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Kiki, waif of Paris, will move into your heart!

Here she comes!...Watch her!

Black eyes flashing...frail fists flying...bobbed head tossing!

Kiki's different!—dazzling!—adorable!

...So cute and clever you'll want to hug her!

Follow this impish gutter newsgirl as she

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Lovely Norma Talmadge brings marvelously

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Joseph M. Schenck, presents

Norma Talmadge

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Screen story by...Hans Kraly

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A CLARENCE BROWN Production

"No other actress on the cinema today could play this

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tation that Norma has put into the role.

David Belasco

"I never made a picture

I like better..."

Norma Talmadge
They Called Me "Human Clam"

But I Changed Almost Overnight

As I passed the President's office I could not help hearing his name.

Myself I paused to listen. That human clam, he was saying, "can't present me. He's a hard worker, but seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to take him a branch manager this fall, but he seems

in.

I threw off my cap and opened the door. And there he was, for me to The President said:

"We have, I think, a new man. He is in all his data; his name is a Man of the World."

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Directed by William Beaudine. Imagine riding in an aeroplane with a mischievous kid on each side of you trying to make you loop the loop! That's just one high spot among hundreds in Doug MacLean's latest and best.

Bebe Daniels in
"Miss Breuster's Millions"
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Thomas Meighan in
"The New Klondike"
With Lila Lee. Directed by Lewis Milestone. From the comic story about Florida by Ring Lardner. Baseball! Sudden riches! Sudden laughs!

Gloria Swanson in
"The Untamed Lady"
With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Fannie Hurst. Author of "Mannequin," the $50,000 prize story. The untamed lady has a pretty face, twenty million dollars and an ungodly temper. Picture Gloria in that plot!

Richard Dix in
"Let's Get Married"

Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity"
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M. P. (Rosemary). It's good to know I have a reader who follows my work with interest, and being a stranger to me makes it all the nicer, you know. Ricardo Cortez, who was born, 1899, in Alsace-Lorraine, recently married Alma Rubens. Pearl White is doing something in London for which she receives three thousand dollars a week—even if you don't call it acting. Pearl isn't married these days. I don't know anything but good things about Norma Talmadge and Bebe Daniels, so that is that!

A. M. B. F. "La La" Jane Beautigam. Lourelle. Pauline Starke, Ramon Novarro, Marion Davies care of Metropolitan-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. George O'Brien with Fox, Western Ave., Hollywood. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan are all with Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. For other addresses and information read down this column. Youca Trebatsky is Russian.

Virginia Poll, Address Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles.

Esther Dixon. William Desmond married Mary McVor, and there's a little Mary. William Sullivan was born in New York, and he is 5 ft. 8 in., has brown hair and blue eyes. William S. Hart's latest gift to the screen is "Tumbleweeds," and George O'Brien isn't married, so you can breathe again. Barbara LaMar was still in her twenties when she died in January.

Dick, Whew! You sure do like Vlma Banky, don't you? This fair lady is living in Hollywood, and you can reach her by sending letters to the United Studios, Hollywood. Regret, my friend, I have not her telephone number. Marie Prevost, who is with Metropolitan Studios, is married to Kenneth Harlan.

H. A. L. Essential qualities if you want to become a movie hero are: acting (sometimes); good looks, and physique. Probably you'll go to the nearest movie-theatre when you read this, and after viewing some hero on the screen, wonder what I'm talking about, eh?

Lower of Dogs. I know exactly how you feel—you just can't help getting "chummy" with a person when they start talking about what a "wonder" their dog is. Jack Gilbert has a wirehaired fox; Leatrice Joy owns a Sealyham; Norma Talmadge, a pom.; Pola Negri has the same breed; Louis Stone, a Chow, and Lloyd Hughes a police dog. Myself, I prefer my airdale.

H. G. Ramon Novarro hails from Mexico, and his name was Samenigos, but thinking it sounded too much like "Ham and Eggs", he changed it in court. Adolph Menjou is of French extraction, and born in Pittsburgh. He's married, but contemplating divorce. Lon Chaney isn't deformed, crippled, or anything like that. Bert Lytell is an American, born right here in New York. William S. Hart is in his late forties, and he was born in Newburgh, N. Y. For other answers read down this column.

Erna C. (Portsmouth). Pauline Starke is still very much in pictures. See her address elsewhere on this page. Glad you like our magazine and photographs. Reciprocate all good wishes, and incidentally I have lots of pleasant recollections of hill-climbing on my G. W. K. at Selsey and lobster supper afterwards.

Chap. Haven't Joan Crawford's home address, but you can write her at the Metropolitan-Mayer Studios. Her real name is Lucile le Suer. She hails from Texas, and she isn't married yet.

Ruth (Washington, D. C.) William Haines was the brawny lad who played with Mary in "Little Annie Rooney", and he is now with Metropolitan-Mayer. Leatrice Joy was born in 1897, and Jack Gilbert uses his own name, I believe. The Legion Post in your town may be able to tell you how to find out the actors who fought in the World War.

H. Burt; Amelia Duzan; Everett Phillipps; Eugene K.; Virginia Barron, and Dick Redano. Address mail to Rudolph Valentino at the United Studios, Hollywood. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Gertrude Short with Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street.
As it should be

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between 'costly' and 'popular' in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

FATIMA

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
The gentleman known as Lew—Cody, hurrying for the beard he wears in "Toto."

SCREEN NEWS from Broadway

The arrival of Lya de Putti has somewhat upset the equilibrium of the eastern film world. The beautiful Lya was only the latest European importation—until she landed. Then she knocked 'em cold, to quote the hard-boiled ship-news reporters, who, it should be remembered, have been seeing such charmers as Pola and Gloria and Peggy depart and return. Miss de Putti had a varied career on the continent, some of which, she avers, is true. Among the many tales which penetrated to this country ahead of her were her flights from Rumania where she was suspected of being a spy during the war; her engagement to the Count Salm, and to a Russian grand duke, and other hectic adventures too numerous to relate. She is a youthful, black-bobbed-haired person, whose quiet, tailored clothes and rather shy smile are calculated to win friends, and to discount the stories about her which she blames on the imaginations of newspaper correspondents. She speaks no English, but she has managed very well so far without it. This fascinating continental, who is a sort of combination of Louise Brooks and Colleen Moore, with a dash of Pola Negri, will have the vamp rôle in D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan". She may also be seen in a European feature, "Variety", which has been bought by Universal for release in this country. Apparently Lya plays the title rôle in the latter-named film, if it's true that variety is the spice of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez came to Manhattan for their honeymoon. Incidentally, Ric will be the leading man in Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" while he's here. Mrs. Cortez, better known as Alma Rubens, has always been more at home in the east than in California, though her duties as a Fox star took her there. To date, she has acquired clothes, waved farewell to her mother, who left for Europe, and welcomed her chum, Marion Davies, to town. And she says: "You can tell everyone I'm gloriously happy." They both look it.

The opening of "La Bohème" at the intimate Embassy Theatre on Broadway was what is known as a gala affair. Every celebrity in town crowded into the little playhouse and remained to weep with Mimi and anguish with Rodolph. The centre of interest—why deny it?—was John Gilbert, with the lovely Norma Shearer on his arm. (No; they are not engaged. Just friends.) Jack followed his usual procedure of sinking away before the audience in general had a chance to mob him. King Vidor, the director, escorted Eleanor Boardman—who, by the way, never wears a trace of make-up except in the studio. The newly-weds, Alma and Ricardo; May Allison, with Eugene O'Brien; Aileen Pringle escorted by Kenneth McKenna, and Hope Hampton with her husband, waved to the crowds climbing the lobby; while Mae Murray, Gertrude Olmstead, and Flora le Breton added their luster to the occasion.

But perhaps the most interesting guest was Mary Lewis, ex-star of the Follies, and now the new prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Lewis, who made her operatic début as Mimi, came to watch Lilian Gish as the Mimi of the shadowed Bohème, and is said to have told friends that she intended to profit by the lesson taught her by the incomparable Lilian.
A sidelight on the presentation of "La Bohème" was the difficulty with the music," said a leading member. "Until almost the last moment, Metro-Goldwyn believed they would be granted permission by the music publishers of the Puccini opera to use the original, sung. When we advertised, William Axt, the brilliant designer of music themes for many pictures, was commissioned to turn out a score for "Bohème." The result was a detailed joke on the publishers for the screen score while original, has certain haunting strains strongly reminiscent of Puccini's music, although it by no means treads on its toes. The publishers cannot sue for plagiarism because not a note was lifted from it. The music simply like Puccini's and yet not like it. And audiences will be satisfied, and music lovers will feel compensated for the absence of the tragic note at the close of a scene, seeing "Mare Nostrum," and sapphine lyping rouge and more than a dash of powder "It's very becoming."

As soon as she had decided to accept an offer to make pictures in England for the next ten months, Dorothy Gish began to figure out how she was to go back to New York, where she was engaged to her sister Lilian. Dorothy didn't like to leave her husband, James Rennie, to go to California, where Lilian is hard at work on "The Scarlet Letter." Jim couldn't go with his wife because he's working just as hard as "The Great Gatsby" in a stage hit on Broadway. What to do, what to do? The sisters might have each half-way, but the last minute Dorothy dashed to the coast. She only stayed three days and dashed back. The devotion of these girls has never wavered, although one is married and the other one of the remotest celebrities of the movies.

While she is in England, Dorothy will make "Pompadour" and two modern films, as yet unchosen. Over here, in her native land, she is regarded as a clever comedienne. In England, they think she is an actress of great charm and rare gifts. As proof of their esteem, they have engaged her to the two most potent charms of the ages: Nell Gwyn and Madame Pompadour.

Remember Constance Binney? Some time ago, she was a great favorite for her soft beauty and quiet charm. Now she has retired for good to her mother in Boston. C. E. Cotting, Both Binneys are, now lost to the screen, Faive having married David Slone of Philadelphia some months ago.

Those who held their breath while Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan were seen together in New York before Miss Gish left for the coast, may be interested to learn that Miss Gish has been seen in the last scene of "La Bohème" but was among the audience of the same film two nights later.

Overheard in the lobby at the premier of "La Bohème" was "Oh, Elsie, there isn't John Gilbert himself! Isn't he handsome—they're just like Elsie—-I wish he would get a hair-cut!"

E. STELLE TAYLOR visited town with her husband, Jack Dempsey, and had her glasses and make-up done at which she plays opposite Jack Barrymore. This picture is said—by such authorities as the Warners, Miss Taylor, and Doug Fairbanks—to be Barrymore's best. It is certain at least that the Earl of Ellesmere is certainly on celluloid, siren, for as Lucretia Borgia she makes a fascinatingly wicked heroine. Her work won the enthusiastic approval of the star—and a word from Barrymore is received with the anxious joy of the millions who watch the screen. He has become a tradition, and is considered a honor to be selected to play with him. Because of his praise of her work, Taylor will select Miss Tay- lor for the leading feminine role in his forthcoming picture, "The Tavern Knight," from the Sabatini yarn.

Mary and Doug descended upon New York with the usual fanfare of trumpets for the opening of Doug's latest, "The Black Pirate." They encountered the inevitable crowds and the cupidity of the presses. For the screen score while original, has certain haunting strains strongly reminiscent of Puccini's music, although it by no means treads on its toes. The publishers cannot sue for plagiarism because not a note was lifted from it. The music simply like Puccini's and yet not like it. And audiences will be satisfied, and music lovers will feel compensated for the absence of the tragic note at the close of a scene, seeing "Mare Nostrum," and sapphine lyping rouge and more than a dash of powder "It's very becoming."

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By Dorothy Gish

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I've loved my telephone
day. No, not
the switchboard girl in
the apartment house where we
live, nor the central with
the wonderful voice that says thr-r-r-re so
distinctly as to shame me every time I ask
for the lucky number. The telephone lady
that I mean is the silk-clad, china-headed
little aristocrat, who hides the telephone un-
der her skirts and pretends it's she who
does all the talking.

It was my master's voice that came over
the wire that "Nell Gwyn day", as I now

call it. My telephone lady's face always
sobered when the business manager calls.
"Quick!" she cried, little imperiously;
"this is business." And then the news:
"You're leaving next week for London to
do 'Nell Gwyn'" — just like that! Screen
players are never surprised by any news
from the business office. A few words over
the telephone as an induction to a voyage
across the seas and the opportunity to re-
crate for the screen England's most famous
actress and the favorite of a king! What
actress wouldn't thrill at the prospect of
being Nell Gwyn; of living over some of
her pranks,—and all in merrie England
where the things really happened.

Then I sobered down. Maybe it was the
unspoken accusation in my telephone lady's
glasy stare. "You—you have the nerve to
dare to attempt Nell Gwyn? Nell Gwyn, he said. What
do you know about Nell Gwyn, aside from her being
very famous—and very beautiful—and a great actress?

The telephone lady and I often disagree.
She riles me terribly at times; but we never
had such a quarrel as we did that morning.
Of course the prospect of going to England
to play such a wonderful part lifted me
into the seventh heaven of delight. It was
my chance. My big chance! It was just
wonderful—until that glazy stare from the
cool, black eyes of the telephone minx
brought me to my senses. From the clouds
of ecstasy I dropped as one in a dream,
and the realization of what it all meant slowly
came to me. "Nell Gwyn, Nell Gwyn, Nell Gwyn,"
the clock ticked. Many great ac-
tresses have played Nell Gwyn on the stage,
I realized. I will be compared with them—
my work with their work. And in Eng-
land, too, where every Thursday the bells
of St. Martin's church still ring in memory
of the beautiful, willful, talented, affection-
ate, generous, sweet Nell of Old Drury;
where everyone carries her idealized image
in their hearts. And where every dramatic
critic knows—oh! critics do know, or make
people think they do—just how Nell Gwyn
acted, talked, and everything.

(Continued on page 96)
THE NEW KENT EDITION OF

JOSEPH CONRAD

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"How I envy those who are reading him for the first time!" said Gouverneur Morris.

And Galsworthy, in his enthusiasm, asserted: "This is the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any great extent."

Such is the temptation of all who love to read Conrad. They cannot contain themselves. They burst into superlatives. H. G. Wells, Irvin Cobb, Mary Austin, Christopher Morley, Rex Beach—and scores of other writers too numerous even to mention—all alike, at one time or another, have acclaimed him as the greatest master of fiction of our day. Tens of thousands of intelligent booklovers, all over the world, agree with them.

The new Kent Edition of Conrad, just off the presses, is now being offered to Conrad enthusiasts. It contains everything in the Sun Dial Edition, including the same illuminating special prefaces written by Conrad to each book. It is printed from the same style and size of type. There are, however, two additional volumes in the Kent Edition, Suspense and Tales of Horror. But instead of selling for $75.75 (the price of the autographed Sun Dial Edition), the price is only $35, and even this may be paid in convenient small amounts, if desired.

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Too fat? Here is a new way to reduce!

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Chewing Gum!

"Did you hear about the latest discovery to reduce!" one fat woman is whispering to the other — "It is called 'Silph' and is making a hit because it does take off FAT in the called and most agreeable way.

What is there to the—

Simply chew two or three pieces of a refreshing and pleasant gum — it is as good as eating cakes."

Through a most marvel- out recent research scientists have been able to incorporate the extract of sea plants and herbs known for years to wonderful reducers into a delicious, refreshing chewing gum called, "Silph!" — Doctors—medical authorities and grateful users, who had been burdened with obesity for years, are amazed at the quick and astounding results produced by "Silph" in most fat faces where everything else seemed to have failed. Silph is also recommended for stomach troubles.

If you are suffering from excess fat you should today get a packet of SILPH Reducing Gum which sells for 5c. That is enough for one week or you can send in a dollar bill and get two packets, which is sufficient amount to see wonderful results. If your dentist cannot get it for you, send direct to the Silph Medical Company, 9 West 46th St, Dept RA, New York City.

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Silph is the name of the original and genuine reducing Gum. THE ONLY ONE WE PERSONALLY GUARANTEE TO BE SAFE AND HARMLESS.

"Chew Silph and Be Silph-Like!"

S. L. Rothafel's new theater, "The Roxy", is in course of completion. It is to be the largest, the greatest, the most sumptuous and grandest. It should be called the Superlative Theater. We are heartily in favor of giving Roxy all that his heart desires — we are for him, but in this gorgeous new theater, there will be a motion picture (The Fox news is already signed), and this motion picture will be exactly the same as the print that goes to Oskosh Junction and South Bungor, Maine, and the success of an evening spent at Mr. Rothafel's Palace will be entirely dependent upon the inch wide piece of celluloid. It reminds us of Mr. Colgate's advertisement: "We could not improve the powder, so we improved the box."

Is it possible that the screen is about to usurp another kingdom? It has long since become the meeting place. The crones who once met in the bar room now exchange confidences in the back row of the picture house.

The latest film in town is the subject for conversation at our best dinner-tables, and the six best sellers only reach their full bloom when they appear on the screen.

The latest field to be invaded by the movies is that of the fashion magazine. Where once the still drawing of next year's gown sold millions of copies of magazines, now the very best showing of the latest style is to be found on the screen.

Gloria Swanson's "Stagestruck", "The American Venus", "Mannequin", "Irene" — all have fascinating parades of fashionably dressed women photographed in color, and so satisfactory is the color that the sheen of the garments as well as their cut and style is brought out perfectly.

Who knows but Paquin and Poirot will soon become producers, and that next year's styles will appear first at the local movie show?

Some time ago SCREENLAND pointed out the growing influence of the screen on lip reading. In "The Big Parade", Slim turns toward the audience (and in this part Carl Dane is inimitable) and gives expression to his feelings. This soundless curse is understood perfectly. Bebe Daniels in "Miss Brewster's Millions" addresses her audience, and by means of lip reading, they are aware of her words. Colleen Moore's "Applesauce" in "Irene" is as clear as if you heard her voice.

The contest for pantomime and for long sequences is becoming more and more general. Will the cut-back disappear entirely and the clever pantomime of characters be used to tell the story of what happened?

Ricardo Cortez in "Thanx Torrent" is a fascinating and charming hero, but it is not until he assumes the character of the middle-aged man that Ricardo proves the clever actor that he is. Being a heart breaker was ever a struggle for mere man.

Divertissement Crazy. Under this heading could be listed the names of the prominent managers of the local motion picture theaters. It is interesting to see how this idea has grown. A few girls were used with attractive posing and lighting effects to introduce the Bacchanalian atmosphere of "The Wanderer". This is not the only example, but the popularity of this idea, added to the popularity of Roxy's famous Capital programs, has so weighed upon the minds of the theater managers that at the present time motion pictures seem to be in danger of again being married to the old-time vaudeville bill. This is absolutely a mistake. One dance number is good, and one song or two, but to put on a girl revue lasting an hour or so is to take from the motion picture theaters their distinction and in a large measure their charm.
Here's one great entertainment you must not miss!

MARIE PREVOST IN
Up In MABEL'S Room

A GREAT COMBINATION THAT GUARANTEES AMUSEMENT

1. Marie Prevost, public-made star, of sparkling personality, who scored distinct triumphs in "Tarnish", "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again", now to be presented by Al Christie, the master of farce.

2. Up In Mabel's Room—A. H. Woods' sensational stage farce hit, by Willson Collison and Otto Harbach, that created a furore in leading theatrical centers of the United States, amusing millions with its inimitable comedy.

3. Al Christie—the dean of farce comedy, who gave you those wonderful laughing successes, "Charley's Aunt", "Seven Days" and "Madam Behave".

4. E. Mason Hopper—is directing it, the man who filmed "Dangerous Curves Ahead", "Janice Meredith", "The Great White Way" and who has just made "Paris at Midnight" for Metropolitan Pictures.

All these things spell a fine evening's entertainment
Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture is coming

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Ibanez' Torrent! Rushing flood of mighty emotion
Sweeping us on—ever on—breathless...
Ricardo Cortez—dashing—gallant—torrid...
Greta Garbo—Perfection!
Discovered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in stark Sweden—
She is setting the heart of America aflame!
Monta Bell is the director.
You positively mustn't miss Ibanez' Torrent!

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Scenario by Dorothy Farnum, from the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Titles by Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell.

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She may be from your own home town

In this, the land of lovely faces, there is beauty in every town and hamlet—beauty rare and exquisite—beauty unrevealed by fame.

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Marriage always means
misery to the unifit. What
you are your children are
bound to be, and your
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overlook
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left you
a mere apology
Don't
for a real man.
think you can save yourself with dope and drugs.
Such unnatural materials
can never remove the cause
and
of your weaknesses
will surely harm you.
The
only way you can be restored is through Nature's
basic law.
She will never
fail you if you sit at her
feet and learn her ways.

RESTORE
MEN

I

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I'oi:

My

entire life has been
dedicated to a study of
have applied her wonderfully effective principles to my own person and gained the
world's award as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment.
These are the same
marvelous, restorative, uplifting elements that
want
to apply in your case and fit you for the responsi
bi ties of marriage and parenthood.
want to help
you I can help you with

Nature's

Laws.

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Strongfortism
SCIENCE OF HEALTH PROMOTION
STRONGFORTISM— Nature's first assistant— h a s
lifted thousands of weak, ailing, discouraged
men
out of the bog of despair, and placed them on the
straight road to health, happiness, and prosperity.
STRONGFORTISM has restored the manhood they
thought lost forever and has given them renewed
confidence, vitality, success, and fitted them for the
joys of life.
You can follow my instructions for
repairing your health and strength in the privacy of
your home, ridding yourself of weakness, nervousness,

catarrh,

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Write

indigestion, rheumatism
start a new lease of life.

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and other ailments,

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(x) before the subjects in which I am
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..Catarrh

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Nervousness
Constipation
Night Losses
Short Breath

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Weak Heart

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Great Strength

Pimples

.Weak Back

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City

Lung Troubles
Poor Circulation
Round Shoulders
Youthful Errors

.Emaciation

.Thinness

..Insomnia
.Impotency
Overweight

Vital Losses

Flat Chest

Despondency

..Asthma

Occupation..

have
most

.

Manhood Restored
Skin Troubles
Stomach Disorders
Increased Height
.Muscular Developmei


"We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams..."
—A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

RENEE ADOREE & CONRAD NAGEL

in

“THE ESCAPE”

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
We acclaim Greta Garbo not solely for the pioneering courage and ambitious soul within her slim beauty. (She was American in spirit even before she departed from her native Sweden). Rather we pay homage to the artist that she is. She feels the eloquence of simple movements, and the charm of her perfect poise does honor to the art of the screen.
Anita Stewart

Let's Nature Take its Part:---

When a director takes the camera on location he achieves perfection in backgrounds. The most highly paid scene painter or most skilled property man is outclassed at the first step out of doors. And yet, very often, willing nature is not used in the picture at all.

So it is with the patrons of the motion pictures. You are each given by nature SOMETHING — and oftentimes this bit of perfection is neglected. Perhaps you have the sense of time and the gift of grace to be a dancer; maybe you have the color sense to be a painter or the sensitiveness to be a writer, the strength to be a swimmer, or the patience to be a great photographer. Have you?

Is it too much trouble to be successful?

Every picture and every person is better for letting Nature help.

The Editor.
One of the greatest scenarists, Jack Russell, spent idle years in the South Seas enriching a God-given talent.

By John Finlayson

By and large the movies bear out Henry’s wisdom. Here is one of the cold, hard facts of studio-life. Fifty percent of the men who are successes at thirty are either down and out or going down fast at forty. They have been so satisfied with fame that they didn’t deem it worthwhile to fortify themselves with experience.

Every day little two-line tragedies pop from out the maze of motion picture news:

Mr. Charles Blank has been added to the cast of "The Desert Coward".

The tragedy is that a few years ago Mr. Blank would have starred above all other players; but that was before age etched its web over his face and turned a screen idol into a middle-aged man without sufficient knowledge of life to make him a good

No beachcombers ever were more colorful than these two who make "Yellow Fingers", by Eve Unsell, a tale of fascinating adventure.
character actor—one of those immaculate derelicts who blame their condition upon bad luck instead of bad buying.

It’s mighty easy to take all the money that movie fame offers. It’s hard to foresee the day when there won’t be any more. But too frequently that day comes.

Hardly had I finished writing that when the radio next door unloosed a burst of ukeleles and the deep throb of a steel guitar. My trend of thought went galley-west—and further west, until West became the saffron East. Out of the shadows of pagodas, as it were, leaped this recollection of the man I never met.

You know his name quite well—John Russell, author of “Where the Pavement Ends”. We belong to the same club in New York; our stories have been published in the same magazines in various parts of the world; but I have never seen him. Were we to pass on the street tomorrow he would be just as distant from me as he was eight years ago when I first crossed his trail in Singapore. Three or four of us, yawning over riffen at the Hotel Raffles, spoke of acquaintances and contacts along the scorching grid of the Malayan Archipelago.

“I remember a writer named Russell who came through there,” remarked a skinny shipping man from Batavia. That was all.

A year later, loafing down the inside channel between the Queensland coast and the Barrier Reef, where surf played hard and at far intervals blackened hulls of wrecks stuck out, a Thursday Island pearler said the same. “There was a bloke named Russell—I met him in Port Moresby.” Nothing else.

And more years later, an American consul returning from Apia, mentioned him while we slipped towards Honolulu. “That writer named Russell spent a bit of time in Apia.”

If you ploughed from Melbourne to Madrid, it seems to me you’d meet someone at every port of call who knew John Russell. How he went there I don’t know; perhaps in state rooms, though I’d like to bet he’s stretched out on a schooner’s hatch more than once. Fate flung him through the far horizons. There’s an adventurous thought—but while Fate supposedly flings a man across the Indian Ocean, steamship companies insist that he must pay his way or work it, and working it means sweat and cracking bones.

Why Russell went is obvious; for experience, for color, for slants of life in the raw primaries that he depicted when he wrote the scenario for Conrad’s “Lord Jim”. His age is forty now, about; his drama is vivid with events that happened around him out where the pavement ends. . . .

Not so long ago we used to say: “Movies are just in their infancy.” Which excused a lot of childish things they perpetrated. But today they’re full-grown; they demand maturity. Sudden discoveries are no longer youngsters; except in isolated instances, they’re men well on in years, men who have learned enough of life to be able to surround themselves with its picturesqueness—which is quite different from surrounding oneself with glamorous settings from the scenic-studio.

List those who are coming most rapidly to the front. Heroes or villains, they’re posed, polished, sophisticated. Even in the two youngest, John Gilbert and Ronald Colman, youth is not their charm, although they are only thirty. But Gilbert’s life has been desperately crowded, while Colman brings the saveur-douceur of the Continent, where men are very old when they are very young. . . .

Recently on Broadway Robert Flaherty loomed ruddy-faced and grey of hair through the crowds emerging from the Rialto Theater, where “Moana of the South Seas” had amazed them. Until, all bitten with the Arctic cold, he brought Nanook out of the North, he didn’t exist as far as movies were concerned. For the years he spent making that picture, his earnings were about $4,000—barely enough to live on. But he was learning, digging drama out of the earth, equipping himself to create “Moana”, which earned more than $6,000 in one day at the Rialto.

As to the future, Flaherty hears the East a callin’. India will see him next, quite possibly, and what he brings back should be another picture mellow and rich with the wine of life.

So gray hairs of wisdom command attention in the films these days. The bright young man who believes that youth unseats age simply because it’s the stuff you read in books, should remember that the two outstanding figures in the industry still are D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille. And the moral reaches beyond the movies, into every walk of life.

If you’re a success at thirty, don’t take it too seriously, but get out and learn those things that will keep you successful at forty. And if you’re already thirty and plodding—why worry? Don’t plod; enjoy yourself. No man’s a man until he’s forty-five, and at that age the numerologists claim that destiny shapes itself.

“Jack” Russell sits in a pleasant room at the Paramount Studio. The rug under his feet is softer than the beach of a South Sea island. The veiled sunlight is pleasant than the tropical glare; and he writes stories for films. These stories are alive, because he has lived them. He is paid $800 a week—more than he earned in a year where hawser splashed into turquoise seas. But he is worth it because he knows. From vivid years he gleans the original and stirring situations that are his by virtue of discovery, and for an admiring world he loosens the string of his memory and spills the pearls of a happy youth.
Irene Rich gets back her Babies

It is fine to be a successful motion-picture actress, but it is best of all to be a regular mother.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Two-thirty, Sunday, hotter'n two brass monkeys, with the "Silken Shackles" company working on Stage 2—and all day long, at that. That's where I'd have to see Irene Rich—she'd be on the set from early morning until the sun retired.

Three o'clock. I arrived.

No Irene Rich.

"Hey, there, Victor! How are you, Mr. Varconi?" I kidded him.

Fifteen minutes went by.

Walter Morosco greeted me. Another fifteen minutes, but no Irene Rich. Huntly Gordon came up. More minutes. Huntly walked to the other corner of the big room. Then:

"Say, Huntly!" I called. "I was supposed to meet Irene Rich here. I've been waiting about an hour already. By all the gods above, have you seen her and is she working on this set today?"

"Miss Rich? Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Huntly.

"Irene Rich! That's a good one!" roared Walter Morosco.

"Miss Rich! That's the funniest since I came back from Europe!" bellowed Victor Varconi.

And with a smile, sitting two feet away, back to me, Irene Rich announced:

"Does somebody want me?"

Want her? I almost grabbed her. And though I'd wanted her a good long time, perhaps it was just as well that we had started our talk—our talk, which was sprinkled here and there with the softest kind of tears—by her having a good laugh on me.

"You want to hear my ridiculous story of how the family trio spent two years away from their mother, don't you?" asked Irene.

"I should say I do not," came my reply. "I want to talk to you about Miss Irene Rich."

Irene smiled. Gee, you ought to see her smile! I knew right then that whatever she wanted to talk about would be what we'd talk about, from start to finish.

"You see, when I talk about my chicks I have so many more and interesting things to say. They're always up to something. And— they're Home!"

That's all she said: "And— they're Home!"—and I could see the sun shining and the trees blossoming, and hear the air singing, the waters gurgling and tumbling all over themselves. "And— they're Home!" The thrill of it, and the tenderness, that I could hardly understand!

"It's such a terrible, terrible story," laughed Irene, "of how two bad girls and their grandmother left a poor little mother all alone in Hollywood. How they staid away for six weeks instead of two years, and then came sailing home again. You (Continued on page 49)
Renee Adoree is a big part of "The Big Parade" because she can make her mind act.

The latest development is talking camera.

The picture of the future will have the emotional clash of minds instead of bumping motor cars, and grim mental terror will take the place of gun-play.

When King Vidor was working on "The Big Parade", he and John Gilbert and Irving Thalberg were conferring one day when something happened.

They sensed a dramatic rush and climax in a scene which had practically no action. "I can see him thinking!" cried John Gilbert, pointing to his image on the screen.

Thus was born the newest art of photography.

Little, mischievous Renee Adoree, clever actress that she is, had always made her mind do the acting, so she was of the greatest aid in carrying out the ambitious program of her great associates—a program which will have more far-reaching effects upon the screen than color photography or tricks of lighting. The one picture in New York which, though months old, can still boast a line at the box office before each performance and around which speculators hover like camp sutlers, is "The Big Parade", and its greatness forecasts the wonder this new art is to bring. Pictures that are emotions.
in screen art that every one about

CAN Photograph

THOUGHTS

Especially posed for Screenland by Renee Adoree. You can look into her eyes and feel what she is thinking.

The suspicion and question in her mind reaches this printed page because of a new power of photography, just being realized.

Fear. Hardly a line of Renee Adoree's face is moved from the picture on the left, yet a thunder clap could not create a more dramatic change.

Thought-photography reveals the moments when the actor becomes self-conscious as well as the times when completely "possessed" by his character the actor "loses himself" in a perfect characterization.

Certainly wonderful moving pictures, enthrallingy entertaining, lie within the realm of the new mental films.
What a College Boy

"The Big Parade" is the kind of production that appeals to the undergrad.

We like women. Only the police force prevents us from paying our respects to them all. They have achieved loveliness, and attention is their due.

With great collegiate smugness, we have accomplished it psychologically. We render homage to womankind in general through faithful allegiance to their movie types. Frankly, our life ambition is to pop into the prom with little Alberta Vaughn on our arm. One glance at her smile and how our beloved classmates would try to cut in! At this juncture, how we would "high hat" them. Of course, we would swap a few dances with Mae Murray's partner. And not by the slightest chance would we refuse a date with Gloria Swanson. Her interpretation of Sans-Gene left us with a new respect for Napoleon; we, too, like Gloria. Norma Shearer and Dolores Costello easily make the list, in fact with no trouble whatsoever. Norma was pretty keen in "His Secretary"; and as for Dolores, we didn't sleep after we saw "The Sea Beast" though it wasn't Moby Dick who kept us awake. Corinne Griffith holds for us all the beauty of first love. Indeed, so great is our devotion that we found the titles of her last two pictures rather incomprehensible. "Declasse", we feel, should never be applied to Corinne, even in the movies, and to conceive of her as "Classified" immediately suggests a poet who knows his vegetables.
As a slight evidence of our capacity of heart, however, we wish to state that the announcement of Florence Vidor's engagement left us stunned. Nothing can alleviate our condition but another "Grand Duchess and the Waiter". For, embodiments of our dreams though they be, the movies are also very importantly the place of our diversion. Therefore we protest the continued use of outworn, stereotyped plots and the exploitations of the common ideals—the bullet-proof Mounted to the derbied house detective.

Occasionally, there is an injection of fact, but as a usual thing we witness spectacles lamenting the disappearing redskin when a peek at the statistics reveals that, not only is he on the increase but among the richest peoples in the world. In like manner, injury in an airplane accident is an utter impossibility— and an Irish cop not beloved of the entire community is simply beyond our imagination.

There is a certain group of swashbuckling plots, however, which we consume with the greatest relish. Our favorite is that monstrous royalty rigadoon.

The plot is launched by His Highness in this corner and the heroine being cute in that. (Continued on page 93)
Mary sends her Vanity

This dainty little vanity case of Mary's exactly typifies Mary herself. It's precisely what you'd know she'd carry. It is of gold and only five inches long including the little pearl-tipped tassel. The picture gives a good idea of the chased design which is repeated on the back. It has three sapphire clasps and three mirrors inside. Perhaps you'll be carrying it soon — who knows?

A DEFINITE thrill.

I admit it. Perhaps in my long and largely wasted career I have interviewed every kind of celebrity from the Prince who paid us a visit to the Woman in the Big Divorce Case: professors, diplomats, bank robbers, explorers, capitalists, inventors and every brand of human celebrity good and bad. Still this little blue-eyed girl with the quiet voice was somehow more interesting than any one of them.

I have no illusions about celebrities; I have found that most of them have feet of clay; I expect them to talk about themselves, and they do. I ask two questions and get twenty-two answers. Some are edited into coherent English and some are not printed at all.

This time it was very different. SCREENLAND had instructed me to tell Miss Pickford about the thousands of ambitious young women who worshiped her from afar and to explain that they would appreciate a chance to
own something that had actually belonged to their idol.

She was dressed just as she had come from the set where she made the final scenes of “Sparrows”. Her shoes were many sizes too big for her; her hair was disheveled; her face was made up to appear streaked with dirt; her wedding ring was covered by a soiled bandage (she never takes this ring off). She came in unconscious of her tatters; she is too honest to apologize for a thing that to her perfectly natural wholesomeness requires no apology. She sat upon one of the deeply upholstered chairs in the living-room of her studio-bungalow, and curling one foot under her, listened while I explained that Screenland wanted to encourage people to learn to express themselves.

“Our editor,” said I, “believes that people think many things they are unable to put into words. This he regards as mental laziness.

“If we offer a prize of sufficient appeal, it may inspire many people to cultivate the habit of self-expression.”

I went on to explain that if we could offer something that had actually been a personal possession of Mary Pickford, it would be a great incentive. The vanity case at the top of the page shows how graciously Mary Pickford responded to Screenland’s suggestion. Being a mere man, I can’t begin to describe it, but I do know that I could sense its loveliness and value and was nervous until I reached the office and placed it in the editor’s safe.

Miss Pickford attached only one string to the gift she made us; she reminded us that she had always opposed manufactured or artificial praise.

The best letter concerning any of her screen productions will be awarded the vanity case. There is no enthusiast of pictures who has not seen one at least of “Our Mary’s” plays — from “Little Annie Rooney” back to “Tess of the Storm Country” — and here is your chance to have your say.

Contest closes May 15, 1926.

Address: MARY PICKFORD VANITY CASE CONTEST
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
236 West 55th Street
New York, N. Y.
Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . .

In Hollywood that's out—deadlier than the villain at the end of any one of Bill Hart's pictures.

Them was the unhappy days, when the customers at any movie dinner knew in advance that four out of five of the speakers would be afflicted with the "Unaccustomed as I Am".

That was the insidious thing that promoted many a crap game in an upstairs room while the light-brained brigade thundered on, empty chairs to the right of them, empty chairs to the left of them.

Nowadays, when you slap another mortgage on the old homestead to buy a ticket to a dinner to the "unknown Grauman", or Marcus Loew, you know you are going to hear speeches funnier than a Harold Lloyd comedy.

The waiter may hand you a papier maché duck or a squash, the offspring of a chance union of an old automobile tire and a discarded hot water bottle, but the toastmaster is going to hand you a laugh.

If it is a stag party, Major Rupert Hughes may preside. Consommé and Lew Cody look good. The salad probably will be hearts of lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing and Donald Ogden Stewart.

The wild duck, of course, never swam in anything bigger than a baby's bathtub; but you don't care. Fred Niblo is speaking.

For dessert they'll give you the ice cream or pie they had left over from the last time; but Bert Lytell isn't telling you any secrets.

And, just as no dinner is complete without coffee and cheese, so no Hollywood banquet is finished until Larry Semon has recited "The Shooting of Dan McGrew".

If, however, Larry is relating the harrowing details of that great northern tragedy to some other gathering, as often happens, Russell Simpson may be there declaiming against the well-known and outrageous "Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal".

Larry and Russell are good actors, though, and while you may be snickering at how Yukon Jake tricked the little missionary gal, or how Lou got away with Dan's bank roll in the end, you can't help admiring the fervor with which the two boys put their pieces over.

And Larry can take $40 worth of groceries, including two sacks of flour, a jug of molasses, an ubiquitous cat and a broom, and make more and better comedies than a lot of other actor-producers can with $100,000 and a cast of fifty people.

At present there is a tight little three-cornered race going on between Fred Niblo, Rupert Hughes and Bert Lytell for the title of champion toastmaster and ceremony presider.

Niblo is hereditary master of ceremonies at all Wampas frolics and may be said to have the pole position.

He was unable to be present at the last one, however, and Lytell moved up a nose.

Niblo has the hoop, too, of having presided at one gala occasion without speaking a word.

It was at one of Sid Grauman's openings at his Hollywood Egyptian theater. The prologue was a series of
Rupert Hughes is a major, he says, because he had six swivel chairs shot from under him at Washington during the war.

 sketches showing the arrival at the theater of many stars and other players, with Niblo leading them on to the stage and introducing them to the spectators—all in motion pictures.

Not a word was spoken.

Titles were used to help out with the introductions, but Niblo himself sat with the spectators.

One of the titles read:

"Introducing a little old lady whom you all know and love." Then Niblo turned and chucked the little old woman under the chin.

The "little old lady" tore off her wig, peeled off her frock, and poked the master of ceremonies on the button.

It was Lon Chaney.

Major Hughes, perhaps, is the fastest man on his feet since Abe Attel quit boxing.

Heaven help the poor diner who attempts to "smart-crack" Rupert Hughes, for the Major is perhaps the most brilliant smart-cracker in America.

The authors got together the other night at the Writers' Club and amused themselves by eating, speaking and dancing. It would be impolite, perhaps, to say that many of them were more skilled in eating than in either of the other two diversions.

After hearing them speak, Major Hughes said he knew now why they were writers.

"Writers come to Hollywood for two reasons," he declared. "The first of these is to make money. They never get back. The other is to learn some new vice. I have been here six years now, and haven’t been able to practice any of the old ones."

Major Hughes also told how he won his title. He stayed in Washington and had six swivel chairs shot out from under him.

At a dinner given recently at the Los Angeles Biltmore for Sid Grauman, Major Hughes presided.

No circus ringmaster ever handled his performers better than did Major Hughes on that occasion.

Perhaps the star clown of that gathering, as well as of every other such held in Hollywood during recent months, was Donald Ogden Stewart, author of The Crazy Fool.

Stewart is neither crazy nor foolish. He looks and acts something like a diffident, embarrassed professor of literature of some jerk-water college, ill-at-ease in such a throng. When he rises to speak those who do not know him are apt to assume that they are in for a bad half hour.

Some of the guests may slide out and, after ransoming their hats and coats, go home.

They will miss the best part of the show.

It’s just a part of the Stewart pose.

At a dinner, given a few weeks ago in honor of William Randolph Hearst and Marcus Loew, Stewart was the last man on the list of speakers.

One after another, executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and their friends had arisen to declare that Mr. Hearst was the greatest man that ever lived; that Marcus Loew was a prince; that Louis B. Mayer was a great guy.

Stewart was called on for a few remarks. He arose and began with the same formula.

His auditors thought:

"Oh, Lord, how Caesar has fell!"

"... Marcus Loew is a prince," Stewart went on, "but I’d like to say a few words in defense of Louis B. Mayer."

At the Grauman dinner he said:

"I’ve been in Hollywood for three weeks and I’ve heard so much about the shows this fellow Grauman puts on that I went out to his place to see for myself.

“And seriously, now, they’re not so bad.

He concluded his speech by suggesting that a memorial be erected to "the unknown Grauman", a slap at Sid’s well-known proclivities for getting publicity out of anything and everything.

Since Stewart’s coming to Hollywood he and Cody have worked out a sketch which they have employed successfully at a number of banquets.

Cody plays the part of a noted French statesman, unable to speak English upon this, his first, visit to the United States.

Stewart is in the role of a somewhat obsequious and thoroughly silly interpreter.

When Marion Davies’ picture, "Zander the Great", opened a short time ago at Loew’s State theater, Cody and Stewart used the sketch quite successfully in place of the usual, "We actors and actresses of the cinema", spoken by so many players at personal appearances.

I believe that Lew Cody is the most popular man in Hollywood. Lew is a great wit, he goes everywhere, he remembers everybody’s first name, and he has great social sense.

(Continued on page 91)
Put it in the Contract

The Stars have to agree not to do this and not to do that. Would you?

Or for the life of a movie star! How many times have you wished you could be one of those favored beings, those darlings of fortune who ride to fame on a film contract? Don't all speak at once. It's a great life. A little work now and then, but who minds a little work? The great rewards—close-ups, and even more substantial items—are well worth the trouble. Yesterday, unknown; today, famous all over the world, with three motors, a house in Beverly Hills, a secretary, a French tutor, and one of those portly butlers who appear when you pull the velvet bell rope. Who wouldn't be a movie star?

In fact, if your fairy godmother, looking suspiciously like Ester Ralston, appeared in a vision before you and promised your favorite wish would be granted, it's long shots to close-ups you would say, "Godmama, I don't want to be grasping, so there is nothing I want except a five-year contract to star in the movies." Fairy Godmother would smile, wave her wand, and immediately a corps of lawyers would appear armed with legal documents. They would say: "Sign here, little girl," and you would be about to affix your signature when Godmother would whisper in your ear: "Be sure to read all the clauses first." You'd take her advice; and maybe you wouldn't be surprised to find you had almost pledged yourself (1) Never to eat artichokes in public. (2) Never to own any dog except a Russian wolfhound. (3) Never to play croquet. (4) Never to order chicken salad even though you know it isn't fish. (5) Never to be engaged to more than three men at once, unless two are Italian noblemen.

You had placed your future in the lap of the gods—and the gods had stood up. It was hard, especially as artichoke was your favorite fruit and you detested those white woolly dogs. But of course, you wanted that film contract more than anything, even with the catch in it; and contracts were made to be signed. You would, wouldn't you?

Movie contracts are as different from other contracts as the movies are different from any other industry or art. They are often as romantic, as whimsical, as unexpected as the business they represent. Contracts are golden fetters binding the elusive personality of a screen star to the business of making pictures. Just scraps of paper, but they pin the butterfly wings of beauties and the fiery temperaments of artists to the routine struggle of six working days a week, and overtime. Some of them are so binding Harry Houdini himself couldn't wriggle out.
Suppose you were a handsome leading man anxious to plunge ahead in this fascinating field of films. Suppose a company offered you a contract to be featured in its pictures—at a good salary, with prospect of more? Wouldn’t you grab it? But—suppose that contract contained a clause which stipulated that you must not marry? Well, if you were heartwhole and fancy-free at the time, that wouldn’t bother you much, even in Hollywood. You’d sign. Things would look bright until the Only Girl in the World came along. There would be no resisting her; besides, you wouldn’t want to. Sub-title: Love or Duty?

In the case of Ricardo Cortez, both triumphed. Anyway, they say his contract had an anti-marriage clause, and that when he met Alma Rubens he fell in love in that once-to-every-man fashion; and that contracts, and sordid things like that, were swept aside. However that may have been, Cortez managed to marry Miss Rubens, his first consideration; and also to retain his contract. It takes a bright boy to do that; but only an extremely hard-hearted motion-picture magnate could have done the stern-father act when confronted with the romance of Alma and Ric.

You girls who bobbed your hair when the craze came, may be interested to know that several contracts tucked away in the strongboxes of film actresses contain clauses on this question. Lois Wilson has never bobbed her hair, and she never will, no matter how much she may want to—as long as she is working under her present contract. Lois, you know, has always played sweet, wholesome girls on the screen, perhaps because that is just what she happens to be. Somehow, long tresses seem to suit her. When she was given the

(Continued on page 84)
The social events in the movie world indicate the latest screen successes. "Just an excuse for a party," says Patsy the Party Hound.

"These Cat Parties are becoming more and more de-catted," remarked Patsy the Party Hound.

"Why, this one is a shower party!"

Kathleen Clifford was giving the party, and of course everybody was there. The shower was for Mrs. Clarence Brown, she and Clarence having just moved into a new Spanish villa, and all her friends being anxious to see that she had a goodly supply of Spanish shawls, vases, fans, lace, carved furniture and such things. Kathleen wore a wide sombrero trimmed with a ball fringe on the brim, and looked very cute in it.

Patsy and I had done our shopping down in a quaint little Mexican shop close to the old Mission Church at the Plaza, in the oldest part of Los Angeles, and it had been a thrill to imagine ourselves right in the heart of a Spanish or Mexican village. The place was kept by a wrinkled old couple who could hardly speak English, but Patsy once had a Spanish beau, so she had learned a few words, though I must admit most of them didn't do her much good on our shopping trip because they were mostly words that had to do with love-making.

Kathleen Clifford, who recently was married to Meo Illitch, a rich young banker in Los Angeles, lives in a tiny house in Hollywood, which is a very important house, because it has sheltered just about all the famous film people of Hollywood. She says, though, that she just can't wait to get into a large house which she is buying, in order to give what she calls Bigger and Better Parties.

"Bigger they might be," remarked Claire Windsor, "but they simply couldn't be better."

A Spanish supper was served on little round tables placed in the dining, living and music rooms, and everybody ate Spanish beans and enchiladas. The enchiladas are made of a white-flour-and-egg paste made thin and rolled in dumpling style around chopped meat, onions and chili peppers, with a sauce poured over all, the sauce being made of tomatoes flavored with garlic and a little thick-
By Grace Kingsley

Green pickled peppers were also served—and eaten by those who could! They were very hot. Most of the guests bit into them, and, trying to hide their tears, slipped the remainder of the pepper back onto their plates!

Norma and Constance Talmadge dropped in late, but they were on their way to Del Monte for Constance to announce her engagement to Alastair William MacIntosh, the rich British man whom Constance is to marry, and so they didn’t stay long.

Mary Pickford and brother Jack had expected to be present, but at the last moment they had to send their presents, as Mrs. Charlotte Pickford had suffered a slight turn for the worse, and Mary never will leave her mother when she can possibly be with her, especially as she is to go abroad just as soon as ever her mother is better.

By the way, I happen to know that Mary wouldn’t go at all if it were not to please Douglas Fairbanks. "I just love my home, and I really want to stay in it," said Mary. "But of course I want more than anything else to please my husband."

Mrs. Brown is awfully popular, being a sort of older sister to the youngsters in the business, and giving them good, sensible advice as well as marvelous teas and parties.

Dolores Del Rio and her nice husband were there, Mrs. Del Rio bringing as her gift a priceless old Spanish lace altar-cloth. Mrs. Brown said it almost made her feel religious, and that she was sure she would have to build a little chapel just to house that altar-cloth.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Claire Windsor, when she came in late with Bert Lytell, following the birthday party she had been giving Bert. "Dear me! I do hope they don’t throw my gift out in the alley after they see Mrs. Del Rio’s!"

Mildred Lloyd was there, (Continued on page 98)
This masterpiece of literature contains a number of passages so great and complete that a thrilling short story in Hawthorne's own words is made by their narration. A few connecting explanations are added.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

The grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door...

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand.... Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward: until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison...

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was ladylike, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days.... And never had Hester Prynne appeared more ladylike.... than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and igno-

miny in which she was enveloped.... Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion, in prison, and had modeled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, trans-

figured the wearer.... was the Scarlet Letter, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and inclosing her in a sphere by herself....
The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the King's name!" cried he. "Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

So, in one of the most moving passages of all literature, Hawthorne introduces us to the young matron Hester Prynne who, having left her aged husband in England some two years before and come to the New World, stood now upon the scaffold of the market-place, with her nameless baby girl in her arms and on her breast the significant scarlet "A" which proclaimed her shame to all beholders.

The curious throng of neighbors and former friends gathered around as Hester took her place there, with little Pearl in her arms, pressed closer as that eminent divine, the Rev. John Wilson, the oldest minister of Boston, exhorted her to reveal the name of the sharer of her guilt. But Hester was silent under Mr. Wilson's pleading; silent under the gentler exhortation of her own clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. She would not purchase permission to remove that letter from her breast by revealing the identity of him for whose sake she bore it; and at last, the duration of her punishment in the market-place being over, the young woman who was henceforth to walk as an outcast among her kind,

(Continued on page 98)
The Twisted Smiles

That Win Our Hearts

Do we love our friends for their faults?

If we were all perfect we would have no friends. The finger-prints of creative Fate sometimes leave scars, sometimes almost disfigurements; but curiously, it is these individual touches that are dearest to our friends. A young man will bemoan the kinks in his hair—and a certain girl friend will think nothing is so fascinating as these same permanent waves. Twisted smiles have a heart-warming charm to them, and a few of the screen stars possess this sure key to our affections.

Carl Dane—"Slim" of "The Big Parade", smiles his crooked way into your esteem.

Reginald Denny's growing popularity springs in no small part from his lovable, crooked, good-natured smile.

Roy D'Arcy assumed this crooked smile for the purpose of the Crown Prince in "The Merry Widow". In "La Bohème", his smile is quite normal, but fortunately his charm remains.

Jack Mulhall, with his Irish, roguish grin typifies Irish America.

Dorothy Mackaill, one of the few heroines to be gifted with a daring little twist to the winsomest of smiles.
MILDRED GLORIA LLOYD

HAROLD LLOYD'S baby has her mother's blond hair and blue eyes, and her father's unconcern before a camera.
LAURA LA PLANTE

UNIVERSAL'S fascinating leading lady has just completed "The Midnight Sun". She has blond hair and gray eyes.
GEORGIA HALE

A conquering newcomer who has won a long term contract with Paramount Pictures. Miss Hale has brown hair and eyes.
IRENE RICH

No one else on the screen is her type—convincingly young, yet with enough of years to give charming poise and gracious beauty. Irene has brown hair and eyes.
LET'S GET MARRIED

Don't Mind if We Do

SOMETIMES ago there was a rumor that Richard Dix didn't want to make comedies any more, so when I saw Richard again I pointed my finger at him and said sternly: "Young man, what does this mean?" He hung his head, shifted from one foot to the other, and muttered something about wanting to make good comedies or none at all. He certainly looked guilty. So I asked him—it was just like a vaudeville act: "Don't you consider 'Let's Get Married' a good comedy?" Richard just grinned. If I'd had a camera handy it would have made a great close-up. But I don't care what he thinks. I liked "Let's Get Married", and I suspect you did, too. It's the kind of picture that sends its audience out wearing one broad grin. Richard, Edna Mae Oliver, Lois Wilson and Gunboat Smith do not attempt to wrest any histrionic laurels from Barrymore or Chaney; they don't seem to be acting at all. Maybe Mr. Dix wants to act. Maybe he feels he is wasting his time on trivial farces. But I wish he'd stop to think that his comedies are almost the only offerings on the screen representing legitimate and kindly humor without slapstick. They are light and frothy, but they are always about real people you like to know. He stands for something whether he likes it or not, and he can go on making pieces like this all his life and he'll never be asked to "act". You're in for it, Richard, so laugh that off.

THE glamour I found in the book eluded me in the picture.

SEA HORSES

Gangway—Avast—Ho!

PITY the poor sailors on a night like this, but change the sailors to extras if you want to be in the swim. What those poor fellows have gone through since somebody or other in the picture industry decided to cash in on the popularity of Neptune's classy little kingdom! They have been battered about from studio tank to tank, and sometimes they even establish contact with the ocean. In "Sea Horses", they're all wet, all right. "Sea Horses" doesn't stop with a little storm at sea. It goes on and works up a typhoon of the variety made famous by Joseph Conrad and more recently publicized by Francis Brett Young. It's a very good typhoon, too. But the picture isn't as salty as it might have been. Oh, yes, I'm one of the miserable wretches who "read the book". But it's too late to change that now. The glamour I found in the book eluded me in the picture. The cast was good, with Jack Holt much handsomer than the original hero, and Bill Powell as wicked a villain as you want. But when I read Francis Young's story, I was swept right along with the typhoon and got an awful shaking-up, but it was worth it. While in the theatre I found my gaze wandering to the drummer in the orchestra giving his well-known imitation of a stormy night at sea. It's my own fault; I should have kept my eyes where they belong. But what's the use of locking the stable door now that Sea Horses, typhoon and all, have blown?
"Mare Nostrum" is another "Four Horsemen"... remote and beyond me. He's a realistic actor if there ever was one. There's a scene which for suspense and menace has never been equaled, even by Eric. It's the great pursuit scene in the tank, in which the octopus gets his man—I mean bug. In the entertainment offered by Ingram there are other startling moments which have nothing to do with octopuses—or octopi, if you want to be a sissy.

"Mare Nostrum" is another "Four Horsemen"; it's not so easy. "Mare Nostrum" is remote and romantic. It is entirely continental in theme, treatment and location, and
romantic, entirely continental in theme, treatment and location.

you can enjoy it without feeling it too much. There's nothing in it which is very apt to happen to you. But I defy you to remain unmoved at the scenes involving the hero's son, Esteban, on the screen; Michael Brantford in real life. He's just a kid, but what an actor! A gallant, sturdy lad whose lonely journey in search of his father, with its tragic ending, will wring your heart.

There are ships torpedoed by submarines, a beautiful lady condemned to death as a spy, storms at sea and a final blaze of reckless heroics, after which hero and heroine meet in death. If you must have your laugh and don't find it in the antics of Hughie Mack, you can pull some nifties about the hero and heroine floating to heaven in the approved style of Little Eva. But "Mare Nostrum", despite a certain solemnity, is a rare picture. Pictorially, it is just about perfect. Nearly every scene is lovely enough to take home with you and frame. Tony Moreno and Alice Terry as the lovers are as unrealistically romantic as story-book people should be. It's a story-book on the screen.
Irene

Colleen, as Usual

That little tyke with the black bobbed hair and the twinkling eyes is with us again. This time she calls herself Irene and even appears in her natural colors. But she can't fool us; she's only Colleen Moore dressed up. Colleen hasn't changed a bit, and I am sure that when I am an old, bent woman with cap, shawl and specs, not to mention a cane, Colleen will come tripping along as of yore, same bob and tricks, same twinkle; and I will shake my stick at her—you know how cross old women are.

Maybe age is already creeping on, because Colleen as "Irene" left me cold. Her parents are Charlie Murray and Kate Price, while Lloyd Hughes again officiates as the rich young man. His mother is one of those stuck-up society women, but don't pay attention to her; she gets what's coming to her. The poor triumph and the rich slink away. And that black spangled gown worn by the society matron will haunt my dreams.

George Arthur as Madame Lucy doesn't seem to be having a good time with the rest of the cast, but he achieves a characterization, if that's any comfort to him.

Ibanez' Torrent

Greetings, Greta!

Instead of being billed as Ibanez', it should have been "Greta Garbo's Torrent", for the new young lady from Sweden sweeps everything before her with the same gusto displayed by the bursting dam which plays a villainous rôle in the film. This seems to be Nature Month in the movies, what with typhoons and torrents and things. But Greta is the real star of her picture. The fragile girl performs a feat of strength which has defeated a dozen different strong men; she holds up a heavy feature on her slight shoulders, and never once does she show a sign of strain. Mr. Ibanez has not been exactly prodigal with plot, but Greta is more generous, and her charm illumines the dark corners. It was her first American film, and she was downright scared, they say; but you would never guess it from the superb poise which dominates every scene. She plays one of our old movie friends—the girl who conquers Paris over-night. She returns at the height of her fame to the old hacienda where she meets again the youthful lover who failed her. Wait a minute—the plot takes a turn for the better from now on. She goes away—alone. After years have passed, these two meet again. She is still the radiant beauty, but Ricardo Cortez has acquired a heavy watch chain and embonpoint. There is no title about the ashes of love, but you can read the story in Garbo's face. It looks as if she's here to stay.
Fascinating Youth

You'll want to see "Fascinating Youth", if only to get a glimpse of the graduates of the Paramount School in their first picture. If you're an old meanie you may wonder if it has been worth all the trouble, but if you can hold out until the great ice-boat race, you'll feel repaid. Why is it no director has ever thought of an ice-boat race before? But what does it matter when here's one now? The race is the climax of "Fascinating Youth", and saves the day for all the little boys and girls who spent all of six months learning the exacting art of screen acting.

