seem very inconsequential. *The Covered Wagon* turned out to have epic sweep but we wonder, down in our hearts, what the studio staff thought of the picture when they first saw it in California. It is significant that two minor characters, a quaint scout of the plains, played by Ernest Torrence, and a sly old trader, portrayed by Tully Marshall, ran away with the production, along with the very personable wagon train. How many who see *The Covered Wagon* will remember much of the so-called "love interest"? But who will forget that wagon train, fighting its way westward? One of the amusing things incident upon the success of *The Covered Wagon* is the fact that producers look upon it as indicative of a revival of interest in so-called "Westerns." It has given Buck Jones and other celluloid folk new heart.

Game of Follow the Leader

SO WE are getting many Westerns, for the field of motion picture making is one of follow the leader. To this is due the many costume pictures. To this sheep reasoning, and the fact that a costume piece is a marvelous sop to the vanity and ego of an actor. Also to the fact that it gives a new outlet to a producer's propensity to spend money on big sets.

But to return to our actual selection of the twelve best pictures of the year ending August 1st, 1923. They are:

1. "The Covered Wagon"
2. "Blood and Sand"
3. "Driven"
4. "The Pilgrim"
5. "Safety Last"
6. "Nanook of the North"

7. "Robin Hood"
8. "When Knighthood Was in Flower"
9. "Peter the Great"
10. "Merry-Go-Round"
11. "Where the Pavement Ends"
12. "Down to the Sea in Ships"

The Girl I Love actually deserves a place in this chosen list of twelve and can well be included, dividing honors with one of those named above.

The Year's Best Playing

THE ten best performances of the year, to our way of thinking, were Florence Vidor in *Main Street* (although her playing of the title role of *Alice Adams* wasn't far behind), Ernest Torrence in *The Covered Wagon*, Mae Marsh in *The White Rose*, Emily Fitzroy in *Driven*, Rudolph Valentino in *Blood and Sand*, Charles Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*, Emil Jannings in *Peter the Great*, Charles Ray in *The Girl I Love*, John Sainpolis in *The Hero* and Myrtle Stedman in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*.

Second lists are always interesting—and our second list of twelve leading pictures would number: *The Bright Shawl*, *The Storm*, *Bella Donna*, *Grumpy*, *The Hero*, *Pendrod and Sam*, *Enemies of Women*, *Mr. Billings Spends His Dime*, *Kick In*, *Fury*, *The Flirt* and *Timothy's Quest*.

And our list of the second ten performances of the year would be: Theodore Roberts in *Grumpy*, Richard Barthelmess in *Fury*, Florence Vidor in *Alice Adams*, Laurette Taylor in *Peg O' My Heart*, William Powell in *The Bright Shawl*, Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand*, Tully Marshall in *The Covered Wagon*, Ramon Novarro in *Where the Pavement Ends*, Erich Von Stroheim in *Souls for Sale*, and May McAvoy in *Kick In*.

The Directors' Year

IN A directorial way, Fred Niblo and Rex Ingram alone

NITA NALDI, MAY McAVOY, ANNA MAY



INTERESTING EVENTS WERE MERRY-GO-ROUND, DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS AND NANOOK OF THE NORTH



showed any sort of progress. Griffith contributed two disastrous plays, *One Exciting Night*, a confused effort at thrill melodrama, and *The White Rose*, a hark back to the sob inducer of other days. If Griffith is to maintain his leadership of the American screen he must pause for time to get a sane perspective upon himself. Just now financial exigencies seem to rush him into one tawdry film effort after another. And the Griffith of 1923 doesn't seem to be the Griffith of five years ago, close to life. He is aloof and harried by circumstance.

Our list of the significant six directors would number Griffith, if only for his fine past contributions to the photoplay's progress, Erich Von Stroheim, Ernst Lubitsch, Mack Sennett, Rex Ingram and Charlie Chaplin.

Von Stroheim started *Merry-Go-Round*—but didn't finish it. Yet there was enough left in the finished film to give us a taste of this superb master of passion and intrigue, seen through sophisticated Continental eyes. We shall await his film version of Frank Norris' *McTeague* with high interest.

Lubitsch has been directing Mary Pickford in *The Street Singer*, as yet unrevealed to the public. Will he keep his fine command of himself in America? We shall see.

Mack Sennett Underestimated

SMILE if you will but we honestly think Mack Sennett is underestimated. No one in all screendom has made greater contributions to the screen than Sennett. He has developed the one branch of the screen which, if we may indulge in a pun, stands upon its own legs. It isn't an imitation of the stage, literature or anything else. It is in the production of film farce that the silversheet has alone achieved individuality.

Chaplin is the genius of this field, of course. And his *The Pilgrim* was a rare thing of comedy. Yet Chaplin is more than a maker of laughs. His first serious drama,

A Woman of Paris, on which he has been working for months, ought to be highly significant.

Rex Ingram lapsed with his directorial orgy, *Trifling Women*, and then made a step ahead with his production of John Russell's *Where the Pavement Ends*. This last was not only a sympathetic camera drama—but it enmeshed the strange lure of the South Seas. That alone was a triumph.

Niblo's "Blood and Sand"

FRED NIBLO did two very excellent photoplays, his visualization of Ibanez's story of the bull ring, *Blood and Sand*, and James Forbes' study of a certain phase of American life, *The Famous Mrs. Fair*. Two widely different things—and yet both well done. We wouldn't be surprised if some of the praise for *Blood and Sand* rightly belongs to June Mathis, who so materially aided the rise of Rex Ingram, but, even so, Niblo deserves his superlatives. *Blood and Sand* had color and swiftly unswerving movement in telling its story of the peasant lad who became the matador idol of all Spain.

The other directorial leaders weren't so successful. Cecil De Mille seems to be steadily losing his grip. His *Adam's Rib* was an awful thing of its kind. Marshall Neilan doesn't take his work seriously. He is losing because he doesn't care. Allan Dwan seems to have been more injured by *Robin Hood* than anything else. His efforts since have been engulfed in massive sets. King Vidor, once so promising, seemed to hark back to his ideals with *Peg O' My Heart* but to slip again with *Three Wise Fools*. Hobart Henley revealed flashes at Universal during the year. Under difficulties, too, we suspect. John Robertson has temporarily linked his artistic fortunes with Richard Barthelmess. Their *The Bright Shawl* had charm, if little virility, but their *The Fighting Blade*, a story of Cromwellian days not yet released, has both. Herbert Brenon has been disclosing his fine ability, even with inadequate materials, at Famous Players. Maybe his *The Spanish Dancer*, with Pola Negri, will give him his opportunity.

The Shrinkage of Stars

THREE has been a shrinkage of stars all along the line. The meteoric rise and legal eclipse of Rodolph Valentino was the big histrionic event of the year. Valentino proved that he was a fine actor with his matador in *Blood and Sand*, and gave the part color, passion and a breathless touch of brutality. It was a stark and palpitating performance.

The biggest advance of the year was made by Harold Lloyd. There is no bigger box (*Continued on page 88*)

WONG AND CHARLES RAY DID FINE BITS





The Ben Ali Haggin tableau, "The Triumph of Venus," is an interesting cutie display in the Ziegfeld Follies. But suppose the films tried this! Just suppose!

WHITE

And
YET
THEY
CENSOR
THE
MOVIES



At the left, Ethel Kenyon, one of the cutest of the Winter Garden flappers in "The Passing Show of 1923." Here the costumes are frank, to say the least. Above, Margie Whittington, one of the beauties of the Ziegfeld Follies.

GEOEG



WHITE

Above, the now famous "living curtain" in George White's Scandals of 1923. Save for property foliage, the girls are absolutely devoid of anything but tan and a smile.



SCHWARZ

Mae Daw, another charmer of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Vera King is one of the attractions of "The Passing Show of 1923" at the Winter Garden. A glance at her portrait will make you understand why.



WHITE



OUR OWN NEWS REEL

Culver City, Cal.—The minor players of the Marshall Neilan Company while away moments between scenes with little Ila Anson doing "Hot Lips" as an interlude.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Hazel Keener, who is the dancer in Maurice Tourneur's "The Brass Bottle," displays her brand new bathing suit.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Holding hands but nothing serious, y' know. Agnes Ayers and Casson Ferguson at the Lasky call board.

Rye Beach, N. Y.—Charming Zena Keefe and her playmates in their radio canoe. The girls—left to right—are Alyce Mills, Sadie Mullen, our own Zena, and Lucy Fox.



Berlin, Germany—Betty Blythe in a scene of "Chu-Chin-Chow," now being shot in the German capital. The sheik is Jameson Thomas, an English actor.

Invermere, British Columbia.—Seena Owen tries out a new pair of snowshoes between scenes of "Unseeing Eyes."





Astoria, Long Island — Between scenes of "His Children's Children," with Director Sam Wood explaining things to the principals: James Rennie, Mahlon Hamilton, Mary Eaton and Bebe Daniels.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Three brains at work on a single story, "Rita Coventry." The brains (from left to right): William de Mille, the director; Clara Beranger the adapter; and Julian Street, the author.

Hollywood, Cal.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in training to eclipse his illustrious dad. Doug, Jr., by the way, is highly proficient in the art of self-defense.





On the California Sand Dunes.—*A blase burro surrounded by Charles de Roche, the Rameses II of "The Ten Commandments," and Leatrice Joy; who plays the girl of the modern theme in the same production.*



Los Angeles, Cal.—*Something new in bathing attire, the "Tango Togs."* The wearer? Of course you recognize 'em. You're right. Phyllis Haver. The "Tango Togs" are highly popular along the Pacific.

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Herbert Brenon (not visible) has selected a pretty woodland dell for this scene of "The Spanish Dancer." The embrace consists of Antonio Moreno and Pola Negri.*



We have been taught to expect fine things of Victor Seastrom. His greatness was first heralded by the pictures which came before him from Sweden. These pictures were made by a master mind.

A BLACK-ROBBED figure, its youth and strength subdued to stately step, heads a solemn procession through the cold austerity of an English courtroom. The moment is fraught with intensity, for this young man—the newly-made deemster—is to sit in judgment on a girl accused of killing her illegitimate baby. Out of all the world, only the girl and the judge know who the father of that child is.

The courtroom is crowded with spectators eager for details of the sordid tragedy. The girl, white-faced and cold in the extremity of her terror, has steadily refused to speak the name of her seducer. She has not faltered even though she knows that that seducer is the judge whom the prosecuting attorney is forcing into a pronunciation of the death sentence.

Back of this great dramatic conflict stand the minds of two men. One of them is Sir Hall Caine, who first created the situation in his "The Master of Man." The other is Victor Seastrom, the director who is transferring that novel to the screen for Goldwyn.

Depends Upon the Director

IN THE hands of a weak man, the story could become merely a melodramatic sequence of fights, rainstorms, ranting villains, and noble heroes. Under the guidance of a certain loud-mouthed director—incidentally my pet personal aversion—I can easily imagine the girl's trouble resulting from a cafe drinking party in which three hundred and fifty extras

NEW HOPE FOR THE AMERICAN PHOTOPLAY

BY

Constance Palmer Littlefield

blithely stick confetti down one another's necks and thirty-two scantily-dressed Foilie girls languish in the middle of the cleared dance-floor, thereby giving the exhibitors the pesky "big set" which he demands.

But we have been taught to expect better things of Victor Seastrom. His greatness was first heralded by the pictures which came before him from Sweden. These pictures were made by a master-mind. They sounded truly and surely the sombre note of tragedy which deepens and strengthens the great symphony of life.

American producers and American audiences—which one is the cause and which the result we cannot say—have made of life a fairy tale of Cinderellas and happy endings finally punctuated by the last fade-out clinch. Producers say exhibitors demand these abortions, and exhibitors in their turn say they are prompted by the public which supports the box-office.

Public Demanding Realism

THE public—as far as can be judged from letters received by SCREENLAND and other film magazines—is slowly but surely rousing from its passive acceptance of things as they are, and is demanding a true reflection of life.

There is every reason to believe a great, thinking, earnest public exists. But, unfortunately, this public never puts pen to paper in the interest of motion pictures. It is the same public which has tamely allowed certain laws to be foisted upon it.

In the mad dash for ducets, the producer aims to make pictures which will at one and the same time please Flossie Bright-eyes and an old man with a long white beard, a professor and a cook, a lady and a scrub-woman. Obviously, it can't be done.

But in Victor Seastrom lies hope. Since his coming to us from Sweden, he has been instrumental in organizing the Little Theatre movement of the screen. It is related to motion pictures much as the Theatre Guild is related to the theatre.

C Is Victor Seastrom, the Swedish Director, a New Force in Our World of the Cinema?

Little Theatre Film Movement

THE aim of the organization is to provide, through existing little theatre groups, university dramatic societies and women's clubs, a practical release for those artistic films which cannot find a place in the commercial theatre," its announcement states.

The first film scheduled for release by this organization is "Mortal Clay," a picture which Seastrom made in Sweden.

The movement is still in the process of formation. It is independent in that one studio contributes no more toward it than another. Yet it so happens that practically every large company contributes one or more of its big names to the list of sponsors.

For instance, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Hugo Ballin, Paul Bern and Rob Wagner are a few of the men interested. Outside the industry, the Federation of Women's Clubs for Southern California, the Juvenile Protective League, the Friday Morning Club and the National Board of Review all sponsor the cause.

High Purpose of Idea

THOSE who have investigated the purposes of the Little Theatre movement in pictures have every faith in its ultimate success. With these brains behind it and its first release "Mortal Clay," it will have a good start on the road. Once started, all it will need is support—yours.

The editor of SCREENLAND wired me to ask Mr. Seastrom for his views on "What is the matter with American photoplays?" But after talking with persons who knew the director well, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor. He is, it seems, very bashful with interviewers and very reticent in his expressions of opinion



Victor Seastrom on location with his "The Master of Man" cast. This was taken while Joseph Schildkraut was still a member of the company. Later Conrad Nagel succeeded him. Elsie Bartlett, Mrs. Schildkraut, can be seen sitting in the foreground while Schildkraut is sitting on the platform.

regarding American films. The method of approach, therefore, had to be roundabout.

I found him in the stone court-room I have described. He is a tall man, strongly built. His eyes are typically Nordic blue—the blue of the winter sea, and his voice, soft now, gives suggestion of great strength and volume. In fact, latent strength is the keynote (Continued on page 83)



Victor Seastrom and his cameraman, Charles Van Enger, "shooting" a scene of "The Master of Man."



*A*N exotic lounging robe from old Canton lends piquancy to Claire Windsor. It is of heavy grass silk, the foundation color being of cool lemon yellow, while the squares are batiked in orange.

*A*t the right Carmel Meyers may be seen adorning a new and striking bathing suit designed principally for beach strolling.



*M*ARY BETH MILFORD (above) is wearing a navy blue and white sport suit, the coat of which is half cape. With this Miss Milford wears a white felt hat trimmed with navy blue. Grey suede pumps and grey stockings complete the ensemble.



BULL

Autumn & Milady's Fashions



BALL

MAE BUSCH shows a plain ermine coat of decided charm. The dress is of blue and gray silk brocade and the band of fur which forms the hem is also of plain ermine.



BALL



GLORIA SWANSON—wearing a cape of unusual novelty, combining a Jersey-knit and a collar of mantilla lace.

AT the left Carmel Meyers reveals the newest thing in California seaside coats, now all the rage along the Southern California beaches. It is a "huppie," or Chinese coolie coat, made of rice fibre and cotton—not too cool when the wind blows, nor too warm when the sun shines.



UNDER
Italian
SKIES

Lillian Gish recently spent nine months in Italy filming the late F. Marion Crawford's novel, "The White Sister." Herewith are three scenes from the tragic romance of the ill-starred heroine. Miss Gish has returned to Rome to do George Eliot's "Romola"—with her sister, Dorothy, playing a leading role.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBE

¶ The public dearly loves to sympathize.

SORROWS for SALE

By Anne Austin

IF CERTAIN motion picture people now in the limelight were to advertise in the classified sections of the newspapers, their bid for business would read like this:

For Sale: Sorrows. Nationally advertised, guaranteed to bring tears and sympathy. Seller, realizing enormous publicity value of the great tragedy which has marred his life, offers his sorrows to the highest bidder. Address Hollywood, Box, 23, P. D. Q.

Sorrow is the most salable commodity in the world of filum and hokum. For sorrow is the woof and warp of hokum.

The public dearly loves to feel very sorry for someone, to see in the flesh or in the film the person for whom it is sorry. Of all our emotions, we enjoy our sympathy, our vicarious grief, the most. The public never loved Wally Reid so well in life as they did in his heart-breaking death. So its interest turned to Mrs. Wallace Reid and it was natural that she would be approached by motion picture producers with starring contracts. She had a sorrow for sale. No doubt high motives actuated

Jean Acker, who has capitalized the sorrow market — by headlining vaudeville bills and using her former husband's name.



EVANS

Mrs. Reid when she made *Human Wreckage*. She wanted to save other fellow-creatures from the agony which poor Wally suffered.

There are rumors that little Bill Reid will be put into pictures. No doubt his mother has been offered contracts. Bill would be a good bet for the same reason that Mrs. Wallace Reid was a sure-fire box-office attraction. And to add to his sales value, Bill—called Bill plainly for all the five or six years of his life, by both his mother and dad—Bill has had his

(Continued on page 94)



Mrs. Wallace Reid, whose "Human Wreckage" is a bid for public sympathy, and her son, Wallie, Jr., together with her adopted daughter, Betty. Little Wallie may enter pictures.

Three
Big
Screen
Moments



Douglas Fairbanks as he will appear in his new spectacle, "The Thief of Bagdad." Doug promises that the new Arabian Night romance will outdo the magnitude of his "Robin Hood."



An interesting moment in
Cecil de Mille's production of
"The Ten Commandments"—
with Theodore Roberts a dignified Moses.



Herbert Brenon seems to have achieved a superb screen moment in his production of "The Spanish Dancer." Pola Negri is the poignant figure on the steps.

490-187

STARS IN EMBRYO



Cowgentleman from the vast, open spaces who believes he would make good in them he-man parts. He is now in the act of wondering if the Kaiser's shock troops could stand up to the 98-pound-on-the-hoof blonde who meets you in the outer office and asks your business.



The embarrassing-est moment of all! The extra gentleman thought he could make a hit with the gang by addressing the comedian by name. What looked like a comedian in makeup is nothing more or less than Mortimer Floode, the director, in his new golf pants.



The near-actress who has rushed all the way from Kokomo, Iowa, to make finer and better silent drama. And she has a correspondence school diploma to prove it. The casting director is retiring to his inner office to gaze upon said diploma.

By
Ted Rupert

One-tenth of one per cent of the daily crop of beauty prize winners. They toil not, neither do they spin, for the visible supply of beauties in Hollywood exceeds the demand by several thousand.



Two specimens of the boy who looks like Jackie Coogan. The profession of being a double for Jackie is preferable to some others, a cap and suit being the only capital required. There are never more than seven of them around any one studio.



Young gent trying to crash the studio gate. He is deciding that the average gate man possesses fewer brains than the law allows. The vocabulary of this particular one is sadly limited. It consists entirely of "No."

The Listening Post

THE avalanche of costume drama is on! D. W. Griffith's next production will be a big spectacular drama of the American Revolution. Richard Barthelmess is going to do a big special in the Spring. It will present the tragic story of Nathan Hale. Marion Davies is now well into her new costume picture, "Yolanda," at her New York studios. And there are dozens of others in preparation.

Divorce in the Air

AS SCREENLAND goes to press there seems to be some doubt in Paris to whether or not Irene Castle is divorced. Cable reports indicated that divorce proceedings had been started in Paris but, upon her return from France, Irene declared that there was nothing to it! So there you are!

However, Elsie Ferguson did get a Paris divorce. That's that.

Day of Best Sellers

PRODUCTION is at its height in that portion of the motion picture industry located on the West Coast. Best sellers are being bought for the screen; plays dickered for, and even—oh, unprecedented!—here and there an original story is being filmed.

It is really surprising how leary the astute producer is of the innocent, unassuming little original story. "Has it ever been published?" asks the high and mighty one of the trembling author. "N-no, s-sir," gasps the intimidated one. "Well, I can't look at it until it is. Any magazine will do, just as long as it's in print."

The bewildered wretch stumbles off, not knowing the whereof of which. But by and by he learns the reason. It's because the chooser of motion picture stories does not trust his own judgment—he must first have the product stamped with the approval of another brain.

An interesting example of this is the story which Marshall Neilan has just finished filming. It is called *The Rendezvous* and was written by Madeline Ruthven, a Texas girl. She came to Los Angeles from a Dallas newspaper, intent upon gaining a foothold in some lucrative scenario department.

To make a long story short, after months of effort, she took a stenographic job in the Lasky scenario department. Here she learned every bit of knowledge there was to know about the actual construction of photoplays. By and by—but not nearly so easily as that—she evolved *The Rendezvous* which in due course of time was returned from practically every studio in the business. Then Marshall Neilan saw it, and Marshall Neilan does not need any one else to tell him when a thing is good.

And here's the sequel—Mrs. Ruthven kept right on at her secretarial job at Lasky's for some months. Promises were made her, but nothing materialized until about ten days ago, when she was made an assistant editor.

Yes, dears, it's a hard, uphill pull, this movie business. Don't let



One reason why California is popular. The beaches are warm the whole year 'round—and any day you may glimpse Sigrid Holmquist on the beach.

By CONSTANCE PALMER LITTLEFIELD
AND EUNICE MARSHALL

'em tell you the streets are paved with gold—good intentions is more like it.

Gulliver's Travels

KING VIDOR has had a clear enough vision to see the wonderful picture possibilities in *Gulliver's Travels*. He says that all his life he has wanted to film it, and he is delighted that at last he is to have a chance. As soon as he finishes *Wild Oranges*, from the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer, he will stamp Gulliver on celluloid. He says,

"I believe there is a crying need for more imaginative and fanciful productions on the screen. Our growth has been retarded by our worship of realism. Most people get their fill of realism in their own lives and they seek escape into the realm of imagination for their entertainment. The cinema is ideally suited to portray fantasy and myth."

Think how the kiddies will love the giants and pygmies—how they will revel in Gulliver's adventures! And how the grownups will enjoy the splendid satire of Swift's fairy tale!

Searching for Paul

ELINOR GLYN, one of the most interesting figures of the literary world, is to venture again into the motion picture field. Her first experience—not a very happy one—was with the Famous Players-Lasky company. It has never been quite clear just what the trouble was, but Mrs. Glyn returned to England shaking the dust of pictures from her feet.

But when most generous offers were made for the purchase of her dearest brain-child, with every assurance of co-operation on the part of the company, she could

not find it in her heart to refuse. And so *Three Weeks*, which has almost become a classic—so widely has it been read—will become a motion picture the latter part of August.

The cast of the picture will be small, and necessarily Mrs. Glyn is bending all her energies to picking actors and actresses who are ideal types. There are many rumors afloat as to the heroine. Theda Bara and Aileen Pringle seem to be the runners-up so far.

Picking the hero is even harder. The author favors a stalwart Englishman, name so far unknown, who she thinks is the ideal. But insofar as she is unknown to the public, Conrad Nagel—who is also a popular choice for the part—seems more logical.

Carmel Myers Entertains

CARMEL MYERS, who is the lady-villian of George D. Baker's production of Balzac's *The Magic Skin*, gave a luncheon at the Goldwyn studios in honor of Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund. Mr. Frohman is in Los Angeles to promote the interests of this charity.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, George D. Baker, Conrad Nagel, King Vidor, Rupert Hughes, Josephine Quirk, Carey Wilson, Gilbert E. Gable, June Mathis, Mrs. Myers, Mae Busch, Herbert Howe, George Walsh and Bessie Love.

By the way, Bessie and Carmel used to be chums in high



A perfect day in California. A sea breeze, the soft music of the waves, the warmth of the shifting sands—and Alma Bennett. Particularly Alma.



Pola Negri reads her director's fortune. The interested director is Herbert Brenon. Pola, by the way, found a lot of ominous cards when she tried this on her former director, George Fitzmaurice.

school ten years ago. They went into pictures at the same time, and played together in *The Flying Torpedo*—with Bessie the heroine and Carmel the disturbing element. However, though they remained as close friends as ever, they were never cast in the same picture again—until this summer when, in *The Magic Skin*, Bessie is the heroine and Carmel the disturbing element.

Nagel in Real Estate

SPEAKING of Conrad Nagel—he's been bitten by the fatal California real estate bug. The attack, though severe, promises to be lucrative.

He owns two ranches. The first comprises 40 acres planted to watermelon, honeydew melon and cantaloupe, and is valued at \$65,000. This he will subdivide and sell five lots to the purchaser with the admonition to build residences.

The second ranch extends over 25 acres of ground and is covered with orange trees. As it is situated closer to the business section Conrad will subdivide it and build apartment houses thereon.

Schildkraut Moves

THE MASTER OF MAN, now being filmed by Victor Sestrom from the novel by Hall Caine, started out originally with Joseph Schildkraut as leading man. After several weeks' work on location, the daily rushes revealed the fact that Mr. Schildkraut looked too—well, too—Yes, that's it. So they put Conrad Nagel in his place, and retook all the shots in which Mr. Schildkraut appeared.

Lila Lee and Kirkwood Marry

HERE'S news hot off the wire! Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are married. The rumor of their engagement had been bruited about Hollywood for some time, but was firmly denied by all parties concerned. Personally, we're just a little bit puzzled about it, because not so long ago Mr. Kirkwood and his wife, who have been separated a long

time, were said to be re-united. I suppose it's just a case of not being able to believe what you read in the papers.

Tommy Meighan Back

THOMAS MEIGHAN arrived the other day from his umpteen-steenth trip hither from yon New York. He says he really prefers to travel because one meets such nice people on the train! He will start almost immediately on *Woman-Proof*, another

George Ade Story. Lila Lee will be his leading woman.

Doug, Jr. to Do His Stuff

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. is about to start on his first motion picture. It is called *Stephen Steps Out*, and is taken from a story by the late Richard Harding Davis. In the cast supporting him will be Theodore Roberts, Harry Myers and Noah Beery. Quite a lot of high priced support for one young feller!

Name Changed Again

WILLIAM DE MILLE has again changed the name of *The Faun*, which he has been making into a photoplay from the William Faversham stage success. The preceding title was *Spring Magic*. Now it is *The Marriage Maker*. If Mr. de Mille doesn't watch out, he will run Norma Talmadge a close second as a title changer. Only no one could beat Norma when it comes to terrible titles! Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are the featured players of *The Marriage Maker*.

Louise Fazenda

LOUISE FAZENDA has been given a long-term contract by Warner Brothers whereby she will play straight roles. By the contract she will virtually become a star, although a provision is made enabling her to go on immortalizing her inimitable slavey characterization.

Hale with Warners

CREIGHTON HALE started August 20th in a picture, as yet untitled, directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Creighton has two children and three brothers. The three brothers are all officers in the Navy. One is a commander, another a lieutenant-commander and the third a lieutenant. The two kidlets are also in the Navy—as much as they can be. The eldest wears an officer's uniform and the youngest that of a gob!

Speaking of Engagements

LIILLIAN TASHMAN, that decorative young lady of stage fame, is in Los Angeles as the guest of the parents of Edmund Lowe, well known stage leading man who is playing *Don John* in *In the Palace of the King*. I'll bet they're engaged!

Mary on Goldwyn Lot

MARY PICKFORD come over to Culver City to pay Abraham Lehr and the Goldwyn lot a little visit the other day. Immediately all the publicity hounds were out with their cameras, and all sorts of rumors ran rife. Now what significance had the visit of Mary?

Did You Know That

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE appears before you in *Hollywood*, the James Cruze production for Lasky? When *Angela*, the heroine, tries to find work at the casting window of one of the big studios, she turns away hopelessly to give place to a gentleman of generous proportions. The casting director takes one look at that rotund countenance and slams the window shut. Although they do not tell us so, the actor is none other than our own Roscoe—more power to him! Watch for him, you fans who have been hungry for sight of that genial face.

The Motion Picture Exposition

THE Motion Picture Exposition, celebrating the Centennial of the Monroe Doctrine, was expected to be an affair that was going to make the San Francisco exposition look like an Elks' minstrel show in Paducah. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the hip, and we regretfully announce that the exposition was more or less of a flop.

The exposition was held on a huge park, very beautiful to look at in the evening, when the colored domes of the buildings gleam under the electric lights. On the opening night, tickets were ten dollars apiece. The visitors paid and paid and paid, and when they got past the eagle-eyed guardians of the gate, they thought at first that all they had purchased was the right to go in and spend more money at the Owl drug



A chic glimpse of Carmelita Geraghty, daughter of the redoubtable Tom Geraghty and now making a name for herself at the Goldwyn studios.

store booth, at Brandstatter's cabaret, and at the other booths scattered around the grounds. But later they found their way to the Coliseum, where a three-ringed circus was going on, punctuated by the exhibition of stars, driven around the arena in their motors to be stared at by the tourists.

Fred Niblo, the noblest master of ceremonies of them all, announced them. He worked hard, did Fred, that night. In fact, he got a greater amount of applause than any of the stars, especially when he introduced his wife, Enid Bennett, with the remark,

"This is Enid Bennett, and I think she's sweet!" She looked sweet, too.

Last year, under the supervision of Daniel Frohman, the picture people put on an outdoor-performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which was enormously successful. Never will I forget Charles Ray as *Thisbe*, nor Viola Dana as a hard-boiled little *Puck*!



Although Jackie Coogan prefers his toy motor cars, he was persuaded to try out this bit of rolling stock at the Pasadena Ostrich Farm.



Mary Pickford paid a visit to Abraham Lehr, vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures, the other day—and started all sorts of rumors.

A Family Affair

PICTURE making is getting to be more and more a family affair. Now Natalie Talmadge Keaton has announced her intention of supporting her husband, Buster Keaton, in his next feature comedy. And to make the family circle complete, Baby Joe Keaton, a little more than a year old, is to have a part in the picture, too.

A Sacrifice for Art

ANNA Q. NILSSON had a wealth of lovely blonde hair. We hope you notice the tense. She had it. She hasn't any more. When they cast Anna Q. for the leading role in *Ponjola*, she at first thought she could wear a man's wig when she came to the sequences where she would have to doff skirts for male clothes. But the realism wasn't perfect, so Anna Q., like a heroine, marched into a barbershop and ordered, "Cut it short and shave my neck." By the way, *Ponjola* isn't the heroine's name, as you might think. It's Rhodesian for "hooch."

Louise Presented Cup

LOUISE FAZENDA had a new job wished on her out at the Ship cafe, at Venice, the other evening. She presented a silver cup to the pair of best dancers on the floor. And although a number of screen players contested, the winning dancers were non-professionals.

Harry's Life Story

IT'S STYLISH to get the biographies of stars for studio records, now. They gave Harry Myers a blank questionnaire the other day, and here is the way he filled it out:

Lillian Tashman paid a visit to Edmund Lowe at the Goldwyn Studios and the rumor of their engagement was revived. Mr. Lowe is the Don John of In the Palace of the King.

Name: Harry Myers.

Born: Yes.

Lived: In luxury until I was weaned. Since then it's been a devil of a struggle.

Educated: At all saloons north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Pets: Directors, stars and cameramen.

Father's profession: He hated work, too. Just a good talker.

How entered films: Had something on Lubin, Laemmle, Beaumont, Lasky, and Warner Bros., and unless I get some work for Louis Mayer soon, I'll pull one on him.

Company: Do you mean who I go with?

(Signed)

Harry Myers.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

BABY PEGGY is a famous star and all that, but she has to mind her p's and q's. Her mama is very anxious to keep her little girl surrounded by the best of influences. So she was rather up-set when her baby came home from visiting her auntie at a week-end party for grown-ups at the beach the other day. Mrs. Montgomery wanted to know if the host had said grace at dinner.

"What did Mr. B—— say, dear," she asked.

"Oh," said Peggy, "he said, 'We'll be seated now.'"

"And then what," pursued mama.

"He said," Peggy answered, "never mind putting too much orange juice in it!"



The Hollywood Exodus

THEY'RE coming back, all of Hollywood's little film pilgrims to the wicked shores of New York. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis Lloyd are back from their honeymoon in Gotham, speaking in awed tones of the wonderful time they had. Only the Follies didn't come up to expectations, with Will Rogers gone. For Will is in Hollywood, too, now.

Which reminds us that Will was one of the reasons that Harold Lloyd packed up and left Hal Roach, according to rumor. Harold had been having some friendly disputes with Roach over salary. But when Roach brought a rival comedian to the studio where Harold had reigned alone for so long, the dissatisfaction came to a head, and Harold took his doll rags and went over to the Hollywood studios. And took his whole organization with him.

Tommy Meighan is back, too. Again. It's hard to keep track of Tommy, he's back and forth so frequently. This time Tommy received all reporters at one fell swoop before leaving the big town, and entertained them in B. V. D's and black dressing gown, the while he threw shirts and socks into his bag. No, Ella-

belle, the reporters were all men.

Lila Lee is another prodigal who has deserted the bright lights for the Kliegs, Agnes Ayres decided that she was needed at home, too, so now Bebe Daniels is the only Paramount star still A. W. O. L., and the Paramount lot is looking less like a set for *The Deserted Village*.

George Ade, who came to the coast again to work on another story for his friend, Tommy Meighan, announced that Hollywood has progressed wonderfully since he was here three years ago.

"It then took two minutes to cross Hollywood boulevard, owing to the traffic," he said. "Now it takes five minutes."

Fatty in Germany

THEY aren't so fussy in Germany, and the censors (Continued on page 86)



One of the first "stills" of the first Potash and Perlmutter production, with Barney Bernard, as Abe Potash, a very puzzled invader of the model's dressing room.



Rin-Tin-Tin, the canine movie star, gives a demonstration of high jumping at the Los Angeles Motion Picture Exposition.



Dorothy Mackaill utilizes the roof of her apartment building for her setting up exercises. Dorothy really doesn't need 'em. An English girl, she was one of the most popular of the Ziegfeld flappers. That was before she made her successful screen debut.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL

SKY LINE EXERCISES

All you need for these exercises is a bathing suit and a roof. Dorothy Mackaill, by the way, runs away with a big hit in Dick Barthelmes' "The Fighting Blade."





I lasted about twenty seconds. It was a trick horse. The rest you can guess. I landed a fall instead of a job.

Versatile Vera

"IF I can't do anything else when I get to Hollywood, I'll do extra work"—I'd like to bet that nine out of ten of you aspirants to movie fame have secretly admitted this to yourselves. But you little dream that what is demanded of us in extra work is ten times more than what is demanded of a star.

For one all too short period of my Hollywood career, I Ritzed about like a Jazz-Queen. Didn't I have a job at \$150 a week with Gilbert Tarryton? I did—for two weeks. But Nemesis still pursued me. The "Hell's Litany" company went broke and my contract was a scrap of paper. When I found myself outside the studio doors, well then—I jumped at whatever came my way.

One day a call came from Hope Hampton's director. Was there a girl at the Studio Club who could both sing and play the piano very well, and both at the same time? Anyhow, the job was wished on me. I reported at nine A. M. on Sunday morning at a little Victrola and music store on Broadway in Los Angeles. I was to be an "ivory tickler" who jazzed off popular melodies, chewed gum and sang—over and over again, the two or three hits of the hour. This sounds easy. Try it sometime.

I sang and chewed and pounded till I was dizzy, but I felt an utter failure that night. I needed the seven fifty they gave me for the day's work, or I'd have mailed it back. I knew I didn't make the grade.

C "Iris in" on Hollywood as the film folk know it.

FOOL'S GOLD

The Diary of an Extra Girl

The Diary Continues From February 1923

Could I Roller-Skate?

THE next day the Service Bureau wanted three girls to roller-skate. Again I was pushed in on the job. This time I had no fear, because as a child I used to neglect the higher branches to improve the lower limbs. Many a time and oft, have I "hookied it" from school to roller-skate around Mt. Tom on Riverside Drive.

So, forgetting the years that have intervened, I vowed to the director that I could skate. So I was promised three days' work on my glib assurances.

My first hours on those skates! Trying to look graceful, keep my balance, and talk naturally to the spectators made one of the most painful memories of my life. Again I barely made the grade. However, I now feel I must practice roller-skating several hours daily, so I won't feel a fool if ever (large if) another chance comes to do roller skating. I might be called on to double for a star, or I might be a star myself some day.

A girl I knew called me up and told me there was a great job coming up at Ince. Just a few girls to be used all through a picture in riding habits. She knew I'd get it if I went out all dressed up in a stunning habit. She had done this and had landed the job.

The next day the casting director called me up about this. He said,

"Put on your habit and come right out. I can promise sixty-five dollars a week for several weeks."

Scattering cats! All the money I could borrow in one's, two's and five's I gathered together, went forth and bought me a real riding habit—latest model, all wool; rented a taxi and drove in state to Culver City. They liked my looks. They led me to a path and helped me mount a horse. A trick horse. I lasted about twenty seconds. The rest you will guess. I landed a fall instead of the job, and I tore a large hole in my brand new riding breeches. They have never graced my girlish figure since.

Being a Bathing Beauty

ON THE strength of my accumulated debt I jumped at a call that very week to go to Santa Monica with a comedy company for three days' location. There we had to jump into barrels, into fake fishes' mouths, with our feet and legs sticking out, play leap frog, and last but not least, dive off a cliff—really quite a dangerous trick. I was utterly disgusted with life, myself, the jobs I'd been handed, and the people I'd been working with.

Generally speaking, I love movie people. As a class, they are as fine and real as any other people in the world. But this particular crowd didn't vibrate with me, nor I with them. So instead of going home with them when the work was over, I said I was going to visit a friend.

With my three days' checks in my pocket, to be cashed later, plus my car ticket and seventy-six cents, I started off walking down the board walk beside the ocean, thinking.

About an hour later I passed a fortune telling parlor—"Prisda, the Gypsy Queen." Now I must confess to a weakness for having my fortune told, so I stepped in and asked the "Gypsy Queen" what she could tell me for fifty cents. She led me into her mystic den, and instead of telling my fortune, we began to talk—of life, its battles, its heartaches, its victories, and its joys.

When I told her of my life, she said, "Why don't you stay here with me a few days? You can dress up as a gypsy. You can clear a few dollars. I'll advertise you as 'Vera, the Medium'—just here for a few days on her way to Roumania."

"*Tella-a da Fortune, Lady?*"

IFELL IN with the idea, with the same thrill I'd have had as a child at running away with a circus. Think of actually living with a gypsy queen!

But had I visited the Queen of Sheba, she could not have treated me more royally. I told dozens of fortunes. Several of the biggest stars in pictures came into our little booth. And I wonder, now that I am back in Hollywood, if the next time I'm working on a lot with some of them, they will recognize the mystic, seeing eyes of "Vera, the Medium."

Hollywood's Religious Complex

March 10, 1923.

THE newspapers and magazines throughout the country accuse Hollywood of all sorts of things. But I feel that Hollywood's greatest complex is a religious one.

There are many churches in this small community. Every other person you meet discusses science, truth, healing, demonstrations, the subconscious, or the particular Karma you are working out, until sometimes at night I find my head reeling with isms and ophies that I had never even heard of before.

And even in my film work, this summer, I've lived in a deeply religious, strictly orthodox, Biblical atmosphere.

I read the other day that ninety per cent of the High School children in New York City knew nothing of the Bible. I suggest sending them to Hollywood to enter the so-called "wicked world" of filmdom. Here at least, they will imbibe a bit of sacred history, just from extra work, or the constant talk about the *Pilgrimage Play*, or the open discussions on religion.

Here, no one is ashamed to profess his faith openly and ardently. Neither do we have religious martyrs. Tolerance is perhaps Hollywood's greatest crime.

Making Bible Pictures

IBEGAN early in June, working with the Sacred Film Company, in the episode of Sarah and Abraham.

We searched days and days, in scorching sand and through barren waste, to find the Promised Land.

It was there, oddly enough, that I met one of the real people of Hollywood. A carpenter who had been building the tiny hillside homes to be used as the setting for the great *Pilgrimage Play*. I was fascinated in the sketches he was making from colored prints of Bethlehem and Nazareth. We began talking, of course, and one day he took me with him up into the canyon where the work was going on. There, clinging to both sides of the narrow canyon, on the steep sides of the hills, were small, flat-roofed homes, just like the ones we had pored over together in the big library Bible.

Things come about in strange ways, and it was really through this new friend Davies that, about a month later, I got a chance to play the part of Martha in the *Pilgrimage Play*.

The Pilgrimage Play

FOR THREE summer months, the life of Christ is portrayed every evening. The performance takes place in the hills in a real natural theatre, and the audience, about fifteen hundred in number, sits at the foot of the hills, on the sloping floor of the canyon.



John the Baptist rode to rehearsals on a motor cycle.

The entire play is handled in a reverential spirit. But to be in the *Pilgrimage Play*, and possess a sense of humor, is to be handed a laugh a minute.

And surely the Lord loveth joy.

John the Baptist on a Motor Cycle

THE FIRST thing I laughed loudly o'er was the approach of the man playing John the Baptist. Can you imagine the "Voice crying in the desert" riding on a motor cycle? Well, "John" did. He attended rehearsals and performances at the risk of his life, approaching in breakneck speed on a snorting red motor cycle.

Then suddenly someone would call out to me—

"Martha, if you go down the street, bring Herod and Caiaphas a couple of eskimo pies."

Another remark oft heard was,

"Lazarus, have you got a Lucky Strike?" or "Pilate, give me a stick of gum."

St. Peter Will Be Waiting

ONE DAY, during the run of the play, I was working in a picture in the daytime, and the gate man on the lot came to me with a baffled expression on his face, and said,

"There is a strange man outside—he sent this message: He says to tell you St. Peter will be waiting at the gate for you in his Ford to take you to the performance tonight."

When the demoniac boy left before the season was over, we all chipped in to buy him a cigarette case.

Six Maids and a Man

April 4, 1923.

DAME FORTUNE's daughter has clamped her hands heavily upon us Extra girls, lately. Not a call from any of the agencies. Not even a promise of work at the studios.

The portals of the "Land of Make-Believe" seem locked and bolted for at least three months. Everywhere the office boy would say,

"We are not casting today."

This threw a great gleam of gloom upon us. So one night, about six weeks ago, we held a debate in the attic of the Studio Club. Three held fast to the affirmation of the affirmative:

"It is worth while to struggle, suffer, and starve for Art's sake."

The negatives:

"It is selfish, stupid, and soul-slaughtering, to let Youth slip by on the quicksands of the Film world."

It was about two A. M. when the debate abated. I saw Pat slip out of the room chattering with the cold, but grasping a pad and pencil. Babs followed her. We all felt the "muse was on."

Two hours later, when the other four of us, still wide awake and huddled together in one bed, were about ready to cash in on the whole movie game, Pat entered the room and demanded our undivided attention. In two hours' time, seated on the side of the bathtub, she had written a short Vaudeville "Act," depicting the life of six girls in Hollywood, struggling for entrance into filmland. It fairly glistened with clever, witty lines. And Babs had, with the aid of a night light and a blunt pencil, written some adorable lyrics for three songs. Pat had a friend who could write jazzy music. We could think up some dances, and go storming into vaudeville with the act, while the studios were so dull, playing about on small time for a few weeks, and perchance be booked on Orpheum time later on. We felt we had a great message to bring to girls in the big cities and girls in small towns and hamlets, warning them against entering into this heart-breaking struggle



My first hours on those skates! Trying to look graceful, keep my balance and talk naturally I barely made the grade.

unless one had an herculean constitution, aided by the possession of at least one thousand shuckles.

Rehearsing for Big Time

NEXT day rehearsals actually started and continued for many days to come. If you've ever tried getting anything ready for vaudeville, you know what hard work is put on things that are apparently dead easy. Pat was terribly strict about rehearsals. Glory used to tumble downstairs in exactly one garment, and the rest of us hadn't much more on, I must admit.

Booked at Last

WE tried to make each a distinct character, and true to our own type, and at last the Act seemed really whipped into shape enough for its "premiere." We managed to get a booking at one of the cheap little movie theatres at the Beach for two days, giving four performances a day.

I must tell you that our chauffeur on this and many succeeding occasions was none other than Davies, my old friend of the *Pilgrimage Play*. There are rare individual souls scattered here and there in the world, who give and give without a thought of receiving. Davies is one of them. His battered old Saxon (Continued on page 97)

C. Thousands of Dollars Are Wasted on the Altar of Ego.

Justifiable Waste.

HERE is wanton waste and economical waste, paradoxical as the latter may sound. Cecil B. DeMille has been an expert on making wastefulness bring in dividends. Did you ever see a C. B. DeMille picture that did not have at least one big scene that looked like a million dollars? You never did. There is always a great ball-room scene, or an expensive-looking bacchanal, or a historical flash-back with intricate and elaborate costumes. You whistle and comment, "Gee, C. B. certainly shot his wad on that scene."

The exhibitor reacts in just the same way. He sits in the projection room and mentally calculates how little he can buy the picture for. But expensive looking scenes impress him. He figures that he must expect to pay more for a picture that cost so much to make.

It is an error in economics to spend money that does not show. No matter if it is artistic, the lavishness must be as visible as the nose on the exhibitor's face. In Charles Ray's picture, *The Girl I Loved*, a whole farm was built on the studio lot, at enormous expense. But Charlie couldn't convince an exhibitor of the fact.

"Go on," the exhibitor would argue slyly. "Don't tell me that picture should cost me so much money. Why, you could shoot most of it out in somebody's cow pasture."

"More sincerity and less flashy ostentation" is the plea of the critics and the public, but the plea is not echoed by the exhibitors. And as the policy of pictures is often held in the pudgy hands of some ignorant, pig-headed exhibitor who firmly believes that what the public wants is something they have outgrown at least two years back, can you blame the producer for deciding in favor of ostentation?

Driven, on the other hand, cost something like \$35,000 to make. An absurdly small budget to make a picture on. Yet Charles Brabin did it, and his picture was acclaimed one of the finest of the year.

Economy did it. Brabin took his company up into the Georgia mountains. They lived the life of the mountaineers, in little cabins. Every expense had been figured out beforehand. Brabin knew almost to the foot how much film he would shoot. And he did not over-shoot.

Over-shooting is one of the greatest sources of waste. A producer often shoots four and five times as much film as he ever expects to use.

Is This Waste?

(Continued from page 19)

Occasionally a canny producer gathers up the rejected film and patches it up into a new picture.

Do you remember the Paramount comedy, *Don't Tell Everything*? If Hollywood gossip was true, it was made partly of the remnants of the ill-fated *Affairs of Anatol*.

Time Is Money

TIME is money, with the enormous studio overhead running up every minute. But you would never know it, gazing at the leisurely fashion in which motion pictures seem to be made. Sometimes hours pass by, while a director fumes and frets and the actors yawn and gossip, and electricians sweat over some lights that refuse to function.

Sometimes a camera will balk right in the midst of a great mob scene, and the whole thing will have to be repeated.

"I never saw a camera balk over a small shot," Cecil DeMille said once. "But take a big, smashing scene using thousands of extras, and ten to one something will happen to the camera."

It is the apparent time-waste that reduces the efficiency experts to a state of inarticulate frenzy. These "cost hounds" are the most cordially hated persons on a lot, and sometimes justly so. Used to the cut and dried functioning of a factory, they cannot understand that a motion picture cannot always be turned out with all extra movements eliminated. They pounce upon little evidences of waste with all the gleeful zest of a cat upon a mouse.

"Look here," the cost hound demands of a director. "This cost sheet shows that you bought two fifty-cent cigars for your picture on location. Why wouldn't nickel cigars have done just as well?"

"Because we were in a small town, and that was all they had. It would have taken three hours of valuable time to go to the next town for cheaper ones."

Costly Philanthropy

Sometimes a director allows hundreds of extra folk to dawdle on salary for days, in order to preserve the strength or humor the whim of a high-salaried star. One director is greatly beloved by extra people because of his bent for keeping as many extras on salary throughout the picture as he can. He knows how much a day's work means

to an extra, and when he has the slightest excuse for keeping an actor, he does it. Because he is a very good director, he gets away with this laudable but costly philanthropy.

The malady known as "klieg eyes" has caused more waste of time and money than any other malady. Scenes have been held up for days, while the star kept ice packs on her streaming eyes.

But the inveterate cost hound is working on this expensive malady, and little by little it is being conquered. Many actors wear colored glasses on the set, when not working, to prevent the ultra violet rays of the big lights from inflaming their eyes.

Handling Mobs

FOR YEARS, a great deal of time has been wasted in handling extras in the big mob scenes. But army efficiency methods are being injected into the movies. Fred Datig and Harold Stallings, casting directors at Universal City, worked out a successful plan for handling the great crowds used in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

It has formerly taken from three to four hours to check the extras into the studio and give them their costumes. Under the new system, it took just fifty minutes to dispose of some 1,200 extras and start the cameras grinding. They received their tickets at the front gate. Then, instead of the usual tedious roll call on the set, they passed before two men at typewriters. The typists took their names as fast as they were given, and the next official gave them their costumes.

Salvaging Sets

A GREAT source of waste in days past has been the huge and elaborate sets built. Much of this waste is now being overcome.

At the Lasky studio, there is a studio carpenter who makes a study of cheap materials. He can build the most marvelous ball-room out of composition board, stained or covered with wall paper. The wall corners are held together only by small iron keystones. The polished ball-room floor is usually made of composition board, too, and treated with hard glaze finish.

The elaborate fireplaces, friezes, fountains and carved panels are designed by the studio artists, and cast in plaster moulds. After they have been used, the plaster is discarded, but

(Continued on page 84)

C. Victor Seastrom Talks About Our Motion Pictures.

of his character. One can see it in his hands, in his every move.

Difficult to Interview

I CUDGELED my brain for the opening question. This is all-important, for by it, the interview may freeze his victim into ice on the instant.

They had planned that I talk with him at lunch, but at noon, when they approached him on the subject, I could see him shaking his leonine head vigorously, something like terror in those sea-blue eyes. I thought, with an irreverent inward giggle, of the terror of an elephant for a mouse.

At last they persuaded him to remain cornered for a very few minutes.

Now for my carefully-couched question!

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Seastrom, a little of how they make pictures in Sweden? Is the industry on as large a scale as it is here?"

"Well—" and this strong man actually faltered, choosing his words oh, so carefully. "It is quite large."

Not so good on that one, but an opening at least.

"Is there as much money invested there as there is here?"

"Yes—there is a good deal of money in pictures there."

Not so good.

"Are pictures in Sweden backed by independent capital? Is the industry made up of independent producers?"

Swedish Film Trust

No, not exactly. It is more like a trust."

Ah ha—an admission! Poor man—he had fallen into the trap!

"But aren't there anti-trust laws there, as there are here?"

"Oh, yes—but there are always ways, you know," smiling apologetically.

So much for that. Well—

"Are the studios as large as they are here?"

"Yes, they are quite large. Maybe not so large, though." (Yes, we have no bananas, I thought.) "Maybe not so large as Stage Six." You have all heard of Goldwyn's Stage Six, the largest in the world. "Maybe as large as this," he waved his hand inclusively at the courtroom, which is not large as sets go.

"Evidently, 'stage' as picture fans understand the word, means 'studio' in Sweden."

"How about working facilities?"

New Hope for the American Photoplay

(Continued from page 63)

One-Man Pictures

WE HAVE not so many as here," he said more positively. "One has no assistants there. One does all oneself."

"How about lights—how is location work managed?"

"We have fine lights, too. You see we work only in summer because the theatres close and the actors come direct from them to the studios. There are no actors who give their talents solely to the screen."

"Is the stellar system practiced in Sweden?"

"No—oh, no, indeed," further warmth and interest. "We do not believe in that. The same actors appear in all the pictures made by the producer. Yes—a stock company. It is like one big family." Again the smile. "One is very happy to work with them."

But in spite of the smile, I could see him becoming more and more resolute. I could not find it in my heart to torture him longer. He was so obviously unhappy. I intimated that he was released.

"Oh,—thank you!" and before I could turn to him from a glance about in search of my guides, he had vanished. Whether he had flown through the ceiling or had disappeared into thin air, I know not.

Vast Knowledge of Life

DO NOT think I am poking fun at Victor Seastrom. Far from it. My life as an interviewer has been made up of such a large number of things, that I have honest liking and gratitude for this particular variety of victim. When one realizes the past achievements of the man—realizes the nice application of his vast knowledge of life and acting to the work at hand, it is astounding to find such reticence.

Poor, unhappy man! He is doomed to many an uncomfortable hour, for the world within the next year will send many and many an interviewer to talk

with him—to about ships and sealing wax—but about Victor Seastrom, his one poor subject of conversation.

So, if we are to learn his views on American photoplays and photoplay-making, we must reconstruct them from the few remarks recorded on these pages.

Therefore, at the risk of incurring his righteous wrath, I shall make so bold as to give you his views as I conceive them:

He is naturally—due to the pictures he makes in Sweden that he is here. You can't blame him. There he is among *his* people, speaking *his* tongue, basically thinking *his* thoughts. His mind is Swedish and his pictures appeal first and foremost to Swedish minds.

Great Technical Opportunities

BUT America gives him greater technical opportunities for the making of pictures—providing the American public will accept them. That is the chance he is running now. In all probability, the thought which is uppermost in his mind during these days of filming *The Master of Man* is:

"Am I making a picture which the American mind will embrace? Will each and every scene in this picture be clear to the American public?"

I sensed that he regretted having said that Swedish motion pictures were controlled by a trust. The remark oozed out, as it were, and was quickly repressed. But here, perhaps, is another reason why Seastrom is making pictures in this country. It is possible that he was restricted too much by this combine, and feels that America is the promised land, in that respect at least.

Short Picture Making Season

THEN, too, the time allotted to Swedish picture making is short. A few brief months in the summer and—poof! it is over.

We are all awaiting eagerly the release of both *Mortal Clay* and *The Master of Man*. These pictures, made under varying circumstances, in two different countries, will offer food for comparison. By them we can learn the relative merits and demerits of the native and the foreign branches of the industry. In other words, we will see what America has done for or done to Victor Seastrom.

I prophesy that the world will soon recognize him as the greatest director in motion pictures.

Hollywood Fencing Instructors Are Growing Fat.

Woman and One Arabian Night—there came a veritable tidal wave of American made costume pictures to fill and overflow the channels that had been opened by these sturdy pioneers. Oddly enough, the native productions made money where most of the originators had failed.

Our Stars Try Costumes

CONSIDERING categorically the biggest stars and districts of Filmy land we find that each man has a fly in romantic drama. Some of them have gone in for costume stuff to the exclusion of everything else.

Douglas Fairbanks, in the past three years, has made two pictures—*The Three Musketeers* and *Robin Hood*—both of which were reeking with romance. His next production, *The Thief of Bagdad*, will follow the same schedule.

Mary Pickford has made *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and is now engaged on *Lolita*, a story of old Spain.

Rex Ingram has done *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Scaramouche*.

Norma Talmadge reflected two stages of the 19th Century in *Smilin' Thru* and *The Eternal Flame*, and has gone even farther back into the dim past in *Ashes of Vengeance*.

Even the sprightly, sophisticated, ultra-modern Constance has attempted to prove that the flapper isn't a new invention. In *The Dangerous Maid* and *Mme. Pompadour*, she is following the fashionable trend into history.

D. W. Griffith, who was adept at this sort of thing even before the German

the moulds are retained, altered a bit and used again.

The Lasky studio saves every piece of lumber over four feet long. A special nail-pulling gang pulls out all nails from the wood, and even saves the nails for the next job.

Presto Change!

THE EFFORTS of the much-maligned "cost hounds" have vanquished wasteful tactics in the "prop" line, at least. At the Lasky studio, a drapery may start its screen career at a drawing-room window. In its next appearance, it may be cut up for pillows or act as a piano cover. Or it may be bleached and dyed and used over again. War clubs, spears and swords are used over and over again to suit the fashions of

The Romantic Age In the Movies

(Continued from page 16)

invansion, produced *Orphans of the Storm* and then, characteristically, shifted his scene to the present time and started to put romantic drama into dress suits.

Barthelmezz Tries It, Too

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, whose chief charm has always been his essential, homely Americanism, has chosen to cast off the humble habiliments of *Tol'able David* and step forth in the finery of an elder day. *The Bright Shawl* was a flashing affair of the brave days in 1850 when Cuba was first struggling for independence. *The Fighting Blade*—Dick's latest—is a romantic melodrama of the early 17th Century.

Marion Davies, whose picture is published regularly in many of our leading newspapers and magazines, has run wild with costume pictures. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *Little Old New York* have been as complete as Wells' *Outline of History* and *Yoland and Alice of Old Vincennes* are to follow.

William Fox has donated *The Queen of Sheba*, *Nero*, *Monte Cristo*, *Monna Vanna*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and a few others of equal magnificence.

Cecil B. De Mille has never quite departed from his favorite Fifth Avenue mansion, with its marble beds and

patent leather sheets, but he has inserted in each of his pictures a streak of historical stuff.

There are many more names on the list: *The Covered Wagon*, *To Have and to Hold*, *Oliver Twist*, *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *Grandma's Boy*, *Trilby*, *Richard the Lion Hearted*, *Under Two Flags*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Brass Bottle*, *Omar the Tentmaker*, *Blood and Sand*, *Rupert of Hentzau*—and so on as far as the eye can reach.

Satisfying Stellar Vanity

HERE is no doubt that many of these spectacular romantic dramas have been produced to satisfy the star's personal vanity. There is no actor or actress in the world who doesn't like to dress up, and the gorgeous costumes of the olden days offer great opportunities for costly display. But it is equally certain that films of this type have, on the whole, been successful financially.

Although statistics gathered by the energetic Mr. Roger Babson indicate that exhibitors still believe that the public doesn't want costume pictures, the actual box-office records prove otherwise.

So the production of costume dramas will probably continue until every period in the history of the world has been carefully covered. Then, perhaps, the silent drama will pass quietly from the romantic age and achieve its full growth.

In the meantime, however, it's going to be pretty tough for the Hollywood barbers.

Is This Waste?

(Continued from page 82)

different eras. Cobble stones, Belgian blocks and marble floor slabs are kept in stock and used to pave streets or foyers at a moment's notice. They are used over and over again.

Telegraph poles used on locations are saved to make log cabins for some plains picture.

Stairways, arches and portions of the walls are saved. Structurally, they are not changed, but you would never recognize them under a disguise of new paper and fitted into a new setting.

There is an emulsion rich in silver salt left in the developing fluid by the film. Laboratory experts treat this

fluid carefully, removing the silver.

So gradually, the wasteful days are passing. And they must. In the flat pioneer days of pictures, waste didn't matter. The new business was so great that it carried the movie makers along to fortune as on a tide. They couldn't help making money. But today competition is murderously keen. The public appetite for pictures is a bit sated. Waste is cutting into the profits so deeply that the producers, being business men first, last and foremost, are taking steps to prevent waste.

Let's hope they succeed. Then perhaps the price of pictures will come down, and father can take ma and the kids to the show on Saturday night once more, without feeling that he has paid a quarterly instalment on the national debt.



HUMAN WRECKAGE!

Are YOU One of Them?



By the side of the road to success, the road to happiness and contentment, are heaped up the soulless, bloodless, unhealthy bodies—human wreckage of the pace of life—the failures in the home and in business—those who could not make the grade.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

Man, Oh, Man, look yourself over! Take stock of yourself! Check your ailings and failings before it is too late. Don't strike the high road of life unfit for the happiness of home and the battle of business. Don't let yourself be dumped on that heap of human wreckage! In all the whole wide world there is nothing so pitiable as a heart burning with ambition, a mind determined, but a body unwilling; the saddest failures in life are those of souls fired with genius but seared with a despoiled body.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, AWAKE!

Shake from your shoulders that indifference, that listlessness, that lack of ambition and lack of health—make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous and alive—be a man—a real man—a man who gets somewhere in the world and who can go to a happy home and look his wife and children proudly in the eye. Do it now—before it is too late—Strongfortism can help you as it has thousands of others.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

If your body is failing and is your unwilling servant, send for my free book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND MENTAL ENERGY." The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in this wonderfully instructive book. It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. Fill in the coupon and send it with your request for the free book. I shall treat it confidentially, and writing to me entails no obligation on your part. Do not turn over this page without filling in the coupon, and sending it in—if you turn over this page you are turning from the road of happiness, contentment, and success, to the road that leads to the heap of human wreckage.

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... Neuralgia	... Disorders	... Increased Height	... Great Strength
(Describe)	... Constipation	... Youthful Errors	

Mention other Ailments here:

NAME

AGE OCCUPATION

STREET STATE CITY

LIONEL STRONGFORT (signed)

The Screen Year In Review

(Continued from page 55)

office attraction in America today than Harold Lloyd. He doesn't approach, of course, the serio-comic genius of Chaplin, but he is a conscientious, highly likeable and ingenious funmaker. Right here let us note that, curiously, the sad-faced Buster Keaton, working along the same lines, has been wanning. This is an old phase of the screen, to be sure.

The only other star who has more than held his own is Richard Barthelmess. This earnest young actor has been steadily going on. His invasion of the costume drama has been an interesting one. Here is a star who turned to romantic stuff to develop himself. He felt that to stick to the field of homely Americanism, in which he is pre-eminent, would be to limit himself. Barthelmess, we might add, is many degrees higher in popularity than a year ago.

Lillian Gish's Position

LILLIAN GISH worked nearly all year in Italy on *The White Sister* but the production has not been revealed publicly. Her position as our foremost emotional actress still seems to stand untouched, however. Doug Fairbanks is still plunging on spectacles. There is a limit to this sort of thing, but apparently Fairbanks hasn't reached it yet. They say that *The Street Singer* will reveal a new Mary Pickford. We shall see. Just now her status is doubtful; her revival of *Tess of the Storm Country* wasn't such a happy thought after all. Norma Talmadge is slowly dropping backward, while Constance Talmadge seems to have slipped almost from view. On the other hand, Gloria Swanson, plus clothes and personality, has more than held her own.

Pola Negri gained nothing by invading America and is nowhere nearly as important a personage in Hollywood as she was in Berlin. Yet the next month may change all this. Pola is a person of high power potentiality. Thomas Meighan, to be honest, is getting along in life. He is reaching the difficult age of getting vehicles—and holding his followers. Jackie Coogan has not made any particular progress in the twelve months.

Two Sensational Come-Backs

Two sensational come-backs were staged during the year. Mae Marsh gave a brilliant performance through much of the turgid distance of Griffith's *The White Rose* and Charlie Ray, after a long chain of artificial screen creations, came back to his hoosier boyhood and did a smashing thing in *The Girl I Love*. We wouldn't be at all surprised to see Blanche Sweet do a

real come-back in Eugene O'Neil's *Anna Christie*.

Marion Davies' Progress

MARION DAVIES has made a surprising progress during the year. Long just a pretty star, Miss Davies has suddenly developed into an actress, as well as a comedienne, of distinct possibilities.

We credit Florence Vidor with the greatest personal development of the year. She is steadily advancing and, if all goes well, should soon challenge the historic leadership of Lillian Gish. Here is an actress of charm, beauty and a rare humanness. Her *Alice Adams* and her *Carol Kennicott* of *Main Street* were superb characterizations.

Ramon Novarro, the Rex Ingram discovery, made a striking flash across the horizon as the pagan lover of *Where the Pavement Ends* and rather took us off our feet. And yet, looking back at this distance, we aren't wholly convinced about Novarro. For a moment we looked upon him as the young actor to challenge Valentino but we doubt all that now.

Barbara La Marr was another strong personality to hit success during the year. From a minor role in *The Prisoner of Zenda* she has stepped to stardom in little over a year. A picturesque but not a sweeping personality. Nita Naldi lent picturesqueness to a role in *Blood and Sand* and immediately became popular. A colorful personality—but we now realize her limitations. Of more potentiality is little Mary Philbin, the heroine of *Merry-Go-Round*. Here is a young actress who may really do something worth while. We see nothing in that much touted "discovery," Eleanor Boardman.

Leatrice Joy has been striking a very good average but our chosen six as to reliability are Baby Peggy, the Prince of Wales in all his news reel appearances, Farina, Mae Busch, Lois Wilson and Strongheart.

Mae Murray seems to be able to go on capitalizing affectation. An oddity of popularity this.

It has been a bad year for the No. 2 stars, such as Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Jacqueline Logan, and even worse for wanning lights such as Mary Miles Minter and Dorothy Dalton. Other minor figures, such as Viola Dana, go along their way seemingly untouched by time. Yet Priscilla Dean isn't quite the same.

The season's worst flops? Cecil de Mille's *Adam's Rib* and the *Overlordship* of Will Hayes!

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And that passion is not an evil one. It is a hungering after knowledge to use as a torch to light our own stumbling feet. Maybe the others have learned lessons from their experiences, which would help us in ours. This stretching out of the curious, exploring fingers of the heart toward other hearts is our only means of *contact*. Every soul is bitterly lonely, for at least a fraction of the time. And every soul yearns to touch other souls, to get warmth from contact.

We have gone into the business of wholesaling soul contacts. We believe you want what we are giving you—a magazine of *real life* stories, from which you can garner the experience you crave, and by which your soul can touch other souls, in a satisfying, human contact that will lift the weight of loneliness—and *help*.

* * * * *

That is the purpose of our new magazine—REAL LIFE STORIES. The first issue will be the October, on sale September 15 on all news stands. Twenty-five cents the copy.

Buy a copy of the first issue and judge for yourself if we have made good on our promise.

Real Life Stories

Published monthly by Screenland, Inc.,
119 West Fortieth Street, New York

The Listening Post

(Continued from page 86)

to the "profession" when Charlie Chaplin dropped in. Charlie happened to know one of the party and came over to pass the time of day. The party proved hospitable and Charlie proved responsive, so a solicitous waiter hurried up with another chair. And for hours Charlie talked, brilliantly, interestingly and uninterruptedly. All about his new picture, which by the way, deals with the life experiences of Peggy Hopkins Joyce; about his trip abroad—he's still talking about it; and about Charles Spencer Chaplin. The Tatler staggered out about midnight, but the monolog continued until 3:35 the next morning.

Egoism, would you say? Or artistic temperament? Or just loneliness? Any man that talks as interestingly as Charlie Chaplin and loves an audience as well as he does, ought to have a wife, say we.

Take Your Choice

HERE seems to be a difference of opinion over why Evelyn Brent took her make-up box and left the Fairbanks lot. Evelyn said that she had signed with Doug to work in pictures, and that so far she had been the world's champion rester.

Doug said that his *Thief of Bagdad* picture had to be an airy, ethereal sort of picture, and that Evelyn was a bit too voluptuous to match the picture.

But Dame Gossip says that Mary put her pretty little foot down and told Doug to get another leading lady. For be it known that Doug has an appreciative eye for feminine pulchritude, and Mary knows the weaknesses of sex.

The same thing is said to have happened when Doug was casting for *Robin Hood*. Marguerite de la Motte had been eminently satisfactory to the public, and to Doug, and Fairbanks expected to retain her for *Robin Hood*. But Marguerite had been announcing fondly in print that all that she was and all she hoped to be she owed to Douglas Fairbanks, or words to that effect. So Mary changed his mind and picked out Enid Bennett, a lady who was safely in love with her own husband.

So there's three stories. You pay your money and you takes your choice.

Page Cupid

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormick were married on August 26, and Colleen has a platinum band next to her engage-

ment ring of two tiny emerald shamrocks with diamond centers. Emeralds bring Colleen luck, she says, and the Shamrock is her favorite flower.

Ruth Holds Her Own

A FEW years in serial pictures certainly makes a gal agile. The other evening at the Cocoanut Grove, hundreds of brilliant balloons were released on the dancing floor. The game was to keep one's own balloon intact, while endeavoring to burst one's neighbor's balloon.

A glorious scramble ensued. Big stars and little stars scurried in and out between the tables, hugging their balloons as if they were more precious than rubies. But Ruth Roland knew a trick worth two of that. She climbed up on a table and stayed there. And when the conflict ended, her pretty red balloon was the only one intact.

For a prize they brought out a monkey, a most inquisitive little beast. Ruth took him home and parked him in the bathroom over night. The next morning she sprung him on her aunt, who promptly fainted when the monkey hopped onto her shoulder and wound his tail around her neck. It looked as if the little monkey was all set to enjoy a good home, but monkey was too effervescent. After he had wrecked the contents of the china closet and a vase or two, Ruth turned him over to the zoo.

Agnes Doesn't Diet

DON'T diet! Eat what you like," says Agnes Ayres in a recent interview. Agnes declares that she never diets, and one might well infer that this is the cause of her slenderness.

Oh Agnes! Wait until you are fair and forty, and watch the ounces climb! Just keep on absorbing three square meals a day and Father Time will attend to the rest. It might be well for ambitious reducing specialists to take Miss Ayres' address for future use.

Pauline Starke to Wed

PAULINE STARKE is wearing a sparkling square-cut diamond on the right finger, and blushingly admits that the diamond is the gift of Jack White, the youthful producer of Mermaid comedies. When will they be married? Pauline isn't quite sure.

"It's too late to be a June bride now, isn't it?" queried Pauline when questioned. "Maybe we'll decide to make it fifty-fifty and get married about Christmas time."

(Continued on page 98)

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried every sort of depilatory and electrolysis and even a razor. But I couldn't get rid of it.

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SEXUAL LOVE AND LIFE!

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 81)

had long since seen its best days, but somehow Davies always managed to pull it together for just one more trip. So here he was, helping with the stage scenery for our Act, tending to the Radio outfit, flying off for popcorn for our small white mouse,—an important member of the cast,—paying for our lunches and being general handy man.

A Great Party, Girlie

WE WERE all excited. So much was at stake besides the mere retrieving of our battered fortunes. The local manager was lovely to us, in fact, he quite showered us with attentions. Pat was suspicious, but I laughed at her. My motto is to love everyone, and to be willing to take as well as to give. But at the last performance, he became entirely too friendly. One after another of his friends kept coming into the stage entrance, standing in the wings, and trying to chat with us. In the end, he invited us all to a grand party in his home. Said he had some good old vintages, etc., etc., that it was the custom of the road, and he would be able to insure us return booking, etc., etc.

And now out of the blue stepped forth friend Davies with plenty of plain and unvarnished words, mentally dealt him a knock-out, and carried us all off, bag and baggage, homeward bound.

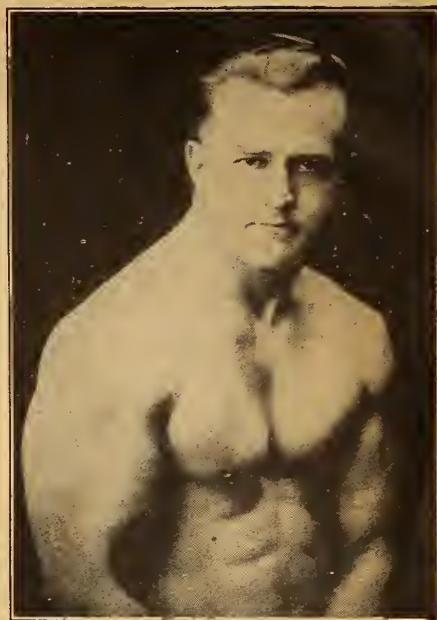
"Hurrah for Davies, Long may he wave."

He'll Use a Double Next Time

JOHN BOWERS used to scoff at doubles. His trick stuff he did himself, by Gorry. But now he's willing to admit that there are times when doubles are advisable. John has the leading role in the western picture, *When a Man's a Man*, and in it he is supposed to bulldog a steer. Several cowboys from Prescott, Ariz., offered to double for him but Jawn waved them aside with a superb gesture. The next gesture he made didn't carry quite so much dignity, for poor John's left foot caught in the stirrup, his body was thrown too far toward the steer he was pursuing to maintain his balance, and he fell and was dragged by his horse.

How Come, Mickey?

MARSHALL NEILAN plays a part in Edward Dillon's picture, *Broadway Gold*. He appears dragging a baby carriage, which may or may not make him a leading man. Edward Dillon returns the compliment by appearing in Neilan's *Eternal Three*. What are they doing, trying to get even with each other for something? However, it is the public which pays and pays and pays, and then has to suffer!



Latest Photograph of Earl E. Leiderman

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would add ten years to your life, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you're not equipped to fight it off, you're gone. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance?

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good on others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs—the kind that give you real pep and energy—that fire you with ambition—and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular male. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life for you. SEND FOR MY BOOK

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The Movies? Mr. Gallagher? Absolutely! Mr. Shean!

(Continued from Page 47)

Luncheon on the Roof

MR. GALLAGHER and Mr. Shean smiled pleasantly. They thought we were mad and suggested luncheon. It was brought to all of us on the roof and our spirits rose immediately, after the consumption of a ham and egg sandwich, coffee in a container and some chocolate almonds. Only the "hound dogs" teased nearly all of ours away from us. There is one thing we cannot resist and that is the reproachful eyes of a great Dane. "How melancholy he looks," we exclaimed to the camera man, "you should call him Hamlet."

"We should," retorted the C. M., "but we call him Ophelia, instead. That one is Hamlet and that little one is Hans."

"Why do you call him Hans?"

"Let me tell it," interrupted little Mr. Shean. "It's a good one. We call him Hans because he is 'the blue eyed Dane.' Isn't that a good one?"

And sure enough Hans' eyes are bright blue. The first Great Dane we ever saw with azure orbs; and we used to be kennel editor of the *Tribune* before we went into the dramatic department and began to write about actors. These beautiful canines, which will take prominent parts in *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*, are from the kennels of Francis X. Bushman; he has bred many champions. Hans is picturesque, but he is only three months old and he likes to play bitterness.

Comedy Detectives

OUT on the set away from the offices of the "world's greatest detectives," we detected Alan Hale, Lucy Fox and Arthur Houseman.

"What are they doing here?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Shean. "There are really two stories in this picture."

"A love story and a detective story," added Mr. Gallagher.

"And the two never meet," continued Mr. Shean. "You see, we are hired to find the girl, Lucy Fox."

"Who has been stolen by the villain, Alan Hale?"

"Is pursued by her lover, Arthur Houseman"

"And we go all over the world on all sorts of adventures." This is Mr. Gallagher talking now. "And never once come anywhere near the girl."

"How true to life," we ejaculated. "This scenario writer certainly has held the mirror up to nature!"

Again the two versifiers smiled at us pleasantly. They have a way of saying exactly what they mean and of not understanding people who speak in bitterness.

The Listening Post

(Continued from page 90)

Sessue To Work in France

SESSUE HAYAKAWA is to appear in a big French picture, to be made abroad, according to word recently received here. He and his dainty little wife, Tsuro Aoki, who is to be in the picture also, are in France now. They are to return in the fall, when Sessue will make another attempt at legitimate fame, in a new stage vehicle.

Fame is Relative

A LOS ANGELES exhibitor had a bright idea last week. He booked *The Sheik*, with Rodolph Valentino, and *The Shrike of Araby* with Ben Turpin, a take-off on the Valentino picture, and ran them side by each on the same

program. For purposes of comparison, you understand.

Alone at Last

JACK PICKFORD and Marilyn Miller would rather be scrappily married than happily separated. They don't like this East and West stuff, so after a trip to Europe this summer, Marilyn will appear in another Zeigfeld show and Jack will make pictures in New York. Later Marilyn may go in pictures with the rest of the in-laws, which will be vera vera nice and much better than being a bride by correspondence.

From A. M. to P. M.

(Continued from page 35)

- 4:35 Telephone ordered in August 1921 is installed.
 4:50 Studio press agents deny all rumors.
 5:00 English authors gather for tea.
 5:30 Location cars return to Universal City.
 5:31 6,798 actors try to cash pay checks.
 5:45 Lines form in front of cafeterias.
 5:59 92 special traffic police go off duty.
 6:00 Greatest traffic jam in history of Los Angeles.
 6:05 Movie ingenue, abandoning all hope of being invited to the Ambassador, decides to pay for her own dinner.

Evening

- 7:30 Charles Ray's butler announces that "Dinner is served."
 7:45 Another "second Valentino" sits down to answer his solitary fan letter.
 8:00 Curtain rises on "premier" of moving picture shown two weeks previously in New York and Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 8:15 Curtain rises on road-show that left New York in May, 1919, with original Broadway cast.
 8:30 Morning newspapers come out.
 8:45 Next day's evening newspapers come out.
 9:00 First husband of the evening is shot.
 9:30 105 movie stars retire for the night.
 10:00 490 extra girls cavort in cafes for benefit of tourists.
 10:30 6 movie stars complain that wild and noisy tourists are keeping them awake.
 11:15 Automobile speeds down Broadway at 45 miles an hour, unseen.
 11:30 Young girl tourist is mistaken for Viola Dana and never recovers.
 12:00 Midnight train for San Diego.
 1:00 Time for all good little boot-leggers to be in bed.
 1:10 Hurry call from roadhouse.
 2:00 Rupert Hughes shoots big night scene and calls it a day.
 2:30 16 movie ingenues explain to their mothers that they were only out with a bunch of the girls.
 2:35 Will Hays retires for the night.

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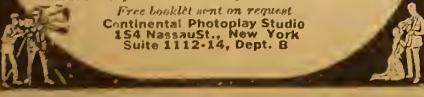
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An Outline of Motion Picture Etiquette

(Continued from page 45)

knickers, belted coats, and two-toned sports shoes for the boys. At one time a girl appeared on a tennis court in sweater, skirt, and low-heeled shoes. She was frowned down, laughed at, by those who know. She never realized that low-heels were her undoing. Girls, profit by her mistake.

A riding habit must be included in your wardrobe for week-ends. You don this for tea. It is hardly the thing, however, to be seen on a horse.

Family Dinners

USUALLY given on the occasion of Dad and Mother's wedding anniversary. All children and grandchildren should be present, also food in large quantities. The children should just be themselves. The baby must not neglect to smear its face with jam. It is not amiss for one of the little ones to spill the stew on Grandma's new silk dress. One of the sons-in-law must balance peas on his knife while the rest of the company exchange nudges. A toast by the eldest son is always in good form: "Mother—God bless her." Mother, at this point, must not neglect to dab at her eyes.

Carnival Time in Venice

IS ATTENDED largely by wives. You should not go with your husband—leave him, and the child, at home. Go off in a gondola and enjoy yourself. Just before returning home assume an injured expression. You will need it for the reckoning scene. This never ends tragically if you conduct yourself in the proper manner. Throw yourself upon a divan while your husband stands over you in a threatening attitude. Just then sonny will patter in in his little night-things and everything will be all right.

Conduct for Shop Girls, Mission Workers, and Telephone Operators

WHEN the young man with the derby hat enters your life, as he is bound to do sooner or later, permit him to see you home in his car. His father will call to tell you that you will ruin his son's career if you marry him. This should strike you as a good idea. Weep, and promise to give him up. When the young man calls, tell him you cannot see him any more, and why. If he is the right kind of young man, he will scowl and say, "Father had no

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right," and clasp your hands in his.

It will be only a question of time before the career will begin to crumble.

The Errant Wife

After months and months of neglect, you may decide that your husband cares no longer. The thing to do then is to don a duster and a little hat with a veil. Never depart except at night, and by no means forget to write the letter. The form letter follows:

Dear Husband:

I am going away. Do not try to find me, as you will not succeed. May you never know the unhappiness you have caused me. Goodbye.

Your Loving Wife.

If you have a butler, give the letter to him. Otherwise prop it against the reading lamp.

For Girls Leaving Home

We do not recommend this course of action unreservedly, but at times it seems to be the best thing to do. Select a stormy night—snow storm is to be preferred, but a thunder storm is almost as good. Never wear a hat, but fling your cape about you before going out into the night. Carry your clothes in a bundle or a box. Before leaving, pause before your parents' door and stretch out your arms. You may even lean against the door and sob, but be careful not to wake them. Once outside, do not neglect to turn back and stretch out your arms again. After that the storm will have everything its own way.

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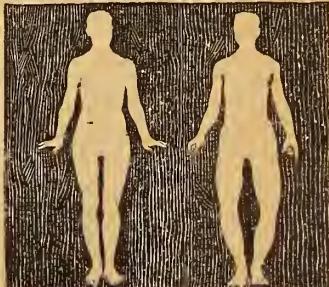
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Grand Larceny

(Continued from page 42)

little immigrant heroine and Bryant Washburn for the stalwart hero. They needed a mother, and they chose Rosa Rosanova. They didn't realize they were choosing her for the star, but they were.

Madame Rosanova, with all the wealth of her stage training, both in America and in Russia, endowed her small part with such pathos and feeling that the director enlarged her part, wrote in more scenes for her—in fact, gave her the picture. The love interest? Superbly handled, particularly by Helen Ferguson. Yet Mme. Rosanova overtopped everything.

He Stole His Chance

YEARS ago Charles Ray was grieving his boy heart out over the fact that he couldn't get a chance to show his ability. He was an actor—he knew it. But, in tiny, unimportant roles, how could he prove it?

Fate finally smiled upon Ray. She gave him the role of the son in *The Coward*, in which Frank Keenan was the star. It was a story of the Civil War, revealing the suffering of a proud old man who sees his son lacking in courage. Keenan had the "fat part." Or he thought he did—until Charles Ray took it away from him by sheer force of fine acting. Ray was made overnight!

Other Famous Screen Thefts

THERE are at least two other famous cases of celluloid grand larceny. Remember how Theda Bara first flashed across the film horizon? It was in a small role with Nance O'Neill in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Miss O'Neill was the star—until the picture appeared. Miss Bara's hit led immediately to the vampire role in *A Fool There Was*.

The other famous instance centered about Florence Vidor. She appeared in a tiny role in *A Tale of Two Cities* with William Farnum. It was such a minor character that she wasn't even listed in the cast. But the audiences centered their interest upon "the girl in the tumbril" and she was lifted to instant fame.

Richard Barthelmess, too, ran away with a lot of pictures before Griffith noticed him and made him a star. Remember how he galloped away off with Marguerite Clark's series of Bab stories? And how Thomas Meighan slipped away with many a picture before he was advanced to stardom?

The Most Famous Case of Theft

RIIGHT here we should list the one supreme case of silversheet grand larceny. We refer to the immortal theft of *The Kid* from Charlie Chaplin. And the gay little bandit was no other than Jackie Coogan.

Chaplin realized that the comedy would make Jackie. He told everyone so in advance. But Chaplin is a great genius of the screen; fearless and unafraid of competition. Besides, Charlie had come to love little Jackie. So his generosity went at least half way into the making of a comedy classic. And, of course, it lifted Jackie to supreme popularity.

Rudie Was Notorious Bandit

IT WASN'T any unusual thing for Rudolph Valentino to steal a picture away from the star. It was his usual procedure. After his sensational success in *The Four Horsemen* and *The Sheik*, every feminine star on the Lasky lot would have given a week's salary to have Rudie for her leading man. But after they got him, and saw with tears how neatly he took the picture away from them, they would have given twice the sum to hear of his swift demise.

Dorothy Dalton was starred in *Moran of the Lady Letty*. I'm telling you that here, because otherwise you might never have known it. The canny exhibitors just sort of neglected to mention Dorothy Dalton's name in the billing, and blazoned Valentino's name in electric lights. Or if they had overdeveloped consciences, they announced,

RODOLPH VALENTINO

in
MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY
with
Dorothy Dalton.

Beware of Hackathorne

ONE of the best little stealers of pictures these days is young George Hackathorne, who suggests the Bobbie Harron and the Henry B. Walthall of younger days. Hackathorne has been running away with a lot of fil-em's lately. Doubtless you have noticed his hits in *Merry-Go-Round* and *Human Wreckage*. He certainly ran away with the individual success of Mrs. Reid's propaganda production.

Another character player, Dial Patterson, stood out of one or two of Richard Barthelmess' pictures this year. Remember her bit in "The Seventh

Is the Screen Afraid of Sex?

(Continued from page 37)

Whereupon Madame pointed out that there are two ways of looking at sex. Much like the opposing points of view of two persons who might be discussing it. One of these persons will say "Sex" and will mean innuendo, sensuality, peep-holes and a cartooning of the vital instincts which are as true and as necessary and should be as frankly and normally treated as the equally necessary functions of food and sleep.

Another person will say "Sex" and will mean frankly what he says, the creative functioning going on from the amoeba to the heirs of the First Man.

Strike at Morbid Curiosity

IT is this last, frank, revelatory aspect of sex which Madame declares the screen fears.

The screen should have on orgy of such sex material.

Rend the skirts from the piano legs and deal morbid curiosity its death-blow. Or else dispense with it altogether. Abandon innuendo.

Provocative pandering with sensuality is the danger-point. And it is this parody of the organic functioning of sex of which the screen, paradoxi-

cally, is not afraid.

Instead of telling us that innocent little Daisy Dimple "went wrong" in order to pay dear, old mother's bills at the hospital or to buy her little lame brother a wheeled chair we should see the 'orrid truth about little Daisy, with the always inevitable consequences one way or another.

No Lesson Taught by Sex Evasion

INSTEAD of witnessing a cinema flapper entering an anomalous road house to the lilting strains of jazz never to reappear quite as she went in, but ever after, haloed with pensive peplum of pain we should be called upon to observe by what processes nature arrives at this sickly conclusion.

No lesson is taught by an evasion of fact.

It is the *fact of sex* which the screen shuns.

It is the fiction of sex with which, constantly, it whets the appetite of curiosity-mongers and half-feeds the amorous appetites of the audiences.

Once tell the truth about sex on the screen and there will be neither curiosity nor fear.

Thus spake Petrova.

Grand Larceny

(Continued from page 102)

Day"? With half a chance Miss Patterson will burn up the celluloid.

Watch for Sid Chaplin

SOMEbody once said that the only rival Charlie Chaplin has in comedy is his brother, Sid. Perhaps you think the statement is exaggerated. Charlie has kept Sid so busy being his manager that Sid has had little opportunity to display his talents. You remember him, perhaps, as the neighbor whose derby hat is used as a casing for a plum pudding in *The Pilgrim*.

The wise ones in Hollywood are saying that Sid Chaplin is purloining Marshall Neilan's picture, *The Rendezvous*. It is a Russian picture, written by Madeleine Ruthven, and Sid affords the comedy relief as a British soldier. He looks as if he had been lifted bodily from *The Better 'Ole*. Certain it is that Sid is contributing some rip-roaring comedy to an otherwise sombre story.

Watch for Moses

IT SEEMS highly irreverent to accuse so venerable a figure as Moses of stealing

a picture, but that is what he appears to be doing. Theodore Roberts is a dominant figure in any scene. In fact his little playmates on the screen assert plaintively that he is too dominant, that he is too apt to rub his famous nose or chew his equally famous cigar while they "have the scene."

But as Moses, in *The Ten Commandments*, Roberts is doing some remarkable work that stands head and shoulders above the acting of the other members of a fine cast, it is said. Another triumph of brawn over beauty!

Barbara LaMarr fairly wrested her stardom from the reluctant hands of producers. They frowned upon her, because she would not bind herself with a long-term contract. But when they saw exhibitors feature the name of Barbara LaMarr over other members of the cast, in *The Hero and Poor Men's Wives*, they saw a great light. Everything Barbara achieved, she helped herself to. But now she is in such demand that she works in three pictures at one time. And dividing her energies thus, children, how many of those three pictures will Barbara steal? Quite right, Bobby, she won't steal any.

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THE SOCIAL DRUG
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Does Gloria Believe It Herself

(Continued from page 30)

Just a Middle-Western Gal?

BUT she did it very well. Behind her Benda mask—her curious eyes and the mouth that has been called mysterious—is there just a good business woman from the middle-west?

There have been whispers that Gloria had become temperamental. That she carried her emotions around with her, in and out of focus. *Zaza*, went the whispers, is such a darned emotional part that it can hardly be played two days in succession.

I watched and waited for an outburst. I have wasted precious hours in studios hoping for a display of temperament. I have never seen one. It was always just the day before that Elsie Ferguson threw something at someone.

Stars and Their Temperament

I HAVE heard that Blanche Sweet, in a justifiable irritation, cleared the top of a dressing table of its contents. That Mary Pickford once retired weeping to her dressing room because Marshall Neilan, then her director, gave her a good talking-to. But I am always a day too late. Perhaps, if I had taken Miss Swanson quietly aside and told her just how I felt about it, she would have given us something to talk about. As it was, she spoke of such things as the modern woman.

Gloria and the Modern Flapper

“SHE IS much abused. I believe she is more wholesome than her mother or grandmother. The things they longed to do and dared not, she does naturally. She is herself. Her cigarettes, her passion for jazz and speed, are simply little symbols of her urge for expression. I see the psychology of it—one of the results of war. Women had faith, and waited and prayed for their sons, sweethearts, husbands, brothers, who often did not come back. Now they have felt the reaction. They have lost some of that faith. They seek relief in action. And she is none the worse for it, that I can see.”

It was then that what seemed to be a small parade passed through the set. Everyone waited—if not with bared heads, still with bated breath. Came a correct nurse, bearing a white, fluffy

thing in her arms; followed various attendants. The parade proceeded to the throne. *Zaza* held out sparkling arms.

The Swanson Baby

“**M**Y BABY,” she cried.

It was just like a scene from a play. I expected director Dwan to call “Camera” at any moment. And the sub-title would read, “The great actress paused in her make-believe and became—just a mother.”

Gloria the Second was made to stand upon a chair. She surveyed the adoring group about her and ducked her head.

“What,” asked Gloria the First, “does my baby think of mother all dressed up like this?”

Her baby looked at mother and made no answer.

“Adorable!” gurgled the group.

Gloria II Is Two Years Old

THE LITTLE Swanson-Somborn is about two years old now. She has eyes like her mother's as to color, but they are not in the least oriental—yet. They are just wide, infant's eyes. She has a mouth, and a nose, and light hair. It may have been an off day in the nursery, but it did seem that Gloria II was a bit bored with it all. Her life is practically her own. She never poses for publication. Her mother believes a baby's place is in the home; that if Gloria wants publicity when she's old enough to know her own mind, she shall have it, but not before.

“She's been crying all day,” remarked her nurse.

“A-a-ah,” murmured the sympathetic group.

Living in Norma's House

THE SWANSONS are installed in the house at Bayside, Long Island, which belonged to Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck. After the Swanson place in California, it is probably little more than a rude shelter. But Gloria and little Gloria must put up with it for two more pictures. The next, to follow *Zaza* will be a costume affair.

Red on the eyelids, by the way, is a detail of the Swanson make-up. It helps to give her eyes that inscrutable expression which has innocently caused so many of our home girls to acquire lasting squints.

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Finding 'The Fountain of Youth'

Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—Omar Khayyam.

A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illuminated by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home, unknown to relative, friend or acquaintance.

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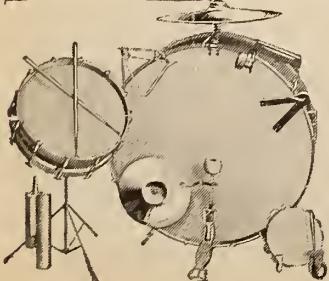
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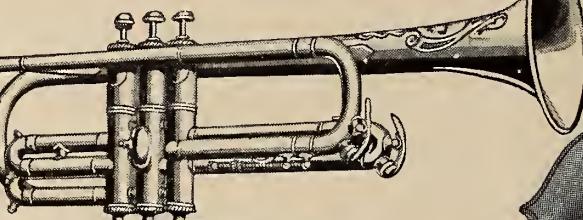
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Screenland

a Magazine of Young Ideas



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No. 2

Contents for NOVEMBER, 1923

Contents for November, 1923.

GLORIA SWANSON (Cover Design) Rolf Armstrong
SCREENLAND GALLERY 11-14, 31-34

FEATURES OF THE MONTH

WELL, MR. DE MILLE, WE'RE WAITING

Katherine Albert 15

Does the director believe he has a message?

SURGEONS OF THE SCREEN Robert E. Sherwood 17

Something about the cutting of screen dramas

WE HAND IT TO YOU, VON STROHEIM! 19

The truth about the making of *Merry-Go-Round*

ADVENTURING AMONG THE STARS

Harriette Underhill 20

The famous writer tells what the players really say

THE BEST LOVERS OF THE SCREEN Helen Laurier 22

Peggy Joyce selects the Silverscreen Romeos

THE ADVENTURES OF PHYLLIS John Held, Jr. 24

Further escapades of Held's deliohtful creation

TELL IT WITH TITLES Delight Evans 26

Why have pictures when the captions do the work?

THE TRAGEDY OF MARY MILES MINTER

Helen Lee 28

The story of the girl who wasn't permitted to grow up

WAGES OF REALISM H. B. K. Willis 36

The toll of the screen in dead and injured

ART'S OUTCAST Anna Prophater 40

Mack Sennett and his contributions to films

SCREENLAND VISITS MARION DAVIES	Oscar Frederick Howard 46
The well known artist sketches a studio at work	
A FLYER IN ART	Delight Evans 54
The comic Lloyd Hamilton becomes a Griffith star	
THEY NEVER QUIT	Eunice Marshall 61
The wives of the stars always return to the screen	
BETWEEN PICTURES	Grace Kingsley 63
The stars play as hard as they work	
FOOL'S GOLD	Anoynmous 69
Further adventures of the Extra Girl	

DEPARTMENTS

THE NEW SCREENPLAYS IN REVIEW	Frederick James Smith 42
Critical comments upon current pictures	
OUR OWN NEWS REEL	50
The film news told in pictures	
THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE NEW SEASON	Wynn 56
The famous caricaturist sees the new plays	
THE NEW FOOTLIGHT SEASON	58
Pictorial glimpses of the new attractions	
AS WINTER COMES	66
The newest fashions of the picture stars	
THE LISTENING POST	Constance Palmer Littlefield and Helen Lee 70
The gossip of Hollywood and New York.	

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Speaking of Film Screens

IMPROVEMENT in screens since the early days of motion pictures is one of the interesting technical points of motion-picture history. S. L. Rothafel, who originated the first daylight projection a dozen or so years ago and has since been responsible for experiments in theatres under his direction, naturally knows a good deal about screens.

"The first screens used at the Capitol," said Mr. Rothafel, "were of the metallic-coated type which were then in general use in the best theatres. These screens are made by coating a fabric with a thick metallic paint such as aluminum or bronze, which, after it set or dried, was burnished or polished sufficiently to give the desired reflection. Several of the best known of these were tried, but none of them proved satisfactory. While each screen possessed some peculiar point of excellence, they all failed to produce the wished-for results. One type showed well when viewed from the main floor of the theatre, but left much to be desired when seen from the balcony. Another reversed these conditions. Still another was quite satisfactory from the centre of the main floor and also the centre of the balcony, but from the side seats of both the main floor and balcony, and also from the seats located near the stage, the results were not up to the high standard set for this theatre. It was then concluded that for a theatre having the enormous dimensions and seating capacity of the Capitol metallic screens were not suitable because of their common peculiarity of reflecting the greater part of their light within a rather narrow angle.

Screen Experiments

"THEN came a series of experiments with screens coated with various white paints and pigments known to possess reflective qualities suitable for screens. Screens of this type are known as diffused reflectors, and to a greater or less degree distribute the reflected light over a wide area. This feature makes them suitable for large theatres where the screen has to be viewed from many angles. When a theatre is shallow and wide, the task of selecting a screen is not a difficult one. There high front reflection is not necessary, owing to the fact that the seats in the centre of the house are comparatively close to the screen, and the logical screen is therefore one of the extreme diffusing type which reflects a great part of the light to the sides. This means, of course, that the front reflection is reduced in proportion, but,

since the theatre is shallow, this reduction does not matter seriously. However, when the theatre is both wide and deep, with a large balcony in addition, the problem is different. It is at once apparent that to fulfill satisfactory the requirements of good projection the screen must have the qualities of both high reflection and broad distribution or diffusion.

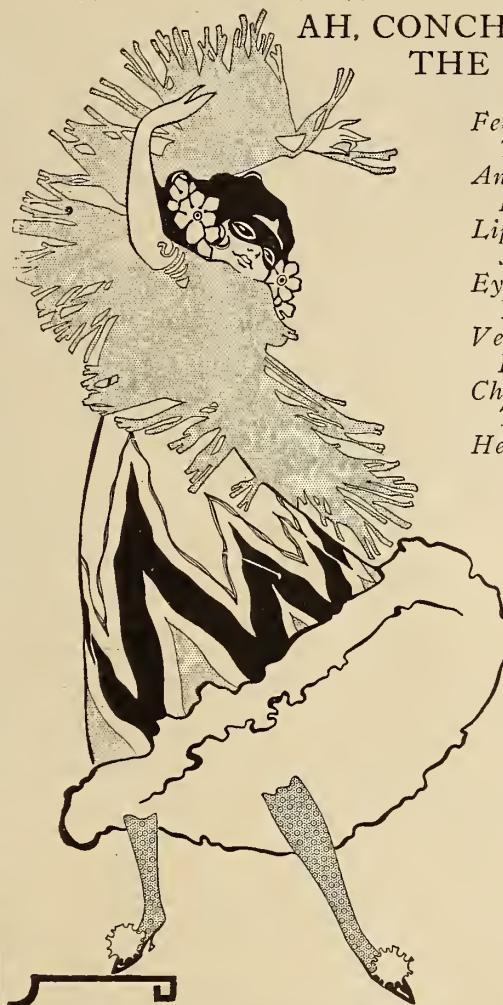
"Then came a screen with a coating made by mixing a white pigment with milk. For a time this seemed to solve the problem, but under the severe tests and close scrutiny to which it was subjected, it was found wanting.

Bead-Type Screens

LATER several screens of the bead type were installed. These screens were made by coating a fabric with a binder-like white lead or putty, and pressing into this binder a layer of glass beads or fine particles of opal glass. Reports from other theatres indicated that this type of screen was producing very satisfactory results, but they proved to be unsuited to the conditions and requirements of the Capitol. Many other combinations were tried, but still no screen was found which we considered entirely satisfactory. We realized that perfection had not been reached, and that nothing short of extensive experiment would solve the screen problem. One of the difficulties we encountered was due to the powerful light necessary to project so large a picture from so great distance. Natural sunlight would make projection a very simple matter. But when high-powered artificial light sources are used, there appear certain colors, particularly in the violets and blues, that are objectionable; the more powerful the light source, the more objectionable these colors become. It was therefore found necessary to tint the screen, so that these objectionable colors would be absorbed. There are, on the other hand, certain colors in the beam of light that should not be destroyed or absorbed, and which require a pure white screen in order to be properly reflected. It was obvious that if a screen were tinted to absorb certain colors, such as the blues and violets, there would no longer be any pure white screen surface left to reflect those rays that require a pure white screen.

Tinted to Absorb Colors

THE problem was discussed and a screen was installed sufficiently tinted to absorb the objectionable colors, and at the same time retaining enough pure white to reflect the desirable colors, the remaining light being comparable with



AH, CONCHITA, THE MASKED DANCER

*Feet that flash,
Toes atwinkle,
Ankles slim,
Knees that dimple;
Lips inviting,
Smile alluring,
Eyes revealing,
Yet eluding—
Velvet Mask
Her secret hiding,
Challenging all
The world to guess—
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sunlight. This is accomplished by spreading over the back of a finely woven white fabric a coating of soft rubber, tinted to any desired shade. This rubber is then forced into the pores of the fabric so that it shows on the face side of the fabric when examined with a magnifying glass as tiny pin points. These points of tinted rubber absorb the undesirable color from the rays of light that strike them, and reflect rays without the color that they absorb. On the other hand, the rays of light which strike the white threads are reflected in their entirety.

"This screen now solves the problem of uniform diffusion of light and its even distribution to all parts of the theatre, because a woven fabric of so fine a texture is uniform over its entire surface, which could not be the case with heavier fabrics or painted surfaces. It might be interesting to add in conclusion that tests conducted by the illuminating experts of the Sperry Gyroscope Company show a difference of only one foot candle power between centre and edge of screen—a perfected state which we believe exists on no other screen."

Films Like War

"MOTION pictures are in some respects like war," said Joseph Plunkett, managing director of the Strand Theatre in New York City. "We are willing to forget the distressing things about them if the promise of some state of improvement is in the offing. The analogy also holds true in another direction: A few great upheavals are required before the motion pictures, like nations, can improve. Before the birth of a new era such disorders are natural consequences. That is probably why I feel that there is little necessity to despair of the infant film. It has grown from comparative nothingness to its present-day status in a remarkably short time. But perhaps the motion picture's extreme youthfulness is the weakest defense for shortcomings that are not so apparent as the hypercritical make them out. The motion picture is a prodigy if ever there was one, and a little impatience with it may possibly rouse it to greater moments.



Motion Picture Directory

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norman and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc.

Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Calif.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors), Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Directory of New York Speaking Theaters

BOOTH—*The Seventh Heaven*. One of the long run hits of the New York theatres.

BROADHURST—*The Good Old Days*. A lively comedy of the Volstead Act, before and after taking. George and Charles Winninger assist the production materially.

CASINO—*Wildflower*. Attractive musical score with ingratiating cast.

COHAN—*Adrienne*. One of the most entertaining musical shows of the summer. Good score and a good company. Enlivened by Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

CORT—*Merton of the Movies*. All of the delightful satire of the book preserved in dramatic form. The one satire of the movies, well done by Glenn Hunter.

EARL CARROLL—*Vanities of 1923*. A summer revue, with Peggy Hopkins as the star.

ELTINGE—*The Woman on the Jury*. A drama of the effect of the feminine gender on a jury box in an important criminal case.

FRAZEE—*Tweedles*. Delightful Booth Tarkington—George Leon Wilson comedy with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon as the usual adolescent lovers.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* Amusing comedy from London, with Cyril Maude as the chief gentle funmaker.

GARRICK—*The Devil's Disciple*. Revolutionary drama with a typical George Bernard Shaw last act.

GLOBE—Fifth edition of George White's *Scandals*. Profligate display of costumes and settings and a cast

of more than ordinary worth. Best show of the White series.

KLAW—*The Breaking Point*. A drama of amnesia, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. McKay Morris has the leading role.

LITTLE—*Polly Preferred*. A comedy of the films, reopening after summer vacation.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain*. Powerful and absorbing drama of morals and ethics in the South Seas, superbly done by Jeanne Eagels.

MOROSCO—*Red Light Annie*. A lurid melodramatic version of a girl's progress in a big city through temptation to regeneration. Mary Ryan is the girl.

PLAYHOUSE—*We've Got to Have Money*. A fast moving comedy of finances and romance, with Robert Ames in the leading role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. An Irish-Hebrew comedy of prejudices wiped away by the patter of little feet. Has been running more than a year.

SELWYN—*Helen of Troy, N. Y.* A smart musical comedy, with a vein of satire, plenty of laughs and a score that is whistleable without being pretentious. Queenie Smith makes it doubly enjoyable.

VANDERBILT—*Two Fellows and a Girl*. A comedy of adolescence by Vincent Lawrence; prepared for home consumption by George M. Cohan.

WINTER GARDEN—*Passing Show*. The usual undress revue with the usual comedians.

The New Baby

Having a new baby in the home is about the most exciting thing that can happen. The "little stranger," as the poets like to call the baby, cops off most of the conversation and an awful lot of attention from the proud parents. Sometimes the older child gets his nose out of joint, but most often Big Brother is just as crazy about the infant as anyone else.

All of which means that SCREENLAND MAGAZINE is so proud of its baby sister, REAL LIFE STORIES, that it wants to tell the world what a fine youngster has arrived. The amusing thing is that REAL LIFE STORIES is already as big as SCREENLAND—108 pages, standard magazine size—and that SCREENLAND is not a bit jealous of the fact that REAL LIFE STORIES is already walking like a year old, and is threatening to take up skiing and airplaning.

Its amazing vitality for one so young—100,000 copies of the first issue sold in record time—is no doubt due to the life-blood which has been pumped into it from the hearts of our readers. For the book is made up of stories that are real—as true as that love is the greatest thing in the world and that sin is its own punishment. A book full of deep tenderness, glowing wholesomeness, cleansing tears and saving laughter. A really charming baby!

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Mr. Bloom at the pleasant task of interfering with his director, who can't "see" the girl at all, as star material.

But Mr. Bloom has his way, for isn't she a girl from his home town? Enough!

(From A HOME-TOWN GIRL.).



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If you are already a subscriber to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, send the coupon with the request that your subscription to SCREENLAND be extended one year, and your subscription to REAL LIFE STORIES be started with the November issue, which will be a "whale" of a magazine, even if we do say so ourselves.

REAL LIFE STORIES



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by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



THOMAS MEIGHAN
by APEDA



SIGRID HOLMQUIST
by EDWIN BOWER HESSER



HARRIET HAMMOND
by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

C Has "C. B." really a message in the Ten Commandments, or is he still Posing?

Well, Mr. De Mille WE'RE WAITING!

By Katherine Albert

WHAT is the matter with Cecil B. De Mille?

He has been giving us drivel. He has been giving us rot. His only contributions to the cinema have been along the lines of indirect lingerie and direct plumbing.

He can't believe, down in his heart, that he



is right. Surely, he doesn't think that real people devote themselves to hiding their telephones in funny disguises. He must know that they do not write with ostrich feather fans. He must realize that the every American home doesn't possess a bathing pool in the dining room. Probably he has guessed that few women have time to spend half a day in an ornate bath.

These things, of course, are but symbols of the false standards he has set. He has been giving us wrong ideas of life and he apparently hasn't cared. He has been playing at life—with an eye on the box office.

De Mille Wears a Mask

DE MILLE has gotten away with it because of his pose of cynicism. De Mille wears a mask. He is a man behind a curtain. We wonder if he has chuckled secretly at his own pictures.

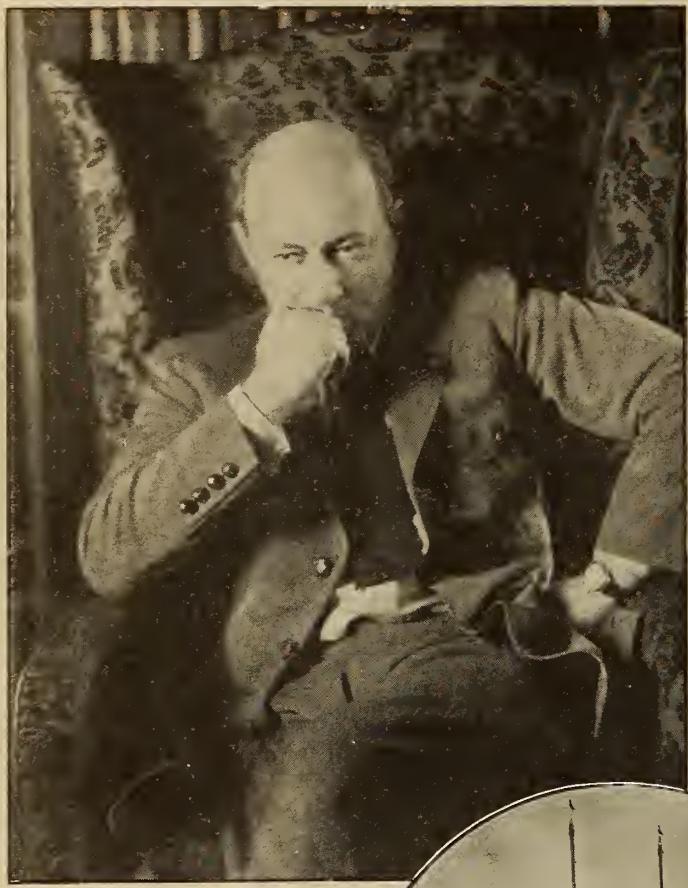
Still . . . maybe not. The fact remains that he has always surrounded his characters with fantastic costumes and expensive sets far from the reality of things. He has deliberately distorted the superficials of life. He succeeded

CWhy do the De Mille pictures lack a soul? Because the director is surrounded by satellites who thrill over his "marvelous" sets. They destroy De Mille's perspective upon himself.

because he went to the skin—and he has failed because he hasn't gone beneath it.

Why do the De





De Mille wears a mask. He is a man behind a curtain. When he plays he does it mostly upon his schooner yacht *Seaward*, shown in the circle. When he works, Jeanie MacPherson, pictured below, is his chief aid.

Mille, productions lack a soul?
Because—

Surrounded by Satellites

DE MILLE is surrounded by a set of satellites. They are the little extra girls who thrill over his "marvelous" sets. They are his actors who, stupid themselves, hang upon his every word. They are his publicity men who meekly write down everything he says and give it to the public. All this probably makes him seem more vain than he really is. In his heart of hearts he must have a disgust for this sort of thing and he must know that it is false. He must know he is posing, but he feels called upon to impress his co-workers. He tries to impress his interviewers and his public.

But the public is tired of it. The public wants something real from the man. It wants to know the man who lives behind the strange, oddly analytical eyes. To De Mille pictures have been a tin-



selly inferior work which has made him money. He has played with the world. He has thought that he could get by with giving the public views of a sham phase of life created from his own imaginations.

A Peacock without a Voice

DE MILLE may be likened to the gorgeous peacock who lacks a singing voice. And it's time for De Mille to sing.

Will *The Ten Commandments* atone for De Mille's sins against the photoplay—and life?

Has De Mille seen the handwriting on the screen?

One thing is sure about *The Ten Commandments*. De Mille believes he has a big production. He believes he is making the biggest thing ever created in celluloid. And, if reports are right, he believes there is more than a touch of inspiration in it.

And yet this may be just the De Mille pose again.

Who can tell? De Mille looks upon himself as the chosen director. To him has fallen the lot of filming a Biblical message. He—and he alone—is to bring comfort and education to millions. And this will be the De Mille message as he sees it:

De Mille's Fancied Message

YOU do not break the ten commandments; they break you. Moses' laws have been neglected through ignorance and pride and bigotry. The screen, via De Mille, will set people right.

De Mille says, in substance, that he started to film the ten commandments thinking of their dramatic possibilities but that he has come to realize his responsibilities.

He is—he says—awed to the heart. He believes that the Lord is with him.

In a flippant way he speaks of the remarkable run of "luck" he has had during the making of the picture—but he speaks of it. (Continued on page 95)

CThe film cutter goes unsung—but he wields a wicked pair of shears.

SURGEONS of the Screen

By Robert E. Sherwood

Drawing by Oscar Frederick Howard

T

HE average movie fan, in appraising a picture, thinks only in terms of directors, actors and, occasionally, continuity writers. They get the credit or blame—and deservedly, because they form the creative force which brings the picture into being.

However, there is an obscure, unromantic individual who plays a tremendously important part. He is called the "Cutter," and, although the public never gives him a second, or even a first thought, he often has the power to unmake the work of director, actor and continuity writer combined.

Deadly but Unimposing

T

HE cutter is usually an unimposing sort of person, unknown, unsung and utterly devoid of that glamour which surrounds his more celebrated colleagues. His name may appear on a film in connection with the art director, the assistant director, the camera-man, etc., but no one ever notices it; and when he travels, he never has to use an assumed name.

In spite of this, he wields a wicked pair of shears. Frequently, he saves a picture that would otherwise have been a total flop—or he ruins a film that actually possesses all the elements of triumphant success. Whatever he does, he is cordially hated and feared by everyone else in the studio—and totally ignored by everyone out of it.

The Duty of the Cutter

HE WORKS in a stuffy room surrounded by interminable strips of film, which he must reduce to a required length and piece together into a coherent whole. He must make sure that each episode is in its proper place, and that it is neither too long nor too short.

Before he is finished with his job, he finds that the film is twisted around his neck, is down his throat and in his ears, and has wound its celluloid tentacles about his very soul. His fingers are sticky

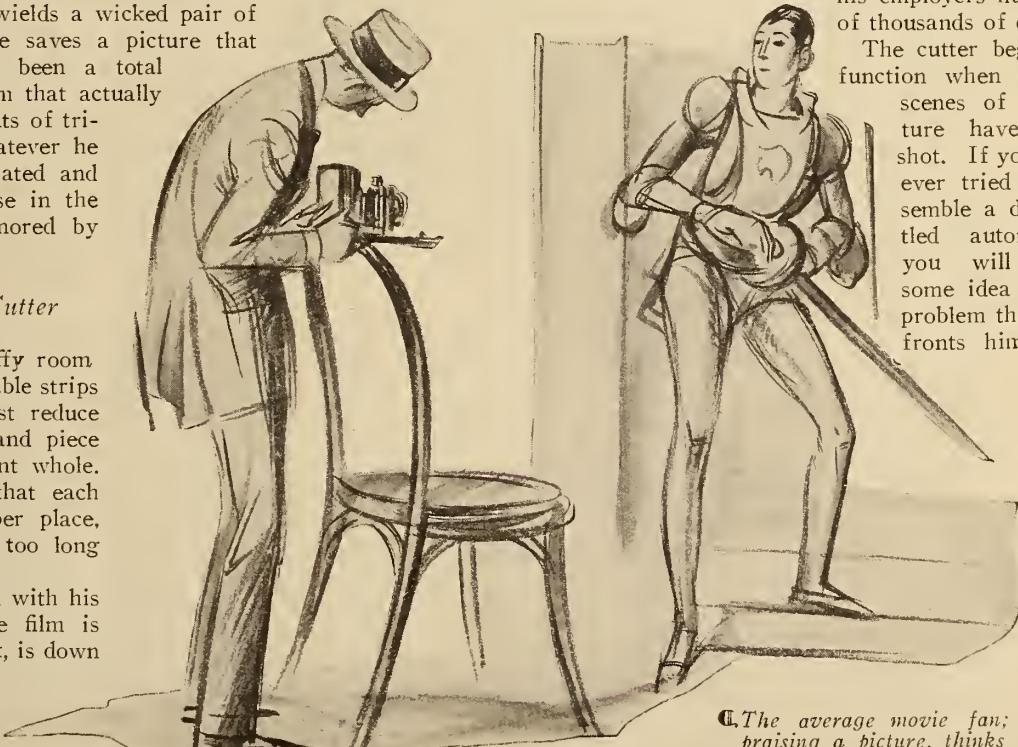


CMr. Sherwood, author of this article, has just cut "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." This scene, with Patsy Ruth Miller as Esmeralda and Eulalie Jensen as Marie, got by safely.

with the cement that is used to glue the patches together, and his eyesight is impaired by constant concentration on the millions of frames that he must scrutinize.

He can't even smoke at his work, because celluloid is inflammable—and a badly directed cigarette butt would cost his employers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The cutter begins to function when all the scenes of a picture have been shot. If you have ever tried to assemble a dismantled automobile, you will have some idea of the problem that confronts him. He



CThe average movie fan; in appraising a picture, thinks only of the actor. He completely forgets the lowly cutter.



Another scene from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* which escaped the scissors.

must put the thing together and make sure that it works.

Every big producing company has two relays of cutters—one at the studios in Hollywood, and another at the executive offices in New York. The second relay is always more powerful than the first, because it has the last crack at the pictures. Indeed, when a film is shipped from California to New York, it is apt to undergo changes so radical that those responsible for making it can recognize it only by the backgrounds used in the art titles.

Recently, I had an intimate glimpse of this strange phase of the great cinematographic art. I was invited by Universal to inspect the working print of their mammoth production of Victor Hugo's story, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

I had heard vague, disquieting rumors about this picture. Word had drifted east from the sleepy boulevards of Hollywood to the effect that *The Hunchback* was due for a flop. A cool million, or thereabouts, had been expended on it—and the results were not apparently worthy of the investment.

Cutting "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

HOWEVER, being a movie critic, I was only too glad to see the picture in advance. Imagine my surprise on finding that *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* possessed qualities of extraordinary merit. Just imagine it!

After the film was over, I was asked an opinion. I answered that, so far as I knew, it was a grand picture—but that the continuity didn't quite hang together and the subtitles were much too flowery.

"Can you undertake to remedy this for us?" was the next leading question.

This was a facer. A critic can usually express his opinions without being compelled to explain them. When he says a picture is rotten he isn't supposed to tell how it might be made good. If he could do that, he wouldn't be a critic.

But I was cornered, and I feebly admitted that I might try. So I became one of the army of cutters who were then engaged in editing *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Trimming Out a Fortune

IT WAS an interesting job. Here was a picture that had cost a great deal of money. It represented several months of

heroic work by its director, Wallace Worsley; by its actors, Lon Chaney, Ernest Torrence and the rest, and by all the other citizens of Universal City who had been striving to make it a success. It was a superhuman effort on their part—the best that they could give.

And yet here was I, and several others like me, called upon to censor the work of these determined laborers and whip it into form for popular consumption. It seemed like a bit of gross effrontery on my part to step in at the last minute and tamper with something that had been made by others with the sweat of their official brows.

However, I swallowed my scruples and went to work.

My colleagues in the cutting room were Hugo Riesenfeld, director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres in New York, and Max Fleischer, who creates the ingenious *Out of the Inkwell* animated cartoons.

Our first task was to decide, "What is wrong with this picture?" Each of us picked out the flaws that seemed to be most glaring, and then lumped the complaints together. When we had filed these reports, it looked very much as though there would be nothing left in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* except the Hunch.

What Happened in Cutting Room

WE THEN started to remedy the various defects as best we might. There were too many mob scenes, so these were cut to the bone. There were episodes that had no direct bearing on the story, so these were lopped out. There were characters overplayed, so these were trimmed. There were moments when the most important characters were allowed to drop out of sight, so the arrangement of sequences was altered in order that the distribution might be more even.

All through the picture, the tempo was peped up materially.

When this arduous task had been completed, we set to work on the sub-titles—and here was the most delicate problem of all. The original titles had been couched in the stilted phraseology of Victor Hugo's novel, so that the various characters were going around saying lines like, "Fie! I know thy reputation. Thou wouldst say as much to any maiden," and, "Think ye to take our Esmeralda for a plaything? Have done with her or I'll slit thy throat."

Cutting Slang of 1482

THESE flowery utterances had to be simplified, because many words and phrases that were considered good slang in 1482 are practically unknown to movie fans of the present day. Moreover, the titles weren't quite consistent. In some of them, the "Thee" and "Thou" form was used, while others were content with the everyday "You." And in one title, a lady of King Louis' court was forced to utter the word "Cute."

The result was that, out of 199 titles, only five remained unchanged. The rest were either re-worded and boiled down, or were completely altered to fit the continuity as it had been revised in the cutting process.

Thus is a strange situation brought about. Dr. Riesenfeld, Max Fleischer and myself revised *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* to suit our own ideas—although we actually had nothing to do with its preparation, and we shall receive no credit or blame for its success or failure. (Continued on page 94)

VON STROHEIM

We Hand

I it to
You!



So much has been written about *Merry-Go-Round*, the Universal production started by Eric Von Stroheim and finished by Rupert Julian, that SCREENLAND has investigated carefully the making of the picture.

To the observing, this story of decadent Vienna has the imprint of the Von Stroheim hand everywhere. Yet, following the New York premier, Julian announced in advertisements that the final print had in it but 600 feet of Von Stroheim's original and that he (Julian) had actually changed the various characters. In other words, he essentially claimed *Merry-Go-Round* as his own.

The actual truth about *Merry-Go-Round* is:

Facts about *Merry-Go-Round*

THAT Von Stroheim wrote and worked out all the details of the story, although Harvey Gates was later called in by Universal to condense and cut the script for Julian.

That all the research and details were developed by Von Stroheim.

That the costumes were selected and ordered by him.

That the essential properties, including the emperor's carriage, were imported at Von Stroheim's direction.

That all the real sets of the picture were built under Von Stroheim's eye.

That the cast was selected by Von Stroheim. Mary Philbin was a Von Stroheim discovery. The director himself wanted to play the count but, when Universal insisted that he confine himself to directing, he gave way and selected Norman Kerry.

That Von Stroheim actually "shot" on the picture for about five weeks.

CWho really was responsible for the unusual qualities of "*Merry-Go-Round*"—Von Stroheim or Julian?

CThis question is answered for the first time here.

Then the break came between Von Stroheim and Universal—and Julian entered upon the scene. If you have seen *Merry-Go-Round* in its present form you will be interested to know just how Von Stroheim's original story worked out.

The present version follows the Von Stroheim original fairly closely up to the point where the count, rehabilitated in the spiritual stress of the war, returns to Vienna and its amusement park, the Prater. This scene was to have taken place in mid-winter, with the various concessions encrusted in heavy snow. Here the count and Agnes Urban, the little player of the merry-go-round hurdy gurdy, were to meet—and the officer was to learn that the girl, during the war, had promised to marry the faithful hunchback.

From behind a bush banked with ice and snow the hunchback was to overhear all this—and to realize that the girl loved the officer.

How the Tragedy Ended

THE camera was to follow the girl as she parted from her lover and then to swing back to the bush, as a tiny spiral of smoke ascended from its snowy branches.

(Continued on page 100)

Adventuring among the STARS

SOONER or later everybody who writes about other people in the form of interviews is asked to write about himself and his own reactions to these interviews. Old Boswell probably started it but there was Elbert Hubbard, who called his memories "Little Journeys to the Great," and there was Isaac Marcosson, the demon interviewer; and Samuel Blythe, all of whom have recorded their reactions. So now we are invited to do the same thing. This is our first offence. Once before an editor said to us, "How would you like to write about the people you have interviewed?" And we, all enthusiastic, began to outline our story; only our sense of humor got the better of our discretion and we told him what the people were really like. "And when she pretended she was French, and said, 'I cannot sink how you say eet in Engleesh,' I longed to reply, 'Well, say it the way they say it in Cincinnati, I can understand that.'" But I didn't give the retort courteous.

Meeting the Screen Celebrities

"How shall I write about my interviews with celebrities?" we asked the editor. "Write about your views of celebrities and what you didn't say to them," he replied brightly.

So, when the story was finished, the editor used it but he left out the names and substituted "a certain actress" or "a well-known actor," instead. This will be our first record of adventures in interviewing and maybe when this appears the editor will have substituted "Mr. X" or "Miss Blank" for the names which we are about to write on this virgin sheet. It all depends on how indiscreet we become.

Chances de Likes Pola Negri
Rochere, says Best
Miss Underhill,
is the most attractive of our leading men. He
is here shown as Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments."

POLA NEGRI we like the best of all the women we have interviewed, though we have an idea it wouldn't be any fun being her secretary



DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

CThe famous screen writer tells what she really thinks of the celluloid luminaries—and what they really said to her when she met them.

By Harriette Underhill

or companion. We do not understand German but when we were having luncheon with the Polish star in her dressing room over at the Famous studio we didn't care at all for the way she said "Raus!" to her secretary when she inadvertently came into the room. Pola is brilliant, perhaps arrogant, and amazingly witty.

When she came to America a year ago, she



Miss Underhill admires Pola Negri more than any feminine star she ever met—and she explains why the Polish star likes being unpopular.



Alice Terry is utterly unlike the "Alice Ben Bolt" type you expect. She is baffling—with a rapier-like wit.

also speaks and understands American in all its forms.

"I can say everything in your language excepting 'Waurel leath,'" she announced one night when we were dining with her and with Charlie Chaplin. "What is a waurel leath?" we inquired for everything that Pola says is interesting. "It's a thing you wear on your head when you have done something great!" "She means laurel wreath," explained Charlie. "Yes," she agreed, "waurel leath."

Why Pola Is Ostracized

POLA didn't like the climate nor anything else in Hollywood and she didn't care for the dinky little restaurants where the man whose face is "vaguely familiar but you can't place it" turns out to be the soda clerk at the corner drug store; and the lady in

pink cheese cloth dancing with him who was described by her partner as "a big movie star" is identified as one of the mob in Eric Von Stroheim's new picture.

As we were saying, these simple pleasures did not appeal to Pola; so Pola was frowned on. Nobody approved of her; she was ostracized—and it annoyed (Continued on page 103)



The BEST LOVERS *of the Screen as* Peggy Joyce sees them

By Helen Laurier

WHO are the best lovers on the screen?

I put the question to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, professed connoisseur of the art of lovemaking, and was surprised to discover that—

She found nothing thrilling in Rodolph Valentino as a Romeo.

But she did award the honors for celluloid lovemaking to William Haines, the juvenile lover in *Three Wise Fools*. Since Mr. Haines is essentially unknown, he should step forward to make a bow.

She awards second honors to Ralph Graves, now playing opposite Marion Davies.

Only Gloria Knows How to Kiss

AS FOR the women, says Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Gloria Swanson is the only one who knows how to kiss—and how to demonstrate on celluloid that she does.

Here's how she explains it.

It actually isn't the kiss itself that counts.

"It's really all in getting up to the kiss," Peggy explains. "Technique is what I believe in. The way a lover looks at you and works into it—that's what is important. And the way he uses his arms. . . .

The Most Marvelous Kiss

“THE most marvelous kiss I've ever seen, the most wonderful kiss I ever hope to see, is the one given by Bill Haines in *Three Wise Fools*. He puts Rudie in the amateur try-outs. That kid just grabbed the girl and kissed her . . . kissed her as any young flapper longs to be kissed. Yes, even as I would like to be kissed.

"I was only in the audience, but I felt that kiss—felt it all through me. It was the kiss I've wanted all my life! Oh, dear! And that little ingenue got it. Such a waste!"

"I don't know

*"It isn't the kiss itself that counts," says Peggy Hopkins Joyce.
"It's really all in the getting up to the kiss.
Technique is what I believe in."*

CPeggy Joyce's list of the only screen players who know how to make love:

William Haines

Ralph Graves

Lionel Barrymore

Gloria Swanson

why it is, but I've remembered that kiss and nothing in real life has ever come up to it.

No Thrill from Rudie

“You know, Rudie would be all right as a lover—if I didn't know him! But he looks on the screen as though he didn't register more than 98 degrees normal when he's kissing—to me anyway. There's no thrill in watching him kiss!

"Gloria Swanson, now, is the girl who knows how to kiss and the only one who does. In a kiss, she's, she's so voluptuous . . . why, she's perfect! Most screen stars think that if their lips meet for a certain length of time and with a fair amount of force—that that's a kiss! They don't know that they have bodies and souls. Gloria Swanson does and she makes you know that she feels the kiss all through her. It isn't just acting.

Pola Doesn't Feel Her Kisses

“THAT'S what Pola Negri does—just acts—acts as though she were being kissed! Isn't it silly though? Not

to be able to kiss? But really she never did—except in that one picture, *Passion*. In her other pictures she looks as though kissing meant eating ice cream. Something cooling and refreshing! Most people think she is the great screen vamp, because she's foreign and foreigners are supposed to be passionate and skilled in kissing, but Pola Negri can take lessons from Gloria all right.

"Movies affect me so deeply! I went to see *Enemies of Women* and I cried like a child all through it . . . just like a child! Plays never move me. They are so boring. No play has ever moved me like *Enemies of Women*. It was splendid. I sobbed even after the picture was over. But then Lionel Barrymore is so wonderful! He's my ideal! If you've ever seen him in a picture, you know that he's one man in a million—one who knows how to make love! But what did he have to get married for? There's no good in my thinking about him now.

He's caught! Foolish, foolish man! Lionel is so wonderful. A star should never marry.

(Cont'd on p. 93)

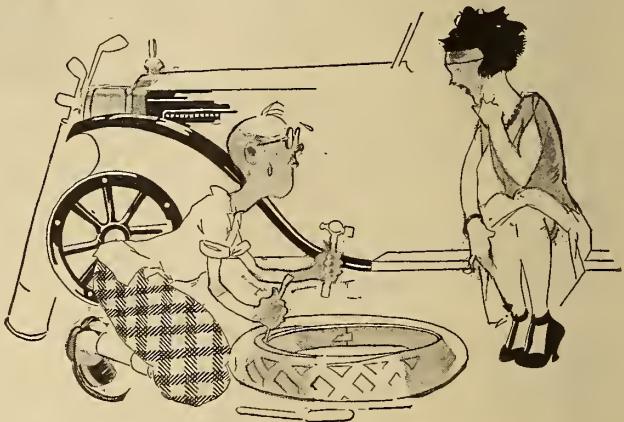


CRalph Graves, one of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's selections as a near-perfect lover, as he will appear in *Yolanda* with Marion Davies.



When Phyllis becomes a screen star she will positively not awaken before 11 a. m., at which time she will summon her chariot.

With her line of chatter, Phyllis feels sure she could get the hardest crusted director even to change a shoe on her runabout.

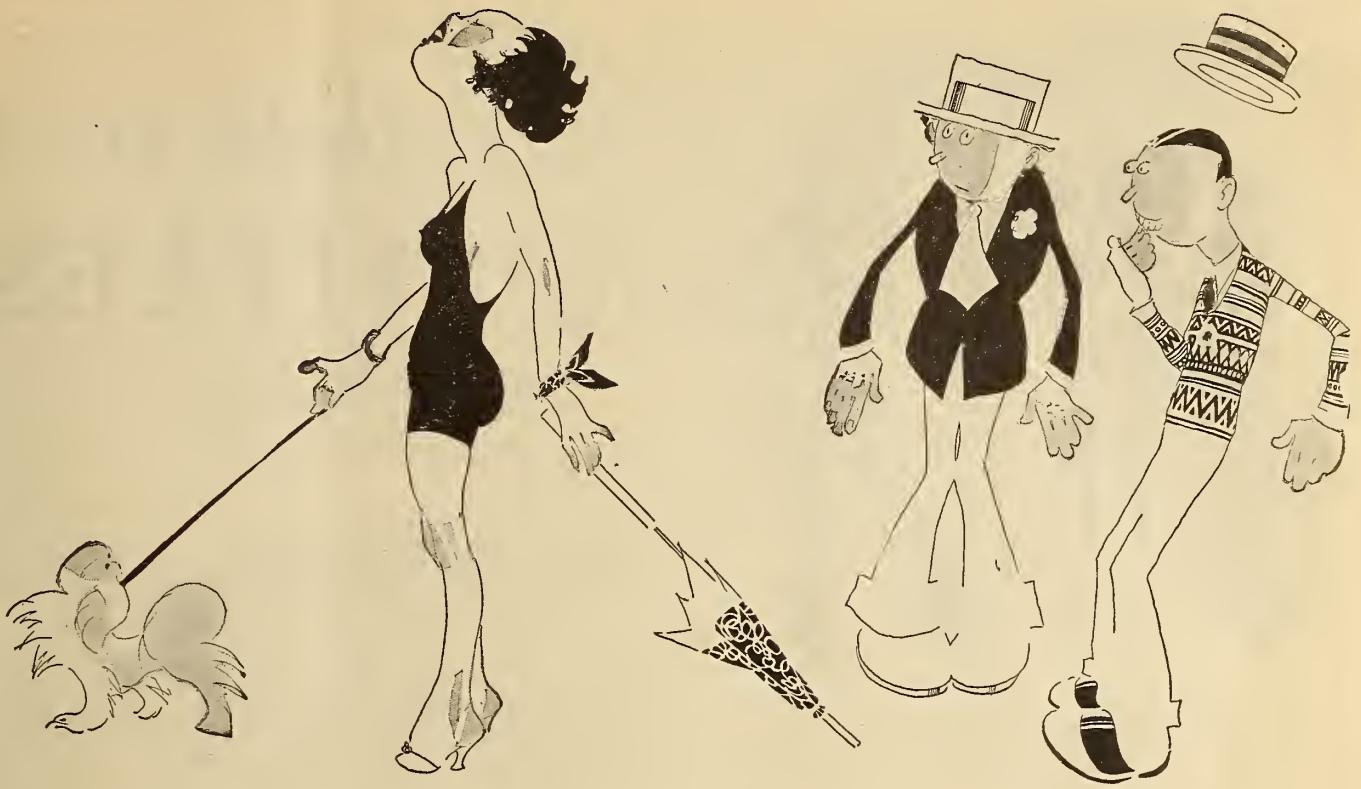


The way Phyllis would do a necking scene with the male star beggars description.



The Adventures of Phyllis

By John Held, Jr.

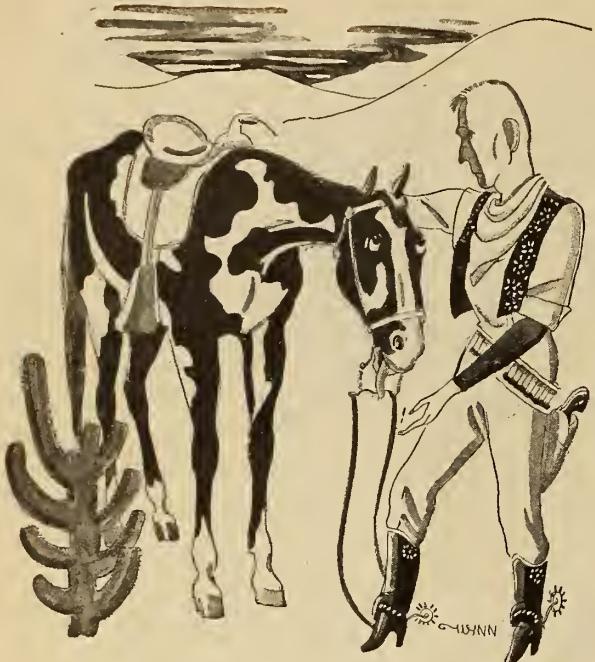


Phyllis feels sure that she could knock them for a loop in an educational film.

CENSORED

And, as for the final fade-out, wow!





The red-blooded drama—"Pinto, you an' me has travelled a long ways together, but I'm gamblin' on you to beat the posse once more."

THE more we think about it, the more we are convinced that the film of the future will be the film which depends solely upon titles and discards the antiquated idea that scenes mean anything. The theory has often been advanced that titles are unnecessary, but we believe it is the other way around. To the audience of intelligence, titles alone could tell the story—especially if you have ever been to the movies before. Here, then, are a few examples of what we may expect if we carry any weight at all in the industry.

The Redeeming Passion

OUT in the cactus country, where Man is alone with his Maker—and his Horse.

"Pinto, you an' me has travelled a long ways together, but I'm gamblin' on you to beat the posse once more."

"I'se losted."

"Pinto, 'pear like as if this little shaver is lost 'way out yere."

"I want my muvver."

"Pinto, we got to find her, if we hang for it."

A mother's anxious heart.

"My Baby!"

"Wal, Lady, me an' Pinto'll be hittin' the long, long trail agin now."

"Stranger, I haven't thanked you."

"Big mans stay."

Came, into a lawless heart, love, and the peace of a greater understanding.

Fate shuffles the cards.

The Sheriff's man-hounds seek their prey.

"Ma'am, have you seen a man on a pinto pass here?"

"God help me, no."

"Little Lady, you did this—you lied—for me!"

"You brought me back

Tell it with TITLES

By Delight Evans

Illustrated by Wynn

my baby. You brought me—love."
And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.

For her Sister's Sake, or The Higher Love

THERE are loves, and loves. But what is the love of man for maid, compared with the love of sister for sister?

Such a love did Guinevere Gluck bear her Little Sister. All-enduring, all-sacrificing, all-everything—

"Little Sister, you're not going out, alone?"

"Don't try to stop me."

"She dropped this note! 'Darling. Come to me and we will go away together. Be at my apartment tonight at eleven, without fail. Harry.'

"The beast! I must save her."

Innocent as a newborn babe, Little Sister walks into the spider's web.

The moth and the flame.

"Ah—you are wonderful tonight."

"No, no."

"Suki, I will not need you; you may go."

"No, no."

"You are mine, all mine."

"Stop!"

"Who's there?"

"I have come to take my Little Sister home."



The Sahara Stuff—
"Germaine, clothe
madame in the gar-
ments of the east,
toute suite."

Why bother about motion picture scenes, when the subtitles tell the story?

"Keep out of this."

"It is my sacred right to protect this fragile, fragrant flower from beasts like you. Come, dear."

"Let me in—let me in, I say."

"My God, it's Al. Hide, Little Sister, hide."

"What, you here? You, with this man?"

"Please trust me. I can explain."

"You have shattered my faith in womanhood. I thought you were all that is good and lovely. I never want to see you again."

"Stop! She did it for me. I came here, alone—"

"Guin, can you ever forgive me?"

"You have hurt me deeply, but perhaps—some day—"

Time, the Great Healer, moves relentlessly on, and on, and on—

And in a little garden, far from the tinsel and glitter of cities, two hearts meet and beat again, even as in days of old.

The Sheik's Revenge

DAFFINE DARE, a beautiful American girl, in whom all the graces of the new world are mingled, with a few of the old—



The Feud Film—*The mountain sun, blood-red, sets on a bigger, cleaner world.*



The Society Melodrama—"I have come to take my little sister home."

Abram il Ibid, sheik of Araby—man of many fires
—the east, incarnate—

"That woman, there—get her for me."

The wilful girl leaves her party far behind.

"It will do you no good to scream. I am master here."

"Beast!"

"Germaine, clothe madame in the garments of the east, toute suite."

"It will do you no good to scream." *****

"Only a beast would have brought me here."

"In the desert there is no law."

Thus a new life begins for the girl.

"Have you no pity?"

"Not for my slaves." *****

Next day.

Amidst the trappings of that exotic, languorous, sinuous tent, like a breath of clean, sweet air Daphne finds—a Harvard pennant.

"What does this mean?"

"I am all-American—on my mother's side. I was stroke oar of my crew."

"My sheik—my hero!"

And then Dawn came.

Why Women Weep

LIKE some fair flower blooming in desert places, so Jess Jackson grew to womanhood among the mountaineers.

A feud that had wiped out with its bloody hand all but the last surviving members of the Jackson and Taylor clans.

Love, stronger than feuds, stronger than death, stronger than onions, finds a way, as Love will.

Jim Taylor tells Jess Jackson the old, old story.

More of a beast than a man, Jack Jackson learns his cousin's secret.

"Uncle, Jess is meetin' that (Continued on page 79)

***** Except in Ohio
***** Except in Pennsylvania



The TRAGEDY of Mary Miles Minter

By Helen Lee

It's nothing exactly to cry over—the tragedy of Mary Miles Minter. Thousands of children get a rougher deal. And it's nothing exactly to laugh about, either, because it isn't a pretty story no matter how you look at it.

It's just a story of Mary's fight with her Ma and it is one of the most sordid tales ever dragged before an eager public. It involves a million dollars, several divorce suits and one murder. Parts of it sound like a scenario and you can almost hear the clicking of the camera.

A Murder and a Million

"I AM not Mary Miles Minter," shrieks the star, hysterically, "I am not a pretty, doll-faced girl. My name is Juliet O'Reilly and my mother owes me a million dollars."

On the other hand comes a moan from Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, the lady who is said to have collected and kept all Mary's earnings.

"She is just a poor misguided, ill-advised girl," sobs the mother. "If she comes home, all will be forgiven."

From down in Texas comes a faint rumble from the husband and father, from the humble worker who says he is Mary's dad.



CThe story of the screen child who wasn't allowed to grow up—until a murder lifted her from stunted youth to dazed womanhood.

"She isn't twenty-one—she's thirty," growls Father, "I'm her dad and I ought to know."

The story begins almost twenty years ago when Dustin Farnum appeared in a vaudeville act called *The Littlest Rebel*. Among those present in the cast was little Juliet Shelby, a blonde, curly-headed roseleaf child with a watchful Ma who collected her salary.

A Typical Stage Child

SHE looked cute and she could act a little—after the fashion of small children and trained dogs. She was the pet of the company and the delight of the audiences. Like many stage children, she was educated on the run.

The Days of "The Littlest Rebel"

“THE LITTLEST REBEL" was made into a full length play and Juliet Shelby went on the stage with it. She was a big factor in its success.

Along about that time, the movies were offering easy money to blonde children who could smile pretty at the camera. Several years before another little girl named Mary Pickford had left the stage and walked into a fortune in the studios. Mary Pickford, too, had a watchful Ma.

In those days, a Mary Pickford was a type that could be created by an ambitious mother with peroxide and a curling iron. There was big money in it.

Mary's First Picture

ONE of Mary Pickford's first managers was Daniel Frohman. Daniel had a brother named Gus who was a movie manager. It was a coincidence that Juliet Shelby, outfitted with the triple-barrelled name of Mary Miles Minter, should make her movie debut under the management of Gus, the least famous of the Frohman family.

The name of the picture was *The Fairy and the Waif*. The new Mary had a glittering and golden personality. She looked like a child out of a story book come to life. Her face had everything to be found in the face of the other Mary except character.

Among the players in *The Fairy and the Waif* was a young actress just back from a road tour named June Mathis. Because she had nothing to recommend her except brains Miss Mathis played a small part.

The little girl of *The Fairy and the Waif* made a great hit. The young Mary knew that the days of running around to agents' offices to look for work were



CMary Miles Minter is talking now in terms of a scenar'o—with its hokum love and melodrama.



CMary Miles Minter, according to her father, is thirty. She tried to make the step from rose and gold doll roles after the Taylor murder case had startled the public and she even tried something of the vamp character. But she slipped from the screen.



C. One of the last pictures taken of Mary Miles Minter and her mother, who have been separated by a bitter quarrel.

over. Mrs Charlotte Shelby didn't have to be told twice that she had been handed an oil well, a block of Standard Oil stock and the Russian Crown Jewels.

Mama with the Brains

But it takes the brains of a promoter to push a profitable opportunity. Mrs. Shelby had the brains. Mary was a child, not yet of age, and she couldn't have guided her own destinies.

At that time Paramount wasn't looking for another Mary Pickford. It had the original under contract. Opportunities for big money were more limited than they are now. But the American Film Company did have a new bank-roll to spend and Mrs. Shelby showed them one way of spending it.

Dolls and Golden Curls

THE press agents turned loose on Mary Miles Minter. She was just a child, still playing with dolls. Just a pink and white and gold little girl. Just a carefully guarded little rich girl, with plenty of chaperones and private tutors.

Mary lived in Santa Barbara, away from the Hollywood movie colony. So far as the world knew, the birds and flowers were her only playmates, just as the subtitles said

39

about her in her pictures. But there were young men around Santa Barbara who wanted to ask Mary to dances and there was James Kirkwood, her director, who found her attractive.

Those around the studio knew that Mary sometimes kicked up a fuss at home. But the queen of the family and the master mind of the home was still Ma.

Santa Barbara was a pretty place to live but there is no denying the fact that the American was no longer a wealthy and prominent firm. Mrs. Shelby decided she had picked the wrong pay envelope. Amid threatened lawsuits, she withdrew.

"The Second Mary Pickford"

METRO was expanding in the field and decided it couldn't get along without a second Mary Pickford. Although Mary Miles Minter had never done anything more strenuous before the camera than shake her curls, Mrs. Shelby bagged an excellent contract for her little daughter.

The youthful Mary still went on playing the pretty child and the charming innocent. Life was all sugar—before the camera. Sister Margaret Shelby, who had acted a little, stopped work. Grandma, who could handle Mary, became prominent in the household.

Some of Mary's emotional gifts, suppressed before the camera, began to assert themselves in real life.

Too Young for Beaux

IT WAS a strange life. She had few friends. She wasn't encouraged to cultivate people. She had few suitors. She was supposed to be too young to have beaux. She had to battle against plumpness. It was just one sweet picture after another in the studio. But it was no sweets in real life.

The film executives who met Mary in business conferences had many kind things to say about her. The poor kid sometimes wanted to break loose. She wanted to say things, but she didn't know how. Like most stage children, she was rather patient and docile. But there were misunderstandings with her mother and tearful flights to her grandmother.

Ma Knew What She Wanted

TO GIVE Mrs. Shelby her due, she knew what she wanted and she knew how to get it. She was out to beat the world. She was out to capture Mary Pickford's crown.

Mary Pickford left Paramount and Adolph Zukor was the third movie magnate who was looking for another Pickford. Mrs. Shelby's chance had come. The contract with Adolph Zukor was a masterpiece. The sum total of its terms was that the company was to pay Mary Miles Minter \$1,300,000 in return for which a plump, blonde pretty girl agreed to allow the cameras to shoot at her while she was romping about some scenery.

Nobody has ever been able to say positively that Mary can act. Mr. Zukor never thought (*Continued on page 99*)



JULANNE JOHNSTON
by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



MILDRED HARRIS
by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

From A.M. to P.M.

in NEW YORK

Morning (But still the night before)

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5:15 | Breakfast at Childs'. | 9:01 | Lady asks man in box-office if he hasn't two good seats in third row centre that night for "Rain." |
| 5:45 | 5,568 persons decide that this life doesn't get you anywhere. | 9:30 | Man from Xenia, Ohio, tells waiter that \$2.00 is too much for any breakfast ever cooked. |
| 6:30 | Flapper explains to mother that the car broke down and she tried to telephone, etc. | 10:00 | Six steamers sail for Europe loaded with actresses seeking Paris divorces. |
| 6:15 | Janitor decides it is too early to turn on the heat. | 10:27 | Chorus girl breaks early morning appointment with dressmaker. |
| 6:30 | Mayor Hylan leaves for work at City Hall. | 10:30 | First actor sighted on Broadway. |
| 6:31 | Chorus girl leaves for work at Long Island studio. | 10:46 | Dumb waiter in Bronx falls, crushing iceman. |
| 6:45 | First taxi driver of day yells "Can't you look where you're going?" | 10:58 | Newspapers appear with full account of accident in larger type than President's speech. |
| 7:01 | First broken leg of day in subway. | 11:00 | 567 breach-of-promise suits filed. |
| 7:15 | First phonograph is heard in Bronx apartment house court. | 11:25 | Chorus girl purchases Park Avenue apartment. |
| 8:00 | Movie stars leave for Fort Lee in evening clothes. | 11:30 | Movie actress, on arriving from Europe, tells reporters that she is not going to marry the Prince of Wales. |
| 8:30 | 5,789,402 griddle cakes ordered. | 11:45 | Mayor Hylan calls somebody a crook. |
| 9:00 | Movie star reads criticism in morning paper and tries to jump out of window. | | |

Noon

- | | | | |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 12:00 | Luncheon time for office boys. | 1:30 | Movie magnates at Biltmore decide that exhibitors are making too much money. |
| 12:15 | Traffic delayed in Times Square when man loses a nickel in subway grating. | 1:32 | 7,689 girls say "Sorry I kept you waiting." |
| 12:30 | 6,789,245 malted milks consumed in neighborhood of Wall Street. | 1:45 | Reformation of American drama at Hotel Algonquin. |
| 12:45 | Somebody drops an idea in lobby of Hotel Algonquin. | 1:47 | Exhibitors at Hotel Astor decide movie magnates are making too much money. |
| 12:47 | Somebody else sells the idea to scenario editor. | 1:50 | 8,907 men tell sympathetic girls that their wives don't understand them. |
| 1:00 | 4,789,673 busy men announce that they won't be back until half-past three. | 2:15 | 1,890,567 men say "Lemme pay the check," all the time keeping their hands in their pockets. |
| 1:15 | Head waiter at Ritz collapses from strain. | 2:30 | First new film company of day formed to "give public better pictures and a square deal to exhibitors." |
| 1:17 | 1,678 stenographers get free lunch at Cafe Savarin. | | |

Afternoon

- | | | | |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3:00 | 215 chorus girls telephone 215 girl friends to ask them how they feel after last night. | 4:30 | 789 actors remember when you could get a good glass of beer for a nickel. |
| 3:15 | Scenario editor tells Broadway playwright that he won't pay a cent over \$100,000. | 5:00 | Cocktail time in every refined home. |
| 3:31 | Dresses that were worth \$75 in morning now reduced to \$17.50. | 5:15 | A woman discovers her husband at tea at Sherry's with a strange vamp. |
| 3:45 | Mayor Hylan says he is the friend of the common people. | 5:17 | The scandal is all over town. |
| 4:00 | Star in Long Island studio asks director who he thinks he is talking to, anyway? | 5:30 | It is unanimously agreed that something ought to be done about the subways. |

(Continued on page 89)



WAGES of REALISM

By

H. B. K. WILLIS

CThe hospital at Camp Cecil B. De Mille during the filming of "The Ten Commandments." Here a captain of the medical corps presided with three assistants.

"**M**ORITURI te salutamus!" cried the gladiators of Rome to Caesar, centuries ago, before their blood stained the sand of the Colosseum arena in furnishing thrills for patricians and plebeians. The names of but a few of the countless victims of net and trident, of wild beasts, of the swords of their antagonists have come down to us.

Risking Life and Limb

"**W**e who are about to die salute you!" grisly greeting though it is, has not been the privilege of latter day gladiatorial prototypes, motion picture actors, named and unnamed, whose lives have been suddenly snuffed out in furnishing thrills for the silver screen. The names of but a few of the many victims of cinema catastrophes, of wild beasts, of directorial mistakes have come down even the decade and a half which spans the ascendancy of the cinematographic art.

Life, limb and the pursuit of happiness are of secondary importance to the anonymous hundreds, nay, thousands, who, for a pittance, risk payment of the wages of realism,—death, invalidism and disfigurement, so that you, sitting securely and safely in a comfortable theatre chair, may experience the thrill of a cavalry charge, the terror of a flood or the fury of a mob, without danger, by envisioning them on a silver screen.

Blithely the actors of screendom waive their liabilities for injuries incurred in a sensational shot recorded on celluloid at the order of a director full of the virus of realism. They gaily cast their lives into the balance for a five dollar check.

With hope in their heart screen realists send hundreds of lives into jeopardy. If luck smiles and but arnica is needed to allay the injuries of the hurt participants, another cinema triumph has been achieved. It is broadcast to the world. If fortune frowns and doctors, nurses and undertakers are required, motion picture producers usurp the safeguard of surgeons. They bury their mistakes.

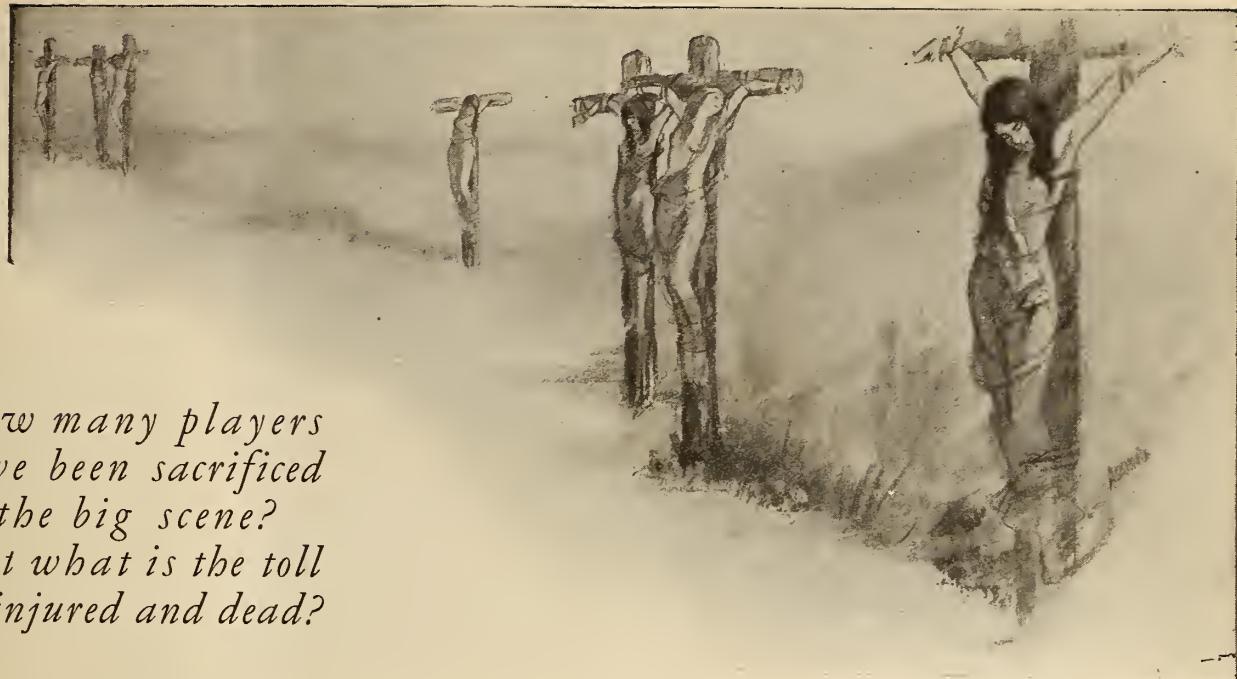
Chariot Charge That Went Wrong

THE other day I sought information of a mob scene that went wrong. The cinema gentleman was cordial in his greeting.

"They tell me," I said, "that in making



CThe sensational chariot charge in "The Ten Commandments." Note the overturned and broken chariots—the toll of film realism.



Q How many players have been sacrificed to the big scene? Just what is the toll in injured and dead?

that chariot charge, in So-and-So's picture, which ends in a melee of plunging horses, trampled men and shattered equipage, Mr. So-and-So ordered the axles sawed almost in two so a realistic 'spill' would be evolved."

"I cannot understand how such a canard could be foisted upon you," he answered. His smile congealed. Pain, grief at my gullibility was limned on his face.

Hospitals on Location

THE script called for a chariot charge. Everybody got all messed-up but fortunately but one man was injured, a broken leg.

"We protect our players in every conceivable way. We make things as safe as possible. The exhibitors demand thrills. We supply 'em but we take care of our people.

"Why, we had a hospital and a corps of doctors and nurses on that location!" he concluded indignantly. The reader can draw his own conclusions.

Broken Leg for Charioteer

THE newspapers, at the time, printed a story of the charge, telling of the man's broken leg.

"After eighteen years of anonymity as an extra, Michael Moon, 48 years old, by dint of his nerve, as the driver of a chariot in a thrilling charge, breaks into public notice, etc., etc.," was the tag on which the name of the production was hung in this instance. Moon is not the

name. Oblivion has engulfed him and his fracture once more.

The publicity man who fathered the story received no praise but only a reprimand for his pains for

C. In the filming of "Auction of Souls" extra girls were kept lashed to crosses through a hot California day and into the cold night. As a result pneumonia took its toll.

the high gods of the cinema relish not news of this character. It is not considered *comme il faut* to speak of killings, woundings and maimings resulting from picture-making, in their presence. Such conversation is strictly and definitely "out."

Chariots with Sawed Axles

THE canard of the chariot axles which had known the toil of the sawyers was not such a canard after all. Vide the words of an eye-witness:

"Those chariots were the flimsiest things I ever saw, light, cheap material thrown together almost as substantially as if they had used safety-pins. They had worked on the axles with saws so they'd get the spills they wanted."

Producers are torn between the demands of exhibitors and the desires of extras in regard to realism. The crop of exhibitors is fairly constant, so many hundred hardy perennials. The crop of extras is so large as to drug the market. Thousands compose it. When one falls in the harvest of realism, hundreds leap to take his place. The producers pay one for the pay of the

C. When you sit in your comfortable theater chair, do you stop to think what has happened in the making of the celluloid thrills?

C. How many screen players have actually placed their lives in the balance—and how many have lost?

C. To make a recent chariot charge it is alleged that the axles of many of the flimsy wheels were partly sawed. The result was a startling melee of plunging horses and trampled men.

C. Many extras were injured when the horses stampeded during the filming of a big recent circus tent fire scene. But it meant a spectacular scene.

C. An extra girl's back was broken recently when she was tossed into a howling mob of extras. But it meant a tiny thrill for the jaded.

C. Who is at fault? The producer, the exhibitor or the audience? Are YOU to blame?



C.The mob scenes of Ingram's "Scaramouche" resulted in many burns for the extras posing as revolutionists. These burns came from the flares used to light the "reign of terror" moments.

other. Unless the exhibitors pay, the studios are quiet and the extras are jobless. Exhibitors are essential; extras, even actors honored with a name in the caste of characters, expendable.

The Harvest of Realism

THE public demands thrills. Box-office returns show it. The returns are the yard-stick which measure a film in the mind of those who exploit it. The more thrills; the more returns. It is axiomatic. The more returns; more exhibitorial commendation. Also an axiom. Hence when chided for conceding the cruel wages of realism in thrill-canning, the producers shrug their shoulders; eliminate the middlemen from explanations and blame it on the public, always inarticulate as to alibis. But it must not be gathered that producers are callous in regard to the life-toll of picture-making. Far from it. They feel it keenly. So keenly in fact that they cannot bring themselves to talk of it. Hence they are silent. Or when silence is impossible they drag in the scapegoat of trick photography. Glibly they invent and cunningly they contrive explanations how perilous scenes were shot without a single life being imperiled.

"No, sirree! Not us! We take care of our people."

When "their people" are killed

C.When Allan Holubar filmed "Men, Women and Marriage" the usual quota of injuries resulted in the filming of a charge of Amazons in the flashback episode.

or injured under circumstances which threaten an investigation, cinema coffers open to muffle grief, invalidism and pain with a blanket of banknotes. Plenty of money provides perfect protection but somehow tales of major and minor disasters keep seeping through the dikes they have built with dollars.

In the filming of *Bluebird's Eighth Wife* at DelMonte last winter, a plane crashed, killing two men. Press dispatches stated the plane was used in the picture. This was denied by studio officials.

The Tragedy of Locklear

TWO years ago Omar Locklear, intrepid daredevil of the skies, lost his life before the eyes of Viola Dana, his as-

serted sweetheart, as the result of a mid-air crash at night between two planes as the unfortunate sequel to an effort to put punch in a Fox picture.

Not long ago on a local lot a wind-machine killed an unfortunate. The whirling propeller chopped him to pieces. Another lost an arm in a similar manner more recently.

Harold Lloyd had two fingers blown off by a comedy smoke-bomb in a premature explosion which proved tragic. This while posing for a "still" picture.

Extra Girl's Back Broken

THE making of a super-feature required that a girl be thrown to a howling mob. She suffered a broken back.

Many actors have been torn by wild animals. A gorilla, used in the making of *Merry-Go-Round*, developed an



antipathy toward one of the actors and nearly crushed him. Eleanor Boardman was bitten by a camel.

A double in a Goldwyn picture was required to make a motorcycle skid into a sandpit. He did; fracturing both legs. They ran to give him aid but he waved them back and motioned to the cameramen to continue grinding.

Continuity once required that Helene Chadwick be grabbed by a husky, a la mail-sack, from a railroad station platform aboard a train, traveling at a 35 miles an hour clip. Her contusions were recorded.

"Crucified" Extra Girls

WHEN Colonel Selig made *Auction of Souls*, a propaganda picture in behalf of Armenian relief work, here several years ago, the script called for a crucifixion of a number of Armenian girls. Extra girls were substituted, of course, and were lashed, nearly nude, to crosses. They endured the blistering California noon-day sun and the chill twilight. When cut down, the sequence completed, exposure and exhaustion took their toll. Several developed pneumonia.

One of the most recent joustings with death with a thrill as the prize, no matter the outcome, narrowly missed taking the life of a beautiful screen star.

Joan Lowell, star in an Associated Authors production, tilted with fate and escaped with serious injury, I am informed from reliable sources.

The scene required Miss Lowell, clutching a child in her



¶ In making "Souls For Sale," Rupert Hughes staged a circus tent fire in which a number of extras were hurt when the horses stampeded.

arms, to flee from pursuers, intent on her life, along the edge of cliff, bordering the sea.

A rope or a cable was stretched across her path.

The action called for her to look back at those, from whom she was trying to escape, as she ran and not glimpse the obstacle. It was to trip her and she was to plunge over the precipice.

Tripped on Cliff Edge

SHE obeyed her director. She was picked up unconscious after her fall.

Her gameness was lauded. It took courage to risk beauty and perhaps life itself for the sake of the picture. So it was said.

But to some it was foolhardy; just sinister fencing with fate, inexorable fate which is not often cheated.

Burning a Circus Tent

THIS spring Rupert Hughes, making *Souls for Sale* for Goldwyn on the local lot, burned down a circus tent which held a horde of extras as spectators as well as the customary dummies which double for humans in such crowd shots. The canvas crackled and roared. Flames licked hungrily at the oil-soaked fabric and cordage and lit up the midnight sky with an ominous glow.

The extras emoted, knowing full well what was expected of them but to the circus horses on the set the conflagration was realistic and terrifying. They stampeded. More than three score extras were hurt badly (Continued on p. 101)



¶ An interesting snapshot of some of the Amazon extras used by Holubar in "Men, Women and Marriage." This was taken just before the charge in which many were hurt.

Illustrated by
John Held, Jr.



ONCE upon a time there were two young fellers in search of Perfection in Screen Art. They were earnest students of the movies and wanted to see the Eighth Blunder of the World ease itself into better and finer things. The first young man, whom we shall call Egbert because his name wasn't that, believed everything Griffith, De Mille and Ingram said about themselves and perished a miserable death. He died of lockjaw trying to read a Griffith subtitle out loud.

The other young man fell in love with Phyllis Haver and, as a result of his infatuation, only went to see Mack Sennett's comedies. Consequently when anyone stops him on the street and asks "What's the matter with the movies," he can't get interested because he doesn't see where anything at all is the matter with the movies. He doesn't know what it is to laugh at a picture and not with it.

Sennett and the Deep Thinkers

AGREAT many serious students of the movies—and there are such badly advised persons—are out gunning for the Art of the Screen and, just because they can't find it, they are about ready to put a note on the pin cushion and turn on the gas. Because they have heard deep thinkers speak in ashamed tones of those terrible slapstick comedies, they have been running with their hands over their eyes every time the vulgar words "Mack Sennett Presents" are flashed on the screen.

¶ Who says Sennett is not presenting an accurate picture of jitney and delicatessen life in America? His heroes are always consecrated to an utterly ridiculous cause and they are entirely unable to carry through any plan without making foolish and painful blunders.

¶ While other directors insist that the world is torn by the passion of love and hate, Sennett insists it is peopled by a quarrelsome set of boobs, crooks and assorted dumb-bells all out for a good time.

And so they have passed up the one director who never burned Babylon except by way of a joke.

It is a popular theory that Sennett's comedies are only enjoyed by half-witted children, vulgar small boys, demented plumbers, drunken taxi drivers and village idiots. No perfectly refined lady or gentleman with a social position to maintain would ever admit laughing at one of Mack's unseemly brawls in a delicatessen shop. And the critics point the finger of scorn at them.

A World of His Own Observation

BUT, for all of the aloofness of the wise guys, Mack has achieved what no other director has done; he has created a world built from his own observation on the screen, peopled it with characters which have no point of resemblance in common with other dumunes of the movies, and has given his screenworld a code of manners

ART'S OUTCAST

By Anna Prophater



and morals all its own. Mack has never "adapted" plays and books to the screen; he has never employed the services of eminent authors; he has never, except in a few cases and then half-heartedly called upon the big names of the legitimate stage for talent. He is a self-supporting director; he bakes, throws and makes his own pies.

On the other hand, Mack did create the comic cop, and although he doesn't use him any more, he has made the cop

CYet Mack Sennett is the only director who has never burned Babylon except by way of a joke.

such a humorous figure that even in serious pictures, rough little boys burst into laughter when a policeman appears. And Mack trained Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Marie Prevost, Ford Sterling, Sydney Chaplin, Al St. John, Louise Fazenda, Phyllis Haver and a lot of other of the liveliest boys and girls on the screen.

Mack Sennett's Record

MOREOVER, Mack's powers of invention have been something terrible, for he has devised such stunts as the seagoing bath tub, the non-penetrating bullet, the rubber club, the skidding patrol wagon, the untameable fire hose and the Ford which runs without an engine. Mack also invented the back-firing sub-title which says everything it means and more besides. (*Continued on page 91*)

John Held Jr.

THREE NEW HITS: HOLLYWOOD, THE FIGHTING BLADE AND LITTLE OLD NEW YORK



New SCREENPLAYS

ANY cinema month revealing such screenplays as *Little Old New York*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Fighting Blade* and *The White Sister* is an unusual one. I can't recall such a varied month in a long time.

If only for the reason that it presents an extraordinary advance upon the part of Marion Davies, *Little Old New York* deserves your attention. For this story of Manhattan in 1807 is more a triumph for Miss Davies than a landmark of celluloid advance.

Miss Davies' Fine Performance

I CAN recall when Miss Davies couldn't act. Indeed, the legend that she is merely pretty and isn't an actress still persists here and there. But her Patricia O'Day ought to hand that idea a knock-out, for here is a performance sparkling with delightful comedy and touched with at least two or three movingly pathetic moments. Not only can Miss Davies troop but she is fast becoming the one real comedienne of our silversheet.

Little Old New York isn't much on story, if it is long on background. Rida Johnson Young's original play was pretty slender. But you are permitted to see Robert Fulton trying to get backing for the making of the first steamboat, Lorenzo Delmonico selling sandwiches from a basket, John Jacob Astor dealing in furs and pianos and Cornelius Vanderbilt engaged in running a ferry between Staten Island and the Battery. To this new land comes a little Irish girl masquerading as a boy in order that she may inherit a fortune. How she falls in love with her young guardian and is forced to confess her deception constitutes the opus.

Now, of course, there isn't much illusion to Patricia's masquerade. You must either accept it as a pleasant little thrust at entertainment or miss the humor with which Miss Davies invests the adventure. I think you'll find her de-

lightful. There are things about *Little Old New York* that hit me wrong. I think it was a mistake to have well-known actors play historical characters. Sam Hardy's Cornelius Vanderbilt is never anything but G. Rufus Wallingford to me. And we resent the introduction of "The Star Spangled Banner" into the picture, thereby dragging an audience to its feet in order to put over a patriotic climax.