It's a musical-comedy picture. You can almost hear the tenor sing to his chum: "Ah—here come the Girls now!" There's a stern father who insists that his son make good; there's the helpful heroine and the scheming vamp; and there are the Boys and the Girls, who come flocking on the scene every few minutes to whoop things up. The hero's business is to manage a mountain inn and his jolly pals help him put pep into it. All sixteen children appear and indulge in winter sports in the great outdoors. Bets on the ice-boat race are heavy, but fortunately the hero wins, and in the nick of time, too. What a relief that was. There are shots in Famous Players' eastern studio, showing Tommy Meighan, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, and Chester Conklin at work, which should amuse you. Conklin is a riot. Charles "Buddy" Rogers, the new leading man, is a nice boy and a good actor; Marion Ivy Harris has poise, and Josephine Dunn is one of those quaint, cuddlesome girls who doesn't need a postgraduate course. You will see some of them again some day.

A great ice-boat race is the climax of the picture.

Dancing Mothers

[Terpsichorean Mamas]

Theatre managers should provide refreshments and bandages after every performance of "Dancing Mothers", because the finale of the film is bound to start something and probably quite a lot. Ladies present will not agree to the proper ending for the picture, and there may be some hot arguments before they can be induced to leave. "The management" in most cases has provided nice little cards which say: "Do you believe the Mother should have gone away? Mark X for Yes or No." You know as well as I do that the more heated discussions are not going to be settled by any mere marking of a silly old X; and they may be continued all the way home and even far, far into the night, especially if Papa or Brother is along.

At that, the ending is rather new. Once upon a time, a scene in which a screen mother repudiates her daughter and husband would have been out of the question. Today, Alice Joyce, most gracious and exemplary of all modern screen mothers, is directed to deny her family her presence at least until they prove they deserve it. Herbert Brenon has done right by "Dancing Mothers". He seems to be a considerable Columbus when it comes to bringing out the best talents of gifted youngsters. He helped discover Betty Bronson's whimsicality; and now he has found the real actress who has been masquerading as Clara Bow. He snatched off her bright, hard mask and exposed a new and radiant Clara. She plays, of course, the fresh daughter who imagines herself in love with Conway Tearle. Clara might have played it as she's played so many flappers in her brief career—audaciously and superficially. Instead, she blazed, and her big scene, in which the startled child has her heart turned inside out, was darn good. Clara's future flappers will be human beings and not mannikins. If they aren't, I have a nice, big paddle handy—but I don't think I'll have to use it on Clara.
A couple of short subjects and the news reel completed the surrounding program."

How often I've closed a review of a Broadway picture with that phrase! My battle-scarred typewriter is so used to the words that it rattles them off now without waiting for me to find them with the Hunt and Pick system. And I never realized until just the other day that I was slighting one of the biggest things in motion pictures today.

It came about through one of those curious circumstances that I suppose you'd call psychological. Driving in to work one morning in my flivver, I picked up a stranger who was waiting for one of the Long Island's "maybe" trains (maybe it'll come, and maybe it won't). Somehow we started to talk about China, and he said, "I saw in the news reel last week . . ." And it developed that he knew as much about a phase of Chinese life as my favorite shirt-destroyer does.

That started it, and I pricked up my ears a couple of hours later when, talking to the copy boy in the office about dogs, he used almost the same words: "The news reel last night showed a dog . . ." Lunching with some newspaper people, we got on the subject of new developments in aeronautics, and one man stated authoritatively, "The new invention shown in this week's news reel proves . . ."

And so it went, all day long. I had become interested to the extent of checking up on the thing, and by nighttime I had heard the words "news reel" used exactly eight times in ordinary conversations not connected with the subject of movies. Right then and there I decided to look into this business which seems to be exerting such an influence on people's thinking.

In the first place, the title, "news reel," seems to be a bit inappropriate these days. Everybody who is old enough to want to put on slippers (not dancing) after 8 P.M. will remember when the first crude beginnings were made in this field—when the rooster that "sees all, knows all" first began to crow. In those days, news meant news in the strict newspaper sense. A wreck, a fire, a murder, a riot—these were the subjects that flashed on the screen under the heading of news reel. Nowadays, while the biggest events in the day's news are perforce carried by these short films, a great deal of what might be called general-interest events are shown. A dog show, a prize baby contest, an ice boat race—items of this kind, which are, it is true, timely, but which would be carried by a newspaper back on page 26 with the real-estate transactions, make up about two thirds of most of the reels which flicker across the screen. A ship sinks in mid-ocean—it's in the news reel, and those who, like the ruler of the Queen's navee, have never gone to sea, are given a true-to-life glimpse of what a storm on the rolling deep really looks like. Students in India stage a protest against English rule, an exploring caravan invades the trackless wastes of Mongolia in search of relics of prehistoric monsters, vast herds of reindeer gather in the valleys of Alaska, Siberian peasants celebrate a curious
religious festival, natives of Tierra del Fuego elect officers of their villages—the news reel "sees all," and so do millions of U. S. citizens who would never take the trouble to read about these things in magazines. As a result, it goes without saying that you and I, while we don't "know all", at least know a high sight more about the lives and customs of out-of-the-way people and about their countries than we would if we didn't go to the movies once or twice a week.

And that brings up another point. Did you ever stop to think of this—that makers of the regular canned drama have to watch their step closer when filming a scene laid in a foreign country than they would if there were no such thing as the weekly news reel? So gradually that we haven't realized it, the news reel has educated us. We have seen with our own eyes intimate glimpses of everyday life in China, Siam, Arabia and the country of the Basques, not to mention the better known reaches of Europe. We have become pretty wise in matters of dress, customs and geography of nearly all the countries of the world, and the regular drama which treats these points in a slipshod manner or which tries to give us something "just as good" is certain to be looked upon as a counterfeit by a fairly large portion of the audiences which see it.

It requires constant watchfulness to make one of these weekly digests of the world's doings. At least four great organizations are continually scouring the patient face of the globe, busily cranking in hundreds of scattered spots. One of these companies, Fox Films, has several hundred "correspondents" in this country alone. Only a score or so of these constitute the regular staff, the remainder being newspaper men, picture-house projectionists and just plain amateurs who like to tinker with a movie camera. These people are constantly on the look-out for interesting happenings, whether news or just items of general and timely interest, and they send in about twenty thousand feet of celluloid for every issue of the Fox news reel. As there are two issues each week, you can figure it out for yourself. As summer approaches, this footage gradually increases to nearly three times that amount. Out of all this material, the editor selects about fifteen hundred feet of film for each issue. But it's pretty apparent that he has a lot to choose from.

The unused film is catalogued and stored away in vaults, on the chance that it will come in handy some time in the years to come. Br'er Fox also uses some of the scenic shots in his regular dramas and comedies, and other producers also draw on the various news-reel makers for material of this kind. So the next time the introductory title reads, "Dawn broke over the towering domes of the Himalayas", and you see a fade-in of lofty mountain peaks among which glaciers cuddle, don't feel that you necessarily are seeing the Himalayas in their natural state. What you are looking at may be a shot of the Alps taken by some Cook's tourist and sold by him to a news-reel maker. Oh, yes, lots of tourists take movie cameras with them, and thousands of feet of unusual scenic shots are bought by the news reeler. Even pictures taken with the small portable cameras can be used, though as their film isn't standard size, the process of transferring it to the regulation film is laborious and costly. But if a man with such a camera happened to be on the spot when something unusual was occurring, he could get a good price for his non-inflammable celluloid. In the early pictures of the recent sinking of the Antitoe I even saw a "still", caught by a Roosevelt passenger with a regular kodak, reproduced in a news reel.

Last month I spread a lot of ink on the subject of serials, and now comes a most interesting experiment along this line. Pathes has just put into circulation a picture in five reels called "The Bar-C Mystery", which is a condensed version of their new serial of the same title. As you can well imagine, this is quite an idea, but it's a question whether any good end has been served by it.

In a serial, the thrills are spread over a period of some seven or eight weeks. Usually each chaper has a secondary thrill in middle and ends with the first-class, triple-A super-thrill which leaves you on pins and needles concerning the hero's safety until next week. When you boil this down to five reels,
Gertrude

When Summer Comes

This frock—a Paris model—has the new all-over gold embroidery charmingly combined in point effects.

Miss Olmstead’s lace and georgette afternoon gown shows a new treatment of lace in sleeves and tiered skirts.

Photographs from the studio of Lucas Kanarian
Especially posed for SCREENLAND by Gertrude Olmstead between scenes of "Puppets".

A Paris-model dance frock, of georgette and taffeta—very chic and new, with its smart French silver stitching.

The gowns worn by Miss Olmstead were supplied by courtesy of Stewart & Co., New York.

An imported Martial et Armand gown, combining two most popular Parisian materials—chiffon and taffeta.
ANNE NICHOLS, who produced a play a century or two ago that is still going strong—"Abie's Irish Rose", in case you've forgotten—now offers "Puppy Love", by Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley, as her gift to the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

For, unless we are mistaken, "Puppy Love" is another long-run affair. Not that it is, by any means, to be considered as drama. But, in spite of its hundred and fifty per cent of hokum, it has in it several wise cracks and situations that make the sophisticated person—and if you don't mind, Abou Ben Adhem, include our name in that group—smile in spite of himself. It has, to be honest, its moments. If you're not Ritz, however, and you liked, God forbid, "Abie", you will probably die laughing. And serves you right, too. Vivian Martin, of movie fame, plays the leading lady and Maude Eburne manages to be funny as the maid.

"THE BUNK OF 1926"

At the Heckscher Theatre, 104th St. and Fifth Ave., you will find "The Bunk of 1926", which, in spite of several good ideas, reminds us of nothing so much as Amateur Night. Gene Lockheart, whose name appears only twenty-eight times on the program, really is entitled to some credit; so let it be recorded that he wrote the words and music and produced and staged and acts in it. Percy Waxman did some of the lyrics, including a bad rhyme or two. Percy knows better. There are some nice bits in it, and Mr. Lockheart is a good comic, but he will never seriously annoy Mr. Ziegfeld as a producer. Georgie White, who is busy preparing "Scandals", walked out at the end of the first act, just as Mr. Dempsey walked out at the Wills-Firpo fight; both Mr. Dempsey and Mr. White had seen enough to be sure they had nothing to fear. In both instances, it may interest you to know, we stuck till the bitter end. And, it may further interest you, whereas we think that Mr. Dempsey was wrong, Mr. White was indubitably right.

"THE GREAT GATSBY"

Mr. Owen Davis' 145th play (correct us if we're wrong) is fashioned from F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel. And it looks to us as if Mr. Davis had done his best work in it. Indeed, after Davis gets a little more experience, he may turn

Reviewed in This Issue

"PUPPY LOVE"
"THE BUNK OF 1926"
"THE GREAT GATSBY"
"LOVE 'EM and LEAVE 'EM"
"THE JEST"
"EASY VIRTUE"
"THE CREAKING CHAIR"
"SQUARE CROOKS"
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
very fine British war record, I am told.

You can't help wondering at how Doug Fairbanks' magnetism sways everybody he comes in contact with. Just before he and Mary left for Europe I was over to the studio and found Doug in his gymnasium, grinning over a weight-schedule posted on the wall.

"That," he said, "was put there by one of Joe Schenck's men. Since Joe has moved over here from United Studios, his entire personnel has caught the athletic fever. Yesterday I looked out of my dressing-room window and saw one of the bookkeepers sneak out on the lawn and gingerly approach my horizontal bar.

"First he looked furtively up and down to see if anybody was watching him. Then he chined himself a couple of times. He tried it again, rubbed his hands more confidently and went away whistling. Just before getting out of sight he took a flying leap over a saw-horse. It made me feel good because athletic ambitions don't hurt anybody.

"You would laugh, though, at Joe Schenck learning to play. He won't let me watch him, but from what I hear his progress is slow."

A story went the rounds of Hollywood that Mary Pickford offered a million dollars to the parents of the baby she used in "Sparrows", if they would allow her to adopt the child.

This is a garbled account of the truth, but there is a real story behind the incident. Mary said offer to adopt the baby. She loves little Mary Louise Miller and would like to take her and raise her in luxury such as she will never know. But she didn't offer to buy the child.

Another baby has had the spotlight in Hollywood this month. She is Sally Ann Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the director, and Mary Akin, who appeared in pictures before she married Eddie in Mexico a year ago.

Sally Ann arrived almost two weeks late. A room had been reserved for her mother in the Hollywood Hospital,
and her father kept a phone in almost constant use at the studio, where he was cutting a picture just completed.

When the newspapers finally did inform the public that Sally at last had arrived, congratulations poured in on the Carewes, and Mary Akin’s room at the hospital was not big enough to contain the flowers she received.

A visitor at Warner Brothers Studio the other day asked to see William Koenig, studio manager. He received the following instructions from the boy who was sitting in at the information desk during the lunch hour. “Follow the corridor until you come to the sign ‘No Admittance’; go through the door and you’ll see another marked ‘Keep Out’. Go right on through and turn to the left where there’s another door, saying ‘Private’. Don’t pay any attention to the sign which reads ‘Silence’! Yell for him. He’s somewhere around.”

This month “The Sea Beast”, John Barrymore’s picture, opened at the Figuera Theater, and “Irene” had its premiere at Grauman’s Million Dollar.

Both were brilliant openings. At the former Edwards Davis, as master of ceremonies, caused repeated giggles in the audience by reciting a flowery introduction to a member of the cast and then having to refer to a list in his hand to see whom he was talking about.

John Barrymore was given a tremendous ovation, as was Dolores Costello, whose simple and unaffected manner wins her friends every time she appears before the public.

“Irene” was the first premiere Colleen Moore ever had. On the afternoon preceding, I went over to Colleen’s bungalow at the United Studio to offer a little encouragement, and found her scared to death. “You don’t sleep the night before, you have nervous indigestion all day, and by night you can hardly breathe,” Colleen said.

After all, she did very nicely, though. Charlie Murray and Kate Price had the stage first, and Colleen was brought in in a basket of wash. She popped up when her name was called, spoke a sentence or two, and then was content to point out the other members of the cast who were in the audience.

It was a much better arrangement than on the night of the Wampas Ball, and Colleen did not appear nearly so nervous.

She drew one of the biggest audiences of stars since “The Big Parade”.

Speaking of Kate Price—I was in Madame Helene’s restaurant at lunch with Walter Pidgeon, when Kate hove in view through the door, wearing a parrot green creation with a train at least eight feet long, tipped by golden fur. She wore a cream-colored ostrich-feather in her hair.
When the mirth subsided, Kate explained she has just motored over from Culver City where she is playing in Elinor Glyn’s new picture, “Love’s Blindness.”

Elinor calls her “my precious marionette.”

Fame brings complications. Recently there was a legal battle between Mr. and Mrs. Allan Clay Hoskins, colored, for the custody of their young son. Finally the son was awarded to his mother. This very unimportant item in the divorce news of the day would have attracted considerable more attention had it been known that the little son was “Farina”, of “Our Gang” comedies, who, henceforth, will wear the pants which rightfully are his, instead of a girl’s dresses.

William Russell and his wife, Helen Ferguson, are in Hollywood, waiting for instructions from the Concord Film Co. of France to proceed abroad where Bill is scheduled to appear in a story of the French revolution. They had bought their tickets, secured their passports and packed up to leave for Algiers some time ago when an epidemic of fever there caused the Concorda to change the plans for its production.

Nearly everybody in the world has dreamed of returning to the old home town with a fanfare of trumpets and with the envious glances of former friends upon them.

George Lewis, youthful leading man at Universal, is one who realized this wish.

Two years ago George graduated from Coronado High School with a record of being captain and full-back of the football team, and President of the Associated Student Body.

Then he set out for Hollywood to make his fame in the movies. Strangely enough, he got a start. After playing extra parts in a good many pictures he was cast by Edward Sloman in “His People”. He made a success and was awarded a contract.

When the picture opened in San Diego, which is right across a narrow strip of water from Coronado, George and Blanche Mehaffey, the leading woman, went to the southern city to make a personal appearance.

All of George’s classmates turned out for the opening and he was introduced by the principal of the school. After his appearance a banquet was given in his honor attended by the leading lights of the high school.

George is now playing in Sloman’s new picture, “The Old Soak”, the film made from Don Marquis’s successful play.
By Marion of Hollywood

ONE A.M., and just home from the all-dressed-up, best-bibb-and-tucker "opening" of "Irene", where there were more stars in the theater than in the Heavens, more light from the "arcs" than the sun can ever hope to give, and more people trying to get a glimpse at the arriving favorites than there are relatives admiring the newly arrived daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe! Such crowds and such excitement, and regular old family reunions for everybody. And it's the one time when I can get a real chance to feel important, pushing my way through with an air of "illegance" and grandeur. If you ever come to Hollywood, and there's a chance for you to "do" an "opening", be sure not to miss it, because it's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

** * * **

Talking about the opening, I was let in on a discussion that night—at least, I let myself in on it. They were three usherettes, after the party was over, in one corner of the theater. Ushering so many players must have been a terrific strain, and
Of the evening had been reached.

"Well," said one, "as far as I'm concerned, the Beau Brummell of the lot was Lloyd Hughes! My, but he's some dresser."

"I suppose you ushered him," retorted another. "Your opinion always is that you usher in the best ones. I didn't usher in Lewis Stone, but I'm here to tell you that he was the dresser of that crowd!"

"Say, will you quit arguing?" quoth the third. "You two think you 'em all, know 'em all and can judge 'em all, unsight, unseen! What about Dick Barthelmess and Norman Kerry? Say, you didn't see half of them! And right here I'm telling you both that if it weren't for Lila Lee, James Kirkwood wouldn't have a chance to get out of this theater alive without me!"

So, fearing the worst, and knowing what an impossible thing had been started, I decided that my own escort was the best-dressed guy in the place, and moved on!

** **

On the "Silken Shackles" set the other day, with the picture pretty near "shot", I started talking with my old friend Huntly Gordon, who thanks me every time he meets me for spelling his first name right, with no "e" between the "I" and the "y". Yes, Huntly's a fine fellow, and I don't mind who hears me say so! And that day, particularly, my opinion of him took another jump. I asked him how his part was getting along, if he liked it, etc., etc. "Oh, yes," he said, "I've a very fine part, but just wait until you see this Victor Varconi in the picture. That boy can act." Then up came the inimitable Mr. Varconi—Victor, for short, with the accent on the "tor", as he announces it. I asked him about the picture, his part and all that. Without a moment's hesitation, so that Huntly couldn't hear, he said, "My part—oh, it's fine; but this other fellow, Huntly Gordon, so good he is, such acting, that even though I give him back his wife, they will all the time like him better than me."

Victor laughed, sort of musing, and half to himself, half to me, continued: "How I've had good—how you say it?—in this picture! Such—what is it you say?—happy, I've been! You know, a minute ago, Mr. Morosco—he's the directeur—he just shake my hand good-by for the picture, which I'm through, and Victor Varconi, he could just turn away for the choke in his throat. Silly, uh? But that's how much I enjoy working with him. I can't say good-by from this choke in my throat."

Perhaps they are silly, but I'm making a bet that on account of that choke in the throat, "Silken Shackles" will be a mighty nice picture and will echo the feeling of friendship which went into its making.

***

With me trying hard as the dickens to get Buster Collier, Jr., and Constance Talmadge married off, up pops Constance and marries someone else. Kind of a tricky thing, I call it! Saw 'em together everywhere and can't understand it this very day. Even though I had talked to Buster less than a week before and he had assured me that he is heart-whole and fancy-free, I would have my little romance and insisted that he was telling me false. No, sir, he couldn't oblige me. First, he would wait many years before he married; second, he can't afford marriage, yet; third, he must become more famous; and fourth, and greatest of all, they were just good pals, with no thought of love. What could I say with all that against romance? All I'm hoping now is that, unbeknownst, young Cupid catches Mr. Buster Collier some shiny evening, Shackles him tight, and leads him away to the altar, properly arrowed! Me for Romance, every time!

***

To me the best thing of the month in screendom is the decision made by my old fellow pardner in crime, Ralph Graves. Perhaps you've all read how Ralph is "quitting" comedies and will...
After this appear only in straight, honest-to-goodness drama. I don't know how you folks feel about it, but to me it's been a tremendous waste to have Ralph-comedy-ing around. We need him more to break our hearts and squeeze that furtive tear from our eyes, don't you think? Welcome back, Ralph, and may that first picture you're making on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, be a corking humdinger.

Theodor Von Eltz, Jr., aged exactly fourteen months, has already declared his intentions and practices regularly to protect his interests. At least, that's what I gather from his good-looking daddy, Theodor, Senior, whose mental anguish on account of said son is exceeded only by the anguish of the young man's mother. Yes sir, young Mr. Von Eltz has decided to be an acrobat, and practices daily by falling headlong from his crib, plumb onto his curly-toppled head. It may sound funny to you and to me, but to his fond mommy and daddy, it's the most serious thing in the world. Theodor, Senior, says he falls different from any kid he ever saw fall, which leads me to stop worrying, and know it's all right, because the minute someone's daddy admits that his kid is like somebody else's kid in any possible way, then it's time to start wondering what the trouble's all about! And between me and Theodor Von Eltz, young Mr. Junior is the differentest kid on this earth!

Once again, the joy of a Wardrobe Sale! Such scrambling, such rushing, such excitement and grabbing, you never saw. Remember, there was a sale last year at the Lasky studio, and just this week was another, where we all got a chance to be stars, in clothing, at least, for a lot less money than it usually takes. I bought a pink thing, with yards and yards of georgette, and it'll be made over into a party frock at a total cost of about five dollars. I saw a fat lady squeezing herself into one of Pola Negri's dresses! 'Twas the funniest sight! Someone told me she keeps a boarding-house for cowboys, and I suppose her elegance will nothing short of awe them. Another girl, with a bright diamond on the diamond finger, bought a white satin dress that Mary Brian wore as a wedding dress in "Behind the Front". I figured the little dress

[Continued on page 80]
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hope to make a picture which will in any way compare favorably with that other success? I don't pretend to know, but Hollywood wisesacres say it's all wrong, that it hasn't a show. What do you think? Is the title "all wet"? Will Rudy's producers find they have made a mistake by having their heavy lover a shelf once too often? Maybe yes, maybe no! But this much is certain—it's up to you folks out there to do the deciding.

* * *

The goldendest, I don't-care-man on earth is Jack Holt! By all that's holy, some day I'm going to see that he gets excited over something, be it man, beast or devil! I've scolded him, teased him, chided him, bullied him, flattered him, but all to no avail! There seem to be just two things in life for him—his kids and his polo. And, oh boy, how he likes those kids and rides those horses! Maybe, at that, two things well done is better than most of us can boast.

* * *

The champion Mary Pickford "fan" was found the other day in San Diego, California, and Mrs. Helen Eckles, of that city, should stand up and take the bow. Can you imagine a scrap-book consisting of seven large volumes and containing clippings and picture after picture of "America's Sweetheart", all pasted up beautifully in chronological order? That certainly is a record, and only goes to show how deep into the hearts of our country this motion-picture business has wormed its way.

* * *

There's a shot in "The Cat's Pajamas" where "Bobby", the daddy cat, is sitting in the garden, and, supposedly hearing his offspring at play, turns round to take a good look at them. I wish you could have seen them take that scene! Bobby was "sat" in the middle of the floor; the camera was set; like a good boy, Bobby started to wash his paw, as was desired. The camera grinding away, Bobby was then supposed to take the backward look. But—his "mamma" wasn't on the set, and all the "Bobbying" of all the company crew couldn't turn Bobby's head around. Hurry calls were sent through the studio to locate Bobby's mamma, and it took about an hour before she was found, with the folks on the set going through the most circusy antics trying to get Bobby to turn his head. Then Bobby's mamma arrived. The camera started grinding, and the moment that word "Bobby" was called by his own mamma, the old rascal turned like a flash and the whole thing was over in less than two minutes. It certainly tickled me most to death, everybody doing the mimicking act, but not one single soul able to fool Bobby into mistaking the voice of the hand that feeds and takes care of him! Bobby knows his "punks", and taint for others to try to make him do his stuff.

* * *

Bustling, smiling, happy and peppy, Herbert Brenon has returned to Hollywood after an absence of many, many long months. I say it with joy and gladness, because there's something about this Brenon man—something that fills you with life and motion. The dead of winter, with Herbert wearing his white flannels, white shoes and white sweater and directing the kids as no one else seems able! Strange that this man of nerves, this restless, excitable genius, can get those funny little children round him, talk them into their parts, make them love him and work for him and then end the whole business with a birthday party, a holiday party, or any excuse, just to end the work with a party for the kids.

* * *

For the first time in four years, Harry Langdon, who has just completed "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp", his first feature-length comedy for First National, is visiting New York. The comedian brought with him a master print of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp".

Mr. Langdon's stay in New York will be brief, probably not more than a week, as the production schedule calls for his early return to the West Coast Studios, where he will start work on his next picture, tentatively titled "The Yes Man".

Seems pretty good, getting up in the world—cross-country trips and what not, eh, Harry? Not so dumb as you're screened, young-fella-me-lad!

* * *

Her rôle of "Elle Cinders", the slavery, which Colleen Moore is playing in the First National production of that name, is as good as a course in domestic science. Miss Moore cleans, sweeps, mops, and mends all day and every day. A few more rôles like this, and most of the crowd of movie applicants will lose their screen ambitions.

---

Winners in the February Contests

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Indianapolis, Indiana

HOPE HAMPTON'S FUR PIECE
MRS. CHARLOTTE BOWTON
231 E. Walnut Street
Monrovia, Calif.

HAROLD LLOYD'S WHITE SWEATER
MRS. MARJERY LARSSON
2453 Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HAROLD LLOYD'S CAP AND PENNANT
MARY H. CRAIG
1414 West Sixth Ave.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

HAROLD LLOYD'S HELMET
LEWIS BRAND, JR.
Wentworth Military Academy
Lexington, Missouri

HAROLD LLOYD'S FLANNEL TROUSERS AND PENNANT
EDDIE BAIRD
72 High View Ave.
Grays, Sussex, England

HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL PANTS
PHILIP DOOLEY
29 Clarendon Street
Malden, Massachusetts

HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL CAP
VIRGIL REDEAR
1903 West Easton Court
Tulsa, Oklahoma

HAROLD LLOYD'S KNEE PADS
CHARLES B. MOSS
955 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

HAROLD LLOYD'S RED SWEATER AND PENNANT
BESSIE-MAE IDE
Mioct., N. Dakota, E/o State Teachers College

HAROLD LLOYD'S SECOND PAIR OF FOOTBALL PANTS
JAMES R. FECHSER
Brigham Young University
5th N. University Ave.
Provo, Utah

HAROLD LLOYD'S HELMET
ROBERT CLAYTON
Athens, Tennessee

HAROLD LLOYD'S SHOULDER PADS AND HAT
ALLAN FURRY
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HAROLD LLOYD'S FOOTBALL STOCKINGS
SYLVIA CROOKER
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HAROLD LLOYD'S SHOES
JACK KENNY
Deepwater Point
Penmar, New Jersey

80
Why Foot Pains Go in 5 Minutes

Five minutes is now the time limit for foot and leg pains. Reports from people who were chronic sufferers tell of practically instant relief from all sorts of foot troubles, also relief from leg and back pains and headaches, caused by feet out of order. A wonderful new, scientific invention, known as Fairyfoot Cushions, has brought astounding, sensational results. The amazing reports seem almost incredible, but a very special offer enables you to prove without a penny’s risk that this great invention will do the same for you.

What Ails Your Feet

Twenty-six bones form the arch of the foot. Even one of these bones getting out of place puts abnormal strain on the muscles and nerves—then the pains appear. It is displacement of these bones by the weight of the body, too much standing or ill-fitting shoes that causes “flat foot.” The weight of the body is thrown out of balance and the foot is often crowded down into the shoe causing bunions, corns, calluses, ingrowing toenails, hammer toe, or Morton’s toe, and the shoes become misshapen and run over at the heel. Then you have aching pains in the feet and on leg, back, shins, calves, knees, hips and shoulders. The arch drop ever so little and trouble starts. You can’t always see that your foot is out— it may look all right—but the merciless pains tell you that something has gone wrong.

How Fairyfoot Cushions "Position" the Feet

These wonderful Cushions (highly recommended by orthopedists and physicians) bring relief by “positioning” the feet. They point the toes straight ahead, causing the arches to take their natural position. They also direct the body’s weight to the hall, heel and outer arch, relieving pressure—caused by bunions, corns, hammer toes, fallen arch, Morton’s toe, and Morton’s arch, of the foot. They prove the foot normal, and adjust the foot to straight position.

Key to Diagrams


Heed the Danger Signals

Any pain in your feet, legs or back means most likely that something is wrong with your feet—something that needs attention right away. Don’t assume that these pains will “cure themselves.” Even a few slight twinges may point to a condition that will mean serious trouble later on. Fairyfoot Cushions will correct the cause of the trouble and then the pain must go.

Proved by Thousands

Letters like these, from former foot sufferers, show what Fairyfoot Cushions will do: “I had to hobble on a cane. With Fairyfoot Cushions I walk perfectly.”

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Size Shoe ________________________ Width ________
Check □ Man □ Woman □ Boy □ Girl F. R. Co.
The Marvelous MarceUers give most beautiful results — equal to the expert work of finest beauty parlors — in 30 minutes at your convenience, for two or three cents instead of dollars. Be sure you read every line of this wonderful offer.

Here is news — good news — glorious news! You now may have, in the privacy of your boudoir, such a marcel as only the finest beauty parlors could give you herefore—the newest, smartest, most fashionable marcel direct from Paris. And at practically no expense! Look at the photographs on right hand page. They are actual photographs of a marcel produced by an amazing new invention. Look at the drawings to the left. They show only a few of the many different styles of marcel you can easily have with this new waving device. For it will give you any kind of marcel you want, regardless of how you wear your hair—shingle bob, Ina Claire, horsehoe wave, pompadour, center or side part. And this, too, whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, whether it is soft and fluffy or coarse and straight, whether it is long or “bobbed.” Think what a saving this will mean to you in dollars and cents! Instead of $1 or $1.50 every time you want a marcel, now you can have one for two or three cents! But the saving of money isn't nearly so important as the added loveliness it means. With a set of Marvelous MarceUers you can always look as if you just stepped out of the beauty parlor! No going around with a week-old marcel; no straight and straggly locks to detract from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Just a few minutes with your Marvelous Marceller once or twice a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be trained to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll have a lovely, natural wave all the time!

Now is when you need it most

The summer social season is on. With the many dances, theatre parties, dinners and outdoor affairs that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And looking one's best these days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful, becoming way. No other feature is so important to looks as your hair. Nothing

Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous MarceUers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in “waves” from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcelers out—and there is the most beautiful lined you ever saw!

With our Marcel Passion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous MarceUers—side part, center part, horsehoe wave, Ina Claire or simple “bob,” pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the MarceUers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel best becoming to your type of beauty.
can marcel yourself at home minutes

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Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue
Chicago

Maison de Beauté,
Chicago, Illinois.

E. Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these
are actual photographs taken by me while Miss
Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with
Marvelous Marcelers. The one at the left
shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my
studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous
Marcelers in place. The center photograph
shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30
minutes later.

(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of March, 1926.
EMMA V. STOLZENBACH
Notary Public.

Iron that sear the hair and dry the scalp.
It does away with all the mess and bother of
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If you have had a "permanent" wave and are
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regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will
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can imagine. We guaran-
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And your hair will not only look better all the time, but
will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to
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Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for
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risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the
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man brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him,
(plus a few cents postage) And when you put
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chase you ever made in your life, for your hair
waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this
outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll
never have to spend your good time and money for
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way—simply return the outfit to us and your money
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including Marcel Style Chart and set of Marvelous Marcelers.
I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit
within five days and you will refund the purchase
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NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $1.00 with your order and the
Marceling Outfit will be sent postpaid.
$2 brings your Electric Priscilla!

Send only $2.00 and we will immediately ship you a brand-new Priscilla Sewing Machine, either the Electric or Foot-treadle model, direct from the factory, freight prepaid. When it arrives, use it for 10 days in your own home. Sew on it as much as you wish. Subject it to every test you can think of. If not perfectly satisfied, ship it back freight collect, and we will refund your $2.00 at once. But if you are convinced that the New Priscilla is the best machine you ever used, keep it and pay for it on this easy basis: $2.00 at the end of 10 days and $1.00 a month for 10 months—only $24.00 in all.

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Put it in the Contract

(Continued from page 39)

memorable role of the heroine in 'The Covered Wagon' most of her friends were rushing to the theaters with a resultant snip of the scissors and brand-new short coiffures. Lois might have been one of them if the girl of the pioneer days had worn a boyish bob. But she didn't. So Lois stuck to her style, which has lasted to this day; and I hope she never changes.

With Norma Shearer, it's another story. Norma has beautiful hair which possesses the initial merit of being awfully easy to "fix." Nature was prodigal when she endowed Miss Shearer with hair like that—lovely as to color and texture, and equally adaptable to slick, severe coiffures and to smart, flirty silhouettes. Lucky Norma! But she is not ungrateful. When she was offered her present contract, she sweetly but firmly said: "Please put in a clause about my hair. Even though the script of a big picture may call for a bob, I will not be prevailed upon to bob mine!" The clause went in the contract. If she ever changes her mind, and she's young and feminine enough to change it, she may join the bobbed beauties; until then, she retains her crowning glory no matter what rôle she plays.

May McAvoy is another unbobbed advocate, and always stipulates that she shall not be argued into chopping off the pretty hair that has grown up with her. Do you like candy and French pastry? We are not giving out samples today, so don't crow. The reason I asked was to make you feel better if you happen to like them and cherish an unfulfilled ambition to go into the movies. Because if you were in the movies, you might have to shake your head when thewaiter passed the tempting array of napoleons and cream-puffs, and merely murmur, "No, thanks—I really don't care for sweets." In more than one contract signed by feminine luminaries, there's a little mean clause about candy. It may not come right out and say, "Candy!" but when it does remark, "Wright not to exceed so many pounds, you can bet it is referring to chocolates and éclairs in an underhand way. Actresses too numerous to mention have dropped out because they like sweet things—and like them more than they like close-ups. Other stars watch their diet with
Mais oui! It is so easy to speak French when you learn it the European way.

Those sight-seeing days in Paris! How much more thrilling they will be if you can ask for information in the native tongue! The best time to visit the Louvre. The quaintest restaurants of Montmartre. How to see the Bois de Boulogne—the Champs Elysées. How to go to the Opéra—the Comédie française.

What fun you will have! And, in anticipation, you will find it just as fascinating to learn to speak French by the famous Hugo method recently introduced from Europe—the method that enables you to speak French the way it is spoken in France.

For the First Time in America
Hugo's "FRENCH AT SIGHT"

For more than a century the great publishing house of Hugo has conducted language institutes in the large European cities. Millions of Hugo language books have been sold. The Hugos have perfected a method of learning foreign languages that has been used successfully by thousands of Europeans. They have now prepared a special edition of their French course for the use of Americans.

No uninteresting rules in the wonderful Hugo method! No terrifying lists of irregular verbs like those you had to learn in school! Just fascinating French sentences that begin in your very first lesson, about subjects that you discuss every day!

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And the cleverest way in the world to acquire correct pronunciation and accent!

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But really, you will have to see this delightful course for yourself. In so limited space we cannot possibly make you realize how easy it is to learn to speak correct French by this unique method. Just think! You spend only a few minutes a day on the Hugo course—and in a short time you will speak French fluently and charmingly!

To all who enroll promptly, we will give, with no additional cost, a year’s subscription to Le Petit Journal, the sparkling little French newspaper containing extracts from the French press.

The Hugo “French At Sight” course consists of 24 lessons. For introductory purposes, Hugo’s Language Institute of London has authorized us to offer the complete course at the astonishingly low price of only $12.00, payable on the convenient terms of only $2.00 a month.

The coupon will bring you the entire course to examine free. Return it in 3 days or send only $2.00 first payment, then $2.00 a month till $12.00 have been paid. Don’t miss this exceptional opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW!

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THE NEW LAND
the eagle eyes of detectives on a fresh trail.
It means business. One more éclair—and no more contract.
But after Dorothy Mackail signed her new contract with First National she went
out and ordered chocolate ice-cream cake with whipped cream—or so I heard.
Doro-
thy is one of those slim, sylphlike girls who is always so radi-
cious always so courteous to "put on a little more weight, you look
like a breath of wind would blow you away." Just the same, that fragile figure
of hers is one of her assets. Miss Mackail usually plays girls who are buffeted by
a cruel fate. Can you imagine a roly-poly Joanna, or a plump Chickie? You couldn't.
She's lovely. And neither could Dorothy's big boss, First National Pictures.
And although Dorothy can order porter-
house steaks and mashed potatoes and choco-
late malted milk and cream pie without increas-
ing her weight by an ounce, she, and her company, aren't going to take any
chances. There's a clause in that new Mac-
kail contract which says that the star must never, no, never tip the scales over 130
pounds. Dorothy now weighs 115, and has never weighed more than 120. So she eats
pastry when she wants it.
Reginald Denny is one enfant terrible—
ask his company. The athletic star keeps his mouth shut and needle-
s his eye, but don't imagine you can possibly when the receipts for his pictures roll
in. He's a fine boy and a splendid actor; but if he has a fault, which Universal
is not exactly prepared to admit, it is his vanity. In this respect he is another
of that funny breed of actors, a perfectly harmless hobby; but take it
from Mr. Laemmle, it has caused him more
than one anxious moment. Denny swims, plays tennis and golf, drives a car and loves a horse.
But—he also sails a boat and rides in an
airplane. It's his own airplane which is
self-operated. So far he has suffered no
casualties on tennis court or golf links or
in the swimming pool. Or on horseback
but my goodness, what that boy will do in an airplane! One might almost say, to
an airplane. Tail-spins, falling leaves and nose dives. It's all the same to him, if not to
Mr. Laemmle. Today, Denny may be work-
ing on the nice, safe lot in Universal City;
tomorrow, he may be somewhere on the
Pacific or he may be several thousand feet above the ground in a sphere
designed for a little boat and didn't return for several days. It
seems a little stormy and—well, so did the temperature of his company. Reg was
found none of the worst for his adventures,
the elements, and all ready for a little cruise
among the clouds. But the company has
different ideas now; and it is said that his
new contract will contain fancy and asserted
clauses about swimming and airplaining in hard-
lly a Simon Legree, but he is a good business
man; and he instructed his lawyers to insert
a clause in the Moran contract which would hold
him to the company's success and force him
in a little girl gir. Lois has no
inclinations to be anything else, so the
contractual provision was all right with her.
Lois is only a baby, and her work claims
all her time.
When she's older, she'll want to
woman chip a dab of rouge or lip-
stick, wear skirts a little too short or hats a trifle too daring, you are not unsophisticated
any more. Lois Moran must avid even the
appearance of sophistication as long as she lives.

The nicest clause I ever heard of is the
one in Pauline Starke's contract. It must
have been worth all her years of struggle
and hard, hard work to be able to demand
it in her present agreement. She said: "A
print of every picture I make must be given
to me." That wasn't so much to ask. But
the officials were curious. Pauline isn't the kind of star who wants to see herself run
off on the screen of her private projection
room every night after work. Pauline ex-
plained, a little shyly: "I want it to send
to my home town—Joplin, Missouri—so my
family and my old friends can see it."
Don't you love a girl like that? And think
of the kick it must have given her; and the
ever bigger kick it must give the folks back
in Joplin whenever Pauline's pictures arrive.
Even if a successful film career held nothing
more than the privilege of being able to
visit the home folks by proxy every few
months, it would be worth it.

When Charlie Ray began his big fight
to come back on the screen, he decided to
work away from the country-boy roles which
he had been doing so many years, and prove
to the public he could play other parts as
well. His contract therefore says that Mr.
Ray shall not be required to play rustic
roles unless he agrees, and that preference
shall be given to stories which give him
other opportunities. A similar agreement is
in Lew Cody's contract. Lew once earned
much money but more disapproval by allow-
ing himself to be billed as the "vampire vil-
lain." Lew's sense of humor soon showed
him the error of his screen ways, and when
he took up his new engagement with Metro-
Goldwyn it was with the express understand-
ing that he would not have to play any
more cut-and-dried villains.

Conrad Nagel refuses to work on Sun-
days. He pleads a previous engagement.
It's a perfectly good excuse. Conrad is an
usher in the Hollywood Christian Science
Church.
"All work and no play make Jack a dull
boy"—or might if John Gilbert had not in-
formed upon a clause in his contract stipula-
ting that he must have a three-months vaca-
Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasantly simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them. Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for permanent reducing. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days: 3 Jars In All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

I Take All the Risk—You Are the Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $2.50 to $5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman $2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage).

THE McGOWAN LABORATORIES,
718 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 188 Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducing Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—within 21 days’ time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first one-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postman $2.47 (plus postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me as the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name:

Address:

If you prefer to send for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose $7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.

M. J. McGowan
Chief Chemist

Scientist discovers

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

IDEAL FIGURE CHART

| 121/2" | A slender neck |
| 35" | Wall proportioned bust |
| 25" | A trim waist |
| 30" | Slim hips |
| 231/2" | Perfectly made 4 thighs |
| 141/2" | Graceful calf |
| 81/2" | Delicate ankles |

CHART
WHY PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND SAN-GRI-NA TO FAT PEOPLE

French Discovery is Absolutely Harmless and Works Wonders

"If I had not carefully analyzed, tested and seen my own sister reduce and improve her health with SAN-GRI-NA," says Dr. McAlpine, "I would not be recommending it to my patients today." Dr. Jacoby writes: "My wife has about finished the SAN-GRI-NA you sent her, and I wish you could see the wonderful change in her appearance. She never felt better in all her life.

"I have used SAN-GRI-NA for my wife," says Dr. Harris, "and now recommend it to my fat patients." "I recommended SAN-GRI-NA to my mother," says Dr. Nashorne, "because I knew after harmless to the health and positive results, perfect health.

REDUCES 63 POUNDS

"I weighed 260 pounds," writes Mrs. M. D. Pasquale of Worcester, "and lost 63 pounds... I would like to have another box of SAN-GRI-NA."

Up to now physicians have rarely advised anything to reduce outside of diets or exercise (both impractical and inconvenient) because they knew of nothing HARMLESS and EFFECTIVE, but today, in recommending SAN-GRI-NA, a doctor feels that it is something with real merit, so entirely different from all the advertised fat reducers, that he does not hesitate to advise its use even to his heaviest patients. Of prominent medical men, such as Dr. Randolph, former Health Commissioner, endorses SAN-GRI-NA, AS THE ONLY SAFE, positive and quick way to slenderness he knows.

SAN-GRI-NA is the formula of a French physician. It is set up in a small, coated tablet, to be taken three times a day. Although only recently introduced in America, SAN-GRI-NA is now recognized as the most effective treatment for fat people, because:

It has reduced most obdurate cases of obesity.

It does away with high blood pressure, puffing, headaches, tired feeling, and the fat man or woman who does not enjoy life.

It is entirely different from anything ever offered.

It is guaranteed absolutely.

Notice To The Public:

Beware of worthless imitations. SAN-GRI-NA is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Go to your druggist today, be sure to ask for and get SAN-GRI-NA. Sold at all good druggist or department stores or you can send direct to the Scientific Research Laboratories, 1811 Broadway, Dept. 265, New York City.

IRENE RICH GETS BACK HER BABIES

(Continued from page 49)

three in Switzerland. I didn't want to go home. There'd be nobody peeking out of the front door and the car came up the driveway. There'd be nobody running out to kiss me and drag me in, all talking at once, excited, laughing and bubbling over with life. Oh, that thrill of coming home at night! Misery more than anybody could ever understand.

"Six weeks, which seemed years, went by. I really don't know how much longer I'd have stuck it out. I kept telling myself I was selfish—too selfish to live. The chicks were having the time of their lives, with their skis and their skates and the snow. If I had to be thinking of myself all the while it was high time I took heed."

"And then it came! It came! That blessed, silly, funny cablegram arrived, saying they were coming home. Coming home? I read it again and again. Someone was fooling me, was playing a joke. Oh, I'll never forget it. After I cabled to them and found they were safe and not sick when I knew they were on the ocean, getting ready to go to sea, such a sure thing could be, I realized that they just couldn't stay away. They missed their mother! They wanted her! They needed her! It's such a feeling of content; it makes up for so many pains. Even with the boat two days late, with the long trip across the country, I knew they were coming home and we were counting the minutes till they'd get here."

Irene drew a deep, long breath. And me, for no reason at all, I laughed, sheep...
60 Days Ago
They Called Me "BALLY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mangle cure, and every kind of thing. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I turned to my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that luxuriant hair" of yours. 'I haven't seen it for weeks!"

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw. It's my turn to grin, but I didn't!—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat down in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on his head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say. And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while!"

On the way home I read a book—let which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get The Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes having the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

He answered the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's The Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing the trunk, or dousing the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salts, etc. To make a true grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $300 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can go on without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc. Dept. 675 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow."

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Address ____________________________
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Shapes while you sleep. Doctors recommend it highly and absolutely necessary. 

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ADJUSTABLE BANDAGE

OFFERED FREE

would be a lily, sure little glimmer: "Of course, I know everyone has lovely children, but honest to God, I really truly, I have the sickest kids!" said Mother One Rich.

Yes or no, before I could contradict, or be an unbeliever, up went Oliver Morosco's arms.

"That's all. That's all for the day," he announced.

"Do you want to come to my dressing-room while I get ready for home?" asked Irene. "You see, I promised to be as early as possible so we could go to the beach together and on the roller-coaster once."

Her eyes were shining. She was alive with something which greater folks than I can't understand. No, I'd not bother her. Rather I'd have her peering out the window, watching that driveway from the crack in the door, looking for her, who never yet had failed them. No, I'd not bother her—she was going home!

Bill Colling Roots for the News Reels, from page 59

the thrills are bound to come so thick and fast that you can't even wink without missing one of them. And the best recipe for yawning that I can think of is to put too much of anything into one picture, whether it's thrill, villainy, romance or what have you.

"The Bar-C Mystery" is doubly handicapped in this respect because it is a story of the western plains. If you saw it "cold", without an idea of what was coming tomorrow, you'd consider it just another western. It is full of villains, terrific hiss-backs riding, and the usual "comedy" which seems to be standard equipment for these epic phases of the plot. The comic in this case is due to the possession of a map which gives the location of a rich mine. The owner, pursued by the relentless desperadoes, shaves off his beard and becomes a wandering cowboy whose life is devoted to protecting the girl to whom he has previously given said map. Naturally all ends well, the villains are captured by the sheriff, and the hero finds that the girl he loved him all the time, beard or no beard.

Like all westerns (and serials), the plot is only a branch on which to hang the thrills. What matters it that the hero doesn't appeal to his sheriff for protection in the first place, or that the simple possession of a map doesn't, under our present laws, mean possession of a mine itself? Every western and serial manuscript is carefully examined for logic, and if any is thrown out, it is because the author has not devoted enough time to his story. The big mystery in this film is why there should have been any mystery about it at all. Or perhaps it is, why did the hero shave?

There are however, two interesting things about "The Bar-C Mystery". The first is that it brings up a point common to this type of film—one upon which I neglected to comment last month. Have you ever noticed that in westerns and serials which are as strong as their villains, the dirty work is often planned, and sometimes carried out, by a woman? Other types of pictures have women as villains occasionally, but the average is about one out of two in these thrillers. Women, it might be said by anyone so cynically inclined, come into their own in serials. Here they are given free rein to exercise their battled-up imaginations. The tactics of the course, on the other hand, we always have the heroine who is the anthesis of the villaininess in sweetness, virtue and nobility of character. A glowing passion casts a diabolical sidelight on the purposes of femininity, but one which only a male of the sterling qualities of an heroic cowboy would dare to comment on at any length.

The second point of note about this film is that its heroine is Dorothy Phillips, probably the most unequivocal actress on the screen. Before she left films, and since she has re- turned, this girl has given some of the best and some of the worst performances I have ever seen. Like the little girl with the curl, when she is good, she's very, very good, and when she's bad, she's not so good. At the focal point of a combination serial-western, Dorothy comes under the latter classification; but nevertheless, she's an arresting personality, and it is interesting to see her in a role as desperate-tactfully as she made her first success, many years ago.

Jumping to the opposite extreme from the rough, crude life on the plains, we find ourselves, in "The Dancer of Paris", rubbing elbows with the hoity-toity set of booted and belted fops and fairies of teatime. We come in as Michael Arlen opus, but if you're one of the many, including your correspondent, who have enjoyed his stories, you'll be due for a jolt as you make stepping off the second-from-the-bottom step in the dark seem enjoyable by comparison.

Mr. Arlen (or perhaps it was the adaptor), has injected sophistication in large gobs in this splashy, trivial story of a dancer's life. In it, all the people seem to live in come to the intersection of the New York Central Terminal and to spend practically all their hours in the pursuit of pleasure. The dancer, tricked by an Englishman, devotes her time to unloading a large quantity of remorse on his sagging shoulders. But the vengeance backfires, and in the end she sacrifices herself for his happiness and then, her debt paid, she finds some for herself in the heart of the honest American who has stood by her through the well known thick and thin.

Dorothy Mackall is charming in the title role, but the character she portrays is so unpleasant that you can't work up much sympathy for her, and which she carries concealed in her bosom is lost amid the scenes of splendor and revelry which surround her and it. Conway Tearle is a pretty cold-blooded hero, too, and about the only one in the group for whom you feel sorry is the poor crack-brained villain. But then, "The Dancer of Paris" has six reels of gay parties, gorgeous sets and stars, and her heartless heroine, and if that doesn't make a successful movie, I don't know what does.

However, one of the best little program pictures I've seen for some time is "Two Can Play", which Associated Exhibitors is putting out at a point worth the money right now. Clara Bow is its star, and in it Clara returns to her first love, the flapper rôle. The more I see of this young lady's work, the better I like it. The case is decided interesting and novel, for the villain turns out to be the hero, and vice-versa, after a slashing climax which leaves you gasping for air. Clara makes you love her or hate her, depending on how you arouses all the he-man qualities of the hero and villain, and then she turns around and...
Lost!

30 lbs. of Fat

You see people all about you who have lost their excess fat. In every circle nowadays nearly everyone is slender.

People have found a way to reduce which is easy and pleasant and prompt. It combats the cause of fat formation, which usually lies in a gland. You can see its results wherever you look today.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, which for 18 years have been making fat people thin. The delighted users have told others about it, and the use has spread. Now people are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You should know Marmola if you overweight. Style and beauty, health and fitness call for normal figures. Excess fat has no excuse when so many people know a way to end it.

Investigate Marmola. The coupon will bring you all the facts, some samples and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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"No, thanks—no more booze for me. I used to be a hard drinker. Spent my money for 'moonshine' while the family went hungry. I was fast becoming a wreck, despised by self-respecting people. My wife changed it all. She sent for Golden Treatment and gave it to me secretly in my tea and coffee. The results were amazing. I lost all desire for liquor, I can't touch it. I am my real self once more, happy, healthy, prosperous."

FREE Any woman who wants to try the Golden Treatment for the sake of a loved one in the toils of drink can have a FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent in plain, sealed wrapper. Just write to Dr. L. W. Haines Co., 618 Glenn Blvd., Cincinnati, 0.

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A GOOD LETTER:

Whether your letter is for business or social purposes, your letter expresses YOU exactly as it represents you and carries your message. Your word is good to the letter, but can you make a letter say what you want it to say?

Practice
Letter Writing

Self-expression is an obligation we owe to the Creator. Mary Pickford expresses herself in "LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY". Can you express yourself in a letter? Win a prize!

(See page 34)
THE graduating exercises and reception of the first Paramount School took place at the Ritz Carlton, where Jesse Lasky made the address and presented the diplomas to the eight young men and eight young women graduates, and afterwards looked on pleasantly while the kids danced. And they were the first show- ing of the School's first picture, "Fascinating Youth." Cheering the candidates were Adolph Zukor, president of the Paramount company, Sam Wood, and Byron Morgan, director and author of the picture; Adolph Menjou, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Al Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Conklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Monte Katterjohn. The latter, incidentally, is a beautiful girl who will get into pictures if her scenarist-husband doesn't watch out.

The young graduates had plenty of noise. As Josephine Dunn, the pretty little blonde in "The Wilderness Woman," snapped, "We have only survived all the kidding, and here we are!" (Charles "(Buddy)" Rogers, picked already by James Cruze for a leading role in the big special, "Old Ironsides," and an ingrate; and an ingrate himself, he made a hit.)

he relieved the musicians in the orchestra when he wasn't on the dance floor. You watch for Buddy, and for little Miss Dunn, too. She's only eighteen, but looks like a potential Connie Talmadge. And, wonder of wonders, the child has no heavy ambitions for tragedy. She really wants to do comedy. She'd like to have the chance some day. Some smart manager should reach out and grab her. She's humorous, sprightly, and unspoiled.

The Stage Coach — from page 63

THE CREAKING CHAIR

As the wise reader has guessed, "The Creaking Chair" is a mystery play. Now it happened that we, in common with everybody else, like mystery plays. We might even have liked this one except for the third act, where everything is cleared up, for no reason at all. Also, in that same celebration, we came across the Congressional Record is just plain cuckoo.

EASY VIRTUE

Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue," in addition to being a good show, has Jane Cowl in it — a good reason for a grand combination. There aren't many fireworxks in the show; not even a pistol-shot is fired. Coward's attitude is that your Englishman meets the crisis; your American makes a play in which hero plays no part. He has an excellent cast to assist Miss Cowl in that attitude, notably Halliwell Hobbes, Mabel Terry Lewis, Marda Vanne, and Joyce Carey. In addition, he adheres to the theory himself, so that where another playwright might have done things dramatically, Coward is content to do them unostentiously.
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Marvelous New Invention Gives Beautiful Professional-Like Wave Without Muss, Bother or Expense.

NOW in a few minutes’ time any woman can give herself a Perfect Marcel. All Milady has to do is place in her hair a Ready-Set Marceller which immediately conforms the hair into a series of beautiful waves similar to those given by the most experienced of beauty specialists. It requires no trick to put it in. The illustrations show how neat it looks in the hair while in use and what a beautiful wave it gives to perfectly straight hair.

The READY-SET
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Regardless of what texture hair you have, the Ready-Set Marceller never fails. It will delight you. It comes in two parts. One for the side of the head as shown in illustration. The other for the opposite side and back. It is adjustable for those who prefer the back single bob with sides waved. The secret of the Ready-Set is the folding crossbar which “automatically” puts each one of the flexible combs in the hair at the proper angle flat to the head and in the proper place to give a perfect marcel. The crossbar works bellows fashion. When you close up the crossbar the hair (which should be dampened) works up between the combs forming beautiful waves.

These Pictures Tell the Story!
1—Straight Undressed Hair. 2—The Ready-Set Slipped Over the Hair in 3 Seconds. 3—The Result—A Beautiful Toilet Everytime!

Miss Ray Morse, well known beauty specialist, says: "After seeing the wave any woman can so easily get by simply using the Ready-Set Marceller, I would be selfish if I did not admit that it will save American women thousands of dollars formerly spent with beauty parlors.

Send No Money

We want you to be convinced the Ready-Set will give satisfaction. Later we plan to sell through stores, and we want your good will. We are offering a special introductory price to women who make this test. Send in the coupon today for a 5-day trial of the Ready-Set Marceller.

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PERSONAL BEAUTY is the inherent right of every woman and this wonderful, invaluable book, compiled by eminent health and beauty experts is the one guide that points the way to the attainment of perfect health and development of entrancing and fascinating beauty. EVERYWOMAN'S GUIDE TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY consists of more than 350 pages. It is approximately seven by ten inches in size, exquisitely bound in blue grain art leather, title stamped in gold, profusely illustrated with portraits of the world's most beautiful women, charts and guides for massage and exercises. It presents a volume of truly invaluable content to anyone interested in improving or developing personal appearance.

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The contents embrace the care and development of the figure, special articles on outdoor life, recreative and health-giving sports, pastimes, and exercises. It describes fully and completely as to the care of the hair, skin, features, hand, feet, and every part of the human form with scientific and expert advice by Dr. Royal Samuel Copeland and other scientists and experts on all matters pertaining to the gaining and maintaining of health and beauty. Its contents include innumerable formulas for lotions, powders, and other forms of toilet accessories suitable for your individual needs.

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New York, N. Y.
storm where the drops, proportionately, are eight feet in diameter, and the pirate attack consisting of a few puffs of smoke, and some phoney noises from the orchestra, are all too similar examples.

Imagine, then, with what avidity we seize upon a Fairbanks, Lubitsch, Vidor or Von Stroheim production. "The Thief of Bagdad" marked a new era. For the first time we saw an appreciation of the possibilities, a touch of art, which made the plot secondary. We feel that this is the forerunner of some fine interpretations of the old epics.

King Vidor has achieved a brilliant success in "The Big Parade". Can any one ever forget the stirring scenes of the moving-up—the choked roads, the dynamic energy of a vast army moving to the attack—raw, confusing and thrilling? By contrast the old Illid, with Hector dragged three times around Troy, is wonderful material—for Mack Bennett. (Note to Greek Prof.: I was only feeling.)

The settings and direction in both "Kiss Me Again" and "The Merry Widow" reveal a gentler though no less masterful touch. The former especially is as subtle an appreciation of musical difficulties as has yet found its way to the silver screen. All hail to Lubitsch!

It may be argued, however, that the directing is, after all, but the vehicle of the artist. We concede that pantomime, oddest of arts, has been well treated at the hands of the movies. Indeed, we know that the greatest actors of all time have been developed there.

John Barrymore, with his wonderful insight into character, is perhaps the world's premier. His eyebrows and his hands express subtlety which would thrill even a Phi Beta Kap. John Gilbert is a second Booth. Particularly fine in his love scenes, his smoothness and balance stand out like the motif of a symphony. In short, he has acted himself right out of meeting our females!