Colorful Story of Old Manhattan

STILL, *Little Old New York* is very nicely done by Sidney Olcott. You will be interested in the scene of the first trial trip of the "Clarmont." You will find that Olcott keeps his canvas in skillful and colorful movement. But, best of all, I am sure you will like Miss Davies' playing of the harum-scarum, impudent and roguish Patricia in trousers. I congratulate her upon the way she does it without all the conventional prettifying.

After seeing her Patricia I'm sure her forte is comedy.

Having mentioned Mr. Olcott, the director, I turn naturally to his other success of the month, the visualization of William Archer's *The Green Goddess*. In its celluloid form this is bully entertainment. Archer, as you probably know, is

one of the foremost London critics. When he wrote *The Green Goddess* he took the manuscript to his friend, George Bernard Shaw. Archer read the play to Shaw, who said: "That is the most perfect motion picture plot I ever heard."

Well he might, for *The Green Goddess* has been done before in a hundred and one different variations—but never so well. Here you have three English prisoners in the hands of the Rajah of Rukh, a potentate who rules over a tiny mountain kingdom in the Himalayas. One of the prisoners is a woman, attractive, of course; another is her husband and the third is the man she loves. The fate of the man hangs upon what she will say in reply to the rajah's

C The Month's Best Photoplays

C Hollywood

C Little Old New York

C The Green Goddess

C The Fighting Blade

C The White Sister



in Review By Frederick James Smith

wicked advances. Archer has even utilized the old-fashioned nick-of-time rescue, this time by a British aerial squadron.

Melodrama Superbly Constructed

As I have said, this story is in no way new but no one could possibly get more out of it than Archer. The thing is superbly constructed. Every nuance of melodramatic thrill is extracted. And Archer's characters aren't mere lay figures. He has given them life, with its mingling shades of heroism and cowardice, strength and weakness. The rajah is a superb characterization, a sinister, humorous Hindu graduate of Oxford; with an eye for a pretty woman, a cynical view of things both pagan and civilized, and an abiding dislike of inconvenience. He is the most delightful old scoundrel the screen has ever disclosed.

George Arliss played the rajah on the stage and he plays him in the film version. Here is a superb performance, shaded to a nicety as only Arliss can do it. Who, save Von Stroheim, can invest a role with such subtlety?

Alice Joyce's Return

Alice Joyce makes a return to the screen as the feminine prisoner but I wish she hadn't. She isn't the Alice Joyce of old. Those lines that once gave Miss Joyce's face such matchless beauty are gone. The real hits of *The Green Goddess*, aside from the Arliss performance, are scored by Ivan Simpson, in his original role of the rajah's cockney servant. Here is a character bit that is a joy. The other hit is won by Jetta Goudal in the infinitesimal role of the ayah of the rajah's harem. Miss Goudal, whose Pilar de Lima was so striking in *The Bright Shawl*, makes this tiny bit stand out. Harry Morey gives a remarkably fine performance of the woman's husband and David Powell, although only adequate as the lover, rounds out the best cast film of the year.

The comments of some of the New York critics upon Mr. Olcott's production were amusing. They actually protested because some of the sets weren't elaborate enough. These same gentlemen spend most of their time protesting because the story is usually neglected while money is wasted upon massive sets. For my part, I found *The Green Goddess* well done, with good taste and a nice sense of atmosphere. Nowhere is the background out of proportion with the story.

You will find *The Green Goddess* an absorbing melodrama. Take my tip and see it.

My advance glimpse of Richard Barthelmess' new romance of Cromwellian days, *The Fighting Blade*, leads me to think that you will find it one of the best of all our American-made costume pieces. The Beulah Marie Dix swashbuckling story, not so much in itself, is beautifully handled by John Robertson, the director. And it reveals Barthelmess in his best role since his fine performance of the homespun hero of *Tol'able David*.

C. The Month's Best Performances

- Marion Davies in *Little Old New York*
- George Arliss in *The Green Goddess*
- Richard Barthelmess, *The Fighting Blade*
- Dorothy Mackaill in *The Fighting Blade*
- Ronald Colman in *The White Sister*
- Jetta Goudal in *The Green Goddess*

Barthelmess' New Picture

BARTHELMESS plays a young Flemish soldier of fortune, one Karl Van Kerstenbrock, who, because of the deadliness of his sword, is called "Thrust-ye-Through." Van Kerstenbrock casts his fortunes with Cromwell, wins the love of a royalist maid, acts as a roundhead spy in the old stronghold of Oxford, ultimately winning happiness, the girl and the commendation of Old Ironsides.

Barthelmess reveals a decided histrionic growth as the deadly young swordsman. You'll be surprised in the growing breadth of his playing. One of the other surprises of *The Fighting Blade* is Dorothy Mackaill's playing of the heroine, Thomasine Musgrave. Here is a new star in the making—or we miss our guess. It is a finely sympathetic and graceful piece of work.



John Robertson's Advance

JOHN ROBERTSON deserves his share of the praise, too. Heretofore we have looked upon Robertson as one of our best directors in a certain field of endeavor. Charm seemed to be his chief stock in trade. His workmanship had the elusiveness—and the force weakness—of fuzzy photography, if we may be permitted the simile. But his production of *The Fighting Blade* presents a growing Robertson. This has vigor if any screenplay ever had, along with the old charm.

Speaking of one production always reminds you of another. *The Fighting Blade* brings *The White Sister* to mind, because it was made by the same organization, Inspiration Pictures. Certainly this company has done a good deal by the screenplay, if only by making *Tol'able David*.

While *The Fighting Blade* is a romantic picture made in New Jersey, *The White Sister* is a comparatively modern story made in Italy. Can more satisfactory results be obtained by transporting a company and a technical staff to the distant lands of the original story? I wonder.

The White Sister was written by the late F. Marion Crawford who dealt in mild minor romances twenty or so years ago. This was the story of a broken-hearted girl who, upon learning of the death of her sweetheart, an officer in Africa, becomes a nun. Then the lover, who has been a prisoner of natives, returns and the inevitable struggle between religion and love presents itself. The picture ends tragically, with the real death of the officer, although the stage version of the novel, played some fifteen years or so ago by Viola Allen, had a happy termination, a papal dispensation or something, tacked on.

White Sister Presented

I CAUGHT *The White Sister* first at an out-of-town preview when it was sadly in need of cutting. The picture has since been brought to a Broadway theatre. Far be it from me to comment upon its reception. Doing a drama about religion seems to me to be as relaxing a pastime as tapping a stick of dynamite with an axe. You never can tell exactly where you are going to land. Anyway, *The White Sister* is hardly a picture for the Ku Klux Klan.

I'm not so strong for Henry King's direction—and Lillian Gish's performance strikes me as being several degrees below her best previous work, say her Anne Moore of *'Way Down East* or, better still, her slavey of *Broken Blossoms*. In just one thing has she advanced. Her love scenes are marked by a singularly tender lyric quality. These love scenes are, to me, the high spots of *The White Sister*.

By the way, *The White Sister* has its histrionic surprise,

too. This is the Italian officer, played by Ronald Colman, a newcomer from the footlights. This Colman, who seems a younger David Powell, has sympathy and a singular distinction of playing. But Gail Kane, as the wicked lady of *The White Sister*, is all over the place, even outdoing old Vesuvius, here presenting a neat character bit.

Talmadge Production a Dud

HERE I reach the edge of the things that interested me during the month. Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance* struck me as pretty much of a dud. Here is a romantic costume piece intended, I suspect, to show the Germans their place as producers. It is one of those old-fashioned stories, of the days of Catherine de Medici and the Huguenot massacre, which were built situation upon situation, with no regard for character drawing. The characters were switched about like puppets to get a thrilling situation. All of which is glaringly apparent when the thing is transferred to pictureology.

Ashes of Vengeance is elaborately done but it collapses in appeal and interest because it actually hasn't anything, except massive spick and span sets (which utterly lack atmosphere) and yards and yards of whiskers, there being a theory somewhere in Hollywood that hirsute adornments made the Germanic pictures go.

Frank Lloyd reveals a complete lack of imagination in making *Ashes of Vengeance* but the biggest flop of the picture is the star, Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge doesn't even photograph well and her acting never strikes anything. She does, however, present one remarkable instance of versatility. Miss Talmadge makes the heroine, Yoeland, a bobbed hair heroine—except in one scene, when, before a crucifix, she kneels in prayer while the opportune sun shines upon her hair. Then, lo and behold, her hair is in long ringlets. But, in the next flash, Yoeland is bobbed again.

Conway Tearle is actually better than Miss Talmadge as the hero but Wallace Beery makes us realize how good a character actor is Emil Jannings when he attempts a part that cries for the Brooklyn German.

"Hollywood" a Real Hit

IT IS rather late, at this date, to comment upon James Cruze's production of Frank Condon's delightful story of a screen struck girl, *Hollywood*. This is one of the best pictures of the year—or, indeed, any year.

Like—and yet unlike—*Souls for Sale*, it gives an inside glimpse of the capital of moviedom. Every star in Hollywood and points east trails across the canvas. Moreover, the adventures of the stage struck kid are told with fine humor and a real sense of (Continued on page 81).

The Ten Best Screen Dramas

CScreenland has been canvassing the foremost film authorities in America for a vote upon the ten most significant screenplays ever made. This canvass will continue in subsequent numbers.

MYRON ZOBEL,

Publisher of *Screenland*:

The Birth of a Nation

The Covered Wagon

Tol'able David

The Kid

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde

The Miracle Man

Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Foolish Wives

Robin Hood

Down to the Sea in Ships

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD,*

of *Life* and *The New York Herald*:

The Birth of a Nation

The Spoilers (original)

Intolerance

The Miracle Man

The Mark of Zorro

The Kid

Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Passion

The Four Horsemen

Tol'able David

Nanook of the North

The Covered Wagon

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH,

Editor of *Screenland*:

Cabiria

The Birth of a Nation

Judith of Bethulia

Broken Blossoms

The Kid

Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Tol'able David

Foolish Wives

Passion

The Covered Wagon

HARRIETTE UNDERHILL,

of *The New York Tribune*:

The Girl I Love

The Covered Wagon

The Green Goddess

Only 38

Law of the Lawless

Prisoner of Zenda

Trifling Women

Tol'able David

Where the Pavement Ends

When Knighthood Was in Flower

JULIAN JOHNSON:

Cabiria

Queen Elizabeth

The Birth of a Nation

Intolerance

The Whispering Chorus

Stella Maris

The Miracle Man

The Four Horsemen

Passion

The Covered Wagon

LAURENCE REID, of

The Motion Picture News:

The Covered Wagon

The Four Horsemen

The Birth of a Nation

The Miracle Man

Robin Hood

Broken Blossoms

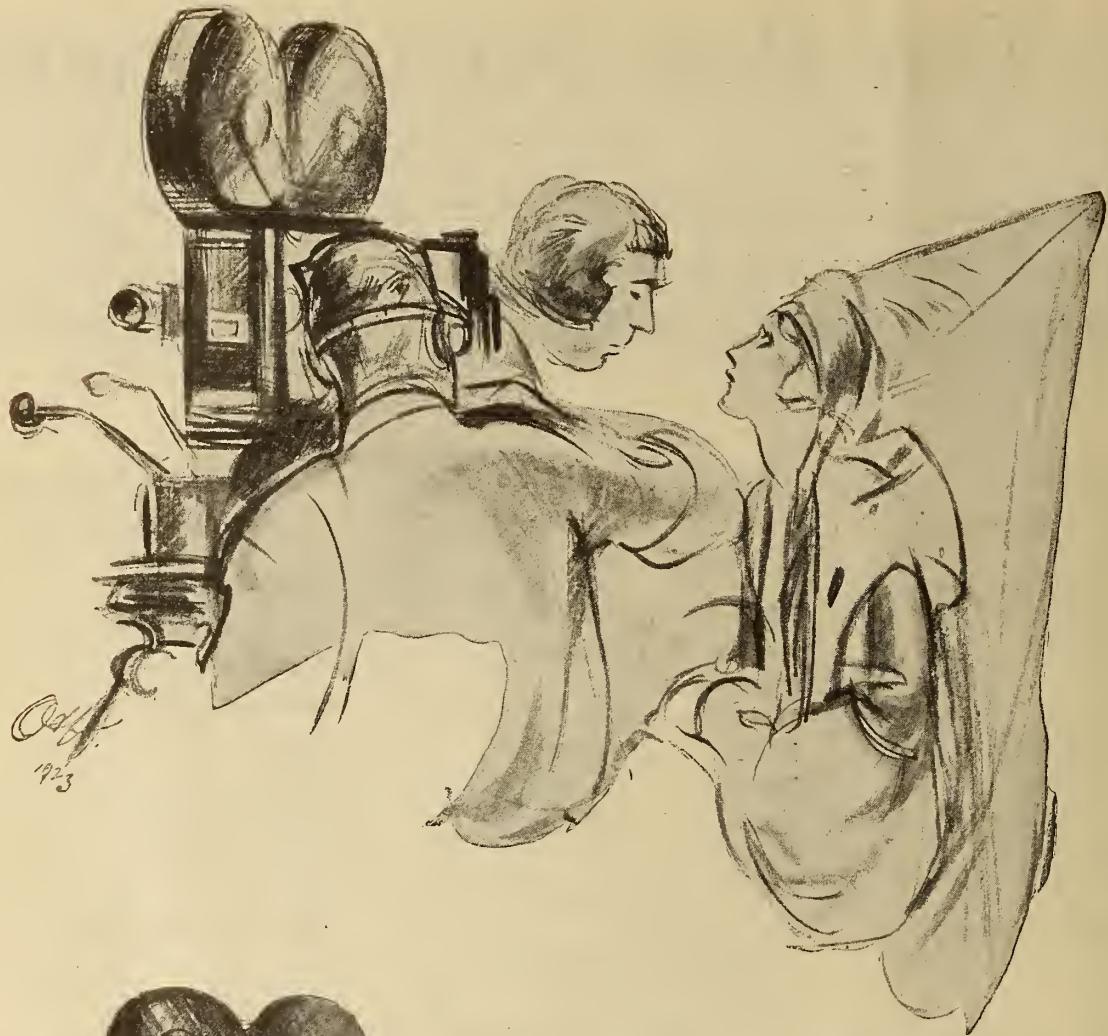
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

The Kid

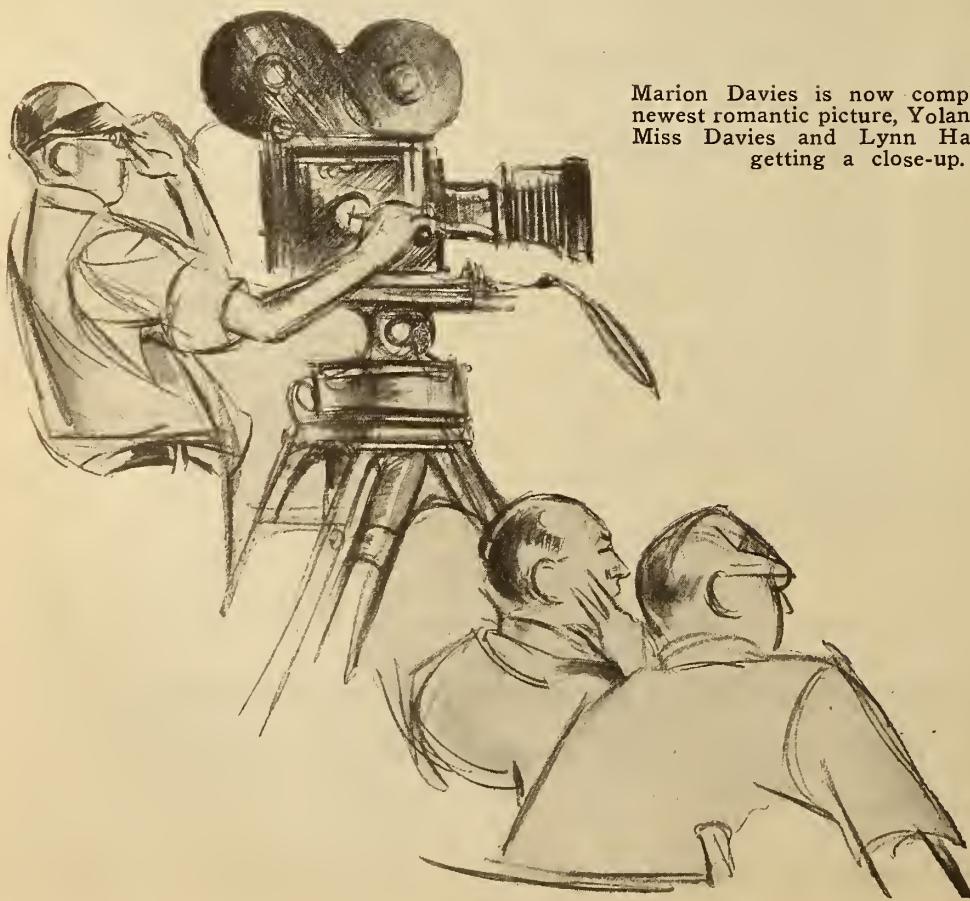
Humoresque

Hollywood

CScreenland would like to know what ten motion pictures you consider to be the milestones of cinema progress. Write to the Editor and give him your chosen list of ten.



Marion Davies is now completing her newest romantic picture, *Yolanda*. Above Miss Davies and Lynn Harding are getting a close-up.



At the left Robert Vignola, the director, is watching events from the side lines. Across the page you will find the double batteries of cameras recording a scene, a study of Miss Davies in romantic garb and, below, the studio orchestra.



Yolanda is a story of the fifteenth century, revolving around the Princess Yolanda, (Miss Davies) and the Duke Charles of Burgundy, played by Mr. Harding. Incidentally, Vignola has set out to eclipse his production of When Knighthood Was in Flower.

Screenland Visits MARION Davies

Drawings by Oscar Frederick Howard



Frederick James Smith Talks

The Mad Movie Actors

MOTION picture players are usually looked upon as mad, but they actually are the best business folk in America. And figures prove it. Consider, for instance, the biggest box office attraction in the field of American sports today—Babe Ruth. Ruth is said to receive \$75,000 a season for his work. This figure may even be an exaggeration. The New York Yankees play to an average attendance of 10,000 a game. Accepting these figures, it is safe to estimate that Ruth draws 750,000 persons to the American League ball parks during a baseball season. Since the average price of admission is considerably more than a dollar, Babe Ruth is receiving much less than ten per cent of the money he draws through the turnstiles.

Babe Ruth vs. Our Mary

ABE RUTH is actually a piker as a business man beside such cinema business folk as Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd. He isn't getting a tiny measure of the salary he should be receiving in ratio to his ability to attract money at the boxoffice.

Jack Dempsey, pugilistic champion, may be a great box-office attraction but he actually received considerably less than \$300,000 for one fight appearance in two years. The mad movie actor can certainly give the spectacular workers in other fields of endeavor cards and spades in the matter of earning money.

No, the film player isn't such a bad business man, after all.

The Negro Problem

DAVID W. GRIFFITH'S *The Birth of a Nation* hit upon a curious snag upon its presentation in France. Permission to present it was refused because of the negro question involved. The French Government is in an unusual predicament upon the racial question, for it called upon its black colonials during the world war and now owes them a debt of gratitude.

So *The Birth of a Nation*, with its scenes among the negroes of the South during the Civil War and during the reconstruction period, is temporarily on the shelf. More and more the world becomes involved in problems. And more and more it becomes increasingly difficult to deal with any question without hitting obstructions in the most unexpected quarter.

Maude Adams and Kim

FOR a long time Maude Adams, once one of the few real idols of the footlights, has been experimenting with motion pictures. Here, indeed, was an odd phase of character development. Frankly, Miss Adams had despised motion pictures. She looked upon them as entertainment for the boozery—and she said so.

But, unlike many folk who condemn, she didn't stop there. She started to experiment with this strange new medium of entertainment which had been so steadily encroaching upon the spoken drama.

Now this actress, so long silent about her plans and her hopes, has announced that she is going to make a motion

picture. It will be Rudyard Kipling's story of mystic India, *Kim*, and it will be made under her direction in India. Producers have long wanted to do *Kim* but Kipling had steadily refused. Even in giving in to Miss Adams, Kipling stipulated two things—one, that a boy (and not a girl) play the title role, and, second, that the film be made in India.

So Miss Adams, who first scoffed and then came to be conquered, is launched upon her career as experimentor extraordinary in the world of the cinema.

The screen certainly needs such critical adventurers!

Pola's Peril

POLA NEGRI, once such an impressive screen figure in far-away Berlin, presents a remarkable problem of the screen. Her first American-made picture, *Bella Donna*, was pretty much of a dud and her second, *The Cheat*, is much worse. Pola has changed.

The unthinking will say that the Negri has lost something. Badly advised, she has permitted herself to be prettied. This sugaring process is the most damning thing of our screen. Pola may now be beautiful but the old fire has departed. Her eyebrows have been plucked and her mouth, once so rampant in its abandon, is remodelled to a polite pout.

So Pola has changed. Where she once thought of her role, she now thinks of camera lines and photographic values. And one needs something more than a beautiful mask with which to act. They say that the Negri has struggled temperamentally against all this—but *The Cheat* is final proof that bad advice is engulfing her.

Perhaps Miss Negri's new director, Herbert Brenon, will save her. He has the ability—if given the opportunity. Otherwise Pola had better pause to consider. Even with a return to form, the Negri will have to reveal several good pictures before the public will replace her upon her pedestal.

Too Much Sugar

WE HEAR that Ernst Lubitsch has declined to do that imported Parisian drama of theatre life, *Deburau*, because he thinks it is "too romantic." That phrase, perhaps, hits upon the chief weakness of our screen. We adulterate our film fare with sugar. We inject saccharine instead of humanness.

We hope Lubitsch sticks to his ideals. Our silversheet needs ideals—and something beside Pollyannasms. Lubitsch is going to do *The Marriage Circle*, which is described as being adapted from the Viennese. An outline suggests Schnitzler's *Reigen*, that superb cycle of unending passions in Vienna. Indeed, *Reigen* may have suggested the original *Merry-Go-Round* to Eric Von Stroheim.

Doug Sans Clothes

HAVING gazed upon Doug Fairbanks' new camera studies as the undressed hero of his new *Thief of Bagdad*, we pause to consider.

Heretofore, the romantic Arab has appeared on our screen garbed in a custom-made tent. It remained for Doug to discover this new un-sartorial phase of the Bagdadian adventurer.

on Money, Undress and Eyebrows

Sometimes we wonder how an actor can do this and still retain his sense of humor. And we wonder what Mae Murray thinks of this encroachment upon her own particular cuticle field of endeavor.

Yet Doug always sets a screen style. Doubtless it will be a bad year for tailors in Hollywood.

Mere thought of the possibilities startles us.

Suppose, for instance, that Charlie Chaplin becomes an adventurer in a Turkish bath. Or Bill Hart plays a dramatic he-man masseur.

News Reel Menace

THE way the news reel is handled in the bigger theatres of our larger cities is becoming a real menace. These managers now extract the scenes which please them from the various current news reels, incorporating the chosen interludes into one reel. And, in selecting these bits, the managers are usually influenced by what can be handled most effectively by their large orchestras. So we are given soldiers marching, battleships at target practice, artillery guns booming and so on, solely because of their noise value.

All this injures the program. It extracts what little personality the news reel possesses. It turns it from a medium of news to a background for music and noise.

Something needs to be done about it.

Million Dollar Movies

THE motion picture world is again talking in terms of money. It wasn't so long ago that filmdom heralded each new production and each new contract in million dollar figures. The dollar mark predominated in everything. That is, until Eric Von Stroheim tossed a fortune into *Foolish Wives*. That deed marked the end of the first money era in pictures.

But the second money era apparently has dawned upon us. Cecil De Mille's emissaries have been blazing the way for his *The Ten Commandments* with gilded tales of record breaking sets, armies of extras and whole fortunes spent in making a single dramatic sequence. We are told—in all seriousness—that the Biblical portion of the productions cost exactly \$1,030,000. All of which may be true, for the ornate Mr. De Mille seems to have been piqued by James Cruze's simple investment in prairie schooners, *The Covered Wagon*, and to have set out to eclipse it at any cost.

Be that as it may, we do not hold with the exploitation of the silent drama in terms of dollars and cents.

Millionaire Kids

FAR be it from us to doubt the truth of these stories coming out of Hollywood, but we're getting tired of the fulsome tales of certain young stars and their lavish gifts to their parents. No longer do we get a thrill out of the story that Baby Peggy has just bought a lavish Beverly Hills show place for her hard working parents or that little Farina has just presented her—or is it his?—dusky parents with a Rolls Royce. The thing has started to pall upon us.

It is a curious commentary upon this new art that a half

dozen or so children are earning salaries that are well nigh mythical.

Lo the Poor Child

LITTLE Jackie Coogan is a millionaire. Baby Peggy's salary, according to her press agent, is close to a million a year. Let us further quote the gentleman:

"Baby Peggy's contract makes her the queen of the child performers, of whom there are more than 200 in Hollywood. Their salaries range from \$40 weekly upward, and many are able to support their families."

Somehow we can't forget an automobile ride we made with Jackie Coogan last winter—nor can we lose our recollection of the haunting look in his eyes when he saw a little boy sliding down hill, untrammeled by fame or millions.

Hollywood has too many potential Mary Miles Minters.

We Are of Today

THERE is a significant lesson in the failure of Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance* on Broadway. Here was a costume piece obviously fashioned after the best Germanic standards—and which, despite all the king's men and all the king's horses, couldn't approach them. *Ashes of Vengeance* had big sets but big sets aren't mellow atmospheric backgrounds. Bewhiskered gentlemen in furbelows and laces can become far from real—when they aren't played with a sense of the spirit of the period. No, America hasn't equalled *Passion* or *Deception* or *Peter the Great* yet and isn't likely to. Isn't it about time that we realize our forte isn't the drama of yesterday? We are part and parcel of today.

And, by the way, Miss Talmadge is an interesting example of what is the matter with our stars. The bugbear of restraint and the fear of photographing badly keeps her from acting. The placidity that comes with success keeps her from striving onward.

No New Blood

SOMETHING is radically wrong with our screen when it does not produce a single new directorial figure in a year. Yet that is exactly what has happened in the world of the screenplay.

Not one new force in the making of pictures in twelve months! Why aren't producers training men for the task of motion picture direction? Is it going to be left to chance? How can any business or any art advance when no new blood is injected into it?

The answers are self evident.

At the same time, it is interesting to note how three old timers—perhaps we should say pioneers—have been running away with the directorial honors. The trio numbers James Cruze, Sidney Olcott and Fred Niblo. The first two have been making pictures since the very first pictures; Cruze since Thanhouser was a household word among movie fans and Olcott since old Kalem sent almost the first screen troupe of players across the sea, to the Holy Land.

It is reassuring to know that some of our directors are marching onward but the directorial menace is still there.

We need young blood among our directors.

OUR OWN NEWS REEL



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Los Angeles, Cal.—James Kirkwood, actor and director, marries Lila Lee.



Hollywood, Cal.—Leatrice Joy says farewell to her old dressing room, No. 136, at Lasky's. The dressing room is being wrecked to make room for improvements. By the way, Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres moved to stardom from this very room.



The California Desert—Julia Faye and Estelle Taylor, playing in the Biblical flash-back of Cecil de Mille's "The Ten Commandments," compare the goatskin sack and the rude water jar of yesterday with the vacuum bottle of today.

CThe Cinema News of the
Moment in Picture Form



Los Angeles, Cal.—Marie Prevost approaches her old bathing girl moments in a scene of her forthcoming Picture, "The Winters." In this story Miss Prevost enters as a maid and exits as a society favorite. Oh, well!

Culver City, Cal.—Lucille Ricksen, who leaps to prominence in Marshall Neilan's "The Rendezvous," pauses to pose in what the press agent swears is an "all-rubber" bathing suit.



Astoria, Long Island—Glenn Hunter dropped over to the Famous Players studio to start work on his "West of the Water Tower" and found time to assist Mary Eaton in a dance of "His Children's Children." The admiring gentleman is Director Sam Wood.





Rome, Italy.—The Italian studios of Inspiration Pictures, where many of the scenes of Lillian Gish's "The White Sister" were made and here Miss Gish, with her sister, Dorothy, is to do George Eliot's "Romola."



Hollywood, Cal.—What does a screen villain look like at home? Here he is. Noah Beery, at the old fireside, with his wife and their ten year old son, Noah, Jr.



Somewhere in California.—Adolphe Menjou and Thais Valdemar, the beautiful young Russian, between the scenes of Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer," have luncheon on location.

New York Harbor.—Dorothy Dalton returns from a vacation in Europe. This snapshot was caught just as she was to leave the S. S. Olympic.



DE VORKIN

New York City.—Hope Hampton, who recently completed "The Gold Diggers," poses for a camera study with her mother.



WIDE WORLD



Los Angeles, Cal.—Anna May Wong, who has been running away with a number of screenplays recently, plays the role of the slave girl in Doug Fairbank's forthcoming production of "The Thief of Bagdad."



By
Delight
Evans

Lloyd Hamilton may or may not be the logical successor to the melancholy Joseph Schildkraut and Ivor Novello of the famous profile—but he is a new kind of Griffith star.

CNext to Lillian Gish, Hamilton is the wistfullest thing on the screen. Our illustrious sob-sisters could learn a lot from him. You yearn to put your arm about his shoulder and tell him, huskily, that you understand.

KIDDIES, if ever mama or papa or even your fairy godmother should say to you, "What motion picture studio would you like to visit today?" why, you just pipe up in your little treble, "Mr. Griffith's." Because, kiddies, you will love it there, and you will be just as safe as if you were in your own little room.

Mr. Griffith's isn't like other studios. It's most awfully refined. There is none of that nasty air of commercialism hanging about the place. Pictures, not money is made there—you feel that.

One doesn't exactly walk softly and talk in whispers, but one feels that one should.

His people refer feelingly to Mr. Griffith as "God's own gentleman," and after you have been there a while you catch yourself murmuring it, too. Anyone who has the good taste to buy a lovely old estate in Mamaroneck, surrounded by Sound and air to make pictures in, is God's own gentleman, and don't you forget it.

In the Presence of Art

ONE is in the presence of art. Well, no matter what you may have thought of *Way Down East* and *The White Rose*, the memories of such great things as *Broken Blossoms* and *The Birth of a Nation* hover.

Griffith's studio is romantic and picturesque and impractical. Little ladies and gentlemen, every employee. You feel that the stage hands work there only because they love it, and the view is so nice. Every outsider is charmed and impressed. The dwellers in adjacent estates bring their little ones to watch the companies at work. Even if no pictures were made there, it should be preserved as an example of What a Well Bred Studio Should Be, and Too Often, Alas, is Not.

It is always exciting to see the latest addition to the happy family in Mamaroneck. There was Carol Dempster. She looked as if she had been bound for the exclusive school for girls nearby and had wandered in to the film factory by mistake. Charming voice and manners. She played brilliant Chopin between scenes. And Joseph Schildkraut, who talked in melancholy tones of how he wanted to do *Dorian Gray*—I remember he made me want to go right out and see about the scenario. Ivor Novello—ah, Ivor. With the profile that, if it were turned to the camera continually, would make the home fires of our little fans go out. Every one of them belonged.

A Stranger Came Adown the Lane

PASSED time.

Come, adown the lane, a Stranger.

He loomed a little large after Ivor. His shoes were old, stubby and of an amazing size. He wore a very small checked cap. His suit seemed to shrink even as I gazed.

Next to Lillian Gish, Lloyd Hamilton is probably the wistfullest thing on the screen. Perhaps this is why Griffith chose him for the leading role in *Black and White*,

A FLYER In ART

¶ What happened to Lloyd Hamilton, he of the sad expression and the huge feet, in the presence of Art in the awfully refined Studio of Mr. Griffith

when Al Jolson decided he'd rather go to Europe than make a movie.

Lillian and Mae and Carol may look pathetic—but even these illustrious sob-sisters could learn a lot from Lloyd. He seems always to be faintly troubled about something. You yearn to put your arm about his shoulder and tell him, huskily, that you understand. Comedians are like that, anyway. Whenever I see one off the screen I want to break down and have a good cry. They touch me to the heart. It is as if the strain of being awfully funny all the time had begun to tell.

The Wistful Mr. Hamilton

LIKE everyone else, Mr. Hamilton has to pinch himself every so often to make sure he is really, truly working for Mr. Griffith. He was making his two-reelers in Hollywood when the wire came asking him to take the lead in *Black and White*. The part is that of a young lawyer who clears his client of a murder charge by masquerading as a resident of darktown and unearthing the real murderer. One of the

highlights of the piece is the scene where he participates in the baptismal ceremonies in the river and when ducked by the officiating clergyman comes up white. Now you know.

While his too-small cap hasn't become a symbol like Harold's glassless goggles, still it is known. Small boys recognize him on the street. So there was something touching in his humility when Hamilton remarked that he was so surprised that Mr. Griffith told him to keep right on wearing the same old clothes and pulling the same line. Mr. Griffith even did an imitation of the Hamilton walk—imagine. You know the character if you saw *Uneasy Feet*. A man who wants every one to think he is going somewhere when he really isn't going anywhere at all. Circumstances over which he has no control make him funny.

The Intensely Serious Lloyd Bacon

LOYD BACON, the son of the late star of *Lightnin'*, and John Noble, director, are other Californians working on *Black and White*. Mr. Bacon is an intensely serious young man. Kate Bruce remembered him when he was eight and she was a member of his father's company, and she said he was oh, so serious then. Mr. Bacon looked at me and said, "Have you ever been to (Continued on page 100)



¶ In his new Griffith picture Hamilton plays a young lawyer who clears his client of a murder charge by masquerading in black face as a resident of darktown and unearthing the real murderer.

The CURTAIN rises on the



Ann Pennington is again the elf of the Ziegfeld Follies, which is as it should be. Little Miss Pennington made her first hit with the Follies—and she has scored all over again in the new revue.

WYNN



Helen Menken has been scoring for some fifty weeks in that engrossing play, "The Seventh Heaven." Her performance is one of the most interesting on all Broadway.

WYNN



Eddie Cantor, one of the Ziegfeld Follies stars, is master of the high pressure song of indigo, or at least racy, tinge. Here he is chanting that famous lyric of the pitiful national lack of bananas.

WYNN

NEW SEASON

Drawings by Wynn

C"The Whole Town's Talking," the new Anita Loos-John Emerson farce, has its entertaining qualities. Here is Grant Mitchell in an amusing moment of the piece.



G.WYNN



G.WYNN

CLynn Fontanne has scored one of the hits of her interesting career in the leading role of that light and diverting Lawrence opus, "In Love with Love."



CGilda Grey is a New York institution. No one can shake a shimmy within miles of Gilda and no one has her sheer genius in presenting blues.



SCHWARZ

Billy Blythe, at the left, is one of the attractive reasons why Earl Carroll's *Vanities* of 1923 is a box-office success. The New York footlights have no more pulchritudinous charmer.



ABBE



Lynn Fontanne has scored a remarkable personal success in *In Love With Love*, one of the early season successes, at the Ritz Theater.

Ruth Gordon has scored a decided hit as one of the adolescent lovers in Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's *Tweedles*, the popular comedy now playing at the Frazee Theater.

The NEW Footlight SEASON

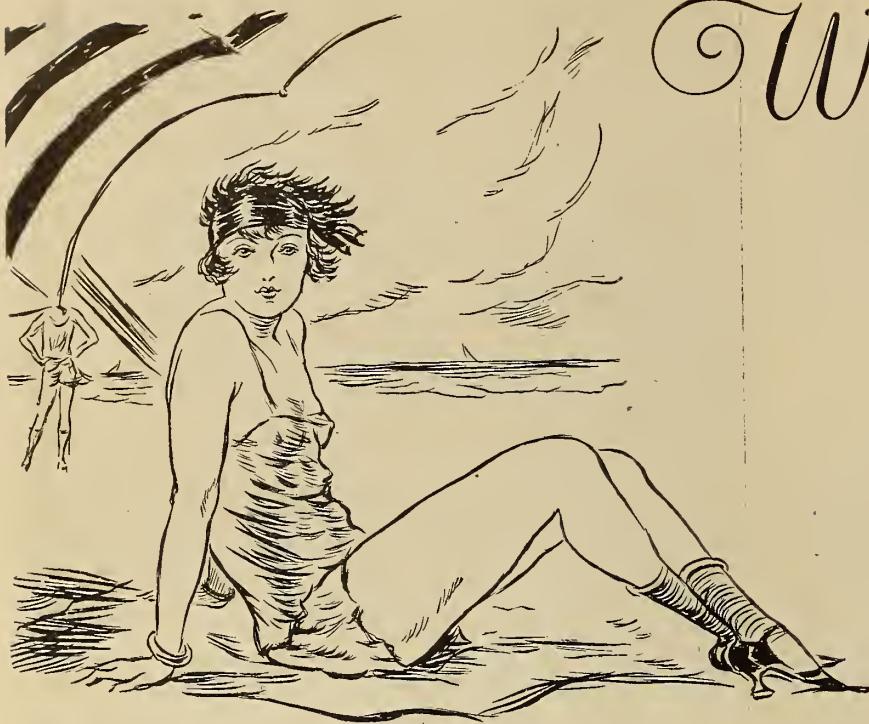


Tut-Tut, which may or may not have something to do with King Tut of ancient Egypt, is coming to town soon with little Yvette Aubrey, pictured just above, as one of its attractive entertainers.



One of the interesting events of the new season will be the first American appearance of the Swedish ballet, which has been something of a sensation on the Continent for some seasons. At the left is a glimpse of one of the ballets as given in Paris.

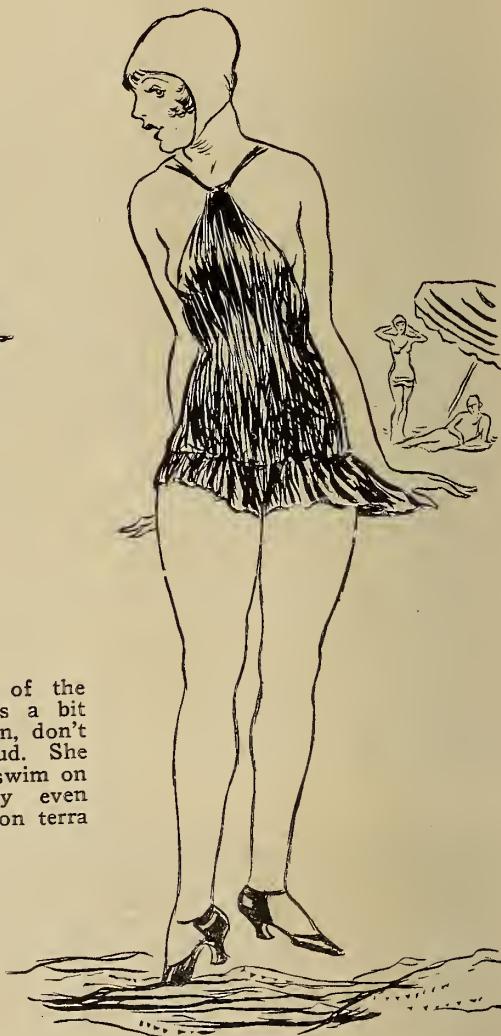
What Every Young Man Should Know



If you have serious intentions the fact that the bathing beauty is a knockout in her Annette should not prevent you from trying to visualize her in an evening gown—or an apron.



Just because Diana of the Neptune Comedies is a bit timid about the ocean, don't put her down as a dud. She may be right in the swim on dry land. She may even revel in deep water on terra firma.



Diana's mother loves to say, "Yes, Diana is the image of me when I was her age." This should be warning enough for any sensible young man—but, of course, every one can't be sensible.

E. MCNERNEY 23

CThere's no place like home except for film wives.

They Never Quit

By Eunice Marshall

THEY all come back, sooner or later. Once having tasted the thrill of the spotlights, all the joys of domesticity cannot suffice to keep a former screen actress, no matter how happily married, in the home. A woman's place is on the set, and any of our late brides of filmdom will tell you so.

Alice Terry, Mildred Davis, Natalie Talmadge, Mabel Washburn . . . they all exchanged their make-up boxes for a platinum circlet. They were through with pictures, they said. The only interest would be in their husbands' careers. *But . . .*



CThe biggest surprise among the celluloid wives has been the return of Natalie Talmadge to pictures. No one ever thought the silversheet could win her back.



CMildred Davis Lloyd is returning to the screen although, when she was married, she said she was never, never going to play before the camera again.

After making screen history, crochet stitches and new recipes are a bit tame. The long hours of unaccustomed idleness soon begin to pall. Even one's husband's tales of the studio, while hungrily received, fail to satisfy. The creative instinct is not to be ignored. And once an actress, always an actress.

The Brides Rush Back

AND so they're back at work, all the crop of young Hollywood brides.

"I'm so happy!" Mildred Davis informed me, up in her gray and rose cham-



CLITTLE JOSEPH KEATON isn't really being deserted by his mama for Natalie Talmadge Keaton is playing opposite his papa. In the accompanying picture Master Joseph is being entertained by the Keaton canine, Dewey. At the right: Mrs. Bryant Washburn, who has taken up a public career again.

ber in the luxurious home that Harold Lloyd gave to his bride. "Harold has consented to my going back in pictures, and I'm glad! Harold is such a dear, and I wouldn't for the world do anything to displease him, but I do think a woman can *do something* in the world and still be a good wife. Don't you?"

As I write this, Mildred Davis hasn't actually signed with any producer yet. Her offers all came while Harold was still adamant against her going back into pictures. He didn't want his wife to work. He wanted to think of his little blonde bride singing about the house, directing the servants, putting happily about with color schemes, menus for dinner and such important matters as should the dresser scarves in the mauve room be mauve to match the furniture or leaf green to match the curtains.

Lloyd Tries to Win His Bride Away

HE WANTED with all his heart for her to be happy. And to make her happy he lavished on her wonderful gifts. A beautiful roadster was his gift to mark their six months' wedding anniversary. They celebrated that important milestone with a little dinner, with a rose-strewn cake and for guests, two people who were soon themselves to marry, Helen Ferguson and William Russell. On his birthday, he presented her with a magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelet that made her blue eyes dance with delight. Just the day before, he had brought her home a beautiful toilet set of cloisonné enamel in a delectable shade of rose for

62



COne of the ideal domestic arrangements in screenland is the way Alice Terry and Hubby Rex Ingram work together. There's nothing like it, save the combination of Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard.

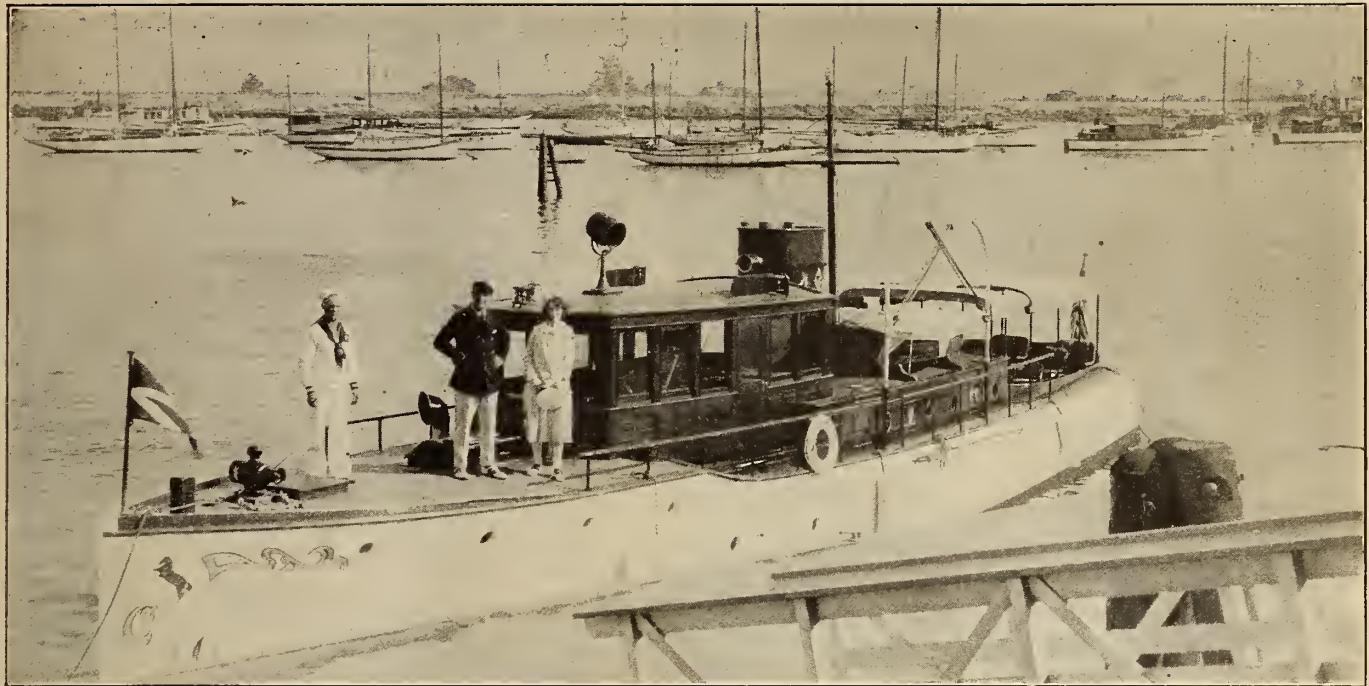


her dressing-table in their new home. She had everything her heart could desire, except . . . work. She had built up something of a name for herself. She has developed a "following" among the fans. She had felt the joy of achievement. And she wanted very much to go back to work. She wasn't unhappy about it. She didn't fret or scold. But her adoring husband knew that she was not wholly contented. The day before, Mildred had received an offer of a part in *Black Oxen*. It represented a chance to do some real emotional acting. But Harold said, "Please, dear." And so Mildred declined the part very sweetly, but with dire disappointment in her heart.

The next evening brought Harold Lloyd home with a serious face.

And Harold Gave Permission

MIDDIE," he said—his pet name for her is Middie—"I've been thinking it all over. If you see your youth go by without being able to do what you really want to do, you are going to be unhappy all your life. I don't want you to be unhappy. I want your marriage to be freedom, not bondage. So, if you want to go back to work, you have my consent." (*Continued on page 92*)



Tom Mix's yacht, Miss Mixit, with its emblem of Mix's favorite cow pony, Tony, on the bow.

Between Pictures

By Grace Kingsley

MOTION picture stars between pictures have been described as a lot of children let out of school.

Since vacation time is usually scandal time in screenland, the simile doesn't always hold good. *UNLESS* we consider that an errant child now and then tosses a brick through a schoolhouse window much to the annoyance of Schoolmaster Will Hays.

Most of the stars tackle their vacations with the gusto they put into picture making. They're the most serious minded vacationers in the world. They play as hard as they work.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for instance, have a secret camping spot, on the beach between San Juan Capistrano and San Diego, and there they repair on spare days, remaining sometimes for a day or two, swimming, fishing in the surf, clad in old clothes with bare feet and legs. They also frequently arise at five o'clock in the morning, and take long horseback rides into

the mountains and hills back of their Beverly Hills home. Then they come home, go into their swimming tank, and loaf, sleep and read during the afternoons.

These two are rarely seen at cafes. They always attend good plays, but usually sit in the back of the theater where they will attract no attention.

Fairbanks assiduously plays tennis and handball and the new game of "Doug" invented by him and which is something like tennis, during off hours at the studio. During noon hour he eats little lunch, him any day, at that time, drenched with perspiration, pumping away vigorously at one of these games.

Stars at Play are Like Children at School---Now and Then They Toss a Brick through the Schoolhouse Window.

hours at the studio. and you may meet



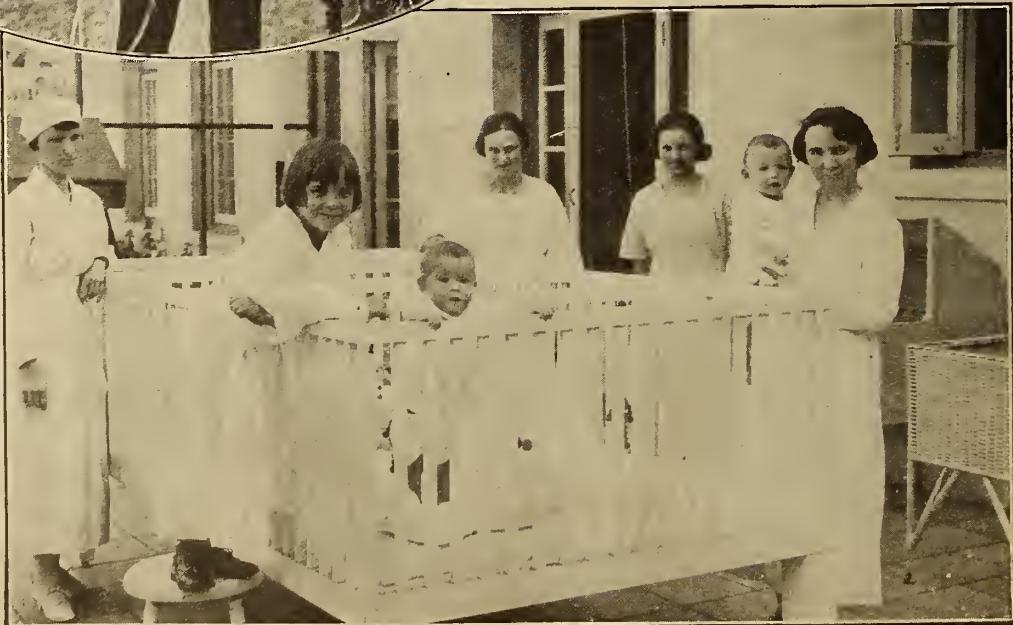
How Chaplin 'Rests'

CARLIE CHAPLIN dotes on taking long, solitary walks. Sometimes he drags some friend along with

Charlie Chaplin caught a 103-pound tuna on his recent vacation. With Charlie are Edward Knoblock, the playwright, and an associate fisherman.



Gloria Swanson (top) is a fine horsewoman and spends much of her vacation time riding. Away from the studio, Will Rogers (center) likes to spend his time with his children at his Beverly Hills home or in visiting friendly ranches in the Southwest. Will is here shown entertaining Irvin Cobb, with little Jimmy Rogers as social aid. Between pictures Jackie Coogan (right) frequently slips around to the Los Angeles Children's Hospital, where he has great fun entertaining the tiny inmates.



him, and you find him dining with some croney at a funny, cheap little Italian table d'hote. He frequents Childs' after midnight.

The comedian likes to go fishing at Catalina during his summer vacations, and it was here he spent much time, one summer, in company with Claire Windsor. The two used to meet every morning, Claire in her most beautiful clothes, Charlie in his old fishing togs, and the odd pair would saunter off down the beach to Charlie's boat, and sail all morning in his little fishing smack. Miss Windsor admits she ruined a lot of clothes in that smelly old boat, but says that she had an awfully good time, just the same. Charlie liked to see her dressed up, so dressed up she would be at whatever cost.

Charlie has been spending a short vacation recently with Gouverneur Morris at Del Monte, in the artists' colony there. Chaplin loves to play charades, puzzles and parlor magic tricks. He takes all the glee of a small boy in these stunts, and doubtless this is the way in which he will spend many evenings at the Morris home.

Naturally Charlie has spent much time of late looking over his new house, which is near the home of Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. While engaged to Pola Negri, he and Pola used to drive every Sunday out to the new house to look it over, and Miss Negri made many suggestions which Charlie adopted as to the building of it and the decoration of the rooms. Now that the engagement is off, with Miss Negri bestowing

her smiles elsewhere, the two no longer travel the Sunday trail together. But I wonder if Charlie won't often think, when he moves into that new house, and sees the touches which were inspired by Pola Negri in the building of it, of the beautiful Polish actress with whom he was at one time so madly in love.

Chaplin Worships Beauty

CHARLIE CHAPLIN worships beauty," Mildred Harris's mother said to me when I told her of Chaplin's engagement to Pola, before the fact was announced. And this being true, it is natural that, during any respite between pictures, he devotes a

good bit of his spare time to cultivating the favor of some new beauty. He dances and dines assiduously with his latest flame. But he prefers sitting out a dance with a girl to dancing it with her, and if she has a quick and an alert mind, match for his own, he will sit a whole evening arguing and discussing sociological and political problems with her.

Flirtations between Pictures

CONSTANCE TALMADGE seems to spend her vacations promoting new flirtations. And Conny is always fatal to anybody to whom she takes a fancy! Constance has stacks of jewels given her by Irving Berlin and by her former husband, John Piaglao. We all feel sure that Constance (however did her parents happen to name her that?) will wed again some day. And just now we are wondering if the happy man won't be Irving G. Thalberg, head of the Louis B. Mayer company, and a brilliant young man. He is deeply devoted, and Connie seems very fond of him. He is her squire at the Ambassador Hotel dances, at the opera, at the theatre.

But the sparkling Connie never takes anything or anybody very seriously. Or at least she hasn't up to this time.

Helene Chadwick gets acquainted with her mother and practices her music during vacations. She has just had a long vacation.

Mabel Goes to Seashore

A VARIED taste in vacations is enjoyed by Mabel Normand. Sometimes she prefers a round of parties with friends, shopping expeditions, and suchlike urban joys. But usually, especially in summertime, she goes to mountains or seashore. She has a little house up in the Altadena foothills, where she often goes to rest and recuperate. Here she drives her car, hikes and rides horseback.

A friend of mine chanced to be staying near Mabel's Altadena home not long ago. He was driving up the steep and winding road which leads to the place, one hot day, when suddenly his brakes failed to work well, and he nearly shot over the side of the hill. Another car came around the corner just then, and a cheery feminine voice called out,—

"What's the matter? Having trouble with your car? Anything I can do?"

A girl alighted, came over and helped him fix the brakes—and when my friend took a good look at her, he discovered that the girl was Mabel Normand. She loaned him tools from her ample tool chest, and didn't leave him until she saw him safe on his way.

But Miss Normand's present vacation, between *The Extra Girl* and *Mary Ann*, hasn't turned



C Harry Carey spends much of his time away from the clicking camera with his son, Harry, Jr. Carey is looking forward to the day when Junior will take a more profound interest in spurs.

out so pleasantly as usual. She was thrown from her horse, while riding along the beach at Coronado, where she had gone for a few days' rest, and her collar bone was broken. So at the present writing she is in the hospital, with the prospect of several idle weeks before her.

Norma's European Vacation

RUNNING back to New York or over to Europe is what Norma Talmadge enjoys doing. Failing that, she spends a great deal of time selecting her costumes for her pictures, and she never misses an opportunity, of course, to run over to sister Natalie's for a look at the Keaton baby.

Buster Keaton, by the way, is spending a short vacation right now, teaching his year-old son to box! He expects to have him ready for a bout with Bryant Washburn's youngest son some time this fall, he says!

(Continued on page 95)



C Shirley Mason has never really grown up. Only the other day she papered her dressing room herself and she actually loves to collect magazine covers.



CARMEL MYERS in a shimmering gown of blue metal cloth, with a drape of metallic blue velvet heavily embroidered in silver thread. A charming evening creation.



HERE is a distinctive evening cape worn by Agnes Ayres. It is of perrine blue with heavy silver embroideries. The wide neck is of deep silver metal cloth and is decidedly effective.

MARIE PREVOST looks piquant in this jacket of grey ermine. The collar is of gray fox; while a novel touch is introduced by the band of gray suede drawn through straps of the fur and finished with a fringe of ermine tails.



ORCHID georgette crepe over lavender crepe forms a fetching negligee worn by Marie Prevost. White maribou edges the long flowing sleeves and the neck, while a long loose panel falls from the shoulders in back.

As Winter Comes



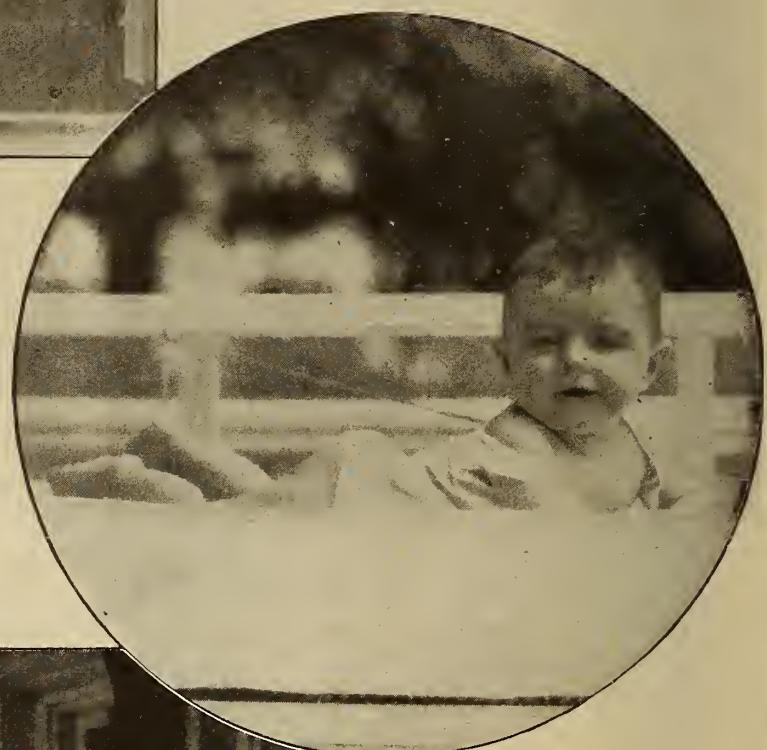
MARIE PREVOST again—this time in a stunning gown of black satin crepe. Four tiers of finely pleated satin form the skirt while the bodice is close fitting and finished with a simple round collar edged with georgette. Oriental embroidery down the sides from the neck-in-hem in front and banding the sleeves is the only trimming.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, at the left, is wearing a gold costume which breaks all the rules of Dame Fashion's Paris headquarters. The skirt is distinctly short, of side-plaited crepe romaine. A jade green sleeveless sweater, green and white plaid scarf and smart leg-horn sailor hat complete the outfit. No, the shoes aren't part of the costume!



The Barthelmess Boss

In other words Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of the distinguished house of Barthelmess. That popular star, Richard Barthelmess, is her daddy and charming little Mary Hay, in private life Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, is her mamma. With such distinguished parents we're laying bets that little Mary Hay does something to set the world on fire.



The accompanying pictures were taken at the Barthelmess summer home at New Rochelle, N. Y., facing Long Island Sound. Here Mrs. Barthelmess, who has been very ill, is fast regaining her health. In fact, she will make a return to the stage this season. And here Dick rests between pictures. Just now he is at work on a modern story, "Wild Apples."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANGS

C How a lonely girl spends
Christmas in Hollywood

Fool's GOLD

*The Diary of
an Extra Girl*

July 1, 1923.

THOUGH I am almost an old Hollywoodian, and know most of the cues in the comedy-drama of this "Land of Make-Believe," yet—they pulled a new line on me this week—one I'd never heard before.

I had worked two nights at Fox's, in one of Tom Mix's pictures, just doing extra work, of course. The set was a Texas dance hall, Tom Mix is lovely to work for. He treats the extras and all his company as if they were honest-to-God human beings like himself. He has a real cow-boy chef and, at midnight, the entire company is invited to file up to the most delectable lunch wagon and partake of the most luscious "chow." Real Spanish dishes and the best of everything. There is a very different atmosphere around his little band than about any other star or company I've ever worked for. Funny how the rotten and the sweet gets inmixed up in this game.

The new line was pulled by a man not in the company at all. He was a sort of glorified Extra, doing just a bit. This man watched me closely all evening. For once in my "celluloid life" I was not half naked. I was fully clothed in a little blue and gray sports outfit borrowed from Babs.

Offered \$150 a Week

DURING our delicious supper, this actor came up to me, introducing himself to me as Mr. South. "Did I know of him?" "No," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I am just doing this bit to fill in a gap between pictures, but I am a director myself, and I want to know if you would be interested in earning \$150 a week for at least two weeks, possibly it might be for three or four."

"Ask a drowning man if he'd be interested in a life preserver," was my pert reply, for I thought he was only kidding.

"Well, then, dear child, call up my wife (handing me his card with his telephone number) to-morrow morning. She will arrange for you to call, and we'll talk things over. I've a great little wife. She helps me direct, and I want her to meet you before I decide definitely."

Could anything, I ask you, sound more recklessly respectable?

The next morning I called the number. A woman's voice answered. What a speaking voice she had—one of the refined, cultured, interested-in-you-at-once voices that immedi-

ately calls forth your best New York accent. I arranged to go right over to a certain number in Hollywood, not far from the club.

My room-mates were skeptical. Sounded fishy to them, they said, to be going to a private home to see about a job. Why didn't I meet him under the pine tree in the garden, so they could keep an eye on the proceedings. But I scoffed at them. Wasn't I an old hand at the whole movie game? Nothing in Hollywood I wasn't wise to. Besides, both the man and the voice over the phone seemed blue-labelled and genuine. And of course I needed money so badly, I'd have followed up any scent at all that smelled of a job.

South American Films

THE attractive little Spanish bungalow I went to, was on a quiet, Accacia bordered street. The woman who met me at

the door was charming. She told me of her husband's interest in a South American picture company. She spoke of his delight in finding me, just the type he had been searching for. She said he had been called to the studio and would expect me there in about an hour. She bid me good-bye with words to this effect!:

"My husband and I work together always. He is a fine man. One of the few you can trust. Anything he asks you to do, you can bank on it, is all right."

I left her with great faith in the part her husband was about to offer me. It was only a matter of waiting, this movie game. Sooner or later, if you didn't starve in the meantime, there was sure to come forth a director who would say, "My dear, where have you hidden yourself? I've been searching all Hollywood just for you!" Yes, I'd always known it, and now it had come.

I drew a deep breath, I skipped down the street for sheer joy. Over and over the woman had impressed upon me that her husband had said that I was a splendid Latin type, and that he had watched my work very carefully the night before, and so knew just what I could do.

My in-born desire to act is so strong I find one can easily stir up vanity in me by the slightest praise of my acting. And the praise I had just heard was anything but slight. So, cheerily, merrily, did I fly to the studio.

Ramshackle Studio

THE address given me, I found to be one of those ramshackle, tumbled down affairs on Santa Monica Boulevard. On approaching its dilapidated doorway, my faith slipped out of high gear. Still, I entered smilingly.

For once, the door-man let me in without words. Yes, Mr. South expected me. I was to go into his private office.

His line was so good, and so originally worded—I should have taken it down in short hand—(if I'd only known short hand). It went something like this:

"Now, little lady, I want a short, straight talk with you. I'm an old man, and I feel as though you were my own daughter, so I want to protect, and help you get along at the same time."

It sounded like music to my ears.

"Now our pictures are released only in South America. You are a magnificent Latin type. You are not only Spanish looking, but you have a good, well rounded figure. We take pictures in two, three, or (Continued on page 77)

The Listening Post

By Constance Palmer Littlefield
and Helen Lee

THE FACE that launched a thousand imitators has been insured for \$1,500,000. J. D. Williams, who has Rodolph Valentino under contract, has taken out that amount of insurance on his star. The policy is split two ways, with the generous producer taking the small end of the half million and Rudy getting the big slice of cake.

But money cannot ease a broken heart so if anything should happen to Rudy before he gets a chance to go to work again, the Valentino flappers take the big loss.

"Scaramouche" for Stage

RAFAEL SABATINI ought to send Rex Ingram a box of good cigars for directing public attention to his novel, *Scaramouche*. The publicity which Ingram has expended on the story has helped the popularity of the book and brought it to the notice of theatrical producers as a play

possibility. About the time that Ingram launches the film, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in the leading roles, Charles Wagner will present the play on Broadway with Sydney Blackmer in the romantic role.

The film version has a cast of 10,000 performers with 30 principal players. Unless the stage producer can hire the Hippodrome or the Yankee Stadium, theatrical audiences will have to see the play with only a couple of hundred performers.

Novarro Contract Not Renewed

INGRAM, by the way, has not renewed his contract with Novarro although the director and his hand-made, picked-to-win star are on good terms. Novarro has come to New York and our old anonymous friend "eastern capital" is said to be backing him in the formation of a company of his own. Of all the actors chosen to follow up Valentino's popularity, Novarro has been the only one to achieve success, probably because he never fancied the role of an imitator himself.

The movie critic who does not own a dress suit is going to get the reputation of being a "frightful bounder" if the film openings keep up the social pace they have established. For the "world premieres" of the new million dollar attractions are cutting into the prestige of Broadway's regular first-nights.

It was D. W. Griffith who first had the idea of culling his first night audiences from the social and theatrical world and now anyone who thinks he has a super-production to slip over, invites his guests from the pages of Who's Who and the Social Register.

Distinguished First Nighters

THE audience at the opening of *Little Old New York* at the new Cosmopolitan Theatre looked as though it had been snatched from one of Morris Gest's parties or the Empire Theatre. Mayor Hylan was there in the capacity of a critic and he wrote up the show for the New York American. It was a great stunt because the widely-read Heywood Broun promptly challenged his fitness as a critic.

CMarilynn Miller Pickford takes one last dip with her husband, Jack Pickford, in Mary Pickford's swimming pool in Beverly Hills before coming east to resume her tour in *Sally*.

© UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Moreover, in honor of Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan assembled as many of the descendants of the Astor and Vanderbilt families as could conveniently be lured from Newport and Eu-



Gladys Cooper and her two children at a British watering place. Miss Cooper, who was recently voted the most popular actress in Great Britain, recently paid a visit to Ivor Novello, her reported fiance, in this country.

rope and so the diamonds in the audience exceeded the cost of the production on the screen, which means that there was a lot of cash in the house. Miss Davies, herself, was present with her mother and sisters and so were innumerable members of New York City's government. It must have been the happiest evening in Miss Davies' career because the ovation she received was a real one and no adjective seemed good enough for her. The critics, who have been panning her for years, took it all back, graciously apologized and even the sedate New York Times nearly broke into poetry over her performance.

Ashes of Vengeance, with the Talmadges absent in Hollywood, wasn't nearly so brilliantly launched. Again Miss Davies received most of the attention because she was easily the most popular star in the audience.

New York's movie fans always line up in the lobby of the theatre to watch the celebrities go in and it is a proud ingenue who enjoys the thrill of being spotted by the crowd. Several cameras stationed in front of the theatre where *The Green Goddess* opened took pictures of the first-night crowd. Alice Joyce, accompanied, of course, by her husband, gave the fans a treat and so did Jetta Goudal, the only other feminine member of the cast. Little Jetta is a regular first-nighter for the wise child knows that it is well to be seen by the directors who attend. And she is by far the most striking member of the younger set of film actresses in the East.

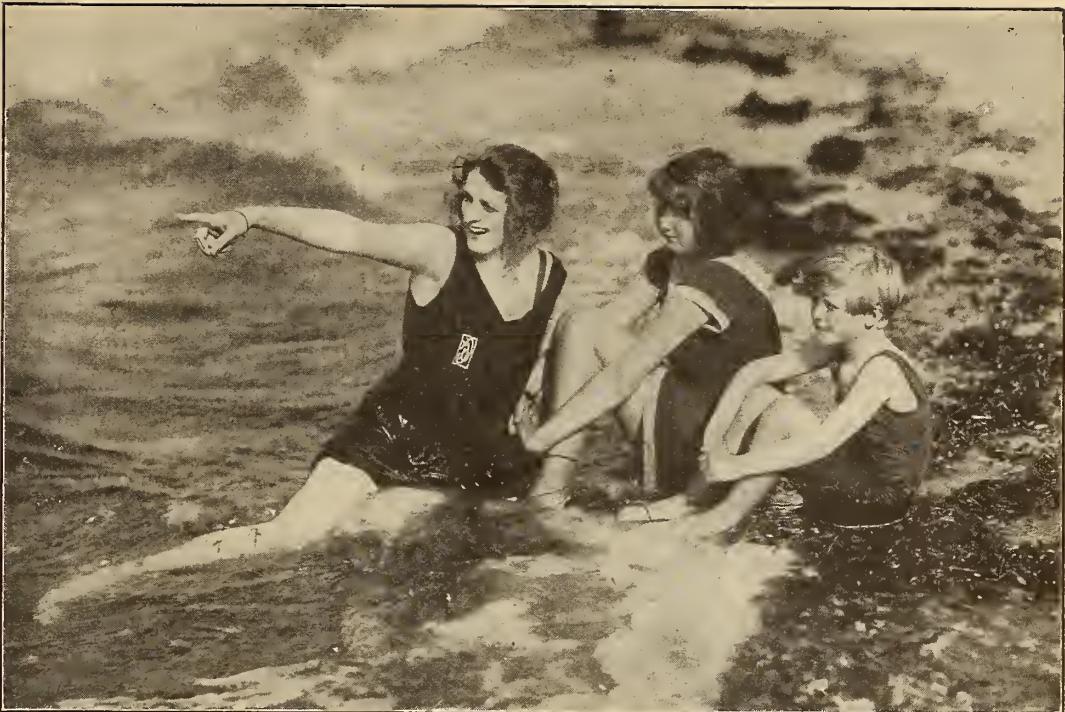
Bebe Daniels Unhappy

BEBE DANIELS used to be conspicuous in all the social events in Hollywood but her stay in New York has been a quiet one. It is no particular secret that Bebe is dissatisfied with the new policy of Famous Players-Lasky to place all their former stars in all-star casts. And you cannot exactly blame Bebe. Of all the old Realart group, Bebe was the only one who made good. She received a small salary, she seldom complained and she worked hard. But now she is obliged to suffer for the sins of the others and step down from her position as a star.

Bebe is still too good a sport to complain and her mother, a former actress and newspaper woman, is too much of a regular person to step into the disagreeable role of a typical movie mother. But a lot of Bebe's fellow-workers feel that she deserves better treatment.

Barthelmes' New Picture

THE big sets of *The Fighting Blade* have been removed from the Fort Lee studio and Richard Barthelmes has



begun work on a modern story, adapted by Josephine Lovett from a novel called *Wild Apples*. John S. Robertson is directing it, of course. *Wild Apples*, naturally, won't be the releasing title of the picture.

Dorothy Mackaill, whom you will see in *The Fighting Blade*, rushed through her work in *His Children's Children* in time to play opposite Barthelmes again. If Jetta Goudal is the most striking of the younger actresses, Dorothy is certainly the most charming. Both girls have profited enormously by the training of Mr. Robertson, who has a gift for helping young actresses to find themselves.

Colleen Moore Married

FINALLY and at last, Colleen Moore has gone and done it. She has married John McCormick, western representative of First National, and now poor John can breathe easy. Colleen, whose real name is Kathleen Morrison, is militantly Irish and kept John waiting for two years before she made up her mind. What can you expect of a girl who has one green eye and one blue eye?

Together with Mildred Davis and Helen Ferguson, Colleen was an active member of the "Denying Their Engagement Club." Colleen nearly wore the third finger off her left hand removing John's handsome engagement ring. But, encouraged by Mildred's marriage to Harold Lloyd, Colleen took the leap. And now won't Helen Ferguson please marry William Russell?

THE opening of the Greater Movie Season in New York was marked by one important event. A matinee audience actually laughed openly and loudly at the big scene in Pola Negri's picture *The Cheat*. The Greater Movie Season will start all over the country when audiences begin to get critical about pictures.

"Anna Christie" Started

THE movies may not be art with a capital A, but they do succeed in making the accepted arts bow down before the mighty power of the dollar. A highly successful play and



INTERNATIONAL

CSenorita Nelly Fernandez is following in the footsteps of her countryman, Roman Novarro, in entering pictures. Here she is demonstrating a native Mexican dance to Director Maurice Tourneur.

an equally successful novel have succumbed to the ancient lure.

Thomas H. Ince bought *Anna Christie*—which Pauline Lord took to London after a record New York run—and has cast Blanche Sweet in the title role. William Russell is playing opposite Miss Sweet, with George Marion as the rough, bewildered sea-captain father, while Chester Conklin is to do the comedy-relief.

The successful novel to reach the screen is *Black Oxen*, now in its eighty-first edition. Corinne Griffith has been given the wonderful role of Madame Zattiany, which must have been coveted by many and many a worthy actress. It remains to be seen if Miss Griffith can give the subtlety and spirituality to the character intended by Gertrude Atherton, the author. Conway Tearle will play opposite Miss Griffith.

Wanda Hawley Returns

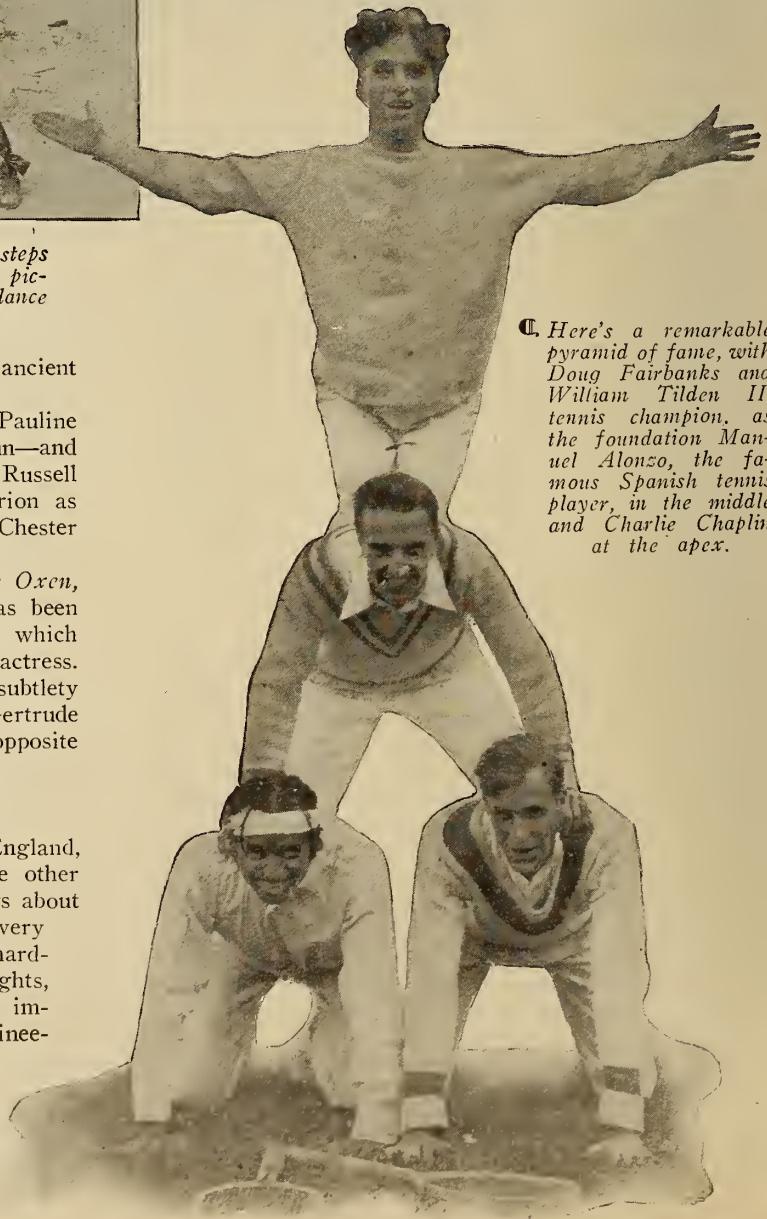
WANDA HAWLEY has come back to us from England, where she made a picture or two. At dinner the other night she told SCREENLAND several interesting things about British film-making. It seems that methods are very antiquated and that players have to undergo many hardships in the way of delays. They wait for the lights, they wait for the director, for props, and most important of all, they wait for the actors. On matinees there's no picture, for the actors are all recruited from the stage. She says American players are in great demand over there, and that there are wonderful opportunities for actors who can find it in their hearts to tear themselves away from home for a year or two.

Here in our town we have become very blasé about publicity stunts. But even the jaded interest of Hollywood was aroused when two whole tribes of Indians were imported for the ballyhooing of *The Covered Wagon*. Each night about seven o'clock we are treated to some regular war-whoops as the Indians, en masse, come yoo-hooing down Highland Avenue in a very modern motor-bus past the Hollywood Hotel. They are fully arrayed in the paraphernalia which, in best Indian society is not used for church-going but for war-going.

Publicity De Luxe

But when one finally views them at close range in front of the theatre where *The Covered Wagon* is packing 'em in, the war-paint looks remarkably like grease-paint. And many of the red-men have been extras about the studios and are well known there. Anyhow, they're good Indians, and the tourists just love 'em.

In front of the theatre, the inspired publicist has placed a large book in which said tourists are urged to register. The exact reason for registering was not clear for a long time, until one day announce-



CHere's a remarkable pyramid of fame, with Doug Fairbanks and William Tilden II, tennis champion, as the foundation Manuel Alonzo, the famous Spanish tennis player, in the middle and Charlie Chaplin at the apex.

ment was made that the book was to be presented to the President of the United States. Thereafter registering was fast and furious, each tourist knowing full well that the President was going to lay aside matters of state and at once sit him down to read every name therein inscribed!

Oh, well, it's a great world anyway!

Seen on the Boulevard

SPEAKING of sights in Hollywood that cause the jaded to stop and look—one view of Lord Auckland and his pet coyote is sure to arouse interest. No one seems to be quite sure whether the coyote is a coyote or a wolf, but it is quite certain that the beast is not a dog. No mere canine could manage such a heartfelt sneer!

Well, anyway, when his Lordship takes his daily constitutional along our main thoroughfare, he is invariably accompanied by his pet. The animal is not as fond of walking as his master is, and about every half-block rebels. This rebellion is not a matter of growls and snarls. Oh, no—the beastie merely sits down very definitely and positively. Lord Auckland is so used to these manoeuvres that he merely continues on his way, and when the coyote is tired of sleigh-riding, or mayhap when he encounters a splinter, he gets up on four feet and trots along as unconcernedly as ever. In another half-block the performance is repeated.

It is reported that his Lordship has forty more coyotes—or are they wolves?—on his place in England, and that he just brought this one along for companionship.

To Vie for Honors

RUMOR has it that both Dorothy Phillips and Betty Blythe are to portray Mary Stuart, ill-fated Queen of Scots. Miss Blythe is at present in England and reports from there are of the vaguest, but Miss Phillips is right here on the West Coast, so we can check up more definitely on her.

An eastern syndicate plans to star Miss Phillips in a screen play based on Schiller's drama, *Mary Stuart*. I do not know who is to back Miss Blythe's picture, but suffice it to say that we have waited a long time for someone to discover the splendid material this portion of English history offers for drama.

Washburns to Be Featured

BRYANT WASHBURN and his wife, who will appear on the screen as Mabel Forrest, are to be featured by the Grand-Asher organization. Mrs. Washburn—or Miss Forrest, as she chooses to be known to the screen—was a musical comedy favorite before her marriage to Bryant some years ago. She left the stage then to become an ideal wife and, later, the mother of two lovely children. Now she feels that the children are old enough to take care of themselves, supervised by a competent nurse and housekeeper.

Miss Forrest's present contract followed her very successful appearance as the leading woman opposite Charles Ray in the *Screen Writers' Revue* last spring.

Von Stroheim in Death Valley

IT SEEMS as if Eric Von Stroheim would never get a chance to see his wife and their seven-months-old baby. First he went to San Francisco to film *Greed*, which was taken from Frank Norris' *McTeague*. Realistic always, he insisted that the picture be filmed in the exact locale in which it was written. Therefore, instead of building



Jack Dempsey and the other pugilists aren't the only ones to use roadwork to attain perfect form. Here's Helene Chadwick trying it and, as may be visible, with real success.

Adele Rowland Comes West

THE common or garden variety of married couple—like you and your wife and me and my husband—often wonder how these stage couples manage to remain married so long though not working at it. Being married is a life-size job—but then, I'll spare you a long dissertation on the subject!

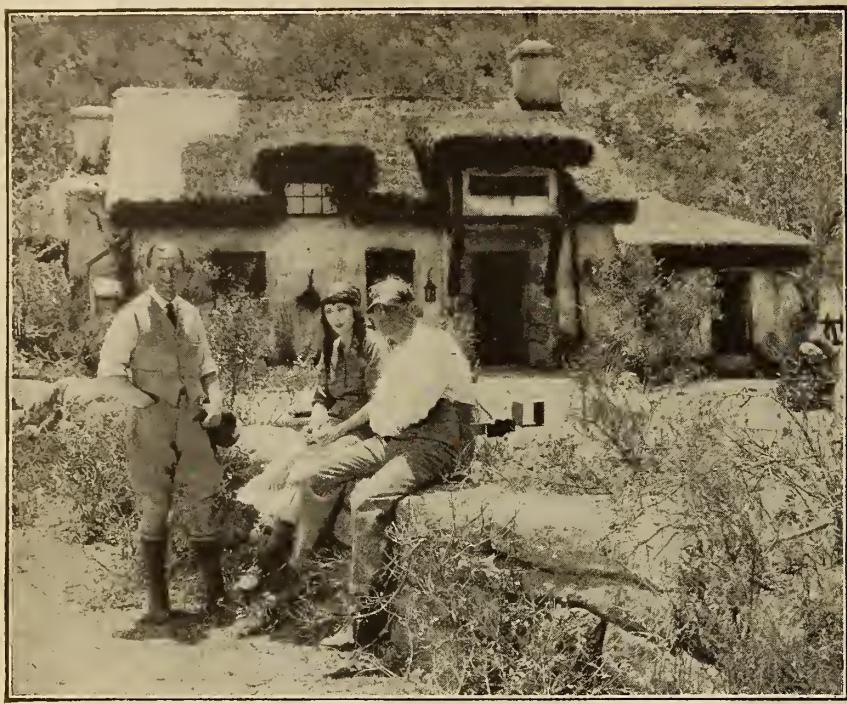
What I'm getting at is this: Conway Tearle, one of the busiest leading men in pictures, and Adele Rowland, one of vaudeville's most popular headliners, have been separated most of the months of most of the years of their married life.

Mr. Tearle's contracts keep him in the West, while Miss Rowland is touring Eastern cities on the big time. Once in a while they meet. But in the summer Miss Rowland's booking permits her a vacation.

"Come East," she wired her husband.

"Come West," he replied in short order—and she did.

So nowadays one may see her sitting in a comfy chair on the side-lines while her husband is finishing his part with Constance Talmadge in *The Dangerous Maid*. A little later she will do some



On location during the filming of "The Master of Man" Charles Lapworth, the technical advisor, Mac Busch, the leading woman, and Victor Seastrom, the director. And all waiting for the lunch boxes to arrive.

sets at the Goldwyn studio, they used interiors and exteriors and locations in and about San Francisco.

Then Von Stroheim took his company to the mines in Northern California for further sequences of the story, and now they are out on the desert in Death Valley. The heat is terrific. It is said that in order to avoid delay, substitutes are provided for all the animals used on the location, in case any—or all of them—should die of sunstroke. Nothing is said of substitutes being provided for the poor actors, however!



Mlle. Jeanne de Balzac trying out a typical Deauville bathing costume and helmet on the California beaches.



What is the book? Don't ask us, but the interested readers are Frank A. Tilley, a writer, June Mathis, the famous scenario constructor, and Carey Wilson, another builder of scripts. Snapped at the Goldwyn plant.

more side-line-sitting while Conway plays opposite Corrinne Griffith in *Black Oxen*.

Wonder what a wife's mental processes are in a case like that?

In Training

HELENE CHADWICK has startled everyone by employing "Pop" Kerwin, a well-known physical trainer, to supervise her daily dozen. It is all the more surprising

when one realizes that Miss Chadwick is not at all the strong-arm type of woman. I shall not be so vulgar as to point out also that she has just obtained a divorce from her husband, Billy Wellman,—so why the training?

On location the other day, Miss Chadwick was unfortunately near the Giant Geyser in Yellowstone Park when the geyser took it upon itself to let off a little surplus steam and hot water. The burns she received kept her in bed some days.



INTERNATIONAL

A Belated Honeymoon

MARJORIE DAW and Eddie Sutherland had a lovely wedding some months ago up at the palatial abode of Mary and Douglas Fairbanks. But although the wedding was all it should have been, somehow or other they didn't manage to follow it up by the conventional honeymoon.

First Eddie was tied up assisting Charles Chaplin on the making of *A Woman of Paris*, starring Edna Purviance. Then Marjorie was signed up for a picture, and still another picture. Now they are waiting for her to finish her part with Constance Talmadge!

Art in the Movies

MAURICE TOURNEUR has signed up Bull Montana solely for the use of his neck. You will be edified by the sight of it in *Jealous Fools*, a brilliantly named picture which Mr. Tourneur is making for First National. Jane Novak and Earle Williams play what are evidently the title roles.

Considerable to-do has been made by the Paramount Studios over the signing of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a star. Now Universal, always willing to follow in the wake of anyone when that anyone seems successful, has countered with the announcement that they will star Julius Laemmle, only son of Carl Laemmle—who practically is Universal.

I ask you, dearie, I ask you!

Dale Fuller Steps Out

AFIRM of San Francisco financiers are making arrangements to star Dale Fuller in a protean production. ("Protean," friends, comes from Proteus, the name of a

CKathleen Kay is strong for the full dinner pail an' everything. Kathleen plays in Goldwyn pictures when she isn't posing for pictures like this.



INTERNATIONAL

the masculine lead, goes Virginia Valli to Georgia for the filming of *Wild Oranges*.

Vidor has chosen one of the most (Continued on page 83)

CColleen Moore and John Emmett McCormick, a motion picture official, were married on August 18th in Los Angeles, the wedding being the culmination of a two year romance.



INTERNATIONAL

Ann Luther, o' the movies now and then teaches an Apache Indian visitor to Broadway a savage dance which has just originated in the White Way tepees. The redskin is eighty-four but he is willing to learn.

marine deity and prophet who had the power of assuming any shape he chose.)

Protean sketches have been done successfully in vaudeville by Henri de Vries, and Ray Cannon made a masculine protean picture. But to Miss Fuller falls the honor of being the first woman to make the attempt.

Virginia Valli Travels

ALONG with King Vidor, the director, and James Kirkwood,

the masculine lead, goes Virginia Valli to Georgia for the filming of *Wild Oranges*.

The
GLAND
GIRL
of
BLACK
OXEN



The passing years are like black oxen, wrote Gertrude Atherton, plodding on relentlessly. The heroine of her "Black Oxen" is a famous beauty who successfully renews her youth, thereby creating a new world for herself, far from her old loves and dreams. Corinne Griffith, who is perhaps the greatest beauty of our screen in this merry year of 1923, is playing the heroine.

EDWIN THAYEE MONROE

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 69)

at most four weeks. We never over-work our girls. You would need to be on the set only three or four hours a day. I know positively that you are equal to any depth of emotion. I'm ready to sign you up this minute for \$150 a week."

He picked up some forms of contracts from a desk drawer, while my heart stood still.

"But I must tell you one other thing—this is entirely nude work."

To say I almost fainted sounds like a Mid-Victorian novel, but truly, I had a frightful attack of "ingrowing hysterics."

A picture, two to four weeks in the making, working only "in the nude!"

Oh, Eden, Eden, thy name is Hollywood.

Then he continued: "Now, dear, I don't want you to do anything you would be ashamed of but remember, it's all in the mind. As you think, so are you. Come now—sign this contract—"

She Almost Signs

I nearly did.

Yes, I know I shock you, dear old diary, but the spell of the moment, or his garbled philosophy, or my dire need—some spell was upon me, for I had the pen dipped in ink, ready to sign my name, when something seized me. But I stopped and said hurriedly.

"I'll come back this afternoon, and tell you what I decide."

He did not try to force me. He saw me to the door and said,

"I'll expect you back. Remember, this is released only in South America. We are doing these pictures continually. Work a few weeks at this salary now and then, and you will have some money to buy clothes and a little car. And before you know it, you won't be doing extra work for \$5 a night on the Fox lot."

All this sounded reassuring and plausible, and extremely matter of fact.

I walked out of the studio in a daze and right to the home of an actor I know. He and his wife have been in the picture business as many years as the industry has been going. And I find when it comes to safe and sane sailing, he knows the tides. So I told him all. He took my hand and said:

"I'm not a prude, as you know, but I want you to promise me faithfully you'll not go back there to that man today. And also, stick to the respectable agencies when looking for movie jobs."

I promised.

(Continued on page 78)



TRE-JUR

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Write Now! ANNETTE, Dept. B-30 Evanston, Ill.

Fool's Gold

I've spoken to several girls this week, who have had this same South American bromide handed to them.

Campbell's & Kellogg's

Dec. 24, 1922

WRITERS have written of picturesque poverty in Paris, in Heidelberg, in Greenwich Village. And I've thought sometimes, while in the shadow of the hills of Hollywood that poverty in moviedom was a bit romantic, but during these past rainy holiday weeks in Long Beach, California, poverty has not held a trace of romanticism for me. I've even lost heart in telling you about it, old diary.

Nothing Doing During Holidays

SIX weeks ago, the portals of studio-land seemed locked and bolted. Every studio definitely said—

"Not a day's work till after the holidays. Production is completely suspended for at least two months."

So when Phyllis and I had a chance to join a dramatic stock company in Long Beach, we took it. It was running on the co-operative plan. We figure we'd make at least \$30 a week apiece, and we felt we could easily "make the grade on that." But we figured wrong, very wrong. The first week our share of the proceeds was \$23 each. The next week, \$10. Then the third week jumped to around \$18. We felt glowingly opulent and sent money home, and paid some back board at the club. Christmas week we each collected the immense sum of \$5!

This financial drop in the market led to many complications. We were renting a cheap little apartment. Both of us had felt that keeping house would be very economical. Besides, we were rather plump and reduction was necessary. So we voluntarily put ourselves on strict diets. But by the time two weeks had elapsed, our fast was compulsory, as the few dollars we earned were soon squandered for rent, clothes, and hairwaves. Food became a luxury.

One day we had the luck to find a few empty milk and cream bottles. The money we reaped from turning these in fed us for four days.

Hungry and Lonely

ANOTHER day at dusk, after a strenuous six hours' rehearsal, I was coming up a lonely street, and spied two boxes of cornflakes lying in the yard of a deserted looking bungalow. Manna dropped from heaven to the Israelites, could not have been more welcome. I

picked them up and flew home with them. But what was my amazement to find a whole flock more sitting on the mailboxes of our own apartment house! Needless to say I gathered them all up in my arms, fled up the stairs and tumbled them all out on the bed before Phyllis' astonished gaze.

Tonight is Christmas Eve, and we face Christmas day with a bare little Christmas tree, sent in by a kind neighbor, a can of Campbell's soup, and seven little sample boxes of dry corn flakes.

A Week After Christmas

CHRISTMAS EVE, after our performance of *The Cinderella Man*, we decided to go to services at midnight in one of Long Beach's largest churches.

Christmas Morning

WE GOT up early Christmas morning. Had black coffee and butterless toast. Rehearsed our next week's bill, *East Lynn* all morning and came back again to our cheerless little apartment. Every cafeteria and restaurant we passed on our way from the theatre seemed to jeer and sneer at me.

Then we made our Christmas dinner on the rest of the tomato soup and dry corn flakes, at the little table in our kitchenette on which stood our small tree. It was innocent of gifts except a few jokes. An empty perfume bottle, the end of our last piece of soap. We laughed loud and long when the dinner was over, and vowed to each other, as long as we lived, we'd keep a certain date in December as a celebration of our one great feast.

But the dawn came.

And it was brighter than any dawn I've ever had because of the contrast with such inky blackness.

We stayed by the sinking ship till the crash came, and the company went on the rocks on New Years' Eve. We were paid nothing at all that week, so I left my violin and my fur coat as security to our landlord.

Back to Los Angeles

WE WENT up to Los Angeles on the midnight train. It was about two thirty A. M. when we leaped up the Studio Club steps.

How shall I ever tell you of that dawning? We stood in the dim hall with its masses of fragrant evergreen and pepper boughs, just absolutely spell-bound. For there in one corner of the great living room stood the most

Fool's Gold

mammoth Christmas tree I have ever seen, all lighted with dozens of tiny colored lights. It was all dripping with shiny frosty things, and golden oranges, and balls and little birds and children's horns, and a doll. Suddenly, well, we weren't grown up actresses at all, for we discovered, above the still glowing embers of a wood fire, two bulging and enormously elongated stockings, hanging from the mantel piece. Our names were on them. And just as we felt too weak-kneed to do anything but flop and sob, down the stairs came a little swishing sound, and there was Babs, trailing in in all her glory of a new orchid silk dressing gown.

"I want you all to know," she said in her soft Southern drawl, "I had an herbaceous hunch that you all were here." Babs always uses the rarest adjectives.

The hunch spread, for one after another of the old gang kept coming down, Gloria and Sania and Trixie and Pat—all loving us with ecstatic hugs. They built up the fire, brought cigarettes and candy, and watched us open our stockings.

I caught Phyllis' eyes, once when we had both been gazing up at the great tree, and for a second everything went black before me. I thought of Christmas dinner, and the seven little packages of dry corn flakes. Then I looked at our gang, laughing, careless, irresponsibles.

"If you had been where I have been,

"And seen what I have seen—" I thought, then you too would know what we are experiencing this New Years' dawning!

Tell It With Titles

(Continued from page 27)

'ere Taylor boy down by the old still."

"The honor of the Jacksons is in yoah hands, boy."

At the trysting place, dreaming the bitter-sweet dreams of girl-womanhood, unconscious of the black shadow about to spring—

"Jack, you frightened me."

"Jess, I'm mad about you. Yoah're in my blood, gal."

"Help, help!"

The jaws of hell open for Jess Jackson—

With a light heart Jim leaves to meet his love.

"You can't escape me."

"Stand back or I'll jump."

"Pray God I'm in time!"

"Jim—thank God!"

"You white-livered skunk, you've laughed for the last time."

The mountain sun, blood-red, sets on a bigger, better, cleaner world.

All New York marveled! at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty Cristina Montt

Even blasè New York marveled! When this dainty Señorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film début, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

Questioned later, she laughingly replied: "Since childhood I have used only cocoa butter—the favorite cosmetic of Spanish Beauties. But—since coming to America I have found a new and better way to use my beloved cocoa butter. Now I'm never without Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme.

"I could talk for hours about Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme. It fairly melts into the skin, plumping the cells and stimulating

circulation. It will bring the glow of health to your cheeks as it has to mine.

"I want all American Women to know of the wonders it has performed for me, so I have induced the makers to make a special introductory offer, reducing price from 75c to 50c that all Screenland's readers may see for themselves the wonderful results."

The supply at this price is limited, so order your jar today, money back if not satisfactory.

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The Girl Who Quit Hollywood

By Agnes Kenare O'Malley

PLEASE don't write any fan letters to Hope Drown. She won't be here to receive them. She has left Hollywood and motion pictures flat to play an important part with Frank Keenan in *Peter West* in New York.

She doesn't like picture work, and isn't even going to see herself in "Hollywood."

"I didn't really want to act in pictures in the first place," she said, almost plaintively, as if being given the leading rôle in a James Cruze production was taking a mean advantage of a young girl.

"My experience is really a case of having fame thrust upon one. Of course, I know my only qualification for the rôle was the fact that I was unknown on the screen, and this was absolutely essential to the story."

That may be what Hope thinks, but I know James Cruze, the director, was not insensible to two hazel eyes with wistful appeal.

"I'll tell you how it came about," Miss Drown offered. "I was playing in stock in San Diego. Someone told me James Cruze had seen me there and wanted to make a screen



Hope Drown

test. I wasn't actually opposed to picture work then, but I had no ambitions along that line, so nothing came of it. Then it seems Mr. Cruze was in San Diego again a couple of months later; this was while he was in search of 'the new face' that he had to have for the part in his picture *Hollywood*. It's the story of a small town girl who comes out here to get into pictures, you know, and in order not to destroy the illusion of the story, Mr. Cruze wanted someone for the part that had never been seen on the screen.

"I was visiting Ramona's home near San Diego with some sightseeing friends at the time, and so it happened was Mr. Cruze. He saw and recognized me, and asked me if I would make a screen test for him. I had no particular reason for refusing, so I agreed to do it. He liked the result and offered me the part. Well, it was flattering, and so I accepted."

"With such a flying start, I should think you would be anxious to go right on—a James Cruze picture—such a wonderful opportunity (Continued on Page 82)

And the Boy Who Came to Conquer It

By Eunice Marshall

HAIL Mario, brother of Ramon!

There are actually seven brothers and sisters of Ramon. Five strapping Samaniegos boys, melting of eye and shiny of hair, even as Ramon himself. Two luscious Samaniegos girls, equally melting of eye and with black curling eyelashes long enough to braid. And all of them hungering and thirsting to share brother Ramon's triumphs.

Which brings us to Mario.

Slim, graceful, doggedly ambitious, Mario Novarro, nee Mariano Samaniegos, seems to have the qualities necessary in a screen player. In person he strongly resembles his famous brother. Indeed, in the plumed hat and sixteenth century costume which he wears in Constance Talmadge's picture, *The Dangerous Maid*, one would almost swear that he was Ramon himself. Whether this resemblance is going to be a help or a hindrance remains to be seen.

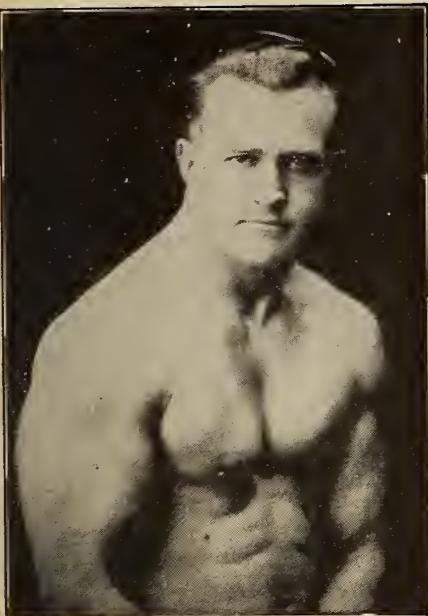


Mario Novarro

Certainly he has no desire to trade on his brother's achievements.

It was through Ramon's influence that he got his first chance in pictures. That was in *Scaramouche*. The word had gone out that French types were wanted for "atmosphere" for a big mob scene. The morning the scene was to be shot, Ramon burst into Rex Ingram's office with the glad news that the types waited without. They did. A great throng of Spanish and Mexican friends of Ramon's had responded to his hint that this was a good chance to get into the movies. And among the throng was Mario.

His next job, however, and everything that he has done since, Mario has accomplished through his own efforts. He respects and admires his brother tremendously, but he doesn't want to bask in his reflected glory. He has made only one concession; he has adopted Ramon's screen name for his own. Mariano (Continued on page 82)



Earl E. Liederman
as he is today

Gee! But It's Great To Be Healthy!

Up in the morning brimming with pep. Eat like a kid and off for the day's work feeling like a race horse. You don't care how much work awaits you, for that's what you crave—hard work and plenty of it. And when the day is over, are you tired? I should say not. Those days are gone forever. That's the way a strong, healthy man acts. His broad chest breathes deep with oxygen purifying his blood so that his very body tingles with life. His brain is clear and his eyes sparkle. He has a spring to his step and a confidence to tackle anything at any time.

Pity the Weakling

Don't you feel sorry for those poor fellows dragging along through life with a neglected body? They are up and around a full half hour in the morning before they are half awake. They taste a bit of food and call it a breakfast. Shuffle off to work and drag through the day. It's no wonder so few of them ever succeed. Nobody wants a dead one hanging around. It's the live ones that count.

Strength Is Yours

Wake up fellows and look the facts in the face. It's up to you right now. What do you plan to be—live one or a dead one? Health and strength are yours. You'll work for them, so why choose a life of suffering and failure?

Exercise will do it. By that I mean the right kind of exercise. Yes, your body needs it just as much as it does food. If you don't get it you soon develop into a flat-chested, narrow-shouldered weakling with a brain that needs all kinds of stimulants and foolish treatments to make it act. I know what I am talking about. I haven't devoted all these years for nothing. Come to me and give me the facts and I'll transform that body of yours so you won't know it. I will broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest, and give you the arms and legs of a real man. Meanwhile, I work on the muscles in and around your vital organs, making your heart pump rich, pure blood and putting real pep in your old backbone. This is no idle talk. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. If you doubt me, come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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The New Screenplays in Review

(Continued from page 44)

satire. It is the first time on record that the screen has laughed at itself.

Cruze here proves his metal as a director—and makes me doubt whether *The Covered Wagon* was such a chance hit after all. Come to think of it, didn't Cruze make that gem, *One Glorious Day?* *Hollywood* has humor and a tear or two, along with a joyous sense of the fantastic. Cruze has inserted a delightfully mad dream into *Hollywood* that is better than anything I have ever glimpsed. This makes me long for him to adventure into *Alice in Wonderland*.

Minor Films of Month

HERE were other pictures of the month, but they weren't so much. Gloria Swanson's *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* is a bad celluloid adaptation of what was once a fairly piquant French farce. In its present form it won't take Will Hays' mind away from his dear statistics for a moment. The story is drivel in its present form and Miss Swanson, without disclosing anything new histrionically, does reveal some bad taste in gowns.

Priscilla Dean's *Drifting*, based upon John Colton's stage play done originally by Alice Brady, also is massacred to make a Hays holiday. Cassie Cook was a lady of moral versatility in the original stage play but here she is a little virgin who engaged in the opium traffic. At least we guessed it was opium. The sub-titles referred to the stuff as it most of the time, being as reticent as a bootlegger discussing his stock over the telephone.

The story is in a fearful jumble but, from what I could gather, Miss Dean was having a terrible time, pursued by Chinese hill folk, through the permanent sets on the Universal lot. A desperate time, indeed, but Miss Dean never upset her perfect coiffure. Such acting as exists in *Drifting* is contributed by Anna Mae Wong.

I can hardly comment coherently upon Goldwyn's production of *Red Lights*, once called *The Rear Car* when it was a stage play by Edward Rose. This is one of those dreadful mystery melodramas, worse than Griffith's *One Exciting Night*. Much worse, indeed. Burlesque titles might do something for it. As it is, *Red Lights* is awful.

Do Our Motion Picture Stars Dress Well?

See the December SCREENLAND and Read what a famous clothes authority has to say on the subject

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The Great Discovery

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In fact, we guarantee to refund your tuition if your voice is not improved 100% in your opinion. You alone are to be the judge.

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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St., New York City

The Girl Who Quit Hollywood

(Continued from page 80)

—I can't understand," I interposed.

"No one understands—particularly the people here at the studio." She unconsciously lowered her voice. "I actually believe they dislike me. They think it sacrilege for me to feel this way about the pictures. But I can't help it. I have only one good camera angle—and how can I act with this dreadful knowledge uppermost in my mind? In *Hollywood* when I should have been throwing myself into the part of Angela Whitaker, concentrating upon how to get the most out of every emotional scene—I found myself wondering, instead, if I was in the correct position for the camera man—if he was getting the slant of my head that Mr. Cruze wanted. And I want to act—not pose.

"Do you know, it almost seems wrong for me to have had that part in *Hollywood*—think what it would have meant to some hard-working extra girl.

"You're thinking that I don't know enough about either the screen or the

stage to really be sure what I want, but I've had enough stock experience to know that I love the stage. Besides the San Diego company, I was with the Thomas Wilkes Stock at the Alcazar in San Francisco; then I played the lead in *The Rear Car* at the Morosco here. And there's no training so good as stock. Compared with it, motion picture work seems recreation. All through *Hollywood* I never once felt I was acting—I felt like a marionette, with the director pulling the strings.

"My father, Clarence Drown, has been a stage director all his life, so you see I was really raised in that atmosphere. I was born in Chicago, but we moved to Los Angeles while I was still a baby, when he came here to manage the Orpheum Theatre. All our friends are stage people—why it seems almost like treason for me to be in pictures!

"I'm terribly thrilled at this offer from Frank Keenan. I feel it is the first step toward the success I've always dreamed of—Broadway!"

And the Boy Who Came to Conquer It

(Continued from page 80)

Samaniegos is an excellent Spanish name. Back in Durango, Mexico, where he was born and reared, it served admirably. But as a screen name, it is not so good. It is too long ever to go up in electric lights . . . and even a novice in pictures looks forward to that halcyon time when his name will be featured over theatre entrances. Besides, few Americans can spell it. In fact, they can't even pronounce it.

Mario is twenty-two years old, still young enough to resent being called young. Ramon once told in an interview how he and his little brother left the old home at Durango and journeyed to this new and strange land to seek their fortunes. He was at that time seventeen years old. The "little brother" was Mario, and he was all of two years younger than Ramon! I think

Mario will never quite forget the indignity of that "little brother"!

They worked in the daytime, and in the evenings they went to night-school. Mario studied English. When he had the new tongue conquered he discovered he was forgetting his French. He had attended a French school in Mexico and as a result spoke the language fluently until he came to California. So he went back to night school to brush up on his French. He took other courses, too, in lieu of college work. But most of all he studied dramatics. On the stage of the Polytechnique High School he rejoiced in the opportunity to show that he, too, was an actor. And meanwhile he saved his money. Ramon forged ahead in pictures and the rest of the Samaniegos family came to Los Angeles to join their young pioneers. And finally Mario got his chance.

The Famous Motion Picture Criticisms
of

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH Appear Only in SCREENLAND

See Pages 42, 43 and 44



Viola Dana, Beautiful Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

"EYES THAT CHARM"

Maybelline

WILL BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES INSTANTLY
A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, full and luxuriant. The color of your eyes, their illusive depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important cosmetic to be had for the eyes, especially.

MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations; it is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face or off the eyelids. Will guarantee safety and perfect delight to its users. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades: Black and Brown, 75¢ AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

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SCHNEIDER SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Dept. H-11, 283 Vernon Street, Blue Island Ill. (A suburb of Chicago)



ALL IN ONE COURSE

The Listening Post

(Continued from page 75)

dangerous spots in America for the setting of the picture—namely, the Georgia swamps, which are infested with poisonous snakes, flies, insects—and alligators.

The company will make its headquarters in Jacksonville and from there will travel to the locations.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE, who recently returned from Rome, where he has been making the picturized version of Sir Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, has a number of interesting things to say of Italy:

Mussolini Acts

“WHEN we reached Rome some of the people were glad that we were to make a Fascisti production, while others were opposed to the idea. However, we received a great deal of help from the Government and were permitted to go everywhere. I even photographed Mussolini in the picture, and in a sort of prologue, which we call a trailer, I have a picture of Mussolini in a scene in which I am directing him how to act. Of course, one of the reasons that we received so much attention and assistance was because the Government thought that this picture would turn out to be good propaganda, although actually it is not made with a hint of that intention. We were Americans and everybody was interested in us and our country. Incidentally, I used to have a great deal of comfort in Rome reading my New York Times. I never missed an issue that I could get hold of.

“One of the gentlemen who were of much assistance to us, and who was enthusiastic about the picture, was Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador at Washington. We spent three months in Italy, where, of course, we only filmed the exteriors, and for these we had the use of Villa Falconini, the Villa Aldobrandini, as well as many other lovely places. In our scene of the Colosseum we had a crowd of 10,000 persons. We also took sequences in the Forum and the Temple of Vesta. I believe it will turn out to be a different type of picture, a relief from the cut-and-dried love story with a New York background.

“I am enchanted with Italy and will soon return to make another picture there. Italy is settling down, and in my opinion Mussolini has accomplished wonders. There are no more beggars

(Continued on page 85)

Unsightly Hair Disappears as tho by Magic

New Way—Never Before Anything Like It—Quick, Easy, Sure, Absolutely Harmless to Skin

NO excuse now for any man or woman letting unsightly hair stay under the arms or other places where it isn't wanted. No longer any need to resort to makeshift methods that merely remove the hair temporarily, that make it come back thicker and heavier than ever, or that injure and irritate the skin.

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It's a combination treatment—never before anything like it. First you apply a bit of Kirlute Powder—almost instantly this dissolves the part of the hair that shows—in a few minutes all external trace of hair is gone. Then you apply a bit of Kirlute Lotion—this enters the hair socket or channel and works down to the hair follicle and devitalizes it. It does this by stopping or drying up the secretions which nourish the hair—literally starves the hair root to death.



A Single Application

A single application of the Kirlute Powder, at a cost of only a few cents, is all that is needed to take away all external growth. Then a few applications of the Lotion will gradually devitalize the follicle and the hair dies and seldom comes back. (Kirlute is as effective for men as for women).

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Why let unsightly hair spoil your appearance when it's now so easy to get rid of it? Don't send any money—just mail the coupon or a postal card for full information (in plain sealed envelope) about this wonder-working Kirlute treatment and our prove-it-to-you trial offer, also many letters showing what men and women who have tried it think of it, together with the three Kirlute Magic Beauty Secrets. Send the coupon now—see for yourself how quickly and easily you can be free from embarrassing hair.

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Address

Note: News of the wonderful work of Kirlute has caused such an overwhelming demand that we are obliged to discontinue sending out free trial samples, but we shall be happy to give FREE DEMONSTRATION or full treatment with charge at above address.

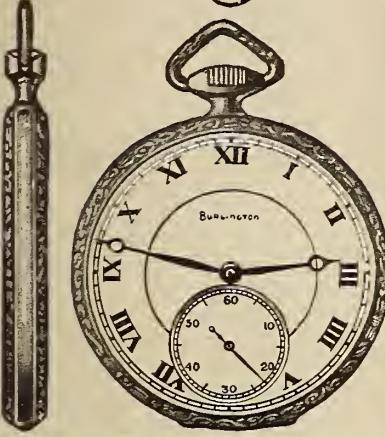
A
New
Film
Find



JOHNSTON

Preferred Pictures has a new discovery in the person of Clara Bow, a little Brooklyn girl. Miss Bow is really a find of Elmer Clifton and she made her debut in his "Down to the Sea in Ships." She has just played opposite Glenn Hunter in "Grit" and begins her Preferred Contract with "Maytime."

21 Jewel Burlington



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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 83)

in Rome. Not so long ago the Italian capital was filled with them. The Premier told them that they would all have to go to work, and that if they did not find congenial employment he would find work for them in Tripoli or breaking stones in places where they might not be so eager to go. That was just the way to talk to these people. It is surprising how soon they got down to doing something.

"Italy is a remarkably fine background for pictures, and I think that the interesting exteriors made in the locale in which the story is supposed to take place will be appreciated by all who see the finished work."

"Acting for motion pictures, no matter how great the actor, is not worth a larger salary than \$500 per week."

This, coming from Conway Tearle, one of the highest paid un-starred actors in films, offers a startling remark at this time when salaries are shooting skyward.

"By this I do not mean that those actors who receive large salaries are not in practically every instance entitled to every penny they receive—and more," says Mr. Tearle. "I do mean, however, that acting itself is not worth more than a weekly salary of \$500, no matter who the actor may be.

"No motion picture player receiving a large salary in pictures obtains this amount because of his or her acting ability. However, the drawing power of the actor or actress does warrant a full share of the profits on a screen-play. It is this drawing power that makes a player worth much more than \$500 weekly to the producer."

George Stewart Hurt

It's too bad that a nice young boy like George Stewart, Anita's brother, became involved in what promised to be an unpleasant scandal. The movie set in New York was horrified one morning to learn that George was in a hospital suffering from severe injuries inflicted upon him by his brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, the director.

The story of the fight between the two was rather vague. The rumpus happened somewhere in the road-house section of Westchester County during an automobile ride. The fact that Ince and George's other sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, are headed for a divorce gave rise to the rumor that a family quarrel started the battle.

(Continued on page 87)

Priscilla Dean Pearls



Introductory \$4.97
Advertising Price. Only

Take advantage of this opportunity. Because of this introductory advertising offer, this really beautiful strand of *Genuine French Pearls* such as you have always admired and wanted to wear and cherish as your very

own, may now be yours at a price you can easily afford to pay.

Priscilla Dean, famous motion picture star of the Universal Film Corp., has, because of the rare beauty of these pearls, given her name to them. Twenty four inches in length, perfectly matched and graduated, with an iridescent rose tint, these pearls are the prettiest you have ever laid eyes on. Clasp is 14 karat solid white gold, studded with a *Genuine Chip Diamond*. Priscilla Dean Pearls are *indestructible* and guaranteed for 25 years against breaking, cracking, peeling or losing the beautiful lustre and sheen which they have when they come to you. Each strand sent in rich satin lined plush box. Worn by leaders of society and film stars, Priscilla Dean Pearls are sure to prove a charming accessory to every woman who likes beautiful things.

Priscilla Dean Pearls cannot today be bought in stores. A year from now they will be sold in stores but at a price of \$20. In the meantime you can get this beautiful strand direct from the originators at our introductory price of only \$4.97. The clasp alone would now cost this much in a retail store.

To show that we are confident that you will consider them an *amazing bargain* and superior to any pearl costing \$20, we make this offer: If after 10 days you are in any way dissatisfied, we will refund your money. *You take no risk.* Simply write your name and address on coupon below and send it to us. Do not send any money—pay postman \$4.97 plus few cents for postage when pearls arrive. *Order now* while this offer lasts. Get a strand for yourself or for present or future gift purposes.

Simply Mail This Coupon

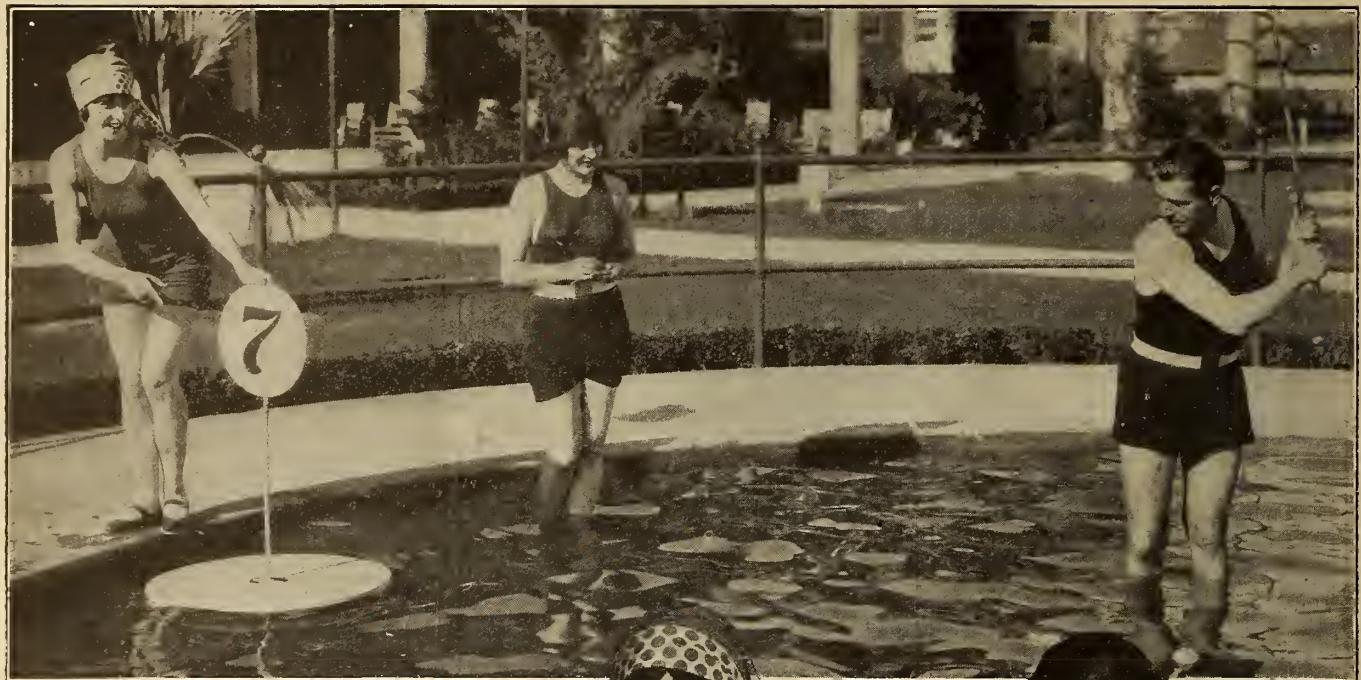
Fulton Mercantile Co., Dept. C45
359 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me 24 inch strand of *Genuine French* Priscilla Dean Pearls with 14k white gold diamond clasp and plush box. I will pay postman \$4.97 plus few cents postage on arrival. If not satisfied, you are to refund my money within 10 days.

Name _____

Street _____

Town State
If you prefer, send \$5 with this coupon and pearls will be sent to you postage paid.



WATER GOLF

This is the newest sport of the Pacific coast. Note the two golfers. Reading from left to right you will find Derelys Perdue and Mary Louise Hartje, the "Million dollar extra girl" who comes from one of Pittsburgh's wealthiest and oldest families.

The seventh "hole" above presents its menaces. "Right on the green," Miss Perdue is urging, while Warner Baxter is the buoyant golfer taking aim at the floating marker.



The Listening Post

(Continued from page 85)

While George was still in a critical condition, there was some talk of bringing legal charges against Ince. But the whole unfortunate business was patched up so Ince will probably keep to his plans and go to Cuba to work on a new picture.

Lillian Gish Sails

WITH a studio in Rome at her disposal, Lillian Gish has sailed for Italy to spend most of the winter on the production of *Romola*. Henry King, who directed *The White Sister*, is again in charge and left for Italy some time ahead of Miss Gish to find locations. Dorothy will share honors with her sister. The sisters sailed together, naturally.

Dorothy, who has been in and out of stardom for several years, will head a unit of her own upon her return, sponsored by Inspiration Pictures. So far, Inspiration's two stars have been Richard Barthelmess and Lillian. Dorothy, however, has been under contract with the company, appearing in *Fury* and *The Bright Shawl* with Barthelmess.

The honeymoon of Lila Lee and James Kirkwood nearly ended tragically when Kirkwood was seriously injured by a fall from a horse. The accident took place in Beverly Hills and Kirkwood was rushed to a hospital where it was found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. He will be forced to remain out of the studios for a time at least.

Theda Bara Returns

THEDA BARA is coming back to the screen, after hesitating for several years. Her contract with B. F. Fine-man calls for a series of special pictures. Theda came to New York for a few weeks before going back to Hollywood to work.

The members of *The Eternal City* company came back from Rome with many thousand feet of film and plenty to talk about. It was a lively organization for among those present were George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere; Lionel Barrymore and his latest wife, Irene Fenwick; Barbara La Mar and her new husband, Jack Daugherty; also Bert Lytell, Montagu Love and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett. All the expenses were charged to the brave Samuel Goldwyn.

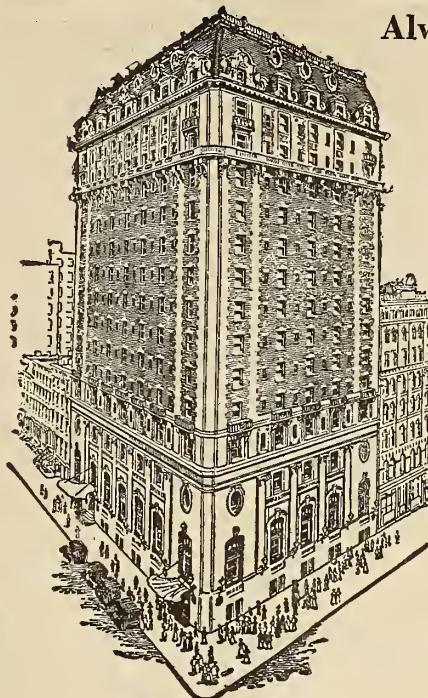
It is said that Sir Hall Caine ob-
(Continued on page 88)

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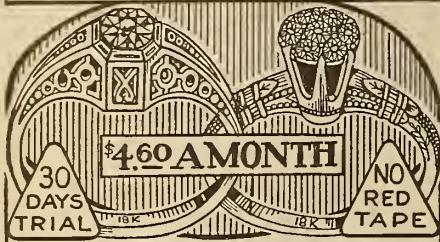
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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 87)

jected to some of the modern improvements inserted into his story by Ouida Bergere. It is also said that Barbara La Marr objects to the story that she had adopted an Italian baby. Barbara says she did no such thing. One adopted baby is enough for the present.

Stamford, Connecticut, gets all the fun of being a real movie town whenever Bob Vignola starts staging mediaeval pageants in its best picnic grounds. Marion Davies spent several weeks there on scenes for *Yolanda* which Vignola is directing and the natives had a gorgeous time watching the torch light processions which were filmed at night.

Marie Divorces Hubby

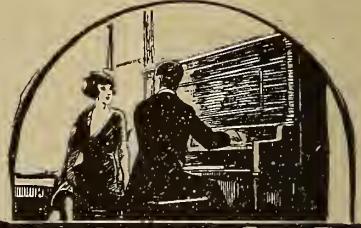
Few persons knew that Marie Prevost had a husband until she decided to divorce him. While the former Sennett bathing girl jumped to stardom, the unknown Mr. Gerke remained in the background. The rumor that Marie will marry Kenneth Harlan is one of those things that will not down; especially now that Marie has her divorce.

Hollywood will have another type of temperament to deal with when John Barrymore arrives there. Barrymore goes West to play in *Beau Brummel* at the Warner studios. Like Pola Negri, John knows how, when, where and why he wants to work. Mary Astor has been chosen as his leading woman.

Pola has been having a vacation. She went to the Grand Canyon with Kathlyn Williams, who is her closest friend. Pola approves of the Grand Canyon so Nature won't have to be called in to alter that set.

Fortune has, at last, changed in favor of Zasu Pitts. Poor Zasu worked for years in "type" parts but the most she ever got was a bit of character work and a small salary. She was first brought to the notice of the public by King Vidor but, unfortunately, she wasn't the beautiful clothes model type and the producers couldn't see her with field glasses.

But Von Stroheim gave her a big role in *Greed* and the reports of her work were so good that Paramount immediately sent for her to play in *West of the Water Tower*. So Zasu came on to New York in stellar triumph. Zasu is married to Tom Gallery and has a young baby daughter.



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From A. M. to P. M.

(Continued from page 35)

Evening

- 6:00 Taxi drivers get ferocious.
 6:30 Man in Harlem says to wife, "What! Are we having stew again?"
 6:45 908 hostesses say, "How about another round?"
 6:58 890,782 men wonder if they can get away with the old alibi for not coming home to dinner.
 7:00 74 movie actresses decide to spend the evening at home with mother.
 7:01 The telephone rings.
 7:15 Mother prepares to eat a cold dinner out of the ice box.
 7:30 Man in Italian table d'hôte discovers real pearl in real oyster.
 7:33 Newspapers get out an extra about it.
 7:45 Man from Xenia, Ohio, says that \$22 is too much to pay for theatre tickets.
 8:00 Box-holder accidentally arrives on time for opera.
 8:15 Opening of theatres. The dam bursts on Broadway.
 9:00 Dramatic critic loses \$16 in crap game between Acts I. and II.
 10:15 Movie star, attending first night, leaves because nobody recognizes her.
 11:00 Another dramatic knockout sent to Cain's storehouse.
 11:15 Lady says it was a nice little play but not worth \$3.85.
 11:45 1,789,167 flasks removed from hip pockets.
 12:00 Movie actress, being shown the bright lights, wishes she were back in Hollywood.
 12:30 Lady from out of town tells her husband she sees nothing artistic in Gilda Gray's dancing.
 12:45 \$15,690,078 dollars and 25,000 fur coats accumulated by gold-diggers.
 1:00 Chorus girl remembers she promised mother to go home early.
 1:15 Debutantes inform sympathetic listeners that they are tired of it all and would love to run a cute little tea room.
 1:45 678 men tell the world that they are absolutely cold sober.
 2:00 The chairs are piled on the tables.
 2:30 567 parties decide to go somewhere from here.
 2:45 Visiting buyers declare that New York is a grand place to visit but they wouldn't care to live there.

7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster \$2.00 Down

Seven perfectly cut, blue white Diamonds are so closely set in Platinum, and so exquisite is the workmanship that the solitaire resemblance is actually startling. Looks like a large single Diamond. Don't send us a penny—we'll send the Ring without one penny in advance. If satisfied, pay \$2.00, then send the balance in ten months, \$5.50 a month. If not satisfied, return.

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Above—Hope Drown, the heroine of the behind-the-screen success, "Hollywood." Miss Drown reveals distinct promise in this—her first real role. She is a Jimmie Cruse discovery.

Left—Lucille Ricksen, only 14 and yet a screen player for nine years. She had the lead in the Tarkington Edgar comedies, and played baby vamp roles when she was at grammar school. Her real name is Ingeborg Erikson. My! My!

Art's Outcast

(Continued from page 41)

Mack's greatest comedian, at present, is Ben Turpin who makes ladies scream with horror and gentlemen rage with disgust. Ben's sole claim to glory is his cross eyes and his hair, which is cut Shakespearean style. Ben has all the superb and eloquent gestures of an actor of the old school. His technique is about the same as that of Robert Mantell.

On the screen he creates a vividly real person. Ben is the guileless fool and the innocent man of the world, with just a touch of reckless and mad humor in his nature. He is the prey of vampires, the tool of wild women, the victim of his own emotions and the goat of his own ideals.

In other words, Ben is just like the average voting citizen except that he has cross eyes.

Ben is Franklyn Fairchild, the ladies' man; or Rodney St. Clair, the man's man and hero of *Married Life—Not a War Picture*. And he is Sam Sythe, "our hero brave and bold, ivory head with heart of gold."

Turpin and the Miracle

It was in *A Small Town Idol* that Ben went to Hollywood and scooped a beat on *Merton of the Movies*, *Souls for Sale* and *Hollywood*. In the same picture, too, Ben played the burlesque hero of another *Miracle Man*. As the usher of the village church, he is kicked out in disgrace because he is found with a picture of a bathing girl in his pocket. Whereupon he steps to the altar and appeals to heaven to vindicate him.

"Is there no justice? Is there no light?" he cries out in deep agony of soul.

Whereupon Heaven answers him. The window falls and a ray of sunlight encircles Ben's head.

"Fther there is a God or the window needs fixing," exclaims Ben.

Seat of the Pants Sonatas

MACK SENNETT now concerns himself mostly with burlesques. In the old days he turned out what George Jean Nathan called "seat of the pants sonatas." He was an expert at rough stuff. In one picture, Louise Fazenda as a little Turkish girl, led her pet goat into a mosque while the Orientals were belling in prayer. It takes a great mind to think of a stunt like that.

His earlier comedies centered about few choice characters. There were Mabel and Fatty and Charlie, later just Mabel and Fatty. And then there were

Ambrose and the Walrus. Ford Sterling and Hank Mann—the fellow with an Elihu Root hair cut—and Frank Hayes, desk sergeant of the Keystone cops were also heroes in his outrageous farces. Ford Sterling usually played the jealous and suspicious husband with the flirtatious wife while Hank Mann was a bashful boy who was willing to listen to reason. And, too, there were John Henry, Pepper, the cat, and Teddy the great Dane. Those were the grand old days when Gloria Swanson was "atmosphere" in a bathing suit and it wasn't considered an insult to Will Hayes for a man to hit his lawful wife with a custard pie.

Sennett Changed Humor of World

SENNETT'S greatest comedies have been his short ones, although *Tillie's Punctured Romance* changed the humor of the world by bringing Chaplin into notice. Audiences can't stand the strain of a large dose of Mack's merciless wit. They claim he is too ridiculous to tell a straight story that lasts an hour.

In fact, many persons who accepted *The Bust of Berlin* as sound international politics, threatened to protest to the government about Mack's comedy, *Yanke Doodle in Berlin*. They thought it was extremely undignified of Mack to show the ex-Kaiser cheating at croquet. And they thought it was bad taste of Mack to present the Crown Prince as a chicken-chaser who couldn't keep his mind on the war when there was a woman in the room.

More Than Mere Foolishness

MACK'S shorter comedies are accepted as so much foolishness which you can take or leave alone on the program of the evening. But even his more pretentious efforts don't start any roarings among the critical lions who are looking for a dramatic theme, a message, or maybe a moral in any picture that isn't openly labelled a slapstick time-killer. Nevertheless, in his few long pictures Mack has successfully kidded war propaganda, amateur theatricals—in *Married Life*; Hollywood—in *A Small Town Idol*; the William Fox melodrama of the wicked city—in *The Crossroads of New York*; the Valentino craze—in *The Shriek* and various other absurdities.

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(Continued on page 94)

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They Never Quit

(Continued from page 62)

And so Mildred Davis is excitedly waiting for "something good" to come along. She doesn't want to be Harold's leading lady again. When her long-term contract expired, before her marriage, they wanted her to renew it. But she didn't want to.

"All I had to do was to look cute," she said. "There wasn't any chance for me to act. I want to do dramatic work, not comedies."

Mildred a Quaker Maid

MILDRED DAVIS comes of a staid Quaker family, you know. Her father always wanted to act; he must have been a throw-back to some remote cavalier ancestor. But his family held up their hands in horror. A play-actor in the family? God forbid! So the boy gave up his dearest wish and chose the profession which was almost as dramatic, the newspaper game. His daughter inherited her father's talent, and when she was offered the chance to support Harold Lloyd, he gave her the permission he had not been able to gain. And his family cast him off!

But now, they are very proud of Mildred. The ban is lifted and the staid Philadelphia Davises boast of their famous "baby." And they adore Harold! During their recent belated honeymoon trip east, Mildred and Harold visited her grandparents, and she says Harold quite put her nose out of joint. The two of them together have done quite a bit of missionary work for actors in Philadelphia!

The Case of Alice Terry

WHEN Alice Terry finished *The Prisoner of Zenda*, she turned over her star's dressing-room to Barbara La Marr and announced that she was through with pictures. Hereafter Alice Terry was not; she was to be only Mrs. Rex Ingram. She was going to revel in a perfect orgy of domesticity. She bought oodles of peignoirs and bungalow aprons and porch frocks and settled down to a life of placid housewifery.

Ingram protested. He had never had so beautiful a leading lady. Miss Terry screens beautifully. Her beauty is serene, faultless. But still, manlike, he rather liked the idea of having his lovely wife waiting for him in the evening. So he made *Trifling Women*, with Barbara LaMarr in the leading feminine role. And Alice Terry stayed at home and enjoyed it all hugely at first. No

early calls on the set to get up for. No interviews; she never cared much for interviews. It didn't even matter whether she maintained a strict diet. But enjoyment paled into ennui in the end. And when her husband started for Florida to film *Where the Pavement Ends*, Alice Terry was prominently numbered among the cast. For which all discriminating fans are sincerely thankful!

Natalie Returns to Films

UNDER a floral bell in the beautiful Long Island home of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, Natalie Talmadge married Buster Keaton, and thereby renounced all claims to screen fame. She didn't want to stay in pictures. She was domestic by instinct. She was different from her sisters. Norma is a gloriously beautiful woman, with a hint of tragedienne about her. Constance is a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, sipping the sweets from life and enjoying every moment. But Natalie is a born wife and mother.

So she made a home for Buster. Baby Joseph was born. She and Buster were perfectly happy. Baby Joseph grew big and strong. He rules the household with a rod of iron. His mother and father and his famous aunts are his absolute slaves. He grew to be a year old.

Then Buster said to Natalie, "The kid is a big boy now. Why not come and be my leading lady in my next picture?"

Natalie Loves Her Home

NATALIE wasn't at all sure that she wanted to come, and in that she was different from the other brides. She loved her home. She liked to keep house. She liked to take care of her baby herself. A nurse had once let her baby fall ill. Thenceforth she suspected all nurses and took over the entire charge of her son. Screen work would cut in on all this.

But Buster insisted. And the thought was not unpleasant. Buster was planning something new in comedy stuff—a costume comedy in which the humor was to be supplied by the quaintness of garb and setting. No slap-stick stuff. So she came back.

I watched her go through a scene with Ralph Bushman, the tall son of the once famous Francis X., by the way. She wore a quaint frock of rose taffeta, with tight bodice, full crinoline skirt and

A GOOD Magazine

In trying to tell you about the November issue of the new magazine, REAL LIFE STORIES, the only thing we can think of that covers all angles of it is—it's a good magazine.

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Well, Mr. De Mille How About It?

(Continued from page 16)

By "coincidence" he has gotten some unusual shots. When Moses (Theodore Roberts) was leading the Children of Israel through the Red Sea they feared the loss of a scene because of atmospheric conditions, when suddenly, through menacing clouds, came a shaft of sunlight which enveloped Moses. The actors were much impressed and, in spite of the fact that De Mille says he is not prone to religious hysteria he, also, was impressed.

Curious Chain of Coincidences

In San Francisco they were "shooting" down on a mob of people. They were not actors, but San Francisco citizens and the scene required a look of awe and fear on their faces. The camera men were cranking on what they could get, despite the fact that it was not right, when suddenly a bell tolled. A funeral passed by. Hats came off, some crossed themselves and a perfect shot was attained.

Yes, De Mille is awed. Superficially, anyway.

But we wonder what the real De Mille is thinking.

For he must know the handwriting on the screen.

Between Pictures

(Continued from page 65)

Louise Fazenda says she does something different in her vacations between pictures: she goes and has her pictures taken!

"I don't do anything a bit exciting," said Louise. "I have publicity pictures taken, and I leave all the tag ends of things to do at that time, such as writing letters to relatives, buying new clothes when I infinitely prefer those I'm used to, fixing up my income tax if any, calling on sick people who would probably much prefer to be left in peace, looking into real estate ventures that don't particularly interest me but which I am not strong enough to ignore when the agents plead with me, and generally doing those things that make me long to be back in the films, jumping off films and performing other refreshing stunts."

Miss Fazenda is a great reader. She spends much time with her books and very little on motion picture parties.

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Between Pictures

(Continued from page 95)

She acknowledges she is a mad hatter, and always goes forth to buy hats when she has a lay-off. At one time Miss Windsor owned no less than forty sombreros.

The beautiful Claire this summer is taking short trips in her limousine. And not alone. John Steel, the musical comedy tenor, is usually with her. Miss Windsor is busy piloting him about to spots of interest, including all the landmarks from San Gabriel Mission to the American Legion boxing bouts on Friday nights, out there in Hollywood. She even leads him occasionally to the "march of the Hollywooden soldiers," as they call the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel.

Will Rogers is always practicing new roping tricks during his vacations from pictures. He also spends a good deal of time with his youngsters in their games and stunts on the big grounds of his Beverly Hills home, where there are polo grounds and swimming pool.

The great comedian spent his last vacation down in Kingman, Arizona, on a cattle ranch, helping a friend brand calves!

"Before I went down, I asked my friend how far it was to the nearest railroad. He said, 'Eighty miles. You can taxi it!'"

Tom Mix Takes No Vacation

SELDOM indeed does Tom Mix have a vacation. While his last picture is being cut, Tom is preparing his next story. For relaxation, while he is conjuring up a plot, he takes a certain old automobile in his garage apart and puts it together again. When the job is done, his story is finished.

He had two weeks vacation not long ago, and spent most of the time trying to decide what to do. He had been invited to be the star of a rodeo in Oklahoma; there was a boat race on at Santa Barbara, a fight on at Shelby, and a friend was going to be married in Seattle. He pottered about the house, took his baby daughter Thomasina out for auto rides, and ended by taking his yacht to Santa Barbara for three days!

The minute Bill Farnum is free of picture work, he gets out the old fishing lines and goes fishing. He holds several records.

Bill Russell Raises Turkeys

WILLIAM RUSSELL owns a turkey ranch and a raisin ranch. He's an excellent authority on turkey raising, and makes a good deal of money in that

way. But he isn't so good as a raisin farmer. Not long ago, his foreman on his raisin ranch near Fresno, sent a kidding message to the head of the Fox film corporation, saying: "Call Bill Russell back and set him to work. As a farmer he's a good actor."

Russell is a wonderful horseman and swimmer, and spends a good deal of time at the beach. He has saved the lives of two or three people at Ocean Park, who were in fair way to drown had not Russell gallantly rushed into the surf and rescued them, and his friends down there call him the life guard."

Ruth Roland Buys Real Estate

THREE is no fun that's real as much fun as juggling real estate, says Ruth Roland. Miss Roland owns real acres in the heart of the residence district of Los Angeles, and has made much money selling it off for building lots. She also owns a few apartment houses, and when she isn't working in pictures, she is much too busy attending to business deals to play around to any extent. Catalina Island sees her occasionally, however.

Theodore Kosloff owns a large dancing academy in Los Angeles, where the Russian ballet is taught. Between pictures he oversees this and gives private lessons himself. Here nearly every picture star in the business has studied at one time or another, especially as the art of pantomime is one of the subjects taught. Mary Pickford at present is studying classic dancing and pantomime with Kosloff, while other stars who have stepped to the strains of the balailiki are Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Leatrice Joy, Ethel Clayton, Nazimova, Julia Faye, Carmel Myers, and many others.

Sunday always finds Kosloff, Mrs. Kosloff, and Vera Fredowa, principal teacher in the Kosloff school and herself an accomplished dancer, picnicking, after motoring at breakneck speed with Kosloff himself at the helm of his machine. These Sunday outings are the only recreation Kosloff allows himself, except occasionally when, as the friend and right hand man of Cecil B. De Mille, he travels with the latter on De Mille's big motorboat up and down the California coast, talking and advising with the director on stories for the films.

Viola Dana Runs a Garage

NATURALLY Viola Dana bought that garage she owns in Hollywood merely

as a part of a coveted corner lot. She expected to speculate with the property. But she finds the garage so lucrative that she doesn't want to part with it. For, despite her flapper ways, little Viola is a very good business woman. She goes down there between pictures, to oversee the business, and woe betide the man in charge if he hasn't properly attended to his work.

Swimming is another thing Miss Dana never finds enough of. She drives to the beach almost every day in summertime, and even promotes moonlight bathing parties between pictures. A tall, athletic young picture actor sometimes accompanies her on these swimming trips, but often as not she goes alone, parks her car, gets her bathing suit, and swims out beyond the breakers. She is a strong swimmer, and quite unafraid. One day she struck an undertow while swimming, and was hauled ashore by a lifeguard, but she never was terrified afterward, as one would imagine, but calmly went in next day.

Looking after the education and welfare of her little five-year-old daughter is what Florence Vidor does between pictures. She is a wonderful mother, is Mrs. Vidor, even though she is also a very fine actress.

Little Shirley Mason will probably never get over being a kid. Between pictures she recently papered her dressing room with white paper, doing the work herself. Then she cuts out favorite magazine covers which she had been saving, and pastes them on the walls! She has lately been vacationing in New York.

The prize has to go to Mae Bush for between-pictures employment. She recently went to work in a department store as a clerk, and afterward as a cashier in a cheap restaurant! At least so her press agent says.

George Walsh Likes Swimming

SWIMMING is George Walsh's favorite recreation. He swims a lot in the Fairbanks' pool in Beverly Hills.

James Kirkwood, another Goldwyn star, has been assiduously courting Lila Lee between pictures. What he will do, now that she is his, remains to be seen. It is likely that he will build a home, in which case both he and Lila will be busy between pictures overseeing its erection.

Lew Cody doesn't pretend that he is painfully highbrow all the time—and very much likes to spend some of his time dancing and motoring with Peggy Eleanor or Priscilla Bonner.

Bebe Daniels loves visiting her grandmother, once herself a Spanish beauty, who dwells on a ranch in Glendale, a Los Angeles suburb. Here

Bebe spent much of her childhood, and here she loves still to ride the ranch horses and to drive her car on the country roads. Bebe has lately taken an interest in aviation, and expects to be able to throw a mean stick within a few weeks.

Pola and the Grand Canyon

EVERYBODY knows that during the past few months Pola Negri has spent her time between pictures with Charlie Chaplin, going to theatres, playing golf, and helping him to decide between French and Elizabethan period for his dining room furniture. But now, in chastened spirit, Pola is planning a vacation in the Grand Canyon, in company with Kathlyn Williams, during which she expects that quiet communion with nature will make her forget there ever was such a person as the fascinating but fickle "Sharlee."

Rod Le Rocque Likes Golf

WHEN Rod Le Rocque finishes his role in *The Ten Commandments*, he plans to devote two solid weeks to golf preferably at some secluded resort such as Del Monte. Whether he will actually get that far away is doubtful, but there is no doubt about the golf.

Richard Dix gets only an hour or two between pictures, he declares, but those hours are devoted to supervising the building of a house on a lot recently purchased by him in Hollywood.

There's nothing you can tell Priscilla Dean about period furniture, Oriental rugs, or the cost of same. She has been spending every spare moment furnishing her new home in Beverly Hills.

Alice Terry dotes on keeping house between pictures. She herself prepares food for her husband, Rex Ingram. Anyway, she says so.

"But he can cook better than I can," exclaims Alice, "and when I don't get things just right, why he goes out into the kitchen and fixes up something himself."

Miss Terry also spends a good deal of time in motoring about Hollywood.

Dorothy Phillips Dances

BETWEEN pictures, Dorothy Phillips studies classic dancing and looks after her home, which is also that of Allen Holubar, her husband. She expects to have her little daughter with her this summer, according to custom. The little one lives with her grandmother, in the east, during the remainder of the year.

Agnes Ayers spends her leisure time in motoring, and in looking after her little niece, Agnes, Jr., her brother's

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Between Pictures

Conrad Nagle Raises Melons

MAYBE you wouldn't get excited over a new breed of melon, but Conrad Nagle does. He claims to have evolved a new species of melon! It is hard to imagine the immaculate Conrad fussing about a melon patch, clad in dirty old overalls, isn't it? But that is what he is doing, these days, in between making scenes of *Three Weeks*. Nagle owns a canteloupe ranch in Alhambra, just outside Los Angeles, and when he has nothing else to do, he drives down there to spend a day or two watching the melons grow. At home Conrad has a pansy garden of which he is very proud. Awfully wicked boy, Conrad!

George Beban, since his "beautiful and dumb" speech, isn't home in Hollywood much, but when he is he loves spending time between vaudeville tours and pictures, in his own garden.

It isn't everybody has a wonderful youngster, and Harry Carey loves spending all the time he can with his.

William S. Hart spends much time on his ranch near Los Angeles, where his beloved old horse is now pensioned off.

Gloria Swanson is a fine horsewoman, and adores riding between pictures.

Jack Kerrigan works in his garden between pictures.

Little Jackie Coogan never works on a set a minute longer than he has to. The minute he is free he is out playing like any normal boy. Maybe that's why his work is so good. But he is a tender hearted youngster, too, and he often visits the Children's Hospital, where he does stunts for the less fortunate ones. They all adore him.

It isn't all beer and skittles for the stars, these times between pictures. There are many tedious hours of posing for publicity pictures, of answering letters which must be answered in person, of interviews, of publicity stunts, of entertaining exhibitors whom they will never see again, of business details connected with private enterprise.

So much for most of the vacations. Of the bricks tossed through the schoolhouse window we refer you to Professor Hays!

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Who Has the Prettiest Ankles on the Screen?

See the December SCREENLAND

The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

(Continued from page 30)

of that and it never occurred to Mrs. Shelby that Mary ought to learn.

It took the poor old dumb and half-witted public to discover what was wrong with Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Meets Taylor

MR. SHELBY is the only person in the world who out-generated Adolph Zukor. Mary got the contract and was nicknamed a Realart star. One of her first pictures was *Anne of Green Gables*, directed by William Desmond Taylor.

Mary's Ma could out-manoeuvre Zukor but she couldn't battle with a growing girl. The best thing that a growing girl does is to fall in love.

The off-screen drama of Mary Miles Minter began to take on a sex interest which was forbidden in her films. Mrs. Shelby felt that a husband would considerably wreck the public's illusion of Mary as just a simple little girl. Moreover, a husband with brains and with ideas of his own about Mary's career would interfere with Mother's management.

Murder Brings Climax

IF TAYLOR hadn't been mysteriously murdered on Feb. 1, 1922, there would have been no grand, fifth reel climax to Mary's career. There would have been no "love drama" played up in the newspapers. There would have been only the story that Adolph Zukor had dropped another unprofitable star. For it was well-known that Famous Players-Lasky considered Mary too expensive a luxury even before the Taylor case brought her name into the limelight.

But Mary herself can't forget the Taylor case. While before the murder she had been rumored engaged to one Thomas Dixon and while since the affair she has been rumored engaged to Louis Sherwin, the scenario writer, Mary still insists that Taylor was the one big love of her life. That he has come to her since his death and assured her of his love. That her mother blighted the romance. That she is out to get the million, earned while she was legally a minor, and to avenge the death of the man she loved.

The Lost and Dead Love

THE lost and dead love. That, according to her own story, is the tragedy of her life.

But the real tragedy is something more extraordinary, something even

more hateful.

The tragedy of Mary Miles Minter is one of stunted youth and innocence gone wrong. One impossibly sweet story after another has left her with a desire to star herself in a lurid drama, the sort of thing she couldn't act on the screen.

Mary Miles Minter now is pursued by villainous and unnatural relatives. She is surrounded by gun men who are out to shoot her. Her mother ill and in the hospital? It is so much hokum, so much movie stuff to fool the public. Mary is hard. She wants her money and she wants the world to know she has been badly used.

She isn't playing in any more pictures. She is simply playing a leading role in another one of those sensational stories. William Taylor never directed such a melodrama nor did Louis Sherwin ever invent such a scenario.

Hokum, Love and Passion

SHE talks glibly of Hokum and love drama and deathless passion. She rattles off all the ingredients of a scenario.

As for the tangible issues at stake between her and her mother, they include an interest in a laundry in Hollywood and a house, now converted into apartments, where the family once lived.

Mary has been hiding in Altadena with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurn. Mabel Normand, another figure in the Taylor case, also lives in Altadena. Mabel has never said what she thinks of Mary. Mrs. Hurn is a granddaughter of Gertrude Atherton and Mr. Hurn is a friend of Mr. Sherwin. Also around the premises is Hunter Kimbrough, brother-in-law of Upton Sinclair.

Waiting somewhere for Mary are her mother, her sister, who couldn't be turned into a movie star, and an elderly grandma who probably wonders what it is all about.

Nearly Did "The Covered Wagon"

MEANWHILE, to make things harder for Mary, a picture called *The Covered Wagon* is making a tremendous hit. It was originally purchased for Mary Miles Minter. But Mr. Lasky decided it would be too expensive to produce with such a high-salaried star. He offered Mary a chance to appear in it, with a reduction in salary, it is said.

But, so the story goes, Mary refused the reduction. Or her mother refused it. Anyway, *The Covered Wagon* went on to glory without her. (Cont'd. p. 100)

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A Flyer in Art

(Continued from page 55)

California?"

"No," I acknowledged humbly.

Mr. Bacon bent upon me a look of awful scorn.

Perhaps there was pity in it.

He walked away and I could hear whispers, "She's never been to California?"

I felt suspicion grow about me. Contempt. But not from Lloyd Hamilton.

A real heart beats beneath his rough slapstick exterior. He said he had known someone, once, a long time ago, who had never been further west than Kansas City; and he understood it was possible to live quite happily in the East.

"It isn't like California, of course," he added. "Seems funny to be riding to location here in the studio bus." There was a far-away look in his large eyes. Undoubtedly he had a vision of himself riding to location in California, himself and his large shoes and his make-up box filling his own car.

Still Recalls His Past

IF HE yearns for the great west he doesn't show it. Neither, however, does he attempt to smother his past. He admits he was Ham of *Ham and Bud*, in the days when Mickey Neilan was with Kalem.

"We thought we were real funny, then." His short comedies for Educational have brought him into favor. Remember his shoe-store scenes in *Uneasy Feet*? He's trying on shoes and every time the clerk asks him if he likes a pair, the feather in the hat of the lady sitting behind him tickles his ear and he shakes his head. Six hundred pairs of shoes were used in this one scene alone. Only Cecil De Mille could break this record.

Hamilton is an old trouper. He had his training in repertoire. He's been in pictures ever since they used to make one a week, or oftener. He has worked with lions and would rather work with anything else. He assures the skeptical, rather feelingly, that the lions he worked with—I think it was in *Roaring Lions and Wedding Bells*—had untrimmed claws, youth, and full possession of all their ivories.

Homesick for Old, Low Comedy

PERHAPS his wistful look is really a martyr expression, occasioned by homesickness for Hollywood and his good, old, low comedy. If so, he suffers in a worthy cause. It is for art. *Black and White* has its solemn moments when

Hamilton will be required to act, even as Schildkraut and Novello. How will it feel to go back to the old life, making two-reelers without any solemn moments? Will he decide that all true comedy has a touch of pathos and proceed to put it in? At any rate, come what will, he can always lift his head proudly and say, "I worked for Griffith."

He hasn't Schildkraut's profile, but I like him better.

Von Stroheim We Hand It to You

(Continued from page 19)

And, as they reached the bush they were to see the hand of the hunchback outstretched on the crimsoned snow.

Whole Sequence Eliminated

THERE was an extended sequence showing the affair of the count's wife with her groom, finally ending in the death of the woman, deserted and friendless, on the streets of Vienna. All this led logically and directly to the officer's regeneration and his return, freed, to the girl of the Prater.

Ever since *Merry-Go-Round* was produced—minus all credit to Von Stroheim—that director has declined to talk about the subject. These facts were not gained from Von Stroheim.

But, in justice to a much maligned man of rare directorial ability, we present our findings.

No matter how little actually remains of Von Stroheim's original scenes (and that remainder is considerably more than 600 feet, we are told) the obvious fact is manifest that *Merry-Go-Round* is his in every essential sense of the word. The story was shifted and abbreviated—but the spirit of Von Stroheim remained. And that spirit made *Merry-Go-Round* one of the best pictures of the past film year.

Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

(Continued from page 99)

If Mary had ever been an honest-to-goodness actress with a scrap of real feeling for her work, the loss of *The Covered Wagon* would have been the biggest tragedy of all.

Wages of Realism

(Continued from page 39)

enough to require hospital aid. It was the zenith of realism.

Filming French Revolution

THE Reign of Terror sequence in Rex Ingram's production of *Scaramouche*, made at the Metro lot here, was literally that for the hundreds of extras who took part in the scenes depicting the Jacobin riots of the French Revolution, scores were dragged out feet first nightly.

Men and women, almost nude to the waist, gave Ingram a realistic portrayal of the horrendous mobs which overran Paris. The cameras were mounted on a moving platform, which was drawn away from the action, to produce the effect he desired. A throng of boys held flares to light the set. The flares sputtered, as such flares do, throwing white-hot sparks upon many naked torsos in the howling, seething mob, whose owners howled the louder, realistically and to the complete satisfaction of the megaphone men. Many a skin was seared that night and on other nights.

Famous Amazon Charge

AYEAR or so ago Allan Holubar produced *Man, Woman and Marriage*, one of those things with cut-backs from the Pictorial Age through the ages of history, Iron Age, Stone Age and so on.

On a Chatsworth location he attempted to catch, with his cameras, a charge of Amazons upon their sworn enemies,—men. Webster defines an Amazon as "a warlike woman." Ancient writers declare they had a different version of "arms and a man" than Vergil. They welded axe and javelin upon men with manly vigor. They rode wild horses and eschewed clothes. That was all and is all an average continuity writer is supposed to know of things Amazonian. It was believed to be enough to give theater-goers a thrill.

Hence horses were hired and extra girls too. The horses could charge but few of the girls could ride. A number of be-wigged men were introduced to swell the tide of Amazons. All were denuded and required to ride the steeds without saddles.

The weather at Chatsworth is torrid in summer. A California sun, beating down on bare skin, blisters. Horses, under its glare, sweat profusely until perspiration streams down to fetlocks and drips from shaggy bellies, when the teats are forced to exert themselves.

Experienced horsemen, asked to ride under such conditions, would first laugh raucously and then grow indignant even to the extent of punching him, who suggested such a feat, on the nose if he proved to be insistent.

Beginners in equitation are soon irked by a saddle. The custom of dining from mantelpieces and evincing interest in downy cushions, when sitting, as the concomitant of early riding lesson, is a matter of almost universal knowledge.

Burned by the Sun

IMAGINE then the sorry plight of the girls who were required to ride unsaddled steeds as Amazons. Their bodies were burned to the raw by the sun. The tender skin of their thighs was abraded by the coarse hair of equine backs. The acrid sweat of the horses irritated the abrasions. Infections resulted.

Rehearsal after rehearsal was required for many of the girls had never been on a horse before and the charge desired had to be made at the gallop toward an army of masculine warriors. Finally the scene was essayed.

The oncoming wave of screaming Amazons on horses stampeding, uncontrollable by feminine hands, broke like surf on the ranks of the soldiery. A melee resulted. Girls fell from their mounts and men were struck down by flailing hoofs. Both men and girls were trampled under foot. Many were hurt. How many will never be known. An eye-witness describing the scene to me months afterward was still struck with the horror of it.

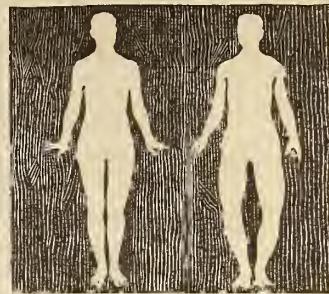
The Incident of Jackie's Double

IN *Long Live the King*, Jackie Coogan's feature film, based on the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, the script called for a big jump for the child star—from a window to the arms of Alan Forrest, as Nicky, mounted on a restive black horse.

Jackie, cast, of course, as the little Prince Otto could not be subjected to the hazard of a miss. The shot was kept in for its thrill value of which it assayed one hundred per cent. But with a double.

The double, about the size and age of Jackie, rehearsed the jump from the second story window into a net until it was thought the gymnastics of the stunt were perfected.

The net was removed and Forrest, mounted, took his position for the shot.



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Wages of Realism

The little double darted to window-sill. The cameras ground. On the very edge of the sill the Jackie substitute faltered. His face blanched with fear; his body was aquiver with terror. He couldn't make it.

The cameras stopped; parleying ensued. They tried it again, several times. The parleying became tinged with asperity. Finally the tiny lad ran to the sill and hurled himself from it. He had been told to keep his eyes open. When he jumped he shut them. His jump was short.

Actor Saves Child Extra

FORREST, with a superhuman effort, leaned far from his saddle, and saved the lad from death on the cobbles, by clutching his hair, thus breaking the fall.

I do not know whether they tried it again. I did not have the heart to ask.

But I do know that all the time the little lad was steeling himself for the leap which meant life or death, his mother strutted nonchalantly about the lot, apparently oblivious to the potential tragedy impending.

How the jump was made in the picture has been thoroughly explained—a dummy and a trick shot. In fact a dummy dressed in a sailor suit such as Otto wore was conspicuous on the lot for days thereafter. But I prefer to believe a trusted friend who saw the

scene I have described.

I once discussed cinema casualties with a studio official. "Accidents happen in motion-picture making even as they do in any other industry," was an excuse offered. But in other industries the owners of plants and factories do not deliberately go out of their way and invite disasters.

Woods Full of Extras

AN industrial accident may cost the life of a trained and trusted employee or maim a valued, loyal worker so as to unfit him for his job. And such men are all too few. Even the most hide-bound, calloused members of the class termed "capitalistic" by the radical element will tell you that.

But as for actors and extras—"Why the woods are full of them!"

Anyone in the motion-picture industry from an office-boy to Will H. Hayes will tell you that.

This taking chances with human lives is one day going to cost the cinema industry dearly, I predict. The quest of a thrill to the beat of the drums of jeopardy will end in disaster so great as to awaken national, if not universal, indignation.

But for the present there are many who jest at, if they do not ignore, the wages of realism in the canning of thrills.

Whispers from Broadway

IT is said that Raymond Hitchcock is going to star next season in *The Old Soak* on tour, though it's hard to believe it; that the stage door man at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where the *Follies* is playing, never forgets a masculine face; that the Shuberts have insured their production of *The Passing Show* against the withdrawal of any members of their beauty chorus on account of marriage; that the success of *Rain* has influenced the production of a new play entitled *Red Light Annie*, in which Mary Ryan will appear; that Fay Bainter, the wife of Commander Reginald Venable, recently became the mother of a boy.

Cohan and Brown in Verbal Tilt

GEORGE M. COHAN did not like Heywood Broun's criticism of his new production, *Two Fellows and a Girl*, and

had an advertisement of the play inserted in the dailies which read:

"Heywood's mad and I'm glad,
For I can never please him;
A Cohan run has just begun,
And that is sure to tease him."

The next day Broun offered his column in the World to the producer to review the play. Cohan took advantage of the offer and wrote a characteristic article in which he kept referring to the critic as "dear old fellow," "dear old chap," "dear old Hey," "old top," and other expressions so familiar to Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

PEGGY JOYCE has been appearing in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* for more than a month and to date the press agent has not announced her engagement to either an American millionaire or a foreign nobleman.

Adventuring Among the Stars

(Continued from page 21)

Pola so much that she chuckles with glee if it is called to her attention. "No," she said, making a doleful face, "I am so unpopular; that is why I am so sad. Whom do I like best on the screen? I like Lillian Gish. She is the greatest screen actress in America. But she would not be were she compelled to stay out here. The climate depresses me. It is so warm—always sunshine—sunshine. My head aches all the time. It is not too good to work here all the time." And we agree with Pola perfectly about that. It is not too good!

Hollywood Is Depressing

IT SEEMS to us that any actress who makes pictures on the coast should come to New York between productions or she will cease to make good pictures. The atmosphere out there is narrow and depressing. The ideas go around in circles so that if you launch one on Monday it ought to get back to you again by Friday, at the latest. We found the Talmadge girls much changed from their sojourn on the coast. When Constance was working here in New York she had the world at her feet. At the Montmartre she was always the best dancer on the floor. Her conquests were many. She was filled with the joy of living. Her bons mots were remembered. She was quoted.

"I'm bored—I'm bored to extinction!" she said wearily when I saw her for the first time in California.

Coast Changes the Talmadges

SHouldn't you love to go back to New York?" we asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What difference does it make? All places are alike when you are working. That's what I'm out here for—to work. You know—the climate—the light—everything—good for pictures."

"Yes, but not good for young stars," we replied. "'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'" And the vivacious Norma, too, seemed apathetic. As sure as the world, California does that to you and our motives are not entirely selfish ones when we say that we wish the Talmadges would all move back to New York.

It isn't so bad for girls who come to Hollywood from Weewedin or Seacassis, where they won beauty contests. To them Los Angeles must seem great and mysterious and wicked. They go about for years, wide-eyed and vague, without knowing what it is all about.

The movies are full of them and sometimes it seems to us that the less an ingenue has inside her head, the more she seems to be able to do with the outside of it. It is undoubtedly true that much of the fine screen acting which one sees does not emanate from the brain underneath the curly locks of the heroine or the slick coiffure of the hero.

The Film Flapper Mirrors

SOME directors seem to be able to throw their own emotions onto the faces of their people as though they were mirrors. Of course, the less there is to interfere with the reflection, the better the results. If you do not believe we are right, listen to this. One of the greatest actresses on the screen told us that she had difficulty in getting her husband away from a party, adding—"He's such a gay Othello!" And the greatest actor on the screen told us that actors depended too much on their "spontaneity."

We find that this communication has become so very frank that we will have to let some of our subjects travel incognito; and while we are about it, we'll put one more on this list. This one we would not identify for anything. He is a handsome leading man but that tells nothing.

We encountered him in one of the studios in California and immediately recognized him as an erstwhile carriage man somewhere in New York. We used to call him by his first name, but that isn't his first name any more. He is terribly popular out there and goes about everywhere. He pledged us to be silent and we have been; though we hope that some day when he is dancing so gracefully somebody won't blow a whistle. He might stop, touch his forehead and say, "Ay, ay, sir—right here!"

Richard Dix Is Likeable

RICHARD DIX is an actor we like, but one is surprised to find him so unsophisticated and you never would believe that he had been on the stage in New York. He is the sort who will surely have but one wife and he will call her "the little woman."

Conrad Nagel is another young actor who is interesting, but it's funny how he has changed. We met him years ago when he was playing with Alice Brady in *Forever After*. That was

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Adventuring Among the Stars

(Continued from page 103)

before he went in pictures and we thought he was one of the most fascinating and promising blond youngsters we had encountered. Then he went on the screen and took himself to the coast and now you should hear what they say about him.

It was told to us on good authority that the motion picture interests will not allow Conrad Nagel or Lois Wilson to leave Hollywood because they have to prove to probers that the motion picture business is entirely respectable and the people in it are without guile.

Lois Wilson: Moral Signpost

So maybe we were wrong in our estimate of Mr. Nagel and, again, maybe they are. But Miss Wilson we are not mistaken about. She is a jolly soul and we encountered her every time we went to the Cocoanut Grove to a dance. She vowed each time that she was there for some philanthropic reason such as entertaining her class in college, or giving a benefit bridge, but we hoped she wasn't telling the truth. She is such a peach of a girl that we should like to think of her going about and having a marvelous time as a young girl should. Only, people have had her on a pedestal for so long that she seems to feel as though she has to apologize if she is having a good time.

Meeting Charles de Roche

THE day we had luncheon with Pola Negri we stopped on the set where they were making *The Cheat*. Charles de Roche plays the dark-skinned man in this picture, but he wasn't playing that day. He wore civilian clothes and because his shoulders were at least 38 inches across we thought he had on one of those horrid coats with padded shoulders; and because of that coat we pleaded another engagement and hurried away to our rendezvous with Pola. And then we saw Charles in *The Law of the Lawless*, and found that those shoulders are all his own. And think how we feel! He is, to our way of thinking, the most attractive of the leading men. They say those shoulders are even more in evidence in *The Fawn*, which William de Mille is making.

Kenneth Harlan's Ears

METRO put out a picture early in the

season—a marvelous, colored thing called *Toll of the Sea*, with Kenneth Harlan playing the hero. We never had seen him in person because he absents himself entirely from New York. When we arrived in Hollywood we inquired for Mr. Harlan and learned that he was out on location and wouldn't be back for two weeks; so we remarked idly, "What a shame!" We wanted to find out if in real life he has such beautiful pink ears as he has in the pictures. Well, on the morning after the next one we found a huge basket of flowers at our door when we awoke. It was from Mr. Harlan and the card said that he had come back from location just to prove to us that "they were"; of course we knew what he meant, and "they are."

Alice Terry Is Surprising

"I'd love to meet Alice Terry," everyone says. "She looks so sweet and gentle," which in our estimation is equivalent to saying that anyone is a "nice girl." Now, Alice is not the sort who would blush with delight if you gave her a smile and I'm darn sure she never would tremble with fear at your frown. In the first place, Miss Terry has auburn hair so dark that it passes for black. She has a rapier-like wit. She dresses extravagantly, and she is a striking beauty of the Spanish type. Never have we been so surprised as when we first met Miss Terry. We, too, were all prepared for an "Alice Ben Bolt" girl. But she is a baffling sort of creature who is far more fascinating than any "sweet" girl ever could be. Rex Ingram, her director-manager-husband, says he understands her and perhaps he does.

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Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

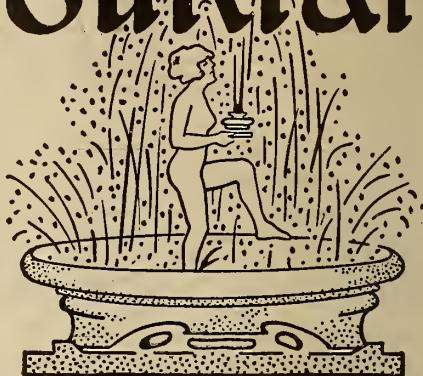
Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*
—Omar Khayyam.

A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illumined by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home, unknown to relative, friend or acquaintance.

The discovery had its origin in famous European laboratories. Brought to America, it was developed into a product that has given most remarkable results in thousands of cases, many of which had defied all other treatments. In scientific circles the discovery has been known and used for several years and has caused unbounded amazement by its quick, harmless, gratifying action. Now, in convenient tablet form, under the name of Korex compound, it is available to the general public.

Anyone who finds the youthful stamina ebbing, life losing its charm and color or the feebleness of old age coming on too soon, can obtain a double-strength treatment of this compound, sufficient for ordinary cases, under a positive guarantee that it costs nothing if it fails and only \$2 if it produces prompt and gratifying results. In average cases, the compound often brings about amazing benefits in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Simply write in confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 811 Melton Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and this wonder restorative will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. You may enclose \$2 or, if you prefer, just send your name without money and pay the postman \$2 and postage when the parcel is delivered. In either case, if your report after a week that the Korex compound has not given satisfactory results, your money will be refunded immediately. The Melton Laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable. Moreover, their offer is fully guaranteed, so no one need hesitate to accept it. If you need this remarkable scientific rejuvenator, write for it today.

Gray Hair Conquered By this Clean Colorless Liquid

A Scientific Discovery That Has Restored
Youthful Appearance to Thousands

A True Substitute for the Lost Color

Results in a Week

"Isn't it astonishing?"

"What will happen next?"

"Is gray hair to become a thing of the past?"

Such questions as these have been asked over and over again ever since it was announced that a scientist had discovered a liquid which, although colorless itself, would restore the original color to gray hair.

It actually seemed unbelievable at first, but the experience of people everywhere has proved that the seemingly impossible has been accomplished.

This now famous preparation, which is known as Kolor-Bak, has actually given us the means to baffle the effects of Time. Many a woman whose graying hair was beginning to make her look "too old" for the gaieties of the younger set, and many a man whose grayness threatened to keep him from promotion or from employment suited to his ability, have taken years from their appearance with this clean, colorless liquid.

There is really no excuse for anyone to be gray when there is such an easy way to keep the hair from showing even the slightest change in color.

The secret of Kolor-Bak is told below. If you are growing gray, here is news that will interest you.



How Long Will You Endure Grayness When You Can Banish It So Easily?

If you have been allowing gray hair to get the best of you—if you have accepted grayness as something inevitable, something you can't help—it's time to look about you and see what Science has done for people like you.

If you could only know how many of the people who "never seem to grow old" owe their youthful appearance to Kolor-Bak, you would realize what a truly remarkable preparation it is, and you would not wonder at the thought of gray hair becoming a thing of the past.

And if you could talk to any of the multitude of people who have been through the experience of seeing their hair turn gray and who then have seen it return to its original color—even to the exact former shade—under the touch of Kolor-Bak, you would soon find that there is no reason for concern about your grayness, and you would take this easy way to conquer it.

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but the claims put forth for these preparations have no foundation in scientific fact. They are known to be false by scientific men, who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to the multitude who had turned to ordinary preparations in the hope of restoring the lost color and who so many times had found that promises were not fulfilled by performance.

They realized that at

last a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used.

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde, etc.—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Kolor-Bak also gives beauty to the hair in renewed gloss, silky texture and luxuriant appearance. The hair does not look streaked or dyed—color is uniform throughout. Results appear in a week.

Banishes Dandruff Relieves Itching Scalp Stops Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair, it has a tonic and cleansing effect on hair and scalp. It banishes dandruff and keeps the pores from being clogged with seurf and scale, and gives a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops, and if the hair has been falling out the falling soon ceases. Kolor-Bak is not mussy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water.

Amazing Results Reported

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these:

"It restored the natural color to my hair."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old.
Hair was white. Now
brown as in youth."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

Send for Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a trial offer, particulars of which will be sent on request, or you can get Kolor-Bak with our money-back guarantee at your dealer's.

No matter what you have used, unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak you have not found the truly effective way to restore the vanished color.

Of course you will want to compare this remarkable method with other preparations. We want you to see the difference between Kolor-Bak and anything else you have tried, and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which will bring not only the Trial Offer, but also our valuable book on Care of the Hair—Free.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 South Peoria Street, Dept. 11386 Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratory.

Hygienic Laboratories

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Dept. 11386
Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

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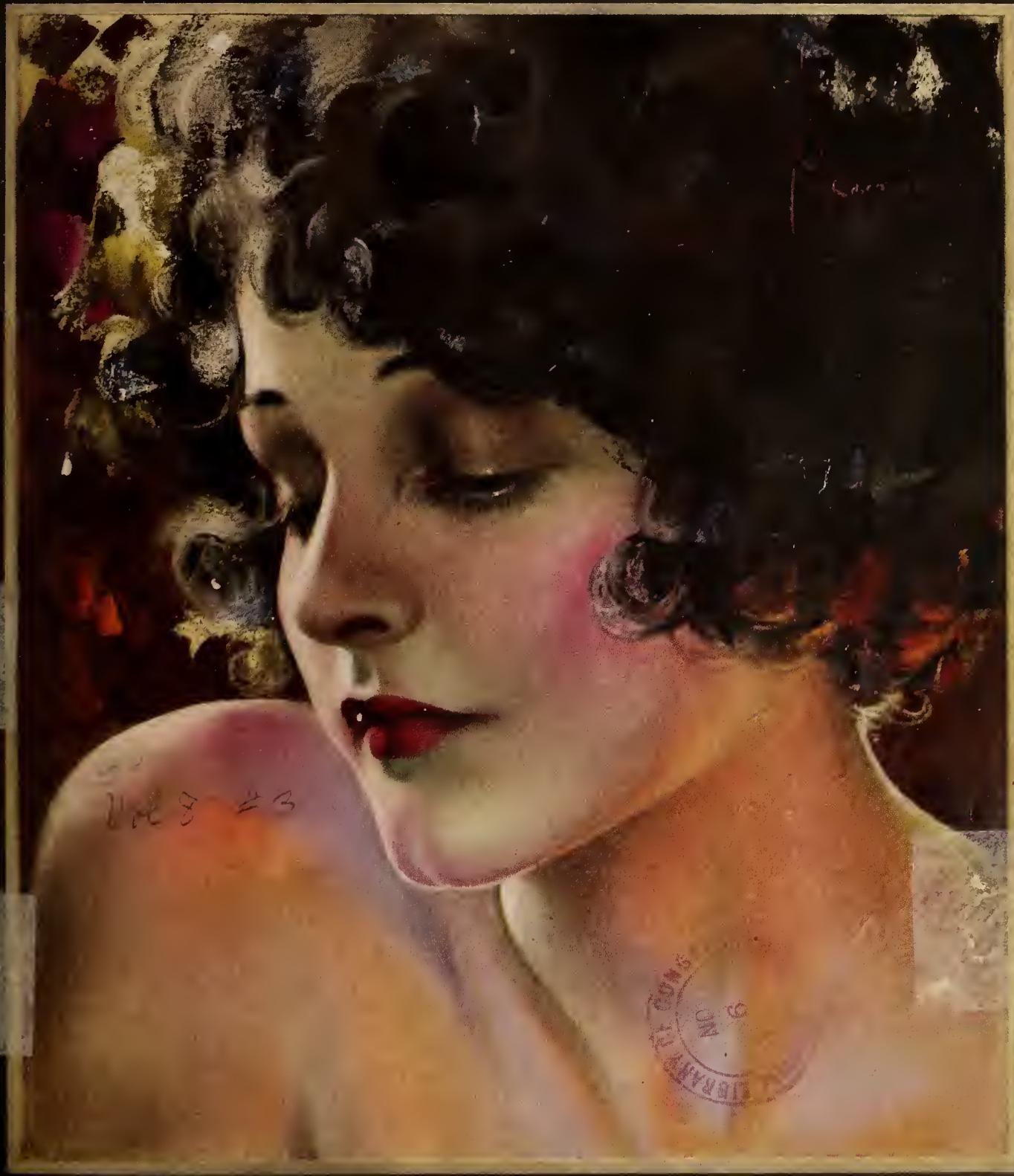
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Norma Talmadge

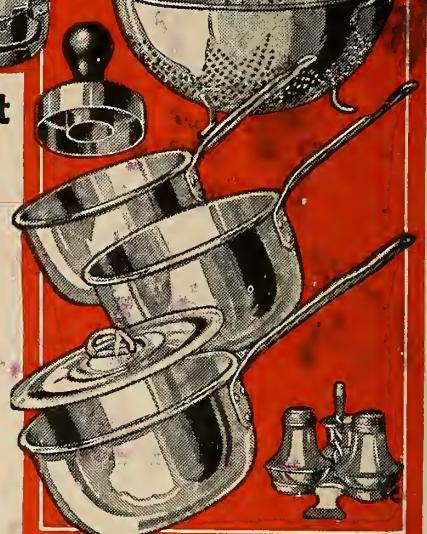
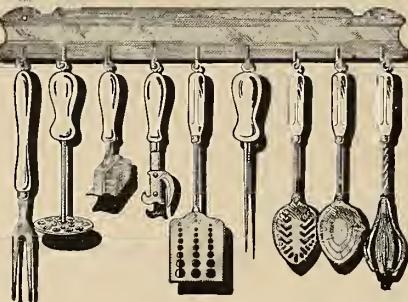
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This is Hartman's famous special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. Just read the list above. You want and need everything there. Your kitchen is not complete without them. You really can't appreciate this splendid set until you see and use it. Then you will realize what a wonderful bargain it is. And without a penny's cost—absolutely free—you get a Combination Kitchen Set which gives you 10 utensils with white handles—all hung in a row—where you can reach them easily.

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Price for Aluminum Set, \$18.95. No money down. \$2.00 and postage on arrival. Balance \$2.00 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set is FREE.

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Order by No. 417EEMA7. and postage on arrival.

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Egg and Cake Turner
Wall Rack

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

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

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

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

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

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



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

What Do YOU Know About Love?

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

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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

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

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

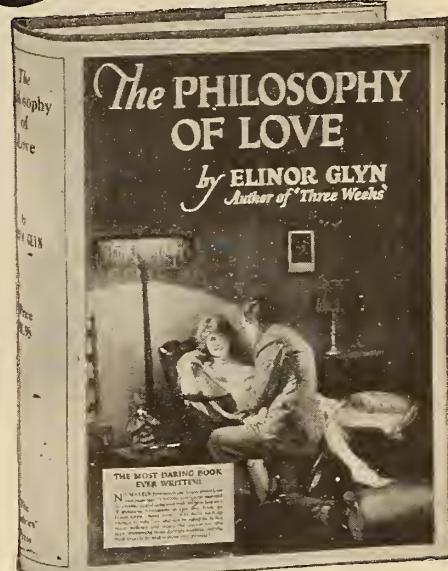
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she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

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

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

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book



WARNING!

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back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

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Paramount Pictures

DECEMBER, 1923

Screenland FEATURES this month

VOL. VIII NO. 3

MYRON ZOBEL, Publisher

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

ANNE AUSTIN, Associate Editor

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

C. The real story of the comedian's life told here for the first time.

By Alfred A. Cohn

C. Screenland presents a remarkable chronicle, with many heretofore untold episodes, of the meteoric career of Charlie Chaplin. **C.** The first of a remarkable series of true life star stories—begins in this issue on page 17



Charlie Chaplin

C. Outstanding Features in this Number:

C. The Bad Taste of Our Screen Stars' Clothes, an article, by Madame Frances	Page 26
C. The Pose Pays, an article on publicity methods, by Katherine Albert	Page 57
C. The Hidden Hands of Filmdom, an article introducing the unknowns behind some of the big successes, by Anna Prophater	Page 47
C. The Gift for Glory, remarkable analysis of Barbara La Marr, by Helen Lee	Page 24
Frederick James Smith's Editorials	10
Why I'll Never Title Another Film, tragic-humorous experiences, by Harriette Underhill	21
The Adventures of Phyllis, drawings of further escapades, by John Held, Jr.	22
How They Achieved, pleasant satire upon stellar statements by Delight Evans	36
Society As the Screen Sees It, glimpses of Smart Life glimpsed via the films, by H. B. K. Willis Illustration by John Held, Jr.	42
Flo Ziegfeld Picks 'Em, the producer selects the screen's prettiest ankles Photographic Illustrations	44
Ma Ruben's Gal, an entertaining close-up of Alma Rubens, by Delight Evans Photographic Illustrations	50
Cut the Comedy, commediennes who have forsaken the gay for grave, by Eunice Marshall	59
The Ten Best Screen Dramas, Screenland continues its search for the perfect ten	61
Coming Events Cast Their Shadows, interesting scenes from coming screen-plays	68

DEPARTMENTS:

The New Screenplays in Review, critical comment upon current pictures, by Frederick James Smith	38
Our Own News Reel, film news told pictorially	52
Behind the Footlights, Wynn, the famous caricaturist sees the new plays	62
The Theatrical Year in Mid-Season, glimpses of new footlight attractions Photographic Illustrations	64
The Listening Post, piquant gossip of Hollywood and New York, by Alfred A. Cohn and Helen Lee	70
Screenland Gallery, in rotogravure	
	13-16, 31-34

Cover Design for this Issue Painted by Rolf Armstrong

WHAT BECOMES OF “MISSING GIRLS?”

Says Captain John Ayres, head of the Bureau of Missing Persons of New York City: “Few girls run away to go on the stage any more; Hollywood calls a few. But by far the greater number of girl ‘runaways’ leave home because of what may be termed ‘unadjusted home conditions.’”

In 1922 alone there were 1550 girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty reported lost or missing in the city of New York, and these it became the job of Captain Ayres and his men to ferret out.

Read Captain Ayres’ astonishing reminiscences of these girls who run away from home and into trouble. He tells why girls go wrong and how they may “come back.” Just one of the features in

DECEMBER “REAL LIFE STORIES”

Since this book is a faithful mirror of life as it is really lived, we are giving you stories of people whom you have heard and read about—people who figure prominently in the day’s news. In REAL LIFE STORIES you will get the “inside story” on many an unusual occurrence which the newspapers only hint at.

THE AMAZING STORY OF GILDA GRAY

“This is a tale of love where fickle women and cynical men clash arms and fight to the finish, where sin is rampant and goes unchallenged—where the white lights of Broadway burn their fiercest. It is a tale of poverty, ambition, love and success, and the greatest of these is love. A love that is undying in its loyalty, a love that knows no failure and whose very intensity has been the buttress of a gigantic success—”

In fact, the story of Gilda Gray, from the time, five years ago, when she landed on Ellis Island, a forlorn little Polish immigrant girl, until now, when she shines, the brightest star on Broadway.

AND FOURTEEN OTHER GOOD STORIES

Wynn Holcomb, known in the “Big Town” simply as Wynn, one of the cleverest cartoonists in New York, tells a hair-raising yet amusing story of his experience with a ghost in Paris, where he had been studying. And Wynn illustrates his story in his own inimitable style.

Here are the titles of the stories that make up the best issue yet—the best issue of any magazine which purports to tell real stories of real people:

FOREVER
TRAUMEREI
THE HIGH HEART
A HOME-TOWN GIRL
REDEEMED
THE VILLAGE DRESSMAKER

THE TIDE GOES OUT
RED ROSES—OR WHITE?
THE FLAPPER MENACE
THE MOON CHILD
KING’S X
THE MISSIONARY’S WIFE

MY DISCARDED WIFE

We feel proud of the December issue. It looks great. And we want you to be looking forward to it—on all newsstands November 15. In addition to the above stories and features, there will be four pages of lovely portraits, printed in the warm sepia tints of rotogravure, and four pages of theatrical and screen gossip, fairly plastered with pictures of favorite players—also in the pleasing tints of rotogravure.

REAL LIFE STORIES

Out November 15

For December

25 cents the copy

Dynamic Personality



LIONEL STRONGFORT
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fully and simply in my fascinating book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." I want you to personally examine a copy of this wonderful book, beautifully illustrated with full-page plates and crammed with startling facts. It will open up a new world of health, happiness and success for you. Write for YOUR copy of this remarkable book NOW. Mark the subjects on the Free Consultation Coupon (write additional ailments on extra line) on which you want special confidential information. Submit your case to me; your letter will be treated in sacred confidence. Enclose 10c (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. You place yourself under no obligation in writing to me and sending for my book. Do it TODAY, NOW.

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1324 Strongfort Institute,

Newark, New Jersey

YOU—Man—have you a Dynamic Personality? Do you possess the personal attractiveness that draws women to you as the magnet draws steel? Have you the lithe, erect body, the six-cylinder vitality, that literally COMPELS feminine admiration? These are serious questions. I say to you frankly that everything—everything—depends upon your honest answer.

Women adore strength in men; they despise the weakling. The secret of magnetic attraction, in men, is a strong, well developed body. Just as men love beauty in women, so do women love strength in men. Powerful personal attractiveness is possessed only by those men who enjoy glowing health, limitless vitality and a perfect physique.

ATTRACTIVE POWER AND SUCCESS

The qualities that make a man irresistibly attractive to women are the same qualities that enable him to succeed in business—to make more money. Modern science demonstrates that sex attraction is the most powerful factor in business success. Women worship successful men, not because they are successful, but because they possess powerful personal magnetism. Success—money earning ability—depends upon health, energy, endurance, business and social attractiveness, and normal sex life.

You can't expect women to admire you, you can't expect to make the money you would like to, if you are bound down by the shackles of disease, if you are a morbid, miserable victim of nervousness, fear, bad habits, sexual excesses, lost vitality, or any of the terrible handicaps that prevent you from being a man among men. You can't have your heart's desires if your muscles are flabby and weak. Women may tolerate you but they can't *love* you; you may eke out a miserable existence at a poorly paid job, but you can't have life's big prizes.

YOU CAN POSSESS COMPELLING PERSONAL POWER

I am a teacher and developer of men. My work in life is to bring men to the peak of their powers—to fit them for the exhilarating battles of life and love. No matter how bad off you may think you are, I will positively show you how you can, in a remarkably short time, develop muscles of steel, a keen, strong mind, tremendous will power, vitality and bounding health. I will show you how to rebuild your body inside and out, increase your chest expansion, develop a symmetrical figure, recharge your whole system with renewed strength, conquer all your weaknesses, rid yourself of all disease, and be a Perfect Man—a Man fit to DEMAND of life what you will. If all this sounds too good to be true, remember I GUARANTEE results.

I CAN HELP YOU

Thousands of grateful men testify to the amazing benefits received from my Man Building methods. They tell of being cured of stubborn chronic diseases, of being saved from the brink of sexual disaster, of increasing their strength and personal power, of increasing their incomes several hundred per cent., of happy marriages and healthy children. These testimonies are *hard facts*—proof conclusive of the value to YOU of my methods.

FASCINATING BOOK FREE

STRONGFORTISM is explained fully and simply in my fascinating book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." I want you to personally examine a copy of this wonderful book, beautifully illustrated with full-page plates and crammed with startling facts. It will open up a new world of health, happiness and success for you. Write for YOUR copy of this remarkable book NOW. Mark the subjects on the Free Consultation Coupon (write additional ailments on extra line) on which you want special confidential information. Submit your case to me; your letter will be treated in sacred confidence. Enclose 10c (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. You place yourself under no obligation in writing to me and sending for my book. Do it TODAY, NOW.

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WHAT to give? That puzzling yearly problem so hard to solve. But here's the answer. A subscription to SCREENLAND, the youngest, most vigorous of screen magazines—a gift that brings repeated reminders of the friendship and affection which prompted it. It will bring not merely a transient thrill on Christmas morning, but a monthly enjoyment throughout the entire year.



Norma Talmadge

THIS reproduction cannot, of course, do justice to the vivid, glorious coloring of SCREENLAND's December cover painting. Done in rich full colors on heavy pebbled glaze stock, this portrait makes a handsome, dignified ornament for the home. It is our gift to you, with your subscription to SCREENLAND.

SAVE time and money. There is a double joy in Christmas shopping when you can stay at home comfortably, and order an inexpensive gift that is sure to please. Avoid the jostling crowds of shoppers, the annoyance of wrapping and mailing by sending SCREENLAND. Read the next paragraph. Let us tell you how SCREENLAND appeals.

SCREENLAND

UNUSUAL, brilliant, fascinating—SCREENLAND is the magazine sensation of the year. Two hundred thousand readers are thrilled monthly by its clever, youthful, fearless stories of movie life. You'll search in vain through SCREENLAND for Merton interviews, banal articles, and stale news.

SCREENLAND has the most remarkable staff of screen writers in the world; among them are Frederick James Smith, Delight Evans, Robert E. Sher-

wood, Eunice Marshall, Grace Kingsley—the cream of the writers who know the world of celluloidia. And artists!—John Held, Jr., Wynn, Everett Shinn, Rolf Armstrong—where else will you find a greater galaxy of famous portrayers of beauty?

And finally, SCREENLAND has just launched a startling series of real life stories of the famous screen folk; presenting for the first time the hitherto untold tales of their struggling days, the little anecdotes filled with tears and laughter that make you understand and know them.

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SCREENLAND *for* DECEMBER



PIRIE MAC DONALD

JOHN HELD, JR.

CMr. Held is the well known artist and creator of the piquant Held's belles. The most famous of them, Phyllis, is an exclusive feature of Screenland.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH Talks

Too Much Restraint

RAISE be! At last one of our native stars tosses restraint to the winds and actually acts! The instance in point is Gloria Swanson in her version of *Zaza*. And yet, when the New York newspaper reviewers came to comment upon her performance, they said unanimously that she was overacting.

We wonder just what are the mental reactions of a player who dares—and then encounters a barrage of condemnation. In their criticisms, these gentlemen of the press actually—and unconsciously—put their finger upon the big weakness of our screen.

We have too much restraint. Everyone is afraid to act. There is too much thought given to camera lines, clothes and make-up—and too little to acting. Even our Pola has had her eyebrows plucked by Hollywood.

Our stars actually are afraid to move even a shaved eyebrow. Gloria moves 'em in *Zaza*. In fact, she moves nearly everything. It's a finely nervous and unrestrained performance.

We congratulate you, Miss Swanson!

The Menace Turns

WONDER what Ma Pickford thinks, now that *Rosita* has been made and released. You know, Ma went out and bought up the German menace, largely one Ernst Lubitsch, and put it to work directing America's sweetheart.

Then, lo and behold, Herr Lubitsch turns out a well nigh perfect picture, except that it reveals our own Mary as being very inadequate in the leading role.

Maybe Ma will be careful of menaces in future.

What is a Super-Feature?

JUST what makes a screen play into a super-feature? It is getting steadily more difficult to decide where the line lies. Early in September a whole flock of so-called super-features hit Broadway and, after the smoke had cleared, it developed that the one film to break records was Harold Lloyd's *Why Worry*, which was playing a two weeks' engagement at one of the regular film theaters.

Most of the much heralded specials were starving to death at the box office at the moment.

All of which leads me to give up the problem. What is a special, anyway?

Make-Up or Acting

EVER since the Universal production of Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* was first disclosed to the public, there has been an argument over Lon Chaney's conception of the role of Quasimodo. Chaney wears a curious rubber contrivance over his shoulders and arms to accentuate the physical distortion of the Hunchback and his facial make-up is enough to send little Willie to bed at twilight, shivering.

To me, all this is make-up rather than acting. Chaney seems to believe that one is synonymous with the other. To which we offer John Barrymore's playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* as Exhibit A of what we mean.

Acting is something more than making up to resemble a hot water bottle.

Casting Another Fred Stone

HAT much advertised impending celluloid event, *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*, isn't going to happen after all. The semi-official version emanating from the William Fox offices explains that the production was in such a chaotic state when its director, Bernard Durning, died that it was impossible to continue work.

Maybe so. It sounds suspiciously as if the scenes thus far shot reveal the fact that Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, successful singing comedians behind the footlights, haven't screen value, after all. Such things have happened before, you know.

Remember when Fred Stone hit the screen—and the dull thud that followed? Gallagher and Shean's debut sounds remarkably like a double-barreled dud.

Lillian and Vesuvius

G LANCING back at the recent film version of the late F. Marion Crawford's *The White Sister*, I am prompted to point a moral. The whole thing would have been much better if its makers hadn't thought it necessary to insert a big climax. *The White Sister* has what scenarists are pleased to call a double menace. A volcanic eruption by old Vesuvius causes a dam to break and the hero is drowned.

Which, as a certain director said, is like dying of hay fever in the midst of the Galveston flood.

Why must we have physical menaces in our films? To my way of thinking, Lillian Gish's left eyebrow is ten times as devastating as Vesuvius.

Those Fight Pictures

I F we were strictly honest in tabulating our thoughts upon the current screenplays, published elsewhere in this issue, we would have placed the Dempsey-Firpo fight pictures in first place. They surely gave us the biggest thrill of the month.

Shipment of prize fight films across state lines is forbidden by law. Far be it from me to guess wherein lies the menace of gazing at a fight in gelatine form, when one can read all about it in the newspapers and likewise see every obtainable news picture of the match.

But, to see Firpo rise after seven knock-downs and crash that eminent actor, Jack Dempsey, right through the ropes with a lusty right, constituted our big kick of the month. Here was enough drama to satisfy anyone, condensed into one brief second.

Discovering the Revolution

T HE motion picture producers seem to have suddenly discovered the American Revolution. David Wark Griffith is already well into a big production, to be called *America*, which will occupy nine months in the making. I caught a glimpse of some of the early scenes, one of them including the Battle of Lexington. Indeed, right out at Mamaroneck "D. W." has been refiring the gun that was once heard around the world.

Griffith's *America* is to be a panorama of the Revolution, with every one of the historical characters from George Washington to Benedict Arnold. The Marion Davies is about to start upon *Janice Meredith*, that one-time best seller of the Revolution, and Richard Barthelmess is about to do a feature based upon the life of Nathan Hale.

on Restraint and Bathing Cuties

Yes, the Revolution is with us. Which reminds us of that famous tradition of our stage—that plays of the Revolution always fail. It isn't possible to make characters affecting wigs seem flesh and blood, ran the legend.

Still, the screen has accomplished that feat. Lubitsch turned the trick a number of times and John Robertson does it at the present moment with Barthelmess' *The Fighting Blade*.

It all depends upon the director.

The Bathing Cutie Returns

THE bathing girls are back. For, lo, these many months the bathing girl has been taboo. The censor has stood between the public and the one-piece bathing suit, occupied by the conventional cutie.

Maybe the censor is relenting. Maybe the producer is getting more courageous. Anyway, the bathing girl is back. Even Mack Sennett has restored her to her own.

Which is as it should be. The screen has been too darned refined. But why worry now? The gals are with us.

Sometimes I am amused at the chasm lying between the stage and screen. Apparently the footlights can dare anything. While the bathing girl is just managing to get a screen foothold again, the speaking theater reveals a revue such as *Artists and Models*.

This current New York success is a cuticle expose such as no theater this side of the Paris Folies Bergere has attempted.

Yet the stage gets away with it!

The Ten Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S investigation into the ten most significant motion picture dramas ever made has brought about some interesting sidelights.

It is curious how closely most of these lists resemble each other. Nearly every tabulation carries at least four productions, *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Kid*, *Broken Blossoms* and *The Covered Wagon*.

If I was to make my own particular list of ten again I would be tempted to add two pictures: *The Golem* and *The Gay Old Dog*, that almost forgotten little gem made by Mrs. Sidney Drew and Hobart Henley. And possibly I would add *The Jack-Knife Man*, made by King Vidor before he gave way to the disconcerting shrieks of the box-office.

Griffith and the Big Set

AND, too, I might be tempted to add David Wark Griffith's *Intolerance* to the list, if I could make it elastic enough. This despite the fact that I have already named *Judith of Bethulia*, which I consider the forerunner of *Intolerance*, and, indeed, the forerunner of all cinematic spectacles.

Certainly no set, despite all the frequent blare of many trumpets, has ever equalled the massive Babylon of Griffith's—created in make-believe back in 1915. And that isn't my opinion alone. Just before he sailed for Europe the other day, Rex Ingram told me the same thing. "I saw a revival of the picture only recently," said Ingram, "and I realized for the first time the greatness of Griffith. We've had big

sets and big sets—but no one has quite touched the magnitude of D. W.'s Babylon."

Lighting Vs. Actors

HOW long are screen productions to be studded with trick lighting? The present policy in making motion picture dramas seems to be to light some single part of the set—and let the expensive \$1,000-a-week actor remain in the dark.

To speak the truth, our films are getting too arty. After all, the story and the actor are the essentials of the photoplay. Backgrounds should be backgrounds, suggesting rather than thundering. The screen has too many overloaded sets—and too little real acting.

The Newer Screen Setting

SOME of the best—or worst examples of over-ornate settings have been coming from Joseph Urban. To our way of thinking, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* will be a monument to excessive screen settings. Where Urban would have gained a thousand fold by simplicity and suggestion, he lost immeasurably by filling his sets with scenery and properties.

Against this sort of so-called art background we place the settings of Everett Shinn, whose drawings are well known to SCREENLAND readers. Here are simple sets full of the mellow atmosphere of the Cromwellian period. The streets for instance, aren't massive things with the smoothness of a billiard table—or a studio floor.

Perhaps others believe with me. Anyway, Shinn is now doing the settings of Marion Davies' newest production, *Janice Meredith*.

Lack of Leading Players

ONE of the really serious problems of screen production in this year of our cinema, 1923, is the complete lack of good leading men and women. The silversheet hasn't been creating new material, it hasn't been developing its players, it has failed to realize that it must experiment and seek new blood all the time.

Talk to any director casting a new production—and realize the truth of this statement. It being impossible to find new leading players without venturing with un-tried material, the director finally accepts the actors at hand. You can count the promising leading players on one hand. Dorothy Makall, Ronald Colman and a few others. Who else?

It's about time that directors experimented. Just now they're too complacent and self-satisfied.

The Aging of the Stars

THIS seeking for new histrionic material must go on—or the screen will slowly collapse. It must have young blood.

Consider our stars. At best, a large proportion of them have but a few celluloid years left. Time is taking its toll—and the men behind the camera haven't had the foresight to build for this inevitable contingency.

The photoplay must have youth!

Cinematic Achievement

THE ultimate in cinematic advance has been made! The screen may develop a little further but we doubt it. Really, what else can happen? They're beginning to soft-focus Strongheart, the dog star.

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

¶ Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, have sailed for Europe. The next Ingram picture will be made near Tunis and will be Edgar Selwyn's *The Arab*, with Ramon Novarro again playing the lead.

¶ At last the Goldwyn production of *Ben-Hur* is under way. Charles Brabin, who will direct the film, and June Mathis, who will supervise, are now in Italy. George Walsh will play *Ben-Hur* but the remainder of the cast will be Italian.

¶ Emil Jannings is coming to America for a single picture with Famous Players.

¶ Lillian Gish is to do *Jeanne d'Arc*, probably following her production of George Eliot's *Romola*. This new visualization of the life of the Maid of Orleans will be made in France.

¶ Richard Barthelmess has started work on Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Enchanted Cottage*. John Robertson is directing. May McAvoy has been signed at one thousand, seven hundred dollars a week to play the leading feminine role.

¶ The Film Guild has just completed a screenplay based upon the life of Peter Stuyvesant.

¶ Rumors that Cecil De Mille is leaving Famous Players-Lasky officially denied. De Mille will have a separate producing unit, however.

¶ James Kirkwood is rapidly recovering from his injuries and is to be co-starred with his wife, Lila Lee, by Thomas Ince.

¶ Charles Chaplin's new serious film, *A Woman of Paris*, attracts unusual interest at New York premiere. Despite announcements, Chaplin really appears in the picture, playing the man who carries the trunk in one brief scene.

¶ Baby Peggy has just visited New York for the first time, as the guest of her new manager, Sol Lesser.

¶ Pola Negri to do *Madame Sans-Gene* with Sidney Olcott directing.

¶ Norma Talmadge has definitely decided to do *Romeo and Juliet*, with Rodolph Valentino as the rumored---but unlikely---*Romeo*. Litigation will probably prevent, however.

¶ Report that Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are soon to become engaged.

¶ Dorothy Mackaill, who has been playing leads for Richard Barthelmess, has been signed by Famous to play the principal feminine role in Sam Woods' production of Kate Jordon's *The Next Corner*. Lon Chaney and Conway Tearle are in the same cast.

¶ Reports from coast indicate that Mrs. Monte Blue and Mrs. George Melford are the latest additions to the film colony filing suits for divorce.

¶ Death of Gloria Swanson's father in Chicago has delayed the start of *The Humming Bird*, her next production.



GLORIA SWANSON
BY MAURICE GOLDBERG



NITA NALDI
BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



RICHARD DIX
BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES



NORMA TALMADGE
BY MELBOURNE SPURR

The First True Life Story of CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Alfred A. Cohn

CTHIS is the first of Screenland's remarkable series of stories of our foremost celluloid luminaries, presenting the hitherto untold life tales of the famous film folk. These vital, throbbing chronicles of motion picture history will make you know--and understand--your favorites as never before. Here you will find stories never before published--anecdotes that reveal the real person behind the shadow self created by publicity.

ASMALL group of men stepped blinkingly out of the darkness of the projection room. With a single exception perhaps, their brows were impressively altitudinous; their demeanor studiously important. No word was spoken until they had emerged into broad, dazzling daylight.

One of the group finally spoke.

"Gentlemen," he declared in something of the tones the royal physician would employ while informing the king's councillors that a male heir had just been ushered into the world to save the dynasty; "Gentlemen, we have just seen the greatest forward step ever taken in motion pictures. This that we have seen is Life; it is Truth; it is Art."

Had there been within hearing one of the thousands of erudite exhibitors or sapient salesmen of cinematic wares, any of whom know all there is to know about making "pitchers," he would have immediately suggested putting it "on the shelf." The "shelf" is the graveyard of screenplays that are considered too bad or "too artistic" to release. The wise exhibitor or salesman just naturally knows that an artistic picture is not "box office."

And yet a few days later the same picture was shown to a bunch of the hardest boiled, lowest browed box office experts west of Death Valley with the result that it was booked for a run at a Los Angeles theatre at the biggest guaranteed rental ever offered for a screenplay anywhere.

Concerning *A Woman of Paris*

ART and the box office at last seem to have met on common ground.

Whether or not the picture is all that the intellectuals say it is cannot be proved by me. Nor can I guarantee that the production will bring in its appraised value, something like \$3,000-000. I am merely chronicling the astonishing fact that on the face of things, art and commercialism have been merged, and the amazing fact that this cinema millennium has been brought about by Charlie Chaplin, hitherto regarded simply as the chief exponent and



CCharlie Chaplin, in a tense moment of directing *A Woman of Paris*.

THE FIRST OF SCREENLAND'S

CScreenland presents a remarkable chronicle of the meteoric career of Charlie Chaplin from his first music hall appearance at the age of five to his present zenith of success.

protagonist of custard-pie drama—Charlie Chaplin, the funny man of the screen—the world's buffoon extraordinary.

And yet this same Charlie Chaplin is being hailed today in Hollywood as the cinema's greatest dramatic director. They say he has begun where the Griffiths and Lubitsches and De Miles left off; that he has done what other great directors have always hoped to do—and for years have been promising to do.

If he has done these things, there is no one to claim a share of the credit. It all belongs to Charlie. It was his story, his continuity, his direction; his final editing. Even if he hasn't done the impossible, the fact that the big people of filmland, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Lubitsch, Niblo, Neilan, and writers of note, believe that he has, which is sufficient evidence that it is a remarkable achievement.

The Chaplin opus, *A Woman of Paris*, crowns a career that has no counterpart in history or fiction, a career that had its beginning in the most abject poverty.

Music Hall Debut at Five

CHARLES DICKENS might have written the early part of that history; the tale of the little five year old boy, half starved and half dead with fright, pushed out on a music hall stage at Aldershot, the English garrison town, and told to sing. "Sing 'Jack Jones' and ye'd better sing it good!" was the parting command.

Somehow or other he got through the first verse of the coster' song. Strength was beginning to flow back into the thin pipestems of legs. And then as he started the second

verse, something struck him on the cheek. He winced, closed his eyes and sang bravely on, although his lips trembled and his cheeks twitched. Again something from

"out front" struck him. He faltered for a moment and then suddenly the truth dawned and he realized in his childish way that it had been a mistake. It wasn't what he thought. The sound was different. He had not failed after all. He opened his eyes and looked down on the stage. Yes, that was it. They were throwing coins on the stage, pennies, sixpences and shillings, and even a half crown or two.

Then hazy memories of the illness and death of the elder Charles, the family's chief breadwinner, the collapse of the mother . . . the poorhouse. Perhaps it was a year, maybe only six months of clog-dancing in cheap music halls or public houses—dancing in unison with other ill-nourished youngsters under the ever threatening guidance of a heavy handed prompter.

The thrill of a first engagement in legitimate drama, playing the boy Billy in *Sherlock Holmes* with William Gillette in London. The disappointment because Gillette did not offer to take the boy to America and later the dwindling of any chance to become a great tragedian. Then a job as a comedian as an alternative to starvation. Eventually America in his early twenties on various vaudeville circuits.



the-skin revelations, with many an anecdote that has never before seen printer's ink.

CThese heart-throb chronicles are going to paint the rise to fame of Mabel Normand, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Mack Sennett, Erich Von Stroheim, William S. Hart, Marshall Neilan, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Charles Ray, Gloria Swanson, Cecil B. De Mille and Rex Ingram.

CNext month? A remarkable story of Gloria Swanson. Order your copy now!

"That Lonesome Little Englishman"

We all have a favorite "memory." Mine is of a night just ten years ago this fall. It was in the old Press Club of Los Angeles, where the newspapermen of the city used to meet and play cards and dance and maybe drink things that are now extinct. It was one of the periodic dances, about the nearest thing to Bohemianism the town could boast of. One of the boys at the Keystone, Harry McCoy, Sennett's

TRUE LIFE STAR STORIES

CHere you will find the untold episodes of Chaplin's career, from the curious discovery of the huge trousers, quaint cane and trick shoes to his love for literature—and the ladies!

leading juvenile, came up as usual to play the piano for us and brought along a friend.

"Introduce him to some of the girls so he can dance," said Harry as he presented his friend to a small group, including the writer. "He's a little Englishman who's just joined us out at the Keystone—and he's awfully lonesome and bashful."

Well, he made quite a hit with the "gang" because he danced well and was modest—for an actor—and the girls made a fuss over him because of his small feet. But I distinctly remember calling him "Mr. Chapman," throughout the evening. And never knew it was anything else until months later when I saw the first movie comedy to carry the name of Charlie Chaplin.

Hard Sledding for a Shy Young Man

It was hard sledding for the shy young Englishman those first few months at Mack Sennett's. They all moved so blamed fast. He just couldn't get over a single thing by speeding at the tempo employed by Ford Sterling, Fatty Arbuckle and the other rough-house comics. He was used to putting over his stuff more slowly with more finesse. He would have quit were it not for the fact that \$75 a week was the biggest salary he had ever received and he had a year's contract. And then the fellows were good to him. When he arrived at the studio with fear and trembling, they had made him feel at home. Of course Roscoe and Mabel kidded him a lot because of his Englishness, but they showed him how to make up—and everything. Up in the dressing room shared by Ford Sterling and the late Fred Mace, he had been outfitted. Fred had supplied a pair of his old pants. He was pretty fat then and the trousers looked funny on the fly-weight comedian from the Karno music hall troupe. Ford Sterling donated a pair of his old shoes, destined to become the most famous articles of footwear in history, and a little tight-fitting coat was contributed by tiny

Shrimpy Charley Avery.

The derby and the cane came later.

Charlie's first part was that of a shabby-genteel Englishman, heavy moustached and plug-hatted in a comedy called *Between Showers* in which Ford Sterling was starred. Ford was then the highest salaried comedian on the screen, his weekly envelope containing the princely sum of \$200 or thereabouts. Charlie worked in several other comedies without threatening the laurels of the featured comedian. In fact the director complained bitterly of him to Sennett. He just wouldn't do—no pep, no speed, too slow for Keystone stuff.

Then the big pow-wow between Charlie and the boss at which the latter was finally sold on the proposition that if left to himself Charlie could turn out a good comedy. It has been said that Charlie offered to pay for the film used if the picture was a "flop."

Dough and Dynamite Scores

It wasn't. The name of it was *Dough and Dynamite* which has provided laughs for the world intermittently for nine years or more.

Within a few months picture houses from San Diego to Bangor were clamoring for Chaplin comedies. As laugh evokers their equal had never been screened. The high-water mark of that year was reached with the making of *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, starring Marie Dressler, and



CChaplin is a remarkable development from the child who actually saw life at its worst—in an English poorhouse. Then he broke away, to do clog dancing in the music halls.



Chaplin was an exceedingly timid person when he first came to the Sennett studios. He encountered a lot of kidding from Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle. But he soon came into his own.

tract in the City of Angeles. His early Essanay comedies were notable for the discovery of Ben Turpin.

It will be of interest to many to learn that Charlie's great comedy *The Kid* was really born during his early screen career. That is, the idea of making a long comedy based on incidents which occurred during his own childhood days in London's slums. When he signed with Essanay, he asked for the privilege and was told that he would be allowed to make one feature length comedy during the year of the contract. He actually began making it upon his return to Los Angeles. Luckily for Charlie, and for Jackie Coogan, Essanay called a halt.

The fact of the matter is that the demand for Chaplin comedies was so loud and insistant and so remunerative that Essanay did not want any hesitation or delay in the flow of product. Charlie insisted on the keeping of the promise of a multiple reel comedy. Finally it was arranged that Charlie should forego the pleasure of making the picture he had set his heart on. As balm for his wounded feelings he was promised a bonus of \$10,000 upon the completion of each and every two reeler. He had made quite some headway with the big comedy which he had planned to name *Life*. But the film already shot was put together and the result called *Police*. There were a lot of left over scenes and cutouts which Essanay assembled after Charlie left them, and these were made into a picture they titled *Triple Trouble*. It proved to be just that as it was the basis of a lawsuit brought against the company by Chaplin. [Continued on page 90]

"stolen" by Charlie Chaplin. It was the first multiple reel slapstick comedy and a tremendous money maker. The end of the year found Charlie famous throughout the civilized world.

As the contract reached expiration, it became rumored in film circles that Universal was going to offer Chaplin a contract calling for \$1000 per week. The offer was never made because, hearing the rumor, "Broncho Billy" Anderson, then a half owner of Essanay came to Los Angeles and made Chaplin an offer of \$1250 a week which he accepted. The deal was closed over a table in Al Levy's old cafe. Sennett strangely did not enter the competition.

Chaplin Discovers Ben Turpin

THEN a trip to Chicago to begin the contract. However, it was too cold there and Charlie went to



Chaplin has slowly felt his way to mental independence. He has always been addicted to fads, which have ranged all the way to socialism. But his greatest fad is the ladies!

C"Never again—the industry can struggle along without me," says Harriette Underhill, as she tells

WHY I'll Never TITLE Another Film

W

E HAVE titled our last picture, so in the future the industry will have to struggle along without us as best it can.

This decision did not come to us overnight. We had been considering such a move for some time and then we wrote a sub-title which said, "Helen has her revenge. She refuses to be forgotten," and it came out on the screen, "Even a cad may know remorse when he finds that his victim is a thoroughbred."

That settled it! Then and there we decided never to title another picture unless the producer gave us carte blanche—and this will never occur until the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. But out of evil cometh good, for we have gained tolerance. Now, when we encounter titles which read, "Embrace me, mother, I am betrothed" or "No one can manage him but I," we censure the title and exonerate the title writer.

"A Fate Worse Than Death"

WE ONCE saw a picture which had been titled by a young woman who has been very successful at that sort of thing. She is well equipped for her work and she receives \$1000 for titling a five-reel picture. We had heard that she was one of the best in the business and then we saw that picture. A young girl from the country, who had come to wicked New York to go on the stage, decides that, rather than meet "A fate worse than death," she will take poison. A kindly policeman in the park seizes the bottle as she is about to drink the carbolic and she looks up at him and—take it from the title—wails, "In every enterprise in life I am thwarted." Now we ask you, wasn't she elegant! And later on, when she gets rich and has a maid she says, "You may extinguish the lights, Marie, I will await the dawn unattended."

Well, when we came face to face with this title writer one day she grasped our hand and exclaimed, "I owe you a debt of gratitude for planning the titles the way you did. I intended to write and thank you."

Feeling that we had right on our side we prepared to defend our stand and then we saw that she was serious. "Yes," she said, "weren't they terrible!"

"But didn't you write them?" we asked. "Your name was on the screen."

Of course, but by the time you have titled half a

dozen pictures you'll know that the office boy has more to say about it than you have. They engage you to title a picture and then everybody, from the telephone operators to the president's relatives—especially the president's relatives—contribute something. If there is any room left they use your titles—that is if they haven't time to collect any others?

The President Helps

"T

HEN our case is not unique?" we asked.

"Not at all. When you are engaged to write titles for a picture the producer expects you to write to suit him. If you don't he will write them himself and generously allow you the credit."

"The 'age-old cry' as the title writers love to say. Then you admit that you are a prostitute—a literary prostitute?" we asked.

"I suppose so—yes; but aren't we all?"

So We're Going Straight

"C

OUNT us out," we replied. "We've titled our last picture. From now on we're going straight! We're 'coming clean'."

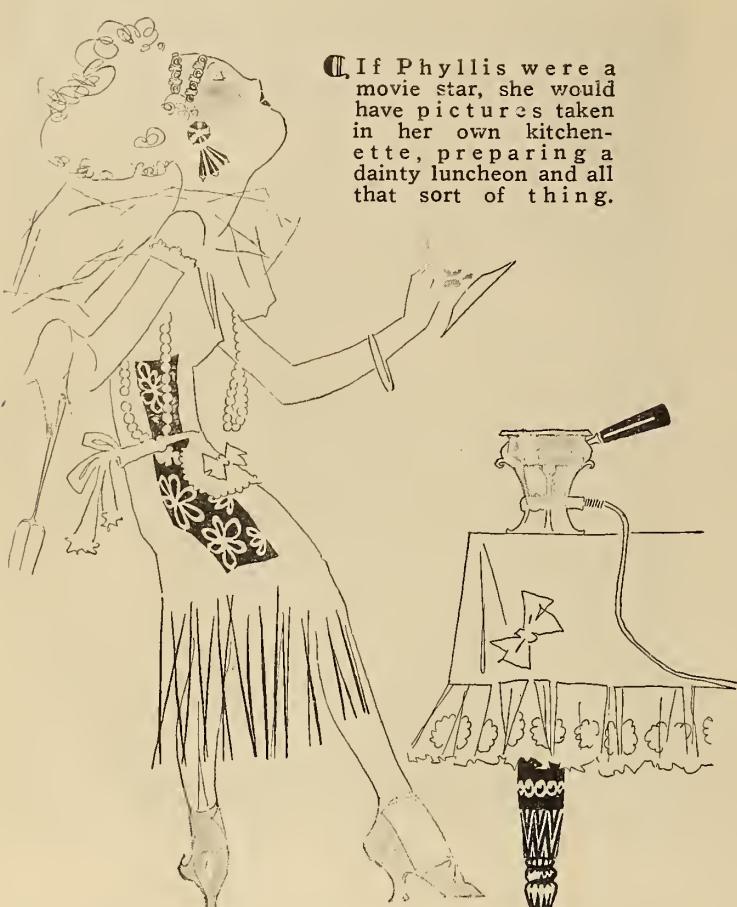
So far, however, we seem to be about the only one who has signed the Declaration of Independence. And, in thus announcing it, of course we have irrevocably burned our bridges behind us. Most of the people who are engaged in furnishing the industry with its motif power are forever kicking but they kick with one hand and write with the other. They never let their right hand know what their left hand doeth.

Probably, if the stories which playwrights and authors sell to motion picture producers to be made into "bigger and better pictures," could speak they would cry, pitifully, "Please, dear, kind master, don't sell me down the river. I've worked for you with all there is in me. My body belongs to you but my soul belongs to God."

And the Slaughter Goes On

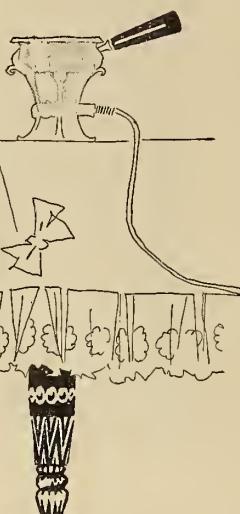
B

UT, being inarticulate, the books and plays are sold and the slaughter goes on. A few of their authors have made speeches denouncing the people who have put their stories in gelatine [Continued on page 103]

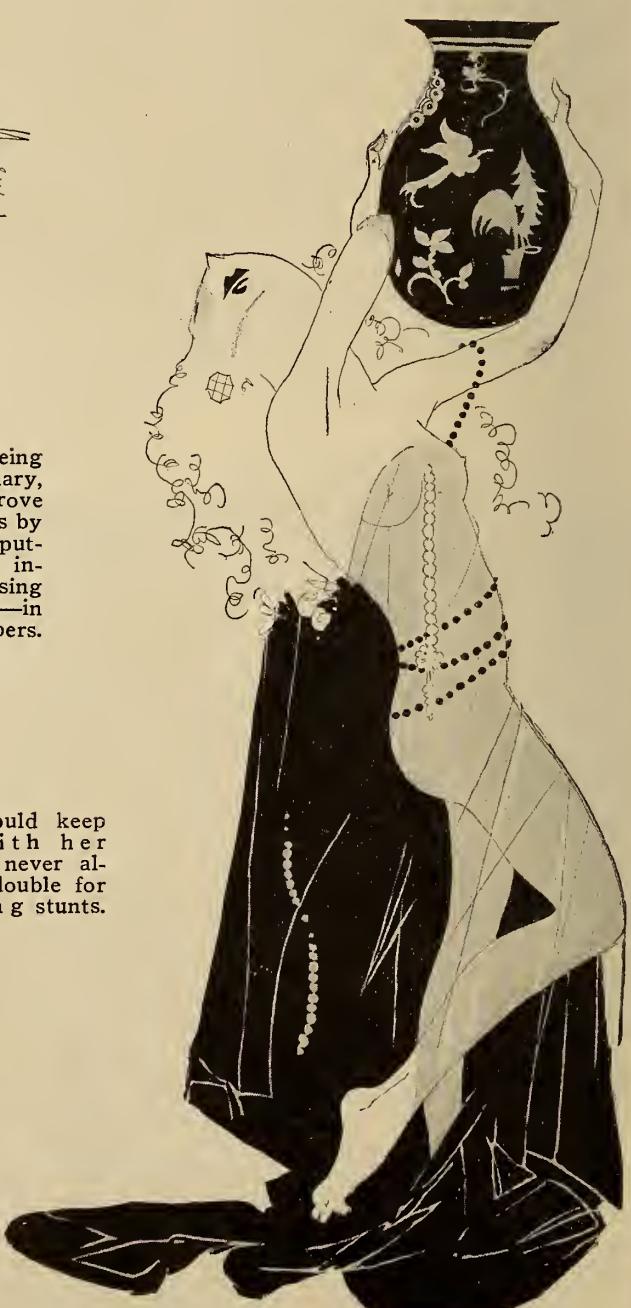


The Adventures of PHYLLIS

If Phyllis were a movie star, she would have pictures taken in her own kitchenette, preparing a dainty luncheon and all that sort of thing.



And, of course, being a celluloid luminary, Phyllis would prove her love of sports by rushing to the putting field and indulging in a rousing game of golf—in high heel slippers.



Phyllis would keep faith with her public by never allowing a double for her daring stunts.

By John Held, Jr.

¶ "And my dear book," says Phyllis. "One simply must improve one's mind as well as body. How I love to browse in my book. I spend my happiest hours with my favorite author."



¶ Phyllis continues: "A good facial clay is essential after the tiring work of the studio. It rests my tired muscles and I heartily recommend Cockoolooloo—as well as all other toilet preparations of the Cockoolooloo Company."





The GIFT *for* Glory

By Helen Lee

It's simply wonderful how some girls get along. There is no telling who'll be the next to step in the lime-light.

As they say out in Hollywood, "Just look at Barbara La Marr!"

Which means that Barbara has landed with both feet, as it were, and, in spite of the fact that there is a loud chorus of "I told you so's," no one really thought that the day would dawn when Barbara would be receiving several thousand of Uncle Sam's best medals in the weekly pay envelope.

It's your own fault if you don't know that Barbara has been to Italy to make scenes for *The Eternal City*. Samuel Goldwyn has been only too eager to tell the world that he shipped George Fitzmaurice, Richard Bennett, Lionel Barrymore, Miss La Marr, maids and valets by first-class passage to the best locations that money can buy.

When in Rome, Barbara did as the Romans do; she cheered the Fascisti. If you don't cheer the Fascisti, you get a dose of castor oil. It's an order from Mussolini.

A Hard Job for the Eternal City

BUT it would take more than several months in Rome to mellow Barbara. Rome, to her, was a wonderful location trip with a congenial company; a lovely place,

Caway from the studio Barbara La Marr is ill at ease. She doesn't know whether to register demureness, worldliness, mystery or temperament, with plenty of foreign atmosphere and excitement. The trip was a lark, with lots of amusing incidents. Something like a jaunt

RUSSELL BALL

Q Miss La Marr is a child of the camera —with an odd gypsy intelligence.

from Hollywood across the border to Mexico. Only considerably more exciting and expensive.

She's an imposing person to meet, is Barbara. A combination of Gloria Swanson, Nazimova, Petrova and Theda Bara. A perfect composite of all the screen vampires. She shifts and slides from pose to pose and then disarms you by being suddenly and completely natural.

"I use to write, too," she tells you, "I began in pictures by writing scenarios. And I write some now. I was terribly in earnest about writing. I would write until I nearly dropped from fatigue—smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee all the time. I was dreadfully poor."



RUSSELL BALL

Q "I am not really beautiful," says Barbara, "I have none of the marks of beauty. I am too long-waisted. My nose is too sharp and pointed. My head doesn't fit my body. My eyes are crooked."

Barbara's Callot Pose

T HIS immediately puts you at your ease. You, too, feel dreadfully poor and terribly in earnest.

Shopping in Europe?

"Clothes bore me. I hate to shop. I am not interested in clothes. They make no difference in my life. However, it's lucky I can walk right into anything Callot makes. And then my secretary is exactly my size. If I want anything, she can go to the fittings for me."

Indeed, Barbara is wearing a Callot dress at that very minute. Obviously it makes her nervous. You feel that clothes interfere with her personality; that her hair is apt to tumble down on her shoulders. She is much too restless a person to enjoy being well-groomed.

A Child of the Camera

B ARBARA, you reflect, must have looked awfully new and unfinished in Rome. She is one of the newest products of the newest art. She is a child of the camera. And when she is away from the camera she is ill at ease. She doesn't know whether to register demureness, worldliness, mystery or temperament. She rushes from the Ritz, to the studio, to a prize fight, to the photographers, to the theatre.

You mention her adopted son.

"Ah, yes," she tells you, "he is being well taken care of. And I am making plans for his education. I should [Continued on page 104]



The BAD TASTE

By Madame Frances



C The real sports-woman never wears a floating scarf such as is affected by Jacqueline Logan.

C Gladys Walton wearing an over elaborate plumed hat.

C Virginia Valli wearing elaborate silk stockings for gym exercises—an excellent bad taste exhibit.

C Barbara La Marr wearing the usual over-excessive vamp attire.

C Gloria Swanson in a badly over-trimmed afternoon gown which should have had long lines and simplicity.

A WOMAN's body should be dressed for all occasions even though her back and shoulders are the most beautiful in the world.

Yet not like an exposition building nor an Italian fiesta.

Eve's fig-leaf and Lady Godiva's hair would be bad taste in dress on Fifth Avenue today. But so is the modern screen vampire with twelve rings and a rattle and enough pearly rope to hang the entire Northwest Mounted.

Flesh displayed for its own sake alone is revolting, never alluring. Yet ever since John Bunny was an extra boy, bareback vamping has been a fashion of the films.

A clever hunter never traps the elephant or trails the deer to the accompaniment of a saxophone chorus. Bluebeard never thought of handling any of his wives a bonbon labelled "arsenic." Even Kipling's vampire was only a rag and a bone, topped by a hank of hair. Yet in the movies she is frequently dressed like the Christmas tree which



C Nita Naldi and the usual excessive vamp garb with enough pearls to frighten any man.

of our FILM STARS

CNearly every screenplay reveals the over-dressing and atrocious taste of our screen players

CJulia Faye shouldn't wear knickerbockers for golfing and shouldn't affect strings to woolen stockings.



CAgnes Ayres' negligee combines Salome's seven veils—and shouldn't.

CWhy should Virginia Valli try to dress like a polar bear? The correct place for fur is on evening wraps.

carries everything from the Star of Bethlehem to popcorn. There is no mystery about the fact that she is a man-hunter.

The average masculine human being would prove remarkably fleet of foot if he met her in real life. At least the type of man the vampire wants to get.

How the Deadly Siren Looks

IN REALITY the deadliest siren is the perfectly dressed woman whom a man can take home and introduce to his wife without exciting suspicion.

Barbara La Marr as she will appear in *The Eternal City* is my idea of the vampire who dresses her body correctly. She will wear a lady's clothes. Her costumes will be black but they will not be decorated with everything under the



CLeatrice Joy with, enough fur to equip a royal court.

CGladys Walton again, this time violating the rule that a woman's back should be dressed even if it is the most beautiful in the world.

sun. The most fastidious man might invite her home to dinner. And his wife could not say "Where did you get her?"

But the vampire is not the only woman on the screen who wears the wrong clothes or allows her clothes to wear the woman.

Not long ago I saw a screen actress playing golf in the sheerest of batiste frocks without a petticoat. There was nothing under it in fact but the silhouette. And that was very unlovely. Another star in a recent production played eighteen holes in knickerbockers.

I cannot begin to count the film golfers who have started for the links with ribbons, sashes or a scarf floating in the breeze.

Golf and Flying Ribbons

GOLF is a game of concentration. A true sportswoman never has anything flying in her face when she is trying to send off a golf ball.

The correct costume has a narrow skirt, neither reaching to the ankles nor climbing to the knees. If the golfer has very slim ankles the hem may be nine or ten inches from the ground. The very short skirt, however, was never designed for the woman with fat calves.

Sweaters may be worn if one likes them.

A one-piece dress with collars and cuffs of the sheerest

handkerchief linen, hand-hemstitched, is an ideal golfing costume. So is the severely tailored suit, worn with the plainest of shirtwaists.

With any of these a small, chic sport hat must be worn. It should be trimmed only with a narrow ribbon or a bit of crepe de Chine folded into a band.

Ear-rings on Horseback

IT IS easier to go astray on horseback than on the links. One screen star rode into a picture not long ago with ear-rings and riding boots. Some combine khaki trousers, tweed coats, fancy shirts and loud ties for riding. That sort of woman wants to attract attention, but not for her good taste.

The absolutely correct riding suit is worn by Gale Kane in Mary Roberts Rinehart's play, *The Breaking Point*. It is of oxidized gray cloth. With it she wears a soft gray shirt, a felt hat of the same shade and a dark tie. Everything harmonizes.

Many film actresses wear elaborate garden party hats with the plainest of sweaters. I can imagine such a woman choosing a chintz gown designed to look well at Southampton at nine o'clock in the morning for an elaborate dinner party at Marguerite's.

Wrong Sort of Sport Costume

SPORT costumes which combine flat-heeled shoes, accordion-pleated skirts and elaborately plumed hats are always wrong. Long white kid gloves should never be worn with tennis shoes. Only one ornament may be worn with any sport costume—the wedding ring. And that only for sentiment's sake. High heels, lace collars and furs are always bad taste for sport wear.

Too many screen stars overlook the importance of dressing the part. A timid ingenue who would be picturesque in Victorian styles is grotesque in the dashing shawls of the Spanish beauty.

Alice Joyce always dresses her roles to the last detail of what a smart woman ought to wear. In *The Green Goddess*, she has, I believe, only four costumes, but each is perfect. Miss Joyce never wears a sport outfit when she should be clothed in the clinging robes of a goddess. Most of her frocks are costly. But when she plays the part of a poor girl she is authentic down to the last bone button of her machine-made blouse.

Alice Joyce Dresses Properly

MISS JOYCE starred in the first version of *Within the Law*. The heroine was accused of theft. And she dressed as a shop girl, who lived on a modest salary would, in a simple navy blue tailored suit with a plain blouse and unpretentious hat.

There are many stars, however, who could not have resisted the temptation to wear three hundred dollars' worth of furs with that suit even when playing a girl wrongfully accused of theft. Any discriminating person in the audience would have looked just once. Then they would

have said:

"Why of course she must be a thief. Look at the furs. She never bought those with her salary."

And then no doubt they would have walked out of the theatre. An otherwise good picture would have been spoiled.

Elsie Ferguson Uses Good Taste

ELSIE FERGUSON is never badly dressed. I do not believe Miss Ferguson could make a mistake in clothes. She is essentially the aristocrat. Yet when her role is that of a poor, driven girl, as it was in *The Outcast*, she dresses consistently without diamonds or sables.

Although Mary Pickford has never played parts calling for a great display of clothes she is always well-dressed. Usually she is the sweet young girl. Her clothes suit her. But when she needs the gown of a smart woman, as she did in *Stella Maris*, she wears them well.

Corinne Griffith owes much of her screen success to the fastidious care with which she has chosen her clothes. Lillian Gish looks best perhaps in period costumes. But those she wears are correct for the time she portrays. When she goes to Italy for the filming of *Romola* she will carry with her a wardrobe so perfect that photographs of her gowns will be preserved in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Good taste is invariably the keynote of Billie Burke's clothes. She prefers dainty coloring and elegant simplicity of line. And she never wears boudoir caps with her tea gowns.

The Right Sort of Negligees.

THOUSANDS of film dollars have been spent on negligees. One star appears in a boudoir gown with draperies which outnumber Salome's seven veils and enough ermine to make the King of England a coronation robe. Her most dangerous rival doubles the amount of chiffon and triples the quantity of fur when ordering something similar for her next picture. Her successor adds to the gorgeousness of that.

And so the film negligee has progressed until it paupers the gown worn at a court ball.

The smart woman of Newport or London whom the film star is trying to portray would never dream of wearing these elaborate negligees. Nor would she appear in a boudoir robe when she should wear a tea gown as so many screen actresses do.

A boudoir robe is the most intimate in the feminine wardrobe. Women of refinement allow their maids or dear woman friends to see them wearing it. They never receive their husbands or other men when so clothed—except in motion pictures.

A correct boudoir gown is of pink chiffon velvet with long narrow sleeves. It is lined with palest blue and trimmed with a narrow band of kolinsky. Under it is worn a lace slip over satin.

On the other hand a tea gown may be suitable even for an informal dinner party at home. One of this season's

loveliest models is of rose-colored chiffon with silver tissue brocade over meteors. It is without trimming, yet the lines and draperies are so exquisite that it gives an appearance of distinction.

Many of the screen flappers are very badly dressed. Mary Miles Minter, for instance, thinks she knows clothes. But she doesn't. She has a baby face. And when she plays sophisticated roles she still dresses for the nursery.

The young girl is always hard to dress in society or on the screen. Invariably she wants to look like a mature woman. It does not suit her. Ingénues should never wear heavy clothes. The tailored suit is correct for morning wear. For the afternoon charmeuse or some other soft fabric should be chosen. And for evening wear chiffon on simple lines. Elaborate ruffles are out of place.

Mabel Normand is the smart young girl type. So are Constance Talmadge and Corinne Griffith.

Romantic Garb and Modern Pumps

NEVER allow yourself to be burned at a fifteenth century stake while wearing black satin pumps of the latest model. You will deserve the flames if you do. And do not trip down to the beach in high-heeled patent leathers.

Shoes and stockings are most important accessories. If I could afford only a twenty-nine dollar street dress I would have stockings of the sheerest silk and beautiful shoes.

With black gowns nothing but black shoes should ever be worn. Patent leather and suede are correct for the street. Brown suede are very good with costumes other than black. The nude or flesh-colored stocking may be worn either during the day or in the evening. It is always smart. The woman of good taste who cannot afford the most expensive stocking will get the nearest thing to it permitted by her purse.

Stockingless Fad Is Bad Taste

THE stockingless fad was recently introduced to New York by Nita Naldi. Nothing is uglier than a woman's leg without stockings, either on the beach or on city streets. Even the most beautiful woman in the world must not dare to expose bare ankles. They should always be covered with the thinnest and loveliest of stockings.

Some women prefer wool hosiery for sport wear. But even when golfing or playing tennis a fine lisle stocking is more suitable.

Silver slippers with nude stockings are correct for [Continued on page 94]



¶ Madame Frances is one of New York's best known authorities upon fashions. Consequently her comments upon the screen modes carry unusual significance.

MADAME FRANCES' FOURTEEN Fashion Commandments

- ¶ Don't wear ear-rings with riding boots.
- ¶ Don't play golf in knickerbockers or a batiste costume which has nothing under it but the silhouette.
- ¶ Don't have anything flying in your face when you are trying to send off a golf ball. Golf is a game of concentration.
- ¶ Don't throw an ermine wrap over a tennis outfit.
- ¶ If you are burning at the stake in a fifteenth century production don't wear 1923 black satin pumps.
- ¶ After all is lost in a film shipwreck do not appear in mid-ocean in a perfectly fitting sailor suit.
- ¶ Don't wear garden party hats and long white kid gloves with a sweater.
- ¶ Never appear without stockings even on the bathing beach. Bare ankles are always ugly.
- ¶ Don't wear boudoir caps with your tea gowns.
- ¶ A woman's body should be dressed for all occasions even though her back and shoulders are the most beautiful in the world.
- ¶ Most men would run away from the screen-dressed vampire if they met her in real life. The dangerous siren is the one he can take home and introduce to his wife.
- ¶ Don't wear three hundred dollars' worth of sables when playing a shop-girl accused of theft. The audience would know you didn't live on your salary.
- ¶ A wedding ring is the only ornament which may be worn with sport clothes, on the screen or off.
- ¶ Diamond bar pins may be long enough to span the Hudson and still not bridge the distance between good and bad taste in dress.

Introducing Some Unimportant People

By Anna Prophater

I

*N playing around film circles
You meet a lot of unimportant people.*

THERE is, for instance,

*The newest feminine star from Hollywood.
She never has been to New York before
And, my dear, she is dreadfully excited.
She lives at the Ritz and she hands
The management a great laugh.
Her telephone calls are so important.*

*Positively, she can't walk down Fifth Avenue, my dear,
Without being recognized by everyone.
Isn't that funny?*

You bet it is.

*She buys her clothes at the most expensive shops
And tells you all about it.*

*The saleswomen see her coming, add her up for a sucker
And tack a hundred dollars onto the price.*

*The press agent gives her a luncheon at the Biltmore
And tells her to eat with her fork,
Which is too ridiculous because she comes
From a fine old Southern family.*

*But she is going right back to Hollywood,
Much as she enjoys the theatres and operas,
Because, after all, she is nothing but a simple home-girl.
Simple is right.*

A ND there is the scenario writer

*Who is always on his way to an important conference.
Every scene he writes is a knock-out*

*And if the director doesn't like it,
Well, he knows where he can get off at.*

*Some day scenario writing will be recognized as an Art
And then the scenario writer will get his due.*

And it's high time.

*He has sold some of the best situations
That Sardou ever wrote.*

*He gets big prices for his stuff,
And can you stake him to ten dollars?
If he didn't know how to play poker
He'd starve to death in two weeks.*

Which wouldn't be a calamity.

T HERE is the debutante who wants to break in pictures.
She is a riot in the Junior League shows
And played the Spirit of Mockery
At the Greenwich Bazaar for Disabled Traffic Cops.
She has had her pictures in all the Sunday papers
And her friends tell her she would go great
In the movies.

*She feels that she has more dramatic ability
Than anyone on the screen.*

Which isn't saying much.

*She studied aesthetic dancing
Until she was mercifully seized
With tonsillitis..*

S HE has longed to act
Ever since she was a little, bitta, wee girl.
So, will you please give her a letter
To one of those dear, quaint movie men?
Honestly, society may kid her all it likes
But she knows the public will understand.
Isn't it terrible?
No one will take a rich girl seriously.
Yes, isn't it?

A ND there is the star
Who will see you for an interview
If you promise not to print a
Word he says.
He just wants to talk things over
With a sympathetic person.
Honestly, you might think that
His company would appreciate.
Honestly, now, wouldn't you?
But he'd rather be a bricklayer
Than only a bird in a gilded cage
At \$2,000 a week.
Honestly, now, isn't it a shame?
The way he only gets the worst stories
And the worst directors
And the worst casts and the worst settings.

H ONESTLY, now, isn't it a crime?
The exhibitor knows that he
Is the best friend the box office ever had
But, honestly, now, the way
He's treated at the home office
You'd think he was somebody's
First wife's mother.
And, as he sits there
And cries into his soup
And tells you how unhappy he can be
On \$2,000 a week.

Y OUR whole heart goes out
To those poor producers
Who would gladly muss up
His \$2,000 a week face
If it wasn't against the law,
"Don't print what I say,"
He tells you,
"But if you'll just let it slip
That my artistic destinies
Are being stifled
By old commercialism
I'll be your friend for life."
Friend for life!
Heaven forbid!



EVELYN BRENT
BY HENRY WAXMAN



GLENN
HUNTER

Russell Ball

LUCILLE
RICKSEN





POLA NEGRI

BETTY *in* Berlin



ABBE



ABBL

© Betty Blythe is returning from London, having completed two spectacular productions, *Chu Chin Chow* and *Spanish Jade*, under the direction of Graham Wilcox. Both of these screenplays were made largely in Berlin and Vienna. Chu Chin Chow has opened a run in London and both of the films will come to America shortly. We're looking forward to them. They seem to present a new Betty

ABBE



How they ACHIEVED

By Delight Evans

Drawings by Wynn

swept literally all before her! She determined in her quiet way, that I should work for no other director than Archibald Gluck. With this end in view, we presented ourselves at his office. Several people told us he wasn't in, but mother, with her uncanny woman's intuition, said cheerily, "We'll see whether he is or not," and playfully striking down several office boys with the umbrella she always carried, proceeded into the office marked Private.

There sat Gluck himself. It has often been said that after one look at me, he decided to make me his future star. All that I know is that mother made her way to his desk and picking up a paper knife said in low tones, "My little girl is here to work for you." Mr. Gluck's hand cautiously made

AFTER all, success is the big idea these days. You are always reading little stories about how so-and-so achieved, and achieved, and achieved—how, when, and why. Too little has been remarked about the phenomenal success of our screen lights and SCREENLAND, just to be different, has decided to unearth some of these little success stories to pass on to the palpitating public.

Come, dears, gather round; listen attentively, and perhaps, one day, who knows, YOU will achieve also. Let us take these stories one by one—representative tales of struggle, written, we hope, in the best family manner—nothing to annoy, offend, or even amuse the little ones.

Gladys Golightly, star of Twinkle Productions says:

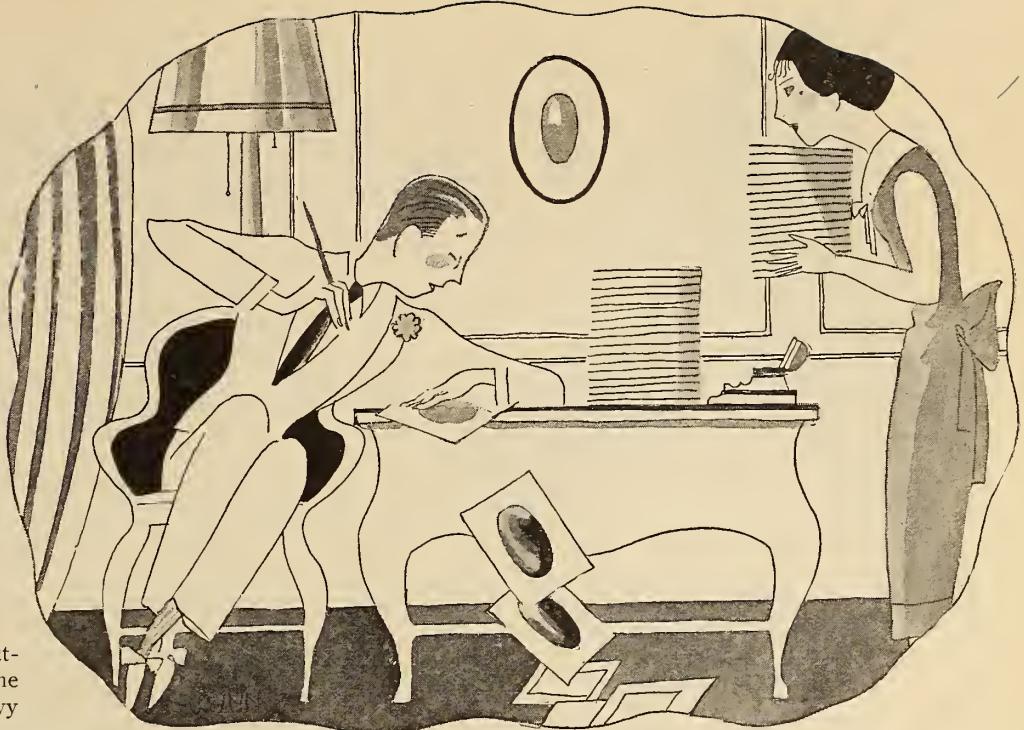
WHEN asked to tell my unknown friends out here in the audience to what I attribute my success, my eyes grow dim and a lump rises in my white throat. It is to my dear, dear mother that I owe what little success I have achieved. I was only a wee slip of a girl—that is, even a wee-er slip of a girl than I am now—when my mother decided I was to go into the movies. Father had been away for some time, and it was up to mother to keep things together in the old home—for we are southern you know.

My brave little mother—that frail, indomitable woman who

"We'll see whether he is in or not," said Mama Golightly, playfully striking down several office boys with the umbrella she always carried.



CMiss Evans
satirizes the
stories of our
screen stars'
success



its way towards one of the buttons on his desk. Mother, at the same time, picked up a heavy bronze statue. Mr. Gluck, never a very strong man, fainted. When, later, he recovered, the contract making me his leading woman for the next five years at an increasing salary was all drawn up and was lying on his desk all ready for his signature.

It is such thoughtfulness as this that has made mother the most famous of all "Movie Mamas." There isn't a producer in pictures today who will not pay tribute to her great



C"I want the world, that is to say, my fans, to know that every picture which leaves my studios is autographed personally by me," says Sylvester Simplex. "It is a sacred duty."

sagacity, her strength of character, and her unerring aim.

A Talk about Lydia Lukewarm

LYDIA LUKEWARM, the intrepid serial heroine, is courage itself before the camera, but when confronted with pen and ink is somewhat at a loss. That is why we will let her girlhood chum write for her:

You ask me to tell you something about Lyd. Well, it's been nearly twenty years since she left town with the circus, and I remember at the time I was so young that Papa and Mama didn't like to talk about her in my presence. But I have hunted up a great-aunt of mine who used to go to school with her, and she has told me all she can, which is enough, heavens knows.

It seems that Lukewarm is her real name—at least Lukewarm was the name her father took, among other things. Theirs was the first family in town—as you come in. Lyd was the favorite of her parents—she was always trying to run away with a circus. No matter how many times the circuses sent her home, she was not discouraged; she always ran away again. It was her will power that made her what she is today. You may know what that is; I don't. For five years she persevered. By the time the circus finally decided it might as well let her join up she was a little heavy for the trapeze work, so they let her pose in the living statues act.

After this her family cast her off. Lydia learned one pose—it was the top statue in a group called "The Coming of Spring." One night while the group was posing a movie director was there. She would. The director went up to her afterwards and said—this speech

C"Little girl, I don't know your name," said the director who discovered Lydia Lukewarm, "But I have been looking for you for years and years. Anyone who is so insensible to danger is [Continued on page 95]

New SCREENPLAYS

A

SCREEN month with genuine surprises! Distressing as it is to relate, it found Mary Pickford floundering under the expert direction of Ernst Lubitsch.

And it revealed Gloria Swanson, who hasn't been doing so much lately, as hitting an amazing Polaesque abandon in *Zaza*.

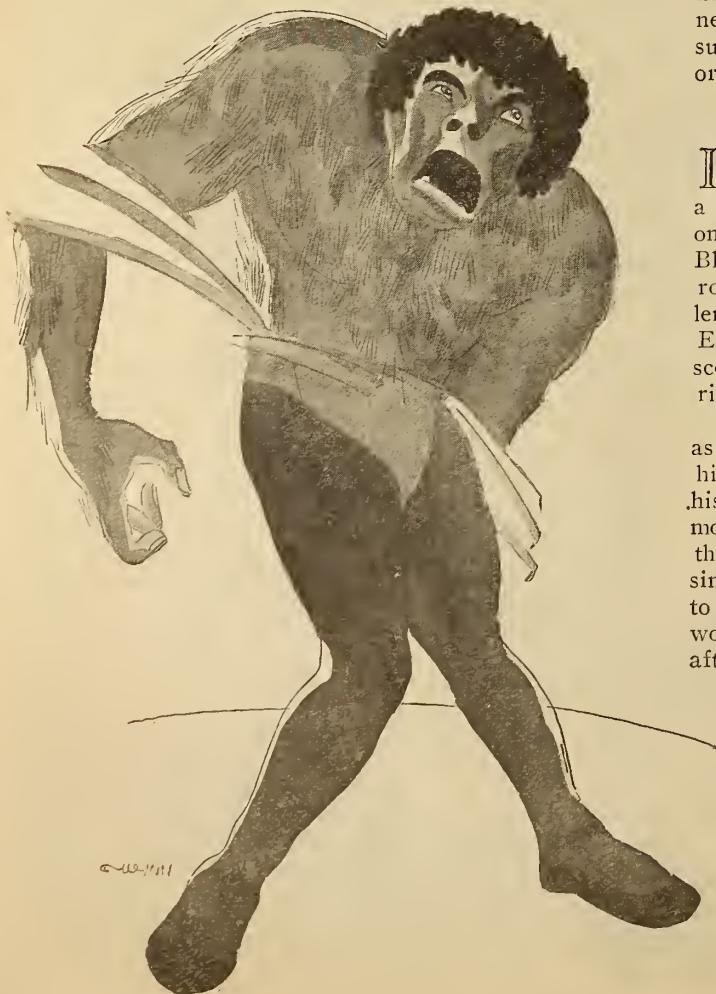
First, however, let us consider Miss Pickford's *Rosita*.

This comes mighty near being a perfect photoplay. You will go many, many months before you will see a screen drama told so dexterously.

And yet . . . Such is the pain of being a critic. No one has ever endeared themselves to me as Miss Pickford and yet I must honestly admit her performance to be inadequate.

Rosita: An Almost Perfect Film

THE story itself doesn't stand real analysis. Said to be



based upon *Don Caesar de Bazan*, it was adapted to Miss Pickford's uses by Edward Knoblock. At basis it is the romance of the king of Spain and a little street singer of

Seville. The monarch is a charming rogue—a happy-go-lucky player with life. In other words, a Castilian Louis XIV. The street idol of the streets is never anything but Pollyanna with all the old Pickford tricks, although the curls have been put aside. The role of Rosita shrieks for the Pola Negri of old. So the story of the royal, amorous adventurer and little Pollyanna never quite rings true.

Lubitsch handles this with all his old skill, plus a new finesse coming only of a close study of our methods. I have never seen such workmanlike placing of the camera with such superb screen angles, such adroit cutting, such lighting or such a finely maintained atmosphere.

Holbrook Blinn's Hit

IN brief, *Rosita* comes, as I have said, very close to being a perfect picture. It falls down in its acting. Yet there is one sweeping performance to redeem things. Holbrook Blinn runs away with the picture as the naughty king—a roistering monarch fit to go in *Emil Jannings' superb gallery of roguish royalty*. Here is a corking performance. Excellent, too, is Irene Rich's playing of the queen. The scenes between Mr. Blinn and Miss Rich are admirable, ripe with subtlety and understanding. You will love them.

George Walsh is Rosita's lover but I view his performance as pretty poor. However, Lubitsch comes nearer to making him act than any one has ever done before. Which proves his directorial greatness. *Rosita* has many admirable mob moments. You will remember those splendid surging throngs of Lubitsch's German films. We have often heard since of the excellence of the Germanic mob. Lubitsch seems to have found one of them right in Hollywood—which would lead me to think that it is all a matter of the director after all.

Possibly your love for Miss Pickford will color your viewpoint and make you think that *Rosita* really presents her as a grown up and developing star. Most of the New York critics thought so, anyway. Maybe I'm wrong—but I see Mary here as giving a very immature performance. We shall watch Pola's next picture, *The Spanish Dancer*, also adapted from *Don Caesar de Bazan*, with interest. A

year or so ago Pola would have burned up the screen in this part but now. . . . We shall see.

Lon Chaney has an actor's holiday as Quasimodo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

in REVIEW

By Frederick James Smith

Illustrated by Wynn

Anyway, Pola had better look to her laurels. One or two more smashing performances such as *Zaza*, and Gloria Swanson will have supplanted her.

Gloria's Smashing Zaza

HERE again I disagree with most of the New York critics, who declared almost unanimously that Gloria overacted. Unfortunately that is just what I liked about the performance. So few of our film stars have the courage to toss restraint to the seven winds.

Zaza is an old tear inducer. It has been played by everyone from Mrs. Leslie Carter to Duse. The present film version very neatly skates over a situation which would seriously disturb Will Hays' sleep, for, in brief, it concerns the love affair of a girl of the Paris theatre and a young married diplomat. Another *Ca nille*, if you will, with its lyric period of stolen love in a cottage and all that sort of thing. And, of course, the lacrimal inducing situation of the distraught courtesan calling at the lover's house and being won over by his child's guileless prattle.

A Highly Keyed Performance

I HONESTLY expected to find *Zaza* creaking in every hinge. It doesn't, largely due to three people. The scenarist, Albert Le Vino, who skates so skillfully over the thin ice, Director Allan Dwan, who returns to form with a very finely conceived production, and, most of all, Gloria herself. Does she overplay? Here and there, yes. What of it? I'm sick unto death of our ultra-refined stars who decline to move a single plucked eyebrow. Gloria moves 'em. Indeed, she moves everything. She acts, here, there and every place. It's a nervous, highly keyed and extremely sensitive performance.

I'm frank in saying I liked it. Further than that, I'll say she has several mighty fine moments. Her farewell to Bernard is as fine a cinematic interlude as anything I have glimpsed in a long time.

Zaza has color and picturesqueness—and emotional appeal. I am willing to bet anything you will like it. But I think you will find H. B. Warner's Bernard Dufréne to be pretty weak stuff. What a role for our own Rudy!

I went to see James Cruze's revival of *Ruggles of Red Gap*, based upon Harry Leon Wilson's delightfully amusing



—WYNN

MARY Pickford's *Rosita* is immature, just another Pollyanna minus the familiar curls.

story, with a deal of anticipation. With *The Covered Wagon* and *Hollywood* as immediate predecessors, this opus challenged attention.

Another James Cruze Hit

THIS delicious tale of Cousin Egbert, carefree citizen of Red Gap, who is dragged to Paris to acquire culture, forced to adopt the perfect valet, Ruggles, and then returned to the Western ranch town to set a new social pace, is a joy. Here it is very badly adapted to the screen. Towards the end, it drags seriously. And it is full of gaps and time jumps. But, for all that, it is well played and skillfully directed—a bright comedy idea touched with sly Cruze humor en route to the screen. There has been nothing funnier than Cousin Egbert and the perfect Ruggles' alcoholic expedition about Paris since the scout and the old trader got together in *The Covered Wagon*.

Ernest Torrence, who, of course, was the guide of that Western epic, is the Cousin Egbert, who can be "driven so far and no further." Torrence's performance is a gem. Edward Horton, a comparitive newcomer, is the meek Ruggles.

¶ The Month's Best Performances

¶ Holbrook Blinn in *Rosita*

¶ Gloria Swanson in *Zaza*

¶ Ernest Torrence in *Ruggles*

gles who finds himself in Red Gap. He, too, is excellent. And the Hon. George is very well done by Frank Elliott.

I think you will find *Ruggles of Red Gap* to be highly amusing. Anyway, it served to clinch my faith in Cruze. I am now ready to add him to my list of the six best directors.

Another new film effort I am sure you will enjoy is Harold Lloyd's *Why Worry*.

Harold Lloyd's New Comedy

Why *Worry* is distinctly of the slapstick farce school—and is a little bit messier than any Lloyd comedy recently. Harold, praise be, doesn't hesitate to hurl a tomato upon occasion. Which is as it should be. Our screen is too darn refined. Oh, for the happy days when Mack Sennett's bathing beauties used to slide downstairs in bathtubs!

The story is infinitesimal. Something or other about a young chap who fancies himself an invalid and who goes to a South American republic for rest and seclusion. Unfortunately, he selects the exact moment of the current revolution.

Why Worry has a number of adroitly worked out comedy bits. And the use of the giant, John Aason, as a gargantuan native who adopts Harold unto himself was a stroke of genius. Here is a remarkable character, for Colosso wrecks the revolution with a section of stove pipe, tobacco smoke and some well directed oranges.

Lloyd is pretty much as usual in *Why Worry*. Which means he gives a carefully conceived comic performance. And there is a pretty new leading woman, Jobyna Ralston, who has flashes of looking like Bebe Daniels in old Pathé days. But it is the massive Mr. Aason, as the gigantically childlike Man Friday, who is the real first aid of what might have been nothing but a rather aged comedy idea.

The Hunchback Is Gory

FOR the life of us, me, I can't see why Universal selected Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* for film purposes. It was a gory, howbeit masterly, tale of a cold, hard and cruel age. Carl Laemmle has seen fit to delete much of this gore—but there is enough left to torture the average audience. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is far from cheery film fare.

Still, Mr. Laemmle, whose portrait graced the New York program along with that of Monsieur Hugo, saw fit to spend a lot of money on the visualization. Far be it from me to guess how much. Anyway, he utilized thousands of extras and built the first floor of the famous cathedral, getting the rest with trick photography. (And I'll admit frankly, darned clever camera work.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame, however, didn't bore us because of any of the things I have enumerated. It is poorly directed, by Wallace Worsley, and its characters never live for a moment. They are just

actors going through elaborate pantomime.

Let me consider Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, the distorted hunchback of Hugo's imagination. Right here let me say that I don't think Chaney is a good actor. No matter how many letters you write about this, I'm going to stick to my story. He's a good contortionist but a poor actor.

Chaney wears a queer rubber contrivance over his shoulders and arms to accentuate his physical distortions. And a fearful facial make-up tops it off. Through many scenes Quasimodo lears, glares and spits right at the camera but, to me, he is never anything but Lon Chaney on an actor's holiday right in front of the lens.

To me this isn't the real Quasimodo. And certainly the childish Hollywood flapper of Patsy Ruth Miller isn't the Esmeralda that Hugo drew word upon word. Ernest Torrence as the king of the underworld, Clopin, is more in the picture than any of the big cast.

Mr. Laemmle has seen fit to adapt a happy ending to *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Just now it has one of those novel fade-out clinches in a garden. Still, there is blood brutality enough, at that. The lashing of the Quasimodo annoyed me enough.

I don't pretend to know much about the period of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, in and about the cheery year of 1482. But it seems to me to have young nobles strolling about massive castle interiors in full armor and calling upon their ladys faire without removing their helmets is going a bit far. Now isn't it? I leave it to you. And I'm not one to draw a fine line, either.

Presenting New York's Roaring '40s

ICAN'T tell exactly what happened to Avery Hopwood's tale of New York's roaring '40s, *The Gold Diggers*, between the footlights and screen, but something dreadful occurred somewhere. The stage piece has at least a measure of sparkle but the film doesn't effervesce a bit.

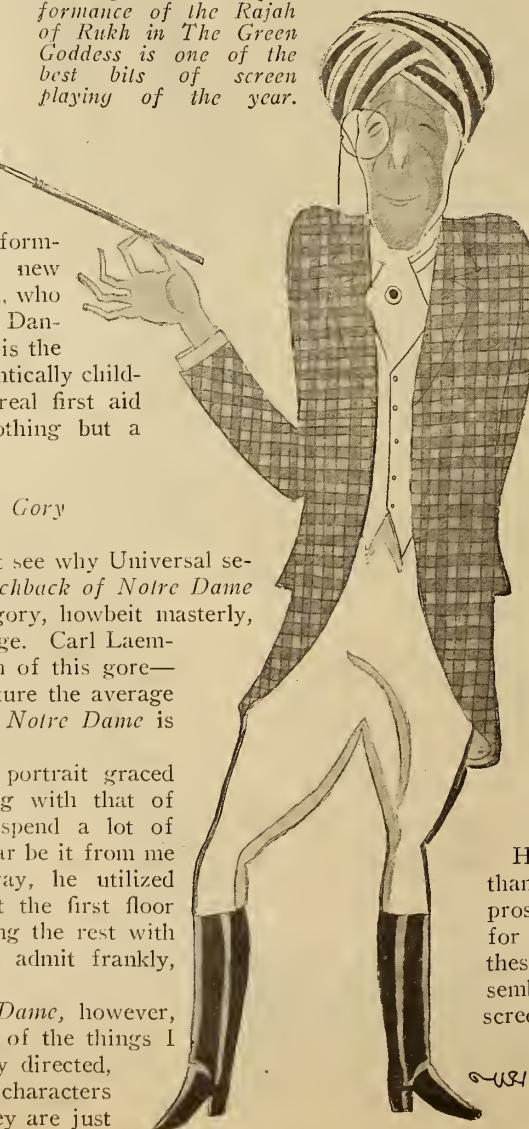
The Gold Diggers is sophisticated stuff. As the family motion picture periodicals would say, it isn't for the whole family. No, no!

Mr. Hopwood would have us believe that the merry ladies of the chorus merely go gold digging to keep their hand in. At heart, they're nice gels.

One of them loves the rich Stephen Lee's nephew and, when he refuses his consent to a marriage, the whole crowd of gold diggers starts out to bring Mr. Lee to terms. Of course, he collapses before the combined attack—and himself weds the chief diggerine. As I said before, I suggest you keep little Rollo away from the Bijou the night this plays your town.

Hope Hampton shows to better advantage than ever before as Jerry La Mar, chief gold prospector. Louise Fazenda dents the screen for a real hit as a jazzy chorine. Funny how these ex-Mack Sennetters knock a dramatic ensemble into a cocked hat when they invade the screen. And Alec Francis is good as Mr. Lee's elderly attorney, a gentleman with sportive tendencies if you must know. [Continued on page 100]

George Arliss' performance of the Rajah of Rukh in *The Green Goddess* is one of the best bits of screen playing of the year.



—WHINN



MAURICE GOLDBERG

ZAZA

Cl^oId of the Paris music halls, as Gloria Swanson re-creates her for the screen

CThe world is changing. Gone is the day when Maw bought her what-not with soap wrappers

SOCIETY as the Screen Sees It

By H. B. K. Willis

A

day has dawned! Gone is the era when folks thought that the what-not Maw got with soap-wrappers was swell. We know how society lives—having the film drama with us.

Consider the dress suit stuff of our silent screen. Every time Cecil stalks out on a set he seems to be looking for some social custom to de Millish. His idea of a reigning society belle is a bull-eyed dame full of Laskytude.

Vanity Fair would not be the magazine it is today if Cecil were New York's arbiter of elegance. His society drammers are just take-offs. The smartest belles of the smartest set, not even Deauville excluded, would not cavort as I have seen some of his leading ladies do. Cecil wants bare facts. Even beauty spots perturb him. That's where he beats Deauville.

As Herb Howe once wrote, de Mille undresses everything on the set except the telephone.

I, for one, cannot get de Mille's angle. He's the guy that put the "cog" in cognoscenti in filmdom. His own parlor tricks have been passed by such demanding dowagers as Mrs. Craig Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles, I'll have you know, and she has said, frankly, Cecil was the cull for culture. Of course the fact that Craig Biddle, Jr., her upstanding elder son, who left Princeton in his sophomore year, is now in the movies, a good, strong boy trying to get along.—did not cause Mrs. Biddle to strew any verbal tributes for de Millesian social triumphs.

Since her arrival some months ago in Hollywood Mrs. Biddle has been entertained chiefly by Cecil de Mille and his brother, William. Her son, Craig, Jr., and George Drexel, have done considerable buzzing about Agnes and Cecilia, daughters of William and Cecil, respectively.

Hence gossiping gadflies registered a distinct shock when it was bruited about that Mrs. Biddle had said before the armchair army of shock-troops of the Hollywood Hotel, that she would be extremely glad to be back in dear old Philadelphia again, far from the motion picture people.

As the result of such a dictum being attributed to the haughty social lioness, she, Mrs. Biddle, with her own fell quill, told the world that the de Milles were the well-known hot-dogs in the cinema's roll of the socially accomplished.

Can it be that the society drammers we all have seen have felt the dictatorship of the coat-and-pants dynasty? Do the exhibitors, many of whom before the rise of the

cinema thought all collars were made of rubber—do they make men with names as directors grind out deliberate, if amusing, contradictions of things of the haute monde as they really are?

Do they demand that Miss Millie Moneybags, played by Lotta Cheek, returning from a theatre party, must always drag an ermine cloak, worth four or five grand, upstairs to her boudoir from the front door, by the scruff of the neck?

Do the exhibitors insist that the ladies of their cinematic manors shall not be on speaking terms with their servants?

Do the box-office behemoths sweat blood if the sets, used in the sassy society drammers they buy, have not a number of silken bell-ropes for members of the cast to pull upon when summoning Jeems and another bottle of that old Madeira.

Must every gay dinner party in flicker society have some broad served in much less than the half-shell in order to give the showhouseowners a kick?

Do the exhibitors believe that folk with a Blue Booking never bathe unless they can find a bathroom with a fishpond and a fountain instead of the treacherous tub society uses every morning instead of on each Saturday night as is the way of the Great Unwashed?

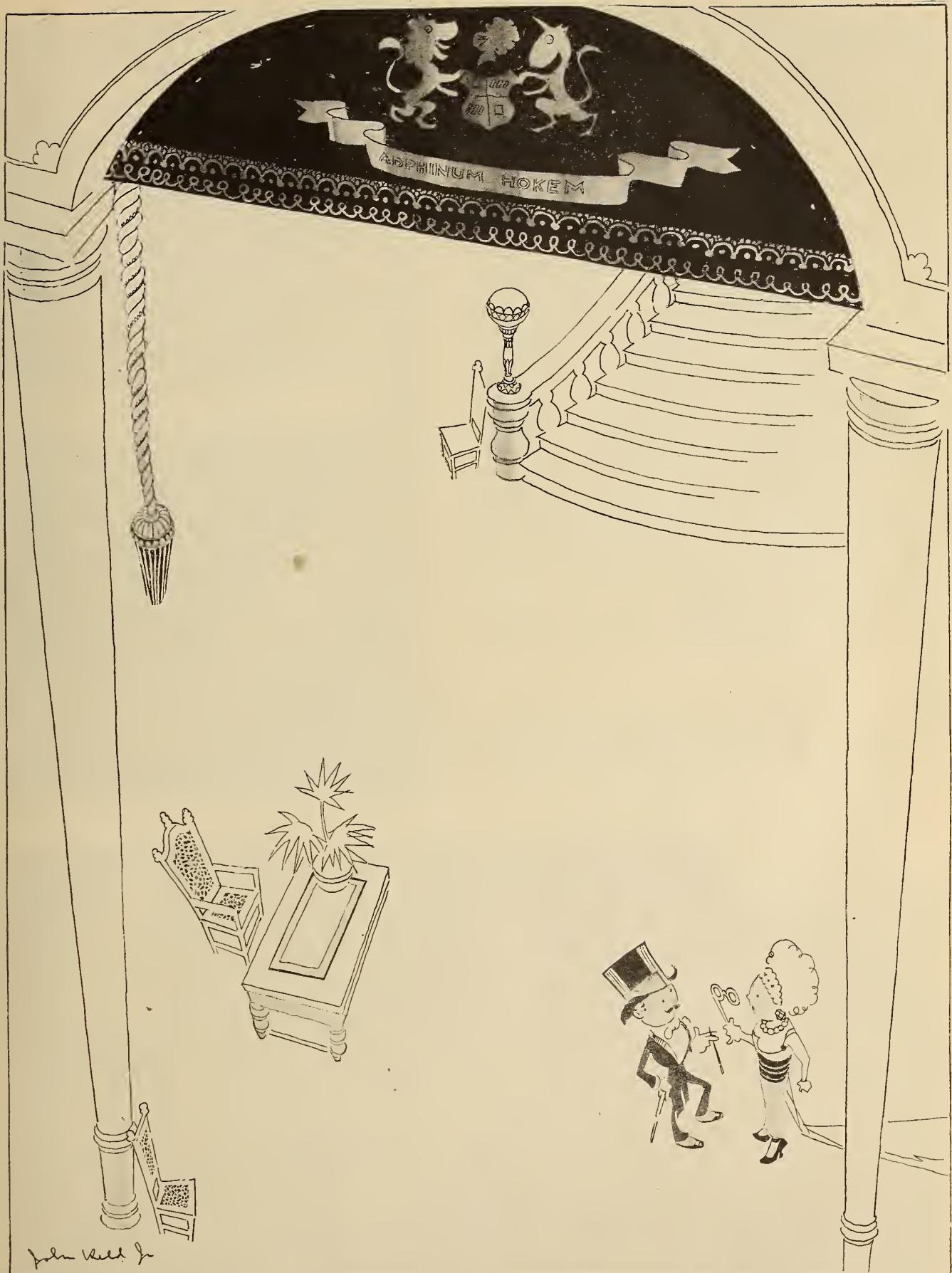
Are the ticket tyrants responsible for Archibald Neversweat's never-failing proposal to Gwendolyn Kale in a well-barbered garden, cut round in the back, and must Archie always stutter the troubrous proposition while kneeling on a gravel path before Gwennie sitting on a bench of art-stone?

Do the dollar drovers demand lacquered silver services for lunch and liquored oolong-bibbers for afternoon tea?

All of these and many more?

Before pulling out the stops to the full let me tell my reading public, (my wife), that although my name is not in "Who's Who," due to circumstances beyond my control, and although I sometimes dine in dishabille, (another name for a plate of corned willie), and often without a tuxedo, I am fairly conversant with the habits and manners of the upper-crust. In fact I have often trod the glassy floors of the rich with impunity and without my calked shoes. All of which ought to qualify me as an expert.

Also in justice to the Zukorius film factories allow me to add that other makers of punch-press dramas, dealing with the lives and habitats of the socially elite, miss the mark as widely as do the Para- [Continued on page 97]



By John Held, Jr.

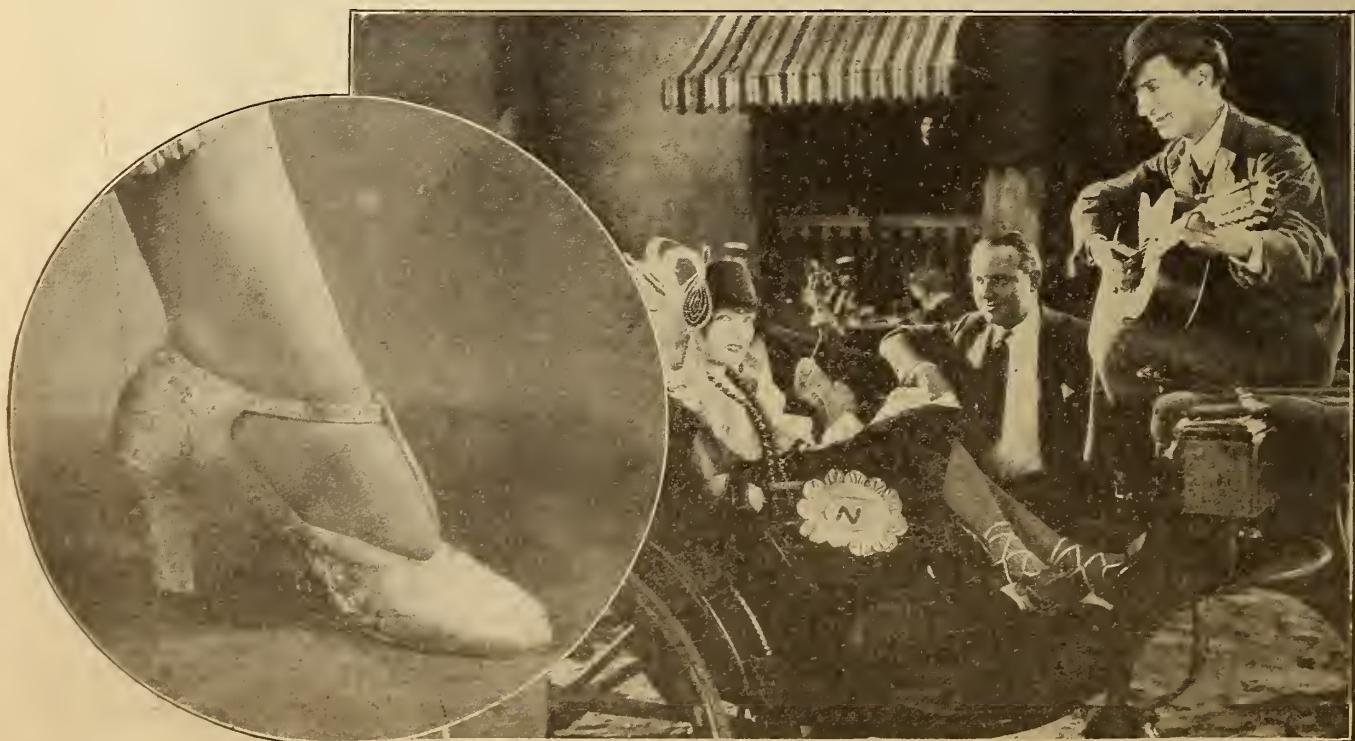
C. Any American home as seen
by a motion picture director

Flo Ziegfeld Picks 'Em

Screenland put the problem of selecting the prettiest ankles in the world of celluloidia up to Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and his manager, Samuel F. Kingston. After due consideration they awarded first prize to Betty Compson, with Julia Faye as the piquant runner-up.



The second prize ankles of Julia Faye, known as "the legs of the Lasky lot" because her pedal extremities have been photographed as those of every star in the studios. Here Miss Faye is wearing the newest in Parisian hosiery, the "one thread stocking," and the new French ermine garters. Circle, the ankle of Aileen Pringle; at the right is Carmel Myers' contribution to the contest; and, below of course, may be glimpsed Gloria's famous ankles.





Just above appear the ankles of Helene Chadwick. Like most screen ankles, Ziegfeld and Kingston, pronounce them as being too heavy.



Probably the most perfect ankles to ever grace the stage, says Mr. Kingston, were those of Lillian Lorraine, who is pictured at the right. Miss Lorraine's ankles are now appearing in the new Ted Lewis revue.



The tiny feet and ankles of Bessie Love, exclaimed to be the smallest on the screen.

The study of Betty Compson presented below won first place for the popular star, who is now in England. Miss Compson, says Mr. Kingston, has the shapeliest ankle on the whole silverscreen.



BETTY *in Merrie* ENGLAND

Our own Betty Compson has been in England for some months making a romantic drama, *Royal Oak*, for the Stoll Company. Maurice Elvy is director.

C Royal Oak is a story of the days of Charles II and Cromwell and the scene at the left was "shot" on the estate of 16th century house at East Grinstead, thirty miles from London.

C Royal Oak is Miss Compson's second British production. She made *Woman to Woman* for Graham Cutts when she first crossed and the Stoll Company followed with an offer of some \$6000 a week to remain and do *Royal Oak*. She has had a suite at the Hotel Savoy as the guest of the Stoll organization but she has spent most of her time at a little English inn, near which the lower picture was taken.



CJune Mathis is the thousand-a-week power behind the throne at the Goldwyn Studios.

Who are the Silent Builders of the Big Screen Reputations?

By
Anna Prophater



HIDDEN HANDS of FILM DOM

THERE are two widespread habits in the movie business. One is the alibi habit—also known as passing the buck. When a picture fails—or to speak in plain English, when it is a flop—all those concerned with its production can spend the long winter months telling their friends that they weren't even on speaking terms with the unfortunate film. They can gather a few good listeners around the radiator and beg them to remember that, if the director had taken their advice, the picture would have been collecting government souvenirs at the box-office.

The other habit of the film business is stealing the glory, the thunder and the hosannas of the public. The third assistant director of any picture that is warming the fingers of the cashiers in the box-office will tell you that he is the guy who first saw the possibilities of the story and that he, himself, developed the entirely unforeseen dramatic talents of the star.

Too Many Master Minds

THE studios are all cluttered up with Master Minds. In fact, they are so filled with Master Minds that it is hard to get any work done.

If you will believe all you'll hear around the front offices of the studios, the successful pictures are almost completely the work of lowly but inhumanly modest persons who never get their names on the credit cards. The

insane asylums may be filled with men who think they are Napoleon but the studios are overrun with carpenters who think they are D. W. Griffith.

However, in spite of all the noise, there are a few workers in the studios who can qualify, if not as Master Minds, at least as Hidden Hands who have helped build up some big reputations and some big pictures.

Perhaps the most capable Hidden Hands belong to June Mathis, who figures on the screen as the editorial director of Goldwyn Pictures. Miss Mathis has caused

more trouble in the feminine world than the woman who launched suffrage or the fellow who invented bobbed hair.

Miss Mathis' Capable Hidden Hand

MISS MATHIS thrust Valentino on a waiting world. Whereupon feeling that she hadn't quite played fair with the men fans, she pulled Nita Naldi from comparative obscurity to glory in *Blood and Sand*.

The story of Rodolph's rise and *The Four Horsemen* is an old one by this time. Lots of persons claim to have recognized in Rodolph great latent talent. But

he was originally selected by Miss Mathis because he had "that look in his eye" and an undoubted charm for women. She saw him first with Clara Kimball Young in a picture called *Eyes of Youth*.



¶ Jeanie MacPherson is the hidden hand of the Cecil De Mille productions.

Miss Mathis believes in sex appeal. That is to say, she believes sex appeal in an actor or actress is a legitimate and admirable asset. She also believes that the public wants love stories.

Several years ago, Miss Mathis was writing scenarios for Metro. Guided by her, Nazimova rose to great popularity. The collapse of the Nazimova came at almost the exact time when Miss Mathis no longer wrote Madame's scenarios. Bert Lytell's one claim to fame as an actor, *The Right of Way*, was also produced under the guidance of Miss Mathis.

A Thousand a Week

JUST at present, the Goldwyn Company believes that Miss Mathis's advice is worth a thousand dollars a week. She has been associated with so many lucky undertakings that directors look upon her as a sort of charm. To have her on the lot is better than nailing a horse shoe over the door.

Of course, her dramatic technique in scenario writing and her close attention to story details also make her valuable. But the real secret of her success lies in the fact that she has those mysterious flights of inspiration known as "hunches." Figuratively speaking, Miss Mathis goes in for "visions and dreams"; she has a way of handing out suggestions about pictures that make the directors believe that it is straight-from-the-shoulder stuff from Heaven.

The Inspirational Touch

HIS peculiar quality of giving the inspirational touch to her advice makes Miss Mathis popular with her workers. The temperamental director who might resent suggestions from an everyday business woman eagerly listens to every word from a woman who has a gift of endowing herself with the inspiration of a priestess.

Only an unusually magnetic woman would assume such a definite leadership in any studio. Moreover only an un-

usually gifted woman would be entrusted with the production of an important picture like *Ben-Hur*. Although *Ben-Hur* may be officially in the hands of one or several directors, it really belongs to Miss Mathis—and everyone in Hollywood knows it.

Ben-Hur has proved Miss Mathis something of a hypnotist. For she has succeeded in hypnotising the Goldwyn officials into handing the leading role to George Walsh. As an actor, Walsh rates along with Corse Payton. He was a jitney Douglas Fairbanks for William Fox and afterward he was the moron's delight in several serials. Nevertheless, Miss Mathis believes he can act and believes he is just the person to play *Ben-Hur*. It is her newest "hunch."

The Case of Jeanie MacPherson

JANIE MACPHERSON, the hidden hand in Cecil De Mille's pictures, figures on the screen as author of the scenarios. Jeanie is the exact opposite of June. She is not a magnetic person; she is a quiet looking Scotch girl. She has no inspired "hunches" and her conversation lacks fizz. June Mathis is all personality; Jeanie is completely minus any sort of glitter.

Jeanie can do anything she is told from murdering a Barrie play to creating a Roman orgy. As a scenario writer, she has a good workmanlike technique, a level head and a keen knowledge of what the public—and Mr. De Mille—wants. Jeanie knows Mr. De Mille better than anyone in the world knows him. She is the ideal worker, the ideal silent partner.

[Continued on page 100]



¶ Kathlyn Williams, wife of the Lasky studio manager, is the master celluloid diplomat of all Hollywood.



COVARRUBIAS.

Introducing COVARRUBIAS

SCREENLAND is the first American magazine to produce the work of Miguel Covarrubias, the brilliant young caricaturist of Mexico City. Covarrubias is only nineteen but he is already famous throughout Latin America not only for his caricatures but for his decorative paintings. Not long ago he was commissioned by the Mexican government to do a large mural for the exhibition room in the offices of the Secretary of Public Instruction. Last year he was selected with four other Mexican artists to choose examples of arts and crafts for the Los Angeles Exhibition.

Here with are Covarrubias' impressions of Nita Naldi, Pola Negri and our own Jackie Coogan. Further impressions will appear in future issues of SCREENLAND. They will be well worth watching for.



COVARRUBIAS.



COVARRUBIAS.



MA Rubens' GAL

By Delight Evans

"Meet my mother!" Why, once I saw a photograph a star had signed, "To my Sweet Little Mother, the Dearest Creature 'God' Ever Made, and my inspiration. Always her Baby." Now this sort of thing is all very well, but there seem to me to be other ways in which to register daughterly love. For instance, Olive Thomas. She may have given her mother signed portraits—I don't know; but she also gave her fur coats—new ones. The Gish girls are devoted daughters, but neither they nor their mother ever gets maudlin about it. Bebe Daniel's mother is not press-agented.

Screen Mamas and Screen Daughters

BUT I was prepared for the worst when meeting Mrs. Rubens. Because she looked the part. Here was the kindly, sweet face of fiction—the mother-smile, brimming with love for all the world, that Kathleen Norris writes about.

Then she spoke. "Alma, what have you done to your hair? It looks like sin."

That voice! Not the sweet maternal piping of the stage, but a good, wholesome contralto.

Ma Rubens Is Different

¶ That odd reserve of Alma Rubens is merely pictorial. She always looks a little bored—and never is. And she never poses.

THE movie mama! You have heard of her. You have wept with the ingenues when they told you, in their interviews, how much they owe to their mothers—"God bless her—what would I have done without her? My constant companion and best friend; more than a mother—a pal."

When presenting their mothers, so many of our stars bring misty eyes, usually reserved for the close-ups, to the formality. "My mother," they murmur huskily, almost as if they were ashamed. One even said, "Ma mere." It's up to a star if she cares to call her mother "Ma mere," but it is an added touch we could struggle along without. They always blink fast the while, as if to keep back the tears. Mother then smiles deprecatingly as much as to say, "It's nothing, really," when all the time you know she's thinking that the world owes her a debt of gratitude for presenting it with such a great gift.

BEING the mother of a screen star is, with Mrs. Rubens, only an incident. She hasn't allowed it to spoil her life. Mothers of stars are, as we have mentioned, too often only shadows of their famous offsprings—either glorified ladies' maids, or Catherine de Medicis. Mrs. Rubens doesn't sit at home in a wrapper reading the Ladies' Home Companion, emerging only to fetch daughter's newest photographs to show the company. All her wrappers are French negligees; besides, she is so seldom at home. Neither does she attempt to direct her daughter's artistic destinies at the studios. She leaves that to the real directors. She lives her own life. She comes and goes as she pleases.

She is not, like some mothers, left behind when the star

CThe little Irish girl from Frisco who looks like an Italian Princess

of the family goes to lunch at Pierre's, to tea at Sherry's, or to shop upon the Avenue. She goes along. The inevitable comments, "That's what she will look like twenty years from now" don't worry Alma at all; she undoubtedly hopes she will resemble her mother in middle-age.

If Mrs. Rubens considers Alma a credit to her, she keeps it all to herself. She is perfectly impersonal, and seems just as fond of her other non-professional daughter, Hazel. She never objected when Alma decided to find fame and fortune in the films. "If I had she'd have gone and done it anyway. I remember how I was at her age."

Alma Rubens Like Her Mother

ALMA's chief recommendation to me is that she really appreciates her mother—as a person. And she's very much like her.

In repose this daughter of Mrs. Rubens is a poem—early Italian, of course. It must tickle her to death, this little Irish



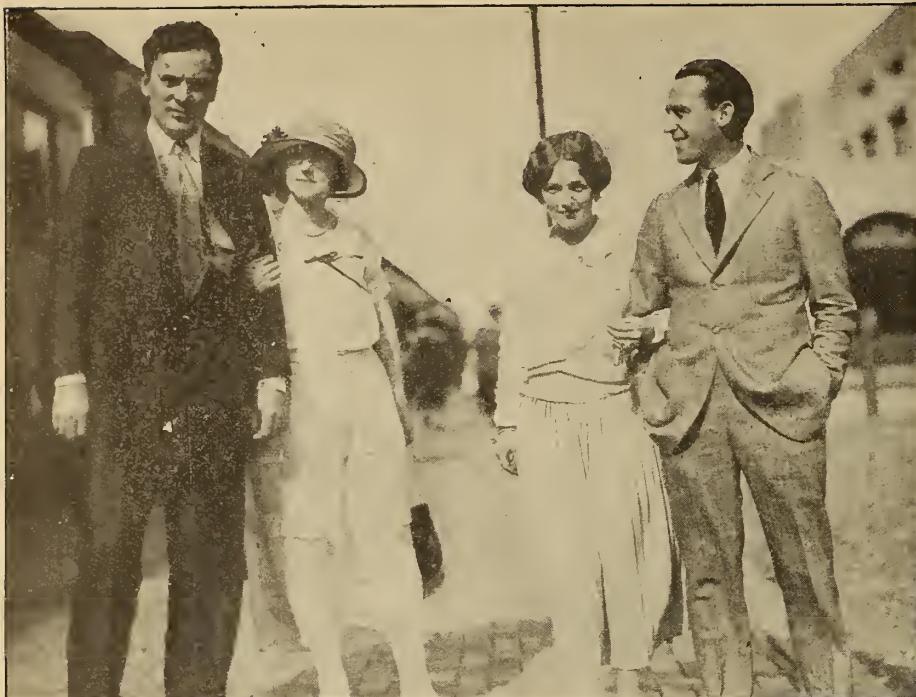
CMiss Evans says only five gelatine stars she has met were perfectly natural. One of them is Alma Rubens. On this page are two views of Miss Rubens in *Under the Red Robe*, the picture at the left showing her with John Charles Thomas.



girl from San Francisco, to be likened to an Italian princess when she never saw or dreamed Italy until a year ago when she was sent there on location for a picture.

The first time I ever saw her was in a Chicago hotel. She was on her way east to make some new pictures and should have had them on her mind. Instead, she was all worked up about hats. Her reserve, I discovered then, is [Continued on page 99]

Our Own News Reel



Los Angeles, Cal.—Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis, meet Thomas Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, by chance at the railway station.

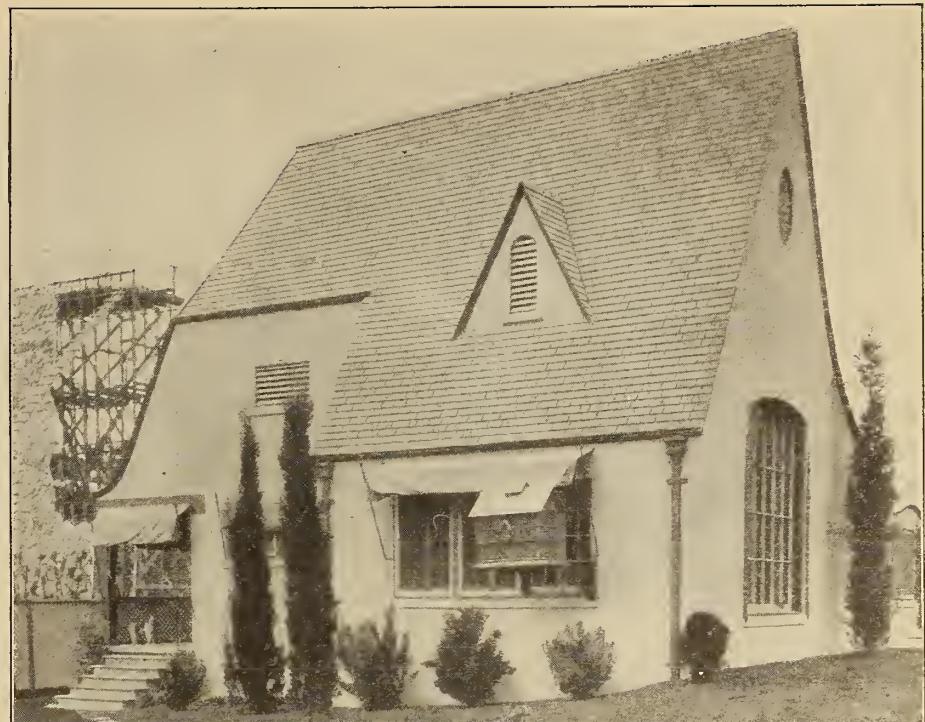


Los Angeles, Cal.—Nita Naldi tries out the newest garter liquid carrier. What for? Perfume, of course. Stockings? No, you just know that Nita doesn't wear 'em.



Astoria, Long Island—Dorothy Mackaill, between scenes of His Children's Children proves why she used to be such a popular member of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Hollywood, Cal.—
Mary Pickford's new six room bungalow dressing room at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. This bungalow includes a reception room, dining room, kitchen, study, wardrobe dressing room and bath.



Los Angeles, Cal.—The penalties of screen success! Leatrice Joy spends the day soaked to the skin from a rainstorm in *The Ten Commandments* and a focusing heater is used to ward off pneumonia.



New York City—Olga Petrova, the indomitable, arrives on the S. S. Olympic from a vacation in Europe. Miss Petrova is demonstrating some of the Spanish atmosphere she acquired while abroad.



New York City—John Barrymore and his baggage arrive from Europe and depart immediately for the coast, where the famous star is to do a film version of Clyde Fitch's Beau Brummel.



Paris, France—Nadierkowska, the famous Parisian screen "vamp." She recently played the stellar role in Atlantide and charmed all France with her interpretation of this mystic heroine of the desert.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Bebe Daniels and her grandmother, Mrs. G. B. Griffin, return to California after a year in the East. During this time Bebe made a number of pictures, including His Children's Children.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Ernst Lubitsch whiles away a few moments between the scenes of *The Marriage Circle*.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Bill Hart dons the mitts as first aid in keeping in physical trim for his return to the screen. Bill intends to make 'em as deadly as his famous six-shooters.



New York City—Lenore Ulric returns to New York after completing a film version of *Tiger Rose*. Miss Ulric has resumed her tour in the highly successful French farce, *Kiki*.

¶ Rodolph and Natacha Valentino arrived in France by airplane from London. Two hundred admirers made the trip from Paris to welcome Rudy and his wife.



The Valentinos Abroad

¶ Rudy and Natacha as they started for the Paris station to catch a train for Deauville. Here they rested for a few days before continuing on to Switzerland and Italy. Tremendous crowds greeted the Valentinos and remained about their Paris hotel during their stay in the French capital.
¶ For the benefit of our feminine readers, we whisper that Natacha's motoring coat is a brand new Parisian creation. Note the pretty vestal hood.

WIDE WORLD

CPublicity Stunts that have brought unknowns into fame

The POSE PAYS

By Katherine Albert

W

HY do moving picture stars deem it necessary to pose for the benefit of the public? I wonder, for usually their real personalities are more interesting than the ones their press agents give them.

I feel sorry for stars. They do not want my sympathy, I realize, but they deserve it. It has become bromidic to exclaim over the lack of privacy of a star, but it is so great a truth that it is well worth repeating. A star is common property,



HESSEN

CTheda Bara was the first to humanize the vamp. She threw away the occultism and extinguished the incense. Devising fame for Barbara La Marr was harder—until an ingenious press agent hit upon the idea of adopting a baby.

the property of the public, and the kind of life that the public demands of a star is the kind of life that a star must lead. I wonder if they ever become tremendously bored with living up to the stories

the press agents hang on them.

The Press Agent's Job

IT is the case that whenever an actor's life is exposed in any way the powers that be at once spend thousands of dollars to disprove all true statements. Disproving is the chief and most expensive job of a press agent.

For the sake of dramatic values, perhaps, an actress must never, never be like the characters she portrays unless these characters are thoroughly good and virtuous. If an actress plays unpleasant roles she must at once assume an entirely different home life.

Publicity stunts to counteract vamp effects that, for their hokum are sure fire, may roughly be classed something like this:

Domestic happiness stuff.
Mother stuff.
Profound stuff.



Take Barbara LaMarr, for instance. Barbara is one of our most charming vamps, a thoroughly seductive and alluring creature. Even her name conjures up pictures of exotic boudoirs, sunken baths and perfumed cigarettes. Barbara LaMarr! Here is a woman who can be immoral with more finesse than anyone I have ever seen act. And yet, she must not allow the public to believe that she is at all like the roles she enacts. Vamps may do their dirtiest work before the camera but when they are away from the studio and the grease paint is cold creamed off they must assume an entirely different role to create the correct atmosphere for the benefit of the public.

Theda Bara Set the Fashion

THEDA BARA was the first to introduce the vamps who do not vamp. With one fell swoop she extinguished the insense and threw away the books on occultism. And that started them all.

It was a clever person who evolved the idea of having Barbara LaMarr adopt a baby. It was great stuff and I give credit to the mind that thought it out. LaMarr was a difficult case. The old domestic happiness stuff had been done to death and with LaMarr marriage, its uses and abuses, is a delicate subject.

Not even the public could swallow the gag that she "just loved to cook." Not Barbara LaMarr. Hands like those were never meant for peeling potatoes. LaMarr is no girl and ingenue poses were out, so the idea of adopting a baby was a master stroke of press agenting. Here was sweet sorrow. Here was the rather tragic maternal instinct. Then, too, loving a baby is such a womanly thing to do and Barbara is doing it with a vengeance. I know how the other vamps who have something to disprove must envy her.

Mae Bush is one of the few screen personalities who lives up to herself. She is truly exotic and she admits it. She indulges in oriental rugs, poems of passion and Turkish cigarettes and she is frank about it.

What Happened to Mary

THE most striking example of a pose being all shot was the case of Mary Miles Minter. If you do not believe that poses are considered necessary I refer you to Miss Minter's contract with Lasky in which it was stated that Mary was never to be seen on the streets unchaperoned. That was for the purpose of impressing the public with the fact of her extreme youth and exclusiveness. Her mother was her standby. She was with her upon every occasion. They were southern and, to use press agent logic, came from an old and aristocratic family. Modest youth and reliance upon mother was Mary's best bet from a publicity standpoint.

At a meeting of stars and directors who were gathered together for some mutual benefit, Mary Miles Minter was present. Many had expressed opinions and at last Mary was called on for a speech. Miss Minter blushed furiously, but her mother came to the rescue by saying, "I will speak for Mary." And Mary cooed back in vibrant tones, "Oh, you darling!" What a beautiful atmosphere of maternal and filial love!

But Mary could not hold out and when she thought that mamma was abusing the privileges that had been given to her for their publicity value, Mary took things into her own hands and left home with much talk from all parties concerned.

Where the Public Comes In

IT seems very queer that the doings of a certain class of people should cause so much talk and speculation. I can find no scientific reason why the personal life of a star should be common property. I should, of course, be glad that the public is interested for were it not for that fact I would be out of a job. And yet it seems to me that the public should be concerned with an artist artistically only. If an actor is an artist or even if he only pleases it seems that should be enough for the public. But, hero worshipers that we are, we must know the most uninteresting Babbit-like details of daily life.

I remember once having seen a picture of Mary Pickford washing her hair. I am sure that she does it or has it done very much like anyone else. But because it is Mary Pickford we are interested.

Dear, little Mary! She is a charming character, a delightful woman, but nevertheless she must use a pose. She must be exclusive. She must be the gracious hostess of Pickfair. She must have but a few friends. Her pleasures must be simple ones. I wonder if she ever longs just one night to cavort with Lottie. Perhaps not, and yet what a terrible strain it must be, this always being exclusive.

Gloria's Successful Pose

GLORIA SWANSON is a fine example of this posing craze. She was a bathing beauty to begin with, but when she started to work for de Mille and when she discovered

that the public paid its perfectly good money to see her encased in Clare West's atrocities that Clare, being a designer, calls gowns, she found that she, too, must have a pose.

It was Elinor Glyn, I believe, who gave Swanson her tip about culture with a capital C. It was she who taught her continental manners, the low voice and repressed gestures of the well bred. So Gloria must forget the good old days when she could shout at the director and fly into a fit of rage at the slightest provocation. And speaking of rage that brings on more talk.

Temperament is a tradition. All actresses are supposed to have it and therefore the press agents must cry, "Yes, our actresses have no temperament today."

Why can't they have temperament, I ask? It is the best emotional vent I know of. Every one indulges in it at times, but actresses, the people who have more cause for temperament than any class of people on earth must remain serene for reasons known only to a press agent.

Charlie's Tragic Pose

THE comedians come in for their share of poses. The trade mark of Charles Chaplin is the derby hat and large shoes. He is known and loved for his work, but because some unthinking soul told him that he was a great artist, he at once divulged the innermost [Continued on page 88]

CUT the COMEDY

By
Eunice Marshall

LIFE is very sad and due to be sadder. All of our very funniest comedienne are leaving the custard-pie dramas flat and are going in for emotional acting. Louise Fazenda, we are told, has positively sat in her last mud-puddle. Gale Henry, whose facial vagaries have seemed to us the one bright spot in many a comedy, has felt the dramatic urge and is park-



MELBOURNE SPURR

ing her makeup box on dramatic lots only. And now Edna Purviance, long the decorative adjunct of Charlie Chaplin's fun-makers, has started in a series of high-powered dramatic features, with a custard pie not even so much as mentioned in the scripts.

It was Louise Fazenda's appearance in *The Beautiful and Damned* that caused her to quit the old familiar comedy make-up, the tight little braids with the spit curl, and the striped stockings that have caused so many chortles. From now on Louise is an "artiste."

Back Lighting for Louise

SHE has been having the thrill of her young life now, in the picture she is doing for Pathé out on the Roach lot. When asked what she is doing, she replies that she is "supporting a horse!" It is an animal picture, a sort of a *Call of the Wild* affair with a horse in the featured role instead of a dog. But the story has to have a love interest; and that is where Louise, for the first time in a strenuous screen life-time, comes in. She actually has a romance and a final "clinch" in the fade-out, with a back light lighting up her halo of curls!

About all of the romantic episodes of her career up to this point have been centered about some fat and be-whiskered comedian. "It's amazing," Louise remarked naively, "how much easier dramatic stars are to kiss than comedians!" All the difference, we, fancy, between

C The thin line of comedienne is giving way before the attack of drama

C Louise Fazenda has made a definite step from comedy to drama—and she says she isn't going back at any cost. For years Louise has been the only woman on the screen who could be kicked without the censors cutting it out. They merely giggled.





CAbove Edna Purviance, whose work in Chaplin's new picture, *A Woman of Paris*, has lifted her from farce to drama. Right, Gale Henry, who has been a comedienne since the pioneer days, has turned to drama, too. She hopes to cut comedy completely before long.

Monte Blue, say, and Ben Turpin!

Louise has aspirations to play parts like *Anna Christie*; and *Rain*. She dreams of playing the lead in *The Goldfish*, in which Marjorie Rambeau is delighting audiences.

"I could do it," she declares. "I know I could do it. I would play the roles with subtlety, with lights and shades of emotion. These women with pasts,—screen tradition makes them out to be all of one note, serious, dramatic. They aren't. They laugh; they say funny little things. They are very human. They forget to be dramatic. Oh, I wish they would let me try!"

But they won't. At least, not yet. "People would think it was a burlesque if you appeared, Louise," they tell her. "They would laugh as soon as you came on the scene."

Louise Fazenda's Experiences

SO LOUISE packs up her dreams in rosemary for a while longer, and meanwhile takes further adventures in dramatic roles. Perhaps, in a year or two, when audiences cease to look for a mud puddle as soon as Louise appears in a scene, she will be permitted to have her chance at portraying naughty ladies.

"But at that, I almost hate to leave slap-stick comedy," she declares. "It was good fun. There's all the difference

in atmosphere between a comedy lot and a dramatic studio that there is between a circus troupe in which the performers have worked together for years, and . . . and . . .", she groped for a comparison, ". . . a Little Theatre. The dramatic stars, they are apt to think of comedy people as clowns. We had good time, on the Sennett lot, but it was hard work. I used to come home with my arms black-and-blue, and my nails broken. I never went out; I was too tired at night. It is only now with the mild life of the dramatic studio, that I realize how hard it all was."

The Only Woman Who Can Be Kicked

LOUISE FAZENDA has the rather doubtful distinction, according to her own statement, of being the only woman who can be kicked, in pictures. Censors invariably cut scenes in which other women are kicked, but in Louise's case, they merely giggle and let it ride.

Her adventures have been varied and stimulating. As for the number of times she has been butted by goats, and thrown into plaster baths, and hit with pies, the mind cannot compass them. Probably the most terrifying experience was one occasion when she was tied on a water-wheel by a comedy villain, and the darn wheel stopped under water.

And Now—Gale Henry

W. E. SEELY



IT WAS Quincy Adams Sawyer that brought Gale Henry out from the wilds of comedy-ville to the civilization of drammer. She liked the taste of it so well that she decided she'd have another helping. So she played the part of the governess in *Tea With a Kick*, and played another comedy role with Guy Bates Post in *The Man from Ten Strike*. But just to keep her hand in, she does a bit of slap-stick now and again. She says alternating the two keeps her from going stale. Gale Henry lives in a cabin way up in Laurel Canyon. She owns a most amazing specimen of dog, an Irish wolf-hound, named Patrick. He is only seven months old but already has the architectural lines of a young giraffe. Unfortunately he has the instincts of a lap dog. The results are intriguing—very.

Miss Henry has been in comedies ever since the first ones were made. She was a pioneer on the Universal lot, when actors who got five dollars a day were "artists." She was an artist, and later attained the heights of a \$25 a week guarantee, which was considered splendid pay then.

Edna Purviance Enters Drama

ABROKEN arm brought Edna Purviance into comedies, and a broken heart brought her [Continued on page 87]

The TEN Best Screen Dramas

CScreenland has been canvassing the foremost film authorities in America for a vote upon the ten most significant screenplays ever made. This canvass will continue in subsequent numbers

ADOLPH ZUKOR, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

Queen Elizabeth
A Good Little Devil
The Bargain
The Birth of a Nation
Shoulder Arms
Passion
The Golem
The Toll of the Sea
Hollywood
The Covered Wagon

ALISON SMITH,
of *The Evening Mail*:

The Golem
Nanook of the North
Doctor Caligari
Crainquebille
The Kid
The Pilgrim
Shoulder Arms
The Birth of a Nation (^{with} _{reservations})
The Covered Wagon (^{with} _{reservations})
The Dempsey-Firpo fight pictures

MORRIS GEST, the famous theatrical producer:

The Birth of a Nation
Intolerance
Way Down East
Broken Blossoms
Orphans of the Storm
The Kid
Shoulder Arms
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
When Knighthood Was in Flower
Carmen, with Farrar

LUELLA O. PARSONS, moving picture editor of *The Morning Telegraph*:

The Birth of a Nation
The Covered Wagon
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
The Kid
Nanook of the North
Grandma's Boy
Little Old New York
When Knighthood Was in Flower
Rosita
Down to the Sea in Ships

NOTE

SCREENLAND will continue its canvass of notables for the ten best pictures next month. And the opinions of a number of our readers will be presented also.

Mr. Zukor, in his list given above, gave several interesting reasons for his selections. He picked *Queen Elizabeth*, because it presented "the first famous stage player in a famous play." *A Good Little Devil* was named because it was "the first feature picture that started Mary Pickford on her career as a star and really the forerunner of all starring pictures." *The Bargain* comes into his reckoning because it was "the first William S. Hart screenplay and the forerunner of all the Western pictures." *The Toll of Sea* was named by Mr. Zukor for the reason that it was "the first feature film to be photographed by color process."

DANIEL FROHMAN, the veteran of the stage and screen:

The Birth of a Nation
Robin Hood
Nanook of the North
The Miracle Man
Hollywood
Male and Female
Passion
Orphans of the Storm
Cabiria
The Covered Wagon

CScreenland would like to know what ten motion pictures you consider to be the milestones of cinema progress. Write to the Editor and give him your chosen list of ten.

CThe stage season of 1923-4 is now well on its way. The New York theater going public never had such varied fare before. It's a season rife with interest.

CLeo Carillo is giving a rounded and charming performance in Booth Tarkington's romance of Mississippi river gambling days, *Magnolia*.



Behind the Footlights

Drawings by Wynn

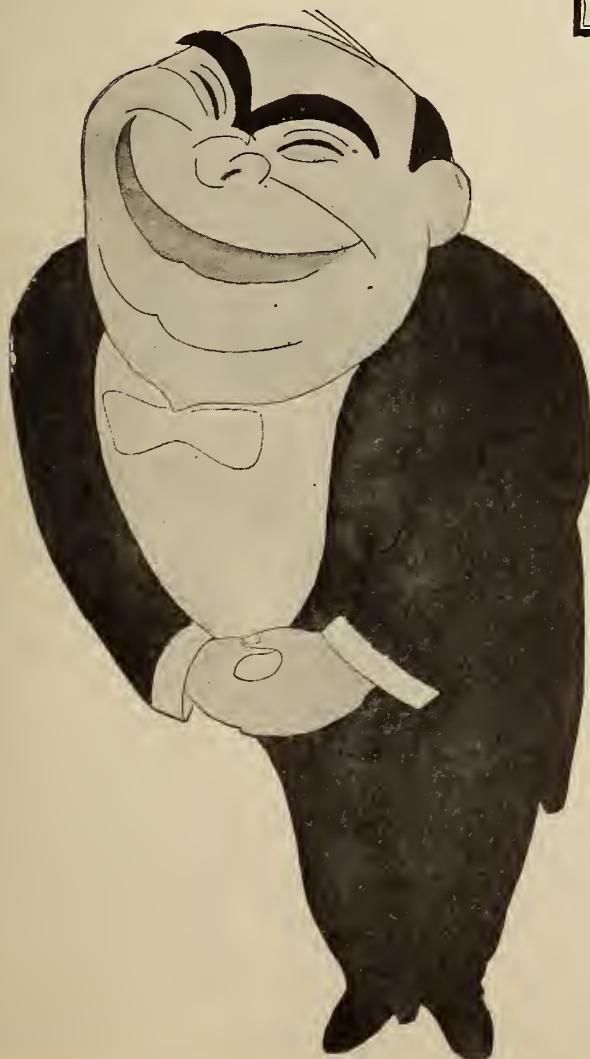
CW. C. Fields is a comedy joy in *Poppy*, the new and highly successful revue in which Madge Kennedy is starring. Not so long ago Fields was a comedy juggler in the Ziegfeld revues but, in *Poppy*, he has advanced to a legitimate and racily humorous role, that of a merry rascal of a medicine showman.

Alfred Lunt is devoting his entire time to motion pictures at the present moment but he is returning to the footlights shortly in a brand new play. Which will be of genuine interest to theatergoers who look upon him as one of the best young actors on our stage.

Back from a summer season at the Theater Femina in Paris, Balieff and his Chauve-Souris (the Moscow Bat Theater), have returned to town. So we have Balieff's glorious gypsies, the adorable Katinka and the immortal Wooden Soldiers with us once more.



The chic and delightful Irene Bordoni is with us again, this time in Avery Hopwood's pleasant song play, Little Miss Bluebeard. She is as charming as ever.



Screenland visits the THEATER



MURAY

CMadge Kennedy is more charming than ever in *Poppy*, the musical comedy which has scored one of the few hits of the new screen year.

CArtists and Models, the daring Shubert revue, has many items of interest—but none more so than Edna Duval, who is one of the reasons why the entertainment—distinctly for the tired business man—is doing so well.



WHITE

CMlle. Marguerite, who dances charmingly with her brother, Frank Gill, is one of the sensations of the Keith vaudeville season in her elaborate new terpsichorean act. Mlle. Marguerite is a dashing and piquant dancer from old Spain.



DUPONT

CThe new Greenwich Village Follies has many moments of sheer beauty—aside from a bevy of beautiful girls. One of them is Irene Delroy, presented just below.



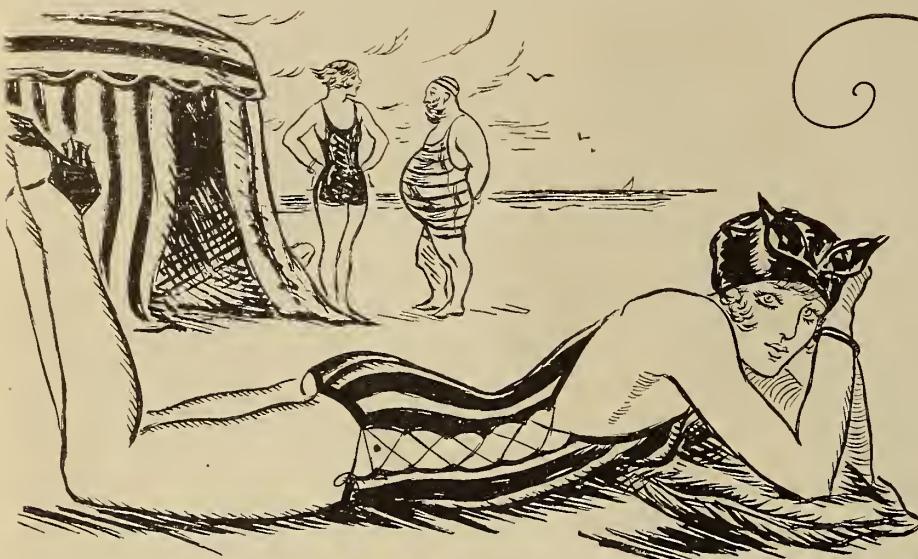
HESSE

CAt the right, Florenz Tamara, one of the dancing hits of the new revue, Left Over, in which Ada May Weeks is starred.



LUMIERE

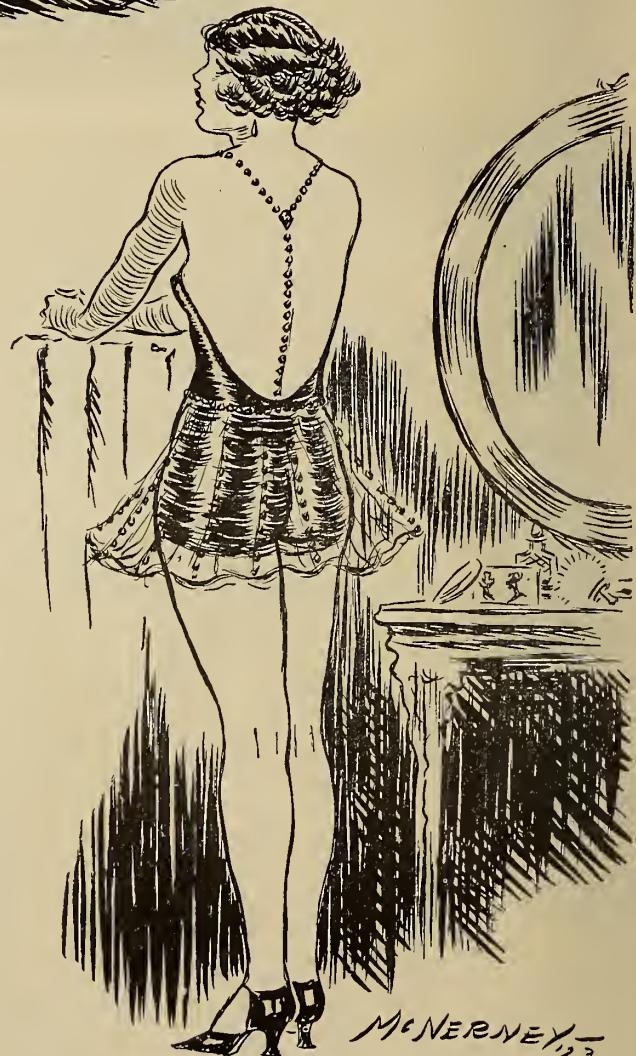
Those Tense Emotional Moments



¶ They called her the Tigress of Deauville, so fierce was the expression in her smouldering eyes. At least, so said the sub-title.



¶ Then, Hortense, to her horror (again quoting the sub-title) realized that she was alone, all alone, on a desert island.



MCNERNEY 23

¶ Here is the helpful aid given by the caption writer to this scene: "I shall kill myself if I have to turn back to a life of sin!"

The Slim PRINCESS

W

HO is Julianne Johnston? She dances or something, doesn't she?"

That was the query one heard everywhere when Douglas Fairbanks announced that Julianne Johnston was to have the coveted leading role in his *Theif of Bagdad*. Hollywood knew Julianne, of course. But to the layman she was only a name.

"All the good things in life that have come to me have come as surprises," she told me recently. "It was that way with this role with Mr. Fairbanks. They asked me to come down and take a test for a slave-girl role, and then gave me the princess' part!"

In the beginning, Evelyn Brent had been cast for the part. But one day Miss Brent left the Fairbanks lot. Miss Brent herself declared that she had come to Hollywood to work and that so far she had been the champion long-distance rester. Douglas Fairbanks intimated that the heroine of his picture must be of an ephemeral type of beauty, and that Miss Brent had allowed herself to become the least bit, well, plump! But whatever the cause, Fairbanks found himself without a leading lady for his picture. So he began to comb Hollywood for a Slim Princess. He found her in Julianne Johnston.



Julianne Johnston

By

Eunice Marshall

Julianne had danced in the prologue that preceded the showing of his *Robin Hood*, at a Hollywood theatre. "I've been on the stage since I was fifteen years old," Julianne says. She studied with Ruth St. Denis for years. About two years ago, she went with a dancing act over the Pantages and Orpheum circuit. It was Carol Dempster that started Julianne on the road to a career. They were chums in Los Angeles together. Carol is a dancer herself, and it was in a desire to emulate her that Julianne

began taking dancing lessons. The two of them studied under Ruth St. Denis, before D. W. Griffith gave Carol her chance in *Dream Street*. Julianne knew Cecelia deMille, daughter of Cecil B. deMille. They were school-mates at the Hollywood School for Girls. It was through Cecelia that Julianne got her first chance at acting, in deMille's *Joan, the Woman*, starring Geraldine Farrar. Followed then bits in many pictures, dancing roles predominating. Casting directors began to think of her as a dancer only, which annoyed Julianne tremendously. She wanted to act as well as to dance. Bits and parts led finally to the coveted goal of leads. She supported Jack Gilbert in a Fox production, *Madness of Youth*, and was leading lady for Lew Brice. Then came *The Thief of Bagdad*.

HOLLYWOOD *Via Jamaica*

AILEEN PRINGLE has just been chosen by Elinor Glyn to play the part of The Lady in *Three Weeks*.

Anyone who has talked with Mrs. Glyn for five minutes knows that *Three Weeks* is the pride and joy of her life. The arrangements for filming the famous novel have been under way at the Goldwyn studios for months. So her selection of Miss Pringle means a lot.

In spite of her youth, she is every bit a woman of the world. Her accent leads you to think she is British—and so she is, in all but birth.

Her mother is French and her father English. She herself was born in San Francisco, but went to England when she was twelve. She attended boarding school there and a convent in France.

Later she married and went to live in Jamaica, where she was surrounded by every luxury.

She had always had a great desire to go on the stage, but



Aileen Pringle

By

Constance Palmer Littlefield

her family all frowned on the suggestion. But during the war her husband went to France and, since her parents had returned to San Francisco, the young bride at last felt free to carry out her desires.

So she went to London, found a theatrical engagement and for some months played the English provinces, later to return to London with the Elliott Players.

Then she came to New York where she played for some months in *The Green Goddess* with George Arliss. Then she went

to the coast.

Only a year ago she was playing her first real screen part, that of an East Indian half-caste in *The Tiger's Claw*, a Lasky program picture starring Jack Holt.

Within the year, she has been signed on a long-term contract with the Goldwyn company, and has played in *Souls For Sale*, *In the Palace of the King*, and for an outside, independent company, among others.



Coming EVENTS *cast their SHADOWS*

When *West of the Water Tower* appeared as a novel minus an author's name it created a sensation. Then the films purchased this unusual story of American small town life and Homer Croy stood revealed as the author. Here are Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy in a tender moment of *West of the Water Tower*, as Rollin Sturgeon is directing it.

Erich Von Stroheim is telling the late Frank Norris' *McTeague* with relentless realism under the title of *Greed*. Here is Von Stroheim's grim realization of the moment before retiring in the *McTeague* home, with Zaza Pitts and Gibson Gowland.





Marshall Neilan's *The Rendezvous* is said to have unusual color, at least this glimpse of a vodka joint has atmosphere. Elmo Lincoln, Lucille Rickson and Cecil Holland are the principal participants.

Richard Harding Davis' *The Grand Cross of the Crescent* is being adapted to the screen as *Stephen Steps Out with Joseph Henneberry directing. It will serve to introduce Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to the screen as the American prep school hero who upsets Turkey.*



Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* is en route to the screen again via a George Melford production. Here is a scene from the new version with Jacqueline Logan as the girl of the regiment.



C Thomas Meighan reads a wire from George Ade to Tom Geraghty, Paramount production editor. Ade is the author of Meighan's latest picture, *Woman-Proof*.



C Harold Lloyd tries road work to keep in trim for his strenuous comedies.

The Listening Post

T

HE opening of *The White Sister* at the 44th Street Theatre in New York brought out, of course, the usual number of film celebrities. Perhaps the most interested spectator was D. W. Griffith who watched Lillian Gish in the first picture she has attempted without his guidance. And he was quite willing to admit that he liked her performance.

The White Sister Premiere

GOVERNOR and Mrs. Smith sat in a box and ex-Governor Cox of Ohio, who may be remembered as a presidential candidate, was also in the audience. The big moment of the evening came when Charles Duell, president of the Inspiration Company, took the stage and read a telegram from Calvin Coolidge and also another one from Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, who are friends of Miss Gish.

Miss Gish made a curtain speech but the interest centred not so much upon what she said as upon the yellow brocade gown she wore.

Romeo and Juliet Rivalry

WANTED—One first class Romeo. Must be camera-broke and as good a lover as Rudy Valentino. Apply in person Stage 6, United Studios or Pickford Studio.

THEY haven't done that just yet, but if they thought it would do any good, the want ad pages would be full of such ads. "They" being Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, both of whom, according to published announcements are to film Bill Shakespeare's little skit, *Romeo and Juliet*. But, as indicated in the foregoing, not only are there not enough Romeos to go around, but a careful canvass of the situation shows that there isn't even a single available candidate. Of course both the Juliets would like to have Rudy but the nothing doing sign has been hung up by the well known and justly famous sheik. So if you happen to know of any Romeos lying around loose there's a job or two waiting in Hollywood for them.

It was announced some time ago that Miss Talmadge would play Juliet and at about the same time it was heralded that Ernst Lubitsch would direct another production of the same play with Mary as Juliet after she had completed *Dorothy Vernon*,

CWhat they're talking about in the studios of Hollywood and New York

By

Alfred H. Cohn
and Helen Lee

which is now engaging her time. Then Norma declared that she would not play *Juliet* if Mary desired to enact the role and Mary stated just as emphatically that if it meant the end of her long friendship with Norma, she would defer to the latter.

For those desiring to lay wagers on the proposition the dope is that Norma will make it if a suitable Romeo heaves in sight and that Mary won't if a whole flock of Romeos show up, for much the same reasons that influenced her not to do *Faust*.

Right now Mary is very happy. So is Mickey Neilan who is directing her for



C1923 meets the middle ages! The new 12X sails over the Cosmopolitan Studios in New York and startles the cameraman as he shoots a scene of the seventeenth century story, *Yolanda*, with Marion Davies as star.

the first time since *Daddy Long Legs*. It's a great combination and Dorothy Vernon should be the best thing she has done in the last few years. And it will be a good thing for Mickey too because he hasn't had any too many good ones since joining the Goldwyn organization. Nor will it be a bad thing financially as it is told that he will get \$100,000 for the job—not so tough for a few months work.

Million Dollar Location Trip

ERIC VON STROHEIM has just got back to the Goldwyn studio after the most extended location absence in the history of motion pictures. He was gone seven months making scenes for *Greed* from the novel *McTeague* by Frank Norris. Most of the time was spent in San Francisco and some weeks were spent in Death Valley. The million dollar mark was passed before his return to the studio which will be reassuring to some of those who feared that Von's batting record would be impaired because of the lack of expensive sets.

More interesting things are happening at the Goldwyn studio than anywhere else in production circles on the Coast. Preparations for making Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* caused no little comment. Mme. Glyn had some very definite ideas



The newest photograph of Mary Miles Minter, snapped recently in California.



C“Still,” calls Director George D. Baker, as he snaps Carmel Myers, Eulalie Jensen and Bessie Love on the California beach between scenes of *The Magic Skin*.

about the sort of man who should play *Paul* in the picturization of her most famous work. Her own favorite candidates were disposed of one by one and Conrad Nagel finally selected by the Goldwyn people much to the discontent of the authoress. She contended that Conrad, while good looking enough and a splendid actor, didn't have “it”—that more or less subtle appeal that was possessed by her *Paul*. A newcomer in the ranks of leading women, Aileen Pringle, has the role of the woman who shot the tiger or something—anyhow there's a tiger skin in the story which is all I know about it.

Death of Bernard Durning

THE death of Bernard J. Durning, husband of Shirley Mason, was a real tragedy. Durning died of typhoid fever while he was in the midst of the production starring Gallagher and Shean. Shirley and her husband were one of the happiest couples in motion pictures. Their romance began years ago when Shirley was just a young girl starting her career at the Edison studio. Durning rose from a small job in the technical forces to the position of a director with Fox and his new picture, *The Eleventh Hour*, in which Shirley appeared, had been presented only a few weeks before his death.

WILLIAM Fox has decided to abandon the Gallagher and Shean

CHow the court room scene of Victor Seastrom's *The Master of Man* was shot. Note the overhanging lights, Mae Busch in the prisoner's dock with Patsy Ruth Miller beside her.



picture, which was titled *Around the Town*. It is said that it would be difficult to find another director to complete Durning's work. However, if Gallagher and Shean had shown many possibilities of becoming film favorites, it isn't likely that Mr. Fox would have become so easily discouraged.

ANOTHER sidelight on the tragedy is that Shirley's sister, Viola Dana, was also left a widow several years ago when John Collins, her husband and also her director, died suddenly. That romance, too, also started at the Edison studio. Rumors to the contrary, Viola never married again, other rumors to the contrary, no one has

ever taken the place of her first love.

OLD fights are soon forgotten. Marilyn Miller and her manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, are on good terms again for Marilyn has returned to the cast of *Sally*, after a summer in Hollywood with her husband, Jack Pickford. Marilyn brings back the news that she prefers curls to bobbed hair—it's a Pickford tradition—and that she would rather live on Long Island than in California. As for the rumor that she and Jack are to separate—well, it doesn't seem worth while denying.

PERHAPS no announcement made during the summer evoked as much and varied comment as that of the engagement of George Walsh to play the title role in Goldwyn's *Ben-Hur*. Most of the comment appears to have been of an unfavorable nature and so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, in no quarter has there been any marked enthusiasm shown over the imminent appearance of the athletic, smiling George as the star of *Ben-Hur*. The picture is to be made in Italy and June Mathis who wrote the script and otherwise had an important part in the preliminary work will be on the job abroad until the big production is completed. At this writing King Vidor is favored as the director. If he isn't finally selected, King will make a big production of *Gulliver's Travels* as his next.

Priscilla Dean Leaves "U"

PRISCILLA DEAN is no longer with Universal, with which company she began as an extra girl not so many years ago. Her contract expired in mid-September and she declined to renew because of repeated difficulties with Universal production chiefs during the last two years. Priscilla is to make her own pictures under the management of Harry Caulfield, who has handled her affairs for some years. The first production will be a pirate story and it will be made at the Hollywood studios. Miss Dean's rise at Universal was little short of sensational, as within a single year her salary was jumped from \$125 a week to \$2000.

C Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, has been spending a few weeks in London as the guest of Ambassador Harvey.



C Have you seen the delightful merry-go-round episode of *Ruggles of Red Gap*? Here is Director James Cruze shooting the episode.

CHARLES RAY is getting ready to go out in his stage version of *The Girl I Loved*. He is rehearsing daily and nightly and is determined to put himself over on the so-called speaking stage. It's a toss-up, according to the Hollywood experts who had a chance to size Charley up in the *Writers Revue* last spring. However, he won't have any singing to do in this play.

MAE MURRAY is going to Mexico City to make her next picture, *Mlle. Midnight*. Strangely enough it will be the first time an American company has gone to the beautiful capital of the southern republic for scenes.

HAVING made a success of his remaking of *The Spoilers*, Jesse D. Hampton is going to remake Rex Beach's other favorite, *The Barricade*, which was the vehicle that put Mitchell Lewis on the cinemap. Mr. Hampton intends to direct the picture himself. Goldwyns will get it for distribution.

No Visitors Welcome

A MONTH or so ago, the Producers Association got together and voted to bar visitors from the various studios. At about the same time Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford announced



C Director Tom Forman discusses the production of *The Virginian* between scenes with his principals, Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor.

that visitors would be welcomed at their plant. There is a separate entrance for visitors and when a certain number have congregated they are shown over the grounds by a guide. Doug says that every visitor on his sets means at least one more ardent booster and a lot of paid admissions to the picture seen in making, which is pretty good showmanship.

TOM MIX, accompanied by Mrs. Mix, came East to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight. In fact, Tom with his big sombrero and his he-man clothes, was a sideshow to the fight itself. Tom was out to show the effete East a thing or two and it wasn't his fault if he didn't split the town wide open.

Tom isn't publicity shy. A few days before the fight he went to Firpo's training camp and wanted to spar a few rounds with the Wild Bull of the Pampas. But the Wild Bull recognized a bull-thrower in Tom and refused the offer.

And the Missus tried a little splurge of her own when she purchased, sight unseen, several trunks of gowns just arrived from Paris. The outfit set her back a couple of handfuls of Tom's money. I hope the clothes fit her.

Fannie Ward a Grandmother

FANNIE WARD, who is just five years older than Baby Peggy and in the same class with Jackie Coogan, is a grandmother. Her daughter, Dorothy, who married Lord Plunkett about a year ago, has a young son. Dorothy is nearer thirty than twenty and this is her second marriage.

Conservative estimates place Flapper Fannie's age somewhere in the fifties but she neither looks, feels or acts her age. I wonder what the young grandson thinks when he takes a look at grandma.

MAJOR ROBERT WARWICK, World War veteran and popular film star is back among the Klieglights after nearly three years absence. He is making his re-entry into films not as a star but as a supporting player to Elaine Hammerstein in *The Drums of Jeopardy*, which Edward Dillon is making at the Goldwyn studio for Truart. Strangely enough Miss Hammerstein made her own film debut playing opposite Bob in *The Argyle Case* some half dozen or more years ago. Others in the cast of the picture are Jack Mulhall who is the juvenile lead and Wallace Beery. Mulhall was recently placed under contract by Joseph Schenck.

Will Rogers Unhappy

WILL ROGERS, who recently came out to the Coast from the Follies for another bout with the camera, hasn't been any too happy at the Hal Roach studio, according to information that has seeped out of the Culver City comedy foundry. Will has made four two-reel pictures



C Lois Wilson goes for a morning canter in the suburbs of Los Angeles.

there and he isn't at all satisfied, particularly with the first two. For the fourth opus, Rob Wagner, magazine writer, humorist and motion picture director was obtained to wield the megaphone over the comic rope twirler and after-dinner speaker. The jury is still out on that one, at this writing, but Will thinks it's the best he has done. The trouble seems to have been that the comedy people wanted to make a second Snub Pollard outa Bill and the famous Follies attraction just couldn't produce anything at the speed established by the various slapstick directors who were put on his case.

THE cinema poem is the latest. Renaud Hoffman, heretofore known to the industry as an illustrator of titles is the producer who is making them. The first production is based on the poem *Which Shall it Be?* and now he is making *Maud Muller* with Margery Daw in the title part. The first picture has in the leading roles, Ethel Wales of *Covered Wagon* fame, David Torrance and a bunch of very wonderful kid actors.

DOUG. FAIRBANK'S marvelous Arabian

Nights spectacle will probably go out to the public as *Bagdad* rather than *The Thief of Bagdad*. Doug thinks that the simple word is much more effective and the exhibitors who see titles in terms of electricity will probably be unanimous in their approval. The production will not be released until about the close of the year or the beginning of 1924 and there is little doubt in the minds of those familiar with what he is doing that Doug will give the public the finest thing ever shadowed on the screen.



CWill Rogers behind the camera with his director, Percy Pembroke.

Three Players Hurt

THREE well known male stars were very near death during the past few weeks as the result of accidents. James Kirkwood, one of the best known leading men sustained a basal fracture of the skull when thrown from his horse at Beverly Hills. A few days later Fred Thomson who recently starred in *The Eagle's Talons*, a Universal serial suffered a similar accident while doing a stunt on horseback. An operation was necessary to save his life. Mr. Thomson at one time held the all around athletic championship of the world. He is the husband of Frances Marion, the well known writer. The third star to be laid up was Eddie Polo who was stricken while on a trip to Mexico City. His ailment was due to old injuries sustained while making serials. Four operations were performed in order to save his life.

BY THE way Eddie Polo's daughter, Malvina Polo, has a part in Charlie Chaplin's production, *A Woman of Paris*. She is a very beautiful girl and her work in the Chaplin picture shows a great deal of promise.

Baby Peggy's New Contract

THE signing of a new contract by Baby Peggy was the signal for the press agents involved to get out the dollar signs and dust off the ciphers. The word million was freely used in the stories about Sol Lesser signing up the starlet. The truth was really sufficient as it could be considered news even in the picture business that a child five and a half years old should be getting the sum of \$1000 a week.

Daniel Frohman, the veteran of the stage and screen, visited the coast recently and, at the Goldwyn studios, was the guest of Carmel Myers at luncheon.

If you are old enough

[Continued on page 93]



Just a Fresh KID

P

ROPERLY, she ought to be the heroine of a Booth Tarkington novel. Mr. Tarkington specializes in plumbing the soul-depths of fresh kids. And Lucille Ricksen is still a fresh kid, in spite of the fact that she should have been subdued after ten years in the studio and an equal number of years as the sole supporter of a mother and brother.

After her work in Marshall Neilan's picture, *The Rendezvous*, it is an open question which Lucille deserves most—stardom or a spanking. Authorities admit she can act; authorities also admit that she is one of the snippiest, snappiest youngsters that ever shook a curl.

Ten years ago Lucille was a nice docile Danish youngster named Ingaborg Erickson. She was engaged, along with a batch of other kids, for a Selig picture in the Chicago studio and won instant recognition by refusing to smile pretty at the camera.

From then on, life was some kid part after another. And life was just one grand worry for her mother who had to chaperon Lucille at the studio, when her health permitted. And she had to send the great dramatic artist to bed at eight o'clock every night.

On a trip West, S. L. Rothafel, of the Capitol Theatre, New York, met the sassy kid with blonde hair and brown eyes. A short conversation revealed to him that he had discovered a fountain of unconscious humor. There was nothing that Lucille didn't know about the art of acting. He recommended her to Goldwyn for the Edgar comedies



C. Lucille Ricksen

By

Helen Lee

by Booth Tarkington.

When Mr. Tarkington first saw the pictures, he was inclined to think that Edgar's leading woman received too much attention. But he revised his opinion and said that he wished he had made the girl the heroine of the stories.

Lucille was headed for juvenile fame. All of a sudden in the middle of a picture called *Remembrance*, Lucille began to outgrow her dresses. She began to grow by inches and

pounds. She developed a taste for dancing, perfume and party dresses. Rupert Hughes rushed her scenes to completion before his child actress developed into a vamp.

It was a tragedy for Lucille. She was no longer a child and directors refused to think of her as an ingenue. After her kid parts, her first role was a small one with Universal—a vamp part in which Lucille had to smoke a cigarette. It shocked her fellow students at the Palms Grammar School.

Mickey Neilan is said to have picked Lucille for her first important part—the role that is to establish her. But it was really Lucille that picked Mickey. With the frantic faith of a child, she decided that he was the world's greatest director. Her best emotional acting was done to prove to Neilan that she was the world's greatest actress. Except in fits of undue humility, she believes it.

For business reasons, Lucille is eighteen years old. In the privacy of her home she is fourteen and she has a mother and brother to put her in her place as just a fresh kid.

At the MOVIES in Los Angeles

S

UBTITLE: On the road to Seville.

"There's the ranch. Gosh, it was a muddy day."

Subtitle: And so Paris plunged into a night of feverish dissipation.

"Watch now! I'm in this scene. Over by the fountain—getting up now and throwing confetti. Quick, look! It's gone. They cut the best of it. I hadda close-up. And the set cost 'em twenty-two thousand bucks."

Subtitle: While in a modest cottage down South—

"That was taken right back of our place. You can see the roof of our garage. Yessir, they worked there for three days getting that scene and tramped all over the flowers. The place was a wreck."

Subtitle: Antonio Florenti, gay, debonair and with a sinister power over women. Played by Rolland Rivederci.

"But that ain't his real name. His real name is Herman Muntz. Kept a hot dog stand on the Beach. I knew him then and he owes me \$4.00 right now. Guess he's forgot it now that he's so up in the world."

Subtitle: In another year two tiny hands bound closer the ties of a perfect love.

"That's Mrs. Gumbach's baby. She lives near the studio, you know. They hadda have a brand new baby so they held up the picture for two weeks waiting for little Etta. The assistant director dogged the house. The Gumbachs didn't want to let 'em have the baby but the fellas insisted. The Gumbachs got fifty dollars and little Etta was took there and back in the director's own limousine. She was only four hours old, mind you, but she went right over to that studio and worked all night. Just think, fifty dollars! Her ma wants her to grow up and be a movie star."

Twins Once, Now Only Sisters!

"ALIKE as two peas," everyone used to say of the Crawford girls who lived in one of the progressive little cities of Michigan's upper peninsula. "I'm never quite positive whether it's Marie or Meta I'm speaking to," their father would often say. "There's no telling them apart," declared the neighbors when the twins were of pinafore age. And when Meta passed triumphantly in Algebra—a study in which her high school chums freely predicted her failure—there were some who wondered if it really had been Meta who had been present at that examination.

Both girls were liked by their associates. They were gracious girls, and each had friends aplenty. But credit for this must be given their dispositions—for they were far from beautiful. Indeed, they were frankly homely. Then—in an incredibly short time—came the greatest changes. Meta remained the same likable, but severely plain girl; with the same familiar faults of face and figure. But Marie seemed suddenly to blossom forth. Her entire countenance and complexion took on new aspect.

Soon people identified Marie by referring to her

as "the pretty Crawford twin." And so great was the transformation that she fully merited the designation "pretty" in any gathering of women.

Here is how this miraculous change was brought about. It is an interesting and significant story for the woman who would look her best. For almost every woman has beauty possibilities of which she never hoped or dreamed. The reader may here jump to a wrong conclusion. What caused these sisters to grow so far apart in personal appearance was not neglect on the part of one, nor even strenuous cultivation of an attractive face and figure by the other twin. In fact, they started together to remedy faults of complexion, eyes, hair, and the many unlovely features that had combined to make them so utterly plain. Their first efforts were identical; both did anything and everything which either heard or read about on the subject of beautifying. They accepted well-meant advice of friends. But their efforts had all been hit or miss. Both had become discouraged, vowing never to try again.

Then, something happened; Marie Crawford learned of a remarkable woman who had made a twenty-year study of beauty. It is doubtful if anyone else ever went about development of beauty methods in so scientific a manner. This woman had gone to the very bottom of the skin structure; her way of clearing complexions and removing blemishes had already made her famous in this field. She had studied facial contour and the tissues of face and neck; she was able to remove the ugly wrinkles, even of years' standing. One hair-health secret which she had uncovered, accomplished all that scalp specialists had been seeking to do for years. Her large offices (devoted exclusively to discovery and development of scientific aids to beauty) had taken the guesswork out of beauty culture.

"I wonder what this remarkable woman's methods could do for me?" thought Marie. She decided at any rate to ask. So she wrote her, and this simple act proved a turning point in her whole appearance, and her very outlook on life. She was told things and given things to do that seemed almost to work magic.

What surprised her at the very outset was the utter simplicity of it all. But most surprising was the suddenness with which results were brought about.

The rapid improvements soon proved the new, scientific treatments to be right, and

showed her why the old-fashioned things which she and her sister had been doing could never accomplish their purpose. Before long her facial blemishes were gone—all of them. Her skin and color were amazingly benefited. Pores of ugly size were almost invisible now—and blackheads entirely banished. Two particularly ugly lines from nose to mouth had left. The flesh at the point of her chin had been virtually remodelled. An unsightly hollow of the neck was rounded out so perfectly that she no longer had dread of the affairs where gowns revealed neck and shoulders. In time she had brought eyebrows and eyelashes to the point where they were noticeably silken and shapely. There was no denying that Marie Crawford, whatever had been her appearance so short a time back, had stepped into the ranks of women who were deemed "pretty."

About this time came the country club's dance of the season. That brought full realization of the remarkable change Marie had accomplished in her appearance. It was the first affair to find the twins separated the en-

The amazing story of the plain Crawford twins and how one of them made herself beautiful

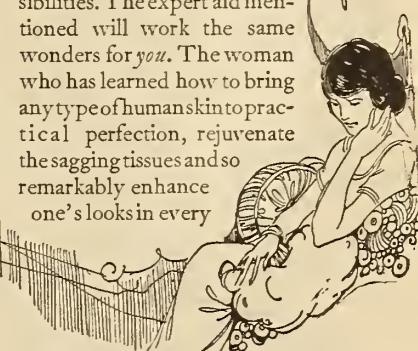
tire evening. Her card was soon full—and men were asking for "hal-a-dance," and "extras." Back of her laughing denials of being "altogether too popular" was a deep joy, clouded only when she caught sight of sister Meta—alone!