We have, however, harbored a profound respect for Charlie Chaplin in spite of the articles on his intellectualism. As he swayed his audiences in "The Gold Rush" we could not help thinking of him as a virtuoso. (Our efforts to master the Oceana Roll have caused the managers of Childs' no end of anguish.)

Lon Chaney, Ford Sterling and Adolphe Menjou could pull us out on any kind of a night. And of the devil-may-care type, Reginald Denny will bear watching.

We sense what constitutes a good production, what makes an artist, and with true undergraduate ingenuity, we have so contrived that our allowance not only permits us to view every single production, but also to eat our fill—of dog biscuits.

Eleanor Boardman has been selected to play opposite John Gilbert in "Bardeley's the Magnificent".

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Books for Fans

I began to see that this was no ordinary assignment. Nell Gwyn was a real person, who still lives in beloved memory. She was such a wonderful girl that her King, who could have had his choice of thousands of beautiful princesses, grand ladies, famous beauties of the time, chose her, a ragged little orange-girl from the slums of London, to shower with his royal favors. In the few short months from the time she received the King's first present—a pair of silk stockings—in her mother's humble home, Nell Gwyn studied so hard under able dramatic teachers that when she made her début at the Drury Lane Theatre, she won instant public favor and the heart of jolly Charles II.

"The nerve of you," the telephone lady whispered. "You, Nell Gwyn!" Well, I said to myself, after my heart stopped teetering up and down between "I can" and "I can't", there's no ifs or ands about it; I must! The business office said the contract is all signed and I sail next week.

I read everything I could find on Nell Gwyn. Hers is one of the best known names in fiction. F. Frankford Moore wrote a novel about her, so did W. H. Ainsworth, and excellent figures appeared in George C. Hasleton's Mistress Nell and in Paul Kester's play, Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Heavens! What a woman, what a personality! But best of all—what an opportunity for me. It's one thing to create an imaginary character whom no one knows. It is an entirely different matter to recreate a famous personality. Frankly, I have never approached a task with such mingled feelings of hope and despair. It was wonderful working in London in the locale of Nellie's vivid life. It was most inspiring to visit the historic places, and see the cherished things that once were hers. Her home still stands, but little changed, in old St. Martin's.

No one will ever feel as I did the night of the "Nell Gwyn" premiere at the Rut-Car, New York. The grand ballroom was filled with an audience of magazine, newspaper, motion picture and theatrical people. I sat in the rear balcony, shivering with nervousness. They did not know I was there, until Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the director of the picture, dragged me out.

People are kind, I reflected as I rode home. I'm going back to England to star in three more pictures this year.

My telephone lady says Nell Gwyn did it for me.

---

WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG

By LINDA GRIFFITH

HOW you would enjoy sitting down for an evening, or for more than one, to listen to Mrs. D. W. Griffith, talk of the early days of the old Biograph Company on 14th Street! And as she talked of the years between that and the production of "The Birth of a Nation" you might be turning over her fine collection of photographs, finding unfamiliar pictures of stars you have known—Maek Sennett, Mary Pickford before her curls became a feature; Mabel Normand, Dorothy Osh, and many more.

This is what is given you, with the privilege of enjoying it as often as you like, and of sharing it with as many friends as you like, in the book

When the Movies Were Young

By LINDA GRIFFITH

Price $3.00
Freely Illustrated

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It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

W e always thought of her as an onlooker. You know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg." We thought she was joking. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and sent herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I watched her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed... She played *Alitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. Where the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought? But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulat her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly," I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all," she laughed. "I just listened, and being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz, from the notes, you know."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Thank of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game!"

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first, and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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A lovely little Mexican girl, Frances de Montez, sang for the party, and after a while the girls broke up into fortune-telling groups and flirted around the room because Helen Ferguson said that, never having been at Kathleen’s house before, she had been mistaken as to its location, and had told Billy Russell, her husband, to look for her in Beverly Hills. Everybody told her she shouldn’t have been so careless with such a good-looking husband.

“Well, I can’t kiss him anymore, even if I do see him,” said Lilyan. “I’ve been eating garlic and he does hate it so.”

The men came in at about ten. Jimmy Young, Lou Tellegen, Tom Mix, Dorothy Cumings, Hedda Hopper, Eva Gregory, Mae Ayer, Mary Ford and a lot of others. The men came in later, after supper.

Lilyan Tashman said that she just couldn’t wait to have her house-warming and everyone was invited. “It won’t be a house-warming,” remarked Lilyan. “It will be a house-hitting! It is going to be THE liveliest party Beverly has ever seen.”

George O’Brien and Olive Borden were to come later, but we found out afterward they had spent the evening at Olive’s house. And somebody said that they have been secretly married!

“Oh, I don’t think so,” said Mary Ford. “I am George’s mother confessor, and I’m sure he would have told me if it were so.”

**Ask Me**

(Continued from page 5)

M. A. B. Although I am not a man, I’ll answer your questions just the same. Eleanor Boardman was born August 19th, 1898, and she isn’t married yet, but is regarded to be engaged to King Vidor. Ramon Novarro, born, 1899. You can address him care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruby V. No, I haven’t seen Mrs. Winifred O’Shaughnessy’s Natacha Rambova and Hurd Nut Valentinio (all those names belong, I understand, to Ruby’s second and ex pir, but I have seen her on the vaudeville stage here in a sketch with a violin or something). All I can say is "Winifred, you received your letter. For other answers to your queries, see elsewhere in this column. I am sorry about your dog; it’s miserable losing a pet you love.


**The Scarlet Letter**—Continued from page 43

"Hester," said he, "I ask not wherefore, or how, thou hast fallen into the pit, or say, rather, fallen into the abyss, but unto thee is given the pedes-tal of infamy, on which I found thee. The reason is not far to seek. It was my folly, and thy weakness — a man of thought and dreams, and of great libraries — a man already in decay, having given my best years to feed the hungry dream of knowledge — what had I to do with youth and beauty like thine own? Mispapered from my birth, thou hast already made me familiar with the idea that intellectual gifts might veil physical deformity in a young girl's fantasy! Men call me wise. If sages were ever wise in their own behoof, I might have forseen all this. I might have known that, as I came out of the vast and dismal forest, and entered this settlement of Chris-

and brought a handsome Spanish vase as her gift. Harold had expected to come over after he got through working, as he was making some scenes that evening, but he telephoned late that his company was still going strong.

Mrs. Brown turned to Kathleen and bestowed on her the lovely ostrich-feather fan she was carrying, and Kathleen exclaimed that it was her commission, she supposed, for giving the party.

That lovely Paulette Douglas brought Mrs. Brown the most exquisite Spanish fan, bro-caded, with carvcd ivory sticks, and it was then that Mrs. Brown handed Kathleen her ostrich-feather fan.

Dakings was gone east, but she had sent her gift, a Spanish shawl, and everybody at the party worked over a telegram to send Bebe.

Corliss Palmer was there, looking gorgeous, and there were Mary Aitken, Mrs. Lou Tellegen, Marie Mosquini, Grace Gordon, Lilyan Tashman, Mrs. Tom Mix, Dorothy Cumings, Hedda Hopper, Eva Gregory, Mae Ayer, Mary Ford and a lot of others. The men came in later, after supper.

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betrayed thy budding youth into a false and unnatural relation with my decay. Therefore, as a man who has not so thought and philosophized in vain, I seek no vengeance, plot no evil against thee. Between thee and me, the scale hangs fairly balanced. But, Hester, the man who has wronged us both! Who is he?"

"Ask me not!" replied Hester Prynne, looking firmly into his face. "That thou shalt never know! Never, sayest thou?" rejoined he with a smile of dark and self-relying intelligence.

"Never know him! Believe me, Hester, there are a few things—whether in the outward world, or, to a certain depth, in the inward wear and molderingness of things—hidden from the man who devotes himself earnestly and unreservedly to the solution of a mystery. . . I shall seek this man, as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shoulders, suddenly and unawares. Sooner or later, he must fall!"

The eyes of the wrinkled scholar glanced so intensively upon her, that Hester Prynne clasped her hands over her heart, darting her glance to the secret places in her breast.

"Thou wilt not reveal his name? Not the less he is mine," resumed he, with a look of confidence, as if destiny were at once with him. "He bears no letter of infamy wrought in the sealed and unknown wax; but I shall read it on his heart. Yet fear not for him! Think not that I shall interfere with Heaven's own method of retribution, or to my own loss, betray him to the grip of human law. Neither do I think that I shall contrive against his life; no, nor against his fame, if, as I judge, he be a man of fair reputation. Let him live! Let him hide himself outwardly; outward honor, if he may! Not the less he shall be mine!"

"Thy acts are like mercy," said Hester, bewildered and appalled.

"But thy words interpret them as a torch!"

"One thing, thou wast my wife, I would enjoin upon thee," continued the scholar. "Thou hast kept the secret of thy presence of heart and life; and there are none in this land that know me. Breathe not, to any human soul, that thou didst ever call me husband! Here, on this wild outskirt of the earth, I shall pitch my tent; for, elsewhere a wanderer, and isolated from human interests, I find here a woman, a man, a child, amongst whom and myself there exist the closest ligaments. No matter what hopeful and better of right or wrong! Thou and thine, Hester Prynne, belong to me. My home is where thou art, and where he is. But betray me not!"

"Wherefore dost thou desire it?" inquired Hester, shrinking, she hardly knew why, from this secret bond. "Why not announce thyself openly, and cast me off at once?"

"It may be," he replied, "because I will not encounter the dishonor that besmirches the husband of a faithless woman. It may be for other reasons. Enough, it is my purpose to live and die unknown. Let there be said to thee, husband of the world and one already dead, and of whom no tidings shall ever come. Recognize me not, by word, by sign, by look! Breathe not the secret, above all, to the man thou wast of. Shouldst thou learn me anew, beware! Haste him, his fame, his position, his life, will be in my hands. Beware!"

"I will keep thy secret, as I have his," said she, rejoined he.

"Swear it!" And she took the oath.

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**Somethiing DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair**

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others are positively horrid. I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind. It is the one that sits down, yet looks up, and adores. I can't tell you what the color is, but it is absolutely lovely. He has that charm of a tiny dancing light that somehow suggest aurora, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the light is moved that you catch the aurora suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that, I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J.W. Kott Co., 562 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Mercy or the most refined cruelty? No wonder Hester was perplexed at the old scholar's attitude. But she had given her promise and would keep it. So, after her release from the jail, for seven years she went about the village with two secrets locked in her breast. Bitterness, at first, was hers, and suffering, as she watched her child grow, almost as the wild things of the forest, knowing no companionship other than her mother's.

Pearl became a pretty little girl, elfin and fairylke, but the great "A" which seemed to Hester to burn ever deeper into her very flesh, set Pearl apart from the normal life of the village as it set her mother apart from it. Yet, little by little, the attitude of those who had so bitterly condemned the mother changed. Accepting her ostracism as a means of atoning for her sin, Hester made no effort to regain her former social position. She went her way unobtrusively, gaining a livelihood for herself and child with her clever needlework, always ready to nurse the sick or prepare the dead for burial.

In the town, a self-appointed sister of mercy, winning, by her self-sacrificing devotion, the grudging admiration of the townspeople.

But what of Roger Chillingworth — and that unknown other?

Chillingworth had attached himself to the young minister, Arthur Dimmesdale. Dimmesdale seemed, indeed, greatly in need of a physician's services. He had grown ever thinner and paler since the day when he had reluctantly added his exhortations to those of the Rev. John Wilson on the marketplace scaffold, and he had contracted a habit of placing his hand over his heart as if some secret sorrow rankled there — as it, in the case of Hester Prynne, some brand, though unseen by the eyes of men, burned ever deeper into his flesh. Chillingworth's herbs seemed to have no effect upon his health. Chillingworth's plea that he discuss whatever was troubling him with his physician were as unavailing.

Then one day (in a scene so beautiful that it must be given in the master's own words), the minister whom all his little world regarded as a saint and the woman who was visibly branded as a sinner, chanced to meet in the forest.

Slowly as the minister walked, he had almost gone by, before Hester Prynne could gather enough voice to attract his observation. At length she succeeded.

"Arthur Dimmesdale!" she said, faintly at first; then louder, but hoarseley. "Arthur Dimmesdale!"

"Who speaks?" answered the minister. Throwing his eyes anxiously in the direction of the voice, he distinctly beheld a form under the trees, clad in garments so somber, and so little relieved from the gray twilight into which the clouded sky and the heavy foliage had darkened the noontide, that he knew not whether it was a woman or a shadow. It may be, that his pathway through life was haunted thus, by a specter that had stolen out from among his thoughts.

He made a step nearer, and discovered the scarlet letter.

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" he said. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"
It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual and bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. So strangely did they meet, in the dim wood, that it was like the first encounter, in the world beyond the grave, of two spirits who had been intimately connected in their former life, but now stood coldly shuddering, in mutual dread: as not yet familiar with their state, nor wonted to the companionship of disembodied beings.

Without a word more spoken—neither he nor she assuming the guidance, but with an unexpected consent—they glided back into the shadow of the woods, whence Hester had emerged, and sat down on the heap of moss where she and Pearl had been sitting. When they found voice to speak, it was, at first, only to utter remarks and inquires such as any two acquaintances might have made, about the gloomy sky, the threatening storm, and, next, the health of each. Thus they went onward, not boldly, but step by step, into the themes that were brooding deepest in their hearts. So long estranged by fate and circumstances, they needed something slight and casual to run before, and throw open the doors of intercourse, so that their real thoughts might be led across the threshold.

After a while, the farmer fixed his eyes on Hester Prynne's. "Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drestly, looking down upon her bosom.

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None!—nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist—a man devoid of conscience—a wretch of coarse and brutal instincts—I might have found peace, long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it. But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there originally was in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

Hester reminded him of the reverence with which the community regarded him—but this only increased his despair.

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester gently. "You have deeply and sorely repented. Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. Your present life is not less holy, in very truth, than it seems in people's eyes. Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good
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works? And wherefore shall it not bring you peace?"

The unhappy man responded that of penance, self-inflicted, he had had enough, but this seemed to him unavailing. If he might have one friend with whom he might share his secret—a friend or even an enemy who knew the sin that he hid from the knowledge of those who trusted and revered him, lest the scandal of it do utterable harm to the community.

Hester Prynne looked into his face, hesitated to speak. Yet, uttering his long restrained emotions so vehemently as he did, his words here offered her the very point of circumstances in which to interpose what ever she came to say. She conquered her fears, and spoke.

"Such a friend as thou hast even now wished for," said she, "with whom to weep over thy sin, thou hast in me, the partner of it!—Again she hesitated, but brought out the words with an effort—"Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him, under the same roof!"

The minister started to his feet, gasping for breath, and clutching at his heart, as if he would have torn it out of his bosom.

"Oh, Arthur," cried she, "Forgive me!"

In all things else I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast, through all extremity, save when thy good—thy life—thy fame—were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man—the physician—he whom they call Roger Chillingworth—he was my husband!"

The minister looked at her for an instant with all that violence of passion which irrupted, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities—was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by such
He started at the thought that suddenly occurred to him.

"Hester, cried he, "here is a new horror Chillingworth knows, whose purpose to reveal his true character. Will he continue, then, to keep our secret? What will now be the course of his revenge?"

"There is a strange secrecy in his nature," replied Hester, "and he thought it has grown upon him by the hidden practices of his heart. I deem it not likely that he will betray the secret. He will doubtless seek other means of satiating his dark passion.

"And If—how am I to live longer, breathing the same air with this deadly enemy?"

"I exclaimed Arthur Dimmesdale, shrinking along his hand rhythmically against his heart—a gesture that had grown involuntary with him. Think for me, Hester! Thou art strong. Resolve for me.

"Tho' thou must dwell no longer with this man," said Hester, slowly and firmly. "Thy heart must be no longer under his evil eye.

"It was far worse than death!" replied the minister, "but I must endure it. What choice remains to me? Shall I lie down again on these withered leaves, where I cast myself when thou didst tell me what was. Must I sink down there, and die at once?

"Is the world, then, so narrow?" exclaimed Hester Prynne, fixing her deep eyes on the minister's, and instinctively exerting a magnetic power over a spirit so shattered and subdued that it could hardly hold itself erect. "Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, and this world to be the said yonder forest track? Backward to the settlement, thou sayest! Yes, but onward, too. Deeper it goes, and deeper, into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step, until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! So brief a journey would bring thee from a world where humanity was tethered to one path, where thou mayst still be happy? Is there not shade enough in all this boundless forest to hide thee from the gaze of Roger Chillingworth?"

"Yes, Hester; but only under the fallen leaves!" replied the minister, with a sad smile.

Then there is the broad pathway of the sea," continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. In our native land, whether in remote rural district or in vast London axe killing us. Without the sea, within, what could be beyond his power and knowledge? And what hast thou to do with all these men and their opinions? They have kept thy better part in bondage too long."

"It cannot be!" answered the minister, listening as if he were called upon to realize a dream. "I am powerless to go! Wretched and sinful as I am, I have had no other thought than to drag out my earthly existence in the sphere where Providence has placed me. Lost as my own soul is, I would still do what I may for other human souls! I dare not quit my post, though an unfaithful one, because of the death and dishonor, when his dreary watch shall come to an end!"

"Thou art crushed, under this seven years, by this very cloud, for I have pervertedly resolved to buoy him up with her own energy. "But thou shalt leave it all behind thee! Leave this week and ruin here where it hath happened... The future is yet full of trial and success. There
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is happiness to be enjoyed! There is good to be done! Exchange this false life of thine for a true one. Be, if thy spirit summon thee to such a mission, the teacher of thy race!—the apostle of the red men! Or—as it is more thy nature—be a scholar and a sage among the waset and the most renowned of the cultivated white men!—and let the world know. Do anything safe to lie down and die! Give up this name of Arthur Dimmesdale, and make thyself another, and a high one, such as thou canst wear without fear or shame. Pledg your soul to and in memory of John Proctor as one other day in the tombs that have so gnawed into thy life!—that have made thee feeble to will and to do!—that will leave thee powerless even to repent! Up and away!

"O Hester!" cried Arthur Dimmesdale, in whose eyes a tuff light, kindled by her enthusiasm, flashed up and died away, "thou talkest of running a race to a false memory of thyself. All weaknesses are toshering beneath him! I must die here! There is not strength or courage left me to venture into the wide, strange, difficult world again.

It was the last expression of the despondency of a broken spirit. He lacked energy to grasp the better fortune that seemed within his reach.

He repeated the word. "Alone, Hester!" "Thou shalt not go alone!" answered she in a deep whisper.

Then all was spoken.

One strangeloyalty to duty—one pathetic link of pride delayed the young minister's flight with Hester and little Pearl, and even Sir Charles awaited them in the harbor. He was to deliver the Election Sermon—an event of the year—and that task he resolved to perform before he left his Rock forever.

Before a rapt audience that filled the church and extended into the square before it, he delivered it. Never had he spoken so brilliantly. Never had his eloquence been so moving.

"Thus," (again in the author's own words)

there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could thereafter be. He stood at this moment on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister's words had elevated him to; and now he was hurrying forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still blazing on her breast.

Now was heard again the clanger of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession moved forward to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

But in that moment of his triumph, Arthur Dimmesdale's tortured spirit had found itself unable to endure its burden longer. Suddenly, as the procession moved forward, he forced his way through the crowd to the foot of the scaffold, where stood Hester and little Pearl. He extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Come, Hester, come. Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately in the line, pressed forward, overpowered by surprise, and so perplexed at the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they listened to the members of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps; while the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and that in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hast thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no spot nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me—save on this very scaffold!"

"Thy blessings be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeling of some dread lurking in the depths of his soul.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better, better! It all may yet be.

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will! I have made my peace with thee before. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, and whose eyes overflowed with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to the world.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose above them, high, solemn, and majestic—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye, that have loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last, again, I have made my peace with my God! For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so mindfully and fearfully the mark was framed—a re- pose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shivered!

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness, and, still more, the faintness of feeling that was striving for the mastery with him...
"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of hollowness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mein of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! —and said, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that questions God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of acute pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!" May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he feebly — and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child — "dear little Pearl; wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yoger, in the forest! But now thou wilt!"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies, and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Toward her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his.

"Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright, dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with a tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! —the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be, that, when we forgot our God—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my heart! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been left forever! Praise be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

So passed Arthur Dimmesdale.

Roger Chillingworth, we are told, withered slowly to his death as if, with Hester's secret known and the possibility of revenge taken out of his hands, he had no further interest in living. Hester lived on, respected but aloof, in the community that had witnessed her shame and her life-long atonement. Pearl, upon reaching young womanhood, married and went to live in a kindlier and more tolerant society.

And out of the sin and the suffering of these characters—whether they actually lived or were only figments of Nathaniel Hawthorne's imagination—has been woven one of the greatest novels which the genius of America has ever produced.

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woman was a mere chattel—when Nineveh was besieged and he saw
that it must fall he collected his wives and treasures and burned them
with himself in his palace. Since then the status of woman has varied
greatly; at times man bought and sold her; under the Cæsars she
was his equal before the law. Christianity did much to emancipate
women; it has remained for twentieth century America to make her a
fetish. To-day she dominates; her preëminence is undisputed. She
is the motif of most discussions. Our newspapers, magazines, and
novels show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all,
and how powerful her influence for good or evil in every relationship
of life. Of all subjects that have interested mankind throughout the
ages, the greatest of all still—as it was in the Garden of Eden—is

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ORINNE GRIFFITH'S Bracelet FREE Page 34
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SCREENLAND
June, 1926
"The Spirit of the Movies"
VOL. XIII, No. 2

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Harold Lloyd
in
“For Heaven’s Sake”
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“The Blind Goddess”
With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser. From the story by Arthur Train.

A Clarence Badger Production
“The Rainmaker”
With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story “Heavenbent” by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

W. C. Fields in
“It’s the Old Army Game”
An Edward Sutherland Production. Meaning “Never give a sucker an even break.” From J. P. McEvoy’s “The Comic Supplement.” Adapted by Luther Reed.

Pola Negri
in
“The Crown of Lies”
A Dimitri Buchowetzki Production. From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Zane Grey’s
“Desert Gold”
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DO you love adventure? Do you want to make big money? Although aviation is still in its infancy there is a crying demand for men with courage, nerve, and self-reliance—ambitious men who are looking for the field. For those who qualify there will be thousands of highly paid jobs.

Amazing Opportunity in the Airplane Industry

Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up.

Think how much aviation has progressed in the last few years. Commercial air lines have already proved themselves successful both in Europe and America. Great men predict that in the near future there will be air freight lines—organizations as large as our railroads are today. Aviation is making 100 per cent gains for every young man.


Marie J. Sorry, Marie, but I haven't any information regarding schools not acting, and I understand the Paramount school has its full quota of pupils, for the time being.

Joe S. (Chicago). See answer to Marie J. Mary Brian and Betty Bronson are with Paramount—Mary at the Hollywood studios, and Betty at present in the east. Astoria Studios, Long Island, N. Y. Mary Pickford was born, April, 1893, and Douglas Fairbanks is ten years older. Buck Jones has a "Mrs. Buck" who was formerly Odile Osborne, a circus rider. Buck is with Fox Studios, Western Ave., Hollywood.

Ricardo Cortez, Admiration. Ricardo was born in Alsace-Lorraine, but I can't tell you if he is of Spanish parentage. Alfrid, I'll remember you want a full page of the dic Ricardo in a future SCREENLAND.

A Lover of the Screen. Allene Ray and Walter Miller, who were in "The Green Archer," made this picture under the Pathé Banner; address them care of Pathé, 35 W. 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Doc Martinez. Robert Frazier is married. His address is 1908 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles. William Collier, Jr., is with Famous-Players-Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood.

The Charles de Roche Club of Friends, with an enrolled membership of over 900, wants fans to know it has a home at 724 East Main Street, Enid, Oklahoma. Its secret- ary, Annie Laurie Byrutt, says they have a membership extending all over the world and their pamphlet announces that the club members speak English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, so now you fans try out your linguistic accomplish- ments on this energetic club.

B. T. Who told you Yaka Canutt had left pictures? Why, he's just beginning to sit up and take notice. He's a world famous horseman and you'll see him in 'The Devil Horse' with Rex his mount. Born White- man County, Wash., 1896; Yakima, not the horse.

Helen Reed, Good news, Helen—Ben Lyon isn't married, and somehow that led carries around a look as if he doesn't intend to marry for some time yet.

W. H. Brice. Don't worry me old chap. I just hate to rush! Address Cecil de Mille care of his studios, Colver City, Cal.
Friend from Dayton. Glad you like us! I agree, Viola Dana is a splendid little trouper, but it would be hard on the other players if we all liked the same ones, wouldn't it? Watch out for Viola in "Wild Oats Lane." He is still working and her address, for the time being, is Marshall Neilan Studio, 144 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood. Hope the wrist is better and that the best girl wasn't mad because you wrote me first.

Jerry Connors Sally O'Neil was born in New Jersey, of Irish parents. Her real name is Chootsie Nolan. She is absolutely NOT related to Pola Negri, so you win the bet!

S. Kimmel. Yes I know what R. S. V. P. means—my French is about limited to that, so don't "spring" anything further on me, will you? Alice Calhoun care of Warner Bros., 1513 Blvd., Hollywood.

Walter Van U. Doris Kenyon is 5.6, weight 123. Carol Dempster is 5.5, about 118. Priscilla Dean is 5.4, weight 125. Irene Rich is 5.6, weight 138. Alma Rubens is 5.7, weight 130. Florence Vidor is 5.4, weight 120. Claire Windsor is 5.7, weight 140. Mary Astor is 5.3, weight 116. Patsy Ruth Miller is 5.4, weight 120. Anita Stewart is 5.7, weight 122. Mary McAvoy is 5.1, weight 94. Eleanor Boardman is 5.6, Norma Shearer is 5.3, weight 109. Marie Prevost is 5.4, weight 123. Marion Nixon is 5.2, weight 100. Dolores Costello is 5.4, weight 118.


Grace—Elizabeth B. (Mass.): Of course I'll tell you about Ramon Novarro. He isn't married, nor does he seem to be worrying about it. Address him care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Culver City, Cal. May McAvoy who is still single, can be reached care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

F. A. X. Rudolph Valentino is now single again—married twice, you know. Valentino is 29 and he hails from Italy. Tom Mighan is very happily married to Frances King and he was born in 1880. Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Haw and he was born May 9th, 1897. Bebe Daniels is single and saw the light of day on January 14th, 1901. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Norma was born 1886. Ricardo Cortez hails from Alsace-Lorraine.

Raquel M. W., Write Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York and I'm quite sure they'll give me the information you require regarding "Ben-Hur." Yes, you'll get a photo from Ramon Novarro if you send twenty-five cents to cover postage. Address him care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios, Culver City, Cal. Thanks for your remarks regarding my department, and you'll probably get your wish—the editor is going to give me more space from now on!

Listen Fans. Mabel Hall writes that an Esther Ralston Fan Club with Esther as honorary president has been formed. All Esther's admirers are invited to join. It sounds like an interesting club and if you want further particulars just write Miss Mabel Hall, 1250 So, Normal Ave., Chico, California for particulars.
There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest opalescence, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you begin to see the opalescence suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

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Broadway

Adolphe Menjou as "The Social Celebrity" with his crown of office.

LAURA was the first motion picture star to arrive in New York with an official chaperone. Sometimes the girls bring their mothers with them; but this is the first time an actress had ever appeared among them with a real, live guardian. It might have let her in for a lot of kidding from the young low-brows if the chaperone hadn't been the popular Hedda Hopper. There, in a no-man-in pictures any more; sought-after than Hedda. She's beautiful, dangerously well-dressed, and she has a sparkling way which has been the life of many film parties. She has been away for three years, because Hollywood has been so good to her, with good parts and such pals as Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge. She played with Laura La Plante in "The Teaser" and after that Hedda took a sort of big-sister interest in Laura. Their trip east was a series of ovations. It was Hedda who introduced little La Plante to Anita Loos and John Emerson and who suggested that the little star was just the ideal type for the role of "Lorelie Lee in Miss Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The Emersons agreed heartily, introduced Laura to Edgar Selwyn, producer of the stage version of the popular book, and everything was all set for Laura to make her stage debut—when Universal decided she couldn't be spared from their screen duties long enough. Lucky for us—but a loss to the play.

Hedda Hopper, by the way, will remain in New York to play the leading feminin role in "The Cherry Tree," which will be George Jessel's next motion picture.

Rex Ingram will remain in Europe indefinitely, according to Howard Strickland, a representative who returned to America for a short stay. The young director of "Matte Nostrum" has a splendid new studio at Nice, France; he is continually getting new ideas, and he believes he can express himself more fully, in his own way, in France than in Hollywood. He refuses to be dictated to as to what stories he shall make pictures of, and how. And this independent director further declares that if he can't make pictures his own way, he won't make them at all. His new one, now under way, "The Magician," is from Somerset Maugham's story; and with the exception of Mrs. Ingram—Alice Terry —it will have an all-continental cast. The leading man is Ra-
Petroff, a very handsome and able Russian who is a sensation in Europe. It is believed that "Mare nostrum" is Ingram's pet picture to date. Certainly no other picture in years has caused more attention.

What do you think about it?

If you saw "The Unguarded Hour," with Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, you will remember the handsome villain who "bites the dust" after falling out of the window. Charles Beyer, who took part in filming the big scene, in which he had to fall, broke, hard, to his screen death. Charles broke his neck.

Work on the picture, not yet finished, has been held up for a week. Wringer at his hands at the unfortunate accident, both for his villain's own sake and for the sake of the picture. That director was scouring through the hundreds of shots made by his actor, and then threw over his shoulder a picture that he felt would be all right in a little while, and that he'd be back on broom. He was known to have written certain sections of the film.

If you're an "old" movie fan, as we are, you'll remember Josephine Scott, Marvina Ley Harris and several others are also working in the film. When Josephine returned, she was told to report on the D. W. Griffith set for work in "Sorrows of Satan," Marion Gish's and several others are also working in the film. While before the picture, he felt sure the film might see the light until that opportunity comes.

At the midnight opening of "The Flaming Frontier" in New York, the guest of honor was the one. Garth, Edward S. Godfrey, U. S. A., retired. In case that doesn't mean anything to you, listen: he is the sole surviving participant in the last stand of Gen. Custier. Godfrey held the town of New Bay for two days until General Terry arrived with relief troops. It was Gen. Godfrey who found Custier's body. At eighty-five, the General died a few years ago, having a heart attack which made American history. What a thrill that must have been for him!

If you're an "old" movie fan, as we are, you'll remember the man who shot his way through; Josephine Scott, Marvina Ley Harris and several others are also working in the film. While before the picture, he felt sure the film might see the light until that opportunity comes.

A Distinguished visitor from Hollywood was Rin-Tin-Tin, known as Rinty to his intimates. His owner, Mr. Duncan, brought him east to make personal appearances in conjunction with his new film, "The Night the Light Burned." Rinty, a splendid police dog, was discovered by Duncan during the war, and has been trained by him since puppyhood. He's a veteran of several thousand dog fights; he is not in the least upstage. He still condescends to "play dead" for the benefit of his admirers. Rin-Tin-Tin was the host to a party that has been given to all his repertoire of "tricks" obligingly. He's a great actor if there ever was one.

Marion Davies, after a long stay in California, arrived here in the same time Norma did. While she was here Marion admitted her salary is ten thousand a week and added that she always tried to keep her money in the shop. She always saves nothing but couldn't always make it. When somebody said, "Poor girl," or something sarcastic like that, Marion replied that a screen star's career is always limited and that the thing to do is to cash in while you can. Miss Davies' salary not only supports herself, but a large family of nieces and other relatives.

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Make Marriage A Success

Marriage always means security to the word. What you are you should be, and your marriage will be strong and beautiful as long as you live in harmony with your children who may live to curse you for their inheritance of weak, sickly vitality, and who will thus be a real man. Don’t think you can save yourself with drugs and doctors, for unnatural methods can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will only harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature’s natural law. She will not fail you if you sit at her feet and learn her ways.

I RESTORE MEN

My entire life has been dedicated to a study of the science of health and strength and mental energy. I have written a wonderfully instructive book, “PRODUCTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY.” It will tell you exactly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. Just mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want special conditions filled in, and send it to me with a ten cent piece (one dime) to help pay postage, wrapping, etc. It’s a money-saver and life-saver. Send for my free book RIGHT NOW—TODAY.

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Books for FANS

Because of Anita Loos, every motion-picture believer carries his chest a little farther out. Anita Loos, our own screen writer, has turned out “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” and at the same time has upset some gentlemen of the superior literary cult. Her little book is a best seller, leaving the highbrows far behind and soon it will be a play and then screened. Miss Loos herself says “it’s so successful I’m scared of it.” There’s an English edition, also a translation into German, into French, even into Hungarian (part of the story takes place in Vienna).

What’s it all about — oh yes, it’s the best diary of a bad little girl ever written. It is creamingly funny.

Famous Players will make the picture, and there is much discussion about who will play the dizzy blonde, Lorlei Lee, the heroine. This very original miss, thunks that “kissing your hand may make you feel very good, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever” and that Paris is “Devine” because you can see the Coty signs. She is so dumb she thinks Corn Flakes are a foot disease, but she gets away with trips to Europe, “dips a page into English history” by dancing with the Prince of Wales, yearns for diamond tiaras and marries a triple millionaire of a “very very old family”. She really is delightful and makes everybody happy and “after all, the greatest thing in life is always to be making everybody else happy”.

Which is one of SCREENLAND’s reasons for suggesting Esther Ralston for the part of Lorlei Lee. She has the necessary “pep”, golden hair, blue eyes, every inch of her five feet is dainty and exquisite.

Many clever actresses have been suggested for this part, which is bound to be one of the biggest successes. Laura La Plante for one, and Clara Bow also could qualify. Still another charming possibility is Louise Brooks, formerly the spirit of the Follies, now playing in W. C. Fields’ “The Old Army Game.”

Miss Loos herself is undecided and she is well experienced in the movie game. She began by writing movie scenarios when she was fourteen.
The Greatest Adventure Romance of All!

THE SEA BEAST

starring

JOHN BARRYMORE

with

DOLORES COSTELLO

The great supporting cast includes George O'Hara, Mike Donlin and hundreds of others.

From the famous adventure novel, "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

Directed by MILLARD WEBB

Gripping in its dramatic intensity and photographic beauty, "The Sea Beast" has been acclaimed by millions as the greatest photoplay of many seasons. Against a background of stirring, colorful adventure at sea, John Barrymore enacts his finest role. Opposite him is Dolores Costello, the appealing heroine, who illuminates the picture with the glory of young love, and justifies the prediction that she is to become one of the screen's most illustrious actresses. Truly, your round of entertainment is not complete unless you've seen "The Sea Beast". It's a Warner Bros. Production.

Varied and Delightful Entertainment!

Watch for these pictures at your favorite theatre.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

An ERNST LUBITSCH Production

The directorial genius of Ernst Lubitsch brings to the screen all the subtle charm and delightful moments of Oscar Wilde's masterpiece. Irene Rich in the stellar role portrays the woman of the world of sophistication. Sparkling, satirical, captivating.

HELL BENT FOR HEAVEN

with Patsy Ruth Miller

The splendid stage play which was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the year's greatest drama—now more inspiring than ever on the screen. A monumental tribute to all that goes to make absorbing entertainment. Directed by J. Braham Blackton.

THE NIGHT CRY

starring Rin Tin Tin

The famous police dog star in the most amazing picture of its kind ever seen. It is a story of the sheep country with melodramatic thrills, suspense and romance interwoven. Every lover of dogs or pictures, young and old, will want to see this. Directed by Herman Raymaker.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Even the most blasé of theatregoers bursts into spasms of spontaneous merriment at the antics of Chaplin. In this picture Chaplin becomes a groomsman to be near the girl he admires. The amusing complications make a mirthful riot from start to finish. Directed by Chuck Reisner.

WHY GIRLS GO BACK HOME

starring Patsy Ruth Miller

You'll never guess why they do go back home! The climax of this picture will be a complete shock to you. Here is a fiendish, lovely and diverting story of Broadway theatrical life. Filled with absorbing situations. Directed by James Flood.

OH, WHAT A NURSE!

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Oh, what a picture! Syd Chaplin in this latest and best. Funnier, faster laughing thrills than you've ever seen. In the big city—out to see—and back again. Sure, there is romancen, but it is funny! Directed by Chuck Reisner.

WARNER BROS. PRODUCTIONS

1600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Brothers three — Neil Hamilton, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes in Paramount's filming of the recent best seller, "Beau Geste".

Things to Talk About

I

The rapid moving action of a film, no one in the audience, thank goodness, can feel the days of worry which, perhaps, elapse between making of the different scenes of a sequence.

Mr. Harry Pollard, directing Miss Margaret Fischer in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," recently went through such an experience. The first scenes only were photographed when Mr. Pollard was taken ill. After weeks in the hospital, he returned and finished the action scenes. The screen will show you the thrilling, dramatic episode, but no one will know at which point the terrifying touch of diphtheria delayed the work of this brilliant director.

Some one must do something about the introductory titles of pictures. Some producers give screen credit to altogether too many people and other producers neglect to mention the names of the players at all.

SCREENLAND feels that all points being taken into consideration, the ideal method is to give the name of the character and the name of the player when the character first appears, whether in the first reel or later. What do you think about this?

Some inventor will visit the fine performance of Doug Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate" and thrilling to the wonderful color effects, will, perhaps, solve the age-old problem of depth in pictures.

This color photography required extraordinarily sharp focus and because of this or perhaps because of the color, there is a depth and a stereoscopic feeling about this picture that we have never seen equaled in black and white.

Speaking about freak shots, the moving camera which travels with the player, as the player runs or turns, is entirely successful. Who will be the director who will dare to make a picture having the camera see always and continuously what the eyes of genuine, and that down the stairway shot of "Kiki" was worthy of "The Last Laugh".

A freak shot is more than just a different placing of the camera. A successful one carries forward the movement in a peculiar way illustrating the thoughts of the character and often making a commonplace situation charmingly fresh.
**To those we never meet!**

There are legions of lovely ladies in this land—hidden in tiny hamlets and great cities... in fact—for every beauty found by fame—a thousand pass unseen.

Is it any wonder that in this vast garden of Feminine Charm, TRE-JUR is acclaimed first aid to good looks?

In gun-metal, gold or silver finish, there is an exquisite compact case for every need. There's powder or rouge, single or double—each a gem of ingenuity—each supreme in the quality and purity of its ingredients.

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by a woman who knows.

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—Shelley

The most beautiful "still" of the month from

"The Shamrock Handicap"
with
JANET GAYNOR
and
LESLIE FENTON
In the "Bride of the Storm" there is a high spot of dramatic grace where Dolores holds the hero's (John Harron) fingers to her lips.

Off stage she is just one of Maurice's girls.

Again the electric lights of Broadway blaze her name over two theatres at the same time and yet only a few months ago she had never played a part. She has such good looks that she does not need to think about them. And so she gives herself freely to her emotions. Let them play upon her beauty as they will Dolores Costello is always lovely.
A Plea for Imagination

BY THE EDITOR

This is a plea for the most important thing in your life. If you can imagine then you are a god. What your rivals will do in business will be clear to you, what machinery might do will appear in your visions and the pathway to happiness will be found by feet that wander in dreams.

In the picture above, from John Barrymore’s film, the storm-wrecked ship carries on under the will which drives and drives and cannot wait. You sense the empty waters and the fire of this determination. Now suppose that you read some misguided writer’s account of the trick of this scene. Suppose it IS a hose that makes the storm — what if it is all make believe? To flatten this work of art down to commonplace dullness — is that a help to you? No. Be gullible, be easily deceived. Let your mind go and feel the cold of the wind-hurled rain and you will be blown upward to the stars perhaps and know the joy of culture.

Let no man dare to tell you how this is faked, and that is false. Let him steal your purse, but keep from him the glory of your dreams.

Belief in things unseen is FAITH. And you will need Faith to give you a hand-up, somewhere along the road.
The Cleverest Titles of the month

Screenland finds that again RALPH SPENCE is in front. Here are some of the reasons.

A job on a newspaper, The El Paso Morning Times, was his last stop—then Los Angeles and the movies. But before he edited the motion picture page at El Paso, he had been on other Texas papers, in fact he hadn't done anything else but since, at the tender age of 14, he started as a reporter for the Houston Daily News. And now he can write things like—

"The Marquise de la Marr wore the lowest cut gown in Paris just to show that her heart was in the right place."

Clever! That's from "Mlle. Modiste", Corinne Griffith's next picture, which he titled.

Ralph Spence wrote the stage play "The Gorilla" and has had his hand in shaping the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Frolics" of several years.

His titles for Harold Lloyd's picture "For Heaven's Sake" are so funny that they often cause bursts of laughter as loud as any gag.

It is wonderful what this man can do. Gag men, camera men, equipment, properties, locations, stars, players, fire-water and runaways may combine to get you to laugh but Ralph Spence with his lead pencil and the back of an envelope can equal them all.

He describes one tough guy in Lloyd's film as "a one-man crime wave." He says of an optimist "After the earthquake he was pleased that real estate was so active." His title for a foreign section of the city: "Where English is only used on billiard balls."

His sense of the ridiculous is a joy. He tells of a business office so dull that "The mice are giving themselves up to the cat"; and of a tough who wouldn't eat lady fingers unless they had on brass knuckles.

Some of the "Mlle. Modiste" whimsies are sure to become a part of our slang.

"After an hour of observant waiting, Hiram decided that one hand of strip poker would send Paris home in a barrel."

"Paris, where half the girls are working girls and half are working men."

"Gosh—if I felt any younger I'd be afraid of intestinal paralysis."

You can get a very good idea of the speed of a man by the company he can keep up with and it has been the job of Ralph Spence to collaborate with such famous humorists as Will Rogers and Ring Lardner in producing Mr. Ziegfeld's famous annual. There is a real kindred sparkle to the wit of these three men and each of them is thoroughly American.

Ralph Spence is now at work on the titles for Raymond Griffith's new picture "Wet Paint". He is also titling "The Savage".

After each of these are equipped with a hundred merry quips (it takes about one hundred and twenty-five titles to a film) Ralph will be several thousand dollars richer which will probably make him merrier and merrier. He is a genius, or as he said once in a title:

C Ralph Spence whose sense of humor is making a fortune for him.

"Marvelous—that girl could sell buggy whips in Detroit."

Through the efforts of this page of clever titles each month, Screenland has directed the attention of the fans to the heretofore unnoticed title writers. Somewhere there is now a clever humorist who is capable of carrying on this work. If this page encourages him to enter the lists, here's Good Luck to him.
Harold Lloyd

The man at the door takes his hat and sticks all right.

Harold as the young millionaire opens a mission in the slums and everything was saved except the tune.

His heart was touched nor did his hair escape.

His glasses get smashed but he runs on the rims.
"Glor Heaven's Sake"

It is about a millionaire who falls in love with a girl of the underworld and how he makes bums into brothers and second story men into first run comedy.
I've Met Them All—Wheew!

SCREENLAND'S famous interviewer knows her onions and all the screen kings and queens as well.

You have all seen stars at one time or another. Don't deny it. But I'm sure you have never seen as many as I have. I have the advantage of you, as my method is practically painless and often it is fun. Sometimes all I have to do is to call a certain telephone number and before I know it a perfectly good star, or a dozen, is all set to be seen. How do I do it? That's easy. All you have to do is to be an interviewer.

This is not a course in How to See Stars. I'm afraid that in these days of star-gazing, the best advice I can give you, provided you are not accessible to the first nights of Broadway or Hollywood, is to go to the wall, close your eyes, and bump your head very hard several times. When you open your eyes you'll see stars, all right.

There are drawbacks to every method. Stars do get the craziest notions. For instance, when Jack Gilbert was in New York, he persisted in evading a group of ladies who were beginning to crowd around him on the curb by rushing forward across the street when the traffic signal said "Stop". My one thought was not of the onrushing motors or the angry cops. It was the blissful vision of the headlines in next day's tabloid newspapers. "Jack Gilbert's Narrow Escape — Who is Mysterious Woman?" Jack must have been thinking as fast as I was, because we made the other side without a scratch—darn it!

Thrills? Once the Gish girls took a fancy to driving through Central Park in one of those museum pieces that still pass as hansom cabs. The horse looked like the kind you would trust your grandmother with. The famous cinema artistes were just settling themselves for a quiet drive
"Be Yourself" yelled Bebe Daniels as she Charlestoned down the famous "Bowery". Bebe carries her honors as modestly as a bootlegger.

One of those crazy moving stairways—ever try to climb one standing up? I landed on the soft mattresses and looked around. Staring at me was Bebe Daniels. She "does" Coney at least once a season and when she's there she forgets she's a grown-up movie star. "Make me a kid again just for tonight," sings Bebe; and Coney, appreciating Bebe's qualifications, obliges. There's no coaster too high for Bebe to try—the wilder the stunt the better she likes it. "Miss Daniels, does make-up hurt your face?" I inquired politely, slipping back automatically into my role of star-gazer. "Be yourself and have a hot dog," replied the famous Miss Daniels.

Risks? Ah, the hazards of the interviewer's profession have daunted many a brave soul. There was that time I woke up Louise Brooks at ten o'clock in the morning. She blinked her eyes, stretched, yawned, and then with an impish look she remarked: (Continued on page 101)
The rigors of location trips may irritate the actor but they bring out the stuff in the man.

Rain beat with a droning insistence upon the roof of the bunkhouse and, inside, the wet accoutrements of seven Texan cowpunchers dried on pegs in the torrid atmosphere of tobacco smoke, a poker-game and tough-luck. Six lean-faced fellows sat around the table with a man whose features have won perhaps $100,000,000 for the theatre box-offices of America, and whose hands were now winning a multitude of poker chips for himself. The only spectator, a gnarled old fossil, sucked his pipe, occasionally cocked his head quizically to compare the cards of the two players directly in front of him, then nodded shrewdly over what he saw.

An hour ago there had been seven red, white and blue stacks all of equal height and cash-value. But six had dwindled to practically nothing, while the seventh had grown into the huge disorderly pile which belonged to Richard Dix. Conversation jerked along with but slight variations:

"Five dollars Aw-right, I'm lookin', big boy."

Richard Dix with the smile that goes with him to the far places.
"Three queens."
"Beats three tens. Take it away." And while Dix scooped in more chips, the loser hauled from his pockets a few crumpled bills, the last of his month's pay. The game went on. The gnarled spectator who sat behind Dix continued to smoke and nod and a rising wind slapped the rain dismally about the bunkhouse.

With but a few intermittent gaps of sunshine there had been eight weeks of rain. The cattle corralled for the stampede scenes of "Womanhandled" waded forlornly about the ranch; and while some of the company lounged in a Houston hotel and others siested unwillingly at the homestead, Richard Dix played in the most amazing

(Continued on page 97)
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me. Elinor Fair and William Boyd sat side by side two weeks after their

marriage and looked at me and quietly waited for me to talk and well — you know I hardly knew what

to say. Their faces told their own story of radiant hap-

piness but somehow one hates to burst forth with the

crude, hard-boiled remark — "Well, how goes married

life?"

You know it's queer how much alike we all are when

it comes to marriage. After all to us, it just happens,

and we wonder why everyone else gets such a "kick" out

of it when there are thousands marrying all over the

World every day! William Boyd expressed the feelings

of almost every bride and groom in exactly seven words,

when I asked him about it he said, "Well, we just up

and did it!" Both he and Elinor seemed sort of dazed

to think the fact of their simple little wedding had caused

such a commotion. Elinor said with prosaic wisdom

"We just found we loved each other and got married!"

It was a quiet little wedding in Santa Anna, one of the

county seats of Los Angeles. A very pretty, romantic

little town on the outskirts of Los Angeles, famous for

just such sudden elopements. William said—"The Magis-

trate said 'Umpty-Ump' a few times and all we did was

say 'yes' and 'no' and it was all over and the most won-
derful privilege in the world was mine — that of calling

Elinor my wife!" This last was said with a smile and

with simple reverence, a direct tribute to the pretty little

bride by his side. All of which was not lost on Elinor

who looked volumes and smiled tenderly in gratitude —

which brought to my thots forcibly the old bromide "Ain't

Love GRAND!?" They are as good looking a pair as

you care to look up — Elinor is a brown-haired, soft-
eyed young girl that any man might well be proud of, while William is a broad-shouldered, six-foot American hustler type that can certainly shoulder any burdens that life may bring to them separately or in unison. In fact William has already bucked the world at its worst and the harder life struck at him the more he squared his jaw and the harder he fought. William Boyd is like that—a real red-blooded scrapper.

He laughed that day as he said, "When I left Tulsa, Oklahoma, dead broke, parentless, and pretty much of a youngster, I never dreamed I would be sitting here in California, the husband of a beautiful Screen Star—being interviewed Gosh! If anyone had sprung this little drama on me then, I would have smashed him one I guess for making fun of me—But here I am—'bout as happy as I was miserable when I left Tulsa—and that is SOME happy!"

In response Elinor said with spirit, "He deserves just everything he has gained too, and then some. You know he was a grocery clerk, automobile salesman, oil driller and expert mechanic and—just anything he could get to do until he ran across C. B. DeMille, who saw immense possibilities in him and gave him a little part in 'Why Change Your Husband?' From that time on he has kept plugging and now they hail him as the screen's new Wallace Reid," she added with triumph. "I think he will be better than Wallace Reid, don't you? He's ever so much better looking—don't you think?" Elinor did not wait for answers but with tremendous pride looked critically at her new husband.

All during this briskly oration William Boyd moved his feet noisily, ahemmed and a-hawed—and did everything to attract the attention of the fair Elinor, trying in vain to catch her eye to stop her. I was certainly enjoying my Honeymoon interview. I didn't even have to ask questions. It promised to be wonderful! But William did not think so much of it and was plainly miserable.

He hastily interrupted as Elinor paused for breath, saying anxiously, "You know, Miss Denbo, Elinor is an accomplished musician! She composes the most beautiful little melodies" This was said breathlessly—hopefully—he did hope Elinor would be turned off the subject of him or that I would question her. But I sat in callous silence as Elinor peremptorily swept aside this appeal and went on—"Didn't you think William was better than Ramon Novarro in 'The"
"No thank you" said

"You will be crippled for life", the doctors told him.

The strong right arm of Bill Russell who scorned weakness.

Strength, health, the whipping winds, the plunging sea and best of all a lovely woman. These things he would not be denied. William Russell and his wife, Helen Ferguson.
Bill Russell

By Dave Epstein

From boy athlete to declared hopeless cripple, and back again—himself the only surgeon—to an athlete and Carnegie medal-winner for prowess and heroism, is a part of the life story of William Russell, known in the movies as the "reel he-man".

It is the story of the triumph of a mind "superior to its fate among the outrage of external things". For years external things were outrageous to Russell. They began when, a lad of 13, he fell on a stone while doing a tumble on a New York street. For nearly four years, much of the time in a New York hospital, he suffered from a malignant hip disease. Operated upon several times, he finally left the hospital with his right leg eight inches shorter than his left, and weighing 127 pounds. His weight now is around 200, his legs are the same length, and a few years ago at a Madison Square Garden sportsman's show he was voted the second prize as the best-built man in America.

It was only casually and by persistent effort that I drew from Russell the details of this hitherto unpublished chapter of his life. For Russell, contrary to popular belief about actors, shuns personal publicity. He is content to play his public part before the camera; what else his life brings forth he considers private.

His rescue, single handed, of 12 persons with whom he swam to shore, one after the other, from the burning General Slocum, New York, when 1200 perished, and his saving of a score of others in a rowboat, got into the papers because it was impossible that such an exploit pass unnoted. This act of heroism brought him the Carnegie medal.

But Russell has saved many other persons from drowning—several of them at the beach at Venice, California, where he has a home; and the rescues have become known only because others have told about them.

One day while doing the second half-dozen for a man who was immensely interested in the lad's agility.

"Nickle-the-flip Willie" they called him on the streets of New York, where he would do one of his tumbles for a nickel, or six tumbles for 25 cents.

It has been rumored that Bill Russell has been selected for the part of Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory"—we congratulate the casting director.

When Russell left the hospital (Continued on page 96)
DEAR EDITOR:  
Pardon me for saying dear.  
I don’t like you very much anymore—at least not as much as I did.  
Since you sent me that letter asking me to write you an article about the athletic boys and gals of Hollywood there has quite a change come over me.  
Quite a change has come over my wife, too.  
Things had been going pretty good at our house for several days before I received your letter—especially since I caught my wife secretly taking Charleston lessons.  
There’s just one hope left for me.  
The doctor says that maybe I won’t get well.  
So, Ed., I want you to send me the $4500 you agreed to pay me for this article right away. If I get well I want to go away from here right quick before something else happens to me.  
Well, not knowing many of the really big motion picture stars I hired an actor to take me around and introduce me to all these stars so that I could watch them doing their daily one, two, three—biff, bang, bings, and I would give him $7.50 for same. This actor is supposed to know everybody in Hollywood.  
I have since heard somebody say that this actor has the entree but I don’t know, Ed., so I won’t say anything about it now. He struck me as being a pretty nice fellow at first and though we are not such good friends anymore I don’t want to do him an injustice.  
I am not going to believe that he’s got the entree or anything else like that about him until I have it proved to me.  
For no reason at all we started in the first day at Douglas Fairbanks’ studio.  
That game of badminton, which has been shortened to

C. Lola Todd skips her way to health and loveliness.

C. Rudolph Valentino sets an example that few sheiks could follow.
Our correspondent breaks records and everything, in games with the movie stars.

DARNED Athletic

"Doug", because no one could remember or pronounce the other, is to the world of sport what a mule is to the animal kingdom.

Its sire was a big, black Kentucky jack named "Battledore", and its mother was a Percheron mare named "Tennis".

It is just one of the games that Doug plays. The Pickford-Fairbanks studio, which has just been leased by Joe Schenck, resembles pretty much a well equipped public playground.

There are horizontal bars, swinging rings, weights, hammers, punching bags, boxing gloves, foils, racquets of various sizes — everything, including a dog that plays football.

(Continued on page 97)
The Question: Can uncultured people really love?

by Ramon Novarro

The more sophisticated and cultured a person becomes the harder it is for him to throw himself into love," says Ramon Novarro, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "The uneducated person thinks less about himself than does the intelligent one. The former has the ability to take love for what it is worth without mental reservations. Love can be his whole life, while the intelligent person must have other interests. The more sophisticated a person becomes the more does he think about what he, himself, is going to get out of love, how it will affect him, and what reactions it will leave. The uncultured person loves for love's sake.

"I am speaking now of emotional love. When you speak of the highest type of love, which is friendship, then I would say that the cultured person has a greater capacity than the uncultured one. He loves then with his brain as well as his heart and the more his brain is developed the more power he has for such a love."

by Elinor Glyn

It all depends on what you mean by "Love"! If it is merely the creative instinct you are alluding to — then culture has nothing to do with the emotion. If you mean by "Love" that quality which is half spiritual and which raises the individual when under its influence then, naturally, the higher the cultivation is, and the greater the refinement of mind, so love would be felt and enjoyed more by such persons than the merely uncultured being who has no sense of values.

by Joan Crawford

"I think that the part I am playing in Edmund Goulding's production, 'Paris', answers this question perfectly," says Joan Crawford. "That is the story of a young girl of the slums of Paris, uncultured and uneducated. She is in love with an apache, who is also an uncultured person. A very wealthy, refined young man is in love with her and while he offers her money and power and all of the refined, cultured things in life, she chooses her apache lover and never once wavers in her affection.

"This uncultured girl has an infinite capacity for love. She will allow nothing to stand in her way. Her real love comes first and the things of the world mean nothing to her if she must lose him to get them.

"I believe that this is absolutely true to life and is a situation that everyone has seen time and time again. There seems to be enough evidence to prove that love has nothing to do with ducation or culture. It is an emotion of the heart and the shop girl has a heart like that of the princess."

by Eleanor Boardman

"Histories and famous memoirs have recounted the great loves," says Eleanor Boardman, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "We have all read of the 'grand passion' and invariably it is the love of kings and queens or persons in high estate.

"The lesser loves are not set down by the historians. For this reason many people might believe that the more cultured, the more educated and intelligent a person is,
Read the remarkable opinions of
ELINOR GLYN, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, JOAN CRAWFORD, RENEE ADOREE, RAMON NOVARRO and CONRAD NAGEL

the greater is his capacity for love. But when we turn from written histories to actual life we are confronted with a great deal of evidence that makes this belief only a theory.

"In life we see great sacrifices being made by untutored people. And sacrifice is a great part of love, isn't it? We see unintelligent mothers giving up everything for their children; we see sweethearts giving their lives for each other, in quite as noble a way as kings and queens do.

"We also see the loves of many unintelligent people standing up under poverty and petty worries that are often better tests of love than great deeds of heroism."

by Conrad Nagel

"W ho has the ability to sit in judgment and say, 'This person has a greater capacity for love than that one?"' asks Conrad Nagel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "We would have to be able to look into the very heart of the individual to discover how well or how much he was able to love.

"Love is something that goes so deep it cannot be analyzed. The outward manifestations do not mean anything. Two cultured people may appear to be very much in love with each other. The husband may be charming to his wife when they are with people, because he has learned how to camouflage his feelings, and yet there may be no love on the part of either, in reality.

"Love and the capacity for it is up to the individual. It is something that he must answer for from his own heart. Only he knows if he loves deeply. We cannot make comparisons for we do not know. We cannot look into the heart of anyone but ourselves."

by Renee Adoree

"T o take mother love for an example," says Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, "we have all of us seen unlettered people love with as great a desperation as cultured people. Sometimes animals have a stronger sense of mother love than human beings have.

"Love of any kind is an elemental force. The capacity for it is born within us all and it does not depend on what we know of literature and art and music, but on what sort of people we are. The selfish person hasn't the capacity for love that the unselfish one has and all the knowledge in the world could accumulate in seven life times would not change him. Our capacity for love is affected not by what we have read or seen, but by what we are.