Meta and Marie Crawford When Their Resemblance to Each Other Made the Twins "Alike as Two Peas"

Marie had not wilfully withheld from her sister the secret of her new beauty. But she remembered early experiences with beautifying methods, and feared ridicule should this latest effort fail. Thus had matters progressed until now there remained scarcely a facial resemblance between them. Meta and she could scarcely be taken for sisters—never for twins. Yet it seemed but yesterday that people were mistaking one for the other!

And now for the part that is of such vital import to maid or matron who would make the most of her beauty possibilities. The expert aid mentioned will work the same wonders for you. The woman who has learned how to bring any type of human skin to practical perfection, rejuvenate the sagging tissues and so remarkably enhance one's looks in every



way is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. She has prepared a book on beauty in which the problems of over 100,000 women have furnished the facts. It tells just how you may learn these principles and apply them with the same swift results. This book is most appropriately called "Making Beauty Yours." If you knew what a single one of these secrets it reveals could mean to your appearance you would send this very hour for your copy! There is no charge, no obligation; just fill out this coupon.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
Room 3512 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Illinois
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City *State*



Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy, LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves



Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing gloves just four nights

Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them ever known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth!

Your hands may be "a sight"; they may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they

may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly seared by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.

Wear Them While You Sleep or an Hour or Two a Day While Doing Your Work

No Hands Are Hopeless

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old, take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

Results in One Night

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are uncouth? By your hands more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about your hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to show confidently or hands to hide?

The poignant attraction that lies in pretty hands is now yours to command. The magic of Dr. Egan's impregnated gloves makes it possible. Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to show you.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening

the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves with or without Pore-Lax Cream, but preferably with it. Dr. Egan's medicated gloves not only beautify the hands but they make manicuring easy because they soften the cuticle.

Special FREE Trial Offer SEND NO MONEY

See how clean and pleasant the gloves are to wear—how comfortably they fit—no binding. But above all, note the effects in your hands! Your first night's experience with the gloves will prove a revelation. In a week you'll have hands of a beautiful whiteness and softness to marvel at. For the purpose of introducing the wonders of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to the readers of this publication, two thousand orders for the gloves will be filled at the special introductory price of \$1.95 (plus postage), which you may pay on delivery. To be sure of securing the benefit of the reduced price, apply promptly. Every pair of gloves sent out on open free trial basis. Your money back if you are not more than surprised and delighted with the results from these remarkable gloves. Act at once and share in the special reduced price offer. Use coupon below or copy the wording in a letter or postcard. Write today—NOW!

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Dr. Egan's is the original Magic Glove Outfit.



DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 83, 220 So. State St., Chicago(1)
Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman \$1.95, (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send \$2 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name

Address

My Glove Size is

The Editor's Letter Box

SCREENLAND wants its readers to write about motion pictures—and the best contributed letters will be published in this department. All published letters will be paid for as regular contributions. SCREENLAND is creating this department in order to be in immediate touch with its readers. It wants your opinion—and it will pay you for it.

Address all letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

New York City

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

Frederick James Smith's THE SCREEN YEAR IN REVIEW was easily the most important feature of the October SCREENLAND—a timely article of unusual interest.

Mr. Smith's accompanying remarks provoke me to argument. He claims that there is a steady and increasing decline in the market value of stars, and to balance this, a rise in favor of the pictures with featured players—some of whom are erstwhile stars. This latter clause is true enough, proven by the popularity of *Where the Pavement Ends*, *Driven* and others. But as to the falling stars—I do not think the really great stars have yet lost their hold. For instance, Mr. Smith mentions the mighty names of Fairbanks, Pickford, Talmadge and Negri as examples of the decline. Pola Negri's *Mad Love* played to two weeks of S. R. O. at the Capitol, and *Bella Donna*, bad as it was, had an equally successful Broadway existence at the Rivoli. I literally fought my way to Norma Talmadge's *The Voice from the Minaret*, also the despair of the critics, and *Within the Law* which had extended runs in all the neighborhood theaters. Perhaps many went to see Pola out of curiosity, but Norma is no novelty. The fans go to see her because they like her as much as ever. You can't get around that. The box office knows. As for Constance, whatever ground she may have lost she lost because for seven or more months after *East Is West* she did not appear. Dulcy will find her as popular as ever because the screen can't afford to lose a clever farceur—the only one it has.

Personally, I think that Fairbanks' popularity is a question of the picture he is in. A marvelous film like *Robin Hood* would compel admiration no matter who the star. With many, Wallace Beery's Richard was the outstanding characterization—the one personality in a memory of gigantic sets

and thousands of extras.

I have never liked Mary Pickford, incredible as it seems and it has always been my contention that her popularity, while undeniably great, is not as great as it has been.

It is my belief that there will always be stars. Rex Ingram's pictures have made Ramon Novarro a star, if not in name, then in box-office value. The big stars like Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and the few others have had many poor pictures and have come through safely. The intangible something that makes them stars regardless of beauty or talent—there are many beautiful and talented people in the movies—will keep them stars as long as they remain on the screen.

On the whole, the year from August 1922 to August 1923 has been an eminently satisfactory one. The coming year should be more so. Better and finer pictures have become a reality—no longer a joke. I think that August 1924 will have seen a new star in the celluloid sky—one hitherto lost in the obscurity of worse than mediocre films—Corinne Griffith, a beauty with brains and personality. She has made her first step forward in *Six Days*, and she is bound for the heights.

Best wishes to SCREENLAND in its praiseworthy ambition to give jaded fans a magazine of youth and humor—a welcome and notable addition to the newsstands.

Yours very truly,
MADGE T. BAUM.

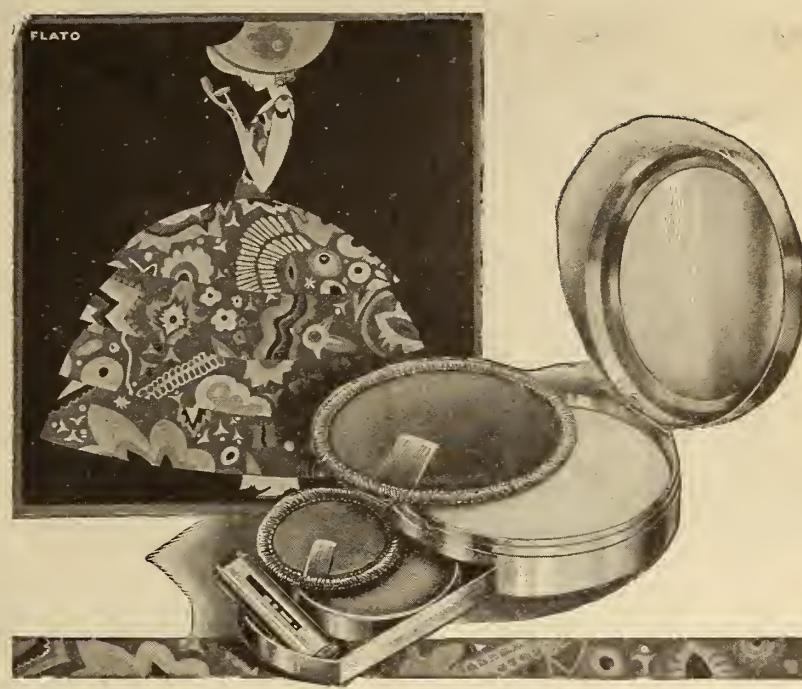
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

This edict might well be entitled, "Much Ado About Everything," for, with your kind permission, there are several matters, cinematic in nature, which I should like to divulge for the sympathetic (or otherwise) perusal of your subscribers.

Resorting to that time-worn adage, attributed to the inventive and philosophical mind of the late P. T. Barnum. "There's one born every minute," or words to that effect, if the tolerance displayed by the long-suffering movie public may be taken as a criterion. Week after week, the two-bit theatres drag forth, from dust-laden seclusion, antiquated films, long forgotten and long out of date, and feature them, in boldly-emblazoned advertisements, as though they were "hot out of the cutting room." And the unsuspecting patrons, seeking restful diversion, pay out their hard-earned money and light-heartedly trip into the theatre, only to

[Continued on page 81]



TRE-JUR

*so convenient~for
it's so complete~*

THE TRE-JUR triple compact is genuinely complete. It is a true treasure chest of beauty helps, affording more than any other compact . . . for besides mere poudre and rouge, it has a lip-stick!

Essentially dainty, the jewel-like case requires no struggling to open—no breaking of finger nails. A deft touch and Milady has her poudre, rouge, lip-stick and mirror all before her at one time. No folding or closing of one compartment to use the other. The beauty helps in the TRE-JUR compact are scented with alluring *Joli-Memoire*—an

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The Samuel Goldwyn Company, headed by Barbara La Marr, has just returned from Rome where most of Hall Caine's *The Eternal City* has been filmed. In the cast, besides Miss La Marr, were Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett and Bert Lytell. The pictures on this page, however, concern the ornate Barbara.

In the ETERNAL City



At the left is a big scene of *The Eternal City*, shot by George Fitzmaurice, the director, in the ancient Colosseum itself. All of which should give a note of authenticity and interest to the Caine drama. The pictures of Miss La Marr were caught in the famous royal gardens in Rome.

come out, disappointed and disillusioned, vowing never to "bite" again. But, like the game prize fighter, who doesn't know when he's whipped, they (myself included) always "go back for more."

Seriously, though, it would be a good thing for humanity in general, if the Producers would abandon the ill-founded idea that the Public is anxious to see Mary Pickford, or Doug Fairbanks, or Charlie Chaplin in a film that was hashed out long before these stars of today reached the point of finesse, which makes them so popular. And then, too, the old-fashioned styles in vogue at the time, and the "tin-type" effect which old films always seem to have, are not altogether soothing to the ultra-modern eye.

Surely there are enough present-day films on the market to keep all of the theatres busy, and the patrons in good-humor, without hoodwinking the film fans with "stone age stuff."

So much for that. Having just recently viewed the latest efforts of the popular comedian, Douglas MacLean, I am prompted to wonder if he is on good terms with the gentleman who selects the stories in which he appears. *Sunshine Trail* fell far below the mark of "a great success," in my estimation, as have most of the preceding productions featuring the likable Doug.

Ever since the filming of *Twenty-Three and One-Half Hours Leave*, and others in which Douglas MacLean appeared with Doris May, the former has held a place in my coterie of film favorites. But of late, I have found it hard to enthuse over his efforts, not because of any shortcomings on the part of Douglas himself, but mainly because of the mediocre stories in which he plays. Even *The Hottentot* was a second-rater, notwithstanding the publicity which heralded its coming.

Yours for better movies,
R. T. PATTERSON.

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND:

I saw this interesting paragraph in my October SCREENLAND, and as I have been a reader since the first number, and will remain one until the last, I am taking this opportunity to express my opinions through the medium of your pages. I really don't know why I enjoy SCREENLAND so much, I think it is because it is so different. While the other film magazines follow the same formula, SCREENLAND dares to be original,—says what it thinks. That is why it appeals to me.

[Continued on page 83]



The Melodramic Comedy Hit of the Year

"Ah, ze pretty shichen. I, ze Bad Man, loves you. But my fren, he also loves you. What we do? I give you to my fren. What's a woman among frens?" Thus the bold, Bad Man, a hater of shams, a friend to all true lovers. A bandit, but a modern Robin Hood of the desert, who robs the rich to give to the poor. Take your troubles to the Bad Man. He'll fix them, and he will give you the thrill and laugh of the year in this picture, taken from the famous stage success.

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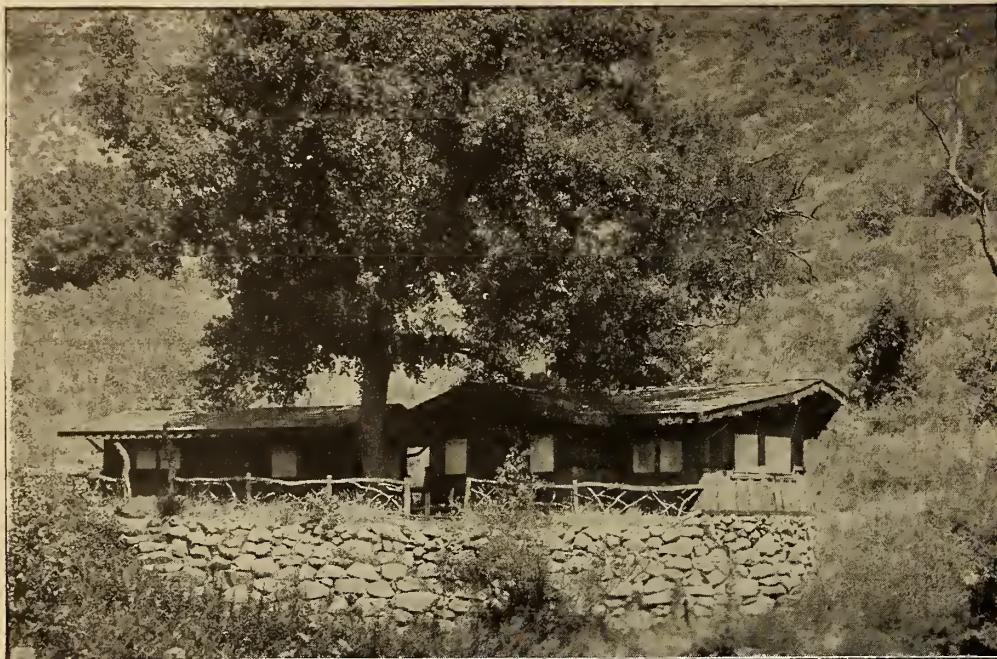
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At the top is a picture of the dressing room bungalows at "Paradise," in the center is the mountain stream dammed to form a 5000-foot swimming pool, and, at the right, is the porch of the clubhouse. The dilapidated hammock in the background of the lower picture is C. B.'s exclusive residence while resting at "Paradise."



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I am just another film-goer who deplores the fact that should a player contribute something worth while to the screen they are invariably signed up with some company for a period of years, and so often are slowly, but surely killed simply through unintelligent casting. Dorothy Gish is an excellent example. Remember her brilliant work in *Hearts of the World*? Because she made a name for herself in that production, she was at once signed up and "starred." And what happened? I almost lost sight of this talented girl, and when I did see her she was struggling through absurd pictures like *Peppy Polly*, and *Battling Jane* parts that would strifle a genius. It is only this year that Dorothy came into her own with her superb work in *Fury*. Here is the type of role she should always be given. Dorothy is not an ingenue, she is a "Type" and especial care should be given players of this run to get them the parts most suited to their own peculiar genius.

Then there is May McAvoy. In *Sentimental Tommy* she won recognition overnight. And because she showed talent she was at once awarded a nice starring contract from Paramount. We all know the result. Kept off the screen for several months, she was cast as background for Agnes Ayres in *Clarence*. She stole the picture. Then came *The Top of New York*. May was horribly miscast here. Imagine *Grizel* with a blonde bobbed wig looking too cute for words, if you can. So May struggled on. She acored again in *Kick In*. I hear that she is to freelance. I am glad, because as a freelance, she will have a better chance to find herself.

Nita Naldi, whose brilliant *Dona Sol* brought her fame, is another star continually miscast. A few more of these silly society vamp type of roles will ruin her completely. And Betty Compson, who won fame as *Rose* in *The Miracle Man*. What cheap, shallow roles have been her lot since then. Till now I rate her with my fairly good players,—through no fault of her own. Then there is Leatrice Joy, who gave us the unforgettable *Lydia Thorne*. Since then she has had only one good part, with Neilan in *Minnie*. Leatrice is one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses and some day, with the right role she is going to prove it. And so I could go on through the list.

And what is at the root of this evil? There are several things, but first and foremost is the star system, which I am glad to see is on the decline. The players are bonded to a certain company at a good salary for a number of years. They are given a lot of publicity to "put them across." This system is responsible for so much mis-



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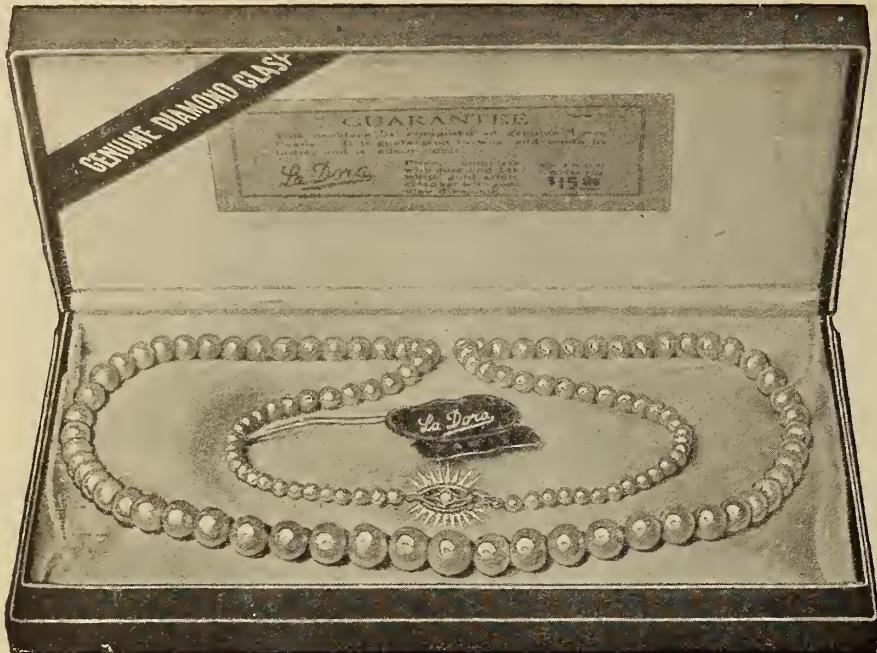
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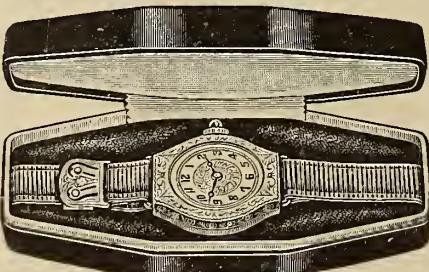
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casting. Do you think that when an actor is sure of his fixed income he will give his best work? Of course he won't. Think of how Dorothy Dalton has gone on getting worse with every picture. I understand she has one of the best contracts in the business. But continual miscasting in ingenue roles, has lost her much of her following, and given her a poor reputation. Here is another vivid type actress. Remember her *Poll* in *Fool's Paradise*. For just as characters are written to suit a certain star's style, so too are certain players made to fill certain roles.

When a film is in the making, and the characters are being assembled, how easy it would be to get right people for the roles if they were not already sold to some other company. I understand Goldwyn is still looking for a "Ben Hur." Ramon Novarro is the man for this role. He has grace of body, good looks, and above all youth. Yet because he is under contract to Metro, I don't expect he will get the role. Such is the evil of contracts.

Now we will look at the other side, the "free-lance players, those who are not signed up, but flit from company to company, always adding laurels to their name. And they are given a much larger scope for their talents. Three of the best known are Barbara La Marr, Anne Q. Nilsson, and Pauline Starke. I have never seen these girls give a disappointing portrayal on the screen. The gorgeous Barbara improves with every picture, the blonde Nilsson is always worth an evening, and Miss Starke grows more wistful and appealing with each role. I think I have illustrated what I mean pretty plainly. And I hope the day will come when players are

[Continued on next page]

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¶The famous director is going to tell you his real story in the January issue.

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cast intelligently, in parts to which they are most suited. After seeing the *Young Rajah* I don't blame Valentino for revolting. Any intelligent player would have done the same. For the surest way to ruin a star is to cast him in the wrong roles, not once but continually.

From a sincere reader,
EDWIN R. SIMPSON.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

To my mind, the greatest mistake that is made in pictures today is the miscasting of the best and most capable actors and actresses. It cannot be possible that they have anything to say about the parts they have to portray—or I back out gracefully. Next to miscasting, I think trying to mix in a little sugar is the most deadly sin.

Will you ever forget how *Merry Go Round* suddenly simmered out into a classic for nine year old minds?

Or how much like a college boy Tommy Meighan didn't look in the *Ne'er Do Well*?

Or how much like God Theodore Roberts looked when his prodigal *dotter* came swooping back into his saintly, satisfied, paternal arms, moaning "I've come home to my Daddy"?

Or how, the morning after having seen *Racing Hearts* the night before, no one could remember what picture they had seen, excepting that it was about automobiles?

And will you ever forget the way Monte Blue kissed his mother and wept when he was going out to meet his gel in the moonlight? Or how like a kangaroo he gamboled around in the kitchen in his apron—so pure and everything!

Java Head: If Leatrice Joy looked like a Manchu princess, I'll kiss a pig. (And all the time Jetta Goudal would look like one.)

And all the time we *adore* those stars—the criticism is for the people responsible for all the mush that is handed out for amusement of the dear public and often redeemed by the mere presence of some of the above named artists.

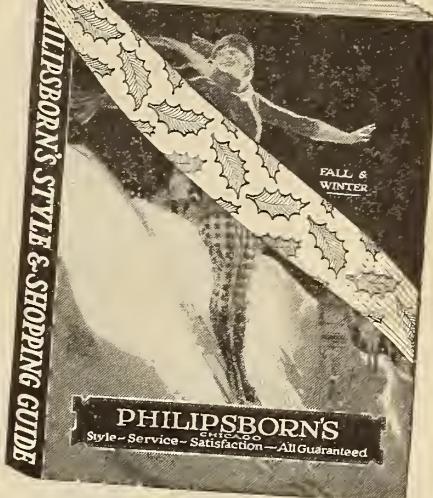
Sincerely,
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the screen is quite a leap, but you have made it, quickly and successfully. I cannot keep from saying a few words in praise of SCREENLAND, and why I choose it the best of any screen magazine. I read all of them, and they are the same. They have an answer man, the former have half their pages covered with worthless advertisements and the same things inside. Your idea of having the gallery in two parts is superb and your articles are entirely different from those in other magazines. I'm fed up on interviews and, thank goodness, SCREENLAND don't have a mob of those in every issue.

I think the ten best pictures I have ever seen are:

1. *The Girl of the Golden West.*
2. *Prisoner of Zenda.*
3. *The Last of the Mohicans.*
4. *Safety Last.*
5. *Hearts of the World.*
6. *The Birth of a Race.*
7. *Tol'able David.*
8. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.*
9. *Grandma's Boy.*
10. *Orphans of the Storm.*

Certainly those deserving honorable mention are *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *Borderland*, *Manslaughter*, *Someone Must Pay* and *The Girl Who Stayed at Home*.

Lillian Gish is undoubtedly the greatest actress on the screen. Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford cannot compare with her. She, and not Mary, is "America's Sweetheart."

After Lillian, our ten best are—2. Alice Terry, 3. Barbara La Marr, 4. Norma Talmadge, 5. Mabel Normand, 6. Agnes Ayres, 7. Eileen Sedgwick, 8. Pauline Starke, 9. Bessie Love and Mary Astor.

The best acting of the year goes to Bessie Love in *Human Wreckage*.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.

Albany, N. Y.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER Box,
SCREENLAND.

This is to be just a few lines of appreciation for your very interesting magazine—it has readily attained its object of being "different."

When movies first began to become an important factor in public life, and before that, I was a decided fan on any and all subjects relating to the same, but of late years, all the magazines seemed to be so very vacuous and sugary in their "yes" blight (they still suffer as much as the movies themselves) that I am forced to confess that my enthusiasm for things movie has almost withered away. My pleasure

in discovering your magazine therefore, has been extraordinary. I think you will find hundreds of people who feel as I do, and will rejoice in a magazine whose statements anent the movie world can be accepted without our having a sneaking idea that it's all "press stuff." I am sure, also, that your constructive criticism will be a great help to the movie world as well as a delight to the readers.

You are fortunate in having such a witty and brilliant staff of writers—each and every one seems perfect to me.—Delight Evans is particularly entertaining. But then, I have thoroughly enjoyed each and every line from cover to cover and happily agree with Frederick James Smith's review of the year. Possibly it is egoism, but I thoroughly enjoy reading things that agree with my own ideas on movie subjects—and thank the powers that you do not have sticky, oozy, and thoroughly insincere interviews. In short, SCREENLAND is the only magazine that approaches the movie world from a sensible standpoint.

Here's wishing you all kinds of success.

Sincerely,
(MRS.) GERTRUDE STICKLE.

Cut The Comedy

—From Page 60

into drama. She first met Charlie Chaplin, when she had her arm in splints as the result of an automobile accident. She met Charlie at a party, and he inquired after her arm, and asked her if she didn't want to go into the pictures. She thought it was a joke and said surely she did. She supported Charlie in one of his early pictures and didn't like her work a bit. She thought he would never ask her to work in another. But he did. She appeared in his support in picture after picture, but her first chance at dramatic acting came in *The Kid*. She did so well that Charlie starred her in *A Woman of Paris*.

The success she achieved in this picture led Chaplin to form a company for her on his lot. She is to star in a series of dramatic stories, which Chaplin will supervise. No more comedies for Edna.

Sic transit gloria commediae. We mourn their loss. There are plenty of dramatic actresses now, but painfully few comedienne. As the poet so aptly put it:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Weep and it gives you the laugh."

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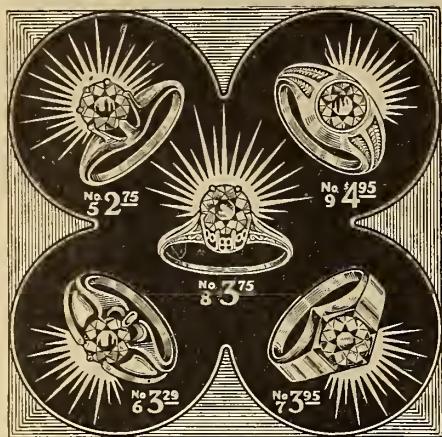
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The Pose Pays

—From page 58

secret of his heart, that is, that he wanted to play tragedy roles. It is all so confusing.

As I have said, the mother stuff is one of the best gags of all. If a star has no mother she must acquire one immediately. Mothers are a great institution. They always have an air of respectability about them. I could name a long list of stars who drag their mothers about with them upon all occasions and attempt to make them interesting "copy" for interviewers.

Bebe Daniels has made great capital of her mother to counteract the effect of the roles she plays. Screen hoydens and tom boys must always have sweet home lives and good, kind watchful mothers.

Pola and Her Temperament

POLA NEGRI had a hard time when she came to this country. At first she could not find her niche. Some kind person had told her that she should be high brow and up stage. She was temperamental and she showed it until a well paid publicity man took her in hand and showed her the fallacy of her pose. She is now more than charming and sincere to all comers. But it is rumored that she speaks English fluently and uses an accent only when talking to newspaper men and interviewers.

Among the men, poses are not so [Continued on page 90]

A remarkable study of RODOLPH VALENTINO —By Rolf Armstrong

will adorn the cover of the Christmas issue of SCREENLAND, the January number, out on the first of December.

CBe sure to reserve your copy now, for this striking color study of our own Rudy will be in great demand.

CWe look upon it as the most sensational cover ever published by any motion picture magazine.



Norma TALMADGE

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

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Directory of New York Speaking Theaters

APOLLO—*Poppy.* Madge Kennedy better than ever and W. C. Fields a riot. Here is the real musical hit of the new season.

BELASCO—*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.* Dull English comedy with Mrs. Fiske as first aid. Very, very polite stuff.

BOOTH—*The Seventh Heaven.* One of the long run hits of the New York theatres.

BROADHURST—*The Good Old Days.* A brisk comedy of the Volstead Act, before and after taking. George and Charles Winninger assist the production materially.

CASINO—*Wildflower.* Attractive musical score with ingratiating cast.

COHAN—*Adrienne.* One of the most entertaining musical shows of the summer. Good score and a good company. Enlivened by Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

COMEDY—*Children of the Moon,* a tragedy built around family lunacy. Considerably talked about just now. Henrietta Crosman in cast.

CORT—*Merton of the Movies.* Much of the delightful satire of the book preserved in dramatic form. The one satire of the movies, well done by Glenn Hunter.

EARL CARROLL—*Vanities of 1923.* A summer revue, with Peggy Hopkins as the star.

ELTINGE—*The Woman on the Jury.* A drama of the effect of the feminine gender on a jury box in an important criminal case.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET—*Zeno.* Full of battle, murder and sudden death. Almost the ultimate in mystery dramas for such as likes 'em.

FRAZEE—*Tweedles.* Delightful Booth Tarkington—George Leon Wilson comedy with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon as the usual adolescent lovers.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* Amusing comedy from London, with Cyril Maude as the chief gentle funmaker.

GARRICK—*The Devil's Disciple.* Revolutionary drama with a typical George Bernard Shaw last act.

GLOBE—Fifth edition of George White's *Scandals.* Profligate display of costumes and settings and a cast

of more than ordinary worth. Best show of the White series.

KLAW—*The Breaking Point.* A drama of amnesia, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. McKay Morris has the leading role.

LIBERTY—*Magnolia.* Old time Mississippi river gambling days told in gilded drama by Booth Tarkington. Pleasant enough.

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard.* Avery Hopwood song play that has charm—and Irene Bordini. Which is enough. Ingratiating.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain.* Powerful and absorbing drama of morals and ethics in the South Seas, superbly done by Jeanne Eagels.

MOROSCO—*Red Light Annie.* Lively stuff about cocaine, gats and gum shoe men. You may like it.

PLAYHOUSE—*We've Got to Have Money.* A fast moving comedy of finances and romance, with Robert Ames in the leading role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose.* An Irish-Hebrew comedy of prejudices wiped away by the patter of little feet. Has been running more than a year.

RITZ—*In Love with Love.* Light stuff but entertaining. AND there's Lynn Fontaine to help matters.

SAM H. HARRIS—*Peter Weston.* Creaky drama of a family ground down by a tyrant, with Frank Keenan as the household czar.

SELWYN—*Helen of Troy, N. Y.* A smart musical comedy, with a vein of satire, plenty of laughs and a score that is whistleable without being pretentious. Queenie Smith makes it doubly enjoyable.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models.* The Shuberts undress the girls further than any one has attempted West of the Folies Bergere in Paris. My, my!

VANDERBILT—*Two Fellows and a Girl.* A comedy of adolescence by Vincent Lawrence; prepared for home consumption by George M. Cohan.

WINTER GARDEN—*Greenwich Village Follies of 1923.* More beautiful and lavish than ever.

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C. Mack Sennett has selected his successors to the famous one-piece flappers of yesterday. **C.** Who are the Harriette Hammonds, the Phyllis Havers and the Mary Thurmans of tomorrow? **C.** The pictures of this new squad of seaside beauties will appear in the January Screenland.



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The Magazine With a Heart



necessary. Trade-marks will suffice. Theodore Roberts must have his cigar. Lon Chaney must have his make up. They could not work without them.

Even the children must pose. Jackie Coogan was started out as a child prodigy. We were told that he was a genius in all lines, but the American public is afraid of geniuses. We have a "just folks" complex. That is a part of our great democratic scheme of things. So Jackie was forced to abandon the intelligent pose and become a regular kid, like any other boy. He must play with hoops and be spanked when he is naughty to make the public love him and think, "He's just like any one else, even if he is a millionaire."

A general rule for stars is that they must not be temperamental. They must be respectable above all things. They must be just common ordinary folk. That will invariably give them a large chunk of the great American heart for their very own.

It is really a pity. It is too bad that a star cannot be a star and retain her own personality. But it cannot be done, it seems. It is an unwritten law among press agents that things must not be what they seem. Bathing girls must read Shakespeare and geniuses must be regular guys.

When the first issue of REAL LIFE STORIES made its bow to these United States, we received a flood of congratulations; but the thing which touched us the most was the verdict of a mother of six children, who laid aside housework long enough to read that first number:

"It's a magazine with a heart," she wrote us.

And we have decided to adopt that sincere tribute of an Alabama housewife and mother as the slogan of our new book. The heart is a great composite heart—the hearts of all our readers welded into a great, throbbing vessel, which carries the life-blood of the magazine through its valves.

HERE'S YOUR DECEMBER ISSUE.

We believe the December issue is a thoroughly good magazine. Here are the stories:

The Amazing Story of Gilda Grey
What Becomes of "Missing Girls"?

My Discarded Wife
The Flapper Menace
Red Roses—or White?

The Tide Goes Out

Traumerei

The High Heart

Redeemed

The Haunted Studio

The Village Dressmaker

Forever

A Home-town Girl

The Moon Child

King's X

The Missionary's Wife

And eight pages of theatrical and screen pictures in rotogravure, including the latest and spiciest gossip of stage and screen.

In January begins a strong novel of modern marriage, *Sisters of Jezebel*.

Because we sincerely believe in REAL LIFE STORIES, we ask you to get into the habit of reading it—for it is your magazine—a magazine of real life for real people. Out Nov. 15, 25¢ the copy.

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The end of the year found Charlie with the snug little sum of \$150,000 in the bank. He was rich. And every producer in the picture business was willing to make him an offer. The now defunct Mutual made the biggest. John Freuler, president of the concern, offered \$670,000 for a year's work. Of this amount the sum of \$150,000 was

to be in cash upon the signing of the contract and the remainder paid at the rate of \$10,000 weekly, the largest salary ever offered anyone for anything, I believe.

When Sid Chaplin, Charlie's brother, returned from the East after negotiating the Mutual contract with a certified check for the initial payment, Charlie said: "Well anyhow, we've got the \$150,000." He didn't believe that there was such a thing possible as a \$10,000 weekly salary, and that it would never really materialize. Neither did the public at large, despite the published photographs of checks and other evidences spread broadcast throughout the press. But the salary was paid as the world knows, and those who paid it made millions out of the Chaplin comedies.

The Famous Million Dollar Contract

THEN came the famous million dollar contract with First National which incidentally was the actual foundation upon which that prosperous co-operative association of theater men was builded. The deal was for eight two reel pictures at a total figure of \$1,000,000 with an additional amount for each extra reel should a picture warrant additional length.

Charlie might just as well have made the million in the next twelve or eighteen months. As a matter of fact the First National people rather expected he would, and those who had appraised him as a keen-scented money hound were quite sure he would. But Charlie was taking his work more seriously each day. He felt more and more that people expected great things from him. It was approximately five years before the contract was concluded with the delivery of *The Pilgrim*.

But it was a great five years. It began with *A Dog's Life* which many regard as the greatest comedy he ever produced. Those who don't think so, award the palm to *Shoulder Arms* which followed, or to *The Kid* which came two years after. Both of these established new records for financial returns. *Shoulder Arms* was the first slapstick comedy to do a gross rental business of more than \$1,000,000. *The Kid* brought Chaplin \$800,000 in cash after much haggling because of First National's ambition to get it at the contract rate. Even at Chaplin's price, it proved a rare bargain for First National exhibitors.

Making Shoulder Arms

SHOULDER ARMS had also been intended as a feature length comedy but the distributors voted against paying

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the additional cost and it was cut down to three reels. Coming out during the world war it also served the purpose of minimizing the criticism which had been levelled at Chaplin by his countrymen for not joining the colors when the demand for cannon fodder was at its peak. Although bitterly assailed by a section of the English press for not returning home, Charlie never said a word in his own defense; nor did he ever allow publicity concerning his many war relief contributions.

Personally, I always regarded his wartime policy as a serious mistake on his part. It would have been a simple matter to appear before the representative of his government in Los Angeles, as thousands of others of his countrymen did, and offer himself for service. The examining physician would have taken one look at him when he had stripped to a meager 110 pounds and sent him back to make more comedies. He couldn't have passed an examination at that time to enter a boys' military academy.

Charlie's Radical Tendencies

DURING that period and subsequently there had been much gossip concerning Charlie's radical tendencies. As a matter of fact he had never made any secret of his desire to learn all there was to know of the various forms of political and economic agitation. He took an especial delight in meeting noted radicals. I believe that he got some sort of "kick" out of their revolutionary chatter. During the war of course, there was an element of danger attached to such associations and utterances.

I don't know if Charlie has ever learned of it but during his entire Liberty Loan tour in the early part of 1918 he was under the surveillance of federal agents because one of his entourage had been quite unjustly reported as being a pro-German radical. I doubt if Charlie knows that his name even now appears on the records of the Department of Justice agents who are detailed to keep their fingers on the pulse of Red activities in this country.

The only definite reason for such suspicions, beyond friendly relations with those involved, is that Charlie is supposed to have contributed to the upkeep of several radical publications. He couldn't do less than donate a little something after the entertainment he had been accorded by their various sponsors or editors. And they were contributing to his education, for Char-

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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St., New York City

lie is a persistent seeker after truth, a diligent delver into the complexities of life. He wants to know why people are satisfied or dissatisfied; why they react to this or that. He takes a special delight in meeting prominent people and dissecting them. He loves to take apart a famous personage and discover what makes him tick.

Chaplin's Interest in the Famous

SOME years ago, a famous English actor, now dead, came to Hollywood. It wasn't long before Charlie managed to meet him. It was a great thrill for him because in London this personage was as far out of Charlie's reach as the king himself. But within a week after the first meeting, Charlie gave orders that if Sir What's-His-Name called up, he wasn't "at home." In that time Charlie had plumbed the intellectual depths of his famous countryman.

As fast as they are squeezed dry they are cast aside. And if they ever get into the Chaplin studio once they are passed up and "given the air," they can qualify for Houdini's job.

Year by year, Chaplin has grown mentally, partly through reading but more largely through his associations. Famous people who call upon him and then give out statements to the papers invariably refer to his brilliant mentality. There was a time, I am firmly convinced, when Charlie fooled some of them. His brilliance was just a reflection of another's mentality. Perhaps it was Karl Marx, or Wilde, or Shaw. He could, in uttering the most commonplace platitude, make his fascinated hearer believe that he was giving forth scintillant spontaneous comment on a vital topic. I may be mistaken and perhaps may be doing him an injustice in picturing him as a poseur, but at that time it always seemed that the things Charlie said had a familiar sound.

Finding Way to Mental Independence

IT'S quite different now though. He

has gradually found the way to independent thought. He doesn't have to lean on another's mental props. Nowadays, when he makes a wild irresponsible statement, it is with the definite purpose of drawing a certain response or reaction.

For some time Charlie's closest friends have been Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Edward Knoblock, the English playwright. It is a rare treat to listen in on them—the brilliant but utterly phlegmatic Knoblock; the ebullient, effervescent Doug; the sensible, both-feet-on-the-ground Mary and Charlie trying to convince the trio of something or other, declaiming histrionically with lighting and mechanical effects. And the argument usually ends or simmers into a down-to-earth, honest-to-goodness discussion when Mary says: "Now Charlie, you're just talking and not thinking."

Charlie has always been addicted to fads which have ranged from socialism to the Dr. Abrams electronic system of diagnosis and treatment of all human ailments. Just at present, I understand, he is convalescing from the latter.

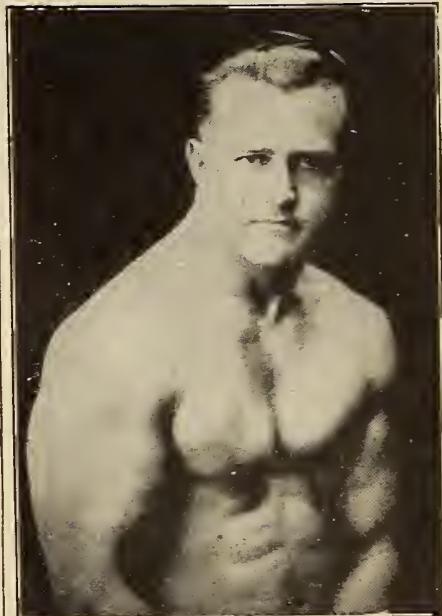
And the Ladies!

AND then of course: The Ladies!

It seems as though there has always been a girl just around the corner, so to speak. At least according to the newspapers and magazines which specialize in the gossip of the film luminaries. And how the public does "eat it up!"

Well, there will be no drawing aside of boudoir curtains here. Let future biographers with a better command of the language of Eros attend to that. Only this tiny bit of gossip, that the dynamic Pola will not, according to present indications, ever sign her name as "Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin."

I have always thought, and always will think, that women are only "copy" to Charlie. He is insatiable in his research into human emotions and women furnish an inexhaustible supply of interesting and puzzling emotions.



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

Pills Never Made Muscles Wishing Never Brought Strength

NO one can paste muscles onto your arms and shoulders. If you wish a strong, healthy body, you must work for it. And if you don't have one, you are doomed to a life of misery. Modern science has taught us that we must keep our bodies physically fit or our mental powers will soon exhaust themselves. That is why the successful business man resorts to golf and other active pastimes.

Examine Yourself

Do you have the strong, robust body which keeps you fit at all times to tackle the daily tasks confronting you—always looking for bigger things to do? Do you jump out of bed in the morning full of pep; with a keen appetite and a longing to enter the day's activities? Do you finish your daily tasks still thrilling with pep and vitality? Or do you arise only half awake and go through a languid day?

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Don't let it get you, fellows. Come on out of that shell and make a real he-man of yourself. Build out those skinny arms and that flat chest. Let me put some real pep in your old backbone and put an armor plate of muscle on you that will make you actually thrill with ambition. I can do it. I guarantee to do it. I will put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days and from then on, just watch 'em grow. This is no idle boast. It's the real works. A genuine guarantee. Come on now. Get on the job and make me prove it.

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C. Movie Gossip of Hollywood and New York —From Page 75

The Listening Post

to recall the days of Weber and Fields you undoubtedly remember Frankie Bailey, who a couple decades ago was regarded as the premier chorus girl of them all. All she had to do in the various revues and burlesques of that period was to just let herself be seen. Tired business men used to go just to see

Frankie's figger and saps with a leaning to rhyme found delight in inditing odes to Frankie's nifty ankles, etc. All of which is preliminary to the fact that Miss Bailey is in charge of the theatrical make-up department of a Hollywood drug store that caters to the film trade. Oh, yes, she's been playing in pictures

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too. Perhaps you remember the Roman cut-back in C. B.'s *Manslaughter* with all the naked wimmen, 'n' everything. Well, Frankie was in it and—irony of fate, hers was the only feminine form in that pyrotechnic display of limbs and limbs that was fully clothed!

Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model

AFTER some high flights in art, the screen is apparently in for a relapse. Emmett Flynn came on to New York to film *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model*. Dear old Nellie was the poor gal who founded the fortunes of A. H. Woods. Claire Windsor probably will be Nellie while Lew Cody will be the villain who says "Little one, why do you fear me?"

HOBART HENLEY, who has been turning out some excellent pictures for Universal is now filming Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil*. Three of Hollywood's leading flappers are in it—Eileen Percy, Pauline Garon and Eleanor Boardman.

THE farming out of contract players has become one of the leading industries of Hollywood. Among recent quotations on film folk were: Ken Harlan, \$2250 weekly; Jane Novak, \$2500; Jack Mulhall, \$1000; Helene Chadwick, \$1500 and Lon Chaney, \$2500.

FANK BORZAGE is to direct the next Norma Talmadge production, a picturization of the stage play, *Secrets*. Borzage had his own producing company but it didn't do so well.

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The Bad Taste of Our Film Stars

—From Page 29

evening. There is a variety of sport shoes in suede and buckskin which may be worn out of doors.

Evening gowns should never be trimmed with fur.

Ermine is always beautiful but only for evening wear. It should never be worn in the daytime. Although I did see a French tennis star step upon the courts at Forest Hills for the championship games with an elaborate wrap of ermine over her sport costume. Once in a while a touch of ermine may be used on a black velvet frock for afternoon wear at very special functions, but never at any other time.

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JEWELRY is always bad taste except in the evening. Even then it must be

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chosen carefully.

Pearls, for the woman who has real pearls, may be worn during the day or in the evening except with a sport costume. Or a bracelet, if not of diamonds. Bar pins long enough to span the Hudson will never bridge the distance between good and bad taste in dress even in the movies. A plain ring is always permissible if the wearer does not wish to remove it for some sentimental reason.

There are a few occasions when a woman should not appear well dressed on the screen. After shipwreck, fire or flood too careful grooming is an offense against common sense.

Some time ago I saw an intelligent actress shipwrecked on a Broadway

screen. She had been washed ashore without even an over-night bag. She spent a year picking berries and eating trout. One day a man-of-war rescued her. Ten minutes after she arrived on shipboard she dashed out of the Captain's cabin in a natty sailor suit which fitted her perfectly. If Uncle Sam's navy carries a wardrobe woman to look after these maidens in distress none but the screen directors have heard about it.

Another time I saw Ethel Clayton carried into a convent after shipwreck. The place was out of the way. Yet Miss Clayton was clothed almost immediately in a warm negligee of the latest fashion.

Greater wonders than these nothing but the screen can show.

¶ Delight Evan's Satire upon Stellar Statements — From page 37

How They Achieved

just the heroine for my pictures."

So Lydia Lukewarm soon became a household name. Her family took her on again. Back here we go to see all her pictures, and it always seems to me that in every part she plays, she looks a lot like she used to as Spring in "The Coming of Spring."

Sidelights on Sylvester Simplex

SYLVESTER SIMPLEX—A few Success Sidelights on the great actor, by himself:

As the producer, star, scenario writer, director, and best pal of the Sylvester Simplex Productions, I feel that I owe it to my Public, whose humble servant I am, to tell a few of the factors in what this same Public is pleased to term my success.

That Sylvester who has so often

smiled at you from the silversheet—and believe me, my dear friends, that smile is from the heart—was once just a boy like you—and you—and you. A very human little rascal, too—up to mischief most of the time, playing tricks on his teachers, oh, any number of little boyish pranks. At an early age I learned sleight-of-hand, and used to amuse the trades-people, particularly, with my accomplishments along this line. I was a good boy, always bringing home what I could. My teachers never quite understood me, often growing impatient with this little pupil of theirs when he would make merry about the schoolroom, expressing that spontaneity, those exuberant spirits which, in later years, were to delight, if I do say it myself, the audiences in every portion of the globe, including California. [Continued on next page.]



What Are You Doing About Your Superfluous Hair?

Now-a-days no attractive girl will allow a single unwanted hair to blemish her otherwise lovely appearance. Every dainty and refined woman the world over is removing her superfluous hair because it seriously detracts from her charm.

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But I think many of my friends realized even then that I would make my way. Which way, they did not then know. Motion pictures, naturally, were not then as popular, as universal in appeal as they are now. My friends would have done anything, just anything, to prevent it. For it is such a hard life. I have autographed as many as a hundred checks a day, of my own. And speaking of autographs, there is one subject upon which I must speak my mind. I feel very strongly about this, and I want the world, that is to say my fans, to know that every picture which leaves my studios is autographed personally, by me. It is a sacred duty. Often, after a hard day's work, I will battle with myself. I will say, "Sylvester, you have given greatly of yourself this day. Can you give more?" And always the answer is, yes. Thus have we often remained at the studios, my little secretary and I working away; but I feel that it has not been in vain.

My mother and father still reside in the old home. I have seen to it that there is a new pump in the yard, and last Christmas I sent my mother a washing machine. In closing, permit me to quote from "Sylvester Simplex, His Life Story, published by the S. S. Publishing Corp., profusely illustrated with hitherto unpublished portraits, each copy inscribed by Mr. Simplex."

"Is it any wonder, then, the world loves this man? That the goodness and the truth and the honesty which shine from within should be mirrored on the screen?"

Virile Words from Dick O'Dare

DICK O'DARE, well-known western star, has this to say:

Enough has been printed about me to convince folks that I'm a straight-thinkin', clean-livin' cuss. I play fair all the time, always have; I don't know no other way. I'll climb to the top of the highest mountain in God's country and tell the world all I have to say. I have worked hard; but, pardners, all that I am, all that I do, all that I have, I owe—to that little woman, my wife.

It was my wife, when everything looked black and there didn't seem to be no place in pictures for a man who could ride and shoot straight, told me to keep at it; that folks would get so tired of seeing pretty faces on the screen that they'd turn to mine for relief sooner or later. It was my wife who first got the idea of havin' closeups of me talkin' to my horse. I always did just what she told me to do. The blow was all the harder when it fell, for I thought the world and all of the little woman. But when I was all set on this career of mine, I got all dolled up one day in a

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Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Calif.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors), Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mark Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orients Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

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new sombrero and called to her to come and pose for some publicity pictures with me.

She looked at me a long time then she said, "I know it's all my fault, but just the same I can't stand it any longer. You were better dead." She left, then, and I ain't seen her since. But that's why the closeups in my new pictures really get you. They reach new heights, everybody says. And I owe that to my wife, too.

Society as the Screen Sees It

From Page 42—

mount cinema engineers in canning the customs and capers of those whose motto is "Comme il faut."

So now we'll double back to Miss Millie Moneybags as she nonchalantly mops up the floors of her ancestral home with an opera cloak worth two hundred times as much as this fricassee of film faux pas.

If I've seen this bit of action once on the screen I've seen it a dozen times. Sigrid Holmquist was the last offender in a picture she made with Jack Holt. The film was so inconsequential that its label has slipped me; but it was evident that the drag was inserted to show Sigrid's utter ennui with her higher plane existence.

Now I've seen the gilded wives and daughters of plutocrats wearing ermine and equally expensive opera cloaks, returning from an evening out but the only things I have ever seen them drag upstairs were their own weary selves and in one instance, a polluted plutocratic husband.

And who complained to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Servants at the way the millionaire sweeties of the screen treated their household vassals? Why no other person than Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, universally conceded to be batting Four Hundred in Gotham's Junior and other leagues.

She was in Hollywood making a picture with Norma Talmadge and frankly stated, if my memory serves me right, that cinematic reproductions of high social events pained her deeply but the treatment accorded picture servants by their movie mistresses made it difficult for her to keep her face straight at crucial moments in the making of the picture.

"The social functions reproduced for the screen are much too stiff," is the essence of Mrs. Hoyt's complaint.

And as for silken bell-ropes, well,

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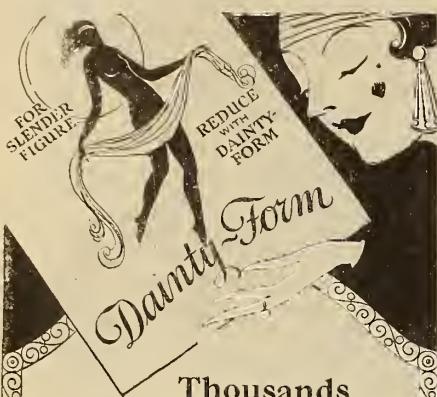
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they're pulling that stuff entirely too much and too often. It's getting so that whenever an audience sees the hero or heroine reach for the tasseled bell-cord, the pit is swept with a chorus of groans. I have yet to find tasseled cords on anything but bath-robés in the homes of the near-great it has been my privilege to visit. Nor can I see anything impressive in the action. The hero, tugging on a silken bell-cord, always stops my train of thought just as surely as a conductor, pulling on said bell-cord's hempen facsimile, halts his train of floats.

Then when it comes to seeing some hand-picked pullet, clad in little more than a smear of punkin rouge, served along with the dessert of a society dinner party, every time I see one on the screen, my soul is ever filled with woe. I have seen darbies served in mammoth eggs, in monster loving-cups, hat-boxes and center-pieces so often that should I ever attend an Elks' stag banquet and gaze upon a model in the raw so presented perhaps my inflammatory cinematism caused by this ancient bit of hokum would know an anodyne.

There is only one other cinema society stunt equally hoary with age and that one deals with having a film version of a sub-deb push her young man, clad in hard-boiled shirt and other evening scenery, into a swimming-pool. Bitterness forbids me to comment further.

Swimming-pools naturally bring cinema bathrooms under consideration—those ornate show-window, plumber's convention exhibits du bain are the bane of my existence. I can imagine the cuss-words emanating from a blue blood if he tried to wash behind his ears in one of those bird-baths the directors put in their pictures in lieu of the regular porcelain wash-tanks I have always found to be so high in the favor of the F. F. Vs., Back Bay pharisees, et al.

But the vogue for trick ablutionary contrivances is waning since directors have found that shots showing Archie Neversweat in his tub make shopgirls swallow their gum. Great dope for heroines now is to have them ablute in a woodland pool.

Speaking of pools, cinematic matrimonial lotteries and the events leading up thereto come up for discussion. In every society film Archie proposes to Gwennie in the garden at twilight—Archie on his knees and also on the pebbles of the garden path—Gwennie, sitting on an art stone bench,—a situation impossible and too humorous for a serious thing like a marriage proposal. Gravel on the knee is almost as bad as onions on the breath when it comes to furtherance of amorous utterances.



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And any one who has ever sat upon an art stone bench at twilight knows steam-heat is required if the lady is to sit pretty and not have her answering love-speeches chilled.

The ultra ultras get a snicker out of that even as the socially elect who serve a salad at luncheon and dessert only at dinner, go into hysterics when motion-picture directors trot out the golden trenchers on the flimsiest of pretexts. And as for movie teas,—I'm always on the qui vive to catch some seven-fifty "checker" inhaling his orange pekoe from a saucer.

Screen society folks in cinema productions are nothing but "walk-offs," to cadge a gag from an old darky story about the newlyrich.

"De good Lawd in makin' dis yeah new sassietry trash, put a lot uh money in they pockets; painted 'em up purty befoh he put in they brains an' lent dem up against a fence to dry. An some o' them jes' natchelly walked off widdout they brains an' de paint still wet," was the way old Hector told it.

So film versions of high society life are nothing but "walk-offs."

Ma Rubens' Gal

—From Page 51

something that is merely pictorial.

At Mae Murray's Home

AGAIN at Mae Murray's Italian apartment—a little luncheon. Mae herself was the Mae you've never met—she was playing the girl wife, with low heels, smooth hair, Eton collar, and Bob Leonard. The Murray studio was a gorgeous setting for Alma—the iron-grilled gate, carved chairs and all that. One would have sworn she must have a crest on her stationery. That is, if Alma had acted. But she ate a luncheon which would have been a credit to an interviewer and she went on about golf, in which she was, for the instant, interested.

And at the theatre, one night—she looked like a visiting marquesa in her ermine wrap, with her dusky hair framing her face—every one watched her; she looked so subtle. I remember thinking, as we all will at times, of Mona Lisa and Cellini medallions. It was a drama, and she was watching it quietly, carefully. At a poignant moment she ducked her lovely head—to wipe away a tear. And raised it, to consider her faint reflection in the mirror of her vanity case, and to powder thoughtfully her straight nose.

She always looks a little bored, and

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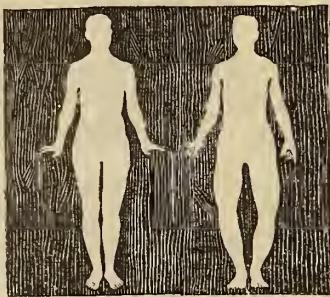
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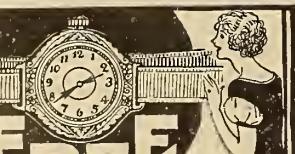
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Naive Ann Pennington once placed a plump Schopenhauer on the table when I called. I have never seen anything like this at Mrs. Rubens' house. If I ever pick up a book there, I shall pray that it is the Motor Routes of New York State. But it would not startle me to see that it is something by Remy de Gourmont. I've been to see Alma and her mother when they're just moving into a new apartment or just moving out; when there have been paper-hangers and plumbers and new maids and maids being fired. There are always little dogs darting about.

There is even a blind Pekingese. It's like something by Gertrude Stein, and twice as amusing. There isn't a framed picture of Alma in the place.

Ma Rubens and Her Picture

APAPER once requested of Mother Rubens a photograph of herself. "You don't want to put my ugly mug in your magazine!" she cried in honest horror.

There was another "e" in the family name originally, you know, but they could never remember just where it went, so it became, definitely Rubens.

I remember Alma and her mother, silhouetted in twilight against a window that looks out on Central Park. Alma wrapped in something soft and rich and medieval; her amazing brown eyes half veiled with their preposterously long lashes. With Mrs. Rubens, who was in black, from France, she might have been posing for something.

"What were you saying, Mother?"

"Why, I went over to Second Avenue today for the vegetables; you can do so much better over there than on Sixth."

C. The Editor Comments on Current Pictures — From page 40**New Screenplays in Review**

LAST month lack of space prevented us commenting upon Pola Negri's appearance in her revival of *The Cheat*. I was going to be very caustic about it. But at this distance I can't seem to remember about it. The original screen melodrama had undergone terrible tribulations. The sinister Jap scoundrel of

the original, once done so well by Sesue Hayakawa, turned out to be a fake Hindoo, done very badly by Charles de Roche. There were other changes, and for the worse.

If I were Pola I'd be inquiring about the cost of living in Berlin—before it's too late.

C. Helen Lee Introduces Some Silent Workers — From page 48**Hidden Hands of Filmdom**

While C. B. directs the dancing girls in the studio, Jeanie sits in her office and invents the scenes that must hold the story together. She can re-write a story hundreds of times to suit her boss. And she can re-write her own work without complaining. She isn't much in evidence around the studio but she is very much present when C. B. begins to put the picture together. And when the director gets stuck, the rush call goes out for Jeanie.

Griffith and His Cutters

D. W. GRIFFITH's stories are not so much written as assembled. Griffith shoots miles of footage, works for

months, stages all sorts of fine effects and then dumps the crude product on the door-step of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Smith. Whereupon Jimmie and the missus rescue the orphan of D. W.'s brainstorm and beat it into submission.

The Smiths are officially known as the chief cutters of the Griffith studio. They are among the oldest members of the Griffith family. Jimmie was a school friend of the beloved Bobbie Harron and received his education at St. Joseph's Parochial School down in Greenwich Village in New York. But he went through his college training at the old Biograph studio.

Griffith has known Mr. and Mrs.

Jimmie for years and he knows that he can trust them. They are his Court of Common Sense. In the projection room Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie look at many thousand feet of film and decide what is essential to the story. It breaks a director's heart to see his best stuff go in the discard but Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie work so tactfully that they can cut a picture without forcing Griffith to leap off Brooklyn Bridge in sheer depths of gloom.

More Hidden Hands

ODDLY enough, two costume designers can qualify as hidden hands. Both Sophie Wachner, of the Goldwyn studio, and Ethel Chafin, of the Lasky studio, have unusual personalities. In spite of the fact that they are close to the business of making pictures, they still have a detached and critical attitude about the work that goes on in the big lots.

Sophie Wachner represents Higher Criticism at the Goldwyn studio. The actors or actresses really fear her. She can make them or break them with the company. Her likes and dislikes are as casual, as sudden and as unreasonable as a bolt of lightning. She either likes a picture or she hates it. She seldom says why she likes it or why she dislikes it but, once she is mad at a production, she stays away from it.

In other words, Sophie is the General Public. Her opinions coincide almost exactly with the reaction of a million or more film fans. Actors and directors court her favor, exactly as they court the favor of the public.

Mrs. Ethel Chafin seldom expresses her opinions about the pictures and she doesn't play favorites in the studio. But she is a marvellous bureau of complaint. She listens to confidences, she smooths away fights, she gives good advice, she calms hasty tempers, she encourages beginners. And when she has nothing else to do, she designs clothes.

If she were an older woman with white hair, she would be called the studio mother. But she is a young, good-looking and businesslike person and so her advice carries the force of practical experience.

Theda Bara and Driven

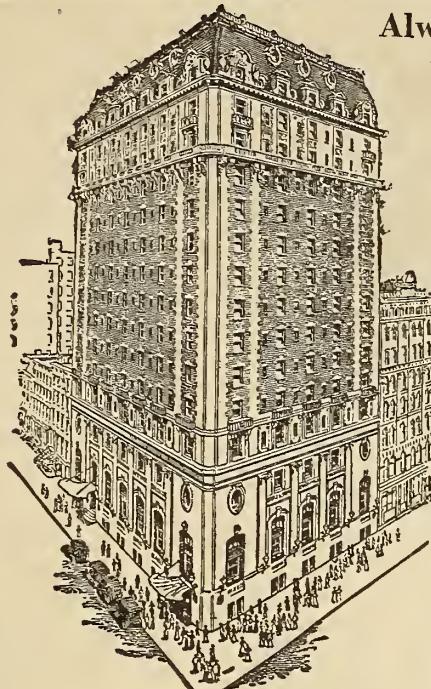
THE old line from "Merton of the Movies"—the one about "the best pals and severest critics"—holds good in many movie households. As a matter of fact, the wives excel as critics and plenty of important movie affairs are settled on the bungalow porches of Hollywood. Or at little home dinner parties. Or at Sunday afternoon teas. If you want to know the truth about a picture, don't ask the director. Just go to the director's wife.

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Charles Brabin, a director with no masterpieces to his credit, married Theda Bara. Now in the course of many years' studio experience, Miss Bara learned something besides how to make her eyes misbehave. So when Brabin started out with a small sum of money to make a picture called *Driven*, Miss Bara, disguised as Mrs. Brabin, took a heavy interest in the undertaking. The wise guys say that Charley couldn't have done it without her.

Driven was a success and it established Brabin as a big-time director. As for Miss Bara, she took none of the glory because she knows she can go out and reap enough glory on her own account.

Since her marriage to Charles Eyton, Kathlyn Williams, former Selig star, has played second parts. As the wife of a Lasky studio manager, she could have demanded fat roles, plenty of glory and lots of close-ups. But she has carefully submerged her own interests to those of her husband.

The result is that Miss Williams has more influence in the studio than many of the more glaring lights. Her tact is immense and her good nature unbounded. In the most trying situations, she keeps a strictly neutral position and, in consequence she is credited with smoothing away many misunderstandings in the studio. Her stellar role is that of peace-maker. And if you don't believe a peace-maker is a commercially valuable proposition, consider the expense of a law suit instituted by a tempestual star!

Kathlyn Williams Diplomat

INCIDENTALLY, Miss Williams is Pola Negri's most trusted friend. The dark-eyed and fiery star finds the blonde and calm Kathlyn an ideal companion. Kathlyn's tact has probably saved the company some real money.

Another wife of still a different type is Mrs. Rupert Hughes who sometimes publishes poems under the name of Adelaide Minola Hughes. She hasn't Theda Bara's business ability neither is she a peace-maker like Miss Williams. But she is one critic to whom Rupert will listen. And Rupert doesn't like criticism. When Mrs. Hughes, who is not officially connected with the movie business, enters the studio, Rupert drops the megaphone. And before Rupert submits a scenario, he usually discusses it at length with the Missus.

Moreover, Mrs. Hughes has a way of bringing just the right persons together at her dinner parties. And that is a much more difficult art than writing free-verse poems.

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band and a wife who writes scenarios is hard to beat. As soon as a director, who happens to be unmarried, finds a scenario writer, who also happens to be unmarried, he generally rushes her to the altar to clinch her services for life.

Anita Loos (Mrs. John Emerson), Josephine Lovett (Mrs. John Robertson), and Ouida Bergere (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice) might resent being called hidden hands or master minds because they are willing to let their husbands have the glory. But when an important decision confronts any of these directors, the Little Woman usually has a few well-chosen words to say on the subject.

Katharine Hilliker and her hus-

band, Captain H. H. Caldwell, are another capable business concern. The Caldwells specialize in upholstering and dry cleaning foreign-made productions for American audiences. As you know foreign directors seldom worry about the fine feelings of censors and it is the job of the Caldwells to make such pictures as *Passion* and *Mad Love* safe for our democracy. They were the hidden hands behind some of the success of the first German pictures.

But the most muscular and close-fisted hidden hands in all the glorious movie business are those that rocked the cradles of the stars. In other words, the most efficient business management is controlled by the Movie Mother. If you don't believe it, ask the star who owns one.

C. Harriette Underhill Tells Her Experiences—From Page 21

Why I'll Never Title Another Film

form only to find that they "didn't jell" properly. They have called them vandals. But they have gone right on selling their slaves down the river for a few—in a manner of speaking—paltry dollars. Others have written large epistles saying how delighted they were and still others have been delighted. But they are rare.

"Did you see what they did to my story?" these authors wail to us. "Why the heroine is a Belgian instead of a German, she is twenty instead of thirty-five, she marries the man she loves instead of having him killed in the war, her child is legitimatized and the thing is a sweet comedy drama instead of a tragedy. It's terrible—it's an outrage and the picture has my name on it."

"Why don't you make them take it off then?" we asked mildly. For having become liberated oneself we can't get very much worked up over the wrongs of those who choose to remain in bondage. "When you sell your story you sell your name."

"Well, you knew that before; so why do you sell your stories to them if you don't like their methods?"

"I needed the money. You know one can't throw away \$30,000."

Came a Sunny April Day

"Is THAT so? Well, \$30,000 isn't any more to you than \$1,000 is to us and do you know that we have voluntarily decided never to title another picture."

Listen and you shall hear a brief synopsis of our tale of woe. Came a day, a sunny April day, when hearts throb with that age-old emotion—there

do you see how we're getting. We're talking like a movie title and we were just about to tell you of the wonder girl with the pure eyes. But, as we were saying, came a day when we found ourself sitting in a nice cozy projection room watching the picture which we had just titled. Our opening title had read, "Helen finds New York a city of flats, also flat car wheels and flat pocketbooks."

But were we allowed to get away with any such flippancy as this? Rather not. The title finally read, "Helen found New York a city of shattered ideals and lost dreams." In the dark of the projection room we blushed. How cruel and unimaginative we had been; and so it went on and on. Once in a while we recognized a title but not often. The story was about a girl who disliked children and then one night shot one by mistake, thinking that she heard a burglar. To relieve the tension we put in a title which read, "If you think that you do not like children just try shooting one of the little dears by mistake and see how you feel about it." This was our pet title for it bridged over a scene which was much overacted. But the director had objected so strenuously to this that he was allowed to furnish his own title. Here is what he wrote, "All night long Helen sat beside the tiny cot with baby fingers twined in hers and in her heart was born a new emotion, a new hope. It was mother love."

"It Was Mother Love"

"In a dazed way we wondered if we hadn't wandered into the wrong room.



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But, no, there were the familiar scenes which we had been engaged to furnish with reading matter, and then we came to the title about "Helen has her revenge; she refuses to be forgotten," which had been changed to "Even a cad may know remorse," etc. We could bear no more. With vows and imprecations we rush from the room crying, "Take my name off that. Don't you dare to use my name." The director followed us out, "My dear young lady," he said soothingly, "we couldn't use the word 'revenge' in connection with the heroine. It would lose her sympathy." We uttered a near oath. "But that one about 'cad' and 'remorse' and a thoroughbred, that's awful!"

"Why, he was a cad wasn't he? And then he felt remorse and in that way he became worthy of her. Cad is a good, strong word. The people like it."

So this is the end of the story about the title writer and the never never land.

The Gift for Glory

—From page 25

like to send him to a religious school. I went to a convent until I studied under private tutors."

You look at her so intently that she misunderstands you.

Miss La Marr's Gypsy Intelligence

I AM not really beautiful," she volunteers, "I have none of the marks of beauty. I am too long-waisted. My nose is too sharp and pointed. My head doesn't fit my body. My eyes are crooked."

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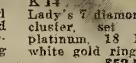
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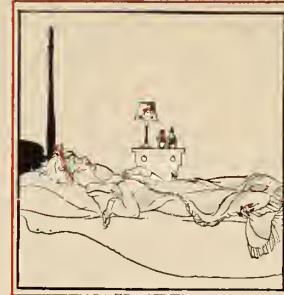
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5 Spray or wash off the MINERALAVA mask, starting with lukewarm water, gradually letting the water get as cold as possible.



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7 Apply the witch hazel pads to the eyes, curling back the lashes. Rest with the pads on for five minutes.



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1 With a soft cloth and cold cream remove the surface-dirt or make-up.



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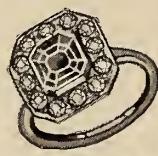


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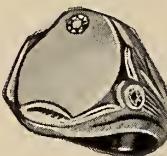
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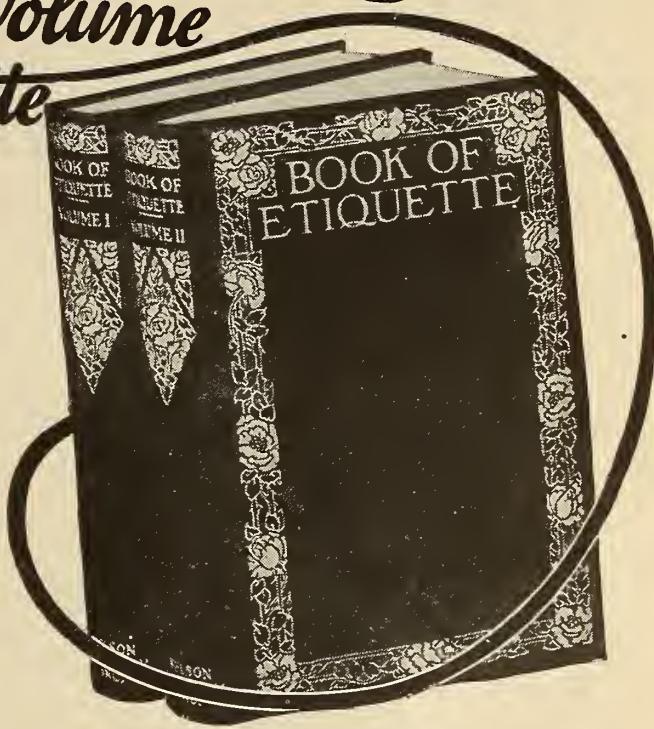
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JANUARY, 1924 VOL. VIII NO. 4

Screenland FEATURES this month

MYRON ZOBEL, President

ANNE AUSTIN, Associate Editor

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

C The real story of the young star's life will be told in the February SCREENLAND for the first time

By Frederick James Smith

C This will be the third of SCREENLAND's remarkable chronicles of the stars, presenting the never-before-published episodes and anecdotes of the screen favorites. **C** Read the real life story of Gloria Swanson in this issue and order your February copy now.



Richard Barthelme

C Distinguished Features in this Number:

C Dramaland, the new stage plays in review, by George Jean Nathan	Page 69
C Divorce: The Menace of the Screen, by Susie Sexton and Grace Kingsley	Page 30
C The True Life Story of Gloria Swanson, by Louella O. Parsons	Page 23
C The Wolf at the Studio Door, the story of D. W. Griffith, by Frederick James Smith	Page 37
C In the Temples of Tee-Hee, how comedies are built, by H. B. K. Willis	Page 28
Frederick James Smith's Editorials	16
A Review of the Vampire, tracing her from Babylon to Hollywood, by Delight Evans	34
The Ten Best Screen Dramas, our readers make their selections	38
"Sure," Said Nita, cross-fire comment by Miss Naldi, by E. V. Durling	43
The Adventures of Phyllis, the newest adventures of our flapper heroine, by John Held, Jr.	44
Welcome Back to Mr. Sennett's Beach, a pictorial review of the newest bathing beauties	46
Five and Famous, otherwise Baby Peggy, analyzed by Delight Evans	48
Animal Actors of the Screen, how they are trained and what they earn, by Eunice Marshall	53
Saucy Baggage, piquant pensuggestions by Eugene McNerny, Jr.	55
Kiki Minus Pose, presenting an informal view of Lenore Ulric, by Delight Evans	56
Can Stars Live on Their Salaries?, the financial problems of your favorites, by Katherine Albert	63
It's All in the Family, showing how family lines are developing in screenland, by Eunice Marshall	65
Censors Will be Censors, ambushed, by Harriette Underhill	73

DEPARTMENTS:

The New Screenplays in Review, critical comments upon the new pictures, by Frederick James Smith	50
Our Own News Reel, film news told pictorially	58
Wynn Visits the Theater, our caricaturist sees the new plays	68
Holidays in the Mimic World, pictorial glimpses of the new stage attractions	70
The Listening Post, gossip of Hollywood and New York, by Eunice Marshall and Helen Lee	76
Rotogravure Picture Gallery 19-22, 39-42	

Cover Design for this Issue Painted by Rolf Armstrong

The Public

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PARAMOUNT has become the biggest motion picture organization only through its ability to please the public consistently over a period of years.

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The fine support given by the public to Paramount Pictures today makes it possible for us to go even further in justifying public confidence in our organization.

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Paramount has done this for years, but it is not enough!

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Here is a real guide along the path toward the production of photoplays the public truly wants in the months to come.

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The result of such a plan means that Paramount Pictures in future will be patterned along lines of known public approval, and that it will be practically impossible for pictures to reach the screen that do not have that public approval.

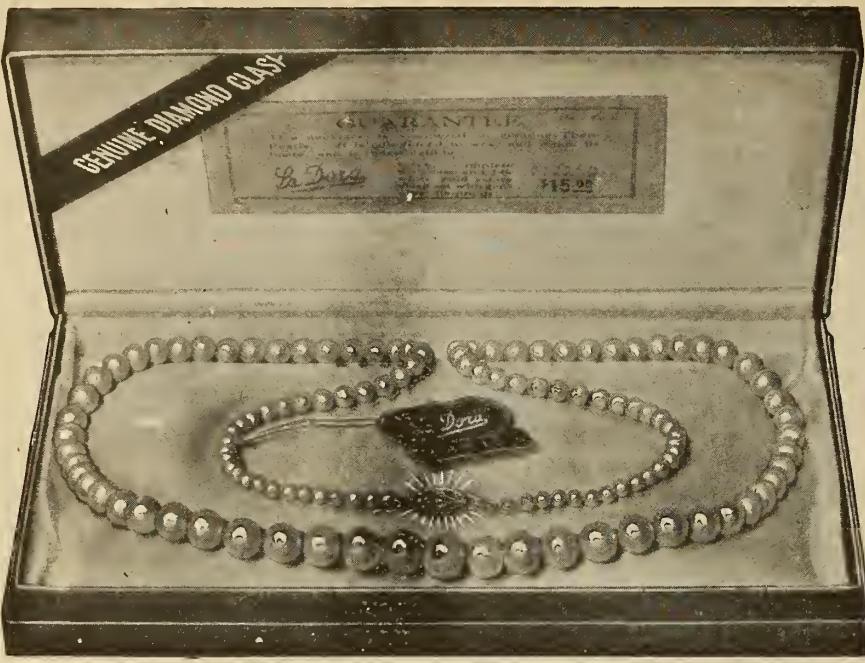
Paramount asks you to watch your local newspapers closely for the announcement of the demonstration theatre in which productions will be proven out in your city. We want a frank expression of opinion through your theatre manager as to their merits.

The new pictures which we have ready for you, namely: "THE SPANISH DANCER," "HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN," "STEPHEN STEPS OUT," "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," "WEST OF THE WATER TOWER," "WILD BILL HICKOK," "BIG BROTHER," and others of the new season's products are being offered under the new plan.

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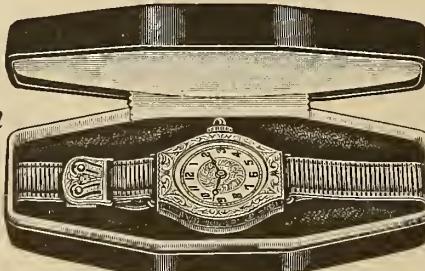
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Address all letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

To me there is one factor the motion picture of today needs above all others. Mechanically there is nothing to be desired. As a whole, the acting is up to standard and comparable to that of stage productions. There is no lack of money to make production what it should be. In my opinion, the one outstanding feature that will work for the betterment of pictures is better stories. The public has been fed up on screen spectacles. The close-ups of the pretty blonde star now fail to satisfy the screen going public. A good story poorly acted is better appreciated by the average audience nowadays than a bad story well acted.

The story is the very bones, the acting, atmosphere and other qualities together are the flesh. Without the bones, the others amount to naught. It matters little to the picture going public whether it cost a million dollars or a thin dime to film a picture. The story is the thing. The sooner producers realize that fact the better.

Producing companies are given to too much imitating. Let one producer film a certain type of picture that makes a hit and within a few months dozens of imitations flare up. Screen wiseacres, too, are plentiful but they often delude themselves. They tell you this type or that type of picture is taboo—until along comes a production to prove them wrong, and then they fall in line. It was not so long ago that they were posting huge, scarlet-hued warnings against costume plays, nevertheless, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Little Old New York* and others are packing them in. It merely took a German film to waken the American producers to the possibilities of the costume play. But even now, events in that direction point to overproduction—and consequent "killing"—of that particular type. There are entirely too many followers and not sufficient leaders in the motion picture field.

The producer's inconsistency is glaringly evident when he pays the author \$500 or a \$1000 for a story and then goes out and spends \$400,000 in "shooting it." If that producer would only pay a capable writer \$25,000 for a story really worth that amount a much better pic-

(Continued on Page 8)

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YOU know how quickly the man of strength makes a "hit" with the girls. You know how quickly the husky, healthy fellow forges ahead in business. Everybody just seems anxious to make life easy for him because they admire his great strength. They'd rather be on his friendly side because, deep in their hearts, they are afraid of his muscular powers.

But the thin arm, hollow chested chap is shoved and pushed around. No one pays any attention to his wants—everyone sneers at him. And he doesn't dare say his soul is his own because he hasn't strength enough in his arms and chest to back up his demands or to avenge insults and injustices. He must suffer in silence whatever the strong do to him.

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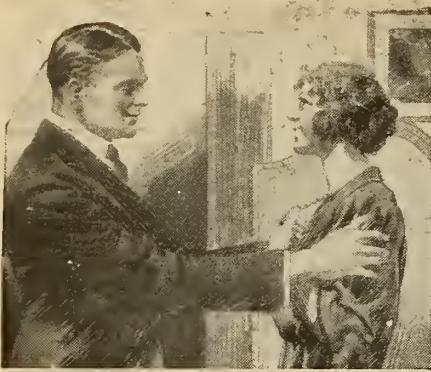
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EXCELSIOR

ture could be filmed for less than half the \$400,000. Yet the producer seems to prefer paying a small sum for a poor story and then tries to make something out of it by building it into an expensive spectacle. The public is entitled to wholesome, human interest stories. Will the producers ever measure up to the public's expectations?

FRANK G. DAVIS

441 East Wolfe St., Harrisonburg, Va.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND

I warn you, this will be a long letter. If you wish to publish any part of it I shall be grateful for the space. If not, I shall at any rate have satisfied my long-felt ambition to write and explain to the world just what is wrong with the movies. But first I must pause and congratulate SCREENLAND on its new contributors—Delight Evans, Robert E. Sherwood, Gladys Hall, Frederick James Smith, Grace Kingsley and Harriette Underhill—some lineup! Long may you flourish!

Well, here we go. What's the matter with Paramount? I think Mr. Frederick James Smith hit the nail on the head when he said that too much attention is being paid to such details as lighting, staging and photography. Mr. Smith didn't mention the Zukor organization in his article, but I think they are the worst offenders in this respect. Everything is so cut and dried; so darn much efficiency! I haven't seen a really good Paramount picture for ages (with the possible exception of *Hollywood*) and can count on the fingers of one hand all the enjoyable ones I ever saw—*What Every Woman Knows*, *Blood and Sand*, *Sentimental Tommy* and *The Covered Wagon*—which, by the way, I haven't seen yet but expect to enjoy.

Universal certainly has improved a lot lately. *The Flirt* was good and most people thought that *Merry-go-Round* was splendid, although I viewed it rather indifferently.

Christie Comedies don't get half enough praise from the critics. Even when the action isn't uproariously funny the subtitles are. Those subtitles invariably get a laugh out of any audience. Some of the stock actors on the Christie lot are great—there's one big fellow in particular (looks like Earl Rodney) who is a scream with his weird make-ups.

Hal Roach's Gang are a great bunch, too—Micky and Little Farina in particular.

I am awaiting eagerly Lois Weber's next picture. Those domestic dramas she did with Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern in the leading roles were little masterpieces. It takes a woman to make a set look like a real home; the sets in her pictures invariably looked real and the people seemed real and the stories natural. As far as I am concerned, Lois Weber can take a seat in the front row where Eric Von Stroheim, Charles Brabin, Fred



Rudolph Valentino

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

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

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Niblo, Rex Ingram, John S. Robertson, Henry King, Marshall Nielan and James Cruze sit. D. W. Griffith has a back seat as far as I am concerned, and will continue to have one until he makes another good picture, which I am afraid he can't do without Lillian Gish.

Why doesn't some enterprising producer try to lure Joe Cook into the movies? He is a wonderful pantomimist, and if he were allowed to write his own sub-titles and think up gags he would have his audiences in stitches. If that powerful imagination of his could be harnessed and put to use in pictures, there might be more hope for the future of the moving picture.

Now, I'm going to explode! Can something be done about Mae Murray? She's a menace to the more-or-less intelligent public. I suggest that a society be formed for the suppression of her pictures, and am sure that Robert E. Sherwood would gladly take the presidential-chair. I hereby apply for the position of aide-in-chief to Mr. Sherwood in his humane work. I went hopefully forth to see Mae Murray's most recent effort—"effort" is good—*The French Doll*, and had to walk out at the end of the third reel—I was nauseated.

Now for a few pleasant remarks. Forthwith is my list of the *real* actors and actresses in pictures, in about the order in which I regard them: George Arliss, Lowell Sherman, Laurette Taylor, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge (in spite of the titles and sub-titles of her pictures), Leatrice Joy, Charles Emmett Mack (so miscast in "The White Rose!"), Alice Terry, Ford Sterling, Lew Cody, Jackie Coogan, Richard Barthelmess and Lloyd Hamilton. And here's my list of the ten best pictures to date: *Disraeli*, *Nanook of the North*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Minnie*, *The Flirt*, *Peg o' my Heart*, *Driven*, *The Three Musketeers* and *The Famous Mrs. Fair*. Only nine—excuse me!

MURDENA M. MACGREGOR
1126 Moyer St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE EDITOR'S BOX,
SCREENLAND.

Why do authors allow such wholesale mutilation of their best novels? Of course, the answer comes to me immediately—money. But what I can't understand is how they can stand to see their stories changed so! How can they bear to see their brain-children made unrecognizable by the awkward hand of some bungling director? Take for an example, *Main Street*. Sinclair Lewis put out a great work—a book that will last. I predict that to the future generation he will be what Dickens is to us. With his mass of detail he gives us, and the generations to come, an authentic picture of the small western town as it is today.

(Continued on Page 14)



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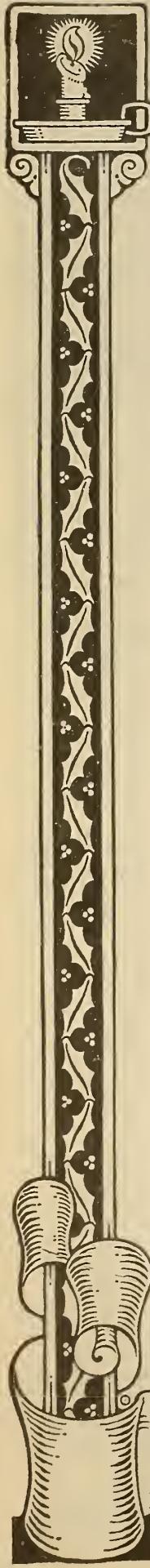
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ROLF ARMSTRONG paints RUDOLPH VALENTINO in words

By Rolf Armstrong

A N ancient Chinese mask looks down from my studio wall—slant-eyed, sphinx like. Along the sunny quays of the Mediterranean, I have seen groups of swarthy, vivid Italian and Spanish sailors.

A toréador, small flat ears of an angry bob-cat, brushed my shoulder as he left the reddened bull-ring.

I can tell when a boxer first senses that his opponent is helpless. The eyes that direct the knock-out.

Valentino recalled these things to my mind, in my first glance at him. Immediately I knew that here was not merely the talented actor, nor the screen's most famous lover, but a man of unique, and subtle individuality, with strange power to stir the imagination. The oddly varied memories he stirred in me had, after all, one quality in common—intensity. And Valentino is intensity incarnate.

This, then, was the keynote of my portrait. To accentuate this characteristic, I invented a technique of severe simplicity, and a pose, and line composition calculated to climax in his smouldering eyes.

In my sketch I endeavored to indicate, not only the mere arrangement of his features, so familiar from countless photographs, but that underlying spirit that no camera can reproduce. I hope I have interpreted both his force and his sensitiveness, and some exotic tang. The portrait is unconventional; it leaves much to the imagination. Necessarily so. For that is Valentino.

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APOLLO—Poppy. A clean and altogether delightful musical entertainment, with W. C. Fields as a medicine show faker, a delight.

BELMONT—Tarnish. An interesting new play by Gilbert Emery, author of *The Hero*. Ann Harding is excellent.

BIJOU—The Whole Town's Talking. A lively biff-bang farce, aided by Grant Mitchell.

BOOTH—The Seventh Heaven. One of the long run hits of New York, with plenty of Parisian atmosphere.

BROADHURST—The Dancers. Gilbert du Maurier's sentimental melodrama of our jazz age, ably acted by Florence Eldredge and Richard Bennett.

CASINO—Wildflower. One of the year's musical hits, with admirable music and a good cast.

COHAN—Adrienne. Amusing musical entertainment, with Richard Carle and Billy V. Van.

COMEDY—Children of the Moon. An odd drama built about family insanity. Has attracted considerable attention.

CORT—The Swan. Molnar's brittle and brilliant comedy of love and royalty. The most distinguished offering of the new season. Superbly played, particularly by Eva Le Gallienne, Basil Rathbone, Philip Mervale and Halliwell Hobbes. Don't miss this.

EARL CARROLL—Vanities of 1923.

Bright and vivacious musical show, with the whimsical Joe Cook. More undress here—and of prettier girls—than in any other show in New York just now.

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EMPIRE—Casanova. Slender but picturesque play built about the famous eighteenth century lover. Lowell Sherman has interesting moments.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET—Zeno. Full of battle, murder and sudden death. Almost the ultimate in mystery dramas for such as likes 'em.

FORTY-NINTH STREET—For All of Us. A typical William Hodge—podge melo-drama.

FRAZEE—The Deep Tangled Wildwood. The newest Kaufman-Connelly comedy.

GAIETY—Aren't We All? A pleasant English comedy with Cyril Maude doing unusually well.

GARRICK—Windows. A John Galsworthy comedy and, consequently, well above the average.

GLOBE—Stepping Stones, with Fred Stone. A Jerome Kern musical entertainment that lives up to Stone traditions.

HARRIS—The Nervous Wreck. Owen Davis' laughing [Continued on next page]

hit of the new season. Cast headed by Otto Kruger and June Walker.

HENRY MILLER'S—*The Changelings*.

An intelligent comedy and an interesting cast, numbering Blanche Bates, Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews, and Geoffrey Kerr.

KLAW—*Nobody's Business*, with Francine Larrimore. Light and amusing.

KNICKERBOCKER—*The Lullaby*, starring Florence Reed. A punchy and exceedingly daring drama by Edward Knoblock with Miss Reed doing vigorous work.

LIBERTY—*The Magic Ring*, with Mitzi. Musical entertainment by Zelda Sears.

LITTLE—*Chicken Feed*. An amusing small town comedy by Guy Bolton and Winchell Smith. Apparently a hit.

LONGACRE—*Little Jessie James*. A musical show that isn't so much different, but it has a Paul Whiteman band.

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard*, with Irene Bordoni. An Avery Hopwood comedy lifted to high interest by the vivacious Miss Bordoni.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain*, with Jeanne Eagels. This absorbing drama of the South Seas is still the biggest thing in town. A big drama superbly acted by Miss Eagels.

MOROSCO—*Scaramouche*. Rafael Sabatini's novel done into a stage play to challenge comparison with Rex Ingram's movie. But not so good by a long shot. Sidney Blackmer has the principal role.

MUSIC BOX—Third annual revue. One of the biggest hits in town, beautiful and entertaining. Strong cast, with Grace Moore running away with the big individual hit.

NEW AMSTERDAM—*Ziegfeld's Follies*. The newest edition of this annual and, of course, one of Manhattan's institutions.

PLAYHOUSE—*Chains*. Strong drama by Jules Eckert Goodman, with the promising Helen Gahagan in the leading role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. This Irish-Hebrew hokum is still running, the marvel of two stage seasons on Broadway. Why? Don't ask us.

RITZ—*In Love with Love*. Pleasant evening assured, what with Lynn Fontaine and her efficient associates.

SELWYN—*Battling Butler*. Another girl show, but with considerable speed.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models*. Rough burlesque and the gals undressed to the limit. Just the show for the buyers visiting Manhattan.

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WINTER GARDEN—*Greenwich Village Follies.* Beautiful, colorful and lavish. Typical John Murray Anderson girl show.

Editor's Letter Box

—From Page 9

But what did the screen do to it? They ruined it—absolutely! If it had not been for Miss Florence Vidor's fine, sympathetic portrayal of Carol, I could not have sat through the picture. The screen showed the "Gopher Prairie" people to be ridiculous caricatures of the real, small-town person. They did not ring true. And instead of showing Carol's fight against the smug, provincialism of the people, instead of showing her fight with herself for contentment, it made her affair with the young Swede the whole plot of the production! And that absurd, tragic, anti-climax when the villagers confronted Carol and Erik! Why must there always be a big (?) scene? And when so many directors are looking for "heart interest"—why ignore the scenes telling of the death of Bea Sorenson and her baby, and later, the pitiful funeral?

Now, Arthur Train's splendid story, His Children's Children, is being filmed. I don't believe I shall go to see it. I don't want any more illusions shattered!

Why are the Universal people not giving Eric von Stroheim any credit for his share in the producing of *Merry-go-Round*? Surely he deserves some. It is a simple matter to pick out the scenes he directed. They are filled with his European sophistication. They shine with a clear, hard, cruel brilliance. Rupert Julian has undoubtedly finished the production to the best of his ability, and his effort is commendable, but, what would he have done if he had had the story from the first? It is quite obvious that Mr. von Stroheim selected both story and cast. They are both typically "von Stroheimish." It does not seem to me that Universal is acting quite fairly in this matter.

But at least we have *Greed* to look forward to.

Why does not Mr. Griffith do something worthwhile again? Does he expect to ride along now on his reputation? And isn't it about time he got away from his invariable theme—the down-trodden heroine? Mr. Griffith is capable of great things—lets see them!

(Miss) MURIEL MARGARET HARRIS
67 Shannon St., Toronto, Ontario, Can.

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Just the right thing for your den—or suitable for framing these lovely rotogravure studies of the screen stars—eight in number—will be sent to you postpaid upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for \$1.00.

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SCREENLAND for JANUARY



EDWARD THAYER MONTGOMERY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

GMr. Nathan is the best known dramatic critic in America. Following its policy of securing the foremost writers Screenland has signed Mr. Nathan to write of the theater.

Screen Has too Much Style

Chaplin and the New Technique

THE appearance of Charlie Chaplin's first serious film, *A Woman of Paris*, has piqued our interest. The critics have hailed it as the first step towards the new technique of the screen. If we may believe the current commentators, Mr. Chaplin has made the first real step towards the bigger and better screen play so dear to Merton and other well-wishers of the screen films.

Actually, Chaplin has done nothing new. *A Woman of Paris* is a straight-forward screen drama minus all the flapdoodle with which directors have come to deck it out. The old Griffith short pictures were of the *Woman of Paris* school. Then the films began their march along the road of the spectacular and the decorative.

A Woman of Paris really presents nothing new in technique—but it lops off the unessentials which have been smothering our film plays. Chaplin isn't a pioneer, but he is doing the screen a real service in pointing out how far we have slipped from the real purpose of the screenplay.

We congratulate Chaplin upon *A Woman of Paris*. He tells his story directly and concisely—with pictures. And that is the real technique of the photoplay.

Style—but no Punch

SINCE the early days of Griffith, before the films began to build Babylons, silent plays were headed in the right direction. Not that the screen should disregard the spectacular. But it isn't necessary to tell every celluloid story with de luxe trimmings.

As the screen has progressed, we have gone in strongly for style. We have acquired perfection of workmanship but we have come to forget the heart. Our skill in telling a story has developed towards a flawless pinnacle, but we have come to forget that life moves at haphazard, with crazy side-steps and awkward jumps every now and then. So our screen has come to acquire silken gloves—and to lose its punch.

We have much perfection of lighting, of studio detail and of photography. All these things spell style of picture making. What we need is punch.

Oddly, Chaplin, by stepping back some ten years, may lead the way to the film play of tomorrow.

Do Films Libel Our Land?

THE other day Charles Evans Hughes made a speech in which he stated that our film plays libeled the United States in that they "perniciously distorted" our life for presentation in other lands.

"I wish indeed that that important educational instrument, the motion picture, was not so frequently used in foreign countries to give forth impressions of American life," he said. "It is most discouraging to reflect upon the extent to which the best efforts of educators and the men of public affairs are thwarted by the subtle influence of a pernicious distortion among other peoples with respect to the way in which our people live and the prevalence here of vice and crime."

Mr. Hughes happens to be secretary of state and his remarks consequently gained a bit of newspaper space. Some of our screen executives were tempted to take the comment to heart but somehow we can only view it as another instance of our great American sport of attacking something without knowing anything about it.

Of course, the screen doesn't libel America. Personally, we

think the screen paints the land in too rosy colors. Doesn't it present our native life as revolving pleasantly around a curious assortment of be-curled and be-muscled dumb bells.

How are we to stem the tide of immigration if the films go on showing our beaches peopled with Sennett bathing cuties, if our simplest home life is continually presented as taking place in lavish railroad station interiors and de luxe gardens, if all America appears to spend its evenings diving in private bathing pools?

Secretary Hughes ought not to worry about our films libeling our life. To our way of thinking they're bringing over new citizens under false pretenses.

Portraying Life Under Restrictions

IF the screen actually became a caustic commentary upon our life, it would be much more worth while. But with ministers protesting about any of their guild being shown on the screen in any guise, with every religious denomination shrieking against anything about its creed being touched upon, with censors trimming stories here, there and everywhere, it is well nigh impossible to do anything of dramatic consequence in the films these days.

Until the films have as much latitude as the stage and literature they can not become a vital art. True, the screen is revealing growing pains here and there. *A Woman of Paris* is a sign that the screenplay is growing up. Maybe *Anna Christie* will be another. We are wondering just how America will receive them.

The Screenplay and Poetry

BROOM, that radical magazine of the arts, has just issued a screen number. The result is surprising. For instance, one can find a Frenchman, Philippe Soupault, writing of Los Angeles as a "city of singular dreams and of tormenting realities."

Moreover, M. Soupault declares that the drama and poetry of France—and of the world—has been given new life by the cinema since Chaplin came into his own. "With a stroke of his cane, such a singular magician was he, Charlie Chaplin was able to give an extraordinary vigor, an incredible superiority to the American movies."

And M. Soupault continues: "The 'U. S. A.' cinema has thrown light on all the beauty of our time, all the mystery of modern mechanics. But the light it had projected was so simple, so natural, so little affected that it was hardly noticed. It was, however, one of the greatest and most important artistic discoveries. Everything was revivified with a single stroke."

Another Book on The Movies

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has written the story of his life. Mary Pickford has written of her early days. Even Ma Talmadge is credited—on the title page, anyway—with the authorship of a book about her daughters. And now comes Tamar Lane with another tome.

It's called *What's Wrong with the Movies*, and in it Mr. Lane proves—to his own satisfaction—that darn near everything is the matter. Which is very possible. We often think that way upon emerging from a movie theater.

Mr. Lane laments the fact that the screen has no philanthropists, no martyrs, no self-sacrificing geniuses, and no real leaders—but that, if any one dares to cast a single slurring word

Says FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

against the so-called art, a thousand voices are raised in wrath.

Time will wear the edge off Mr. Lane's indignation. As far as we're concerned, the screen can go right on eating with its knife.

Why Hasn't the Screen a McGraw?

SPEAKING of books, reminds us that no one has yet written a story of their career in the movies to compare in honesty and completeness with John J. McGraw's *My Thirty Years in Baseball*. Here is an absorbing and honest tale, studded with inside stories of boners and dumb-bell slips, along with the flashes of baseball diamond brilliance that go to make the national game.

No one connected with the screen has written with such frankness and freshness. The only celluloid author to come anywhere near admitting a boner is Sam Goldwyn—when he relates of the signing of Mary Garden.

The First Film Biography

FOllowing the death of President Warren G. Harding, a compilation of all motion pictures ever taken of the late executive was made. This has been rounded into a "film biography"—the first of its kind ever made—and it is to be loaned to churches and social organizations for special exhibition.

This presents a new angle upon the function of the motion picture and again raises the question: why isn't there a national museum for our valuable films, many of them of rare historical interest? Aren't we going to save them? Imagine the present day value of a motion picture glimpse of Washington at Valley Forge or Lincoln giving the Gettysburg Address. Something ought to be done about it.

The Movie Panic

AS this issue of SCREENLAND goes to press, movieland is in the throes of a general shutdown. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has announced a complete termination of activities for the present and other big organizations are intimating that they will follow. And they put the panic up to over-production and the high salaries of players.

Somehow we can't resist a smile at this. Both these causes, if they are the actual ones, are the result of the stupidity and cupidity of the magnates themselves. With their usual follow-the-leader attitude, the producers decide that costume pictures are the thing and they all begin producing them at the same time. Thus an "over production" of the romantic film develops.

Rather than train and develop young players, the producers take the easiest course and seek well known actors for their casts. One manager bids against another manager—and the actor's salary climbs upward.

The shut-down may bring a remedy. Naturally, it will force down the salaries of the minor players. A campaign of starvation will always do that against an unorganized body. But it will not get at the root of the problem. The evil goes higher.

We need producers who think for themselves. We need producers who do not let second rate directors spend fortunes in making a picture. We need producers who will develop

young players. In other words, we need a new order of things in the world of celluloidia.

Theater Managers and their Scissors

ACURIOUS custom has developed in our motion picture theaters, particularly those of the larger cities. Here the exhibitors offer elaborate programmes ranging from symphonic music to ballets. Frequently the feature picture does not fit easily into this program, particularly as to running length. Sometimes the exhibitor has ideas of his own as to what he likes and does not like in the feature. In either case he doesn't hesitate to cut the film to suit himself.

We look upon this latitude accorded the house manager as a downright menace to better screenplays. What right has the exhibitor to butcher a finished product upon which one or more experts are staking their name and reputation? We hope that stars and companies with power will make a definite stand on this question and take the menacing scissors away from the exhibitor.

The Reading of Subtitles Aloud

THE reading aloud of motion picture captions has become a crime—at least in Philadelphia. There a male spectator was arrested the other day for reading the titles of a feature picture in a loud voice taken before a magistrate and fined \$13.50. We don't know just how the magistrate arrived at this exact fine. Perhaps it was a Griffith picture.

Now, if some one will begin arresting the people who lunge to their feet and begin climbing out of the theater in the midst of the big scene, we'll be satisfied.

Screen Rights to Sporting Events

JUST what rights have the news reel? Since prize fight promoters began to speculate with the motion picture rights to their sporting events, the animated screen newspaper has been pushed further and further away from its old freedom to picture things of national interest.

The recent Zev-Papyrus race was a case in point. The promoters sold the exclusive rights to photograph this race to Pathé for a sum ranging around \$50,000. Three other firms decided to catch what they could of the event anyway. Cameras, fitted with telephoto lenses, were placed in houses overlooking the track, camera nests were built in handy trees and airplanes were secured to film the event from the sky. Disguised photographers smuggled cameras into the race grounds.

Of course, the purchasers of the exclusive rights realized this—and did everything in their power to prevent the pictures from being made. Guards combed the crowds for cameras. Huge mirrors were erected to dazzle the lenses of rival cameras and smoke screens were sent up to mask the event from sky photography. However, everyone seems to have managed to secure at least something of the race.

The point we raise is beyond the zeal and ingenuity of the purchasers and non-purchasers. Is a public spectacle to be closed to all cameras save those of a person buying the rights? What if the promoters sold the exclusive newspaper rights to one periodical? Just how far is this to go? We're interested—because we believe the screen newspapers has its logical place in our theaters and such a newspaper can only exist if it has at least the measure of freedom accorded its older brother, the printed sheet.

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

¶ The motion picture world has just lapsed into a panic as *Screenland* goes to press. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has closed its Astoria, Long Island, and Los Angeles studios, and, according its expectation, may not re-open until April or May. Other companies are intimating that they will curb production radically, also. At any rate, the screen world will continue in a depression until after the holidays.

¶ The Valentinos return to America after three months in Europe. They were almost washed into the sea as they boarded their ship at Cherbourg. A large wave nearly wrecked their tug.

¶ Baby Peggy celebrates fifth birthday in New York.

¶ Stork again expected in the home of Buster and Natalie Keaton.

¶ Eddie Polo, whose real name is Edward Wyman, brings suit for divorce against wife in Los Angeles, alleging desertion.

¶ Dustin Farnum about to start divorce action against wife, according to report, after marriage of fifteen years.

¶ Mildred David Lloyd returns to screen under direction of Ben Wilson.

¶ Glenn Hunter's reported engagement to May McAvoy said to be a press story. Hunter has temporarily given up his screen work to play *Merton of the Movies* in Chicago.

¶ Charles Ray has also given up films for the time being, doing a footlight version of *The Girl I Love* across country.

¶ Elinor Glyn said to be about to start an independent producing company in California.

¶ Rex Ingram writes to SCREENLAND from Tunis, where he will do the exteriors of *The Arab*.

¶ Edwin Carewe is in the Sahara, near Biskra, starting work on *A Son of the Sahara*. His company numbers Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Montague Love, Rosemary Theby, Walter McGrail, and Paul Pantzer.

¶ Marion Davies starts work on *Janice Meredith* with Everett Shinn as art director.

¶ Marriage of Hope Hampton and Jules E. Brulatour, film producer, announced. Wedding took place in Baltimore, August 22nd.

¶ *Quo Vadis* now being made in Rome with Emil Jannings as Nero.

¶ King Vidor has been in New York directing Laurette Taylor in exteriors of J. Hartley Manners' drama, *Happiness*.

¶ Report from London that George Arliss is to be knighted by the king. Arliss is now playing *The Green Goddess* in London and will do his next screenplay, *The Adopted Father*, over there.

¶ Charlie Chaplin visited Henry Ford in Detroit on way home after New York opening of *A Woman of Paris*.

¶ Billie Dove marries Irvin Willat, the director, at Santa Monica.

¶ Wanda Hawley obtains decree of divorce from Allen Burton Hawley. Among other things, Miss Hawley charged that her husband called her a "dumb-bell."

*Barbara
La Marr*
by RUSSELL BALL



*Malcolm
McGregor*
by EVANS



*Leatrice
Joy*

by EDWIN BOWER HESSER





*Corinne
Griffith*

by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

The First True Life Story of GLORIA SWANSON

By Louella O. Parsons

GTHE second of Screenland's remarkable series of stories of our screen luminaries, tracing the career of the little Essanay extra girl.

PERHAPS, when Gloria Swanson reflects bitterly on the pranks that fate has played on her, there is something reminiscent in her mind of the child who came to Essanay Studios in Chicago, Illinois, one morning about nine years ago straight from the school room to carve out a career for herself. Perhaps, instead of the gorgeous woman, cold, cynical, bitter and harried at her two domestic tragedies, she sees that grey-eyed girl, slim, straight and full of expectant ideals. I still see the girl Gloria under the mask of indifference and the poise that her contact with life's grim reality has brought her.

As An Essanay Extra Girl

THIS youthful Gloria, the daughter of Joseph Swanson and Mrs. Swanson from whom he was separated, was one of a group of girls who were destined to become famous. There was Agnes Hinkle, who changed her name to the more artistic and alliterative cognomen of Agnes Ayers; there was June Walker, now a Broadway actress featured in some of our best productions, among which are *Six Cylinder Love* and *The Nervous Wreck*, and on her way to stardom, if the word of such erudite dramatic critics as Heywood Broun and John Corbin count for anything; and Mabel Forrest, who later became Mrs. Bryant Washburn.

They were all housed in one large dressing room not far from the editorial sanctum where I used to hear their voices and their laughter. All of them light hearted and happy with not one thought beyond fixing up their clothes to get a job with E. Mason Hopper, Richard Baker or Ted Wharton,

GHow tragedy has robbed Gloria of her faith in life—but has made her an interesting actress



Gloria Swanson as a bathing girl at the Mack Sennett studios, with Phyllis Haver.

THE SECOND OF SCREENLAND'S

GA remarkable chronicle of Gloria Swanson's career, from a \$3.50 a day extra, full of expectant ideals, through two tragic marriages to her present disillusioned success.

the directors of Essanay.

They did not specialize on any particular brand of role but held themselves in readiness for anything from Hopper's slapstick comedy to Wharton's mellow melodrama, where the villain always pursued her and the hero without a single exception married her. Those were great days.

Hopper, who has since become one of our best known directors and who is now making pictures for Cosmopolitan, used to say,

"Get ready, girls, for the picture we shoot tomorrow."

"What do we play, Hoppy?" Gloria, Agnes and Mabel would all ask.

"Foolish question," would be the invariable reply. "How do I know, when I haven't written the story yet."



GTop, Gloria Swanson as a child; circle, as she was when she entered the Essanay studios nine years ago; just above, as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty when Cecil De Mille first saw her dramatic possibilities; and, at the right, with Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan, her first De Mille picture, *Male and Female*.

When Gloria Earned \$3.50 a Day

IT was while Gloria was filling in as an extra girl at \$3.50 a day, with a lunch ticket good for fifty cents for luncheon at the old Carmen cafe on Argyle street, that Wallace Beery saw her and looked again. Wallace was making a brand of comedy known as the Sweedie Comedies. He played the role of a Swedish servant girl and directed himself so adroitly he was looked upon as one of Essanay's best bets. Nothing very refined or illuminating about these one reelers but the exhibitors liked them and so long as they brought in the money no one cared how terrible they were.

Comedies hadn't been our Gloria's ambition. She had longed to do *Camille* or *Zaza* or *Juliet* in *Romeo and Juliet*, but a steady job with a director who had personally selected her was something Gloria could not refuse, and so it was comedies for her—comedies that were unfunny and forced and which gave neither her nor Wallace Beery any chance to show the talent that later made them both famous.

Wallace in those days had a yellow roadster that was as conspicuous as the Woolworth Building. As the speed demon, he had few equals. When Wallie's car drove up Argyle, all the women and children ran for cover, with



TRUE LIFE STAR STORIES

Glory has played many bitter pranks upon Gloria Swanson—but these very tragedies have taught her how to act.

a cry "Here comes that terrible movie actor again." Time and time again he was haled into court with the stern warning of innumerable judges and the levying of many fines. He was reprimanded by judge and boss and friend alike but without any effect. Wallie was young in those days and correspondingly reckless. Any bright afternoon when the yellow roadster dashed up Sheridan road and across to Argyle street a slight figure in a tam o' shanter and a correct tailored suit might be seen in the low front seat, hat over her eyes, trying to talk while the speedometer registered sixty miles an hour.

Gloria on the West Side of Chicago

GLORIA's family lived in an apartment on the West Side and her ride in the comfortable speedster after the long jaunt in the elevated approached somewhat the luxury that she had always unconsciously believed belonged to her and that one day she would get. The Swanson family were not in desperate straits, but Gloria was luxury loving and adored beautiful clothes. She longed to spread her wings and fly from the drab mediocrity of her life in a Chicago apartment to the life she felt awaited her in the big world; where opportunities are within the reach of all who know how to find them.

The rest of the girls, with the exception of Mabel Forrest, who had married the handsome Bryant in the meantime and had left the screen, looked upon Gloria with wonder and perhaps a little envy. She had a steady job and any girl who has ever tried earning a living as an extra knows what that means. Just when Gloria was managing to earn about \$30 a week and thinking no girl was ever so lucky, Wallace Beery received an offer to come to Hollywood and join the Mack Sennett company. Mr. Sennett had recruited Ben Turpin from the Essanay left-overs and Turpin was beginning to be such a fine investment he decided Beery might do on a comedy lot.

Gloria Marries Wallace Beery

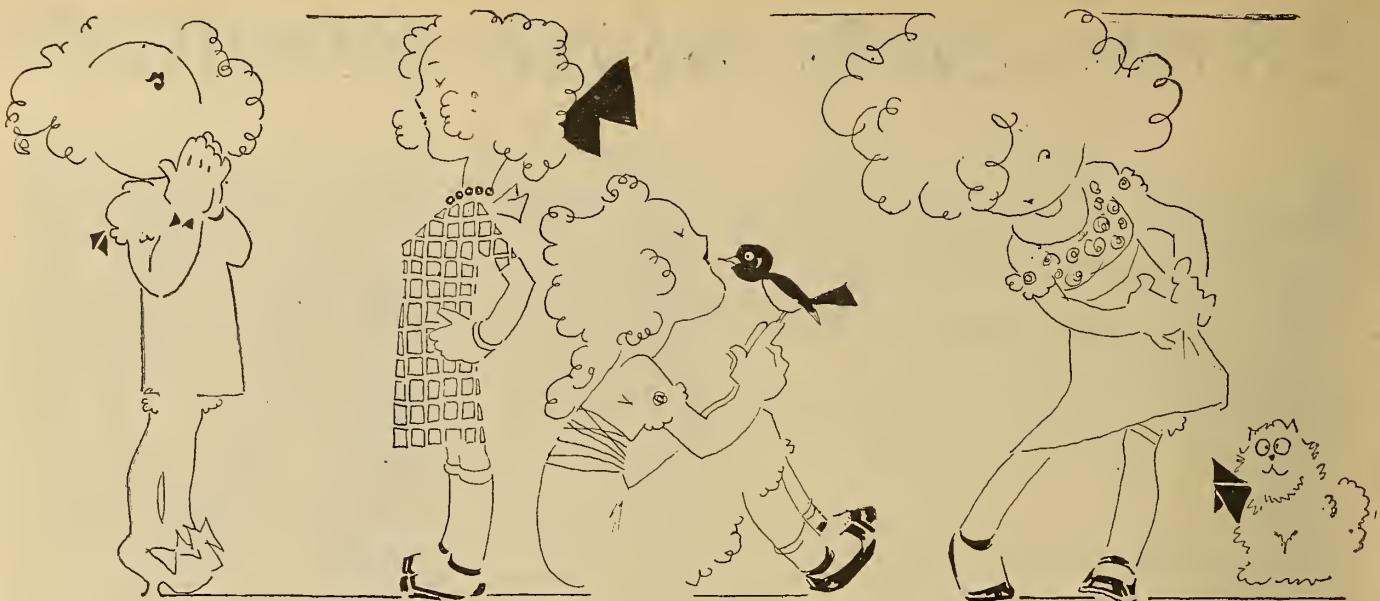
BEERY accepted and, of course, sent for Gloria and married her. But on the Sennett lot, conditions were reversed. Gloria became the star of the family. Sennett couldn't see Beery as a comedian but he could see Gloria and he gave her a chance to show what she could do as a bathing beauty. She was an instantaneous success. The girl with the retrousse nose, the big eyes and the graceful walk won all the movie fans. Beery kept his job because

[Continued on page 84]

Glory has adopted her present mask of cynical coldness to hide the tragedy in her heart. For she has been treated cruelly by the fates in her nine years on the screen.



MAURICE GOLDBERG



Too GOOD to be

Once upon a time, before actresses were such respectable young ladies of irreproachable morals, there were certain circumstances which were supposed to produce dramatic genius. It was, for instance, believed to be extremely lucky for a young actress to have a stage door-keeper for a father and a second-rate character actress for a mother. If it could be so arranged, it was preferable for the actress to be almost born on the stage.

The budding actress was supposed to be unusually fortunate if she could own up to three husbands and four unhappy love affairs before she was twenty-one. Moreover, it was considered desirable for her to travel several years in a barn-storming company, suffer the privations of a road tour and endure the unhappy experience of several seasons in fourth rate musical comedy companies.

The actress was then supposed to be prepared for fame, fortune and the vicissitudes of life. As the saying goes, she was equipped to be an artist.

Sometimes when these veterans of the stage reached stardom, they had some bitter memories in their past. And so grandmother remembers the day when actresses were interesting but not respectable instead of respectable and not interesting.

Making Acting Safe for Flappers

THE movies, even more than the stage, have made acting safe for the young girl. They have made the whole hazardous business of expressing emotions for the benefit of the public as harmless as ice cream sodas and not half so hard on the complexion.

As a result of this kindly chaperonage of Hollywood and the protecting wing of Will Hays, such ambitious young actresses

as Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore and Gloria Hope may be spared the disheartening early experiences of Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Siddons, to say nothing of uphill climb to stardom of such moderns as Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. Fiske, Jeanne Eagels, Pauline Lord and Jane Cowl, none of whom enjoyed any sort of glory or prosperity until they had won it from the hard-boiled public.

- ¶ In the old days of the stage actresses arrived at stardom after years of struggle and hard work.
- ¶ These days the screen does it much quicker. Every year the studio press agents of Hollywood nominate twelve young actresses for stardom. The fortunate young women are christened "baby stars" and pushed by the press agents with a special line of refined publicity.
- ¶ The fact that few of the twelve ever arrive in electric lights never diminishes the optimism of their sponsors.
- ¶ But — picking the "baby stars" is a pleasant little game.

stars are not made by the public but in the studios. Lois Wilson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson and Clara Horton are among those who have been picked in years past to set fire to the Pacific Ocean.

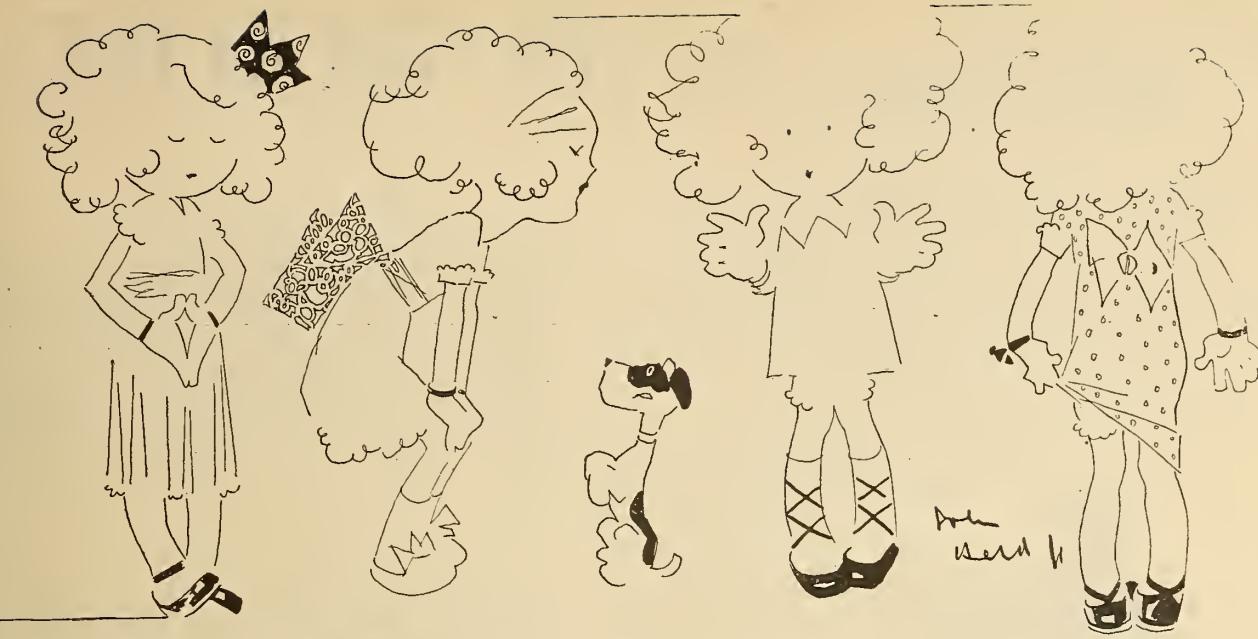
Baby Stars and Refined Publicity

THE fortunate young women, who are chosen for their high moral standing in the community, are christened "baby stars" and are pushed by the press agents with a special line of refined publicity. Each year, the nice girls are interviewed on "how it feels to be a famous actress," although they have to draw on

The Ice Cream Soda School of Acting

THE ice cream soda school of acting flourishes in Hollywood, fostered by the studio press agents who would have the public know that any nice young girl, with a reasonable amount of good looks, can get along in the movies. She doesn't have to be melodramatic and "pay the price." She doesn't even have to be old-fashioned enough to pay the price of learning to act. And paying the price of learning to act is usually about five years of rotten and dreary hard luck.

Every year the studio press agents nominate twelve young actresses for stardom, indicating that



TRUE

The Ice Cream School of Acting and the Virgin Menace of the Screen

their imaginations to answer the question.

The fact that few of the lucky twelve ever arrive in electric lights never diminishes the optimism of their sponsors. Picking the baby stars is a pleasant little game, the girls like it and it doesn't hurt anyone but the little actresses who are blackballed.

Just by way of making the ice cream school of baby stars a settled and definite thing, the ingenues of Hollywood have formed a circle known as Our Club. The morals of Our Club are so excellent that if the late Sarah Bernhardt had gone to Hollywood as a young actress, she would have been severely snubbed.

The requirements for membership are very strict. Any girl who has been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin is frowned upon. Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith and Claire Windsor are not admitted because everyone knows that these girls are in the habit of going to dances without a chaperone.

Making Fudge at Our Club

THE purposes of Our Club are strictly social. The girls just love to get together and make fudge. Or they like to play games, provided the games aren't too rough. Once they took up ballet dancing but, after having their pictures taken for publicity purposes, they stopped the lessons.

For a brief season, they went in for culture. They had been informed that a Mme. Jeanne Balzac was headed for Hollywood. The name of Balzac sounded vaguely familiar so they looked it up in the library. Sure enough, there was a whole shelf devoted to the works of Balzac. To prepare for a possible meeting with the Frenchwoman, they studied up on Balzac.

But when Mme. Balzac arrived, they received a knockout blow. She hadn't written all those books. The books had been

written by her grandfather, a dead and unimportant Frenchman.

Our Club's Social Season

THE height of the social season of Our Club comes when they are invited to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray. The Rays have achieved a great social position in Hollywood simply by hiring a butler. Mrs. Ray, who is not an actress herself, rather enjoys meeting a group of mere professionals—if they happen to be nice girls.

Mary Pickford has entertained Our Club and had them on the premises long enough to have her picture taken with them. Mary endorses Our Club, probably because she remembers her own unhappy days when she was just a stage child troup ing with stock companies. Mary herself, never spent any evenings making fudge or playing guessing games. The only guessing game she played was guessing where her next job was coming from.

Conspicuous in Private Life Anyway

THE girls of Our Club are considerably more conspicuous in private life than they are on the screen. You are more apt to remember Patsy Ruth Miller as the heroine of a thousand vicious interviews than you are as the negative Esmeralda of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. You know that Helen Ferguson is a nice girl and good to her mother and sister, but you have only a sketchy idea of her on the screen.

Colleen Moore is a lively little Irish girl who was recently married, but you have to think twice before you can recall some of her screen characterizations. Mildred Davis, of course, was Harold Lloyd's leading woman until—*Continued on page 100*

CHow film farces are built by comedy architects—the gagmen

In the TEMPLES

PICTURE-making is a thing of opposites. Producers striving to be serious are funny while comedians anxious to be funny are serious.

Giggle-picklers insist the canning of comedies is a deathly-in-earnest tussle in which their strangle-holds on laughter often slip.

Thrill-throttlers with a story to trifle with have a much easier time, they say. Slap-stickers cannot be hampered with a story while the lip-stickers refuse to be.

Photoplay patrons ambling out of a flicker shop after two reels of giggles have often exhibited a corrugated brow. The poor, erstwhile chuckle-heads are trying to figure out why they laughed and at what. Hence the non-skid foreheads.

Making Comedies a Serious Business

THIS making of film comedies is a serious business and the titter-tailors, cudgelling their brains for a laugh, have rendered their heads as bald as their humor. The floor about the chair of a gag-man, when he can find a chair, after an eight-hour stalking of the furtive snicker is littered with handfuls of his hair.

And what is a gag-man? Just a witty wight whose motto is: "It is to laugh!"

Gag-men are the court jesters to comedy-cannisters whose sense of humor has been completely effaced by the cash-register. They assay the chortle value of the ridiculous and attempt to put a celluloid collar about the neck of Mirth. If it were not for



them our screen farces would be skull-bound but not gagged.

They have made bank-rolls for Buster Keaton, Mack Sennett, Hal Roach, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin and all will own Gnash cars after eight or nine more payments.

Their identity is veiled in mystery, for their bosses' press agents tell the world each comedian does his own stuff. Either that or the gag-men are ashamed to admit they live by their wits.

Who Are The Gag Men?

IHAVE been told that Harold Lloyd has a gag-man by the name of Sam Taylor. The man who told me this upsetting bit of gossip I would believe outside of his working hours. But since he is a press agent who was talkative at 10 o'clock in the morning I am inclined to be dubious.

"A gag-man is an undignified scenario writer," says Sam.

"A scenario writer is a man who wears black-ribboned eyeglasses and an air of importance. He also writes scripts for dramatic productions.

"A gag-man is a guy

Until the gag man appeared, the chief ingredients of film farce were custard pies, stuffed clubs, rubber bricks, smoke bombs and comedy chases.

Then the gag man began to devise comic stunts.

Here's what some of the famous gag men earn:

Chuck Reisner (Chaplin).....\$750
Sam Taylor (Harold Lloyd)... 500
Joe Mitchell (Buster Keaton). \$500
H. M. Walker (Harold Lloyd). \$500
Marcel Perez (Jimmy Aubrey). \$400

who wears last year's straw hat and a hang-dog, under-dog air. He gets ideas for comedies. The more he gets, the more he is abused.

"When a scenario writer sees a director he smiles disdainfully.

"When a gag-man sees a director he puts what little tail he has not had bitten off between his legs and slinks.

"A scenario writer types his thoughts, if possible, upon big, clean sheets of foolscap—reams of it.

How The Gag-Man Works

AGAG-MAN scribbles his on the back of a dirty envelope. Sometimes he summons up enough courage to whisper them to a director and then hangs his head in shame.

"Then the director has them photographed and a million people have a good laugh.

Cecile Evans, one of Mack Sennett's new bathing girls, looks to see if her make-up is on right

"They proclaim the director to be a blessing upon earth. The comedian they elevate to heaven.

"There's only one place left

of TEE-HEE!

By
H. B. K. Willis

for the gag-man. He may as well go there as get it.

"Gag-men are not used in the drama. Producers are afraid they may sneak in a laugh and wake up the audience.

"Scenario writers take themselves seriously. Its a good thing somebody does.

"Gag-men are afraid to take themselves seriously. Hence they make the world laugh—a blessing for humanity and a very serious thing.

"When dignified scenario writers become serious they usually put the world to sleep—which is a very funny thing.

"Therefore a scenario writer is funny and a gag-man serious.

"But he doesn't know it and his pay-check doesn't show it.

What the Gag-Man Earns

"I HAVE heard some gag-men get five hundred a week. Five hundred what per week? The "per" means perhaps they do and perhaps they don't.

"A gag-man doesn't write the story of his picture. He thinks it. That's much harder than writing. He can't even spell continuity.

"But dictionaries are more plentiful than brains, and scenario writers more numerous than gag-men. Hence the producers pay scenario writers huge salaries.

"They don't figure that gag-men are worth anything.

"Well maybe they aren't."

But if it wasn't for the laugh-preservers film farces would be as hopeless as a far-flung custard pie. The gagmen are a development in the business of the ha-ha dealers. They were unknown in the Keystone Kop era when comedians were chased. (correct.)

The Custard Pie Era of Comedy

"IN those days the one reel humorous horrors were simple—very simple. Custard pies, stuffed clubs, rubber bricks, smoke bombs and the endurance of the dash-hounds were the chief ingredients of a screen comedy. A director who dared to make one without a chase would get one from the lot.

Then the directors used to leave their lots to make a comedy with their cameras. Today they leave with their cameras and gag-men.

Grin-grabbing methods have changed. Ideas weren't necessary in the old days. Today they are everything.

When one sees a gag-man sneak into a studio with a wild light in his eye and his lips working convulsively

(Continued on
page 92)

¶ "Screen farces," says Syd Chaplin, "move in cycles."

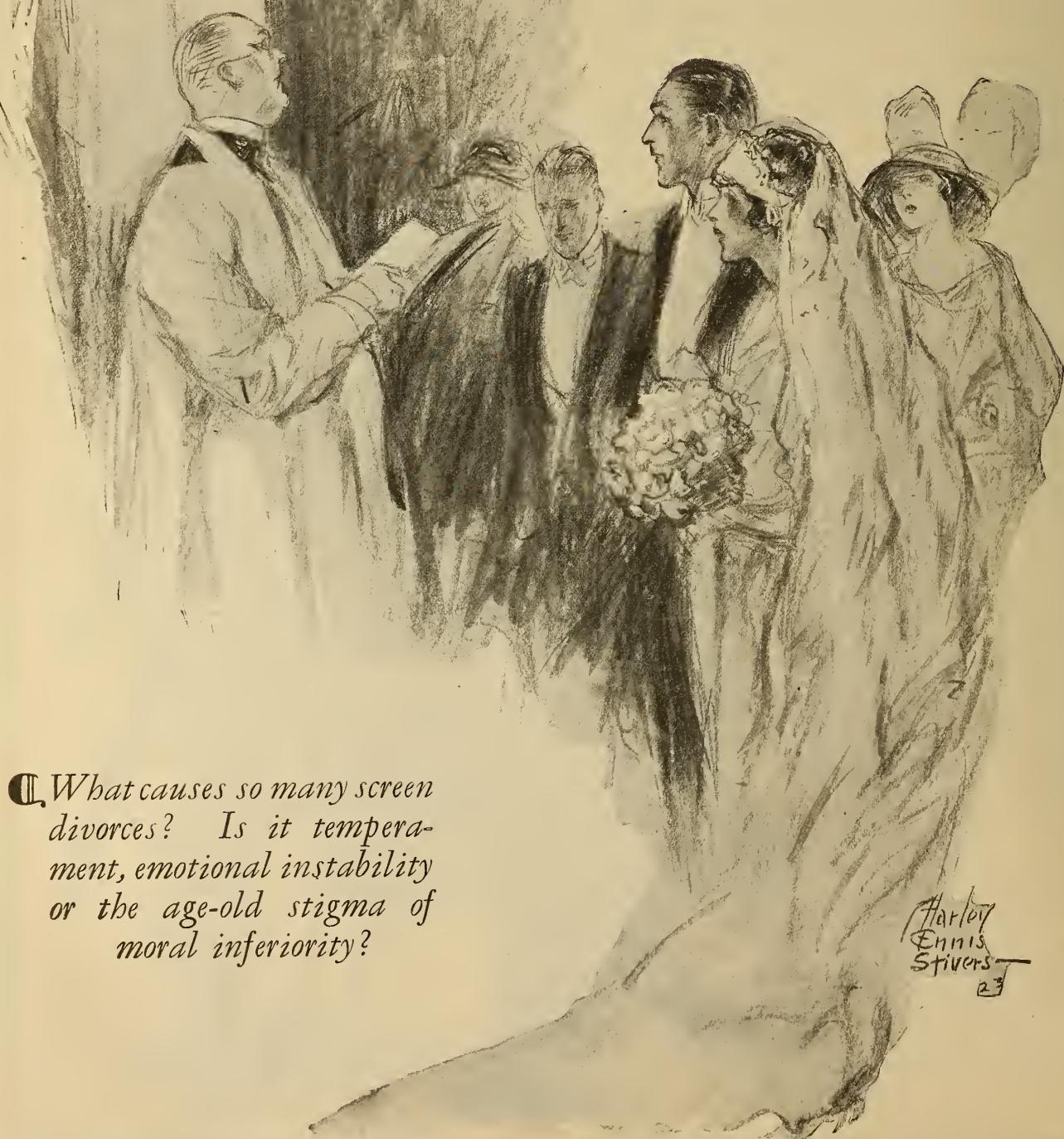
¶ "There's the custard pie cycle, the animal age, the bathing girl era, with producers stealing from each other so zealously that no one knows who started any particular brand of comedy."



¶ Mack Sennett, the king of slapstick, sitting on the studio sidelines.

DIVORCE:

Q Do make-believe characters portrayed by film actors weaken the real ones—and in time efface them?



Q What causes so many screen divorces? Is it temperament, emotional instability or the age-old stigma of moral inferiority?

Harley
Ennis
Stivers
23

The Menace of the Screen

¶What are the real causes of the matrimonial wrecks among the screen players?

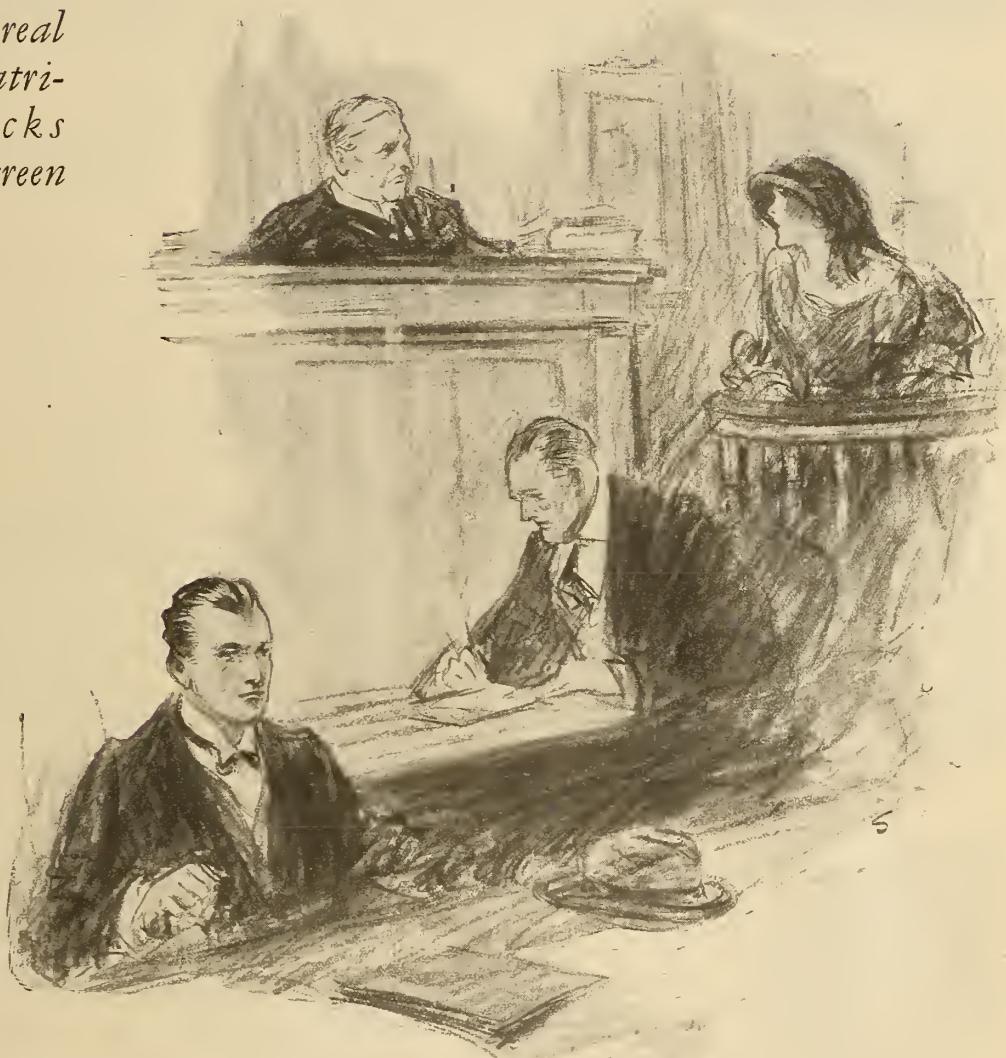
By
Susie
Sexton
and
Grace
Kingsley

Why do motion-picture stars seldom succeed in marriage? What is the explanation for the ever-increasing number of matrimonial wrecks in the lives of men and women of the screen? How many causes are responsible for sudden separations of husbands and wives, the dissensions which follow romantic marriages, the choosing of new mates after years of happiness? Does temperament make a bad marital mariner of the Hollywood player? Or is the professional matrimonial sea lined with reefs from which none, however cautious, may escape?

These questions have scientific and legal answers. They have been enumerated by two prominent authorities on the divorce problem in New York City. One is Max D. Steuer, noted divorce lawyer, who has appeared in the courts in hundreds of cases. The other is Dr. Ira S. Wile, psychologist, whose investigations into the causes of mental deficiency in children and their cure are attracting national attention. Divorce and the relations of parents to one another have much to do with the mental status of a child.

Sham Characters Weaken the Real

Various causes of incompatibility appear in the scientific analysis of film divorces made by Dr. Wile. Each case is complex and has many contributing causes. But there is one determining factor in all of them.



Men and women of the screen as well as the stage are human sieves through which are sifted constantly the characters they are accustomed to play, Dr. Wile declared. Eventually the make-believe character weakens the foundations of the real one. In time it effaces it completely.

A soubrette may be a faithful wife when she gets her first part as a pert French maid. After a few engagements, however, emotional intrigue becomes as essential to her actual life as a feather duster is to her camera role.

Actor Always the Great Lover

Great screen lovers may mean the marriage vow when they slip the first wedding ring out of the lower right hand vest pocket in the Little Church Around the Corner. But no serum will counteract the Romeo virus after it has entered the blood, according to Dr. Wile's divorce diagnosis. Actors must act off as well as on the screen. If they lived the normal lives of average husbands they would not be acting.

Before the camera the actor is constantly breathing love



©STRAUSS-PEYTON
C, Lou Tellegen



C, Pauline Frederick



C, Elsie Ferguson



C, Alice Brady



C, Renee Adoree

PSYCHO-ANALYZING *the*

speeches beneath a balcony or over the garden gate. Eventually he becomes the great lover twenty-four hours a day. He is always making vows across the restaurant table, in the subway, the apartment house elevator or the drawing room. He must win many women to convince himself that he is a good romantic type. Any attractive woman may play opposite to him. Inevitably the wife assumes a minor position.

Screen vampires seldom make faithful wives because they demand the same proof of their ability to break hearts. They must keep in practice. Holding a husband's love does not prove that one is irresistible. So the vamp is constantly on the alert for new victims. A legal husband is soon discarded because she knows that she has been successful with him. New husbands and new lovers must prove that she still understands men and has power over them.

Press Agents Wreck Matrimony

PRESS agents have probably done as much to fill the divorce courts as drink, mothers-in-law and mismatching, Dr. Wile points out. Notoriety sidesteps a happy marriage. The husband who sends his wife flowers every day and the wife who warms his slippers never get front page headlines. This is another reason for many screen separations. Publicity is essential to success. Domestic harmony is not.

Other causes contributing to domestic rifts are also enumerated by the psychologist. Susceptibility of players is one important factor. Selfishness and opportunity for sexual freedom are responsible for a certain percentage of divorces. Long hours have a deteriorating effect. Childlessness and the itinerant life of the actor and actress do their share of alienation.

Love at first sight, declares the psychologist, is nearly always a divorce passport already

vised. Hasty marriages based only on sex appeal almost invariably result in disunion and domestic havoc.

Public Also to Blame

DR. WILE also accuses the public of making marriage difficult for the actor and actress. From the first days of the stage an inferiority complex has

been forced upon them. A low standard of morality has resulted. Not because the players are fundamentally unsound in morals, but because the world has convinced them that they are lax in this regard.

From the legal point of view of Max D. Steuer, film husbands and wives who decide to separate are the victims of conditions they cannot control. If they had the environment of business or society men and women they would celebrate just as many silver weddings.

Meet Under Unnatural Conditions

DR. IRA S. WILE, New York psychologist, gives the following reasons for the ever-increasing divorce rate among motion picture stars:

- C, Desire to escape the publicity of a happy marriage.
- C, Early morning press notices and the damned critic who talks about a hated rival.
- C, Assumptions of false values and association with the types an actor constantly filters through himself. Eventually actors and actresses become in character the parts they are accustomed to play, whether soubrettes, vamps, villains or great lovers. Such identification for the time being unsettles one's own character and in time replaces it altogether.
- C, Emotional instability and the element of susceptibility in their lives.
- C, Long hours and constant strain.
- C, Blasphemies of Church and State which have held ever over the actor's head the stigma of moral inferiority.
- C, Selfishness, theoretic love of self-expression and opportunity for everything that is desirable or undesirable in sexual freedom.
- C, Lack of children or other natural ties.
- C, Itinerant occupation.
- C, The spotlight wedding in three scenes. The first day he says, "Gee, she's a peach. I'm for her." On the second they are married. The third the lawyers get a case.

playing in the same company. Night after night for months or a year two good looking young people make sympathetic speeches to each other. They are in a false environment. They see each other only under romantic conditions in which unattractive elements are completely missing.

"When people in other walks of life marry they meet socially. They have a chance to observe each other's mannerisms, habits and characters under all sorts of conditions. They find out about each other's families and antecedents. When they finally get married they have a pretty fair idea of what to expect."

"As soon as professional people marry the

Causes of FILM DIVORCE

manager tears them apart. Separation begins almost as soon as the minister pockets the fee. Managers do not want husbands and wives together. The wife goes to a Western studio. Her husband is sent to New York. At first they may exchange ardent letters. Then the wife suddenly finds that another young man just as sympathetic as her husband is making pretty speeches to her. The husband has a similar experience with a charming young woman. Their letters stop. Divorce is inevitable.

Separation Brings Divorce

"**A**ny husband and wife kept apart for any length of time will sooner or later reach the divorce court. It is human nature. This was proved conclusively during the war. When soldiers went to the front, wives knew that their husbands had to be fairly faithful to them. There was no opportunity to pay attention to other women. Most wives doubtless intended to be loyal when they saw their husbands march away. Yet after the war both the English and American divorce courts proved that even under war conditions a man and wife will drift apart when separated.

"Husbands and wives must be together if they are going to remain married. This is true among all classes of people. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are happily married. They have always played in the same company and have never been separated. That is probably the reason why they have never been divorced."

Are these scientific and legal explanations the real reasons why motion-picture stars are divorced? Careful scrutiny of divorce records prove that they are.

The Case of Lou Tellegen

LOU TELLEGEN was recently divorced by Gertrude Farrar because, it is alleged, he was not content to appear as the great lover only on the stage and at his own fireside. These two stars had appeared together on the screen. According to the evidence introduced by Miss Farrar, Mr. Tellegen often appeared in two or three real life

balcony scenes after the curtain had dropped on Broadway's matinee and evening performances. Sometimes the back drop was an apartment house foyer. Again it was a vestibule of a Long Island bungalow. But Mr. Tellegen was always irresistible and the leading ladies were many.

Willard Mack's wives have been almost as numerous as his activities on screen and stage. Eddie Foy and the late Nat Goodwin also found the necessity for playing Lothario off stage so insistent that marriage records could no longer be kept in the family bibles. The hero habit is as difficult to shake off as the heroin addiction.

Does Domesticity Kill Publicity?

CMax D. Steuer, noted divorce lawyer, attributes stage and film divorces to two causes—the balcony scene and the manager.

C"Theatrical men and women usually marry because they have been making sympathetic speeches to each other in the same company," he declares.

C"They do not have the opportunity to observe each other under normal conditions as other people do. As soon as the minister finishes the ceremony the manager tears them apart. The wife goes East, the husband West.

C"In a few weeks each is appearing in another balcony scene with an individual just as attractive as the one recently married. Separation of husband and wife in any profession invariably leads to divorce."

not getting them anywhere in the daily press. They agreed upon a six-block divorce, which brought out columns of journalistic discussion. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and their three daughters eat dinner together every night and celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary ensemble.

But they have divided their furniture and their daughters on a 50-50 basis and occupy apartments separated by six blocks. Mrs. Bennett has taken the piano, the chaise longue and the Persian cat. To Mr. Bennett goes the library and one bedroom set.

It was the piano and the servant problem which caused most of the trouble in the Bennett family. Mr. Bennett slept late and the piano interrupted his slumber. Mrs. Bennett could not find a cook who would serve five breakfasts each morning.

But will a separation [Continued on page 87]



Monte Blue



Leatrice Joy



Lionel Barrymore



Marie Prevost



Wanda Hawley



A Review of the **VAMPIRE**

By
Delight Evans

CBabylon: "Cy came over from Persia and, despite all that I could do, completely forgot the wife and kiddies."

My First Close-up Occurred.
Back in Babylon.
Cy—I called him That—
Came Over from Persia; and
Despite All that I could Do,
Completely Forgot
The Wife and Kiddies
At Home. He
Told Me I had
A Great Future—
Never a Word
About the Past; Cy
Was one of the
Good Scouts of his Time.
He Offered
To Star Me
In Persian Productions.
Belshazzar
Bored Me a Bit,
Anyway. I Longed
For a Chance
To Do
More Emotional Work.
And So
Babylon Fell
For Me.

I was Solomon's
Favorite Wife.
Honest, I Was.
I Wrote the Music
For "The Song of Songs."
Yes—and
I was the Original Chief Wife
Of the Sultan's Harem—
D o n ' t
A s k **G**Merrie England:
Which
One.
I admit-
ted the
First

"Dear Old Henry
the Eighth, was mad
about me, and wrote
me letters; but I
never used them to
get publicity."

English Hero
Into the Seraglio—
You Know the Scene—
The Secret Passage—
The Beckoning Slave—
Those Little Iron-Grilled Windows—
Plenty of Pillows—
And a Swimming Pool.
We Had a Swimming Pool
Long Before
Sennett and C. B.
Ever Thought of It.
In Fact, I Was the First
Phyllis Haver.
And It was I
Who Inspired the Title
About, "All the Allure of the Orient
Met
In this Little Turkish Rose."



From Babylon to Hollywood

Where she is now
accomplishing
bigger and
better things

Decorations
By Wynn

I WAS One
Of Those
Ladies of the Italian Renaissance—
To Put It Mildly.
There Were No Censors Then
To Cramp my Style.
I Had Everything
My Own Way; and
As a Result, I
Broke Up
Many a Palace; and
Things were Said
About a Certain Duke of Milan
And Me.
Leonardo
Wanted Me
To Pose for him; but
I Never Could Find
The Time.
Lucrezia Borgia
Grew Jealous—



Versailles: "At the Court of Louis—I forgot his number, although I had it at the time, I first said, 'Apres Moi.'"

THE Next Thing I Remember
Was England—
And Dear Old
Henry the Eighth.
He was Mad about Me, and
Wrote Me Letters; but
I'll Say This Much
For Myself—I Never Used Them
To Get Publicity.
I Lead him On, and On, and On—
Until One Day
I was Late for Charades.
As a Result,
Anne Boleyn
Lost her Head
Completely.

THEN
At the Court of Louis—
I Forget
His Number, though
I Had It
At the Time.
Anyway, I First Said
"Apres Moi."
The Pompadour
Was My Own Idea,
Although that Woman
Did Take
All the Screen Credit.
As for French Heels—
"Louis," I Said,
"I'm So Much Taller
Than You, We Must Look Funny
Together. Those Low Heels
Aren't So Good
On You. French Heels
Will Give you Height."

Hollywood: "I saw that
it was up to me to help
keep the screen clean
and I determined to
lead a bigger, better
life."

He Never
Would Have
Thought of That
Himself.
(Continued on
page 99)





ABBE

CA remarkable portrait—never before published—of David Wark Griffith, presenting a different phase of the famous director.

CSince *Intolerance*, D. W. Griffith has been struggling for independence with bill collectors at his elbow

The WOLF at the Studio Door

By Frederick James Smith

T

HERE is an interesting side to the career of David Wark Griffith that has never been revealed. This presents the director fighting for financial freedom for seven years—and struggling desperately with creditors at the studio door.

Possibly this tells the story of why Griffith isn't the screen adventurer of old. It isn't easy to dare with a bill collector at your elbow.

Only the other day Griffith paid off another note on the huge debt he acquired in making *Intolerance*. Stretching between *Intolerance* and today is a path barbed with financial perils. Now that Griffith has fought his way through the truth may be told.

Used Personal Fortune on *Intolerance*

BACK in 1916 "D. W." decided to make *Intolerance*. It was a daring venture and a labor of love in one. Today this spectacle would cost well over two million dollars to produce. *Intolerance* actually ran to \$650,000 before it was completed. Most of this money was Griffith's own—his profits from *The Birth of a Nation*. (Incidentally, this is the only instance on record of a director putting his entire personal fortune into his own venture). As the production progressed, Griffith ran beyond his own pocketbook. He began to borrow. He secured money here and there—and finally finished the spectacle. But he was badly in debt.

America entered the war and Griffith tossed his own plans aside to do *Hearts of the World* as his contribution to the conflict. While *Hearts of the World* did not cost a great deal, due to the aid given Griffith by the Allied governments, it ran the director further in debt. *Hearts of the World* was completed, released and seemed well on its way to make a fortune—when the war ended. Audiences would have no more "war stuff" and Griffith lost a million.

Gives Up Freedom Temporarily

THE director was in a serious position and he decided to give up his independence temporarily that his creditors might be paid. He signed a contract with Famous Players for twelve pictures.

Here again the fates took a hand. With the war ended, the purchasing power of the dollar dwindled and the cost of production mounted. Griffith found that the Famous Players

contract, which had looked so promising, was developing into a Frankenstein monster. Before four pictures were completed, Griffith discovered that he was actually receiving less for his productions than a third rate star.

Griffith found he couldn't buy expensive stories. He couldn't employ costly players. He couldn't maintain the necessary all-round staff. But, despite this, he did make *Broken Blossoms*, still a milestone of film progress. And he bought it back from Famous Players at a loss in order to present it as he felt it should be presented.

All this may sound like bad business. But it came of two things: Griffith's desire to keep faith with his creditors and the most unusual business conditions the country ever saw.

Mounting Costs Overtakes Griffith

AFTER his contract with Famous Players, Griffith accepted an order to do three productions for First National. Again he under-estimated business conditions. Again he was overtaken by mounting production costs. He lost once more.

Then came his connection with his present releasing organization, United Artists. In order to have time to do *Way Down East*, Griffith bought back *The Love Flower* from First National—again at a loss—and turned it over to United.

The beginning of *Way Down East* found Griffith badly in debt. The money for this production was raised by stock selling, Griffith receiving seven dollars for every \$15 worth of stock sold. Thus \$1,600,000 was raised—of which Griffith received some \$750,000 for production use.

Way Down East Costs \$700,000

MEANWHILE, in order to carry on his elaborate plans, Griffith acquired his Mamaroneck, N. Y., studios. This was an added financial burden, but Griffith considered it a necessary one. *Way Down East* was finished, scored a popular success and began earning money.

But the returns from a film filter back slowly. Griffith again had little working capital, but this time he had a big studio overhead. He made *Dream Street* to help meet this.

Then he did *Orphans of the Storm* with the money that was now being steadily turned in by *Way Down East*. He finished it, and once more had the familiar bill collector at his side.

In succession Griffith did *One Exciting* (Continued on page 101)

The TEN Best Screen Dramas

SCREENLAND'S canvas of its readers, for a vote upon the ten best motion-picture dramas of all time,

is developing a remarkable interest. Indeed, the reader vote has many more interesting phases than the canvas of film notables and writers. Yet, oddly enough, perhaps, the two canvases seem to be centering upon practically the same celluloid plays.

The Birth of a Nation, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Broken Blossoms* and *The Miracle Man* are to be found upon practically every list submitted by our readers, much as they were upon practically every professional list.

Aside from the other screenplays named on this page as the first ten selections of our readers, it is interesting to note that *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *Manslaughter*, *Over the Hill, Smilin' Through*, *The Sheik*, *The Kid*, *Merry-Go-Round*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and *Human Wreckage* have been receiving a considerable vote.

SCREENLAND is going to continue the vote of its readers for a month or two longer. If you haven't already expressed your opinion on this interesting problem, better do it at once.

The reader vote, thus far, differs in but just one thing. Charlie Chaplin, and, indeed, all comedies, have a low place in the estimation of our readers, judging from the vote. *The Kid* alone has received a vote of any consequence. Perhaps this is due to the universal—and faulty—idea that drama is something of moment and comedy is something of slight value.

The canvas has brought forward many interesting letters. None of them interested us more than that of Helen McGarry of 1033 Coronado Terrace, Los Angeles, Cal., who gave as her ten: *Broken Blossoms*, *Passion*, *The Kid*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Foolish Wives*, *A Woman of Paris*, *Deception*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*, and *Where is My Wandering Boy This Evening?* Miss McGarry went further and named her ten best performances of all time as Betty Nansen in *Resurrection*, Henry Walthall in *The Avenging Conscience*, Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*, Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*, Henny Porten in *Deception*, Emil Jannings in *Deception*, Pola Negri in *Carmen*, Eric Von Stroheim in *Foolish Wives*, Adolphe Menjou in *A Woman of Paris* and Edna Perviance in *A Woman of Paris*.

Mrs. Maud Weir submitted an excellent list, numbering *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*, *Broken Blossoms*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Tol'able David*, *Enemies of Women*, *Foolish Wives*, *Passion*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Lure of Jade*, and *Brawn of the North*. And Mrs. Weir named her best performances as those of John Barrymore, Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess; Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Lionel Barrymore, Eric Von Stroheim, Pola Negri, George Arliss, Ernest Torrence, Pauline Frederick and Strongheart in these pictures in the order named. Mrs. Weir alone omitted a best performance from *A Birth of a Nation*.

Screenland continues its quest for a list of the best screenplays ever made

John R. Case, of 252 Sisson Avenue, Hartford, Conn., gives his ten as *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Battle*

Cry of Peace, *The Miracle Man*, *The Golem*, *Robin Hood*, *The Sin Flood*, *Driven*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Human Wreckage*, and *Nanook of the North*. A pretty good slant upon picture making!

Louise Morgan, of 449 West 123d Street, New York City, gives another—and possibly stronger—list of ten: *A Woman of Paris*, *Birth of a Nation*, *Broken Blossoms*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Girl I Love*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Nanook of the North*, *Passion* and *The Toll of the Sea*.

L. A. Spence, of 56 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass., names the following as the pictures "I have enjoyed most": *Passion*, *Tol'able David*, *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *The Miracle Man*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Way Down East* and *Hearts of the World*. Mr. Spence differentiates between these and the ten most significant pictures. He drops *The Four Horsemen* and *Way Down East* from the list and adds *The Birth of a Nation* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

Pearl Kateley, of 661 East 126th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, gives her ten as: *Quo Vadis*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Broken Blossoms*, *The Miracle Man*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *The River's End*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Passion* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Miss Kateley wants to know why *Broken Blossoms* and other screenplays on her list aren't revived regularly?

Which is a pertinent comment, indeed. Possibly SCREENLAND's campaign will lead to some genuinely attractive revivals. We hope so.

Dorothy Bishop, of 74 Walmer Road, Toronto, Canada, submits an excellent list, consisting of *Broken Blossoms*, *Prunella*, *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Trifling Women*, *Where the Pavement Ends*, *Merry-Go-Round*, and *The Green Goddess*. Come to think of it, we wonder why more readers haven't named *Prunella*, which, to our way of thinking was Maurice Tourneur's finest effort, a thing of charming fantasy.

May Cochran, of 4 Woessner Avenue, N.S., Pittsburgh, Pa., gives her list of the ten outstanding motion pictures of all time as *The Birth of a Nation*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Passion*, *The Miracle Man*, *Blood and Sand*, *Stella Maris*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *Dream Street* and *A Fool There Was* (the original, with Theda Bara).

Lee Bailey, Box 176, Fulton, Arkansas, makes a list of ten pictures he "liked a great deal better than most million dollar productions that I have seen." The ten: *Peggy*, *Mickey*, *Eyes of Youth*, *Male and Female*, *Why Change Your Wife?*, *Suds*, *The Thunderbolt*, *Kick In*, *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, and *Gypsy Blood*.

SCREENLAND regrets that it lacks enough space to reprint all the lists. More will be published next month.

*Gloria
Swanson*

by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON





*Conway
Tearle*

by HENRY WAXMAN

*Jetta
Goudal*

by PACH BROTHERS





*Pauline
Starke*

by CLARENCE S. BULL

"SURE"

Said

Nita

**A Chat in the
New Manner**

By

E. V. Durling

MISS NALDI," I said, tripping over a tiger skin rug and knocking down a flock of incense burners, "what do you think of matrimony?"

"Is this," asked Nita, "an interview or a proposal?"

"As you wish," I said, bowing slightly.

"Well, under those circumstances you are entitled to my opinion, which I will have you understand is no humble one. I think matrimony is worth a trial."

Nita on Divorce

"**A**ND divorce, Miss Naldi?" I inquired with pencil poised in mid-air just like a regular movie reporter.

"Also worth a trial," answered Nita without pausing a second.

Smart girl, Nita.

"Have you had any experience in these matters?" I continued bravely. I may be healthy but I am a bad insurance risk.

A Co-respondent's School

"**I**DON'T know whether to laugh in your face or burst out crying," replied Nita, "but if you must know I went to co-respondent's school."

"Co-respondent's school?" I said, raising my eyebrows to register amazement.

"Sure," replied Nita, slapping me on the back, "wasn't I in the Follies?"

Nita's great company.

"Let's be serious, Miss Naldi," I interrupted sternly, "remember I came to interview you. Now pay attention to me. Do you think matrimony can be improved upon?"

"I'll say it can," answered Nita, "and here's my idea. Why



KEYES

Nita Naldi

not marriage contracts. For instance, say you and I decided to be married."

"Hot Dog," I cried enthusiastically.

"Be yourself, Greeley," said Nita, "I'm only supposing."

"Now don't interrupt me. We decide to be married. Well, we draw up a contract for three years, with no options, providing of course for a generous allowance for dress, miscellaneous expenditures and so on for the party of the first part which would be me. At the end of the three years if everything hasn't been all jake we look around to see if we can better ourselves."

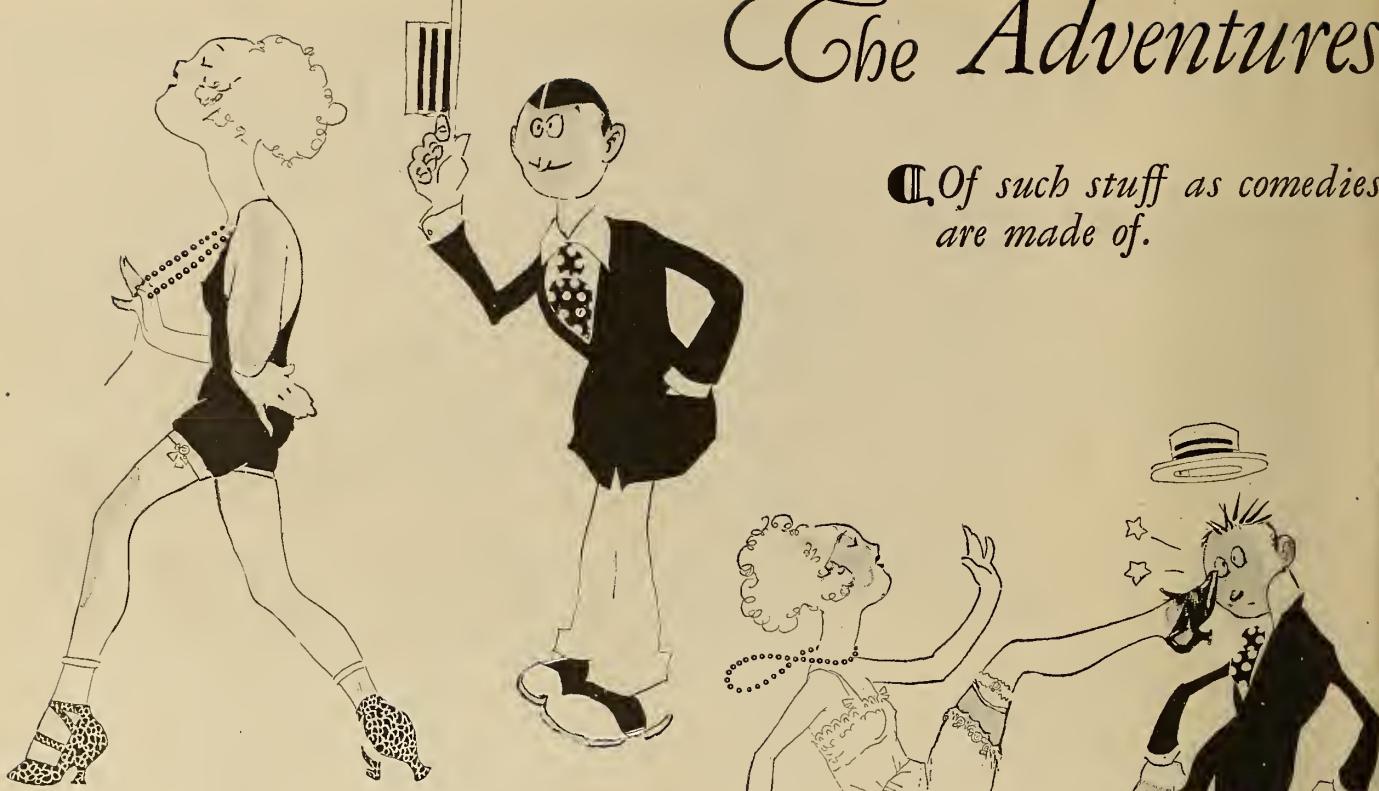
"Think of the possibilities," continued Nita, warming up to her subject, "and of the tea table conversations."

"Are you going to renew, my dear?" Mrs. Black would say to Mrs. White.

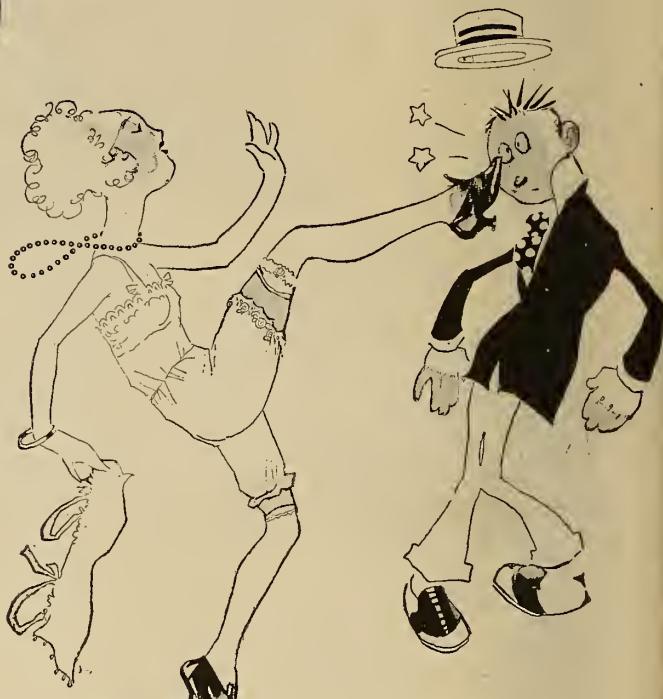
[Continued on page 95]

The Adventures

Of such stuff as comedies
are made of.



1
On the studio beach one morning a cross-eyed gentleman—



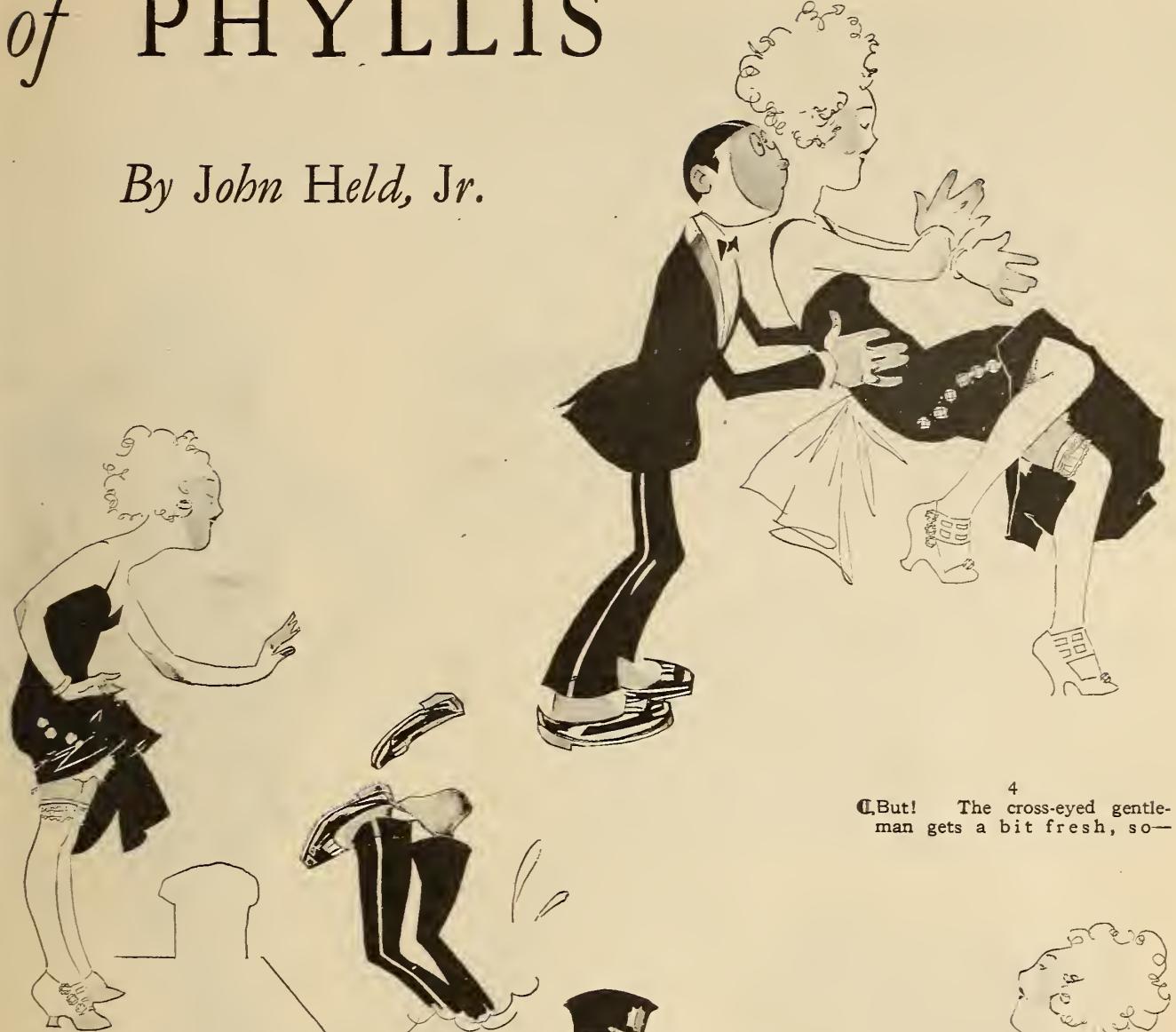
2
Quite by accident gets
into Phyllis' bath house
and acquires an eyefull.



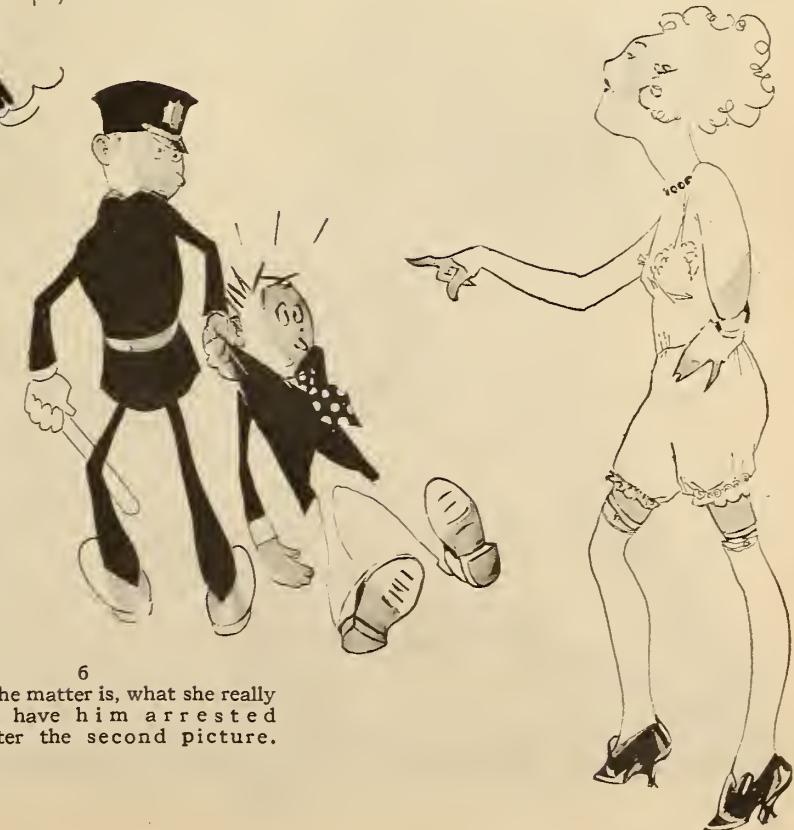
3
And so, to atone for the black eye,
she consents to supper in a cafe
where, for some unexplainable rea-
son, the waiters wear roller skates.

of PHYLLIS

By John Held, Jr.