"Certainly the uncultured man or woman has the ability to love as vitally as the intelligent person."
"You take it, I never wear jewelry" said Corinne Griffith

I never wear jewelry, that is, when I am just myself," said Corinne Griffith. "Often in character I do. That is how I came to have this bracelet."

The dainty star who has been called the "Languid and Lovely" and "Classic Corinne" thus starts the trouble. The argument that a girl doesn't need jewelry can hardly be denied before counter advocates will hurl their jeevelins of logic into the diamond, so to speak. Their remarks will be well studied or studded with jewels perhaps, but still Corinne will not wear the rich treasures of the gold craftsmen and she loathes scorn the scintillating souvenirs of the lapidary. Perhaps Miss Griffith remembers Cleopatra, whose conquest of mighty Caesar was

Every real enthusiast of pictures likes to write to the players. These "fan" letters are often very clever, revealing the writer as well as describing the charm of the star. This lovely bracelet will be given to the writer of the best letter about Corinne Griffith.

made as she stood before him "unadorned" but richly glowing with the treasure of her beauty. You remember she was secretly brought to him in a sack of rugs by the trusty Apollodorus.

"From the first moment, as he gazed on the rhythmic, harmonious grace of her body; her low, straight brows, the golden light in her eyes; her delicate nostrils, her parted, sensuous lips, her radiant, amber-colored flesh, suggesting luscious sun-kissed fruit, Caesar had felt an indescribable thrill run through his veins."

But of course Caesar had never seen Corinne Griffith!

Do you think Corinne is right in not wearing jewelry? Would you wear this bracelet or give it away if your letter was judged to be the best?

You may enter this contest for the "best" letter with your opinion of Corinne's firm stand on the jewelry question, or any letter at all so long as it is about Corinne, her opinions or her person, her beauty or her becoming generosity.

A fan letter is great fun to write, to say...
Write a letter if you can and if you win you will value the recognition of your brains as much as you will the prize.

right out what you think, and here is a worth-while reward for you if you send in the best one.

It is fun for Screenland to send out the gifts from the stars to the winners and to read their delight when they acknowledge the presents. Corinne Griffith's bracelet is one of the nicest gifts and worth working for.

Contest closes June 15, 1926

Address: CORINNE GRIFFITH
Screenland Magazine,
236 West 55th Street,
New York, N. Y.
Patsy the Party Hound goes to the new Hollywood club and—you'd be surprised.

"You really," remarked Patsy to John Roche, "should be tootling on a saxophone. "I'm sure that even the Swiss shepherds know how to play on them by now."

John, Patsy and I had gone to the Sixty Club, you know, which had unbent for the evening into a costume ball. John was dressed as a shepherd, a Swiss one, while Patsy was a sort of shepherdess at large, you might say—just cute looking. As for me, I went in ordinary evening dress, as did a lot of members of the club, it not being compulsory to wear a fancy costume, and a lot of us lazily preferring not to bother with the fancy clothes.

"Of course the whole professional life of a star is a costume party, you might say," explained Patsy, "so it must seem rather nice to her to just be herself once in a while—clothed and in her right mind!"

"Oh, look at Pola and Rudey!" exclaimed John, as Miss Negri and Valentino dashed past in a fox-trot, Pola dressed as a Spanish gypsy and Rudey as a toreador.

"I suppose he had the costume left over from 'Blood and Sand'," suggested Patsy.

They looked awfully swank, these two famous lovers on the screen and off, and of course everybody was gazing at them. They danced together divinely, and were very love-dovey indeed. They did a tango that was a sensation.

"I hear," said Patsy, "that Rudey and Pola really do intend getting married a little later on, but are keeping it a secret for the present."

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno were attending the Sixty Club dance for the very first time. They didn't...
Have the primitive emotions changed so little that an uncouth savage can arouse the love of a girl of refinement.

The editor smoked in silence for a time and Danny watched him as though it were the most engrossing performance he had ever seen. Actually Danny was not even seeing the editor; he was seeing the way the other magazine would soar in circulation and popularity if Professor Atwater captured the white savages, and columns and columns of type could be devoted by their rivals to descriptions of the strange creatures.

Would they be strange creatures, after all? Danny found his keenness for scientific facts momentarily drowning out other thoughts. No, they ought not to be very different from ourselves. Well-developed, of course, and fleet-footed, Danny mentally admitted that he possessed both these attributes. Perhaps he was like one of those white savages whom Professor Atwater would stalk as he, Danny, had stalked animals. A sudden (Continued on page 86)
Rossetti—Watts—Burne-Jones—a gallant company years ago painted in the so-called Pre-Raphaelite manner. Each of their canvases, from “The Blessed Damo sel” to “The Golden Stairs” glowed with the strange poetic beauty of which they dreamed. Theirs was a worship of an ideal, a devotion to a form so lovely that it had never yet been seen upon this earth.

The striking resemblance of this dream beauty to our own Pauline Starke is undeniable.

Had she lived in the days of the old painters her hours would have been passed posing before the enraptured beauty-seekers of that time.

To-day Pauline Starke working on Elinor Glyn’s new picture “Love Blindness” is very much alive but into the hurry and turmoil of modern picture making she carries the torch of her beauty and through her charm she makes the painters’ ancient dream live again.
PAULINE STARKE

POSSSESSOR of "It" was chosen by Elinor Glyn to play in her next production "Love's Blindness". Miss Starke has brown hair and hazel eyes.
ALICE TERRY

THIS lovely lady as Freya in "Mare Nostrum" won Ibanez' (the author's) warm praise. Miss Terry has brown hair (under the blond wig) and blue eyes.
LEATRICE JOY

A new bob particularly suited to Miss Joy's type of beauty has caused a national exposure of feminine ears. Leatrice has black hair and large brown eyes.
CLAIRE WINDSOR

SOFT blond hair, blue eyes and a sweet feminine charm bind an enthusiastic following to happy Claire.
Claire Windsor's

"HAPPY EVER AFTER"

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

After all, "Uncle Bert" must have had the right idea, because aren't they married now, living in a nice little nest, way out there in the West, with everything in life breathing happiness and contentment? Even the devilish little grey angora cat whisked across the room, came to a sudden halt, cocked her saucy head on one side and looked at me as much as to say—"Well, I can play around here if I want to, can't I?" Billy and his Mommy let me even if I do swish the rugs around. Is there any reason why I can't be happy, too?"

But that's getting away from "Uncle Bert's" idea. Loving Claire Windsor was the most natural thing in the world, but selling the idea to Billy was something else to worry about. Whatever you're thinking, though, put the odds on Uncle Bert Lytell!

Billy came into the room, one trouser leg nearer the floor than the other, as is usual with all young men under ten. We were properly introduced, me being smitten, immediately, with Billy really too sleepy to pay much attention. Grandmother had given him a fine bunny for Easter, and he was just about tuckered out trying to create a friendly, Christian-like feeling between Bunny and the saucy grey kitten.

But the "idea". Billy sat very quietly in his chair until Claire said to me:

"You must come into the other room and see what a beautiful present Bert gave me the other day. It's a 'Bishop's Cape', and I don't know how many years old it is."

Into the other room we went. It was beautiful, and it did beautifully, until Billy, who had patiently waited until we returned to the sitting-room, piped up, all in one breath:

"Golly, you ought to see the fine big fire-engine and bully electric trains Uncle Bert gave ME! I can ride the fire-engine all up and down the street with the other fellows, and Uncle Bert knew how long I'd wanted that electric train. You ought to see the presents Uncle Bert gave me."

That was enough. If, as the (Continued on page 86)
I don't know how you felt about Norma Talmadge but I was always a little afraid of her. So lovely — so aloof; such expensive clothes; such gorgeous jewels. And holding that little head so very high! But "Kiki" changed all that. You'll love "Kiki". I know I did. It endeared Norma to me as never before. It made her a roughneck—a gamin who kicked and fought and scratched and wasn't too proud to sit down hard. I think it's her best picture. And daring? Don't you forget it. It took courage for La Talmadge, queen of the screen, famous for her regal roles, to throw off the shackles and begin all over again as a slapstick comedienne. Remember, she's been a star for years. She has won her reputation by doing certain scenes in a certain way. As a dramatic artist, she's sure-fire. And she has a sister who is famous in her own line of comedy. But Norma never balked. She frizzed her hair and bobbed her skirts; she tossed away her old technique and emerged a dazzling new personality. She became Kiki to the life. Probably she thought she'd go over, but she couldn't be sure. Only audiences can determine the real worth of a picture. It must give Norma a great kick to know that "Kiki" is knocking you cold!

You couldn't ask for sweller entertainment. You follow breathlessly Norma's adventures as a chorus girl, her devoted shadowing of her Victor, her jealousies and her rages, her moments of mischief and grief. Before long you're loving Kiki. No matter what she does it is all right with you — and she does plenty. Norma Talmadge becomes a memory. Kiki has the stage. And you'd never know they were the same girl. When Kiki gets her man you're as excited as she is, and almost as delighted as he is. Norma's tough, tender, vulgar and wistful. The most charming creature you have seen for a long time.

Ronald Colman has a real Colman rôle after his bad luck lately playing fathers and things. And what that boy can do when he wants to! He was worth all the trouble Kiki went to, to get him. George Arthur, Marc McDermott and Gertrude Astor are pleasantly present. Clarence Brown directed, and did right by "Kiki". As for Norma—well, write your own fan letter.
The BAT

CT Leaves no crime uncommitted to give you a good time.

CT Emily Fitzroy is priceless as the dignified dowager.

CT Just when you think you have spotted your Bat, along comes Louise with horrified features and pointing finger and you have to guess all over again.

CT Jewel Carmen—Mrs. Director in private life—and a peaches-and-cream blonde who used to play with Doug Fairbanks, is a decided decoration. Jack Pickford is there, too, acting pretty suspicious; but who would be mean enough to suspect our Mary's brother?

THE screen is making the world safe for spooks. Secret panels; creeping fingers; shapes in the dark—they're all in "The Bat"; and you can enjoy them and still get a good sound night's sleep afterwards. For safe and sane thrills, see this. You can sit in your comfortable seat and watch the mysterious proceedings without being annoyed by unexpected pistol shots or shrieks from the agonized actors. The mystery play on the screen has it all over the same variety on the stage. All the thrills and the fun—without the danger of the excited party sitting next to you poking an elbow into you when she puts her finger in her ears.

Another advantage: the audience can play the guessing game called, "False face, false face, who wears the false face?" And this time it is not Lon Chaney. Don't coax, because I positively refuse to tell you the identity of the stranger known as The Bat. There are plenty of people to suspect, from Louise Fazenda to Robert McKim; there are peering faces and bulging eyes. But just when you think you have spotted your Bat, along comes Louise with horrified features and pointing finger and you have to guess all over again. That's what makes "The Bat" such fun. Take a theatre party and make everybody write down his guess on a slip of paper. Put the papers in a hat and the hat carefully on the vacant seat next to you. A large lady will then come and sit down on the hat; and what's become of your silly old game? (There won't be any vacant seats anyway.) Mary Roberts Rinehart certainly started something when she wrote the story; and Roland West, who directed the picture, left no crime uncommitted to give you a good time. Emily Fitzroy is priceless as the dignified dowager who knits unconcernedly through murders and mystery.

47
THE only people qualified to write about Dolores Costello are poets. But a poet who saw her in "Bride of the Storm" just went all to pieces. He said he could rhyme love with dove, and things like that; but Dolores was too much for him. And exquisite, and gorgeous, were just as bad. And all the other adjectives aren't good enough for her. Well, all I have to say is that there won't be any speaking to Father Costello if this keeps up. His hats are too small for him now. Dolores just keeps on getting better and better, and still she keeps that little air of aloof indifference which to me is her greatest charm.

If "Bride of the Storm" had been announced as a German picture, it might have had a different reception.

But the Warner Brothers are nothing if not truthful. They came right out and said that it was made in Hollywood and by J. Stuart Blackton, called Commodore by his friends. I can't hold these facts against the film. It seems to me that Blackton is one of the few directors who does all his own thinking. He is never afraid to try new angles. His story may be terrible, but his "atmosphere" is right. "Bride of the Storm" has all the ingredients of a continental masterpiece—leering villain; grim old fanatic; more-than-half witted boy; beautiful girl caught in their clutches. But wait—here comes the United States Navy, and not one minute too soon. Johnny Harron as an eager ensign rescues our Dolores. Join the Navy now!

From little giggles to good, big hearty guffaws—take your choice.

OTHER comedians may take themselves seriously and go in for Art, but not Harold. He has been called a genius lately but he hasn't let it worry him. He goes on making comedies for laughing purposes only. Anybody who wants to can read symbols into his stuff; he doesn't care. He doesn't aim to be artistic; he only wants to entertain. And, boys and girls, he does. And how! "For Heaven's Sake" has every kind of a laugh in it, from little giggles to good, big, hearty guffaws. Take your choice. It's swift and sure and slapstick. Yet through it all runs a definite characterization by the star which is as good in the acting line as anything performed by the long-faced fellows.

Harold plays a young man with a mansion in love with a miss with a mission. He's very hard-boiled; when he smashes a brand new ten-thousand-dollar car to pieces, he jumps out, brushes himself off, and says carelessly to his chauffeur: "That will be all for today, James." (It isn't the usher requests you to leave unless you can sober up. "For Heaven's Sake" is gay and giddy; and just because Harold Lloyd hasn't permitted himself any close-ups, don't forget, when you reel from the theatre completely exhausted, that it's all his fault.

C Harold Lloyd is guardian to some very tough eggs.
The CROWN of Lies

Pola's Little Joke

I'm sure Pola was only fooling when she made "The Crown of Lies"; but she managed to keep a straight face, and that was more than I could do. Ernest Vadjja, the Hungarian dramatist, thought out the story all by himself. It's about a slavey who looks like a queen—yes, but a real queen, I mean; and a political conspirator brings her to one of those mythical kingdoms—another one—and sets her up as a sovereign to fool a few extras made up as peasants. It works, all right, until a busybody dictator gets busy and besieges the castle where Pola and her American boy friends, Robert Ames, are installed.

Then American pluck and pep come to the rescue again, only this time, the hero escapes disguised as a snow-ball. And Bob makes the cutest snow-ball you ever saw. He rolls himself up and bounces downhill and stops in the peasants' vilage to call them to pitchforks to rescue their queens. Up to this time, the audience had labored along thinking it was a drama and trying not to snicker—that audience was nothing if not polite. But when they saw Mr. Ames as a snow-ball they got wise to themselves and to the picture, and the fun began. I'm laughing yet.

I hate to have to tell you, but Esther has no swimming scenes.

The Blind GODDESS

That Blonde Goddess

They made a mistake in title. It should have been Blonde, not Blind. Esther Ralston's eyes are lovely. You boys who want to see this picture don't need to kid yourselves that it's the Big Trial Scene. Deary me, yes. It's the first one we have had for a long time, so we can't complain. The lady who's known as Aileen is the accused party. She's Louise Dresser, so that's all right. Guess who she turns out to be? Take two guesses and you'll be right the first time. The heroine's mother, of course. Jack Holt is one of those upright young lawyers—so upright he seems in danger of falling over backwards. Jack doesn't look at home without his horse, but he couldn't bring it into the courtroom with him very well, could he? Only Tom Mix could do that.

The Blind Goddess is sort of solemn. Esther takes her dramatic duties very, very seriously. I hate to have to tell you, but she has no swimming scenes.

Can it be that she is going to give that bathing suit from "The American Venus" to a SCREENLAND reader?
The Flaming

Our old pals, the Indians.

"The Flaming Frontier" is the latest "epic" of the great west. It gives you a ringside seat to the General's last fight at Little Big Horn in which the famous Sitting Bull mixes in. What fight and what General? Why, General Custer and his Last Stand, silly. Didn't you ever see those lithographs which decorated certain ice-cream parlors depicting that battle? Well, maybe you didn't; but your grand-
daddy did. It may remind you of the gory illustrations in the Indian books you used to pore over when you were a kid. If you didn’t even do that, then there’s no hope for you; and “The Flaming Frontier”, with its Indians and everything, will leave you cold. Those Indians work overtime in this picture. Come to think of it, the poor souls have no private lives any more. Just as they get a breathing space, along comes a movie director and says it’s time for another massacre. This time they couldn’t refuse, for Custer’s Last Stand is a massacre that is a massacre. The picture has General Grant, too, on the other end of his cigar; and it has lots and lots of hard riding. As an actor, Hoot Gibson is the screen’s foremost centaur. He plays a pony expressman, expelled from West Point. He has two different heads of hair—one long and black; the other short and blonde—sort of before and after. But that doesn’t interfere with his riding. The heroine, Anne Cornwall, almost upsets history by attempting to warn General Custer of his peril from the redskins; but she is interrupted by the villain, and history goes on getting itself made. It all comes out that Hoot never did anything wrong at West Point at all. We knew it all the time.

While “The Flaming Frontier” ranks as just another vehicle trying to catch up with “The Covered Wagon”, it has a real thrill in the gathering of the Indians from the north, from the south, from the east and the west. In its sweep and speed, this episode will recall the famous ride of the clans in a certain picture made by D. W. Griffith. And not “That Royle Girl”, either.

The heroine, Anne Cornwall, almost upsets history.

C General Custer’s last fight at Little Big Horn. The monster scene in this latest “epic” of the great west.
DEER AL: Well, Al, there's good news this time, Al. Maybe it's the spring in the air, with the birdies chirping in the trees and the circus calling to its mate and the screen star calling for the close-up. Anyway, something happened to Tom Meighan, Al; and it's my guess that that something was Ring Lardner. It's all for the best, because Tommy's new picture isn't anything like as tame as his other ones, God forbid. He plays a slugger, see, Tom Kelly by name, and he's fired from the team for no good reason and so he thinks he'll try his luck in real estate. Well, Al, he cleans up, and pretty soon he's the manager of that team which fired him; and he gets the girl, too, which is that pretty Lila Lee. It's a good little picture, Al; and if Tommy doesn't look much like Babe Ruth or any other baseball player you ever saw, why I guess everybody is just as well satisfied, especially the ladies, ha-ha, Al. But laying all kidding to one side, you oughta see it, and everybody oughta that ever been to Florida and made money in land booms or even lost it. I gotta lotta laughs out of it; and you know me, Al.

DEER AL: Everybody oughta see it that's ever been to Florida.

The NEW Klondike

Tommy's Home Run

DEER AL: Well, Al, there's good news this time, Al. Maybe it's the spring in the air, with the birdies chirping in the trees and the circus calling to its mate and the screen star calling for the close-up. Anyway, something happened to Tom Meighan, Al; and it's my guess that that something was Ring Lardner. It's all for the best, because Tommy's new picture isn't anything like as tame as his other ones, God forbid. He plays a slugger, see, Tom Kelly by name, and he's fired from the team for no good reason and so he thinks he'll try his luck in real estate. Well, Al, he cleans up, and pretty soon he's the manager of that team which fired him; and he gets the girl, too, which is that pretty Lila Lee. It's a good little picture, Al; and if Tommy doesn't look much like Babe Ruth or any other baseball player you ever saw, why I guess everybody is just as well satisfied, especially the ladies, ha-ha, Al. But laying all kidding to one side, you oughta see it, and everybody oughta that ever been to Florida and made money in land booms or even lost it. I gotta lotta laughs out of it; and you know me, Al.

DEER AL: Everybody oughta see it that's ever been to Florida.

Desert GOLD

Zane Grey Again

DEER AL: Well, Al, there's good news this time, Al. Maybe it's the spring in the air, with the birdies chirping in the trees and the circus calling to its mate and the screen star calling for the close-up. Anyway, something happened to Tom Meighan, Al; and it's my guess that that something was Ring Lardner. It's all for the best, because Tommy's new picture isn't anything like as tame as his other ones, God forbid. He plays a slugger, see, Tom Kelly by name, and he's fired from the team for no good reason and so he thinks he'll try his luck in real estate. Well, Al, he cleans up, and pretty soon he's the manager of that team which fired him; and he gets the girl, too, which is that pretty Lila Lee. It's a good little picture, Al; and if Tommy doesn't look much like Babe Ruth or any other baseball player you ever saw, why I guess everybody is just as well satisfied, especially the ladies, ha-ha, Al. But laying all kidding to one side, you oughta see it, and everybody oughta that ever been to Florida and made money in land booms or even lost it. I gotta lotta laughs out of it; and you know me, Al.

DEER AL: Everybody oughta see it that's ever been to Florida.
DON'T take any peanuts; it's not that kind of a circus. This picture is pretty darn grim—you know, one of the kind that makes you ponder on Life as it is, and take that crick in your neck seriously. A compromise between European realism and Hollywood sweetness and light, "The Devil's Circus" doesn't quite jell. It isn't just the best little entertainment in the world. But it is interesting.

Introducing Benjamin Christianson from Sweden, friends, bringing with him considerable technique. You can't help wondering how good he could be if he let himself go. As director and author of "The Devil's Circus", he seems home-sick. He makes Norma Shearer a shy circus girl, with Charlie Mack as a young crook in love with her. There are glimpses of life behind the scenes of a continental tent show into which Mr. Christianson injects flavor and meaning. The tale unfolds the circus boss' passion for the heroine, the jealous rival's revenge, the crook's reformation—and the cruel fate which overtakes them all. I said it was grim, didn't I? But it is still interesting. It is only in the last reel or two that the director deliberately bumps his brain-child on the head; and you know it will never be the same. The incongruous ending is a sop to the Cerberus of the box-office. I can't tell you more about the story, except that the big scene provides a real thrill, involving Norma as a trapeze artist and a lot of hungry lions. Incidentally, the camera plays some pretty smart tricks. As the girl who's a little too good to be true, Norma is incredibly believable. If she makes you believe in this sap heroine, she can make you believe anything. Charlie Mack works hard, but I can never decide whether he is impersonating Dick Barthelmess or John Barrymore. Altogether, Mr. Satan's circus isn't as much fun as some I've been to.

Delight Evans reviews all the important films for Screenland. Her criticisms are just and no one takes greater joy in finding work well done or pictures that are pleasurable.
When a fellow goes with a girl two or three times a week for six months and at the end of that time has to be content with holding her umbrella, he needs either a new "line" or a life membership in the Bachelors' Union. I'm not mentioning any names, but I know a lad who is about as much of a sheik as artichokes are like food. The only time he ever kissed a girl was when he paid five dollars for the privilege at a charity bazaar, and then all he got was a little peck that tasted like, and was just about as filling as, a marshmallow.

Now, this wild egg has the desire, all right, but it is a very much suppressed desire. The girls see to that! The trouble with him is that he hasn't the method to make the wish come true. So after thinking over all the ways and means that his kind but kidding friends suggested, he decided that he could learn more about loving-making in a shorter time by studying the gentle passion at the movies than by reading Beatrice Fairfax for a month of Sundays. He picked out a few pictures at random, and this is what he saw.

The first one was a glorified western called "Whispering Smith". It's about a superintend-ent of a stretch of railroad out in the wild and woolly west, who runs afoul of a desperado gang of thugs and trainwreckers. The "master mind" (the rules of the scenario writers' Union provided that there must be a
master mind in every crook picture) is a suave and manicured villain who, with his cousin (feminine) runs a large ranch near the RR. The cousin (feminine) thinks that the crooks are honest working men and that the handsome and stalwart superintendent is a mean, cruel thing when he calls in "Whispering Smith", a good bad man, to help him round up the gang.

Of course, all us hard-boiled moviegoers know that when a pretty girl spurns an honest (and handsome) young man in Reel 1, it's a cinch that he will suffer and she will relent in time for a heavy clinch at the end of Reel 7. But you couldn't expect my unsophisticated friend to know that, and so he was really thrilled and gratified when the hero, after slaving a number of assorted thugs and getting the girl out of a bad jam, went into a half-nelson with her for the final fade-out.

He was very silent when we left the projection room, and I noticed him casting fierce glances at the taxi drivers (the nearest approach to bad men, in looks at least, that we have on Broadway), so I gathered that the first lesson he'd learned from the films was to tote a gun and to make the girl love you by showing her what a fire-eater you are. Incidentally, he had a grand time seeing "Whispering Smith", and so will everybody who likes old fashioned melodrama and H. B. Warner's excellent acting; but from the standpoint of a lesson in love-making I had my doubts as to its practical value. Most of us can't always find a gang of tough eggs who are willing to let us puncture them to gain the heart and hand of the Only One. And darned few of us would if we could!

Seeing that an antidote was needed before my friend got into trouble with the cops, I took him to see "The Broadway Bank", a Glenn Hunter picture which is just as far removed from fire-eating as butter is from oleomargarine. In this one, Glenn and his odd smile leave the old home in the country and go to the big city where Glenn loses the smile when he can't get a job. An ad for an assistant janitor takes him to a theatre, and there he catches the eye of the man who is directing a rehearsal of a revue. This astute individual sees in Glenn and his kick ways a great chance to give jaded Broadway a laugh, so he is engaged to do a turn in the show. The enters the press agent. Ah, these press agents! Long acquaintance with scores of real live ones has failed to convince me that they have the extraordinary powers which are given to them on the screen. However, this lad ran true to screen form and within a week he had spread Glenn's name and fame from Broadway into the hinterlands, including the old home town.

Naturally, when the village bank was faced with disaster, its president, who was Glenn's pa, thought the boy could help him from his enormous (press agent) salary. And Glenn, not to disillusion him, took the P. A. in tow and sped to the rescue in a borrowed Rolls Royce with a couple of valises filled with rocks. Naturally it all ended as good movies should, and there was a comedy twist that will make you laugh.

Now, as to the so-called love-interest, there was a girl in the old home town who just knew that Glenn was going to succeed. So when she read the press yarn about his triumphs, she hid herself to (Continued on page 82)
Oh, summer is the season for clothes!

Miss Livingston's two exquisitely lovely dresses are irresistible, of widely varying type. No combination ever conceived is more potent, more flattering to the wearer, than sheerest black chiffon with flesh chiffon. Flesh chiffon used in exactly the right places if you will note and rhinestone trimming attracts and guides the eye to the skirt that has a fascinating way of its own.

When she feels in a demure, S. S. and G. (which means of course Sweet, Simple and Girlish) mood, she wears softest, supple taffeta, delicate as peach petals. And note again the hem, the hand of genius is shown in the hems of the summer modes. Few things are more intriguing than a glimpse of slim, silken knees through a net border. And scallops, scallops are the last whisper. Every dress of any pretense this season has scallops somewhere. Both the gowns Miss Livingston selected have scallops — in the hem — but charmingly and absolutely different in treatment.
summer is coming
the frocks of
Margaret

Especially posed for
SCREENLAND
by
Margaret Livingston

Photographs from the Studio
of
LUCAS-KANARIAN.

The gowns worn by
Miss Livingston were
supplied by Arnold
Constable, Fifth Ave-
nue, New York.

The filmy softness of
scalloped net com-
bined with luxurious,
gold-sheen taffeta
makes this delightful
youthful frock for
Miss Livingston.
"Ghosts"

Mr. Henrik Ibsen's monthly contribution to the New York stage — and the feller is getting to be nearly as prolific as Owen Davis — is called "Ghosts" this time, and is visible at the Comedy Theatre on matinees. Jose Ruben plays Oswald, just as we saw him nine years ago. And yet, somehow, in spite of a competent cast that includes Lucile Watson, Edward Fielding, Hortense Alden and J. M. Kerrigan, the suspicion begins to dawn on us that "Ghosts" is not as great a play as the lit'ry departments of the various universities would have us think. To us, at any rate, "Ghosts" begins to date; we hear the wheels creak. And if Mr. Ibsen or his ghost wants to make anything out of it, our seconds will be glad to arrange things. We prefer swords, but pistols are all right.

"The Girl Friend"

The combination of Hart, Rodgers and Fields in the musical comedy field threatens to become the menace that Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx is to competing clothiers. The three boys, Larry Hart, Dick Rodgers and Herb Fields had a fairly definite hand in last year's "Garrick Gaieties", and will have an even more definite one this year; they are responsible for "Dearest Enemy", which, readers who remember such things will remember, we didn't care for but which The Public apparently does; and now comes "The Girl Friend" by the same inevitable three.

Well, "The Girl Friend" will do. Not, y'understand, that it is the greatest musical comedy in the world; but Herb has composed an adequate vehicle for the far-famed vaudeville team of Sam White and Eva Puck (Mrs. White to her friends) to strut their stuff. Dick Rodgers has dug up some brand new tunes, and Larry Hart has fashioned his polysyllabic rhymes for said music. Larry can rhyme anything — and occasionally does. June Cochran, a young cutie who captured the town in "Garrick Gaieties", hasn't much to do, but adds her winsome charm. And Puck and White are genuinely funny.

"The Chief Thing"

The Theatre Guild's latest opus, "The Chief Thing", was written by Nicolas Evreinoff and translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randolfe. It is an entertaining stunt presented in terms of Hokum-Hokum with a capital H, maybe, but nevertheless sure-fire Hokum.

Writing somewhat in the fine Italian hand of Pirandello, it is M. Evreinoff's contention that illusion in life makes for happiness. Those of you who saw the film version of "The Enchanted Cottage" suspected that what's the author of that was trying to say, too. But M. Evreinoff has chosen an unusual way to say it. He lets his chief character, played by McKay Morris, spin the wheels by hiring actors to maintain the illusion he wishes to create. And the actors don their paint and read their lines in the Theatre of Life, as the author likes to call it.

And into the staging of this theme, the Guild pours forth a gallon of hokum that it is suspected will keep happy that larger audience that the Guild says it doesn't care about. At any rate, our advice is to see it and have a good time, even if you don't understand it thoroughly. We're sure we didn't. But with actors running in and out of the audience, the atmosphere was for all the world that of a friendly night club run by Texas Guinan. Estelle Winwood, Edith Meiser, Henry Travers, Edward G. Robinson, Helen Westley and Dwight Frye are in the cast, so you know it's a good performance. Mr. Frye's make-up makes him look like Frank Sullivan, of the New York
World, however, so we couldn't quite take his woes seriously.

"THE HALF-CASTE"

At the National Theatre, they are exhibiting—and exhibiting is a good word, now that we think of it—something or other called "The Half-Caste" and described on the program as "A Story of Love and Sacrifice in a Land of Forgotten Men". And it may as well be recorded now that "The Half-Caste" gave us a very pleasant night in the theatre.

That is gave us this pleasant night, y'understand, was not wholly the fault of the author, one Jack McClellan. Mr. McClellan's dialogue is of the December, 1862, vintage, the time when "East Lynne" was first exposed to the New York multitudes. It fairly reeks with lines like "But the moonlight, the music, the call of the tropics—and you". And, so help us, one character described the South Seas as a "veritable Hades".

The suspicion is strong upon us that Mr. McClellan used to be a title writer for the movies. His story concerns itself with a young man of wealth who would give up all— "wealth, position, and friends" to quote Mr. McClellan—for the lure of a half-caste Kanaka girl. But just as everything is lost, it turns out that the half-caste girl is his half-sister. Whereupon the half-caste lady, whose name is Tuana, but whose nom de stage is Veronica, does another naked dance and kills herself and everybody lives happily ever after.

Four dancing girls are brought on in one episode to perform the native Charleston. Their lack of clothes is very amusing, whereas it was probably meant to be startling. The producer's thought was probably to seek some of the patronage that goes into the revues. He may get some, but if the show succeeds, it will be because New York has a sense of humor. If the show doesn't, it will be because New York has a sense of criticism.

"BRIDE OF THE LAMB"

Whatever you may think of "Bride of the Lamb"—and it is altogether probable that no two people will think exactly alike on it—it is almost a certainty that it puts Alice Brady, that same little Alice that graced the screen not so long ago, into the very front row of American actresses. If Jane Cowl and Miss Cornell and June Walker will mind moving up just a little bit—oh, thank you. Right this way, Miss Brady.

As far as we think of the show—and you boys and girls are supposed to be interested—we think it's a fine and dramatic affair. It dives head first into Freud and comes out with something real and important. This William Hurlbut, who wrote it, is no newcomer to the stage. He wrote "Lilies of the Field", a brilliant and Rabelaisian affair that had as witty dialogue as anything we have seen in years; then he wrote "Chivalry", which we thought a good and sincere piece of work, though the public paid no attention to it. And now comes "Bride of the Lamb", an ex-

(Continued on page 82)
Jean Hersholt as "The Old Soak" bubbles with a philosophy that Volstead never knew.

Directed by Edward Sloman

Clem Hawley
Matilda Hawley
Al, the Bootlegger
Cousin Webster
Lucy Hawley
Clem Hawley, Jr.

Jean Hersholt
Lucy Beaumont
George Siegmann
William V. Mong
June Marlowe
George Lewis

This classic of intemperance by Don Marquis makes even the bootlegger loveable.

A Universal Picture
A young devil-may-care officer laughs at fear until he sees it in the eyes of a girl.

Directed by Sidney Olcott

Lieut. Ranson . Richard Barthelmess
Mary Cahill . Dorothy Mackaill
Cahill . . . . Anders Randolds
Lieut. Crosby . William Norton Bailey
Lieut. Curtis . . Brooks Benedict

Mary's father assumes the blame when he learns of Mary's love for Ranson.

Mary Cahill (Dorothy Mackaill) whose faith in Ranson is unmoved even when things look blackest.
Pre-Showing of Old Loves and

Lord Gervas Carew (Lewis Stone) after granting his wife's divorce, devotes himself to the desert natives and aims to forget civilization.

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
Against his will, the Desert Healer finds himself falling in love with Lady Geradine whom he has rescued from some Arab outlaws.

In the desert the memory of one woman is lost in the beauty of another.

Directed by Maurice Tourneur

LORD GERVAS CAREW . . . . . . Lewis Stone
LADY GERADINE . . . . . . . Barbara Bedford
ELINOR . . . . . . . Katherine MacDonald
LORD CLYDE GERADINE . . . Walter Pidgeon
Silken Shackles

Could a gay flirtatious American teach wicked Budapest new tricks?

Directed by Walter Morosco

Denise Lake
Howard Lake
Lord Fairchild
Tade Adrian

Irene Rich
Huntly Gordon
Bert Marburgh
Victor Varconi

A Warner Brothers Picture
Among the dozens of other congratulatory wires received at the Chaplin home and studio was one from Doug and Mary: "Dear Lita and Charlie. We are delighted. Would love to see new fellow. Have little Spencer write us what he thinks about it all. Know how happy you both must be. Give them both our love... Mary and Doug."

Hardly had the excitement caused in Hollywood by the arrival of Charlie's heir subsided, before Mrs. Monte Blue sent news to the world from the Good Samaritan Hospital that Barbara Ann Blue had been born.

Another case where the stork got the babies mixed. Monte and Teve wanted a boy, and they had picked out the name Monte Jr., naturally. But they, too, are content. Barbara Ann weighed eight pounds and was born at ten thirty in the morning. They say she resembles her beautiful mother.

The best of it is there's more yet. Just the day before Barbara Ann was born, Mrs. Jason Robards, wife of the former stage actor now playing at Warner Brothers in "The Footloose Widow", presented her husband with a son, weighing 8 pounds and 9 ounces.

Mrs. Robards and Mrs. Blue received dozens of bouquets of flowers from Warner Brothers, while the two fathers brought cigars for everyone. The Robards have another son, Jason Jr.
Patsy Ruth Miller and Donald Ogden Stewart, the humorist, used to be seen together a great deal in Hollywood, and people kidded them about being engaged.

So when Don recently announced his engagement to a Santa Barbara society girl he met in Europe, he sent Pat the following telegram:

“No suicide now; that would just be silly.”

Pat, who tells the story, says she wired back: “You be good to that little girl, or I will tell all.”

When anybody in Hollywood tells you that Pat is engaged, he is just like the boy who cried “wolf!” Pat apparently doesn’t take her romances very seriously.

At present she is going with Aldrich Peck, young society man of Los Angeles. The Pecks have introduced Pat into the social whirl and she seems to like it. On the set the other day she told me she is helping write a story which will be produced in an amateur fashion with a society cast. Pat will be the only professional involved. No sets will be used, only exteriors.

Don Blanding, Leatrice Joy’s poet from Honolulu, has captured the film colony. He made his debut in an Hawaiian Luau (festival) taking place at Leatrice’s home.

Since then he has become a lion, although confessedly in search of material to write a book about Hollywood. Being a caricaturist as well as a poet, he has made several sketches of the film folk.

Another of his charms is his proficiency in the hula. For the first time the Charleston experts are beginning to lose a little of their insouciance.

Blanding teaches the Hawaiian dance from motion pictures of the natives which he brought over. He also interprets the movements as they evolved from native tradition. The star pupils find poetic beauty in the dance under his tutelage.

“Dat ole davil sea,” as old Chris called it in “Anna Christie” has nearly exacted toll from two motion picture companies on sea location within the last few weeks. The first was Metropolitan’s “Shipwrecked” company, which narrowly escaped death in a storm on the way from Catalina to the mainland.

The latest, also a near tragedy, involved Jim Cruze’s company making “Old Ironsides”. The party battled a blinding rainstorm and heavy wind for eighteen hours before they could make Los Angeles Harbor. After the very end of the hazardous journey, the tug to which the four-masted schooner with its cargo of 125 persons was
attached, developed engine trouble, and
the schooner started drifting towards the
reefs.

Red flares were burned and these distress signals
were relayed by ships in the harbor to the tug company
which dispatched another tug to the aid of the schooner.
It arrived in the very nick of time, the engine of the
first tug refusing to haul its lead, just as the relief
beat hitched on.

Three women, Esther Ralston, Dorothy Arner, the
film cutter, and Lenore Sabine, hair-dresser,
underwent this thrilling experience, and
strangely enough none of them suffered from
sea-sickness.

The mortality among the men passengers
was very heavy, however. Wally Beery, one
of the few who escaped, made motion pictures with his portable camera of each member of the cast as he approached the rail. Unfortunately the light was not sufficient for the victims to be recognized in the developed film.

One advantage to ten-dollar-a-plate banquets, such as
the one given to Carl Laemmle at the Ambassador on
the occasion of his twentieth anniversary, is that a guest
feels he is free to wise-crack a little without fracturing
too many rules of etiquette.

Hence a famous actor
sitting at my table, hearing J. Stewart Blackton say he wondered why so many big figures in the industry have been small men, suggested: "I know, because they have been trimmed so often."

Henry MacRae, who is at this writing general manager at
Universal City, drew continuous titters from the banqueters by referring to the Universal Product as "Universal Films."

It was left to Bert Lytell to commit the inevitable faux-pas. Unaware that the Sheriff of Los Angeles County was an honor guest
(Continued on page 80)
They say

By Marion of Hollywood

Six A.M., and pouring so hard that it's a shame Mr. Cecil B. DeMille hasn't already started on his latest thousand dollar idea, "The Deluge!" How I'm ever going to get out to Universal for a much-needed day's work is beyond the breadth of my imagination. I'm not half as sorry about myself, though, as I am about the little girl next door. She has had "Hollywooditis" for many, many months, and today is the first time she has ever been "called" to do her stuff, "provided the weather is clear". It rained yesterday, and all she did during the whole of the afternoon was come to the door and then call back into the house: "Oh, Mother, don't you think it will stop before tomorrow morning?" Better luck next time, Agnes — you know it's just gotta shine some time soon.

* * *

What do you think about bobbed-hair going out of style? On a big set the other day, one of Hollywood's most successful motion-picture fashion experts, who has just returned from the gay Paris, announced that said gay Paris is putting thumbsdown on the shorn tresses — after this, we shall again behold woman vamping the stronger sex as did the Lorelei of old, with her long, bright tresses practically sweeping the floor. What do you think about it? Do you suppose we'll ever listen to that new Parisian decree? I really would like to know, because it seems to me I'll never let my "crowning glory" bow my head down and take up hours of my time again. When I'm old and gray, hoop-de-diddling my grandchildren on my knees, I feel my goldy-locks will still be numbered among those funny things called pantaloons, and bustles, and beautiful birdies perched upon an unsuspecting hat.

* * *

The grand opening of "Stella Dallas" was this month, with all the stars turning out, as usual, to do honor to Director Henry King — a grand affair. Oh, sure, Doug, Jr., Lois Moran, Belle Bennett and Jean Hersholt were there. Ronald Colman couldn't come because he was away on his "Beau Geste" location. Of course, the opening really wasn't unusual, except that it's always a lot of fun. But it did one great thing for me. About eight months ago, when Henry King was "shooting" the picture, Doug, Jr., came continually to call upon me. And every time friend Doug appeared, out of the nowhere something struck me — first in the face, then in the neck, and around the ankles — with both of us looking in back and in front and all over the place to see where it came from. Alas, friend Doug, though your future be promising and your mustache becoming, just wait, young scamp, until I lay my wrathful hands on you! "Stella Dallas" has given you away, and your punishment shall fall upon you, as your bee-bee shot fell upon poor, unsuspecting me!

© General Manager of all the Harold Lloyd interests and the chief reason why Harold will not work overtime — Little Mildred Gloria.
and there thrown into a dungeon, sentenced to death. Of the entire family, he is the only one who escaped that death, who fought his way through every nameable terror and untold misery, into safety. He isn’t thirty yet, but you’d agree that he looks forty. He “carries” on through memories, I guess. As I stood there beside him in the midst of the make-believe kingdom, with scarcely two feet between us, how far away from me he seemed to be, how small our kick that we were working thirty minutes overtime. Why, compared to what he’s felt and suffered, I realized how immeasurably tiny are our silly picture woes. Here’s to him! And may Hollywood—our own America—welcome his kind and promise them rest.

* * *

Now that “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” is going to be made into a movie, I might as well tell the whole world that I, little me, is a very personal friend of Mr. R. Beers Loos, the father of Anita Loos, the authoress! And so good a friend of mine is he that I get a Christmas card from him always, and he calls me “Marion”, by my first name, always. To go on with my story, Mr. Loos is somewhat fond of his little daughter, Anita, and between you and me, he thinks there isn’t quite such another girl anywhere around the whole universe. I’m not going to argue that with him, particularly since he has loaned me his own personal, autographed copy of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”. And now I’m going to let you in on a secret! Every single day since

realize exactly what we get from moving pictures that we’ll never, never know or hear about? That may sound funny, but it’s prompted by a conversation on “The Love Thief” set at Universal City. “The Love Thief” is a Russian thing, and among us was a man in Russian uniform, whose very bearing marked him different from the rest. I asked about him, and found that he was technical director for the production. Later I was introduced to him—General Alexander Ikonnekoff, of the Russian Imperial Guard. His face looked rather stern and perhaps world-worn, and sort of weary, and his story reminded me of what a glorious thing it is for me—and all of us—to be able to claim the good old U. S. A. as home.

This man had been through worse than death. From Russia and the Imperial Guard, with his mother and father, two brothers and sister, he had been exiled to Siberia,
I've read a lot of books, and heard a lot of songs, and seen a lot of pictures about mother, but if fathers ever do get a look-in, allow me to present candidate No. 1, Anita Loos's Daddy, walking on air, living his life right over again in her.

* * *

Once again the movies have had me in school and have given me "larnin". Do you know what's been troubling them most on the "Beau Geste" location? Some of the actors revolted — got Bolshevik! It was the greatest surprise to me, because I just never knew before that camels and horses are enemies. Yessir, they won't come within a mile of each other — I mean, they don't want to come within a mile of each other, and when they do get that close together, they know it and balk. In Arizona, where the company is, the horses' corral is built at least a mile from where the camels are and Herbert Brenon is having a terrible time trying to get the movie stuff of them he needs. I've heard somebody say something about a mile and a camel but I didn't know it was a horse.

* * *

If only I'd been quick enough at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer yesterday, Sir Raleigh might have been mine! With the rain coming down as in the days of old Noah, I was standing on the corner wondering how I should
FREE—a surprise gift!

Take advantage of the special beauty-offer below and receive, free, remarkable, new skin-cleansing aid. Retail value 50c. See coupon. Send no money!

Five Amazing Aids To Loveliness—Guaranteed!
(SPECIAL OFFER BY A FAMOUS BEAUTY-AUTHORITY)

Your hands, your complexion, your hair given new and bewitching beauty—quickly. Secret beauty information and methods that have delighted millions. They must benefit you, or you pay nothing. Read the most astonishing offer of this kind ever made.

This is something new—for girls and women who have been seeking beauty, charm, by the hit-or-miss method. One thing for hands, one for complexion, another for hair.

Results are going to amaze and delight you. In fact, are guaranteed to do so. Unless you are fully pleased . . . it costs nothing!

Famous authority

These five unusual beauty-aids came from the knowledge and science of Antoinette Donnelly, America’s most noted authority on beauty.

Millions of girls and women profit daily, by her counsel. Her beauty advice appears in leading newspapers, in favorite magazines.

And these are Antoinette Donnelly’s own beauty aids! Her own exact formulas, which have brought new loveliness to millions.

First, correct cleansing

Miss Donnelly bases everything upon skin-cleansing. Thorough cleansing. She knows that exceptional soap, specially prepared for mildness, must be used. And also a cream that will penetrate.

Now she gives you both. Her exquisite LOVELY SKIN SOAP—which actually contains a scientific percentage of genuine cleaning cream! It is most thorough—yet amazingly mild and beneficial. Then there is her own LOVELY COMPLEXION CREAM. Cleanses and clears the skin—softens it to bewitching smoothness. And, in addition, nourishes delicate tissues—wards off wrinkles. “This is all that any one needs” says Miss Donnelly. “More creams are useless, often harmful.”

For glorious hair; for lovely hands:

Miss Donnelly has also perfected a shampoo which ends oiliness of hair and scalp. Gives enchanting them and richness to any hair: blond, brunette, titian.

In her LOVELY SKIN LOTION Miss Donnelly provides a new way to whiten and soften your hands. Quickly, at any time, despite daily tasks that rob hands of dainty, feminine charm.

The final loveliness!

But of them all, you will perhaps be most delighted with Miss Donnelly’s LOVELY COLOR-CREAM FACE POWDER. You have never known anything like it. Tints are exquisitely matched to types of natural coloring. It stays on, beautifully, through a whole evening of dancing.

There is no crude, artificial look. Just a satiny, natural loveliness! And, while it gives your skin new allure, it also protects the sensitive tissue.

Send no money

All these beauty-aids, prepared by Miss Donnelly’s own formulas, are not offered you—in a dainty golden BOX OF BEAUTY. 7 Seven articles (see list)—all full-size—charming packages. Use them.

As you want, and as you need. The cost $1.49 (plus a few pennies postage). Money refunded if not delighted by you.

The price is absurdly small—to introduce Miss Donnelly’s own beauty aids to women throughout our America. Therefore you must accept at once. Mail your coupon today.

FREE: secret gift

By accepting this offer now, you receive—free—a remarkable, new beauty-aid. Retail value 50c. Assists greatly in keeping skin beautiful, clean, healthy. Not a cream, lotion, soap, tonic or anything of the sort. An entirely new principle. Aids in removing wrinkles, blemishes. Send coupon now

FREE—SECRET GIFT

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY, Distributors Dept. 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me—in plain wrapping—ANTOINETTE DONNELLY’S golden BOX OF BEAUTY containing the seven articles described in ad. I also receive, free, the Secret Gift (retail value 50c). I am to pay postage $1.49, plus few cents postage. (Print name and address, please)

Name. ...................................................
Address ...................................................
City ...................................................
State ...................................................

Tint of Face Powder Wanted .................................
(See list of tints given elsewhere)
ever cross the knee-deep, flooded street. Right beside of me stood another fair one, in the exact same predicament. I kept quiet, while my companion voiced her protests, loudly calling for a plank to get her safely over the wildly rushing stream. Two gallants saw the helpless creature, and started looking for her needed bridge. But—lo and behold—Sir Walter, returning since those ages long ago, in 1926 fashion suddenly plucked the startled one from off her watery place, and landed her, safe and sound, beyond the edge of the pool. With a tip of the hat, nor a look around, away went this unusual young man. And as the two with the planks came laboring back, that wicked creature turned around to me, lifted her saucy brown eyes toward the sky, and gently sighed in ecstasy, "Oh, it was Ramon! Ramon! Wasn't it just like a picture, how he carried me over?" (Ed. query—Marion, are you getting plump?)

* * *

"This is the day they give babies away
With a half a pound of tea"

and that day seems to come in Hollywood at least twice every month. Didn't Agnes Ayres buy "a half a pound of tea" and get a little daughter, and didn't the grocer bring a brand new boy when Lita Grey Chaplin ordered Charlie's afternoon tea? Then another baby who has come to Hollywood this month and didn't come via the grocer is Mary Hay Barthelness. That little imp has come to Hollywood to stay with her Daddy. (Continued on page 80)

---

WINNERS IN THE MARCH CONTESTS

The fan letter contests of March have been awarded and the gifts have been sent.

Dorothy Mackall's watch was won by
Miss Lucy Fitch
Logan County
Napoleon, North Dakota
Miss Fitch's original letter among the thousands received was selected as the best for its sincerity and charm.

The Alberta Vaughn dress was won by
Miss Hattie Gibson
Box 215, Rogers, Texas
for her excellent letter.

SCREENLAND congratulates these winners, not only on their valuable winnings but on their skill at expressing on paper their personal viewpoints. Individuality is the basis of charm and letter-writing is one of the severest tests of personal poise.

* At last—"Romeo and Juliet" with Mary Phil-

bin as Juliet and Andre Mattoni as Romeo.
New Easy Way!

Quickest because natural and pleasant. Gratefully students say they learn in a fraction of the time old dull methods required. You play direct from the notes. And the cost is only a few cents a lesson!

EARNIMG music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play any favorite instrument! That's actually true. A delightful new method has made positively easy to become a capable performer within just a few months. And the cost is only a few cents a lesson, the old, slow methods.

You don't need a private teacher, this new way. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, without anyone to interrupt or embarrass you. Practice lot or little, as you see fit, according to your desire to get ahead — and enjoy every minute of it! For strange as it may seem, the new method is agreeable as well as rapid!

You Needn't Know A Thing About Music To Take This Pleasant, Rapid Course

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each inspiring lesson of this surprising course. The things you must know are set forth in such a concise, graphic way, that even a child can understand them — if not a minute is lost on unnecessary details. You instantly get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control and harmony. The lessons are delightfully human. You like them, so you get ahead fast because everything you have to do is reasonable and so pleasant.

Even scale practice, the bugaboo, is reduced to a minimum and made interesting! And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. Thus the course interests you all the time — spires you — encourages you.

To Tricks or Stunts — You Learn from "Regular" Music

Yes, the new way teaches you to play from notes, just like the best musicians do. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts". When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and understand it! Think what that means. You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes, without a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

The Surest Way To Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit on the sidelines at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are!

It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician — a really good player on your chosen instrument — without the deadly drudgery and expense that were such drawbacks before. At last, you can start right in and get somewhere quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful new perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and know it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply.

Whether you take your violin, velo, organ, saxophone or any other instrument you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always practical. Little theory — plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of this course get ahead twice as fast — those who study old-time peddling methods! Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee that every one can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you do know something about music, the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

Send Now for the Free Book that Makes You a Special Offer

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been prepared — "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free for the trouble of filling out the coupon below — and in the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price — if you act promptly. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. There is a good reason for this big reduction, as you will see on reading the booklet. But since the special offer reduces the lessons to a few cents each, we want only people who are seriously interested to take advantage of it! If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now — today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3226 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

Please write name and address plainly so that there is no difficulty in mailing booklet to you.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3226 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

[Name]
[Address]
[City, State]

Learn To Play
By Note

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<td>Piano</td>
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Please write name and address plainly so that there is no difficulty in mailing booklet to you.

Have you shown instrument?

Name:
[Please write name if necessary]

Address:
[Please write address if necessary]

City:

State:
Now you can have your hair in 30 minutes

The Marvelous Marcellers give most beautiful results — equal to the expert work of finest beauty parlors — in 30 minutes at your convenience, for two or three cents instead of dollars. Be sure you read every line of this wonderful offer once or twice a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be trained to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll have a lovely, natural wave all the time!

Now is when you need it most

The summer social season is on. With the many games, beach parties, sports and outings that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And 'looking one's best' these days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful, becoming way. No other feature is so important to looks as your hair. Nothing

Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!

With our Marcel Fashion Charts to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous Marcellers—side part, center part, pompadour wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style.

The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to you type of beauty.
can marcel yourself at home
minutes

Kaufmann & Fabry Co.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are
actual photographs taken by me while Miss
Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with
Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left
shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my
studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous
Marcellers in place. The center photograph
shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30
minutes later.

(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of March, 1926.

EMMA W. STOLZENBACH
Notary Public.

Get Your Set of Marvelous Marcellers for only $2.98

As this is the most revolutionary invention of the
kind ever produced, we believe it will be bought
shortly by hundreds of thousands of these Marvelous
Marcellers will be beautifying women all over the
country. In order to speed this day, we are offering
the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers
the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—
only $2.98 for the entire outfit. This includes a
new and authentic marcel fashion chart and a com-
plete set of Marvelous Marcellers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away
you will be getting, for the cost of two or three
marcells, everything you need to keep your hair
beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And
your hair will not only look better all the time, but
will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to
the elimination of the harmful artificial heat.

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for
this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need
risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail
the coupon. In a few days, when the post
man brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him,
plus a few cents postage. And when you put
in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best pur-
chase you ever made in your life, for your hair
waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this
outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll
never have to spend your good time and money for
marcells again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marceling
outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with
results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful
marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every
way—simply return the outfit to us and your money
will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't
put it off. Be among the first to take advantage
of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail
the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ
711 Quincy St.
Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute, 711 Quincy St., Dept. B, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me your new invented marcelling outfit,
including Marcel Style Chart and set of Marvelous
Marcellers. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage)
when you make delivery. If I am not
delighted with results, I will send outfit back to you
quickly and you will be refunded promptly. I also
will not charge you for postage.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman
comes, enclose $2.66 with your order and the
Marvel-Blitz Outfit will be sent postpaid.
SCREENLAND

Stop Whiskey
Wonderful Treatment Helped Faithful Wife to Save Husband When All Else Failed.

Try It Free

The Happy Reunion

Movie Acting!
A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are destined to this work? Send me for our Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send $1.00 or stamp today.

FILM BUREAU Station 5 Jackson, Mich.

C. Greta Garbo, charming new Swedish star, will be cast opposite John Gilbert in "The Undying Part," after she finishes "The Temptress."

Hollywood Chatter
(Continued from page 71)

at the speaker's table, and removed from him but by one, Bert suggested that Carl Laemmle, having been so successful in the erection of a city on what was once the site of an institution for the feeble-minded, might well take charge of the county jail and stop the present epidemic of escapes.

The most interesting features of the banquet to me were the reminiscences of Hart Bosworth, who was sitting at my table. He said that the first motion picture to be made in Los Angeles was "The Pow of The Sultan," that Colonel William Selig was the producer, that he, Stella Adams and Francis Boggs were the leading players, that Tom Santschi painted the backdrops (to only sets used), that the picture was made in an old building at Eighth and Olive street, that the picture was begun May eighth, 1909, and that it finished the following day.

 Rin-Tin-Tin, dog-star of Warners, is making a personal appearance tour with master, Lee Duncan, the latest Rin-Tin-Tin picture, "Hero of the Ice Snoez".

If this almost humanly intelligent dog makes the impression on his fans that do most of the real work, we will be surprised. Certainly Duncan's explanation of how animals are handled in the film of motion pictures ought to dispel mystic notions which have been unknown from certain sources as to the strictly practical dumb beasts in the films.

The affection of Rin-Tin-Tin for Duncan is a beautiful thing, and this is characteristic of the relations between the animal performer and his owner.

JANE WINTON, former showgirl, who came out to Hollywood and was with Laemmle for a while, but who did not make a sensational success at that time, has been signed on a long term contract by Warner Brothers. This film company has been the most progressive in Hollywood during the past year, in the development of new talent. Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Doris Hill, Myrna Loy and Jane Winton have been signed on long contracts. The success of Dolores

They Say
(Continued from page 76)

Roosevelts to left of us, Roosevelt to right of us, Roosevelt here, and Roosevelt there, and in the end, who will really be Roosevelt? It's the funniest thing. Whenever you turn a Roosevelt candidate for the part in "The Rough Riders," and it's strange how much they do look like our great American president. There's one in particular who strikingly resembles him except that he's about twenty pounds too heavy, and is trying to lose the over-weight.

We went into the restaurant across from the Lasky Studio the other day, and there sat the candidate, eating with a friend who was just about to devour a fine looking steak. Our candidate, with a glass of orange-juice in front of him, was going through a greater battle than ever "The Rough Riders" had seen! Said his companion:

"Oh, go ahead. Order one, too. You can't gain a thing by eating a little piece of steak."

I saw him hesitate, and no one knows how near that battle was to lost! But at the other end of the room sat another Roosevelt, a wee bit thin, perhaps, for the part. That was enough! In a second our candidate partook of his orange juice, paid for his despicable "dine," and quickly crossed the street back into the studio, where temptation entered not. Poor man! If he doesn't get that part, think of the joy he'll have in an honest-to-goodness, he-man meal. And then he can shed the sombrero, and take off the spectacles, too.

Weddings will be weddings, I guess. Whether they're for the movies or not, they are being on an intimate knot! Of course the Universal Ranch one night this month they were "shooting" the wedding scene of Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen for "The Thief," and in no way was the picture dropped. A couple of women visitors got through the gate and over to the spot where the company was working. Maybe it was Jack Dempsey's fault—he was directing—and he made the picture look entirely too revealing for one of the visitors, in spite of my effort, started to audibly cry. And then, silly as women sometimes are, the rest of the fairhearted set in the picture started to follow suit. Golly, even a fake wedding brings out the sentimental Hollywood "atmosphere".