5
Phyllis proceeds to push him off the dock.





¶ There's a new order of bathing girls on the Mack Sennett lot. For a long time, you know, Mack declined to reveal the sea-going cutie of all. And so, for these many moons, it has seemed as if all the one-piece pulchritude glory of the old days was gone for ever.



¶ Better paste the names of the bathing girls presented on this page in your hat. You'll hear—and see—more of 'em. Just above, ladies and gentlemen, is Eugenia Gilbert.

¶ Again we ask your undivided attention for a moment. Just below, reclining in the beach chair, is Betty Francisco, who has reversed the usual process by stepping from drama to bathing girl roles. We now realize what a fine actress is Betty. At the right Gladys Tennyson. We might make a snappy poetic wheeze here—but we won't.



Welcome
back to
Mr.
SENNETT'S
B E A C H

Below, the dangerous mirror squad of the Mack Sennett forces. Left to right, Margaret Cloud, Cecille Evans and Elsie Tarron.



Just above, Irene Lentz and Betty Francisco. Do you blame us for presenting Betty twice. Were betting that she will be heir apparent for the bathing suit of the famous Phyllis Haver and Harriette Hammond.



FIVE

*By
Delight
Evans*



T

HE child stood there. She was only five, but she looked younger—such a tiny thing. Her mouth made an o and she seemed to be about to cry.

"I want to go on the merry-go-round," she said wistfully.

Poor baby! Didn't they remember when a ride on the merry-go-round was a great adventure? Why do grown-ups forget? It was such a small thing she asked—such a trifle—and it would make her happy.

A voice:

"If you'll just be patient, dear, you can go on the merry-go-round in a day or two. But you see your company has arranged for you to meet reporters today, and to pose for flashlights, and tomorrow the newspaper and magazine writers are coming to a luncheon for you. And then—"

Peggy Has a Birthday

"BUT," piped the child, "tomorrow's my birthday!"

"It's business, Peggy."

That was from Louise, and that ended it. Louise is simply, to the outside world, the seven-year old sister of Baby Peggy Montgomery, who is the second most celebrated child in the world. But Louise is really the boss. She is a great teacher, press agent, and business woman in embryo. In her eyes is the light of the leader. In appearance Louise is not sylph-like; in fact, she inclines to rotundity. But she has the grand manner. She's a little feminine Napoleon and she looks like a kewpie.

Peggy's career is Louise's concern. Peggy herself doesn't let it bother her.

CThere is nothing of the child prodigy about Baby Peggy. She's indifferent about her screen fame, even if it does bring her a thousand dollars, more or less, each week.

and FAMOUS

CBaby Peggy doesn't like dolls much—but she adores merry-go-rounds

"Before we got rich and had a maid," observed Miss Montgomery, "I used to take care of her. I used to get myself up and dressed first and then I used to wash and dress *her*. She was always pretty good about it, too."

Peggy Doesn't Care About Publicity

MR. MONTGOMERY, who is young and pretty, called her younger child to her. "You must be nice and talk to the lady," were her instructions.

Peggy slid over and sat beside me. "The lady wants to write about you for a great magazine," prompted Mrs. Montgomery.

Peggy eyed me with marked indifference. "Can you draw?" she wanted to know.

"Why, Peggy," protested her parent, "don't you care what the big magazine says about you?"

"No," replied Peggy with perfect frankness.

Louise to the rescue. "She draws pretty good," she volunteered.

Peggy's brown eyes snapped. She was a lovely doll come to life. "Get the piece of paper I was working on," she said. "The one with the eyebrow on it."

If Peggy had her way, drawing would be a series of eyebrows. The interview became an orgy of brows and even lashes, drawn by the Montgomery sisters.

Art Fascinates Peggy

AT the sixth eyebrow Louise became mindful of her duties. "We had a governess for us," she remarked as she sketched. "She was supposed to be one, that is. But she didn't wear a uniform."

"She'd say," contributed Peggy, "she'd say 'Don't you love music?' All the time. And of course we didn't. It was terrible."

"But now our nurse is all right; she wears a uniform. The first one wore colored skirts—yellow and pink and blue and all kinds of colors. It was terrible."

"Terrible," echoed Peggy with finality.

More eyebrows, with small faces puckered in earnest endeavor. Then—

"She's no good in pictures," remarked Louise, indicating her sister. "You don't like her on the screen?"

Her Sister Thinks She's Terrible

No," replied Louise. "I do not. I think she's terrible."

"Awful," corroborated the slandered star.

"Jackie Coogan," added Louise, "is much better."

"Except," put in Peggy, impersonally, "I wasn't so terrible in the one with Enid Bennett and the one where I ate chocolate. Of course I like Miss Bennett better than anything. I don't see much of her, but I like her."

Peggy is well known for the tears she sheds in her close-ups. But she doesn't like to cry. And watching her own pictures in the projection room is her idea of nothing at [Continued on page 95]



CBaby Peggy is "terrible in motion pictures," at least so her seven-year old sister, Louise, thinks. Peggy doesn't think so much of her own acting, either. And she hates to watch herself on the screen.

New SCREENPLAYS

IT is easy to understand why Charlie Chaplin's first serious film, *A Woman of Paris*, has been hailed as a milestone of camera progress. Not that it breaks the way for a new screen technique, as the critics have said. Not that it is an adventure into a virgin field of film drama. Actually, *A Woman of Paris* has nothing new to offer.

Nothing New in Technique

YET, as I have said, it is easy to understand why it has attracted the wild eulogies of the critics. First, because Chaplin has become the officially accepted genius of the films. Second, because *A Woman of Paris* seems new to the screen followers of today.

Actually, the production is of the period immediately following the pioneer Biograph dramas of the early D. W. Griffith. Here is a screen story told in straight forward fashion, minus all of the tricks and trappings that have come to be considered cinema essentials. *A Woman of Paris* is related in simple pictorial fashion.

Screenplay May Do Much Good

AFTER the New York acclaim of his screen effort, Chaplin doubtless looks upon himself as a sort of screen Moses, about to lead the lost film tribes to the promised land. Far be it from me to belittle the Chaplin effort. It was a pretty courageous thing



QRamon Novarro is rather colorless as the hero of *Scaramouche*.

to do. It required months of effort, months which might have been given over to the making of a highly remunerative comedy.

And *A Woman of Paris* will do a great deal of good. The screen has come to worship at the feet of false gods. We have

been bowing too long before the big set and all the so-called modern glories of the film. We need to go back to the direct celluloid stories of yesterday. We need to retrace our steps from the blind alley of ornate and de luxe story telling.

Chaplin has taken a trite story: of the girl who comes to the city, the wealthy man-about-town who establishes her in an apartment, and the poor but honest lover from back home. In this case he has dared to tell it a little differently. He has dropped the story into the city of Paris. The girl is happy in her alliance, the rich waster isn't at all a bad sort and the lover is a weakling who finally ends his life in suicide. It is only towards the end that Chaplin contributes his sop to the censors. The gal gives up her little love nest that she may devote her life to hospital work—and the wealthy chap goes on to seek a new liaison. All of which is probably a necessary regeneration in this censor infested land.

Stark Clinging to Directness

THE story is told without a single railroad terminal interior I recall but one flash back. There is a stark clinging to directness. One scene, of the girl fleeing to Paris from her home in the provinces, sticks in my memory. She hurries from the station to board the train, but you never see the actual train itself. It is merely suggested by the onrushing flashes of light from the car windows.

A Woman of Paris is superbly acted. Even in the old days I always recall Edna Purviance as giving a homely and sincere touch to Chaplin's comedies. Here she is revealed as an actress of breadth and understanding. She plays the girl—and plays her with fine poise and shading. It is one of the best performances the screen has ever had. Almost as good is Adolphe Menjou as the wealthy Parisian. He, too, plays with a fine subtlety and suavity.

Proves Artificiality of Our Films

LEFT me make myself clear on this Chaplin opus. It is a worthy thing—but it isn't a brand new forward step in cinema direction. Nor am I at all sure that it will be widely popular. But it does prove that the screenplay has been pursuing a highly artificial course, one that is fast leading to disintegration.

The critics seem to have overlooked the real significance of *A Woman of Paris*. It tells an adult story bravely for most of its distance. Which is a rare and splendid thing in this day of adolescent film fare.

It was unfortunate that I caught a view of Rex Ingram's newest effort, *Scaramouche*, the night following my first glimpse

in REVIEW

By Frederick James Smith

Illustrated by Covarrubias

of Mr. Chaplin's treatise on Paris apartment life. That is, unfortunate for *Scaramouche*.

For the new Ingram super-valentine is the ultimate in the blind alley film progress just referred to. It lies pretty close to perfection in its photography, its grouping and its mass direction. It is orchidarious technique plus. In other words, it has everything but a heart and a punch.

Scaramouche is a pretty little story, based upon one of those Rafael Sabatini novels, with the well known French revolution as its climax. We have grown a bit tired of this period of history. Far be it from me to say whether or not Ingram's revolution is better than Mr. Griffith's. (I still think that Herr Lubitsch's is better than either.) Someone ought to tell the Hollywood folks that only some 4,000 lost their lives in this "bloody era," as the caption writers put it. H. G. Wells has pointed out, for instance, that this is less than the number of lives wasted by the British generals alone on one day of the Somme offensive in the world war.

Anent the French Revolution

THE French revolution had a lot to do with the spread of the republican form of government—but I'm just paying up some back income tax and hardly care to express myself on this point. Maybe Max Beerbohm is right when he says the French revolution did just one lasting thing: it stopped the wealthy from putting powder on their hair.

Scaramouche is the story of a young Frenchman who espouses the republican cause, has many narrow escapes, wins a pretty royalist maid and saves her when the revolution breaks. It is told very ornately but the acting is pretty palid. Ramon Novarro is the hero and Alice Terry is the Watteau heroine—and they're both about as powerful as your radio batteries after little Willie has mon-

keyed with them. I've lost the faith Novarro aroused in me with his playing of the pagan lad in *Where the Pavement Ends*. The real acting honors of *Scaramouche* go to Lewis Stone, who does a blood thirsty royalist in workman-like fashion. Be it a Royal Northwestern Mounted or a courtier, Stone is always adequate.

Spanish Dancer Disappointing

I HAD looked forward to *The Spanish Dancer*, the Pola Negri version of the old Adolph D'Ennery-P. S. Dumanoir roystering play, *Don Caesar de Bazan*. Mary Pickford recently did a



Franklin Fairchild: *The Ladies' Man*.
Alias Monsieur Ben Turpin.

version of the same thing under the title of *Rosita*—and, well, comparisons, are interesting. Besides, *The Spanish Dancer* was directed by Herbert Brenon—and I have always considered him one of our most efficient directors.

The result disappointed me all around. True, the Negri displays a little more vitality than in either of her previous American efforts. But her abandon is calculated and the old spark isn't there. Yet her Maritana in *The Spanish Dancer* isn't as immature as Miss Pickford's *Rosita*.

The Brenon version doesn't stand up with Lubitsch's *Rosita*. The film I saw in New York seemed badly cut. I do not know whether this cutting was done in the theater (as is frequently the case) or whether this is the way the film will be shown everywhere. Anyway, *The Spanish Dancer* jumped and skidded with the rush of a Sennett comedy. There is entirely too much of the merry carnival populace—and enough confetti is used to get out an entire week's publicity from the Los Angeles press offices.

Mediocre Support for Pola

IN Pola's support is Antonio Moreno in the role of Don Caesar. This is just a fifty-fifty performance. Wallace Berry's king is pretty inferior when compared to Holbrook Blinn's splendid royal rogue in *Rosita*. Beery never suggests royalty to us. Somehow I always fancy him calling up the dumbwaiter shaft, "Any ice today, Mrs. Jones?"

Speaking of Beery, as I have, reminds me of the first Associated Authors' film, *Richard the Lion Hearted*, in which Wallie plays the name part. Adapted, according to the program, from

Scott's *The Talisman*, it sets out to be a sequel to *Robin Hood*, being the further adventures of Richard after the Earl of Huntingdon (alias Doug) sought justice and liberty in Sherwood Forest. If you recall *Robin Hood* you will remember that Richard Cour de Leon dropped out of sight in the middle of the spectacle, to reappear briefly at the finish.

Glass Crusade

As I remember it, I thought Beery was darned good in *Robin Hood*. I take that back now. He is pretty dreadful in *Richard the Lion Hearted*. And the picture is done so cheaply that the crusade seems to have been entirely "shot" through glass. The producers seem to have courted comparison, for there are a couple of borrowed shots from *Robin Hood* showing Doug and Beery.

Pretty much all of *Richard the Lion Hearted* is faked. I think that Frank Woods, the chief of Associated Authors, made it in his backyard. Every now and then I thought I could see the family clothesline. I'll bet they had a terrible time to keep the neighbors' children from stealing the spiked helmets belonging to the army of three Saracens.

To be serious, there is a limit to this tricking of scenes by photographing scenes painted on glass. Otherwise it would be possible to do a 1924 version of Griffith's *Intolerance* with three extras, an artist, some glass and a camera.

The remainder of the cast of *Richard the Lion Hearted* ought to be darned good in charades.

If Winter Comes is Compelling

IT is pretty late to comment upon the William Fox production of the A. S. M. Hutchinson novel, *If Winter Comes*. I honestly enjoyed this screenplay hugely. The novel itself was melodramatic, sentimental and mid-Victorian, all qualities of exceeding screen effectiveness. The film verions has stuck with absolute fidelity to every detail of the career of Marke Sabre. Here is a characterization of cumulative power, sweeping to a splendid emotional climax. You will find nothing finer in the whole realm of cinema acting. I'll whisper right now that it will find a place on my year's list of best performances.

The sub-titles have been carefully selected from the novel and used with fine discretion. Indeed, the whole production is excellent, well acted all through and sincerely directed by Harry Millarde. This Millarde surprised me. The result is an absorbing screen drama, crammed with humanizing detail and made doubly compelling by the superbly sustained performance of Percy Marmont as Puzzlehead Sabre. True, he has turned out scenically effective sob stuff before, as in *Over the Hill*, but his touch was primitive.



Edna Purviance plays with fine poise and shading in *A Woman of Paris*.

Here he creates with a workmanlike and deft touch.

Six Days is Cheap

CHARLES BRABIN, who made that gem of the soil, *Driven*, developed Elinor Glyn's stab at sensationalism, *Six Days*, into a film. This is a story of a pretty girl and a young chap entombed in the desolate and deserted trenches of Flanders fields for six days. I never read Mrs. Glyn's novel and so I do not know whether or not she had the foresight to entomb a chaperone, a priest, with the young people. Anyway, there's a clergyman in the film, so Will Hays can

breathe easy once more.

Six Days strikes us as cheap sensationalism. Maybe you'll like it. It depends upon you. Personally, Brabin seems lost when his characters wear something over their suspenders. Here Corinne Griffith makes her escape from servitude at Vitagraph as the girl and doesn't do very well. Frank Mayo is the man—and there is no actor for whom I care less.

Neilan Film Unsavory

MARSHALL NEILAN'S *The Eternal Three* has a cheap note all through. The plot concerns a surgeon absorbed in his work, his pretty second wife and his son by his first marriage, a flip youth who isn't above taking advantage of his father's absences.

Unsavory stuff, without anything to lift it above the basement. Very badly acted, too, particularly by Raymond Griffith, who bounds around like one of Doug's unforgettably merry men. I imagine Mickey Neilan wrote the continuity of this on his cuff on his way home from a Hollywood party. Too bad it didn't get to the laundry.

Old-fashioned Vitagraph Drama

ONLY a moment or so ago I spoke of Charlie Chaplin's trip backward in quest of technique. This is as nothing compared to J. Stuart Blackton's recent research work at Vitagraph. He had just made *On the Banks of the Wabash*, based upon Paul Dresser's song. If this isn't an exact duplicate of the Vitagraph technique of ten years ago, I'll autograph two hundred photographs for John Bunny tomorrow. Commodore Blackton has even been able to duplicate the exact historic Vitagraph photography.

Some Quaint Novelties

STILL, Blackton has achieved some quaint novelties. For instance, it comes with rather a shock to us to see a villain trying to ruin Mary Carr. *On the Banks of the Wabash* has everything to make 'em tear up the seats in 1914—and to put 'em asleep in 1924.



ANIMAL ACTORS of the Screen

By Eunice Marshall

T

EDDY, the Great Dane that has appeared in hundreds of Mack Sennett's pictures with so much distinction, fixed his bright eyes on his master. His ears cocked to register undivided attention. His master laid three magazines on three different chairs.

"Pay attention to me, Teddy," the low, pleasant voice said. Teddy was all ears.

"This magazine is red," touching the vivid color of one of the books and emphasizing the adjective. "yellow. See? Red, white yellow." Then he called the dog to him, covered the animal's eyes and told me to change the position of the magazines. I did so, and when he asked me which one of the magazines Teddy should bring him, I said the red one. Sceptically.

"Go over there and bring me the red one, Teddy," said the dog's master.

Teddy trotted over and smelled at the books uncertainly.

Teddy Knows a Lot

THE red one, Teddy. Bring it here," the beloved voice prompted him. Teddy nosed at the books, hesitated a moment or two, then picked up the red magazine and brought it to his master! Unerringly then he brought at command the yellow and the white-covered books.

If I had not seen it myself, I probably would not have believed it. "Some trick to it," I would have sniffed. But Teddy did it, and there was no trick.

¶ *The Owners of the canine stars tell exactly how you can train your pet dogs*

Brownie, the dog-comedian, acquire such almost-human understanding?

I asked Henry East, owner of Buddy and several other famous movie dogs, who trains animals for screen work.

"Patience does it," he said. "Given a dog of average intelligence, you can train him yourself. Of course," and here he gave utterance to the crack that all animal-trainers cherish, "you have to know more than the dog!"

A pedigree is not necessary. If your dog is just a plain cur-dog, don't you care. Mongrels are smarter than thoroughbreds and take direction easier. A good many Hollywood people have paid large sums of money for pups sired by Strongheart and Rin-tin-tin, actually expecting these descendants of those wonderful dogs to possess their sire's ability to jump twelve-foot hurdles and do other hard-learned tricks. It doesn't work out that way. It would be exactly as absurd to expect the infant son of a

Phi Beta Kappa, for instance, to be born knowing how to read and write.

Steps in Canine Education

TRICKS are a matter of education, not inheritance. The very first step in the training of a movie dog (and in the training of your house dog also), according to Henry East, is to teach him to come at your call. The best way to do this is to put a

¶ *Top Panel: Pepper, the Sennett cat, has a curious screen personality.*



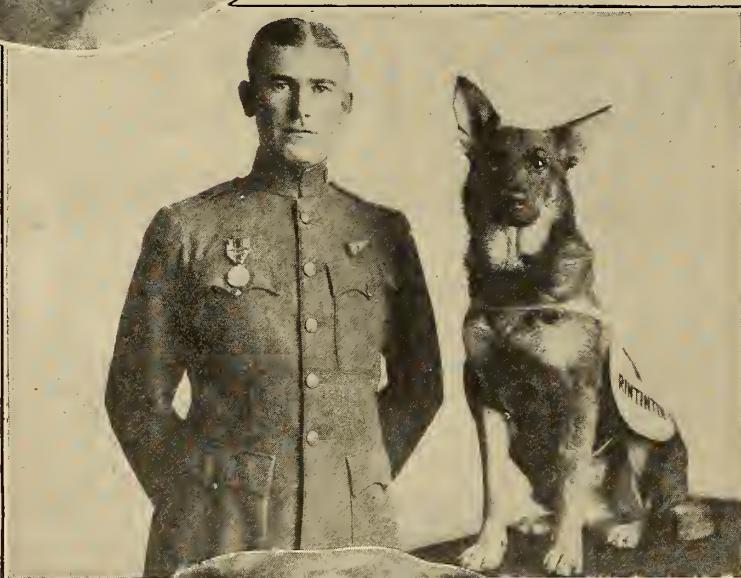
C Top,
Strongheart,
possibly the most
famous of animal stars;
right, Rin-tin-tin, the
police dog star, with his
master, Lee Duncan.

leash on your puppy, and call his name several times. If your puppy is just a few weeks old—and this is the ideal time to begin training him—his name will mean nothing to him. After repeating the name three or four times, follow it by saying, "Come here." Accompany the words by a gentle tug on the leash. Each time, as you pull him nearer to you, take up the slack on the leash. When you have brought him to your feet, say "All right" in a pleased tone, and reward the puppy with a pat on the head and a morsel of food.

The puppy will learn that the command to come means two things: if he comes he will get something good to eat; if he doesn't come, he will be pulled. Half a dozen rehearsals of this lesson ought to teach your puppy, East says, but the teacher must have unfailing patience. He must also watch the inflection of his voice, for it is that that gives the dog his cue. Always give an order in the same quiet but determined tone. Then when the dog does the trick, make your "All right" commendatory.

The Dog Must Believe in You

DON'T beat your dog. You can hurt his feelings more by a displeased tone than by a beat-



C Teddy has appeared in Mack Sennett comedies for eight years.

ing. When you cow a dog, you ruin him. Don't let him be hurt in doing some trick, if you want his confidence. If Henry East has the slightest suspicion that any of his dogs is going to be hurt in a difficult leap or other trick that some director wants, he refuses to let the animal attempt it. Buddy for one has never been hurt or even frightened, and I verily believe that if his master directed him to jump off the Woolworth Building, Buddy would do it without hesitation.

The second trick to teach your dog is to make him sit down at command. Any well-taught house dog should know this. Tell him to "Sit down," and gently push his hind-quarters to the ground; then, while he is in that position, tell him to "Hold it!" You will have to repeat this a good many times. Finally he will learn that "Hold it!" means to remain perfectly still in any given position. Then, when you see he is going to get up, anticipate his action by "All right!" and reward him again. All young puppies have to be rewarded with tid-bits. Later, a kind word or a pat on the head is sufficient.

You can teach your dog to lie down at command in the same fashion. Some of the seemingly simplest acts are the hardest to teach. Stretching, for instance, or scratching. Why? Because they are natural acts, and when a natural cause is lacking, the dog can't see any reason for doing it. Try to make your dog stretch some day, and see.

The Simplest Tricks are Hardest

EAST had to make Buddy scratch a flea, in a certain picture. It took him three weeks to teach him, and Buddy is wonderfully obedient. East tried everything, from putting cockle-burrs and chewing gum in his coat, to planting real fleas there. But as long as Buddy didn't feel a bite, he saw no reason to scratch. East finally taught him, however, and now he scratches at command.

Buddy broke into the movies at the advanced age of ten weeks. He was required to apparently change from a link of sausage into a very scared dog, in a slapstick comedy. Trick photography did it, of course; the baby actor merely had to lie on a platter, very

(Continued on page 103)

Saucy Baggage

Q. Why shouldn't the screen stars carry distinctive luggage when they travel or go on location? At least it would enliven the tedium of a dull trip

Q. What could be better for a bathing beauty than the snappy design here indicated?



Q. The vampire, shown at the left in beach costume, shouldn't discard those earrings, those cosmetics and those eyes, even on her baggage.



Q. At the right, a piquant design for the little lady who plays four-fifths of the film en chemise and then scampers around in red flannels to prove that she is, like Kiki, "a good gal."



McIVERNEY — 23

KIKI

Minus Pose

By Delight Evans

S

OMEONE should take Lenore Ulric aside and speak to her, kindly and quietly, but in tones of conviction, about this thing.

Here she is, somewhat of a celebrity—I mean, when one is advertised in large electrics over a theater of tradition managed by one of the most illustrious directors in American drama; when one has performed for two years in the same play, to packed and appreciative houses—it is generally taken for granted that one is fairly far along the road to success, isn't it?

Well, then! It's got to be lived up to. Celebrities are celebrities, and don't you forget it. They never do. There must always be a background. It may be shaded lights and perfume. It may be dogs and horses. It may be an apartment in the French manner. But there must be a background. A luminary without a "line"—can such a thing be?

Lenore Doesn't Bother to Pose

T

HERE is one. Lenore Ulric. It's hard to believe, but there it is. With every chance in the world to fix up a perfectly stunning background, she doesn't bother. She's too busy being herself. Perhaps if she knew what was expected of her—with her widely heralded exotic personality think of what she could get away with—she would oblige. You speak to her about it. I can't.

From her colorful—to say the least they're that—performances you expect the same sort of thing off-stage. A combination of *Kiki* and *Tiger Rose*, with a dash of *The Bird of Paradise* and a soupcon of *The Son Daughter*. Half-closed eyes; French maid; faint perfume; imported negligee; and maybe even music from somewhere. Then one could paint, in one's feeble way, a little portrait of the great actress at home; or, Broadway's favorite seen at close range. It would be one of those juicy interviews; it would almost write itself. You know the kind.

What a Disappointment!

S

HE'S a disappointment; but what a disappointment.

Just to mention one thing—she says ee-ther.

Stop a moment and consider what this means. It is nothing to shove aside with a sneer. "She says ee-ther. What of it?" Ah. What of it, indeed?

We're told that either is correct. That is, that either ee-ther or aye-ther may be uttered without offending the proprieties. But there seems to be an unwritten law about it. As soon as one attains Broadway, one automatically says "aye-ther." If, by a clumsy slip, the other awful thing leaves one's lips, one glances about anxiously to ascertain if it was overheard and then chatters animatedly to cover up. "Aye-ther" is the word. To use that other is to be revealed as outside the elect. I never met an actress who said ee-ther.

Until Lenore.



At the left Lenore Ulric as Kiki. "I've played Kiki for two years now," she says, "and she's still new to me."

Lenore Ulric is always herself—with something of the gamin and much of the child.

Yes, you say. That's all very well; that's fine. But didn't she drop the "h" from her last name?

Suppose she did. That final letter wasn't really necessary. It didn't alter the pronunciation. Dropping it merely saves electricity.

Going to Paris to do Kiki

THREE'S no getting around it. She has a French maid, but she's studying French all the time because she is soon to present *Kiki* to Parisians. Her imported negligee was a yellow Japanese kimona.

The first advertisements of her picture appearances announced the debut of Miss Ulric in the silent drama, or words to that effect. Evidently she didn't read them; she speaks freely of her first photoplays, made about six years ago, some of which, you may remember, were good. She says they weren't. She made each picture in three weeks or so.

Going to do The Sun Daughter Next

Now she will make a photoplay every summer. She completed *Tiger Rose* in California. Next she will do *The Sun Daughter* and then *Kiki*, which she is still playing on the stage. She likes pictures. Moving pictures.

"I'm all right when I'm acting," she explains. "It's the stills that worry me. My cameraman said, 'Miss Ulric, you're fine when you're moving. But the minute I try to take a still of you, you get that set look.' He's right. I smile naturally for a second, and then it's forced. In the sad scenes I stare.

"I hope *Tiger Rose* is good. I haven't seen it yet, but one of the girls at the studio wrote to me that it's not so bad."

Lenore Ulric has just completed *Tiger Rose* as a screenplay and she intends to do a new film drama each Summer. Below, a scene of Lenore in one of the great open places.



Of course you know that another star would have quoted the president of the company or at least the studio manager.

She likes Gloria, and Norma, Nazimova and Pola.

Just a Regular Dressing Room

HER theater dressing room is not the dressing room you see in the movies. If you would expect the spacious, mirrored, flower-festooned room with library and kitchenette attached you would be bitterly disappointed. At theater dressing room is never like that. Perhaps at the Warner Brothers' studio in California she had one. I don't know. But the one I saw [Continued on page 102]

Our Own NEWS REEL



International News Service

New York City—Charlie Chaplin comes to Manhattan to attend the premiere of his first dramatic picture, *A Woman of Paris*, and poses for SCREENLAND. The broom? Apparently to indicate that the new film has swept into a hit.

CThe Cinema News of the Moment in Picture Form

The Florida Swamps—King Vidor and members of the Goldwyn company in the act of filming Joseph Hergesheimer's *Wild Oranges*. This is the film started by James Kirkwood and later retaken after Kirkwood was hurt. Frank Mayo succeeded Kirkwood in the leading role.





Death Valley—Eric Von Stroheim and his technical staff set up cameras on the peak of one of the famous sand dunes of Death Valley, where the Goldwyn director took an expedition of forty players and aids to film the final scenes of *Greed*.



Culver City, Cal.—An interesting, an unusual, study of Eric Von Stroheim, the director.



Culver City, Cal.—In the Goldwyn gym, with Al Kaufman, the former heavyweight, refereeing a match between Hobart Bosworth and George Walsh. Special interest centers in Walsh, who has been selected to play the title role of *Ben-Hur*.



California—James Cruze, with his sister, on his Flintridge estate.



(Left Center)
Culver City, Cal.—James Kirkwood drops around to the Goldwyn studio on his first day out, following his recent accident. Mrs. Kirkwood (Lila Lee) came with him, of course, and they were greeted by King Vidor.



New York City—Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, returns on the S.S. Aquitania with his children, Rosabelle and Carl, Jr. They spent three months abroad.

On Long Island Sound—Director John Robertson gives a few words of advise to Richard Barthelmess, between scenes of Twenty-One. The young woman? Elsie Lawson.

Below
Los Angeles, Cal.—Clara Bow, as Janet Oglethorpe in Black Oxen, introduces something new and piquant in sleeping garments.



(Right Center)
Los Angeles, Cal.—Frank Mayo bet with Lew Cody on the Dempsey-Firpo match. Each agreed to act as the other's chauffeur for a week if he lost. Mayo bet on Firpo and he recently spent a week carrying Lew's luggage and driving his car.

—(International)

Los Angeles, Cal.—Director Ernst Lubitsch and his wife on the lawn of their California home. Lubitsch seems to have become a confirmed Californian.





Bessie Love

CA new and charming study of the young actress who did a smashing come-back in *Human Wreckage*.

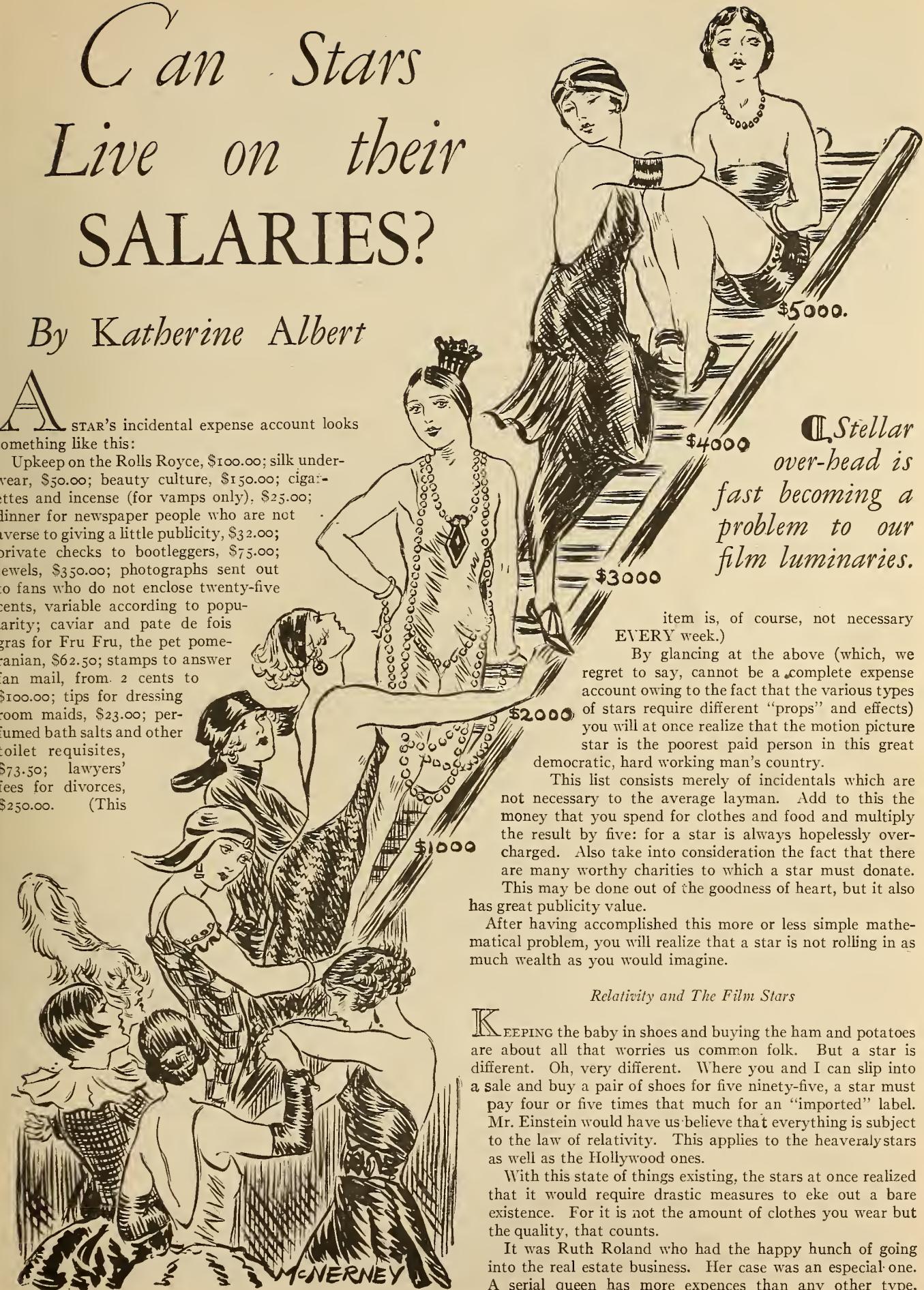
HESSEN

Can Stars Live on their SALARIES?

By Katherine Albert

A STAR'S incidental expense account looks something like this:

Upkeep on the Rolls Royce, \$100.00; silk underwear, \$50.00; beauty culture, \$150.00; cigarettes and incense (for vamps only), \$25.00; dinner for newspaper people who are not averse to giving a little publicity, \$32.00; private checks to bootleggers, \$75.00; jewels, \$350.00; photographs sent out to fans who do not enclose twenty-five cents, variable according to popularity; caviar and pate de fois gras for Fru Fru, the pet pomeranian, \$62.50; stamps to answer fan mail, from 2 cents to \$100.00; tips for dressing room maids, \$23.00; perfumed bath salts and other toilet requisites, \$73.50; lawyers' fees for divorces, \$250.00. (This



Stellar over-head is fast becoming a problem to our film luminaries.

item is, of course, not necessary EVERY week.)

By glancing at the above (which, we regret to say, cannot be a complete expense account owing to the fact that the various types of stars require different "props" and effects) you will at once realize that the motion picture star is the poorest paid person in this great democratic, hard working man's country.

This list consists merely of incidentals which are not necessary to the average layman. Add to this the money that you spend for clothes and food and multiply the result by five: for a star is always hopelessly overcharged. Also take into consideration the fact that there are many worthy charities to which a star must donate. This may be done out of the goodness of heart, but it also has great publicity value.

After having accomplished this more or less simple mathematical problem, you will realize that a star is not rolling in as much wealth as you would imagine.

Relativity and The Film Stars

KEEPING the baby in shoes and buying the ham and potatoes are about all that worries us common folk. But a star is different. Oh, very different. Where you and I can slip into a sale and buy a pair of shoes for five ninety-five, a star must pay four or five times that much for an "imported" label. Mr. Einstein would have us believe that everything is subject to the law of relativity. This applies to the heaverally stars as well as the Hollywood ones.

With this state of things existing, the stars at once realized that it would require drastic measures to eke out a bare existence. For it is not the amount of clothes you wear but the quality, that counts.

It was Ruth Roland who had the happy hunch of going into the real estate business. Her case was an especial one. A serial queen has more expences than any other type.

She never knows at what minute her most elaborate evening gown will be torn off bead by bead by the heartless villain who has no respect for Paris dresses. And then there are the hospital bills, doctors and nurses to attend the bruises acquired while leaping from one crag to another.

Ruth's example led many stars to follow suit by going into business other than pictures.

Viola Dana: Garage Owner

IMAGINE Viola Dana attired in overalls, with tousled hair and greasy hands, telling an irate tourist that it is impossible to have his car done the day promised. Well, she almost does this, by proxy, at least. Her weekly salary hits the four figure mark. But gas was selling for ten cents a gallon and she realized that something must be done to save on the midnight oil. So she bought a garage.

On one of Los Angeles' many well paved suburban boulevards there is a garage owned and managed by Viola Dana. Ask any successful garage man you know what his yearly profits are, add this to Viola's salary and you will realize that it is possible for her to get along.

When you have achieved the feat of visualizing La Dana as a mechanic then think of Wanda Hawley's perfectly manicured hands covered with soap suds. If she cared to get at the heart of her business she would work right along with her washers and pressers. But she realizes what steaming water does to a dollar marcell and she leaves this work to more efficient ones, in her laundry. That is Wanda's hobby.

Wanda Owns a Laundry

OUT in the wilds of Hollywood where comedy stars are evading the custard pie with little success, the necessity of many laundries is obvious. And Wanda Hawley (who's salary was only seven hundred and fifty dollars a week) saw where she could make some real money in a less romantic but more lucrative business. Therefore, gentlemen, when the best silk shirt comes back from the laundry, torn, abstain from vociferous comment. Think, we adjure, how Wanda would weep if she thought that you were not satisfied with her work.

Helene Chadwick, who's salary was also seven fifty, has left pictures for good and has, like Wanda, become a daughter of the soil. In a different way, however. Her forte lies in real estate instead of laundries. Her shingle is hanging on Hollywood boulevard along with the other realtors. We are told by a facetious philologer that the word realtor comes from the Spanish real and the word toros meaning bull, but who could refrain from buying one of Hollywood's many architectural atrocities when told by Helen Chadwick that it is a "wonderful buy."

This real estate craze has become so popular that one young and enterprising producer, Victor

64

Hugo Halperin, has formed a real estate club. The list of members reads like a who's who in Hollywood. Every week each member deposits five dollars of the little old pay check with the treasurer. The membership is limited to one hundred and the money is used to buy real estate for the mutual good of the club. We admire Halperin. But we would not be in his shoes. For picture people are a peculiar lot where money is concerned. If you don't believe this ask the credit department of any store in Hollywood.

Even leading men have their financial worries. There's Valentino, for instance. He was earning one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a week when he worked for Lasky, but it is rumored that during the height of his career another company offered ten thousand and for his services. But money means nothing to Ruddy. He does not care a snap for filthy lucre when art is also entailed. Valentino refused to continue when he was not allowed to play the roles for which he thought himself best fitted. No siree, Rudy will not be dictated to by anyone. So he left pictures flat and

started his career elsewhere.

High Cost of Living for Vamps

SHE vamps have the most terrible time of all making financial ends meet. Incense is so expensive and the French labor under the delusion that their perfumes are worthy of a price which looks like the expense account of a traveling salesman. And batiks, well, my dear, you simply cannot touch them without digging deep into the old First National.

Mae Busch has to struggle along on five hundred dollars or so a week, which barely keeps her in negligees. So she took to writing poetry. As yet we have had no report on how these sell, but if she is like most of the poets we know she can save money only by decorating her walls with rejection slips instead of original paintings. The former come in all colors and have a decided decorative value. It is a novel idea, Mae, try it. As a matter of fact Mae Busch writes very good poetry, if you like that sort of thing.

At present writing Gloria Swanson has been able to get along on her little five thousand per. We have had no word to the effect that she contemplates other work. Lacking though we

are in financial genius we can imagine doing nicely, thank you, on five thousand and a week. Of course, she has many expenses. She must entertain in her new home, but with proper economies she can, perhaps, make her salary do.

Babies' and Barbara's Bank Roll

- N**OTE SCREENLAND'S CONTRIBUTORS
- C**Where else will you find a motion picture magazine with an editorial staff numbering:
 - C**Frederick James Smith
 - C**Susie Sexton
 - C**Harriette Underhill
 - C**Grace Kingsley
 - C**Katherine Albert
 - C**Eunice Marshall
 - C**As for art, you will find the work of the two foremost caricaturists in America today: Wynn and Covarrubias.
 - C**Here, too, you will find John Held, Jr.'s most famous belle, Phyllis.
 - C**And the work of such leading artists as Everett Shinn, Charles Ennis Stivers, Oscar Frederick Howard and Eugene McNerney.

RAISING babies is Barbara LaMarr's only other occupation besides getting disentangled from law suits and acting in pictures. And if we are to believe the mothers of the
(Continued on page 91)

CPretty soon Filmdom will have its Barrymores and its Drews

It's All in the FAMILY

TBy Eunice Marshall

THREE'S no getting around it, the pictures are growing to be more and more a family affair.

You doubt it? Then glance over the roster of the younger film generation, and note how many of the novices bear familiar sir-names. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., little Joseph Keaton, Jackie Davis, Constance Wilson, Winston Miller—why, sons and little brothers and sisters of stars are as thick about the studios as mosquitoes at a New Jersey picnic. And, in some cases, about as easy to overlook!

Perhaps the most interesting of the second generation of film luminaries is young Douglas Fairbanks. Interesting, first, because of the rather amazing circumstance of an unknown youngster springing into stardom and a salary press-agented at \$1,000 a week, but which the lad himself ingeniously admits to be less, solely because he had the discretion to choose a famous father. But interesting also in his own right, because of an endearing smile and a clean-limbed, wholesome boyish appeal.

Consider the Case of Douglas, Jr.

DOUGLAS, JR., sprang, like the baby in the poem, out of the everywhere into the here. Overnight he was heralded



CTop—Billy Bowes, son of Claire Windsor, who can wield a mean lipstick upon occasion. Left—Mildred David Lloyd, and her brother, Jack Davis, who is a graduate of the "Our Gang" Comedies.

as a star. Jesse Lasky proclaimed his signing of the boy as "the most important act of his career. Mr. Lasky's enthusiasm was not shared by Douglas, Senior, who felt, perhaps rightly, that school and regulation boyish pleasures were more wholesome for a growing boy than the exotic atmosphere of a motion picture lot.

But, whether Douglas approved or not, the boy arrived, and is at present snugly esconced with his mother, the first Mrs. Fairbanks, in the same vine-covered house on Weston avenue in which Mary Pickford lived before she became Mrs. Fairbanks the second. He had only one request to make concerning his first picture, *Stephen Steps Out*—there were to be no girls or love stuff in it. Young Doug added ungallantly that "such mush gave him a pain," strange words for an embryo matinee idol!

Film Success—and Matrimony

As a rule, the road to "lead roles" is a weary one, beset with tedious journeys from casting offices to agents and back again. But Constance Wilson, younger sister of Lois Wilson, stepped from an extra bit in *The Covered Wagon*

to leading lady in Walter Hiers' picture, *Fair Week* . . . and stepped out again into private life immediately after!

C"Why shouldn't I be a movie star, too?" Winston Miller asks his sister, Patsy Ruth Miller





©Harold Shaw, a brother-in-law of Viola Dana, is her director.

Cupid was the rogue who thus cavalierly ended a promising professional career. Constance willingly relinquished a glowing future in the movies to become the wife of E. C. Lewis, a handsome young senior lieutenant in the navy:

Constance's entry into pictures was as sudden as her exit. Her sister Lois dreaded the location trip into the wilds of Arizona and begged to take her sister along to keep her company. To amuse Constance one day, she was given a chance to play as an extra in one of the big scenes, and she screened so well that they offered her a leading role opposite Walter Hiers in his next picture. She accepted and finished the picture, but decided that matrimony had more charms for her than the movies.

Patsy Ruth's Kid Brother

WINSTON MILLER, younger brother of the dark-eyed Patsy Ruth, loved to go with his pretty sister to the studio and bask in her glory. Sitting on the set, well out of the way of the camera, Winston would watch Patsy Ruth and wish that he, too, could be one of those favored beings who were deferred to by stage hands and press agents and had their names on the backs of their own private camp-chairs.

Then one day the wish of his heart came true. The casting director at Universal studio called up Mrs. Miller and asked her to send Winston out for a test. He thought there was a good part for Winston in a new picture he was casting, if Winston screened well.

"But Winston is going to school," protested Mrs. Miller.

"We have a fine teacher for the children here at the studio," the casting director said. "And it's a good part."

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Miller, "I'll talk it over with Winston's father."

She did, and the two of them finally decided to accede to Winston's plea. He had his test, and passed it triumphantly; he screened splendidly. Thus began his screen career. Since then he has appeared prominently in several big features. He was the exasperatingly pious little boy in *The Little Church Around the Corner*. He had the role of the little brother of Anita Stewart in *The Love Piker*. And recently he was starred in an independent production, as yet untitled. He is twelve years old.

©Constance Wilson, sister of Lois, made her screen debut with success — and then deserted films to wed Lieutenant E. C. Lewis, U. S. N.

WATCHING sister act inspired still another small brother to dramatic honors. Jack Davis, nine-year-old brother of Mildred Davis, felt that if "Sis" could act in the movies, so could he. So when Hal Roach observed him around the lot and offered him a permanent membership in "Our Gang," Jackie was wild with delight. For a year and a half Jack went to the studio every day, except for Sundays and holidays. He worked, too. Three hours a day were given over to school; a splendid teacher is maintained at the studio to give the diminutive members of the gang their required school work. The rest of the day the youngsters made comedies.

The work was really play for the children. Occasionally they squabbled, but as a rule they got along famously. One tragedy that convulsed the adult onlookers but was serious enough to the participants occurred when little Mary Kornman, the one girl member of the gang, was required to kiss little Mickey Daniels, he of the snub nose and the many freckles. Feminine instincts develop early. Mary lifted up her voice and wept.

"I won't kiss Mickey!" she wailed. "I'll kiss Jack, but I won't kiss Mickey!" It was hard to say which of the boys was the most disconcerted, Jack or the scorned Mickey.

Last September, when his mother and father decided that Jack [Continued on page 90]





DOROTHY WILDING

JUSTINE JOHNSTON

One of America's beauties and well known to the screen, Miss Johnston is now appearing on the London stage in "Toni"

Wynn Visits the THEATER



©*Helen of Troy* is an ingratiating little musical show—but its chief charm is piquant Queenie Smith, who is that rarity of our present day stage, a comedienne of skill and sparkle. Our hat is off to Queenie!



©*Casanova*, that romantic panorama of a famous lover, is thin and sketchily written, but Lowell Sherman, delightful bad man of the stage and screen, gives the title role considerable color now and then.



©Cyril Maude is delightful in *Aren't We All* that light and pleasant bit of English hilarity.

—WYNN

Mr. Nathan considers the new plays
but admits he'd rather see a Sennett
bathing girl than Mantel as King Lear

DRAMALAND

By George Jean Nathan

LEET me come to an understanding with the class right away, before I remove my hat and coat and dust off the top of the desk.

I still hold fast to the peculiar belief that Shakespeare is a somewhat greater man than D. W. Griffith and that Moliere enjoys some slight superiority to even Charlie Chaplin. The mere circumstance that SCREENLAND has bribed me with unbelievable riches to discourse on the drama does not mean, however much SCREENLAND may joyfully delude itself, that I am going to employ my celebrated eloquence to persuade you to believe that a Hollywood cheesepiece is the equal of *Hamlet* or that Prof. Dr. Eric von Stroheim is a new Gordon Craig.

The Nathan Credo

I SHALL be glad to admit, and without further bribery on the part of SCREENLAND's bankers, that Marjorie Daw is a prettier girl than Mrs. Fiske, that there are more good comic ideas in a Buster Keaton farcical movie than in any two average farces of Broadway commerce, and that I'd rather see a Mack Sennett bathing girl absolutely naked than Robert B. Mantell all dressed up as King Lear—but I fear that my generosity can not go much farther. Yet it isn't difficult for me, at that, to stretch this generosity a trifle more and to say that, compared with Harold Lloyd's movie *Why Worry?*, Owen Davis' latest farce, *The Nervous Wreck*, is extremely seedy stuff. The two exhibits have the same underlying idea, but the movie does everything with the idea that the play does not. The play is an omelet of stale hokum unrelieved by humor of any save the most obvious species. This, surely, cannot be said of the movie, which has some good, fresh laughs in it—and one fancy, that of the childish giant, which is new and uncommonly funny. Yet the Davis play has been hailed by the New York papers as a veritable gem of farce. The New York papers are getting to be as reliable as so many miscellaneous chorus girls.

Otto Kruger has the lead in the Davis megrims and tries as hard to be comic as Pauline Lord, in *Launzi*, tried to be eighteen years old. Kruger is not a farce actor, however much the New York ga-

zettes may flatter him that he is. Miss June Walker, as the sweet one of the plot, has nothing to do but looks cute in her pretty little brown sweater with the cerise bow at the neck.

A Thoroughly Interesting First Play

MAXWELL ANDERSON, whose *White Desert* was produced recently in the Princess Theater, ought to scalp the person or persons who, giving in to their cowardice, ruthlessly cut his play and, by the cutting, deleted from it so much of its reasonableness, force and psychological integrity. Here is a thoroughly interesting first play, suggestive at certain moments of Eugene O'Neill's drama *Welded*, which is yet only in manuscript form and awaiting production. Here, further, is a play that at least honestly—within the equipment of its author—sees a case squarely and tackles it without sentimental quarter. Yet, for fear of offending Mr. Sumner, someone concerned with its presentation has got out a box of blue-pencils and raised havoc with its innards. The result is a work that never quite convinces, whose motivation is at times extremely feeble and cloudy, and that jumps abruptly from emotion to emotion in a manner which leaves the spectator unpersuaded.

The play is an analytical study of sex under the spell of an Othello-like jealousy on the one hand and of a vile affront and revengeful disgust on the other—the former in the case of a husband, the latter in the case of a wife. The husband, a sentimentalist, drives his young wife to confess to him her sex thoughts before marriage. Although she has been innocent of actual sexual misdemeanor, she confides to him the various vagrant fancies that were hers before she met him. This confession drives the idealist mad, and he turns on her with an obscene and demolishing tirade. She then turns on him. She determines to justify his charge. He leaves on a trip to the town nearby—the scene is a cabin on the snow-swept Dakota steppes—and coldly, deliberately, she takes on a lover. When the husband returns, she tells him what she has done. The end is a shot from a gun. An end, incidentally, that is cheap and feeble.

[Continued on page 86]



FLORENCE REED
as she appears in *The Lullaby*
By Wynn

Holidays in the MIMIC WORLD



MURAY

Being from the pen of the always intriguing John Galsworthy, *Windows* has interest well above the average. The Theatre Guild production is an excellent one and Phyllis Povah gives a pleasant performance of *Faith Bly*.



APEDA



Above, Ivy Sawyer in that highly successful third edition of Irving Berlin's Music Box Review. Left, Fania Marinoff, Tom Powers and Ann Harding in a dramatic moment of Gilbert Emery's successful play, *Tarnish*.

CThe new Greenwich Village Follies has color and numerous charming pictorial moments—aside from many pretty girls. Among the prettiest is Dolly Donnelly, presented at the right.



JOHNSTON



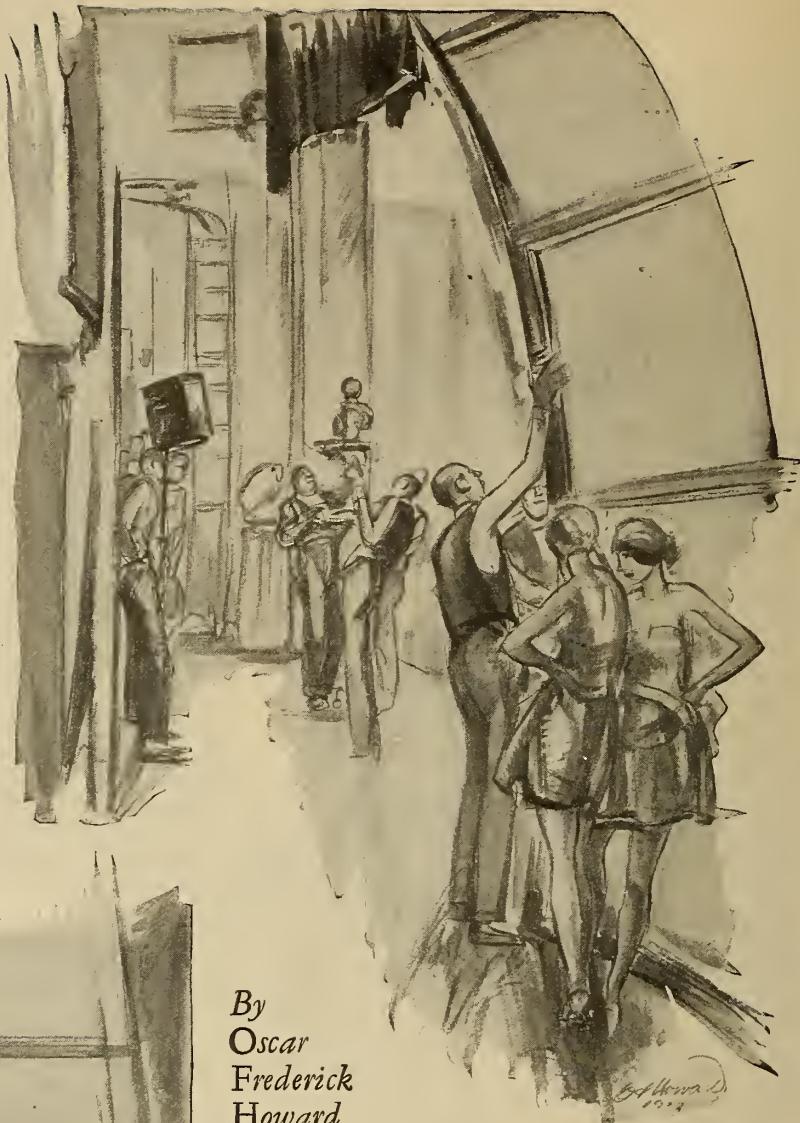
MURAY

Cerenc Molnar's *The Swan* is one of the few completely charming things of many seasons. This brittle and brilliant comedy of love and royalty is delicious—and splendidly played. Eva La Gallienne (presented above) as the princess royal is superb.

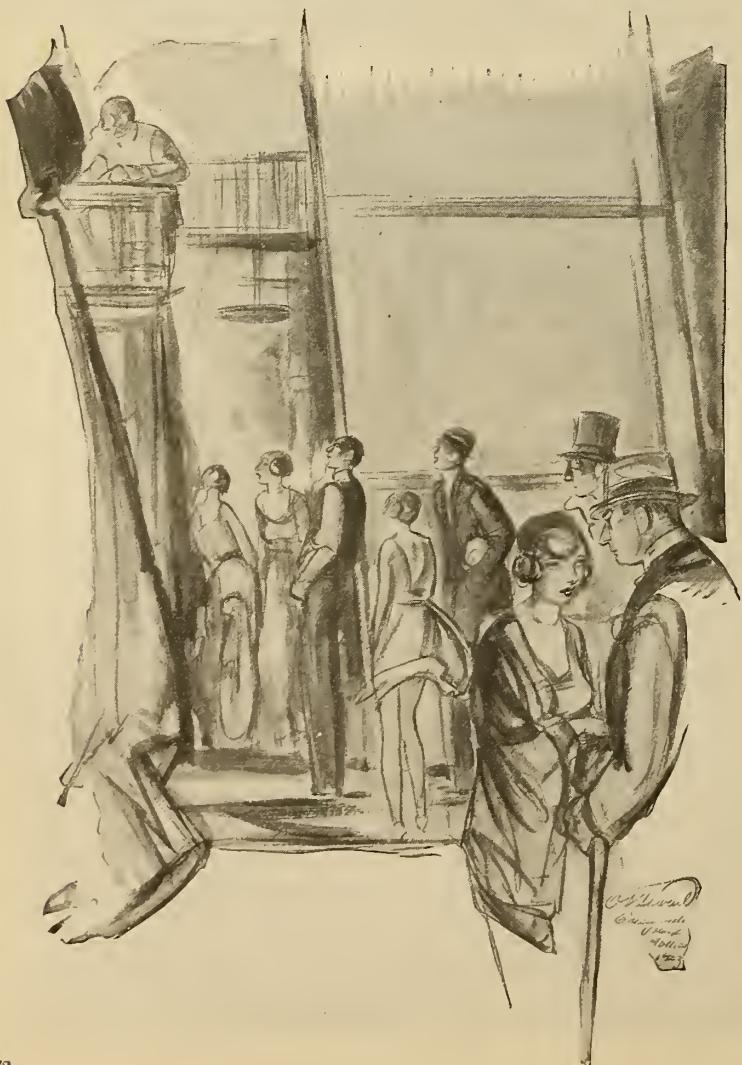
The WINTER GARDEN

Back Stage

John Murray Anderson's newest revue, The Greenwich Village Follies of 1923, is holding forth with decided success at the Winter Garden, famous domicile of the undraped feminine knee since the gay old days of Gaby Deslys. Certainly the Winter Garden has housed no revue with more pictorial beauty. The production is both gorgeous and stunning.



By
Oscar
Frederick
Howard



CHUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN AFRICA
has nothing on Miss Underhill in
rounding up some untamed censors.

Censors Will Be CENSORS

By Harriette Underhill

ONE day recently Charles Brabin, who, incidentally is Theda Bara's husband, arrived in New York from Hollywood with a new picture which he had directed called *Six Days*. Because this story was by Elinor Glyn and because, according to the titular evidence it ought to be one-third as interesting as *Three Weeks* we said "yes" over the telephone when Mr. Brabin called us up. What he asked was whether we could throw everything else aside and run over to the Goldwyn projection room the next day at three to take a private peep at the new picture and give him a private opinion. We wonder if everyone is as weak as we are.

It happened on the particular day when Charles Brabin had extracted a promise from us to go over and view *Six Days*, that Alice Terry arrived in New York unexpectedly and invited us to go on a shopping tour with her. We were in Bonwit Tellers and having a splendid time with three mannequins parading in creations that would drag the money you were saving for your rent and your income tax right out of your purse, when we looked at our watch. It was 3 o'clock so we leaped out of the room shouting regrets and adieus to Alice and Wonderland as we went. Breathless we arrived in Mr. Brabin's office at 3.10.

"We're late," we panted guiltily, "but we were shopping and didn't realize what time it was."

"Late for what?" said Eugene Mullin, serenely, as he looked up from whatever he was doing at his desk.

"We're to have the projection room for 'Six Days,'" explained Mr. Brabin.

"What?" said Mr. Mullin, anxiously; but as it turned out, if Mr. Brabin had said "We are not to have the projection room for six days," it would have been nearer the truth.

"Why, yes," continued Mr. Brabin, "I ordered the projection room three days ago for *Six Days* today at 3 o'clock. Let's go."

"It can't be done, at least not just at this moment. You see the censors are looking at the picture now," said Mr. Mullin.

"They're sitting on *Six Days*?" we asked.

"Exactly. But they ought to be out by 3.30 at the latest. You don't mind, do you?"

We did mind for ten minutes more would have made us the possessor of that pink Lanvin model with the sash tied in the back. But every cloud has a silver lining, as George Kaufman, playwright, so wittily says and the landlord and tax collector would be the gainers.

"We might go up to the projection room," suggested Mr.

Brabin. "They must be through by this time." How optimistic and sweet he has remained in spite of his association with the picture game.

"Who are they?" we asked as we waited outside the door of the projection room which seemed filled with breathless silence.

"Censors," replied the optimistic director of *Six Days*.

"But which ones? Aren't there a lot of different groups of censors?"

"Darned if I know," this from Mr. Brabin. And we're glad we never found out, for now we can write freely. We're just writing about censors—not about any particular censors. And we know all about them. Later, disguised as a censor we sneaked in and became a spy. We learned all about their weaknesses, and after this, when anyone asks the question, "Why is a censor?" although it is a pertinent question it is one we shall not be able to answer.

If they must have censors why not have people who know something about the subject they are supposed to censor?

Would any group of old ladies, however nice and refined they might be, be appointed to read all the books that were published and then say which ones would be allowed to go to the public intact, and which ones must be eliminated altogether; or which paintings might be hung in galleries?

Censorship is one of the things that, up to yet, we haven't had time to get excited about. We've had so many other things. But now it is different. If ever there was anything that needed and deserved to be

stamped out by the people and for the people it is the present system of censorship of pictures. The producers are angels to have accepted it so long without having murdered someone. After our secret session, which we are coming to in a moment, we rushed downstairs and into Mr. Mullins' office.

"We are going to become a censor," we announced excitedly.

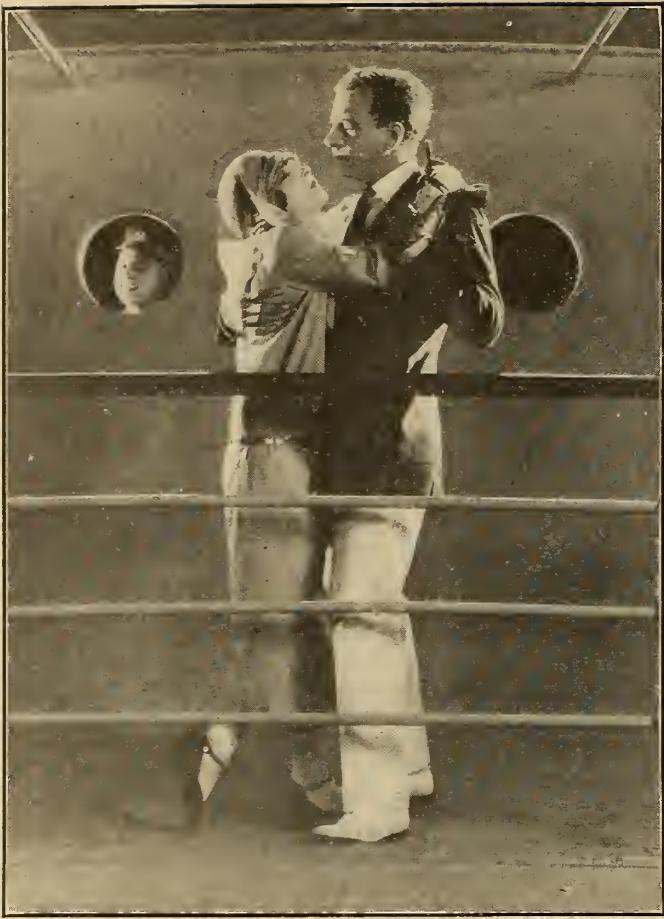
"God grant you may," he answered fervently.

"Why do you stand it?" we asked.

"Hush," he replied. "Some one might hear you," just as though they were the Klu Klux or something. The way we happened to get on the inside was this.

After waiting for ten minutes and hearing nothing stirring, Mr. Brabin opened the door and we both sneaked in. We sat down near the door and waited for the end. The picture was in the last reel. The heroine's mother had just told the heroine that even she did not believe that she was married to the father of her expected posthumous

[Continued on page 96]



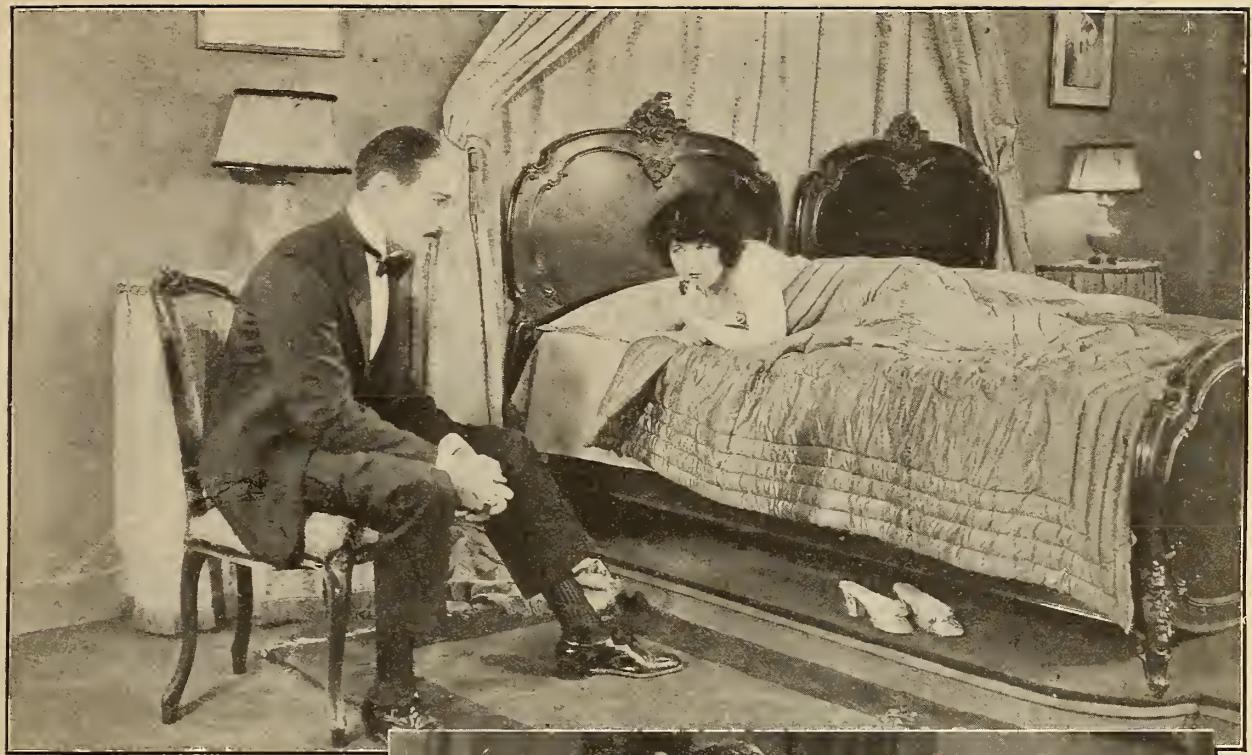
CFlaming Youth is the title of the screen's latest panorama of our jazz age. In it Colleen Moore and Milton Sills have the principal roles. At the left is the climax, a sea-going variation of the clutch fade-out.

The Screen in MID-WINTER

CInteresting glimpses of the forthcoming film dramas

CThe theater scene of Gertrude Atherton's Black Oxen, as produced by Frank Lloyd. The orchidarious Corinne Griffith ought to make a decidedly attractive Madame Zattiany.





Just above, a piquant scene of *The Marriage Circle*, which Ernst Lubitsch has just adapted from a Viennese comedy and produced as his first modern contribution to the screen in a long time. The scenes take place in Vienna and the participants above are Marie Prevost and Adolphe Menjou.



Marion Davies and Ralph Graves (above) in a romantic moment of *Mary of Bergundy*, which was to have had the title of *Yolanda*. This is a roysterer novel of the fifteenth century by Charles Major—and is said to provide Miss Davies with her best role.

At the left, a scene from Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, as it is coming to the screen from the Thomas Ince studios. Let's hope that at least a part of the punch and power of this drama actually gets to the screen. Here are George Marion, in his original role of the old sea-captain father, and Blanche Sweet, as his derelict daughter.



INTERNATIONAL

CBetty Compson, the screen star, returns from England, where she made two screenplays.

THE regular autumn calm has descended upon filmland, and studios that but recently buzzed like a bootleggers' convention are now as silent and deserted as a church on Monday morning. And as salaries have a way of stopping when work ceases, the annual financial panic has set in. Many a special-built motor is being turned back and many a diamond anklet put in pawn, for most film folk are a warm-hearted, improvident lot, spending their money with a blithe abandon, accepting literally the Scriptural injunction to "take no thought for the morrow." One famous screen star, noted for her gorgeous toilettes and lavish hospitality, is bewailing the fact that she owes more than \$90,000.

But there is a small minority to whom slumps mean only a pleasant vacation. This fortunate group includes those who have

CCharles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, visited Doug Fairbanks on the ill-fated trip which caused his death.

The Listening POST

thriflily invested their earnings while the investing was good.

Ruth Roland is probably the Rockefeller of this "moneyed class." Ruth should worry if she never hears a camera click again. She has a fortune of over two million dollars, most of which was gained in real estate investments. As an actress, Ruth Roland is a mighty good business woman.

Mary Pickford a Millionaire

MARY PICKFORD need never think about reserving a corner in the Home for Indigent Actors. She is a millionaire in her own right, with most of her funds snugly invested in tax-exempt securities and government bonds. Douglas Fairbanks isn't quite so affluent as his bonny wife, but he gets along. Much of his money is re-invested in his current productions, which cost enormous sums to produce. He owns their \$350,000 home, "Pickfair," and half of their joint studio.

Viola Dana has a substantial sum tucked away in real estate and also owns a flourishing garage. Norma and Constance Talmadge will never have to cut out lunches to pay for a new fall hat, for Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck, has invested their money cannily. Norma has a cool million in bonds, with additional real estate ownings. Norma is a good



CWhat they're talking about
in the studios of Hollywood
and New York.

By
**Eunice Marshall and
Helen Lee**

gambler, too; she backed the manufacture of Jackie Coogan kiddie cars and also took a little flyer in producing by financing the "Music Box Revue" in Gotham last year.

Charlie Chaplin is a wealthy man, not quite a millionaire but near it. Harold Lloyd coins money on his pictures, and is a heavy investor in real estate and railroad bonds. Cecil DeMille has made a fortune in oil. Agnes Ayres, while not enormously wealthy, has a neat fortune in real estate.

Buster Keaton Wants Merton

ALTHOUGH it was generally understood that Glenn Hunter was to make *Merton of the Movies* for Famous Players-Lasky, it seems, that the screen fate of the play is still in doubt. Buster Keaton has his eye on it and he may get it because Buster is a well-known plutocrat and it is going to take real money to get the play.



INTERNATIONAL

Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, sail for a tour of Europe, during which they will make the exteriors of The Arab in the Sahara.



Buster is branching out into feature length comedies because he tumbled to the fact that Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd have lost no money by appearing in "bigger and better" things.

And it is a known fact that Buster doesn't want Chaplin or Lloyd to run too far ahead of him.

SPEAKING of Glenn Hunter, everyone is wondering how the rumor of his engagement to May McAvoy ever got a start. Naturally, Glenn and May know each other and they did develop a friendship when they were appearing together in *West of the Water Tower*. And perhaps they did go out a bit together. But May is a sedate child, awfully interested in her work and Glenn has a road tour

Director Allan Dwan "shoots" a roughneck dance at the Manhattan Casino in New York for Rex Beach's Big Brother.

DON'T PARK HERE



CBebe Daniels drops in to call upon Thomas Meighan at the Los Angeles Lasky studios.

with "Merton" and a heavy film contract to consider.

May McAvoy with Barthelmess

MAY has again returned to the direction of John S. Robertson and will play opposite Richard Barthelmess in *The Enchanted Cottage*. Since May first made her hit in *Sentimental Tommy* under Robertson's direction, her life hasn't been all roses and honey, although she has collected a neat little salary for herself.

Like most of the Realart stars, she failed to make the grade and was relegated to smaller parts. She often failed to get the best sort of direction and her work slumped. Guided by the sympathetic Mr. Robertson, she has a chance to create another Grizel.

Juanita Hansen in Hollywood

WHOMO was the wag that made the bright remark that "the woman always pays and pays . . . but mostly she manages to get back quite a bit of change?" Juanita Hansen, being naturally an optimistic soul, refused to consider her career ruined by being arrested as a drug addict. She is cashing in on the publicity by informing a more or less sympathetic public how she was cured, on a small-time vaudeville circuit.

PERHAPS the most brilliant world premiere of the year took place in Washington, when Rex Ingram's picture, *Scaramouche*, was presented. The proceeds were given to the Japanese earthquake sufferers,



CPola Negri is becoming more and more a regular Hollywooder. Here she is in that well known pose on her front lawn with her dogs. At the right, Victor Seastrom directing a scene of *The Judge and the Woman*. Seastrom has his camera mounted upon an automobile chassis while he shoots Patsy Ruth Miller and Conroy Nagel out for a stroll.



and President and Mrs. Coolidge and members of the various embassies were present. Boxes sold for \$500 and \$600 apiece, and single seats went for as high as \$50 apiece. Mischa Elman, the famous violinist, came on from New York to play during the intermission, and Rex Ingram was called on for a speech.

Every other producer with a super-special to open soon, gnashed his teeth in rage because he didn't think of the stunt first. It was grand publicity.

A Little Story About Harold Shaw

I KNOW not how the truth may be, but I tell this tale as 'twas told to me.

It seems that Harold Shaw, Metro director and Viola Dana's brother-in-law, felt a cold coming on. So he called up the nearest available doctor and asked him to drop over to the studio.

"I have a cold on my chest, doctor," he said. "Working on these drafty stages is bad, and I don't want to take chances."

"How many do you need?" asked the medico.

"About two, I guess," said Mr. Shaw, thinking of little pink pills.

"That's six dollars," said the doctor, and began scribbling. He took the money, said goodbye and put in Shaw's hand two prescriptions.

The prescriptions bore the words: "Spirits frumenti, 1 pint."

And, so we are assured, Mr. Shaw tore them up right away. Wasn't that a nice fairy tale, children?

Johnny Hines Interested in Bessie

ONE of the most interesting and popular Hollywood pursuits is noting who is going with whom. The film colony is smiling approvingly on the devotion of Johnny Hines, the effervescent comedian with the engaging grin, to demure Bessie Love. They are seen together everywhere.

THE open season for film divorces is now on in full swing. Margaret Landis, sister of Cullen Landis, has filed suit for divorce against



INTERNATIONAL

Theda Bara kisses her husband, Charles Brabin, before he departs for Europe to film Ben-Hur.

Bertram C. Bracken, a well known film director. She charged that her husband was habitually intemperate and failed to support her.

Mrs. George Melford and Mrs. Gladys Blue are bringing suits for divorces from their respective husbands, George Melford, the Lasky director, and Monte Blue, film star.

Dagmar Godowsky decided that her hasty and romantic Mexicali marriage with Frank Mayo was not destined for happiness, and is suing for divorce.

Preaches Sermon

LOIS WILSON recently preached a short sermon from the pulpit of Dr. Christian Reisner's church in New York. And in her talk, she confessed that she once longed to be a clergywoman. Only a year ago, in wake of the scandal of the Hall-Mills case, the actors of Hollywood decided to bar churches until the ministers



Lucky Lew Cody was one of the judges in an annual California bathing girl contest held at Los Angeles.



CTop, Edward Knoblock, the playwright and scenarist, Director William DeMille and Clara Beranger, the scenario writer, have a chat at the Lasky Studios.

CRight, Clara Bow joins the coast film colony.



reformed. Evidently, they have backed down.

CORINNE GRIFFITH also has gone in for church work. Recently she paid a visit to her native town, Mineral Wells, Texas, and entertained at several church sociables. She's a nice versatile girl, is Corinne. And all the time she had really gone to Mineral Wells to get a divorce from her husband, Webster Campbell.

Corinne Griffith Gets Divorce

FOR a long time, Corinne's marriage was an extremely happy one and her friends exonerate her from all blame in the final misunderstanding. The answer is that some men don't know when they're in luck.

WHEN Mae Nusch was in New

York she didn't seem to be a bit disturbed by her impending divorce suit. Mae is free from the bonds of matrimony and Francis MacDonald, the actor, can now go his own way. Everybody says that Mae is going to marry Al Wilkie, a Hollywood press agent, but the coy young couple refuse to say anything about it.

Pola Gives A Party

PO LA NEGRI was hostess at a brilliant affair at the Biltmore, Los Angeles' newest and smartest hotel, in honor of her countryman, General Joseph Haller of the Polish army. The general is in America as the representative of the Polish government, and came to California as the guest of the American Legion. During his stay in Los Angeles, he and his party were the house guests

of Miss Negri.

Pola, looking radiantly beautiful, met the general at the station, and filled his arms with a great bouquet of red and white carnations.

Among the guests at the brilliant function were Richard Dix, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams), William S. Hart, Mr.



CMarilynn Miller bids good-bye to her pet dog before departing for the East to resume her tour in Sally. Jack Pickford aids in the ceremony.

and Mrs. Cecil DeMille, Charles DeRoche and Rupert Hughes.

THE atmosphere is charged out at Universal City. When Herbert Rawlinson made *The Victor*, he and Eddie Gribbon put on a great fight, as per the script instructions. The rushes showed several scenes that showed Gribbon up to advantage over Rawlinson. But when the picture was cut, these scenes were deleted. Gribbon accused Rawlinson of having those good shots cut. Rawlinson hotly denies the charge. And meanwhile another fight scene looms in a new picture, *Jack of Clubs*, in which Rawlinson and Gribbon are again to mix.

"I'm not going to start anything," Herb says, "but nobody can walk over me. So if anybody wants anything he can get it by starting something."

And Gribbon announces, "I'll do my part, unless Rawlinson makes the first break. And if he does, then watch me go!"

Page Will Hays!

Stuart Blackton and Lou

BRAVE old J. Stuart Blackton! He has gone and engaged Lou Tellegen for the leading role in Basil King's story *Let No Man Put Asunder*. And, to make things still funnier, he has hired Pauline Frederick, formerly a super-star, to play opposite him.

The fine subtle joke is that both stars have been involved in some nice divorce suits. But they calmly face the resounding title of *Let No Man Put Asunder*.

Irene Castle Coming Back

APPARENTLY you can't discourage 'em. Irene Castle is coming back to the screen, too, as soon as she finishes her vaudeville tour. However, Mrs. Castle, in spite of bad pictures, still has a following and that helps some in these lean days for stars.

Stella Goudal to be Starred

THE lovely Jetta Goudal's first starring picture is to be *Martinique*, which was once a colorful but not over-successful stage play. In a few pictures, Jetta has aroused more interest than many stars who have been on the screen for years.

As a household pet, an ostrich is something of a problem.



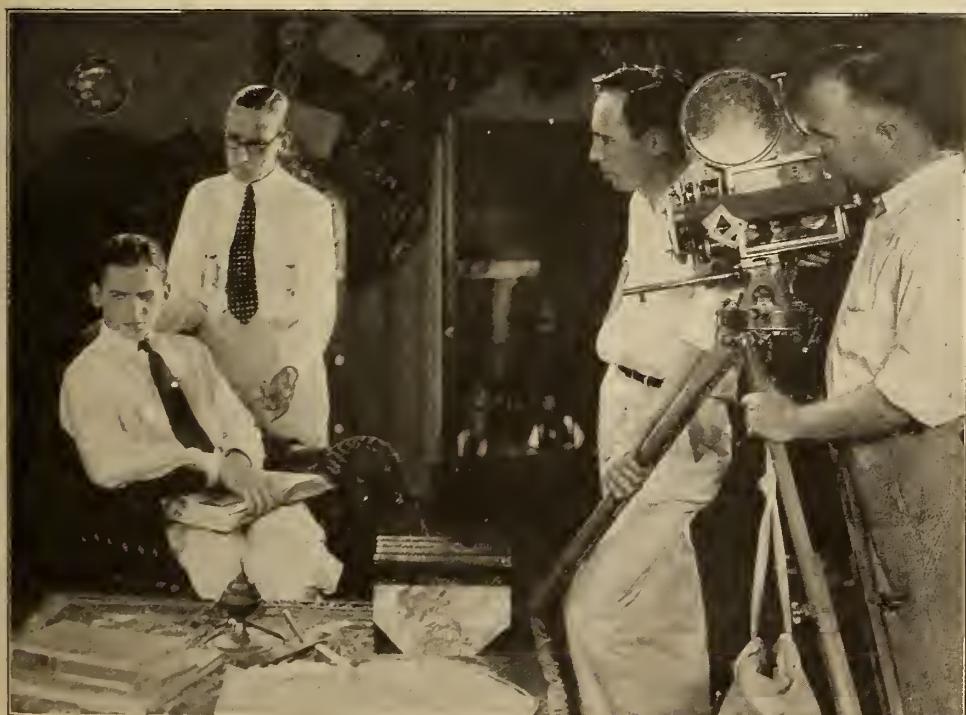
CA glimpse of Eleanor Glyn in conference with Alan Crosland over the filming of her novel, *Three Weeks*. Miss Glyn is smiling. This was just before they told her that Conrad Nagel was to play the lover.

Keeping this in mind, Carmel Myers is looking at all express trucks with a bodeful eye. A warm admirer of Carmel's, the son of a Southern California ostrich-farm owner, wired Carmel recently that he was sending her a prize six-months-old ostrich as a testimonial of his esteem. Even the prospect of having as many ostrich plumes as she wants doesn't reconcile Carmel to having a leggy bird about the place.

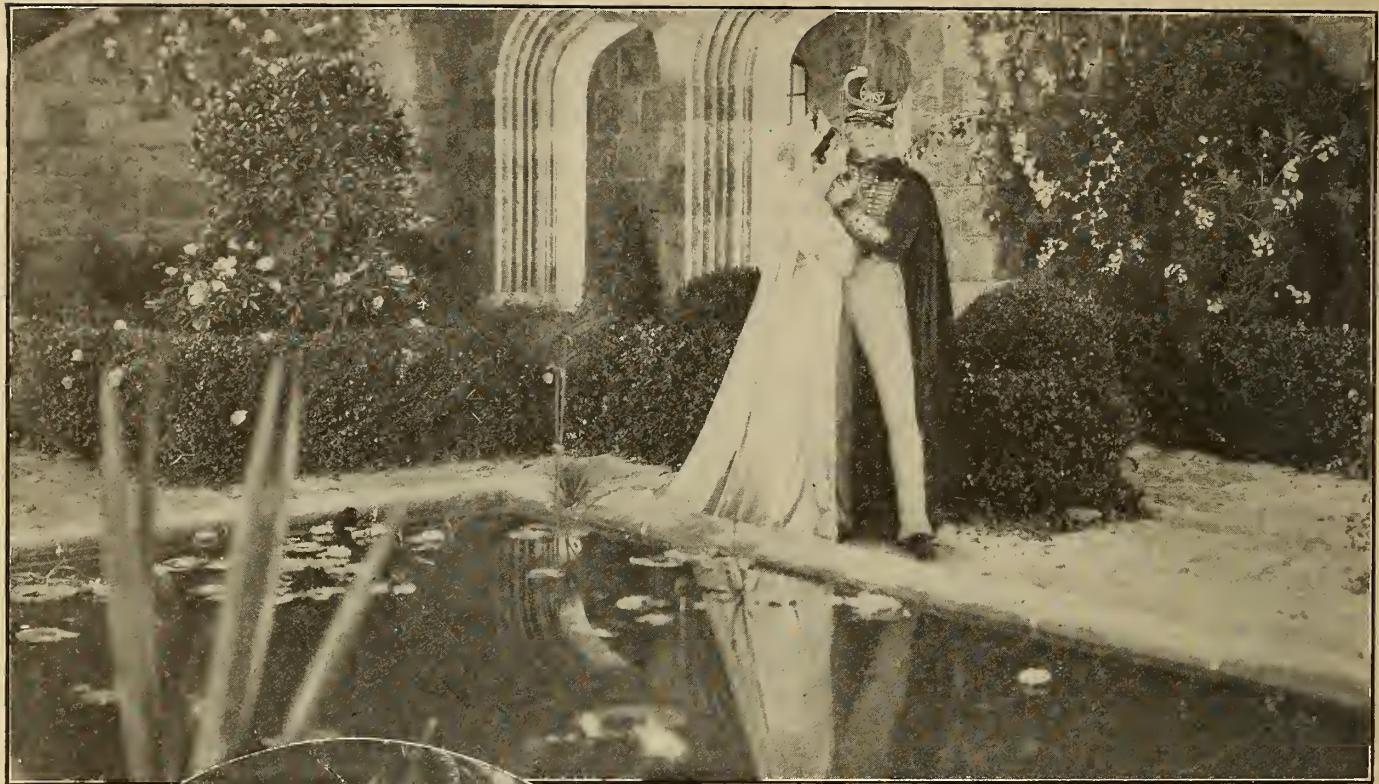
Charlie Chaplin Goes West

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is back from New York, ready to start a new picture with himself as the star. He met his usual boisterous reception in Gotham, where he attended the premiere of *A Woman of Paris*, starring Edna Purviance. He was almost torn limb from limb when he visited the Polo Grounds.

THREE cheers! Betty Compson
[Continued on page 93]



CDirector Joseph Henaberry tells Doug Fairbanks, Jr., just how he wants him to do a scene of *Stephen Steps Out*.



Meet Beau BARRYMORE

Jack—beg pardon, John—Barrymore has just completed his first film production since his quite unforgettable *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. This is a celluloid version of the late Clyde Fitch's Beau Brummel, which once served Richard Mansfield so well. Barrymore, of course, is the dashing and immaculate Beau and Mary Astor plays the girl of the romance. Los Angeles is the actual scene of the Beau's screen activities, but you wouldn't guess it from these atmospheric shots suggesting old England.



The Jargon of the Films

SOME of the terse, expressive jargon—the slang of the motion picture business—has already worked its way out of the studio into everyday life,” says John M. Stahl, the director. “This suggests,” he continues, “that this great, hulking business of picture-making may have ultimately an effect upon the manners and customs of the whole country.

“The expression ‘That’s out,’ for instance, comes from the studio, and is now in general use. Then there is ‘Out of the picture,’ which crops up every day on the tongues of many. It is natural in such a business that there should be special words. We speak of scenes being ‘shot.’ When the scenes have been cemented together, or assembled, the production is ready to be ‘cut.’ This cutting consists of the shortening and the elimination of some of the sequences. The man largely responsible for this work is a ‘cutter’ or editor. Anything in the picture which does not seem necessary or does not help the story is excluded. He is often heard to say to a stenographer in the projection room, ‘That’s out.’”

What “Kick ‘Em” Means

IN the jargon there are words which are unintelligible to the general public, such as ‘Kick ‘em,’ ‘Save ‘em,’ ‘Knock ‘em,’ ‘Gobo’ and other utterances that are flung around a studio by camera men, electricians and property men. ‘Sets’ are stage settings, and they are lighted by ponderous ‘banks’ of Cooper-Hewitt mercury lamps. Quite often one of these tubes will fail in its light when the current is switched on, and a bump, jar or a kick is necessary to make it function properly. Hence ‘kick ‘em’ has become the expression for turning on the lights. ‘Save ‘em’ is used for turning them out temporarily, so as not to use needless electricity. Cameras ‘stand up’ when they are in use. When the day’s work for the camera is done ‘knock ‘em over’ is used, instead of ‘put the cameras in boxes and fold up the tripods.’ ‘Gobo’ is a word that just happened, as many others have done. Many of the beautiful effects of lights and shadows are secured by ingenious methods of intensifying the light on a set at some given point. This is sometimes accomplished by the use of deflector boards which catch some of the unessential light and throw it on a point where it will be of value. These boards are dead black. They are placed on footboards or braces, and were formerly termed ‘niggers.’ The story goes that a director was using a number of negro

actors on a set and found it necessary frequently to order ‘Put a nigger there.’ This naturally caused confusion, and eventually the boards became known as ‘goboes.’

Fading In and Out

EVERY picture sequence, after the first one is introduced by the main title, to denote a passage of time, is made to gradually grow before the eye. The picture is therefore ‘irised in’ or ‘irised out,’ when it appears from a tiny spot on the screen or is gradually reduced after being shown. ‘Fade-in’ is a similar effect whereby the scene gradually becomes more and more distinct, and a ‘fade-out’ is where the scene gradually disappears. Then there are ‘chemical fades’ put at the beginning or the end of scenes after the picture has been taken. This is done by a ‘chemical process on the ‘print,’ the positive which is projected on the screen.

“‘Long shot,’ ‘medium shot,’ ‘close up’ are self-explaining.”

Other Slang of the Studios

P AUL TERRY, the cartoonist of “Aesop Fables,” supplies other slang of the screen. Here are some of the words and their meaning:

ANIMATION—The making of series of drawings, each differing slightly so that when they are shown rapidly an illusion of motion will be presented. Animator—An artist who executes animation.

BALLOON—A spoken title surrounded by a circular line starting from the “speaker’s” mouth. The words are usually black upon a white background.

CLOSE-UP—A portion of a character drawn greatly enlarged to give the appearance of having photographed the object at close range, thus presenting the same result as a “close-up” in regularly staged movies, with human actors. Semi-close-up—Showing slightly more of main picture than close-up.

BACKGROUND—Just what it implies. Moving or running background; (also pam), a long strip drawing with a continuous background which is moved slowly each time a drawing of a character is superimposed thereupon and the two photographed.

DISSOLVE—To fade one picture into another.

EPISODE—A series of scenes along a brief line of thought; a little story within a story. Same as sequence.

EXTERIOR—A setting drawn to represent a location in the open air.

EVOLUTION—Scenes wherein the pic-

[Continued to page 97]



Patting—secret of Youthful Complexion

SO SIMPLE is the method of the women of the Orient for keeping the complexion in perfect condition, that it requires no strenuous massaging, clay packs or costly bothersome treatments. Beneath every woman’s skin is the life and blood of tissues which if kept vitalized bring glow, color and firmness to the skin. The secret of a youthful complexion is patting the cheeks and neck with genuine Turkish Patting Cream. The pure vegetable ingredients and other emollients in Turkish Patting Cream feed facial tissues and give them life and vitality. Light but stinging pats with the fingers increase circulation, exercise facial muscles, and bring firmness to skin and tissues. Beauty booklet gives simple directions.

Wrinkles ruin an otherwise beautiful complexion. There are thousands of women who though past forty have not a sign of a wrinkle. Their success is the simple facial patting for a minute or two at their mirror before retiring with Turkish Patting Cream which strengthens the muscles, making wrinkles disappear. To prove it, send your name and address, no money—and we will send you a full month’s supply—a regular \$3.00 jar for only \$1.69. Pay the postman. Take a little of the cream on the finger tips, stand before your mirror, and where you have crow’s feet, tell-tale wrinkles or lines, pat it with quick stinging taps into the skin. You will be astonished after the first treatment how good your face feels and how easy and nice this oriental beauty treatment makes wrinkles disappear and stay away. Regularly used, color and firmness come to your complexion. Turkish Patting Cream does not contain animal fats or glycerine. Your money back if not delighted. Write today.

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Dr. A. S. Murphy, noted Physician, Vancouver, B. C., makes the following remarkable statement:

"My dear Mr. Tyler: On July 1st, 1920, I weighed 210 pounds net. Today, Nov. 19, 1920, I weigh 167 pounds net. Your little book, "Health Guide," taught me how to do it, and your Macerated Wheat helped me to do it. I never felt so well in my life, and look fifteen years younger than I did five months ago. Any fat person can do what I did if they get your book and Macerated Wheat and go at it in earnest."

DON'T STARVE YOURSELF TRYING TO REDUCE HUNGER DOES NOT PRODUCE HEALTH

Obesity is not caused by overeating, but by improper eating. Some of the thinnest people are big eaters. It is all in the kind of food.

No need of rigorous exercise. No medicine. No dieting. Tyler's Wheat is all the diet you need and furnishes ample food in itself. Macerated Wheat is not a medicine but a food, composed of raisins, nuts, wheat, etc., with all the proper nourishment for the human body. Stimulates the Glands and prolongs life. You can eat all you want. Best of all, you will like it. Guaranteed to banish constipation or money refunded. A 2½-lb. Trial Package and Health Guide for \$1 Cash or Check.

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How Tragedy has Taught a Star to Act—From page 25

The Story of Gloria Swanson

Gloria refused to work without her husband. He was much out of place in a comedy as Charlie Chaplin would be as Hamlet. He simply wasn't meant for that type of thing.

Then came the rift in the lute. Gloria and Wallie were never tempermentally suited. They liked different things and had no tastes in common. They separated each going his own way. Just what brought about the final break no one knows because neither of them ever discussed it. Gloria wanted her career and Wallie wanted his and two careers in one family are generally disastrous.

Gloria kept adding to her success as a bathing beauty, still cherishing in her heart the hope that somehow, somewhere, sometime, she could play *Camille* or *Zaza*. Bernhardt was her ideal. In her heart she loathed comedy but she had had so many dark lean days that she clung to what little success she was able to get with Sennett and tried to consider herself lucky. Then Cecil de Mille, in search of an actress who could wear clothes, saw Gloria in a Sennett comedy and asked to see all the pictures she had made.

Gloria Attracts De Mille's Attention

THE proud little head set on a pair of straight shoulders, the graceful turn of the delicate neck and the inscrutable eyes, at once so wistful and full of yearning and so defiant and haughty, unfolded infinite dramatic possibilities to the experienced eye of de Mille. Gloria embodied the most salient points in the actress he was looking for and he sent an ambassador to learn if by any chance the Sennett bathing girl had ever had dreams beyond slapstick comedy. Had she? Only Gloria knew how she longed to leave comedy and do something serious. Only Gloria knew the craving in her own heart to play *Zaza* and *Camille*.

De Mille is master of something beside elaborate bath-rooms. He is master in fathoming what his people can do and before he cast her in a picture he had test after test made of her, experimenting with this style dress and that costume until he knew exactly what she could wear and what she should not wear. No artist ever studied his model with any more care than de Mille studied the erstwhile bathing girl, learning the contour of her face and head until he could tell in a second just what she needed to bring out her particular type of beauty. He knew so well that before one scene was shot of her first

picture, he was convinced he had a find. He was right.

Gloria Succeeds in Drama

GLORIA was a sensation. De Mille gave Clare West, the Lasky designer, carte blanc to go ahead and create the most bizarre costumes ever created for the screen. He added a unique hairdress and almost overnight Gloria became to the motion picture flapper what Geraldine Farrar is to the Metropolitan Opera House debutante. Her clothes, her hairdress and her eccentric mannerisms became the rage. From a bathing beauty of no particular distinction she became the most talked of star on the screen. De Mille, realizing what she meant to his pictures kept her for three or four productions and then Famous Players-Lasky took her away and signed her on a long term contract.

Famous Players-Lasky set out to make Gloria a great star. She had that appeal which means money in the bank to producers and, when the yearly balance proved her films were among the best sellers, her salary was raised. She has not always had good vehicles. She has made some very poor films but she has managed to hold on to her public—and her followers have never blamed the actress for the bad pictures.

Never Satisfied With Herself

GLORIA at first was no better than hundreds of other girls. She was always interesting, always attractive to look upon but I can think of a dozen other young girls who acted just as well. But here is the difference. Where those girls were satisfied with halfway measures, Gloria was not. She sought to improve herself, to learn something about where she was weak and why she was no better than the dozen other girls struggling for a place in the motion picture sun. Each picture was a little better from the standpoint of acting than its predecessor, perhaps not perceptible to the public but apparent to Gloria's watchful eyes. Then came *Blue Beard's Eighth Wife* and *Zaza* and Gloria won in her long fight.

Gloria had arrived. Some of her pictures in the interim have not been anything to grow wildly enthusiastic over but her *Zaza* has been a work of art, but dear me, I am getting ahead of my story. At the time Mrs. Wallace Beery ceased to be, Gloria lost her faith in men. She

said never again, just as many a woman has said it. But she was young, she was beautiful and she was popular. She met Herbert Somborn, said to be a millionaire producer and she married him.

Their married life was brief. Gloria claimed she had all the butcher and the baker bills to pay and Somborn claimed his wife would not stay home, that it was not a case of loving of her home less but of loving her art more. Gloria was free again. But this time with a girl baby, Gloria the Second, with her mother's eyes, and something of the wistful smile of the old Gloria of Essanay days used to have.

Two Domestic Tragedies

THESE two domestic tragedies have left the little girl of Essanay days sad. They have robbed her of her faith, and of her belief that there were still men who rode on white horses and came to claim their ladies fair. She doesn't believe in knights and brave men any more. She doesn't believe in her public very much because she has been misjudged so many times. She fears newspapers because so many of her actions have been distorted. She has learned to look at the world with a suspicious and wary eye. But Gloria has learned to act.

From all this sadness and bitterness and loss of faith has risen an actress. Her *Zaza* might have been the fulfillment of everything she hoped in those Essanay days. It is doubtful if her achieved ambition would have been as eagerly sought after if she had known the heart aches that were to accompany her success. But life is that way—we have to take it as we find it, which may sound like a platitude but is nevertheless true.

Beery, Too, Finds Success

WALLACE Beery, too, has found his success. Instead of the comedian he thought himself, he has become one of the screen's best and most sought after character actors. Probably Wallie had ideals too, although no one ever accused him of anything like that. Perhaps, if Gloria and Wallie had not been so young

at the time they went their separate paths, they might have made allowances for each other's shortcomings and have avoided the breach which sent them in opposite directions but toward the same goal. Perhaps Wallie would have been more patient with Gloria's ambition and Gloria would not have found Wallie's rough and ready ways so distressing to her sensibilities.

Youth is always intolerant and these two were no different than many other young folk placed in the same position. Of course, both Gloria and Wallie feel their course was the only one open to them and most of their friends feel the same way but sometimes, when I think of the little girl in the tam o' shanter and tailored suit and the reckless Wallie, I wonder, if they had continued together, what would have happened. Certainly so far as worldly success is concerned they could not have bettered their lot. Heartaches have brought fame to Gloria and individual effort has not lost Wallie anything in the way of screen value.

Today the little extra girl, who wore the tailored suits and saucy tam o' shanders, is one of the highest paid stars in the film firmament. She is a sure bet for the exhibitors and one of the players Famous Players-Lasky knows earns every cent of her salary. Gloria has everything that she dreamed of having in the old days, she has fame, she has beauty, she has jewels, servants, cars, furs and a beautiful child and a growing success.

Through With Love

ALL the luxuries and sumptuous comforts that she adores are hers for the asking. The eager girl has become a gorgeous woman, charming with all the touches that an ambitious acquaintance with a big world could give her. There is nothing left to be desired unless it is love and Gloria is frank in saying she is through with love. Men have not been what she thought them and she will never trust another. With all these worldly things, with all this adoration of a motion picture public who try to copy her gowns, imitate her walk and smile her inscrutable smile, everyone says she must be very happy. Is she happy? I wonder.

C. Further Adventures of the Fascinating Phyllis

C. If you are a regular SCREENLAND reader you have already fallen in love with the piquant *Phyllis*, most charming of all the creations of the famous artist, John Held, Jr.

C. SCREENLAND is the only motion picture publication in which the work of Mr. Held appears.

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"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my *avordupois* had hovered around the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored."

"Thanks to Wallace, I can now wear the styles I want to. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology, this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire.

Very sincerely yours,
Jessica Penrose Bayliss,"
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Wallace reducing records reduce naturally. No fast ing, fatiguing methods to leave you with that "reduced" look. It's simple, enjoyable, and quick to show results. This is what you can accomplish:

Here Is What You Can Weigh

Height Inches	Age Lbs.	Age Lbs.	Age Lbs.	Age Lbs.
20 to 29 yrs	30 to 39 yrs	40 to 49 yrs	50 and Over	
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

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Mr. Nathan Reviews the New Plays—From Page 69

Drama land

With all its defects, the play holds the interest intelligently. And it is admirably acted by a company that includes Frank Shannon as the husband, Miss Beth Merrill as the wife, George Abbott as the lover and Ethel Wright as the latter's squaw. Brock Pemberton, little brother to the producing technic of Arthur Hopkins, is responsible for the presentation.

Du Maurier's Boob Melodrama

GERALD DU MAURIER'S *The Dancers* was undoubtedly written with one eye on the moving pictures. It has all the ingredients for a movie save a trained dog, a fight over a beautiful woman and a scene showing a couple necking beside a picturesque waterfall. These will doubtless be duly inserted into it when it is made into a film.

The play, which has been an enormous success in London, is crude stuff, but not without its diverting boob moments. A good-natured melodrama, one must go to it—if one goes at all—in a spirit of excessive good nature. In a spirit, indeed, so good natured as to be almost idiotic. Otherwise one will miss many of what may be called the fine points. Such plays are not for critics, but they often amuse critics none the less, as a circus sideshow amuses a logician or a hooch dance a minister of the gospel. I shall not tell you the plot of the piece, since if I were to do so you might accuse me of trying to be facetious. Richard Bennett negotiates so many monkeyshines in the acting of the central role that it is at times almost impossible to make out precisely what he is driving at in the way of characterization. The woman, Miss Florence Eldridge and Miss Kathleen MacDonell, are very much better, although the latter is too mature for the part assigned to her.

Miss Vollmer's One Mood Play

LULA VOLLMER is a young playwright of considerable talent who persists in viewing the folk whom she writes about with the eyes of a sinister undertaker. She cannot see the flowers for the graves. She sees her characters in one mood only, and as a result her plays are one-mood plays, and monotonous. In *Sun Up*, her first effort, this was less noticeable, however, than in *The Shame Woman*, her second.

The *Shame Woman* is a poor play compared with *Sun Up*, though it has flashes of unmistakable quality. It grinds out

in dirge-like tones a tale of seduction laid in the California mountains. It has all the aspects of a prolonged moan. I defer to Miss Vollmer's knowledge of the North Carolina mountaineers—I have never been in North Carolina and, if God is good to me, I hope I never shall be—but I still privilege myself a suspicion that they are not the many embodied ululations and grunts that Miss Vollmer makes them out to be. I do not, obviously, insist that Miss Vollmer arbitrarily bring humor into her play—I leave such insistence to certain of my colleagues—but I wish that she might at least omit a few of the lamentations. These lamentations, after an hour or so, become self-satiric.

The staging of the play, by Gustav Blum, is in the true honorary pall-bearer style.

Soft Pedalling the Grand Guignol

THE attempt to transplant the Grand Guignol to American soil has been marked—at least up to the time I write—by a curiously befuddled theory on the part of the persons responsible for the troupe's importation. These persons, fearful of American morality, have put down the soft pedal so hard on the Guignol's naughtiness, and on its horrors no less, that what—up to the time of writing—has been revealed on the local shore is decidedly weak tea. To bring over a theatre notorious for its shocks and its deviltries, to make a bid for American patronage, and then carefully to delete all the shocks and deviltries is something very much like bringing over a sensational nautch dancer, advertising her anatomical genius far and wide, and then making her do a waltz. Properly managed, the Guignol might have created a considerable stir over here. I fear, however, that unless the management turns turtle in its policy of timidity forthwith, all that the Guignol will create will be the impression of a steer.

Windows Well Modulated But Uneven

GALSWORTHY'S *Windows* provides an interesting evening less because of the play itself than because of the author. A play by Galsworthy may not be a good play, but it is generally certain to be one that one can listen to without feeling—as one so often feels on Broadway—like throwing a cuspidor at the head of the author. When a gentleman of letters like Galsworthy writes even a poor play, that

poor play is yet made comparatively agreeable by the man's personality as it takes form in the written and spoken word.

Windows is the lesser Galsworthy, but it is Galsworthy still: a well-modulated, charmingly sophisticated, if disturbingly uneven, piece of dramatic writing. The Theatre Guild has made an attractive production, and the cast, with one exception, has been intelligently selected. The exception is Miss Phyllis Povah in the role of the seduced girl. (There seems to be a Dickens of a lot of seducing on in the drama these autumn days!) Miss Povah's performance is successful in almost ruining every scene in which she figures.

Tarnish Fifth-Rate Drama

"*Tarnish*" by the same Gilbert Emery who wrote the meritorious play of a couple of years ago called *The Hero*, is an illuminating instance of the claptrap that gets by the critical sentinels of Broadway as an example of very fine drama. It has been greeted as a masterpiece. It has all the aspects of a masterpiece that are enjoyed by *The Nervous Wreck* and *Children of the Moon*. I do not wish to appear didactic, but if *Tarnish* is anything better than fifth-rate drama I am prepared to give up the pretensions of a critic at once and retire to my ancestral estates in the New Jersey meadows back of Newark.

The play is essentially a yokel-yanker palmed off on the educated boobs as something authentic by the shrewd device of stating a sound theme in Act I, promptly forgetting it and going in wholeheartedly for Theodore Kremer melodrama, and then briefly mentioning it again just before the third act curtain falls. The device seems to have worked like a charm. A young woman named Ann Harding, in the role of the girl who becomes reconciled to a fiance who is not a physical saint, shows considerable

promise and a considerable measure of already realized good-looks.

Light Comedy Heavily Acted

ST. JOHN ERVINE'S *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* is a diverting light comedy whose valuable lightness is made unduly heavy by the company of actors which Mr. Belasco has assembled to support Mrs. Fiske. The latter gives a sprightly performance of a role that might have been cut to her measure, but the actors who surround her enter the proceedings with all the lightness of touch of so many honkatonk piano players. La Fiske, however, with Ervine's wit ever helping her along, manages to carry the evening along very nicely.

Mr. Belasco employs a new theory of lighting in the production. Just what it is I am unable precisely to make out, for all the elaborate explanation in the program. But, whatever it is, it strikes me as being very good. Yet it looks strangely to me like the very good lighting that Mr. Belasco has been using for some time now.

Mr. Hodge's Smug Uplift

WILLIAM HODGE'S new one, *For All of Us*, is his usual cross between the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Success* magazine. In other words, the kind of play that enchant the simpler folk among us and sends them out of the theatre confident that they will go to Heaven when they die. I fear that I am too much of a cynic properly to appreciate the Hodge masterpieces. Instead of uplifting me, making me forget my ills and persuading me that all's well with the World, they depress me no end and send me on the gallop to the nearest illicit booze parlor. They are so smug, so completely idiotic, that they instill in me infinitely less a thirst for faith in the hereafter than a thirst for worldly schnapps. I apologize, and profusely, for my attitude. But I can't help it. I am that kind of a low dog.

The Causes of Domestic Trouble in Filmland—From Page 33

Divorce: the Menace of the Screen

from his wife insure an escape from apartment house pianos for Mr. Bennett? He will still have to put up with the neighbors.

The Problem of the Vidores

KING VIDOR and Florence Vidor were happily married for many years. Now they have separated. Will there be a divorce? This husband and wife won success together. They travelled from Texas to Hollywood in a Ford, camping

by the way and enjoying their adventures. After their baby was born Vidor became a director, his wife a star. Mrs. Vidor was always a home-maker even at her busiest. Now she has gone to Honolulu with the statement that "marital vacations are thought to be a good thing."

Separation of husband and wife has resulted in a large number of film divorces. Desertion is one of the most frequent complaints lodged in Hollywood. In October Irma Gladys Blue, who charged Monte Blue with desertion, was



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granted a divorce in the Superior Court of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Blue were happy while Blue was merely a leading man. When he was injured in an accident recently, his wife flew to his side in the hospital. But there was no reconciliation.

H. C. Gerke accused Marie Prevost of desertion and was granted a divorce.

Jackie Saunders lately received a divorce from her husband, E. D. Horkheimer. The alleged cause was desertion. They have a little daughter and were happy until three years ago when they separated.

Tom Moore has tipped over his latest matrimonial bark. He is reported estranged from Renee Adoree.

Matrimonial Ennui Another Item

MATRIMONIAL ennui caused Jerome Storm, director of many of Charles Ray's successes, to pin a note to the dresser scarf saying he had left his wife, formerly a cutter with Ince and Griffith. He feels that he can accomplish more if he has no domestic relations.

"He just went away saying that he was tired of being married, but that he would provide for me and the baby" explained Mrs. Storm.

Many separations and disagreements have marred the marriage of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy. Now it is said the divorce stage has been reached. George Melford and his wife are living apart. Mrs. Melford has filed suit for divorce, alleging desertion.

The hasty marriages which ended in a few days in the divorce courts are also numerous. Alma Rubens secretly married Franklyn Farnum. But they had separated before the news reached the Los Angeles papers a fortnight later. Constance Talmadge supplemented a sudden elopement with a whirlwind divorce.

Because her career is the first thing in her life Gloria Swanson received a divorce from Herbert Somborn and the custody of her little girl. Desertion on her part was the technical charge.

Six Years of Marriage—and Divorce

SIX years of matrimony were enough for Wanda Hawley and Burton Hawley. Theirs was a great love match. They met in New York where she was a student at a musical conservatory and he was studying to be an electrical engineer. Newspapers printed the allegation that Hawley was cruel to his wife.

Pauline Frederick, who has had many matrimonial experiences, is being divorced from her current husband.

In spite of the bickerings and dissensions which have destroyed so many marriages the film world has hundreds of happy homes. Several stars and wives

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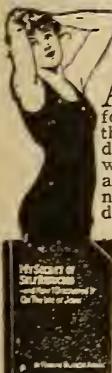
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of stars have tried to explain the marital difficulties in filmland.

"I find a great lack of tolerance between husbands and wives everywhere," declares Enid Bennett. "Sometimes parallel careers in the family are the cause of trouble, unless one is willing to let the other have the biggest success and give up opportunities for the sake of the other. If I ever find out the cause of divorce I shall be most careful to avoid it. I really do not know what causes divorce. I just surmise," she added.

It is known that Miss Bennett, who appeared in a dramatic role on the Los Angeles stage recently, has had many opportunities to play on Broadway. But she has steadfastly refused to leave her home and baby. She is the wife of Fred Niblo.

Marriage is a Business Enterprise

"MARRIAGE," continued Miss Bennett, "is a business of which two partners ought to try just as hard to make a success as they would in other enterprises. In the old days a wife would stay with her husband from necessity. She couldn't earn her own living. Maybe she tried a little harder to see his side of things than she does now. But on the other hand it is likely he didn't try as hard as he does now to see her side. The fact that women can take care of themselves should make for happiness in the home. Although women who can earn their own living are a little more demanding.

"Second marriages are often happier than first ones because people stop to think before they do things which may make trouble. They have had experience. In their hearts they realize that the former troubles were not all the other fellow's fault.

One of the happiest wives in the motion-picture colony is Ruth Nagle, wife of Conrad Nagle.

"If each person in the marriage relation will just realize his own and the other's place in the marriage scheme and not try to encroach, much trouble will be saved," says Mrs. Nagle. "A wife should not try to boss her husband. Many a career has been crushed at the fireside rather than by battling with the world. It is the wife's place to foster, encourage, comfort. Don't put too many prohibitions on your husband.

Another happy wife is Beverly Bayne, wife of Francis X. Bushman.

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90

victions is absolutely essential to a happy marriage."

Vola Vale, wife of Albert Russell, the director, is a happy young matron.

"I believe in patience, good humor and toleration in the marriage relation," says Miss Vale. "Every one is bound to have little faults. These should not count against the main elements that make up happiness. I really believe, however, that people who are mismatched mentally, tempermentally or physically, should be divorced."

Twenty years of married life have not separated Mrs. Ralph Lewis from her husband. Vera Lewis should know what she is talking about. She says:

"Women in the dramatic and screen profession are more independent financially than women at home. Therefore if she is not happy she need not remain. An unhappy marriage will spoil the quality of professional work."

"Then, too, the woman with a career finds fulfillment to a large extent in that. Her work is creative. She has sublimated her emotional impulses to her art and therefore does not require the same emotional outlet as women with nothing to do except sit at home and think. She has a practical outlook. If she had a business partner who did not please her she would part with him. To the woman at home, home and husband are everything. But the actress cannot sit at home and mope. She has her place in the world."

"Intolerance is one of the greatest spoilers of matrimonial happiness. Just be patient with one another's faults would be my advice to married people. Forbearance is the great virtue which too many professional people lack. Try to understand the other fellow's point of view. For he always has something on his side."

Fildom will soon Have its Family Traditions—From Page 66

Its All in the Family

had better give up the movies for a while and go to military school, Jack's heart almost broke. Even his new gray uniform, with the splendid military cloak lined with brilliant red, could not quite assuage his grief. But when the head of the academy announced his intention of giving a dinner at the academy for the "Gang," Jack smiled again, and forgot his homesickness for freckle-faced Mickey, Farina and the rest.

Claire Windsor's Son Makes Debut

LITTLE BILLY BOWES, a miniature masculine edition of his beautiful mother, Claire Windsor, is following in his mother's footsteps. His babyish beauty attracted attention when he was three, while his mother was in the process of being "discovered" by the discerning Lois Weber. He had his first part in *What Do Men Want?* Since then, he has appeared in many pictures. His biggest success was in the leading role of the comedy *Three Pals*, in which he was "supported" by a duck and a monkey.

Billy is a beautiful boy, the image of his mother. He has her rose-petal skin, fair hair and blue eyes. Billy is now five years old and is more engrossed in going to school than worrying about a career. When asked which he would rather do, go to school or play in pictures, he answered decidedly that he would rather

go to school, and would I like to see his "struck?" Being decidedly curious to know what a "struck" was, I answered in the affirmative. Billy promptly brought out a toy truck, the gift of John Steel, the opera singer. T's evidently are beyond Billy's vocabulary, for he later informed me that he was going down to the "strain" to meet his mother, who was returning from a visit to New York.

Young Joseph Gets Kleig Eyes

LITTLE JOSEPH KEATON, the baby son of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, made his screen debut recently in the costume comedy his famous parents are making together. Whether his first appearance also is his last remains to be seen, for baby Joseph contracted a case of Kleig eyes, to the alarm of the combined Talmadge-Keaton family. The infant was hastily retired from circulation, and the picture went on without him.

And there are other relatives of stars who are serving their apprenticeship in the films: Cleve Moore, 20-year-old brother of Colleen Moore; Mario Novarro, brother of Ramon; Lincoln Stedman, the rotund son of Myrtle Stedman; all trying to follow in the footsteps of their famous kin, carving out careers for themselves. All honor to them, if they can overcome the handicap of being merely "So-and-So's kid brother!"

**Watch for the Burlesque Number of Screenland
Out in March**

Can Stars Live on Their Salaries

—From page 64

country, bringing up children is anything but lucrative. We do not see how Barbara does it on two thousand five hundred. That is all that "the most beautiful woman in pictures" makes. Babies are very expensive. However, perhaps Barbara will soon come to the place where she needs more money. We here suggest that she open a day nursery.

Jack Hoxie, who's salary is something like five hundred dollars a week, manages to get along by running a cattle ranch.

Theodore Koslof, eight hundred weekly, directs and teaches a dancing school.

Oh, it's not so soft acting in pictures. They have their financial worries like the rest of us. But there are many occupations which, it seems have been given little attention. There is good money, we hear, in bootlegging, selling oil stocks and plain and fancy sewing. Like most, this service is given out of the goodness of our heart with no thought of worldly return. Any star wishing to follow our suggestions may do so with a good wish for success.

One of Ade's Anecdotes

VARIOUS writers approach the task of writing subtitles for motion pictures in different ways. George Ade, author of *Woman-Proof*, Thomas Meighan's new picture, goes into it with years of experience and a never ending fund of personal anecdotes. Ade wrote the titles for his story at the Paramount Long Island studio and Alfred E. Green, the director of the picture, explained one method of how the famous humorist arrived at a certain title about Sunday.

"If we can, let us get a new angle on this," Green said to Ade, who, quick as a flash came back with "that reminds me of what happened to James Whitcomb Riley one Sunday."

"Riley started for the barber shop and before he had gone far a friend stopped him and said:

"Fine day, Mr. Riley."

"Yep; fine day."

"He went on a little farther and was stopped again with 'Beautiful day, Mr. Riley.'

"Yes, it is a beautiful day," countered Mr. Riley. Another man stopped the Hoosierpoet with 'Wonderful day, Mr. Riley,' and, when he got to the barber shop, the barber greeted him with 'Gorgeous, day, Mr. Riley.'

"Well, it ought to be," replied Riley, "it is certainly well spoken of."



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How Film Farces are Built—From page 29

In the Temples of Tee-Hee

sively, one knows, intuitively, a film farce has been born, though its father will never be known. As a reward the gag-man that day is allowed to eat with the extras.

The gag-man lays his crowning brain-child before his boss. The boss runs to the studio gate and strikes the gigantic inflated bladder, age-old emblem of the fool, which hangs there, thrice with a caoutchouc cleaver.

A Comedy in the Making

FONG! Fong! Fong!"

The blah-like notes float out upon the studio air. The joke-smiths come a-running to gather around the snicker anvil upon which the humor sacrifice is to be bound and gagged.

To put them all in good humor the producer shows them his bank balance. Everyone gets a good laugh. Then amid a silence which is as heavy as one of Pola Negri's love-looks the gag-man is delivered of his idea.

Everyone first takes a wallop at it for the purpose of establishing an alibi which may be needed later. Next brows are knitted and the nit-wits go browsing stolidly into the meadows of mirth. Never a smile. Nary a chuckle. Not a laugh. Each man settles into his collar of cackles and pulls for an idea which will sustain and develop the original gag into one, two, three, four, five or six reels, or as much as the producer's creditors will allow.

If compliments with a kick are not forthcoming, the gag-men put on false beards and blue-glasses and sneak on to the lots of the makers of serious dramas until hysteria overcomes them. Thus they become full of funny ideas which they proceed to revamp, inflate and burlesque upon their return to their Temples of Tee-Hee.

Putting the Lloyd in Celluloid

THUS they put the Lloyd in celluloid. Thus they roach the manes of the mighty. Thus they sennettize senses of humor of those who still have movie money.

Charlie Chaplin was the first gag-man. He was the first of the Kleig clowns to realize the laugh-content of the ridiculous. He forced the chasers to go back to their proper place—after the firewater.

Harold Lloyd thrives on refined gags. Larry Semon on gags. He gags himself and his company.

Buster Keaton emphasizes or minimizes

ordinary acts with sure-fire success. His gag of elevating the business end of a Ford with a toy balloon is typical of his stuff and produced countless cachinnations.

Syd Chaplin; brother of the serio-comic Charlie, though he is now going in for character roles, knows the film farce game from laughter to tears. That's why he has gone into the serious parts.

The Slapstick Will Never Die

SYD says the slapstick will never be idle because there are so many people who like to laugh without thinking. If they could think they could not laugh at some products of the laugh-laundries.

As long as people guffaw when a mope slips on a banana peel and breaks his leg, film farces will persist and gag-men will be persistent.

"Film fans like farces because they are sorry for the comedian and feel so superior to him in every way," Syd declares.

"People with no sense of humor laugh the loudest while the slickers get their kick by discovering innuendoes which they feel the comedian slipped over on the censors.

Screen Farces Run in Cycles

THERE is no sure way to success in the comedy field. It runs in cycles—the custard pie cycle, the animal age, the bathing girl era, with producers stealing from each other so zealously that no one knows who started any particular brand of comedy."

The producers are going to scowl blackly at Syd for this statement of his, as each claims to be supreme in his own particular field. Three or four of them really are.

Roach leads in kid comedies and Dippy Doo Dads—the former for advanced bachelor girls with suppressed desires and the latter for married folk whose fondness for animals is all they have left for suppression.

Lloyd has had a hard climb and is now fast overhauling Charlie Chaplin. If Charlie doesn't turn out some comedies pretty soon he will find himself holding only his baggy parts but not his public. Lloyd is getting funnier and funnier. The exhibitors sound his praises on their ticket-dispensers.

But Chaplin is still supreme as the king-bee pantomimist while Mack Sennett relies on Turpentine.

(Continued on Page 99)

The Listening Post

is in our midst again. Betty is back from London, and is to appear in at least one more Lasky picture, *The Stranger*. Joseph Hanabery is to direct, and Richard Dix will play opposite Betty.

Blatant Bally-hooing

THE blatant complacency of theatrical bally-hooing is only equalled by the congratulatory telegrams that producers send each other. In the advertisements of *The Covered Wagon*, the Grauman theaters make the statement that "this picture has set cinema standards for the next century." There's nothing like covering a lot of territory.

Nita and Her Love for California

EVER since Nita Naldi was put out of the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove because she wore no stockings, she likes Los Angeles and cyanide of potassium the same way. She only comes out to the coast when she positively has to, and then hurries right back to New York at the earliest possible moment. To concur with this little idiosyncracy (any Los Angeles realtor would call it worse than that, however), William deMille is filming all the scenes in which Nita appears in *Everyday Love*, before he touches any other scenes. He usually does all his scenes in strict continuity, but Nita is a potent persuader.

"No Fat Husband," says Mildred

I SIMPLY refuse to have a fat husband," decided Mildred Davis, noting with a wifely eye that matrimony has so agreed with Harold Lloyd that his spare frame has begun to show the slightest suspicion of rotundity. Especially around the equator. Whereupon she dropped sundry remarks that made Harold begin to think that maybe he had better begin to take systematic exercise—and to think it was his own idea. Any wife will know how it is done.

Anyway, Harold was willing to exercise,

but he wanted company. So he made a bet with a member of his staff. They were to run from the Lloyd home to the studio every morning. The first one to be a slacker was to forfeit ten dollars to the other. So far the exercise is going fine.

"That was a good idea I had about exercising," Harold probably says to Mildred of an evening. And Mildred, having learned a lot of wisdom since she became a wife, probably murmurs, "Yes, dear."

AFTER being Universal's one best bet for four years, Priscilla Dean is going to produce her own pictures independently. She will work under the supervision of William Sistrom, at the Hollywood studio.

Edward Burns is a Cut-Up

THAT Edward Burns is a regular cut-up. You'd just die laughing to listen to him!

The other day at luncheon he was indulging in the favorite occupation of every male: to wit, talking about himself.

"I write songs, you know," he said, deftly wrapping a yard of spaghetti around his fork. "Yes, indeed, I have written songs for the Duncan sisters, Julian Eltinge and Ed Wynn. They never buy them, but I write them just the same!"

THE death of Joseph F. Swanson, father of Gloria Swanson, occurred at San Pedro, California, in early October. He was fifty-two years of age and an army field clerk.

MRS. BEATRICE DEMILLE, mother of Cecil B. and William C. DeMille, passed away at her home in Hollywood in early October, following a brief illness. Deceased was the widow of Henry C. DeMille, at one time associated with David Belasco. Mrs. De Mille was a resident of Los Angeles for the past eight years and was prominent in many charitable activities.

Frederick James Smith's Film Reviews

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Varied Film Fare

ONE of the most interesting problems, according to King Vidor, the director of *Three Wise Fools* and other screenplays, is that of making different pictures for the tastes of different people. He says that so long as every picture must be made to appeal to a sort of standardized mind producing is going to be hampered.

"When we buy shoes," says Mr. Vidor, "we make a selection from a wide assortment of styles and sizes. They have been made to intrigue an infinite variety of tastes. The same is true of furniture, of books and music, but when it comes to motion pictures there is little or no differentiation; they all appear to be fashioned from the same mold."

"And they have to be, for they must appeal to the child of seven and the man of seventy, and also meet the inner need of those mentally seven and those mentally seventy. The hairbreadth escapes, or startling acrobatic feats are injected into the plot for those who want this. Sob-melodrama tinges the emotional scenes. There is light, heavy or slapstick comedy for the frivolous and art for those who pretend to, or really do, understand it. How can anything but a hodgepodge of filmatic action be made when all these ingredients are necessary to make one picture a financial success?

Can't Please Everybody

THE thing which producers and directors are just beginning to realize is that there are publics for pictures just as there are classes of customers for articles sold in a department store. It is impossible to please all the people all of the time with the same article of goods.

"Every now and again there have been a few courageous producers and directors who have ventured into the field of artistic studies, and they have perhaps invested a fortune to substantiate their belief that a public was eager for this type of photoplay. What has been the reception of their efforts? Paean of praise from the critics and totally ignored by the class of people who profess their interest in such subjects. Consequently the picture is doomed to a financial failure and is a discouraging lesson to those who would follow in the same footsteps.

"However, the public cannot be wholly to blame for this condition. Many of the fine photoplays which emerge from the mass of present-day production are unheard of by the class of people who

enjoy them. The reason is that the pictures are not advertised so as to catch their attention. The publications which find a place on their library tables do not discuss or review pictures except in an ironical or a comic manner. Take, for instance, *The Dial*, *Independent*, *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly* or any other of the serious magazines. The editors of these have not been educated to review and discuss worth-while pictures which would interest their class of readers.

"As I see it, there is a feasible plan of changing this policy. It begins with the producers and directors. Photoplays looking life between the eyes, visionary, artistic tidbits, could be made for the mentally and esthetically mature, while those who take their entertainment in a lighter way may have their heart throbs and thrills served in a lavish melodrama. And for the children there would be delicately molded little fantasies of nature and history, and as often as possible substantial, good, clean comedy.

Adequate Advertising

THIS is just the first step, for obviously the whole structure of this policy would be warped if these pictures were not brought to the attention of the public most interested in them. They would necessarily have to be advertised definitely for the type of audience for which they were intended. Under that plan a picture could not be labeled 'for mature minds only' and then distributed indiscriminately.

"The next step would be for theatres in all large cities to maintain a fixed policy in showing pictures of a certain type appealing only to a certain group. And they would buy their pictures according to the classification on the can, as a housewife buys soup. For instance, canned soup is labeled chicken, consomme, tomato or mulligatawny. In turn, the pictures would be known as fantasy, drama, melodrama, comedy and pot-pourri. And the public would be sure of the type of the picture according to the playhouse at which they shopped.

"There is nothing radical about this. We have it already in our stage representations. The tired business man names on his fingers the theatres where he can see musical comedies or farces, while the adoring ingenue knows the lair of the matinee idol, and Theatre Guild productions supply the mental nurture for him."

CBut Success Doesn't Worry Baby Peggy—From page 49

Five and Famous

all to do. "Terrible," she sighed in a tone which left no room for doubt.

There were some photographs of her about. Several showed her at home, just like a full-sized star, lounging in the garden. In one she was falling into a flower basket in a somewhat undignified manner. "Her legs were supposed to go straight up in the air but they didn't," said Louise sadly. "And here's one where the sun got in her eyes and they look kind of bleary."

Mae Murray Stuff

PEGGY agreed. But rather shyly she brought forth a portrait in which she wore a musical comedy costume. "Mae Murray stuff," sniffed Louise.

But she's fair about it. She admits that Peggy has a few good points. "She plays all right. She doesn't like dolls much, thank goodness. And I finally got her to print her name so you can read it."

It was Peggy's first trip to New York or anywhere at all. When the Montgomeys arrived they were met by newspaper reporters, cameramen, and press agents. Followed a day of interviews. And the next day the birthday "party" luncheon—with the small hostess probably wondering who had made out the guest list, and why.

She likes people—if only they wouldn't all ask her about her pictures. A somewhat noted newspaper writer came up to see her. She curtsied becomingly. He was much more afraid of her than she was of him. She spied the newspaper he was carrying. "Are there funnies in it?" she demanded. It wasn't long before the

famous motion picture star was installed in his lap while he was reading the comic section for the first time in his life.

Nothing of the Child Prodigy

WHEN Peggy was two and a half, she had a psychology test and was given the highest rating ever given a child with the exception of the little Polish boy who plays chess. She's well balanced. There's nothing of the child prodigy about her.

Someone tried to pin her down about her photoplays. She looked bored, then she brightened. "But I'll turn you a somersault," she offered.

She asked her father if she might. "If," said Mr. Montgomery, a pleasant man with much humor, "if there is a great demand for a somersault you might turn a small one."

She did—several.

How Baby Peggy Started

YOU have heard how she started in pictures? Her father, formerly a forest ranger, became a "stunt" man in the movies. One day Mrs. Montgomery took the two children to the studio. A director saw Peggy and told her mother to register her for work. It wasn't long before Peggy came before the camera; and she's been there ever since.

Now she has a new contract which puts her into the stellar class. She will make features, the first to be Richard Harding Davis' *The Littlest Girl*.

Roses came to her before I left. She smelled them, shook her dark bobbed head, and said, "I wonder do they have all horses on that merry-go-round?"

CMiss Naldi Considers Matrimony—From page 43

"Sure" Said Nita

"Not unless my terms are met," Mrs. White would say, "I've had a wonderful offer from the man next door."

"Then think of the interesting advertisements."

Think of The Possibilities, Says Nita

MR. S. J. MORGAN WHITE begs to announce her matrimonial contract expires January 1st, 1924, and will not be renewed. A wonderful playmate. Ask dad, he knows."

"What do you think of my idea?" asked

Nita all out of breath.

"Well," I said hesitatingly, "it seems to me the woman would have all the best of it."

Shouldn't Woman Have Best of It

NITA indignantly drew herself up to her full height.

"Well," she said freezingly, "shouldn't the woman always have the best of it?"

"Sometimes yes," I answered, "and then again, no."

"Get out of my studio," cried Nita.



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A few drops of Murine before going out in the evening will instantly enliven the heaviest EYES and make them dance with light. It takes away not only the tired look but the tired feeling. Harmless! Write Murine Company, Dept. 74, Chicago, for Free Book on EYE BEAUTY.

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No. 40. Contains beautifully toned Stradivarius model violin, one-piece maple back, sides and neck. Spruce top, laid purfling, ebonized trimmings. Medium dark red varnish. Excellent workmanship. Fine Brazil wood, natural finish bow. Ebony lined ivory tip and silver lined ebony frog, heart slide and eyes, silver button. Full padded leather grip. Splendid fibre, imitation leather, shaped black case. Full flannel lined. Nickel plated brass and trunk latches. Genuine leather handle. Absolutely waterproof. Complete with rosin, extra set of strings. Self-Instructor, ebony chin rest. Guaranteed by World's Greatest Music House. For sale by your music merchant, or write us.

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Read "Sisters of Jezebel"



THE December issue of REAL LIFE STORIES is going to be the best yet—a splendid combination of newsy feature stories and short storie—every one of them a slice out of real life. Five stories are illustrated by prominent artists, including C. J. McCarthy, Charles Hardy, Joseph A. Ryan and Terry Gilkison. The rest of the book is illustrated with photographs posed especially for REAL LIFE STORIES by motion picture and stage folk. And there are two beautiful sections of rotogravure—crowded with lovely portraits of stage and screen celebrities.

Sisters of Jezebel

January sees the beginning of a powerful new novel. It is a daring thing to do—this publishing of an emphatic denunciation of the looseness of present-day morals among the leisure classes. But because we believe there is a real need for mothers and daughters to bring up short and face facts—the facts of loose thinking, easy drinking, easy "petting," easy virtue—we are braving the storm of disapproval that is sure to burst upon us, from the gilded fastnesses of that unsound layer of society which the story attacks.

SISTERS OF JEZEBEL is a modern novel and a powerful indictment. If you believe all the world is lily pure, don't read it. But if you want the truth, begin it in the January number, out December 15.

Real Life Stories

¶Miss Underhill Rounds Up Some Censors—From page 73

Censors Will Be Censors

child so how could she expect the world to believe it? The heroine had promptly fainted for the sixth time. The censors said, "Tut, tut." Frank Mayo rushed in exclaiming, "I am not dead my darling." Corinne Griffith fainted again, the picture was over and the lights went up. We glanced around and stealthily disguised ourself as a censor by smashing in our hat, putting it on hind side before, and leaving our nose shiney. No one suspected us. A sweet, very old lady sat next to us but she said she had to hurry away to another sitting and would just cast her vote and skeedaddle. (Of course she didn't use that word.)

Anyway someone helped her to her feet and she went away to pass judgment on other pictures for the nation. Then everybody looked at everybody else and said "Well—well—well?"

"What do you think of it, Mr. Blank?" asked the lady with the white organdie chimisette with the high boned collar, addressing the only man in the room. Everyone waited breathlessly for his answer.

"Well," he replied, "I find the story exceedingly interesting—*exceedingly* interesting."

"Yes, indeed," agreed the lady with the white organdie chimesette. "I, too, find it exceedingly interesting."

"Then," asked another lady with a white organdie chimesette, "would you list it as an exceptional picture? I think I shall."

But there was a disturbing element as there always is, thus proving that not yet shall the lion lie down with the lamb. The element wore a pompadour and a coq feather boa. "It is an exceptional picture of its type, but its type is bad—very bad. I do not like it."

"Oh, why," asked a sweet old lady who had remained. "Why don't you like the type?"

"Because I don't. The heroine faints

too much and that kimona she wears is terrible."

"O, I love that peignoir with the ostrich feathers on it and of course she would faint over all that trouble, wouldn't she and don't you like the hero?"

"No, I don't like the hero. Do you Mr. Blank?"

"Well," replied Mr. Blank whose motto evidently was peace at any price, "he isn't an arrow collar man but I think he is quite suitable for the role."

"I don't," we piped up and suddenly remembering that we were to be seen and not heard, subsided.

"Well, we've got to arrive at some conclusion. Now, everybody say just what she thinks."

How we wished that this might be stretched to include us. But the worm's turn would come later. There was a deep silence which indicated that everybody was saying just what she was thinking. Finally a prim and attenuated spinster said that she didn't think the man who played the baronet looked in the least like a baronet. "How do you know?" we piped up again and then as it was getting on toward 5 o'clock we adjusted our hat, powdered our nose and went out.

In the corridor we met Hugo Ballin. He accosted us.

"Where have you been to, my pretty maid?"

"Watching the censors earning their bread."

"And where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a panning, kind sir," we said

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You won't if you're wise, kind sir," we said.

"You'd better speak in whispers, and watch what you're about,

Or the censors'll get you if you don't watch out."

¶The Real Life Story of Richard Barthelmess

¶Third in SCREENLAND'S remarkable series of real life stories will be the life tale of Richard Barthelmess. Here is a vital and compelling story of boyish hopes and boyish ambitions come true. It has a hundred and one human touches, presenting for the first time the hitherto untold little anecdotes never before published.

¶The Barthelmess story will be illustrated with some rare old photographs, presenting the star from childhood to the present day.

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America's Famous Movie Star

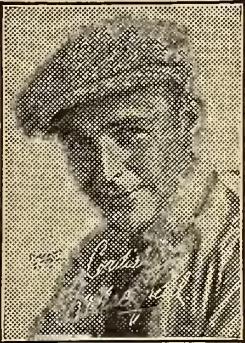
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1265 Broadway, New York

Jargon of the Films

—From page 83

ture comes into being by sections, built little by little.

FRAME—One exposure or picture.

FLASHBACK—Showing two or more scenes alternately for a time, as in a race scene. (A device for intensifying the action.)

HAND DRAWING—Scenes wherein a hand is shown actually drawing the picture piece by piece.

IDEA—Lines of radiation, or a balloon with rays denoting sudden receipt of a thought wave.

INTERIOR—A setting, or background, drawn to represent a place within a building or otherwise under cover.

LINE OF VISION—Dotted line going from character's eye to object of his sight. Sometimes a series of daggers is used to denote hate, or hearts to denote love, etc.

LONG SHOT—A drawing executed on a minute scale to give the illusion of having been photographed at a distance to take in more territory.

PHANTOMS (OR VISIONS)—Balloons, or a section of the frame picturing the scenes the character is "thinking" about.

QUESTION—One or more question marks radiating from head of character, denoting puzzlement, or quandary as to action. (exclamation points are used in like manner.)

SCENE—Action taking place in a given setting at one time.

SILHOUETTE—Pure black character, or object, against white background, giving no detail to figures.

TRACER—An artist who traces the working drawings upon sheets of celluloid.

TRAILER—An afterpiece; a strip of film added to subject, for advertising a production coming to the theatre.

Our Films Swamp Europe

THE American film invasion of Europe is assuming such proportions, according to Marcus Loew, that the extinction of picture production is threatened in several countries abroad, says Joseph Mulvaney in *The New York American*. Mr. Loew, who recently returned from a tour of Great Britain and France, says that the foreign film makers were using every effort to combat the importation of screen drama from America, but he added that they seemed to be waging a losing campaign.

"In England and France, the centres of the picture industry abroad," says Mr. Loew, "the producers lack the

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used by anyone. I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten a muddy, sallow face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, busts, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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money to compete with American films. They lack the stars, too, and perhaps, most important of all, they lack the directors. Finally, to complete the burden of their difficulties, the climate in neither England nor France is as favorable as the climate of this country for exterior motion picture photography.

Campaign Against Our Films

THERE has been a general campaign carried on against the importation of American pictures, and foreign producers have urged all sorts of defensive measures from a prohibitive tariff to an appeal to patronize native pictures on patriotic grounds. The tariff prohibition failed completely and the appeal to patriotism made little more headway because motion pictures devotees have not been able to see anything destructive to national traditions or institutions abroad in our pictures. They go to the theatre to be entertained, and they find that we entertain them better than do their own motion picture producers.

English producers have sought to stem the tidal wave of American pictures, Mr. Loew said, by engaging American directors and American stars and thus seeking to pattern their pictures after ours.

"But our best directors and our greatest stars remain here," he added, "for, among other things, there is more money and more fame for them with us, and unlimited opportunity."

"My judgment is that the director is nine-tenths of a picture, and entitled to nine-tenths of the credit for the success of it. I do not even hold a director responsible for the failure of a picture, if the producer has not given him the materials and the money necessary to do the work properly. Oh, I'll never worry about foreign producers taking our stars, if we can retain our directors, for the right kind of directors can discover and develop new stars as rapidly as necessary."

The biggest foreign film companies, Mr. Loew said, are mere pygmies in comparison with the great American picture corporations.

"The trouble is that they are not good pictures," he said, "as judged by the high American standards. Occasionally, one does meet with approval, but most of them fall far short. Nor does there seem to be any prospect that they will improve. Against this, American films are welcomed by foreign film devotees. Why, the most popular of all screen stars in Europe is our Jackie Coogan!"

Motion Picture Directory

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,
383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc.

Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton, Corp.

5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Marshall Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341

Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long

Island City, N. Y.

Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street,

Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 439 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Calif.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Pro-

ductions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York

City; Second Avenue and 127th St.,

New York City.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New

York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio,

1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los

Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Ornata Point, Mamaronie, N. Y.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Holly-

wood, Calif.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.

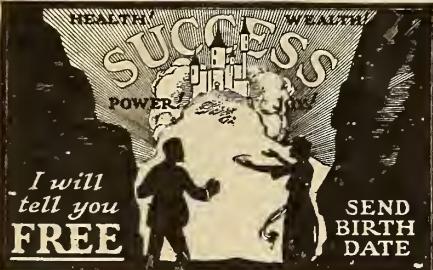
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (8) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 River-

dale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.



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Be sure to read
George Jean Nathan's stage criticisms in Screenland!
See Page 69

CHow the Comedy Gag Men Work—From page 92

In the Temple of Tee-Hee

ALL the others have their gag-men. They know it, for though famous gagsters like Sam Taylor bewail their lot they are not paid with flannel bank-notes. Their salaries range from \$75 to \$750 a week. But only the one tax collector knows which is whose.

Jean Haves, independent smartster, drags down \$750. Al Martin works for Universal. Carl Laemmle is his boss. Hence a figure of mine as to Al's salary would be but guess-work and perhaps unfair to all of us.

Charlie Chaplin pays Chuck Reisner \$600. Tommy Gray is at Universal. Joe Mitchell snares in at least \$500 weekly

from Buster Keaton's bankroll, while H. M. Walker and Sam Taylor put an equal crimp in Harold Lloyd's poke. Tom McNamara and C. H. Wellington get plenty from Hal Roach. Marcel Perez pares down Jimmy Aubrey's roll regularly for \$400, but Jack Collins, surrounded by Jack White's mermaids, ought to be willing to work for less.

Life is certainly tough on the high priests in the Temples of Tee-Hee. The tickle-teasers in Hollywood's glee-factories are solidly entrenched behind a bulwark of boodle. They have developed a taste for high powered life by developing film farces.

Long may they rave!

CFrom Babylon to Hollywood—From page 35

A Review of the Vampire

So you See,
I was
The First French Vamp.

Now I am in Hollywood—I Began Life Anew. I Don't Know What it's All About, but I've had An Awfully Good Time. I have Wrecked More Homes, Broken More Hearts, and Paid More Income Tax Than at any Other Period In my History. And Yet I am Admired and Respected By Half the World. The Other Half Wants to Marry Me. It's a Grand Feeling. At First I Went In For Tiger Skins and Fish-Net Effects. Of Late, I've Been Buying my Gowns From the Best Modistes. I Wear Black Pearls Instead of Diamonds; and I Even Smoke Cigarettes Without a Holder.

Not Long ago My Director Asked Me To Lure a Prosperous Young Business Man Away from His Suburban Wife And Two Lovely Children. I had Kicked Up Kingdoms Without a Qualm; but Now I had My Public to Think Of. I Couldn't Do It.

I SAW That it was Up to Me To Help Keep The Screen Clean. I Determined To Lead A Bigger, Better Life. To Hide Away In the Hills Somewhere, And Try to Forget. It was a Wire from Will Hays That Brought Me Back. It Read—you've Guessed It—"Come Home; All is Forgiven." It was Then I Realized That there is a Place for Me In the World of Films. All that I Am I Owe to Them. Motion Pictures have Made Me An Honest Woman.

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Send No Money Just send me the measurement of your Bust and I will mail you a wrapper one of these remarkable bust reducers. Pay the postage man only \$3.50 plus a few cents postage. Or send \$3.50 and I will send the reducer prepaid. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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The Virgin Menace of the Screen—From page 27

Too Good to be True

she married. She was pretty and blonde and—well that's about all. And Gloria Hope. Where have you heard that name before? Oh, yes, she is the wife of Lloyd Hughes and you think you have seen her in pictures.

Most of the girls of Our Club have been recommended to take the place of the Mabel Normands, the Pearl Whites, the Norma Talmadges, the Nazimovas, the Mary Pickfords, the Alice Joyces and the Blanche Sweets who have gradually been growing scarcer on the screen. They are being groomed and trained for future stardom.

All Nice Gals of Nice Families

In fact, the baby stars will be an improvement on the older generation. They will have no shadows of poverty, shabbiness and sordidness darkening their pasts. They won't have the horrid experience of working in dingy little studios with rough-neck directors and small salaries. They won't have the dispiriting adventure of working their way into public recognition; the press agents have smoothed that path for them.

They are nice girls of good family. They have bungalows, little motor cars, good clothes and they lead the sheltered lives of high school girls. No one can say a word against their morals. Lois Wilson's reputation is considerably higher than Eleanora Duse's. Patsy Ruth Miller may not be as great a comedienne as Mrs. Fiske but she went to a nice private school in St. Louis, whereas St. Louis remembers Mrs. Fiske as the homely daughter of shabby theatrical folks.

Unfortunately for the precedent of screen stardom, even the movie stars weren't always socially acceptable. Most of the genuine favorites had humble beginnings. They sharpened their wits on something less sweet than fudge.

Patsy Wants To Be Like Nazimova

PATSY RUTH MILLER once wanted to be "exactly like Nazimova." In order to realize her ambition, Patsy Ruth might

go to Russia and learn how it feels to be a Jewess in an intolerant community. And then she ought to learn how it feels to come to a strange country and play in a slum theater.

Colleen Moore has one thing in common with Mabel Normand—she's Irish. But Colleen's family—the Morrisons—are nice people. Mabel's family lives in Staten Island where they are able to enjoy their native customs in peace. Mabel went to work when she was fifteen because the family had grown too large and demanding for father's pay envelope.

As for the girls who would be Alice Joyces, Pearl Whites, Norma Talmadges and Blanche Sweets, they may have all the social advantages of Our Club, but unfortunately social advantages do not create actresses. The only social advantage that Pearl White enjoyed was life in a circus. Alice Joyce's early social circle was in the studios where models pose for hats. When Blanche Sweet was a baby star at the Biograph Studio, no one took the trouble to tell the world about it. Blanche didn't even get her name on the screen. Norma Talmadge worked for Vitagraph for twenty-five dollars a week and no publicity.

Where Are The Stars of Tomorrow?

THE future of the screen may lie with the baby stars just as the future of American social life may lie in the ice cream soda. But I doubt. In spite of the assurances of the press agents that these nice young ladies are the emotional actresses of tomorrow, I still believe that there are good bootleg stars now being snubbed, discouraged and unpress-agented in the ranks of the extra girls in Hollywood.

I see no reason to believe that a public trained to enjoy Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri is going to get just as worked up over May McAvoy and Lois Wilson. However, if one of the members of Our Club gets mixed up in a divorce suit or gets thrown out of the Ambassador for being too rough, I'll be generous and admit that she has possibilities as an emotional actress.

Do You Really Know Your Screen Favorite?

- C** Every human being has two distinct—and radically different—sides to his or her face.
- C** Which side of your film favorite's face has won your heart?
- C** SCREENLAND has secured a fascinating article on this unusual subject for publication in its FEBRUARY issue.

The Wolf at the Studio Door

Night and *The White Rose* as pot boilers. There was still the studio overhead to be met—and yet Griffith could afford no real casts, no real producing staff and no real stories, for real stories cost money. In fact he had to sell some of the stories which he had secured, such as *Java Head* and *Wild Oranges*.

Stakes Future on New Film

SUCH is the Griffith story to September, 1923, when he launched upon his production of *America*, his Revolutionary spectacle, staking his future upon it. *America* will either make or break him—and there will be nothing indefinite about the outcome on that point.

The spectacle of the one big screen producer hounded by creditors is really an astonishing commentary upon the making of pictures. It is amazing that no financial interests have gone to his aid.

It is equally amazing that Griffith accomplished what he had. At any point Griffith might have allied himself permanently with some big producing organization, after the fashion of the Cecil de Milles and the Rex Ingalls, but he would have lost the very freedom for which he has fought since the first days of pictures.

Griffith is Film's One Independent

THIS is not a defence of Griffith, despite my great personal admiration for the man. It may well be that Griffith is a bad business man and that all the obstacles that had blocked his path since *Intolerance* are ones of his own making. But it must be remembered that Griffith, save for Chaplin, is the one and only fearless independent in the world of picture-making. And we need independents!

Griffith actually does everything him-

self. Where other directors have batteries of assistant directors, huge technical staffs and elaborate scenario departments, he fights a lone battle. And he has never taken over six months for any single production in his whole career.

While Griffith has thrown himself completely into *America*, I think there is just a certain tinge of cynicism about him now.

"I'm beginning to worship the dollar, too," he told me the other day. "After all, it means a kind of freedom. It's maddening to always need money. Sometimes I wish I could leave picture-making forever. Yes, I think a little place somewhere along Chesapeake Bay would be the spot to dream away the days, with a sailboat and never a mention of motion pictures.

What Lies Ahead of Our Photoplay?

SOMETIMES I think that I never want to see another picture—and most of the time I feel that I never want to make another. They exhaust and consume you. And yet I probably couldn't stop.

"Possibly I couldn't because I want to find out what lies ahead of our pictures of today. We have proven that the field of the spectacular is ours—that the stage is no match there. I wouldn't be surprised if we ultimately proved that the screen could be far more subtle and intimate than the stage in revealing the inner human.

"And yet I wonder. Does the public want the photoplay to go on? Is the public ever going to be big enough for that, the mass of the public, I mean? Who has ever combined a great popular success and great art? Shakespeare, perhaps. Art is a thing apart, I fear, for the few. The multitude is too busy fighting for its existence. . . . Still, who knows?"



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CSomething of the Gamin is Lenore Ulric—From page 57

Kiki Minus Pose

Restless, Nervous and Eager

LENOIRE's huge brown eyes glowed. "I never tire of a part. Every audience is a new audience. I have to give my best. I've played *Kiki* for two years now, and she's still new to me. But I must gain a little weight. As it is, I'm using my reserve strength."

She's slim and very pale. When she made her old pictures she was plump. She was, she says, at that age when a girl gets either—ee-ther—thin or fat, and she got fat.

She's restless, nervous, eager. Her nails are very short; I wonder if she bites them? She acts herself. Something of the gamin; much of the child. Speaking in awed tones of the great big autographed picture Sarah Bernhardt gave her. She's absolutely natural.

Emotions vs. Suppression

IHATE suppression. It's unwholesome and unhealthy. As one feels he should act. It's better to express one's emotions than to keep them bottled up. It's that way with anger. If you control it all the time it eats your heart out."

She approaches everything with the same enthusiasm. The theater—when she isn't acting herself she's watching others act. Jazz—she loves it. Especially the tuneful effusions of Mr. Berlin. There's nothing exotic or worldly about her.

She says she'll be happy if the plans for her materialize. California and pictures in the summer; Paris and London next year. But she'll go right on dreaming. There will always be something more for her to do. "I've never had a vacation. I think they're stupid. I wear myself out trying to rest. When I was ill several months ago I should have stayed in bed. I couldn't. I got up and made my nurse take me to all the theaters in town."

When I said, back there, that you should speak to her about this background thing. I didn't really mean it. I think it would be better to let her go along just as she is.

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Animal Actors of the Screen

still, and then run at command. He is now three years old, and a veteran "trouper." He is part bulldog and part fox-terrier.

Take Orders from Only One Master

EAST is always with him on the set. A trained dog is necessarily a one-man dog, and Buddy takes orders only from his master. Even his beloved mistress, who is the comedienne, Gale Henry, in professional life, cannot give him orders. On the set, in the midst of the bedlam that prevails on every stage, Buddy listens for one voice, his master's. The director means nothing in his young life. East stands at various positions on the set and directs his pet. If he stood at the same place all the time, the dog would learn to look toward that place, thus smashing all camera laws.

Teddy, who has just finished eight years of comedy making on the Sennett lot, had no "tricks," but he has an uncanny understanding. Joe Simpkins, his owner, has trained him to understand almost everything he says to him. The dog will watch his master's face attentively, almost as if he were reading his master's lips.

Teddy is Very Ritz-y

TEDDY has learned that final lesson in dog education to pay no attention to other dogs. When another dog comes on the set instead of sociably touching noses in the inevitable dog fashion, Teddy gives him merely a passing glance. He is very Ritz-y with other dogs, is Teddy.

Every six months Teddy goes to the dentist, to have his teeth put in perfect condition. He makes regular visits to the chiropodist, to have his nails filed and kept at a comfortable length. He gets his baths and oil rubs, and is altogether treated with the attention due a famous movie star. He earns it. For the length of his Sennett contract, he earned a regular salary of \$250 a week.

Rin-tin-tin, the famous dog-star of *Where the North Begins*, probably has the most romantic history of any of the screen dogs. He was born under fire, in the trenches in Belgium. His master captured an abandoned German police dog. One of his comrades found a female of the same breed. The two mated, and two puppies were born, a male and a female. The male was promptly named Rin-tin-tin and the female Ninette, after the little good-luck dolls then so popular in France. Lee Duncan brought both pup-

pies to America with him after the war. The female died on board ship, but the male puppy thrived. The father, by the way, was shell shocked and could not be brought to this country.

Rin-tin-tin's History

DUNCAN found the puppy so intelligent that he began teaching him little tricks, for his own amusement. Rin-tin-tin learned rapidly, so rapidly that Duncan finally gave up his position in a Los Angeles store and gave his whole time to training his pet. A director saw the dog, and used him in a picture, and from that time on Rin-tin-tin's rise to fame was rapid.

In Duncan's absence, Rin-tin-tin is cared for by Duncan's mother. Rin-tin, as he is affectionately dubbed, soon discovered that he had a friend at court. At first, Mrs. Duncan sometimes went with her son to the studio, but the practice had to be discontinued for the sake of discipline. Whenever Duncan would be the least bit stern with Rin-tin, the dog would run to Mrs. Duncan and put his head in her lap, for all the world like a naughty little boy caught in the jam closet and running to his grandma for protection from punishment!

At present Rin-tin-tin is on tour, making personal appearances, if you please. One of his greatest tricks is jumping a twelve-foot fence. A real accomplishment!

Cameo, the bull pup often used in Sennett comedies, has a bid for fame in that he is probably the only screen dog who came into the world through a Caesarian operation. His mother, Shimmy, died at his birth, and Cameo was brought up on a diet of milk and lime-water, administered with an eye-dropper until the puppy was big enough to take a baby's bottle. He has an intelligence that is uncanny.

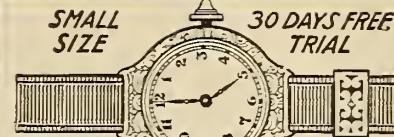
Brownie is Canine Beau Brummel

BRownie, the talented dog who appeared with Baby Peggy in so many of her short-reel pictures, is widely known as a well-dressed dog. You can dress up Brownie in any kind of a costume, and he will amiably follow direction. If you don't think this is difficult, try it on your dog sometime.

Brownie is the property of Charles Gee, and is one smart doggie. Probably you have seen Brownie "keep house." He gets out of bed, muffles the alarm clock, brings in the wood, puts on the frying pan and sets the table.

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Pepper Loves to Act

DID you ever try to teach your cat tricks? It is a difficult task. Cats do not take direction as easily as dogs. But Pepper, the Sennett pussy, takes to acting like a baby to a bottle. Pepper is just a plain alley cat, one of the many that have the run of the lot. She looks just like a score of other tabbies, and most people can't pick her out of the cat colony. But when she is needed, her trainer, an assistant director, takes her away from the other mousers and puts her in a pen by herself for a day. The seclusion seems to be good for her artistic temperament. The director talks to her quietly, and when she is needed on the set she placidly does as she is bid. Pepper probably upstages the other cats, after her dramatic seances. She and Teddy get along together perfectly; each ignores the other's existence.

There are those who insist that trained dogs are brought to that state of education by cruelty. They picture dog-trainers as modern Simon Legrees, brandishing the lash over the heads of the trembling dogs. But such is not the case. Cruelty could never produce the perfect adoration that these dogs give their masters. A stern word makes them droop with shame, and a pleasant word causes them to nearly wag their stubby tails off. It was patience and kindness that educated these dogs, and certainly patience pays.

With dogs earning anywhere from \$75 to \$250 a week, it's rather nice to have one around the place. If you have a trained movie dog in your home, father can quit work. Try it over on your doggie!

Psycho-Analyzing the Stars' Appeal

Q Why do you like Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino, Thomas Meighan or Richard Barthelmess?

Q Why does the directorial work of D. W. Griffith, Cecil de Mille, Rex Ingram and Eric Von Stroheim interest you?

Q What is the real appeal of their personality and their work?

Q SCREENLAND has had the leading stars and directors psycho-analyzed in condensed and fascinating fashion for the February issue.

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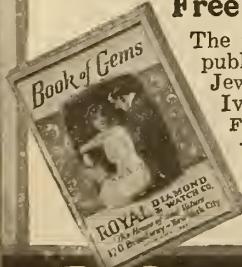
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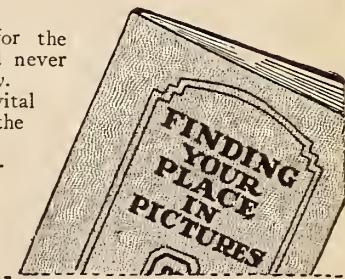
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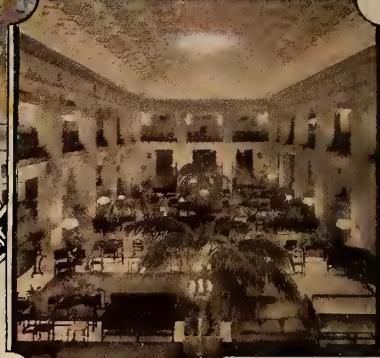
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The Independent Screen Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1924

VOL. VIII, NO. 5

Myron Zobel, President

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Screen Features that are Different

- ¶RICHARD BARTHELMESS, the third of a remarkable series of real life stories by Frederick James Smith page 23
- ¶BEN HECHT lets loose that lightning tongue of his in *The Screen's Whipping Post* page 47
- ¶GEORGE JEAN NATHAN contributes a brilliant review of the New York stage page 69
- ¶SCREENLAND leads a crusade against the Movie Trust page 30
- ¶PSYCHOANALYZING THE CAUSES OF FILM SUCCESS, by Susie Sexton page 44

ROLF ARMSTRONG

Creates a front cover design of Marion Davies page 1

FREDERICK J. SMITH

Editorials of brevity, wit and fearlessness page 16

ANNA PROPHATER

Tells How to Make Celluloid Failure Pay page 27

GRACE KINGSLEY

Shows Us How the Stars Live at Their Homes page 34

H. B. K. WILLIS

On Clubs Are Trumps, a scintillating account of Club Life in Hollywood page 32

EUGENE McNERNY, JR.

Presents Things They Don't Do in the Movies page 72

JOHN HELD, JR.

Offers the newest Adventures of Phyllis in Hollywood page 48

DELIGHT EVANS

Cleverly analyzes Charles Ray in Charlie, Be Yourself page 50



Rube Goldberg

America's most famous cartoonist, and the creator of *Phoney Films, Foolish Questions* and *Boob McNutt*, will be a featured contributor next month to the Burlesque Number of SCREENLAND On the newsstands February first

LUCILLE LARRIMORE

Writes on Twin Stars, and the dual personalities of the stars page 56

WYNN

SCREENLAND's caricaturist visits the spoken plays page 68

ALMA WHITAKER

On Their Severest Critics, the screen stars' wives page 73

LEGENDS OF MICKEY

Anent Neilan, the playboy of the movie world page 43

HOODOO HOUSE

Hollywood's mysterious jinx page 55

ROMEO?

Shakespearian craze creates a flock of contestants to play the part page 60

SCREENLAND'S FAMOUS DEPARTMENTS

- OUR OWN NEWS REEL page 62
- SCREENPLAYS IN REVIEW page 52
- GLIMPSES OF NEW PLAYS page 66
- THE LISTENING POST page 76
- BOOK REVIEWS page 95

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



■ Mazie Turner Waters

Why hasn't Charles Ray received the unstinted applause he deserves for *The Girl I Loved?* Certainly the screen has never presented us with a more perfect bit of acting, yet, with the exception of a few critics (including Frederick James Smith, Herbert Howe and Constance Littlefield) he has not been accorded the unanimous appreciation that is his due. It seems that many critics, like the proverbial "fickle public," have no loyalty for a gifted actor temporarily miscast but save their plaudits for the "sta-combed" newcomers who spring up, like mushrooms, in the interim. We, who prefer genuine talent and characterization to new faces and "patent leather" hair, want more of Mr. Ray and his kind who play to the thinking public instead of to the box office. We would like to see him cast as the sensitive boy in Willa Cather's *One of Ours*, that poignant character study that won for her the Pulitzer prize. Miss Cather could trust him not to mutilate her story nor weaken it with the stereotyped happy ending.

Another question we would like to ask is, why Frank Keenan does not bring *Lightnin'* to the screen. Also, we wonder why Henry Walthall is wasted on small parts when he has given us the unforgettable Little Colonel of *Birth of a Nation* fame. Does precedent mean nothing in the picture world? Here we have an excellent reason for the speaking stage's

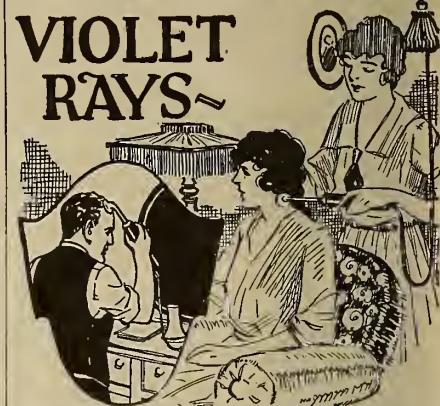
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right to be called "the legitimate." Until the movies outgrow this passion for substituting novelty and pretty faces for art they cannot hope to entirely overcome criticism they have justly incurred. If the stage had followed this method few of us would have been privileged to enjoy Bernhart, Warfield, Drew, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske and countless others famed in the theatrical world. Why, again, isn't Harry Myers exploited by the company that now has him "under cover?" Here, we have an excellent actor whose ability has been proven since the earliest days of pictures, and yet, he is often thrown away on insignificant roles. He gave us more laughs in one picture, *The Connecticut Yankee*, than all the slap-stick, pie-throwing burlesques ever filmed, and then, after his success, was used to support lukewarm stars.

MAZIE TURNER WATERS,
(Mrs. Thomas C. Waters),
2401 Austin St.,
Waco, Texas.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER Box,
SCREENLAND.



Dell B. Noden

laborer's home has a bathtub installed. But didn't someone say somewhere something to the effect that while we all have husbands and bathtubs—why mention them in every breath? . . . On the other hand, I do not care for pictures that swing to the other extreme and depict horrors of the slums and all that. There is a happy medium.

Of the men, I like Tom Moore, Elliott Dexter, Casson Ferguson, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, Valentino, Charles Ray, Antonio Moreno, Thomas Meighan, John Bowers, Huntley Gordon, Ramon Navarro, Charles de Roche, Theodore Roberts, Alec Francis (ever so much), and, last but by no means least, Senor Ben Turpin! There may be more I admire, but for the moment, I can't recall them. . . . And I'll tell the admiring or disapproving world, that I care not how much anyone raves over the artistry of Chaplin ("his humor with the ever present touch of pathos") I'd rather see Ben Turpin than any of the comedians—low or otherwise!

DELL B. NODEN,
(Mrs. Edward H. Noden),
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The February issue comes very near to being just what we want to give you. There are three splendid articles, two of them a serious attempt to tear the masks from life, and the third a humorous defense of two recently maligned types of American girlhood. The first two are SPURIOUS YOUTH, a thoughtful and meaty article on what has been called the "modern craze for youth;" the second is SHEIKS IN REAL LIFE, a clever exposé of the Sheik influence and an analysis of the sheik after marriage. ARE RED-HEADED GIRLS BOW-LEGGED? picks a quarrel with the artists in Baltimore who baldly stated that red-headed girls are bow-legged, that brunettes are knock-kneed, and that only blondes have perfect legs.

Real Life in fiction comes to you in twelve short stories, every one of them a slice out of life as it is really lived. Another generous portion of SISTERS OF JEZEBEL. The beginning of a powerful two-part story, AND TWO WERE HANGED, by a former newspaper reporter. A story Russian in its intensity, because it is *true*.

Another story by Maria Moravsky—MUSIC THAT DESTROYS—another "melting pot" story that you can't afford to miss. AVENGING TREES—a very unusual story of retribution. GOD'S LAW, a very modern Enoch Arden story with a surprise ending. THE BITTERNESS OF DISILLUSION—the story of a woman who endured untold agonies with a lustful brute but who retained her purity. THE END OF WAITING—the biggest story in the life of a woman who has suffered greatly and loved deeply, and who has reluctantly bared her own heart of its most poignant suffering and joy for the sake of others who may not have found "the end of waiting." And other stories equally arresting—because they are *real*.

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By JUNGARY RUSS

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No self-hypnotizing phrases or formulas to repeat—no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no lessons to read, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This Natural Law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

Regardless of what be your ailment, it is but the effect of unfitness to live—deficient power of life and health.

There are twenty-five thousand quadrillions of units—living beings—in each human body. This Amazing Natural Law, when used, makes every one of these units more highly alive, more vital, more powerful, more efficient and thus more able to render the highest type of service unto self, as well as unto the entire organism. Each human being is only as alive as these units are alive, no more—no less.

This Marvelous Natural Law is pleasant and agreeable. Through it, you positively put yourself in harmony with the forces of Life and thus, you cause them to cure for you, heal for you, work for you, function for you and manifest power and supremacy for you. It makes the Creative Principle of life your servant and you the Master of your health, life, conditions and destiny.

Through this startling Natural Law anyone can rid self permanently, of every weakness.

This sensational Natural Law produces new and superior arteries, new and superior veins, new and superior heart, new and superior lungs, new and superior glands, new and superior organs, new and superior cells, and a new and superior organism and powers of every kind.

This revolutionary Natural Law contains no disadvantages—it has no drawbacks. Remember it requires no time, no exercise, no dieting, no drugging, no believing, no changing—nothing but advantages and gratification through and through. It superiorizes health and life—the results are immediate—anyone can use it.

I prophesy that this mysterious Natural Law will 'drive every disease, weakness and delusion entirely from the human race.'

I am positive it is destined to banish weakness and delusion from the human race by making supreme health and supreme reality inevitable.

Through this rejuvenating Natural Law anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or a tiger, without the inconvenience of being a wild animal, compelled to live in a wild state of Nature, with all of the inconveniences—the natural law that keeps a lion and a tiger vital and well is now yours, free, to use.

Tigers and lions living in a wild state of Nature do not look out for their health—this Natural Law looks out for their health. They do not run from one doctor to another or take pills and powders and try out remedies. They put the responsibility for their health on this Natural Law—you may do the same through this unique Natural Law.

It is no longer necessary for anyone to spend



the benefits of conscious deep breathing with none of the disadvantages; the full and complete benefit of every vitamin and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs with none of the disadvantages of medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology, without the disadvantages of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance, with none of the disadvantages.

This marvelous Natural Law will banish high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, "old age," nerve-exhaustion and tuberculosis from the human race.

Perfect health prevents all disease of an infectious and contagious character—all of the diseases that thrive in inferior organisms. Every disease fails when it attacks an organism fully fortified by this vitality-producing Natural Law.

This creative Natural Law can so energize, vitalize and vivify every one of the twenty-five thousand quadrillions of living beings or units in your body, as to make ill health absolutely impossible, and, at the same time, giving you a new meaning for life, health, power and gratification.

There exists in every living being or thing, a creative, curative, healing, thinking, knowing and acting Force. This force acts only in terms of reactions. This dominant Natural Law arouses within it, the highest type of reactions—all of this without waste of time or any active effort or exercise of any character.

This demonstrable Natural Law energizes, vitalizes and enlivens every one of the living units in the human body. Through this Law you actually harness the creative and living power of the creative force of life. You attain results accordingly as you demand.