** **

MAYBE when you go to have your picture taken after this, whether it be Hollywood, New York City or Marthfield, Mass., you'll find there is no money in the room. You who'll make the taking of the photographic easier and perhaps waste one or two plates in getting your proper likeness that should ever happen. It'll be on account of Julian Faye, who decided music would be in the gallery as much as it does on the stage. She says it was so successful that now it's the players at the DeMille studio ask for it in their picture. It certainly sounds like a great idea to me.
60 Days Ago
They Called Me
"BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of them on our heads, but we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that luxuriant hair of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't laugh out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electric light. The treatment lasted 35 minutes during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I said. And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Oh of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just wait a while."

On the way home I read a book—not which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merko, founder of the Merko Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle and new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments every day and this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merko, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would think of rubbing new rooting fluid on the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merko perfected after 21 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merko Institute many have paid as high as $50 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merko very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merko Treatment.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merko Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merko Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merko Institute, Inc., Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merko Institute, Inc.
Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow."

Name ____________________________
(State whitcher Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________
Saves Hose

Prevents them from wearing out and staying at the heel, and prevents shoes from rubbing or slipping at the heel.

If your shoes slip or rub at the heel; if your hose wear out at the heel, and if their delicate color is always marred by stains at the heel — you need Dr. Scholl's Nu-Crimp Heel Liner.

Think of the greater comfort, economy and satisfaction that this means to you! Dr. Scholl's Nu-Crimp Heel Liner is made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Indubitably worn in the shoe, being made in colors to match shoe linings. Sold in shoe and department stores everywhere — 30¢ per pair. Insist on getting the genuine with the cup-shaped center, and bearing Dr. Scholl's name. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

Costello alone would more than repay them the experiment.

Dolores, by the way, has acquired a Japanese maid, who divides her time between ministering to her mistress and to learning our language from an English-Japanese primer.

Dolores told me the other day that her mother had given her a nervous breakdown and has been ordered to rest. With both the girls in the films, and at different studios most of the time, Mrs. Costello has been too much on the go.

A PROPOS of this picture, a discussion is raging about the past and future of Belle Bennett, the star. Publicists, given over by the Goldwyn offices stated that Belle Bennett was practically a newcomer to success, that the role came after years of struggling.

One eminent director tells me that Belle Bennett was started many years ago by Thomas H. Ince, and that she has trampled in pictures right along. He also ventures that her success is largely due to the fact that she was type-perfect for the part.

All agree that she probably will have the same experience of Vera Gordon, who has never been able to escape from the mother role since "Humoroscope".

How deadly serious is Ray Griffith mixing his own salad. At the Montmartre Café today at lunch, I saw him do it, entirely undisturbed by the milling of one of the largest crowds of the season.

He was surrounded by four gag men, his invulnerable companions, and they watched respectfully as he chopped his lettuce in a big silver bowl, mixed dressing from a half dozen ingredients, carefully stirred it in, and then dished out a portion for each of the party.

Impaled by a glance, the gag men tasted... and nodded. The meal began.

A gentleman bandit has made Walter Pidgeon, who is new to Hollywood, a little dubious about the role of good samaritan on California roads after dark.

Walter picked up a chap the other night while driving in Hollywood after the street cars had stopped, and was greeted with a shot fired in his ribs and the gentle remark, "Fork over everything in your pockets."

Seventeen dollars was what Walter had. The bandit took this, but returned two dollars in case the actor needed smokes and gasoline on the way home. He then caused Walter to drive him to a spot where a car was parked and to drive off in the other direction. Walter got the number of the car but it was a licentious one.

This actor is being played as a success by the producers. He has had but one picture, "Mannequin," released, but since that time has played in "The Outsider" for Fox, "The Desert Healer" for Marian Fairfax, and "Miss Nobody" opposite Anna Q. Nilsson. He is under contract to Joseph M. Schenck.

Walter formerly was in musical comedy, having been persuaded by Schenck to leave Elsie Janis' show and come to Hollywood. He has been an instant hit with the feminine part of the film colony.
Magic Dot Gives Rupture Victims a Fresh Lease on Life!

It is a new invention, in the hygiene of hernia; possibly the greatest advance in rupture support for more than a hundred years. It is very tiny. It is so small that it weighs less than a quarter; it is but little larger in diameter. Yet Magic Dot does an amazing thing so simply that you will wonder why you did not think of it yourself.

Magic Dot is but a part of New Science System for rupture support. Can you imagine a flesh-soft pad smaller than you have been using, a pad composed of air cells that almost breathe, with each abdome
dinal movement. That is what Airtex Pad is. And you can wash every part of it in two minutes if you like.

Even these interesting developments are not all the surprises contained in New Science System of hernia hygiene, for it provides the new Duobelt. Duobelt is different, light, comfortable. It does away with the old, heavy, cruel leg strap in thousands of cases; in fact the old fashioned heavy leg strap is never a necessity with Duobelt. There are no dangerous springs; no springs at all with Duobelt. Just two very high grade elastic web belts, much lighter and much narrower than you have likely ever dreamed possible. They girdle your body with a natural "set" that should make you soon forget you are wearing it.

Do you know that rupture can now often be cured. It could always be cured; it could be cured if as many cases as were right. Wouldn't it be a strange trick of nature if she should heal all sorts of broken bones, tears of flesh, cuts, bruises and sprains, and fail to heal rupture,—if given the right chance.

Try with the finger tips and see for yourself how little pressure, and what a small pad, would be needed if the support were always in the one right place. Now you will understand why Magic Dot is so revo
dutionary in rupture. It anchors the pad where you put it. Every day the pad goes to that one spot. Your old pad bored around in your tender flesh under cruel pressure. You couldn't heal a wound of any kind if you kept a plug in it.

So you see, that because Magic Dot an
chors the light Airtex pad exactly, your pad can be much smaller. You do not have to force it into the flesh to keep it from skidding; it can't skid. You don't need the harsh, binding pressure and hence Duobelt is a new comfort.

Magic Dot does not interfere with taking off or putting on your support, instantly.

Perhaps you don't realize that nature cannot heal without a free flow of blood through the ruptured tissue. Too much pressure on your truss prevents the needed blood-flow. Press your thumb tightly against the soft flesh of your forearm for a minute, note the white spot that remains for an instant when you remove your thumb; it shows absence of blood. See how the pink returns when you take away the pressure. You can't cure rupture without blood; you make it worse, day by day.

Why should anyone go through life a slave to rupture, constantly on guard, unable to enjoy action and life that make for health and happiness. Thousands do not know the relation of rupture to sex life, to nerves, digestion and success. New Science System should delight you but it cannot show you its wonders unless you see it.

We prefer that you actually see New Science System, just as soon as possible, and to save time we have prepared the "no risk" coupon below. We will prepare your System and send it at once if you like. If you don't think it a wonderful bargain send it back as per the coupon.

If you would prefer to see our free book first, just check the coupon as indicated and it will come quickly.

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
6821 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio

New Science Institute, 6821 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio.
Please send me at once, free and without obligation, literature describing full details of the New Science System.

Name ________________________________
Address __________________________________________
City __________________________ State________

These who wish to avoid delay may see New Science System prepared for their individual measurement, simply check here ( ) and pay the postman when it arrives, if not absolutely satisfied send it back within five days and your money will be promptly refunded. Be sure and give the dates below:

Inches around body on line of rupture ____________
Single or double rupture ____________ Weight ______ Age ______
Two large is rupture on right ________ Left ______

The Squeezing Machine which is used on the basis of "no risk" coupon is designed for New Science System, a New Science System, just as soon as possible, and to save time we have prepared the "no risk" coupon below. We will prepare your System and send it at once if you like. If you don't think it a wonderful bargain send it back as per the coupon.

If you would prefer to see our free book first, just check the coupon as indicated and it will come quickly.
I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age—a wonderful new type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

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Now you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always craved for... the exquisitely white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you that striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whiteneth the skin to ivory whiteness.

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Freckles, tan, freckles, roughness, uneven and blotches disappear almost as if you had wished them gone! The day before you have had such a preparation Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

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Test this preparation on your arm or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use any Lotion Face Bleach anyway you like for six days. Then, if you are not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 35 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postage only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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Address

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Make Your Skin Ivory-white in 3 Days!

It isn't a very pretty story, for the crook is punished before he can be married and the girl divorced. He goes to prison, the city and leads a "life." The two are separated all through the picture, each blaming the other for breach of faith, but in the end, they meet again and are joined in marriage.

A sordid, unwholesome tale of the drags of life. The love interest is there, of course, but it is the kind of love which has to go through too much in order to be purified. The story isn't breaking down of the country girl's ideals, her expulsion from the country home by her narrow-minded father, her drab life on the streets, her feeling that, though such things undoubtedly exist, they can't exactly come under the head of entertainment. I knew that my friend had no intention of becoming a crook and going to jail for fun. The girl that he loved her, and I couldn't help feel but feel, as I watched this tragic story unfold, that most young people would, to say the least, fail to get any benefit from such an example of bedraggled passion.

I was glad, therefore, when the next picture on the list was announced as a comedy. 'The Nutcracker' was its title, and the ever-delightful Edward Everett Horton was its star.

All filled with expectation and a good lunch, I dragged my friend—somewhat bewildered by this time— to the projection room, and together we sat through the screening of a dandy of a dress comedy as ever graced a movie screen. Horton is shown as a hen-pecked husband who feels anamnesis to escape from the routine of his life as pastor of two small churches, "the Church of the Living God, and the Church of the Living Water." The little wife finds him, suspects the genuineness of his anamnesis and plans to make him snap out of it. She arranges to have him kidnapped and brought to a room where several horse doctors, posing as surgeons, tell him to prepare for an operation to restore his memory. Of course he falls for the plan, "recovers" his memory and makes up for lost time with his wife. Horton has changed from a drab housewife into a giddy butterfly.

It is all very improbable and very tiresome, despite the strenuous and often clever efforts of the actors. It doesn't succeed, although we must admit that the married life in anything but a favorable light, I could see my friend weakening by the red. Nobody could blame him for that.

Of course, nobody could see a film version of that famous old operetta, "The Prince of Pilsen," without picking up some hints about the gentle passion. The only trouble is that it only shows how a prince of the royal blood wins a comparatively simple and superficial maiden of the lower orders. By this time the prince, father of three children, and the sexless, ordinary male U. S. citizen can't be expected to apply the lessons with any great degree of conviction. In one of the male leads comes the famous line, "My dear father, you must become enfranchised and be mistaken for the Prince." He is hauled away to the castle of a reigning Princess and is about to be married off. When it is discovered that he has been innocently practicing a fraud, he is about to be executed, when the girls and the three princes arrive and save him.

Throughout this maze of old but amusing hokum, a very pretty little romance is developed, with Anita Stewart and Alan Forrest as the romancers. Scenes in a quaint German inn, scenes in a lovely rose garden, in a bandit's lair and finally in the palace, are full of inspiration to the young man whose fancy is lightly turning at this season of the year. Anita is charming—as always, but even such a dupe in love-making as my friend is, could fail to do the right thing at the right time under Anita's provocative spell. "The Prince of Pilsen" is an amusing and entertaining picture, and George Sidney, as the heavy-beer-drinking father, is very loveable. Incidentally, this picture has the screen's greatest novelty—a fashion revue of the dance. It is all as it should be, with unbridled daring, and the court ladies appear in costumes that make the Follies dragées look like those worn by the Puritan theocrats who the Bishop looks on with perfect equanimity.

By this time I was afraid that the seeker for knowledge was worn out or so befuddled by what he'd seen that any more medicine would make him go around picking daisies on Times Square. But I found him as determined as ever to get the low-down on love, so I took him with me when Dr. Fox gave a private showing of "Siberia."

The love interest in this, beside being thoroughly conventional, is secondary to the big theme of the story, the fight for freedom of ideas. It is the story of Russia as most of the world knows it, with life over here its twin. Tyranny, brutality and stupidity under the Czar; terror and suffering; exile to the bleak wastes of Siberia; the triumph of the proletariat, and finally the same tyranny and misery for the new power by other than the old, but by new, self-appointed, terrorist leaders. It is intensely interesting and makes you sympathize with the Russian people in their revolution. It also gives you a glimpse of what Russia is suffering under today when the people's champions turn out to be more concerned with the welfare of all the people than were the Czars.

Alma Rubens, as an aristocrat who loves the people but who sacrifices herself to keep the house in order, is as captivating as the novel. She is loved by three men—the revolutionary leader, a good officer of the Czar, and a bad dodo. When she is sent to Siberia, the officers fight each other on her account. The sad one is alain and the good one put under arrest. Then comes the leader of the people with the news of the successful revolution. All prisoners are just set free, and the troubles are over, but the leader turns out to be a deceived self-seeker who wants the girl for himself regardless of her own feelings. The officer exclaims: "We have a ride through the snow-bounded wastes, with a pack of wolves in pursuit. The leader pursues but is put down and out by the officer and the lovers finally make their escape.

As a lesson in love making, this is somewhat confusing. Apparently the novice must either start a revolution to make his love and save the world or he must be a handsome young officer in a uniform like the doorman at a night club. Revolutions, like wars, are kind of scarce around parades and performances and must be rented from any costume company, it's a long way to Siberia.

However, there's balm in Gilead for the seeker after knowledge. "Siberia," for all its decadent, drab, but amusing fabrication of life under the Czar, may not be much of a help to the lovelorn; but there's good news in store for those who long to know the answer to the question. "Sandy" is about love—and you'll love it. It may not make much of a hit with grandma, in spite of its moral ending; but grandma is supposed to know it all anyhow—and what she doesn't know about the younger generation won't hurt her.

The pretty little girl in the film goes after love in a Big Way. She starts with a stren-
Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

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He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

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There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

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The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, would not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but you are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

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luous flirtation with a good looking young-ster which comes to a conclusion with a night spent in a mountain cabin when the two are storm-bound. Papa arrives, and of course every one is happy, but father isn't taking any more chances, so he marries her off to a conceited chap whom she doesn't love at all. During the honeymoon, he tries to tame her with cave man methods, but only succeeds in driving her away, so that when she takes a vacation in Honolulu she isn't at all averse to listening to the honeyed words of another handsome man of this engaging sort.

She leaves her husband and cleaves to her Honolulu boy friend—until she finds that he is some shik he himself and that he has more than one queen in his harem. Then she goes to visit Judy. Her cousin and promptly proceeds to vamp Judy's young man away from her. But the other man finds her and when she won't come back to him, he shoots her and kills himself. Judy's friend is accused of murder and is about to be convicted when the wounded girl leaves her bed and bares her own disgrace to save him. Having patched up something the wreck she has made of her life, she passes out upon a ray of sunlight from a thoughtfully concealed Klieg light.

This teaches us, first, that jazz and some-thing on the hip are great aids to a success-ful romance; second, that cave man methods are out of date and shouldn't be used except in emergencies; third, that Honolulu is a great place to start something; and last, that former loves should be heard from but not seen and that you can't be too careful whom you're vamp'd by. The picture's just chock full of grandest hints as to what to do when you're alone in a mountain cabin, when you're ditto on a beach in the South Seas, and when you're cuckoo in an automobile on a dark night. As an advance on the art of modern day love making, "Sandy" is price-less and should be and (probably is) in every bachelor's library.

A man of this engaging sort is a swift moving, colorful and more than a bit naughty glimpse into the life of a girl who wanted the moon and got only a cold potato. It may shock you a little, but it will entertain you no end. Madge Bellamy, with her bobbed hair, is a brand-new Madge—prettier than ever, and as full of life and the joy of youth as flivelver is of rattles. She gives a performance that'll make you sit up and take notice. "Sandy", mainly through Madge's efforts, is easily one of the best of the jazz family.

When we left the projection room, I could see a gleam of triumph in my friend's eye. At last, after thousands of feet of flickers, he had the secret. With a hasty word of thanks to me, he dived into the sub-way, headed for Brooklyn. His girl lives in Brooklyn. And now I'm scared to open my mail, but I'm practicing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" on my saxophone.

Clare Windsor's Happy Ever After

Continued from page 45

saying goes, the way to a man's heart is by giving him pies and cakes, the way to a little man's heart is by giving him fire-engines and electricity, the way to a battle-ship won before Billy even knew it had started. Yes. I take off my hat to Bert, because after all it wouldn't be at all out of the way if a bit of jealousy through Bill crept into his heart. A new "Pal's" Voice. Even Claire feels that where there's true love, is jealous, too, and as small as Bill is, he holds an awful lot of his pretty mother's love. But with the help of three days trains, complete petition was off and Bill could love 'em both.

Oh—by the way—what do you think of a wife who gives her husband flat silver for a birthday present? I guess Bert will never stop kidding her lady fair about that. And I'm sure Bobby's mother, with a smoking stand or a fine humidor, says Bert. All three of us laughed. What difference did it make? It was all just for them—for not one, nor the other, but for them, for THE home, and home was meaning more to them than even they had figured it could mean.

And it wasn't such easy sledding at first. With a little baby to care for along with everything else, and more watches, and stop watches, and I don't know what else, she never experienced it, can't understand the teeniest, tiniest bit what it is to "buck the old game". Dreams are beautiful. They're the best things in the world to hang onto, but out in this world where dreams so often always remain only dreams, you have to hang on so hard that your hands get sore, and your heart aches, and you wonder how you're ever going to stick it out. The only way, when you take a long look at your chit of a baby, you give him a tight hug and the softest kind of kiss, and you make the wearsome rounds again.

So went Claire, with her dreams and her castles in the air. She tells me that my old friend Lou Goodstadt, now "C B.'s" right hand man over at the DeMille Studio, gave her her first chance—a bit in a picture at the by DeMille Studio. That was the first air-ship to castle come to earth. Then Allan Dwan to the rescue; and last, and really most, Louis Weber, successful castle builder herself, brought Claire and Billy a dream-house right down out of the clouds and into a dreamy, beautiful reality. From that time on, their ship sailed thru the quiet, peaceful waters, with great white sails, and sunny weather, and everything except a captain, a hale and hearty.

Enter Bert. He takes the helm, he sails the ship, and there I leave them, sitting side by side, beneath the rosy floor-lamp, with that saucy silly kitten cocking his head before he makes another dash across the floor.

And Billy—he's sound asleep. But before he went, after he kissed his Mommy and his new found pal "good-night", he told me stoutly there was something else he most certainly had been promised. And only a boy would do, on account of girls much-getting play "rough" and never like no engines nor no toys and only play with funny dolls.

The Savage

(Continued from page 39)
Let them think they'd actually found a white savage.

"What good would that be?"

"Well, then we'd expose them."

"We!" Terry exclaimed. "Don't take me into partnership.

Terry watched as a thoughtful light broke in the editor's eyes. He saw the speculative glance that was directed toward himself and he knew what was behind it, a long second before the editor said, "Someone like you could do it, Danny. It would have to be someone like you. Well-built, healthy looking, no marks of dissipation, and, above all, a knowledge of the wilderness and of the animals."

"In short," said Terry. "Will I please be a white savage?"

The editor smiled and sighed relieved. The plot which had really been lying heavily on his mind since he had heard of Professor Atwater's expedition was at last turned over to Danny for consideration.

"Large order," said Danny.

"Oh, I don't know." The editor was justified in minimizing the risk and discomforts of the fantastic idea. He was comparing it to other adventures of his wild animal friends.

"Quite right, you don't know," said Danny. "That's just it."

The business of landing in the Mariposas alone and unnoticed was managed as Terry had managed a score of other things. The slipping into the dark recesses of the forest was easy and amusing to him. The charm of the place got him from the start. The deep, blue lagoons and over-hanging cocoanut palms made him strangely sad. He was happy to be away from noisy, dirty cities would perform carry what they pleased to call a savage away from the beauty and peace of the islands.

He spied the Atwater encampment and doubled it for a day or so. It was lovely to swim through the clear, clean water and crash through the thick, great forest, lovely to watch the gaily-colored birds fly above him and to be awakened by the chattering monkeys. Far too lovely was all this for him to acquire at once to his capture.

Once he permitted the professor himself to catch a flash of him. All night the island rang with the sounds of the searching party while Terry hid from him. He knew that now Professor Atwater would never leave until he had the savage with him. But Terry's own time was limited; so at the end of a week he began to swim in a lagoon that was closest to the searching party's encampment. Scarcely a moment after his first dive, the bank was alive with the excited, shouted when of Atwater's party. Guns and cameras glimmered in the sunlight. Terry regretted the sight of them in this primitive paradise and trusted that nothing but the camera would be used. It was possible that someone would get the bright idea that wounding the savage just a little would show him who was boss.

"Let me deal with him," Professor Atwater quavered eagerly, and Danny noted with satisfaction that his editor was unarmored. He struggled some, just enough to be convincing and not so sufficient to encourage the use of the guns, at which he gazed with an expression of devoted hope. Danny was an expression of interested wonder. Professor Atwater was transported with glee at his find.

"They will call me an idiot, will they?" he asked of no one in particular. They will insist that the white savage is a biological impossibility.

Danny found it difficult to retain his blank, wild expression at the comments he heard. One of the men who represented the rival magazine gazed upon him admiringly.

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"Oh," said the editor, "who is she?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," said Danny, and continued with beautiful obliviousness to say, "I can't make a fool of Professor Atwater in front of his friends like this.

"So it's Miss Atwater? Tough luck. Danny, this being her engagement celebration. But all that is quite beside the point. The point being that this comes your savage amour in just about one minute more." I refused," said Danny roundly.

"Sorry you feel that way, Terry, but this is a little matter of business with me."

The music stopped and the couples began to drift from the dance floor. Danny looked sadly round for inspiration. Something had to be done, and done at once. Already Professor Atwater's fool's paradise was tottering weakly. The editor was preparing to make an address to those who stood near.

Danny looked longingly toward the doorway. If they had only not caged him. Perhaps he could escape before the exposure was made. But he was caged. And then Danny remembered the fragility of his prison; he could escape with a little effort. But the doorway was blocked with a race of savage men, who would not be afraid to tackle a runaway savage, men who had dealt with animals.

The windows! One was right behind his cage. It was covered with baize, and a tropical plant crawled lazily across it, but a second's work on that would clear it. He had to get away from this place, he had to -- but what? And how? A glance at Danny began to work on the bars.

"Look!" screamed one of the women. Every eye in the place turned toward the savage, who was working furiously toward his escape.

"Don't be frightened," said the editor. He will hurt no one. He is --

But the words were drowned in a babble of voices and women's hysterics.

"There was an infinitesimal space of time when everyone stood helpless, unable to move toward Danny. Then of one accord he charged toward him. It was the moment that Terry broke from his cage and leaped through the window. Nothing held them back now. Through the window and through the door hurried the guests in pursuit. Professors, flappers, business men, and society ladies swarmed the grounds of the Atwater house. The savage had to be captured.

Ysabel stood alone for one moment in the deserted hall, then she too joined the searchers. She had no idea where an escaped wild man would run but she flew to a part of the estate where no one had yet sought him. Danny, lying silently under some bushes, saw her, alone and unafraid under her stars. Lovely Ysabel! If only things had been different, and she could have spoken to Danny, his pulse pounded and leapt with joy and amazement, for what she said in a low, fear voiced was:

"Man from the Mariposa Islands, you are near enough to hear me, come out of hiding. I know you can understand me."

Danny debated for only a split second. Then he scrambled out of his hiding place and confronted her.

"I was right," said Ysabel. "You're not savage."

"No," said Danny, "I almost wish I were."

"I felt from the start that you weren't."

"How?"

"Intuition, I suppose." She laughed a little. That and a profound interest in a people who don't think that social activities are the most important thing on earth."

"Perhaps I do."

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Ysabel and Danny stood side by side in silence till the sounds of the pursuit could be but faintly heard. Then Danny said, "May I tell you now, Ysabel, that I love you?"

"Need you?" she asked.

"Perhaps not. But remember, darling, I haven't the assurance that you seem to have. Perhaps you only like me because I haven't been told anything about that," Ysabel laughed. "Oh, Danny, do you remember what Mother once said about you? That you instinctively feel?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking it's a pity you don't, because if you did, Danny dear, you'd feel that you were loved very much by someone in this vicinity."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

Danny kissed her then. Almost any man would have under the circumstances. It's the custom among civilized people.

Oh That Party at the Sixty Club

(Continued from page 37)

and dining rooms, these were welcome gifts. Although they are sure to be a hit with all the guests, they are sure to be a hit amongst the families of the guests, for they are sure to be a hit with all the families. Patsy, who has her thrifty moments, remarked.

Ruth Roland came with that nice Ben Bard, to whom she is reported engaged, though neither will own up. She was dressed as a circus tent, though, as John aptly remarked, she got no help from nature, not being built that way at all. She wore a sort of wide Yam-Yama hat, supposed to be the "big top," and a wide, short skirt, held out by hoops, further to represent a tent. She won the prize for the most humorous costume.

It did seem as though Jane Winton should have won a prize, but somehow her costume didn't seem to fall under any of the general heads. She wore a Follicies costume, with pink tights, and a sort of spiral skirt of black velvet that reached down on one leg to the knee, but on the other side revealed her very pretty leg. Tiny rosebuds, white festoons of them, adorned the dress, Jane was with Leo Kent. Ruth Roland's former husband, with whom Jane is going about a lot these days.

Another prize, that for the most original costume, was awarded to Dorothy Cummings, Frank Elliot's wife, who wore a Red Cross nurse's costume — "very much idealized," as Patsy put it. She looked so lovely that Norman Kelly pretended at once to be terribly ill, begging her to come over and lay her hand on his fevered brow. But Edie Lowe cut him out, because he pretended to have a broken leg, and that was a great deal more important than a mere fever, demanding instant attention. And poor Dorothy was frightened to death when Tyler Brooke popped his head up from under her table, stating that the acting bug had bitten him and he should die if he didn't have care right away.

Sherry Adams is becoming better and better known, these days. She drew a prize for wearing the most beautiful costume, a Colonial dress, with high white wig.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, who I don't have to tell you again is Mrs. Lloyd, came clothed in evening dress, and when I saw them last they were dancing together, and Harold was whispering confidentially into Mildred's ear. At their table, Harold

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and his party were conducting little guessing contests over tricks with matches and key-rings. That is Harold's fad. We talked to Mildred, and she said she didn't know however Harold was going to leave his little daughter, whom he simply idolizes. He was preparing to go to New York.

"The baby went to sleep in Harold's arms, this morning, and he just refused to go to work until she woke up," Mildred explained.

But Harold said, "Aw, don't tell that!

Lilyan Tashman wore a form fitting black velvet gown with a flowing sort of tie—a costume which she herself described as a princess costume. She and Eddie Lowe as usual danced beautifully together—better than they danced with any other partner—a thing, as Patsy said, itself to keep them from ever quarreling and separating.

That chubby Buddie Post was just too funny in pink rompers, while Virginia Brown Faire looked lovely in a Russian costume—black velvet trimmed with white ermine.

Norman Kerry wore dinner clothes, and declared he had come disguised as a gentleman with an Andalusian accent. He looked awfully handsome, and of course was as witty and charming and popular as ever.

Johnya Ralston in a tam o'shanter and pleated skirt with silk blouse, herself described her costume as "Why Worry, or What Have You?"

That clever Ernest Bodja was there, dancing with Florine Williams, and of course Florine danced with husband Earl Williams a lot, too.

Absolutely newcomers to the Sixty Club were Bryant Washburn and his wife, Mabel Forest. Both wore evening dresses, and said that they were having such a good time that they meant never to be absent nor tardy from the Sixty again.

Everybody was a bit non-plussed when a gorgeous Hawaiian girl in native grass skirt costume appeared on the scene. Then we saw John Murray, who had come as "the guy with the green gloves," and knew the girl who had come with him simply must be Vivian Oakland, his wife. Somebody wanted her to dance the hula, but she decorously declined, though she admitted coyly that she did know how to dance it, and really well enough, too, to do credit to the costume.

Scotland was well represented by Tyler Brooke and Bob Edeson, both wearing tam o'shaunter caps. But Tyler was a gay highlander, who looked as if he might do a fling any minute, while Bob wore soberer garb.

He said that the Scotch scenery was practically compulsory, masmuch as his chin whiskers, which he had been wearing in a picture, simply couldn't be shaved off, and he thought they didn't really suit any other kind of clothes. Anyway Bob looked so awfully like a Scotchman, as Patsy said, that the waler seemed to be almost afraid to hand him the bill.

Elinor Glyn was there, looking as nice as ever in her smooth-fitting gown. She was one of the judges to award the prizes, and she at once noted the jewels on Sherry Adams' costume. The jewels, you know, were real—emeralds, garnets and pearls! Eric Von Stroheim was the other costume judge. He got a lot of laughs by pretending to be terribly solemn over his job.

Laura La Plante looked pretty and neat and cute as ever, and as usual was bossing her director, William Seiter, around. Delightful Peggy Fears, who lately had the courage to walk out on Flo Ziegfeld and the Follies, was on hand, too. Everyone seems to like her very much.

"I suppose that Madeline Hurlock thinks she is disguising herself quite enough by cutting her hair and wearing that boyish bob," said Patsy. Madeline wore a very diaphanous evening gown, with wide skirt, and I believe hoops, and we were awfully disappointed that the lights were so dim that they didn't shine through the skirt. It was a lovely white gown, and was supposed to be most effective with the light shining through and making it a shadow gown.

A new millionaire attended Anita Stewart—you know Anita simply must have her millionaire—but Kathleen Clifford seems quite happy with the same one, Meo Filitch, the banker.

Nobody Charletoned very much, although there are a few inveterates like Ruth Roland, who doesn't feel the evening is complete until she has stepped a little in that exotic performance. On the other hand, the waltz seems to be coming back.

The spotlights and the colored lights made the Biltmore's French ball room with its pink and ivory finishing very lovely indeed, and the floor, being of marble, has a certain quality of reflection that is beautiful in effect.

The Sixty is to unbend from all its winter-seasonal dignity and become very gay during the coming summer, when its dances are to be turned into picnics at the beach clubs, of which a vast number line the coast in and around Santa Monica, a suburb of Los Angeles.

We parted at two a.m., John, Patsy and I, and I heard John murmur to Patsy:

"God love you!—when I'm not around!"
"Rooey" is just a scrub Airdale that was brought to the studio to be a companion to a big St. Bernard that Doug and Mary brought back from Europe. He has since become a great football fan and spends long days harrying a football around, its lacing thong in his mouth, entertaining someone to kick it so that he may retrieve it.

"Kick it for him," my actress friend said. Ed, but the grass must have been wet or something for I slipped and fell backwards over a hedge and a goat butted me around a little bit before I could get out of the way.

Doug, Harold Lloyd and Jack Holt are three motion picture stars who keep plugging away at their arts although Kathryn Perry is an excellent golf player, Norma Shearer, Ruth Miller, a tennis player, and Buster Keaton a baseball player.

George O'Brien and Fred Thomson, of course, were on the way with all round athletes and, though picture work takes up most of their time now, they have never "broke training."

"Chuck" Lewis is another old time athlete who has a good job in Hollywood. His performance on the Olympic team attracted Doug's attention and now Doug has him permanently on his staff as a trainer, taking him East whenever he goes, and even to Europe.

From Fairbanks' we went over to Harold Lloyd's picture factory. It really consists of a handicamp complete with a studio annex for Harold working hours every day on the handball court. While Fairbanks' sports are varied Lloyd sticks to the game he likes best.

Harold was playing handball when we arrived and finally this actor I had on my payroll went up and talked to him. He must have told Lloyd who I was for Lloyd asked me to play a hand with him, or whatever.

We started in and, said, Ed, Lloyd hit that ball so hard that I stopped in the middle to watch the ball go past and then got back to the next round and played in bed.

The doctor said I had turned my neck around completely three times during trying to keep my eye on the ball.

I tried to explain to my wife but she said: "Quite a likely tale. You were probably standing in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard trying to watch all those movie gals at the same time.

The next day, Ed, we went to see Rudolph Valentino box. And now I know why Jack Dempsey quit fighting and went to acting. I knew what the Valentino would quit acting and go to fighting.

Over at Warner Brothers' studio Monte Blue was doing pretty much the same thing only he had to wear one of these dummy looking things.

"Why don't you show him how to hit it, my actor-guide asked me.

Well, Ed, I missed it the first time but the second time I hit it right on the end of the nose. It must have had round heels or something, Ed. Anyhow it bounced right back at me and knocked me down and smeared my new Derby hat.

I returned home from the beach that night, Ed, to find my wife sort of mystical. The afternoon papers were carrying a story about a little incident I had had and she had already seen it.

"James Tarkand, well known writer," the headlines read, "loses eye while viewing bathing beauty parade."

I couldn't make my wife believe that I been spending the afternoon with George Cukor and two other proprietors.

We hadn't been closer to that parade than—well, about fifty feet.

It was only my glass eye that I lost, anyway, and besides the newspapers got my name wrong.

"Oh, well, they got the tank part of it," my wife said, "and everybody knows that means you."

The next day, Ed, we had quite a tour. I was beginning not to think quite so much of my $7.50 a day act, but he took me to see Kathryn Perry playing golf; Florence Vidor here at home and Lola Todd, Margaret Quimby and Marian Nixon skipping the rope, running foot races and turning cartwheels, Olive Borden was practicing sprinting and Joan Crawford, the Crawford.

"Why don't you give Joan a few Charles- ton lessons?" my actor says.

But, I'll ask you, Ed, what would a fellow tell his wife if she should come home with a leg missing?

On our way over to Betty Compson's and James Cruze's home we saw Bebe Daniels playing golf.

"A little light exercise like that is great for putting on a little weight," this actor fellow tells me.

On the way back we saw Bebe again. This time she was on a horse.

"That's a great way to reduce," my broadcaster says.

"Gee whiz! Ed, what can you do with a feet like that?"

Right then I was willing almost to believe that he had the entre into anything else I heard about him.

The next day we went over to the Willa- mendyke Studios to see Tom Mix do some fancy riding and roping and then we went out to Universal where Hoo Gibson and Art Acord were doing some of the same.

They tell me that those fellows used to be the chief men in this-and-that of the whole rodeo industry.

The money the three of them make to- gether every week probably would buy every cow out in Texas.

"You spent two weeks down in Arizona once, didn't I hear you say?" my hired man says. Why don't you show these birds how to ride?"

I wasn't feeling any too good but I don't want to offer any excuses for myself, Ed. Maybe the horse had eaten something that didn't agree with him.

Or maybe his wife nagged him. I don't know.

In any event, I had no more than mount- ed the brute when he humped his back and was bounding away in a most appalling manner.

I soon saw that the horse didn't want me to ride him. I was not enjoying it very much either, so I decided to get off and walk back, which I did.

But, as I dismounted a wild cactus that was going by at the time actually went out of its way to reach out and claw me viciously on the hands, arms, face, legs, chest, abdomen and back, not to mention other parts of my person. Then it seized one of my thumbs in its mouth and dashed away with it.

Well, Ed, I got home eventually and the
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No Thank You—

(Continued from page 29)

he was dedicated cured so far as the hip disease was concerned, but incurable as to his crippled state. He walked with a crutch, his crippled leg dangling eight inches above the ground, shrunken and useless. There was no hope that he could ever walk with it, the surgeons said.

But the former boy athlete would not accept their verdict. If the worst were gone, he reasoned, if its parts had been destroyed, there would be nothing to work on. But the leg was there, a sorry sort of leg, but still a leg, bones and ligaments intact. There was no reason, as he saw it, why it might not be restored to normal.

Here is where the youth—he was now sixteen—set himself to show how a mind and will-power may do what applied practically.

Reasoning that the mind may shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things, young Russell set himself to evolve a method whereby he might restore the crippled member. From his boy-acrobat days he had learned the lesson that constant exercise of a particular part of the body, develops that part. Development of the crippled leg, therefore, was the task ahead of him.

He bought an old bicycle, put a motor on it, and with a strap and rigging rigged it so that the eight-inch short leg could be worked by the pedal till the muscles rebelled at further effort. This kept up day in and day out, for a year. He added new exercises as the leg grew and strengthened. It was tedious, monotonous work, painful too, but the lad who had been whole of limb once was determined to be whole again.

He became so, learned all over again how to walk, and picture-play patrons who have seen him as a boxer in "Big Pal," and in rough and tumble work in "On Thin Ice," "Avatar Christie," "Before Midnight," and "The Stiff Alarm"—plays in which he has taken the chief virile parts, will testify to the completeness of the restoration.

Perhaps it is because he spent such effort in regaining his former physical perfection that Russell since then has taken the greatest pains to retain it. A power of will that has kept him, to sustain in the long months of self-surgery, has been easily capable of resisting temptation to self indulgence. He does not drink intoxicants, and smokes cigarettes only rarely.

Yet, carefully as he is of himself, Russell shirks none of the risk of strenuous acting for the screen. In none of his rough-rider or longshoreman parts has he called on a "double" to do any of the acts. As a result he has now and then been cut up a bit, but is none the worse for these experiences.

The lesson of his life is the great capabil-
Love Ships With Volga Bootman

(Continued from page 27)

Midshipman? I think that is when I fell in love with him—when I saw him in that film when I found I was to play opposite him in Mr. DeMille's "The Volga Boatman." I confess I was thrilled. He didn't know that I had followed him. — She laughed with a sly, mischievous glance at the very uncomfortable Bill who desperately tried to break the opening to her head and stopped. Her eyes grew big and the pantomime that passed between them was worth screening. He registered in desperate reproval "Dearie, PLEASE don't say any more about me!" She registered a sly "Why, what's the matter? What have I said?" Then fell a heavy, uncomfortable silence. I took pity on them then and said, "Then you just met each other on this picture?" Eleanor just nod- ded a vigorous assent and William murmured a subdued and "yes," the interviewing party was spoiled I could see that! Eleanor Paire was a Wampus Baby Star in 1924. She played in "The Miracle Man," "Kismet," and "Thru the Back Door" with Mary Pickford and is to play opposite Rod LaRoque in his next picture. So the bride and groom will at least be on the same level. I asked them if they had been on a Honey- moon. William said, "So, we are on our Honeymoon now and expect to keep on our Honey- moon all the rest of our lives." Eleanor's answering smile was near to tears, and I could see that even Screen brides are sensitive and that Screen husbands wonder like ordinary ones. — Well, what a thun- der has the said that hurt her? What a big brute I am anyway!" I could plainly see it was time for my Honeymoon interview to come to a tactful end so that a readjustment could take place. I rejected the ideas assnaged in the usual gnoomy way — with perhaps a little cursing of his brutal self on the side, etc.

With hearty hands, shakes and wishes of years and years of Honeymoon I left them. As I left the Studio I felt sorry for the next interviewer for I felt sure Eleanor would never be quite so delightfully frank and voluble again.

On Location with Richard Dix

(Continued from page 25)

in the most amazing winning of the stow- walkers ever known. Sure, it was luck. Rich was a fine guy; they didn't mind losing their rolls to him; just dawgine it, poker is to Texas what culture is to Boston, an' it kinda bumped a Texan light in the dignity when an actor from New York could come along and beat not one cowpuncher, but six! The poker-

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By Gertrude Atherton

The picture is an adventure picture set in a spring in Bavill, the company practically frozen in for six months—men, women, dogs and wolves. Larry needed a male lead, and the name after name was suggested and rejected. Didn't troup well—too much temperament—always wanting to take the first trail back—grumbles.

"At that, you can't blame them," Lari confessed. "There are times when location work seems to send even the dogs and the wolves mad; for days it's not safe to go near them."

A first location trip is a lark. A four
I've Met Them All

(Continued from page 23)

I was up very early this morning, you now—riding in the Park.” “I thought you were going to Bermuda, last week,” I replied, with a tone usually reserved for the last line. “So’s your Aunt Emma.”

“At seven o’clock,” said Louise Brooks very earnestly, “Bermuda, or even, are equally distasteful to me.”

It was one o’clock in the morning—and Anna Stewart was asleep. Anna was involved in a law-suit at the time and I had to get the “lowdown.” A sleepy voice from her bedroom called, “Come on in,” and entering I saw a sleepy but sweet-sounding man stirring in a negligence.

Still a novelty. A tenth is duty, routine. The comfortable studio is left behind regrettably. But after a hundred location trips, Richard Dix informed me, news that his current production will take him to Mexico carries welcome change from the regularity of studio atmosphere. Always the insistence of “action stuff.” That spirit explains why Dix fits so thoroughly into the groundings in which each new picture presents itself; and no man on the screen to-day has been seen against a wider variety of picturesque backgrounds. He is the ideal action star.

Action stuff thrills him. When those two rainy scenes in “The Lucky Devil” were being filmed the director, Frank Tuttle, objected to Risking his life. “Your face will never show in the scene,” Tuttle pleaded.

“ ‘It’s my face isn’t it?’ ” Dix laughed and me through the day without a scratch.

Tuttle sighed out his relief. “Lucky devil—and incidentally that remark be the title of the picture.”

“Sure.” Dix agreed. “But the double might not have been.” . . .

Paradoxically the worst location trip Dix ever achieved brought the most beautiful vistas—those gorgeous backgrounds of “The Vanishing American.”

There were sunsets when purple shadows reached eastward from the buttes and the sun, revealing unseen depressions in the painted desert, washed a river red and brown and blue until from the hills to the lavender prisonless color tried to conduce the stark brutality of day.

But the days never could be forgotten by the company during the week after week underivas and blazing sun—targets for such indiscreet as drive only across the Painted Desert. They had wandered 130 miles from the back of Arizona, far deep into wasteland hues which lay on cir faces as grime, and what the screen could frame as a thousand glorious canyons burned and blistered in reality. There was nothing to lighten them. Just when they would plough back through the horizon was too distant to follow. Here indeed was Topsy, a location of everlasting memory. A nine-year-old Indian boy, who had never won a name—r himself. They called him Manhammer’s son.

Cast for the part of Nasja in “The Vanishing American,” his role was an important one, but Manhammer’s Son wrapped himself solid Indian indifference, or perhaps a guised fear of these whites who were new and strange to him, and who ordered him to perform before a camera that was equally raw and awesome.

The company watched and prayed. No hope of breathing camp until the lad could be induced to act. Day followed day. There seemed no way to pierce the little fellow’s reserve. At last Director George Seitz gave him up.

“Why do you do what you do with the kid, Rich. He’s beyond me.”

So on Dix fell the job of winning the boy’s friendship. Dollars helped not at all. Manhammer’s Son silently accepted the coins, examined them, grunted a word or two in Navajo, and then the sand. Dix tried candy from the cook’s tent, but this the lad took as something due to him, and the gift brought Dix no closer than before.

The end of another gasping day. At the foot of the butte, weather-beaten automobiles and trucks formed a rampart for tents; figures dwindled away and smelled hungrily of cock-house odors.


Dix lingered on the butte.

The colors of sunset beat on his body, bore to the waist. A lizard poked out of a crevice, darted its blue tongue, and wondered at his world; still fast untiringly and silence arrested him. A soft twang; then an arrow struck the ground a few feet from him. On a knoll nearby stood Manhamer’s Son defiantly holding a small bow.

Picking up the arrow, Dix carried it to the boy and presented it gravely. Then he returned to where he had stood before. Manhammer’s Son shot again. Again the arrow was delivered in person by the human pistol; the boy’s life was twice saved; each time added to the lad’s admiration and decreased his desire to shoot.

Manhammer’s Son accepted the sixth return of the arrow with a grin. He fitted it to the bow and aimed in another direction.

“Go get him!” he ordered.

Dix retrieved the arrow. He retrieved a dozen more at the little redskin’s bidding before Manhammer’s Son opened his heart to him enough to admit a paleface. You must know this: Manhammer was a chief; his fathers had been chiefs before him; and the long line carried a tradition of command, to which Richard Dix was happy to bow.

Queer isn’t it? The obedience of one of the screen’s greatest stars to Manhammer’s Son established a friendship that made it easy to direct the lad thereafter. Even more than that—it completed the motion picture epic of the same redskin pride that burned in that unconquerable little imp.
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ing to qualify for the Olympic games. He pointed over the sparkling water to where a little sloop was riding the waves. "There's my yacht," said the great director. "Though I'm not going to the games myself." 

Lillian Gish, Griffith's star pupil, is a water-lily. One sunny day when I had to interview her I followed her into the Sound to do it, with the satisfaction of watching the frail queen of the seacoast (Ala. being earmarked for large portions of the Atlantic trying to catch up. When you see Mimi dying, don't feel too sorry. She's 'one of the boys.'"

But I suppose, like the first baby, the first car, or the first of long ones, it's the first interview that brings the real kick. And mine was with Douglas Fairbanks. He was Doug then to everybody, and he chewed gum, and he said "Gee Whiz!" all the time. I met him and his big brother, Robert, on the roof of his hotel where photographers were busy snapping him in action. They expected Doug to pose umpering over the side into space. Doug was willing but Brother Bob said no. Doug balanced on one foot over the edge, turned cartwheels, and came smiley and saying "watch me." He could have climbed the pasture if there was any other thing they wanted him to do. "Shall I hang by my heels from the ledge?" he asked. Just then his brother came and led him away. After wards Doug just sat patiently for his special benefit and offered to swing from the chandelier. He was so nice that when I went away I found I'd forgotten everything I'd said except "Gee Whiz!" And you couldn't write an interview about that. Not knowing any better, I called him that evening while he was attending an important dinner in his honor and asked him a lot of questions and then said, "Sure—can you take this down? All set,—and then—'Have you got enough? Call me again if you get stuck. What's that? Why, I'm writing right now.

Little Mary was touring in the interests of the Liberty Loan campaign when I first met her. What a cunning thing she was, in her trim suit of khaki, Sam Brown belt, boots and cap of the same material for long curls. Maybe you have forgotten that Pick ford, Chaplin, and Fairbanks dropped their own work during the war to canvas the country selling bonds. They were mobbed everywhere, and when they sold a bond Mary's speech was made before eager audiences in theatres, city halls, and on the street; and although she was scared to death half the time—she's always been shy and always will be—she never showed it. I watched her comb those curls as she asked me if I'd been meeting and told me all I wanted to know about the stars. I hadn't met them?" she inquired. "Then you don't know the Gishers?" she asked. "When my brother Jack was little and we asked him who he was going to marry when he grew up, he'd always answer, 'Gish,'" Doug explained. "The Gish family have always been friends.'"

The next time I saw Mary she was Mrs. Fairbanks, on her honeymoon. Doug was Douglas because Mary called him that. She showed me his troubles, too.

Tommy Meighan and Wally Reid were the best of pals; and they came up to be interviewed together—a mutual protection society. Wally had made me be most hopeful of his career by calling me by my first name right away. Tommy was shyer, but I liked him too. Then they each grabbed an arm and before I knew it we were the most famous we'd ever been having our picture taken. The next time I saw Wally he was being shaved. Wally never stood on ceremony. His lathered face was wreathed in smiles as he narrowly escaped contact with the razor his valet was brandishing. He greeted me with a whoop and settled back for the interrupted shave.

"Look at that new picture of Dot and Bill—just came this morning," he said glibly. "I'm glad to be back in New York, but I do miss them. Say, I love this part of Peter Ibbetson. Gives me a chance to act, you know, really act." The light comedy-dramas Wally was starring in pleased him. He was sure of the future of the rice production of Peter Ibbetson, nick named Forever, was his favorite film.

Tommy came to see me again not so long ago. I wanted an interview but we couldn't do it. I came to the rounds at the studio and was sent out to the Long Island studio. "Never mind," said Tommy, "I'll run up and see you. And he arrived at Screenland's gate the minute, devastating the office with his Irish grin. Interviewing isn't so bad!

Theda Bara scared me half to death once, just the same. La Bara, when I met her, was on the crest of the wave as a vampire star. Her Carmen and Salome were the last words. She was installed in state, at mid-day, in a darkened incensed room, at the very moment she came half as incensed as I was when she began to "pull her line." It was a good "line" if you liked that sort of thing. She was supposed to have come from Egypt with superbly rouged face and earring and was太空ing for the Ohio, just plain Theodora Goodman. I went away and wrote the interview just as it happened. Darkened room at mid-day—rather hot. And I went back to work. Then after I published I received the following letter from La Bara:

"There is One who avenges all lies, insults and betrayals. He leaves it in His Hands. He named Theda Bara, because in her exotic crew. Wouldn't that make you shiver?"

I had two days to interview Anita Loos. She was great. They're great.

She invited me to their house in Great Neck for the week-end. That was before Frances became Mrs. Fred Thomson and went to California to live. We went to call on the couple, and when we came clomping up two sylvania figures strolling, hand in hand, along a leafy lane. The pretty blonde girl wasn't wearing a sunbonnet and the man wasn't, but the combined effect was very young and rustic all the same. They were Richard Bartheslame and Constance Talmadge. Now that it's all an cient history, it's fun to recall the time Dick and Connie's "crush" might have had matrimonial results if Mother Peg Talmadge had not decided that Constance was too young and that, besides, Dicky was just a struggling juvenile! He was Dorothy Gish's leading man then, while Connie was already a full fledged star under Jos Schenck's brotherly wing. That meeting with young Richard led to the formal interview-hunch on Algonquin, which was interrupted every few moments by mysterious messages of "Phone call for Mr. Barthelmess" by a smiling page boy, actually Dicky came back grinning it. Francis and Connie and Betty some how got there out there," he said. "They must think we're funny." The reason for the kidding — it was Dick's very first interview.

A ballistic game featuring Babe Ruth, viewed as a boy, was another small boys' idea of paradise. I wasn't so thrilled. The Mix box was a like a cage at the Zoo except that we had to buy our own peanuts. There were white suits and huge hat, while his wife, Vicky Forde, wore many of her beautiful jewels. Babe Ruth advanced, shook hands and posed while the cameras snapped. As we were leaving, Tom said to Vicky: "I
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MAE MURRAY, Painted by Jay Weaver

Bride's Trousseau from MAE MURRAY PAGE 3
IN THE TIME OF
SARDANAPALUS

woman was a mere chattel—when Nineveh was besieged and he saw that it must fall he collected his wives and treasures and burned them with himself in his palace. Since then the status of woman has varied greatly; at times man bought and sold her; under the Cæsars she was his equal before the law. Christianity did much to emancipate women; it has remained for twentieth century America to make her a fetish. Today she dominates; her preeminence is undisputed. She is the woman of men's passions. Our newspapers, magazines, and novels show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Of all subjects that have interested mankind throughout the ages, the greatest of all still—as it was in the Garden of Eden—is

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THE SUPREME SUBJECT OF ETERNAL INTEREST AND MYSTERY. THE PERPETUAL ENIGMA; SEDUCTIVE, FASCINATING,—AND BAFFLING.

HER STORY IN ALL AGES AND ALL LANDS

On a scale never before attempted. It is a historical and descriptive record of woman's place in the world. Shows us the women of the Orient, of ancient Greece and Rome, of Europe and America in the dark ages and to-day, and of the backward races in the far places and revealing curious social customs. Shows her as she is, noble and true or vicious and false; describes her as helpmate or the toy of man, as waif of paupers, saint and priestess; tells of her emancipation, her influence on the human race; in all the complex relations in which she has been conspicuous. All know a little about Cleopatra, but many pages are necessary to make her life before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there are the thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. They have no scruple in revealing the errors of the women they describe with every human weakness, and even in telling how and why they failed to live up to the standard of man's ideals. Perhaps it would have been better if they had hesitated, but the people of the present day are not easily frightened. What is written is true, and if the facts are not pleasant to the reader it is the fault of the author and not the fault of the woman described. The story of woman is one of the most interesting in all history. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. They have no scruple in revealing the errors of the women they describe with every human weakness, and even in telling how and why they failed to live up to the standard of man's ideals. Perhaps it would have been better if they had hesitated, but the people of the present day are not easily frightened. What is written is true, and if the facts are not pleasant to the reader it is the fault of the author and not the fault of the woman described. The story of woman is one of the most interesting in all history.
They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heaven's no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life... But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderevski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and visions it brought me. "Visions as beautiful as music and changing as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer.

It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—widely congratulated me—sounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—pluming me with rapturous words. Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?... "Where did you learn?—How long have you studied?—Who are your teachers?" "I never even seen my teacher." I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

Quick your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell.

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by mail in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems only a few months ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method used required no laborious scales—we heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson."

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I saw the course."

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A.B.C. And, as the lessons went on I found it easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent". Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with every Free Demonstration Lesson.

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Name: ____________________________ (Please write plainly)

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City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
G Mae Murray in her bridal gown in "The Masked Bride". Perhaps this inspired her to donate a trousseau to a Screenland reader. See page 30.

Screenland
July, 1926
"The Spirit of the Movies"
VOL. XIII, No. 3
Eliot Keen, Editor

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Afternoons out at the Paramount show are the happiest times of the week. It's such a comfort to know—before you go—that a good time's ahead! The name "Paramount" fixes that! The healthy excitement of first-class entertainment in a quiet, cooled theatre is a happy program for any afternoon. Why not this afternoon? Arrange a date over the 'phone with your friends. Paramount puts a touch of romance, "a castle in Spain," into any day!
False modesty keeps some women from learning the facts about modern feminine hygiene

Deserving of sympathy is the woman who shrinks from the facts of life, who is cut off from the knowledge possessed by other women around her. Because her false modesty robs her of membership in the intimate bond of womanhood. How can such a woman learn the truth about so personal a subject as feminine hygiene? How can she know that the great risk to women today comes from the use of poisonous antiseptics like bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid in its various forms?

Every doctor will tell you this

Until recently there was nothing to take the place of these poisonous compounds in the practice of feminine hygiene. Every woman who sought real surgical cleanliness was forced to run the risk of hardening delicate membranes and even leaving an area of scar-tissue.

But every woman can be thankful that these risks are a thing of the past, now that Zonite™ is on sale at practically every drug store in the country. Zonite is the Great Antiseptic. No burning, no hardening, no danger of accidental poisoning, safe in the hands of a child.

Yet Zonite is actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the body. Ask your physician about this antiseptie-germicide.

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Winifred Bow-
ers, Lois Wilson, Betty Bronson and Richard Dix are all with the Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I., New York. Lois Wilson was born June 1896.

Frances Burns and Lucille Jacobs. Address. Ask tin-tin-run of Warner Bros., Sunset Blvd., and his trainer, Lee Duncan will, I am sure, read your letter to him.


Rene, Lois Moran was a dancer in Paris before she entered the motion picture field, and you'll see this clever girl dance and dance in her new picture "Pa'cokicked." In the original story which ran through the Cosmopolitan Magazine, the heroine was a singer, but apparently in the screen version they are exchanging high G's for high kicks, all for Lois' sake. If you wish reply sent direct, stamped addressed envelope must always be enclosed.

A Washington Girl. Anonymous letters are an abomination; genuine information is always thankfully received by me. Alice Terry was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1896, and her name was not Rodear but Alice Taie.


F. F. J. Thank you for the lovely pressed flowers, they have scented my desk for days.

Nathalie Bogart. Perhaps the Sawyers-Lubin people at 383 Madison Ave., N. Y., could let you have a photograph of the late Barbara La Marr. Virginia Lee Corbin is with Universal pictures, Universal City, Calif. Evelyn Brent and Richard Talmadge F. B. O, Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. For other addresses see above.

Dolly C. Dorothy Mackail, Bebe Daniels, George O'Brien, Alene Ray, Walter Miller, Larry Kent, Alberta Vaughan, Vera Reynolds, are all unmarried, as far as a waiting world knows, but Jack Mulhall has been and gone and married Evelyn Winans and William Boyd just recently eloped with Elnor Faire.

Damad (Bombay). Sheer modesty for bids me disclosing my identity to the thousand ands you mention as being anxious to know me. Do you believe me? I may be famous, as you so kindly say, but certainly not as a screen celebrity! Yes, Barbara La Marr died a few months ago. Rudolph Valentino is still here, and he is now single again, but giving presents of horses and things to a well-known actress; so that looks a bit significant, eh! Herbert Marshall is now married to a non-professional. His first wife was Roberta Arnold, a well-known stage favorite. Ruth Roland, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin and Lillian Gish are still unmarried, but Ray Chapman has been married for years and years—to the same wife, too. Jobyna Ralston is the pretty girl who plays opposite Harold Lloyd. The actresses you mention, with the exception of Priscilla Dean, have all retired from the screen. Priscilla is now with Metropolitan Pictures.

John Haynes. Florence Ziegfeld Follies
and, Johnnie I haven't an idea who is the world's best Charleston dancer. Last time I charlestoned for three days after, so apparently I can't claim any championships. Mary Brian is 17.

Charles M. West. Yes, Hoot Gibson has horses and you can get a picture of him by writing a checking bank if you know, ask, and ye shall receive." Address Hoot at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. and don't forget to enclose the usual twenty-five cents to cover postage.

Lillian R. (Mich.) The Paramount School's course is now ended. They have not yet announced whether further schools will be inaugurated.

Mary White Address Pola Negri at Famous-Players Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood. See answer to Rene.

Marcella Pomerick Lloyd Hughes was born in Biscbee, Ariz., in 1897 is 6 feet with brown hair and grey eyes and is married to Gloria Hope, also a picture player. Alan Forrest was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., tall weighs 160, dark hair and eyes and married to Lottie Pickford, Mary's little sister. Edmund Lowe, who was a well-known legitimate actor before joining up with the movies, is married to Lillian Tashman. Mr. Lowe is black, tall, and has blue eyes.

Mary L. Gray Paul Ellis, Lois Moran, Laurence Gray, Louise Brooks, Jobyna Ralston, Carol Dempster, Lillian Gish, Sally Rand, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford are all single. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Esther Ralston was married on Christmas Day last to Geo. W. Frey, Renee Adoree was married to Tom Moore. Lon Chaney's wife is non-professional. Belle Bennett is Mrs. Fred Windermere. Harrison Ford married Beatrice Prentice. Adolphe Menjou was married to Katherine Tinsley, a former newspaper woman; Kathlyn Perry is Mrs. Owen Moore. Neil Hamilton has a wife and Charles Ray's missus was Clara Grant. Billie Dove is Mrs. Irvin Willat. John Barrymore's wife is nearly as well-known as he is, under the pen-name of Michael Strange. She was formerly Blanche Olerich. John Gilbert was married to Leatrice Joy, and Bert Lytell is "Mr. Claire Windsor." Tom Moore is single just now and Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. See answers to Marcella and Rene for further information.