It has been discovered that every quality and power and process and function of mind and body

money for treatments and doctors and drugs and dieting and books and cures and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this health-producing Natural Law.

Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way, perfect and supreme through this sensational Natural Law?

This startling Natural Law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and extraordinary power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life.

Through this wonderful Natural Law you may have all of the benefits of exercise, without exercise or its disadvantages; all of

arises out of, and springs from, one source. The Law through which this "source" is harnessed and capitalized without effort has also been discovered.

This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer.

This astonishing Natural Law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle, and most powerful. It is the Law of creative power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely a Natural Law.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all of the powers of mind and body in the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for yourself, free of charge, this surprising Natural Law.

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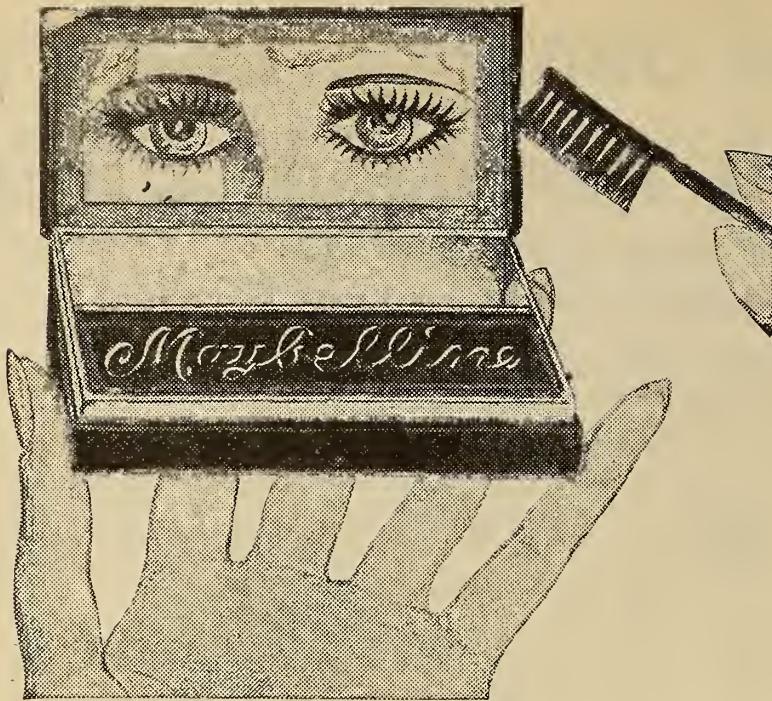
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THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
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- ¶ Last year the burlesque issue of SCREENLAND was the hit of the motion picture magazine world---
- ¶ This year's burlesque issue, out February 1st, will break new records--- ¶ Order your March Number Now



¶ Frances J. Barclay

It has become a habit of some of the Movie scribes to condemn Pola Negri. She is an ARTISTE. Polish or not, temperamental or not, she has GENIUS. And genius knows neither nationality nor disposition. Who does not remember when "Passion" was first shown on our American screens? Never before had such warmth, such rougery, such stark human nature, both good and evil, been portrayed on the screen. Even in her other foreign made pictures (the ones that were less widely shown to the American picture-going public) she was the portrayal of sheer personality.

And now, while "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not the complete frosts some people have labelled them, still, they did not achieve the success expected. Why? Because of censorship. One could almost hear the director coaching this silver sheet flame, dampening her ardor; holding her back, checking her, and all for fear some moron in Podunk, who has had something to do with the framing and enforcement of the censorship laws in his particular community, might take offense and condemn an expensive, beautiful picture.

FRANCES J. BARCLAY,
400 East 93rd Street,
New York City.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX.
SCREENLAND.



¶ Joseph Gregg, Jr.

I have endured your articles regarding players being mis-cast as long as I can in silence. To claim that an actor has been mis-cast in most instances is only offering an alibi. It is hard indeed to mis-cast a real actor, but the friends of a near actor continuously blanket his shortcomings by howling down the over-worked casting directors.

It is so easy for a third rater to score a knock-out when assigned a part that happens to fit perfectly. If he is lucky enough to land such a part early in his career he is from then on an over-rated man. He is mis-cast again and again until he fades

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M'Appari—Martha

Hugo Donivelli, Tenor

Vesta la Guibba—I
Pagliacci

Mario Brefelli, Tenor

Quartette—Rigoletto

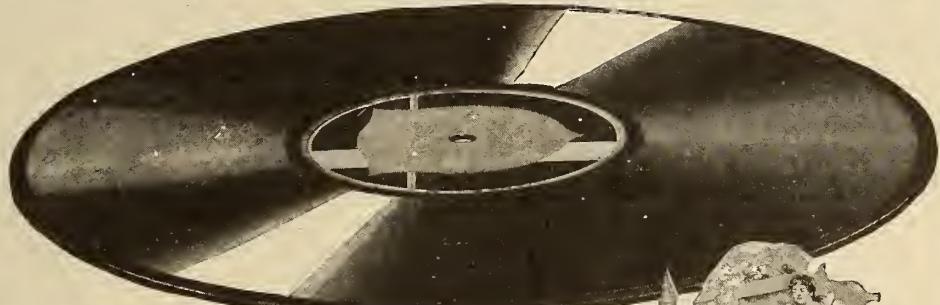
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My Heart at Thy
Sweet Voice—Sam-
son and Delilah

Joan La Vere, Mezzo Soprano

Anvil Chorus—Il
Trovatore

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Medley — Mikado

Stellar Mixed Quartette

Medley — Pinafore

Stellar Mixed Quartette

I Dreamt I Dwelt in
Marble Halls—Bo-
hemian Girl

Miriam Clark, Soprano

Caro Nome—Rigo-
letto

Josephine Donnelly, Soprano

Soldiers' Chorus —

Faust

Stellar Male Quartette



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from view. He would probably have been much better off in the long run if he never had a suitable role at the start.

It is true that the so-called big stars of today have parts assigned to them that they can fill to best advantage. Things were not always so pretty for them. Is it not true that they won their way to their present soft seats by being able to bat over four hundred against any kind of pitching?

I like movies. Like 'em so well that I don't feel bad over a dud every now and then. But I think that precious few players can act.

JOSEPH GREGG, JR.,

Directory of New York Speaking Theaters

AMBASSADOR—*The Dancers*. A sentimental melodrama of the jazz menace with considerable color. Well played by Florence Eldredge and Richard Bennett.

APOLLO—*Poppy*. A pleasant evening's entertainment made noteworthy by W. C. Fields as a medicine show faker.

BELMONT—*Tarnish*. Gilbert Emery's interesting drama of the seamy side of metropolitan life, well played.

BIJOU—*The Whole Town's Talking*. Slam-bang farce, plus Grant Mitchell.

BELASCO—*Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. A Belasco production adapted from the Italian with Lionel Barrymore—an interesting combination.

BOOTH—*The Seventh Heaven*. This drama of wartime Paris is in its second year.

BROADHURST—*Topics*, with Alice De Lysia. The usual Shubert Winter Garden show in new surroundings.

CASINO—*Wildflower*. Running on forever, apparently.

CENTURY—*The Miracle*. Max Reinhardt's imported spectacular pantomime for the first time on this side of the pond.

COHAN'S—*The Ten Commandments*. Mr. DeMille's de luxe movie.

CORT—*The Swan*. The season's distinguished hit. Molnar's scintillating and intimate comedy of modern royalty, superbly played. Be sure to see it.

ELTINGE—*Spring Cleaning*. Frederick Lonsdale's smart comedy of a husband's unique methods of holding his wife. Well done.

EMPIRE—*The Lady*. Martin Brown's play with Mary Nash.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET—*Queen Victoria*. Equity production of a mildly interesting historical play.

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PRINT DEPARTMENT

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St. New York City

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

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

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

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

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

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

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



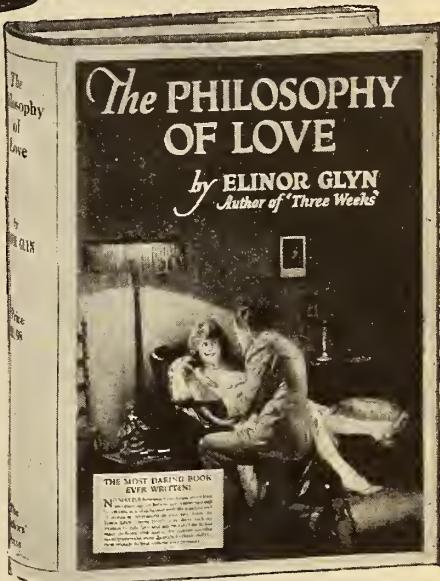
ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

What Do YOU Know About Love?

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

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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



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

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

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

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

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WARNING!

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It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other make-shift methods.

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Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus 2 other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free. And they have consented—for a short while, at least.

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FORTY-NINTH STREET—For All of Us. William Hodge and hokum.

FRAZEE—*The Talking Parrot*. A new Hutcheson Boyd comedy.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* Cyril Maude decided winning in a pleasant enough British comedy.

GARRICK—*The Failures*. Theater Guild production from the French. So, so.

GLOBE—*Stepping Stones*. The usual Fred Stone show, plus 17-year-old Dorothy Stone, who scores an immense hit.

HARRIS—*The Nervous Wreck*. A laughing hit, with Otto Kruger and June Walker in the cast.

HENRY MILLER'S—*The Changelings*. Intelligent comedy of modern manners, with a highly noteworthy cast.

HUDSON—*Sancho Panza*, with Otis Skinner. From the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel. An ambitious effort at a heroic comedy.

KLAW—*Meet the Wife*. Droll, and having Mary Boland.

KNICKERBOCKER—*The Lullaby*. Strong meat, with Florence Reed as a gal who goes from worse to worser.

LIBERTY—*The Magic Ring*. Mitzi in a musical show. Not so good.

LITTLE—*Chicken Feed*. Small town-stuff superficially treated. Still, you may like it.

LONGACRE—*Little Jessie James*. Has one song hit, "I Love You."

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard*. Avery Hopwood song play lifted to charm by Irene Bordoni.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain*, with Jeanne Eagels. Easily the best thing in New York. In its second year.

MOROSCO—*Scaramouche*. Rafael Sabatini's novel in footlight form. Pretty, pretty costume stuff.

MUSIC BOX—*Third Annual Revue*. Selling out as usual, with Grace Moore as its chief feature.

NATIONAL—*Cyrano de Bergerac*. Walter Hampden scoring the success of his career in Rostand's famous drama, once played by Richard Mansfield.

NEW AMSTERDAM—*Ziegfeld Follies*. The other big musical hit of the year.

PLAYHOUSE—*Chains*. The wild oat harvest dramatized, with Helen Gahagan featured.

PRINCESS—*Sun Up*, with Lucille La Verne. Lulu Vollmer's grim mountaineer drama.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. Still running, heaven knows why.

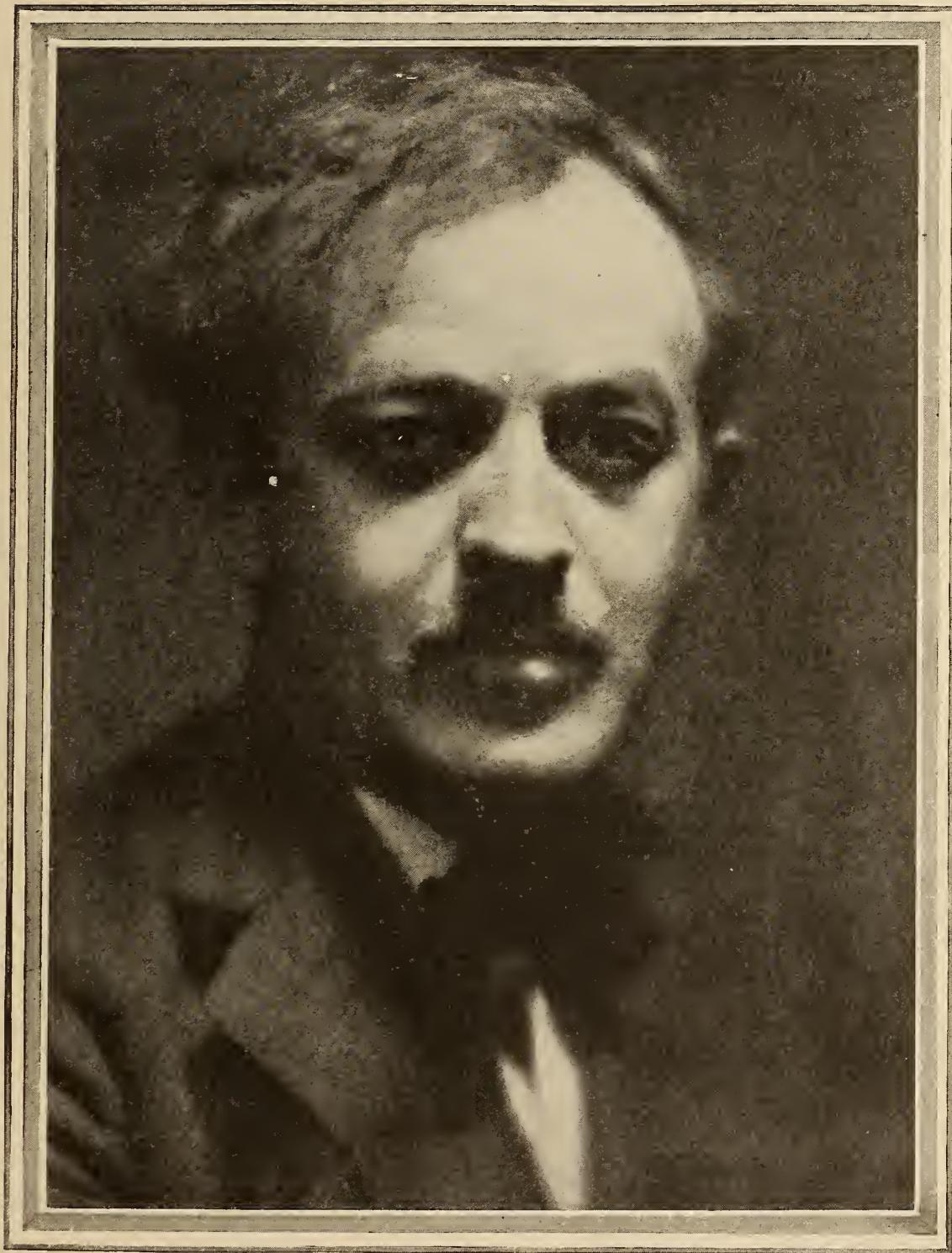
SELWYN—*Battling Butler*. Dancing show with Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models*. The mecca of all male visitors to New York.

THIRTY-NINTH—*Time*. Arthur Henry's new comedy.

TIMES SQUARE—*Pelleas and Melisande*. Jane Cowl, last year's triumphant Juliet, in the Maeterlinck drama.

SCREENLAND



CHARLES HUTCHINSON

BEN HECHT

Mr. Hecht, whose first contribution appears this month, is one of America's leading literary figures. His two novels, *Erik Dorn* and *Gargoyles*,

attracted world-wide attention and, from his Chicago editorial desk, he succeeds in pointing the way in literary and dramatic criticism.

Screenplays Need Two Theaters

Mr. White and the Cripplewits

ONLY the other day William Allen White, the famous editor of Emporia, Kansas, announced that "the movie crowd is a bonehead crowd." And he continued: "The movies, speaking generally and allowing for those who go to the movies only three or four times a year, attract as habitues only the cripplewits, lame-brains and half-heads." Then, to prove his assertion, Mr. White puts forth, as Exhibit A, the result of a recent ballot by a motion picture firm, made to find out the favorite authors of screen audiences.

The ballot selected Gene Stratton Porter and Mary J. Holmes as the movie literary favorites. Mr. White went on: "Until the movie makers segregate their theaters—putting the lowbrows in a theater by themselves and putting on pictures in one theater in each town which are too 'deep' for the dumb-bells, the intelligent people in the country will avoid the movies and leave the movie theaters to the dubs of every community."

All this has been received with the customary wails of anguish from filmland. Yet, if we're honest with ourselves, there is a lot in Mr. White's remarks. The ultimate future of the screen will lie in two distinct and separate film theaters—one for the popular movies and the other for the screenplay stories striving for imagination and vitality.

The Return of the Magic Film

REMEMBER the old French magic films, with a knife moving in mid-air apparently without a hand to guide it—and yet slicing a loaf of bread?

The vogue of the magic film will doubtless return with Doug Fairbanks' *Bagdad*. An interesting episode has just been filmed. It shows Doug donning a magic coat and vanishing forthwith. Then you are permitted to see the heroine struggling with three Orientals. Suddenly one of them is lifted shoulder high by invisible arms and tossed aside. Another is knocked down by an invisible fist and the third is thrown bodily through a window. Then the girl is lifted—still by the transparent hero—to the magic carpet, which transports her across the housetops of old Bagdad. Then Doug reappears beside her.

All of which ought to be highly effective. If it succeeds it will bring down the usual avalanche of imitators. So you can pretty nearly count upon a return of magic—and the requisite trick photography.

Manufacturing Another Star

THE movie magnates never seem to give up. Since the very first days, they have been trying to manufacture stars without any real measure of success.

The path of the screenplay is studded with Mary Miles Minters.

It can't be done. Audiences are attracted by the personality that interests—and a mere name hung in lights outside a theater is no real bait these days. Every year or so these audiences nominate a star of their own, as Rudy Valentino, and all the forces of the screen can't stop stardom.

Just now certain screen interests are grooming Colleen Moore for electric light fame. We can't help but admire such superlative optimism.

Popularizing a King

ON the other hand, the screen can do a lot for any person in the public limelight. The time may come when success in a presidential election may depend upon which candidate has the most ingratiating film personality. Once the speaking voice played just that part.

Consider the case of the Prince of Wales. He is probably the most popular member of a royal family anywhere on the globe today. And all because he has an odd but sharply defined boyish charm. Indeed, the British Government very wisely has utilized the news reels to build his popularity.

Here is an instance where a celluloid personality has furthered considerably the life of a royal family in an increasingly democratic land. A strange commentary upon the biggest weapon of democracy.

When Players Were Unknown

STILL, star building is really a development of the motion picture since 1913. That is, on the part of the producers. Screen audiences were putting their idols on celluloid pedestals before that even though their names were unknown. For instance, in looking through a file of the old *New York Dramatic Mirror*, we find this quaint statement, dated July 2, 1910:

"There is a difference of opinion between manufacturers as to the policy of publishing the names of players in the pictures. The Biograph company holds that no good can come of it, and the names of their players are strictly withheld. Other companies are commencing to pursue a different policy, although to a very limited extent."

On March 19, 1913, the Biograph company succumbed to popular opinion and gave the names of their players to the waiting world. *The Dramatic Mirror* reproduced a picture of the Biograph players and gave the complete roster as follows:

Christie Cabanne, Harry Carey, Claire McDowell, Lionel Barrymore, Bobbie Harron, Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Alfred Paget, Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, Dorothy Gish, Charles Mailes.

As usual, the producers were several years behind the public. Mary Pickford had been an idol for a long time simply as "the little Biograph blonde."

Discovering Mr. Shakespeare

NOW that the films have discovered Shakespeare and particularly his love tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, we may look for a long series of film adaptations. The screen always acts upon an idea en masse.

We can not foresee the successful presentation of Shakespeare on the screen. His beauty of line will become nothing but awkward sub-titling and nothing will remain but a series of screen tableaux. A Scandinavian company once made *Hamlet* screenically entertaining by building it from the legends about which Shakespeare had written his drama. And Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish are going to go about their *Romeo and Juliet* in the same way. Herein lies the only opportunity of the films to do Shakespeare with any degree of success.

A Shakespearean avalanche! We shall see.

Says FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Mary's Ten Commandments

MARY PICKFORD has just laid down ten commandments for screen aspirants. Here are the commandments:

1. Know some other vocation to fall back upon.
2. Have money enough to last a year.
3. See if you have talent.
4. Gain some stage experience.
5. Get professional experience if possible.
6. Bring as many photographs as possible.
7. Bring a large and diversified wardrobe.
8. Try to get a screen test.
9. Be sincere and ambitious.
10. Success in the motion pictures can only be gained in the same manner as in other business.

It is very easy for a star, surrounded by all the things that go with success, to make commandments for those who seek celluloid fame. Suppose the favorites of today had read these commandments when they were starting! They would have given up without an effort. Even a celebrity named Mary Pickford wouldn't be known to every land of the globe today had she taken them seriously. No, we suspect that big success comes only to those who disregard everything—and throw their all into the adventure.

Out Goes Hooch in Pennsylvania

IF newspaper reports are true, all instances of the drinking of liquors are to be cut completely by the Pennsylvania censors in future. Be the period of Louis XIV or of Henry VIII, when prohibition would have been considered a madman's fancy, the hooch will go. As well re-edit the Bible to eliminate all references of polygamy, then well within the ancient laws.

We do not know by what process of reasoning this state of mind is arrived at—but why consider reasoning and censors in the same breath?

Speaking of censors reminds us that the Pennsylvania censors made twenty-five cuts in *Anna Christie*, and that a number of the drinking scenes were trimmed out of this screenplay by the New York censors. Charlie Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* meanwhile was barred in Ohio.

The Great Film Exodus

PEAKING of the rush to do Shakespeare reminds us of the stampede to do screenplays in Europe, Africa and Cuba. Directors simply won't stay at home any more. Time was when an expedition to California or Florida was considered long and expensive. Back in 1912—only twelve years ago—just six working companies had migrated to California, and two of them expired after their arrival.

Now the movie expeditions in all parts of the old earth can hardly be counted. Some of them have gone for authenticity of background, some for the sheer wanderlust and some to suit the whims of the directors. But they're all in quest of the same thing—a screen hit.

What Causes the Big Film Overhead?

SINCE the Famous Players-Lasky studios closed down, with the avowed intention of trimming the salaries of players, a great deal has been written pro and con. Strangely one of the clearest defences of the actor came from Sam Rork, a producer, when explained costs in detail:

"Suppose a picture costs \$300,000 to produce," he said. "Of this, 25 per cent, or \$75,000, goes for actors' salaries; \$15,000 to \$25,000 to the director; 15 per cent, or \$45,000, to the laboratory work, which means negative work and film printing; while the greatest total of all, 50 per cent, or \$150,000, goes into the cost of sets, construction, material, labor, properties, electrical equipment, transportation, location costs and wardrobe.

"Of this \$150,000, no less than 75 per cent, or \$112,000, goes out for labor, which is the largest individual item of expense. This labor includes carpenters, painters, plasterers, bricklayers, electricians, property men, technical staff, set dressers and stage hands. It takes from six to eight weeks to make a production of this sort, and the head cutter on such a job would get \$3,000; the cameraman and assistants \$3,000, technical staff \$1,500 and property man \$1,000.

"When it is considered that to this must be added the cost of the screen rights to the story, which may range anywhere from \$10,000 to \$100,000, and from \$500 to \$15,000 for the preparation of the continuity, it is easy to see that the players' salaries, though exorbitant, are not such a tremendous item in the making of a feature.

"Some producers in the last couple of years have gotten the idea that a production, regardless of the requirements of the story, must have rich sets. They feel than the public demands this. Of course, they are wrong. I imagine that in the near future you will see these gaudy, high priced backgrounds done away with to a large extent."

The real fault, Mr. Rork points out, lies in the costly backgrounds built by the directors. Add to this the high cost of distributing and selling the films, with cut-throat competition between rival companies, and you have the present mad status of screenplay production in a nutshell.

Slow Motioning Sporting Events

RECENTLY a motion picture concern slow-motioned the match race between Zev and In Memoriam. This ended almost in a dead heat, but the judges felt that Zev had won and named that colt the winner. But the film, upon being developed and printed, revealed that In Memoriam had seemingly won by a nose. Naturally, the judges did not reverse their decision but the incident offers food for thought.

Almost the same interest was aroused by the slow motion films of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. How had Firpo knocked the American champion through the ropes? Did Dempsey return to a corner after knocking Firpo down or was an unfair advantage taken? The film answered these questions for all time.

How long will it be before the slow motion camera is used in all sporting events as the court of last resort in a close and important decision?

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

¶ Martha Mansfield is dead as a result of burns received on Thanksgiving Day while on location for *The Warrens of Virginia* in San Antonio, Texas. The screenplay was being made by William Fox with Elmer Clifton as director. Miss Mansfield's hoop-skirted crinoline dress caught fire in some unknown manner and, before the flames could be extinguished, the actress had received fatal burns.

¶ Irene Castle has just married for a third time. Her latest husband is Major Frederic McLoughlin, wealthy coffee merchant of Chicago.

¶ Famous Players-Lasky coast studios reopening, indicating end of so-called slump.

¶ Theodore Roberts playing vaudeville season in a William de Mille sketch.

¶ Renee Adoree badly injured in Hollywood automobile crash.

¶ Harold Lloyd buys 40-acre tract at Westwood, Cal., for studio.

¶ Charlie Chaplin's next comedy to be of the '49ers with title, *The Gold Rush*.

¶ Marian Harlan, 17-year old daughter of Otis Harlan, stage comedian, selected to be Buster Keaton's new leading woman.

¶ Carlyle Blackwell divorced by wife, Ruth Hartman, on coast.

¶ James Kirkwood and Lila Lee intend to return to stage after doing two Ince films.

¶ Mary Pickford's *Rosita* has sensational Los Angeles opening, with theater crowded with stars and flowers.

¶ Charlie Chaplin considers selling LaBrae studios in favor of new location in Beverly Hills.

¶ Allen Holubar leaves estate of \$53,000 and wife, Dorothy Phillips, petitions for guardianship papers and custody of ten-year old daughter, Marie Gwendolyn.

¶ Reproducing Battle of Lexington costs William Randolph Hearst over \$80,000 in making *Janice Meredith*. Which is considerably more than the cost of original production.

¶ The Martin Johnsons sail for two years in Africa.

¶ Mary Pickford endeavoring to secure Emil Jannings for her next picture.

¶ Nita Naldi enters vaudeville.

¶ Alma Rubens gets leading role in Samuel Goldwyn production of *Cythereia*.

¶ The Rodolph Valentinos sail for Europe and rumors are current of an early return to the screen.

¶ D. W. Griffith rapidly finishing *America*. Said that Charles Mack will score the hit of the spectacle.

¶ Dimitri Buchowetzi, maker of *Peter the Great*, may direct Pola Negri's next picture.



KENNETH ALEXANDER

LILLIAN GISH

VIRGINIA
VALLI



CLARENCE S. BULL

VIOLA
DANA



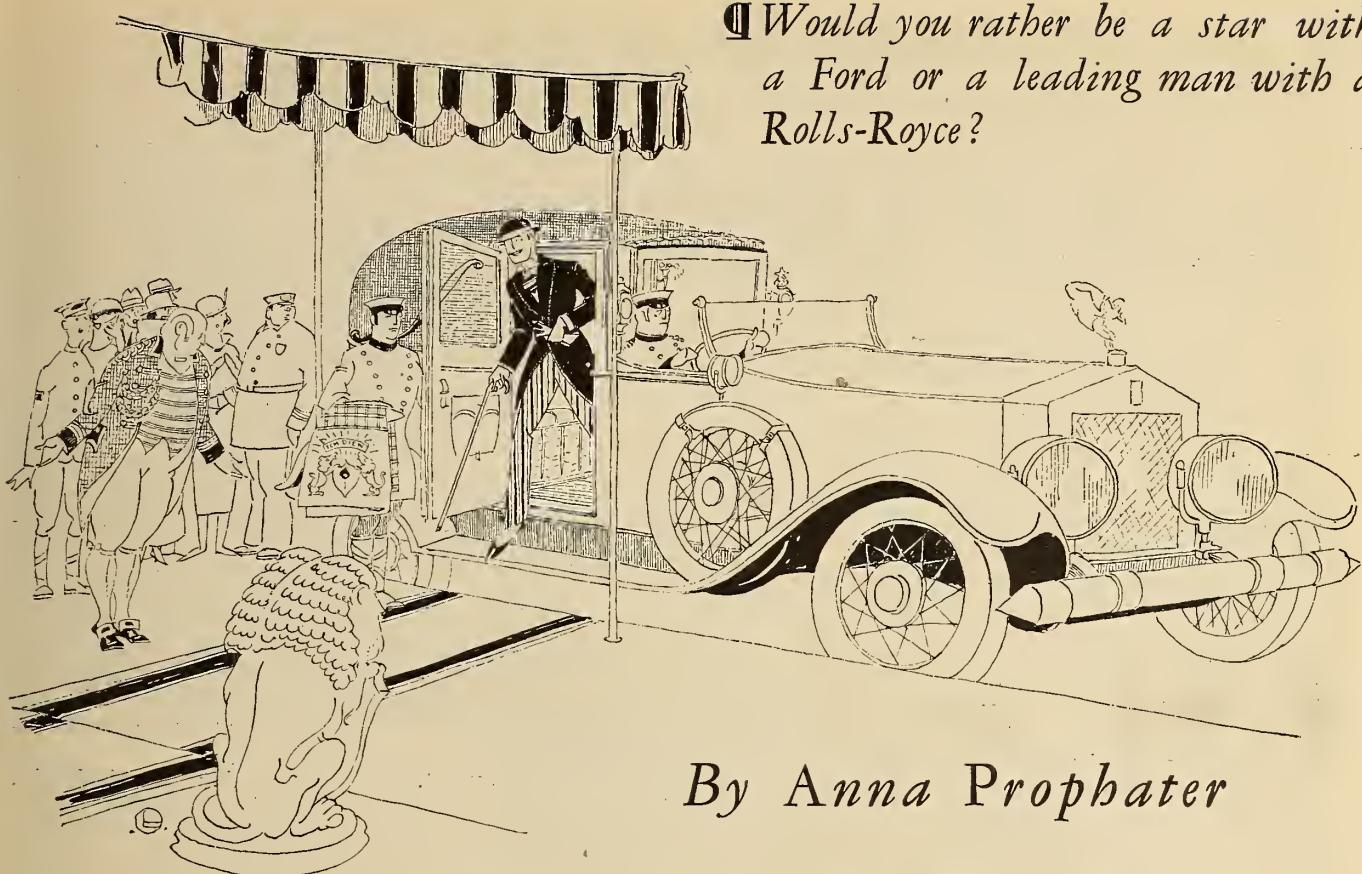
EDWIN BOWER HESSER



DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

ROD LA ROCQUE

IWould you rather be a star with a Ford or a leading man with a Rolls-Royce?



By Anna Prophater

Making FAILURE Pay

W

HICH would you rather be, a star with plenty of glory and a salary of two hundred dollars a week or just an actor with less glory and a salary of a thousand a week?

Right you are. You'd take the coin.

Conway Tearle, Frank Mayo, Eugene O'Brien, George Walsh, Wallace Beery, Tom and Owen Moore and scores of others have made the same decision. It's all very nice and pretty and it dazzles the home folks to see your name in electric lights. But a cold, hard thousand a week, with less electricity, goes farther to pay for the gasoline and the instalments on the oil paintings.

Vogue of Jitney Stars

AFEW years ago it was all the rage to be a star. Everyone did it—Alice Lake, Frank Mayo, Wanda Hawley, Art Accord, Anne Luther and almost any player that you can think of. In fact, there isn't a player of any prominence at all who hasn't been starred at one time or another. An extra girl is arrested for throwing a stove at her husband, the newspapers call her a movie star. How can the poor

Drawing by Lambert Guenther

It pays to be inconspicuous on the screen!

IThe stars of yesterday, the folks who didn't draw at the box offices, are today receiving two and three times their former salaries as leading players.

IThe reason is obvious. Directors are in too much of a hurry to train players. But they can select a former star, who at least knows the rudiments of his business, and send the bill to the home offices.

IBesides the stars of today like the stars of yesterday. They know they can be depended upon never to steal the picture.

No wonder whenever

editors keep up with the rapid changes of the business?

All the companies specialized on stars and star contracts. Realart, Universal, Fox and Metro signed 'em up at the rate of one per week. As a general thing a star contract called for plenty of big type, lots of publicity, the right to a lot of kowtowing around the studio, ten pictures a year and the privilege of being called a celebrity. In return for which the star received several hundred dollars a week, which he was at liberty to raise in private conversations among his friends.

Everything was jake for a year or so until something happened. And then, all of a sudden, you couldn't walk down Hollywood Boulevard without bumping into at least six former Realart, Universal or Fox stars out of work.

From Stardom to Leading Roles

AND then again, something different happened. Stars who had been living in a furnished bungalow began to dabble in Beverly Hills

property. Stars who had driven their own Fords began riding up to the studios in Rolls-Royces. Stars who had worn sweaters began to invest in fur coats.

But they weren't stars any more. They were just plain actors—and business men. They had turned failure in stardom into a good commercial proposition.

Consider the case of Frank Mayo. Universal, he burned up no celluloid. He made a lot of pictures and made 'em cheap. Or rather, Mr. Laemmle made 'em cheap. There wasn't enough insistent demand for Mayo to warrant Mr. Laemmle's giving him a raise and retaining his service.

Out of Universal, did Mayo die of a broken heart because he had lost stardom? He did not. He sold his services to Goldwyn for several times the amount he received at Universal City. But he didn't sign as a star; he signed as a supporting player.

In other words, Goldwyn considers Frank Mayo several times more valuable to have around the studio than did Universal.

Star Failures and Leading Man Hits

Now, on the other hand, Charles Ray is said to be short of money and considering ways and means by which he can get back some of the money he lost trying to remain a star at the head of his own company.

George Walsh was worth a comparatively small salary to William Fox, the jitney impresario. His starring contract wasn't renewed. Then he went to Universal and starred in serials. Universal serials are supposed to be the pictures in which Art burns feeblest. Outwardly, George was on the tcboggan.

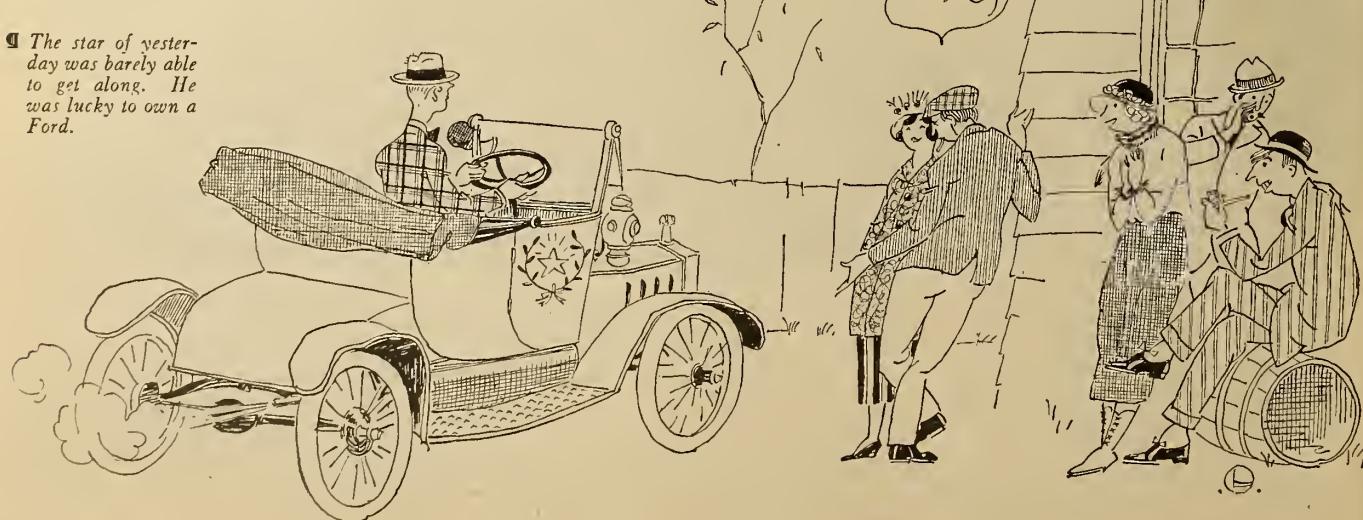
Again Goldwyn came to the rescue. And, also, Mary Pickford came to the rescue. George, discarded as a star, began to get nice big checks for his work as a leading man. He almost achieved Ben Hur, the biggest role of the year.

Selznick starred Eugene O'Brien for several seasons. The pictures weren't up to the mark, disaster overtook the company and O'Brien was headed for outer darkness. But wise Eugene! He remembered the days when he was a leading man, when money was plentiful, when the press of work wasn't so hard. Now he works when he wants to and it is a well-known fact that he isn't starving.

Ex-Stars Are Reliable, Anyway

CONWAY TEARLE, another Selznick star, never appeared in

¶ The star of yesterday was barely able to get along. He was lucky to own a Ford.



pictures that burned up any box-office. But he makes a wonderful leading man. Stars and producers fight for his services. They bid against each other for his favor. Conway, no longer young but an experienced trooper, gets a bigger salary than most stars.

J. Warren Kerrigan's drawing power decreased a few years ago. Bad pictures pulled him down from his position as a matinee idol. Voluntarily, he retired. And modestly enough, in "The Covered Wagon," he returned. Now he is welcome to hang his hat in any studio on the Coast.

H. B. Warner had a fling at stardom. But he didn't find it half as lucrative as playing opposite Gloria Swanson in "Zaza" for a thousand dollars a week. Lots of persons who saw the picture have only a dim realization that Warner was in it. But Warner should worry. He got the thousand a week.

I wonder if Wallace Beery ever thanks his stars that he flopped as a comedian. Wallace couldn't even

keep pace with Ham and Bud in the days when audiences didn't care what made them laugh. His "Swede" Series was discontinued.

But Wallace is smart. When war villainy was at its height, he was the meanest Hun of them all. Styles changed and Wallace changed with them. When the costume pictures came along, Wallace went into the king business. He has worn the crown of almost every country in Europe. At one time, he was working for three companies at once—at about twelve hundred dollars per week.

When the Metro studios shut down a year or so ago, Bert Lytell was dropped from the ranks of the mighty. Since that time, Mr. Lytell has been hiring himself out for more money than he ever used to find in the old pay envelope. And, so far, he has gotten two free trips to Europe out of his failure as a star.

Even the girls go in for it. One day it was announced that May McAvoy would no longer work for Paramount.
(Continued on page 94)

Seeing “AMERICA” FIRST



David Wark Griffith is busily at work upon his big spectacle of the American Revolution, *America*. At the top is "D. W." himself in the saddle, while, at the right, he is "shooting" a charge of Morgan's raiders at Summers, New York.

Below, Griffith directing a scene near Fort Myer, Va., with Charles Mack, Erville Alderson and Carol Dempster in the picture, reading from left to right.



SCREENLAND Fights



FOR the past two months SCREENLAND has been the storm center of attack by certain factions of the motion picture business intent upon muzzling the press. SCREENLAND has conducted its battle for freedom of expression single handed and alone—and it now feels that its readers should be acquainted with the facts.

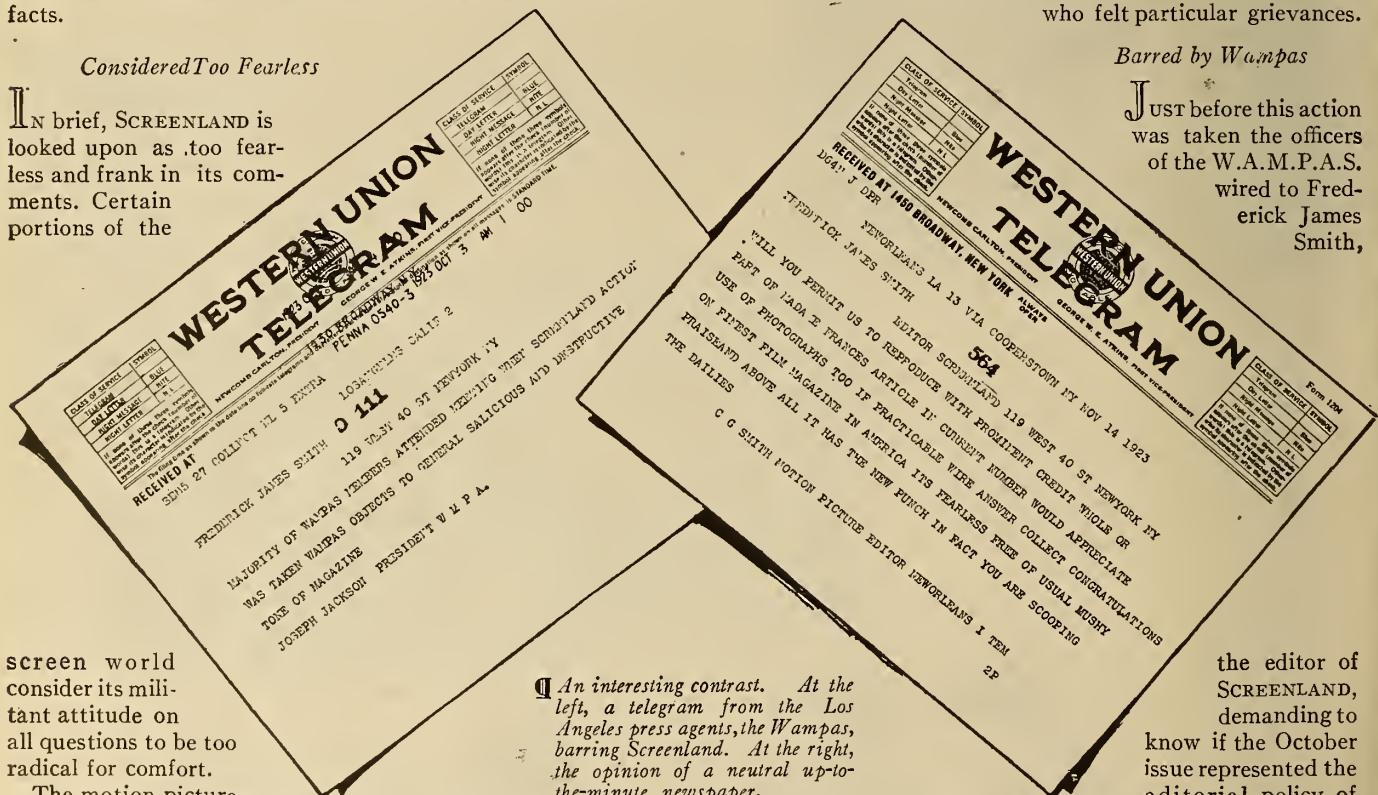
Considered Too Fearless

IN brief, SCREENLAND is looked upon as too fearless and frank in its comments. Certain portions of the

¶The antiquated portion of the motion picture business considers Screenland too fearless—and makes strenuous efforts to muzzle it.

press agents of the Pacific Coast, voted to bar SCREENLAND representatives from all studios, and to prevent, as far as possible, any attempt to secure pictures and news.

Not all of the members of the W.A.M.P.A.S. favored this action, which was actively pushed by two or three press men who felt particular grievances.



screen world consider its militant attitude on all questions to be too radical for comfort.

The motion picture business, it is necessary to point out here, is a curious one. One of the foremost industries of the country, it is a rambling, sprawling organization with a hundred and one jangling loose ends. There are unquestionably a number of able business men, as well as a number of artists, engaged in making screenplays but, in the main, the industry is headed by men who crowded their way to the top when the film drama was young. Until time weeds them out, the silent play will remain in its present adolescent state. A river can rise no higher than its source.

This industry has developed a number of trade and fan magazines, all of them dancing attendance upon the so-called art. The publications designed to fill the needs of the millions of film fans have become as out of date as the business methods of the screenplay magnates themselves.

SCREENLAND Always Independent

SCREENLAND came into the field as a radical. Its progress was beset with vicissitudes—but, through its entire progress, it has been free and independent. This has naturally aroused a great deal of animosity among the old guard of picturedom.

This feeling reached a head on or about September 21st, when the W.A.M.P.A.S., otherwise the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, numbering most of the movie

Barred by Wampas

JUST before this action was taken the officers of the W.A.M.P.A.S. wired to Frederick James Smith,

the editor of SCREENLAND, demanding to know if the October issue represented the editorial policy of

the magazine. To this Mr. Smith replied in the affirmative, and suggested that as their telegram indicated displeasure, exact reasons be given.

The W.A.M.P.A.S. declined to reply and took the action already mentioned. Although they have since claimed to have notified Mr. Smith of this action, it was only after repeated wires that the W.A.M.P.A.S. finally replied that official action had been taken to ban SCREENLAND.

The editor demanded to know specific reasons for the action and, after several wires, received the following telegram:

"Majority of Wampas members attended meeting when SCREENLAND action was taken. Wampas objects to general salacious and destructive tone of magazine."

Meanwhile, the W.A.M.P.A.S. started efforts to have the A.M.P.A., the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, numbering the New York movie press men, take similar action. Obviously, if SCREENLAND was only banned on one side of the country, any action would fail. Frantic wires were dispatched and pleading letters forwarded but the A.M.P.A., with cooler heads at its helm, voted to have its members take any individual action they desired.

Hays Office Enters Fight

AT this moment the Will Hays offices, through a Hays repre-

for FREEDOM

¶The attempt to censor Screenland puts the motion picture world's fight against censorship in a strange and curious light.

¶The Los Angeles Herald contributed one of the numerous recent newspaper stories published regarding SCREENLAND'S fight for freedom of the press:

EDITOR REPLIES TO PICKFORD, FAIRBANKS

Myron Zobel, Magazine Publisher, in Statement as Result of Suit Threat

Myron Zobel, publisher of "Screenland," a magazine devoted to motion pictures, today issued a signed statement answering the announcement that Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Evelyn Brent will sue the magazine for alleged libel. Mr. Zobel's statement said:

"In its three years of publication my magazine has been a staunch supporter of all that is best in motion picture production and in the lives of its people.

"It is the intention of this magazine to fight with redoubled vigor its battle for freedom of the screen. It is the belief of the supporters and editors of this magazine that the hope of a free screen lies first and foremost in a free screen press.

'UPLIFT' FILMS

"It is the intention of this magazine to mould its editorial policy towards the one sole object of the improvement of screen conditions and a higher quality of screen products. In this struggle individual vanities and personal pride must frequently suffer.

"The motion picture is no longer a commercialized industry. It has become a public institution and a public trust and as such is subject to public scrutiny and public comment. My magazine declines to become the vehicle for paid propaganda."

Attempt to Muzzle SCREENLAND

Obviously, no sane person could take such absurd charges seriously. There was just one thing to infer—that certain factions of the motion picture business intended to muzzle SCREENLAND if it could be done.

This, then, was a strange attitude for a business which has been fighting censorship all along. Here it was firmly aligned against censorship on one hand, while, behind its back, it was trying to strangle freedom of expression within its ranks.

So SCREENLAND decided to take the whole matter to Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, who had then returned from Europe. Mr. Hays, Courtland Smith, Myron Zobel, publisher of SCREENLAND, and Mr. Smith, its editor, were present at the conference.

After presenting the case, Mr. Zobel specifically asked Mr. Hays what action his office would take in the matter. He asked for an investigation and stated further that, if the ban was made general with the backing of the Hays organization, the magazine would still maintain its attitude of independence. To this, Mr. Hays replied that the W. A. M. P.A.S. was part of the organization of the national Motion

Picture Producers' Association and that any action of that branch would be backed up by the whole body "to the limit."

To Back Wampas Right or Wrong

COURTLAND SMITH, his aide, added further that this action would be backed up "right or wrong." To this Mr. Hays nodded assent, adding that any action by the national body would be complete, cutting SCREENLAND off from any entrance to studios, news or pictures.

The conference ended with the intimation that Mr. Hays would look into the matter but that he would not attempt to influence any action, although he would see that the ban became general if he felt such action were proper.

Effort to Stop Talmadge Cover

SCREENLAND has heard nothing further from Mr. Hays. Here and there has been felt the effect of the battle. Attempts have been made to intimidate its writers. Learning that SCREENLAND was about to publish a cover portrait of Norma Talmadge, his wife, Joseph Schenck informed the magazine, through his attorneys, that its publication must be stopped or action would be taken.

SCREENLAND published the cover on its December number.

Mr. Schenck then, being a guiding force of the Associated First National Pictures, doubtless influenced the withdrawal of the advertising of that organization in retaliation. This, at least, is the customary method used in intimidating publications in the screen field.

To this SCREENLAND replied by barring *all* motion picture advertising from its pages. In future this magazine will publish no advertising of any film concern unless it first is permitted to see the wares to be advertised—and feels that it can honestly approve them. The time has passed when any screen magazine can honestly accept advertising of a picture or pictures which it knows to be bad. If you see any screen advertising in SCREENLAND in the future, you will be able to depend upon its integrity.

On top of the threat of legal action in regard to its Talmadge cover, came the widely published story that Mr. Fairbanks intended to sue SCREENLAND for libel. Now SCREENLAND has never intended to hurt Mr. Fairbanks or Miss Pickford in any way. It has full appreciation of the part they have played in the screenplay's progress. It regrets the many false intimations of libel, because it feels that these two stars were innocently dragged into a magazine's fight for freedom of expression. And, when SCREENLAND throws its whole existence into the scales in its fight for (Continued on page 94)



**¶ When you can't get
into a Hollywood
Club you start one of your own**

KE

FILM DOM is as full of cliques as a dollar watch. Cine-macrobats are very clubby though their socal sphere is stratified on the basis of cinemantics. Those who pronounce clique as is dubbed a golf club are just as gregarious, if more exclusive than their brothers whose diction demands an "i" for an "i" and who shortly say clique is click.

In their clubbiness Hollywoodens are distinctly Hollywooden. If some are unable to jimmy their way into an existing club they immediately form one of their own.

One does not talk of clubs freely in Cameradie since there are some whose efforts to attain cameraderie have gone off at half-cock when their applications for memberships in certain clubs have made ballot boxes look like cartons of black and beady shoe-buttons.

Those Exclusive Los Angeles Clubs

FOR, be it known, there are some clubs in Los Angeles into which flicker folk could not cut their way with an oxy-acetylene torch. Present day Angelenos whose forebears arrived in the City of the Angels before the first orange or the first tourist, wrinkle their noses in disdain at the social aspirations of picture plutocrats whom they regard as recent.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club, however, is not the habitat of such huffily haughty banknote barons for its roster almost calls the roll of the up-and-coming in picturedom though there are some camerads who bewail its lack of exclusiveness.

At the L. A. A. C. one is almost sure to see some name well-known in pictures posted for non-payment of dues or some such

Clubs are

By H. B. K.

¶ There are clubs in Los Angeles into which flicker folk can not cut their way with an oxy-acetylene torch.

¶ Still, you can find your male film favorites posted for non-payment of dues at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

¶ And there are at least several screen clubs, as "Our Club" and the newly organized "Regulars."

¶ "The Regulars" is a new club, including Virginia Faire Brown, Pauline Garon, Mary Philbin, Kathleen Key and other fair film flappers.

¶ The members of "Our Club" hiss "Copy Cats!" at "Regulars"—but the organization has selected June Mathis as honorary president and is intrenched for the Winter.

trifle. It is there that filmdom's husbands-at-large, the persistent bachelors and motion-picture actors who are sort of "between wives," as it were, have their abode in its higher reaches.

It was there that Charles Spencer Chaplin, dramatist, alias Charlie Chaplin, comedian, lived before and after taking Mildred Harris for better or for worse.

The Athletic Club Celibates

FROM an L. A. A. C. celibate cell James Kirkwood denied that he intended to marry Lila Lee about a month before they actually were welded in wedlock.

Gallant Antonio Moreno inhabited a "room and" there for a long time before he acquired his early Spanish whiskers and Mrs. Daisy Danziger, wealthy Los Angeles social lioness, as spouse. A month before they slipped away on their honeymoon Tony, in his L. A. A. C. cubicle, his persistent bachelordom was to be

torpedoed a report that broken.

Eddie Sutherland was a frequenter of the place before he became Mr. Marjorie Daw.

Mack Sennett, Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter, Richard Dix, Herbert Rawlinson, Bill Russell, Allan Dwan, Edward Everett Horton, William and Cecil De Mille, William Desmond, Harold Lloyd and Charles Ray are other screen celebrities who wear the button bearing the winged foot.

The L. A. A. C., of course, is a club where only stags at eve can drink their fill. So the cinematrons and cinemaids must



TRUMPS

Willis

perforce also have their own exclusive social combinations. Of these there are chiefly two—"Our Club" and "The Regulars."

More Anent "Our Club"

"OUR Club" consists of eighteen of Hollywood's baby stars or stars, playing about under the guardian wing of Mary Pickford, honorary president.

The piping voices of Helen Ferguson, Mildred Davis, Patsy Ruth Miller, Virginia Valli, Vola Vale, Lillian Rich, Gloria Hope, Clara Horton, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Virginia Fox, Gertrude Olmsted, Laura La Plante, Carmel Myers, Edna Murphy, Carmelita Geraghty, Colleen Moore and Zazu Pitts answer "here" at meetings.

Although I presume the baby stars are banded together for the uplift of the drama and mutual betterment, though, to steal a bit of Agnes Ayres' stuff, that would be painting the lilies, "Our Club" is always pictured grouped about "Our Mary" gazing raptly into her face or cutting themselves pieces of cake.

Last winter "Our Club" was shaken a bit by internal dissension with the active presidency as the bone of contention or *casus belli* which does not sound nice, although members indignantly denied that the organization suffered at all from an attack of the "cats' meows."

"The Regulars" Come Into Being

"OUR Club" was very exclusive until recently when "The

IFILMdom is as full of cliques as a dollar watch

"Regulars" came into being. The name is but a sort of working title until a contest, which will divulge an appropriate label, is ended.

According to Priscilla Bonner, fans are just falling over each other in an effort to supply the tag. One suggested "Thalia," which Miss Bonner assures me, is the name of the goddess of the drama, and hence, Miss Bonner admits, it is one extremely pleasing to the members.

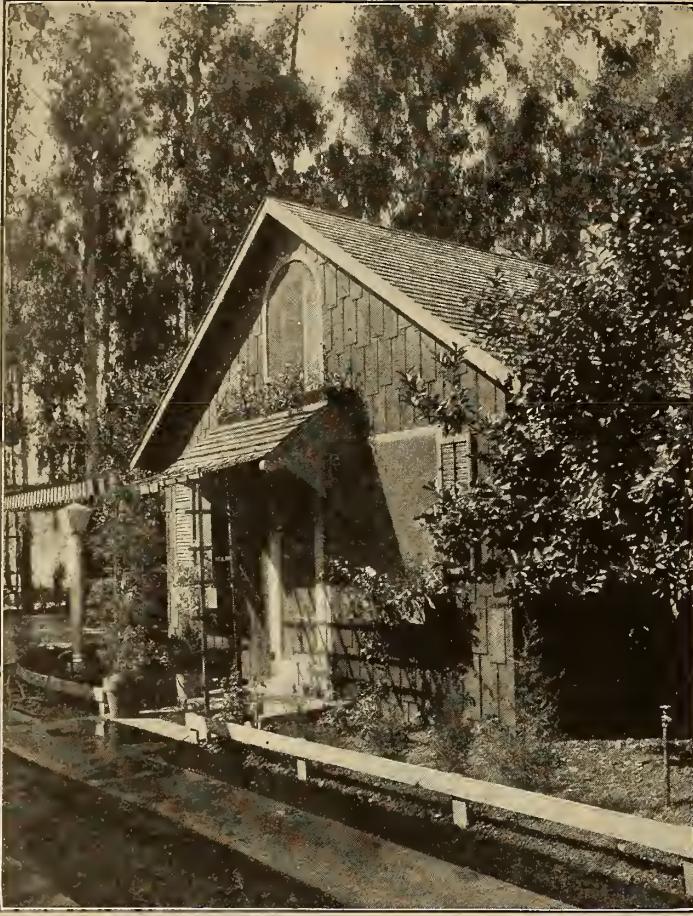
June Mathis, famed Goldwyn scenarist, whose typewriter sings as pretty a song of sixpence as a cash register every time she gets it unlimbered, is honorary president of "The Regulars."

Grace Gordon, Virginia Browne Faire president, Kathleen Key, Priscilla Bonner, Marjorie Bonner, Pauline Garon, Pauline Curley, Mary Philbin, Menefee Johnston, Marion Aye, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Mackail and Dorothy Devore are the favored fourteen.

Hisses of "Copy Cats"

WHEN "The Regulars" made their bow it is said "Our Club" stuck out its collective tongue and hissed "copy cats," even though the expression lacks sufficient sibilance to make a perfect hiss. Wide-eyed and open-mouthed denials greeted an attempt to verify this report. (Stories in Hollywood are dubbed reports because of the verbal explosions with which they obviously blow up.)

With beauty and brains as the measuring stick applied to "Our Club" and "The Regulars" (Continued on page 100)



BE it EVER SO HUMBLE

By Grace Kingsley

Jr. Constance Talmadge lives with them, too. Buster and his wife keep several servants, including a cook, a nurse for the baby, a chauffeur, secretary, housemaid and gardener.

Buster is a systematic worker. He rises early in the morning and usually gets to the studio around eight or eight-thirty. Buster and Natalie are rather quiet folk. They enjoy their home and their immediate friends, and they like to go to plays and once in a great while to the Ambassador or the Biltmore to dine and dance.

The house in which Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck live on West Adams Street, has had an interesting history. It was once the home of a wealthy society woman, who, in need of money, leased it to Theda Bara. Miss Bara lived there all one summer with her sister. Then the house was taken over by Roscoe Arbuckle, who purchased it saying that he "had to buy it to keep his cellar!" Roscoe parked his chubby form in the room where erstwhile had reposed the figure of the world's best known vamp. Then came Arbuckle's days of trouble, during his trial in San Francisco, when only Roscoe's valet and pet dog kept watch there.

Later the place became too expensive for the comedian, so Joseph Schenck took it, and he and Norma Talmadge and Mrs. Talmadge, affectionately called "Peggy" by her children, now

CThe fantastic little Hollywood house where Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, spent their honeymoon.

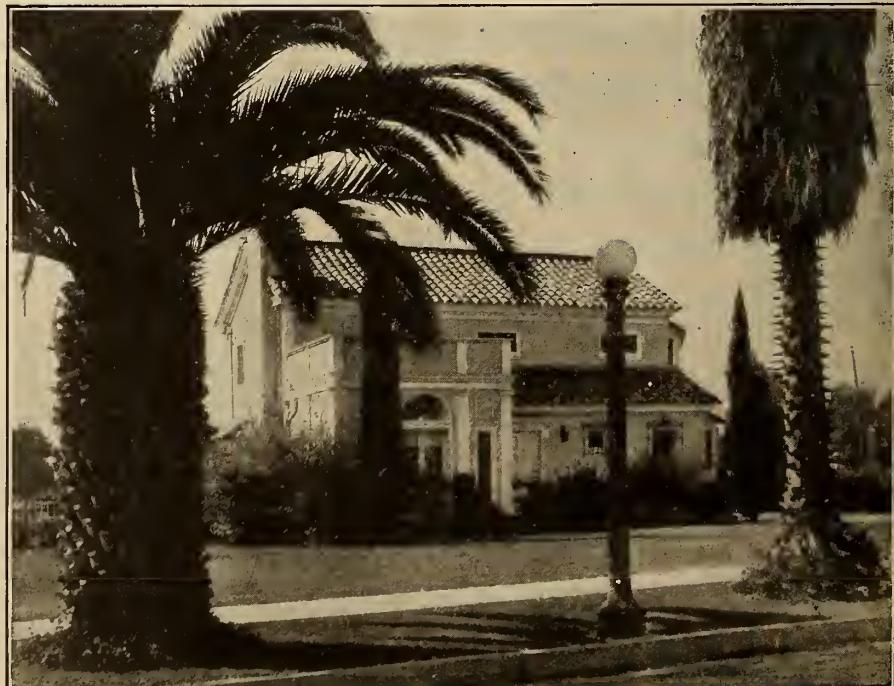
HI T doesn't matter what other people do. Our butcher could wear a ballet costume to deliver our chops; our druggist could eat live fish, and excite only passing comment; our rag-and-bottle man could warble like John McCormack, and we'd be only faintly interested; and our coal-heaver could wear a swallow-tail coat whilst performing his professional duties.

But the picture stars—that's different! The dear public considers their every move with concern and interest.

For such as hanker to know what Bill Hart puts on his shoes to make them shine so, what Norma Talmadge does with her early morning hours, and what use busy Priscilla Dean puts her spare time to, I'm pleased to hand out a few facts. Here, for once, you'll learn what kind of a cook Mae Murray has and whether Harold Lloyd really eats pie for breakfast. It will only take a simple little bookfull of information to convey these things, but I'll do my best.

Buster Keaton lately bought a big house in the Wilshire District in Los Angeles. It is so big, indeed, that Buster says he is going to install a system of bell-boys! Here dwell Keaton and his wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, and little Joseph

CMadge Bellamy's elaborate residence in Beverly Hills, earned from her motion picture salary.



CThe real home life of the stars, told for the first time.

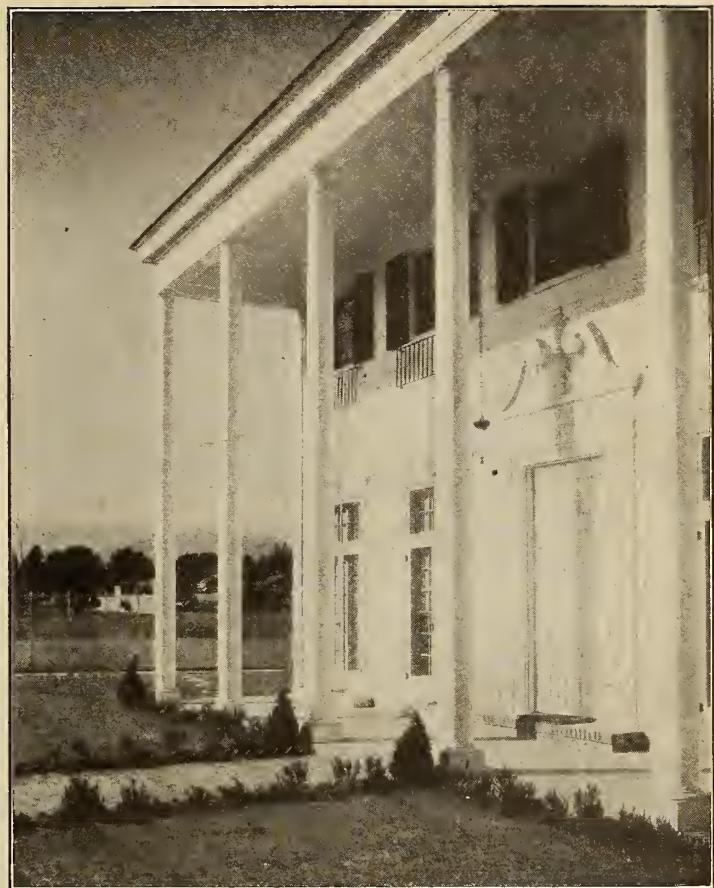
live there with a housemaid, cook, gardener and chauffeur.

There is a Japanese garden back of the house, the house being built in a modified old English style, of bricks, with vines over it, and a garden wall hiding the place from the street. The garden, which has a gold-fish pond and some statuary, is a favorite retreat of Miss Talmadge when she isn't working.

Mae Marsh has sold her Flintridge home near Pasadena; and she now lives, during her temporary stay in California, in a pretty bungalow with her husband, Louis Lee Armes, and her little three-year-old daughter, Mary. Little Mary is a "system baby," her nurse seeing to it that she is fed with just such and such foods, at such and such times. Miss Marsh always has her little girl with her, whether the location trip takes her to England or Florida. Because Little Mary loves the West so much, Miss Marsh intends building a home in California.

You will have a homey time if you happen to be invited to the home of William S. Hart in the foothills near Beverly Hills, just outside of Hollywood. There are no staring electric lights at night, but the neighborhood, filled with picture stars, is presided over by the quiet, dark, brooding hills just behind.

The western star's house looks exactly as you would expect it to look. It is a bit old-fashioned somehow, with its wing and its many paned windows. Inside, too, where Mr. Hart lives with his sister Mamie, you find just the sort of house you would anticipate. Its rooms are furnished largely in simple but interesting fashion, with Indian rugs, Indian baskets, collections of ancient Indian relics, while many carved Spanish leather bits—saddles, bridles, boots—and big sombreros, silver trappings for a horse while many pictures showing cowboy



CThe lavish home of Priscilla Dean and her husband, Wheeler Oakman, humorously called the Hollywood Country Club.

and Indian life adorn the walls.

Hart has a big den filled with Indian curios. Frederick Remington and other painters of the pioneer era have contributed to his picture collection. He has a vast collection of pipes and curious old firearms.

Of course there is Bill's desk and writing implements, for he has become quite a literary cuss, what with writing several books during his long vacation.

It is a quiet, peaceful and happy life which Bill and his sister lead in the house, which is of moderate size, including about seven rooms. He has a Japanese cook who also serves as housekeeper under supervision of Miss Hart.

Bill Hart's house is probably the most unpretentious of any star's in the motion picture business. He spends a good deal of time at his ranch also.

It is rather an ornate establishment which Charles Ray and his wife preside over. The house which is old English style, with curving roof in imitation of thatching, is in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Ray has the house redecorated every few months, and the place has run nearly

the whole gamut of styles and periods.

Charlie Ray has a plainly furnished den, where stands his faithful type-



CMr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, (Enid Bennett) in front of their Beverly Hills home. Three of their favorite dogs are with them.

The First Complete Account of



writer on which he still writes many of his own fan letters, though he has a secretary. The Rays have lived in the house ever since Charlie first rose to fame.

A sun parlor is one feature of the house. It was Japanese the last time I saw it. There is also a music room, Mrs. Ray being something of a musician. She is interested in art, too, and has a little studio where she paints. And not the least sensational feature is an ebony bathroom, with everything in jet black from tub to pipes.

The Ray menage has a dignified butler who comes pretty near being the talk of the movie colony, as well as a footman, a cook, a housemaid and a chauffeur.

Ray loves to read in bed. He eats plain food, and works early and late.

Driving along Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, one may notice an imposing structure, surrounded by smaller houses, situated on the very top of a beautiful, rounded, tree-bordered hill. Indeed, one can't fail to observe it, for it looks rather like an old-world convent, with its tan-colored cement-and-plaster walls. But it isn't. It is the home of Antonio Moreno and his wife, a society leader of Los Angeles and a woman of great wealth. The house is Italian in architecture. It is luxurious in its furnishings. The living room is a huge studio place, with a cathedral window which overlooks all Hollywood, Los Angeles, the mountains and the sea. A big church organ is one of the items of interest in the Moreno home.

The smaller houses, also Italian in style, are servants' quarters and garages. The Morenos own three or four cars of different makes.

The Hollywood home of Barbara LaMarr and her husband, Jack Daugherty, is one of the movie colony's centers of interest. The house is one of those many homes which cling picturesquely to the side of a Hollywood hill, and is near Rudy Valentino's former and Jack Kerrigan's present home. It is built in Italian style, and is oddly rambling, with little unexpected stairways and doors, and windows on different levels. You drive on a winding and steep road to approach it. Once there, you travel down a flight of stone steps past a little alcove that is going to contain a saint's image as soon as Daugherty unpacks the things brought from Rome, on past a little fountain, and right into Barbara's living room, with a dining room adjoining. Here is a grand piano, close to the big window which looks into the valley.

Little Marvin, Barbara's adopted son, is always shown to the guests, even if it is the middle of the night. There is no "system baby" about Marvin. Barbara and her husband have four servants, three of them colored, and Barbara and her husband own six big cars!

Perhaps there are no people in the film colony who can make you happier when you visit them than Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett.

"How do you manage to run your house when you are working all the time?" I asked Miss Bennett.

"I think I'm naturally a home person," said Miss Bennett. "Most Australian women are, you know. Sometimes,

CTop: Another glimpse of the Priscilla Dean-Wheeler Oakman home, with its bathing pool just in sight. Second: Alla Nazimova's residence in Beverly Hills, with the star herself standing on the upper porch. Third: The home of Bryant Washburn and his wife. Bottom: Library in the home of Ralph and Vera Lewis.

How Your Screen Favorites Live

when I'm not working, I like to run into the kitchen and bake a cake or fix a salad. I can cook very well, and there is a pleasure in doing it once in a while."

You will find a cook, a nurse and a chauffeur in the Niblo household. Also a gardener to take care of the grounds of the Niblo home, which is in Beverly Hills—a big, roomy, rather handsome house, with a lovely sun porch in the back, where the Niblos often entertain at tea. The Niblos entertain frequently, and they are always to be seen at the big premieres of pictures and plays in Los Angeles.

Vola Vale and her husband, Albert Russell, with their little son, dwell at the tip-top of a Hollywood hill, in a house of Spanish architecture—a rambling, one-story affair, with a great living room which is also the dining room, and with a great porch in front from which you get a dazzling view all about.

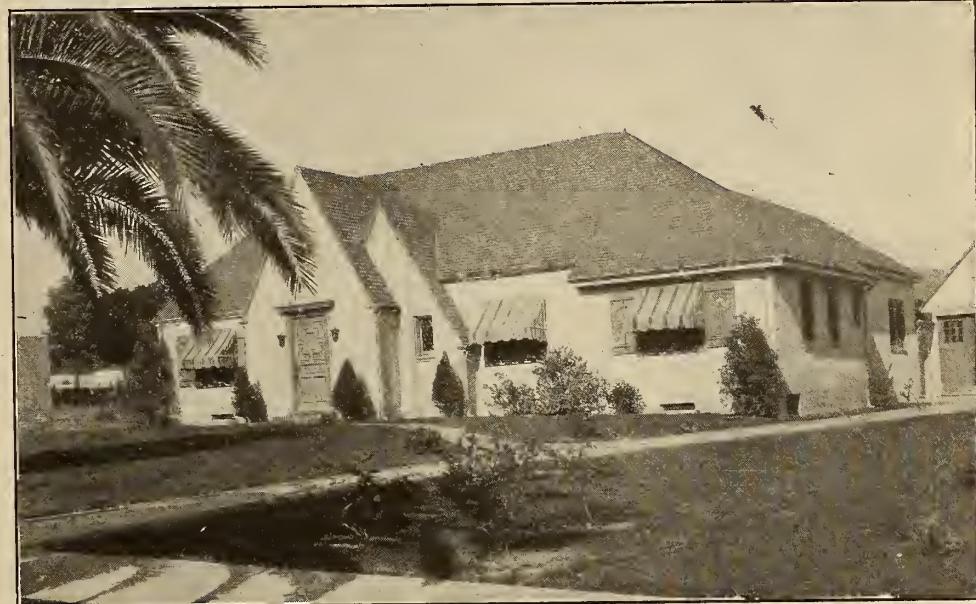
The Russells have an Italian cook, a young woman of much beauty—for which reason they fear all the time they are going to lose her—a Chinese servant, house boy and gardener combined, and a chauffeur.

Lois Wilson is the regular family girl. She lives with her father and mother in a Hollywood bungalow and, though there are a couple of servants, she delights in doing a lot of things herself, such as arranging flowers, caring for the family china and cut glass and taking a motherly interest in the family's diet. She rides a bicycle for exercise.

Pola Negri, after the fashion of Continental women, rises early in the morning to see that her servants are doing their work, and woe to the servant who hasn't attended properly to her duties. She is an odd contradiction indeed, is Pola. For one thing, she is a fine musician and plays the piano like a professional. She is an excellent horsewoman, but only learned to drive a car since coming to America. It took only three lessons to make her know how to handle a car, however.

She has a Hungarian cook, chauffeur, a personal maid and a secretary. The secretary is also a companion, a charming Polish girl, who tactfully smoothes Pola's social and professional way in many a crisis.

Speaking of Pola naturally makes one think of Charlie Chaplin. The comedian lives in a picturesque white plaster-and-cement house on the side of a Hollywood hill, with his valet, his cook and his secretary. Charlie is not a person of very regular habits, so his servants and employees are never



¶ Light comedy pays! Witness this pleasant home of Douglas MacLean as proof positive.

quite sure when he will be home to meals, when he will arise, or just what he may decide at the last minute to do. Charlie gets up one morning at ten, the next at six, and they never

know, down at the studio, when he is going to show up, so it's safe to be early. He is rather fastidious about his food, at least when he isn't absorbed in his work.

Charlie entertains at pleasant dinner parties. Edward Knoblock is one of his most intimate friends, while Gouverneur Morris also is a favorite. He likes to have beautiful women around him, too, and Claire Windsor, the late Florence Deshon, Mae Collins, and Pola Negri used to be guests at these dinner parties. Charlie enjoys doing charades, and the game of "Speeches," when every body has to be called on suddenly to make a minute speech. He is also a nut, like Harold Lloyd, on sleight-of-hand tricks, and tackles these with the greatest glee.

Often at night he doesn't come home to dinner, but goes wandering down into the Mexican and Chinese and Italian quarters, sometimes with a friend, sometimes alone. Likely as not you will meet him at some little table d'hôte Italian restaurant.

Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert, before either was as famous as now, used to live in a little house which

clung to the side of a high hill. Though reported separated for a time, they are living together now at Gilbert's Beverly Hills home, where they declare they are very happy and have made up for keeps.

Zasu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, have a bungalow up in a canyon in the Hollywood (Continued on page 82)



¶ The enthusiastic populace cheers the queen—in this Year of the Great Celluloid Panic, 1924.

Subtitles You Won't See— Until the Movie Depression Passes

By Helen Lee

- ¶ "At a Midnight Dance Club. Maddened by Jazz, they wooed the evil Goddess of Pleasure in a gilded cabaret."
- ¶ "The rough cattlemen from four countries gathered that night at Jake's Silver Star Saloon to see Nell perform the Dance of the Serpent."
- ¶ "In 1115 A.D. the vast army of Phillip the Knock-Kneed threw its strength against the hosts of the Infidel."
- ¶ "And then came the thunder of cannon and the tramp of the Hun hordes. In August, 1914, the Ugly Face of War appeared and the World went Mad, Mad."
- ¶ "Frenzied by the taste of blood, the mob of Paris wrecked its own Crude Vengeance and the Aristocracy of France fell before it."
- ¶ "To celebrate the forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Fishcake gave the

Drawing by Robert Patterson

- largest, gayest and most brilliant ball of the season."
- ¶ "Lured by the sound of gypsy music, the villagers made merry on the green until far into the night."
- ¶ "On foot and in their crude carts, the whole countryside gathered to witness the betrothal of the fair Margaret to Sir Willis Wicked."
- ¶ "The Court of France, in all its pomp and splendor, appeared in all its brilliance to welcome the Ambassador from England."
- ¶ "With ominous, threatening cries, the strikers prepared to establish a Law of Their Own—the Law of Brute Force."
- ¶ "And so the battle started, with the invading millions beating at the walls of embattled Babylon."
- ¶ "Across the prairies of Kansas, the gigantic caravans of the Pioneers started on its journey of empire-building."



RUSSELL BALL

BETTY BLYTHE

ANTONIO
MORENO



EUGENE ROBERT RICHEY



EVANS STUDIO

C LAIRE W INDSOR



RUSSELL BALL

GLORIA SWANSON

CSome Escapades of the Playboy
of the Motion Picture World

The LEGENDS of Mickey

By Helen Lee



AYEAR or so ago, Marcus Loew pulled off a little house-cleaning at the Metro studio. Nearly all the stars and directors were let out, except Rex Ingram. Ingram was retained as a box-office bet and a money maker and most of Loew's film prospects were staked on his success. In other words, Ingram was to Loew a morning star, a meal ticket and a guarantee against starvation.

Considerable money was spent bringing Ingram to the East, and the company was sent to Florida to film *Where the Pavement Ends*. Loew has several hundred thousand dollars and his heart and soul invested in the picture.

Late one night, Loew's telephone rang. The movie magnate shook off sleep and answered it.

"Is this Mr. Loew?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

"This is the managing editor of the Los Angeles Eagle."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Have you a man named Ingram working for you down in Florida?"

Loew gulped hard and responded, "I have. What about him?"

"He's dead."

And the receiver clicked. After a sleepless night, worrying about the lost thousands, Marcus Loew learned that the "managing editor" was Mickey Neilan.

APROMINENT theatre owner in a Western city was opening a new "million dollar palace of the silent drama" with Douglas Fairbanks' picture, *Robin Hood*. The exhibitor had made considerable commotion over the opening. Flocks of stars had been invited, the mayor had promised to be present and the leading lights of the local social world had dusted off their diamonds for the occasion. Everything was set for a grand, glittering and gorgeous evening, with plenty of honor and glory for the theatre owner himself.

On the afternoon before the opening, the manager received the following telegram: "Because of the scandalous story to

CWhile Marshall Neilan is familiar to the movie public as the director who put in a few good licks for *Art in Stella Maris*, *Bits of Life* and *The Strangers' Banquet*, the real Mickey is known only to a close circle of a few thousand intimate friends, all of them deeply involved in the film business.

CMickey is the playboy of the movie world. Charles Chaplin springs the epigrams. Will Rogers pulls the wisecracks. Bull Montana says the wrong thing at the right time. But Mickey stages all the loud, rousing laughs.

Mickey Neilan.

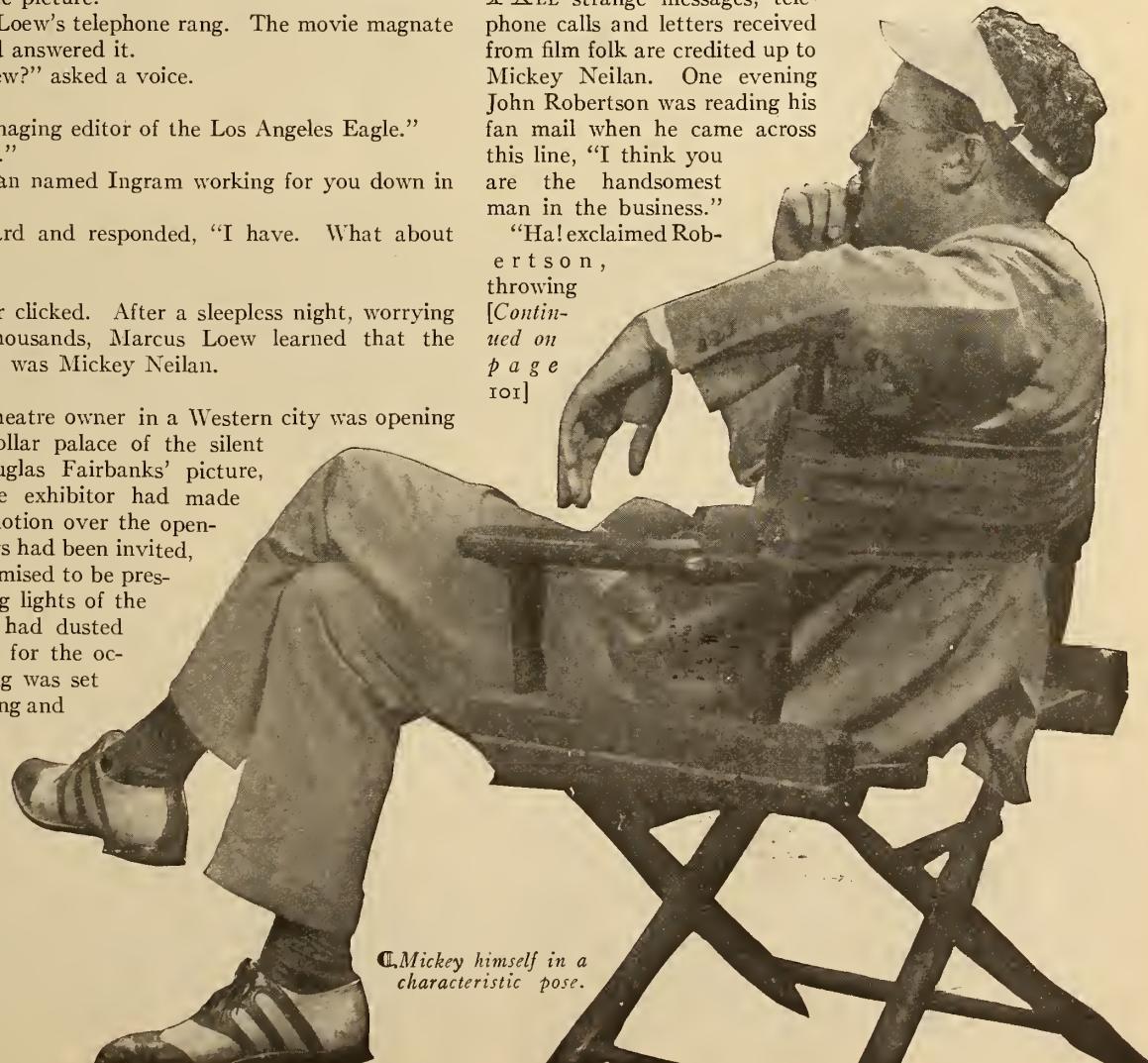
ALL strange messages, telephone calls and letters received from film folk are credited up to Mickey Neilan. One evening John Robertson was reading his fan mail when he came across this line, "I think you are the handsomest man in the business."

"Ha!" exclaimed Robertson, throwing
[Continued on
page 101]

be printed about you in tomorrow's papers, I am obliged to withdraw my picture. Sorry. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS."

Just as the manager had recovered, another telegram was shoved before his bewildered eyes. It read: "Owing to stories that have reached me, and which will soon be made public, all film service must be cut off from your theatre. WILL HAYES."

Several frantic hours elapsed before the theatre owner learned that the telegrams had been sent by



CMickey himself in a characteristic pose.

PSYCHO-ANALYZING *the*

GLORIA SWANSON:



The gift of visual imagery is stronger in her than the blinder forces of emotion. Her mind is like the sensitive film on which her pictures are taken. It is a subtle series of impressions clearer and fuller than is often found in so ephemeral a world as dramatic art. She belongs to the world of romance rather than of life. Edgar Allan Poe would have wanted to know Miss Swanson. For, like him, she never comes out into the cold light of every day.

CECILE DE MILLE:



In De Mille the instinct for elemental forces is supreme over sense of form and conception of craft. He shows in every attribute the type of mind seeking for the humanly dramatic to portray thought, emotions and feelings. His eye is tremendously subjective. De Mille is a ponderer of human action. He reads thoughts and feelings. He has more understanding of the actor's feelings than most directors because he has emotional comprehension.

DAVID GRIFFITH:



In Griffith there is an enormous amount of executive and even scientific capacity. Fifty years ago the only place in the world for him would have been as a writer of comprehensive essays. He thinks as well with weights and measures as he does with human values. His whole mental type shows that he conceives a picture only fifty per cent as a matter of human beings, the other half as a piece of machinery. Griffith starts out with a plan of execution and works towards the human situation.

Do you know why you like

By Susie

H

T IS highly improbable that Cecil B. DeMille took a tip from the end of his nose when he decided to become a screen director. Yet that feature helps to tell the secret of his film success. He has a bloodhound scent for the humanly dramatic.

Do you know why Douglas Fairbanks is a "stunt" actor? Watch his mouth open and close. The upper lip comes well down over the lower lip in a long curve. This is one of the elemental marks of the man who takes joy in all forms of action.

Did you ever suspect that—

Rodolph Valentino is as natural as fresh air, not as subtle as incense?

Mary Pickford lifts her audiences by the power of suggestion?

Charlie Chaplin will be greater as a director than he is as an actor because he has felt more emotion than he has ever expressed in comedy?

Probably not.

A Character Analysis of The Great

YET these truths are vouched for by no less an authority than David Seabury, the noted character psychologist. For many years he has studied the methods of Freud, Jung and other exponents of the new analytic principles and has applied some of their teachings to his own studies of human traits.

Because of his interest in character casting, David Seabury was asked to analyze for SCREENLAND—from the psychologist's viewpoint—the characters and screen successes of eight famous motion picture stars and directors—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Rodolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson,

David Wark Griffith, Rex Ingram and Cecil B. DeMille.

"Why do five or six players and two or three directors dominate the motion picture field?" I asked Dr. Seabury. "What mental qualifications make this star worth \$10,000 a week from the box-office standpoint while another collects only five hundred? How does one favorite increase her audiences constantly while another enjoys a brief popularity and exits into oblivion? What can psychology tell us about it?"

"In one of the greatest books by Professor Jung, the European psychoanalyst," David Seabury answered, "this pertinent note appears:

The Psychology of the Screen Folk

IN a certain sense every psychical event, every movement is only possible to a particular man with his particular past, in a definite way. Every single action represents the whole man . . . Even in the shape of the hands, his style, the way he wears his shoes, the whole psychical essence of a man's past and present is mirrored."

"Here is the key and this applies to actors, actresses and directors as definitely as to other human beings. But the psychology of the screen character casting, however, has a distinct emphasis and vernacular of its own."

There are three important psychological factors in film success, according to Dr. Seabury. They are (1) emotional concentration; (2) emotional versatility; (3) imaginative comprehension.

"Emotional concentration," David Seabury continued, "is a

Causes of FILM SUCCESS

¶ MARY PICKFORD:

Hers is the type of immense personal magnetism. It not only has sympathetic understanding but draws others to it. There is a lilt and lift to her features. Any of her poses possesses buoyancy. This aspiration is the thing which brings unity and force to her dramatic power. It makes the immensity of her appeal. She plays parts calling for a vivacious understanding of the simplicities of life with consummate charm.



¶ DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:

Power lies in Fairbanks' ability to show how a person feels in action. He understands how people feel as a result of events rather than of ideas and purposes. He possesses emotional intensity. His feelings have pitch rather than profoundness. He has a great physical responsiveness to life. He has the same sensitivity and suggestivity of the Indian hunter. He is a single-type man. His is the objective type of mentality.



¶ RODOLPH VALENTINO:

Valentino seems to come from the lost continent of Atlantis. Certainly he comes from and lives in a world most people are too sophisticated and casual to understand. There is no film star about whom the public is so wrong. He is primeordeal but not subtle. He is only instinctive, with a strong but almost unconscious comprehension of forces repressed in every one of us. This unrepressedness is Valentino's gift.



the work of your film favorite?

Sexton

term seldom heard except in character casting psychology. Concentration in ordinary life is thought of primarily as a mental attribute. But, in an actor's success, emotional concentration is the big'est factor. Booth and Bernhardt were great because of their tremendous endowment of this quality. Just as mental ability does not always mean mental command, so emotionalism is not the same quality as emotional concentration. Many players who have great mental ability never reach success. This is an important angle of dramatic psychology.

Acting and Imaginative Comprehension

"IMAGINATIVE comprehension, however, as well as emotional factors, also determine the scope of acting ability and the type of play an actor can be cast in," he continued. "Many actors and actresses are limited in scope because they have never been forced to exert their imaginative comprehension. Others have possessed a different type of imagination from that required by the plays in which they have been cast."

"Consider, for instance, the invariable Shakespearean wild oat that almost every actor is determined to sow regardless of special fitness for the part. And this is true even of so gifted a player as Ethel Barrymore. One needs only to read the impressions of the dramatic critics regarding the two Julietts of last season to see the importance of applying psychological principles rather than whim in fitting a star to a great part. Miss Barrymore is Greek in type. Her charm is that of the Venus de

Milo. Her gift for tragedy and elemental emotion is supreme. But as the eternally young, hovering Psyche, the fervid Italian conception of love which Shakespeare has given to Juliet, her power is diverted from its true expression. Yet she should not be limited to the tragedies of Sophocles. Remember her in *The Twelve Pound Look* and in *Declasse*.

"Jane Cowl, in the opinion of the critics, literally became Juliet. Why? Because her type of imaginative comprehension and her emotional gift could pour into the mediaeval soul of Juliet without limitation either to Miss Cowl's ability or to Shakespeare's romantic characterization.

Artists Reveal Real Inner Natures

¶ Even with the greatest dramatic power, no artist can express human feelings in ways contrary to his inner nature.

¶ It is not only a matter of the type of one's feelings and the sphere of one's imaginative thought either. The whole force of the unconscious nature is involved.

"EVEN with the greatest dramatic power no artist can express human feelings in ways contrary to his inner nature. With all his emotional versatility Henry Irving had his limitations. And as art lies in what you leave out so success lies in knowing what not to attempt.

"It is not only a matter of the type of one's feelings and the sphere of one's imaginative thought either. The whole force of the unconscious nature is involved. At a recent medical convention that greatest of surgeons, Dr. Frank Mayo, declared that man consciously controls only twenty-five per cent of his own activity. The unconscious rules the other seventy-five per cent. It makes the character, the mind and the body. And this is why the conscious forces, as they come into expression determine an actor's success. Is it, too, why as Jung said, a man's very form and action voices his character. Booth

achieved his dramatic power because he could throw the whole force of his unconscious nature into his acting and let it act for him."

Analyzing Douglas Fairbanks

"WHAT was the psychological basis for Douglas Fairbanks' success in such a picture as *Robin Hood*," I questioned. "There his ability to scale walls and leap from tower to tree top was strikingly shown. Why did audiences, men particularly, consider this one of the best pictures he ever made?"

Here is the analysis of the psychologist.

"The power of Fairbanks lies in his ability to show how a person feels in action and what a man would do in the stress of a physical condition that came from an outward cause. His type of thought and emotion grasps the force of situations, the plot and action of events. But they are never the actions portraying morbid or neurotic intentions and hidden inner impulses. He was, of course, the perfect Robin Hood. He would not satisfy as Hamlet or even in a modern scene where a person's soul was torn to pieces by brooding meditation. That does not mean that he fails to understand how people feel. It does mean that he understands how they feel as a result of events rather than of ideas and purposes. He is we say, 'objective.'

Pitch Rather Than Profoundness

"FAIRBANKS, however, possesses emotional intensity. His feelings have pitch rather than profoundness. No man can have everything. He shows, too, far less inner conflict than is true of the average human being. And that is what makes much of his power. He can bring all of his abilities into expression."

"Is his imaginative capacity limited by the things he can see and touch? Well, sit in a theater and watch him in some performance. You are struck by his reproductive imagination. His memory mirrors what men have said and done in consequence of outer happenings. And it certainly gives less hint of what they have said and done from the hidden world of subconscious feelings.

"His mouth though carries the mark of elemental expression. It is that of the man whose power of expression possesses great activity. Of course, each one of us in face and figure carries some measure of the elemental that we have brought from the jungle into civilization. But Fairbanks' capacity for stunts, his joy in all forms of action evidences this primitive masculine streak in him as a great gift. It implies a high physical responsiveness to life. He has the same sensitivity and suggestivity of the race horse and the Indian hunter.

Fairbanks a 'Single-Type' Man

"THE significant thing about every element of Fairbanks' voice, manner, and the various expressions of his form and face is the absolute unity which is descriptive of his success. He is a 'single-type' man. One part of his nature never gets in the way of the other.

"Turn his portrait upside down. Where is the activity?



David Seabury

years of study in London, Paris, Munich and Rome. On his return from abroad he became Consulting Psychologist at Culver Military Academy. His early interest in psychology was intensified through portrait painting. He was born in Boston. His early career as an artist and writer was encouraged by Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet.

Entirely in the eyes and the center of the face. Eyes, nose and mouth are more dominant than the upper and lower features of the face. This is one evidence of the objective type of mentality.

"He has, however, an unusual measure of emotional concentration for an objective type of man. To the practical analyst this is evident in every form and gesture of his body, even from the way the action of his nose runs directly up into his forehead, from the set of his eyes and their dominant expression in relation to the brow. Few in their own field possess such power."

Why is Mary Pickford one of the several stars who have never lost public favor since the old Biograph days? Did you think her less successful in the dashing role of *Rosita* than as the appealing heroine of *Tess of the Storm Country*? Why?

The Appeal of Mary Pickford

"THE Pickford type is one of immense personal magnetism," declares the psychologist. "It not only has sympathetic understanding but draw others to it. Hers is essentially a human gift.

"There is a lift and a lift in all of Miss Pickford's features. If a sculptor were modeling a figure of any of her poses he would find buoyancy in the whole form. This aspiration is the thing which brings unity and force to her dramatic power. It is what lifts the audience by its power of suggestion and makes the immensity of her appeal.

"One of the most interesting things about the popular and managerial understanding of Mary Pickford is the degree to which she has been given parts calling for a vivacious understanding of the simplicities of life. These she has played with consummate charm. But the public and the managers have understood only a part of her gift.

"Mary Pickford possesses much emotional concentration. She is not so purely objective as is Fairbanks. There is a more subjective strain in her nature. Heretofore it has been given but partial opportunity for expression. I do not mean to imply by this that Miss Pickford is a potential Bernhardt. Bernhardt was

almost heroic in her ability to portray inward force in outward form. She threw into high relief elements of thought and feeling which not even Jung or Freud has expressed or analyzed.

Mary's Gift for Subjective Drama

"BERNHARDT herself recognized in Miss Pickford a true gift for subjective drama. It was perhaps this potentiality that won from the great tragedienne her admiration of the American favorite. Years ago in a Paris paper I saw an interview in which she emphasized that Miss Pickford had more capacity to portray inner feelings than had ever yet been given opportunity.

"But one thing is certain. Before any actor gets command of all his powers he must have that twice-born quality which comes only from failures and disappointments, from finding himself not as great a subjective artist as he would desire. So far Miss Pickford has never failed in what she attempted. One looks in vain for any strain

[Continued on page 88]

The Screen Whipping Post

By Ben Hecht

THE chief factor which makes ninety per cent of the movies I see tolerable is the knowledge that men and women participating in these screen dramas are actually in their every day lives an immoral and degenerate lot. This knowledge comes from reading the newspapers and talking to people who know inside stories about Hollywood.

THEDA BARA is the only movie actress I have ever met or spoken to. I recall that Miss Bara is quite an intellectual woman, despite her mild religious mania, and that during a party in her rooms one evening she seemed to have twice as much sense as her guests, W. L. George and Sherwood Anderson.

FOR years the only critical notion I could muster up concerning the movies was that great movie acting, particularly female, was almost entirely dependent upon overdeveloped adenoids. This was because movie actresses always registered great emotional stress by contracting their nostrils, opening their mouths wide and panting.

MY composite memory of all the movies I have seen is that of a lady, suffering from adenoids, about to be ravished by an unshaven fellow in a Mackinaw. Dimly, on the outskirts of this tableau, I seem to see a dog sled, a gentleman in a checked suit offering somebody a cigar, and over it all a sentence reading, "With hearts a-tremble they turned their faces to the new day."

AS I began to say, the knowledge that the men and women participating in the screen dramas I attend, are in real life a low and profligate lot sustains and spurs me on. It would be frightful to feel that these triumphant imbeciles who are called heroes and these taffy souled paranoics who are identified as heroines are remotely real.

WHILE watching a screen drama depicting, to the delight of the incompetent and defeated souls out front, the triumph of mediocrity over talent, of ethical cowardice over individual pluck, of sniveling platitudes over the desperate machinations of Fate—in other words, while watching a typical moral movie drama I find a perverse solace in recalling all the frightful things I have heard about the free for all debauchery of Hollywood.

NO semi-intelligent, half normal man can lend himself to such fanatical perversions of life and reality as constitute ninety-nine per cent of movie plots without suffering a terrific psychological reaction.

IT is this reaction against the stupidity and morbid banality

Following its policy of securing the foremost writers for SCREENLAND, we are this month presenting that flashing genius of Chicago, Ben Hecht, whose novels, *Erik Dorn* and *Gargoyles*, created a distinct sensation in this country.

Hecht is a sensational literary figure. From his newspaper desk in middle America, he has succeeded in making himself heard around the world. His new publication, the Chicago Literary Times, is quoted everywhere.

We believe that Hecht has something interesting to say on motion pictures. Hecht will contribute to future issues of SCREENLAND.

Other notable literary figures will appear in future issues of SCREENLAND. Watch for them.

of the life they are forced by the movie directors and scenario writers to lead before the camera's eye which drives movie actors and actresses to dope, drink, physical excesses and the frantic reading of modern literature, including Maxwell Bodenheim's poetry. In endeavoring to strike a balance of their lives they leap from one extreme to another. Perversion breeds perversion. The same psychological formula that turns a minister's son into a lounge leopard, that is responsible for the fact that nearly all orphan asylums destroyed by fire are secretly burned down by ministers and reformers, this same formula is responsible for the moral collapse of the movie world of which I am continually reading.

WHENEVER I read of another Hollywood expose I feel that another man or woman has been claimed as a martyr in the cause of keeping the backworld bromides intact.

THERE are, apparently, three major gestures in movie acting. One is offering a cigar, accepting it, lighting it, studying its end and throwing the match away. The second is flinging open a door, extending the arm in the fashion of a Lincoln Highway detour sign and ordering the villain (or if it is a Griffith film, the heroine) off the premises. The third is smiling with one eye closed and the chin tucked in at the lady trapped in the log cabin. The first registers Friendship, Cunning, Business Activities or Married Life. The second registers Moral Anger, Discovery, False Suspicion or Evil Thwarted. The third registers Attempted Rape.

I THINK the comparative failure of the movies as a fine art, at least so far as I am concerned, is more the fault of the amazing gentlemen who own and operate the Motion Picture Palaces than of anyone else. The refusal of these gentlemen to sell coupon tickets in the manner of the regular theatres for fear, naturally, of losing a part of the mobs that jam the sidewalks and lobbies results in the annoyance and harassing of customers unequalled in the republic.

WHENEVER I attend a movie I am automatically converted into an undesirable citizen who has thrown himself upon the mercy of the community and been herded into a bread line. I am glowered at by ushers and special police, shoved about by dirty handed creatures dressed like Martha Washington's brothers or in imitation of Grand Duke Nicholas. By the time I am allowed inside the auditorium I am entirely preoccupied with plans for suing the management.

THE gilt sofas, velvet curtains, marble bathroom fixtures and other servant girl splendors of the moving picture palace I find a feeble compensation for the greedy grab bag seating tactics which their upkeep makes necessary.



The Adventures of

1

¶ Phyllis having had a serious accident with her—might we say—garter, one of the leading screen comedians comes to her rescue with one of his own.

2

¶ Which leads him to break his reported engagement with a famous foreign screen actress.



3

¶ Then comes an exciting elopement—

Phyllis

By John Held, Jr.



©Along with a thrilling honeymoon,
during which they had many
strange and weird experiences.



4

©And a big wedding—



6

©When Phyllis is rudely awakened
by an usher who announces that the
performance is over and she can't
sleep in the theater as they want
to clean up.

CHARLIE

Be Yourself!



HARLES RAY was speaking. I realized right away that he was speaking not to me but to his thousands of friends through me. He has a message; anyone can see that at a glance.

Life, and his Work—caps, please, printer—are real and earnest. He sat down at a big desk, which made him look more real and earnest than ever. Apparently he thought it best to approach the bigger things in a light and carefree manner; for

he said first: "What are you going to ask me to talk about—astronomy?"

"No, Mr. Ray," I replied as reverently as possible.

He smiled. "Well, I never know." There was a feeling there that, if he were asked to talk about astronomy, he would do so; but that if he were to choose his own subject, it would not be astronomy.



Responsibilities Rest Heavily

THE responsibility of being one of filmdom's leading figures does not rest lightly upon Charles, who shall henceforth remain Mr. Ray. He was dressed for it. He wore, among other things, a waist-coat of a delicate shade of green, and a shirt of many colors—at least so it seemed to my dazzled vision; and a tie—but my emotions choke me when it comes to the tie. It was a very fine, a brave tie; it was one of those ties you see in the pages of our more exclusive magazines devoted to the masculine mode. I tried to keep my eyes from returning to the tie but I fear they persisted. He sat there, sometimes looking out of the window on the busy street below—as a matter of fact, and to be absolutely frank, as we are resolved to be right now, he was not looking at the busy street below; he was not looking at anything in particular.

Mr. Ray has given many gifts to the world; but he is about to present the biggest, and the greatest, and certainly the most expensive gift of all. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* has been completed and, by the time you read this, will have been shown in Washington, Boston, and several of the other larger cities. Mr. Ray has given of his best for this picture. "If America—and the world—does not appreciate this picture," he said slowly, "then I don't know what to give them."

Says He Has Given Best to New Role

HE was delighted when, in the course of the research work, which consumed many months, he found that there was an international interest, not merely American, in the subject. There is a little Dutch interest and a soupcon of French interest, as well as an interest for Us. Which will make his picture, thank God, a picture not only for America, but for the world.

¶The responsibilities of being one of filmdom's leading figures does not rest lightly upon Charlie Ray. "When you love anything as I love my work," he says simply, "you live for it." And he means it. For Ray always seems conscious that the world is watching him.

So you see it is up to everybody. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* has, apparently, everything. It is an American epic. It has the Mayflower, and a fine storm at sea, with the most realistic lightning ever achieved for a film; it has the first woman to put her foot on American soil; it has the first Thanks-

*By
Delight
Evans*

giving. And it has Charles Ray. Besides, it cost eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is said that Mr. Ray put his own money into the production. At any rate, he seems to think of nothing else.

He saw the imported historical productions about the revolution, and the home-made picturizations of periods in English and French history. With the exception of *The Covered Wagon* there have been few, if any, American historical subjects. So Mr. Ray determined to give the world one. Probably it would never occur to anyone to surmise that the reason he made *The Courtship of Miles Standish* was to give himself a chance to parade in costume as John Alden. Except to Charles Ray. He doesn't want people to think that. He is so afraid of being misunderstood.

Charlie and The Expectant World

WHEN you love anything as I love my work," he said simply, "you live for it." It's true. Charles Ray would seem to have no private life. He seems always conscious that the world is watching him; that it made him what he is today and that he will not, cannot, betray that trust. You feel that he could never laugh anything off.

He weighs his words; he considers carefully anything he has to say, however infinitesimal. Doubtless with the idea that his words will ring around the world. He has the intense seriousness of the very youthful. That may be why he is the world's greater portrayer of boys.

An old man, one of those old men whom you visualize sitting at a desk on a high stool, eternally figuring; one who had, you felt, been in the same office for years, entered. He walked up to Mr. Ray, seated at the desk. "Here, sir, is a little job for you," he said briskly and officially, shoving a handful of papers, all closely covered with figures, under the famous nose.

Mr. Ray looked startled. "What?" he said. "Er—I believe you must be looking for someone else."

The old man looked puzzled as he retired.

"He didn't know who I was," said Mr. Ray with a somewhat stiff smile.

Ray Visits Manhattan

HE came to New York after a tour of parts of the west and the middle-west in a play adapted by George Scarborough from James Whitcomb Riley's
[Continued on page 99]

Life and work are very real and earnest to Mr. Ray.



Charlie Ray looks upon his last production, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, as the great event of his career. "If America, and the world, does not appreciate it, then I don't know what to give them," he says, with the intense seriousness of the very youthful.

New SCREENPLAYS

T

HE screen is evincing decided signs of growing up. Charlie Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* was a very determined growing pain. Now Thomas H. Ince's adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* comes pretty near smashing the cinema go-cart. If the screenplay keeps on it will be walking all by itself before long.

The Screen Is Growing Up

ANNA CHRISTIE takes its place beside *A Woman of Paris* as one of the two interesting silverscreen events of the current celluloid year. Like the Chaplin effort, it goes beyond the conventional adolescent borders of the film.

O'Neill is our leading native playwright. He has youth and courage, along with a fine fearlessness in experimenting with footlight technique. Two of his best plays, *The Hairy Ape* and *The Emperor Jones*, are decided examples of this striving for a fresher stage story-telling. *Anna Christie* is constructed more in the conventional style of the speakies but it has all the O'Neill ruggedness and relentlessness.

Broken in health and spirit, a girl comes from a middle Western city to seek her father, now drifted to the low estate of barge captain. She has slipped even to being a derelict of the streets, he has been a careless adventurer of the seven seas. But, once on the barge, dirty and sordid as it is, the girl finds a moral regeneration in the tang of the sea. And ultimately

she finds love in the heart of an Irish stoker.

Screen Anna Christie a Faithful Version

C The Month's Best Screenplay

C Anna Christie

M. INCE has kept faithfully to the O'Neill drama. He has sugared nothing, softening it not a whit. More than that, he has succeeded in keeping the elusive spirit of the play. In the celluloid *Anna Christie* you will find—if you look for it—all the call and menace

of that "old davel," the open sea. O'Neill wrote into his story a deal of symbolism and that symbolism is still there.

Anna Christie is bound to encounter the censors of our many states. A street walker, even by force of circumstances and even though she finds her measure of salvation, is fair game for the moral folks with the scissors. But *Anna Christie* is, nevertheless, a vital contribution to the screen. It means that the films are growing up, that life is something more than a callow series of adventures involving a wholly innocent flapper and ending when she reaches that supreme happiness of a sunset fade-out kiss. *Anna Christie*, praise be, is a real epic of the human strugglers groping everywhere for an intangible goal called everything from love to success.

Blanche Sweet's Fine Playing

ANNA CHRISTIE is very sincerely directed by John Griffith Wray. As I have said, it holds to the drama with a fine fidelity. Only at the start is there a deviation reaching back into the past. The camera takes itself to Sweden to show the youth of Anna and her father. Here only is the film weak. Once it reaches the drab water-front saloon where the girl seeks out her father, *Anna Christie* rises to superb drama.

Much of the power of the screen *Anna Christie* is due to Blanche Sweet, who plays the girl. Here is a performance at once fearless and moving. We know of no one on our screen who could have played it as well—or indeed would have dared to. Our stars, you know, will only play good women who photograph well. Miss Sweet makes *Anna Christie* live through every inch of the film.

The rest of the cast is admirable. George Marion has his original role of the father and is as good as he was on the stage. William Russell contributes a surprising performance, sinking himself completely in the role of the grimy, arrogant, wheedling Irish stoker. And there is a fine bit of a wharf derelict by Eugenie Besserer.

The Eternal City Is Merely Garish

SAMUEL GOLDWYN sent Director George Fitzmaurice and an expedition all the way to Rome to do Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*. The expedition returned with a garish thing which very likely will make money. Not that it approaches merit an-



John Charles Thomas plays the swashbuckling hero of *Under the Red Robe* like a concert singer.

in REVIEW

By Frederick James Smith

Illustrated by Covarrubias

where, save in certain shots catching St. Peter's and the "gran-deur that was Rome."

The original *The Eternal City* was typical third or fourth rate Caine stuff. But it certainly wasn't *The Eternal City* that Mr. Fitzmaurice photographed. The whole opus has been shifted about, the world war inserted and the story developed into propaganda for the black-shirted forces of Mussolini. The theme has been transformed bodily from religion to politics—and here I may repeat the wheeze that Goldwyn has raised Caine right out of the proceedings. The result isn't praiseworthy. Ouida Bergere, who did the adapting, seems to have been able to write worse than Caine, no mean task in itself. He was mediocre but not conventional. Miss Bergere's version is both, for the thing creaks to high heaven.

Raising Caine From the Story

DONA ROMA and David Rossi have been raised together in childhood. When the war comes, David goes to the front and is later reported as killed, being the 4789th screen hero to achieve this distinction. Dona Roma goes to Rome, studies art and accepts the patronage of Baron Bonelli, as wicked a nobleman as I have ever glimpsed in celluloid. Indeed, he seems to be the gent who started the world war and later the Italian red revolution. Of course, Dona Roma is virtuous. She doesn't even realize that the count is helping her financially, poor girl. Then David comes back, fancies that Roma is Bonelli's mistress (although he probably won't think that in Pennsylvania and Ohio) and goes through the usual film pantomime indicating mental disturbance.

Of course, after he finds that the girl is as pure a flapper as ever got by the august censors, he leads the Mussolini revolution to success and kisses Dona Roma in front of St. Peter's as the sun goes down.

All of which is adolescent stuff, naturally. And it is wretchedly acted. Fitzmaurice has a habit of overdirecting his characters and here he makes them run riot with profuse pantomime supposed to be Latin. The players act like just so many Ed Pinaud perfume advertisements. Bert Lytell is terrible, Richard Bennett is awful and Barbara La Marr, poor girl, proves that she should hang her clothes on the tree of enigmatic repression and never go near the water of acting. Lionel Barrymore doesn't overact but he does seem puzzled with the proceedings.

Before I dismiss *The Eternal City* let me comment upon Dona Roma's Roman bedroom. If my eyes didn't deceive me, the girl has an ornate spiked iron fence built around her bed. Which I call a novel idea and one well calculated to prove to any censor just where a heroine stands on moral questions.



COVARRUBIAS

Another Pallid Swashbuckling Play

HAVING tossed these bouquets to *The Eternal City*, I turn to the production of Stanley J. Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*, co-featuring John Charles Thomas, Alma Rubens and Robert Mantell.

Under the Red Robe is one of those pallid reflections of Dumas and Lytton so popular along about 1900. Like the more recent Rafael Sabatini, Weyman wrote a series of situations without character, which strongly resembles making bricks without straw.

The present adaptation, by Bayard Veiller, is very bad. Up to the time I departed from the theatre, along about the ninth reel, the action had been pushed along eleven times by various characters over-seeing or over-hearing something. Again, the character of Richelieu (done by Mr. Mantell) is dropped completely through most of the story. Yet Richelieu is the god of the machine of *Under the Red Robe*, the man about whom all the action really revolves.

You could drive a truck through the holes in the action. And no where does any one of the people of *Under the Red Robe* seem real. The direction of Alan Crosland is equally bad. The thing seems to be an endless chase through the woods of Connecti—beg pardon, France.

The acting is no better. Thomas plays the hero like a concert singer. Why select a man for a leading screen role simply because he is a singer? (The role, by the way has been sugared, for the original Gil was pretty much of a scoundrel, as well as a card cheat.) Miss Rubens is attractive as the heroine but she has no opportunities. Mr. Mantell's obviously false make-up as the famous cardinal interfered with any liking I might have had for his work. Really, the one person I recall at all in the cast is Gustav von Seyffertitz as Clon, the servant whose tongue has been cut out.

Ponjola Is Interesting Melodrama

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY'S *Ponjola* is merely melodrama—and melodrama which will not stand any sort of analysis. It is typical stuff of a British lady of rank who flees from London when unjustly accused of murder. She does it, of course, to protect another woman. In Paris she meets the man and, after cutting off her hair and adopting male dress, she follows him to the open spaces of Rhodesia. There she finally comes to

happiness after a long string of melodramatic incidents. Not much as a story, you'll admit, and yet *Ponjola* held my interest. Moreover, I think you'll like it.

This I put to Anna Q. Nilsson's playing of the noble gal who masquerades as a man. It is the first time I can remember where, in doing a male impersonation, a woman actually tries for a semblance of reality. Most of the time they strive for cuteness and let it go at that. Miss Nilsson actually goes after realism—and, incidentally, gives a darn good performance. It is a matter of record how she actually had her hair barbered for the role. And the result surely justifies the sacrifice.

Aside from Miss Nilsson, *Ponjola* (which, by the way, is Rhodesian for whiskey) has atmospheric backgrounds which show careful direction by Donald Crisp. And James Kirkwood does some attractive work as the man who falls victim to ponjola but is finally saved.

Filming a Family's Disintegration

SAM WOOD's production of *His Children's Children*, Arthur Train's novel, tracing the disintegration of a modern family through three generations, has considerable interest. It seems to me to be a pretty entertaining screenplay, considered by and large.

The eldest of the three generations, the founder of the family fortune, is an aged multi-millionaire, the father of the second generation is a middle-aged man of wealth who has just started to play and the younger generation numbers the jazz devoted granddaughters. The camera has difficulty in following so many characters with any degree of fidelity. That is the weakness of the screenplay. And much of the moral pointed out by Mr. Train is lost somewhere en route. Yet, for all that, there remains a varied tale that has interest.

Besides, *His Children's Children* happens to be decidedly well played, particularly by Hale Hamilton, who does excellent work as the head of the second generation just beginning to taste the stolen wines of life. Dorothy Mackaill as the daughter who slips even to drugs, and George Fawcett, who plays the aged head of the House of Kayne. Here is admirable screen acting.

The end of *His Children's Children* will surprise you, terminating abruptly when the old multi-millionaire, ill and broken, creeps down the stairs from his bedroom in the top of the mansion. From the staircase he sees his house and its contents being sold before a gaping crowd of intruders—and he collapses, tumbling, dead, down the marble steps.

Another Tirade Against Jazz

FLAMING YOUTH, diluted from the novel by Warner Fabian, is just another tirade against our so-called mad age. Patricia Fentress is left to her own resources when her mother dies apparently from overtaxing her heart with dancing. Pat drops forthwith into the youthful sea of jazz, cigarettes and licker on the hip. The subsequent adolescent happenings constitute the story. For added measure there is one of those sentimental old lovers who goes on writing love letters to Pat's

late lamented ma, the while depositing them in a wall safe.

Flaming Youth is one of the two pictures of the month I couldn't sit through. The story bored me—and the excessive footage given Colleen Moore as the flapper daughter annoyed me. This Miss Moore is being groomed for stardom, I am told. I can see not one single reason. She has nothing, neither charm, appeal nor technical training.

On the other hand, turn to Dorothy Mackaill, already mentioned in commenting upon *His Children's Children*. Miss Mackaill did another bully piece of work in *Twenty-One*, Richard Barthelmess' return to modern days after swashbuckling through *The Fighting Blade*.

The Highly Promising Dorothy Mackaill

TWENTY-ONE is a so-so story of a wealthy young man who has been nearly spoiled by an indulgent mother. You will never remember it among your favorite Barthelmess pictures. But Miss Mackaill stands out by the sheer consistency and sincerity of her work. Again let me point to her as my choice of the screen's most promising girl.

After an absence of two years from the films, Bill Hart has made his return in *Wild Bill Hickok*, another opus of the open spaces where men are men. In the old days Bill used to play a bad man who reformed when he saw the love light in some flapper's eyes. Here, however, he is virtuous all through. Hickok was a real character of frontier history, a gent with six introductions to the pearl gates in either hand. There is some fancy shooting in this picture that stirred the risibilities of New York audiences. At that, Hickok could have had no terror for them. Any New York taxi driver is twice as deadly.

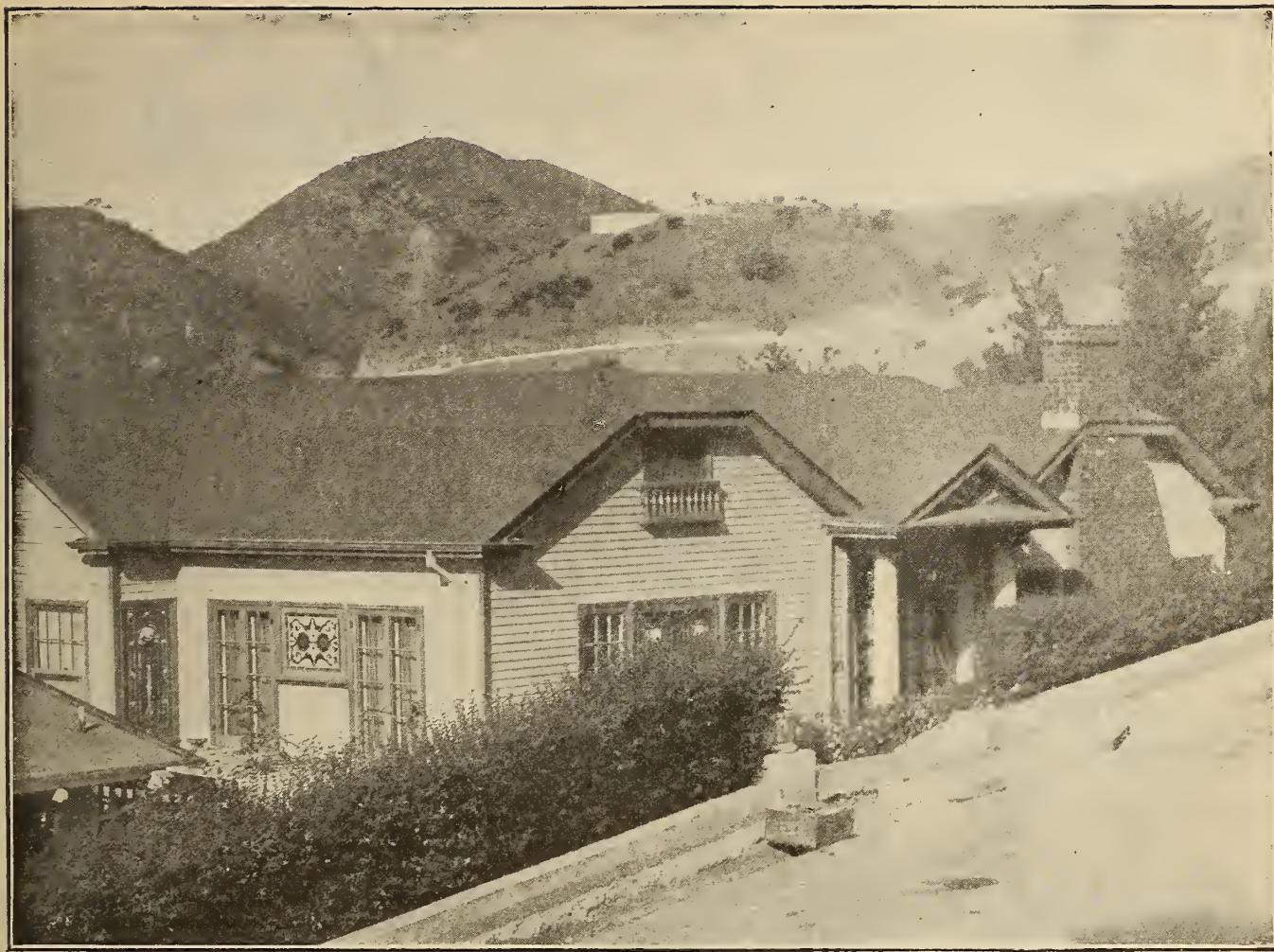
The Selznick version of Robert Chambers' *The Common Law* is the ultimate in screen production gone wrong. Here are sets as massive as a cathedral and yet they are supposed to be the studio of a young, howbeit, successful artist. They are

simply absurd. The story itself, a sex shocker of a few years ago, has aged frightfully, as such sensational literary efforts have a habit of doing. This adaptation of *The Common Law* is very badly directed and the acting is equally inferior. Corinne Griffith is the art model about whom the story revolves and while she gives the role some optical interest, her performance is negative. The nude poses, which, on the printed pages set so many stenographers blushing, are very, very tame here. Still, what can one expect with our censor infested land?

Jackie Coogan's newest vehicle, *Long Live the King*, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, disappointed me more than any previous effort of little Jackie. Not because the story, depicting the loneliness of a little heir apparent to a king's throne, isn't done in a pretentious way. Indeed, it is too pretentious, if anything. My criticism of the picture lies in Jackie himself, I must admit, much as I dislike to speak the words. Jackie is growing up and a very perceptible screen calculation is beginning to take the place of his once glorious spontaneity. Such is the penalty of Father Time!



Bill Hart returns to the celluloid open spaces where men are men in *Wild Bill Hickok*.



INTERNATIONAL

The Hoodoo House of Hollywood

By Lucille Larrimer



HOUSE of evil destiny. That is what Hollywood folk are coming to call it. It does not look sinister. It rests upon the side of a hill, overlooking the peaceful town of Hollywood. Purple foothills hem it in. By day it looks out upon clusters of cozy homes, bathed in golden sunlight and shaded by graceful pepper trees and stately eucalyptus. By night it overlooks a fairy city of a hundred thousand twinkling lights. Its own broad verandahs and green sloping lawns connote only gracious hospitality and serene repose.

Yet to every occupant of this house on the hillside ill luck has come!

Every Occupant Has Had Ill Luck

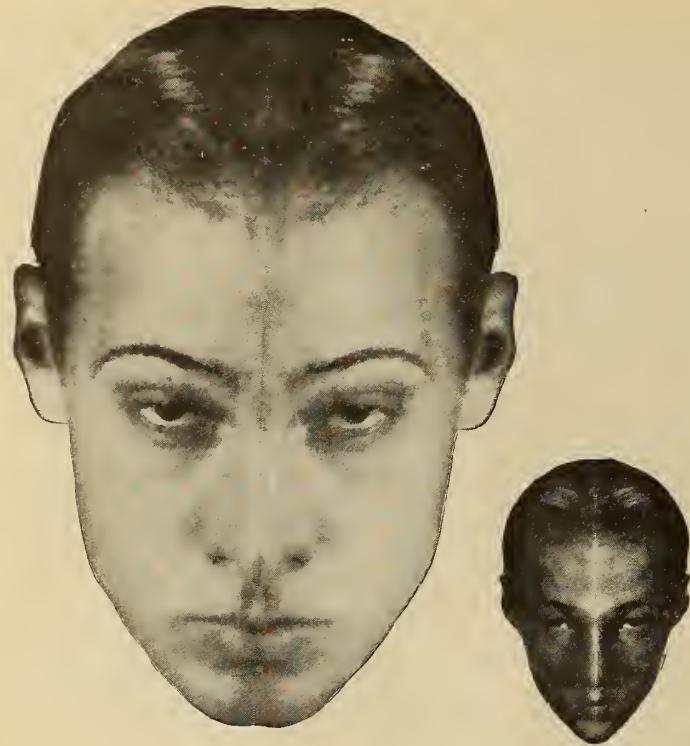
MAX LINDER was the first victim. The house was new when the debonnaire comedian came to Hollywood from his beloved Paris. The evil influence apparently exerted by this "haunted" house made itself felt for the first time when Linder went on location to Portland. He was severely injured in an

Its evil touch has reached to Max Linder, Mary Miles Minter, Sigrid Holmquist and the Kirkwoods.

accident. He returned to the house on the hillside for a while, and then, his contract here having been fulfilled, he went back to France for a well-earned vacation. But his ill-luck pursued him even there. He became involved in difficulties with the authorities, and later, in Switzerland, was so severely injured in a fall from a mountain cliff that his life was for a time despaired of.

The next victim of the supposed "jinx" was Mary Miles Minter. Mary Miles had never been fortune's darling, except in the matter of money, but when she left the great house which she had occupied with her mother and her sister Margaret, disasters fell thick upon her. The critics were relentless in their disparagement of her acting ability. Her contract expired, and no prominent producer seemed anxious to engage her. Her mother, angered at Mary's break away from her control, went to the hospital, and the word went out that Mary Miles' coldness was breaking down her mother's health. Those who did not know the circumstances of Mary's long subordination, criticised her. Finally Mary fled from the cruel publicity, seeking solitude in Pasadena.

(Continued on page 96)



G Note how the two sides of Rodolph Valentino's face vary. Above, as he would look if both sides looked like the right half. At the right, if both looked like the left half.



G These two profile glimpses of Gloria Swanson indicate the striking dual personality of this screen favorite.



G Another instance of facial differences; at the left, how Colleen Moore would look if both sides of her face looked like the left half. At the right, if the right side of her face were duplicated on the left.

TWIN

By Lucille

I Every star, like every other human being, is in reality twins.

I

If you are one of the thousands of admirers of Gloria Swanson, are you sure which Gloria it is that you admire? For there are two Glorias.

You doubt it? Then take from your collection of fan photographs three photographs of Gloria: one full face, one left profile and one right profile. Examine the features closely, and you will discover that one side of that fascinating and charming face is different from the other. Gloria Swanson, like every other normal human being, is in reality twins!

You who read this article have a dual personality also. Seat yourself before your mirror and study your own face. See how the left side of your face differs from your right side. Perhaps one side is fuller than the other; perhaps there is a slight difference in the size or position of the eyes; perhaps your lips have a different quirk on one side. Defects? Not at all. There is a sound scientific reason for it.

Twin Potentials

You, and every other person, had potentialities of being a twin when existence began for you. The germ cell that was your first state of being was bilateral. That is, it had two sides, similar but not identical. As the germ developed, each side developed also an eye, an ear, a nostril, half a mouth. In some cases, this development proceeded so rapidly that the germ separated into two distinct bodies, and each of these bodies was bilateral. The result was the formation of real twins. But under the natural speed of reproduction, the germ cell developed into one body that lacks perfect symmetry.

That is the scientific cause for Gloria Swanson's dual personality, and for the dissimilarity of your own features. And that is also the reason why you see only one side of many a screen star's face. "Camera angles," you see, have a scientific cause.

Gloria Swanson's face is fascinating. The very irregularity of her features makes for charm. She prefers to be photographed full face or from the left profile. The left profile is good; the nose, slightly too long at other angles, is merely piquant. The expression of the mouth is sweet, almost ingenuish. But from the right side, you will notice that the angle of the jaw is heavier. And in a full-face photograph, gone is the sweetness in the lines of the mouth! No ingenu, now. The Swanson lips, seen in their entirety, have a curious feline cruelty that at once fascinates

STARS

Larrimore

Everyone has a dual personality, indicated by their varying facial features.

and repels.

Colleen Moore's Twin Selves

COLLEEN MOORE must have been intended by old Mother Nature for a natural twin, for she has one blue eye and one brown eye. Twin potentialities, indeed. One wonders if Colleen feels struggling within her two different sets of emotions, two distinct personalities? The whimsies of the Celt, perhaps, fretting against the unromantic reactions of the Anglo-Saxon. It is an interesting study.

For all that the world knows to the contrary, Mary Pickford has only one profile. That is the left profile. Our Mary is "shot" always from the left. Why? Nobody seems to know but Mary herself and her cameraman, Charles Rosher, and they won't tell. From the onlooker's viewpoint, Mary's beauty is as flawless from one side as from the other. The slight irregularities make for a *tout ensemble* that is wholly delightful. But the camera is a merciless critic; the cruel little lens perhaps emphasizes a tilt of the lip, or a line of the nose or jaw that is not as pleasing as the left view.

Priscilla Dean's Odd Eyes

PRISCILLA DEAN'S beauty is of the fiery, Spanish type, but she has one indisputable indication that she is a "scientific twin." One eye is a trifle smaller than the other. Not that it lessens her beauty! It is these trifling irregularities that make for charm. A face whose sides were exactly identical would be un-beautiful and without interest.

You remember the little *Angela* in Hollywood, that delicious take-off on the foibles of the screen? At times *Angela* looked very pretty; at others, decidedly plain. It kept the spectator undecided whether she was attractive or not. Hope Drown, who played the part, should have been photographed full-face only, which perhaps accounts for the fact that she has gone back to the stage, where camera-angles do not matter. Her nose is short and rather pointed, and her chin, while it might be unkind to call it receding, yet has not sufficient strength to give it camera character.

Kosloff's Facial Irregularities

THEODORE KOSLOFF'S strong face is all irregularities.



Dual personalities again: Above, a study of Mary Astor made up of two studies of the right side of her face combined. At the left, two studies of the left side combined.



Two studies of Evelyn Brent, one showing the slender left profile and the other the heavy front view, caused by the overbalancing right side of the face.



Some faces vary amazingly in size. At the left, a study made up of two right halves of Richard Dix's face. At the right, a contrasting study made up of two lefts.



In order to give harmony to the features, Kosloff "blocks" his nose, putting a thick layer of red paint down either side, leaving only a narrow strip of white skin visible along the bridge. He also "blocks" his eyes, using green paint far down on the cheeks and over the eyelids.

Rodolph Valentino was born after his time. He should have been a cavalier, ruffling it in silken small-clothes, and enormous ruffs, or a Romeo singing under some sixteenth century Juliet's balcony. He was born to wear gay costumes and to conduct intrigues. But, being a twentieth century gallant, naturally the silver screen was his natural medium.

But soul-stirring as Rodolph is—or, alas, was—his camera-man and director know that he must be carefully lighted and posed. Photographed semi-profile or full-face, he is photographically perfect. His magnetic eyes and sensuous mouth—notice I said sensuous, not sensual—account for that. But a direct profile is dangerous, unless a head-dress conceals the fact that the back of Rodolph's head is almost flat.

Valentino's Twin Faces

RODOLPH is undisputedly a "twin." His left eye is the least bit higher than the right. The right cheek-bone is more pronounced than the left one. His nose is too broad for perfection, but the proper lighting and make-up take care of that little defect.

Leon Bary, the French actor who served his dramatic apprenticeship on the French stage with Sarah Bernhardt, has only one good camera angle, front-face. That is not because his profile is bad, but because he considers his eyes so eloquent.

- ¶ Sit down in front of your mirror and study your face. You will find that one side is fuller than the other, that the eyes, the lips and the other distinguishing features of each half vary in an amazing way. Defects? No, indeed. They indicate that every human being carries twin potentialities.
- ¶ The large heads above show two right halves of Priscilla Dean's face and two left halves of Mabel Normand's face. The smaller studies indicate the opposite—and contrasting—halves of the same star's faces.

He talks with his eyes, does Leon, and if you will notice him in a scene, he seldom turns sideways.

Mary Philbin, the heroine of *Merry Go Round*, is one of the fortunate few who can be photographed from any angle. But Ben Turpin, while unique from any angle, is wasted when his eyes, as eloquent in their way as Valentino's or Bary's, are in a state of low visibility. And, believe it or not, Turpin talks as gravely of his "best angles" as any matinee idol! And means it, too! No comedian is funny to his wife or to himself.

Two years ago—or was it three?—Lila Lee was a round little thing who did not belie her nickname of "Cuddles." She was naturally plump. If you remember her as Tweenie in *Male and Female*, you will recall that she was more than that, even. So Lila took to orange juice diets, with amazing results. Either she has dieted too conscientiously, or she has grown in height, or her camera is giving her added inches and slenderness by "shooting up" at her. For today Lila Lee on the screen is tall, almost too tall, and slim, almost too slim. In fact, in some scenes she is "lanky," if one may apply such a word to so charming a girl as Lila Lee. Also, her right shoulder is a trifle higher than her left. But the dark wistfulness of her eyes is still there.

Evelyn Brent does not avoid full-face photographs, but she should. The right side of her face is more full than the left, and her full-face has a heaviness about it that is lacking in her profile, or semi-profile.

Nita Naldi is fortunate in being striking at any angle.

It is not always natural causes that make screen stars show only one side to their public, however. Occasionally this reticence is caused by what might be called an act of God. Nazimova, for instance, was (Continued on page 101)

The Globe Trotting Valentinos



¶ Rudy and his wife, Natacha, returned from Europe recently for a flying visit, during which time he presided at a national beauty contest held in Madison Square Garden. ¶ Valentino's return brought out the old rumor of an adjustment of his differences with Famous Players-Lasky and started another that he was about to make pictures on the Continent. ¶ All of which remains to be seen. ¶ Anyway, Rudy declares he isn't going to do Romeo to anybody's Juliet and that, if he ever did the immortal love tragedy, Natacha would be the Juliet. ¶ Moreover, he said he would rather do *Paolo and Francesca* with his wife. Which, you'll admit, is an interesting idea.



*Oh Bard the fame thy mastery did win
With plot and counterplot, with quip and rhyme,
Before they made thy shroud and sewed thee in,
Now trembles in the balance for a time.
For now more modern weavers of the sock,
Mummers who strut a silent stage, affect thy quill
And seize upon your stuff, lock, barrel and stock.
Methinks you're going to take it mighty ill!
With silver salts and spools of celluloid,
With blazing lights but ne'er a spoken word
They hope to can your works, naught they'll avoid.
Titles will give your sounding lines the bird!
Poor Bill! They've found you out. So pax vobiscum!
God help your plays! I know you'd never risk 'em.*

¶The Screen Makes a Smashing Discovery of Shakespeare.

¶Consider the Julies: Lillian, Norma and Mary, with Rudy as an ambitious Romeo.

Italian legends lying back of the tragedy.

There is a host of screendom Lotharios who would give their eyes to play him who could kiss by the book. In fact it is much easier to cull out those whose leanings are otherwise.

Actors Who Won't Do Romeo

T HEODORE ROBERTS is known to have no such suppressed desires. His cheroot and overhanging rotundity would not match well with a slashed doublet.

Alec Francis, Sam De Grasse, Claude Gillingwater, Hobart Bosworth, George Fawcett and Ben Turpin are also easy outs. But I'm not so sure of Bill Hart nor yet of Tom Mix.

Tom would like nothing better than to come galloping back to Verona from Mantua on Tony for the chance to plaster Paris in the graveyard scene. And Bill Hart would be a knockout as the moony Romeo if they would let him use a rapier in either mitt. Can't you picture Bill doing the two-handed draw on Tybalt?

Noah Beery as Romeo? Ah, there's a saucy boy! I'll bet he thinks he would be all to the Worcestershire as Romeo. But, even so, he has as much right to seek the part as Mary Pickford has to pollyanna pretty Jule.

"These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows" are all burning with the hope that they, perchance, may win filmland fame as Romeo. But, let's consider Rodolph.

Rodolph as Romeo?

"A MAN, young lady! Lady, such a man as all the world—why he's a man of wax" for this Romeo stuff. He has been mentioned as Mary's Romeo—no offense, Doug, and you needn't consult your lawyers, either, as I am only discussing possibilities.

W

HEREFORE art thou Romeo—and Juliet too, oh Cinema? Prithhee with each passing day you more ambitious grow. The winking lenses have been turned on the works of every author, from Moses down, as fast as your book-worms could gnaw through them. And now, Goddess of the Screen, you have discovered Willie Shakespeare, the gentlest soul who ever penned a sonnet or poached a deer.

"A Right Fair Mark"

LILLIAN GISH, Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford, determined, as each of you are, to do *Romeo and Juliet*, take warning from the Bard, himself—a bit of good advice included in the work on which you have set envious eyes, to wit:

"A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit."

And if you think that *Romeo and Juliet* is going to be duck soup to film, if you are not easy marks, at least you are talking through your transfo rmations.

Norma Talmadge, it is said, wants to do Juliet to Joseph Schildkraut's Romeo. Mary Pickford has not divulged who is to be her co-star, but husband Douglas Fairbanks—"a bears him like a portly gentleman!" may have his eyes upon the part.

The Lillian Gish-Richard Barthelmess combination is a much happ'er one. And they are side-stepping the danger of clinging closely to the Bard by basing their version upon the

Art Thou ROMEO?

By H. B. K. Willis

Drawings by Wynn

If Mary selected Rody it would give her an out should the screen version of *Romeo and Juliet* prove to be the costume strut it holds promise of being if Shakespeare's lines die in the directorial megaphones, as, perforce, they must.

Rody would just naturally be the canary's camisole as Romeo and Verona would be just the locale for him—right near home. (But he has declared that if he ever does Romeo, Natcha Rambova will be the Juliet.)

If Mary gets Rody, although I don't see how in Lasky she can, she will get a jump on Norma Talmadge, who will have to Juliet along with Schildkraut who, to my mind, is just another one of those Valentino substitutes.

The box-office bandits tell me that Joseph makes young things with adenoids curl up in their seats, as well as causing their pulses to pound like an apartment house radiator on a winter's morn, although I don't see how he does it. Where Rody glowed, Joseph glowers.



And consider the impending Romeos,
Doug, Joseph and Richard. And
Richard will probably set the pace.

AND then consider the electric lights.

"Rodolph Valentino in *Romeo and Juliet*" is one thing while "Joseph Schildkraut in ditto, ditto" is yet another, giving the lie to that oft-bandied quotation from the tragedy now underfoot:

*"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet."*

Which is just another reason why I never thought Norma Talmadge would do this thing. All along I have just put the announcement down as being another burning brand snatched from the fires of press-agentry and hurled into a pile of papers on a dull day.

Will Norma Do Juliet?

WHEN I heard the sad news I up and quoted some of this Romeo stuff right back at my informant to show him I was getting some good out of my five-foot brains.

"She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair!" I responded, sadly, but it seems as if my confidence has been misplaced again.

Much as I admire Norma Talmadge I cannot see her as Juliet, whose age the Bard places at fourteen.

"I'll lay fourteen of my teeth she's not fourteen."

"What lamb! What ladybird!

God forbid—where's this girl? What Juliet!"

And as far as Norma is concerned, Echo answers: "Out of town."

Lillian an Interesting Juliet

THERE is no use in talking. There's something about a girl of fourteen that neither Norma nor Mary have. Miss Gish comes nearer—by miles.

Norma I regard as one of the leading emotional actresses but when you rob the part of Juliet of its marvelous lines, it becomes about as attractive as the pajamas of a last year's tamale.

Mary Pickford I regard as a woman who, when young, had a wise mother and exceptional opportunities. She still has the wise mother. Both have cashed in on the opportunities.

"Yes—men" will tear holes in the argument that youth will be an essential qualification of the actress who successfully essays Juliet.

"Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!" But producers are already finding out that film patrons are not as indulgent as grand opera devotees as regards the age of heroines. The former wills to be served youth.

[Continued on page 103]

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Our Own NEWS REEL



Upper Left
New York City—Claire Windsor sails for Africa to do *A Son of the Sahara* in the Sahara desert itself. The pictures will be made near Biskra.—International

Left Center
Hollywood, Cal.—Helene Chadwick keeps up her training exercises.

Lower Left
New York City—Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model is "shot" on the Manhattan 'L' tracks. Claire Windsor is the heroine tied to the tracks while Mae Busch, the villainess, looks on.

Below
Hollywood, Cal.—Patsy Ruth Miller masquerades as a very fetching Santa Claus at a movie party.—Bull



¶ The Cinema News of the Moment in Picture Form

Upper Right

New York City—Bert Lytell participates in the exodus to Africa. He will play opposite Miss Windsor in *A Son of the Sahara*, to be made on the burning sands.

—International

Right Center

New York City—Lillian Gish sails on the S. S. *Rosso* for Italy to do George Eliot's *Romola*, after which she will be Juliet to Dick Barthelmess' Romeo.

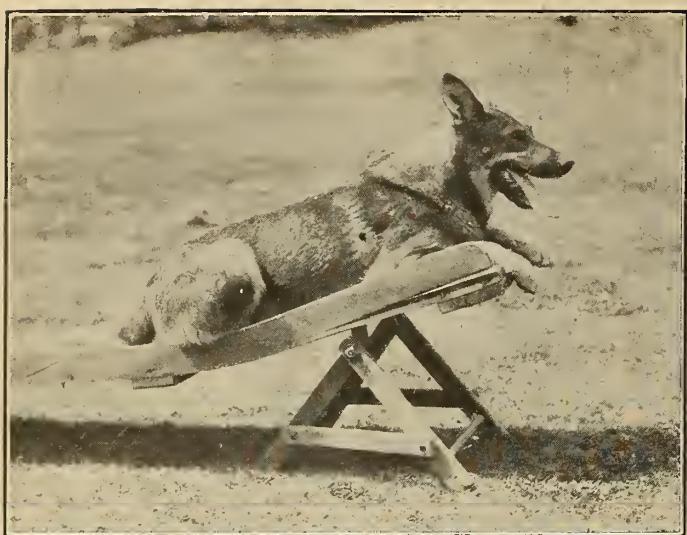
Lower Right

Los Angeles, Cal.—Hutt Martin, Southern California's open champion, gives Richard Dix a lesson in putting.—American Photo Service

Below

Hollywood, Cal.—Viola Dana has had the same maid, Mrs. Van, for seven years. Something of a record in these days, we'll say.





Top
Los Angeles, Cal.—Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, screen sisters, imitate Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova Valentino, at the Actors' Fund Benefit. Their Argentine tango made one of the hits of the show, in which many celluloid luminaries appeared.

Upper Left
Los Angeles, Cal.—Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, keeps in trim for his film work with a chute-the-chutes in his back yard.

Left Center
Los Angeles, Cal.—Harold Lloyd, with his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah E. Fraser, and his mother. Mrs. Fra er recently celebrated her eightieth birthday. Although she is an octogenarian, she is up to the minute, wearing sheer silk hosiery and using a lipstick and rouge as sprightly as an eighteen-year old flapper.

Left
East River, New York City—Allan Dwan shoots some scenes of *Big Brother* on the Manhattan water front, with the Queensboro Bridge in the hazy distance.



(Top)
Hollywood, Cal.—Presenting the new Pacific Coast polar bear bathing suit, with Virginia Valli inside. This is a new creation from London, with blue and white checkered silk, trimmed with polar bear fur.



(Upper Right)
Los Angeles, Cal.—John Barrymore poses with Mary Astor for the last scenes of Beau Brummel before starting East to resume his stage tour in Hamlet.



(Right Center)
New York City—Baby Peggy drops in to call upon the teller of the Commercial Trust Company and starts a bank account with a brand new \$1,000 bill.



(Right)
Los Angeles, Cal.—Ben Wilson, the producer, talks over his next production with Mabel Forrest and Bryant Washburn, who are to co-star.

The Zenith of the STAGE YEAR



MURAY

BURK



Dorothy Dilley, one of the pretty girls in the third edition of Irving Berlin's *Music Box Revue*, a favorite hit of the season. The popular *Music Box* is crowded as never before this year.

Berton Churchill in the title role of *Robert E. Lee*, the interesting John Drinkwater drama of the Civil War period of American life. *Robert E. Lee* is the successor to Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, but it failed to catch New York's fancy.



TORNELLO

¶ The camera catches the interesting personalities behind the footlights



¶ Earl Carroll's *Vanities* has been advertising itself as the revue "exalting the human form." One of the young ladies being thus exalted is Mary Carney, presented just above. Certainly there is every reason to exalt Miss Carney.

¶ Walter Hampden, always an excellent actor, has scored the hit of his career as the picturesque hero of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, once successfully played by Richard Mansfield.



MARY DALE CLARK



¶ The smashing personal hit of the year has been scored by Dorothy Stone, the pretty seventeen year old daughter of Fred Stone. Miss Stone made her stage debut in the new Stone revue, *Stepping Stones*, and her name went up in the electric lights on the very first night.

Wynn Visits the THEATER

Eva Le Gallienne gives a highly interesting performance in Molnar's *The Swan*, a charmingly sophisticated comedy which is the season's most distinguished offering.



Richard Bennett contributes a varied characterization to Gilbert du Maurier's sentimental melodrama, *The Dancers*, in which the action switches from London to the rugged Northwest and back to Paris in order to depict the destructive effects of jazz.



Francine Larrimore and Frank Conroy are the attractive young principals of *Nobody's Business*.





Dramaland

By George Jean Nathan

Panel by Wynn

ELEONORA DUSE, it is generally agreed, is the foremost actress of the theatre of the present time. Indeed, so secure is her position that the professional critics now take her completely for granted and accept everything that she does without question. Instead of criticizing her, they content themselves with perpetuating the old press-agency of her. Their apparent inability to penetrate the reasons for her indisputable supremacy they seek to conceal by taking refuge in her "mystery." For twenty and thirty years we have heard of Duse, "the mystery woman." The phrase is a tribute to the transparent incapability of her critics. Whenever a critic is unable to determine why a person is extraordinarily proficient, though he knows instinctively that the person is, he endeavors to mask his bewilderment with the species of ethereal hocus-pocus which he currently discharges in the instance of the remarkable Italian actress.

Duse is No Mystery

DUSE, as a matter of fact, is no more of a mystery than Trixie Friganza. She is the peerless actress that she is simply because she plays every role in her repertoire as the author of the play would act it were he Duse rather than as she, Duse, would act it were she the author. The generality of actresses superimpose their egregious vanity upon a dramatist's role and permit the role to shine dimly for the audience through the fog of their personal idiosyncrasies, their extrinsic shenanigans, and their "theories" of interpretation. Duse, true enough, also has her idiosyncrasies and her theories, but they invariably take their color less from her than from the roles that her dramatists have provided for her. Her Ellida Wangen—

C*The famous critic considers the new attractions from Duse to The Swan.*

discounting the inevitable irrelevancy of three score years and ten and gray hair—is the Ellida Wangen of the Ibsen text rather than the Ellida Wangen of the usual mummer creation. So, too, her brilliant Mrs. Alving. She is the great artiste of the theatre because she is, first and last, eloquent with the dazzling eloquence of humility before the shrine of a greater genius than her own.

Walter Hampden's Excellent Cyrano

THE praise of Walter Hampden's *Cyrano de Bergerac* on the other hand, has for the major part been very much more intelligent. Hampden, being more greatly a part of the familiar native scene, has not awed the American hazlitrity into blind hosannahs as has the exotic Duse. His admirable Cyrano has been praised with sound reason—and with reasons soundly stated. To be sure, the deserved acclaim has not been without the usual doses of low comedy, but the latter have been on this occasion in the minority. The chief comedy, in point of fact, has been confined to my friend Clayton Hamilton's preface to Brian Hooker's excellent transposition of the play into English. The good Mons. Hamilton, whose estimate of his good friend Hampden's Cyrano is as just as it is excessively horticultural, heaves a grandmotherly sigh for the day when the Rostrand play was new—"the brave days, indeed, when the world was not yet out of joint." Poise yourself now for what may with deplorable inelegance be described as the hot stuff. Thus, the good Mons. Hamilton: "It was the time of the Spanish-American war, a knightly contest for a noble cause, in which we were fighting against gentlemen, not Germans!" One may readily enough allow (*Continued on page 96*)

Little Journeys to the homes of STARS



¶ "I have a great aversion for my parents," said the child prodigy

IN these days of the great demand for truth perhaps it would not be amiss to delve a little deeper into the really private existences of the men and women of the screen. The stars who have been misrepresented by interviewers will be only too glad to get a square deal. So here's the truth, and everything but the truth, about the home lives of our dear queens.

Meeting Mama Crunch

MR. IDA CRUNCH, celebrated the world over for her portrayals of mother rôles, is the mother of a little brood in real life. Her home, we have been told, is an ideal one; her kiddies are an inspiration to her.

Mrs. Crunch offered me a monogrammed cigarette from her little gold case, inserted one for herself in her diamond-banded holder, and began to talk. "I tried to get rid of the kids," she remarked, patting her lovely white hair, freshly marcelled, "I sent one out to Mama's, and Mr. Crunch's family took three. But that still leaves me with two youngest ones. It's an awful bore but what can you do? They interfere with my work. It's bad enough being a mother all day long at the studio without having to come home to a houseful of children every night. However, I'm not home much."

At this point a homely child of six, quite the homeliest child I had ever seen, ventured into the room. "Well?" demanded Mrs. Crunch.

"Hello, Ma," said the child.

"Now you can see for yourself," said Mrs. Crunch resignedly. She paused to pinch her little girl; and continued, "And the others are even worse. And then the company expects me to pose for publicity pictures with my family. They all look like Mr. Crunch. Can you blame me?"

The child made a little *moue* at her mother, whereupon Mrs. Crunch rose with a determined look on her face. Stopping only long enough to light a new cigarette, she grabbed her offspring by the ear and made off. "I wish you'd wait," she called back to me. "I hate to have to do this while you're here, but it can't be helped. I can tell people I sent this one out to Mama's too."

The Actress and her Mother

IT was with a feeling of awe that I accepted the assignment to call upon Miss Genevieve Whortle,

long one of the worst actresses of the silent drama. I went to see her at her home overlooking Riverside Drive—overlooking it entirely. As I climbed the three flights of stairs to her apartment I detected a strong odor of cabbage which grew stronger as I approached the door. I rang, and waited. Inside there were sounds of a scuffle. A woman screamed. Then, silence. Finally the door opened an inch and a head in a breakfast cap appeared. "What do you want?" a surly voice demanded. "Miss Whortle, I replied. "Is she in?"

"Oh, Gen!" called her mother, for it was she. "Are you in?"

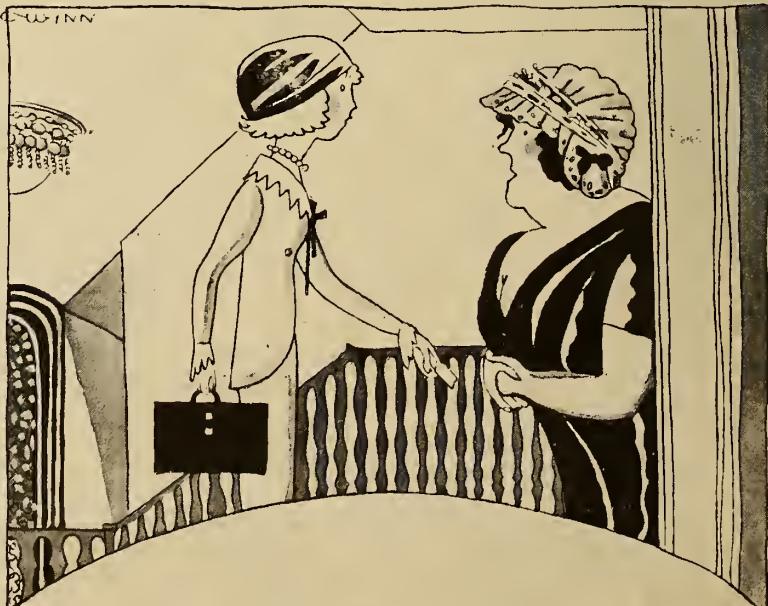
"Oh h—ll!" came the cheery answer. I was admitted. Miss Whortle was wearing a Japanese kimono which had seen better days.

"Hello," was her greeting as she half rose from the morris chair and then thought better of it. "What a head!" she groaned, clasping her hands to her brow. "Ma, call the studio and tell them I won't be down."

"What's the idea, Gen?" asked Mrs. Whortle. "You know you haven't worked for two months. Be yourself."

"How old are you, Miss Whortle?" I asked.

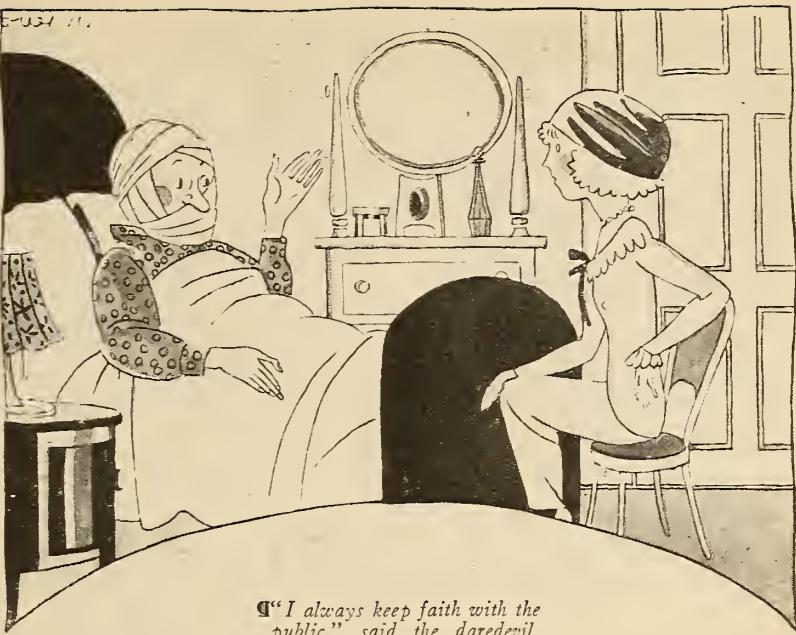
"How old am I this year, Ma?" Genevieve replied, stifling a yawn.



¶ "Miss Whortle?" we asked, "Is she in?"

IDelving into the private life of the celluloid celebrities—and telling the truth.

*By Delight Evans
Drawings by Wynn*



"I always keep faith with the public," said the daredevil.

"You're thirty-three if you're a day," returned Mrs. Whortle grimly. "Gen hasn't been getting along so good lately," she added to me. "It's her own fault, I tell her. She can't stand close-ups no more."

"What a nice mother you turned out to be," snapped Genevieve. "You know the last director I worked for said he wondered how I got anywhere at all with a mother like you."

"Well, you haven't," said Mrs. Whortle. At this juncture the cabbage grew a bit too much and I left the Whortles to their home life.

The Film Daredevil at Home

IFOUND Buck Billings, the daredevil hero of a hundred westerns, at home in bed. He was bandaged so that only his eyes were visible, for which I was devoutly thankful. He had said that he had a message for his public which he wanted me to deliver for him. His muffled voice said huskily, "Please tell them that if my next picture is delayed a little it was through no fault of mine. I was only trying as always to give of my best that my dear friends out there in the audience would not be disappointed. My director said to me, 'Mr. Billings, let me use

a double in this scene.' I laughed at him. 'Mr. Jones,' I said, 'I have never used a double and don't intend to begin now. My public pays to see me, and I will always keep faith.' I had my way, but jumping my good horse Pard over the cliff I somehow lost my balance. Well, I was a bit shaken up, of course, but it's nothing, really nothing, compared to the satisfaction of knowing one has kept faith."

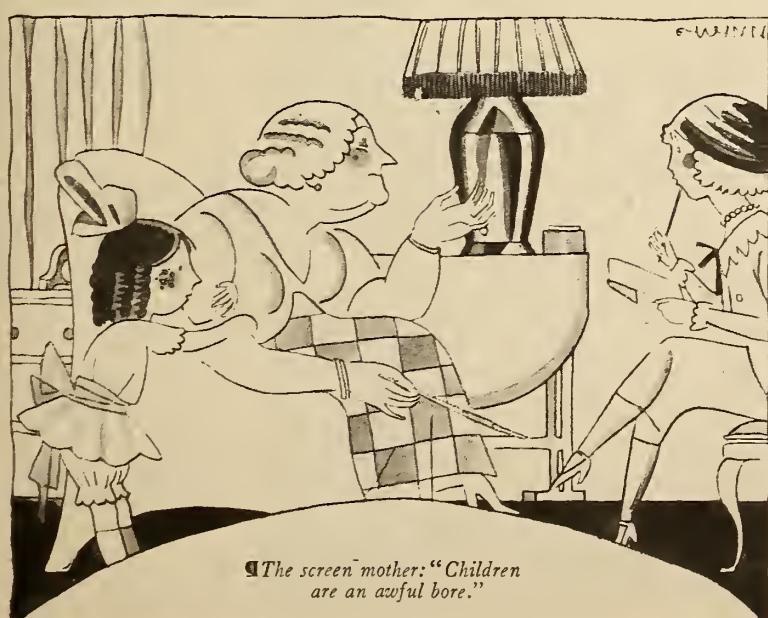
The third Mrs. Billings, a little woman around fifty with the blackest eyes I ever saw, entered. "Has he been pulling that stuff again?" she demanded. "Not that I regret having had this happen, in a way; but it means that he'll be laid up for quite a while, and it's terrible having him around the house all the time. I'll tell you the real story. They changed horses on him. He can only ride the one horse, and some of the boys in his company who don't care much for him and believe me there are plenty—thought they'd fix him up. They gave him another horse—a real one. When they called me up to tell me he had just been cut and bruised a little I said, 'Better luck next time!'"

Raising the Child Prodigy

YES, Buster Bunting, the most famous baby-star in all film-dom, has a real, honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned mother. She won't turn him over to the care of nurses and governesses; she takes care of him herself; and so he is just a real boy, with a real boy's love of fun and pranks.

His mother met me at the door. "I just ordered the car—a little imported car that I bought only yesterday—so you don't mind my dashing off, do you? Buster, bless his heart, is in his little playroom. Mr. Bunting and I want him to grow up to be a healthy, normal child, so we surround him with healthy, normal things. In fact, he leads the same healthy, normal life that any other little boy of his age lives, except that he gets paid for it. If, when he grows up, he still wants to be an actor, why, that's up to him. But until then he will, must be a healthy, norm—"

Buster was reading, but upon seeing me he thrust the book from him and began his dumbbell exercises. Completing these, he punched a bag for a while; and then said brightly, "I can turn a somersault—want to see me?" and proceeded to do so. Following this, he sat down and looked at me gloomily. "I suppose you're going to ask [Continued on page 104]



"The screen mother: "Children are an awful bore."

Things They DON'T DO

By

Eugene McNerney

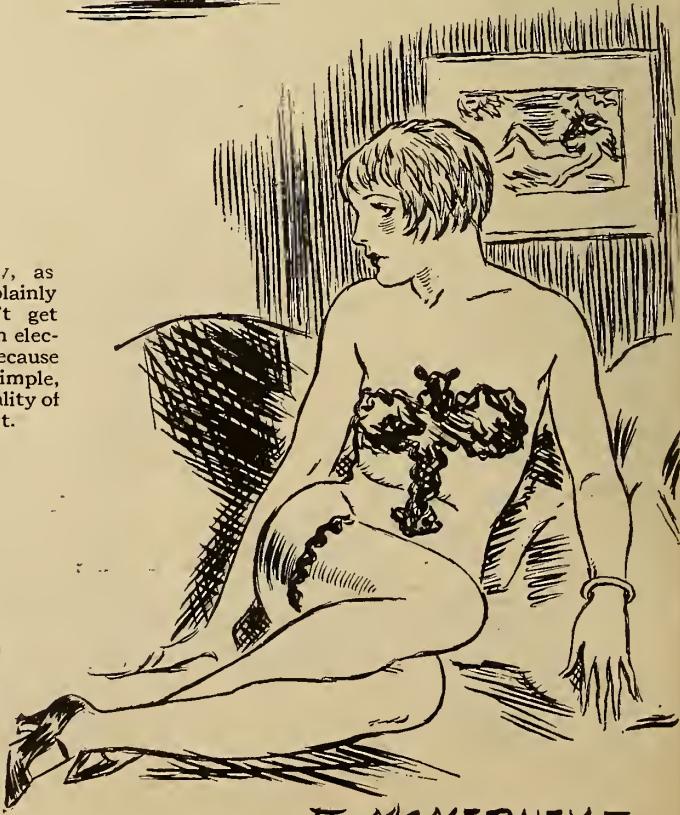
¶ Celluloid fame is a strange and fickle glory as you may note from these studies

¶ Patsy Cutex may draw millions to the box-office—but not because she wears clothes like Elsie Ferguson or Alice Joyce. Patsy's flair isn't for fine frocks.

¶ Florence O'Fynethygh is a star in the cabarets but we doubt if she will displace Lillian Gish as an emotional actress.



¶ May Hurr, as you can plainly see, doesn't get her name in electric lights because of the simple, homely quality of her Art.





CMrs. Donald Macdonald was formerly on the light opera stage.



NCE upon a time it wasn't considered "good policy" for our screen idols to impair their romantic charms with acknowledged matrimony. If they were so indiscreet as to have committed matrimony, the least they could do was to keep it dark. One recalls certain causes celebres, as for instance the Earl Williams heart-balm suit, in which the scorned lady declared that marriage had been postponed solely that the gentleman's screen career might be unimpaired.

But times have changed. We all recall the hectic era in filmdom when wives and babies and sweet domesticity suddenly became precious assets. But even after that there was a sort of accepted theory that handsome heros had an unfortunate knack of encumbering themselves with addle-pated nonentities, in those cases where their spouses were not also distinguished professionals.

Have You An Idol in Your Home?

BUt this is a story about intelligent helpmeets, to whom many of our leading men owe at least a measure of their success. In many cases they have willingly forsaken careers of their own to devote themselves to the public idols in their home.

Take for instance, Mrs. Guy Bates Post. Here is a charming wife, who was formerly popular as

Their Severest CRITICS

By Alma Whitaker

I SCREENLAND has found sixteen happily married couples in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

- Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bates Post
- Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Standing
- Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno
- Mr. and Mrs. Will Carlton
- Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macdonald
- Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix
- Mr. and Mrs. House Peters
- Mr. and Mrs. David Torrence
- Mr. and Mrs. Charlie C. Ray
- Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd
- Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills
- Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stewart
- Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers
- Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel
- Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hiers

I This is correct up to the time of going to press. SCREENLAND takes no further responsibility.



CMrs. Tom Mix and little Thomasina.



CMrs. Tony Moreno was—and is—a social leader of Los Angeles.

Adele Ritchie in musical comedy. They have a delightful home in Pasadena, where Mrs. Post proves a capable chatelaine. Mrs. Post has many interests, notably antivivisection. She is an ardent crusader in this cause.

Again there is Mrs. Wyndham Standing, whose spouse was so long the hero of Elsie Ferguson's productions. Indeed, the blind soldier in *The Eyes of the Soul* is considered his best role by his wife. It is to her sympathy and encouragement that Wyndham Standing owes much of his success.

Mrs. Standing was formerly herself an actress on the English stage, known as Winifred Pearson. As is the case with many retired professional wives, her knowledge of the conditions of the profession, with its trials and disappointments, comes in good stead.

Lucky Tony Moreno

TONY MORENO is a singularly lucky man. For Tony, the lover of many a screen drama, is married to the former Mrs. Daisy Danziger, who was one of the wealthy Canfield sisters. Long a leader of Los Angeles Society. Mrs. Moreno possesses great wealth. Thus, both socially and domestically, Tony Moreno is a for-



Just Above, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hiers and, at the right, Mrs. Wyndham Standing



Just Above, Mrs. Guy Bates Post, who was well known on the stage as Adele Ritchie. At the Right, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan. Tommy was once leading man to Mrs. Meighan, then Frances Ring

tunate star indeed.

Another prominent wife of the film colony is Mrs. Will P. Carleton, wife of the player who for five years was leading man at the old Castle Square Theater, in Boston, and was the original hero of *The Belle of New York* and *Floradora*.

Mrs. Will Carleton is modest and retiring. But beneath that lies a remarkable gift for organization. She was prominent in war work in New York, aside from being chairman for providing daily entertainment at five hospitals for the wounded. She is now president of the Hollywood Post War Service League, and "mother" of the Tubercular Hospital. The Carletons are about to build a home in Hollywood.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald is another woman who gave up a personal career. She was widely known as Maud Gifford in light opera before her marriage. Mrs. Macdonald is the chatelaine of a wonderful home on Wilshire Boulevard, where she is the hostess of frequent parties. She is a D. A. R., and was a war worker with the British Ambulance corps during the war.

The Case of Mrs. Tom Mix

TOM MIX is a peculiarly proud husband and father. Mrs. Tom Mix, blonde, and bobbed, looking little more than twenty-four, used to be a Christie comedy girl and later was leading lady for Tom. Now she is content to gaze at him across a dinner table. Then, of course, there's the baby, Miss Thomasina.

Mrs. House Peters, who presides over the Peters' home at Santa Monica, is shy of publicity. There are two children, one a baby girl of two. Mrs. Peters is a real housewife. You should see the fig jam she can "put up" in rows and rows of enticing pots!

Mrs. David Torrance was herself a successful professional actress on the English and American stages, and was formerly with Sir Herbert Tree as Maud Leslie. The Torrances are building a new home in fashionable Beverly.

Just as this article is being written, Mrs. Elphinstone Maitland, a society widow, is being added to the ranks of screen wives. For she is to marry Alec B. Frances.

Mrs. Ray a Non-Professional

Then there's Mrs. Charlie Ray. She has no professional aspirations, and is quite content to lend all her interest to [Continued on page 100]



The TEN Best Screen Dramas

HEY
you mailed
SCREENLAND your
selection of the ten
best screenplays
ever made? If you
haven't, do so at once. Your list must be received by January
15th to count in the canvas. The final vote of our readers will
be published in the April SCREENLAND.

The vote during the past month was a very heavy one. *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Robin Hood*, *Tol'able David* and *The Kid* have received a particularly heavy vote. This caused *Tol'able David* to climb from ninth to fifth place in the canvas and raised *The Kid* from a mere runner up to seventh place.

Some of the screenplays named in the best ten this month are holding a position by no means secure. They are very closely followed by *Humoresque*, *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *If Winter Comes*, *Merry-Go-Round*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *Manslaughter* and *Smilin' Through*, *The Christian*, and *Down to the Sea in Ships*, while *Foolish Wives*, *Hollywood*, *Driven*, *Stella Maris*, *Zaza*, and *Nanook of the North* are close behind.

Despite the many votes cast, it is interesting to note that *The Birth of a Nation* and *The Four Horsemen* were tied to a vote for first place as this issue of SCREENLAND went to press. Better send in your selection and help settle this keen rivalry.

Delight Evans, whose clever articles are a feature of SCREENLAND, gives her list of ten as: *Judith of Bethulia*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Intolerance*, *The Golem*, *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *Passion*, *The Kid*, *Tol'able David*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *A Woman of Paris*. An interesting list!

Penrhyn Stanlwas, the director, gives a list of nine: *Nanook of the North*, *The Kid*, *Minnie*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Way Down East*, *Dr. Caligari*, *The Miracle Man*, *Tol'able David* and *The Covered Wagon*.

The expert opinion of June Mathis follows: *Intolerance*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Birth of a Nation*, *Whispering Chorus*, *Robin Hood*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Driven*, *The Honor System*, *Regeneration*, and *Stella Maris*.

Wallace MacDonald, the actor, gets his list of best pictures narrowed down to thirteen, as follows: *Cabiria*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Battle of Elderbrush Gulch*, *Stella Maris*, *Robin Hood*, *Little Old New York*, *The Dangerous Age*, *Tol'able David*, *Passion*, *The Queen of Sheba*, *The Mark of Zoro*, *Safety Last* and *A Woman of Paris*.

Robert Z. Leonard, the director, names *The Birth of a Nation*, *Peter the Great*, *The Hottentot*, *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, *The Christian*, *Safety Last*, *Shoulder Arms*, *The Kid*, *Robin Hood* and *The Four Horsemen*.

Lew Cody's list is an interesting and characteristic one: *The Leather Pushers*, *The Christian*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Kid*, *Stella Maris*, *Don't Change Your Husband*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Tol'able David*, *The Birth of a Nation* and *Broken Blossoms*.