Mrs. M. McMurray Here's a short biography of Milton Sills: Born Chicago, Ill. 1882; educated Chicago University. Eight years as lead for Belasco, Shubert and Brady. Commenced screen career with Goldwyn. Height 6. Weight 180. Light hair and grey eyes. Was married to Gladys Winne, and has one child, a girl in her early teens. Now playing with First National in New York.

Vera Howard Grosset and Dunlap Publishers, New York issue the film books. Some, but I don't know where you could get photographs of Wallace Reid.

The craziest question of the month comes from Edward C. Jr., "What are the names of Strongheart's mother and father." That's where I deny the title of this department. Don't ask me, old timer, because I just dunno! Strongheart was born somewhere in Germany, however, and takes most of his commands in Germany.

Virginia, N. Y. Address Colleen Moore at United Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Sally O'Neill care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. (Continued on page 107)
Follow the Sun — without Fear!

Enjoy every minute to the full, of sunshine and caressing breezes. Have no fear of their effect on your complexion. For where Nature might exact her toll for the enjoyment of these privileges, Kremola steps in to protect your complexion. Kremola proves its success of more than forty years standing by acting gently, but surely, as a mild bleach and at the same time softly dissolves the burned-out tissues. Then it nurtures the skin to a new and brightened beauty.

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SCREEN
News
from
BROADWAY

Pat O’Malley is one grand Duke in “The Midnight Sun”.

There have been leading men, and leading men, on visits to New York; but it’s safe to say that no leading man ever gave so called blast Manhattan the kick of O’Malley did. Male that he is O’Malley, and male that Mad-ison, the skin beautiful, has been known to bring along their dogs and their cars, their secretaries and their valets; but we had yet to welcome one who brought his family — until Pat’s arrival. Yessir — the brave young man invited his wife and his three small daughters to make the trip with him. What’s more, upon arriving in town he did not attempt to conceal them, but proudly introduced them to newspaper reporters and even had their pictures taken! That’s the kind of a guy Pat is.

There is Mrs. O’Malley, a very pretty girl; and then there are the even younger girls — Eileen, aged eight; Sheila, going-on-five; and Mary Kathleen, about two. They are, to quote their father, a trio of hard-boned, wise-cracking youngster. One thing is certain, they’re Irish, all right. The sights of New York failed to excite them: although the first night of papa’s picture on Broadway, “The Midnight Sun”, did afford a bit of a thrill. The youngsters sat in a box — or to be accurate, two boxes, as Eileen had brought a little girl friend with her. When the picture was over, Pat was mobbed by eager fans clamoring for handshakes and autographs and before he knew it he was swept out to the sidewalk. When the panic subsided he looked around for his family and saw all of it — except Eileen and her little guest. Pat fought his way back through the crowd, searching frantically for the missing red-head, but in vain. Before he summoned the police he decided to take one look around the theatre. It was empty — except for two small figures seated uncon- sciously in a box. Eileen and her chum were chatting about the picture they had seen; and when the frantic father dashed up he was greeted with, “You were fine, Dad! We were waiting for you. I said you’d come and get us”.

Universal, perhaps the most hospitable of all the film companies to its visiting celebrities, gave Pat O’Malley a luncheon while he was in town. Paul Gulick, one of the company officials, presided with his usual humor and saw that everybody had a good time. Paul Leni, recently imported from Germany to act as an art director for Universal, was also present.

Pat, by the way, paid a call on Mayor Walker. The popular “Jimmy” grasped Pat’s hand and said, “I’m mighty glad to meet you — I’ve heard a lot about you.” If you’ll notice, the bigger the man the heartier the handshake.

The first kangaroo in pictures — outside of the news reels — will make his debut in Johnny Hines’ “The Brown Derby”. There were some comedy scenes which simply cried for a kangaroo, and the casting director was ordered to produce one pronto. He’s an efficient casting director and he thought acquiring a kangaroo would be a simple matter. He knows better now. After attempting to rent one from the circus which was then playing in New York at Madison Square Garden, or from the Zoo, he was finally obliged to report failure. Whereupon Mr. Burr the producer took up the trail of the kangaroo, and after a lot of fuss and bother, eventually found himself in possession of one of the engaging creatures — a red one. And now the problem is what to do with the darned thing when Jimmy gets through with it. Doubtless the Bronx Zoo or Mayor Walker will be the richer by one red kangaroo.

Johnny says “The Brown Derby” should carry a by-line “Not an animal picture”. Besides the kangaroo, there’s an ostrich. Oh, a beautiful ostrich, who decided to make his screen debut — after considerable persuasion — in the Florida scenes of the picture. It is Johnny’s private opinion, after participating in some scenes opposite this ostrich, that his future appearances should be confined to ladies’ bonnets.

Marion Davies spent most of her vacation in New York ice-skating! She has some ice scenes in her next picture, “The Red Mill”, and seized the chance to brush up in her fancy skating. She spends most of her time at the rink on her feet, too; so
when you see the heroine on skates in the new film, don’t think it’s a double. Marion remained in the east long enough to see her "Beverly of Graustark" make its Broadway bow, to play around with her chums, Norma Talmadge and Alma Rubens, and to do a lot of shopping. Everybody was sorry to see her go.

If you have been troubled by the grippe or the flu the past season, you were in distinguished company. Gloria Swanson was seized with a severe attack of la grippe while she was making the last scene of "Fierce Mansion". She was hustled home and a doctor and nurse were in constant attendance. But as soon as she could she insisted upon bundling up and going out to the Famous Players studio to pose for the last few close-ups. When not on the set she sat wrapped in blankets in her little portable bungalow-dressing room. As soon as she was convinced that her work was done, she allowed her "Hank" to take her to Atlantic City for a short rest. Yes, she’s feeling fine now, after sojourn by the sad sea-volleys—only they weren’t sad with Gloria around.

Cecil B. deMille was in town for the opening of his feature, "The Volga Boatmen", at a Broadway theatre—or to be strictly accurate, a Forty-second Street Theatre. It has been his legitimate one. It was one of those gala affairs, the Boatman premier, with many stars in evidence. Perhaps the most interesting encounter during intermission was the sight of the director, deMille, greeting Gloria Swanson, whom he rescued from the comedy ranks and installed as an actress.

Richard Dix’s latest is called "Take a Chance". Richard took the time to be advance, and in a scrap with some heavy fellows, smashed his hand and was laid up for a while. He insisted upon working with his other hand while the injured member was mending. But the studio is wondering how much persuasion it will take to induce Richard to let some husky double for him in his next battle. I could tell them the answer right now.

Buck Jones, who went to Europe with Mrs. Jones a few weeks ago, returned to New York a full month before his vacation was up. When they asked the big western star how he liked Europe he said he liked America more and added he was going to explore it first. He’s a fellow, Buck—but he won’t talk about himself much. He says there’s nothing to say! Mrs. Jones is a pretty girl, and there’s a third

member of the family—an even younger girl who’s pretty proud of her dad on and off the screen.

The all-absorbing question right now is, who will play the heroine in the picture version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

Everybody has his own candidate. Edna Murphy, Clara Bow in a blonde wig, Dorothy Gish, and Josephine Dunn are only a few of the girls mentioned. Many insist as if Miss Dunn may have a good chance of playing the coveted part. She’s with Paramount, which owns the screen rights; she’s the most promising graduate of the Paramount Screen School, a beautiful, blonde, and though not dumb, is clever enough to be able to pretend she is. What more anybody ask could be.

June Mathis and her husband, Sylvano Balboni, came east for a conference with First National officials, and while here were the guests of honor at a luncheon party at Sherry’s, to which several of the company’s stars and the press were invited. Miss Mathis’s first personally-supervised production, "The Greater Glory", adapted from "A Viennese Medley", has aroused enthusiasm among the few who have so far seen it. June Mathis, you know, is the scenario writer who discovered Valentino and who wrote the script for his first success, "The Four Horsemen". Today she has one of the biggest jobs in the picture business, editing most of the First National product and writing original scenarios and plots. She met Mr. Balboni in Italy while they were on the first and ill-fated "Ben-Hur" expedition.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers has landed. This promising young pupil of the Paramount Screen School will be seen in an important part in the all-star cast of "The Show-Off", in which Lois Wilson and Ford Sterling are the two particular shining lights. Buddy has a bided his time since he was discovered, and now that he has a chance to "show off", watch his smoke.

It’s an European vacation for little Madge Bellamy, and don’t say she hasn’t earned it. She has worked very hard this past year, having starred in no less than nine pictures for Fox. As a reward, the boss gave her six weeks off. Madge and her mother have gone to Italy, Germany, and England, and may even find time to shop around a bit in Paris. Madge, in the way, has joined the bobbed-haired brigade. Famous for her long, curly locks, she ruthlessly sheared them to play (Continued on page 106)
Ye-hoo!
The summer calls. It beckons you to the out-of-doors; to the shore; to the lakes and mountains. Sheer dress will reflect your freedom. But joy, and happiness, and love cannot be yours if you do not destroy that most offensive of all handicaps—

Superfluous Hair

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
The day of experimenting is past. You are too sensible to listen to flowery promises and to buy mystic preparations by mail—and then regret. With ZIP you take no chances, for as the N. Y. World says, it has been "officially decided to be effective."

My sincerest advice is that it is better to let your superfluous hair grow than to use pumice stone with fancy names and fancy handles. Any article which massages the skin tends to grow hair, just as massaging the scalp grows hair. Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the hair from under the skin gently, painlessly, and harmlessly, and in this way check the growth. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to depilatories.

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Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and preventing the three types of superfluous hair, also a free sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair.

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CREATIONS JOLDER NEW YORK

Picturing "La Boheme"

This film reflects the spirit of The Latin Quarter where lovers feel intensely if only for a little while.

By John Gilbert

Whenever an actor is given a book to read that he knows will be made into a picture in which he will play, he looks at it with different eyes, than if he were merely reading it for pleasure.

I remember, when I was a kid I used to lie abed at night reading Murger's "La Vie de Boheme." The gay, carefree lives that these people led intrigued me immensely and I was heartily in sympathy with them.

Rudolphe particularly fascinated me and it was my delight to dramatize bits from the book in which Rudolphe played the hero.

It was just a few months ago that I was told here at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio that I was to play Rudolphe on the screen and that the adaptation was to be taken from Murger's book, rather than from Puccini's opera, "La Boheme."

Did you ever re-read a book that thrilled you when you were a child? It is strange how vague memories of that time when you first read the story come back to you and you experience something very akin to that first thrill over a fascinating novel.

Many of those old emotions came back to me as I reread "La Vie de Boheme." But I always had to keep in mind the fact that these situations and incidents must be portrayed on the screen in terms of action.

It is up to the actor to absorb as much of the atmosphere as he can. He must read the book, not for the story itself, but he must feel the thing that the author has in mind. He is then like an illustrator who must interpret in black and white and in length and breadth the thoughts of the man who has written the book.

That is why the reading of the book from which a picture is made is so essential to an actor. It is that book that gives him an inspiration that the script alone can never give.

The scenario writer must interpret the author's thoughts the way he sees them. The actor must also inject both his own and the author's personality into the portrayal of a character.

Rudolphe is a type. He is Bohemian itself and any book that dealt with the life lived in Paris in the Latin Quarter at that time would have been an inspiration for me to play the part. Because Murger had done his story so well and had put so much spirit and life and gayety into the pages of his book, that was all I needed to read. Everything was there.

As I re-read the book I heard again the laughter of those carefree folk. I felt their disdain for authority. I realized how little it mattered whether they ate or not, so long as they lived.

During the making of the picture I read passages of the book again and again. I also read Du Maurier's "Trilby." He deals with Paris at another time, but he, also, portrays the spirit of the Latin Quarter.

Strangely enough, we are so much saturated with contemporary literature, so many books that are written now, we forget these other stories that are so engrossing. I am very glad that a new popular-priced edition of Murger's "La Vie de Boheme" is being published. This will, no doubt, tempt many to read it who have neglected to do so before.

(Continued on page 106)
"I Dare Anyone to Fail Now!"

Says the Man Who Has starters America

With clear and pitiless logic David V. Bush now proves that it is easy for any average man to attain great heights of achievement if he applies certain proved principles.

Dr. Bush gives you secrets that will enable you to forge ahead with amazing strides. No glittering generalities—he tells you exactly how to make the start, how to keep going, how to branch out. He puts success right within your grasp. Achievement actually seems easy to those who follow him, such as thousands have found in his wonderful teachings. He will inspire you, uplift you, give you a great new surge of self-confidence.

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How to overcome failure, heredity and adverse environment
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How to be a "go-getter"
How to use suggestion and auto-suggestion
How to develop Will Power
How to hang on and succeed
How to overcome timidity, fear and self-consciousness
How to go to the top
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How to be a success as a sales-man, artist, author or business man
How to reach yourself
How to back the line, brace up, and win
How to come back
How to branch out
How to strike your stride
How to find yourself
How to make the start
How to finish

Where there's a will, there are 20 ways

You Can Be Sure of Success

Do not fear. Do not doubt. If you are an average man, in average health and of average intelligence, there is absolutely not one good reason why you cannot achieve your life's ambition, no matter what it may be. Once you know and apply these principles, Dr. Bush dares you to fail, and he means what he says.

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No description can begin to give you even an idea of the startling truths explained and proved in this wonderful book. The very first page will be a revelation to you, just as Dr. Bush's lectures have been a revelation to keen, thinking, analytical minds in every city.

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**Things to Talk About**

If you think the police dog is the only type of canine gifted with movie talent, see in "Hell Bent for Heaven," a ragged sheep dog who shows real comedy possibilities.

The war pictures continue and with reason the enthusiastic public charges the box office. Soon we will have a side line of circus pictures. We have already seen "The Devil's Circus," Chaplin's circus film is nearing completion, "The Big Show" is coming, and Paramount has "Variety," a German film of great promise, and "Barnum."

In New York there is a dismal deluge of the songs Methuselah sang. A zippy evening at any large picture theatre may be had with "Old Black Joe" and if you feel like kicking when you get home there will be "The Old Oaken Bucket" on the radio. The song writers want to be paid and so rather than submit to such a crazy idea as paying for a man's work the patron pays for the privilege of seeing through "Gin a Body Kiss a Body Comin' Through the Rye."

Speaking of music—there is a good idea which has been taken up by the studios of tying in a picture and a musical motive. William Haines and Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane" gained by the combination. "Mlle. Modiste" is built around "Kiss Me Again," and of course "The Volga Boatman" is this great song lived before your eyes.

K. GRAD BERCOVCI tells in his "On New Shores" of the perfect bits of European villages which have been built here. The producers should take advantage of these picturesque American settlements for backgrounds. No effort is too great that will lift us out of "sets."

In many a film we catch a "glimpse" of another show, a cabaret usually with dancers and how we do try to see that instead of the story for which it is but a background. "The Wilderness Woman" takes Chester Conklin, one of our favorite smile makers, to a cabaret and one and all we yearned for more of that dance. Why not make a film which takes you to the cabaret and then the dancer becomes the leading figure. You go with her to another show and you see a dancer before the footlights from your dark corner off stage. The lights flash upon her and as you watch your interest grows and then she becomes your leading lady—Oh well, that's silly.

**Something Different for Bobbed Hair**

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others—well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that make men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest amber, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the amber suggestion—the floating gleam of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J.W. Koll Co., 620 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

**Golden Glint**

SHAMPOO
"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life—and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her “Weary Winifred”. Winifred has asked us to publish her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who may be helped by it. It is printed here in her own words, as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with the burdens that life has imposed upon them.

“The strangest thing,” she says, “is that I never realized there was anything the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I tried to be a good wife and mother, and at the same time to keep in touch with my social duties.

“But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I looked tired, acted tired, and was tired.

“My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was “pasty” and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel fifty. Life was becoming ‘just too much for me’—and I didn’t know why.

“Of old things about this state of affairs. I took headache powders, I tried various creams and lotions for my complexion. I tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. I ‘fussed’ with everything.”

“Yet with all these little ailments I was not really sick. There was nothing organic the matter with me. And so it never occurred to me to see a doctor. Yet I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to. "But one day, something happened that made me ‘sit up and take notice.’ I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann’s life—of how she, who is now one of the pettiest and perfectly formed woman, was once a puny invalid girl, always ill and deformed and, in fact, so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called ‘The Body Beautiful’—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

“That little book opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do—toil needlessly for them to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments—totally unnecessary for them to look old and baggy and worn. ‘I learned that every woman—unless she has a serious organic derangement—can live a life as vigorous and strong, and free from pain, as a man’s. Every woman can live the life of youth and beauty that comes from health and vitality.”

“I know that this is true because I have proved it. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petti ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the fine, little grace of a young girl.

“And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitation of real women, and because I know that every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their trouble. It is so easy.”

FREE — The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon request, to any woman—tells exactly how she transformed herself from a cripple and an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. Any woman by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain a perfect figure neither too stout nor too thin, mould each part of her body to graceful, youthful lines; can acquire a clear, healthy complexion; and can overcome weaknesses and physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann’s new book, write for it. There is no charge or obligation. Miss Kellermann is anxious to give every woman the benefits of her simple 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below. Do it this minute—it may be the beginning of a new kind of health and happiness for you.

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Screenland
Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

His mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.
He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.
And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhaul.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you how; 550,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

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Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.
Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B. G.C.V.O.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian. Baroness Orczy, Author.
W. L. George, Author. Prince Charles of Sweden.

— and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF.

Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOME THING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

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BIG INTRODUCTORY OF CREME ZENDA 100% PURITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS

If you would have your skin 100% BEAUTIFUL, use CREME ZENDA 100% purity face creams. OUR GUARANTEED FRESH LEMON JUICE AND IMPORTED BAY RUM CREME is the most UNIQUE and delightful product of its kind on the market today, and never fails to win its way into the heart of the user. A TRIAL will convince you too. The quality of CREME ZENDA is second to none, yet NORMAL in price.

Made for women who think, by a woman who knows.

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She may be from your own home town

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"The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!"

Omar Khayyam.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
from the
Paramount Production of "BEAU GESTE"
Laura La Plante has arrived. At the same time as she appeared as a Russian ballet girl at the Colony, across the street at the Rivoli Theatre, she charmingly played the ambitious wife of Reginald Denny in "Skinner's Dress Suit".

 Enough experience to bring her success and with youth to enjoy it, Laura La Plante is the typical happy girl of the movies.
HUMDRUM existence wears the brightness from many a great hope. And this is the reason for the enduring popularity of the wholesome, romantic moving picture.

The Hollywood studios in reality are dream-shining "parlors". When the job isn't going so good, when the pocket book is thin and the suit is shabby, then is the time to get your castles of success shined up. Go and see a picture. You will come out of the theatre with the dream all furbished up and lighting the way ahead bright and clear.

Hollywood is quite a small place comparatively, but because of it, millions of folks are made a little more cheerful. Because of it, a little girl somewhere may wait a little longer for her prince and a young man somewhere may aspire to be like "Brown of Harvard".

Almost any one needs a vision of the happy ending once in a while for the good of the old morale.

Moving picture people are envied and rightly so, for theirs is the chance to color the rainbows of this world when to tired hearts they seem a little drab.

The Editor
The BEST TITLES of the month:
from
Brown of HARVARD
William Haines' Success

Joe Farnham wrote the titles and shows a humor that was perfect for this picture. They are expressive of boyish "nerve" and without gush have true depth of feeling.

Good titles do more than tell the story to the audience. They appear in the script and convey to the actor better than the descriptions of action the character and spirit of the role. William Haines made one of the fine performances of the screen as "Brown" and not a little of this success is due to the unusually clever titles of Joe Farnham.

Brown (Wm. Haines) meets the Professor's daughter (Mary Brian).

"White? My name's Brown! Brown and White! Let's start a Taxicab Company."

McAndrews (Francis X. Bushman, Jr.) as he starts to punish Brown:

"Now, I'm going to teach you to respect women."

"O. K. Deacon — I came here for an education."

Brown becomes the idol of Jed Doolittle (Jack Pickford).

"Charge it to Harvard — I'm one of his sons".
How many girls are in love— with their jobs? How many girls have “dates” nearly every evening and all day Sundays—with their work?

Lots of girls are ambitious—but just how ambitious? On the rounds of the studios, on Broadway, in offices, I hear girls say with a wistful sigh, “Oh, I wish I could do something real! I’m so tired of being an unimportant cog in the machinery of life; I want to get out of the rut, and be somebody!” And they continue to talk that way to anybody who’ll listen right up to the stroke of five, but of course they have to stop wishing then and devote their energies to dolling up for the evening’s stepping-out.

Some of them are even serious enough in their desires to make an effort to realize their ambitions, even if they don’t know exactly what their ambitions are. If they are interested in the movies (and what girl isn’t?), they write a few letters or interview a few assistant secretaries of film officials and, when this gets them nothing, they regrettably call it a day and ever after view the movies as a citadel into which the chosen few are admitted but which is impervious to attack from “outsiders”.

It’s all wrong, girls! If you’re fitted in any way to occupy a place in the movies, that place can be yours. No matter how much that may sound like a line from a correspondence school ad., it’s true; and I offer as proof the case of Ethel Doherty.

Like so many other girls, Ethel wasn’t much more than knee-high to a duck before something seemed to tell her that she wasn’t going to be one of the well known “fortunate favorites” when she arrived at mature years, and that she’d better plan ahead a little so that she could earn her own living when the time came. So she studied to be a school teacher and after passing her exams, she got a job as teacher of history in the Los Angeles public schools. Though I haven’t the exact figures on hand, there are probably 4897 girls constantly (except for summer vacations) engaged in pounding into otherwise happy boys and girls that Martin Van Buren...
was President in 1837.
And during her training years, and also while she was teaching, Miss Doherty kept encouraging an idea which was growing in the back of her mind, namely and to wit, that she could write fiction. Her method of encouragement was to write stories, and in the course of time she had as nice a collection of blue, pink and white rejection slips as any girl in the entire country.

All of which just goes to show that Ethel wasn't any phenom or youthful prodigy. She was simply a healthy, normal American girl, with no more advantages than you have, gentle reader, except perhaps, in the number of rejection slips. But she had (Continued on page 105)
The children of the screen stars are born with a heritage of fame. For each there is a warm spot in the hearts of a million fans.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Along grey car drives up — great red wheels, speed in every pulse of its engine, in every line of its build. A tall youth jumps out, with one bound reaches my window, pops off his hat and announces:

"Here I am — Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in person — not a movie!"

I must say it's lucky Doug announced himself in person — not a movie, because — well, Doug likes color. Color in his socks, color in his suits, color in his ties — color everywhere — that's Doug.

But that's beside the point. Doug came to see me because I had been to a preview of his latest picture, "Padlocked", and he was eager as a colt to get my "absolutely honest" opinion of "how he hit".

Even if he is going to read this, I have to admit that Doug's performance in "Padlocked" is my final assurance that the sons will carry forward the torch of the fathers.

Remember three years ago when Paramount made a terrifically astounding announcement that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would star in Paramount pictures? I'll never forget how curious we were to see young Doug, the kid, arrive!

The speculations as to what he'd be, how he'd be and where'd he'd be — at least, say, after he'd finished his first picture. You see, he had the magic wand — his name was Fairbanks. He had that first gold key, that magic thing to open up the portals of the mighty gates. Yes, his name was Fairbanks, Fairbanks of the smile, of the leaps and bounds, of the "Robin Hood" and the Magic Carpets.

Call it the final touch. Or call it the parting gift, the last good-by from the King to his sturdy Prince. To carry on — that was the real idea — to carry on, HIMSELF.

So Doug came to make his first picture, a Fairbanks, riding along on his magic rug.

But kings don't hold their kingdoms just by sitting on their thrones. A prince for today, but what about tomorrow? Doug soon found that out. And when his first picture "flopped", when his Father's magic wand had flown, was that where his motion picture career was going to end?
Not on your life! Not by the longest shot in the world!

And there was Doug, Jr., with his youth, with his pep, with his independent, cocky, all-fired sureness that brought him through three harder years than ever anyone will know about, out of his motion picture infancy into his motion picture kingdom.

And Doug is such a nice kid! Why, go ahead—ask Dad, he knows.

There are those Costello girls, too, holding two magic keys between them. Many a wicked Gibson girl went flutter, flutter when the fond Papa of Dolores and Helen appeared upon the silver sheet in years gone by! You could call that movie infancy, but now—oh, no. Maurice Costello walks the famous Boulevard with them, flaunting his lovely gifts to screenland in our eyes; reminding us that here they are, to carry on the work he loved so well. He handed them the shining wand; the rest was up to them. Could they see their Daddy's movies so floundering through years and years of nothingness? Not one little chance of that, 'cause

To what far lands of Fortune and Glory will these talented children carry their legacy of greatness.

look at them, going along by leaps and bounds, paddling their own canoes, showing us that they, too, can carry on a name and rush our movie baby from the cradle to supremacy.

At that, Maurice need not look entirely at those two girls—other ladies on the Boulevard might like a glance!

Again, I'm thinking of another "carry on". This one is just a wee bit different from the rest, even though (Continued on page 104)
Charlie Chaplin gave Merna Kennedy, his new leading lady, her chance "just to please the wife."

By Edward Sinclair

Graceful, charming Merna Kennedy whose true friendship for Mrs. Charles Chaplin has been rewarded by the famous comedian.

Merna Kennedy, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady! Mrs. Kennedy, Merna's mother, tells the fascinating story of her daughter.

"Why did you pick a stage career for your daughter?"

"Because," Mrs. Kennedy simply answered, "I wanted to go on the stage myself. It was my greatest ambition when I was a child. It was only my strict parents, highly religious Methodists, who prevented me."

"I will never forget," continued Mrs. Kennedy, "those childish dreams—how I secretly fostered the desire to go on the stage. While we children were not even permitted to go inside a theatre, I always clung to the one thought. I waited patiently back in that little town, Kankakee, Illinois, until I was eighteen. Then with more nerve than I think I have ever mustered since, I approached my stern deacon father and told him of my secret ambition. I asked his permission to go on the stage.

"It was just as if I had dropped a lighted bomb into the midst of the household. The fuss they made! They even called a special church meeting of the elders. They made me solemnly promise that I would give up this idea of the devil's. To remain at home I had to swear that"
I would never go on the stage. In my fright I did this—but I told father at the time that should I ever have a daughter of my own I would devote my life to a stage career for her.

"I was married soon after. My first baby was a boy—Bud. He, too, is on the stage; he is a dancer. But as I watch Merna’s career materialize, I see the realization of my own dreams and ambitions."

* * * * *

Merna Kennedy was born in Manteno, Ill. This is to settle a controversy between Chicago and the towns of Bradley and Kankakee—these places having claimed her birth place. She is seventeen, and has lived in California since babyhood. Educated in Los Angeles and Hollywood, her early schooling included dance lessons and instruction in the dramatic arts.

Now, was it luck that Merna Kennedy at the age of nine, while attending dancing classes, should meet Lita Grey and the two should become great friends?

Was it coincidence—or what that held the future destiny of those two girls?

Lita Grey, now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, and mother of two beautiful boys.

Merna Kennedy, now Charlie’s leading lady in his latest comedy, "The Circus".

Shortly after this meeting, Miss Kennedy and her brother, Bud, toured the Orpheum circuit of theatres as a dancing team.

It was during the making of Charlie Chaplin’s great picture, "The Kid", when Lita Grey was playing the part of the angel in the dream of Heaven episode, she and Merna were reunited and continued anew their great friendship.

Companions always, they seemed inseparable.

Even while Lita was playing her first part, Merna would be with her at the studio—playmates, nearly always together. Each must have had secret ambitions of some day becoming a great screen star. Was there any jealousy? It would seem not—as the following years of friendship appear to prove.

The mother of both girls were—and still are—great friends.

And it was through Lita Grey, now Mrs. Chaplin, that Merna Kennedy became leading lady with Charlie.

It came about at a time when Charlie was preparing his present comedy in the making, Georgia Hale who had played the lead in "The Gold Rush", received a flattering offer from one of the largest picture companies. She was still under contract to Charlie, but he generously released her—realizing that her future would probably be more successful as an actress in the dramatic field.

Merna Kennedy was then playing a comedienne rôle in the musical comedy "All For You", at the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. At Lita’s suggestion, Charlie went to the theatre and saw Miss Kennedy. He was impressed with her magnetism. (Continued on page 101)
"Aloha!" cried a perfectly beautiful Hawaiian girl—and threw a lei around Patsy's neck.

"Be yourself!" returned Patsy to Leatrice Joy, who was the Hawaiian girl aforesaid. Patsy always would take the romance out of things.

You see Leatrice was giving a Hawaiian party at her Hollywood home in honor of Don Blanding, the writer, who has given us two or three charming Hawaiian books, and who knows his Hawaii so well that he could take it apart and put it together again.

"He'd be nice and nice looking enough to give a party to without any excuse whatever," confided Patsy. "He is so tall and poetic looking."

Leatrice's house was turned into a regular Hawaiian bungalow, except that she had taken a little poetic license and had replaced the carpets with stage grass. But there were great palm leaves and Hawaiian mats on the walls, which were also decorated with calabashes, made from different kinds of wood or from coconut shells, and with tapa cloths.

All chairs were removed, and the guests sat on cushions on the floor. As visitors entered, they were greeted by Leatrice or by Mr. Blanding at the door with the cry of "Aloha," and the paper leis, made to represent wreaths of Hawaiian flowers, were thrown around their necks.

"Leatrice looks as though she couldn't speak a word of English!" remarked Patsy. "Wouldn't she make an adorable Luana in 'The Bird of Paradise'?"

Leatrice wore a very short dress of soft, flowered silk, and around her neck were long leis made of real red carnations. Her legs were bare, were stained brown, and she wore sandals on her feet.

Dorothy Devore and her husband, Wylie Mather, were there. Wylie is from Hawaii, you know, and the two are planning a trip to Honolulu just for a vacation.

A Hawaiian orchestra played in an inner room, and the hula was nicely (in both senses!) danced by some of the guests, including Carmelita Geraghty, Grace Gordon, and Ruth Roland.

"It is such a diluted hula that nobody could possibly be shocked, and I'm sure that those grass dress geishas over there never would know the dance," remarked Ethel Clayton.

For the girls who wished to wear native costume, Leatrice had provided Hawaiian dress—only, of course that was diluted, too, or rather expanded. Carmelita Geraghty
You meet them all at Patsy's.

A Hawaiian supper was served, buffet. There was chicken cooked in cocoanut milk, too delicious for words, and rice, both served in calabashes, but we didn't have to eat with our fingers, as spoons, knives and forks were provided. Only Leatrice insisted on trying to eat with her fingers. As a concession to American youth's love of sweets, ice-cream was served too.

The whole climax of the evening's fun came when Don Blanding read one of the raciest

(Continued on page 99)
Eugene O'Brien's Hand

The general shape of a hand counts a great deal. Note, in both of these charts, that the first and third fingers are of equal length, which means a well balanced brain, an important factor in success. Both have a slight "bump" on the lower outline of the thumb, indicating a certain Bohemianism, and love for meeting all kinds of people, and studying them. Both have many travel lines, showing travel throughout life.

Miss Talmadge has the purely artistic hand. She is a natural "Peter Pan". Nervousness and love of excitement are shown by the network of lines all over her hand. The waist-like formation in her thumb indicates tact and diplomacy. She is swayed by moods. She loves her own home, family, and friends, and is passionately fond of music, art, and poetry. Three Fate lines are seen in the center of her palm, showing pronounced diversity of talent; she could win fame in any one of three different...
Norma Talmadge's Hand
By Mlle. Zara

Mr. O'Brien's hand shows him to be virile and strong. He is indifferent to any kind of danger; recklessness shown in his Head line is the only bar to a hearty old age for him. His thumb indicates a "legal mind". He is brutally honest, and makes a very loyal friend. He has the square tipped fingers of action, and can do anything he likes—if he thinks he can! His whole hand, especially the Heart line, reveals generosity.

lines, one being descriptive writing. "Stars" in one's hand mean fame; Miss Talmadge was born with one (on the mount of Jupiter), and therefore destined to fame. She has achieved another (below her third finger) indicating that she is climbing by her own efforts to newer and greater heights. The mount of Venus (lower phalange of thumb) shows she is never erratic or sensational. She takes joy in making lovely the place she lives in, be it a mansion or cabin. Her hands shows she must have expression.
The best fan letter about Mae Murray wins the trousseau — whoever writes it.

Well, the shopping is all done — and the bride’s trousseau is in Screenland’s office waiting for some one’s brilliant letter to take it away. Mae Murray was the one who suggested it. Isn’t the idea unique?

“I’d much prefer to give away a trousseau than a piece of jewelry. Anyway, June is here and what could be more appropriate? I usually shop at Best’s when I’m in New York. I’ll meet you there to-morrow morning at eleven.”

“So be it,” said we, much delighted.

Oh, for the life of a celebrity! When merely shopping with one you feel the limelight on the back of your neck. Word was passed that Mae Murray was on the third floor and — Lo and Behold! a small army of men, women and children descended upon us and brought handkerchiefs for Miss Murray to autograph — you know the new craze. We stood on the side lines with a saccharine smile and pencil poised in the hope that some deluded creature might mistake us for a celebrity and ask for an autograph.

After a strenuous half hour, we went back to the business of selecting the trousseau. Miss Murray didn’t curb her extravagance a bit and selected a gorgeous French set consisting of nightgown, step-ins, brassiere and slip of heavy white crepe-back...
BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

If you all know Mae Murray's pictures — who will write her the best letter?

Petite Mae Murray as the vivacious dancer in "The Masked Bride".

This is the top of the nightgown.
It is a French importation of Alençon lace trimmed with pink rose buds and white satin ribbon.

This is the slip which, of course, matches it, has a broad insertion of this lace down either side and around the bottom.

Miss Murray then insisted upon a pair of dainty white garters amid a group of admiring damsels, selected a pair of heavy satin with rhinestone buckles.

A pair of black satin mules was next on the list, and Mae chose a pair lined with orchid satin and trimmed with gold bands. But one look at the size that fitted her convinced us that three sizes bigger would be about right for the average girl — judging from our own pedal extremities.

Handkerchiefs have a special charm for Miss Murray, and stockings! Best's sold more Nada stockings that morning than ever before.

These lovely gifts will all be sent to the writer of the best letter about Mae Murray or any of her pictures.

[Contest closes July 15, 1926.]

Address: MAE MURRAY'S TROUSSEAU CONTEST
SCREENLAND Magazine,
236 West 55th St., New York, N. Y.
HOW BEAUTY Breaks IN

The screen finds many favorites among the artists' models.

By Marguerite Tjader

Artists and Models, artists and models—you have heard the phrase a thousand times. What does it mean? Merely the elaborate musical production at the Winter Garden theatre? No, it suggests much more than that—a studio, clothes hung over a screen, the miraculously still body of a young woman, standing in the light; the slow patient arm of an artist moving back and forth in the long business of creating beauty, that is called art.

It is the studio a young girl finds a new life open to her. Of course, there are temptations in this walk of life as in any other outside of convent walls, but if you are going to fall for your first temptation, you will have more chances to tumble outside of the studio than in. An artist worthy of the name is so accustomed to the sight of the human body, so

C Zoe Page.

C Billie Dove posing for the famous photographer, Alfred Cheney Johnston, in the smart gowns of Fifth Avenue, proved her photographic possibilities.

C Jacqueline Logan, as a model for photographic illustrations, won the attention of the producers.

C Miss Sally Farnham, the sculptress, asked Josephine Norman to lend her beauty for this graceful figure.
interested in its line and artistic possibilities that a nude woman posing seriously for him commands infinitely more respect than the provocatively clothed flirt, who comes in to his studio because she has heard that "artists are wild". Beauty of form is sacred not only to the artist but to the sincere art lover as well, and the girl who poses to help the artist in his supremely difficult task and make an honest living, may feel herself clothed in the dignity of her purpose. And so here the young girl stands on the model's platform. She is also standing at the door of opportunity, on the threshold of fame. She may be inspiring a statue which will become a world- 

(Continued on page 98)
WHEN FATE SAYS TO YOU "It's"

By Delight Evans

Hedda Hopper's natural refinement, her grace and distinction kept her in a rut, until she completely fooled the casting director and got her chance as a Russian vamp in "Dance Madness".

Stardom on the Paramount lot is Florence Vidor's reward.

Aileen Pringle resolved to change her line. She will next be seen as a country girl in "The Wilderness Woman".
IT'S terrible to be misunderstood. Just ask any husband. He'll tell you. But he has nothing on the picture people. They are being misunderstood all the time. They are authorities on the subject. There's more than one actor in sheik's clothing, while the Bernhardts in one-piece bathing suits are getting too numerous to mention. That little ingenue has the soul of a great tragedienne; this comedian is called to higher things than custard pie—to hear them tell it.

But there are others who have simply flatly refused to be misunderstood. You might call them movie mutineers. They have risen in revolt against "type" parts, silly stories, unsympathetic direction. They have even dared to defy the public. If you think you are misunderstood, just listen to them. If you labor under the delusion that you are being oppressed or suppressed, take a tip from the cinema celebrities and rise above it. Lift that chin, expand that chest, toss that head, put that foot down; and, if you can manage it, thumb that nose at the bogey of misunderstanding. Don't play any part you don't feel. If you are an actor and accept this advice you may starve to death, but remember it's in a good cause.

This lecture, or something like it, was originally delivered by Hedda Hopper, who got sick and tired of being misunderstood. I'm passing it on to you. Directors used to tell her, "Hedda, I'd love to have you in this part, but you're too darn refined." That was it. Hedda was known as the perfect lady of pictures. Casting directors simply loved her wonderful wardrobe, her grace and distinction, and proved it by renting them out at goodly sums. Hedda became a Female Relative, the sister or the cousin or the aunt of the fair heroine. She toned up the family atmosphere. She lent an air of dignity to doubtful surroundings. She insured many a heroine's social position merely by being present. The entrance of Hedda Hopper, splendid in a sparkling gown, of style more Paris than Hollywood, raised all the assorted extras into the four hundred. The director could breathe a sigh of relief; his party would be a success on the screen.

But all this didn't help to make Hedda a bigger and a better actress. It held her down. Those very qualities which made her the pet of Hollywood drawing-rooms, both in and out of the studio, hindered her screen success. Continental charm, patrician features, elegant clothes—such are never idle very long in the film capital. But acting—ah, that's something else again. This part was too tough, that rôle too rustic for Hedda Hopper. So her talents were buried in mothballs until—one day she got good and mad.

She heard they were casting a picture called "Dance Madness", for which they needed a very special brand of dangerous Russian vamp. Hedda thought it over. She had longed for such a rôle but it had never been offered to her because of her reputation as a perfect lady. But it was time something was done to ruin that reputation. So she arrayed herself in her most luxurious raiment, added a veil and an extra dash of exotic perfume, practiced an accent and sallied forth. Announced as Madame de la Valois, she swept in on the unsuspecting power—that was and bowled him over. The veil and the accent, to say nothing of the heady perfume, conspired to deceive him. There were lots of foreign titles running around in Hollywood and it was not surprising he had overlooked this bet. She was just what he wanted for that part, and he engaged her on the spot. Then he heard his friend, Hedda Hopper, laughing at him behind the veil. He hired her anyway—if she could fool him, she must be a good actress. And so it proved. Gosh, what a vamp she turned out to be! She played the masked dancer and practically undulated away with the picture. No more rich relations for her if she can help it. She's branded as the perfect lady no longer—that is, she's still a lady but she is an actress, too, which means a whole lot more sometimes.

Remember when Gloria was referred to as a clothes model? So does she. She'll never forget that brand of "clothes horse", and she doesn't want to. Because, once upon a time, she heard it used against her so often that it became a red flag, calling her to rebellion. Gloria was dully grateful to Cecil De Mille for elevating her from beach to bathtub, and she had justified his faith in her as an exotic personality. Then somebody called her the beautiful De Mille clothes model, and it hurt. She could act; she'd show them. It took courage. Her pictures were making money and her producers and public were satisfied. They would have gone on misinterpreting Miss Swanson indefinitely if she had not taken things in her own hands. She insisted on acting parts, and she got them. "The Humming Bird" paved the way. Today, clothes mean nothing to her—well, practically nothing. Anyway, it's Gloria the actress we watch. Now we hear she is going to play the nun in "The Miracle".

Paramount has just decided to star Florence Vidor. The company might never have (Continued on page 95)
Wherever the screen players are you will hear wise cracks and clever repartee.

Louella O. Parsons writes in the Los Angeles Examiner that she was sitting with Pola Negri, watching Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky making several torrid love scenes in "The Son of the Sheik". "He is making love to her," Pola said with conviction, "but he is thinking of me."

Frank, the gateman at Metropolitan studios, wins the silver moustache cup this month for the outstanding smart crack. He was being shown a picture of "Foxy" Lloyd and Harold, taken years ago when Harold was a mere child. The screen comedian was seated upon his father's knee in one of those stiff poses which photographers of those days seemed to strive for.

"Very good," said Frank, "but who is the ventriloquist?"

Big Guinn Williams, whose home was in the wide open spaces before he became a leading man, says facetiously that he was nineteen years old before he knew that dog wasn't spelled d-circle-g.

"Do you get many fan letters, Big-UN?" I asked him.

"No," he drawled. "Them that would write to me can't."

In his books, "Emmett Lawler," and "Beggars of Life," Jim Tully ripped up the flooring and showed us some of the things in the cellar.
By James Tankersley

He is writing a book now of Hollywood, in which, to use his own expression, he "indicts the whole industry".

At Paramount studio the other day Bert Lynch brought Jim a copy of "Beggars of Life", and asked Jim to autograph it for him.

As Jim scrawled his name he said:

"Well, I'm glad to know somebody bought one of my books."

"I didn't buy it," Bert said, "but I got it."

The poker game in Al Boasberg's room had lasted until early in the morning and finally Boasberg fell asleep. After a moment's plotting one of the players turned out all the lights and then punched the host in the ribs.

As Boasberg came awake with a jump one of the players said:

"I'll bet five."

"Up ten," Boasberg heard another man say.

A third player dropped out, the next man stayed and so the game went on in darkness blacker than the inside of a cow.

Boasberg heard the voices, the rattle of chips and the rustle of cards but could see absolutely nothing.

"Boys, boys," he sobbed, "I'm blind, I'm blind. Do any of you want to buy a pair of good glasses cheap?"

Buster Collier says he became acquainted with some army officers while working in a picture in San Francisco.

The conversation drifted to the late war and Collier remarked that he had served over-seas.

"Did you get a commission?" one of the officers asked.

"No," Collier says he replied, "a straight salary."

A friend of Ray Griffith's, visiting him on the set, found him surrounded by a dozen beautiful girls.

En route from Hollywood to New York recently, Adolphe Menjou made the acquaintance of a 12-year old boy. It was the youngster's first (Continued on page 95)
"Go!"

There is no daybreak that cannot be a starting signal in the race for what you want.

By W. Carey Wonderly

When Mary Louise Walker's great-aunt Charlotte died and left her five thousand dollars, it spelled freedom for the girl. Freedom from the wearisome routine of teaching school, freedom to venture forth and carve a career for herself.

When Walter Page Hubbard's father pointed a pistol to his head and put an end to everything, that act spelled bondage for the son. Instead of European travel to broaden one, it meant hustling around to appease one's hunger. Instead of tipping with dollars, Walter Page found himself counting the pennies before he spent them.

Yet the Great Director went right along with the Production, He had in mind, preparing the script, setting the stage, gathering props, until such a time as He was ready to call the Actors together for Rehearsal.

Being young and beautiful, Mary Louise went to Hollywood, to the land of the great mortgaged spaces, where men are extras. She knew her Hollywood well enough, thanks to publicity, to understand that she couldn't hope to take Miss Swanson's place overnight. Mary Louise didn't expect to, whatever she secretly hoped for. She was willing to commence at the very bottom and rise by her own merits to the top of the ladder. No more ambitious than thousands of other girls of her age and attractiveness throughout her native land, Mary Louise accepted her legacy and in due time arrived in California.

The very first thing she did was to change her name. Not until later did she change her point of view and reach the conclusion that Great-aunt Charlotte may have been great, but Allah is greater. She learned these things in the School of Hard Knocks, long after she had been awarded a diploma upon her graduation from the Maplegrove Seminary.

Five thousand dollars is a lot of money until you commence to spend it. Having memorized the autobiographies of the leading players as serialized in her favorite movie journal, Mary Louise was aware that the Road to Success is no path of roses, that fame and fortune frequently come only after years of work and study, and so she was careful to hoard her legacy. Bravely she went from studio to agency, determined to make good, and to make good without touching a penny of old Charlotte's money. Of course that little fortune was very nice to have, something to depend on when skies were gray and the casting-directors suffered from indigestion. The money had made it possible for Mary Louise to hear the lions of Hollywood, but all the same she hoped she wouldn't have to spend it.

Even after four weeks of wishing and waiting Mary Louise was as sweet-looking and flowerlike as the day she left Maplegrove. You see, she had only the two u's to contend with so far; worrying hadn't been added to the wishing and waiting. No need for lines between the eyes and mumbling, praying lips when, in case the worst comes to the worst, a girl has a comfortable little nest-egg to fall back on.

"No, I'm not exactly discouraged," she said one day to
Hamilton Byrd, in a cafeteria on the Boulevard; "but — I'll admit I'm a bit perplexed. Of course I've had no experience, but I'm young, a good screen type according to the tests I've had made, and I'm ambitious enough to start at the end of the line. Yet other girls — newcomers, too, succeed where I fall down. At least I'd like a chance at the game before I decide it isn't for me."

Hamilton Byrd gazed into her velvety brown eyes and thought in their innocent surprise they were like nothing so much in the world as pansies. Not an original thought, but a good one. Mary Louise held her head high and gazed at the world with a sort of innocent courage which Mr. Byrd found very intriguing. He was dark and lean himself, with an olive skin and a toy mustache. His business was real estate, and his recreation the movies, and he was the sort of man who seldom hesitates to put pleasure before business.

Mary Louise first saw Byrd at the Crowninshield Studio. He had at least a speaking acquaintance with most of the stars, a rakish-looking roadster, and a way of spending money which struck the girl as being lavish in the extreme. He promised to introduce Mary Louise to Mr. De Mille and he did invite her to lunch with him on Saturday at Montmartre. Montmartre was the bait, neither the free meal nor the man himself. There wasn't a prettier young woman in the restaurant that Saturday and Hamilton Byrd knew it if Mary Louise didn't.

The next time she saw Byrd he told her that Mr. De Mille was in the East and they'd have to wait until he got back. Yes, Byrd could have taken her to Jimmy Cruze or Monta Bell or "Von", but he wanted Mr. De Mille to see her first. Mary Louise acceded to his wishes without argument and at once there appeared a puzzled frown on Hamilton Byrd's countenance.

"You're willing to wait, then?" he cried. "I'm glad of that." But he didn't look pleased.

Without telling him about old Charlotte's money, Mary Louise explained that she could keep going a while
longer—and would, if there was a chance of ultimate success.

"I’m more fortunate than some girls I’ve met since coming to Hollywood," Mary Louise added, "inasmuch as I happen to possess a small legacy. Without it I wouldn’t have dared to storm the movie capital, for there are many pitiful stories heard in the cafes and on the Boulevard. At least I shall never come to that! For there’s always enough money to go home and pick up the threads of my life where I dropped them to come to Hollywood."

She didn’t realize then that the game gets into a person’s blood so that they won’t go back, even to a home and a job, preferring to hang around in Lotusland, waiting, praying, starving.

Her words, however, had a most peculiar influence on Hamilton Byrd. Since it was impossible to starve her into submission, he decided to sell her real estate and benefit along those lines.

"I’ve just had a wire from New York which assures me Mr. De Mille won’t be back on the Coast for a year," he told Mary Louise. "I guess we don’t want to wait a year, do we? I thought not. "So I’m going to take you up and let you see Roger Norton if only because I know he’s going to give you every opportunity in the world, Miss Walker."

Good as his word, Byrd ran Mary Louise out to the Luxor Studios next day in his rakish roadster. Roger Norton was one of the independent group of manufacturers and if there was anything he liked better than a wealthy amateur he couldn’t think of it off-hand.

Byrd had talked to Norton over the telephone that morning. Mary Louise was a peach and had money in the bargain. If Norton was satisfied to try her out in a bit at first, it shouldn’t be difficult later to persuade her to finance a picture in which she would figure as the star. Hamilton Byrd was just full of brilliant ideas like that. He had already decided on the Beverly Hills mansion he was going to sell Mary Louise, next.

"If you can’t be their sweetheart, then try to be their realtor," was his motto.

In the outer office at Luxor Studios, having waited there since nine o’clock, was Walter Page Hubbard. Mary Louise noticed him because he looked at her as if he’d like to annihilate her when she was called into the Great Presence ahead of him.

This time young Hubbard was forced to wait only two hours instead of three, before anyone noticed him again. And again it was Mary Louise who did the noticing. She had had a delightful chat with Mr. Norton, and had left her photographs and her telephone number with him. Then she had discreetly slipped away when the producer and Hamilton Byrd began to talk about "old times." Perhaps Mr. Norton meant "hard times", but anyway Mary Louise was in the outer office and it didn’t matter one way or another.

She paused before Walter Page, cleared her throat, and at last gathered courage to speak to him. His brow was as black as a thundercloud; he refused to help her out at all.

"You—you want to see Mr. Norton, I suppose," Mary Louise began; "and you sort of resent my having gone in ahead of you. I’m sorry—"

"You needn’t be," young Hubbard interposed quietly. "I’m quite used to waiting. I’ve waited five hours now and if I don’t see Norton before, I’ll be still waiting when they lock up. Don’t mind me; go out and celebrate."

"Celebrate?" ventured Mary Louise. "Yes. Didn’t you get the job?" and a cynical smile marred his youthful, good-looking features. "You’re the type the movies want," he went on; "pretty as a picture—and as flat."

Mary Louise flushed resentfully. "I don’t see any contracts in your pockets," she murmured.

"Don’t strut your stuff, I’m not an actor," said Walter Page Hubbard.

Intrigued, the girl drew closer. "No?"

"No. I’ve written a story that nobody wants to buy," he assured her. "Just the same it’s the biggest yarn ever brought to Hollywood and peddled from door to door. If it ever is produced it’ll pop your eyes out, remember that."

Hamilton Byrd emerged from Norton’s private office and escorted Mary Louise to his waiting roadster.

"That’s what I call a good day’s work, little lady," he said, smiling and rubbing his hands. "You start work next week in a very decent part at a hundred-and-a-quarter and if you show the promise then that I—that Norton—that we'll expect, why, there’ll be something decidedly worth while coming your way."

Mary Louise’s cheeks grew pink with excitement. Now she was more than merely pretty; she had personality and was distinctive.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Byrd?" she cried impulsively.

"By regarding me always as your friend, my dear," he said in all seriousness. There had been too many beautiful young skyrackets prone to forget Hamilton Byrd in their sensational flight to the top. He meant to hold on to Mary Louise, at least until he had sold her a home adequate to a rising screen luminary.

She declined his invitation to run down to the beach and went home to be alone with her happiness. It was a great day for Mary Louise. She wrote letters to all her friends in Maplegrove, telling them of her good fortune. And it had come just in time, too, for besides Great-aunt Charlotte’s legacy (Continued on page 47)
ALMA RUBENS of the classic beauty having completed "Siberia" and her vacation here in the East, has returned to the West Coast and is at work on "The Pelican."

Photograph by Waxman.
CORINNE GRIFFITH'S next picture is appropriately titled "Into Her Kingdom." After which she will appear in "Ashes."
ANNA Q. NILSSON has shorn her beautiful curls to play the tramp girl in "Miss Nobody", taken from the popular serial "Shebo."
HELENE—Costello's other gal, has her first big opportunity in Paramount's "Wet Paint."

Photograph by Richee.
she had exactly nine dollars left of her own savings which she had brought along to Hollywood with her. Now she wouldn't have to touch the legacy. So determined was Mary Louise to make the nine dollars last until she drew her first week's salary, that she started out then and there to deposit the five thousand in bank.

She had put off doing this before because "she never knew when she might need it," without friends or a job in a strange city. All these weeks Mary Louise had kept old Charlotte's legacy—guess where? Why, in the hotel safe. There she could get it any hour of the day or night, in case of sudden illness, anything. In spite of her youth and curls Mary Louise knew that ready money cures many a hurt. But now she was going to work; she was going to earn money and the five thousand dollars could be put away, the beginning of her fortune which some day possibly would rival Pickford's or Chaplin's.

They liked Mary Louise at the modest little hotel where she had roomed since coming to Los Angeles, and the landlady smilingly turned over the envelope to the girl, watched her while she counted the money to make sure it was all there, and then saw her depart for the bank on winged feet. It was the last time either Mary Louise or her landlady ever saw the envelope containing Great-aunt Charlotte's legacy. When Mary Louise arrived importantly at the bank, the money was gone!

There hadn't been such a commotion on the Boulevard since the frustrated plot to kidnap America's sweetheart! If the cinema barons could only have seen her then they would have hailed Mary Louise as the equal of Lillian Gish in heartbreak and tragedy. There was a haunted look in her eyes; the childish underlip quivered; her helpless hands fluttered like white butterflies. Yet it might have been worse, for she had her job with Luxor Pictures of course.

Mary Louise had had the money when she left the Delaware Hotel and she didn't have it when she arrived at the Bank of Hollywood. Somewhere, somehow the envelope had disappeared between those two points. She reported her loss to the police, and she advertised in the newspapers, but many moons waned before Mary Louise heard of old Charlotte's legacy again.

Among the people the girl told of her misfortune was Hamilton Byrd, who listened to her story with mingled anger and skepticism. In the first place he began to doubt now that she ever had any money; then he was hot clean through to think that she had let him get a job for her before she "lost" it; and lastly he felt that he had been imposed on—five thousand dollars wasn't money where he came from!

"And I was going to sell her the Millais place!" he reflected. "Gad, she couldn't have paid for the fish pond on the estate!"

Mary Louise had only her job out at Luxor to save her from the blackest despair and then when she went out to the studio to arrange for her first picture, she was told by the suave Mr. Norton that in the final analysis it was discovered she was unsuited for the part. Of course Mary Louise had a contract—of a kind; but when she had a young lawyer at the Delaware Hotel examine it for her, he assured Mary Louise it wasn't worth the paper it was written on.

Again she turned to Hamilton Byrd, who was almost her only influential friend in Hollywood. She told him about the Luxor contract and wondered if Mr. De Mille had returned to the Coast yet.

"Girlie," said Byrd, "don't you go worrying until your pretty face has got more lines in it than a road map. I'll find you something good, something quick, too. Norton was a cheap bluff, anyway. State rights pictures. Worked on a shoestring. Ten to one you couldn't have cashed your check when you got it. No more tears now. Wipe the eyes and let's run down to the beach and forget our troubles. I'm going to find you something swell."

Pleasure before business this time; he had doffed his rôle of realtor and was applying for the part of lover.

Mary Louise enjoyed the afternoon—the breeze from the Pacific and the table d'hote dinner at Car lotta's, where California wine was as plentiful as the spaghetti. In the cool of the evening they started home in Byrd's rakish-looking roadster and long after midnight Mary Louise arrived at the Delaware Hotel on foot. She didn't refer to Hamilton Byrd, even when the kindly landlady questioned her next morning. Mary Louise just squared her jaw and gazed straight ahead as if she saw the ashes of her desire smoldering before her eyes.

Followed then days and nights of deepest despair, with Mary Louise's pride keeping her from appealing to Maple grove for help, even for a railroad ticket home. You see, her townfolk had shaken their heads when Mary Louise announced her intention of using old Charlotte's legacy to start her on a career in the movies. Mary Louise was just Mary Louise and she could never be anything else. Then came her glowing letters to friends in which it seemed that after all Maple grove might be wrong, and Mary Louise might be a second Gloria Swanson. Maple grove dusted off Mary Louise's pictures and placed them once more on the walnut whatnot. But now . . . she was penniless, debt-ridden, and without a job. No, Mary Louise couldn't bring herself to appeal to her friends back home.

Mrs. Delaware was extremely kind; she carried Mary Louise along for six weeks, inviting her every evening to dinner with the family. In this way the girl could count on one good meal a day. Her landlady even lent her a little money, for car-fare and telephone calls, which were necessary parts of job-hunting. The girls met around at the studios and agencies, assured Mary Louise that production was at a standstill in Hollywood; there wasn't even a position as saleswoman in the downtown stores for an embryo tragedienne.

There was a haunted look in her eyes now. Pride told her she couldn't remain with Mrs. Delaware any longer. Meals at the landlady's table stuck in her throat and yet she was ravenously hungry when she came in after a day's hopeless search for employment. (Continued on page 91)
Beverly of Graustark

H. R. H. Graustark

There was a girl named Marion who looked awfully cute in boy’s clothes.

Antonio Moreno appoints himself personal guardian to the pseudo-prince.

The Prince of Wales is in danger of losing his film following after “Beverly of Graustark”. He will have to wear his best clothes and stick on that horse if he wants to win it back. Because Marion Davies looks so much more like the Prince than he does himself when she dresses up in a smart uniform and slicks back her hair under a cap set at a jaunty angle. In fact, ninety years from now, when all the war pictures and propaganda films and arty productions have been forgotten, some old white-beard is sure to mumble, “There was a girl named Marion who looked awfully cute in boy’s clothes”.

Marion made her first big hit, you remember, in “When Knighthood was in Flower”, and most people liked her best in those scenes for which she donned doublet and hose. “Beverly of Graustark”, in which the star is disguised as a Prince, will be just as popular. Marion playing a pretty girl is somehow conventionally colorless; but Marion playing a boy is altogether irresistible. She can look as grotesque as she pleases and clown all she cares to; and she seems to love it, and so do we. But she is not too busy to indulge in a love scene now and then, with Tony Moreno, who looks so young and gay and has such a good time you’d never suspect he had gone through all that suffering in “Mare Nostrum”.

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"The Volga Boatman" is a personally-conducted tour of the battle-fields of Russia; but as far as I am concerned, I'd just as soon have stayed at home. It's a Cecil B. deMille revolution, although being in Russia, no bath-tubs are dragged in. (Pollyanna was right; there is always something to be glad about.) It concerns the Red Army and the White Army; but as Mr. De Mille is the director and not Georgie Cohan, there is no Blue Army, which is just as well as "Yankee Doodle" wouldn't have fitted into the musical score.

There is a Princess who thinks she's in love with a Prince, but finds out it was another fellow. None other, in fact, than the Volga Boatman. (Cue for Song.) Now these Volga Boatmen may sing all the time, but it's only to keep their spirits up; for theirs is a hard life, what with dragging craft up the river and no caviar to speak of. They are not sailors; not even marines; just Boatmen. That is, until De Mille took an interest in them. Now heaven knows what they are. Bill Boyd plays the leading Boatman who, in the course of the convenient revolution, encounters the Princess, out of a job. The poor girl has to dance on a table for the Reds just to show her heart's in the right place. There is another orgy, in case you're interested, in which blood is smeared about like so much ink — which it probably is. Elinor Fair plays the kind of girl who gets all dressed up in her best dress for her sweetie's execution — maybe her part, and the fact that she was falling in love and eloping with Mr. Boyd while the picture was being made, are responsible for her sweet detachment throughout. Julia Faye and Theodore Kosloff are a pair of cut-ups you'll never forget — I know, for I have tried. Victor Varconi, bless his heart, is sincere and intelligent as the Prince. The settings are simply lovely, especially those showing the Boatman struggling and singing up the river, and they may reconcile you to the plot. I don't know what Mr. de Mille's idea is, but I wonder if he wants us to accept his Volga Boatman as a truthful translation of Russian events during the late excitement? The screen generally gives pretty accurate pictures of historical happenings. Most of our war pictures, for instance, could serve as sermons or text-books, and manage to be good entertainment into the bargain. "The Volga Boatman" may be vodka to its director, but it's only small beer to me.
A SOCIAL Celebrity

I hear there has been a rush to the barbers' since "A Social Celebrity", on the mere chance that you might find Adolphe Menjou officiating with the scissors. But there's only one Adolphe and fortunately he's still in the movies where we can all get a glimpse of him without losing our locks in the attempt. The haughty and high-hat M. Menjou is well cast as a waiter or as a barber, if you ask me. I'm one of the people who's always being snubbed by waiters; and I'm scared to death of my bobber. So far as I'm concerned, Adolphe's choice of roles lately proves he knows human nature. He's ust as aloof as a barber as he ever was playing a count. Mal St. Clair, Louise. It's only her second picture, and it doesn't look as if she's going to be another Bernhardt; but with eyes like that, Louise should worry about acting. Chester Conklin is Adolphe's father—a small-town barber who finally follows his adored son to the city, where—but I'm not going to give the story away, so don't pout. Conklin is gorgeous. Yes, I knew that "gorgeous" is usually confined to description of a beautiful lady in a jeweled dress and plumes on her hat; but I think Chester is gorgeous too.

Old Loves and New

When Lewis Stone says, "I must get away from all this," somehow it comes to you like a flash that he will turn up sooner or later in the desert on an Arab sheik with fire wearing one of those turbans and long smocks — Lew of course, not his horse. Lew is known as the Desert Healer and a hater of women, but wait until he meets Barbara Bedford. Ah—I thought so! Bill Hart's big, strong silent man of the west could never withstand her; so why expect more of Lewis Stone's equally strong and silent sheik? He says, "Thar, Thar, Little Woman" — no, that's Bill's line. Well anyway, Lew has the right idea. He decides to protect her from that beast of a husband and with the aid of an obliging elephant, turns the trick. They changed the title of E. M. Hull's story from "The Desert Healer" to "Old Loves and New"; and if they aren't satisfied, I suggest "The Elephant's Revenge". That pachyderm takes his part well. Barbara Bedford is one of those brave, boyishly beautiful girls who looks more at home in the desert than she does in the drawing-room. She's the kind of girl who always looks cool and clean no matter what happens—and plenty does.
That's My Baby

No Sir, Don't Mean Maybe

There's a lost Baby in everybody's life — no, not one of those helpless little mites who cries and clings to you, but the other, powerful kind that punches you in the nose and smashes your watch. "That's My Baby" will convince you that your own experience with infants astray, whatever it was, was mild. It will also make you laugh. It's always funny to see the other fellow in hot water.

Heroines are always only too ready to believe their heroes have been living a double life, and this one is no exception. When poor Douglas MacLean is handed a baby to mind she refuses to believe it isn't his own. Complications set in, with Doug trying to lose the tiny toddler and the baby simply refusing to be lost. There's a thrill involving an airplane chase — they seem to be very good this season. I want to warn the ladies right now not to indulge in swoons when you see the Baby climbing all over the soaring plane. Because the ushers are in on the secret and will be too busy laughing to come to your aid. And I'll let you in on it before you complain to the censors. The Baby isn't a baby at all. He's that clever actor, Harry Earles, whom you saw in "The Unholy Three", as the masquerading midget. His performance in the MacLean farce is a really delicious drollery. Doug himself works overtime, but you won't notice it because, like that other Doug, Mr. Fairbanks, MacLean practices restraint. His method makes his picture all the funnier. Margaret Norris is just the kind of girl Doug's kind of man would fall for — nice, quiet, well-behaved, with a saving sense of humor. No matter what your grandma may think, some men still fall for girls like that.

The Runaway

Clara Does It Again

I've noticed for a long time that Clara Bow has been running away with almost every picture she appears in; but I never thought they would name a picture after her. But here's "The Runaway", endorsing Miss Bow's habit of romping off with the laurel wreath and the applause. It was all cut out to be another one of those things — but Clara changed all that. Where she is, things happen. She's not exactly a ray of sunshine; more like a small tornado, or — or — a conflagration. She starts rather than soothes but she makes you like it. This child with the colorless name — Clara Bow! — has as much of it as the screen can conveniently accommodate and still conform to the fire laws.

Clara plays a film actress on location in Virginny — and the villain pursues her all the way from Broadway. Bill Powell — for it is none other — shows his true colors when Clara comes to see him in his "rooms" (how sinister that sounds). He's accidentally shot, and terror-stricken, the girl runs away. In her high-heeled pumps, her frivolous chiffon dress, and her Broadway bonnet she strikes out into the hills. One of those uncouth but honest mountaineers finds her and takes her home. Follows the taming of the wild Broadway chicken, but not of Clara Bow. She's as unconquered in calico and sunbonnet as she was in silks and shingle. Not even William De Mille could curb her impertinent charm. In justice to that gentlemanly director, he didn't really try. He gave her a big scene and helped her put it over. She holds the screen for a Terror Scene which has never been equalled except by Lillian Gish. The fact that the insipid story makes it heroine give up the bright lights to settle down on a squallid farm has nothing to do with Clara. You feel she would do nothing of the kind. When the fadeout shows the mountaineer and his gal plugging their troth, you can imagine Clara stealing away, dressed in gay raiment, and teetering down the mountain on her high heels, bound for — Broadway.
One little ballet dancer holding the hearts of the leading duke and richest Russian in her hands.

The Midnight Sun

So This Is Russia

It takes a strong-minded producer to make a Russian picture without a revolution; and I would like to shake Mr. Universal by the hand. If he's too busy, I propose a vote of thanks to Laura La Plante, the real reason gentlemen prefer blondes; Pat O'Malley, or George Siegmann for lending their services to the cause. It shows the pioneer spirit, that's what it does; and I'm proud of them. Not a bomb is thrown.

"The Midnight Sun" is Russia as we like to think it was. It may not be true that one ballet dancer could hold the hearts of the leading Duke and the richest Russian in her little hands and also save from death her lover who has in a moment of petulance slapped the Duke's face; but it doesn't do any harm to believe it. It's frankly fiction with no attempt to trespass on history. When you get to the part where Laura throws herself at the Grand Duke's feet and says, "Save him and I'll do anything!" you are apt to snort if you aren't careful. Somehow Laura is not the kind of fair, frail flower who throws herself at a gent's feet even if he is a Grand Duke. You feel that Miss La Plante would have called in the United States Marines. Outside of that and the race to the heroine's rescue in "the fastest destroyer in the service", you may be able to believe parts of it.

I'm sure you can't turn Laura down when she looks at you out of those long-lashed eyes and flashes that elusive dimple. Pat O'Malley's Irish Grand Duke is more Russian than you'd expect, proving that Pat is a good actor even before he is an Irishman.

Raymond Keane, the latest gift to you girls, is as handsome as he can be—at least, I hope he won't be any handsomer when he grows up, for I just couldn't stand it. Siegmann may not be handsome but how he can act!
Brown of Harvard

"Brown of Harvard" will be popular just about everywhere except, possibly, New Haven, Conn. It is the most natural picture of the gong's-on of these wild college youths ever put on the screen. Do you remember the good old-fashioned college film, packed with rah-rah boys waving pennants, wearing white flannels and sport shirts open at the neck? The campus looked like hundreds of little Lord Byrons at play. The boys' boudoirs were papered with pennants and pictures of Follies girls, and the only lesson they ever seemed to learn was the first position with the banjo. Their idea of a high old time was to get together around a chafing-dish. "Brown of Harvard", it is true, has a scene in which some students strum their ukuleles; but, after all, boys will be boys. And I think the young men doing time at our various institutions of learning will recognize themselves when they see Brown and Company, and they will like it and say so, instead of throwing over-ripe fruit at the screen and pulling up the theatre seats by the roots.

Most movies consider themselves in luck if they can show a crew race or a football game. "Brown" can boast both. The crew race is won by Yale—a happy thought which will probably be followed by rioting. Harvard wins the football game—I tell you this so that you can be prepared and look for your nearest exit in time.

But maybe the Yale and Harvard fans who see the picture will be having such a good time they will forget to fight. I expect when the original play was shown you were too busy gurgling over your new rattle to pay much attention to it; but I will bet that the original Brown was no better than our Bill Haines. He's the most representative young American on the screen. And he has the makings of a good actor if his personality doesn't get the best of him. Jack Pickford, Ralph Bushman, F. X. 's son, and Mary Brian are among those present, and they are pretty good; but I'll lead the cheering for Big Boy Haines.

On Page 19

The titles for "Brown of Harvard" are uproarious to a degree (college degree) and hence and therefore have made the goal of the page set aside for the

Best Titles of the Month.

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altogether—"Sweet summer breeze—whispering trees; kiss me, kiss me, again!"

There was so much humming among the audience of "Mlle. Modiste" I couldn’t hear myself whistle. When Mademoiselle made her screen debut, she brought her music with her; and the silent drama wasn’t nearly as silent as it is supposed to be. You may kid yourself if it is the picture you want to see; but when you get there, you’ll find that Victor Herbert’s music is the real attraction. Corinne Griffith’s latest wouldn’t be much without the delightful score. There is a fashion show just in case there is any additional proof needed that no lady on the screen can wear clothes as convincingly as Corinne—as a title says: “What it needs to hang clothes on, she’s got!” Crude, but true. As the midinette who captivates a count, only almost to lose him when he finds her parading as a mannequin, the star is charming. Fortunately, she really is; but I would think so anyway. I’m sold on Miss Griffith. Her repose is positively fascinating.

"Mlle. Modiste", besides its star and its score, is remarkable only for the absence of any near-French atmosphere. Although it happens in Gay Paree, there is little or no arm-waving, lip-pursing, or promiscuous shrugging—all the dear old props of the directors who have never been to Paris and don’t like what they have heard. Corinne makes you believe she is French without resorting to obvious artifice; and not a single “Ooh-lala” or “Mon Dieu” will be found among the sub-titles. Norman Kerry plays a French officer with a moustache but refused to let it go to his head. When he answers the heroine’s “Kiss me again”, he is quite, quite satisfactory, moustache or no moustache.

The Greater Glory

"The Greater Glory" has June Mathis and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; but it hasn’t Rudy, Alice Terry, the tango, or Rex Ingram’s direction. And these little omissions make all the difference. I can’t exactly say what’s wrong with this picture. The story from which it was adapted—"The Viennese Medley"—looked like good film material. And the picture does have its moments. But somehow the most awful things can happen to the cast and you don’t give a damn. Wait a minute—except in the case of the heroine, Anna Q. Nilsson, and the little old Tante, played by Lucy Beaumont. Never has Anna Q. been more thrilling and beautiful. She plays one of those girls more-sinned-against-than-sinning; she is always turning the other cheek. She falls in love with Conway Tearle and sticks to it, when she might have married the hearty Hale Hamilton, who looked as if he could make her much happier—and also feed her well. At the finish, you aren’t quite convinced that the love of Anna and Conway can rise above corn-beef-and-cabbage—especially when there isn’t any. Mr. Tearle, of course, looks sometimes as if he could rise above anything; but Anna seems too vital and human to scorn sustenance. Miss Beaumont gives a touching performance of the Tante—you’ll fall in love with this little old lady. Mr. Tearle—how can one call him Conway?—strolls through the scenes as indifferently as usual; while May Allison is too sweet for anything. But if you like Anna Nilsson, it’s your pleasant duty to see this picture, and, if you ask me, she plays the title rôle.
If you aren’t whooping yourself, there’s something wrong with your sense of humor.

SKINNER’S
Dress Suit

A Bigger and Better Denny

If the worth of a picture depends upon the mood it sends its audience out in, then “Skinner’s Dress-Suit” is a million-dollar show. This human little picture is worth a dozen of the big, pompous super-spectacles and I don’t care who knows I think so. It amuses from start to finish. It might have happened to any of us. It’s the kind of picture that will remind the older folks of their early days of struggle and will inspire the youngsters to go out and make good—like Skinner. Even if you don’t intend to take a tip from Skinner’s methods, you’ll enjoy the picture.

The story is a classic. It is the only story I know of that has been filmed three times. It gets better each time. This last edition is the funniest. The Henry Irving Dodge is not a new one—just the old, old story of the under-dog who gets up and walks on his hind legs. But it’s always popular. You’ll hear your neighbors shout when Skinner forces his haughty employer to come to terms. If you aren’t whooping yourself, there’s something wrong with your sense of humor—or else your own haughty employer is sitting beside you—probably laughing his head off.

And there are all kinds of laughs. Skinner and Honey teach the highly genteel gathering their version of the Charleston is just one. And there are other moments when you would empty your own pockets to help Skinner pay for that dress-suit. Director William Setter couldn’t have done a better job. He steers the Skinners through their joys and troubles with humor and sympathy. It’s Reginald Denny’s very best work. He has stopped doing those funny things with his mouth, and he doesn’t act so self-conscious any more. Some of his expressions—oh, yes, he has more than the regulation three—will start mirth-qua\es, especially when he turns up his nose at his boss. Laura La Plante is Honey to the life. Besides looking lovely, she achieves the illusion of reality. She’s my favorite screen comedienne. Who’s yours? There’s no slap-stick in “Skinner”. No fight at the finish or last-minute rescue to pep things up. It’s human, and funny, and charming to the fade-out. If you don’t like it, it’s your own fault!

Some of Reginald Denny’s expressions—oh yes he has more than the regulation three—will start mirth-qua\es.
A Film is as Good as its Villain

By Bill Colling

Six dollars carfare removed from New York, remember you're talking to a movie cricket and not to a movie actor.

"But you told me you had nearly forty dollars saved up last winter," she glubbed.

"And so I did—$36.85, to be exact, and yesterday the garage man got me in a corner and when I got out, I had just the six dollars aforementioned."

She giggled as if it were a joke. "I guess you'll have to do your travelling this summer in the movies," she said.

And ever since then, I haven't been able to get that fool idea out of my head. After all, why can't you do your travelling via the flickering films? Of course, you won't get the soft coal cinders or the hotel bills or the souvenir shell purses; but on the other hand, you can get satisfactory glimpses of foreign cities and lands and you can view the high life of New York or the low life of the open spaces for only two bits a look—
and you don't have to spend a week resting up after your travels, either!

At any rate, not having much choice in the matter, that's what I've decided to do. And I got a good start in a little picture, put out by Educational, called "The Vision"—not a bad title, either, in connection with sightseeing. This is a charming little romance laid in England in the days when men were men and women wore skirts—three yards around the hem.

It is based on the famous painting of that title and tells the story which inspired the painter to choose his subject. A young English lord is haunted by the vision of a lovely girl who keeps trying to get him to follow her. He does so, and she leads him to a deserted room in the attic of the mansion and points out the hiding place of an old diary. As he reads the faded writing, the scene fades into a beautiful colored view of the house as it was in the long, long ago. We see the girl about to be forced by her father into marriage with a wealthy scoundrel. She sends a message to her true love to meet her at night: object, But the villain lies in wait for the young man and shoots the nice young man in the back, and the girl, distracted by grief, throws herself over a high cliff.

It's a simple and very pretty and touching little romance in two reels. Helped by the color process and by the loveliness of Julanne Johnston, it is a treat for the eye, and when it comes to scenery—! (Continued on page 90)
Cecil B. De Mille like every one else goes bathing and like many another successful man he carries his business and his eye for beauty with him.

"C. B." as Mr. Cecil B. De Mille is affectionately called in Hollywood, is an enthusiast. Whether he is at work or at play he thinks pictures and to him every man, woman and dog is a picture problem.

It has happened that extra girls after having been refused admission to the great Metropolitan Studios have been able to "strut their stuff" before smiling "C. B." on the beach. And always the girl who is "born for pictures" finds the calculating camera eye of the great director eagerly watching her poise and grace intent on making another screen discovery.

The beach at Santa Monica has become known as the favorite bathing beach of picture directors and not a little of its popularity is due to the gamblers thought that "He might want me for the movies".

De Mille is a genial god. In this picture, which was taken at a beach party while the "Deluge" was being prepared, Julia Faye can be seen behind him. A pleasant kindly king, Dunhill alight, he smiles upon the ambitious, as well he might, for he is one of them.
BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, once of the Hal Roach Comedies has a passion for butterflies and for her next part with Reginald Denny in "Take it From Me".
DORIS KENYON, the beauty of the First National lot has just finished "Men of Steel" and is now at work on "Missmates"—
Sorry it is not a bathing suit picture.
FREQUENTLY on the beach at Santa Monica Vera Reynolds surrenders to the lure of the Pacific. Her first starring role is on the way—"Sunny Durow".
MARIE PREVOST has the same charming figure that attracted attention to her when she was a bathing beauty. Now, however, she is one of the Metropolitan stars and her first starring picture is "Up in Mabel's Room".
The Stage Coach

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

About the time of year that our million readers will be scanning this page, the annual exodus from and hegira to New York will have begun. All the native New Yorkers will begin departing for Florida, Cuba, Europe and other points. The rest of this country will begin pouring into New York.

From the point of view of one born and bred in Manhattan, it is difficult to realize why the natives leave the Big Town, as it was once christened by Ring Lardner. The vacationing out-of-towners get far, far the better of the bargain. As a summer resort, there is no town in the world that equals New York.

That may sound like hyperbole to a lot of people who do not know just what hyperbole is, but have their suspicions. But it is a fact—as the rest of this article will prove. If you're convinced, you can stop now and go back to find out what Delight Evans and Bill Colling have to say about the movies.

In the first place, there is the New York climate. You can always tell what Hollywood is going to be like any time of the year, and the rainfall of Chicago hasn't varied ten points in ten years. But New York offers the four seasons during any season. It is cold enough to freeze Eskimos one day, and the next it is hot enough to eat Eskimo pie. Sometimes the baseball game has to be called off on account of snow, and the next day it is so warm that light underwear is considered a good costume for five o'clock tea. In short, the New York climate is just full of surprises, and what we always say is that there's nothing like a good surprise.

Then again, there is the show proposition. The average New Yorker leaves town just when the girl shows begin to come on.

The girl shows come on and the clothing goes off. It may be that the New Yorker leaves because he can find that sort of thing in the winter as well as in the summer, but the out-of-towner gets the first knowledge of what the well-dressed chorus girl is going to wear this summer. You may think that the out-of-towner doesn't care about such things. If he doesn't, then Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. George White, and the Messrs. Shubert, who are at this writing (Continued on page 88)

Photograph by Van Zandt

C Chrystal Herne who has won distinction in "Craig's Wife".

C Mary Philips in "The Wisdom Tooth".

Photograph by White

C Lynn Fontanne who plays Laura in the Theatre Guild's production "At Mrs. Beams".

Photograph by Muray

C Alice Brady who deserted the screen for the stage as Ma Bow- man in "Bride of the Lamb".
The gowns worn by Miss La Plante were supplied by Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

Filmy frocks, warm summer nights, gay dances! Laura La Plante when she was in New York recently for the opening of "The Midnight Sun" choose these enchanting, delicate frocks. Haven’t they a festive air and aren’t they ravishingly cool-looking and so simple. Can’t you imagine slipping into this delectable little georgette frock some hot summer afternoon and flitting away for iced lemonade on some one’s shaded porch. That crisp, saucy, taffeta bow would put joy into the limpest afternoon.

What could be more charming for an informal summer evening than this flowered chiffon dress that floats and flutters in a completely fascinating way whenever it’s...
Perfect timing was required in the execution scene. The death train came down one street and John was led up the gallows platform, while the train of the King was required to come down another street angling into the square where the execution was to be held and arrive just in time for John to thwart the noose and leap into the carriage of the King.

The escape was cleverly contrived. Just as the hangmen were about to slip the noose around his neck, John's double broke the bonds on his hands, bowled down the men nearest him and swung on the noose over the heads of the crowd into a hay wagon.

Here another double leaped over the crowd to a stairway on the castle wall and ran up the towering stairs pursued by the execution guards.

A third double performed the most breath-taking feat of all. When the pursuers were almost upon him he seized a long drapery and swung off into space.

The king's train, meanwhile, had come up the other street, the coaches rattling and groaning (if you closed your eyes they sounded like circus wagons which at some distant dawn you heard lumbering down streets lined with curious and sleepy-eyed small boys, from the railroad track to the empty lots where the big tent was to be erected).

And the King's carriage arrived just in time for the swing from the castle wall to bring the fugitive up against the vehicle. He hopped into the carriage.

There was a little screen magic used in filming that last swing, but I am pledged not to reveal it.

King Vidor handled the
crowd suavely and was very considerate in allowing them to rest whenever possible. But then he was used to crowds from "The Big Parade" days.

Speaking of "The Big Parade", King and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are at odds over the profits from this phenomenal success. Vidor thinks he ought to get a greater percentage than was originally agreed upon, due to the unexpected hold the film took, but the company says no.

It has been freely rumored that Vidor will leave Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer following the completion of "Bardelys The Magnificent". But he denies this. His contract calls for four pictures and he says he must deliver them.

"I am going to take a vacation in Europe though, I hope," he said. "Here I've made all of my recent pictures with European settings, and I've never even been abroad." Vidor thinks "Bardelys" may equal "The Big Parade", and that it is much superior to "La Boheme". The director was not particularly happy with Lillian Gish, whose precision hampered an understanding between the two from an artistic stand-point.

Most of Vidor's work, as a matter of fact, is improvisation on the set. Such was the chewing gum lace scene between John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade". The sequence showing many hundred feet on the screen was covered by a phrase in the script. Vidor never minutely works out on paper his scenes as does, for instance, Ernst Lubitsch.

John Barrymore's latest "bon mot" originated at the ground breaking ceremonies for Carter De Haven's "Hollywood Music Box" Theater, of which John and many other film people are stock-holders.

Barrymore, in costume for "Manon Lescaut", was to break the first ground. De Haven handed him the spade.

"What's this?" asked Barrymore.

"A spade."

"Don't hand it to me," said the actor, "I went into the movies to escape them."

It was my good fortune this month to be the first to secure an interview with little Charles Spencer Chaplin Jr., first born of the comedian.

Why Charlie has forbidden a picture to be published of his son to-date is hard to fathom. Little Spencer (he is known by his second name) is a handsome baby boy, about a year old, with very dark hair and eyes and a head shaped much like Charlie's. He has a keen gleam of alert baby intelligence in his eyes, is master of a slow fascinating smile, and beyond doubt has inherited the ability to mimic in an amusing way.

We stood in the living room of the huge Chaplin house in Beverly Hills and watched him, his grandmother and I, while he lay in the arms of his great grandmother, whose hair, yet, is not entirely gray, and matched her expression for expression.

His girlish mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, still unable to come downstairs after the birth of her second son, leaned over the stair-railing on the second floor.

"He's a regular little actor," she called. "You ought to see him mock Charlie when they play together."

Charlie explained to me later at the studio that he intends to allow pictures to be taken of the baby soon, and that he will make motion pictures also, which will form a record of his son's childhood. His reason for waiting so long is that he thinks babies have no individuality, he says.

The second Chaplin heir is named Sydney Earl Chaplin, in part after Charlie's brother, Syd, and in part after a relative of Mrs. Chaplin's.

A small dinner party given by Constance Talmadge this month took a load of curiosity off the mind of
Hollywood, which was busy conjecturing about Captain Alastair Mackintosh, the somewhat mysterious Englishman who rushed Connie right off her feet into marriage.

The captain has won immediate favor. "Lord, there's no mystery to me," he says. "My life's an open book if it is of interest to anybody. But I don't amount to anything. Some of my people in England were well known, but I don't cut much of a figure."

The Captain, however, has a very interesting biography. He is the nephew of the late Lord Kyllacwy, was born in Inverness, Scotland, December, 1889, attended school at CarGilfield, Edinburgh, became a second lieutenant in the Seaforth Highland Regiment Sept. 2, 1914, later was a staff officer with Sir Douglas Dawson, was in the Horse Guards in London in 1916, went to India as aide-de-camp to Lord Willingdon in the summer of 1918, returned to London the following January, and remained in the army until 1920. In the winter of 1921 he came to America as the house guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and has divided his time between here and there since that time. Every winter he has spent as a guest of J. S. Cosden of Palm Beach, Florida.

May McAvoy and Bobby Agnew have decided to call it quits. On the very day when Hollywood heard they had been secretly married, Bobby revealed that their engagement, one of the longest romances the film colony has had, was at an end.

Bobby reluctantly admitted, as May could not be found at the time, that he does not think May will ever marry him.

May confirms this. "Bobby and I just had a few words," she said, "and called the thing off. I hardly think I will ever marry him now."

Although this may be just a lover's quarrel, both Bobby and May assure me it isn't, that everything is all off.

Reata Hoyt, a dancer, is the heroine of one of those Hollywood success stories which make it impossible to dissuade girls from flocking here in the face of widely publicized figures showing the infinitesimal percent of film aspirants who become successful.

Reata, a frail looking English girl, not unlike Dorothy Mackaill, with the same wistful appeal at least, came to Hollywood for a nine days' vacation from which she planned to return to Ziegfeld's Folies.

She bore a letter from Irving Berlin to Victor Schertzinger, composer and director for William Fox. "But she didn't use it."

The two, however, met at the home of a mutual friend, and Schertzinger was immediately struck with the possibilities of the dancer for the screen.

A test followed the next morning, and as a result Reata Hoyt has been signed on a five-year contract by Fox. She is now playing her first part, the sister of Belle Bennett in Schertzinger's production of "The Lily."

A summer Saturday luncheon at the Montmartre reveals an interesting and informal side of Hollywood.

Today Norman Kerry appeared in correct white flannels and blue coat, but without a neck tie, his soft shirt flowing open at the neck. Johnny Walker also wore white flannel, but with a colored silk slip-over sweater.

Frankie Grandetta, the boxer, who has been rushing Shirley Mason since her sister Viola Dana was married to Lefty Flynn, wore white linen knickers.

Claire Windsor wore startling flame and crepe with white lace at the neck, a coat of red and white polka dotted georgette, and a huge draping red felt hat. (Marie Prevost owns the duplicate of this outfit in blue.)

And the most interesting figure of all was an automobile salesman of a very expensive make of car, who is a regular Saturday luncheon visitor at the Montmartre, and who goes in for sartorial excellence, and for movie stars. Today he wore riding clothes unchafed by saddle.

(Continued on page 86)
In "Hungry Arms", Russell Hitchcock had a hard time when he tried to adopt a young son.

After almost six months, my old friend Lois Wilson couldn't stand it another moment and took it upon herself to pay us a visit out here. She says she's been so all-fired busy in New York City making pictures that she hasn't had a chance to even shop around and buy herself some clothes. She was tickled to death to get out here and say 'hello' to all of us and all that, but she certainly did hurry back to that wicked New York with a vim and vigor that surprised me tremendously. Of course I had to kid her about it, and asked her what there is back there to rush her away from here so. Maybe I didn't find out the exact reason, or anything definite, but such a beautiful blush I got from the fair Lois! Oh, Lois, Lois, I fear you're saying me nay and keeping some interesting things from my romance-seeking soul. Write me a letter and tell me the truth.

Mildred Davis Lloyd had a party the other day, ostensibly for cards, but it turned out to be a party for two-year-old Mildred Gloria. What a kid! As much at home as though she were twenty-two, giving her coming out party or something, and keeping her many guests
as amused and interested as if the whole thing rested on her tiny shoulders. And those two grandmothers who were there—Grandma Lloyd and Grandma Davis. How Mildred Gloria ever got to be two whole years old without being the “spoiledeatest young un” in the world is beyond me. She’s the queen on the throne, all righty, and no royalty ever had a greater number of loyal, doting subjects.

* * *

TALKING about their babies, reminds me that Dick Bartholomew has fixed young Mary Hay up properly for the summertime months. Can you imagine a great big house at the beach being leased for a tiny chit of a girl like that? But that’s what Dick has done, and I suppose Mary will be brown as a berry and swim like a fish after the summer months are over and she comes back again to Hollywood. Maybe she’ll invite all the rest of our famous Hollywood babies down for a play in the sand, too, an’ let ‘em use her water-wings, and everything.

* * *

I WAS perched up on Oscar’s shoe-shine bench the other day, bowing hello to a gentleman sitting on the stoop across from me, when all of a sudden a lady appeared and put her two hands over the eyes of the gentleman, who was just about to bow hello back to me. “Pretty bad,” says I to myself, “when a poor man can’t sit down for a bit of a rest without some vamping young lady rushing up and disturbing all concerned.” At that the gentleman, Lowell Sherman, turned around, smiled a bright smile, took the young lady in his arms and kissed her soundly. Whadda ya think of that? But it’s all right—because when the young lady turned around, who did I see standing before me but Lowell Sherman’s little bride, Pauline Garon. You see, I’m for brides kissing their grooms anywhere they want to and just as often!

* * *

WILLIAM Powell limped up to me the other day. I don’t know why I had to laugh, for it really wasn’t a laughing matter! But he looked so forlorn and sad and kind of as if he’d lost his last friend that I had to laugh. You know, Bill Powell very, very seldom looks that way—he hasn’t the littlest sort of a grouch against this old world of ours at any time—and that’s why it looked so kind of funny to see him without a smile on his face. Well, he’d had an automobile accident, and it’s the second time he’s had an accident, and it wouldn’t be half as bad if he could only blame it on himself, because he wasn’t driving in either accident. And that still wouldn’t be near as bad, as long as he can’t blame it on himself, if it were somebody else’s car but his own which got all mussed up! Never mind, Bill. Think of how you can always be tacking things on to your accident. You know—“Well, just before my last automobile accident,” or “Right after my first automobile accident.” It comes in rather handy, after all.

* * *

MAYBE it’s because Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is such a nice boy that I’m interested in him and am tickled to death to see him boom ahead. He IS a nice boy, too! Anyway, the other night I saw his latest picture previewed. I mean, of course, the picture in which he has his latest part. He’s “Padlocked”, and Doug certainly shows that he’s coming into his own. He does a comedy, flashy, silly kid, and gets his stuff over with a regular bang. Every once in a while you turn to your escort and say—“Golly, didn’t he look like his Dad there?”—and I want everybody to watch out for him in this picture and see if you don’t agree with me that Doug, Jr., is coming into his own. Believe me, Doug hasn’t had as easy going as a lot of people may think he has, either. The silver lining is just beginning to show itself.

* * *

THE most fun I’ve had this month was on the “Hungry Arms” set where six-year-old Priscilla Moran is holding
Dashing Jack Holt, when he finishes his day of high adventure, goes home to his charming wife and two healthy kiddies.

forth with an old white horse, a talkative parrot and a good-natured, smiling little six-months old fellow. The horse, while he isn't working, just crosses his legs, blinks his eyes and goes to sleep; the baby never gets much chance to go to sleep because his six-year-old mother is much too busy with him, putting his bonnet on and taking it off, grabbing him to her and telling him what a sweet little thing he is and hugging him so hard you'd think he'd start in telling us all he'd had plenty of loving; and the parrot—well, when he wasn't wakening the horse up with his "giddaps" or telling Priscilla to "put that child down", he had everybody else on the set scurrying around at his false orders. The other morning Emily Fitzroy was a little late on the set, and all the company was standing around waiting for her to arrive. Before anyone else had caught even a slight glimpse of Emily, the parrot started screeching: "Come on, there! Make it snappy, make it snappy! Hurry up!" And when Emily reached the set, the old nickanino was to pay, to think that anyone would call at her across the stage with such little dignity. Then, when poor Bozo received a good sound scolding for his thoughtlessly...
I'd Be Bald Today—but a sleepy telephone girl saved me

Sixty Days Ago I Hardly Had a Handful of Hair Left. Then One Night I Tried to Get a Number from a Drowsy Telephone Operator. I Didn't Get the Number—But I DID Get a Wonderful New Growth of Hair in the Most Unexpected Way!

"There's no use trying to prevent it," I said to Mary. "There's another comfort of hair gone, and—"

"Oh, stop talking about your hair," Mary replied! "You're worrying yourself into baldness, that's what you're doing."

"Worry or no worry," I exploded, "it's getting so now that I'm actually ashamed to take my hat off."

"Oh, forget about it and go Alice on the telephone. She wants us to dinner tomorrow. Tell her we'll be there."

"Very well," I said, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," came from the other end of the wire in a man's voice. And just as I was about to answer "Hello," another gruff voice replied: "Howdy, Jack."

Some sleepy operator had put me on a busy wire! I started to hang up when Jack, whoever he was, called out cheerfully:

"How's your old bald head?"

I could have sworn he meant me. But he didn't. For the other replied, just as cheerfully: "It isn't!"

This was good and I decided to listen.

"What do you mean—it isn't?"

"It isn't bald."

"What's happened—have you bought a wig?"

"No, I haven't bought a wig. But I've got a brand new growth of hair—and it's real, honest-to-goodness hair. I'll tell you about it."

And while I eavesdropped he explained how he had been using a wonderful new treatment perfected by Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. This treatment, he said, got right down to the cause of baldness—the dormant roots themselves. In 30 days he could see new hair coming in, and in 60 days every bald spot was being rapidly covered.

That was enough for me. I remembered having seen an ad in the Merke Treatment in one of the magazines. So I immediately dug it up and read it carefully. To my surprise I learned that Merke not only agreed to grow new hair—but he positively guaranteed to bring results in 30 days or no cost! I told Mary about it and together we decided to send for the treatment.

The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But a little later I got the biggest surprise of my life. For I looked in the mirror—and there, so soft and right up from my once scantily-covered scalp, was a fine, downy growth of healthy young hair.

Each evening I devoted 15 minutes to the treatment at home. And day after day I could see this new hair getting thicker and thicker. In a month's time there was the most surprising difference. And at the end of sixty days—well, I no longer worried about baldness. I had regained a wonderful new, healthy growth of hair. That sleepy telephone girl will never know what a wonderful thing she did for me.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing growing fluid on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment which Merke perfected after 15 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the same results that may now be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

If you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

The New Way to Make Hair Grow," is the title of a vitally interesting 34-page book describing the treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 677, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 677, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Name

Address

City...State.
spoken words, all he could say was “Spank the baby, there. Spank the baby!” Sure as you’re born, you couldn’t have the blues and keep ’em on a set like that!

It’s a hard, hard life, this life of an actor’s, because if you have a skeleton in the closet they’ll find it, and if you haven’t, they’ll find it anyway. I’m thinking about what Robert Frazer told me the other day. It seems that in his latest picture there are flying scenes, and because Bob holds heavy life insurance which automatically would be cancelled if he ever decided he’d like to fly, he went to the studio officials to see if they couldn’t fix it up for him. It was fixed, all right, with the officials taking over the responsibility of Bob’s insurance policies while he did the flying. But, in spite of all that, somebody in some way figured here was a fine family skeleton, and printed a story in the local papers that Robert Fraser was afraid to go up in the air! Imagine Robert Fraser, who has a whole thousand hours of army flying to his credit, seeing a thing like that printed about himself in a newspaper. Golly, because I knew of Bob’s flying record, I have to admit that I was the one who took the thing to heart and would have shot on sight. Bob just laughed and said that seeing it in the paper didn’t bother him at all—that if seeing were believing, he’d be dead long ago. Just the same, don’t you think you’d see red if you were in Bob’s shoes?

There’s a little new club in Hollywood called “The Hollywood Drama Club”. They have gotten together, and by their enthusiasm and dreams, have come through the hardest part of their struggle to “carry on” with very little means to so continue. The other night I was invited over to their club rooms to see four one-act plays that they were putting on. They didn’t have an elaborate stage, and the stage wasn’t set with beautiful draperies, scenery and properties, but they certainly did put over their idea. In their little program they say that they are “hoping to be able to grow to be a credit to Hollywood and to be recognized as one of the Little Theatre Group, “that they may prove to be an inspiration to ambitious actors and writers” and “will welcome any manuscripts of one-act plays”. There, you folks who want a chance to have your works produced—why not try the Hollywood Drama Club? They may be young yet, but they’re ambitious and full of energy and pep, and you all know that with that much at the start half the battle’s already won.

* * *

Of course, it might not always work out this way, but look what happened to the girl over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Sounds just like a fairy-tale, to me, and I can’t remember another single instance where it has ever happened before. Imagine being a hard-working little secretary at a studio for a whole year, and all of a sudden to have one of the heads of the place come up to you some bright morning and say:

“Miss So-and-So, I’ve been watching you for quite a few months now, and I’ve decided to take a screen test of you and see if you won’t screen as well as I figure you will.”

Just imagine that! And then imagine taking the test. Imagine waiting for the “front office” decision, and then once more imagine yourself signing on that dotted line to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures for five years. Oh boy, wouldn’t it be a grand and glorious feeling, and if you don’t think the little girl to whom it happened over there isn’t still pinching herself to see if she’s awake or dreaming, you’ve just got another think coming!

* * *

A couple of weeks ago I walked into a new furniture store on Hollywood Boulevard to buy a lamp-shade. While I was looking around—and feeling rather talkative, as usual—I casually asked the lady if business was pretty good. “Oh, yes,” she answered. “We’ve had a fine month. Say, do you know Owen Moore? He was in last week and bought a whole house-full of things.” I pricked up my ears. Of course I knew Owen Moore, and I began to wonder what the “whole house-full of things” was about. About a week later, here’s what they told me over at the Fox studio: Kathryn Perry and Owen Moore have just been married, and they have bought a lovely home in Beverly Hills, and they have just finished furnishing it, and the bride and groom are basking in their happiness, and have made me, the real estate agents and the furniture store people all happy, too! See—

(Continued on page 80)
Let This Man Arouse The Mighty Powers Within YOU!

“There is genius asleep within YOU!”—says this man who has startled all America with his astounding psychological discoveries. Dr. Bush says: “There is a tremendous force hidden in your inner mind that will carry you to whatever happiness and success you seek—if you will only let it work for you as it has worked for me and for thousands of others to whom I revealed my secret. Will you let me show you—FREE—how YOU, too, can arouse the mighty power within you?”

WHAT do you want most in life? Do you want money, power, influence? Do you want to be proficient in your work? Would you banish fear, timidity, self-consciousness? Would you be popular? Would you be healthy?

No matter what your great desire in life may be, there is within yourself the power to achieve it.

There is nothing mysterious—nothing magical about this great power. Psychologists and scientists have long realized that there is a compelling force hidden in the walled crypts of the inner or subconscious mind which—once released—can sweep men to untold heights of glory and achievement.

But until now this mighty force has remained asleep within us—few know the secret of arousing it to action. David V. Bush, brilliant thinker and lecturer, was the first to discover a way to harness this elemental power and make it achieve our every desire.

By this tremendous power, David V. Bush himself rose from poverty. And then he startled America by bringing his messages to thousands that crowded the Nation’s largest auditoriums in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston and other large cities. He made this tremendous force so plain, so simple and easily applied that he has astonished scientific bodies everywhere.

A Simple, Easy Process—That Always Works

Dr. Bush has made his mission in life helping others to have success, power, money, health. “Ten Thousand Dollars would not pay for the benefits I have received,” James C. Smith of Somerville, Mass., writes him. Another says, “I was making no money, my health was bad and I was heavily in debt. Now I have a store of my own and am doing a good business.” A Pittsburgh man who learned of this power—he had never earned more than $25.00 per week—stepped out the first month and made over $1,000. Another man said: “I made $5,000 within three months.” And a salesman reports: “As a Salesman I was just fair. After trying your method I made $100 a day.” Dr. Bush has thousands of letters like these. They are his proudest possessions.

This great psychologist has tried to carry the secret of this success to people everywhere. In the large cities, this wonderful power has brought success to failures, health to the sick, courage to the nervous and despondent, money to the poor. But there are countless people who cannot attend his lectures. So he now has put the full story of this amazing power into a fascinating book called “APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY AND SCIENTIFIC LIVING.” The startling facts told in this remarkable 500-page book will be a revelation to you—a short cut to happiness and success. There is simple language is the whole secret and clear explanation of exactly how you—in your home—can arouse the hidden powers within you. Luther Burbank, plant wizard, said: “This book appears to me the most practical and useful work which has been published on this subject.”

Make This Test 5 Days Free

And now here is Dr. Bush’s special FREE test offer. Mail the coupon below today and this great book will be sent you. Read it five days. Then if you have aroused new powers, if you have acquired this great secret that has given wealth and health to many thousands, send only $3.50 in full payment. Otherwise return the book and it will cost you nothing. But take the first step towards discovering the hidden powers within you today. Do successful. Know prosperity. This edition is limited. Fill in and mail coupon NOW. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. 607, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Partial List of Contents

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Psychology and the Sub-conscious Mind---How to Use Your Sub-conscious Mind to Riches---How to Think---How to Win Success---How to Overcome Fear and Adverse Environment---How to Be Beautiful Through Mysterious Force---Vibration---How to Win Success---How to Kill Worry---How to Conquer Illness---How to Overcome a Disease---How to Double Your Efficiency---Visualisation---How to Make Your Dreams Come True---The Mystery of Fate---How to Use Suggestion for Health, Success and Happiness---The Greatest Law in the Universe, Just Lately Discovered---and How to Use It---What the World Owes You and How to Get It---After This Life---What---Is God?---Smile, Smile, Smile---Psychology of Health---Building Long Life and Full of Pep

David V. Bush, Publisher, Dept. 607, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Send me "Applied Psychology and Scientific Living." Postage prepaid. I will read it for 5 days and then send you $3.50, or return the book.

Name ____________________________

Address ___________________________

City ___________________________ State ______

Remittance from foreign countries and Canada and Possessions must accompany all orders.
When publicity directors become confidential.

A. Christie has made quite a few outstanding feature length comedy pictures in the last two seasons but it looks as if he were going to try to top anything his organization has done so far with "The Nervous Wreck," judging by the cast which he has lined up. Here it is: Harrison Ford as the "wreck" with Phyllis Haver opposite; Mack Swain, Chester Conklin, Herbert Bosworth, Paul Nicholson, Vera Steadman and Charles Gerrard. Scott Sidney of "Charley's Aunt" fame will direct.

A commission in title writing that may establish a world's record is awarding Ralph Spence, internationally known as the author of "The Gorilla," mystery play, as well as for his screen authorship, on his arrival in New York.

En route to Manhattan from Hollywood, within seven days after his arrival in Manhattan, Spence expects to title four feature productions, including "The Old Army Game," with W. C. Fields in the leading role; "Say It Again," starring Richard Dix, and "The Palm Beach Girl", featuring Bebe Daniels, all for Lasky, and "The Savage", starring Ben Lyon with May McAvoy, for First National. On completing the strenuous task, Spence immediately expects to take the train back to Hollywood.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, making a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre, Berlin, (Tuesday night, May 4th) after presentation of Miss Pickford's film, "Little Annie Rooney", were signally honored by the representative German audience who stood while the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner" for the first time in Germany since the war.

Mary and Doug came up on the stage after the midnight premiere and the audience, composed of high officials and many of the old aristocracy of Germany, acclaimed them as they made short speeches in German. There was a pause and then the theatre filled with the tones of a stirring composition that had been discreetly omitted from German theatre programs for eight years, "The Star Spangled Banner". The orchestra played the entire selection, and then rendered "Deutschland Ueber Alles". There was no protest from any member of the old German nobility present, and on the contrary, the famous American couple were given generous applause.

The novel situation of a father, who has been stage and film player, directing his own son in mounting the ladder to screen stardom may result from the hero worship of King Baggot, Jr., son of King Baggot, motion picture director.

The lad accompanied his father during his last vacation while the latter was on location directing Bill Hart in "Tumbleweeds". The famous two-gun man took a fancy to King, Jr., and started the lad's instruction in cowboy lore.

Since his return to military school, Baggot, Jr., is besieging his father with requests that he be permitted to work on studio lots .

(Continued on page 84)
Scientist discovers fat solvent

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

I Take All the Risk—You Are the Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $3.50 to $5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astonishingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman’s profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman $2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage).

I am going to put you to the test. Just try my Reducing Cream for 21 days. If you are not satisfied, not a penny will be charged you. The jar is sent postpaid, and you are under no obligation to keep it, no matter what the results may be, for you may return it at my expense.

THE McGOWAN LABORATORIES,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 3 Chicago, III.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me at your expense that your Reducing Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days’ time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postman $2.47 (plus few cents postage) when the jar arrives. I understand that the full amount will be refunded to me as the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name: ________________________

Address: ________________________

If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose $7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—once every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.

IDEAL FIGURE CHART

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Slender neck</th>
<th>Well proportioned bust</th>
<th>Trim waist</th>
<th>Slim hips</th>
<th>Perfectly modeled thighs</th>
<th>Graceful calf</th>
<th>Dainty ankles</th>
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<td>129&quot;</td>
<td>32&quot;</td>
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<td>35&quot;</td>
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</table>

M. J. McGowan
Chief Chemist

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here’s good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn’t going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan’s Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment
Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for permanent reducing. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days
3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.
Make Your Skin
Ivory-white
in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age... a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW... a New Kind of Lotion
Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for—the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauty parlors. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to every whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!
All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had washed them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle, and guaranteed safe and harmless. Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It... Whiten Your Neck.
Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle... Low Price... Guaranteed!
Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular-large size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without coming. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM
Lotion Face Bleach

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. SAC-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.
Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name .................................................................................................................................
Address ...............................................................................................................................
FREE—a surprise gift!
Take advantage of the special beauty-offer below and receive, free, remarkable, new skin-cleansing aid. Retail value 50c. See coupon. Send no money!

Five Amazing Aids To Loveliness—Guaranteed!
(SPECIAL OFFER BY A FAMOUS BEAUTY-AUTHORITY)

Your hands, your complexion, your hair given new and bewitching beauty—quickly. Secret beauty information and methods that have delighted millions. They must benefit you, or you pay nothing. Read the most astounding offer of this kind ever made.

This is something new—for girls and women who have been seeking beauty, charm, by the hit-or-miss method. One thing for hands, one for complexion, another for hair.

Results are going to amaze and delight you. In fact, are guaranteed to do so. Unless you are fully pleased... it costs nothing!

Famous authority
These five unusual beauty-aids came from the knowledge and science of Antoinette Donnelly, America's most noted authority on beauty. Millions of girls and women profit, daily, by her counsel. Her beauty advice appears in leading newspapers, in favorite magazines. And these are Antoinette Donnelly's own beauty helps! Her own exact formulas, which have brought new loveliness to millions.

First, correct cleansing
Miss Donnelly bases everything upon—

THE BOX OF BEAUTY
It is a true fact: 5c. for a golden color. It is true. And:
3 cakes of Miss Donnelly's LOVELY SOAP (a two-fold cleanser); LOVELY HAIR SHAMPOO; LOVELY SKIN LOTION; LOVELY COMPLEXION CREAM (for every purpose); and a box of LOVELY COLD CREAM FACE POWDER—in any of following new tints preferred:

WHITE
FLESH
RACHEL

at any time, despite daily tasks that rob hands of dainty, feminine charm.

The final loveliness!
But of them all, you will perhaps be most delighted with Miss Donnelly's LOVELY COLD CREAM FACE POWDER. You have never known anything like it. Tints are exquisitely matched to types of natural coloring. It stays on, beautifully, through a whole evening of dancing.

There is no crude, artificial look. Just a satiny, natural loveliness! And, while it gives your skin a new allure, it also protects the sensitive tissue.

Send no money
All these beauty-aids, prepared by Miss Donnelly's own formulas, are now offered you—in a dainty golden "BOX OF BEAUTY"—small—full-size—charming packages. Use them. In a week or so the results, increased loveliness, will surprise you. If not, you pay nothing!

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Don't send money. The golden "BOX OF BEAUTY" will be mailed—in plain, unmarked wrapping. When postman brings it, pay him $2.97 (plus a few pennies postage). Money refunded without results delighted you. The price is absurdly small—introduce Miss Donnelly's own beauty aids to women throughout America. Therefore you must accept at once, Mail your coupon today.

FREE: secret gift
By accepting this offer now, you receive—a remarkable, new beauty-aid, Retail value 50c. Assists greatly in keeping skin beautiful, clean, healthy. Not a cream, lotion, soap, tonic or anything of the sort. An entirely new principle. Aids in removing wrinkles, blemishes. Send coupon now!

FREE—SECRET GIFT
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY, Distributors Dept. 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me—in plain wrapping—ANTOINETTE DONNELLY's golden BOX OF BEAUTY—containing the seven articles described in ad. I also receive, free, the Secret Gift (retail value 50c). I am to pay postman $2.97, plus few cents postage.

(Print name and address, please)

Name
Address
City
State
Tint of Face Powder Wanted

(See list of tints given elsewhere)
all the more comical. Never mind, Herr Stiller, after you've been here as long as the rest of us have, you'll think that even to call a gentleman a "gink," or a lady a "dame," and even though it's a sort of mean trick to have so much fun at your expense, we're for you and hope your first picture is a humdinger.

Okl, well, you have to admit that the women know their stuff! No siree, nobody can argue that point with us feminine sex. All of which is deducted from a little happening on the John Gilbert set, where he and Robert Cauntero are dueling their lives away in "Bardeles, The Magnificent."

I give you my word that it was no easy duel and that both Gilbert and Cauntero were not bleeding "prop" blood when it was all over. Then imagine, right out of a clear sky, hearing a voice pipe up:—Hugh! That wasn't so good! Let me show you how.

If Jack Gilbert hadn't been able to see the blonde vision who spoke those cruel words, this might have been a sadder, shorter tale. But to be challenged, right on his own set, by a feminine Marion Davies, was too good to be true. Once again they took up the swords—this time, in a dressing room. Once again everybody was breathless. And you folks who are reading this—if you think I'm going to commit myself and say that Marion won, or if you think I'm going to commit myself and say that Jack was the victor—not on your life! As far as I am concerned it was an absolute draw. As far as I know anything about it, it was six o'clock and half a dozen on his wristwatch. But I'd have to admit that Marion wasn't dressed to do her very best on such an occasion, and although Jack is a very fine dueller, you know, well, anyway, we aren't so bad, either!

TOM HOLT has bought a horse, and sure as the grass grows round the stump, it belongs to Tim, from the tip of that pinto tail to the whiskers on the good old fellow's cheeks. And if it is honest blood and almost break a sixty-year-old back to earn that hundred dollars to pay for the nifty little animal, just listen to his story. In the first place, the pony caught the inherited eye of knowing a good horse or man when he sees one while he watched them make some scenes for "The Vanishing American" and saw the piece of horse-talk that was in action when you called Tim. I'll have to have my dad buy him for me." So Tom went to Dad, and Dad told him that the only way Tim could get money together but that poor horse could get money to buy himself. Well, that was six months ago, and since then Tim has been beeneeding so many weeds from the garden of Ernest Torrence and Florence Vil- dor, and picking so many snails from the lawns that he figures it was about time that hundred dollars was in the bank. Dad called the bank, and sure enough, they told him that if Tim would go to the teller window, he'd be able to get his hard-earned money without any trouble. They gave him his five brand new twenty-dollar bills, but this man who gave him the money told him he'd have to pay one five for the bank, and Tim wanted so much to have a saving so good to Mr. Holt, Jr., and back he went saying he'd decided he'd rather have the ready cash! O' course, there's nothing like being careful, and after you've worked so god damned hard for six months, there's no use taking unnecessary chances! To make a long story short, the pinto is now roving very elegantly in the Jack Holt stables, and any time you want to go near the place, you can see a small boy standing in front of one particular stall, and you can hear a sure voice, with ownership rings right through it, say: "Good old horse! Good old horse!

Chatter from Hollywood—Continued from page 75
A COMEDY of errors, grammatical, technical and temperamental preceded the disappearance of Maurice Stiller, later director of "The Crystal Cup," by Gertrude Atherton, author of "Black Oxen." It is the story of a woman, beautiful, healthy and young, yet inexplicable of love. With the scientific insight for which she is famous, Mrs. Atherton tells her amusing story. All women—and men—will find this book a revelation.

Send $2.00 to Dept. C, BONI & LIVE- RIGHT, 61 W. 48th St., N. Y., and the book will be sent you postpaid.

"LATEST-HIT" Camp Ukulele

MINDE of White Maple finish, Very Fine. This is a real instrument and retails at least $6.00.

Free Instructions:—Pick, etc.

Pay postman $2.98 plus postage

The CRYSTAL CUP

By Gertrude Atherton

Author of "Black Oxen"

is the story of a woman, beautiful, healthy and young, yet inexplicable of love. With the scientific insight for which she is famous, Mrs. Atherton tells her amusing story. All women—and men—will find this book a revelation.

Play this Ukulele at once. Strum all the latest hits.

SPECIAL

$2.98

Newark Ukulele Mfrs., 10th and Park Ave., Newark, N. J.

Free Instructions—Pick, etc.

Pay postman $2.98 plus postage

GAY-MARR Co., Dept. K
159 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

The greatest value on the market. Sold in whole only—and your order early, too.

GAY-MARR CO., Dept. K
159 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations that broke from the lips of onlookers who recently witnessed—a demonstration of the new discovery that is hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores entirely eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored to firm contours! Wrinkles erased! Was ever so wonderful a beauty treatment known before?

And what magical compound do you suppose brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk. Of course, milk in its ordinary liquid form is not concentrated enough to show marked results. Its special beautifying elements had to be extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients. It was only after countless experiments that the true Magic Formula was found.

The Magic Milk Mask

Milk has always been known as a complexion beautifier. The famous actress, Lilian Russell, and other renowned beauties, used the milk bath treatment.

But never has it been possible to use its beautifying properties of milk in such marvelously effective form as in the Magic Milk Mask. Here in this fragrant, plastic compound is the very essence of beauty—a simple, healthful treatment whose miraculous powers are the marvel of all who behold.

Lovely Beyond Your Dreams in Fifteen Minutes!

How can words describe the wonderful-working powers of the Magic Milk Mask! A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful, pure-white, creamy compound. Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it remakes the complexion. It gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores; lifts off and absorbs the dry, wrinkled skin scales; closes and tightens the pores; erases wrinkles and fine lines.

In fifteen minutes its work is done. Wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't be able to believe that the radiantly lovely complexion you see before you is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated.

Even women of advanced years look young after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask.

A limited number of packages of the Magic Milk Mask have been prepared to be sent out to women direct from the laboratories, under a Special Introductory Offer.

These introductory packages are to be practically given away. The regular price will be $3.00 (enough for twenty treatments, which would cost $60.00 to $40.00 in a beauty parlor). But you are asked to deposit with the postman, when he delivers your package, only $1.95 to help defray the expense. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not absolutely delighted, your money will be returned at once. Could a fairer offer be made?

Send No Money

No, not a single penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail at once.

But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.


Yes, send me a top value $3.00 package of the Magic Milk Mask. In plain wrapper, I will deposit only $1.95, plus the few cents postage, with the postman. My money back if I am not delighted.

Name.

Address.

City. State.

(Clip, address and mail)

Introduction Coupon—Many Facts

Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:

1—to give a lovely milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
2—to make your skin look at least 10 years younger.
3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
4—to close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
5—to absorb the outer, dry, withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
6—to combat wrinkles, tone sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

Wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't believe that the radiantly lovely complexion you see before you is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated.

Too Wonderful for Belief. So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose.

You are invited to try this startling new discovery, entirely without risk.
A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!

Bob gave a stag party to writers in their bungalow at the Ambassador.

Bob, by the way, continues with his phenomenal luck on the stock market. On the morning the party he knocked off $2,200 after an order to his broker over the bedside telephone.

I met Dorothy Dunbar on the Boule

vard just after she was selected to play op
toposite Dick in "The Astute Gentleman" and we recalled how Dorothy met Dick.

It was at the party inspiration Pictures and Dick gave to Dorothy Mackall on her birthday.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 61)

feverishly preparing for the out-of-towners, are cucking. And they are not cucking.

Then the out-of-towners who are interested in things pertaining to satire and such may wander down to Grand Street and see the Neighborhood Players. And though he may miss the lovely triple bill they had, he will not be able to see the much-heralded "The Dyibuk", he will be in time to see their annual "Follies". And he may drop not so far downtown and see the "Garrick Gaieties". Speaking of the latter, the civilized world is at present divided into armed camps: those who hold that the new "Gaieties" is not as good as last year's because your correspondent is not represented therein; and those who think it is better for the same reason.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that you want to find out something about Belgian Congo and you haven't time to make a personal trip. You go right into the Biltmore Theatre and see Walter Houston in "Kongo" and you know more about the place than the encyclopedia.