I Screenland continues its quest for a list of the best screenplays ever made

Carmel Myers gives *The Four Horsemen*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Conquering Power*, *The Connecticut*

Yankee, *Outside the Law*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, *The Kid*, *The Pilgrim*, *Driven* and *Mortal Clay* as her chosen ten.

Helene Chadwick names: *The Birth of a Nation*, *Hearts of the World*, *The Girl I Loved*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *The Bright Shawl*, *Tol'able David*, *Robin Hood*, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Kid* and *Within the Law*.

Now to turn to our readers. Benjamin C. Jones, of 705 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, gives an attractive and sincere selection in *The Great Train Robbery*, *Cabiria*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Judith of Bethulia*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Kid*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Passion*, and *The Covered Wagon*.

Annie Osment of the Gate House, Ladder Style, Kirkgton Hill, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, England, names *The Four Horsemen*, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Kid*, *The Eternal Flame*, *Passion*, *Circus Days*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Tol'able David*, *Peg O' My Heart*, and *Orphans of the Storm*.

Robert Payne, 2509 East Marshall Street, Richmond, Va., gives the following selection: *Hollywood*, *Jazzmania*, *Nazimova's Salome*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Gypsy Blood*, *Way Down East*, *The Kid*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *Tol'able David*.

Mildred Creedon, secretary to the district manager of the Detroit offices of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, names the following ten: *Merry-Go-Round*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Tol'able David*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Grandma's Boy*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *Zaza*, *The Kid*, *Way Down East* and *Manslaughter*.

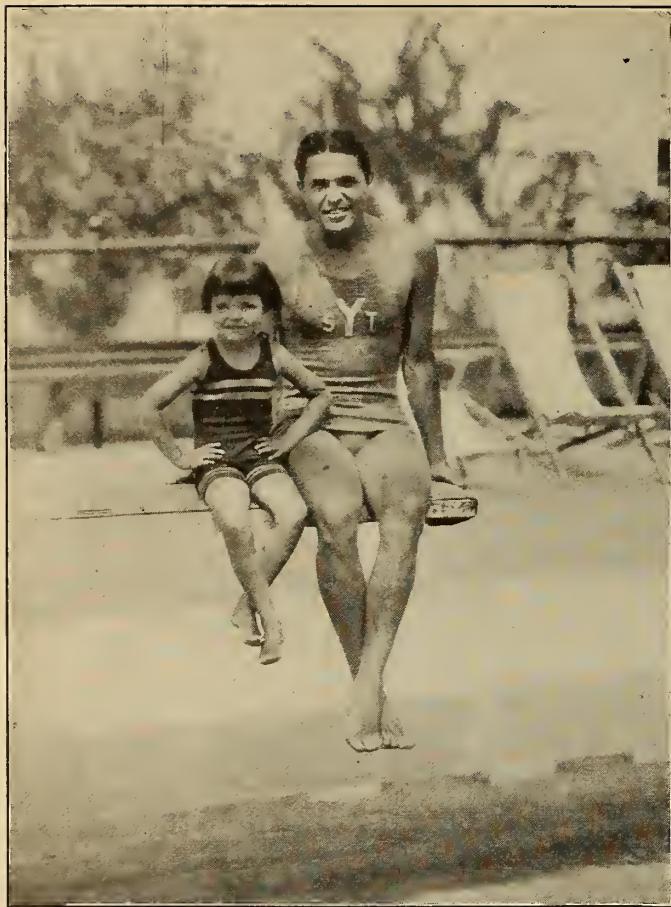
Trix MacKenzie, Box 1907, Atlanta, Ga., gives the following ten: *Lessons in Love*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The French Doll*, *Smilin' Through*, *Zaza*, *East is West*, *Blood and Sand*, *Broadway Rose*, *Sign on the Door* and *Mickey*.

George D. Sprague, submarine engineer, of Seamen's Church Institute Building, New York City, gives his ten: *The Birth of a Nation*, *Hollywood*, *The Covered Wagon*, *The Kid*, *Shoulder Arms*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Intolerance*, *The Heart of Humanity*, *Foolish Wives* and *Wonders of the Sea*.

R. Harold Revine of 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Canada, has an unusual selection in *The Birth of a Nation*, *Broken Blossoms*, *The Four Horsemen*, *Tol'able David*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *The Covered Wagon*, *Little Old New York*, *Grandma's Boy*, *The Christian* and *The Bond Boy*.

The selected ten of Kathleen M. Beebe, 552 Hague Avenue, Detroit, Mich., shows unusual study. It numbers: *Robin Hood*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *The White Rose*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Carmen* with *Farrar*, *Passion*, *The Spanish Dancer* and *A Woman of Paris*.

We regret lack the space to reprint further interesting lists from our readers.



CLittle Joan McGregor wants to be a champion swimmer like her dad, Malcolm, who used to smash records at Yale.

LIFE seems to be joyful enough most times, until we begin to count up on the things we've missed out on. Like Cecil B. DeMille's reported diamond dinner, for instance. Not that it was a dinner, if we're going to be strictly technical; it was a breakfast. But it didn't even remotely resemble any matutinal repast of "ham and, sunny side up" that is our common fare.

Cecil De Mille's Diamond Dinner

THIS is the story as it is told. Believe it or not, as you wish. It seems that C. B., having finished up his *Ten Commandments* and feeling time hanging heavily on his hands, invited a group of friends to spend a Friday-to-Monday at his ranch, "Paradise," up in the hills. It was just an ordinary week-end house-party, delightful

CWhen Dorothy Gish departed for Italy, to aid in the production of *Romola*, her sister, Lillian, and Richard Barthelmess saw her off. Later Lillian sailed to join "Dot."

The Listening P O S T

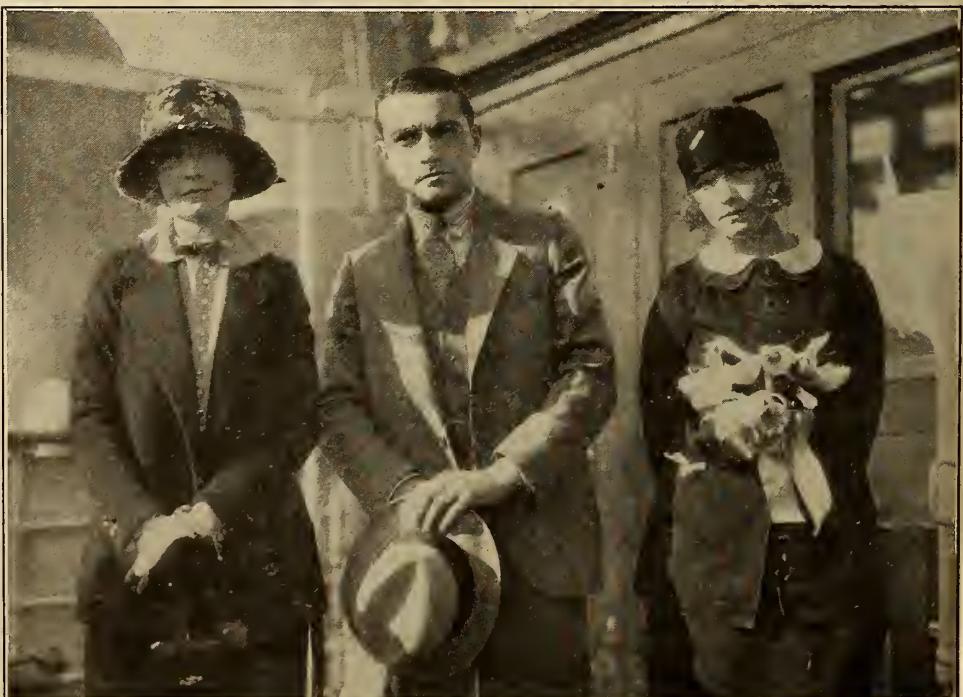
as all such affairs are at hospitable "Paradise," with Mr. DeMille the perfect host. There was swimming in the out-door plunge, tennis for those who felt energetic, and lounging on the broad verandahs for those who did not. But the big event that put the affair right in the class with Coal Oil Johnny's entertainments is said to have occurred at breakfast on Monday morning, just before the guests reluctantly motored back to Hollywood and loathsome toil.

A Jap boy entered with a tray and lowered it, as casually as if it contained a helping of hot cakes, before the guests at De Mille's left. The tray was heaped high w'th diamond rings, pearl ear-rings, watches, strings of jade and crystal, all glittering in the morning sunshine like an exhibit from Tiffany's. And each guest chose the jewel that suited him or her best. Then they drove home to make envious the unfortunates who weren't invited.

Ah me! It all sounds fascinating, anyway.

Compson-Cruze Engagement

CUPID seems to have shuffled the cards and dealt a new hand



¶What they're talking about in
the Studios of Hollywood and
New York.

By
Eunice Marshall
and Helen Lee

all round. Betty Compson, according to persistent report, has conquered the affections of James Cruze, while Walter Morosco, who used to be Betty's devoted cavalier, is now zealously beautifying Corinne Griffith about. The rumor is that they're engaged, but we notice that Walter has plenty of competition. All masculine Hollywood is at the fascinating Corinne's feet.

To Make Romeo and Juliet

PLANS have been completed for Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish to do a screen adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*. Thus the Gish-Barthelmess combinations seem to be getting under the wire ahead of any similar productions by either Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge. This adaptation of the tragedy will be made in Italy immediately following the completion of George Eliot's *Romola*, upon which Miss Gish and her sister, Dorothy, are now at work. This sidetracks Lillian's plan to do *Joan of Arc* and also holds up Barthelmess' production of a drama built around the life of Nathan Hale.

Mr. Barthelmess will start for Rome about January 15th.



PAUL THOMPSON

¶ Being a leading man isn't all a life of luxury. Here is Edmund Lowe keeping down that waist line with handball.

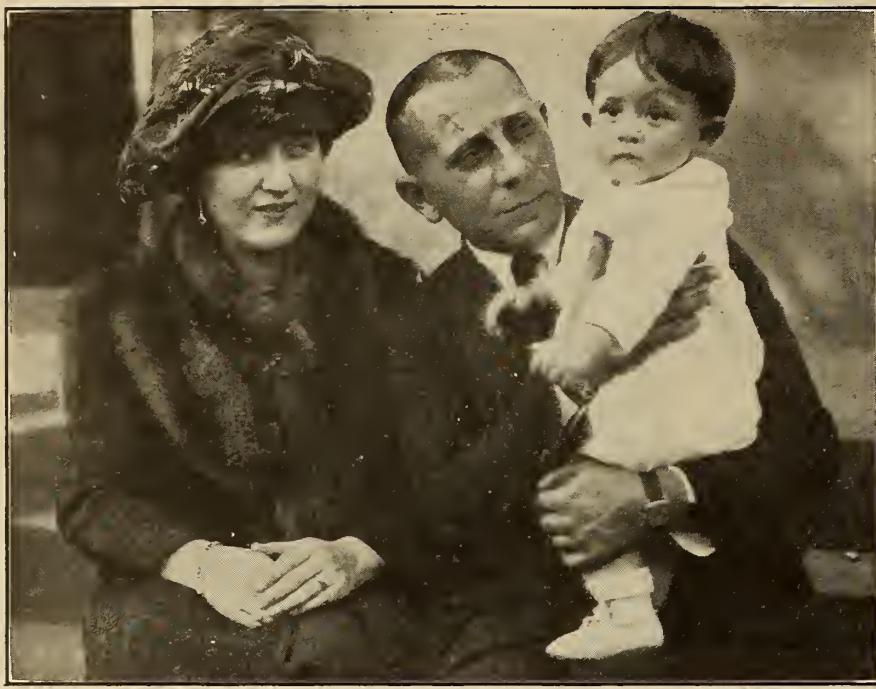
John Robertson will direct the production, which, will not stick closely to the Shakespearean drama but will be developed from the ancient Italian legends of the famous lovers. The adaptation is being made by Mrs. Robertson (Josephine Lovett). We hear that William Powell, now playing in *Romola*, will be the Mercutio.

Miss La Plante To Be Starred

Laura La Plante has been made a Universal star, just like that. She takes the place of Gladys Walton on the "U" schedule, Miss Walton having temporarily retired from the screen in anticipation of a family event. Miss Walton is the wife of H. M. Herbel, one of the Universal officials, and is now with her husband



¶ Director Reginald Barker talks over a scene of *The Eternal Struggle* with Pat O'Malley, Renee Adoree and Anders Randolph. Yes, it's a Northwest story.



INTERNATIONAL

¶ The youngest o' the house of Von Stroheim, Erich St. Ritus Von Stroheim, aged one year. Mrs. Von Stroheim is close by.

in Cleveland.

Doug, Jr., in New York for Xmas

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junior, came to New York for his Christmas vacation in November. He spent three weeks seeing a play every night and having interviews, and then went back to California to work in a new picture and to study—right through the holidays, too. His hair was long for his next part, which will be a costume or a country boy affair.

The young man, who's only about fifteen but looks nearer twenty—he's a husky boy who looks like his famous father only when he grins—said that he is writing a play—a comedy drama—in his spare time. When asked if he dances he said, "Only in my own living room." He was bound to be an actor ever since he was old enough to know anything at all about it. He's not at all up-stage, still remembering when he was such a fat kid that everybody called him "Fatty." His mother, the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and now Mrs. Evans, is with him all the time. Doug, Junior, has quite a background for one so young; he studied art in the Latin Quarter in Paris and has seen most of the world. He remains a darn nice boy.

Alma Rubens Marries

ALMA RUBENS was Mrs. Daniel Carson Goodman for several weeks before anyone knew anything about it. They were married and went off to the Adirondacks for their honeymoon and Alma came back wearing her wedding ring, but on the right hand instead of the left, so it was quite a while before people began to ask

¶ Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen are doing a double return to films at Vitagraph, playing the leads in Basil King's *Let Not Man Put Asunder*.

her about it. It's no secret now that Alma is playing the lead in Dr. Goodman's own romance as well as his new photoplay. She keeps on her dressing-table a picture of him at the age of twenty, and when a girl does that you know she's in love.

Novarro Off to Africa

AFTER all, Rex Ingram—now somewhere in Africa near Biskra—found that he couldn't do without Ramon Novarro. Rex sailed without his leading man and Ramon remained in New York, some said to form his own company. But forming your own company isn't easy pickings these days, and so when Ramon got a call from Rex to come on over quick, he packed his trunk and went. And he created a sensation as his boat sailed when he actually refused to pose for the news photographers.

Death of Allen Holubar

ALLEN HOLUBAR's sudden death from pneumonia was a shock to his friends. Holubar was one of the pioneer directors. He began as an actor with Universal years ago, having come from stock companies to



the films with his wife Dorothy, Phillips. They first appeared in two reelers, written, directed and acted by themselves. Then *The Heart of Humanity* and *Man, Woman, Marriage* brought Holubar into notice as a director of spectacles. He and his wife were an ideally happy couple and Miss Phillips was one of the stars who always preferred to work under her husband's direction.

The *Ten Commandments* opened in New York on December 21 at the George M. Cohan Theater. An eager public was waiting to see the prologue, upon which Cecil De Mille spent the now famous million dollars. The picture must make money. If it doesn't make it, the money-saving policy now in effect at the studios is going to linger a long time. Leatrice Joy, one of the stars of the film, came on to New York for the opening, and incidentally to play in *Cytherea*.

Sam Goldwyn To Do Cytherea

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has purchased the screen rights to Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, *Cytherea*. The book, as you may remember, was considered pretty hot stuff a year ago and was placed safely on a high shelf where the children couldn't get at it. George Fitzmaurice is going to take the company to Cuba to get locations. Mr. Fitzmaurice has just come from Italy. Ever since the Volstead act, the producers have been getting awfully fussy about getting accurate foreign settings.



WIDE WORLD

Hope Hampton became the bride of Jules E. Brulatour, the distinguished millionaire motion picture magnate, in Baltimore recently.

Milton Sills and Elliott Dexter are to be in the cast. But the best news of all is that Nita Naldi, the world's greatest conversationalist, is to have one of the leads. The other went to Miss Joy.

Most of the stars who were forced into idleness by recent studio shutdown have decided to make good use of their spare time. You are apt to see many of them on "personal appearance" tours or playing in small-time vaudeville. Many of the Lasky players are making their temporary home in other studios. Agnes Ayres, for instance, is playing in a picture called *Souvenir*, with Percy Marmont as a co-star.

GEORGE K. SPOOR, who was boss of the old Essanay plant in Chicago, has been working on a new process which he says will produce three dimension pictures. And although we have always thought that two dimensions was enough, he has engaged James Young to direct the first production that will test out the new process.

Mildred Lloyd Has Her Way

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD got her own way, after all. No amount of persuasion on Harold's part could keep her away from the studio. Mildred is dead sure that she is a star in her own right and is out to prove it in a picture called *The Satin Girl*, produced by Ben Wilson.

LILA LEE and James Kirkwood are going to co-star on the screen as well as in real life. Their first attempt in *The Street of Painted Women* proved to be a congenial arrangement and so they have decided to make it their business policy of the future. Kirkwood has recovered from his injuries and is able to work again. In fact, he has so many engagements piled ahead of him, that

Lila has been obliged to postpone her honeymoon trip to Europe indefinitely.

Claire de Lorez has just been pronounced "the screen's most voluptuous woman" by no less an authority than Elinor Glyn.

SPEAKING of Kirkwood, it probably interests him to know that William Fox, Channing Pollock and Harry



INTERNATIONAL



INTERNATIONAL

¶ Presenting the famous scenario team of John Emerson and his wife, Anita Loos. Here they are completing details of the recent Equity ball, Mr. Emerson being president of Equity.

Millarde are anxiously looking for a screen actor for the role of Gilchrist in *The Fool*, which Kirkwood created on the stage.

BECAUSE many studios are closed and a large number of actors have been laid off without salary, there has been a noticeable decrease in movie divorces. Two can live cheaper than one even if they can't live happier than one.

Lean Days in Movieland

THE shut-down of the studio has been the chief subject of conversation among the movie folks. Most of them won't admit that times are lean and that salaries have been lowered, perhaps permanently. Many of them are talking of making pictures with foreign companies. The stars find it profitable to accept engagements now and then with English companies.

Will Rogers, of course, pulled the best wise-crack about the panic. At the benefit for the Actors' Fund in Los Angeles he announced, "I suppose the next benefit will be given for Zukor and Lasky."

(Continued on page 96)

Gloria Gets Klieg Eyes

GLORIA SWANSON, they say, has quit Hollywood for good and will make her home in New York. A case of Klieg eyes landed Gloria in the newspapers, and the fans eagerly read the story that her enchanting eyes were bandaged in cabbage leaves. Gloria didn't like it a great deal and refused to pose for any pictures with her head covered with a boiled dinner.

REMEMBER Gertrude McCoy of the old Edison Company? She, too, has gone to England and will soon appear in *Miriam Rozella*, an adaptation of a daring English novel. Owen Nares, an English favorite, plays opposite her.

CLAIRE WINDSOR hurried through New York so fast on her way to join Edwin Carewe's company in Northern Africa that obviously she had no time to stage a wedding before she left. Until actually sailing time, many of Claire's friends thought that she would hop down to the City Hall with John Steele and get married. But now Claire is in Africa for the winter and Steele is tied up with The Music Box Revue, so there will be no wedding just yet.

Marion Davies is Busy

MARION DAVIES will be the only star to work at the Cosmopolitan Studio this winter. Although the production of *Janice Meredith* was delayed, it is now well under way with Lynn Reynolds directing. Alma Rubens will be gone until Spring, when the studio will really begin production again. Miss Rubens isn't "resting," however, as she is playing the lead in Daniel Carson Goodman's picture, *Week End Husband*.

WILLIAM HURLBUT's play, *Lilies of the Field*, will soon be subdued for the screen. As usual, everyone is wondering how it is going to get past the censors. Corinne Griffith will be the principal blossom in the cast. Corinne, incidentally, denies that she is going to marry Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer. Only a year or so ago, Betty Compson also denied that she was going to marry Walter Morosco. Evidently Walter has good taste but bad luck!



¶ Offering Buster Keaton in his newest role of discoverer, in his new comedy, *Our Hospitality*.

there is the Desmond fox-terrier.

The Desmond house is a Colonial house, approached by a prettily winding path, and is on the street on which also are the homes of the late Wallace Reid and Bill Hart. There are a big drawing room, dining room, and den, while above are the sleeping rooms. Two Japanese servants, man and wife, minister to the Desmonds. Mary McIvor Desmond is still a kid herself, loving to sing and play the ukulele. What times there used to be there when Wally Reid was alive! Wally would bring his fiddle over and a glorious time would be had by all!

Which reminds one sadly of the delightful times we used to spend at Wally's. Wally and his brilliant wife, Dorothy Davenport, always kept open house in those days.

Mrs. Reid still runs the house, with the aid of a servant and of her mother, who, when Mrs. Reid is working, takes care of the children, little Bill Reid and the little adopted daughter. It is an attractively beautiful home, built in Italian style, with living rooms on the first floor and beautifully appointed bedrooms upstairs, while the billiard room is detached, forming an L of a court, which holds a swimming pool.

Will Rogers owns a home in Beverly Hills, where he lives with his wife, distinctly a home-loving woman, and his two children. Rogers adores his home, which is one reason he gave up Broadway for pictures.

The house has great grounds around it, but "everything," says Will, "is for the children." So little Bill and Mary have a regular polo ground and circus ring on the front portion of the estate, and here they ride their ponies. A swimming pool gives them a chance to exercise, on the plot at one side of the house. The basement is all given over to a gymnasium and theater. The theater is a perfectly appointed but tiny place, with a little stage, scenery, footlights, and a curtain. This, too, may be used to show pictures. The gymnasium and play room has all sorts of games and practice apparatus. A bowling alley is one of its chief delights.

The house is comfortably furnished. The dining room has a long table and imposing chairs, but the family dines informally in the pretty breakfast room most of the time.

"When the whole family sits down, it looks like the peace table," said Will, one night after we had dined comfortably in the breakfast room. Then he thumped one of the rather imposing looking, high-backed chairs. "Say, I got to have more money than I have now to feel at home in those chairs!"

Will dines in his sweater. I don't suppose he'd take it off and don dinner clothes for the President himself. Unless, of course, he is officiating as an after-dinner speaker, when he may change his ways.

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of a difference
just a few cents
make"**

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between just an ordinary
cigarette and the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

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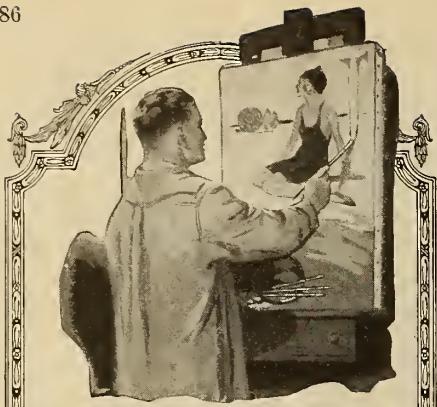
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The Rogers' stables are built with every regard for the comfort of the animals, which include the children's ponies and his own horse. A stable boy is always on duty there.

Mrs. Rogers carefully supervises her household, personally doing much of the family marketing. She has a cook, a governess for the children, and there is a gardener. Rogers drives his own car a good deal, though he has a chauffeur. He loves to sit out on the driver's seat of his big, handsome limousine, and drive fast.

Theodore Kosloff's home is one of the most beautiful in Hollywood. It is on Franklin Avenue, a curving, tree-bordered street. The house is an old one remodelled. It sets well back in its grounds, with a little forest of picturesque old trees and a lawn, the latter extending far back of the house. From the front, the house, which is of plaster and concrete, is unpretentious apparently a one-story affair; but the grounds slope suddenly and the back of the house is two stories high.

You step into a living room full of comfortable furniture objects d'art, a piano, a radio set, with a wonderful big sofa facing the fireplace. The room is furnished in excellent taste. Dinner here means many Russian delicacies.

Kosloff, his wife and Vera Fredowa, premiere danseuse of his productions, who lives with the Kosloffs, are excellent hosts. Everybody in the Kosloff household works hard. Up at six o'clock, Kosloff is off to his picture work, while Mlle. Fredowa practices and then goes down town to oversee the work of the Russian Ballet school, which is one of the Kosloff activities. Mrs. Kosloff looks after the household, including her little daughter, who was the victim of infantile paralysis when two years old and is still an invalid, and finds time to teach in her husband's school. The cook and the child's nurse are the only servants.

That professional villain, Noah Beery, has a house on the side of a Hollywood hill. At home the screen scoundrel is the soul of domesticity. His family consists of his wife, formerly on the stage, and a young son. If he isn't working, Noah putters around his chicken coops and always goes down to school to fetch his son home. Other days, the boy rides his pony to and from school.

Gloria Swanson owns a mansion in Beverly Hills. They do say that her guests, when entertained at dinner, have a peep at a regular menu card. I can't verify this. She has a cook, a housemaid, a chauffeur and a secretary. When working, Miss Swanson always retires early. She is very much devoted to her little daughter, and personally supervises her diet and education.

Miss Swanson is very fond of horseback riding, and frequently takes long gallops when not working. While working, she conserves every bit of energy.

Mabel Normand lives on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. It is a gem of a house, small and cosy. Miss Normand is a careful housekeeper and has a housekeeper who has been with her for years, a chauffeur ditto, and a young girl secretary. No parties for Mabel when she is working! At least, only on Saturday nights.

Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, have elaborate homes. Miss Dana has been staying with her sister a great deal since the death of Bernard Durning, Shirley's husband.

Lon Chaney dwells with his wife, who was once a musical comedy actress, and his son, who is in high school, in an attractive bungalow. The Chaney's live quietly, employing one servant. Chaney is a methodical worker, rising early and getting to the studio hours before anybody else is there.

Claire Windsor lives in an apartment with her mother, father and little son. Her mother cares for Miss Windsor's son, little Billie, when she is at work in a picture, but the actress retains complete jurisdiction over his diet, his play and his education.

Helen Ferguson lives with her mother and sister in a little flat, where only a maid-of-all work ministers to their needs. Miss Ferguson declares she isn't very domestic. She runs her own limousine.

Bryant Washburn and his wife, Mabel Forrest, are both on the screen now. I used to know Miss Forrest when she was merely Mrs. Washburn. The Washburns live in a pretty plaster house in Hollywood, where there is plenty of room for their two youngsters, both boys. One servant suffices the Washburns, a combination cook and housemaid. Mrs. Washburn's father and mother live with them.

Mary Philbin lives with her father and mother in a court made up of story-and-a-half bungalows of picturesque design, in the heart of Hollywood. Mary is a quiet girl, who doesn't care particularly about going to parties.

Virginia Faire lives alone with her mother, and is a quiet, distinctly feminine, person. She admits that she hates housework and loves driving her car.

Virginia Valli lives with her husband in one of those chalet-like houses, perched on the side of a hill. They have one servant, a negro cook.

Alice Calhoun lives with her mother. She has a number of pets, including two dogs, a cat and a parrot.

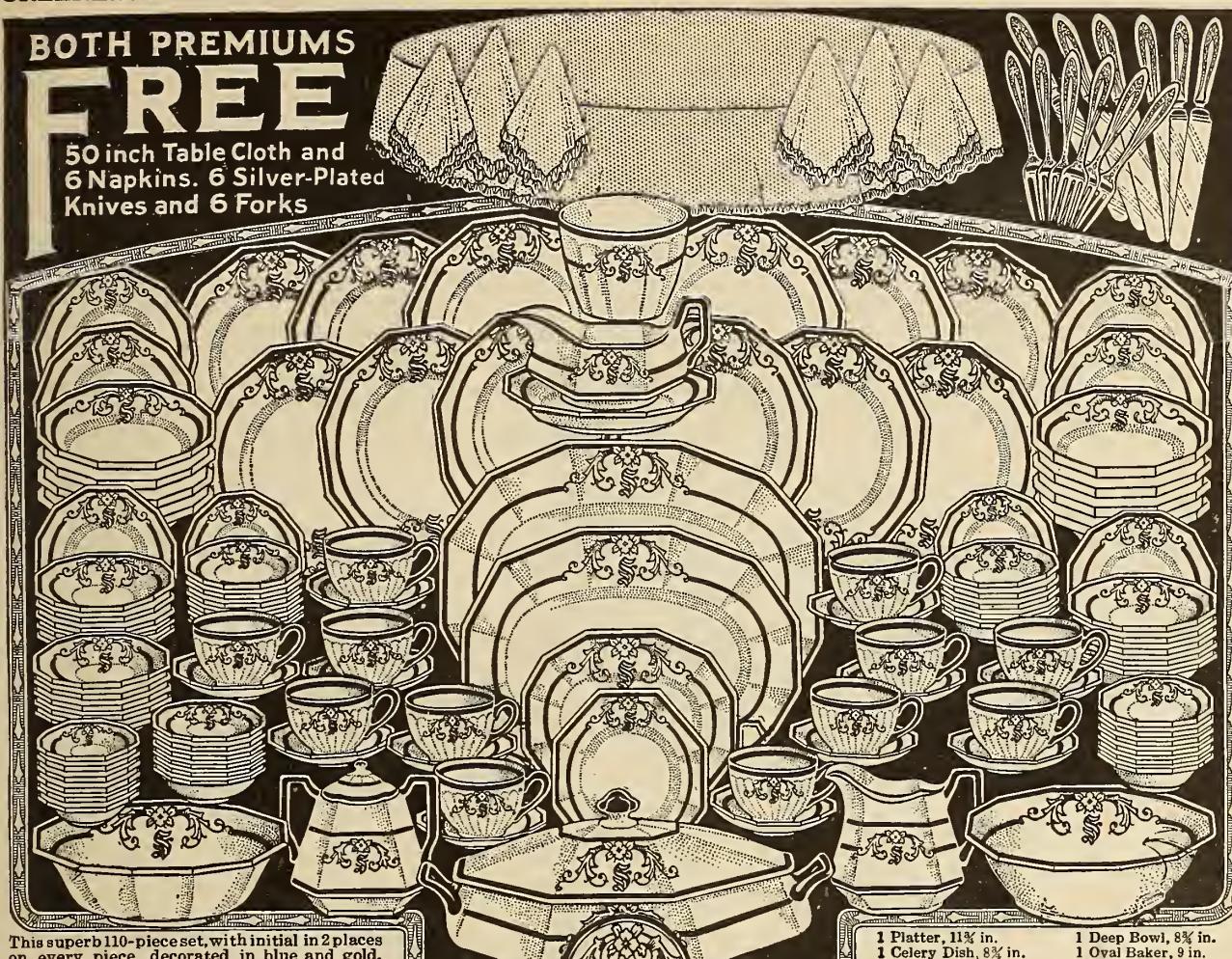
Mme. Alla Nazimova owns a mansion in Hollywood. Here she lives with her husband, Charles Bryant, when not in the East. She has a chauffeur, a cook, a personal maid and a male secretary. She doesn't like physical work, and hates walking. The Bryants entertain at an occasional party.

Ramon Navarro lives with his father, mother and several brothers and sisters

(Continued on page 88)

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Knives and 6 Forks



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12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in. 12 Saucers
12 Soup Plates, 7½ in. 12 Individual Bread and
12 Salad Plates, 6 in. Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
12 Fruit Dishes, 6¾ in. 1 Platter, 13½ in.

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1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ in., with lid (2 pieces)	1 Creamer
	1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

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and 6 Napkins to Match—also 6 Silver-Plated Knives and 6 Forks. With every Dinner Set we send you Free the Handsome Linene Set and 6 heavy, richly patterned knives and forks. This includes a handsome 50-inch round table cloth and 6 pretty 17-inch napkins to match—all of the famous "Indian Head" linene; finished with attractive scalloped embroidered edges. Knives and forks of fine, extra heavy silver-plate in fleur-de-lis pattern. Send at once. Offer is limited.

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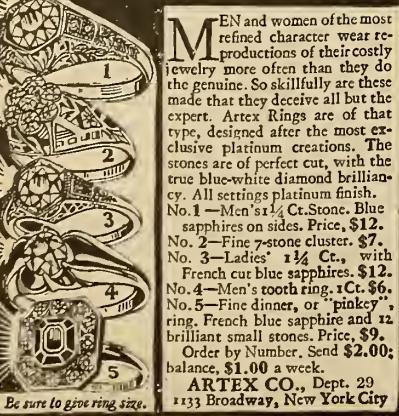
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in an unpretentious house in Los Angeles. Ramon largely aids in supporting the family. He keeps up his dancing with an hour or two devoted to it each day.

When Rodolph Valentino and Winifred Hudnut are at home in Los Angeles, they live on the side of a hill, very near the Kerrigan house. The place is modified Italian and Spanish, and one of the joys of Rudey's heart is a big Chinese room.

Jane Novak lives in an apartment in a great apartment house at the end of Hollywood. With her is her little daughter, called Micky. She has a housekeeper, but is an excellent cook herself.

Bebe Daniels owns a big home on Commonwealth Avenue, in the foothills near Los Angeles, but the place is rented. She lives with her mother, Phyllis Daniels, formerly an actress on the legitimate stage, and her two aunts and grandmother, in a picturesque house on West Adams Street, which house she also owns. Bebe loves to spend her evenings in dancing and at the theater.

Harold Lloyd and his bride, Mildred Davis, own a smart house, of the white concrete-and-plaster kind, in a fashionable part of Los Angeles. They live there with a colored cook and housemaid, a chauffeur and a gardener, not to mention the bull-pup. Mildred's suite consists of a pink-decorated bedroom, boudoir and bath, and Harold's connecting suite adds a den, where he reads and writes.

Mildred is especially proud of her beautiful china service, but her particular joy is a set of solid silver-and-gold goblets,

service plates, cocktail holders and pitcher, all the gift of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Harold Lloyd is probably the hardest working star in the business. He gets up at six o'clock, goes through his exercises, eats a very simple and frugal breakfast, drives or walks the two miles to the studio, and is usually made-up for work by 8:30 o'clock. One of Harold's hobbies is magic and he is always trying a new stunt upon his dinner guests. Just now the Lloyds are planning a new home to be built in Beverly Hills.

Ruth Roland has a fine home in the Wilshire District. Ruth is a business girl from first to last, spends a great deal of time over her real estate deals and in supervising the renting of her houses.

Miss Roland never works on schedule. She mingles business and screen work in haphazard fashion. Her secretary, a woman, lives with her, and attends to correspondence and such matters. Miss Roland has a cook and a chauffeur, but usually drives her car. Her aunt is her companion and housekeeper.

William Russell keeps open house on Sundays when he lives at the beach. He lived for a long time on his ranch, but has since given it over to his married sister, and has taken a pleasant house in Hollywood.

Wallace MacDonald and his wife, Doris May, have just bought a pretty bungalow in Laurel Canyon, Hollywood. With the aid of a woman who comes in to do the heavy work, Miss May runs her own house single-handed.

An Insight Into Popularity—From page 46

Psycho-Analysing Screen Success

in her eyes such as Bernhardt's face poignantly expressed.

"Has Miss Pickford been too well advised?

"Every pose of Bernhardt's body, her hands, her mouth, showed that she had gained the greatness of her art because inside she had been crucified. Her struggle set free the whole subconscious power.

"This always is and must be true in the world of art expression, among actors, painters, poets, musicians. From transcending difficulties comes depth. It develops from attempting more than one can yet do well—not from expression within the sure limits of public approval."

Chaplin's Brooding Depth

If Charlie Chaplin were only the comedian seen in *Shoulder Arms* and *A Dog's Life* he could never have written and directed a production as successful as *A Woman of Paris*. A director must be more versatile than an actor.

Chaplin can and probably will be greater as a director than he ever was

as an actor from the psychologist's standpoint. He will certainly show more dramatic scope in his new profession. For while as an actor he taught himself to laugh at life, he has never as an individual failed to feel its pathos. Directing others will give expression to a hidden power.

This is David Seabury's analysis of his creative genius and its relation to his work:

"The greatness of Chaplin's humor lays in the streak of sadness in his nature. Beneath the twist and wiggle and all of Chaplin's apparent laughter the trained eye detects a brooding depth in his nature. His inner self has large areas of poignant feeling.

Chaplin's 'Experience Residue'

CHARLIN's face and his whole manner of acting shows what is called an 'experience residue.' He carries immense marks of early childhood impressions. The irresistible quality of him lies in the fact that he has been teaching himself to laugh since he was a child. Hidden pathos

first made the laughter to keep itself from tears.

"This expression of comedy and repression of tragedy implies much emotional power. But by the same token it does not provide for full personal dramatic expression. Chaplin has been withholding the deeper responses of his character too long to be able to bring those areas of self into screen action. Yet he can use them as a director. Because of the burying of the more tragic emotion, restraint on responsiveness to pain and suffering he could not turn about and put those qualities into direct expression. They have, however, given poignancy to his laughter. They make his capacity for fun all the funnier.

"Chaplin makes such an immense appeal because there is not a newsboy who does not feel behind his clowning all of the hidden moods of a very opposite expression. Most of us seek laughter to keep up our courage and to forget fatigue. Chaplin could never have supplied our need as he has if he had not everlastingly possessed the need himself.

Early Experiences Still Cling

"NOTE the variation and quick change of gesture in any of the Chaplin films. Think how many of his poses would look if made permanent. Watteau's Clown in the Louvre has some of the same brooding quality which appears in Chaplin's apparently ridiculous movements.

"It is also revealed in a close study of Chaplin's face. Even when he laughs there is a strain under the lower eyelids. His lips have lines of sadness even in a smile. Both eyes and lips have been making expressions when he was not before his audiences. His hours of public appearance have not hidden his early experiences as a little London lad.

"These conditions are of immense importance in thinking of Chaplin as a director. They mean that he is able to comprehend many sides of life he has never portrayed himself on the screen. Suffering, poverty, loneliness—all of which he has known, he can express when he is directing others.

Griffith Might Have Been a Writer

"DAVID WARK GRIFFITH is a very different type of director from that which Chaplin is and will become. Chaplin's ability lies in all he has never expressed as an actor, in his purely human grasp. In Griffith there is an enormous amount of executive and even scientific capacity mixed with what, before the days of the movies, might have come out in literary expression.

"Fifty years ago the only place in the world for Griffith would have been as a writer of comprehensive essays. They would have included scientific and statis-

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tical as well as human phases.

"Griffith's face placed among those of editors, writers, critics of art and the drama and research workers in science would look entirely at home. Substitute that of Fairbanks or Chaplin. Either would seem as alien as would the face of a musician. Griffith belongs to the executive, organic group. He thinks as well with weights and measures as he does with human values. He would have made an excellent architect. His whole mental type shows that he conceives a picture only fifty per cent as a matter of human beings, the other half as a piece of machinery. In this he differs widely from the average playwright and producer of the spoken stage. His is a mind not so capable on the human value side as is Belasco's for instance.

Builds Like an Architect

"FOR so efficient a person in material management Griffith is curiously subjective. In fact, I am inclined to think he is more able to conceive and carry out the big outlines of a play than to bring precision into details of execution.

"In subjectivity he thinks as an architect does, in terms of operation, not as a writer thinks in terms of human situation. If Bernard Shaw turned motion picture producer he would be the very antithesis of Griffith. Shaw would start in with human values. Building situations all around them he would bore through to a plan of execution.

"Griffith starts with a plan of execution and works toward the human situation. As he comes down to the more purely human side, his technique will become greater. If one could graft Shaw or Eugene O'Neill on to Griffith or vice versa three great results in the dramatic world would appear.

Rex Ingram's Temporal Chin

"THE chin of Rex Ingram is more expedient and temporal than that of Griffith. He meets a situation more abruptly. There are a hundred evidences of this in his face. He has the alertness to life which means precision of thought and action. His is a nice balance between the subjective and the objective, between understanding human beings and carrying out plans for them to operate in under his directorial supervision.

"Compare his eye with Griffith's. Ingram's more than shows penetration, his grasp of intentions and motives. He takes a humorous delight in the way we mortals disport ourselves. There is a neatness about his mind which gives an edge but also limitation to his directing capacity. For every ability tends to set limits. He sees with so much precision that he often lacks the imaginative scope of a less definitive penetration.

"Griffith has the squarer brow of the

scientist. He has the subjective eye which weighs operations.

"Ingram's eye measures people. Students of men get his look of precision. Practically no upper eyelid is visible in Ingram when his eyes are open. The upper lid always disappears in the man who studies human beings.

"Griffith has the drooping eyelid of the subjective mind. Subjectivity is always related to sleep and tends to produce that expression.

"Compare the chins of Griffith and Ingram. Griffith has the idealistic will. He has to conceive what he does as an idea before he can make himself carry it out.

The Sculptor's Appreciation of Form

NOTICE the chiselled quality of Rex Ingram's lips and the finish of his features. For a moment imagine yourself a sculptor. If you modelled that nose or pressed your fingers into clay in forming the upper lip you would have to carry your touch with the greatest delicacy.

"Ingram has the sculptor's appreciation of form and mass. He is a sculptor first, then a director. That is the secret of his motion picture success, because such a man takes the clay of human nature and fairly models his production into being. His definiteness of touch is the power and the limitation of his work. The sense of form which it brings is confining. It prevents limitless suggestibility implied by less definition.

De Mille's Dramatic Mind

ONE would look far to find greater contrast of type than Ingram and DeMille unless it were DeMille and Griffith. In DeMille the appreciation of human values, the instinct for elemental forces is supreme over sense of form and conception of craft. DeMille shows in every attribute the type of mind seeking for the humanly dramatic to portray thought, emotions and feelings — to bring the inside of man into outward expression. This, of course, is true of any great director but not always so strikingly. Griffith puts the emphasis on the architecture of a play, Ingram on the artistry. De Mille puts his finger on the dramatically human and keeps it there. He has a veritable instinct for these values. He smells them out, as it were.

"All of De Mille's sensitivity is in the face, the end of his nose, the chin and the brow.

"His eye is tremendously subjective, but totally different from that of Griffith, who has the inner thought of a planner. De Mille is a ponderer of human action. He has unusual penetration and comprehension of the human. He reads thoughts and feelings. It is to these he wishes to give expression. There is something of

(Continued on page 92)

"How I Became Popular Overnight!"

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I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.—*Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wis.*

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I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.—*Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.*

Learns In Short Time
I received your course in dancing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your instructions. I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is.—*Arthur Hossack, Flint, Mich.*

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(Continued from page 90)
the playwright in De Mille. He has more intimate understanding of the actor's feelings than most directors because he has emotional comprehension."

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Ingram's Scaramouche contained scenes of masterly composition and types of startling precision.

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And now of Gloria Swanson.

Swanson Gift of Visual Imagery

HERE is one quality about Miss Swanson that is more commonly found in directors than in actors and actresses," declares David Seabury. "This is the gift of visual imagery which is stronger in her than are the blinder forces of emotion. This does not mean that she lacks a high measure of feeling but that her feeling is more immediately translated into thought by the way her memory paints the actions of emotion and intention. Her mind is like the sensitive film on which her pictures are taken. It is a subtle series of impressions clearer and fuller than is often found in so ephemeral a world as dramatic art. Yet for all his visual sensibility there is an elusive quality even in the most realistic of Miss Swanson's efforts. It seems as if she belonged to the world of romance rather than of life. Edgar Allan Poe would have wanted to know Miss Swanson. For like him she never comes out into the cold light of every day.

Interprets Rather Than Creates

HUMAN moods, longings, the undertone of feelings—these are what impress her, what she is seeking to portray to her audiences. Her gift is to interpret rather than to create. There is more of reproductive imagination in her than any other dramatic quality. Even her hands show this. Her fingers have a way of talking when she acts, but they touch more the notes of sensation than of thought or emotional reality. The same evidence of imagery appears in the mouth and eyes.

"Her nature is like a pair of balances—really even until she throws herself on one side to express some human quality. She is not, however, like Ada Rehan, driven by her own emotion in the part.

"Whatever light plays upon Miss Swanson's face there is a shadow below her mouth, a quivering light on her chin. There are shadows below her brows. They soften the eyes. In the gestures of her hands the little finger is forever pulling away from the others and the hand seems to reach out. This shows not only love

of the romantic but a poetic rebellion against every day realities. The emphasis in Miss Swanson's nature lies in the response to those who have known this rebellion, this suffering from a too blatant reality. And this note is strong in her dramatic gift.

Pola and Life's Contradictions

WITH Pola Negri, Dr. Seabury said, acting is not art. It is life. Drama is as necessary to her heart and mind as porridge is to a Scotchman. She can appreciate and love the simple monotony of the every day world if she does not have to live in it.

"She could never be at her best when acting a quiet, provincial role, unless it was a part built on revolt," he said. "But in a complex and subtle plot where imagination and suggestion weave a subjective filament of human feeling she needs only to do as she would do in just such a living situation.

"If you will study Miss Negri's face in the swifter moments of a scene you will see how seldom hers is a full smile. Nearly always it veils a mocking at the thing or person smiled at. Even in tragedy it hides a humorous levity. It is her subjective subtlety, her sense of the contradictions of life that gives Pola Negri her power. She sees motives more clearly than actions, grasps intentions more fully than conditions. She feels the simple as if it were complex and realizes that the simple never is simple save when it is primitive.

"When she throws back her head the sensitive lines of the neck show that hers is an expression of contradictions, of primitive emotions veiled in complex and subtle sophistication.

"Her powers are the very opposite of those possessed by the little milkmaid of sentimental fame. Hers is a secret diplomacy openly arrived at."

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is the type of actor who belongs to one play as Jefferson did to Rip Van Winkle in the opinion of the psychologist.

The Graphic Barthelmess Arms

IF Barthelmess will learn to be a student of men as was Jefferson he will go twenty times further than if he obeys the custom of the very different types about him and tries to act from his cardiac cavity," he said. "This does not mean that he is not versatile or cannot act more than one part. His ability lies in grasping the kinks and quirks, the mental attitude of a character. He will be more successful if he develops this side of his talent.

"No matter what he is doing or what part he is playing you never quite get away from the Barthelmess arms. Even if only a shoulder is showing in a scene, he

SCREENLAND

is saying something with it. He has made his body a background to his face in which you see not so much *feeling* as the expression of how he thinks the character of his part thought about life.

"I'd like to have some one write a true character scenario for Barthelmess after making a study of him himself—a picture around the early life of some famous pioneer, one who had so much disposition that he could not disguise it even in buckskins.

"Daniel Boone, Davie Crockett, Bowie or Lincoln has such rooted traits of character that they showed even in their elbows and the hitch of their trousers. Barthelmess is the type to sit down and study such a man until he sees him stalking about his mind with all the curious twists and turns.

"Success with such a type as Barthelmess is never accidental. Really he is not an actor at all, but a portrait painter and a biographer with his face and his body. His emotional concentration gathers about his mental concentration and follows it. Where his mind has not conceived the way his feelings are less expressive.

"If fortune or his own judgment guide him to concentrate on roles where the character action is not submerged under a dominating, involved, sensational plot he should some day be seen on the spoken stage as well as the screen in a play as unforgettable as *Rip Van Winkle*."

Rudy of The Lost Continent

JUST where did Rodolph Valentino come from?

There is just one answer, according to Dr. Seabury.

From the lost continent of Atlantis and the race of the Incas.

"Psychologically Valentino's anatomy as shown in several Indian poses I saw recently is more interesting than his face," said the psychologist. "Certainly he comes from and lives in a world most people are too sophisticated and too casual to understand. Yet there are few among the film stars about whom the public has had more definite ideas. There are none about whom they have been so wrong."

"A superficial estimate of some temperaments is the verse of the trained observer's searching analysis. Valentino is one of these. The public has accepted him in the main as magnetic and subtle, possessed of that hypnotic fascination with which superstition endows the snake charmer, a masculine Cleopatra. For them he makes the perfect Hindu Prince, the ideal sheik. Indeed, any part elusive, mysterious and primordial, from the Egyptian priest to the Indian brave belongs in the popular mind to the Valentino myth.

"Just one attribute of the popular idea is true to the actual Valentino. He is primordial. He belongs, as does many a



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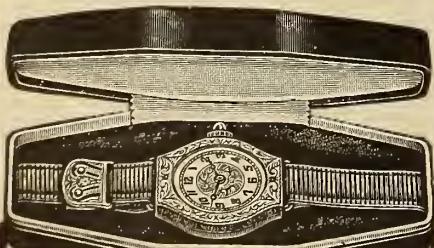
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Valentino Instinctive But Not Subtle

WHEN the public thinks Valentino subtle, he isn't. He is only being instinctive. His quality called 'mysterious and fascinating' comes from a strong but almost unconscious comprehension of forces repressed in every one of us.

"Valentino is relatively free from inner conflict and remarkably responsive to the impulses in the heart of man. This un-

repressedness and lack of distortion is Valentino's gift and the cause of popular misunderstanding.

"To do Valentino justice it is necessary to analyze his whole figure. The modern analyst does not look at bumps on the head or judge character by an eyebrow or any one feature, or even from the whole figure. He uses a hundred different means. As was said in the quotation from Jung's book, he weighs and measures every action, every movement, shape of the hands, style and, even, Sherlock Holmes fashion, manners in shoes.

¶ A Battle For Independence of Press—From page 31

Screenland's Fight for Freedom

freedom, it understands how Mr. Fairbanks must feel when he tosses his whole fortune into a single picture because he wants to do it for the love of the thing. All of which is a bit beside the point.

SCREENLAND Will Carry On

SCREENLAND is going on, just as fearless as before. Glancing through the pages of this and future issues, you will find

that it does obtain the best pictures and the liveliest news first. You will find that it will tell the truth about people and things, that its criticisms will be honest and unbiased and that it will take more than the antiquated portion of the motion picture industry to quench its spirit of independence and youth.

One thing more, you will find that this fight will not bias its columns. SCREENLAND will treat its enemies and its friends alike—honestly and fairly.

¶ Why Stars Desert Stardom—From page 28

Making Failure Pay

May was one of the ill-fated Realart stars. The next day May was engaged for "West of the Water Tower" by the same company that had failed to put her over as a star. And, like a wise child, she asked and received much more money than she had ever drawn from the regular pay roll.

And there is Enid Bennet, once starred by Thomas H. Ince. She, too, was cut off the role of glory. But it hasn't damaged her financial standing. Miss Bennett is sought after as a leading woman. Instead of wondering whether or not her star pictures are going to be a success, all she has to do is to collect her salary and go on to the next studio where a leading woman is needed.

Why are they worth more as plain actors than as stars? Why, for instance, does Mayo, no longer starred by Universal, get more than Herbert Rawlinson who is still on the list?

The answer is easy. The market is overcrowded with stars and it is short of actors. And it is especially short of leading men. Any young man with an agreeable personality can get over as a star for a short length of time—that is, until the public gets tired of him. But it takes experience, patience, a level head, and a good appearance to be a leading

man.

Feminine stars may count upon Mayo, Tearle, Dexter or Walsh not to run away with the picture on them. They have a way of setting off a scene without being unduly conspicuous. They are agreeable about helping the ladies on and off with their wraps. They know their business—the studio business—and if they have an inward craving to get away with a little glory for themselves, they think of the financial returns of being a star as compared with the financial returns of being merely "good support." They squelch that prima donna instinct.

By way of comparison, it is interesting to note that Rodolph Valentino, from the standpoint of the star, was the worst leading man in the business. He was a handicap and a detriment. No matter how his scenes were cut, he could be counted upon to run away with the picture. Alice Terry, Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Dalton—even Gloria Swanson couldn't outshine him. No star that has played with him has ever asked for a return engagement.

And the moral is that it pays to be inconspicuous and that it is better to be among those present with Goldwyn or Paramount than the owner of the largest star dressing room at Universal City.



CARL VAN VECHTEN
Author of "Peter Whiffle"
and "The Blind Bow Boy"

Is Van Vechten An Immortal?

THE BLIND BOW BOY—Carl Van Vechten (*Alfred A. Knopf*). If only Van Vechten could identify himself with some colorful vices, he could lay claim to immortality. For to my way of thinking *The Blind Bow Boy* is as brilliant a piece of work as anything Oscar Wilde ever turned out and he reminds me a great deal of Wilde. His brilliant and fascinating Campaspe, the depraved Duke, the beautiful and innocent Harold, and Bunny and Zimbule, and the valet, are like characters on a visit from the mind that created *Dorian Gray* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Van Vechten does not think it necessary for a serious novel to be serious. He proves it by creating characters who are joyously impossible, who never could, would or should live in our world and yet somehow or other we feel as if they do. I am tempted so state that the book has some juicy passages in the hopes that this will induce you to read it. It really deserves immortality and will undoubtedly achieve it.

FORTUNE'S FOOL—Rafael Sabatini (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*). Rafael Sabatini who has become quite the vogue with screen fans since the production of *Scaramouche*, presents in *Fortune's Fool* a story of old England at the time of the great plague. The story is of a very romantic nature, plentifully interlarded with sword play. A good picture of London Town in the age of the Cavaliers. The story is interesting and colorful, although it moves very slowly in the first part of the book. All right for a winter's evening.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOVIES?—Tamar Lane (*Waverly Company, Los Angeles*). Tamar Lane has apparently been reading the back numbers of SCREENLAND and our own much imitated George Jean Nathan. For he has produced a book which probes the motion picture industry both keenly and wittily. We thank you, Mr. Tamar Lane, for placing our editor, Mr. Frederick James Smith, at the head of your list as "the outstanding critic of the silent drama."

ANYA KOVALCHUK—Clarence Wilbur Taber (*Covici-McGee Company*). Another Freudian novel. The story of a love out of wedlock, told with the principals appearing, not in person, but mainly through the effect made on other characters and their reaction on the question of sex and marriage. The story holds one's interest, although the characters are, in the main, spokesmen for quotations from Schopenhauer and Ellen Key and the author's statements on sex intended for quotation.

The fantastic coincidences throughout the book, and the lack of reality of the characters are made plausible by the surprising ending, a rather amateurish construction. Comparing the book to Rebecca West's *The Judge*, a story which also deals with the vital subject of sex and marriage with the character of the man only as he affects the lives of others. Anya Kovalchuk seems pitifully half-baked. It lacks the artistry and sensitiveness to character detail that *The Judge* abounds in. Miss West does not need any "scientific" explanation to make her story ring true, as does Mr. Taber. Every word her characters utter is an added bit of rich color to the drawing of the individual and plays its part in the composition of the finished picture.

Anya Kovalchuk is, however, a sincere effort, but it is unfortunate that Mr. Taber was engrossed in making it a "novel of protest," neglecting to perfect it as a novel. *Cont. on page 104*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOVIES?

By Tamar Lane

A SENSATIONAL book which throws aside all bunk and film-flam and reveals fearlessly the true facts concerning the photoplay and the making of films. Written by an authority of over ten years' intimate experience in the picture business.

The author daringly exposes the shams, conventions and faults of the photoplay world and gives for the first time a complete appraisal of who's who and what is worth while in the silent drama.

"What's Wrong with the Movies?" has exploded like a bombshell in the cinema industry and caused a sensation from Maine to California. It is the most talked of book of the year and no one interested in the films should fail to read it.

The *Hollywood News* says: "If censorship existed on books as on films Tamar Lane would go to jail for life, and be shot at sunrise every morning for good measure."

The *Boston Post* says: "Extremely interesting because it gives for the first time the real inside opinion of the movies."

Frances Agnew in the *New York Telegraph*: "This book, which contains much food for discussion, is creating more than a sensation in Hollywood."

The *Hollywood Filmograph* says: "A book filled with truth—not salve—a sensationally critical volume. Will undoubtedly run into many editions."

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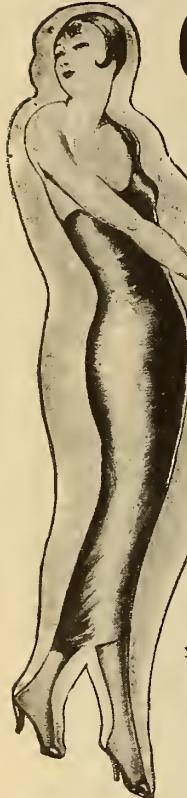
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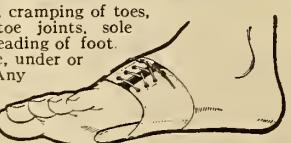
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Gossip of Hollywood and New York—From page 80

The Listening Post

SPEAKING of *Lilies of the Field*, I wonder if Pauline Garon will be engaged for the role she played in the stage version. It was Pauline's entry to Broadway and to her subsequent career in the movies.

WILL the blowdown of ancient Roman society will be cut loose in *Messalina*, an Italian film which has been brought to this country by a hopeful company. If *Messalina* can beat any of the local *Sins of the Flappers*, the Italian company has a knock-out.

MONROE, the beautiful and well-loved collie belonging to Fred Niblo and his wife Enid Bennett, was shot by a stranger the

other day. The dog, tired from his romping with the children of the neighborhood, lay panting on the lawn before the house of Mrs. Niblo's mother, Mrs. N. L. Bennett. A man passed. The children say that Monroe did not move from his position, but merely perked up his ears. The man drew a revolver and wantonly shot the beautiful dog. Enid Bennett ran out and discovered her pet lying with his hind leg shattered. The dog was rushed to a veterinarian, and the leg was amputated, but so much blood had been lost that as this is written, the dog is believed to be dying. Anyone who has ever loved a dog, and especially as loving and friendly a dog as a collie, will sympathize with the Niblos' grief and indignation.

Hollywood's Mysterious Jinx—From page 55

The Hoodoo House

SIGRID HOLMQUIST took over the house on the hillside—and the ill fortune. Sigrid, named the "Swedish Mary Pickford" though her resemblance, in feature or temperament, to America's Sweetheart cannot be discerned readily, felt the heavy hand of misfortune immediately. One evening she stood on her porch, bidding good-bye to a parting guest. Sigrid is blonde, and is about the same height as Mary Miles Minter. Vines shrouded the verandah. Suddenly a shot rang out, then another. Was the shot intended for Sigrid Holmquist? Or was it meant for Mary Miles Minter? Hollywood never found out.

Frightened, Sigrid moved away from that house of ill omen. And in a few days a bride and groom came to live there. James Kirkwood and his young bride, Lila Lee, scoffed at superstition.

Their happiness would take the curse off the place, they doubtless thought. But within a fortnight after they were married, James Kirkwood was thrown from his horse. His skull was fractured, and for days he was believed to be at death's door. But the surgeon's skill and the devotion of his young wife saved him.

But their misfortunes were not yet over. The sinister influence of the house on the hillside still had troubles in store for them. Lila Lee was shocked to hear one day that her foster-father was "wanted" by the authorities, on an embezzlement charge. Poor little Lila, one of the sweetest and finest girls in Hollywood, was subjected to all sorts of unpleasant publicity, through no fault of her own.

Who will be the next victim of Hollywood's "hoodoo house"? *Quien sabe?*

Mr. Nathan Reviews the New Plays—From page 69

Dramaland

with Colonel Hamilton, D.S.O., that we Americans in the Spanish-American war were fighting against gentlemen but, in view of the fact that the odds in advance were something like one thousand to one in the favor of us Americans, one may privilege one's self some speculation as to the opinion that the Spaniards hold in the matter.

Molnar's Sophisticated Sentiment

MOLNAR'S *The Swan* is Meyer-

Foerster's *Old Heidelberg* by a dramatist who has preferred to view the theme through the mind rather than through the heart. The result, as is often the case in such instances, is a play doubly convincing in its sentiment.

Not in some time has the popular theatre enjoyed so persuasive a mixture of sentiment and sophistication. Here we have substantial charm: the silk of a sagacious heart in place of the cheesecloth of the more usual quack heart. The production of the play cannot be spoken of too highly. It is as sharply intelligent



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as the manuscript itself. Only once—this in the scene of the lovers' parting in the final act—does the producer permit the actors to diminish the effect implicit in the text. For the rest, the exhibit is to be recommended to you as the popular theatre at its best. (I appreciate that such rare drama as *Cyrano* may also constitute popular theatre, but you know what I mean without my wasting a hundred more words, so let it go at that.) It is gratifying to note that a play like *The Swan* can attract general audiences of sufficient bulk to make it a commercial success. Why longer lament the great success of such a dish of slops as, say, *Abie's Irish Rose*, when in the same community there is also room—albeit smaller room—for a true and tender, and very worthy comedy like this comedy of Molnar's?

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true in the instance of Martin-Harvey, the Englishman. The latter is an intelligent manager, a manager of taste and of enterprise, but as an actor he is distinctly second-rate. Martin-Harvey's conception of acting is of an art resident almost entirely in the tonsils and biceps. He interprets a role less as an actor might be expected to interpret it than as it would be interpreted by an elocutionist doing Walter Camp's daily dozen. He reads a funeral sermon over the role to the accompaniment of various Lionel Strongfort and Earl Liederman exercises. But his selection of drama is usually as valid as his productions of the dramas themselves. His *Oedipus*, due to the efforts of Reinhardt who made the production for him, is the best presentation of the Greek tragedy that the theatre has witnessed in our time. And his production of *Via Crucis* is similarly impressive. But he leaves much to be desired as an actor.

All Dialogue and No Plot

FREDERIC LONSDALE writes very much better dialogue than he writes plays. The dialogue in much of his latest comedy, *Spring Cleaning*, is as witty and sparkling as anything that has come this way this or last season. When the plot of the play doesn't get in its way, the dialogue is completely diverting. Indeed, so diverting that it deceives one into believing that the play is much better than it is. Mr. Lonsdale's plots would seem to be culled in essence from the remote past of Henry Arthur Jones (as in his *Aren't We All?*) and from the somewhat less remote past of Haddon Chambers (as in the instance of *Spring Cleaning*). Mr. Lonsdale's technic, forsooth, would seem to be to take an old plot and then, by the exercise of amiable and humorous dialogue, make his audience forget it. Which, incidentally, is not such a bad technic after all.

Speaking for myself—which is sublimely idiotic talk, as for whom else should or can I speak?—I may say that I enjoyed this *Spring Cleaning* a great deal. It would be very easy for me to turn professor and learnedly tell you of all its defects—they are as obvious as Cyrano's nose or Charlie Chaplin's feet—but the fact is that one does not particularly notice them while one is sitting in an orchestra chair and laughing at Lonsdale's delightful embroidery of humor. A. E. Matthews is extremely amusing in the role of a philandering bachelor, and Arthur Byron skilful, as always, in the opposite role of the husband whose fair squaw the bachelor has clapped an evil eye upon. Estelle Winwood is effective in the actor-proof role of the prostitute whom the husband brings in off the streets to teach his wife's degenerate friends a lesson, and Violet Heming, commonplace in the earlier stages of the evening, manages her scenes of indignation later on with considerable dexterity.

Edgar Selwyn has staged the manuscript very well indeed.

"Stepping Stones" Entertaining

IT is the fashion of a certain school of criticism to attend an excellent music show, have an excellent good time at it, and then write a piece deplored the inconsequence of such entertainments. It is a process of ratiocination that, try as I may, I find myself unable to plumb. The critic who cannot enjoy *Hamlet* one night and the *Follies* the next seems to me to have something constitutionally wrong with him. The critic whose pleasure lies in a single form of theatrical exhibition is one who may be listened to with interest and with profit once in a while, but surely not regularly. *The Mikado* is a work of art no less than *Romeo and Juliet*. *Shuffle Along* has its place in the theatre, and in criticism perhaps no less, equally with *The Swan*.

Stepping Stones, the latest Dillingham show starring Fred Stone and featuring his little daughter, Dorothy, is a good show, good entertainment of the appropriately light order, and deserving of just as favorable criticism in its way as *The Swan* is in its. The dancing is as good as Lonsdale's dialogue; the melodies are frequently as good as Martin-Harvey's production of *Oedipus*; the costumes are as beautiful as the acting of Eva Le Gallienne. The libretto, by Ann Caldwell, however, may politely be left to a grim silence. The hoofing of the little Stone girl is of a remarkable versatility: she can do with her feet everything that her father can.

Two Witty Bubbles

ZOE AKIN'S *A Royal Fandago* and Somerset Maugham's *The Camel Back* are witty bubbles that are not entirely successful in enduring the harsh pin-pricks of the theatre. Each of them blows up dramatically before half its course is run upon the stage. Both have excellent first acts; both have much charm; both have a liberal sprinkling of amiable humor in their second and third acts; both run very thin as the evening wears on. This is even truer of Miss Akin's opus than it is of Maugham's though the producing treatment of the former may be in part responsible for the tepid effect in the later part of the evening. Ethel Barrymore, as the princess who claps a naughty eye on the young matador in the Akins play, is, as ever, an attractive figure, and the newcomer, Jose Alessandro, is a talented and engaging leading man. The rest of the company that Hopkins has assembled is pretty sour. The Maugham piece has fared much better in this respect. The cast, headed by Charles Cherry, Violet Kemble Cooper and Louise Closser Hale, is exceptionally good.



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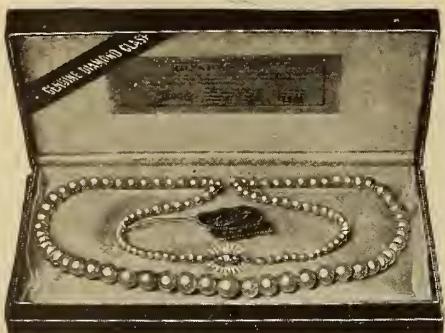
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Clubs are Trump

—From page 33

the matter of social and professional supremacy is still in question. I am content to leave it a toss-up. It would indeed be an intrepid Paris who, living in the same country with these bevy of beauties, would dare to laud the excellence of either.

Without acknowledging any polygamous tendencies I can but say "how happy I could be with either were the other dear charmer(s) away."

Though Clair Windsor, dogged as she is by her true name of Ola Cronk, of Cawker City, Kansas, is a member of "The Regulars," I can still believe Miss Priscilla Bonner's statement that the club is serious sometimes and frivolous at others.

Pauline Garon is another whom I cannot imagine as taking kindly to books although the club has a circulating library. Rollicking Kathleen Key never struck me as being anything but a flapper par excellence who is quite willing to get her ideas of current literature from book reviewers.

"We are very serious," Miss Bonner said, "although we are sometimes frivolous. We are interested in the profession and by keeping up in our reading we are able to know what parts are best suited for whom."

The Y. W. C. A. operates a club in Hollywood, "The Studio Club," but sundry excursions to the place have convinced me that it is more of a thing of expediency than either of the other two.

The seriousness of the Studio Club girls is belied by their moviesque appearance. I imagine ardent swains are unable to do their stuff with much gusto until they have left the club's ascetic confines far behind. Perhaps then seriousness slips into gaiety akin to that characterizing members of "Our Club" and "The Regulars." But there is something so chilling in the catalytic "Y. W. C. A.," the Studio Club's guiding star.

In addition to these there are many other clubs in Hollywood maintained by film folk, not counting those whose generic name is "pressing."

The motion picture directors have theirs. And aping the men for whom they do leg and lip service, the assistant directors are also banded together.

The cinematographers, which is Hollywoodiana for cameramen who get so much salary plus so much mention in the film titles, cut quite a swathe in silver screendom. Their recent party at the Biltmore in the golden ballroom quite surpassed some of Cecil De Mille's affairs which some may interpret one way and others, another.

But the bell-cow of movie clubdom is The Writers', Inc., although to be as

Motion Picture Directory

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Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 563 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton, Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

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METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors), Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

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SCREENLAND

clever as they are reported to be, members should have insisted that the organization be officially known as "The Writers', Ink."

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The club was founded years ago by the Screenwriters' Guild. No one, save a guaranteed, brass-bound, non-refillable author could then win membership. Hence scads and scads of money were collected from such pseudo-scribblers as publicity men, newshounds, and so forth, for associate memberships.

At the present time the associate members have equal suffrage with the more gifted screenwriters, gaining it by

pulling just what the camel did to the Arab, and associate memberships are a thing of the past.

Thompson Buchanan is president of The Writers'. Jeannie MacPherson, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, the DeMilles, in fact anyone in picturedom who is anything, and many who are not, are members.

Members can sign checks for meals at The Writers', a very convenient privilege, the playwrights assure me.

The Writers' is all that any club should be. It gives a revue every year; has pool tables, a bulletin board, a clerk with an English accent, a list of posted members, as well as a properly aesthetic if somewhat murky atmosphere.

One almost expects to walk into a shrine every time a corner is turned, to find the faithful salaaming before a Smiling Blah, deity of title-writers and scenarists, surmounted by a motto in gleaming gold of "Ars Gratia Artis."



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¶ The Earnestness of Mr. Ray—From page 51

Charlie, Be Yourself

The Girl I Love. Ray wanted to buy, from Selig, some years ago, the screen rights to *The Old Swimmin' Hole*. To do so, he was obliged to buy also the rights to *Down to Old Aunt Mary's* and *The Girl I Love*.

He was not concerned with the latter until recently when he read it one day and saw its charm. He read it again and again until he began to see it as a motion picture. He works that way—considering carefully every step: nothing hurried, nothing impulsively or suddenly accomplished. He made *The Old Swimmin' Hole* first, you remember; and it was a fine picture. Sometime later he did *The Girl I Love*, which was even finer. *The Girl*, he says, is supposed to have been Riley's own sweetheart. The poem was withdrawn from the editions of his works.

Mr. Ray is elated—I quote him—over the receptions given him in the cities he has played. He plans to open *The Girl I Love*—not a motion picture—in New York in several months. The date has not been set. *The Courtship of Miles Standish*

will be his last picture for almost a year.

I have met him only once. I don't pretend to give you the impression of him that a Californian, one who has seen him in his very own home, could give you. I see him as you would see him if you met him. I'm entirely unprejudiced. I've thought, ever since *The Coward*, that he is an inspired actor; that *The Girl I Love* approached greatness. I shall be right there when *The Courtship of Miles Standish* has its Manhattan premier. But of the screen people I have seen, Charles Ray seems to me to be the least inspiring personally. Shy: pathetically eager to be liked; but self-conscious in his determination to live up to his ideas of what a great man should be—which is never, under any circumstances, himself.

He has a curious voice. It is peculiarly monotonous, and almost reproachful. His mouth droops fretfully at times. He is most likeable when he smiles.

Out in his home in Beverly Hills, he has a bathroom done in black. I wonder if he will ever grow up?

¶ The Screen's Matrimonial Successes—From page 74

Their Severest Critics

Charlie's career.

Harold Lloyd had, one suspects, held similar hopes for his bride, Mildred Davis. For awhile she was as delighted as a child with her impressive home, her \$7,000 rugs and her fancy walnut bedroom suites. But she has teased Harold into letting her go back—hence the news of the latest contract. But that isn't preventing her taking an enthusiastic interest

in the lovely new home at Beverly that Harold is building.

Mrs. Milton Sills is English, like many of the screen wives, and the mother of a little girl. They live in Hollywood and, it is whispered, Mrs. Sills opens and answers all hubby's fan mail.

Mrs. Roy Stewart writes and paints. The Stewarts have a place in Hollywood,

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but they also own property in Mexico, where they contemplate building a hacienda for retirement some day.

Some More Matrimonial Successes

MRS. WILL ROGERS presides over a magnificent home at Beverly and is the adoring wife and mother of three husky children.

Conrad Nagel also possesses a young wife, who can placidly and unemotionally witness Conrad making professional love to screen sirens without a quiver. Indeed, Conrad has been playing Paul in Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* with Aileen Pringle as The Lady, which is enough to start any wife worrying.

Sessue Hayakawa has the most ador-

able little Japanese wife, whose home is an instance of perfect housekeeping. She was on the screen for years as Tsuro Aoki. It is said that Mrs. Hayakawa keeps her servants longer and secures better service from them than any other film star's wife.

The Thomas Meighans have been married many years. Mrs. Tommy Meighan was Frances Ring of stage fame, and Tommy was once her leading man. But she has submerged her interests in those of her popular husband.

Walter Hiers was recently married to a non-professional.

So much for successful celluloid matrimony! Here, at least, are the recordable instances of sixteen prominent players who seem to have mastered its problems.

¶ Film stars are in reality twins—From page 58

Twin Stars

unfortunate to feature in a motor accident about a year or so ago. She incurred a deep scar on her right cheek. She thought for a while that her screen career was ended, that she could never appear before a camera again. But plastic surgery solved the problem.

Another famous film star was quite dreadfully burned about the face and arms, when her motor car took fire. The accident was kept under cover, and the star went to Vienna as soon as the burns healed. There her doctor, a famous surgeon, offered in her

name the sum of three thousand dollars for enough skin to graft on to the star's face, to cover the scars. The Viennese girls fairly fought for the chance to earn that amount of money, which at the rate of exchange meant a real fortune. The operation was successful, and the only sign of the grafting that is visible is a slight tightness about the left side of the mouth, when she smiles.

Yes, they're many-sided personalities, these stars, and every angle has a meaning all its own. Twin stars, here's to 'em, and may they never be eclipsed!

¶ Doings of the Movie Play Boy—From page 43

The Legends of Mickey

the letter aside, "Mickey Neilan wrote that one."

As an independent producer, Mickey failed to make a go of it and his studio always tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. For one thing, Mickey was such a poor business man that he usually hired anyone who needed a job, whether he happened to have a place for him or not. The sheriff haunted the gate of his studio, with the persistency of the proverbial wolf at the door. Naturally, the sheriff, like everyone else, soon counted Mickey one of his best friends.

Neilan was called suddenly to New York. On his way East, he telegraphed his studio representative: "How is the sheriff?"

Back came the answer: "He hasn't reported today."

Mickey was worried. The next day, another telegram arrived at the studio: "Has the sheriff come back?"

The answer was: "He's at the gate."

Back flew another telegram: "Take him in and feed him. Kind regards."

At one time, Mickey worked for a company which was selling stock in Wall Street. And the state of the stock was an anxious one to the officials of the organization. As usual, Mickey went ahead and engaged a large cast of players. Following his usual policy, he took pains to engage capable people who needed the money. And Mickey saw to it that they were well paid.

One day, he lined up his cast in the studio yard for a still picture. It was an expensive and high-salaried group. All of a sudden, he saw the general manager coming across the lot.

"Break up!" Neilan shouted to his friends. "Break up before he sees you, or the stock'll go down!"

When he is surrounded by his players,



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cameramen and assistants, Mickey is the kindest and most considerate of directors. But when an executive, an efficiency man or a "higher up" in the company appears on his set, the Irish in Mickey rises to the surface and overwhelms him.

At the studio, Mickey was particularly annoyed by a manager who had a habit of "snooping" around his set. And so Mickey looked around for a way to let the manager know that his appearance wasn't welcome.

Therefore, he instructed the studio orchestra to strike up an old tune called "The Mosquito's Parade" every time the "snooper" came within hearing distance of the music. And Mickey, upon spotting the offender, struck up a solemn dance.

The farce went on for months. No matter whether the particular scene happened to be tragic or gay, simple or thrilling, the manager always found Mickey doing his dance to the tune of "The Mosquito's Parade." It was impossible for the manager to catch him off guard. Every time, he paid a call on Mickey, the same strange farce was going on.

To this day, it isn't safe to hum "The Mosquito's Parade" in certain executive offices.

And now Mickey is directing Mary Pickford again. It's a fair arrangement. Mary is half Irish herself.

Wherfore Art Thou Romeo

From page 61

They will it, especially for Juliet, who really was a flapper knowing little less of life than those of the present day. The speeches which the censors will cut out prove that.

The public will stand for hips on the hoop-la-lahs who yodel in front of the Diamond Horseshoe but there is nothing cinema stars can use for youth if theirs be spent.

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Shakespeare did not rely on gorgeous

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Otherwise there will be many patrons who will be unable to understand what it is all about.

Take the passage in Scene II, in Capulet's orchard where Juliet soliloquizes, as an example:

*Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west—*

What exhibitor would stand for that?

How many flapper lips would curl in derision at such a line? They'd all clamor for something like this:

On your way, bozo, burn it up

*To Little Phoebe's hang-out; such a shover
As my man Pat would knock you for a loop—*

Romeo and The Censors

AND I shudder to think what the producers and censors will do to the plot of the tragedy. Its against the rules to kill off both hero and heroine. Anything like suicide is distinctly out. They'll probably have Romeo and Juliet go to sleep in each other's arms and dream about the nasty medicine they took, waking up for the final close-up, happily titled:

"Why it was nothing but a dream!"

But I suppose that both Norma and Mary will go through with it although in the filming they are sure to find—

—never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

At any rate Shakespeare will have been discovered.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Stars

—From page 71

me if I like circuses," he said. "If you do I'll punch you in the eye. I'm fed up—fed up with animals, fed up with all that sort of rot. In every picture I ever played in they have me running away from home with a pig under my arm. I loathe playing with my pets. I killed a cat once. I have a great aversion for my mother and father and find it increasingly difficult to be civil to my grandmother. I like to read—I prefer Freud. My ambition is to grow up and murder my press agent."

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Book Reviews

—From page 95

A LOST LADY—Willa Cather (*Alfred A. Knopf, New York*). In *A Lost Lady*, Willa Cather gives us a character study of a tepid Emma Bovary of the prairies. Somewhere between Omaha and Denver Captain Forrester and Mrs. Forrester occupied a position of envied prominence in the pioneering town of Sweet Water which snuggled up along the main line of the Burlington Railroad. The Captain was twenty-five years older than his pretty wife; temperamentally he was that many centuries removed from her. He was slow, heavy and honest; she was swift, volatile and weak. Duty and pleasure wedded. Many shadowy figures passed between these two; not too reputable messengers from the world which Marian Forrester desired. It is the story of the steady retrogression of a soul born to be lost. She could not be saved because she would not save herself. There is less to admire in her than in Emma Bovary, who at least had the mad courage of her passions. There is a heavy and aching sense of frustration about the story. We feel a great soul is due to be born, but it is not. Why could Marian Forrester not have been made of firmer stuff? The gesture, the manner of greatness—but behind it all is only a weak and ineffectual soul.

The story is written with a commendable artistic repression. The story is not labored and weighted with detail. It moves along swiftly and truly. Both background and episode are etched with a fine sense of suggestion.

JANET MARCH—Floyd Dell (*Alfred A. Knopf*). "Sex is the thing," says Floyd Dell, and turns from *The Moon-Calf* to *Janet March*. But Janet is Felix grown healthy, and health divides their sex-governed world in two.

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This treatment by Mr. Dell of the problem which interests and intrigues both parent and adolescent skulking temptress Sex—is interesting both because the ease of style, the fearless realism with which it is treated and the commanding and absorbing importance of the subject.

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A MESSAGE TO SCREENLAND READERS

By

Madame Berthé

I have had so many women ask, "How can I destroy superfluous hair without any possibility of injuring the skin?" that I know the readers of Screenland also are interested in an answer to this question. Having devoted all my time for the past fifteen years in making a special study of superfluous hair—its cause and cure—I can frankly and honestly tell what I know about it, and enable women not only to remove temporarily, but actually destroy superfluous hair. The method I recommend is inexpensive and absolutely harmless.

The main thing for you to remember is to avoid preparations which merely remove the surface hair and thus throw the strength back into the root. Such is the action of ordinary sulphide depilatories, pumice and the razor.

It is essential that whatever preparation you use you be certain that you see the roots after taking the treatment. A noted physician advises that even if a preparation could be invented to dry up the secretions which nourish the hair, it would naturally dry up the secretions which nourish the skin. That would destroy the skin. A drug could not have such a selective action. Remember, if you attempt to starve the hair cells, you necessarily starve the skin cells and destroy the skin.

In using ZIP, however, you use no harmful drugs, but you gently lift out the roots with the hairs (they are there for you to see) and thus destroy the growth, at the same time leaving the skin soft and smooth, really adorable.

I shall be glad to answer any questions any readers of Screenland may desire to ask me.

"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without any irritation. I recommend ZIP."

IRENE BORDONI.



ZIP

**IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT**

Superfluous Hair GONE!

THE MODERN WAY

You want to be modern in beauty's requisites and you will profit therefore in learning to distinguish between ZIP and earlier methods (tweezers, shaving, electrolysis, depilatories and pumice). Your superfluous hair is too serious a matter to tamper with.

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and your FREE book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" in which leading actresses
tell how to be beautiful. (Please print
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Address

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Showing cross-section of hair and root.



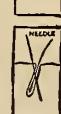
Shaving or
pumice takes
off only the
surface hair,
leaving the
roots to thrive.



Ordinary depilatories remove only surface (chemical shave) and throw the strength back into the roots.



Tweezers force the hair out and break it off above the roots, irritating the hair duct.



The electric needle often fails to strike the root and is apt to mar the skin.



ZIP, being applied warm,
temporarily opens the hair
ducts and gently lifts
out the roots
with the hair.





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Her Face Powder, her Rouge, her Creams, gently they will carry the French fragrance of Djer-Kiss. So with her Talc and her Sachet. Toilet Water and Soap, too, all will be fragrant of Djer-Kiss—each will whisper of charm and gaiety *Parisien*. Together they will bring to *la toilette finie* a harmony indeed French and indeed fashionable.

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THE PERIODICAL PRESS, NEW YORK

SCREENLAND

Vol 8 #6

John Held Jr.



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Again She Orders — “A Chicken Salad, Please”

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

“A chicken salad, please.” She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as graciously as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was ~~too~~ ~~too~~ ~~tongue-tied~~: was conscious of little ~~things~~ which she just knew he must be ~~tiring~~. She wasn't sure of herself, she ~~didn't know~~. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says “Good manners make good mixers.” We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a “better mixer.” This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding

Would you know exactly how to proceed to



the dining room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment *cannot be concealed*.

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Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion are required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

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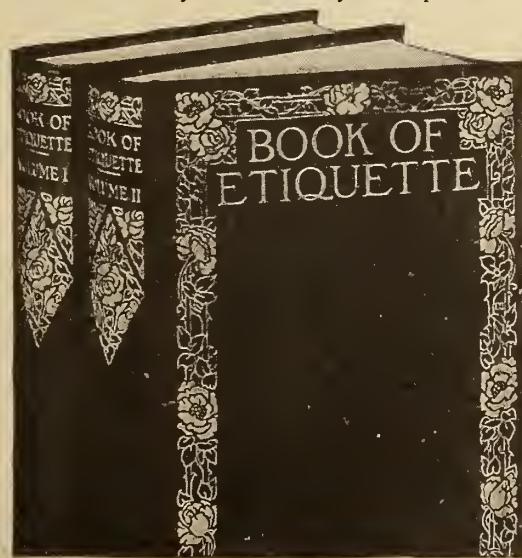
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Notable Features of the Burlesque Number

- WE BURLESQUE OUR CONTEMPORARIES**, in which SCREENLAND gently travesties certain motion picture publications page 34
- IDEAL HOME LIFE OF THE STARS**, the famous comic artist, Rube Goldberg, at his best page 48
- JOHN HELD, JR.**, presents Phyllis Invades the News Reel and a travesty Theatre Curtain pages 24 and 32
- THE DIARY OF A MOVIE PA**, you've read what the mamas write, here's where a film father expresses himself, by Anna Prophater page 43
- THE GREAT RASPBERRY AWARD**, a celluloid medal for the worst picture page 27

JOHN HELD, Jr.

Creates a striking cover of Our General

FREDERICK J. SMITH

Editorials of force and condensation

page 16

ELDON KELLEY

On Five Great Discoveries of Motion Pictures page 45

H. B. K. WILLIS

In Shot to Hades writes humorously of Hollywood production page 46

SCREENPLAYS IN REVIEW

Frederick James Smith analyzes the new pictures page 50

EUGENE McNERNY, Jr.
 Furnishes some more piquant girls in Some Valentines page 53
SUSIE SEXTON

Compares the morality of the films and the footlights in Is the Pollyanna Screen Immoral? page 54

**UPTON SINCLAIR**

Pursuing the policy of continually adding the foremost writers to its already notable list of featured contributors, SCREENLAND will present next month that sensational literary figure, Upton Sinclair.

Sinclair first attracted world-wide attention with his exposé of the Chicago stock yards in *The Jungle*.

He has now turned his penetrating mind and his poignant pen upon Celluloidia.

In the April issue, Sinclair answers with his usual fire, the question—

WHY MUST THE MOVIES LIE?

WYNN

SCREENLAND'S famous caricaturist visits the theatre page 59

GEORGE J. NATHAN

Brilliant and incisive comments on the speaking theatre page 60

DELIGHT EVANS

Furnishes the newest real life story, this time of Barbara La Marr. page 62

GRACE KINGSLEY

Explains how the newlyweds, James Kirkwood and Lila Lee, are safeguarding their happiness in Divorce Insurance page 69

EUNICE MARSHALL

Discusses the life of a movie star in Three Years—And Then? page 71

SCREENLAND'S FAMOUS DEPARTMENTS

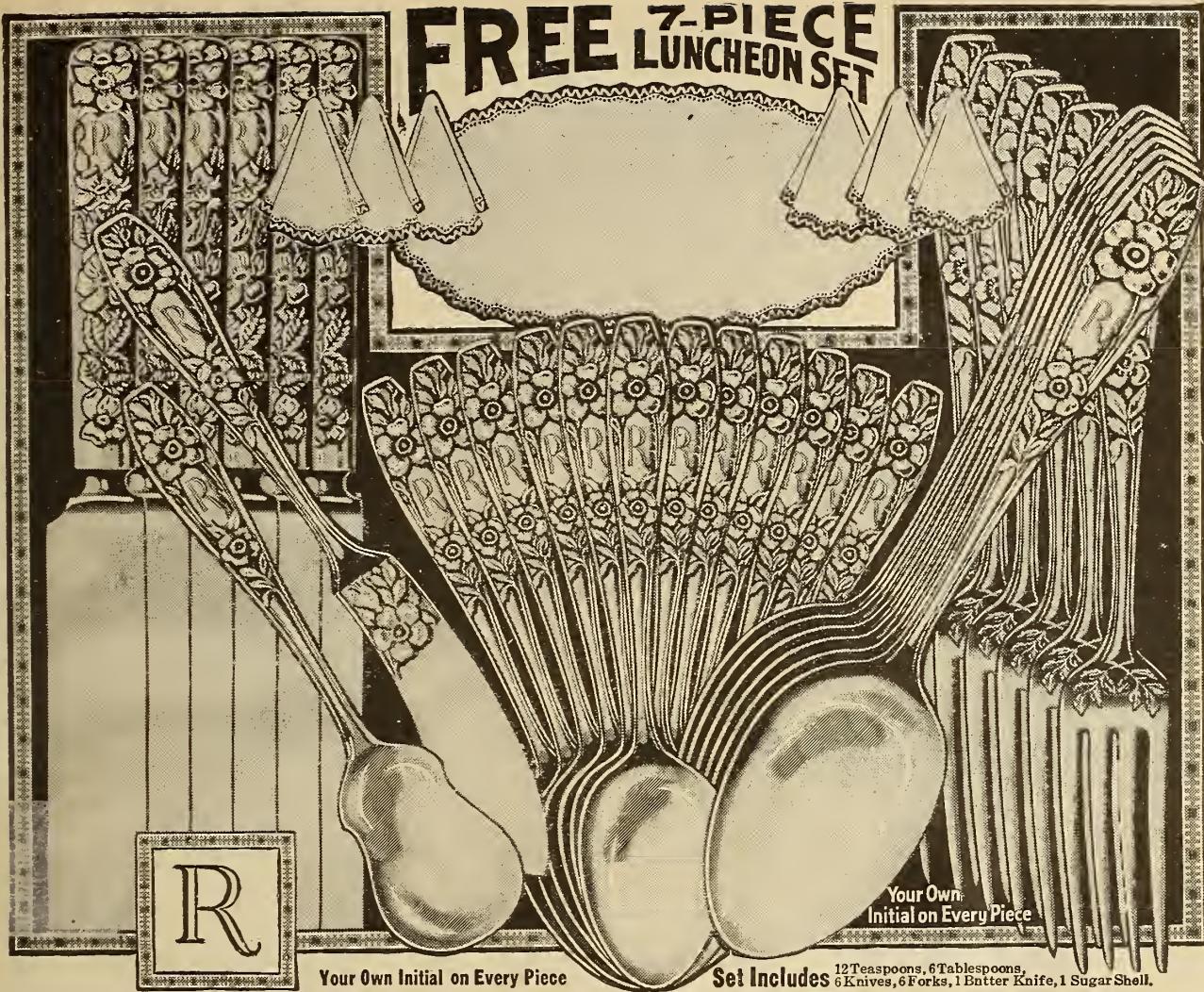
- OUR OWN NEWS REEL page 64
 THE LISTENING POST page 76
 BOOK REVIEWS page 95

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BELMONT—*Tarnish*. Gilbert Emery's drama of Manhattan sordidness makes concessions to hokum but, on the whole, it is one of the interesting things in town.

BIJOU—*The Whole Town's Talking*. Lively farce, still doing nicely, thank you.

BOOTH—*Seventh Heaven*. Austin Strong's play of wartime Paris seems to be running on forever.

BROADHURST—*Topics of 1923*. A typical Winter Garden show in different surroundings. Headed by Alice Delysia. So, so.

CARROLL-CASINO—*Wildflower*. In its second year.

COMEDY—*The Shame Woman*. North Carolina mountaineer stuff, by Lulu Vollmer. Good cast.

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FORTY-NINTH—*For All of Us*. The regular William Hodge stuff.

FULTON—*One Kiss*. Clare Kummer's delightful musical adaptation of the Parisian farce, *La Bouche*. Nicely done, too.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* A pleasant British comedy.

GLOBE—*Stepping Stones*. The regular Fred Stone show, plus Fred's daughter, Dorothy, who makes her debut and scores one of the hits of the year.

HARRIS—*The Nervous Wreck*. Here's a laughing hit by Owen Davis, with a brisk cast topped by Otto Kruger and June Walker.

HIPPODROME—The big playhouse is open again, this time under Keith

management. A New York institution in new clothes.

KLAW—*Meet the Wife*. Mary Boland lifts the comedy to unusual interest.

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LIBERTY—*The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*. Another Cohan show glorifying another Irish gal. The usual dancing entertainment.

LITTLE—*Chicken Feed*. Guy Bolton's small town comedy is highly popular.

LONGACRE—*Little Jessie James*. A musical farce with a Paul Whiteman band.

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard*. Appealing song play by Avery Hopwood given high verve by the piquant Irene Bordoni.

HENRY MILLER'S—*The Changelings*. Intelligent comedy of modern manners with an all-star cast.

MOROSCO—*The Other Rose*. Adapted from the French by George Middleton with Fay Bainter starred.

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NATIONAL—*Cyrano de Bergerac*. Walter Hampton scoring the hit of his long and distinguished career in Rostand's heroic comedy. One of the season's interesting events.

NEW AMSTERDAM—*Ziegfeld Follies*. The usual Ziegfeld smashing revue hit. Glorifying the American girl as of yore.

PLAYHOUSE—*Chains*. Jules Eckert Goodman's drama of American family life is gripping—and well played by Helen Gahagan.

PLYMOUTH—*The Potters*. Based upon the syndicated home life stories of J. P. McEvoy and one of the season's hits. Homely, amusing and vital in its way.

PRINCESS—*Sun Up*. Another Lulu Vollmer drama of the Carolina Mountains, with Lucile La Verne in a strong role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. This seems likely to wear out the theatre before it exhausts itself. No waning yet.

SELWYN—*Mr. Battling Butler*. Musical show with Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models*. The undress Shubert revue wears more clothes now that the censors have been after it. Still the stag revue of the town.

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Burdette Claire Cleveland

Does it ever dawn upon these great producers to produce the life of a musician or musicians? Their life, if studied back to the stone age, is such a vast difference to that which is on the screen today. Why do they not portray "Beethoven-Chopin," like they have Lincoln. If they study their life they will find plenty of romance, plot and mystery. Why do they not think of the great sacrifices of the musician? Why do they not today portray the life of an ambitious girl like myself today, trying to gain success in music? All of the competitors in life and knocks she receives would be of interest.

BURDETTE C. CLEVELAND,

419 South Adams Ave.,
Freeport, Ill.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Kate Goldie

In all the years that I have been a very attentive movie fan, there has not been one actress, who could move me to tears, no matter how tragic her role, until I saw Mary Philbin in *Merry-Go-Round*. She in my opinion reached the heights in the scene, where the dashing officer gave her the pretty wrap and hat to wear. It seemed as though she woke up from a wonderful dream into the dreary world again. That pitiful look on her face, how it tore at my heartstrings and made my eyes overflow with tears. Now I want to say a few words about the critics that denounced my favorite, Dorothy Gish, for her role in *The Bright Shawl*, as La Clavel. They

[Continued on Page 10]



Rodolph Valentino

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

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Roses of Picardy
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Linger Awhile
When It's Night Time in Italy, It's Wednesday Over Here
Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma

THESE WONDERFUL NEW WALTZES

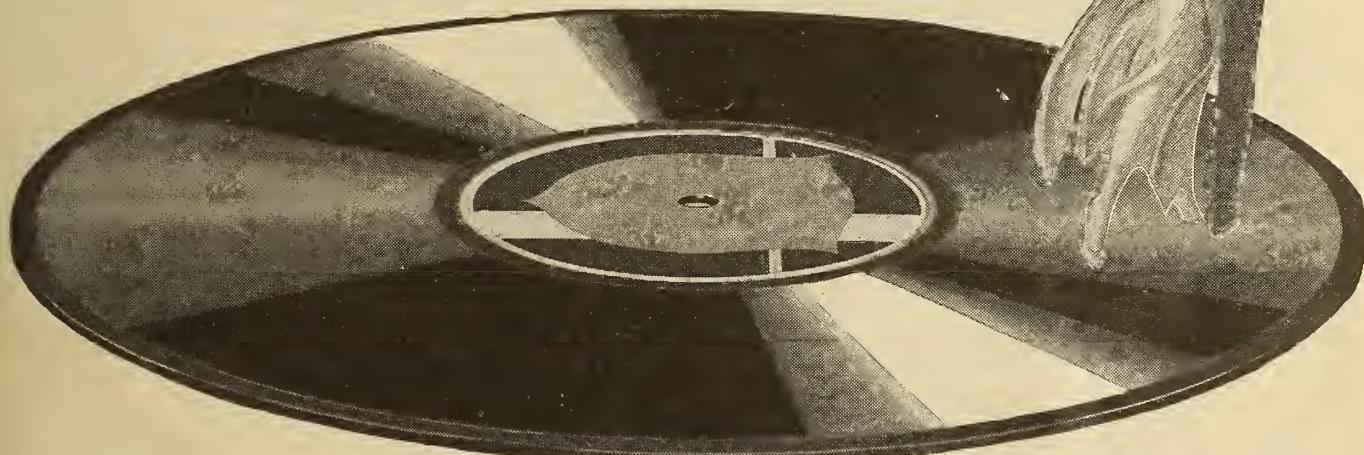
Sleep
Dreamy Melody

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That Old Gang of Mine
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said all sorts of things about her, that she did not look the part, that she acted like a mischievous kid at times, and a lot of other nonsensical statements.

KATE GOLDIE,

1625 Sonoma Avenue,
Berkeley, Calif.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



¶ Louise Burkhart

Why is it, that as a general rule stars never get credit for being what they are. Like Antonio Moreno. Fans just will not believe that he is Spanish. I have studied the Spanish language

and I know that his is a good Spanish name. But because it is Antonio people say he is a "wop." What difference if he is? He could still act as well. Surely an Italian is just as good as a Spaniard.

Ramon Novarro also suffers such unjust treatment. He is a Mexican. I believe it even though I cannot prove it. I have a lot of faith in magazines and I believe we should give an actor credit for what he is, or is supposed to be.

LOUISE V. BURKHART

707 Raymond St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



¶ Grace R. O'Donnell

The newspapers have just published stories of the shut-down of some of the biggest moving picture studios for the purpose of a general reconstruction of the movie industry. It is rumored one of the reasons for this condition is that the various companies are at

¶ SCREENLAND wants your opinions—and will pay you for them!

¶ Your portrait will be published with your contribution if it is accepted.

¶ See instructions at top of column on page 8.

sea as to what kind of pictures to produce; in other words, they are at a loss to know what sort of pictures the public wants.

There is too much similarity about pictures today. Right now we are living in the day of the costume drama. Costume pictures usually bore me as they are generally nothing more than "spectacular productions," the sets—not the story—being the dominating factor. There is too much imitation and too little originality in the moving picture industry and let us hope this fact is taken into consideration when the "reconstruction of the moving picture industry" has been accomplished.

GRACE O'DONNELL,
620 West 41st Street,
Chicago, Ill.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



There are certainly a lot of knockers in the world today. Also an amount of the sort that praise one star, and one only, namely the best known. Just as if the actors just becoming famous don't care for praise. I believe the most knocked star of all times is Mary Miles Minter. I am fully convinced it is the movie world in general that hands them to her. I have traveled considerably and have yet to meet a screen fan who doesn't adore Miss Minter. In fact there are a good many who actually prefer her instead of Mary Pickford. Myself included. I admire Miss Pickford, greatly, but Miss Minter is just as good. She is youth itself in all her pictures, and who doesn't love youth? I'm sure if she were given as good pictures as Miss Pickford she would be even more famous. And as good direction also.

HELEN GILLETTE,
986 East 52nd St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

What's happening to Griffith? After much tooting of horns and clashing of cymbals the presentation of *The White Rose* has at last taken place—and bids fair to transform itself into the obsequies of D. W. G. as 'the Master.' With every desire to do justice, with full appreciation of the tenderly poignant artistry of Mae Marsh and the mellow beauty of the southern settings, the fact remains that the public was not convinced. It was obvious to audiences everywhere that the

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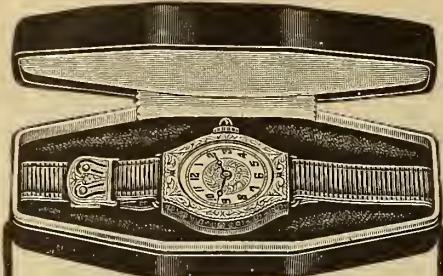
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hand of the Potter is slipping. Aside from musty plot, stupid sub-titles and far-fetched situations, Griffith appears to have lost his old knack of appraising acting ability. The man who discovered the Gishes, Bobby Harron, Mae Marsh and Richard Barthelmess now expects us to be impressed by Carol Dempster, a young lady whose histrionic powers seem limited to the ability to look like a cameo, Ivor Novello, a young gentleman too deeply interested in being beautiful to bother much about acting, and Neil Hamilton who has nothing on any one of half a dozen juvenile leads that might be mentioned. To add to the mischief Griffith permits his players to overact, and if there is anything that's painful it's overacting by people who can't act anyway.

It is rather a melancholy matter these days for admirers of D. W. G. to look back over the Griffith record beginning with *The Birth of a Nation*, that first great screen masterpiece which bids defiance to time and change and was followed by *Intolerance*, a rather over-dressed and confused opus, but on the whole worthy of the great idea which it put across and generously interlarded with brilliant bits of character work. Soon after, came *Broken Blossoms*, the most exquisite poem that ever shimmered across the silver sheet. Next we had *Hearts of the World*, a war spectacle and nothing else, followed by *The Girl Who Stayed at Home* and *True-Heart Susie*, two pictures which never crossed the border from mediocrity. Then for a change Griffith gave us that colorful thing *The Idol Dancer*, a picture perhaps a little strained in spots but suggestive of the delicate charm of *Broken Blossoms* and at the same time pulsating with an impassioned loveliness which has never been approached except, possibly by Ingram's *Where the Pavement Ends*, and serving to flash for one moment on the screen of Time the rare, seductive, exotic personality of the wholly unforgettable Clarine Seymour. After this came *Scarlet Days*, in which Griffith tried to convince the public that Carol Dempster can act, followed by *Way Down East*, which was everything that *Broken Blossoms* and *The Idol Dancer* were not, including a box office success. Next came *Orphans of the Storm*, a pretentious, inaccurate historical piece which rang hollow and was followed by that absurd hodge-podge of inferior acting, directing and technique, *One Exciting Night*, in which neatly chopped boughs (supposedly torn off by the storm) floated languidly past the doorway and great giants of the forest were uprooted while two little potted trees on the veranda barely quivered.

"S."

D. L. SMITH

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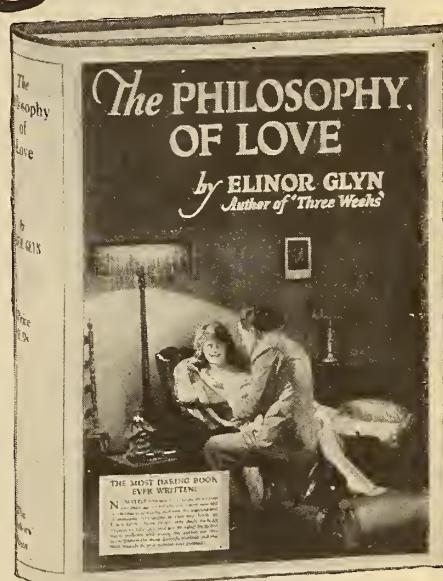
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¶ Reminiscences of a Famous Author and War Correspondent

Phillip Gibbs on Films

PHILIP GIBBS devotes a couple of pages in his new volume, "Adventures in Journalism" (Harper's), to motion pictures, in dwelling upon the progress of mechanical science during the last twenty-one years.

"Moving pictures," he writes, "have caused something like a revolution in social life, and on balance they have been and are an immense boon to mankind—and womankind, especially in small country towns and villages which, until that invention, had no form of entertainment beyond an occasional magic-lantern show or 'penny reading.' They bring romance and adventure to the farm laborer, the errand boy, the village girl and the doctor's daughter, and despite a lot of foolish stuff shown on the screen, give a larger outlook on life and some sense of the beauty and grace of life to the great masses. They give them also a comparison of the present with the past, and of one country with another. Perhaps in showing the contrast between one class and another, in extremes of luxury and penury, they are creating a spirit of social discontent which may have serious consequence—but that remains to be seen."

When Gibbs Acted

"I WAS an actor for journalistic purposes in one of the first film dramas ever produced in England. The first scene was an elopement by motor car, and the little company of actors and actresses assembled in the little front garden of a large empty mansion in a suburb in the southeast of London, namely Herne Hill. The heroine and the gentleman who played the part of her irate father entered the house and disappeared.

"Meanwhile a number of business men of Herne Hill, on their way to work in the city, as well as various tradesmen and errand boys, were astonished by the sight of two motor cars, half concealed behind the bushes in the drive, and by the group of peculiar-looking people, apparently engaged in some criminal enterprise. They were still more astonished and alarmed at the following events:

"1. A good-looking youth advanced toward the house from a hiding place in the bushes and threw pebbles at a window of the house.

"2. The window opened and a beautiful girl appeared and wafted kisses to the boy below. Then disappeared.

"3. The front door opened and the beautiful girl rushed into the arms of the

boy. After ardent embraces, he came with her to one of the motor cars, placed her inside, and drove off at a furious pace.

"4. Another window in the house opened and an elderly gentleman looked out, waving his arms in obvious indignation, bordering on apoplexy.

"5. Shortly afterward he rushed out of the front door after the departing motor car (which had made several false starts), with clenched fists and the words, 'My God! My God! . . . My daughter! My daughter!'

"By this time the Herne Hill inhabitants gathered at the gate were excited and distressed. One gentleman shouted loudly for the police. Another chivalrously remarked that he was no spoilsport, and if the girl wanted to elope it was none of their business. A fox terrier belonging to the butcher boy ran, barking furiously, at the despairing father, who was still panting down the drive. Then the usual policeman strolled up and said, 'What's all this 'ere?' Explanation and laughter followed. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in respectable Herne Hill, but they had heard of the cinema and its amazing drama. So this was how it was done! Well, well!

Filming a Runaway Marriage

"ASTONISHING things happened in that early film drama, as old as the hills now, but novel and sensational then. The irate father, giving chase in another powerful motor car (which moved at about ten miles an hour), was arrested by bogus policemen with red noses, thrown off the scent by comic tramps, and finally blown up in an explosion of the car, creating terror in a Surrey village, which thought that anarchists were loose. After many further incidents the runaway couple were married in a little old church—I walked in front of the camera as one of the guests—while two of the actors were posted as spies to give warning of any approach of the country clergyman. He, dear man, appeared in the opposite direction and was horrified to find a wedding going on without his knowledge, and an unknown parson (who had dressed behind a hedge) officiating in the most unctuous way. For me it was a day of unceasing laughter, for there was something enormously ludicrous about the surprise of the passers-by, who could not guess at what was the real meaning of the mock drama. Now it is a commonplace, and no one is surprised when a company of film actors takes possession of the road."

SCREENLAND



RUBE GOLDBERG

The famous cartoonist and comic artist, makes his first appearance this month as a Screenland contributor. Mr. Goldberg is probably the best known and highest sal-

aried cartoonist in the world. His Boob McNutt, his Foolish Questions, his Phoney Films and other humorous efforts have made him known in every part of the globe.

Production Moving Eastward

Eastward Moves Production

HOLLYWOOD has been stirred as by a rugged California earthquake through the recent discussions in producing circles that motion picture production is steadily shifting Eastward. There is no question but that a percentage of screenplay making is moving towards the Atlantic.

Hollywood, however, will always be a Western center of film making, because of its ideal location, its atmospheric conditions and its proximity to so much diversified scenic background. But we doubt that it will continue to be the ultimate center of the screenplay.

Celluloid stars are beginning to realize that the narrow confines of a small motion picture colony is limiting to development and work. There is no doubt that the moral handcuffs slipped upon the community by a certain so-called uplift element has been galling to artistic temperament.

Then, too, there is the very vital fact that the screenplay is becoming more international every day. Directors are invading foreign lands to get correct backgrounds and to broaden their viewpoints.

Hollywood will always be Hollywood—but it will not long continue to be the capitol of moviedom, despite all the vast amount of money invested within its borders.

How the Films are Migrating

IN a single year the actual production of feature negatives in California will have shrunk about fifteen per cent. And this shrinkage will doubtless go on.

In 1922 California is said to have done about 85 per cent of actual production of screenplays in America. Fourteen per cent, or practically all of the remainder, was made in and about New York. In 1923 the Eastern production has increased to 22 per cent in the making of screen features and, in 1924, it is expected to increase to about 30 per cent. In other words some \$40,000,000 will be spent in production in New York, against \$19,600,000 in 1922.

The actual figures of 1922 are interesting, in the light of subsequent events. In that year 680 feature films and some 1,400 short subjects were made in the neighborhood of Hollywood. This meant the expenditure of \$119,000,000 in the production of feature dramas and about \$7,500,000 in the construction of short films, principally comedies.

At the present moment there are twenty-four big studios in and about Hollywood, with a valuation of \$24,000,000. And at this writing there are nine big active studios in or in close proximity to New York. Their valuation must run well around \$15,000,000.

Meanwhile the star of production steadily moves Eastward. Hollywood seems to have passed its peak in 1922.

Acting vs. Types

THE movement Eastward will have an invigorating effect upon the making of screenplays in more ways than one. It will help the silent drama histrionically, anyway. Production in and about New York—the stage center of New York and, indeed, of the world—means that thousands of competent actors are always available. It

will mean further that directors can employ actors rather than types for parts, all of which can not fail to improve the acting standards of the screen drama.

The type has been too long a menace to the film play.

Cold Shoulders for Newcomers

LAST month we commented upon Mary Pickford's ten commandments for a person contemplating the screen as a career. The commandments made the screenplay practically prohibitive for everyone save a wealthy genius, if such a being exists.

Doubtless Los Angeles has been over-run with would-be actors and actresses from every part of the country. Doubtless the measure of ability among these adventurers has been pretty low. Yet filmdom should find some way to weed out the competents from among this army. Let us suppose for instance, that the various magazine editors decided to ban all incoming manuscripts—and to return all of them unread owing to the low level of the contributions. Certainly human contributions deserve more consideration than typewritten ones.

The recent Los Angeles agitation against these adventurers seems to us to be wholly ill judged. If Los Angeles had its way, these newcomers would be turned back at the railway stations and returned to their homes forthwith.

Still, Los Angeles, having reaped a golden reward from the movie, ought to be able to bear the accompanying penalties. One of them is the horde of seekers for celluloid success. The fame rush of '24, as it were.

Anyway, the screen needs some of these adventurers. Where else will it find the stars of tomorrow?

The Stage vs. the Screen

MAURICE TOURNEUR, the director, made a flying trip to New York recently from the placid confines of Hollywood and declared, just as he departed, that the films had the footlights beaten in every way.

"The stage," said Monsieur Tourneur, "makes no real effort for realism. Nowhere have I seen a fraction of filmdom's careful effort after lighting effects and details of setting." Yet, puzzles Monsieur Tourneur, these same people who go to the theatre and accept the tawdry make-shift realism of the stage will persist in looking down upon the movie.

The director went on to point out the lack of realism in the footlight success, *Rain*, that popular tale laid in the South Seas in the rainy season. "It rains only now and then from the roof edge," Tourneur lamented. "The painted scenery a foot away is perfectly dry. And yet audiences accept this as a fine staging of tropical rains."

Tourneur, it seems to us, has hit upon one of the very manifest weaknesses of the film drama in his statement. This very near-perfection of the screenplay in lighting and setting has caused directors to forget the vital thing of the silent play, the drama itself. *Rain*, for instance, is a terrific and searching analysis of a woman's soul. The lashing rain of the tropics is properly subordinated.

The movie has been worshipping at the feet of false gods. We have too much mechanical perfection and too little genuine life on our screen.

Says FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The Boxoffice Successes of 1923

HERE is plenty of food for thought in the now-available records of the motion picture dramas of 1923 which scored in the box-offices. In other words, here are the money making screenplays of the year. Herewith we present relative records of two sources:

<i>Motion Picture News</i>	<i>The Film Year Book</i>
1. The Covered Wagon	The Covered Wagon
2. If Winter Comes	Merry-Go-Round
3. Little Old New York	Robin Hood
4. Robin Hood	The Hunchback of Notre Dame
5. Enemies of Women	The Green Goddess
6. Merry-Go-Round	Scaramouche
7. Circus Days	Safety Last
8. Rosita	Rosita
9. The Spoilers	Down to the Sea in Ships
10. (tied) Human Wreckage	Little Old New York
Safety Last	
Anna Christie	
Hunchback of Notre Dame	
The White Rose	
Scaramouche	
Ashes of Vengeance	

The Motion Picture News vote is based purely upon box-office reports. *The Film Year Book* list, on the other hand, is the result of a canvas of newspaper and motion picture publication reviewers throughout the country, some seventy voting on the chosen ten.

You can take either list you like. But it is interesting to find at least a number of good screenplays among the box-office hits. *Anna Christie*, for instance, wouldn't have been among them even a year or so ago. Yes, the screen public is developing. And so are our exhibitors, praise be!

Our Adventuring Filmers

OUR screen players are adventuring everywhere these days. From Africa to the South Seas, the motion picture camera is steadily grinding. The start of the production of General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* reminds us of the famous 1,000-foot production of the novel, which was made by Kalem in 1907 and which caused a storm of litigation.

Glancing through a file of *The Show World*, an amusement weekly of the day, we find this interesting advertisement of this first celluloid *Ben-Hur*:

"Scenery and supers by Pain's Fireworks Company, Manhattan Beach, N. Y., Direction of Mr. Harry Temple, Costumes by Metropolitan Opera House, Chariot race by 3rd Battery, Brooklyn. Book by Gene Gautier. Produced under the direction of Frank Oaks Rose and Sidney Olcott."

"16 magnificent scenes. Nickelodeons everywhere crowded with the magnificent pictures adopted from *Ben-Hur*."

Bad Weather and the Big Moment

ERNST LUBITSCH told us the other day that one of America's biggest distortions of life on the screen is its slur upon the Weather Bureau! No big emotional crisis is ever reached in a screenplay, he says, without the elements letting loose. It either pours torrents or a snow

storm tears about the heroine's windows, uprooting trees and burying the landscape. Herr Lubitsch infers that our directors seem to think the heavens become as agitated as our stars—and with considerable more effect, probably.

Still Herr Lubitsch isn't wholly pessimistic. The bad weather of the big moments, after all, is not such a vital defect. Our screen is broadening, he says. And he points, as well he may, to *A Woman of Paris* and *Anna Christie* as instances in point. He hopes his *The Marriage Circle* will be another. After all, these are actually the pioneer days of the silent drama.

The films have just come to realize that there is no Santa Claus.

The Exhibitor Expresses Himself

PEAKING of exhibitors, reminds us of some choice comments from film showmen gathered by the film trade weekly, *The Exhibitors' Herald*, in the course of the past year. The publication presents reports from exhibitors upon the various screenplays they run and, naturally, some gems slip in. For instance, there's the exhibitor who reported on *Where the Pavement Ends*:

"A fine picture of the South Seas, but absolutely no pavement."

While another exhibitor wrote of the *Pathé News*:

"I read somewhere that this reel ran for 52 weeks in New York. It must be good."

Then there's the pessimistic showman who said of *Out of Luck*:

"Pleased all who saw it. I even liked it."

Or of *Toll of the Sea*:

"Some of the Smart Alecs told me it was *Madame Butterfly*, but I knew that before."

And there's the harassed exhibitor who wrote of *Cupid's Brand*:

"I once read of an exhibitor who hid in the operating room when his show was off. I didn't dare take a chance on the operating room, so I beat it for the basement."

Another Exhibitor Lament

THE same publication presents a letter from an annoyed exhibitor who has just heard of the almost fabulous salaries earned by the screen's baby stars.

Just before writing the letter the exhibitor discovered that a baby luminary, signed to receive \$200,000 for four pictures, had learned the whole alphabet and could count all the way up to a hundred!

This exhibitor, who hails from a small town in Nebraska, compares the \$200,000 with the yearly remuneration given the president who "knows the whole alphabet, can count up to one hundred and fifty, and, in addition, can recite 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little star'"—and yet only receives \$75,000.

Maybe, there's something in the Nebraskan's lament. But, as we've intimated, the thing goes much further than the salaries of the players, a small item after all in the sum total of production waste.

The cost of production must come down, the size of film rentals to exhibitors must decrease and the admission prices to the public must be within reason. The Nebraskan says the motion picture business needs to get a few miles away from Broadway. There's something in that!

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

¶ The differences between Rodolph Valentino and the Famous Players-Lasky Company have been adjusted, so that Rudy is again a screen actor. By the time you read this, he is probably at work upon his first return-to-the-screen picture, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, by Booth Tarkington. By the terms of the arrangement, Valentino will do two pictures for Famous, after which, on or about July 1, his contract for Ritz-Carlton Pictures will begin. *Monsieur Beaucaire* will be made in the East, with Sydney Olcott directing. It is a romantic story of old Bath, providing Valentino with the picturesque role of a barber who masquerades as a nobleman for his night o' nights.

¶ After Lynn Reynolds had shot the first exteriors of *Janice Meredith*, Marion Davies' new production, a change of directors was made. Mason Hopper succeeded Reynolds. The cast includes Maclyn Arbuckle, Holbrook Blinn and Harrison Forde.

¶ Cecil de Mille has returned to the coast after the premiere of *The Ten Commandments*. He is now shooting *Triumph*, with Rod La Rocque in the leading role.

¶ William de Mille is in the East making Owen Davis' *Icebound*, with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in the leading roles.

¶ Nita Naldi recovering from operation for appendicitis at the Lexington Hospital, New York City.

¶ Theodore Roberts still seriously ill in Pittsburgh, where he was playing in Keith vaudeville.

¶ Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks reported to be going abroad for rest after completion of their present productions.

¶ Clara Kimball Young going on the stage in *Trimmed in Scarlet*, by William Hurlbut.

¶ Ernst Lubitsch announces that his second Warner Brothers production is to be a film version of *Manon Lescaut*.

¶ Rex Ingram, now shooting the exteriors of Edgar Selwyn's *The Arab* in the Sahara, is to do Wassermann's *The World's Illusion* next. Ingram says that in future he will do only two screenplays a year and that likely much of his production work will be done in the actual country of the story.

¶ Official announcement made that George Walsh is to be the Ben-Hur, and that production of the General Lew Wallace romance is to go ahead at once.

¶ Two important additions have been made to the *Ben-Hur* cast. Francis X. Bushman has been signed to play the heavy role of Messala and Carmel Myers for the role of Iris.

¶ Richard Barthelmess undergoes minor operation at Polyclinic Hospital, New York, and is rapidly recovering.

¶ The Harold Lloyds to make vacation trip to Europe.

¶ Glenn Hunter soon to start on film version of *Merton of the Movies*, production being made in Hollywood by James Cruze.

¶ Maude Adams to make film version of *Aladdin* in colors.

¶ Renee Adoree recovering from auto crash injuries in California.

¶ George Fitzmaurice to make *Cytherea* in Paris and New York with cast headed by Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Mary Alden and Constance Bennett.

¶ Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian director and maker of *Peter the Great*, is starting on Pola Negri's next picture, *Men*.



MONROE

BETTY COMPSON



RICHEE

WILLIAM S. HART



CARMEL MYERS



HESSE

CORINNE GRIFFITH

*¶Reproduction of Our General's Address
given at Screenland's Annual Banquet*

A Message on Laughter

LADIES, gentlemen and movie fans. Not since the election of 1920 have I been so touched. [SOBS.] Not since my appointment as guardian of the movies has the industry been so touched. [LOTS OF SILENCE.]

"You ask me to give you a message. You ask me to talk straight to the hearts of the movie fans. [CRIES OF 'HEAR, HEAR.'] Why not? We are all brothers in the screen world, all partners in this art which is second in greatness only to the Ford spare parts industry. [RATTLES OF APPLAUSE.]

"My motto is Confidence and Co-operation. [FAINT COUGHS.] My watchword is progress. [CRIES OF 'LOUDER AND FUNNIER.'] And so I will speak to you in terms of progress.

"The fiscal year just past has been one of progress and uplift. According to reports made to me by my captain, Mr. Bronx Jones, many changes have been effected in the motion pictures to make this the Empress Art of Creation. [CHEERS AND HYSTERICS.]

"Do you know that 109,879,789 laughs were heard in motion picture theatres last year? [TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE.] This is not guess work. My aids actually counted the laughs. And, my friends, 71 per cent of the laughs took place during shooting scenes. This proves that civilization has advanced to a stage when it laughs at crime. [LOUD SIGHS.]

"Do you know, partners, that our organiza-

tion fostered Better Potato Week in Minnesota with the result that potatoes may be found in hash in practically all parts of the country except portions of New England and three counties of Alabama? [YAWNS.]

"May I remind you that we have fostered educational pictures to take the place of dry text books in the schools? After witnessing *The Planting of Coffee in Java*, *How Bees Make Honey* and *A Day on a Rubber Plantation*, three high school students of Venice, Cal., passed their college examinations. [MORE CRIES OF '— AND FUNNIER.']}

"Before I close, I wish to bring out some other salient points of film progress. 372,456 suits were made for ushers, of which 7,896 includes sets of brass knuckles (although this vast and magnificent industry naturally does not encourage tipping); the number of bathing beauties in pictures has been reduced 47 per cent and the bathing suits of the remainder increased 63 3-10 per cent [HISSES]; a woman in Green Bay, Wis., who shot her husband, was dissuaded from going into pictures and caused to earn an honest living in another field [CRIES OF 'HEAR, HEAR']; and 2,762 classic dancers obtained employment in movie prologues.

"But [GESTURES] to return to the God-given benison of laughter. There is nothing in our great and glorious land like clean and wholesome humor." [GREAT CHEERS.]



¶ Phyllis crashes the bathing beauty contest at Bergen Beach.



¶ She helps Senator Magnesia Olsen push the button that opens Sugar Daddy Week at Atlantic City.

¶ She observes the sensational oil well fire at Socony, Texas.

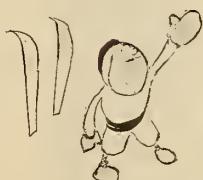
PHYLLIS

Invades the News Reel

By
John Held, Jr.



¶ Phyllis snaps up the ski jumps at Hersheybergen, Switzerland.



¶ She helps out the flood at Rotaryville, Mo.



¶ She reviews the Atlantic Fleet at sunset on the Hudson River.



The J. Burton Hawley Memorial

Screenland asks your assistance
in a Worthy Cause

The J. Burton Hawley Memorial is an outgrowth of suggestions to SCREENLAND from many public spirited persons, both in and out of the motion picture profession. Is the flashing and scintillating comment of J. Burton Hawley, which lifted him to immortality for a day, to be lost to humanity?

Shall Mr. Hawley drop right back into the garage business forgotten? Or shall he receive some sort of permanent reward, something to let him know that he has not lived in vain?

SCREENLAND proposes to build a J. Burton Hawley Memorial, to be erected at the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevards, where the husbands of film stars, passing daily in their well kept Rolls-Royces, may give thought to the immortal Hawley and realize that life may indeed hold something for them too.

The J. Burton Hawley Memorial grew out of a suggestion made in a brilliant and concise letter from Horace Sniffle of 1236½ Railroad Avenue, Mahoneyville, Missouri. Mr. Sniffle wrote:

"I take my pen in hand to say I have just read in the Mahoneyville Daily Tidings that Wanda Hawley says her husband called her a dumb-bell, for which she wanted a divorce and got it. This seems all wrong to yours truly, a faithful reader of your publication.

Can't something be done about it? How long since a husband can't talk to his wife in the privacy of her home? I ask you.

"Mr. Hawley deserves some testimonial from male film fans. Why don't you do something about it? I am trying to get the Mahoneyville Common Council to build a home for penniless movie husbands and they say they will as soon as the local reservoir is finished. Hoping you are the same."

We wish to call particular attention to Wynn's unique design for the memorial. You have often noticed spoken words coming from comic characters in the funny papers but this is the first time that the "spoken balloon" has ever been utilized by a sculptor. The memorial will therefore stand alone in the art world, as it were.

Our fund is already meeting with great success and many screen folk touched to their heart by Mr. Hawley's bravery, have opened their penny banks and sent their money to SCREENLAND. Here are the contributors to date who have responded so generously:

Three Husbands of Barbara
La Marr.....\$14.17
W. S. H., Hollywood.....2.00
Mrs. Charlotte Shelby.....50
Two friends of Our Club....1.69
An Eleanor Boardman Fan...2.50
Five wives of directors.....17.28*
* Realized from sale of old puttees.



SCREENLAND WANT

ARTS



TEN SNAPPY POSES OF MOVIE Mothers. All Art Lovers will be just crazy to send us twenty-five cents for this nifty, classy collection of informal photographs. Show 'em to your friends, boys, and make a hit. Write: PARISIAN ART PHOTO CO., ROCKRIB, KANSAS. R. F. D. 7.

ASTROLOGY

BE A DETECTIVE. BOYS, IT'S GREAT FUN. GO everywhere in Hollywood. Break into the best homes. Learn the secrets of the movie stars. Get a closeup on your film favorites. Be "in the know." Plenty of opportunities. Your work is cut out for you.

Send for our booklet "Sherlock Snoop" and one hundred pairs of false whiskers. Also outfit of evening clothes, sweater and puttees, to enable you to mix with screen society. Write to: THE RUBBER HEEL SOCIETY HUNTER, KATONAH, N. Y.

LEARN TO ACT

DO YOU MAKE MISTAKES? SURE, WE ALL DO. And it's embarrassing, ain't it? Especially when you are on a personal appearance tour. Movie stars! Do you know how to get on and off a train? Do you know how to receive a bunch of flowers gracefully. Do you know which fork to use at public dinners? Do you know how to walk through the swinging door at the Ritz?

When you go on a personal appearance tour, your public will judge you by your manners. Can you face critical eyes? Are you sure of your deportment? Don't make the mistake of the star who tipped the butler at an exclusive mansion.

Write today for our book: "Handsome Is as Handsome Does," SOCIETY PUBLISHING COMPANY, WAKEEGAN, MICH.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

BE WITTY! BE A MAN ABOUT TOWN! Do you know how to make a good curtain speech? Do you know how to say a few graceful words of thanks? Send for our list of satisfied directors. The Wisecrack Speaking Service, Box 505, New York.

Screenland Raspberry Award

For the Worst Picture Released
During the Year 1923

Voting for the first Screenland Raspberry Award, for the worst picture of 1923, is now open. SCREENLAND intends to present this striking award, a celluloid medal, accompanied by a box of matches, annually. The medal is expected to become a mark of unique distinction in the world of the screenplay.

We are going to put the award wholly in the hands of our readers. The award will go to the maker of the screenplay You designate. The medal, by the way, is a thing of striking beauty. Constructed of solid celluloid, it is a prize of which any producer may well be proud. Particular attention is called to the beautiful design upon one side: of camembert and limberger cheese, backed by a film reel, and intertwined with a laurel wreath.

Here are some suggestions for a vote: *The Queen of Sin*, *The Temple of Venus*, *Children of Jazz*, *In the Palace of the King*, *Red Lights*, *Richard the Lion Hearted*, *On the Banks of the Wabash* and *Adam's Rib*. These are mere suggestions, however. Use your own judgment and mail your vote NOW to the RASPBERRY EDITOR of SCREENLAND before February 30th, 1924.

Do your duty! You want



Dear Raspberry Editor,
SCREENLAND,
145 West 57th St.,
New York City.

Please cast my vote for to win your Great Raspberry Award as the worst motion picture of 1923.

Name.....

Address.....

Eyes.....

Height.....

Teeth.....

Profession.....

*Exactly how many.

If bootlegger, leave this blank, but mark address clearly.

worse pictures, do you not? Here is the way to encourage screen producers to put vision, faith and organization upon their efforts to carry away this great award. Only in this way can the great magnates turn to the future with honest determination and unrelenting zeal. Only in this way may we ever anticipate a completely bad picture — worse than any you ever saw. VOTE NOW!

The Great Raspberry Award is attracting wide attention everywhere. Mrs. Hortense Schultz of R. F. D. 6, Whiffle, Vt., writes:

"Congratulations upon your brilliant idea about the Raspberry Award. It is about time some fearless movie publication pointed out the worst movie each year. Every evening we go to the Gem Theater here but we can't make up our mind.

How late can we send in votes? Every night we see one that seems worse than the one we voted for the day before."

Yes, Mrs. Schultz, you can vote as often as you like. But listen to this puzzled communication from Aloysius Strudel, care the Parlor City Trucking Company, Centerville, Ark.:

"I want to vote in your Great Raspberry Award but [Continued on page 98]

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE, RENT, LEASE

TO MOVIE STARS. ARE YOU QUITE SATISFIED with your own mother? Does she meet all the difficult requirements which your position demands? Can she face interviewers with aplomb and savoir faire? Are you sometimes nervous about introducing her to your friends?

Why not come to us for a mother? We supply discreet, tactful mothers for all occasions. Many of them speak French, all of them eat peas with a fork. Mothers supplied for interviews, trips to New York, dinner parties or as permanent companions to lend atmosphere to the home. References exchanged. Address: HOME COMPANION SERVICE, RICHMOND, VA.

"What Is Home Without a Mother?"

EMBROIDERY

TEN COMPLETE SETS OF WHISKERS (ALL CUTS).

Also one special-extra set of Moses whiskers. Fine for masquerades or to amuse the kiddies. Must sell as have gone into vaudeville. THEODORE ROBERTS.

CANINE INSTRUCTION

TEACH DOGGIE TO ACT. WHY WORK when your dog can earn money for you? Do you know that Strongheart, Rin Tin Tin and Lassie are now "cleaning up" in the movies. Movie acting is no secret gift. It is an art any dog can learn. Hundreds of dogs, not necessarily of fine breeds, are now supporting their masters in luxury. Good, steady work with plenty of chances. Send for trial package of The Little Marvel Dog Biscuit. Address FILM-STAR KENNELS, AZUSA, CALIFORNIA.



WILL EXCHANGE

MUST GO TO EGYPT TO FILM SHEIK PICTURE AND would like to exchange my husband for an electric fan, or what have you? ELSIE.

WILL EXCHANGE TOP OF THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN in God's country for a headline spot in Keith vaudeville. Write to WILD BILL HICCUP, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.



Mid-Winter

Fashions

for
Milady

MURAY

¶ Tout a fait charmante is this house frock, shown above, recently imported from Legume et Filet. The delightful freedom of being chez elle may be enjoyed to its fullest by the fortunate milady who is able to avail herself of this model. *Posed by Dolores Rousse.*



HESSE

¶ What ho for the great outdoors! How charmingly practical and yet how deliciously feminine is this sport suit designed by Asperge. It has all the abandon and gayety required by the true sportswoman; and yet the jeune fille who possesses the outfit may flatter herself that she is ready for polo, ski-jumping, croquet, or anything. *Posed by Dolores Rousse.*



¶ The cynosure of all eyes! And yet Madame may assure herself that she will not be overdressed when she dons this costume, from the workshop of Madame Chou, for the opera. With no heavy embroidery, no glittering sequins, there is a je ne sais quoi about their creation that baffles description. *Posed by Peggy Browne.*

HESSE

¶ A little goes a long way toward making the debbie's winter costume something to talk about.

¶ Subtly flattering is this frock, to the right, especially designed by Chouleur, Paris, for the business woman. The piquant simplicity of its lines, the naivete of its silhouette, would give a delicious sense of allure and camaraderie to the dustiest old business office.

Posed by Wanda Hawley.



INTERNATIONAL



¶ Very demure and yet sophisticated is this dancing frock from Maison Pomme de Terre. The season's debbie will feel quite at a loss without one such creation in her wardrobe. *Toute la beaute de Mai* is suggested by its lines of daring and youth.

Posed by Harriett Hammond

HESSE

Intimate Glimpses of the Stars



¶ The honeymooners are back from New York. Allow us to introduce Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. You'll have no trouble in guessing that Mrs. McCormick is Colleen Moore. Did Colleen buy out the swell New York shops? Well, just look at the bundles that John is carrying.



¶ George Walsh, mentioned as the probable Ben-Hur, takes a walk down Fifth Avenue with his brother, Raoul.



¶ "Daisies won't tell." That's why daisies are the favorite flower of Barbara LaMarr.



¶ Resourceful? That's Lois Wilson. See the afternoon frock designed by the ingenious Miss Wilson and made from two yards of old cretonne window curtains. The frock took first prize at an exhibition given by the Needlewomen's Guild of South Pasadena.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

¶ All Hollywood is discussing the truly continental salon which Pola Negri is holding in her front parlor. The most intellectual of the screen stars may be found there. Here is an informal portrait of Claire Sheridan and Gertrude Atherton singing "The Holy City" to the delight of Pola's visitors.



¶ "Oh! Oh! Oh! Who do you suppose Aileen Pringle is talking to? Can it be that the tiger lady of *Three Weeks* is getting a few suggestions from Elinor Glyn? Or is she ordering groceries? You'll have to puzzle it out for yourselves.



¶ Nita Naldi rushes to the telegraph office to send her valentine greetings to Craig Biddle, young Philadelphia millionaire whom Nita helped so much in his struggle for screen fame.

¶ No wonder movie stars love to go on location. Look at the wonderful time these members of Cecil B. DeMille's company are having in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, where they have been for ten months making *The Daily Doen* at the tremendous cost of \$37.50 for the prologue alone. Left to right: Lou Tellegen, Charles de Roche, Marie Dressler, Corse Payton and the younger Cherry Sister.





SCREENLAND'S OWN THEATRE CURTAIN

To be used in the Bijou Dream Temple of Cinema Art at Hickville, Vt.

Designed by John Held, Jr., with apologies to Barton, Wynn and the rest of the boys.

[See chart of distinguished theatregoers on facing page]

If Movies were Advertised —like other merchandise

By Delight Evans

BEN HUR

"Just a Real Good Car"

THE LEOPARDESS

"The Skin You Love to Touch"

THE GOLD DIGGERS

"Because You Love Nice Things"

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

"Eventually—Why Not Now?"

BLACK OXEN

"Keep That School Girl Complexion"

WHY WORRY?

"No Metal Can Touch You"

THE COVERED WAGON

"Anyone Can Put It On"

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

"Mary, I Owe It All to You"

NAME THE MAN

"You Are Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

"Built for Sleep"

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Read the Book"

THE SHEIK

"I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel"

A WOMAN OF PARIS

"Accept No Substitutes"

THE STONE AGE

"Sound as The Rock of Gibralter"

THE EXTRA GIRL

"Others Have Succeeded—Why Not You!"

FIRE OF YOUTH

"It's Toasted"

LILIES OF THE FIELD

"Say It With Flowers"

LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING

"Before and After Taking"

BACK HOME AND BROKE

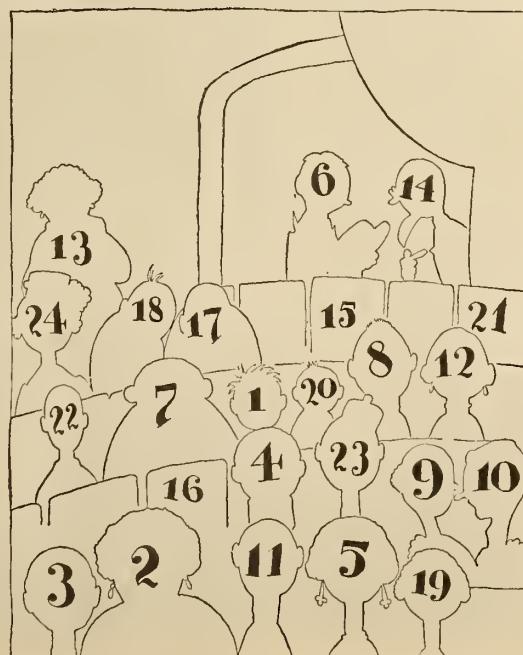
"Let Us Develop Your Bust"
(Censored)

WE TRAVESTY OUR CONTEMPORARIES

¶ With all due apologies to our motion picture contemporaries, SCREENLAND is this month presenting its conception of a few of their pages. We hope our readers will recognize their distinguishing characteristics. For their presentation, the editor is indebted to aid from Anna Prophater, Delight Evans, and John Held, Jr. These burlesque pages will be found immediately following.

Key to the Personnel of the Screenland Curtain

1. MASTER PEEWEE HICKFORD
2. MRS. STEINSKYWITZ, wife of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
3. MR. STEINSKYWITZ, sole owner of the BIJOU DREAM
4. AL GREEN, whitewashing, ashes removed and leaves raked
5. REBEENA STEINSKYWITZ, eldest daughter of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
6. JOE WINDICK, the popular soda dispenser in Green's Drug Store
7. MRS. HENRY HICKFORD, wife and best pal of the undertaker
8. MR. AL RAVIOU, the popular farrier and wheelwright
9. MISS MINNIE PETTER, day telephone operator
10. MR. FRED NECKER, who drives the hotel bus
11. MR. SAMMY STEINSKYWITZ, eldest son of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
12. Mlle. SLUGDA SVENS, Culinary Engineer for the Wallaces who live in the Big House



13. Miss ELLA GLOB, door-tender, ticket-taker and piano-player at the BIJOU DREAM
14. Mr. EB WHIFFLETREE, popular constable and night-watchman at the Embalming Fluid factory
15. An empty seat
16. Ditto
17. Mr. JASON JENSEN, banker and financier
18. HIS BROTHER CHRIS
19. GOLDIE STEINSKYWITZ, youngest daughter of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
20. BETTY BLYTHE HICKFORD, daughter of the Hickfords
21. AN EMPTY SEAT
22. Mr. ADAM HICKFORD, the popular undertaker
23. Mr. HY LOW JACK, the enterprising laundryman
24. Mrs. FLORENCE WATSON, whose husband told her he was going to the movies.

so," said Mr. Chaplin. "A genius. Well, I hardly think so, although a number of critics have said that very thing about me."

Mr. Chaplin said this with all his tremendous

modesty. Coming from anyone else it would have sounded—well, perfectly terrible. But from the great comedian it seemed merely natural and reasonable for

Continued on page 160

The Art of Patsy Ruth Miller

An Intime Study of Film-
land's Future Lady Macbeth.

by Burble Diehard

"OH, GOODY, GOODY," cried Patsy Ruth Miller, hitting me in the face with an ice cream cone, "What do you suppose has happened to me?"

Poor little me couldn't guess what had happened to Pat. (I call her Pat because she is my girl-friend.) So many perfectly thrurrling things are always happening to Pat.

"I am just too excited for words, my dear. Positively thurrilled, my dear."

I curled up on the porch swing at Pat's bungalow, reached for a marshmallow out of the most scrumptious box of bon bons and prepared to listen to Pat's fascinating adventure. Pat is growing up in artistry and in emotional technique but she is still a girl at heart and likes to have a box of candy around.

"Well," said Pat, trying to look oh, so dignified, "I have been asked to play Lady Macbeth in the Bushwack's million dollar screen version of the celebrated play by Shakespeare!"

I gasped. "But, oh, Pat," I cried, "you will be getting too highbrow for words."

"Not to my old friends," said the merry-hearted girl. "But isn't it thrilling. And haven't I got my nerve to play a role that Julia Marlowe and Sarah Siddons and all the famous actresses have made immortal."

"But I mean to play it differently. Not so gloomy, perhaps, but just as tragic. Solemn without being morbid, if you know what I mean."

And I did know what she meant for just then a look that was solemn without being morbid flitted across Pat's big eyes.

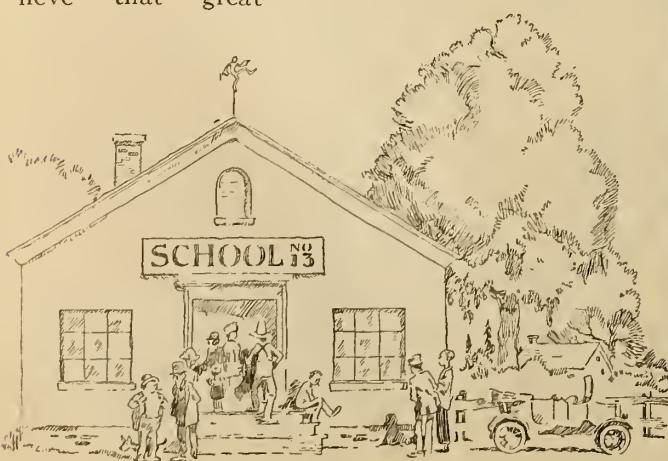
"And I shall make her sympathetic. I don't believe Shakespeare ever meant her to be unsympathetic. I don't believe that great

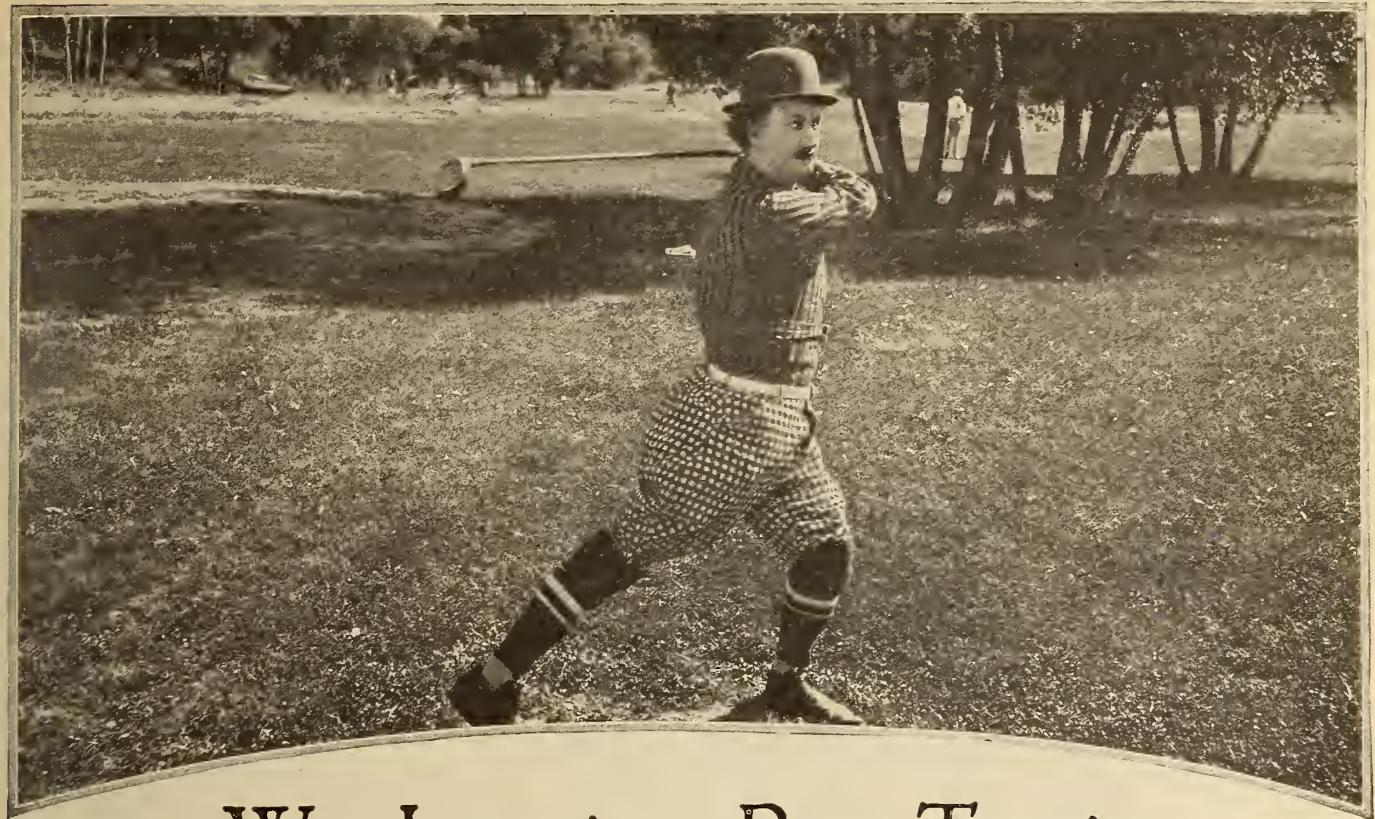
dramatist ever meant anyone to be unsympathetic. I hope the dear public won't be cross with me if

Continued on page 105



At the right, a brand new portrait of Miss Miller, and below, the little school she attended as a child. Little did these schoolmates think of Patsy as a future Lady Macbeth.





We Interview Ben Turpin

A Playful Interview at Cross Purposes

THE CAST

Ben Turpin
We

A Farsighted Comedian

Gwenn Goop and Angela Whittlemore

Time: Meal

Place: The Automat

THE SCENE IS THE AUTOMAT AT NOON.—Mr. Turpin had asked where We wished to eat and We had said the Ritz. He called for us in a handsome beaver-collared coat and a derby and said, "Hello, girls, how's your appetite?"

ANGELA (*eagerly*): "We can't complain."

MR. TURPIN (*resignedly*): "Well, what'll you have?"

ANGELA (*dreamily*): "It really doesn't matter. . . ."

GWENN (*nudging her*): "After all, it's food, is it not?"

ANGELA: "It's food for thought."

GWENN: "That's a good one. Food for thought. Ha ha. . . ."

Mr. Turpin puts a coin in the slot for a cup of coffee and comes back with a glass of milk.

GWENN: "After all, it's life, is it not? Clamorous silences. . . . mystic tintinnabulations. . . ."

ANGELA: "Is it true, Mr. Turpin, that in your early days on the screen you played 'William Tell' and in the great scene when you shoot the apple off your little

boy's head with your bow and arrow you killed your director instead?"

MR. TURPIN: "I have worked hard all my life and my wife richly deserves my success, Miss Stretcher."

ANGELA (*frostily*): "Whittlemore, please."

GWENN: "Do you believe in marriage, Mr. Turpin?"

MR. TURPIN: "It's all right for some people, Miss Vestibule."

GWENN (*coldly*): "Goop is our name."

ANGELA: "Ah . . . there is a thought behind that . . . we shall find it and fathom it . . . we love to fathom things. . . . Life is like that. . . ."

MR. TURPIN: "Have a cup of coffee?"

ANGELA (*sighing*): "We suppose we might as well."

As a golfer, Mr. Turpin has an unusual optical advantage. As to marriage, he declares some people prefer a mandolin to pick on.

MR. TURPIN: (*returning with a*
(Continued on
page 90)



The Lure of the Left Leg!

By Regina Rifle

DO YOU put your best foot or—er, leg—forward?

Frankly, do you know which is your best foot or—er, leg?

This is a question that has been baffling movie stars—and their directors, of course.

Which is it to be, in the interests of beauty, the right or the left leg?

World-famous artists are divided on the question. The movie studios and the ateliers of celebrated illustrators have been shaken by the discussion which was started by Movie Week.

But now the vexatious problem has been solved and no girl can say we have left her in ignorance.

For here is the verdict:

The left leg has it. It has the lure, the enchantment and the beguile. The right leg was only a poor second in the voting.

Here is Howard Chandler Millet's witty comment: "The divine right, Madame, *Mais, oui*, but the diviner left. For notice, please, that in all existing portraits of Ninon de Lenclos, it is the left leg that is, er, exposed and not the right. And, if I may be permitted to use slang, Ninon knew a thing or two."

James Montgomery Corot is also all for the left leg, if he doesn't mind our saying so. "The left leg is the more beautiful. Why? Now don't ask me obvious questions. Statistics prove that the dainty left leg is slightly smaller than the more muscular right. It is a trait handed down to us by our ancestors. For which we ought to be thankful to the old dears."

Penrhyn Raphael insists on being a horrid iconoclast by shattering all our illusions. Listen to the devastating Penrhyn: "If you want my frank opinion, there isn't a pretty leg in the movies, either left or right. I shall probably be barred from Hollywood for saying so, but the legs on the screen aren't one, two, three compared with the legs of the amateurs one sees on the beach."

So there, girls!

Harken unto Nita Naldi, the wise woman: "Girls, rouge and powder your knees. You rouge and powder your faces, don't you? And so why not the knees? You never can tell when the street car step will be too high. And you never can tell when it is going to rain in California."

Famous artists tell why the feminine right is the least charming.



Two interesting examples of left limb perfection. Above, Kathryn McGuire, and right, Shirley Mason.

The Rheumatic History of the Motion Picture

By Perry Damsay

Chapter MCVXXVIII

AT ABOUT this stage in the litigation between Joe Bellby and Local 318 over the rights to a folding toothbrush, an event came about which was destined to shake the industry to the depths of its pocketbooks.

Until the Spring of 1878, the motion picture companies had been getting along without a camera and doing pretty well, at that.

But, one fine May day, a little Frenchman named Napoleon Bonaparte presented a letter of introduction to Jackie Coogan's father and announced that he had come to interest him in a camera.

The camera which Bonaparte, who had formerly kept a saloon in Decatur, Illinois, showed to the elder Coogan was an odd contrivance. It was more nearly like a cuckoo clock than the movie camera of today; every time a foot of film was ground, the cuckoo came forth from its cage and registered the footage.

The elder Coogan was interested in the plaything and decided to give it a test. So he formed a producing company and made a one-reel drama entitled "The Sheik's Kiss." The company worked in an old barn on the present site of the Hotel Plaza.

"The Sheik's Kiss" was the first movie and also the first sex drama to reach the screen. In the cast of this primitive feature were the elder Mr. Coogan, Peg Talmadge, Glenn Hunter, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Craig Biddle.

The elder Coogan and Napoleon made a fortune. In Katonah, N. Y. alone the picture grossed \$5,635. At this moment, the Napoleon wars broke out and Bonaparte was called to the colors.

Coogan was left with a mass of lawsuits on his hands. A Swiss clock company sued him for using the cuckoo and the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds filed

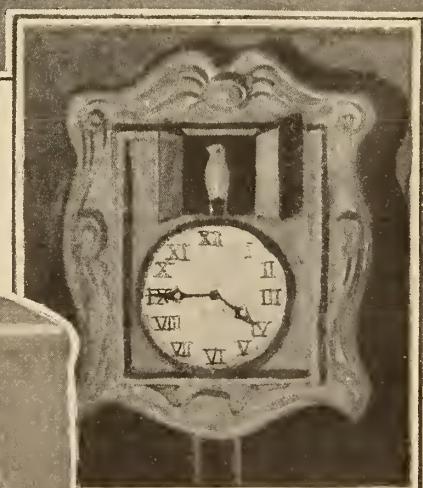
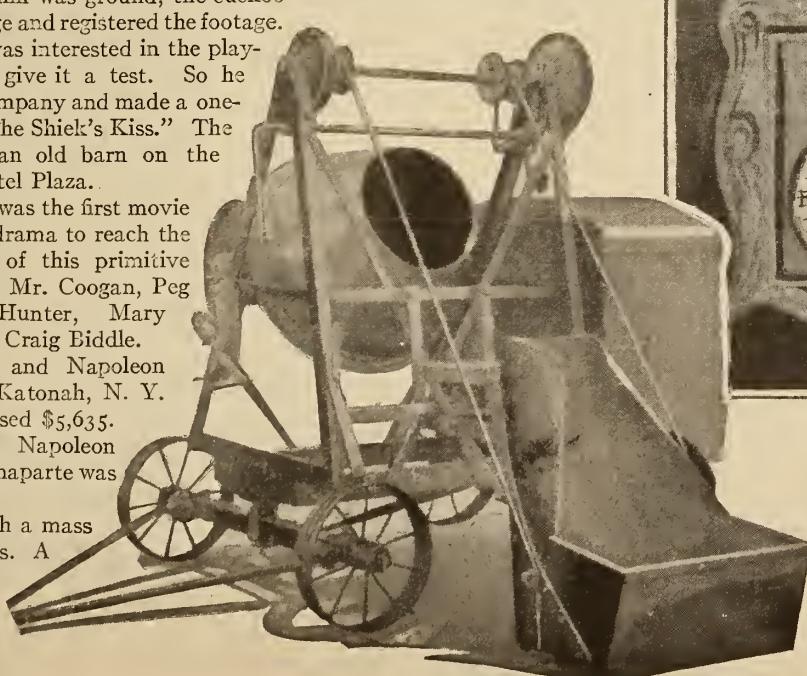
papers at [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

COMPRESSED into this glowing chapter are many of the secrets of the motion picture's most significant early history. The details of the Great Cuckoo Clock Litigation are among the most colorful annals of the cinema's development. Never before has the deep inner history of the screen's development been brought to light with such vividness. Here is an amazing insight into the buried and forgotten romance of the films.

JAMES E. BURKE, *Editor*



A moment that was of vast import to the motion picture. Napoleon Bonaparte outlines his first crude sketch of the motion picture camera to a lady friend on the beach at South Haven, Mich.



An interesting comparison of the vast strides of the motion picture. Above, the early form of cuckoo camera and, left, a modern scenario machine.

My Darkest Hour

By LOTTA LYONS

YOU ask me to tell you my life's darkest moment. I have given thought to this thing, and have finally decided to disclose all. I have kept my secret clutched close to my heart, but after all we owe something to our Public which has gone and done so much for us; and now they shall hear all.

Often I receive fan letters telling me how happy I should be to hold the love and admiration of so many people. And I am; I am. I have tried to keep faith but it has been awfully, awfully hard sometimes. Dear fans, and especially dear girl fans,

m a y
y o u
never,
never
have
to face

what I have had to.

Here I was, happy in my little Hollywood bungalow home with my mother and my grandmother and occasionally my father. I was but a bathing girl—beauty, they call them; but I worked and worked hard; and everyone in the studio was as nice

as could be to me. But one day I decided that I had a future outside of the comedies. Slapstick is the very best training for dramatic work, you know; but I was tired of being just beautiful; I longed to act. I wearied of people passing me by unrecognized on the street. My face was practically unknown to them. So I was perfectly delighted when Mr. de Pille sent for me. He wanted to give me my great chance that I had waited for for so long. He made tests

of me and I am happy to say I passed them all. Came my first picture. How I worked; how I dreamed and hoped that I would knock them cuckoo. I did some fine work; some very good work. I registered all the emotions; my close-ups were, if I do say

it myself, full of beauty and soul. And then—

I can hardly bear to tell you even now—and then de Pille decided to have a bathroom set. Need I tell you how I felt.

His orders were for me to don negligee
(Continued on page 98)

By KITTY KURVES

FAR be it from me to complain. But after all you asked me to tell you, so here it is. I've been working in the Brisque comedies for a long time now and at first I used to be the head girl. I was always the first one to dance into the set and sit on the comedian's lap. And if I do say it myself, it was my le—er, limbs that put me across. I was supposed to have the shapeliest le—er, limbs on the screen. And then something or other—perhaps the California climate and the easy routine of the studio—happened to make me put on a little flesh—I mean weight. And I gradually dropped behind; I became the second girl, and then the third, until finally I was at the end of the line. It hurt. Here I had given up everything for my work, and I was being used as background, me and the Pacific. Well, the director got worse and worse; and one day when we were out on the beach he led me right up to the water and pushed me in. My nice satin bathing suit got all wet. I found myself drifting further out. He stood on the beach and shouted after me, "Now swim." To my horror I discovered that I could. I swam back, but I couldn't face them all. Think of me—a bathing girl—having to swim. It was too much. That is why I have hidden myself away in the foothills and am trying to forget.

Perhaps I might have succeeded, if the reporters had not taken up my trail. There was a dearth of motion picture scandal at the time; otherwise they would never have bothered about poor little me. One persistent one wanted me to write my life story; but I refused to cheapen myself to that extent. I determined to be different, anyway. All I asked was to be let alone. But it was not to be. I was determined to have the white-hot spotlight of publicity turned upon me. I had no sooner shaken off the reporters than I was pursued once more. A man sought me out and

(Continued on page 98)



HESSE

MARY EATON



RICHÉE

LON CHANEY



The Diary of a Movie PA

By Anna Prophater

Drawings by Wynn

Dec. 12. I take my pen in hand to rite in my diry. After reeding my daughters articel on How I cum to be a grate Star and ma's articel on How it feels to be a famus mother, I decided that the public mite want to heer something about the old man.

Unless you are deaf, dum and blind you must of heerd of my daughter Maizie Garrick tho that aint her real name by a long site. The idea is this. Her name was supose to be Garrick and my name was supose to be Garrick and one of my ancestors was supose to be an actor named Garrick, altho none of our family ever sunk so low as to be actors altho they was none to good. Anyways Maizie gets wished with the name Garrick to explane where she got her talent from, which is like me taking a chink name to explane why I got a laundry mans pig tale which I aint.

But I aint trying to get nasty or make no wiscracks about a girl wich is a good meal ticket. I am just riting this to give the grate public a low down on my home life.

Today I have gone back to work for the first time in 15 yrs. I am riting fancy signatchesures of Maizie's name on pictures wich is sent out to $\frac{1}{2}$ wits that rite in and ask her for them. I get \$1 per 100 autografs, paid to me by old thunder and

lightning wich is my wife. Id rather work for strangers but Maizie and the ball and chane wich is my wife dont like me to go mixing in the studios wich is all the work there is in this dratted hole. So they have killed my ambishun.

Dec. 13. My arm paned me something terribul last nite until I thot Id die until Ben cum along. Ben is the footman and rides in the third rollsroice but he aint no swellhed but a regular he guy and knows a feller that brings it in direct on ships.

Well as I was saying my arm paned me terribul and Ben brot something along that he had for a customer and we polished off a bottle between us. Then Pete the gardner cum in and tells us that he was going to brake into the movies but he aint got no more chance than I have of braking into one of C. B. De Mille's dinner partys or "C. B." as we movie peopple call him.

Dec. 15. Yesterday I didnt rite none because I got tired of taking sass from my donnerwetter wich is my wife. So I says I am going out and ern some money of my own and you can just get somebody else to sine these dam fotos if you can find anyone thatll work so cheep. So Ben gave me a coupla tall ones and says Don't forget your old friends when you get famus. So off I went to a studio with a bird by the name of

Matt Gimp whos neece infests the screen under the name of Lora Montaine.

So we went to an actor by the name of Shrimp McGee who Maizie was engaged to last year before she got another rais in salary and Shrimp, out of malis, says he would use us in his picture and give us a lot of publicity and money on account of our distingwished connections. Out least the old Cloudy with Storms wich is my wife says he done it out of malis because she hates to let on I got any talent.

So we went to the mane stage and Shrimp calls a still man and asks us to pose for some pictures to put in the papers and then he calls a lot of bathing girls to help put some pep into them stills.

Well the pictures was certainly lively enuff becaus Matt and me throwed our souls into the part and Shrimp stood on the side lines and made all kinds of jokes and cracks. We was suppose to be cutups in the pictures and act skittish with the girls.

Shrimp said he would take the still pictures 1st to rush out the publicity and we could do our stuff before the movie cameras afterwards at \$15 a day wich is good waiges but not what the Biddle kid from Newport got to start with.

I mite of knowed it was too good to be true and that Ben and Matt and me throwed our celabration too soon. This A. M. wen I reported for work I just thot Id drop in on the Publicity gent and see them still pictures. It just struck me that mabe me and Matt had been a trifle too daring in some of them photos.

Well I wasnt the 1st to call on the Publicity gent for the old Deluge wich is my wife had beet me to it and the Publicity gent was just about to call on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals wen I arrive.

The Deluge had seen the pictures all labeled as to how the father of the famus Maizie Garrick had decided to levee home and join up with the art. The publicity gents story was that he had got orders to shoot them stills to the papers and that the orders had gone from Shrimp.

Well what the Deluge called Shrimp was a crime. I aint heard her speek so planely since we moved from the Bronx. She hollered malis, malis and a lot of other things wich I couldnt even rite in my diry. I never knewed she had pickt up so many good affectifs. Then she turned on me and repeeted the balling out with trimmings.

As for the Shrimp the dirty bum he had

gone on location and left me to face the Cycloon wich got worse wen Matt's neece and his wife and his wifes sister wich is the famus Lora Montaine bloo in, being called there by my wife to take a look at them still pictures.

Well the publicity gent could do nothing but tare up them stills and promis to forget about them but the Deluge never left that studio till she had told the dirty work to the general Man'ger, the president, 3 directors and anybody that would listen.

So I went home without no more career and here I am wating for Ben to come home with the lifesavers.

Dec. 17. Yesterday me and Ben got talking things over and I deside that I am going to work and that nobody can stop me from going into the movies if I want to. Lay down the law to the storm and strife says Ben, but dont tell her I told you to do it.

So I went out from the garag where I have my room on acc't of not being allowed to live in the house like one of the fambly and walks in on the thunder and lightning wich is my wife and asks her can I have a little business talk. She says how much do you want. Nothing I said with dignity. I am tired of living off a public disgrase like Maizie. Cut that stuff, says the wife.

I am going to work, I says. Dont make me laff, she says. And I am going in the movies, I told her.

Well that makes her think of the still pictures and she hits the seeling again. There is plenty of companys that would be glad to have me, I says, and what would know talent if they saw it and wich you couldnt get to tare up the stills.

There are such vile monsters, says the wife, but it is just like you to stope to low company, I know what goes on there in the garag with you and Ben and that greesed lightning he sells.

That, I says, is neether here nor there. I am going to work and going this afternoon down to the Bozo Komedy Kompany, so dont kid yourself that I aint.

How much do you expect to earn, says the wife. 75 dollars a week is my price to start, I tells her. Well, the wife sat and thinked for a wile and finally she says, Maizie and me have been talking things over and Maizie says she needs a busines manager. Why should we go out of the family for a busines manager when your pa would take the job for 100 dollars a week says I to Maizie.

What do you mean, I asked the wife. That I should be business manager to that mooron. Dont [Continued on page 102]





¶ The director discovers Egypt



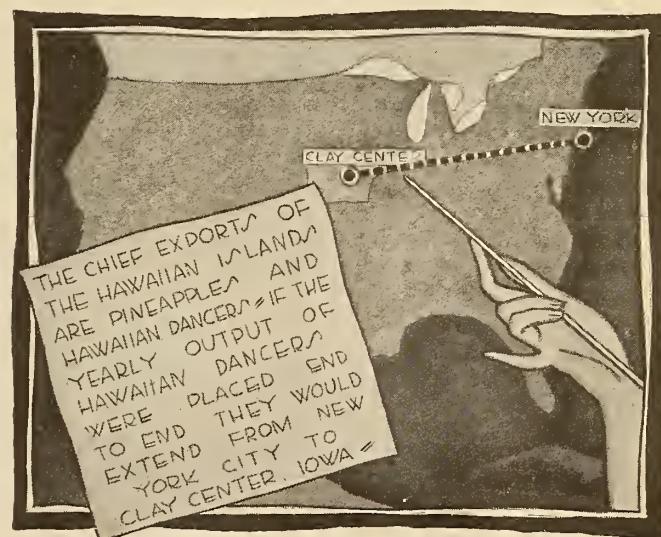
¶ The sub-title writer discovers Omar Khayyam

The Five Great Discoveries *of the Motion picture*

By Eldon Kelly



¶ The news reel discovers the Navy



¶ The educational film is discovered



¶ The Public discovers the Exit

Shot to HADES

By H. B. K. Willis

Drawings by Kliz



ARCHIMEDES, that nonchalant if scientific old gent who did a Lady Godiva, clad solely in his beard and a bath-brush, long before Godiva did, was the progenitor of motion-picture location men.

"Eureka! I've found it!" the Third Readers say he chortled as he galloped down the Appian, or some other, Way, leaving his tub behind him. Personally I shall always believe he meant the soap, though more learned writers blame him for the discovery of specific gravity, the present-day curse of undergraduates, home-brewers, bootleggers and battery doctors.

The Quest for New Locations

THE location men in screenland are a lot like dear old Arch. They chortle and they gallop but as yet they have never found it—"it" meaning the new locations they are paid to locate.

If they said "Eureka" the producers would probably think it was the name of a California city, hamlet or town if not a Turkish cigarette. So they don't say it, as they know naught but old locations are tried and true—locations long since shot to Hades in more than a decade of canned scenery.

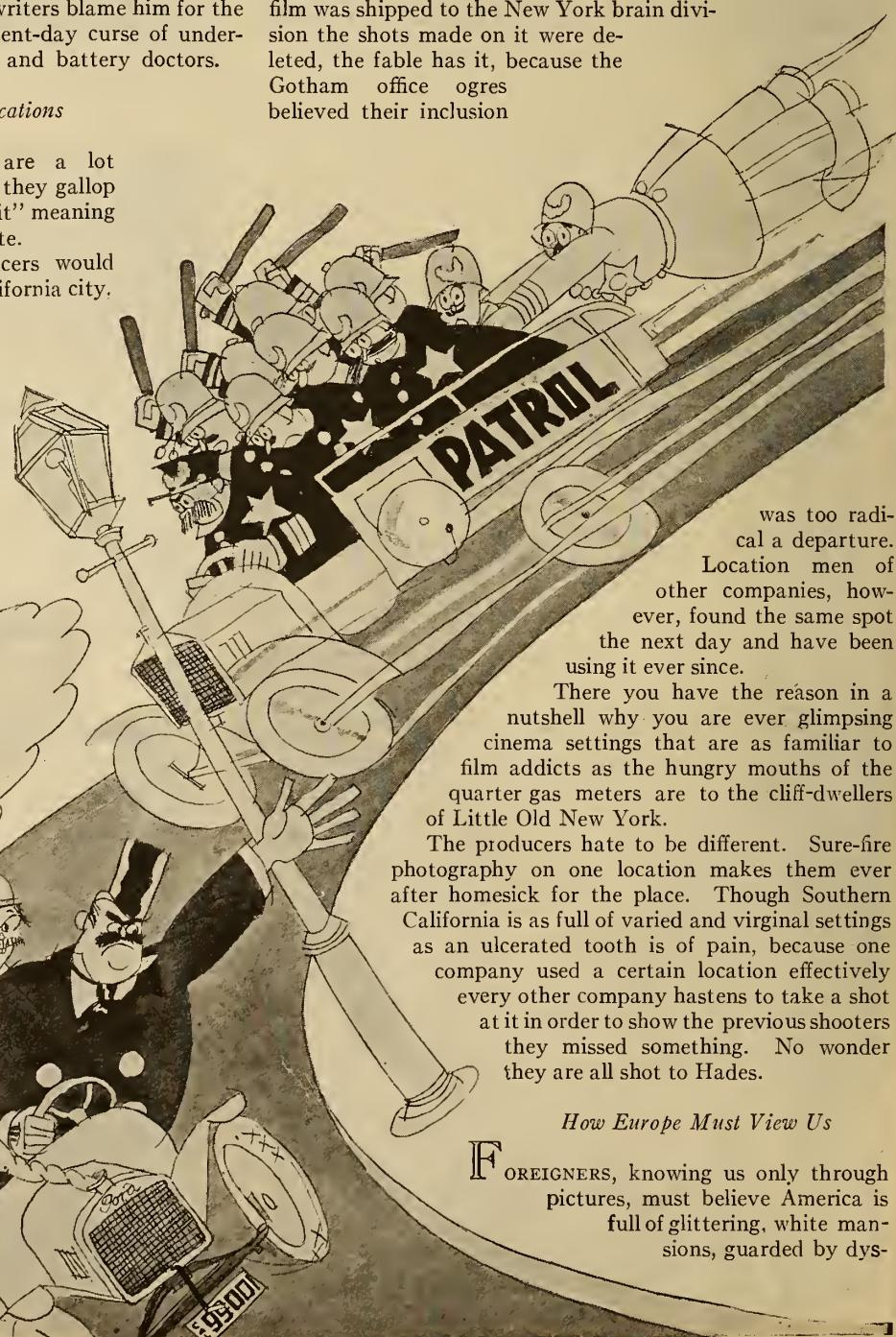
Once upon a time there was a location hunter who found a new location, a setting for a cinema scene. He dashed back to the studio with high hopes and a

QDo you know where they always film the skidding comedy flivers? It's at the corner of Western Avenue and Santa Monica boulevard.

swelling chest. There he told the director, whose scenic eyes he was, of his find. The director, being young and reactionary, and therefore different, wrung his hand and congratulated him.