Where else but in this he-man's town can you see the loveliest presentation of "Jo-

lanthe" ever made on land or sea? Where else has "Abie's Irish Rose" entered on its fifth year? Where else do the Marx boys go crazy nightly in "The Coconuts"?

Let us suppose that the weather, for no reason, turns cold. There is Congo, land, where the succulent frankfurter grows, and where the waves are gentler than those that kiss Tahiti's shore. There is Luna Park, where the roller coasters are all waxed and a mile long. There is Central Park, where the grass would be green if the gasoline from passing cars didn't turn it yellow so soon.

And then there are always the cool movies, where one can be fanned by man
crafted breezes. The Rivoli and the Capitol make claims to having the coollest theatres in the world. Which is cooler we do not know. But we were impressed with the agent for the Rivoli, we were sure that it was 10 degrees below the North Pole. This year, when Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer are to pay Mayer and other salary, we offer the practically unbiased opinion that the Capitol Theatre is the love-

liest theatre in the world, winter and summer.

At night, when the rest of the country is sweltering from the heat, New York sits around and sips long cooling drinks. All you have to do is to go to any deserted-looking house, show your SCREEN

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take any advice which you may consider useful to this bookcase.

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(A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University)

seeks absolutely confidential advice upon any subject.

WILLIAM L. LAND, superintendent of Sectional Bookcases since 1890

S C R E E N L A N D

Bob and Dorothy are talking together when Dorothy came in.

The first thing Dick said was: "Who are you?" Then he introduced and the next question was: "How tall are you?"

Dick is only of middle height, and Dorothy is tall for a girl. But when she took her high heel shoes and they measured up back to back, it was discovered that Dorothy was not disqualified by her height anyway.

Some time later I saw Dorothy and she

said Barthelmess was walking with her, but she couldn't wait and was hoping to sign a long-term contract with F. B. O. She did and Dick had to borrow her to play

Charmian.

LAND subscription and mention our name.

Suppose, on the other hand, the weather turns back to normal summer weather and hits the freezing point. In that case, you wish to Daly's 63rd Street Theatre and see the warm little things called "Sailors" or "West

If that fails to warm you, then you must reluctantly realize you are a cold-blooded animal and go back where you came from.

Miss West's and physicians have informed us, has a normal body temperature of 323 degrees Fahrenheit. A lot of critics have slammed the show, but scienti
tists have shown tremendous interest. They expect to make use of Miss West if the sun
ever cools off.

Naturally, in an article as brief as this we are compelled to touch but lightly upon events, so we will reluctantly leave Miss West and hurry on to some other points of interest. Uptown New York offers you Riverside Drive and Grant's Tomb. Grant's Tomb is of especial interest to out-of
towners. Some aren't sure that Grant is really buried there. Several have hinted it for the Ritz.

Riverside Drive offers definite advantages after sundown, depending on who is occupying benches. At the Yankee Stadium Babe Ruth will be hitting them over the fence. At the Polo Grounds, Frankie Frisch will be stealing second base and Harry Stevens' men will sell you the cheapest roasted peanuts in town.

And the subways! Those who have never ridden in the New York subways of a summer rush hour have not lived.

Many of those who have ridden have not lived.

Mayor Walker has just issued an edict that the cabarets must close at 3 a.m., but up to 2:59, Texas Guinan will offer you entertainment that can not be duplicated ever by the brass band at the Battery. In the colored section in Harlem you can see the Charleston at its best or worst, depending on how you look at it, and you can hear that is rivaled by Maestro Geri

win, whose "Tip-Toes" is one of the shows you can not afford to miss.

In short and brief, then, New York offers you what it takes of the rest of the world to offer you. There is nothing of beauty or charm that can not be duplicated in that dream city. It has everything that the hu

man heart could desire; it has--

But you must really pardon us now; we've got to make a trail, that is, a cam to Maine, where we are going to loaf, swim, fish, hunt, and read for a month. Otherwise, we could really go on and prove to you that there is no summer resort in the world to equal New York. Gentlemen, I give you New York! And for one month, you are entirely welcome to her.
There, beneath the tropic moon, they met again—

She had been trying for two years to forget—but he had, had he ever seen this ravishing creature before?

By Dorothy Winton

TWO years before, he had come into my life—the Prince Charming of my dreams—the one man for whom I had longed all my girlhood years. And I was proud to own him.

It was in gay San Francisco that we met—at the Army and Navy Ball. He was a First Lieutenant then, tall, dashing, handsome—almost too handsome I thought, at least to the plain, homely-looking girl "but a cat may look at a king." I told myself, and how I did try to impress him.

You can imagine how I felt when, after a glorious tete-a-tete in the conservatory, he left me to dance with his hostess. I could hardly keep from showing my disappointment. In fact, I really had only a moment. But in spite of my resentment, I had to admit that his smile was absolutely winning:

"I could hardly wait for the dance to begin. My heart leaped at the prospect of meeting you."

I knew that I had to do something to keep my cool, and so I asked him to tea. He replied:

"I'll be there at six, and I'm pretty sure we'll have some time to ourselves before the dance begins.

"But have you changed so much since I saw you last—you are so—so much more beautiful!"

We were going to offer the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only $2.85 for the entire outfit. This includes a full-sized bottle of Wave Fixative, a new and authentic Marcel Fashion Chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcellers.

Send no money—just mail the coupon.

Even at this special introductory price, you don't have to pay for this marvelous outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is mail and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just open it and postpay. And when you've made and saved just a few cents postpaid, you're on your way to being "Fixated" for ever. And when you've caught a hair, you'll say it was the best instrument you've ever made for your hair, for your hair waving troubles are over. Every time you use this wonderful outfit you'll get better and better results and you'll always be glad the day this offer came to your attention.

This is only one of the same beautiful marcelling outfits you can get with this amazing new invention.

We guarantee this without any reservation and let you be the sole judge.

In order to quickly introduce this amazing new invention to thousands of women throughout the country, we are sending this Mase de Beauté Coupon Offer. This special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon now!

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Gentlemen: Please send me your new invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, booklet of Wave Fixative and nails lacquer, for $2.85. I agree to deposit $2.85 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. I am not satisfied with results I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $4 with your order and the MarceUing Outfit will be sent postage free.

D. B. Winton

BY DOROTHY WINTON

"Oh, what shall I do?" I exclaimed that afternoon to Marcella, my friend and confidante. "He's coming to the dance tonight!"

Then I noticed for the first time what a beautiful marcel she had.

"Why Marcella! What have you been doing to your hair? It looks perfectly miraculous!"

Marce went over to her dresser and took out a bottle which was a bottle of liquid and about a dozen drier boxes. I tried it on, and it was to six inches long.

"Actions speak louder than words," she replied. "Sit down in that chair a few minutes and I'll give you the fairest marcel you ever had in your life."

Marce went over to her dresser and took out a bottle which was a bottle of liquid and about a dozen drier boxes. I tried it on, and it was to six inches long.
Famous Film Folks

By C. D. FOX

Here you have Old England with its pleasant countryside and its charming borderland. The little girl will love it. You'll admire its armor and its tapestries, if you'd have to pay two bits to see if you were touring a la Cook and the castle and the little girl, just like those listed under special "points of interest" in the guide books. This little opus may not be advertised on the posters outside the theatres, but I hope you're lucky enough to find it. It has been seen all too infrequently since she appeared in "The Visitor of Bagdad," and it's nice to see her again in such a delightful film.

This estate in the Highlands seems as big as the Highlands are, and in its surroundings, from the outside, is a fair imitation of the Metropolitan Museum. Unfortunately, our sightseeing tour is marred by a driving rain, but we can see enough of the place to warrant the mountaineer ever loosened up enough to build such a costly residence.

In this expansive and expensive place lives a young lady and the bridegroom. It is mentioned—maybe he died from the shock when he got the bills. Anhow, the young man, who, gentle reader, is none other than Rod La Rocque, is engaged to an American girl, who is visiting him. He brings home the family jokes—and then things begin to happen. Various mysterious persons drop in out of the Scotch mist, including a detective and a bodyless furry hand which keeps creeping up over the tops of tables and chairs. The tools disappear and one after another of the characters goes through thrilling adventures, all of which are couched in terms of the most hilarious burlesque. In the end, the furry hand is shown to belong to a detective who follows the best traditions of Sherlock Holmes. It is all method, and the family tools are restored, the girl's father is reconciled to having his marry the Scotch dude, and all is well. Even the villains are left to find their way out into the rain.

This opus, known as "Bachelors' Brides" (a title which, like the plot, has nothing to do with the case), is extremely funny. It kills the idea of going to work and rubs itself against your feel to be anything. He shivesy at "The Bat." Eddie Girgibon helps things along by kidding himself—he was the real, though dumb, detective in "The Bat." His "Bachelors' Brides" he acts just the same as he did in the former film, which is our idea of satire made perfect. You're going to enjoy this film, and the family tools are restored, the girl's father is reconciled to having her marry the Scotch dude, and all is well. Even the villains are left to find their way out into the rain.

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"GO"—Cont. from page 45

"I wish I were dead!" Mary Louise said one day, coming away from a casting agency without even hope to sustain her.

A tall redhead with a chronic cough, who had been pushed from "bits" to the very last row in mob scenes, regarded Mary Louise with a thoughtful smile.

"Well, that's one way of looking at it, of course," observed the young woman.

"Another is...lick them before they lick you. How would you like to run down to the beach this afternoon for chow?"

"With you?" asked Mary Louise dubiously. 

"Because—you know I'm stony, Lauretta."

The other's laugh ended in a spasm of coughing. "Say, you're the original Peter Pan, aren't you? I mean you believe in fairies. And miracles, presumably. We can both of us get a damn fine dinner, if you'll come along. I mean," Lauretta added hastily, "that I'm not going by myself and I don't believe you're that sort of girl, either. But the two of us—chaperoning each other, dearie—The much-discussed Madam Grundy couldn't find fault with that herself."

Mary Louise thought for a moment of the family dinners at the Delaware Hotel which daily were becoming more difficult to swallow and so she decided in favor of Lauretta's plan. Thereupon Lauretta borrowed a nickel and rushed for the nearest telephone booth.

"Yes, I know I'm the original girl that men forget, Tommy," she breathed over the wire, "but I've got something in tow that looks like Santa's gift to the Harold Lloyd baby. The most bee-you-tifull sweetlie I've ever glimpsed. Fact's, it's a sight for Kleg eyes! New to Hollywood, cinema struck, of course, and staying with me until Jimmy Cruze discovers her for another 'Covered Wagon'. Better ask us for dinner. And for Pete's sake dig up something in pants for me. I do like to exchange airy persiflage with a member of the unfair sex once in a blue moon, you know.

Popping out of the booth, she greeted Mary Louise with a radiant smile. "We're on, babe! Tommy Baroni is going to spend another million. No, not a sheik: Tommy's one of the first old Latin families in California, but whether winning or going out, he's got the luck, though—he made it out of prunes. God bless 'em! Whoever imagined a prune could be so good?"

Mary Louise didn't fancy Tom Baroni somehow. Probably she was out of tune with laughter and song and oodles of money which never found its way into her hands. He was generous, considerate, careful not to offend the girl at the very beginning of their acquaintance. Mary Louise hadn't a fault to find with his behavior, but... she didn't care two pins whether she ever saw him again or not.

"Didn't you get a good dinner?" Lauretta inquired, rolling her eyes and smacking her lips.

"I didn't know a girl could eat so much," Mary Louise replied. "It should carry me over the week-end at least."

"Nonsense!" scoffed the red-haired girl, who seemed in excellent spirits. Plenty more where that came from. And Tommy wants to take us down to Tijuana on Sunday. To the races, you know. Wonderful! Tommy'll bet for you and if you win he'll give you all the money."

"But suppose I lose?" asked Mary Louise, frowning.

"Be your age, dearie. Gentlemen never..."
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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE Book Department
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very tired but only the two men on the back seat fell asleep. Mary Louise and young Hubbard, driving, had too much to talk about.

First hot, then cold, soaring to the heights and dropping back in the pit of despair, Walter Page told the girl about the work he was doing. No one had believed in it or him and so he was producing with his own money—and he had painfully little currency. Every foot of film counted and he had resorted to all kinds of subterfuges in order to shoot his masterpiece, an example of which Mary Louise had just witnessed at the Tijuana track. Salaries were the most important item on the expense sheet and Hubbard simply couldn’t pay them. The actor on the back seat, for instance, demanded a hundred dollars a day cash.

Fortunately they wouldn’t require him longer than three weeks and Walter Page confided that the very thought of engaging a heroine made his blood run cold. Fifth-rate stars demanded daily settlements and raised their salaries sky-high when they approved of them. Everybody in Hollywood seemed to know he was working on a shoestring and so far he had failed to find a single soul who was willing to take a chance and string along with him.

A dozen times during his story Mary Louise opened her mouth to offer her services and each time the actual words failed her. She wasn’t even a fifth-rate star. Yet the character he explained to her got under her skin and Mary Louise saw the Girl, understood her temptations and sympathized with her efforts to climb back. It was almost as if Hubbard’s heroine were someone she knew. Any girl with a picture, well, such things were happening every day, not only in Hollywood, but all over the world.

"That’s what makes it worth while," Mary Louise told him, letting her fingers rest momentarily on his hand. "I believe in you." "Do you?" asked Walter Page, with a curious little note in his voice. "How much, I wonder?"

"Well, if I were even a—fifth-rate star, I’d work for ‘cakes," Mary Louise said tremulously. "Just enough for bread and bed—"

Young Hubbard, in his excitement, took her hands and the flivver darted off the road with a suddenness which brough the actor in his car to a comical unceremonious out of the land of Nod.

"What is your name?" he asked her eagerly.

"Marie Sutherland.,"

"I mean your real name."

"Mary Louise Walker."

Young Hubbard shouted the good news across his shoulder to the two weary individuals on the back seat.

"Miss Walker has agreed to play the Girl for us," Coleridge said this afternoon you were exactly the type we needed for the part, but none of us thought then we’d be so lucky—You’re sure you understand about the salary?" he inquired Mary Louise. "It won’t be much, but I’ll pay you all I can."

She smiled happily. "I thought you was going to say you’d pay me all I’m worth. My landlady won’t give me a little half-dollar for that. I’m afraid."

But she was flushed and gay when she said good-night and she could hardly wait to tell Mrs. Delaware of her good fortune.

They finished the picture in exactly seven days, paying for what they had to, convincing when they could, and using public property where they could do no better. Thus the beach at Venice became a European sea-

---

**A PERFECT MARCEL While You Dress or Sleep!**

Marvelous New Invention Gives Beautiful Professional-Like Wave Without Miss, Bother or Expense.

**NOW** in a few minutes’ time any woman can give herself a Perfect Marcel. All Milday has to do is place in her hair a Ready-Set Marceller which immediately conforms the hair into a series of beautiful waves similar to those given by the most experienced of beauty specialists. It’s no trick to put it in. The illustrations show how neat it looks in the hair while in use and what a beautiful wave it gives to perfectly straight hair.

**The READY-SET Marceller Can’t Go Wrong**

Regardless of what texture hair you have, the Ready-Set Marceller never fails. It will delight you. It comes in two parts. One for the side of the head as shown in illustration. The other for the opposite side and back. It is adjustable for those who prefer the back shingle bob with sides waved. The secret of the Ready-Set is the folding crossbar which “automatically” puts each one of the flexible combs in the hair at the proper angle flat to the head and in the proper place to give a perfect marcel. The crossbar works bellows fashion. When you close up the crossbar the hair [which should be dampened] works up between the combs forming beautiful waves.

**These Pictures Tell the Story!**

1—Straight Undressed Hair. 2—The Ready-Set Slipped Over the Hair in 3 Seconds. 3—The Result—A Beautiful Toilet Everyday!

Miss Ray Morse, well known beauty specialist, says: "After seeing the wave any woman can so easily get by simply using the Ready-Set Marceller, I would be selfish if I did not admit that it will save American women thousands of dollars formerly spent with beauty parlors.

**Send No Money**

We want you to be convinced the Ready-Set will give satisfaction. Later we plan to sell through stores, and we want your good will. We are offering a special introductory price to women who make this test. Send in the coupon today for a 5-day trial of the Ready-Set Marceller.

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Please send me your Ready-Set Marceller. I agree to deposit $3.00 plus postage for the postman upon delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return device within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

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**Address**

**City**

**State**

**NOTE:** If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose $3.00 with order and the Ready-Set Marceller will be sent postpaid.
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30 lbs. of Fat

You see people all about you who have lost their excess fat. In every circle nowadays nearly everyone is slender.

People have found a way to reduce which is easy and pleasant and prompt. It combats the cause of fat formation, which usually lies in a gland. You can see its results wherever you look today.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, which for 18 years have been making fat people thin. The afflicted users have told us about them, and the use has spread. Now people are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You should know Marmola if you overweigh. Style and beauty, health and fitness call for normal figures. Excess fat has no excuse when so many people know a way to end it.

Investigate Marmola. The coupon will bring you all the facts, some samples and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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& In THE CRYSTAL CUP Gertrude Atherton has added to her woman's instinctive knowledge of love the revivifications of science and the result is a breath-taking story that tells amazing truths about man and woman, and their love life.

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NEW YORK
and the book will be sent to you postpaid.

side resort and the Von Hutton mansion became a Casino on the Riviera. It was the interiors of course that bothered young Hubbard the most; these cost real money.

After waiting two days for Mary Louise to call her, Louise decided to inquire for Mrs. Mary Louise. Mrs. Delaware merely told the red-haired girl that "Miss Walker was working," which brought her back a half-dozens times until she found Mary Louise at home.

Lauretta spoke first in order to guide the conversation in channels to her own advantage.

"I've been laid up for repairs, ducky," cried the redhead, with mock tragedy, "You'll never suspect Satterfield of being a cave-man, would you? He says he wants to marry me, but his wife won't let him. I've written her a note of thanks. But what happened to you and Tommy? He's as glum as Buster Keaton! All I can get out of him is you must be suffering with gallopping consumption—all you do is eat and run. That's no way to treat Baroni, babe. He's got more money than Carter's got pills.

"Don't need his money," Mary Louise said, meeting Lauretta's chatter with a calm smile, "I'm working and..."

"For that bird we met at Tijuana?" demanded the red-haired girl. "Oh, sola mio and a pack o' problems! Nobody and nobody making a picture about an orphan—he couldn't afford to use the original Two. Look out for your gold fillings, I've seen these unappreciated geniuses before."

When Mary Louise finally finished the problem was what to do with it. Walter Page had no way of distributing it and the big corporations, with pictures of their own to sell, showed no inclination to take the kid. He had exactly eleven dollars left when "Any Girl" was pronounced ready for the screen—and no screen to throw it on!

Young Hubbard tried to interest the big fellows, and then the little ones. Mary Louise herself went out to the Luxor studios, seeking an audience with Roger Norton. But Luxor was Great Artists now and nobody around the place knew what had become of Norton. Mary Louise returned to town with weary limbs and aching heart, her very expression saying plainer than words that they had suffered defeat once more.

"It's all right, dear," Walter Page whispered, repeating platitudes he no longer believed himself. The darkest hour is just before the dawn, you know. Every cloud has a silvery lining. Sally, Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

"Don't joke about it," Walter, she said, sighing, "I'd throw myself in the ocean if it weren't for you and the fact I can swim," Hubbard said seriously. "Whatever comes or doesn't come, whether I win a fortune or lose my soul, don't ask me—I've known aarrange Nothing can take that from you. Your friendship, your—say it, Mary Louise."

"My—love," repeated Mary Louise. "Oh, Walter, now there's so much to live for, we've just begun things through. Beat the game, boy. It's a good picture!"

"Yes, it is," acceded Hubbard. "You know it and I know it and Colenridge knows it, but that's about all. I could arrange for a showing at one of the big houses, with a musical program and everything—But I can't, Mary Louise, Pigs can't fly."

"Eagles can, Walter. You're an eagle, Walter. At least you're not a quitter. And that darkest hour still isn't bad dough although the smarties may smile."

She left him and went first to the bank and then to the office of the newspaper in whose columns she had advertised the loss of her legacy. Nobody had heard from the money. It had disappeared, gone forever, and there remained small hope of seeing it again.

On the Boulevard she ran into Lauretta, hectic, threadbare, but smiling. "Found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end?" mocked the red-haired girl. "A woman would think this duc—there ain't no such animal. You dig for gold. Believe me, I know one of the richest mines in this dizzy old county."

Mary Louise sighed. "We—I need money desperately, Lauretta."

"Follow me, babe. All you've got to do is to mention a three letter word meaning yea, bo. Honest. Tommy Baroni's got one of the sweetest contracts in the world. He's so willing to forgive and forget that he'll let you pick his pocket while he's doing it. What do you say to an afternoon together, Mrs. Baroni?"

"Sorry," answered Mary Louise, shaking her head, "but you see, there's Walter. I guess I'm not very big and brave and self-sacrificing: at least I can't make the man I love at the price of dishonesty. Don't bother any more, Lauretta—"

The red-haired girl commenced to cough. When she was able to talk she said, "Baroni will be furious! He swears he can never forget you, just like a subtil. He's going to look up Hubbard's record..."

"It's one knock-out so far," Mary Louise reminded her, and hurried home.

Then Luck knocked at their door and found them ready. Somebody or other had promised Hubbard to show a reel or two of "Any Day" at the Arts Club the next night. Of course if the picture promised anything the other reels would be thrown on the screen and if Walter Page was very lucky a director or a star or an official of one of the important companies would see it. That was all Walter Page asked—a showing, to get his picture before the right people.

Mary Louise and young Hubbard crept in the club that night and sat down far in the rear, waiting. If the scattered audience, drifting in and out all the time, had suddenly burst into cheers, neither of them would have been very much surprised.

"Any Day" was a good picture. . . . Which is just what one of the greatest comedians in the business thought, when he sent out a couple of friends and then asked to have it run all over again. He wanted that girl—what was her name? . . . Mary Louise Walker. Well, he wanted her for his leading woman. And if it's a little bit of those intelligent souls he thought they were, why, they'd grab that young director, Hubbard, instanter.

About "Any Day"—well, the three of them bought a half interest in the picture for fifty thousand dollars. Walter Hubbard admitted it had cost around five, but nobody cared. He and Mary Louise slipped away from all the honors and contracts and made money for a few minutes of happiness alone.

"I'm glad," said Walter Page, "that you're going to get a big salary as leading lady and I'm to be paid even more than I'm worth for directing. Mary Louise, I can't imagine it, Baroni."

"Any Day" seemed as if someone tugged at the girl's heartstrings. "I'm afraid I don't understand you, dear," she faltered.

The money I need to mail my 'Any Day'...
The Book of Yesterday

The Picture of To-day

—0—

Just recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen or expect to see. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will have heard of the book. Not every book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book.

A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it comes is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.

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WEST OF THE WATER TOWER
IF WINTER COMES
THE WAY OF A MAN
THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT
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RITA COVENTRY (Don't Call It Love)
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IN THE PALACE OF THE KING
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THE SPANISH EGG
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HABIT "PUNT MAN PUT ASUNDER"
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THE ETERNAL CITY
THE CALL OF THE WILD
CAPE COD FOLKS
THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER
ALICE ADAMS
THE CHRISTIAN
THE COMMON LAW
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
RUPERT OF HENTZAU
FIGHTING BLOOD
THE BARBARIAN
THE LONE STAR RANGER
MAIN STREET
PRIDE OF THE FELLERS
PENROD AND SAM
THE LAST MAN
GEORGE M. COBS
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER
THE RUSTLE OF SEEL
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THE CLANSMAN
THE LEATHER PUSHERS

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DAVID V. BUSH, Publisher

Grand Duchess", with a waver, Scandalous! Sure; but wasn't it fun? To see the stately Vidor sparkle so! And she may soon play "Helen of Troy" in a picture version exposing that reckless lady's private life—if it can be made.

Of all the stories in pictures there was none more misunderstood than Marion Davies. Everything was against that girl—extreme youth, blonde hair and blue eyes, and a general habitude of physical helplessness. It takes a strong character to rise above a makeup like that! Marion was accepted as a conventional blonde beauty when all the time she was something of the sense of good old-fashioned gingham comedy under the crepe-de-chine wrapping. Because she was shy and really modest, it never occurred to Miss Davies to be herself on the screen. There was something about facing the camera that turned her into another girl—smothered her individuality. It was actually shyness she had to face, and conquer, before she could show her stuff.

One day Marion walked up to Old Man Camera and said, in her charming half-lisp, "Look here, old thing, I'm not going to stand being a happy-go-lucky human and let me be myself." Well, look at her today! She's a special pet of the camera now, and she isn't happy until she has made herself completely funny and grotesque. The best kind of comedy, and the public can't come near—see "Zander" and "Beverly of Graustark". Marion even clipped off the beauty's curls in the cause of art. She says she hates that style...she wouldn't much rather play a fresh kid all the time!

King's conventional the quickening vic-

BALTIMORE, you'll pop-

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STEELING CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
humorous. And she broke away from the old tiger-rug at the first chance, and now try to get her back to it.

Jean Hersholt is such a good actor he hurts himself. Time was when Jean had his troubles getting a job. He would find an engagement playing an old man, and he would play that old man so well that the casting directors were convinced he could not play anything else. He would hear about a fat part he knew he could play after it, and find that his last portrayal had left such a deep impression that he was branded with the mark of that type. He had to prove to Sam Goldwyn that he was a master of make-up before he got the job in "Stella Dallas"—the rôle of the drunkenard which turned out to be one of the finest performances in picture history. He had to disguise himself and appear incognito before von Stroheim before that director would engage him for "Greed." He has had to fight for his parts. All because he's such a splendid actor he was misunderstood! Once in a while, he has always astonished everyone by his mastery of make-up and emotions. Today, he is of course recognized as a great character actor and Universal did not demand even a test before giving him the coveted rôle of "The Old Soul."

If you like the deft satiric touches which are evident in Adolphe Menjou's latest pictures, you can thank A. Menjou himself. For Adolph is another example of a motion picture rebel. He was going strong as a sophisticated, cynical man-of-the-world in stories made to order to fit his personality. He looked ahead and saw what would happen to him and his characters in a few years if his pictures continued in the same vein. Nothing tired audiences so much as deliberate sophistication. Menjou was for injecting a bit of humor into many of the slenderness-making his character less of a clumpman and more of a man. Adolph made an issue of it. In fact, there was talk of his leaving the company and taking himself and his silk hat elsewhere, if his stories weren't changed. The result of his rebellion is satisfactory to all concerned. If you've seen "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" and "A Home from the Sea" you have seen the emancipated Menjou; and have probably noticed that the story always pokes a little good, clean fun at Menjou's character of the immaculate man-about-town. And Menjou likes it.

Estelle Taylor had the strength of will to decide not to make pictures until she could make the kind she wanted. And she stuck to it. Until Warners offered her the part of Lucrezia Borgia with Barrymore in "Don Juan," she stayed away from the studios. Here's a part she loves, and it is worth waiting for. Estelle's success in getting her to stay at home all the time and just be Mrs. Jack Dempsey. That is, he was of that opinion until, on the Barrymore set one day, his wayward Jack Dempsey and said, "You shouldn't try to make your wife leave the screen. She'll do big things when she has the opportunity. Let her go ahead." Now Jack is as eager for his wife to find the right part as she is. Sometimes the movie matinees get the worst of it. They can't always win. Dix and Gilbert will probably never get that coveted chance to act up. Rudy Valenino swore off acting for acting, but by popular demand has returned to the desert as the son of the sheik. Mary Pickford wanted to grow up; you wouldn't let her. La de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de de|
famous masterpiece, but much more probable is this; if she has true beauty and grace of body and posture she has taken the first brave step toward developing these precious gifts. The successful artist's model has talents which will bloom in many other fields, but beauty is rare and scattered in this careless age, and the studio is the garden in which it is most abundantly found and cultivated. It is not surprising, then, that the movie producer comes to this garden to seek its choicest flowers. He does not even wait until he is sure that the beautiful girl he picks is a potential star. Perhaps she will never be more than an extra. As everybody knows, many a charming girl cannot act, but he is willing to take a chance, and here he has his best chance of finding young women with that elusive and inexplicable magic that makes you want to look at them and not at others who may be just as lovely. You may call it personality, but even that is not enough. Rather it is the power to enchant. And a beautiful face is not the only secret of this spell. Especially on the screen, it is movement, expression and grace of bearing that fascinates the eye and awakens the imagination. The loveliest features in the world are not more desirable than a classic figure. A pretty smile is not more enticing than a little figure, and no vampire makeup can compete with the curving line of a slim waist.

In the records of the Art Workers Club on 77th Street you can find names of now famous ladies of the cinema who once came to rest in these secluded rooms between long hours of posing for sculptor or painter. Simple attractive furnishings and the refinement and charm of the lady in charge give the club a tranquil and artistic atmosphere. You would envy the model member who spends her time here and in the studios where she works, continually surrounded by beauty, herself a living instrument of art. But the model is not satisfied. She longs to leap from the pedestal on which the artist has so carefully posed her. She wants to create her own moods. She is tired of standing still and yearns to act in the moving drama of life, to put her own personality "over," not through the medium of clay or oils but with beautiful clothes and costumes; to be admired not only in a few exquisite attitudes, but in all the graceful movements of her young body. Made to interpret the quick sparkling emotions of photodrama. So it is no wonder that with the eager casting director waiting outside the door the truly gifted model will not linger long in the studio.

Consider the stars who have risen out of the artist's workshop. Haskell Colfin remembers many a shy girl who came to pose for his inimitable magazine covers before she had publicity to label her "beautiful." He painted Anna Q. Nilsson for a Red Book Cover when she was hardly more than a child and gentle as the flowers she wears. A young girl now posing for him, Zoe Page, has already been a court beauty in "A Kiss for Cinderella," and so attracted the attention of Allan Dwan. And who can tell but that five years from now she may be in the front ranks of movie aristocracy.

Take the case of Josephine Norman, she first posed for Neya McMein, the famous illustrator, who painted her in this delightfully informal costume on the beach. She typifies the fresh charm and health of an American girl. Any young man would be tempted to look over the rim of her parasol, and even a weary director would feel inspired to bring his camera down on to the sand in front of her. The same young model posed for the statue which the sculptress Sally Farnum made as a memorial for Vernon Castle. It is indeed appropriate that this ideal feminine form should express something of the rhythm and grace that was in his dancing. Look at the sensitive muscles of her back. It is bowed in repose, but still quivering with life and youth. You can feel rhythm in the moving curves of thigh and leg. The languid, delicate arms fall like long, soft notes of music. Her whole body breathes with emotion, suddenly hypnotizing the casual glance, so that we stop, filled with wonder, longing for more of this beauty. — And we are glad to know that Josephine Norman has just signed a contract with De Mille.

Another artist who can offer the fair voyager a passage to the glamorous land of films is the photographer. Men such as Baron de Meyer, Arnold Genthe or Alfred Cheney Johnston take pictures that are really works of art and enterprising advertisers are looking more and more to these machinists of the camera to carry out their startling ideas. Mr. Johnston is famous for his film portraits of beautiful women who allow themselves to be photographed in Debs hats or Bergdorf Goodman gowns for purposes of advertisement. His pictures are really "still" of some pleasant incident in social life. An elegantly tailored lady is caught by the lense as she raises a tea-cup to her lips. Or a handsome girl in evening dress lets her wrap slip off one shoulder as she turns to talk to her escort. Obviously the girl who "takes" well in these miniature scenes has already more than promise of success "on location." Mr. Johnston, appreciating the ability of his charming subjects often personally introduces them to directors who know that his studio is a rendezvous of beauty. Billie Dove and Jane Darwell Logan both started their careers in the movies after having qualified before Mr. Johnston's camera. He proudly considers them his "finds." Norma Shearer also came to pose for him and found encouragement for her first successful flight in the star-brght sky of the cinema.

And so there is a harvest of beautiful girls to be reaped in these many fields of the movies. Not only do the young model a chance to develop the many facets of her charm, but give her the promise of eternal youth. The camera can in an instant crystallize her young grace. Just as Victor Records or Reproducing Pianos have been developed to the point where they can immortalize the touch and tone of the Masters of Music, so the art of the cinema can today recreate the inimitable lure and loveliness of a woman and make her live a thousand lives to delight a thousand hearts.

**"The Young Lovers"**

August nights and love! August number and lovers!

SCREENLAND in its August issue will have a portfolio of masculine, youthful heart-breakers.

There is a crop this season of remarkable young men who are the finest lovers and the best looking lads that the screen has ever harvested.

In rotogravure, in the August

SCREENLAND See

**"The Young Lovers"**

photo of Douglas Fairbanks partakes of the sacred rite of tea with Elinor Glyn and John Francis Dillon.
Leatrice Joy’s Hawaiian Party

(Continued from page 27)

of his verses, and danced the Hula for us. He interpreted the dance as he went along, or at least he was supposed to, but Paty said she was sure he was holding out on us.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood were there. Lila still wears her hair long, and when we asked her why she persisted in remaining in the horse-and-buggy period, she explained that it was because "Jim" wouldn’t let her cut her long locks. But as Lila usually does pretty much as she pleases, it occurs to us that maybe she really doesn’t want to cut it. Lila’s hair is gloriously long and thick.

Mabel Normand was to have been one of the guests of honor, but was working one night and couldn’t come, which was a great disappointment to everybody.

Constance Talmadge, Earl Williams and Mrs. Williams came in for a little while, but had another party, so left early.

Constance’s husband was away on business out of town, but she was looking for his early return. She says she can hardly wait for the time to come when she and her husband, Captain Wm. Alastair Macintos, visit his old home in Scotland. She wants to make a picture over there, too.

Virginia Valli came in her own Hawaiian costume, with a tiare flower over her ear. She looked very lovely, but as the costume was rather brief and cut quite low in the back, she exclaimed: "This is a decent party. I ought to go home!"

Anna Q. Nilson came early, sat down on a cushion on the floor, and refused to budge. She looked awfully pretty and cute, curled up there like a kid, and we had a lot of fun.

"Everybody who comes to the door looks around as if to ask, 'Is this the right house?'" she remarked.

Lila Lee—with her husband right there not looking a bit worried—and Anna Nilson pretended to murmer over Walter Pidgeon, who is as handsome as he can be. Walter looked on grinning.

Just for Walter’s protection, I won’t let you have him,” Lila told Anna, whereas Anna retorted: "Oh, I’m quite done with him. I’ll get your Jimmie!"

Everybody is quite sure that Ruth Roland is engaged to Ben Bard. In fact Ben has been known to drop casual reference to the beauty of it. They are both such delightful people that everybody hopes they will be happy. Ben is making awfully good in pictures.

Two very interesting guests were Mrs. John McCormack, wife of the famous tenor, and their daughter, or at least one of their daughters. They have, I believe, ten children, including many adopted ones!

She is a nice, quiet, sensitive sort of woman—just the wife for a genius. The daughter with her was not yet out, but was to be given her coming out party when the family returned from Italy where they are going on vacation, following a professional trip to China and Japan.

There was some dancing on the grass floor in the living room, with Lila Lee and Walter Pidgeon winning the endurance contest, but any progressive dancing is difficult on that sort of floor, so only the Charleston and the indestructible hula dancers were able to persist.

Paty Ruth Miller won the Charleston contest. Pat has lately lobbed her hair for the first time. She said she had just lately come from sulphur baths, where you remained until fainted, when the Indian attendants dragged the body out.

Mildred Lloyd came alone, as Harold was working. Mildred is shortly going to join the ranks of the star comedienne along with Bebe Daniels and the rest. Harold is to supervise her pictures.

Peggy Joyce was quite resplendent in her jewels and a white gown, but was too languid to join the in the dancing apparently. Anyhow we saw her refuse three partners.

Tom Mix and his wife were there, Vicky Mr. looking sweet as usual in a beautiful party gown. Somebody asked Tom to Charleston, and he said:

“Well, I might if I had my horse here!"

Just to be different, Helen Ferguson wore a Chinese suit, very beautifully embroidered, and Billie Russell came in later.

Looking as pretty as ever, Billie Dove came with her husband, Irving Willat; and there were Al Roscooe and Barbara Bedford, his wife. Al pulled a baby shoe from his pocket, remarking it was his little daughter’s birthday, and that that baby shoe never left him.

“I’m sure I shall have luck as long as I carry it,” he remarked with conviction.
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Matt Moore came alone, and there were Billie Joy, Leartrice’s nice brother, who helped her entertain, and her sweet, charming mother. Emmett Flynn came late, bringing his wife, and Bess Meredith, came clad in a Chinese suit.

“I know why you are giving this party,” Bess, who is plump, said evangelically to Leartrice. “It is because you want to show off how nice and thin you are!”

Monty Banks was there, looking not natural at all without his funny make-up, but very nice and charming.

“Now that’s what I call a party!” remarked Patsy, the party expert, as we departed for home.

PATSY RUTH MILLER’S AT HOME

“If a person couldn’t have a good time at Patsy Ruth Miller’s Sunday parties, that person had better stay at home.” And that is what Priscilla Exclair of my friend Patsy, the party hound, as we powdered our noses in the seclusion of Patsy Ruth’s dressing room, midway of the festivities taking place on that delightful Easter Sunday afternoon and evening.

My friend Patsy is a sort of third cousin of Patsy Ruth’s, but I do hope you won’t get the two confused in reading this account of the way in which Patsy Ruth entertained us.

Patsy Ruth’s parents are regular people, who want their children to find their fun at home, and Patsy Ruth and her little brother surely must enjoy themselves. Certainly their guests do.

There are such a lot of nice things to do at Patsy Ruth’s. You can play games in doors or out-of-doors, or you can just sit about and talk or dance or play the radio. The whole house is wide open to the young people’s guests, with Papa and Mamma Miller always seeing to it that everybody has a wonderful time.

Charlie Ray and some of the others had come over in the morning to play tennis, and they played though it was raining! Charlie, I am told, wears a pretty and different new sweater every Sunday when he plays tennis, which is nearly all the time.

Anita Stewart came over, wearing a lovely new Easter hat even if it was raining. She said she had expected to go swimming in Patsy Ruth’s swimming pool, but of course the rain had changed all that.

“That swimming pool is no treat today,” Anita remarked.

She played the piano and sang in that clear, wonderful, bell-like soprano voice of hers, which would make her fortune if she cared to go in for musical comedy.

Buster Collier is a regular on the banjo, and he was playing in an inner room, that is, until Anita began to sing and play, when he came out to listen attentively.

If you wanted to play bridge, you could, and a lot of the people in a little card-room near Patsy Ruth’s conservatory.

Patsy Ruth looked lovely and silph-like. She said she was living on a sort of refined dog-biscuit!

A crowd of young people were working hard in another room, and Louis Hop, which looks easy enough, is really difficult. It looks merely like a rolling sort of gay little romp, but just try it.

We asked Irving Thalberg if he could dance it, and he said No, he had just caught up with the Charleston!

A number of the men, including Charlie Ray and Douglas MacLean, went home early in the afternoon to change their tennis clothes and escort their wives to the party.
An Easter egg hunt was one of the gal-
eties of the day. Doug MacLean found an
egg-shaped jade paperweight on the piano,
and pretended he thought it was one of the
prizes.

"And nobody seemed to see it but me!" he
said with that blank innocence that con-
vulses you when you see him do one of those
nobody-home gags on the screen.

"He really ought to save that for a pic-
ture!" Patsy remarked.

Jack Pickford was there and told us how
he had played a trick on a fellow actor.

"He was always going after and reading
his mail," Jack related. "So I thought I'd
fix him up. I filled out coupons cut from
magazines, and he has been receiving about
a hundred samples a day besides advertising
stuff!"

Gardner James was there with Miss Black-
ton, daughter of J. Stuart Blackton. They
say Gardner and Miss Blackton are engaged.
She is a clever girl — writes scenarios.

Jason Robards, who is making a hit ever
since he left the stage for pictures, was as
happy as he could be. His wife had just
presented him with a daughter — his second
child.

Johnny Harron and Kathleen Key danced
a little together, but Johnny is awfully old-
fashioned — just loves to glide about dream-
ily in a waltz, while Kathleen Key dotes on
hopping!

If you wanted a game of coffee-pot, seated
on the floor, why, there you were, with Car-
el Myers starting the thing off with a pop.

"Goodness, did I behave all right?" de-
manded Patsy, as we left. "I hope I did,
because I want them to invite me again!"

Merna Kennedy — Lita's Friend
(Continued from page 25)

which radiated over the footlights.
Photographic tests were made, and while Miss Kennedy had never appeared before the movie cameras — she screened remarkably
well. A contract was arranged, and now
under actual working conditions acting be-
fore the camera seems an easy matter for
Merna Kennedy.

She gives promise of being really a great
discovery in the search for new screen faces.
Her vivaciousness and adorable charm
seem to register on the screen — she has lost
nothing of her stage coloring and personal-
ity which identified her as a very clever
footlight comedienne of rare ability.

Her red hair and flashing green eyes
would make her an ideal subject for color
photography. They seem to clearly express her Irish parentage — of which she is proud.
She is five feet two inches tall and weighs
about one hundred pounds — rather more of
the "tomboy" type, with a charming
freshness, she is not the so-called flapper
type. In fact she does not like flappers.

Merna Kennedy is being hailed by those
who have seen her on the screen as a really
great discovery with every promise of a bril-
liant career before her.

Her engagement to appear opposite the
little comedian in "The Circus" will be her
first appearance in pictures. Charlie says
"Miss Kennedy is a very clever girl" —
which is the Chaplin way of saying a great
deal.
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Passing the Torch
(Continued from page 23)
the wand and magic name are there the same. It's Myrtle Steedman and that fat boy of hers. She named him Jack, and now since he's been a little boy she's let him catch her thrilling movie ward. But Myrtle is afraid that he can't hold on without her help, and a fall might break her heart in two.

So Lincoln smiles, and humors Mother Myrtle, and when she isn't looking takes the silly wand and twists it through the air to teach the world just how he stands. The movies are Over. He has them finally in his grasp, showing us how; that he can carry on, alone — his right to sit upon the throne absolutely earned. From generation to generation; the movies, going on!

Imagine Willie Collier handing the young man William, Jr., his password name. Imagine young Buster, then, finding the gates wide open to his first big part in "Enemies of Women". But what's in a name after they've said, "The Bitch, Collier's boy"— and passed you by? When you stand up to take a hectic test, it doesn't make an awful lot of difference who your Daddy was. It's the boy. By Will Collier could send the little Bill out into the world, could give his famous name to help him through the start, and then sit back to watch the Prodigal Son flaunt his youth to the game, tell 'em he's on his own, and let 'em know bigger blood is here to stay. Say, his Dad knew he could do it all the time. There never was any question in that, of course.

I could name so many more of the carries-on of us. Here's that Mary Carr, with all the boys and girls to follow her. They are getting there so fast, even though some of them still are merely infants. Francis Bushman has a story boy Ralph, who's been given the magic wand, has opened the mighty gates and is now riding along on his own, showing us how it's done. Stuart Blackton's two daughters have started—watching their chance to build a kingdom of their own.

But wait. I almost might have forgotten! It's Tim Holt, I hear, reminding me of a promise I made some time ago.

Tim's right name, you know, is Jack Holt, Jr., and that's been his name for six whole years. He's in the movies now, perhaps you've heard, but strangely enough, doesn't appear on the screen. He bought his horse, his sombrero and chaps and two whole weeks he labored in front of the camera, tired and worn when the end of the day came round. He worked as only a small lad of six can work. And then, when the final deadly print was made, Tim found his face among those many others had slipped under the table—the face on the cutting-room floor.

Do you think Tim is discouraged? Not at all. He only has to hold on to the magic wand a short time longer. He'll make the grade some day—it's in the cards. The first generation have that proved. And soon, even before we know it, he'll be playing gallant knight to little Suzanne Vidor. We'll see young Bill Hart, Jr., too, clasping fair lady Tomasina Mix in his strong arms. I can almost hear the "Ohs" and the "Ahhs" from the audience now. And Billy Windsor— he'll most likely be manhandling little Leatrice Joy. Sure, I can see them all, grasping the magic wand, holding it tight one fine day they're shining on their own, taking that parting gift and crying on the torch. — The finest compliment they can pay to dad and the talent he gave with his famous name.
Eveline Doherty Climbs to Success

(Continued from page 21)

omething which perhaps you haven’t, and which may be the very thing that’s keeping you abreast of the times is determination. That was determination. She set her mind on breaking into the movies via the scenario path, and hell and high water couldn’t — but here’s how it happened.

On her return, she had been adding to the troubles of studio scenario editors by sending in dozens of quite unsolicited manuscripts. The fact that they always came back made Uncle Sam several dollars richer and Mr. Doherty several degrees more determined. Realizing that she was assaulting the citadel from the wrong angle, like a good general she changed her tactics and planned a strategic withdrawal. She was keeping on with her teaching, she studied shorthand o’ nights and, not having a husband to dictate to her, she pressed her mother into that service. At the end of the school year she felt herself qualified to disregard anybody’s letters, so she looked up the addresses of several film companies in the phone book and hied her forth on her new attempt.

And now Lady Luck, who has a fondness for grit, saw to it that there should be a vacancy in the scenographic department of the big Lasky studio in Hollywood; and Ethel Doherty was a card that had tumbled there, and hard months they were, too. As she herself admits, she wasn’t a very good scenographer, but she could spell and say lines. Her teachers were talking about when they used big words.

‘‘And here’s something else that was hard,’’ she reminisced, while I held my penal poised, waiting to know the worst. ‘‘Some ill-bred people enjoy making a scenographer feel that she is in a menial position — do you know what I mean? I had never experienced anything like it in my life, and of course it didn’t look much to you this because you are going to write a story directed to ambitious girls, and it’s just as well to know ahead of time what you’re going to be up against. There is no royal road to success in this business unless you have a pull, which I never had.’’

She paused for a moment, and I silently wished that the ‘‘ambitious girls’’ could catch the spirit of DO which was expressed in her wide-set, fearless eyes and the strong line of her chin.

Then she told how a friend in the cutting department had let her help cut a picture on nights and Sundays. At first she just rolled up the film after the cutter had pulled it apart, taken out the necessary scenes, and patched it together again. Later she was entrusted with cutting whole episodes ‘‘on her own discretion.’’

‘‘So, six months after I entered the studio,’’ she went on, ‘‘when they were looking about for somebody to go with Penrhyn Stanlaws as his cutter and script assistant, I drew the place, because you this because you are going to write a story directed to ambitious girls, and it’s just as well to know ahead of time what you’re going to be up against. There is no royal road to success in this business unless you have a pull, which I never had.’’

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... actress who was to play a small part was also the nurse for the outfit and had to stay with her patient. So Ethel donned make-up, acted for a few minutes, rushed back to the cameras to check upon a technical point, then flew back into focus. When you see the picture, you'll get a glimpse of Miss Doherty, who is the girl reading a newspaper which tells of the Lusitania disaster.

Since then she has done the "Rasawwy" in which Clara Bow made her success.

Now then, what's the reward for all this work? Money, of course; but if any of the "ambitious girls" who are reading this haven't as much grit as Ethel has, they'd better heed what she says about money before ordering new fur on the strength of what they're earning now.

“I mustn’t forget the matter of salary. Contrary to popular ideas, the technical people in motion pictures aren’t extravagantly paid. The big salaries go to the actors and directors. I began at eighteen dollars a week, and as it was in the time of high prices, I sometimes couldn’t live on it, and used up my savings for necessities. It took me four years to get back to the salary I left teaching school. And of course, if I had stayed on teaching, my salary would have increased automatically each year. However, finally I have arrived at the place of comfortable salary, and the increases from now on bid fair to be worth while."

And why shouldn’t they? Seems to me that Ethel Doherty has earned her $10,000 a year. And so will any girl who has the courage and perseverance to follow in her footsteps. Backbone is the most indispensable for wishbone, and Ethel Doherty has proved it.

Books for Fans—Continued from page 8

All of us are in sympathy with Bohemian fans, no matter how drab and dull our own lives may be. We are fascinated by their reckless and reckless and wish that we could throw the winds and four winds and have a chance with life.

And, many critics feel the contrary, the people who live between the two corners of "La Vie de Boheme" are real. They are drawn from life. Nor are they peculiar to Paris at that period. In every country, in every city, there are Bohemians — those careless reckless people who feel life more intensely, than do their more cautious brothers.

No matter how small the community may be, these boys and girls have gathered together. They interpret life differently from others. Their emotions are not as lasting, but they are more intense while they do last. The characters in Menier's "La Boheme" are real.

That is why the book has an appeal. That is why the picture "La Boheme" has the same appeal. That is why I am glad that the book is popular again and will be read and enjoyed by the people of this generation.

Screen News from Broadway—Continued from page 7

"Sandy," a shingled heroine. Funny — Dorothy Mackall bobbed her blonde hair for "Chicke", which was written by the lady who wrote "Sandy". If you don’t like Madge and Dorothy bobbed, blame her.

A lot of people were glad to welcome Billie Dove back to Manhattan. She was just a kid when she left to win film fame and fortune on the west coast; and she ain’t much older now. Even though she has attained the dignity of becoming Mrs. Irvin Willat and Doug Fairbanks’ favorite leading lady, Billie is the same, sweet, unspoiled Billie she was when she went to see her in Alfred Cheney Johnston’s portrait studio. Johnston, incidentally, was instrumental in bringing about her screen debut. She was one of the prettiest and youngest girls in the Follies then, and the photographer saw her film possibilities and arranged for her to meet the right people to bring about a picture appearance. Billie made good on her own, though, and has been going strong ever since. She has sponsored a new Vogue in handkerchiefs—a smart and sporty Doug Fairbanks "Black Pirate" affair, which looks very dashing in the pocket of her sports suit. There’s an idea — the picture and autograph of your film favorite on your handkerchiefs. Girls who have kept quiet about their ability as embroiders have been known to shine in a perfectly modern fashion.

Laura La Plante, after greeting her audi- ences at the road opening of "The Midnight Sun", went back to California and left. She works left of new friends behind her. Everyone was fascinated by the little star’s wonderful blonde beauty and charming, unaffected manners. When she is congratulated on her "sudden rise to fame", Laura invariably recalls that six years ago she was playing "atmosphere" in the Hal Roach comedies. The publishing house of Doubleday Page and Company recently selected twenty-five motion picture stars for a Hall of Fame, and Laura was one of the twenty-five. A lot can happen in six years.

Hedda Hopper, Laura’s friend and chap- erone, remained behind in Manhattan, where she will make at least one picture before returning to the coast. Her handsome young son is keeping house while she’s away.

Mary and Doug and their retinue sailed for Europe on one of their indefinite vacations. The famous Fairbankses change their plans so often, it’s hard to keep up with them. One report had it that they would be gone two years. Another, six weeks. Take your choice.

While abroad, they may film parts of the picture in which they plan to co-star. This has long been a pet plan of Mary’s and Doug’s but they have never got around to it; individual business inter- ests have interfered. Now it is said they have decided to make an eight-reeler feature, most of it in a European setting, built around a story which will keep the two principals apart for six reels, leaving each to do his own "act", and then bring them together for a meeting along about the sixth or seventh part, with an ensuing romance. According to report, Mary means this mutual production to mark her film swan song. If that’s true, we hope it never happens.

Mary’s niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, daughter of Lottie, is quite a big girl now—al most as tall as her aunt Mary. She sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. Her name, by the way, has been changed to Gwynne. It is said Miss Pickford thought that "Rupp" was too common and that it would be better if she used her own name instead of going through life as "Mary Pickford the Second". Wise Auntie!...
feminine roles in "The Gods" none other than Renee Adoree and Aileen Pringle. Two of Metro-Goldwyn's prides and joys, Aileen will play Tom's wife in the picture; Renee is announced as "leading lady". One used to mean the other in the good old days!

Diana Kane is coming right along these days. Time was when she was pointed out as "Lois Wilson's little sister". Then Bebe Daniels, her best chance, stopped all that by using her to change her name to the present decorative one. And Diana began to step out for herself, getting bigger parts every time. The latest is opposite Johnny Hines in "A Town for Lovers". She seems to be lucky to be chosen to play with this comedian. Among the unknowns he picked who have since risen to fame are numbered Dorothy Mackail, Jacqueline Logan, Joby, Na Ralston, Billie Dove, and Sigrid Holmquist.

Ask Me—Continued from page 5

N. Y., and Conway Tarell and Constance Talmadge can both be found at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Joseph Thomas. Can't tell you how long Shirley Mason is likely to be in any one place if Shirley knows herself. You might be able to reach her at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood.

Black-eyed Susan ("A true Southern Beauty")—You certainly don't seem to suffer from an inferiority complex, Sue. Lextrice Loy, Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Claire Windsor, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman and Bert Lytell at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Claire Laffey,廉价 de Mille Studios. Culver City, Calif. Eleanor Boardman and Bert Lytell at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Reginald Denny is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

A. W. Neil Hamilton was born September 9th, 1899 and Harrison Ford was born 1892. Ford was married to Beatrice Preston. In Old Ironside's. Addition to Mrs. Neil from "In Mabel's Room".

Violette C. Write me again, enclosing stamped addressed envelope and I'll answer your last lot of questions direct.

Anna Anderson. Impossible to answer in this space. We'll see in six weeks before publication date of magazine. Ronald Colman is 35 and you will see all about him if you read elsewhere on this page. Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien "In His Harem". But he played opposite Douglas Fairbanks.

Beatrice C. Dorothy Mackail is with First National, so address her at the First National Studios, 807 East 175th Street, New York. Got a great kick out of all the lovely things you say about this department.

Julia Daldin of 98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass., announces the Helen Ferguson Friendship Club. Over 500 members belonging to this club and forty of them are stars.

Frenchy. John Gilbert who hails from Logan, Utah was born in 1895. Watch out next year for a series of big productions co-starring Ronald Colman and Vilma Bánky. This year at least is the plan on foot at the moment. Can't tell you all I'm learning his age to anyone. Jutta Gouald's next picture will be "Paris at Midnight".

Pola-te. London, S. E. Thanks for the clipping; I bet you cut that out of the "Daily Mirror"! The new Paramount theatre in London certainly sounds wonderful. Address Pola Negri at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood. Cal. Pola is leaving for Europe soon, so who knows but she may look "up London".

Thuya Santer Winslow has sold the screen rights in her popular novel "Show-Busiest to Metro-Goldwyn. This story of a chorus girl who marries a millionaire after many adventures should make a corking movie. The picture folk in the east are tickled at the transaction as Mrs. Winslow is always an attractive and sought-after figure at the motion picture gatherings around New York City. Now the question as to whether the actress is to be selected to play her "Helen" is being as sorely discussed as the choice of stars for Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

Morrj, Gest, theatrical impresario, has been signed to make one picture a year for six years for United Artists, at $250,000 per picture. M. Gest, the man responsible for "The Merry Widow", will make Belasco's "Darling of the Gods" as his first film offering.

S C R E E N L A N D

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How a Discovery That Stunned Me Brought Me a Ravishing Complexion

The story of a girl with an unattractive skin who almost lost her sweetheart, but suddenly became radiant and beautiful.

It was the night of the big party, and my cousin Marian and I were upstairs taking a last hasty peck in the mirror.

"Hurry!" Marian whispered. "The guests are beginning to arrive."

"Do I look all right?"

"Your new dress is adorable. I'm sure Jim will propose to you tonight."

"Why, Marian! He won't do anything of the sort! You know he just likes me—a little."

She laughed at my confusion, and I felt myself blushing. She had guessed what was in my heart and mind. Jim had been so sweet to me these last few weeks. We had gone to the theatre together and to dances—and I began to feel that he cared for me as I cared for him. Tonight, perhaps, I would know. Tonight he might tell me what I was aching to hear.

"Jim's in the library," Marian said. "Let's surprise him."

We tiptoed downstairs. Cautiously we peered into the library—and my heart stood still! There, in the shadowed privacy of that room, Jim was embracing Peggy Lang!

I turned quickly and dashed upstairs, Marian following me.

"Now, look here!" she said. "You mustn't let this upset you. You know that Peggy is just a silly little vamp—and no doubt she flirted with Jim as she flirts with everyone."

I was utterly wretched, and I couldn't hold back the tears that came flooding to my eyes. Marian took my hand in hers.

"Let this be a warning, dear," she said. "I know Jim likes you, but you'll lose him unless you try harder to keep him."

"I've lost him already!" I cried bitterly. "No, you haven't," she answered. "And you will never lose him if—if ..."

"If what?" I demanded.

"It's not easy to say, but I mean if you make yourself look more dainty and attractive. Your complexion is not—well, wholesome-looking. How can you expect to compete with pretty girls like Peggy Lang when you let your complexion go so—unsightly?"

I felt humiliated. But she was right, of course. I knew only too well how unattractive my skin was. Not only was it coarse and blemished, but tiny crow's feet were beginning to show around the eyes—the skin was only—the pores enlarged. I turned to her helplessly.

"What can I do? I've spent a fortune on creams and lotions and massages. Nothing seems to help. You once had a poor complexion, Marian. What did you do to get your skin so clear and smooth?"

Marian told me; and I listened in amazement. Like a pair of conspirators, we planned to try her secret on my complexion; and with a much lighter heart I went down again to join the party.

**

Two weeks later Peggy gave a party at her house. I went with a singing heart and a joyous new confidence in myself. My mirror told me that I now had a clear, beautiful, unblemished complexion—that I looked younger, fresher, prettier. All the blemishes were gone, the crow's feet had vanished, the texture of the skin was soft and smooth and firm. Marian's secret had actually given me a new complexion for the old, and I was no longer afraid of Peggy or any one!

I shall never forget how astonished Jim was when he saw me. "You look wonderful!" he whispered, as soon as we were alone. "I never realized before how beautiful you are!"

But I'm not beautiful, of course. It's just my beautiful new complexion that makes Jim think so! A clear, fresh, attractive skin makes even the plainest girl look pretty.

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