Overdoing the Old Locations

THEY used the location. But when the film was shipped to the New York brain division the shots made on it were deleted, the fable has it, because the Gotham office ogres believed their inclusion



was too radical a departure.

Location men of other companies, however, found the same spot the next day and have been using it ever since.

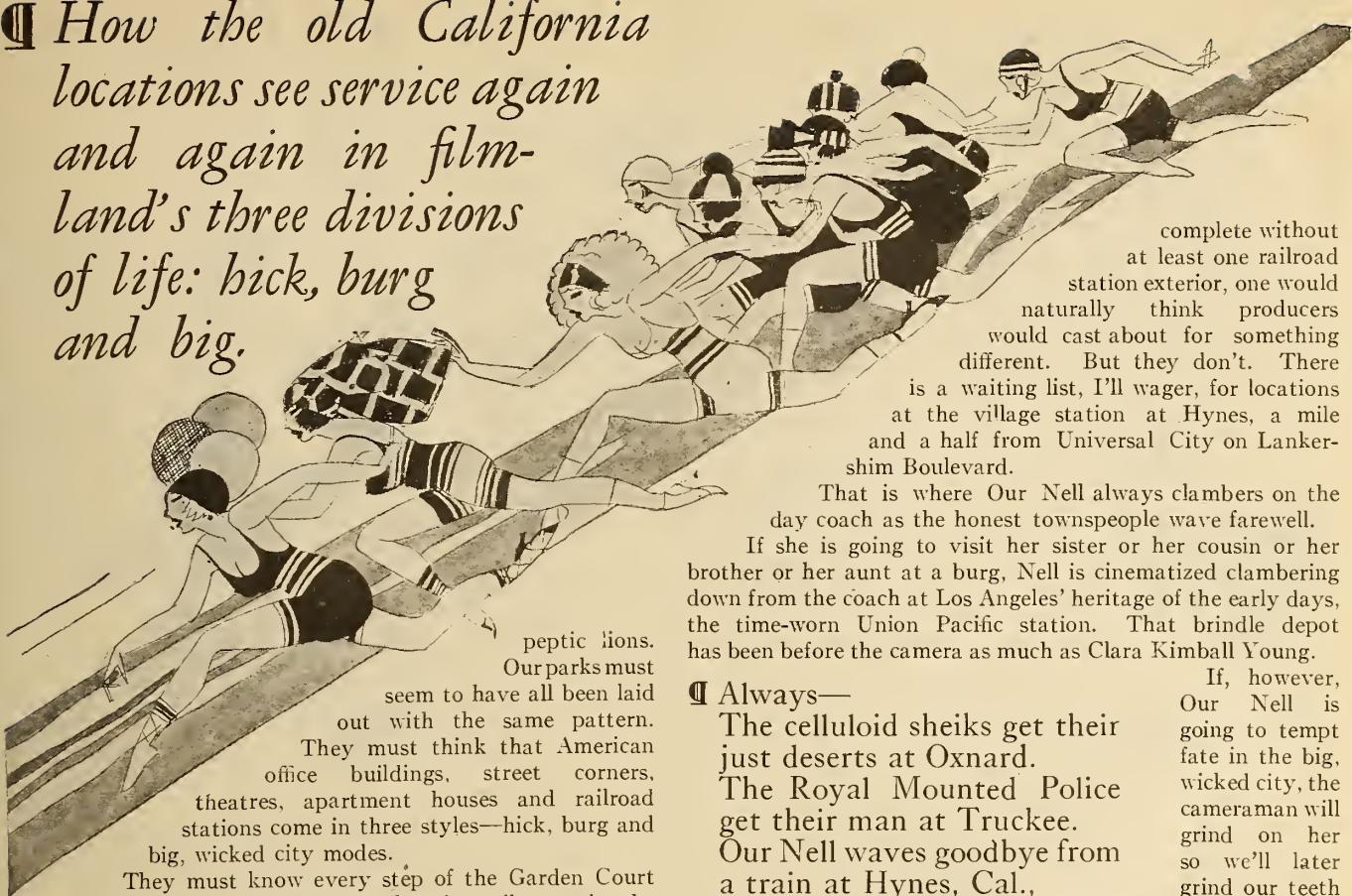
There you have the reason in a nutshell why you are ever glimpsing cinema settings that are as familiar to film addicts as the hungry mouths of the quarter gas meters are to the cliff-dwellers of Little Old New York.

The producers hate to be different. Sure-fire photography on one location makes them ever after homesick for the place. Though Southern California is as full of varied and virginal settings as an ulcerated tooth is of pain, because one company used a certain location effectively every other company hastens to take a shot at it in order to show the previous shooters they missed something. No wonder they are all shot to Hades.

How Europe Must View Us

FOREIGNERS, knowing us only through pictures, must believe America is full of glittering, white mansions, guarded by dys-

¶ How the old California locations see service again and again in film-land's three divisions of life: hick, burg and big.



peptic lions.
Our parks must

seem to have all been laid out with the same pattern.

They must think that American office buildings, street corners, theatres, apartment houses and railroad stations come in three styles—hick, burg and big, wicked city modes.

They must know every step of the Garden Court apartments, that pretentious, gleaming pile out in the higher rent district of Hollywood where live the movie men who never plan to do right by Our Nell until the last reel.

The mountain retreats of those fiends in human form, who dabble in porcelains, first editions and debutantes, neglecting their lawful wedded wives, are bound to be filmed in Laurel Canyon which also supplies the artist colony shots with its winding roads and quaint cabins.

Since there is hardly a modern picture which can be called



complete without at least one railroad station exterior, one would naturally think producers would cast about for something different. But they don't. There is a waiting list, I'll wager, for locations at the village station at Hynes, a mile and a half from Universal City on Lankershim Boulevard.

That is where Our Nell always clammers on the day coach as the honest townspeople wave farewell.

If she is going to visit her sister or her cousin or her brother or her aunt at a burg, Nell is cinematized clambering down from the coach at Los Angeles' heritage of the early days, the time-worn Union Pacific station. That bridle depot has been before the camera as much as Clara Kimball Young.

If, however, Our Nell is going to tempt fate in the big, wicked city, the cameraman will grind on her so we'll later grind our teeth on her emergence, wide-eyed and timorous from the Southern Pacific's Arcade station.

Los Angeles' public build-

ings have been done equally to death. There is not a court-room nor a jail which has not echoed time and time again to the hoarse directorial voices.

Goldwyn Studio Doubles in Brass

THE executive staff at Goldwyn's Culver City studio realizes that because sometime ago a lackey of Lehr, hurrying to the studio in the chill Hollywood nine o'clock dawn, noted the place's resemblance to a jail, a castle, a cathedral, a home for the feeble-minded and a custom house.

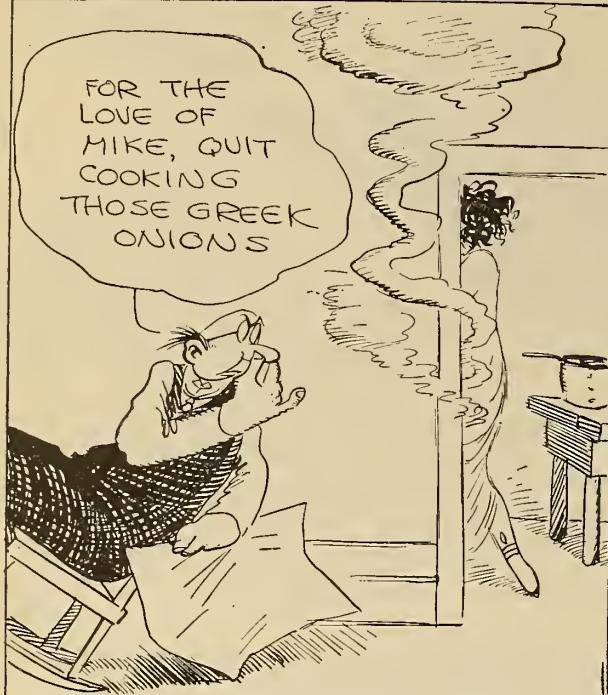
So when they need any one of those things the Goldwyn companies do not have to journey downtown as the studio carpenters in a busy half-day can slap a false front on the place, a sort of dickey of wallboard and stucco, making it look like anything that is desired. It was last converted into a gaol entrance for *Name the Man*, the vehicle for Mae who has been denoted the Burning Busch.

High society or costume stuff awakens a sense that something is lacking unless Westlake Park or the Busch Gardens in Pasadena double for the dooryards of the upper crusts of this and yesteryear.

Los Angeles' Two-Way Lake

WESTLAKE PARK is a two-way affair. It has a lake into which comedians can be thrown along with the lunch-boxes, banana peels, waxed paper and other debris of the ruminant American tourist. There used to be [Continued on page 103]

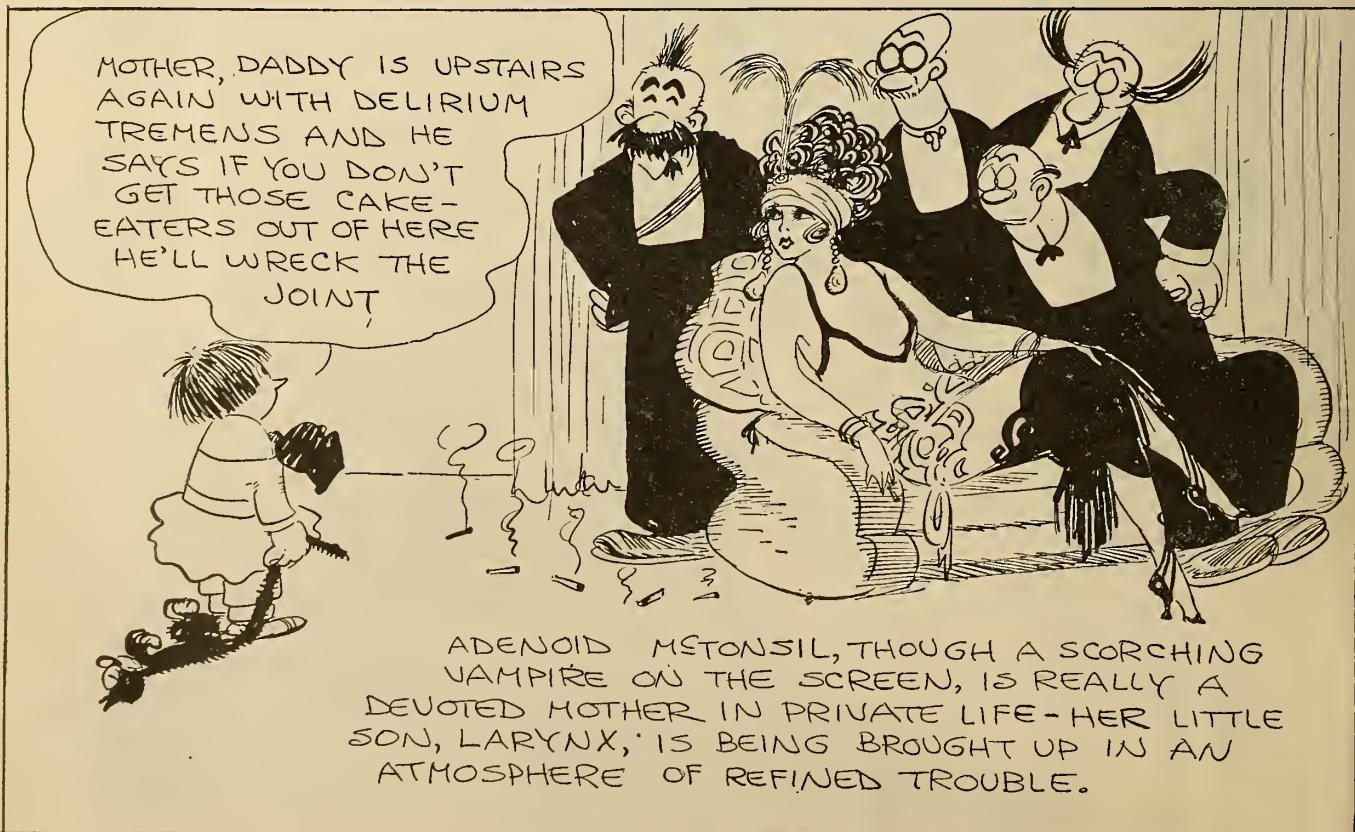
The Ideal Home Life of Famous



VIRGINIA COLD CREAM FINDS THE INSPIRATION FOR HER SUBLIME SCREEN CREATIONS IN THE DELICATE PERFUMES OF THE OLD WORLD - HER HOME IS PERMEATED WITH THE FAINT SCENT OF ANCIENT AND MYSTERIOUS EMPIRES.

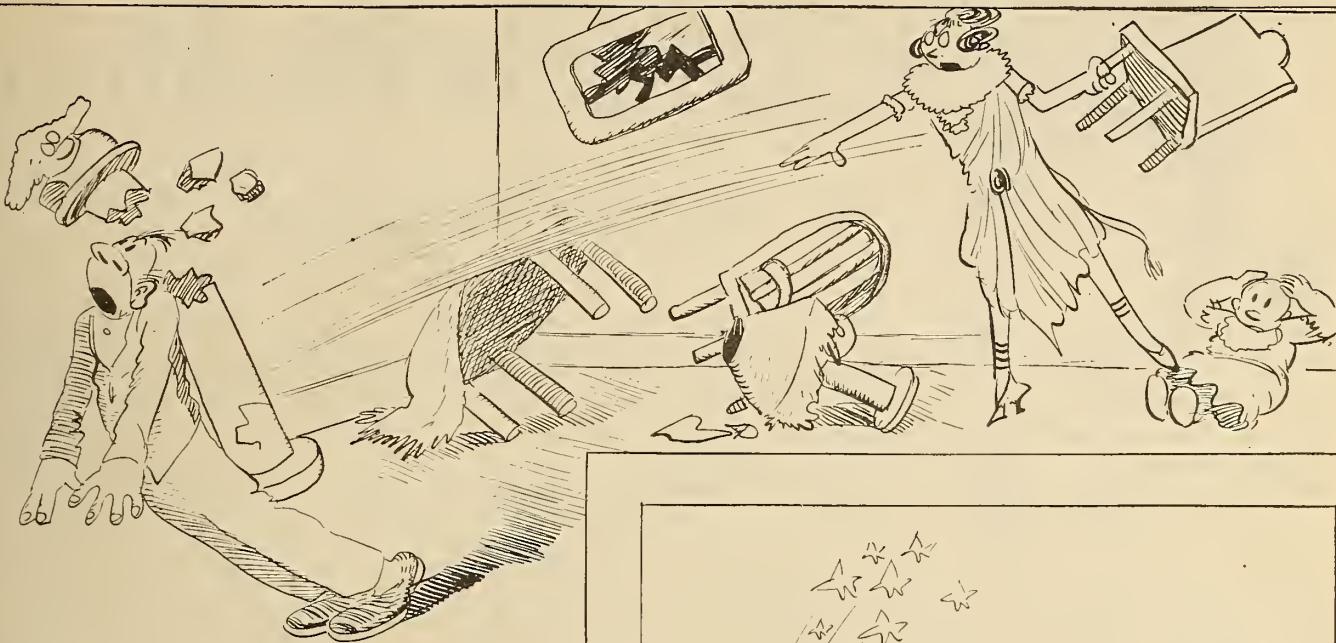


LUKE OATMEAL, THE MASTER SHEIK OF THE FILMS, SPENDS ALL OF HIS TIME WITH HIS BOOKS - BOTH OF THEM



Film Stars

By Rube Goldberg



THE MC JACUUMS, THE IDEAL LOVEBIRDS OF THE SILVER SHEET, ARE SO BUSY WITH THEIR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS THEY SELDOM HAVE TIME TO GO OUT.



YVONNE FROMAGE IS AN ANIMAL ENTHUSIAST AND SPENDS MUCH TIME ON HER ESTATE IN ATHLETIC PURSUITS TRYING TO KEEP HER MIND OFF THE MORTGAGE.



BUNK BALONEY, THE GREAT OUTDOOR HERO OF THE FILMS, IS ALWAYS THE FIRST ONE AT THE STUDIO, EXCEPTING ON TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, MONDAY'S, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAY'S, SUNDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

New SCREENPLAYS

By Frederick James Smith

T

HE much heralded production of Cecil de Mille, *The Ten Commandments*, the super-super-spectacle which made the waters of the Red Sea and the Paramount production activities to stand still, delivered its message in New York just before Christmas. As far as I can see, Manhattan is pretty much unchanged at this writing, one week later.

Mr. De Mille's Two Stories

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is as definitely divided into two parts as Mr. de Mille's own Red Sea. The first half concerns itself with the bondage of the Children of Israel in Egypt. Here Mr. de Mille shows how Moses led the Israelites from the land of their captivity, how he caused the pursuing army of the Pharaoh to be halted by a pillar of fire and later engulfed in the Red Sea after its waters had parted to let his people pass dry-shod and, how, after the liberated Israelites had come to worship at the feet of false gods, the ten commandments were given to Moses on the heights of Sinai.

Then the story shifts to today and traces the modern application of these ten commandments of old. Here Mr. de Mille reveals a household with a stern old mother who believes in the letter of the law in the application of the Bible to modern life. There are two sons, one a self-sacrificing, upright youth who is a carpenter, (Mr. de Mille capitalizes Carpenter and doubtless looks upon this as keen symbolism), while the other is a youthful waster. Both the sons come to love the same girl but she marries the harem-scarem youth and the two start out to "break the ten commandments and become wealthy."

Both the sons come to love the same girl but she marries the harem-scarem youth and the two start out to "break the ten commandments and become wealthy."

The Bad Boy Gets His Just Deserts

THE screen always sees to it that evil-doers get their deserts and here the erring son pays and pays. He becomes rich as a

Constance Talmadge was a pallid figure in her weak romantic opus, *The Dangerous Maid*.

builder through skimping in materials, but finally a church under construction topples in, killing his own mother, and the law seeks to punish the criminal constructor. He tries to recover some of the jewels he has lavished upon a beautiful Eurasian

only to discover that she is an escaped leper and that he himself is a victim. He kills her in his horror—but dies later when he attempts to elude the police. His widow has escaped leprosy through a new faith and comes to ultimate happiness with the honest carpenter.

Thus Mr. de Mille proves—to his own satisfaction, at least—that if you break the ten commandments they will break you. Also, Mr. de Mille points out, through the medium of the grim old mother, that the old laws aren't intended to be enforced to the letter in these modern days.

Exodus Better Than Miss Macpherson

AS you may guess, the first half of the story is straight from the Old Testament, the second straight from Jeanie Macpherson. And while he has a hard, cruel style, Exodus can write circles around Miss Macpherson when it comes to straightforward drama, if you must know. Her contribution is just movie. Actually, this first half of *The Ten Commandments* is better than I had anticipated. Perhaps I had forgotten the de Mille of the old days—of, let me say, *Joan the Woman*—the de Mille who hasn't yet turned to modern plumbing. The characters of this Biblical part are not real—in the sense, for instance, that the historical folk of Ernst Lubitsch live and breathe—but there is a steady drive to his screen pictures, along with a genuine pictorial force and momentary seconds of sheer beauty. The flight of the Israelites across the Egyptian sands, caught in the natural color photography, is the high spot of *The Ten Commandments*.

The much discussed crossing of the Red Sea is easily explained. De Mille built two long water-tight walls and then admitted water outside the walls. This was permitted to rise over the ramparts and to fill the avenue between. By simply reversing the film, the water appears to rush away, leaving a safe and dry path between towering walls of water. But to show this for more than a moment on the screen would reveal the genuineness of the walls, so de Mille resorted to double-exposure. He had two miniature masses of quivering and glistening gelatine arranged in exact duplicate of the walls surrounded by water. This was pictured and then the film was again passed through the camera while the Israelites and the pursuing Egyptians were photographed, literally between the walls of gelatine. The result does look pretty much like two long armies crossing between high walls of water.

Plenty of Camera Trickwork

THE scenes of Moses receiving the ten commandments on



in REVIEW

Illustrated by Covarrubias

Mount Sinai failed to impress me. Here de Mille moved in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, his methods strangely resembling an exhibition of Pain's fireworks. On the other hand, the Red Sea trick camerawork plainly impressed the New York audiences. Doubtless it will further impress the hinterland.

The acting throughout *The Ten Commandments* fails to reach any noteworthy heights. Theodore Roberts has only opportunities to pose briefly as Moses, Charles de Roche is physically massive but histrionically inadequate as Rameses while Julie Faye is a mere Winter Garden fillie as Pharaoh's storm and strife, as Anna Prophater would say. The one person to stand out of the Biblical section is Estelle Taylor, who contributes a surprising bit as Miriam, Moses' sister, discreetly described by the program as being "guilty of abominations." As chief worshipper of the Calf of Gold in what apparently was the first thing resembling a cabaret scene in history, Miss Taylor supplied enough passionate ecstasy to make her performance the outstanding thing of the ultra-spectacle.

Acting of Modern Half Passable

EVEN with Nita Naldi as the Eurasian in the modern half, the acting is but passable. Nor is the de Mille direction in any way noteworthy here, save in one scene, the aftermath of the church collapse. Here de Mille touched a high spot.

Very likely *The Ten Commandments* will make money. It looks to me like a box office picture. As for creating "an epic picture that would portray and satisfy the deeper craving of mankind," as the press agents have said, *The Ten Commandments* is just another lengthy picture, over-loaded with huge sets, thousands of extras and tremendous expenditures. When *The Ten Commandments* was in course of shooting and cutting, the Paramount powers-that-be were very sensitive about the fact that the prologue alone had cost over a million. But now they are referring cheerfully to the fact that *The Ten Commandments* ran its expenses to \$1,500,000. Still, as the souvenir program of *The Ten Commandments* says, most of the picture was made "out in the desert where Bul-Bul, the nightingale, alone breaks the stillness by his song!"

The Shepherd King is Dull

IN contrast to *The Ten Commandments* is that other screenplay built upon the Old Testament, *The Shepherd King*, produced by William Fox in Italy and the Holy Land. More directly it is the work of J. Gordon Edwards, the director who turned out many an ornate and beaded Theda Bara spectacle.

This was once a stage play in which Wright Lorimer used to

barnstorm the provinces, a sort of jitney *Ben-Hur*. Briefly, it deals with the calling of David to deliver the land from the Philistines and has its climax in David's triumph over the giant, Goliath. The whole thing is handled here with a minimum of expense and imagination. Save for the backgrounds, which now and then look like authentic shots of the Holy Land, there is little to recommend the production, either in the inadroit direction or the over-profuse acting of the Italian principals. Except for Violet Mersereau the cast is wholly Latin. And I can not see any special reason for sending Miss Mersereau all the way

to Italy to play Michal, the beloved of David. Miss Mersereau, who is very colorless, is a member of the Wampas "baby stars," class of 1910.

David Would Be Debarred in 1924

IF the immortal combat between David and Goliath occurred as Mr. Edwards here pictures it, David would have been debarred from fighting in practically every state in the Union. True, David got the decision and his opponent's head, but the thing was pretty unsportsmanlike. The more the motion picture attempts to portray the Old Testament, the more it reveals the folk of the Biblical characters as being as hard hearted as the owner of a lot of defective penny-in-the-slot machines.

The Shepherd King is just another sleep producing film. It lacks everything.

Personally, I managed to get more enjoyment out of Buster Keaton's new comedy, *Our Hospitality*, than I could extract from anything else cinematic during the past month. The low level of screenplays can easily be explained for, with the coming of the holidays each year, the producers unload their worst pictures. Motion pictures draw poorly at this time, anyway, and the exhibitors have no come back. The producers merely point to the calendar as their alibi.

Our Hospitality Too Long

OUR HOSPITALITY has one serious weakness. It is entirely too long, running over six reels. Yet, the opus has amazingly humorous qualities in spots. The hero, no other than Monsieur Keaton, starts south to take possession of his ancestral home. The time is 1830 and the young man makes the trip over an amazing one-track railroad which invests the adventure



¶Cormal Myers plays the Countess Fedora in Slave of Desire, the weak version of Balzar's The Magic Skin.

with something of the epic quality of a Covered Wagon trip. Arriving in Kentucky, Keaton finds himself constituting one-half of an old feud. He discovers that while he is the guest of his enemies he is safe, owing to the good old rules of Southern hospitality, and he declines to move.

Our Hospitality has a vast amount of comic ingenuity but it is some two reels too long. Comedians will insist upon making feature pictures! Yet our comedies are far in advance of our dramas in points of freshness and cleverness. This *Our Hospitality* has more originality than all the other pictures of the month, *The Ten Commandments* included.

Lucretia Lombard Jumbled Stuff

LUCRETIA LOMBARD is another so-called screen classic produced by the Warner Brothers. It is adapted from a Kathleen Norris novel and very likely will carry its studio title, *Flaming Passion*, when you see it outside of New York. For Manhattan the producers utilized the original title for some reason or other. Maybe they thought the published title had some value! You never can tell.

I am not familiar with Miss Norris' original novel but the screen version is certainly movie stuff with a vengeance. It is a badly jumbled story of a young woman who has been true to her sick but unfaithful husband through the years despite her knowledge of his weakness. Finally he dies through a mixup in medicines and, in the subsequent investigation, the widow meets the young district attorney. They love each other at first sight but the attorney is forced by circumstances into a marriage with a girl he does not really love. The director, Jack Conway, solves the problem finally by having a forest fire eliminate the wife, clearing the way for the district attorney and the widow to do the fade-out stuff.

I can not hand this *Lucretia Lombard* anything, even in acting. Irene Rich comes closest to humanness but Monte Blue is weak as the attorney, Marc McDermott overacts as the naughty husband, and Norma Shearer is dreadful as the woman who traps the attorney into marriage until the forest fire gets her. Miss Shearer seems to have every annoying ingenue quality.

Name the Man Varies

NAME THE MAN, adapted from Sir Hall Caine's *The Master of Man*, has unusual interest, being Victor Seastrom's first American-made screenplay. This Seastrom has an interesting record behind him in the Swedish studios.

Name the Man proved to be both good and bad. Seastrom was plainly handicapped by a fundamentally weak story and an inferior cast, save in a single instance. At basis it is the old story of the wronged girl who is brought before the guilty man for trial. This is typically Caine stuff with all its emotional turgidness. And the favorite Caine background, the Isle of Man, is here. On the whole, Seastrom handles his material expertly, particularly in the courtroom scene, which is very well done indeed.

The one histrionic exception I have referred to is Mae Busch, who plays the girl with a great deal of variety and effectiveness. It is a better performance than her highly commendable Gloria in *The Christian*. The rest of the acting is very flat.

The snoring of fellow film fans in the theatre on the



Buster Keaton gives a highly amusing performance in *Our Hospitality*.

perforated with a sword not once but twice. Still, he is wearing a suit of snow-white satin and lace and there isn't a speck of gore on it.

The subtitles do not attempt to explain all this. Nor do I simply present it as an interesting addition to your gallery of directorial bones. I have often commented upon the bloodless characters of our American-made romantic films, but this Don John is plainly of India rubber.

Mr. Flynn is guilty of other things, too. He allows his army to march away to fight the Moors and then march back again in just as spick and span a glitter. He gets nothing out of his cast. Even Blanche Sweet, the unforgettable *Anna Christie*, seems highly puzzled with the proceedings. And the much touted Aileen Pringle, soon to be seen as the tiger-skin lady of *Three Weeks*, is pretty inadequate as a plotting princess of Phillip's court. She doesn't seem to be able to express anything at all in the way of drama.

Tiger Rose Lacks Tang

TIGER ROSE, another Warner Brothers' classic, is a screen version of the Northwest melodrama of Willard Mack, which was so highly effective behind David Belasco's footlights. Out in the real out doors, the excitement seems to lose its tang. Doubtless you have read announcements of Lenore Ulric's screen debut in *Tiger Rose* but, being a good fan, you remember all her celluloid characterizations of the past, before Mr. Belasco discovered her and made her a star in a series of roles culminating in the piquant *Kiki*. I recall Miss Ulric as having a good measure of charm and appeal. Something of these two qualities has disappeared and *Tiger Rose* isn't quite the screenplay you had been anticipating. Or is it because we are tired unto death of these endless tales of the Northwestern mounted police? Or, more likely, Miss Ulric was too tired from playing *Kiki* for two straight years to approach the films with any real zest. That's probably [Continued on page 98]

night I viewed Enimett J. Flynn's production of the late F. Marion Crawford's *In the Palace of the King*, was appalling. Actually, this screenplay is a dreadful costume dud.

In the Palace of the King Dull

THE Crawford romance is not inspiring, simply the old hokus of the handsome young nobleman who loves a lovely gal below his rank in life. This time the gent is Don John, brother of the wicked King Philip II of Spain and a war hero and public idol on his own account. Aside from the kindergarten romance, there is the intrigue of Philip, who resents his brother's popularity. This culminates when the naughty monarch runs John through with his sword. But his trusty general, Mendoza, father of the gal, shoulders the blame to protect his king, runs his own sword through the body of John, in order to get blood upon the weapon, and gives himself up. Then, of course, the distraught gal, believing her father guilty, confesses her love for the late lamented John in open court. Thus she hopes to save her father, but in vain.

The Original Rubber Hero

THEY are just threshing out the details of papa's execution when, lo and behold, John reappears—ALIVE! The lad puts all other wounded heroes in the shade, for the camera has plainly shown him to have been

Some Valentines



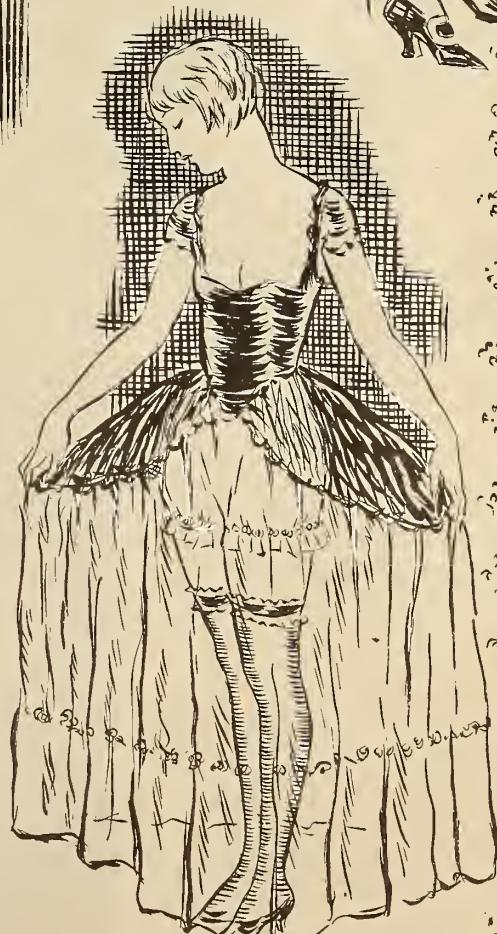
¶ Merton of the
Movies would
adore your
horse,
But not, we sadly
fear, your fifth
divorce.



¶ Dear lady, we
don't mean to
be rude,
But why insist
you be filmed
nearly nude?



¶ Quaint old costumes
have made you a star,
But is that the reason
we adore from afar?



E. MCNERNEY, JR.

Is the Pollyanna

By Susie



KODEL AND HERBERT

Paris is going through a campaign against undress at this moment, and Mlle. Macia Napierkowska, the Russian dancer, presented above, is one of the storm centers of the attack. This is the famous jewel costume which has aroused so much comment.

CRIME sentinels, busy at the perennial vacuum cleaning of the Broadway stage, have raised the dust from several questions of censorship.

Is the political supervision which makes screen material a Pollyanna perversion of the facts of life more injurious to public morals than the knowledge of realities contained in such plays as *Rain* and *The Lullaby*, recently condemned by so-called moralists, who insist on having their literary linens freshly starched from the hand laundries?

If knowledge is power, is the perpetual fairy tale edition of realities sponsored by the New York State Motion Picture Commission wholesome? Should all heroines—on the screen or stage—be virgins, all heroes chaste and every

Rain, the much talked about drama with a missionary as one of its chief figures, is a center of discussion in New York. At the right, a scene from *Rain* with Jeanne Eagels.

Is the film's perversion of the facts of life more injurious to public morals than the knowledge of realities contained in stage plays recently condemned by the reformers?

villain following the one way street to perdition?

The Crime Outposts Condemn the Plays

SEVERAL of the most popular plays of the stage this season have fallen under the eye of the crime outposts. *Hamlet* has been looked into by a member of the New York police force and found to be not a public menace. Gertrude, his mother, although deserving, seems likely to escape condemnation at the hands of city magistrates. *Rain*, the story of a minister who went wrong, is thought by some to teach a moral lesson and by others an offense against all the laws on the calendar. *The Lullaby*, which shows that mother love may be responsible for prostitution, has also been criticized.



WHITE

Screen IMMORAL?

Sexton

¶ Will the campaign against stage morals force the footlights to sugar-coat the realities of life after the fashion of the screen, held in the grip of censors?

Unwise restraints upon the modern motion picture which tend to give a Pollyanna twist to every picture passed by the state board of censors are condemned by Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, as perverting life.

Pollyannaism a Menace

"SUGAR-COATING the realities of life in the manner which prevails under censorship is a decided menace," said Mr. Barrett. "That is my opinion and I feel that it is the opinion of the entire board."

"Screen censorship insists on the heroine, who is a virgin, the hero, who is chaste, and the villain, who is solid black. Everything and everybody, under the censors,



DE MIRJAN STUDIOS

¶ Artists and Models, the very much undressed revue, was a sensation on the New York stage this year. Above, Kyra, the chief dancer of Artists and Models. At the left, a scene from the motion picture, The Temple of Venus, which displeased John S. Sumner so much.



must be black or white. There is no middle course. It completely overlooks the fact that no one in the world is ever all black or all white. As Thackeray once said all of us are 'tabby.' Censorship will never admit that human beings are 'tabby.' It insists on characters that are the color of snow-white and on themes that are the color of mush.

"Censorship will always fail for this very reason. Because after all in morality it is character which decides the issue and the censors ignore character entirely in the Pollyanna creed.

Is Film Censorship



DE MIRJIAN STUDIOS

¶ *Eleanor Stitt, one of the show girls of the revue, Artists and Models, in a costume not much unlike that worn on the stage during the production.*

"Opposing this counterfeit of life in motion pictures is, however, just like hitting against a brick wall. The American public seems to have a penchant for fairy tales, particularly on the screen. Most of the world seems to want to escape from reality. The *Pollyanna* picture allows them to make that mistake.

"There is much discussion at the present time about the production of *The Lullaby*, in which Florence Reed is starred. I have not seen the play, but from what I have heard of the story it seems to me to be just another type of the mother theme which motion picture producers have been delighting in of late with the usual boiling over of sentimentality.

Public Against Realities

"**G**ENERALLY," Mr. Barrett continued, "the public is not particularly inclined to favor realities. They like the snowy heroine, the blameless hero and villain who can't be reformed. This is one of the deep reasons for our *Pollyanna* film morality.

"Even when you are capable of regarding the *Pollyanna* picture as artistic you have to admit that it is untruth in glossing over unpleasant things.

"Personally I do not believe that bad pictures are being made at the present time. Although the distortion of life for which the censors are responsible is often harmful. How can any three people in the world decide for the rest of the world what is moral or immoral.

"Censorship has succeeded only in putting the fear of God into the producer and in mutilating motion pictures or garbling the realities.

Flaming Youth Condemned

¶ **W**ITH censorship as it is I think the recent film production of *Flaming Youth* was a short-sighted policy for any producer. It distorted life. And while it had no vicious qualities it was capitalizing the appeal of a book which was selling purely because of its sensational character. The book was written in a crude and inartistic way. As it was written the story could not be reproduced for the screen. But it was glossed over in a manner just as objectionable.

"The legal censor is a political appointee. His job rests on the assumption that there are elements in motion pictures which require deletion. He does not deal with particulars. Therefore the picture censor is placed in the position where he must always make cuts in order to illustrate to the public that his job is a useful and necessary one. He must present a list of cuts every week in order to justify his job. To make the cuts he is under a psychological obligation to discover things in the motion picture that he may regard as objectionable.

The Eye Sees What It Wants to See

¶ **I**T is a psychological fact that what the eye is bent upon seeing it will see nine times out of ten.

"When this state of affairs is brought to a constant review of motion pictures it means that a mental habit is formed. Objectionable matter will constantly be perceived where very often it does not exist.

"Moreover the legal censor is concerned with the deletion of detail rather than with regarding the subject in its net or total effect. It is true that in drama or literature as well as in motion pictures detail which might at first glance seem objectionable when taken in context with what the story or play or picture means is dramatically and theoretically justifiable. This, however, raises the old point of contention between those who would censor and sup-

¶ **"Sugar-coating the realities of life under censorship is a decided menace," says Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.**

¶ **"Screen censorship insists on the heroine, who is a virgin, the hero, who is chaste, and the villain, who is solid black. Everything and everybody under the censors must be black or white. There is no middle course."**

¶ **"Opposing this counterpart of life in motion pictures is just like hitting against a brick wall. The American public seems to have a penchant for fairy tales, particularly as to the screen."**

press and those who would not."

Dr. E. Edward Young, pastor of the Bedford Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn and chairman of a special committee of the Crime Society which has been investigating Broadway

To Sweep the Stage?

plays, declared himself against the censor. He said he preferred informal regulation because politics inevitably crept into official censorship.

Dr. Young was one of those who, after investigation, found nothing wrong with *The Lullaby*. Madelon, the heroine of the Florence Reed success, is ruined by her village sweetheart and turned out into Paris by a malicious stepmother. She

is unable to support herself and for the sake of her child is forced into successive affairs with an American painter and a Count, who is a thief. She goes to jail in the discovery of one of his thefts. Twenty years later, a harlot living under the walls of Tunis, she kills a man and spends a long term in jail.



WHITE

¶ *The Ben Ali Haggin tableaux, so long a feature of the Ziegfeld Follies, have been liberal cuticle displays—but they somehow have escaped the censors.*

The Lullaby a Moral Lesson

“**A**SOUND moral lesson,” commented Dr. Young. He added that he thought perhaps objectionable portions had been removed by the time he joined the audience.

But what would the Pollyanna philosophers of the screen do to Madelon? And in their expurgated form would her story be as moral as it is on the stage?

Dr. Young also is against the Pollyanna creed when carried to the lengths of unreality. He said:

“We ought to have a motion picture standard which will make it possible for films to be just as vigorous and fascinating and faithful to facts as we possibly can consistently with their most wholesome influence on the spectator.

“I have not made sufficient investigation of the sugar-coated films to justify a more decided opinion. However, I can heartily subscribe to the opinion that the screen should be true to life, barring only those situations which stimulate immoral conduct on the part of members of the audience.

“Judges and others familiar with criminal court proceedings testify to the evil tendencies of certain plays that show up the details of crime. Many ministers and workers for better moral conditions believe that certain suggestive scenes encourage immorality along other lines.

Should Never Impair Facts

“**C**ENSORING the movies is a very difficult task,” Dr. Young concluded, “but their faithfulness to facts should not be impaired.”

¶ *Florence Reed and Harold Elliott in a scene of The Lullaby, one of the dramas which has aroused the ire of the metropolitan stage reformers.*

Even under the six eagle eyes of the New York State Commission motion pictures are not yet as pure as John S. Sumner, New York's most active vice crusader, would have them.

While thoroughly shocked at the nudity and naughtiness of such Broadway plays as *Artists and Models*, *Rain* and *The Lullaby*, Mr. Sumner admits that there have been [Continued on page 88]



WHITE

Moment Oriental



¶ Betty Blythe has just returned to Europe, this time to do *The Turmoil* in Paris under the direction of T. Hays Hunter. Just before making this flying trip, Miss Blythe had returned from Berlin, Vienna and London, after the completion of *Chu Chin Chow* and *Spanish Jade*. Miss Blythe is shown at the left in a glimpse from *Chu Chin Chow*, which will shortly be revealed to American audiences.

ABBE, London



Wynn

Goes to the Theatre

■ Gilbert Emery has written a pretty effective drama of Manhattan life in *Tarnish* and Tom Powers distinguishes himself as the young chap who sows his wild oats. Fania Marinoff is the 50th street vampire.



■ The production of *Sancho Panza* has a great deal of color, much of which is due to Otis Skinner's performance as the squire of Don Quixote. And Robert Rossaire, as Dapple, the immortal mule of Sancho, is admirable, too.



■ The gay Parisienne, Alice Delysia, is the center of interest of the Shubert revue, *The Topics of 1924*.



■ *White Cargo* was an interesting study of white civilization under the tropical sun, with Annette Margoles as the native cause for some of its breaking down.





Dramaland

I

RANK CRAVEN'S little comedy, *The First Year*, was produced last night in the Hippodrome by Florenz Ziegfeld, with scenery by Joseph Urban, costumes by Erté, a musical accompaniment by Puccini, ballet ensembles by Fokine, and spectacular effects by Ben Ali Haggan and Lincoln J. Carter. And if by any chance you think that this is impossibly ridiculous, wait until Melchior Lengyel's little comedy, *Sancho Panza*, comes your way and go in and have a look at the way Mr. Russell Janney has produced it. Here is a broth of an Hungarian fantastic satirical comedy that M. Janney has produced as if it were the Hanlons' *Fantasma*. He has called in Greenwich Village Follies scenic artists, Sally costumers, a Moscow Art Theatre director and various professors of melody to concern themselves with the little manuscript and the result is that what dramatic life the little manuscript had is almost completely snuffed out. It is all very much as if a football team were drafted to play a game of Mah Jongg.

Every time Lengyel's amiable but extremely fragile dialogue opens its mouth to have its agreeable little say, a dozen scene painters, dressmakers, musicians, dancing masters and the like take a running jump, grab it around the throat, and choke it into silence with grim determination. To expend all this amount of money on a play like *Sancho Panza* is akin to dressing up a tot of two in a Bendel gown and a couple of Cartier showcases. The vanity of producers knows no end. Very soon we shall have them putting on

Candida with several hundred supers, a unit of Tiller girls, a musical accompaniment by Wolf-Ferrari, and a diamond drop curtain.

The Lengyel hero is played by Otis Skinner. There are two classes of persons in the world. One believes that the world is round and the other believes that the world is flat. In the second category one finds the persons who consider Mr. Skinner a very fine actor indeed.

II

I Says Mr. Nathan

Sancho Panza is a Hungarian fantastic satirical comedy presented as if it were Hanlons' *Fantasma*.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! is shrewdly produced, minus the usual Belasco hocus-pocus.

In The Next Room is a diverting mystery play you will enjoy—if you are honest with yourself.

The Failures is skilful dramatic writing, but not the masterpiece certain of my colleagues would like you to believe.

EVERY once in a while David Belasco does a beautiful job, and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh!* is one of them. It is not often that a manuscript is so intelligently handled and so shrewdly produced. Say what you will against the old boy, laugh as you will at his frequently absurd hocus-pocus and posturing, he does know how to get the last drop of dramatic juice out of a play once he takes off his Episcopalian collar, his Methodist coat and his Baptist pants and sets himself honestly to the task. The manner in which he has taken over this Italian retelling of the passion in the life of a clown and embroidered it into Anglo-Saxon theatrical life, and without sacrifice of its original integrity, is the source of great admiration. Admiration on an occasion like this runs so high, indeed, that one is brought to brush away a tear of regret that Belasco has not made of his life what he has had it in him to make of it. Here is a producer who might have become the first producer in all the English-speaking theatre had he only been a simpler man



By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

and one given to an honest, unaffected practice of his craft. But affectation has taken its price, as affectation does always, and has kept Belasco from his place at the head of the line. Younger men, men who loved the theatre and the drama more than they loved themselves, who cared no whit for their pictures in the papers and no whit to be the guest of honor at hotel banquets, have taken from his hands, by the exercise of sheer sincerity and a lust for inviolate dramatic beauty, the reins of artistic leadership. And all the while Belasco might have taken them for himself had his mind been first on drama and last on the cheap esteem of jitney biographers, Chambers of Commerce, newspaper interviewers and Congressmen from the Third District. As I say, when one sees so admirable a presentation as *Laugh, Clown, Laugh!* one thinks back all the more and regrets all the more. A great producing talent has dissipated itself upon petty manuscripts and pettier poses. But enough of regrets. Forget them and go see this latest Belasco exhibition.

Lionel Barrymore, Ian Keith, Sidney Toler and Irene Fenwick head the thoroughly competent presenting company.

III

THE mystery story is a form of diversion that appeals to highly intelligent men and to morons. It jumps the wide gulf on the pole of rational paradox. It is the middle mind alone

that does not care for the mystery tale and that sneers at it contemptuously. The greatest scientist living has declared that the mystery story provides his favorite form of light amusement, and a certain manufacturer of an article that took

William Jennings Bryan's place as the chief source of American jokes has made the same declaration. Between the right wing of intelligence and the left wing of ignorance we find the vast layer of humanity that is neither too highly educated nor too under-educated properly to relish the mystery story. In this layer we observe the class that affects keenly to enjoy dialectics in the theatre, that goes into idiotic raptures over the tremendous genius of some moving picture comedian, that professes to be warmed by the tonal monkeyshines of Schoenberg, and that stands in open-mouthed awe every other Tuesday when an art gallery displays the latest importation of modern art from Tzpyzyp, Hungary, or Kvalzvalokovitch, Russia.

The mystery story succeeds in the theatre, when it is dramatized with any degree of skill, because the theatre culls its patrons chiefly from the intelligentsia and the half-wits, the latter, of course, being in the overwhelming majority. The middle mind has small use for the theatre save, as I have said, when the stage is given over to profound boredom masquerading as drama. The latest mystery play to come this way is *In the Next Room*, a dramatization of a novel of Burton Stevenson's by Eleanor Robson and [Continued on page 84]

The True Life Story of



BALL

At sixteen Barbara La Marr married an Arizona ranch man—and destiny seemed to intend to hide her for the rest of her life in the arid wastes of the Southwest.



HERE is a tale ten times wilder and weirder than any fiction. You wouldn't believe it if you read it in a magazine. You would sneer and say, "It isn't true; life isn't like that." You would give the author credit for imagination and let it go at that.

You remember that there was once a woman whose face launched a thousand ships. You have read about the great beauties of history and wished you could have been around when they were making life exciting for the historians. But you may not know that you have with you today—now—a woman whose career has been as colorful, as dramatic and as unbelievable as the lives of the famous sirens of the past.

The Girl who was Too Beautiful

FOR one thing, it has never before been recorded that a woman was too beautiful. It remained for the motion picture, that *enfant terrible*, to introduce her to the world. Now that

This is the fourth of Screenland's much talked about chronicles of the film luminaries, presenting the picturesque story of "the girl who was too beautiful."

By Delight

her face, which was once a curse, has become worth several thousand dollars a week to her, she may prefer to forget that she was once known as *the girl who was too beautiful*. Now that her name is as much of a symbol for seductiveness as Theda Bara's used to be, she has acquired a new story—at least she has repudiated her past as the little girl who was too beautiful and substituted other more conventional events for the dizzy experiences which have made her interesting. But she can't live down her past because that past is too much a part of her success to gloss over and ignore. Meet Barbara La Marr.

The rules for a man's success may be found in any old copy book or success magazine. But a woman is not supposed to have any rules. It's blamed on the magic wand of opportunity, or luck, or most often beauty. Of men, one hears of the long battle with poverty or the struggle for education and a start; of the steep climb to fame or fortune; and is then asked to contemplate with awe the often rotund person of the colossus of art or industry.

With women, how different! The success of a beautiful girl is taken for granted. It seldom occurs to the world that there must be a background for beauty if that beauty is going to mean anything.

Bent with the Winds of Experience

DON'T think for a moment that Barbara La Marr would be the knockout she is today if she had not bent with the winds of experience. She is not a great actress and she is not, now, perhaps, an actually great beauty. But she is a personage. There's no getting away from that. You may dislike her—many people do—for her superficialities, her poses, her attitudes. You may decline to admit that she is an actress at all. But you cannot deny that she has become one of the outstanding personalities in pictures. She demands attention and she gets it. There have not been many women of the stage or the screen to exact such homage from a public. And it is not so

BARBARA LA MARR

¶Her life story wilder than any fiction tale, Miss La Marr has come to fame through the emotional whirlpools. Since she was fifteen, she has been the beautiful storm center of several passionate romances.

Evans

much her face—that-was-too-beautiful that made her what she is today—to everybody's satisfaction. It's the rather thrilling



BALL

¶Barbara La Marr came to the screen by way of writing scenarios. Then someone guessed her haunting screen quality and she made her debut in an Anita Stewart production.

drama which that face propelled her into. Get these things that went into the making of the Barbara La Marr of today. A kidnapping at fifteen; a capture by a cowboy and a mad dash to the altar carried across the saddle of her conqueror; widowhood; a police court; banishment from Los Angeles because of her beauty; marriage to an insane bigamist and a second widowhood; cabarets; vaudeville; a literary leaning and motion picture scenarios; the extra route to stardom.

She was only fifteen when her real life story began. She was designed by fate to be the center of an emotional whirlpool from the very beginning. A girl who looked as Barbara La Marr looked then was not meant for a life of obscurity in a little California town. Things began to happen to her and kept right on happening, and if they stop happening to her now it will be because there are few things in her life's scenario left to happen.

THE story goes that she was kidnapped from her home—spirited away. Frantic search was made for the child and she was finally found miles away where she had been carried in a [Continued on page 91]

Our Own NEWS REEL



Paris, France.—Mlle. Alexandresco, a French actress, known as the "woman with the fatal eyes," has been engaged by Rex Ingram for a leading role in *The Arab*. The collar, by the way, is Poiret's latest design for an evening dress.

—Underwood and Underwood

Hollywood, Cal.—Charlie Chaplin poses with little Dinky Dean, who is the son of Chuck Reiesner, one of Charlie's scenario aids and chief gag man.

—Underwood and Underwood

New York City.—Marion Davies and Cosmopolitan Pictures gave a benefit ball at the Hotel Plaza just before Christmas. Here is Miss Davies caught between dances.

—International



The Cinema News of the Moment in Picture Form

Los Angeles, Cal.—Do they read SCREENLAND in California? Well, here's proof, with Alberta Vaughn and Jim Moore present.

Right Center

London, England.—Florence Turner, once the beloved American film star, is still an English celluloid favorite. Here she is speaking in Hyde Park in behalf of a movement for better protection for the British film industry.

—Underwood and Underwood



Lower Right

Manchester, England.—Sessue Hayakawa arrives in town and is welcomed by Sir E. Stockton, conservative candidate for Exchange Division.

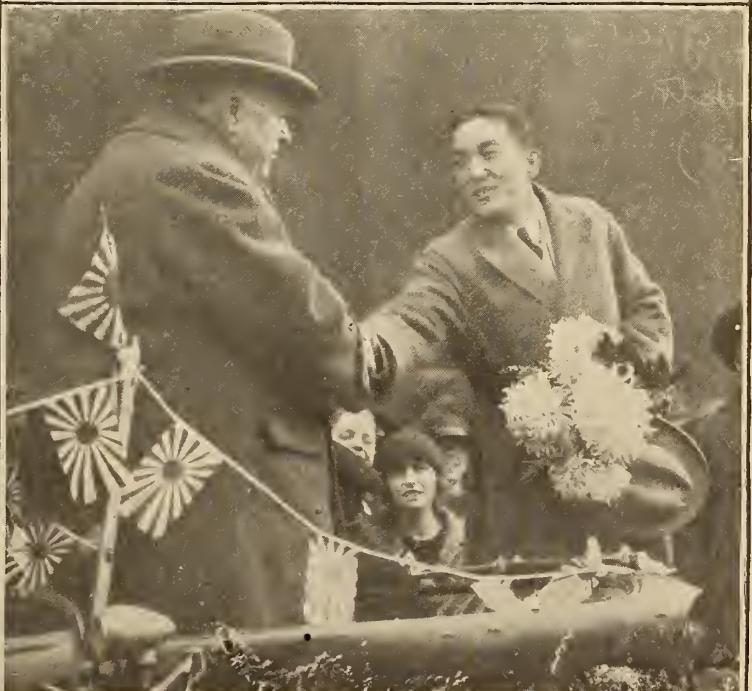
—Underwood and Underwood



Below

New York City.—Natacha Rambova Valentino sails to join Rudy in Paris for the holidays. She made the trip on the S. S. Majestic.

—Underwood and Underwood





New York City—Rodolph Valentino sailed for France, to spend Christmas in Paris. Mrs. Valentino remained behind for a week on business. Then she joined Rudy in the French capital for the holidays.

—International

Los Angeles, Cal.—Ruth Roland, serial queen, is reported to be engaged to R. C. (Cliff) Durant, millionaire motor magnate and sportsman. Here Durant is showing Ruth how to operate his \$20,000 racing car.—

—International

Los Angeles, Cal.—Little Baby Peggy arrives in California after setting New York upon its ears.

—J. C. Milligan

Los Angeles, Cal.—No, Viola Dana is not examining a sample of wall paper. Here she is looking over her Christmas gift list.—

—International



Los Angeles, Cal.—High up in midair, Leatrice Joy posed for her picture after the last scene of *The Ten Commandments* was shot.

New York City—A regular movie close-up! Presenting Ann Luther, the screen actress, and Edward S. Gallagher, of the famous Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, who were just married.

—International

Los Angeles, Cal.—Ed Wynn, the comedian, drops in to call upon Sam Wood, the director, and Lon Chaney, playing one of the leading roles in his production, *The Next Corner*.

Astoria, Long Island—Jicente Blanco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, visits Thomas Meighan and sees some movies in the making.



Our New Comedy Beauty



¶Otherwise Katherine Grant.

¶Miss Grant was Miss Los Angeles in last year's bathing girl pageant at Atlantic City. Naturally, the films got her! She has been signed by Hal Roache and will appear in *Frozen Hearts*, with Stan Laurel.



Divorce Insurance

By Grace Kingsley

W

WHAT is the safeguard we are putting upon our happiness?

"We shall not be separated. If one returns to the stage, the other will go too. If one remains in pictures, the other is to remain. We are firmly decided on this question."

It is a deeply serious matter, this problem of marital happiness, with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood. They were married not so long ago and their first deep mutual experience was the

almost fatal accident to Kirkwood. He was nursed back to life by his young wife, and that experience made a tremendous bond between them.

The pair have thought it all out, quite seriously, with self-examination for faults and failings, with deep resolves as to ten-

¶ How James Kirkwood and Lila Lee mean to safeguard their domestic happiness

der cherishing of their precious happiness against the assaults of those forces that seem to be particularly alive to work for unhappy marriages in the film world. They have thought it out carefully, these two—one an experienced man of the world, the other a girl of eighteen.

It was Lila who was talking to me. And if people in the outside world fail to believe that these people of the film world take love and marriage quite as seriously as others, I wish they could have observed the passionate earnestness of the young Mrs. Kirkwood's eyes as we talked this thing over together.

"Lila is a better

talker than I am," Kirkwood had said, handing me over to his young wife. But later,

¶ Top panel: James Kirkwood and his bride, Lila Lee, in their home in the Hollywood hills. At the left and right are new portraits of the newlyweds





¶ *Lila Lee believes that separations are the biggest menace to married happiness in the screen world.*

quite the same. If you are separated three or four months of the year, you are certain to drift away from each other. The first thing you know, you have lost that delicate poise of sympathy in like interests; all your interests are different. It is just like a child who leaves home. At first the child grieves, but gradually he forms a new world about him, grows estranged even from his mother. When he goes home, nothing seems the same.

"Look at the film people who have become estranged through separation—people who I'm sure, too, really had cared for each other.

"When you are married, you cannot be selfish. You have to think of two, not one. But you must try to make the two one in all aims and interests insofar as possible.

Romance Must Be Carefully Tended

ROMANCE is necessary, but it takes two to keep the romance alive. The trouble with most people is, they want happiness, but they do so little to get and keep it. Constant thoughtfulness and watchfulness are the price of happiness as well as of liberty—yes, and self-denial, too, is necessary, if this precious happiness is to be kept.

"Jim and I have decided that marriage is just another sort of business partnership. We plan and think of marriage in that way. Love is the stock in trade. We must not ruthlessly sacrifice it. We must treat each other with courtesy and consideration, as business partners who get along well together, do. We

he, too, told me some of his own thoughts.

Lila and I sat down in a drawing room set at the studio to talk things over, because she and Kirkwood were working night and day on an Ince picture, and there was no other time. But I had known Lila since she was a tiny tot known as Cuddles, in Gus Edwards' vaudeville revue, so I took more than a mere casual interest in her affairs.

"These separations are not good," she said. "More misunderstandings arise from separations between people in the acting world than from any other cause. It is so easy for something to happen when people are separated. It is not merely that they may begin to be interested in somebody else. But it takes a certain amount of accustomedness to each other for people to get along together. You learn all this patiently,—learn to put up with each other's little faults and failings,—then you are separated. You miss each other, but you forget each other's faults. Minute changes of character occur in both parties,—and when the two meet again,—well, nothing is

can increase our stock-in-trade only by care and thoughtfulness. People who are married don't use their brains enough; that is the trouble. An actor, too, will work all day to make his work successful; he doesn't expect his wife to take the burden of that; but too often he expects her to take all the burden of making marriage a success. And the same way with the actress.

Even Careers Must Be Sacrificed

D E C A L O G U E for Domestic Happiness

1. We must not be separated.
2. We must not be selfish.
3. We must keep our romance alive.
4. We must work as in a business partnership.
5. We must sacrifice our careers if necessary.
6. We must flirt with each other.
7. We believe children are necessary.
8. We must have a sense of humor.
9. We have confidence in each other.
10. We believe in divorce if necessary.

IF necessary, people should be willing to give up something of their careers to keep their married happiness."

James Kirkwood has done just that. He gave up a big stage offer to return to Hollywood and pictures with his wife. He told me quietly about that afterward—just as a matter of course—as though it was simply what he wanted to do—not as though it were any sacrifice.

"She is wonderful," Kirkwood told me just then. "I don't know how she ever did what she did for me after my accident. She had never had charge of a sick person before, had never had charge of money or business affairs; yet she took charge of all these things while I was ill, and she did them marvelously well."

"A woman is very foolish to forget to flirt a little with her husband," Lila interrupted

[Continued on page 89]

¶ *A new study of the Kirkwoods on the porch of their Hollywood home.*



Three Years— and THEN?

¶ Such is the span of a screen star's glory—after which comes oblivion

By Eunice Marshall



"Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

FILM star's screen life is three years, they say.

Three years of Fame! So brief a span of glory, so short a while to savor to the full the sweet wine of Success! But the crowd's will is the wind's will, and Fame is a fickle jade.

Three years! Where are they now, that gay shadowhorde that danced so joyously across the screen so short a time ago? Florence Lawrence, Mary Fuller, Florence Turner, Edith Storey, the beloved Bobby Harron, Lillian Walker, handsome Harold Lockwood, Marguerite Clark, Francis X. Bushman, Wallace Reid. Where are they now? Death has taken some. The others? Passed to that Never-Never Land of public forgetfulness.

Screen Fame is Fleeting

BEFORE me lies that best proof of the transience of screen fame, a fan magazine. The date is June, 1920. Only three years have passed since this particular publication heralded the favorites of the hour.



¶ Top, Florence Lawrence, as she looks today. Oval, the interesting Edith Storey, as she appeared at the zenith of her film career at Vitagraph. Center, the Florence Lawrence of the old days, before an accident halted her brilliant celluloid career. Palying opposite is Harry Myers, who has now turned from juveniles to character comedy. At the left, the luscious Norma Talmadge of when she was scintillating at old Vitagraph. Here she is posed as Salome.



¶ Louise Glaum, one of the most popular of all the film vamps, has disappeared from sight, literally and figuratively.

Only three years, yet turn the pages with me and see what changes have come to pass in that short time.

The cover first. The face smiles out at us, the face of a young girl with great gray eyes, nut-brown hair and a dimpled smile. She must be important, to hold the place of honor on the cover, yet the name is unfamiliar. Florence Evelyn Martin. Does the name mean anything to you? Florence Ev—ah, a vague memory comes back to me. She was an Irish girl who starred in "Over the Top," wasn't she? Or was she? I cannot remember. Sic transit gloria—

Let us turn the pages to the portrait gallery. Only three years, yet the dusty pages seem to give out the fragrance of rosemary and lavender, so remote are the memories evoked. Pearl White's blonde beauty decorates the title page. Pearl White, the queen of the serials! How we thrilled, back in those dear dead days when you dangled from a dizzy precipice, or, single-handed, vanquished five foul fiends in fair combat! And when the hated words "Continued next week" flashed on the screen, just as the villain was tying you on the railroad track, how we gnawed our fingernails and made a date with ourselves to be on hand for the next episode. Your *Perils of Pauline* gave us premature gray hairs and a wrecked nervous system, but it was worth it, just to see how much damage even a slip of a gal can do when, like Cousin Egbert, she's "pushed too far."

We've heard of you, Pearl, how you were betrothed to an Egyptian prince, how you were the "rage" in Paris and Nice, of your exploits at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo, and then of your "retreat" in a foreign convent. "I have paid much atten-

¶ Dainty Marguerite Clark, when she was at the top of her film popularity, in one of her Bab stories

tion to my body," you said, "and now I must care for my soul." Now you are playing before the camera in Paris again. Who knows what the future holds?

Again we turn a page. Two familiar faces gaze out at us. Pauline Frederick, pensive and stately. Tom Moore, his Irish grin not in evidence this time. Was it a premonition of the lean days to come? Pauline has been out of pictures, but now she is back at Vitagraph, to be co-starred rather than starred. Though still striking looking, life has had its way with her, and the cruel camera relentlessly records the traces of love and grief and disappointment. And Tom Moore? He grew famous playing with Alice Joyce, who was to marry and divorce him. Once the most popular of screen lovers, Tom is now one of the former stars living pretty much on the memory of former glories. Just now he is playing in a footlight play, *The Cup*.

Remember Marguerite Clark?

AGAIN we turn the pages. Two more portraits emphasize the fleetingness of fame. A little bit of a thing, with fluffy, brown hair shading a pretty face, with grave brown eyes and a merry mouth. Marguerite Clark! And, facing her, a man. No, rather a boy, a boy with friendly eyes and smooth hair brushed back from a broad brow. Bobby Harron! Screen fame came to Miss Clark just too late. She retired from the films—and is now well nigh forgotten.

Still, Miss Clark's "Babs" comedies, built around Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories, brought Dick Barthelmes to his first real success. Now Dick is a star. So much for the fickleness of fame.

Bobby Harron, the hero of many a Griffith picture, was accidentally killed nearly three years ago. Bobby was one of those lovable and unforgettable personalities—and he still holds a place in the hearts of film fans.

Mildred Harris' Meteoric Career

ONCE more we turn the pages, and now the interviews, sure token of public favor. The first sketch deals with Mildred Harris Chaplin, then being starred by Louis Mayer. On the high road to fame, with success in her very grasp, she seemed to be firmly established. A few months passed, and Mildred Harris Chaplin was stripped of her stardom and her husband's name. All that was left to the blonde beauty that had fascinated Charles Chaplin, a monetary settlement, and a memory. Today she is only a luke-warm success of vaudeville.

And now a more cheerful note. Who do you think is the subject in the next interview? Who but Percy Marmout, now riding on the crest of the wave of popularity, won by his [Continued on page 87]





Purely as a matter of historical research, we present two recent investigations by Cecil de Mille in the matter of garters and stockings. At the left you will observe Julia Faye and Grace Martin demonstrating—graphically, too—that garters have remained essentially the same through the ages. Miss Martin represents the period of three thousand years ago—the ornate portiere era, we would call it.

The Evolution of Garters

At the right, the stocking of today and three thousand years ago, as shown by Julia Faye and Elsie Schneider. The silk stocking, you know, is comparatively a recent invention. Miss Schneider demonstrates its ancestor, as worn by the Children of Israel at the time they were worshipping the famous Calf of Gold. Judging from the present trend in stockings, we're headed right back to the era of three thousand years ago.





Meet the WIFE!

IOTHERWISE Colleen Moore, who Never Smokes and always calls her husband, "My Johnny!"

By Delight Evans

HT ISN'T my fault. I've done all I can.

I've watched them; waited around and siunk about after them. I have posted myself behind pillars and peered out. I have hidden myself away and hoped for the worst. But it never happened.

I hate to have to tell you this because I know how disappointed you will be. All I can say is, don't blame me.

I am very much afraid that Colleen Moore and her husband are happily married. Of course, you may say that they have been married only a few months and that it's really too early to tell. But there are all the earmarks of one of those distressingly uninteresting unions which go on, and on, and on, until the participants grow old and gray and face the sunset together. You know—the "Just a song at twilight" sort of thing. It looks that way, really it does; and you will just have to bear up and face it.

They Make No Secret of Their Joy

THE terrible part is that they make no secret of it. They are frank and unashamed. Like Bill Hart, they would pick the top of the highest mountain in God's countrv, and tell the world all about it. "We," say the Colleen Moores, in clear, ringing tones, "are married, and we want everybody to know we're happy."

That's not getting anywhere at all. It isn't keeping faith with the public. When it has got so that a motion picture actress breaks tradition and stays married something should be done about it. A star who still speaks to her first husba nd is about as exciting as a Will Hays message. It isn't fair to her fans. They expect something better from the heroine of *Flaming Youth* but they won't get it.

If it isn't "Darling" this, it's "My Johnny" that. They sit and look at each other; then John—his whole name is John McCormick, and he is young and good looking and a film executive—will rush over to Colleen and kiss her bobbed head and murmur "Darling" again. (She has her hair shingled now and sometimes she curls it; but I saw him kiss it when it wasn't curled.)

I would try to trip them up. I would attempt to start an argument—somewhat subtly, you understand. Stealthily I would sneak up on them in a conversational way

An old study of Colleen Moore. Compare it with the brand new picture across the page —of the new Colleen being groomed for stardom. Miss Moore is really the screen's one honest-to-God ingenue.



and try to draw them into something. But it didn't do any good.

They Simply Won't Argue

If they didn't agree, they would patch up their differences.

"There's something, quite a little, in fact, in what you say, dear," Mr. McCormick would remark.

"And I can see your side of the question, too, Johnny," rejoined Colleen. The way she says Johnny makes it a pet name.

"Give him an argument, can't you?" I groaned. "You're Irish, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured. Then, sweetly, "But we never quarrel, do we, darling?"

They refused flatly to be obliging.

"We don't," went on Mrs. McCormick, "we don't always agree about things; it wouldn't be interesting if we did, would it?"

"No," I replied.

No Excuse for Quarrels, Says Colleen

But, on the other hand, there's no excuse for quarreling when you love each other."

"Darling!"

"My Johnny!"

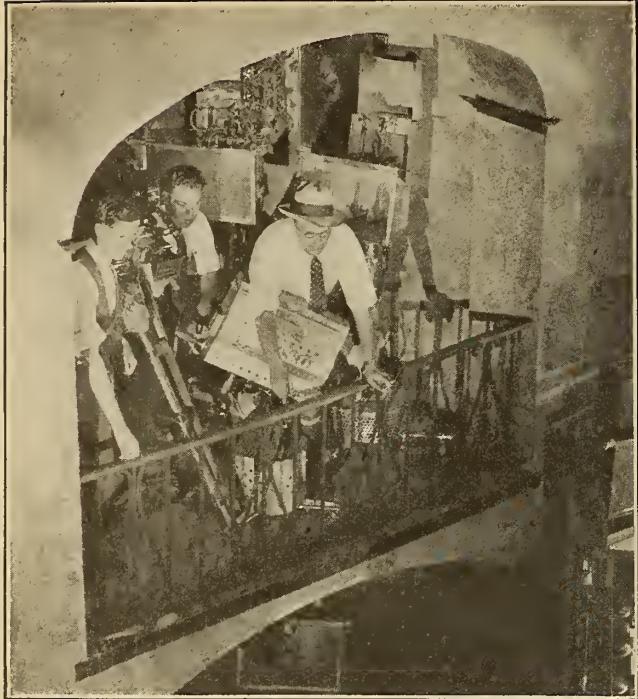
It is all the fault of the John Stahls. John and Irene, his wife, are numbered among the Model Hollywoodians, the ones to whom the industry points with pride when the horrid press has said something sensational about it. Other members are Lois Wilson, Harold Lloyd, Conrad Nagel, Colleen and John, and sometimes w and y. Well, when Colleen first began wearing the famous engagement ring with the emerald shamrocks surrounding the large diamond—the one she said for so long that her mother gave her—John and Irene took her and Johnny to see a play called *The First Fifty Years*. It was, as you may guess, a play about married life, with a message and a lesson and a tear or two. You know. Its message and lesson was evidently that there's no use letting married life get the best of you; that two can live as scappily as one, but that it's better to go hand in hand down life's pathway, and that it doesn't matter anyway—something like that.

At any rate, it made a deep impression upon the McCormicks-to-be; and they have never forgotten it. In fact, whenever they have a little spat, which apparently is what newly married persons

[Continued on page 86]

Colleen Moore doesn't smoke. Not because she doesn't approve of it but because it makes her sick. Colleen may adore to flap before the camera, she may even kick up her French heels a bit at a director's prompting. But actually she is just a nice quiet little girl who loves her husband and is thrilled at buying furniture for her new home.





QReginald Barker takes an "over-head" shot of Pleasure Mad, in which Hunley Gordon, Mary Alden and Norma Shearer have the leading roles.



WELL, now the suspense is over. The Wampas have elected the thirteen "baby stars" for the coming year. In case you don't know, the Wampas are a group of studio press agents. Every year they do one good deed and name thirteen lucky young actresses as candidates for fame and fortune.

The Wonder Girls for the coming season are: Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt, Clara Bow, Lucille Ricksen, Dorothy Mackaill, Julianne Johnstone, Elinor Faire, Margaret Morris, Carmelita Geraghty, Blanche Mahaffey, Hazel Keener, Marion Nixon and Alberta Vaughn.

In racing parlance, the three winners look like Dorothy Mackaill, Lucille Ricksen and Clara Bow. Unfortunately for the Wampas, they were brought forward as baby stars by directors and not press agents—with Messrs. Robertson, Neilan and Clifton standing as their sponsors.

Los Angeles and Midnight Dancing

SOON after the Los Angeles police decided to put a stop to all dancing after midnight, the movie producers were seized with strange longings to move to localities where there is no curfew law. Charles Chaplin has dropped hints about producing his next serious picture in Italy, and several others made threats about going to San Francisco and leaving Los Angeles flat.

Chaplin is getting to be a regular hermit. He hasn't been engaged to anyone for months.

NITA NALDI's contention that Los Angeles is a "village" seems to have some foundation. The an-

QAnother glimpse of the Meyer-Metro production, Pleasure Mad, which Mr. Barker is shown directing above. Here you may again glimpse the balcony from which the other over-head shot is made.

The Listening POST

nual ball given by the Motion Picture Directors' Association was stopped by the police almost before it was well started. Why? Oh, no, the party was quite decorous and everything, but it got to be twelve o'clock, and the police regulations forbid dancing after that hour! That antiquated ruling has been observed more in the breach than in the observance for years, and only recently guests danced until three in the Biltmore ballroom, celebrating the opening of that hotel, with never a protest from the authorities. The Shriners put on a party in the same ballroom a few days previous, and tripped the light fantastic until the wee sma' hours. Somebody on the Police Commission, however, must have had a grudge against the film folk, for although permission to hold the ball was filed weeks before the event, it was not until the evening before the party that permission to hold the party at all was given. The whole incident has started a storm in Los Angeles.



¶What they're talking about in the Studios of Hollywood and New York.

By
Eunice Marshall
and Helen Lee

Barrymore Thrilled Hollywood

JOHN BARRYMORE is back on Broadway now, but he gave even blasé Hollywood the thrill of its life while he was there. The set that he happened to be working on, over at Warner Brothers' studio, was always jammed with players who managed to find some excuse to sneak away from their own set to watch Jack strut his stuff in *Beau Brummel*. The last few days of Jack's stay here were anxious ones, however. He had to hurry back to New York to open in *Hamlet*. The play was to open on a Monday night, and he was scheduled to roll into the Grand Central station just about eight o'clock that same evening. Jack was mortally worried for fear he had forgotten his lines out there in the dramatic "sticks." He solved the problem, however, by hiring the porter to sit up nights with him, doing a dusky *Ophelia* to Jack's *Hamlet*.

His First Name's AL

NITA NALDI has gone into vaudeville but she hadn't been out of town a week before frantic movie producers were trying to find her. Nita, the poor gal, hasn't a chance to escape from those blood hounds of film directors. Then on top of everything, she had to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Just before she left for her vaudeville tour, some one asked Nita who was the leading man in her sketch.

"I don't know," answered Nita, "but his first name's AL."

THEY say that Mildred Davis is going to quit trying to prove to Harold Lloyd that she can act. In other words, she may listen to Harold and abandon all her ambitions for starring in "finer and better" pictures. Make your own comment.

Doug, Jr., Out As Star

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY will make no more attempts to star Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in spite of the boy's success in *Stephen Steps Out*. Mr. Lasky praised young Doug highly but said that, owing to his new policy of economy, the boy would be dropped.

Young Doug entered upon his career under a handicap. There was a suspicion afloat that someone connected with his advancement was trading on his father's reputation. All of which was unfortunate because Doug is a nice boy and a delightful young actor.

He has gone West again with his mother, probably to sign



*Photo above—©UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
Left by INTERNATIONAL*

¶Lady Diana Duff Cooper, better known as Lady Diana Manners, is in this country, playing the role of the Madonna in the Rinehardt production of *The Miracle*. Lady Diana is familiar to screen audiences through her appearances in several English-made J. Stuart Blackton pictures.

a new contract. On his way he was delayed by a wreck on the Twentieth Century Limited and passengers on the train say that his helpfulness and courtesy to the sufferers were worth commending.

Pola and Bill Hart

BELOVE me or not, Bill Hart is Pola Negri's newest boy friend. They are going around together and if it weren't for the mix-up in Hart's matrimonial affairs, who knows but what Pola might not have a big he-man to protect her for life.

Americanizing Ernst Lubitsch

ERNST LUBITSCH paid a visit to New York accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Lubitsch. Lubitsch now speaks perfect American. The accent is still there but he can handle the local idioms with the fluency of Mae Busch.

The German Ernst was more easily Americanized than the Polish Pola. With no fireworks, he has speedily become a part of Hollywood's colony. He gets along with everyone. Mary Pickford likes him; so do the Warner Brothers. He is on velvet for life, if his tact and good disposition hold out.

Lubitsch believes that Marie Prevost, who plays in his picture, *The Marriage Circle*, is one of the best actresses on the



INTERNATIONAL

IRULDOLPH Valentino attracted a lot of attention recently when he presided over a national beauty contest conducted by a well-known beauty preparation company in Madison Square Garden. Here are the five winners, reading from left to right: Reba Chisholm, "Miss New York," third prize; Miss Niblock, "Miss Toronto," first prize; Eugenia Gilbert, "Miss Los Angeles," second prize; Mildred Adams, "Miss Baltimore," fourth prize; and Miss Gloria Heller, "Miss Wichita," fifth prize.

screen. He likes comic strips, cartoon comedies and all forms of American humor. He loves jazz and his knowledge of slang is marvellous. He wants to direct Mary Pickford in *Faust* and Mary is almost convinced that she will do it. Moreover, her recent pictures to the contrary, Lubitsch still believes in the talents of Pola Negri.

MEANWHILE Pola Negri is enjoying something of a vacation until Dimitri Buchowetski, the Polish director of *Peter the Great* and other pictures, starts his effort to bring back Pola to her old standard.

A "Heavy" at Home, Too

TRADITION has it that movie "heavies" are like little children in their own homes, good to their mothers and all that. But Mrs. George Seigman avers that her husband wasn't in that class. He carried his atmosphere home with him every night, she told the court in asking for a divorce. Mrs. Seigman stated that her husband once threw a flat-iron at her and at another time hit her on the head with a dish. She got her decree on the grounds of cruelty.

THE flood of movie-mad girls pouring into Hollywood and Los Angeles has caused the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to start a campaign to persuade said girls to stay home where there is a chance of eating regularly. Mary Pickford did

GAt the right, a check won by Myron Zobel, publisher of SCREENLAND, from Rudolph Valentino, during the beauty contest. Miss Gilbert, the "Miss Los Angeles," mystified the judges during the elimination voting, and Rudy was positive she was Jacqueline Logan. So positive, indeed, that he bet Mr. Zobel fifty dollars to that effect. He lost and here is the check.

her bit to help the cause along by speaking in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, pleading with mothers to keep their daughters at home.

Bill's Lovely 'Orse

THIS is the way they enlivened a dull morning over on the Lasky lot recently.

Bill Hart got Herbert Brenon, Pola Negri's director, to invite Pola over to his set to see him do a big emotional scene. Well, a big emotional scene is what Pola would rather watch than eat, so she tripped over, all full of enthusiasm. They carefully placed a camp-chair for her, where she would get just the proper camera-angles and everything, and when Pola was all excited, getting ready to emote in spirit along with Bill, Bill's director yelled "Camera, shoot!" And Bill did.

His big emotional scene consisted of shooting off two guns behind the set and then diving into a plate-glass window.

Pola can see a joke, even in English, and she admitted that it was on her, but she paid Bill for it. Calling him over, she remarked loudly:

"Oh, Meester Hart, in my countree thee public theenk you so wonderful! You 'ave such a lovelee 'orse!"

JUST in case anybody cares. Elinor Glyn has gone back to

1-229

No. 1008

New York, Nov. 30, 1923

Empire Trust Company		120 BROADWAY
Pay to the order of <u>Myron Zobel</u> \$50.00		
<i>L. F. J.</i>		
<i>D. P. Valentino</i>		

England. Every time a slump hits the studios, Elinor packs up her luggage and goes to see her relatives.

APPARENTLY the Italian Fascisti have nothing to do but work in movies. Having made a triumphant appearance in *The Eternal City*, a mob of thirty-five thousand of them is now working in *Ben Hur*. I don't know how Charles Brabin persuaded them to shed their black shirts for Roman togas.

Maybe, after all, Mussolini will play *Ben Hur*. Still, Goldwyn has at last definitely decided upon George Walsh as Ben Hur, Gertrude Olmstead as Esther and Kathryn Key as Tizrah.

Rudy's Silver Bracelet

RUDOLPH VALENTINO sailed a couple of steamers ahead of Mrs. Valentino, who stayed in New York to arrange some business deals. Rudolph was wearing a silver bracelet, with spikes on it, when he went up the gang plank. He wears a gold bracelet, also spiked, at night. They say that Mrs. Valentino presented him with the strange tokens as a promise that he wouldn't look at another woman while he was away from her. All of which is most mediaeval. And rather unnecessary, as the Sheik is entirely devoted to Natacha and has been for several years.

Suicide of Mrs. Rupert Hughes

THE news that Mrs. Rupert Hughes had committed suicide somewhere in Indo-China was a shock to the film world. Mrs. Hughes, who was also a writer, was a popular hostess and a staunch social and business guide to her husband. Last summer she underwent an operation for cancer and, upon her recovery, went for a trip to the Orient accompanied by a trained nurse. She narrowly escaped injury in the Japanese earthquake and again had a close escape from death in a typhoon near the Chinese coast. Mr. Hughes can ascribe no reason for her suicide except worry over her health.

HAROLD LLOYD is going to build a studio of his own in Westwood, near Hollywood. In other words, Harold has plenty of money, which only goes to prove that it isn't such a bad world after all.

REX INGRAM has gone from Paris to Africa. Ingram writes that, while he was in Paris, he was thrown out of the Louvre every night.

The Louvre is an Art Gallery.

CHECK this up on your divorce calendar: Francelia Billington is suing Lester Cuneo for divorce, alleging that Lester was the bootlegger's best customer.

Marion's Grand Ball

MARION DAVIES gave a ball at the Hotel Plaza in New York just before the holidays for the benefit of the Disabled Veterans. Everyone in the world was present, especially Jack Dempsey. The ball netted \$15,108.99 for the veterans.

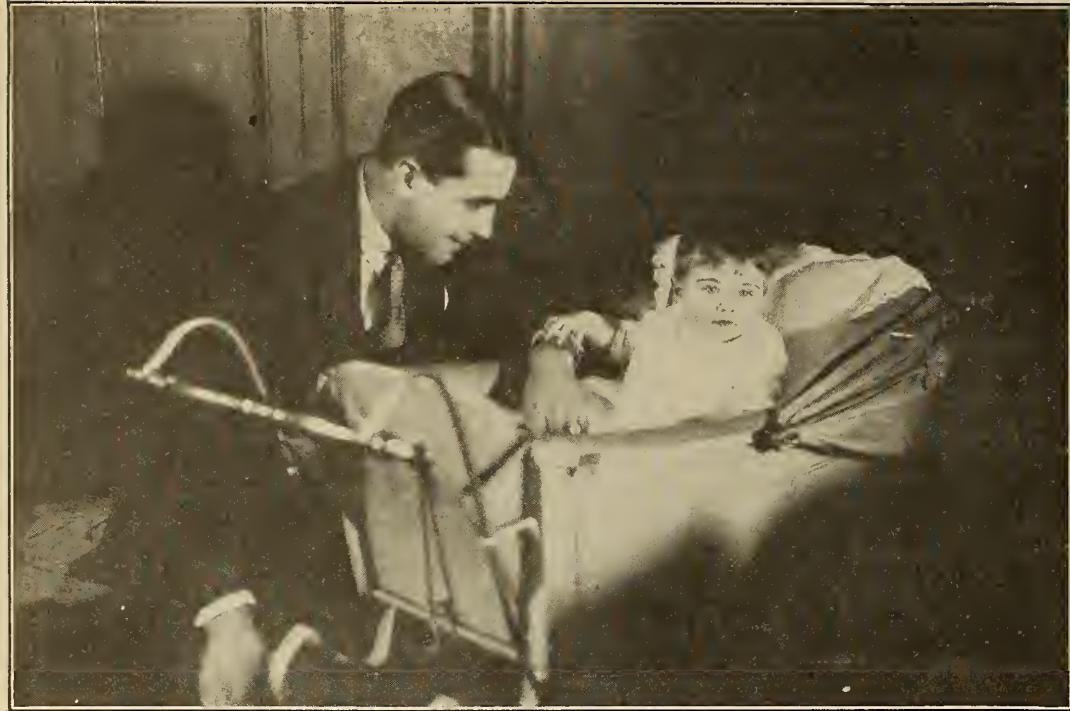
Alec Francis Gets Married

ALEC FRANCIS, who besides being a fine actor is one of the most appealing figures on the screen, is enjoying a honeymoon at Del Monte. He was recently married to Mrs. Elphistone Maitland, a widow. The Reverend Neal Dodd performed the ceremony at the Little Church Around the Corner, in Hollywood. Mr. Francis' latest screen work was done with John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel*.

¶Another glimpse of Eugenia Gilbert, who crept into the Valentino beauty contest as a "dark horse" and, but for the general impression that she was a professional beauty, might have won first prize. She was the favorite of the audience, anyway. Miss Gilbert is really a well-known bathing girl, popular in *For and Mack Sennett sea-going comedies*.



PACIFIC & ATLANTIC



¶A brand new study of Richard Barthelmess, who sails for Italy soon to do Romeo to Lillian Gish's Juliet, and his baby daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess

BANGS

Not to do North of 36

THE COVERED WAGON started the usual flood of imitation masterpieces. Several independent companies have finished elaborate films depicting the hardships of the same period. For that reason, Paramount has given up the idea of filming *North of 36*, Emerson Hough's sister-story to *The Covered Wagon*. James Cruze was to have directed it

Elinor's Bon Mot

THE best *bon mot* of the season is accredited to Elinor Glyn. Elinor has dubbed the impeccable Conrad Nagel, who was chosen to play the part of Paul in *Three Weeks* over Madame Glyn's protest, the "immaculate conception"!

Another Will Rogers Story

WHENEVER Hollywood's wise-crackers get mental atrophy, they take a notebook and follow Will Rogers around for half a day. Then they go out and keep up their reputations as wits on the gems that fall from Will's lips. Rogers is doing a take-off on some of the screen favorites in a screaming comedy called *Great Moments from Little Pictures*. While "taking off" Ford Sterling, Rogers participated in the good old custard pie gag, following it up by all the old moss-covered wheezes that the history of filmdom affords. After he finished, an old man who was watching from the side-lines, exclaimed, "Now who do you s'pose thinks up all them funny things?" Rogers says he said that, anyway.

AGNES AYRES has been spending the dull period in pictures acquiring dogs. Agnes has adopted a Belgian police dog—all movie stars have a police dog, just the same as they have an ermine coat—along with a Boston bull puppy and an Irish terrier. The bull pup goes by the name of Tinker, the terrier is called Kiki, and the police dog has the venerable title of Thor. And they're

¶The fact that she was merely attired in an—er—envelope whatyoumaycall it didn't prevent Claire Windsor from escaping from the villain just like this in the forthcoming film, Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.

all three the apple of Agnes' eye.

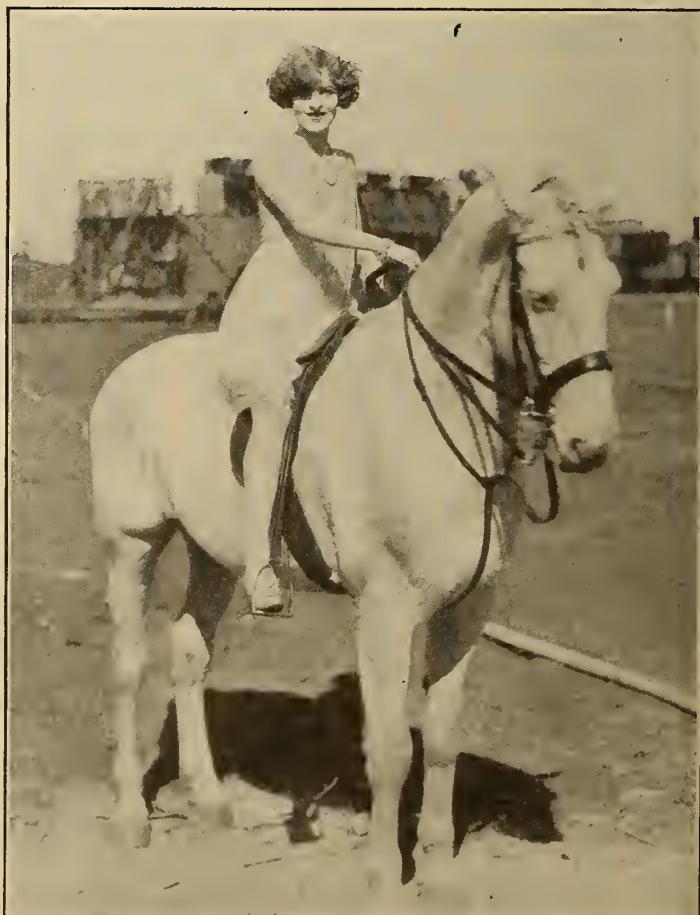
When Jack Barrymore Was Young

HOBART BOSWORTH is as full of anecdotes as a pup is of fleas. He told this one the other day on Jack Barrymore, or rather, to be exact, on Maurice Barrymore, the late lamented father of the famous stage trio, Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore.

It seems that John Drew, Barrymore's famous brother-in-law, dropped in to see him one afternoon. When evening fell, with no casualties, Barrymore excused himself for half an hour, to visit his three youngsters in the nursery. Presently the children's bed-time arrived,

and Barrymore suggested that the children be brought down to the living-room, where the rest of the family and Drew were gathered about the fire, to say their prayers at their father's knee.

"I declare, Barry, this display of fatherly affection is very touching," Drew commented as the three little night-gowned tikes knelt at their father's knee. Lionel recited his prayers



first, followed by Ethel. Then John, the baby, completed his "Now I lay me," and in the hush that ensued, added:

"And please, Dod, make Uncle John a better actor."

The half hour in the nursery had not been a barren one.

Colleen Moore Back

COLLEEN MOORE and her new husband, John McCormick—not the singer, you know, but the western representative for First National—are back from their belated honeymoon to N'Yawk and points west. Colleen had a gorgeous time and two station baggage-smashers almost strained their backs under the weight of her trunks, jammed full of new clothes.

MADAM SATAN is the name of Theda Bara's first picture since her return to the screen. Hot stuff, or write your own caption!

A Movie with a Real Photographer

FOR perhaps the first time in screen history, there's going to be a movie reporter who looks like a reporter instead of a retired plumber. In *Flowing Gold*, Milton Sills has to submit to an interview. Recalling the many plaintive protests from suffering press writers at the way their profession has been caricatured on the screen, Richard Walton Tully picked Ray Coffin to be the demon reporter, who will not flourish the w. k. note-book. Coffin writes publicity now, but used to punish a typewriter with one finger in various city rooms. To add realism, Coffin carries a press photographer with him in the scene, and the gempmun with the black cloth is no other than Russell Ball, who does those stunning portraits.

Ball and his wife, who is a well-known writer using the pen name of Gladys Hall, have been out here getting photographs and newsy tid-bits. I came on Ball the other morning at Barbara La Marr's house, getting some stunning poses of Barbara. That is, Barbara was stunning from the waist up, gorgeous in tulle, ropes of pearls and a jeweled tiara-thing on her black mop of hair. Below the waist the scenery consisted



¶ Yes, Betty Compson and James Cruze, the director, are really engaged. Here are our congratulations! INTERNATIONAL

of a silk petticoat beneath which a nightie's hem peeped coyly out, and red silk mules on stockingless feet. Barbara had been working most of the night before, and this was nine a. m.! Hence the camouflage as far as the camera showed, and no further.

Mrs. Reid Going Abroad

DOROTHY DAVENPORT REID may go to Europe, to carry on her anti-narcotic campaign over there. Both England and France, through official and semi-official channels, have asked her to come. Meanwhile Mrs. Reid is back in Hollywood, celebrating Christmas with Billy and Betty, her little son and adopted daughter.

AS this is written Theodore Roberts is lying seriously ill in Pittsburgh. His condition was made even more grave by excitement brought on by a fire which broke out in the hospital and which necessitated moving the actor to another floor.

Reginald Denny Hurt

REGINALD DENNY admits that he likes automobile races, and it almost broke his heart when the big national races at the Beverly Hills speedway found him still in a plaster cast, a relic of the automobile accident that very nearly ruined our fightingest actor. He was grieving over his sad fate and maybe cussing a little, when clang-clang, came an ambulance down the street and stopped before his door. And then Mrs. Denny came in with a couple of white-jacketed internes and a stretcher, and the Denny family, including one plaster cast, went to the races.

SEENA OWEN'S new vanity case is ab-so-lutely the *dernier cri*, if not the *pate de foie gras*. She bought it in Paris, and it is a miniature suitcase in pig skin, measuring seven by six by three inches. In addition to being fitted up with perfume bottles, rouge, powder, etc., it contains room for writing materials and handkerchiefs. Seena won't tell even her dearest friend where she bought it. She doesn't want competition.

CECIL B. DE MILLE's new picture, *The Ten Commandments*, is universally conceded to be a very [Continued on page 95]



¶ The first snapshot of Director Irvin V. Willat and his pretty bride, formerly Billie Dove, taken at their new Hollywood home.

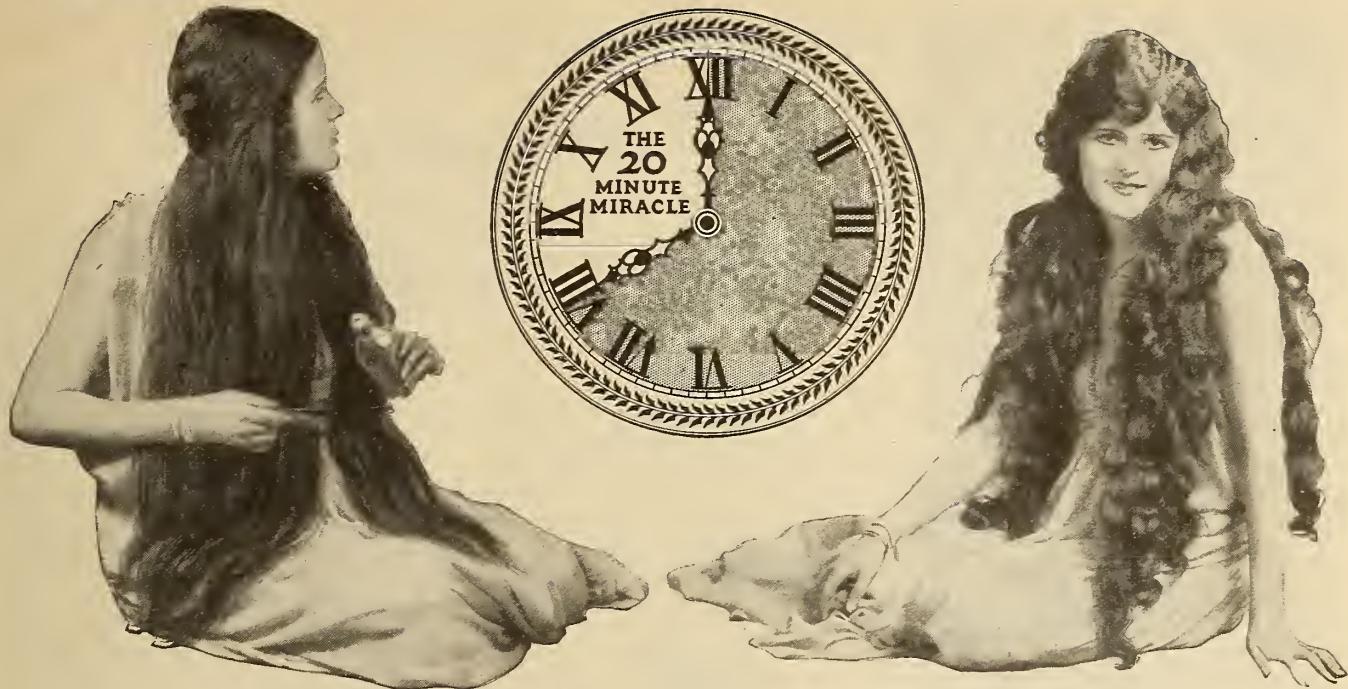


PEGGY from PITTSBURGH

Peggy Shaw is one of the cutest flappers of the coast film colony. It goes without saying that she is a graduate of the Ziegfeld seminary for glorifying the American girl. Miss Shaw hails from Pittsburgh, is exactly twenty-one, and, let us add when you have finished looking at these camera studies, has dark brown eyes and hair. She made her screen debut in a William Farnum picture and has been in Fox productions since.



HESSEN



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

*Charity tells of the
beggar's gift*

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia,*" he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *señorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, señorita,*" he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the droguero. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls."

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



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Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

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710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcella (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcella will be sent you postpaid.



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RING N—\$49.00

Large, extra fine quality, blue-white diamond, set in closed mounting of 18 kt. solid white gold, bow knot design. Looks like platinum. Was \$75.00.

RING M—\$69.00

Extra large, very fine blue-white, perfectly cut diamond set in open prong, 18 kt. solid white gold ring, band engraved. Former price was \$100.00.

WEAR WHILE YOU PAY

Pay only \$2.00 down to show your good faith, and we will send the diamond ring of your choice for your free inspection. It satisfies, pay only \$4.70 on ring N or \$6.70 a month on ring M, for ten months. These rings make unequalled presents or engagement rings.

ORDER ON FREE TRIAL

You get a handsomely engraved guarantee certificate which specifies that every cent you paid will be returned if you are not satisfied, and return the ring within ten days. These rings will stand any test. Compare them with diamond rings costing twice as much. We allow 8% annual increase in value on exchanges.

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Mr. Nathan Reviews the New Plays—From page 61

Dramaland

Harriet Ford. It is a diverting show. If you are not a cerebral fraud, you will enjoy it.

IV

H. R. LENORMAND's *The Failures*, which comprised the estimable Theatre Guild's second bill of the season, is an interesting play but—though I have been on my knees praying for light the last ten days—I cannot convince myself that it is the great artistic masterpiece that certain of my critical colleagues would like to have me believe. It seems that every time a workmanlike and interesting play like *The Failures* comes along, various restless and itching souls cannot go to sleep until they have persuaded folks to believe that the workmanlike and interesting play is a lot more than merely that. These souls have been chasing their tails frantically ever since Lenormand's play was produced. And I am sorry to say that on this particular occasion they have received a great deal of cheering-on by the Guild itself.

The Failures is a skilful piece of dramatic writing which depicts, in fourteen brief episodes, the degradation and decay of certain specimens of humanity. It is vivid; it is thorough in its effectiveness. But, unless I am sorely mistaken, it is surely not a play of the first, or even the second, artistic rank. It is merely a very, very good example of Grand Guignolism. It lacks the notes of profound beauty, profound understanding, and gorgeous pity. These notes it strikes, but with fingers that are not sufficiently strong to bring out the great chord crash of emotional genius.

Jacob Ben Ami's performance of the central rôle sticks in the memory.

V

M AETERLINCK'S *Pelleas and Melisande* is made poetic in so far as Maeterlinck permits it to be by the recent performance in it of Jane Cowl. Although I hardly belong to the promiscuous critical school that gets tears in its eyes whenever a good-looking actress surprises everyone by giving a performance as competent as a homely one, I am happy on this occasion to join in the general hymns to Miss Cowl, since she unquestionably brings to a play that contains much of the Belgian Tagore's high-flown pretence a vast measure of sensitive charm and simple, rhythmic grace. The most astonishing thing about Miss Cowl is her

curious talent for mimicking youth. As her Juliet is the soft muslin and soft flowers of the 'teens, so too is her Melisande of young girlhood all compact.

When the average mature actress essays the rôle of a young girl she makes it and herself ridiculous by mimicking less authentic youth than a Broadway ingenue's idea of youth. Youth to such an actress is a matter of kneeling on chairs, sitting with one foot curled under her sitspot, tossing her bobbed hair from side to side, kicking her left foot backward when the hero hugs her, wearing flat heels, and talking baby talk. The young girl of Miss Cowl's performance indulges in no such bogus theatrical dodges. Her young girl is as unstudied, in effect, as the young girls of her middle-aged sister actresses are machine-made. It breathes youth in its almost every gesture and intonation. And the result is a Melisande that is twice as captivating as the Melisande for which Maeterlinck has written the lines. Rollo Peters' *Pelleas*, however, is less a youth swept by a desperate and consuming passion than a stock company young man swept by a desperate and consuming admiration for the rôle of a youth swept by a desperate and consuming passion. Peters is ever the actor, hell bent upon being romantic and ready to die if he fails. He goes at romance, not as Miss Cowl does, quietly, softly, unconsciously, but with a crowbar. He strikes self-conscious romantic poses, loads his voice with quivering, romantic tones and disports himself generally like an animated valentine of the sort that one sees in the windows of little cigar stores on the side streets. The evening is Miss Cowl's, not Maeterlinck's, and surely not Peters'.

VI

M ARTIN BROWN'S *The Lady* is an ingenuous melodrama of the vintage of 1890 that has evoked as much ecstatic praise from the New York reviewers as *Children of the Moon*. Why, the good Lord only knows. It is utterly without quality of any kind; it is a tournament in all the venerable hokums of commerce; it descends periodically to the very bowels of pathos. When it is not wooing the tears of the yokels out front with a pathetic allusion to a baby, it is laying siege to their laughter by causing a man to fall out of his chair or by bringing the low comedy male lead to tickle the nose of the low comedy female with the end of her feather boa.

The exhibit begins with a prologue

wherein the heroine proceeds to narrate the story of her life. The lights go down and the heroine makes an instantaneous change of wig and costume that takes only ten minutes. It is now, when the lights go up again, twenty years earlier. The heroine is married to the Mons. Leonard St. Aubyns who deserts her and her unborn babe at Monte Carlo. Starving, she finds her way into a bordello on the Marseilles water-front, where her babe is duly born. Being a Martin Brown heroine, she keeps her virtue intact despite her residence in the bordello. In order to save her babe from the clutches of villainous St. Aubyns *père*, she gives it into the keeping of a kind stranger. Then the lights go down again, there is another instantaneous change that takes only nine minutes, and, when the lights go up again, we are once more in the scene of the prologue. A young man enters. He faints, or does something like it. The heroine bends over him. Yes, there it is, the old locket! He is her long-lost son! She chokes back a sob. She must be brave, brave. He must never know who his unfortunate mother was—just why it is pretty damn hard for the audience to figure out. She will remain silent. . . . Curtain.

In other words, flapdoodle.

Mary Nash does well with the central rôle, although she hardly succeeds in making the vaudeville singer and dancer of the first act realistic. Elizabeth Risdon is very good in a low comedy rôle, as is also Victor Morley.

VII

THE Talking Parrot, by Hutcheson Boyd, already safely interred, won the custard pie as the worst play seen in New York since the days when Scotch whiskey brought \$125 a case. The award was almost unanimous, the only dissenting vote recorded being that of the author.

VIII

HAD anyone ventured to put on *Ta Bauche* in its original form in New York, John Sumner, Dr. J. Roach Straton and Justice Ford would have united to call out every fire-engine and policeman in town, to say nothing of the Ku Klux, the American Legion, the National Guard, the Fifth Avenue Association of Night Watchmen, the Veterans of the Mexican, Civil and Spanish-American wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Knights of Columbus, the General Council of the Y. M. C. A. and the manufacturers of Lysol, Pyrene and Smith and Wesson rifles. But the Rev. Dr. Dillingham has contrived to put it on in New York without stirring up so much as a blush and yet without making it utterly nonsensical as adaptations from the French are so often likely to be. He

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Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

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"sanitary pads." And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

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Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

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My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Restored hair perfectly natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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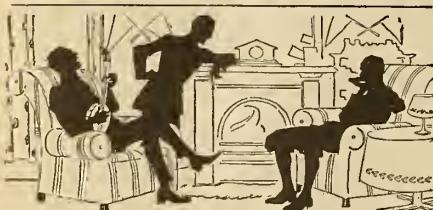
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**HOHNER
ARMONICAS**

has cleaned it up without losing all of its flavor. Furthermore, he has produced it, save in the instance of its decidedly un-Gallic principals, very smoothly and very attractively. Yvain's melodies, Clare Kummer's deft libretto and a quartette of extremely graceful dancing flappers combine to constitute an evening of agreeable light entertainment.

IX

HERE is, in J. P. McEvoy's episodic play, *The Potters*, the intermittent merit of close observation; there is also an occasional dash of sharp humor; there is here and there a sound appreciation of character; but the general impression, recalling the twelve scenes that constitute the play, is of a newspaper comic strip drawn less by a skilled comic artist than by a reporter not too highly blessed with imagination. The effort of Mr.

McEvoy is to depict the joys and sorrows of a lower middle-class American family; his achievement is the depiction of the joys and sorrows of a lower middle-class American family playing an engagement in vaudeville. The air of the two-a-day clings to each of the episodes that make up the play; the reflection, save occasionally, is less of life than of B. F. Keith. There is, as I have observed, some humor in the proceedings, but this humor is generally not so much the vivid and authentic humor of life closely noted as the humor of theatrical hokum. The presenting company is in the main good, and it is made up in considerable part of new names. Donald Meek, a comparative veteran, is admirable as the boob husband and father. His is one of the best performances of the season.

To connoisseurs of beauty, may I venture the suggestion that they not fail to note a girl named Helen Chandler who appears briefly toward the end of the play.

Miss Evans Introduces the Latest Bride—From page 75

Meet the Wife

Lillian and begins being herself.

Colleen Never Smokes

BUT she's not one of your modern ingenues; oh, dear, no. She doesn't smoke. It isn't that she doesn't approve of it; it makes her ill. So don't believe all you see in the films. Colleen may adore to flap before the camera; may even kick up her French heels a bit at a director's prompting. But actually she's just a nice, quiet little girl who loves her husband and is thrilled at buying furniture for her new California home. She doesn't step out of her character for a second.

To get back to their private life. As I said, I have hung around quite persistently hoping against hope that things were not what they seemed. But I fear they are. I saw Mr. McCormick at a film luncheon without *Her*. He was completely surrounded by pretty girls. He paid little or no attention to them. Even the prettiest girl, in the right shade of green, secured no more than a polite nod. He had a dreamy, faraway look in his eye, and he hurried away with a purposeful stride which lead one to suspect he was going to meet the wife.

Her company gave for her a luncheon at the Ritz, at which the newspaper and magazine representatives were present in large numbers. She was in white from Madame Frances. She sat next to Johnny, was demure, and looked shyly up at one from under the brim of her feathered hat. When he made a speech he referred to her as "Little lady." And that explains Colleen Moore.

Three Years and Then

—From page 72

splendid characterization of Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes?* He was playing leads in those days, supporting Alice Joyce and Billie Burke. In those days the matinee girls passed him by. But "Old Puzzle-head" Sabre has brought him success in a rush, and Marmout is enjoying as much of a vogue as Ernest Torrence, without whom no cast seems to be adequate today.

We turn the pages again, and scan the pictures and news items. Here we note, with sadness, a page of photographs of Olive Thomas—Olive having tea in her apartment; Olive toasting her pretty toes before a fire; Olive curled up on a divan with a book. And the caption reads: "Husband Jack Pickford comes to New York from the coast on every possible occasion, when the devoted pair domesticate to their hearts' content!" History does repeat itself, perhaps in a spirit of irony. We saw the self-same caption under a photograph of Marilyn Miller Pickford the other day.

The Old, Glad Days

BUT let us go on, sans moralizing or philosophizing. We note Roscoe Arbuckle pretending to "shoot" a scene in his new production and Mary Miles Minter, coyly offering a bite of her "hot dog" to her director. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." And last of all, a full-page photograph of Wallace Reid, the Wally we used to know, with his small son on his knee and his dog by his side—youthful, vibrant with health and the joy of living, no shadow of the evil to come resting on his broad brow nor clouding his laughing eyes.

Three years! So short a time for hopes to fall and hearts to break! And, to go back still farther, what has become of Edith Storey, Florence Turner and Mary Fuller and, indeed, such more recent luminaries as Louise Glaum?

The Story of Florence Lawrence

IN a little bungalow on Wilcox Avenue in Heartbreak Village—which is Hollywood's other name—there lives a girl who has known fame such as few players experience. One of the first of the great screen favorites, she was adored by millions. Sarah Bernhardt sent her congratulations and an autographed portrait. Producers fought for her services. She was well nigh as famous as Mary Pickford. Then—

She was required to drag an actor down three flights of stairs in a fire-rescue scene in a picture. The girl weighed one hundred and ten pounds, the man some one hundred and seventy-five. The scene

Scene from the film "Omar The Tentmaker". Produced by Richard Walton Tully.

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No experience necessary. Will not rub off. Not affected by sea bathing, sun, shampooing, or permanent waving. Will withstand tropical climates.

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329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago—250 Stockton St., San Francisco

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had to be retaken three times. The strain brought on a stroke of paralysis, and for four years the girl was an invalid.

Finally, her health was restored. She came again to Hollywood and found, as so many others have found, that there was no place for her. The public had forgotten.

The girl was Florence Lawrence. The other day she played a little part in an independent production, through the kindness of the producer, Ben Wilson, an old friend. She who had been the fore-

most figure in pictures was now merely "atmosphere."

What was it old Omar said?

*'When You and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall
last,*

*Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble-
cast.'*

It is almost as if Omar Khayyam had known Hollywood.

Warns against Sugar Coating the Stage—From page 57

Is the Pollyanna Screen Immoral?

few flagrant violations of decency of late on the screen. The latter have occurred in certain cheap East Side theatres which have imported foreign films of an objectionable character and at stag parties.

"There are a number of scenes which I see on the screen, however, which I would never pass if I were on the New York Commission," Mr. Sumner told me.

Among these he mentioned a highly improper scene in a late domestic drama in which a husband breaks into a wife's bedroom and tears the lingerie straps from her shoulder.

Sumner Against Flapper Pictures

"FLAPPER pictures are bad just as the books are bad," he said, "particularly when they show young girls doing just as they please while parents look on approvingly, often indeed setting an example of loose conduct."

"Not only are such exhibitions bad," said Mr. Sumner, "they are not true to life." Which, of course, leaves all students of the rising generation somewhat in the lurch.

Human Wreckage was described as an excellent picture in most respects by the newer Comstock, although he would have deleted one or two scenes in which the administering of the drug was shown.

"I thought the subject in this picture was well handled on the whole," said Mr. Sumner. "But no method of administering a drug should be displayed in films under any circumstances. Showing the effects of the drug evil is not bad, but I am not generally in favor of displaying vices in order to correct vice."

If Winter Comes received honorable mention from Mr. Sumner for the unobjectionable handling of a girl's betrayal. He thought any child might see "Captain Applejack" in film form.

Sumner Against Temple of Venus

"CUTANEOUS propensities" and the exploitation of "feminine pulchritude and

physical qualities" in such films as *The Temple of Venus* displease Mr. Sumner very much. A Pollyanna heroine in a flannel nightgown is never objectionable, but a bathing girl in tights always is, he declares.

Flaming Youth he found irking because of the false portrait it gives of modern youth. He said managers liked to play up nude scenes in their advertising.

Another clergyman who declared himself opposed to the unrealities presented under censorship was Dr. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York. He has a congregation which has abandoned the Puritanical tenets for a more broad-minded creed. But he adds that screen advertising is vile.

"One of the more amusing results of screen censorship in New York," said Doctor Holmes, "is the fact that the censors are occupied in making minute cuts in the pictures themselves while they permit all sorts of objectionable advertising to be flaunted in theatre lobbies for the exploitation of pictures that supposedly have had all of the wickedness removed.

"In my opinion movies are not half as black as they are painted. But I wonder constantly why they are painted so black."

Attack on Objectionable Advertising

"SOME time ago when our church was burned down we held services in various theatres devoted to spectacular movies. On Sunday morning we were obliged to pass through all sorts of displays, in the lobbies.

"These displays presented a psychological study. At first I tried to convince myself that the trouble was with me, that I must be in an awfully conventional frame of mind on Sunday morning. For the most part the advertising was deliberately sensual. I saw one or two of these shows. But they failed to live up to the debasing expectations created by the advertising. Then I wondered what a

manager gains by making the public think he has a dirty show and then disappointing them.

"Why have a constant censorship of shows when there is none of advertising? Why have censorship at all?"

Dr. Holmes condemned also the "key-hole" pictures which appeals to the snickering side of an audience, and that which deliberately features more nude women than any other one film in the world.

A direct attack on the Pollyanna film was made by the National Council to Protect the Freedom of Art, Literature and the Press, which includes the motion picture. In a statement issued by George Creel, the chairman, the organization announced its plan to combat unwise restraints as a menace to knowledge and public liberty.

Divorce Insurance

—From page 70

with a gay little laugh, as Kirkwood hurried away, "but if there is no real feeling under it, that won't hold him."

Lila looked very serious again. It is as though her love and happiness are so great that she holds them a bit tremblingly.

Children are Necessary to a Home

"**C**HILDREN," she went on, "children help to make home happy. Maybe it sounds a little bit bromidic, but—well, Jim and I have decided that children help to mold and cement home life. And people should have children when they are first married—not wait for this or that."

Lila and Jim have agreed that a sense of humor helps a lot—not taking little things too seriously.

"That seems to be the hardest thing for married people to learn," expounded Lila wisely. She looked very sweet and demure as she talked. She might be a bride in the family far from the world of motion pictures. "George Eliot says, you know, that the greatest trial a couple can have is not possessing the same kind of a sense of humor.

"We are building a home, too. That helps. Having a home where we love to stay of evenings, where we can gather musical instruments and books and pictures and tapestries and other things we both love about us, will surely be a tie that binds. No matter where we wander, it will be good to have that place to come back to—to remember as home when we are away. I'm sure owning a home would give pause to many couples that are drifting apart."

Imitations may
be dangerous

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 23 years for

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Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

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Then Try This Delightful, Simple Way Which Thousands Say Is Freeing Them From Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin, Brown Spots and Unsightly Blemishes.

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A Clear, Rosy, Soft and Velvety Complexion is Nature's Greatest Gift and Attraction.

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Thousands Have Proved That You Can Have a Clear Skin

Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method, are now rejoicing in healthy, clear, attractive skins after using my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

Foreign Countries Like It, Too

Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan. Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you.

Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples in 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas. I can't thank you enough for Clear-Plex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft.

ALMA CORSTENSEN.

Cures Fourteen-Year-Old Girl

Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich. I can't praise your Clear-Plex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter.

I felt that her looks were ruined for life till I began using your Clear-Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion.

HATTIE JOHNSON.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wall flower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed and repulses others. A fair, clear, soft, velvety skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty lies more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

Try It At My Risk

To prove that you can be rid of pimples, acne, brown spots, oily skin, blackheads and blemishes I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper to try ten days. You will find it wonderfully delightful as it is as simple and easy to use as toilet water. Without obligation, just write or print your name on a post card or the coupon below for my introductory 10-day FREE TRIAL Offer.

W. H. WARREN, 903 Gateway Sta., Kansas City, Mo.

W. H. WARREN, 903 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo. Without obligation, please send me your introductory 10-day free trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

I asked Lila if she didn't believe in divorce at all.

They Believe in Divorce, Too

"Oh, yes; I think where people are mated, it is the only thing. But when you are sure you have really found your mate, the thing to do is to try to stick, no matter what happens.

"The trouble is, young people marry with the idea of getting out of it if they don't like it, or if all doesn't go just to suit them. I hear young people say, 'Oh, well, if it lasts, all right; if it doesn't, all right!' When they say things like that, you know that underneath they are saying to themselves, 'I'm not going to put myself out to make it go right!'

Just then Kirkwood, evidently feeling he had been separated from his bride long enough, came back and joined us.

"Life means so much more to us now we have each other," went on Mrs. Kirkwood. "We talk things over together, and plan our work. I don't believe that either of us will ever really have to sacrifice anything of our careers for each other. We do better work because of our happiness and because we advise and sympathize with each other."

Absolute Confidence Necessary

"One of the main things is to have confidence in each other," says Kirkwood. "Jealousy is fatal to love. We don't believe in separations for even a few weeks; but we do believe in each letting the other have a little liberty of action, freedom to go about without too much questioning. In that way, we find we don't care about taking advantage of opportunities for going about without each other. I can go if I want to; she can go to her parties if she wants to. We'd rather be together."

"We know that love is the best thing in life," concluded Lila as we were departing. Kirkwood didn't say anything. He didn't have to. He was looking at Lila just then.

We Interview Ben Turpin

—From page 35

bowl of soup): "What I always says to the little woman, to some people it would be an affliction but with me it's a fortune."

GWENN: "Do you believe in marriage?"

MR. TURPIN: "Some people prefer a mandolin to pick on."

ANGELA: "Ah. . . . now we have it . . . the thought . . . a marriage of minds . . . of souls. . . ."

Motion Picture Directory

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 380 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Marion Turner Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Withers Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton, Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City. (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schuberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (S) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. TURPIN (*crossly*): "Oh, have a roll."

ANGELA: "We don't mind if we do." She clears away chairs and tables and rolls along the floor and out the door.

GWENN (*facetiously*): "I suppose you'll be asking me if I want a Rolls Royce."

MR. TURPIN: "Oh no, I won't."

GWENN: "Well, then, what is your hobby?"

MR. TURPIN: "My work. But I am almost as well known to my friends as the inventor of the cross-word puzzle."

GWENN (*hysterically*): "Aye aye sir . . . Ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ."

MR. TURPIN: "Waiter! Separate checks."

Gwenn swoons.

FINIS.

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

—From page 63

motor car by her step-sister and a man, the step-sister's friend. The police brought her back unharmed, except for the mental shock the experience had given her.

Life rushed her along. Shortly afterwards she went to Arizona for a visit. There she had her first romance. It was a story-book affair; a very nice and sweet romance which sounds as if it had been written by a lady author of books for girls. A young rancher saw Barbara and fell in love with her. It is not recorded that Barbara returned his love. Perhaps she was dazzled by the romance of it: a handsome cowboy, who dogged her footsteps and who finally, one day when she and another girl were out driving in a car, stopped her and literally dragged her from her seat and rode away with her. She couldn't have had time to think it over, even if she had wanted to. And so she became a bride at sixteen—in the dashing, whirlwind manner of the earlier western movies.

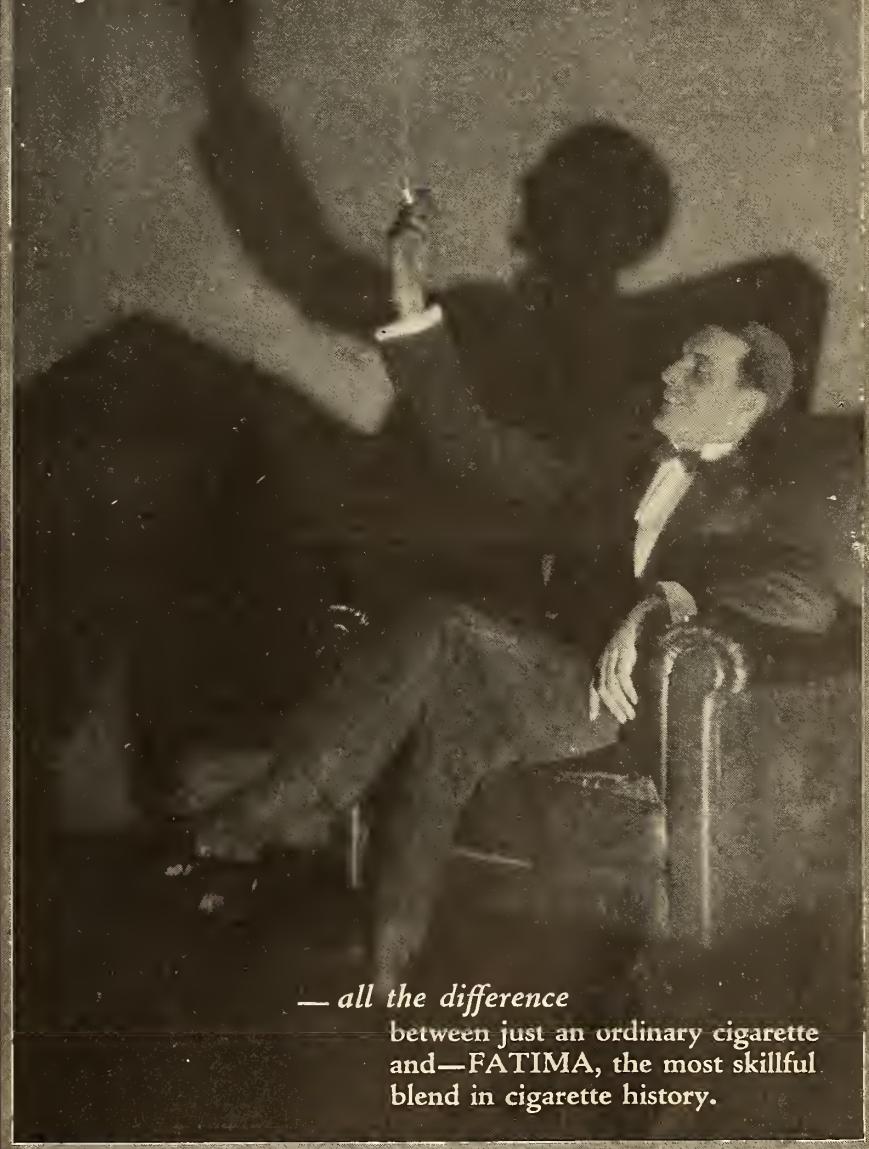
But she had not been given a beautiful face merely to become the little wife of an Arizona ranchman and be tucked away for the rest of her life. Fate, again—her husband died, and Barbara, a widow at sixteen, returned home to her family.

A Widow at Sixteen

THE next chapter in her life was not so simple. In fact, it approached the tragic. Because this time she must surely have been in love. She met a man who represented to her girlish heart her very ideals. He was a dream-hero: suave, handsome, polished, educated. He wooed and won her in three days. They were married

[Continued on page 93]

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Darkens and Beautifies Eyelashes Instantly

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

—From page 91

at her home. She was a beautiful bride—this time the bride of fiction, with a wedding feast and a lovely white dress and a singing heart. You like to feel that she was misty-eyed when she kissed her mother and father goodbye, and left with her husband for her new life.

But she was not to be let alone. Life had not really finished with her. Three days—and then she learned that her husband was not her husband at all. He had a wife and three children at home; and when he was questioned he swore that he had been hypnotized by the beautiful face of the girl. She had bound him with her beauty. He had not been able to resist its power. It was discovered later that the man was mentally disordered. He was operated upon, and died.

To Hide Away From the World

THE girl was greatly hurt. She wanted to hide—hide away from the world that had already been so harsh to her. She went home again to her father. But the life of the little desert town to which they had moved was too much for her. It held no possibilities for her youth and beauty. Perhaps she was so disillusioned that it did not much matter what she did. In any event she left for Los Angeles. She determined to find work.

But she was not yet of age. And her father, fearful of what other injuries life might inflict on his child, did the only thing he could do to bring her back. He asked the juvenile authorities of the city to force her to come home.

It was then that a Los Angeles judge looked at her. He saw the marvellous mysterious appeal of that face—a face that had already caused so many heartaches. He looked at her and it is quoted that he said, "You are too beautiful, child. You are much too young and beautiful to be alone here. You must go home."

But as soon as she was eighteen she began all over again. The eyes that experience had already opened, opened now a little wider. She became conscious of a desire for expression, preferably artistic. But it was not easy. Because she was still too beautiful; perhaps the tragedies that had hovered about her had left their mark. She could not find work. Not in pictures. So she learned to dance. The cabarets caught her.

Dancing Her Way Through Cabarets

SHE danced her way from cabaret to revue. She was one of the first of the

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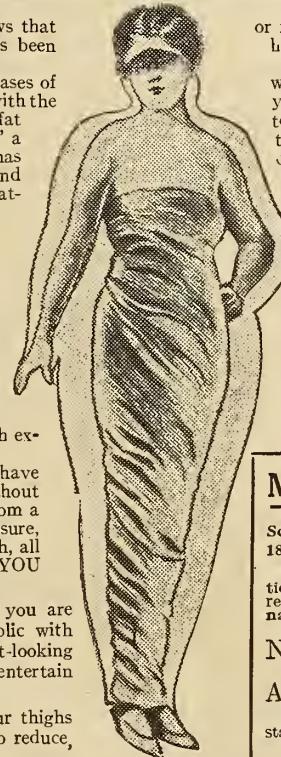
From Europe comes the news that at last something effective has been found to relieve obesity.

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barefoot dancers. The one period of actual want in her professional life occurred in Detroit. That city proved itself right in a moral class with Los Angeles by frowning on barefoot dancers; and the company was stranded there for ten days before the city fathers could be brought to reason. After being one of the ornaments of Rector's and other New York cabarets, she was brought to Salt Lake City to star in a revue. Salt Lake was a vacation for Barbara. She danced twice a day, slept the rest of the time, and earned a good salary.

This period of comparative ease put her mind at rest. She had for the first time in her hurried life a little breathing space in which to look about. She discovered herself. Her emotional experiences became a background, and she started to write.

First, verse. Very good verse, in the opinion of the few who have read it. Then she wrote a scenario. And her luck changed. It was accepted at once and she received a considerable sum for it. Life began to make up handsomely for all the blows it had dealt her. After that scenario, which was *The Mother and the Child*, starring Gladys Brockwell, Fox was so impressed with her that he signed her as a staff writer for a year and a half. At the end of that time, Louis B. Mayer asked her to play a part in Anita Stewart's picture, *Harriett and the Piper*. After this she went back to her typewriter for two more years.

Doug Fairbanks Signs Her

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS saw her and told her she was too beautiful—to be a scenario writer. So she played with him in *The Nut* and later as Milady in *The Three Musketeers*. Barbara had, to all appearances, arrived.

But real success was not so near. Universal at that time had the chance to sign her on a long-term contract for \$300 a week and turned it down. "She can only do vamp stuff," they said. It wasn't until Rex Ingram put her into *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Trifling Women* that her name began to mean something on the screen.

Somewhere in her more recent career she acquired another husband—Ben Deely, an actor. But the marriage went on the rocks, without, apparently, leaving much of an impression. But Barbara bears no grudges. Only the other day she suggested to a director who was looking for a good "heavy" for his next picture that there was no better in the business than Deely. This in the face of Deely's public assertion that Barbara was trying to hinder his career.

The next True Life Story in SCREENLAND's now famous series will relate the picturesque career of Marion Davies.

Better order your number now!

The present chapter in the La Marr life includes her profitable and pleasant appearances in *Strangers of the Night*, *The Shooting of Dan Magraw*, *The Eternal City*, which she received \$3,000 a week for travelling to Rome to make; a five-year contract with First National which will make her a star and a rich woman; and a new husband—a red-haired youth named Jack Doherty, whom you may remember in Ruth Roland serials.

Oh, yes—and a pose or two. If she has a press agent he is a good one; and if she hasn't, she has proved that she has not lost her sense of dramatic values. For, after a pose of exotic gowns and things like that, she switched to a mother role—she adopted a baby boy. This was before her latest marriage. She declared that she was fed up with false love, men, and Life with a large L. That motherhood, whether real or assumed, was the only actuality in existence. She was photographed with the baby and the world wept with her. Then she married Mr. Doherty.

Her Story—As Barbara Tells It

OF late she has apparently become dissatisfied with her real life story. The story of her life according to Barbara is a vastly different thing. She prefers to relate that she was born in Virginia, left an orphan, adopted and brought to Spokane, Washington, and then going on the stage as a child and trooping as Little Eva and Lord Fauntleroy until the age of eleven. Then she says she entered a convent at Fresno, Cal., where she remained until her girlish pranks caused her to be gently suspended by the mother superior. After her school days came the stage again.

Which story do you prefer? Why should she choose to forget the real one? Surely she is artist enough to appreciate it. Doubtless she has the inevitable hunger for security and peace, and after her troubled career we can't blame her for that. But there is nothing in her real life story of which to be ashamed. She should be proud of that young girl who refused to permit the hard knocks to stop her; who rose over them and worked her way to her present position. It makes a far more dramatic narrative than any she has ever written. If she has developed a yearning for immunity from life and drama, how is she going to become an actress? She has the background which the great continental actresses have had. She has suffered and struggled. Her life is the most interesting thing about her. Will she become merely a beautiful puppet who believes her own press agent, or will she keep on living?

Book Reviews

SILK—Samuel Merwin (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*). Perfumed Persian gardens, walled cities of Cathay, adventurous voyages via camel train over the wastes of the Gobi, and the wilds of Turkestan, are romantically mingled in the picturesque tale of oriental civilization 2,000 years ago. Mr. Merwin handles his subject in a style decidedly different from his other works, using the quaint ingenuousness and naivete of the period. He tells of the adventures of a Chinese youth visiting the courts of Persia—Persia in its most glorious period of splendor and luxury. Cunning and intrigue intermingle and combat the beautiful love of a Persian princess for a foreigner, making a fascinating narrative bathed in the languor of Persian skies. The story is free from the exaggerations and fantasies common to most works dealing with this period and will prove fascinating reading to lovers of romance.

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD—Leonard Merrick (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*). A decidedly different twist is given the eternal triangle in Mr. Merrick's newest novel. It is the tale of a woman rather than a man, as the title would indicate; a fine, sensitive woman with a most tenacious adherence to her principles, right or wrong—torn always by the most elemental of emotions, enduring to the end. The author shows a most remarkable understanding of the reactions of a woman to the most heart-breaking of life's difficulties and though the plot is rather drab it borders at times so closely on the melodramatic that it makes fascinating reading in spite of itself. There are many beautiful if pathetic passages where the heroine is torn between her passionate love for the man who wronged her and the firm adherence to her life as prompted by the dictates of her finer emotions.

The story is really a study of three people tossed together in one of Life's maelstroms and beset by the most diffi-

cult circumstances. The outcome is logical and so natural that in spite of his sympathies the reader is eminently satisfied with the solution.

THE PUPPET MASTER—Robert Nathan (*Robert M. McBride & Co.*). In spite of its title, and its cover jacket decorated with marionettes, "The Puppet Master" is not a juvenile book. It would, though, please most of those who love and understand child nature, as evident in both "big people" and little ones.

The story is simply told—almost entirely in one and two syllabled words. It is poetic in its simplicity, and quite briefy, but with a charming sureness of touch, presents a few seemingly uneventful lives, and a view of married life, with deeper insight and understanding of human souls and their relationships, than many books that aim to be more profound.

Those of us who feel the tragedy of the conflict in an artistic nature forced to a life of personal love and the duty it involves, will shed at least one tear for the puppet hero, Mr. Aristotle. His tragedy is very real, though his sorrow makes him seem ridiculous. We sympathize with him when Fate, in the person of little Amy May, selects him to be a convenient sort of combination husband-doctor-grocer for Annabel Lee; and later, when he finds himself succumbing to his wife's charms (in this case, an unusual single black button eye). The inevitable tragedy that results and Annabel Lee's fickleness is as intense as the effect made by Tony Sarg's "Rip Van Winkle" on his miniature stage. The love affair between the poet and Amy May's mother is also delicately handled.

If you have on your book shelves a well worn "Alice in Wonderland," because the satire still holds you, you will like to keep at hand a copy of "The Puppet Master." The charm of the story, its gentle satire and philosophy, its happy phraseology, make it a delightful thing to read aloud.

A. NATELSON.

Q Studio Gossip in Hollywood and New York—From Page 81

The Listening Post

moral picture indeed, with the fade-out showing vice prostrate and virtue triumphant. Perhaps that was why a well-known actor came staggering out from the theatre in Los Angeles the other evening, muttering, "Well, anyhow, here's to sin!"

Mack Sennett is all pleased up over his new comedian "find," Harry Langdon. *Picking Peaches* is the name of his first starring vehicle. Sennett predicts that inside of a year Langdon will be the greatest comedian in the business. Which maybe he will, at that, if some-



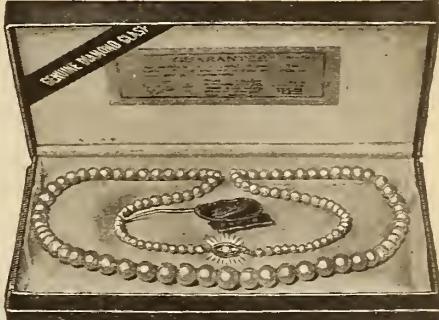
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body bumps off Messrs. Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton and Turpin.

JACK DAUGHERTY, who is an actor and somewhat of a celebrity in his own right in addition to being Barbara La Marr's husband, wanted enormously to fly from Venice to Paris, on their recent honeymoon trip abroad. But not Barbara.

"Go ahead and fly, if you want to," said Barbara. "I look very well in black. But I'll take mine on *terra firma*, thank you."

They didn't fly.

Kenneth Harlan as The Virginian

LIFE is drab at best but the clouds are occasionally brightened by the little rays of sunshine cast by the gents who write the newspaper advertising for the picture theatres. Our morale was strengthened by this gem of literature apropos of the presentation of *The Virginian* at a Los Angeles theatre:

"Against the wild, colorful background of the American plains is pictured a sweet-toned symphony of a woman's soul, blended with a clean-cut herculean chap's terrific struggle against overwhelming odds."

Dear! Dear! The clean-cut herculean chap in question was played by Kenneth Harlan and if he was the Virginian as Owen Wister pictured him we're Little Eva! At least the Virginian was a graceful romantic figure. Harlan looked and acted like a farmer, successfully concealing his emotions, if any, behind a perfectly blank countenance. Which, of course, is perfectly good form in our best film circles this season, which advocates reserve to the extent of concealing all human intelligence. We know of a clothing-store dummy which would be a knock-out on a good many Hollywood sets.

Social Life in Los Angeles

THE dinner at the Montmartre almost any evening may see so many stars as to be quite dazzled. Celebrating the opening of *The Ten Commandments*, more than a score of celebrities entertained at dinner at the Montmartre before the performance. The room fairly blazed with jewels and gorgeous raiment.

Enid Bennett was the prettiest thing imaginable in a gown of burnt orange crepe embroidered in gold, with a bandeau of orange and gold. Her wrap was of ermine, and Fred Niblo's look of smug satisfaction in his lovely wife was wholly understandable.

Pola Negri came with her bosom friend, Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams). Mrs. Eyton wore black velvet, brilliant with rhinestones, and was enveloped in a marvelous mink wrap. Pola was a radiant flame in burnt orange trimmed in silver, with a silver bandeau about her black locks.

We couldn't truthfully say that Constance Talmadge "dined" there that evening, for she spent most of her time fighting off admirers who begged to dance with her, but she looked wholly adorable in black velvet trimmed with little tails of ermine. Sister Norma looked on indulgently in a lovely affair of nude-colored chiffon with pearl trimming.

Viola Dana brought her sister, Shirley Mason, under her wing. Both girls wore simple black velvet gowns. Viola's wrap was of ermine, while Shirley's was of sable velvet with an ermine collar.

Others who furnished a soothing and restful treat to the eye included Helene Chadwick, in a gold gown and wrap of American Beauty velvet; Agnes Ayres, in turquoise satin and ermine cloak; Julia Faye in flesh-colored chiffon and ermine; Lucile Carlisle, regal in cloth of gold and a gold bandeau in her hair; Pauline Frederick, in cloth of silver with a magnificent sable wrap, and Mrs. Conway Tearle, in black chiffon beaded in silver, with a mink wrap.

Gloria in The Swan

GLORIA SWANSON seems to have safely passed the program picture purgatory, in which she suffered so long. If rumor is to be trusted, Gloria is to be starred in Franz Molnar's *The Swan*, competition for which has been so keen among producers for months. Gloria ought to be in her element as the capricious princess whose so-human instincts strive constantly with hauteur and pridefulness.

Mickey and Blanche

AND he fell in love with his wife! Isn't there a play by that name? Anyway, that little drama is being enacted here in Hollywood, it is said. Blanche Sweet, with her full return to health, is showing herself so altogether adorable, and proving herself so fine an actress in her recent pictures that her husband, Mickey Neilan, is falling in love with her all over again. Not that he hasn't loved her all the time, you understand, but this new tide of feeling is almost a return to the first-love era. Who could blame him? Blanche is a darling.

Harold at the Races

SOME folks have all the luck. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis motored down to Tia Juana the other week-end to watch the horse races and maybe to lay a few pennies on some likely horse's nose. Harold spotted one, Chiva, that looked good to him, and Mildred thought the name was pretty, so they hunted up a bookie and discovered that they had picked about the least popular nag on the track. The odds were 79 to 2. Well, they bet ten dollars on Chiva in spite of

[Continued on next page]

From Social Work to Films

By Eunice Marshall

SHE'S a Quaker from Quaker town, but her speech is other than yea, yea and nay, nay, and meekness is *not* her predominating characteristic. Betty Bouton, late of Philadelphia, looks out upon the world with a cold, disparaging eye and considers that it is nothing to get excited about.

Betty set out to be a social service worker. She trained for that worthy and respectable career at the University of Pennsylvania. She actually served as probation officer of the juvenile court in several cities. But the lure of the footlights extends even to the daughters of conservative Philadelphia families and Betty gave up her charity work and enrolled at the Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

She was given a small part with Mary Nash. Then she attempted the difficult role of Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* with Nat Goodwin. After that Bertha Kalich took her under



Betty Bouton

She lives alone. People are not necessary to her. She watches, analyzes, dissects.

She is in Hollywood, but not of it.

But the father loved the little girl too, and he wouldn't give her up. Ben's heart nearly broke, but he's trying to make up for the disappointment by doing nice things for any little orphan he comes across.

Edmund Wears Suspenders

EDMUND LOWE, who emotes on the Goldwyn lot between stage engagements, knows all about what the young man should wear, and demonstrates it in person. And the other day he knocked every male dead at the studio, when he turned up wearing a pair of these striped English trousers that come up under the arms, pleated at the waist-band, and to cap the climax a giddy pair of suspenders. Yessir, regular galluses of red and blue silk, such as any fireman might commit crime for. And just to show he had no shame, he had his picture taken with them. We predict that pink elastic sleeve bands will be the snappy thing next.

her wing and she appeared with that actress in *The Riddle Woman*.

Then pictures. Marshall Neilan gave Betty the part of the snippy college girl in Mary Pickford's *Daddy Long Legs*. She also played with Marguerite Clark, Dustin Farnum and Shirley Mason. Ingenue roles, all of them.

After that came romance, followed closely by tragedy. Betty Bouton fell in love with a young songwriter, and married him. But death robbed her of her husband and her tiny baby. And, for a while, of her ambition. She was out of pictures for three years. Now she is back, taking up the tangled threads of life where she dropped them, striving to weave a new pattern.



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¶ The Editor Reviews the New Films—From page 52

New Screenplays in Review

the real reason why *Tiger Rose* has not edge of interest.

A Box Office Tale and That's All

SLAVE OF DESIRE is one of those so-called "box office titles," this time given to a film version of Honore de Balzac's immortal tale, *The Magic Skin*. The magic skin brings the wealth of the world to its owner as the gratification of a mere wish but it grows steadily smaller with each wish—and brings death with the last one. Charles Whittaker's film version shows the spell being broken finally by an unselfish wish. Mr. Whittaker's version, however, is very dull stuff, indeed. Here is an annoying evening in the theatre.

Stephen Steps Out, adapted from a Richard Harding Davis story, served to introduce Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to the more or less waiting world. Judging from present indications, it may be his last appearance, for something seems to have intervened between the younger Fairbanks and a screen career. Anyway, the Famous Players didn't renew their option upon his services after this one effort.

Yet *Stephen Steps Out* isn't bad at all—and Doug, Jr., is pleasantly—if mildly—ingratiating. The story is just a boyish tale of adventure at school and later in far off Turkey. You'll see many a worse screenplay almost any evening. Yet, somehow, I hope Doug, Jr., doesn't go on with his screen career—at least just

now. He is too nice a boy to be spoiled by studio artificialities, menacing enough in themselves to break many an older person. I, for one, would rather see him a year from now as honestly boyish as when I met him recently than the film idol of all the world.

Connie's Pallid Costume Piece

DON'T ask me to say much about Constance Talmadge in *The Dangerous Maid*. It is just pallid costume stuff with the wan Connie having one of her old brittle moments just here and there.

We commented last month upon *Long Live the King*, little Jackie Coogan's newest vehicle and perhaps his most elaborate. Yet this costume opus deserves further comment. This story, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, has certain human qualities, being the story of a lovely little royal prince. But, in it, I fear you will detect the same thing that is manifest to me—that Jackie is growing up.

If you watch, you will observe that a calculated technique is supplanting that once matchless spontaneity. In other words, "the kid" is becoming an actor. It isn't serious yet, but it is there. And it will grow. For that is the inevitable demand of life. And so the little boy who dreamed glorious dreams in front of the camera—dreams that came straight to you and me—will grow up. He may become a great actor—but he will never again be a child with the ability to dream golden dreams.

¶ Announcing Screenland's Raspberry Award —From page 27

I can't remember the name of the movie. It was something about a working girl with curls who was chased around an office by a scoundrelly factory owner with a mustache and evil intentions. He wanted to kiss the girl. Leastwise, he carried on

like that. That was after he had put the key in his pocket. But she kissed the honest factory Sup't in the last scene." Surely some of our readers can help Mr. Strudel. We need his vote.

¶ Kitty Kurves' Tale of Her Darkest Hour—From page 38

said he would pay me, and pay me well, for my services. All he wanted me to do was to pose for some photographs. Well, it had been so long since anyone had wanted any pictures of me that I was flattered and consented. It was not until

the other day that I discovered what it was for. Looking through the back pages of a magazine I found my own picture as the "Before" of a before-and-after fat reducing advertisement. This is, indeed, the end.

¶ Lotta Lyons Tells of Her Darkest Hour—from page 38

gee—very brief negligee—and appear in a shower-bath scene. And there I was—after all my years of work and suffering

for my Art—dripping wet for the first time in my career. Stay at home girls; it isn't worth it.

Not the Perfect Male, But—

By Eunice Marshall

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON took up acting because he thought it would be fun. With his first pay envelope came the discovery that it was merely hard work. It's been hard work ever since and the only ones who get any fun out of his acting are the audiences. Which is as it should be.

In addition to giving us a well nigh perfect *Ruggles*, Horton has brought to the screen a new personality. And personalities, Heaven knows, are far more sadly needed than new faces. Horton's face is nothing to write home about. It's a perfectly good face, of course, with the proper number of eyes and noses and ears, but Elinor Glyn would never pick it for her Perfect Male.

But when it comes to personality, the man simply oozes it!

It was his popularity at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, where he has been the mainstay of a stock company for three years, that brought him his chance to play *Ruggles* in James Cruze's picture, *Ruggles of Red Gap*. And the perfection of that characterization gave him the lead in Cruze's last picture, *To The Ladies*. In it, Horton plays the part of a male Dulcy, good-hearted, arrogant, provincial and dumb.

Edward Everett's parents had their



Edward Horton

expiration of which he is to do another picture.

He's a bonny actor! He can express more by a quirk of an eyebrow than most screen actors can with Expressions 1, 2, 3 and 4.

He has an excellent sense of humor—and good taste in ties.

And his photograph adorns the dresser of one who has been exposed to all the male charmers of filmdom, including Valentino, with no lasting effects.

boy all cut out to be a teacher. He seemed to "take to" languages and English composition and history, so why not? The boy himself didn't have any other great ambition, and it wasn't until

his junior year at Columbia University that he acquired one. The university dramatic club put on their annual play, and Horton had a part. The thrill he felt then definitely lost to the teaching profession a most potent educator.

He toured with Louis Mann for two years, and then passed into that finest training school for actors, stock. Horton has played in stock in almost every big city in the country. At present he is doing a ten weeks' engagement at the Fulton Theater in Oakland, California, at the ex-

piration of which he is to do another picture.

He's a bonny actor! He can express more by a quirk of an eyebrow than most screen actors can with Expressions 1, 2, 3 and 4.

He has an excellent sense of humor—and good taste in ties.

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Authors vs. Producers

To what extent producers will be permitted to change the stories of writers is a question of great importance to some film makers, says *The New York Times*. The fact that the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has decided that the Fox Film Corporation must defend an action by Frank L. Packard for \$75,000 damages has caused talk in motion-picture circles. Mr. Packard alleged that he sold his story, "The Iron Rider," to the Fox concern for a film, but that the producers made two films of it by using his title on a play he didn't write, and putting a new title, "Smiles Are Trumps," on his story. He asked \$50,000 in the first instance and \$25,000 for the second.

In an article headed "Grief," Joseph Dannenberg, in *The Film Daily*, declares

that this decision is grief for some producers, as it may mean that the picture maker must hold to the author's story, or the author can collect at law. He adds that this makes the Authors' Congress of last Summer wither and pale.

"All the kicks registered there were trifling," writes Mr. Dannenberg. "And if all the authors who are sore at producers changing their stories begin action, based on this decision, the courts will hardly have a chance to hear any other cases for the next thirteen years. The grave question arises as to just what a producer buys when he purchases the picture rights to material. Of course, in the Packard-Fox case it was a bit different. Packard sued Fox because the latter had used his name to a story altogether



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different' from what had been sold to the producer."

Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, when asked about the court decision, said:

"As was so often pointed out at the International Congress on Motion Picture Arts, held at the Waldorf-Astoria last June, a novel and a motion picture are essentially different art forms. Both have in common the telling of a story by characterization, but a novel depends on conversation and philosophizing, while the motion picture must tell the story by action. Consequently a director must confine himself to use whatever pictorial material can be brought within the range of the camera, and to this end he must necessarily make deviations from the incidents and situations described in some sixty thousand of a novelist's words.

"I hold no brief for buying a title and throwing the story away. That has never been the policy of our concern. I do not believe that it is good policy to buy the screen rights to a widely read novel and then change the title. I do believe, however, that when the title is obviously unsuited to motion-picture purposes it should be discarded for a better one, and I believe we are justified in changing the title of a story such as Julian Street's 'Rita Coventry,' of which probably not more than 25,000 copies have been sold, although it is an excellent and well-told story. As a novel it never achieved any great success, and probably not more than 40,000 persons, mostly in New York, have read Mr. Street's story. Who are they compared to the millions of people who will see the picture which William de Mille has produced? And the title, 'Don't Call It Love,' which has been chosen for the picture, will of itself attract to the theatres ten times as many people as have read the novel.

The Rheumatic History

—From page 37

the same time. The loss of the cuckoo, which was thrashed out for years in the courts, was a stroke of luck for Coogan. The camera worked just as well without it, and as it had a bad habit of flying out and biting the players, it was often an inconvenience in the studio.

While the storm clouds gathered around Coogan, Mr. Montgomery, father of Baby Peggy, jumped into the fray and defied the then really infant industry by operating a studio in the Rare Print Room of the Metropolitan Art Museum, where he worked for two weeks without being discovered by the public or the attendants.

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¶ Upton Sinclair makes his first appearance as a Screenland contributor in the April issue.

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Best Similes of 1923

FRANK J. WILSTOCH has selected the best similes of 1923. Mr. Wilstoch is the author of "A Dictionary of Similes" and every year adds to his list. SCREENLAND presents the new similes, realizing that sooner or later you will find them in your evening's sub-titles. The new similes:

Your eyes are like loot from a cathedral.—*Eleanor Hollowell Abbott.*

Fleeting as a ferryboat shoe shine.—*Franklin P. Adams.*

He felt like the symptoms on a medicine bottle.—*George Ade.*

Verse . . . as liquid and persuasive as drifting in a gondola.—*Conrad Aiken.*

So thin that she could fall through a flute and never strike a note.—*Anon.*

Homely as Mrs. Devil.—*Anon.*

Dumb as the man who thought a football coach has four wheels.—*Anon.*

Unlike as a yacht and a coal barge.—*Anon.*

Infinitesimal as a defeated candidate's opinion of himself after election.—*Anon.*

Acrimonious as post-mortems of the bridge table.—*Anon.*

About as neat as a coal-heaver's nails.—*Anon.*

He ran for third base like a wholesale bootlegger pursued by revenuers.—*Anon.*

About as much privacy as a statue in the park.—*Anon.*

Some men are like the Einstein theory—nobody at home understands them.—*Anon.*

Noisy as iron waves splashing and dashing on an iron ocean.—*Anon.*

Her mind is like a sundial: it records only pleasantness.—*Anon.*

Different as Piers Plowman and Mr. Pickwick.—*Anon.*

Absurd as a Hottentot marooned on an iceberg.—*Anon.*

Her hair is like an exploded can of tomato soup.—*Anon.*

Distressing as an amateur cocktail.—*Anon.*

Difficult as to put a blister on a porcupine.—*Anon.*

No more privacy than a Broadway waffle cook.—*Anon.*

Littered with debris as a picnic train.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Lonely as a bachelor looking at Niagara Falls in June.—*Arthur Bear.*

Harmless as filtered water.—*Thomas Beer.*

Scattered like storm-lashed birds.—*John Bojer.*

His heart knocked like a Ford car

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trying to climb the roof of a Methodist church.—*Gelett Burgess*.

Vainly as one strikes at water with a sword.—*Witter Bynner*.

Freckles, like rust spots.—*Willa Cather*.

Woman is like a gun. Her range is limited. But in the home she hits a man like ten thousands of brick.—*G. K. Chesterton*.

Locked teeth, like the tight edges of a sprung trap.—*Irvin S. Cobb*.

The face of the world looks as though it had shaved itself with a broken beer bottle while standing on a barrel in a cyclone.—*Benjamin De Casseres*.

She looked like a fire in a pawnshop, fair covered with diamonds an' watches chains.—*F. P. Dunne*.

His voice was like a buzzsaw striking a rusty nail.—*Arthur Folwell*.

Her head poised like a parachute. *Zona Gale*.

Bounded like a rate exchange when some one has trodden on the tail of a Foreign Minister.—*Philip Guedella*.

Felt as out of place as an Elk at Oxford.—*Percy Hammond*.

Apparent to the naked eye as the Woolworth Building.—*Robert Cortes Halliday*.

More money than the telephone company's got wrong numbers.—*Sam Hellman*.

Eyes slits, like wise, smiling old buttonholes.—*Fanny Hurst*.

Face like a three-parts deflated football.—*A. S. M. Hutchinson*.

About as much chance as a quart of whisky on an Indian reservation.—*Peter B. Kyne*.

Slowly pronouncing and delivering the words like a man pitching quoits.—*D. H. Lawrence*.

Pathetic as an octogenarian messenger boy.—*Charlotte Le Beau*.

Durable as a pig's nose.—*Warren Lewis*.

Laughter, like love, is an expression of man's vehement revolt against reason.—*William J. Locke*.

Discouraged as a frog catcher in the Desert of Sahara.—*Don Marquis*.

Women are just like elephants t' me. I like t' look at 'em, but I wouldn't want one.—*Abe Martin*.

Needful as the sun.—*George Moore*.

Sacramental, like the sweeping of a hearth.—*Christopher Morley*.

One star, serene and still, hangs like an altar light.—*Maurice Morris*.

Beautiful as one red rose in a garden of lilies.—*Robert Nichols*.

Out of date as yesterday's shave.—*George Jean Nathan*.

Hospitable as a hungry shark to a swimming missionary.—*Frederick O'Brien*.

Firpo was as open as an umbrella.—*Neal O'Hara*.

Drab as the annual parade of the Columbia University professors making their New Year's call on Nicholas Murray Butler.—*Frank Ward O'Malley*.

The gray marsh clouds are tangled like angleworms in a pail.—*Elliott H. Paul*.

About as easy to do up an elephant in a shawl strap.—*Channing Pollock*.

A husband, like unto religion and medicine, must be taken with blind faith.—*Helen Rowland*.

Wistful as a letter lying unclaimed.—*Sara Saper*.

Irrelevant as discordant notes of far-off birds.—*Evelyn Scott*.

Menacing as metal.—*Vance Thompson*.

Happy as a traffic policeman with flat feet.—*Charles Hanson Towne*.

He never could get over a feeling that to discover a woman excited about an intellectual thing was like coming on her bathing.—*Rebecca West*.

About as thrilling as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish.—*H. C. Witwer*.

Anna Prophater Satarizes the unheard of Father—From page 44

The Diary of a Movie Pa

say mooron, snaps the wife, it is vulgar colleg boy slang.

How do I know, I went on, that I will keep on getting the 100 dollars after the 1st week or 2. I know a thing or 2 about studios myself, I remind her.

You sine a contrack, answers the wife, promising not to act, nor rite nor have no photos taken and you get the money.

Ill think it over, I told her. And so I went back to the garag and told Ben and Ben yells thaths talking turkey so we sat down to have a conferens. So came nite and I went to the house where they was giving a party for swells to say Id take the job but the Deluge seen me coming

and made me set on the porch so as not to disgras her. Finally she cum out and says what do you want. And I says I want the job of busines manager. Well, she says, you manage your way back to the garag and Ill have your contrack in the A. M.

So here I am setting and wating for the contrack wich meens I cant act no more nor have no more pictures taken just like poor Ruddie Valentino. But it also means that I cant rite no more wich is too bad as I must give up my diry.

But Ben and me is going to take a week off and go to Catalina where we is sure to have a plesant time in the grate outdoors.

¶ Mr. Wills says Directors like old locations best—From page 47

Shot to Hades

quite a bit of this. In fact, one could get his pocket picked there every day while his attention was diverted by a movie company at work. The city earned quite a revenue retrieving displaced comedy mustaches with early morning combings of the lake.

The combing puts the lake's surface and marge in shape for shots conveying impressions of the continental oases of romance—the placid lakes about which the man punts or skiffs the maid, depending upon the role in which he is cast. Only a villain would punt a lady.

The winding, gravelled paths amid the whispering trees, banked with dank verdure and beauteous blooms (I bet I could write a title!), are ideal for catch-as-catch-can love scenes, in the opinion of scenes-men. That is why you see them so often.

The Busch Gardens as a Background

BUSCH GARDENS have superseded Westlake Park of late as a trysting place par excellence. Parts of the place are in a primitive state while others are carefully groomed. Both kinds of love-stuff backgrounds are hence eternally filmed there.

The actors in the garden party in *The Spanish Dancer*, Laskyizing Pola Negri, became Buschwackers for the day. Mary Pickford used it for shots in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, lately due to her satisfaction with the scenes of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* which were taken there.

The Busch Gardens are the boast of Pasadena, cinematic hunting ground for fashionably ancient homes and estates, sunken gardens, hedgerows, terraces and porte cochères. One might even find a what-not or a lambrequin there. Screen thespians, by forever cluttering up the Crown City, excite no more curiosity in Pasadena than do the indigenous butlers.

Where the Fords Skid

IT matters not into which realm of the cinema one fares. The same old shots are doing duty in the same old way. If it be comedy the intersection of Western

Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard is sure to stare you in the face.

The custard pies, hurled at the Corner of Comedy Cops, placed side by side would form a line nearly twice as long as that formed by placing all the stuffed clubs wielded there end to end or a distance equal to the sum of the diameters of the smoke bombs touched off at that locality.

This is the corner about which autos of every vintage skid dizzily in comedies. If the film drama is of the straight and narrow variety traffic shots are grabbed at Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue.

It takes a lot of drag for film canners to get permission to use the congested downtown crossings for automotive gymnastics. But they do it though screen photography has recorded every wrinkle in the asphalt. Ince, in making *Human Wreckage*, gained permission to stage a dash of death amid familiar scenes.

Filming Those City Fires

THE favored path for whizzing taxicabs, rumbling fire apparatus, clanging police patrols, limousines and other vehicles used in traffic scenes, so dear to the heart of the producers, lies along Broadway in Los Angeles between Fourth and Seventh Streets. The movies get some great stuff along this congested thoroughfare late in the afternoon, the open season for pedestrians who do not seem to enjoy the kick they get out of it.

And speaking of traffic shots, the jack-knife bridge at Los Angeles harbor has been shot at least once for each rivet by comedy and serial companies.

All of which bridges the gap to the maritime scenes. For across the double-action bridges lies the way to the crowded gangplank of the good ship Avalon, thronged with flicker folk bound for the Beautiful Island of Wrigley.

Photographing Catalina Island

A COMEDY gang can start shooting at the studio gate as they leave for Catalina [Continued on next page]

¶ The final vote on

¶ The Ten Best Screenplays Ever Made

will appear in the April issue of SCREENLAND. Voting closed on January 15th and the votes are now being tabulated.

The result will interest you—and will be an important record of motion picture production.



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Truckee, Nevada, or the environs of Big Bear Lake loomed up on the screen.

It is safe to say that the Northwest Mounted Police have been able to get more men at Truckee than they have ever pinched in the dear old Dominion. The breeding and raising of malamutes should be a good business up there where the snowsheds begin.

But since Big Bear Lake is nearer Hollywood it is given the preference by less adventurous directors with home lives uncomplicated by suspicious wives or perhaps limited production allowances.

More beautiful screen stars have been exposed to frost-bite and the camera coincidentally up there in the cold and the snow, dying a death far worse than the death they are dying to escape the fate worse than death (No. 1, Stock Titles File, Winter Series, Exteriors Section) than anywhere else. In fact, if one should organize a club of screen belles who have contracted chilblains, divorce complaints or subpoenas there, the Big Bear Leading Women's League would be quite a sizeable association.

Each one would tell you that that place had been shot to Hades.

The Art of Patsy Miller *—From page 34*

put just a few of my own ideas into my interpretation."

I am sure no one could be cross with Pat, not even the hard-hearted public, which may not be half so horrid and hard-hearted as some people think.

And then Pat told me some more of her wonderful ideas about the part and I thought of how fast this high-spirited girl is growing up and how each picture she undertakes finds her just a little bit different from her last picture.

How is it that this lively girl, always ready for a lark at the soda fountain or a romp with her kid brother, has been chosen for the greatest tragedy role in all literature? Perhaps it is because when she gets before the camera she is another person, not a carefree girl but a finished artiste with all the strange power and the uncanny intuition that one only associates with the great lights of the stage.

So Pat told me about Lady Macbeth and how she pictured that Scotch "vamp" in her own mind. But it isn't like Pat to be serious for long so I wasn't surprised when she suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, "Let's run over and see if Mildred Davis Lloyd has been cast for any Shakespearian roles today."

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Two important announcements are to be made in the March issue of REAL LIFE.

We have contracted with the most famous writer of realistic fiction in America today to write for REAL LIFE. Ben Hecht is beginning with the March issue a series of real life stories and his own reminiscences as a newspaper reporter in Chicago. They are crammed with enough material for a dozen full length novels. They are the most interesting paragraphs of real life that we have ever printed.

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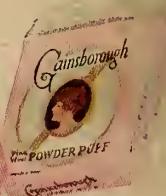
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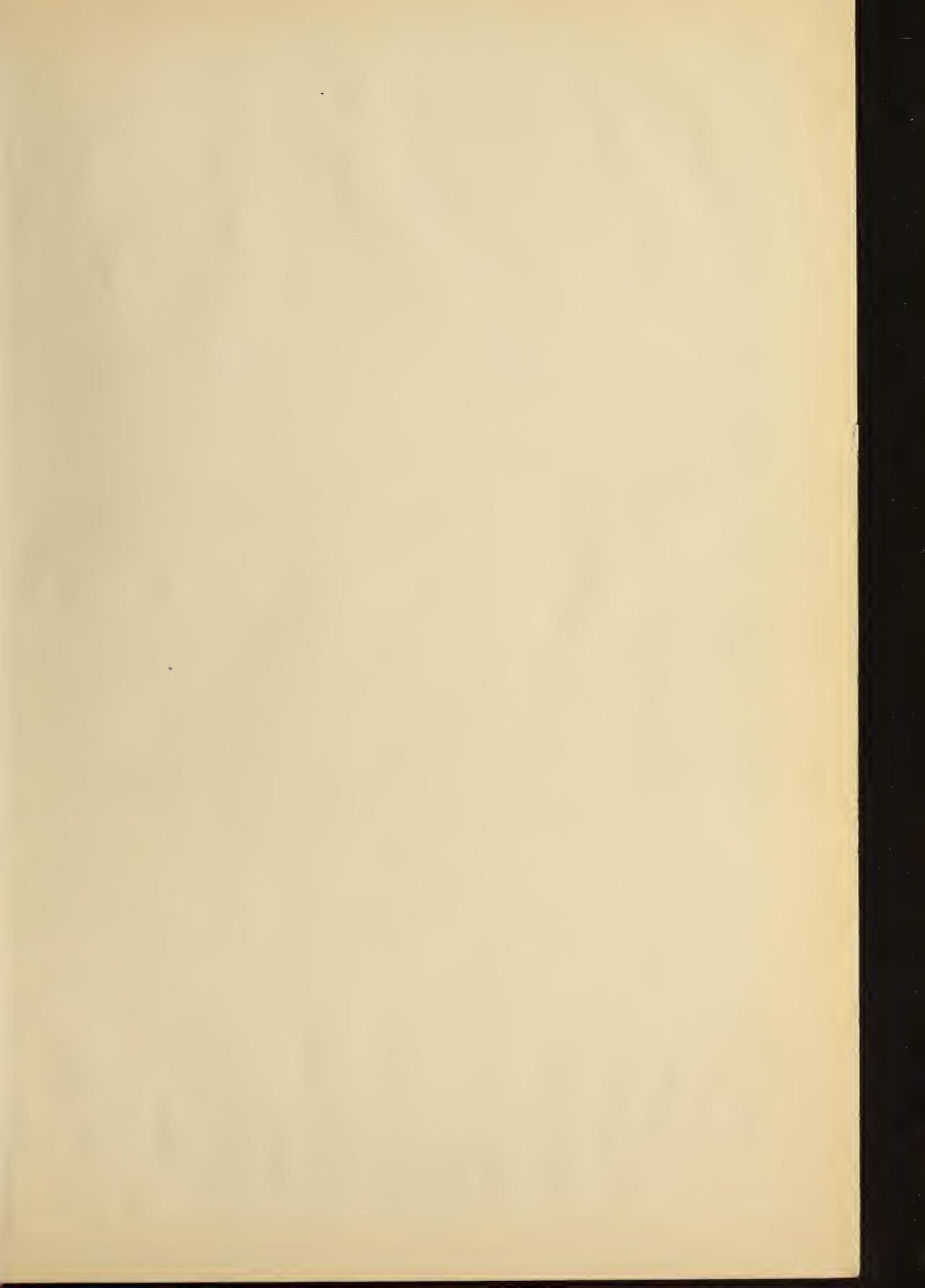
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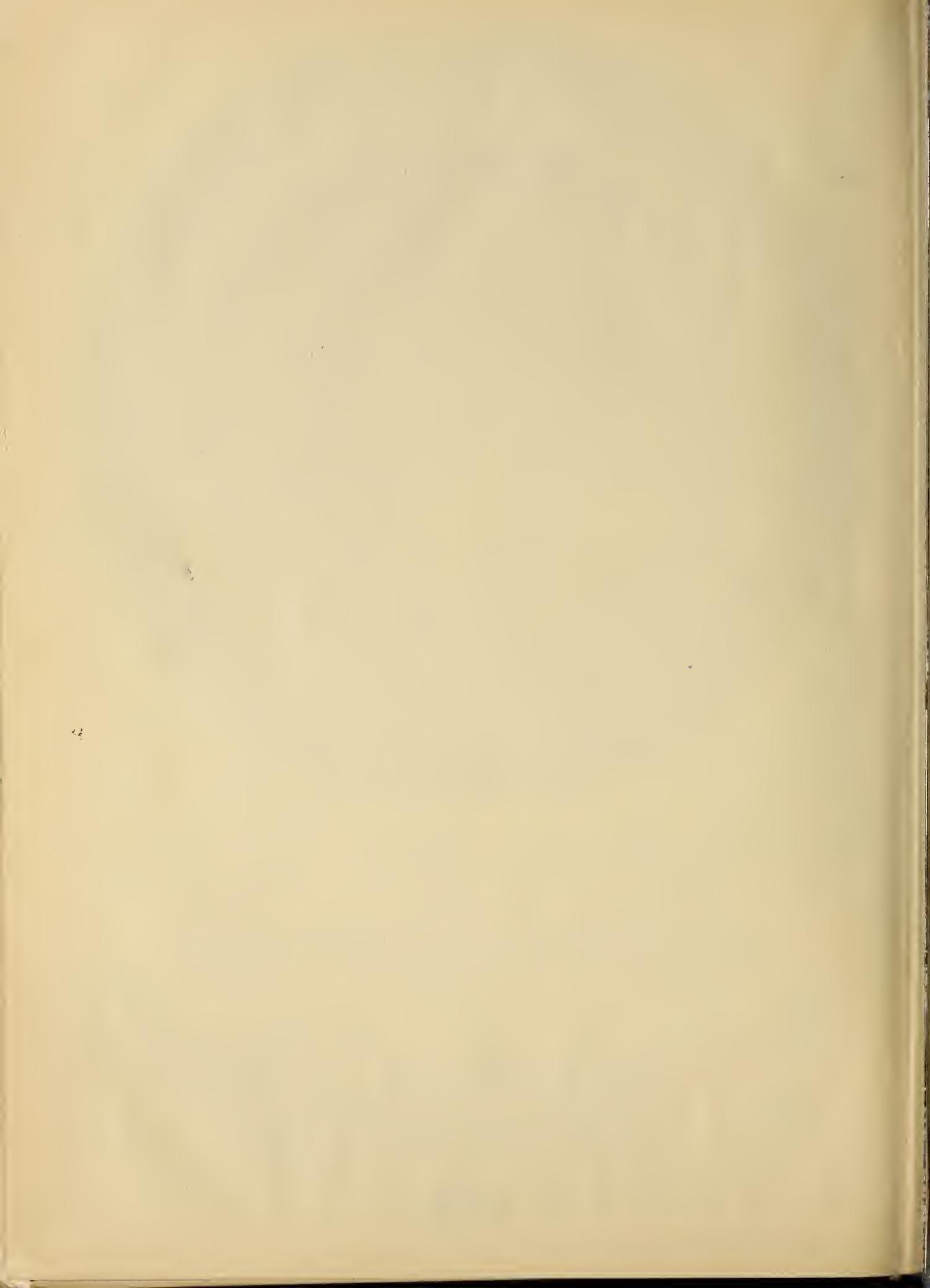
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