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December, 1927

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Walter G. Springer, Publisher

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RS. A. B. Jr. of
Cleveland, W. D., I see what can be
done about that dog.
Dog of the sheriff—blood-hound
dog—Tom Mix, what did you
do with that dog? The last we
saw of him was in The Last Trail.
So if you want a picture of him—not Tom's but the
dog, try writing to Publicity
Dept., William Fox Studios,
Hollywood, Calif., asking if they
can supply you with a roll of
the dog. Good old dog!

A Constant Reader. You say Clara
Bow was born on August 8, 1905. All the
Clara fans, please take note. Many thanks
for the information.

A Globe-Trotter from Fla. Paging
Dolores Costello! Is she real, or is she an
angel? You are sure she is both. A truer
word was never spoken by the world's
most lonely man. "Alone and dreaming of
her—of dreams that can never come true."
And with a few goblets of champagne
put away—you want me to agree with you.
That's easy—I mean, I believe everything
you say about the lovely Dolores. She is
in the very early twenties, has blonde hair
and blue eyes. Her latest film is The
College Widow.

Yours Truly of Portland, Ore. Here
is my hand and consider yours well shaken.
I haven't recovered from a shock I had
on reading a request for one hundred and
thirty-nine addresses, and then, bless your
heart, here comes your modest request for
just three! John Barrymore can be reached
at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Clara Bow, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
Cal. Dolores Costello, Warner Bros., 5842
Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Just Warren, from Michigan. So you
will be "on deck" with more questions, will you?
Look out! don't "hit the deck,"
that's not what the deck is for. You pre-
pare me for the worst and then don't want
me to laugh—why, that is what I get paid
for, ha-ha! You can write to Douglas
Mack. United Artists Studio, Holly-
wood, Cal. Billie Dove, Edna Murphy and
Ken Maynard at First Na-
tional Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Marion Nixon, Universal
Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Lou Chaney and Norma
Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Reader. There are others who miss Gaston Glass
—or, he has not dropped out of sight—but I can't give
you his working address for he is free-lancing now. He
uses his real name. Gaston was born and educated in France. He has dark hair and
brown eyes. Is 5 feet 101/2 inches tall and
weighs 160 pounds.

Iowa Movie Fan. As one fan to another,
I'm always glad to oblige—sure, I'm a fan.
Search the world over, you'll never find
a more devoted one. Ed (Hoot) Gibson
was born in Tekakab, Nebr., in 1892. He
has light hair and blue eyes, measures 5
feet 10 inches and weighs 160 pounds.
Tim McCoy was born in Sagamau, Mich.,
and is the son of an army officer. He has
fair hair and blue eyes. He is just under
6 feet and weighs 170 pounds. He is
married and has three interesting children.

Clifton, Shawnee, Okla. Yes, a five
pound box of candy would please me a lot,
to look at, of course; but to be able to
reply to all the requests for your answers
to appear in the next issue—well, that
would please me more than anything I
know of—unless it would be two, five
pound boxes of the afore-said sweet.
Write to Alice Terry, William Haines
and Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie
Dove is at First National Studios, Burbank,
Cal. William Powell, Paramount Studios,
Hollywood, Cal.
PAJAMAS is the intimate story of a modern girl who was never tamed until love burned into her heart—a scintillating comedy-drama with the ravishing Olive Borden in the featured role. From the home of a member of a millionaire colony on Long Island to the wilds of Canada is a long jump, but Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray make it via aeroplane, finishing their thrilling journey with a parachute drop into the tops of the trees. Miss Borden, best remembered for her exceptional work in "3 Bad Men" and "The Joy Girl," gives the most convincing performance of her career in this picture.

Dramatic sequences were photographed in the country adjacent to Lake Louise and at Moraine Lake in the Canadian Rockies near the Sovereign of the Selkirks, Sir Donald, a Cyclopean pyramid of rock and ice nearly eleven thousand feet high. Glaciers, towering peaks and entrancing valleys provide a setting of unequalled natural beauty.

PAJAMAS was directed by J.G. Blystone, the comedy genius responsible for "Ankles Preferred" and "The Family Upstairs." It is based upon the story by William Conselman, noted cartoonist, and is a worthy picture to follow such recent William Fox sensational successes as "What Price Glory" and "7th Heaven."
NEW YORK has been showing her most radiant face for Harold Lloyd and company. Never has there been such perfect weather for film purposes—well, hardly ever. And Harold has been so royally treated by New Yorkers that he has issued a statement of thanks, via the newspapers, “Wherever we worked we met with the greatest consideration,” said Harold. “The crowds seemed to appreciate the fact that they could help me by remaining well within the camera frame;” and no one did they let their interest in the proceedings handicap my work. In fact, when we were shooting in the Grand Central Station, all the onlookers aided by holding off the unsuspicious bystanders who might have ruined a scene by inadvertently stepping before the camera. New York is a great place!

The Lloyds have taken a huge apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, in the eighties, so that baby Mildred Gloria can have her daily outing across the street in Central Park. And maybe she doesn’t attract attention. “There’s Harold Lloyd’s little girl is the whisper; and pretty soon Gloria and her nurse are completely surrounded by admiring fans. All the adulation hasn’t turned her pretty little head. She’s as unspoiled as her dad.

The Student Prince and its great big beautiful electric sign brought out the usual crowds of the fans and the famous Major Bowes, manager of Metro-Goldwyn’s Capitol Theatre, was present with his wife, Margaret Illington, formerly well-known on the stage. Harry Reichenbach escorted the blonde Justine Johnstone and in the genial Holbrook Blinn, Harry Harshfield, cartoonist, creator of Abie the Agent, and the usual delegation of newspaper and magazine writers.

Just like George O’Brien—to put off his return from Europe long enough to miss the Broadway premier of Sunrise, in which he co-stars with Janet Gaynor. George is a modest violet among male stars. He simply won’t let himself be lionized. Says there’s no truth to the rumor that he’s leaving the management of Mr. Fox, for whom he has been playing so long.

There were some celebrities in the audience at the Sunrise opening, however. William Fox himself greeted his friends, and we spotted Fannie Brice, the famous musical comedy star. Vivien Segal, Hugo Riesenfeld, and Peggy Kelly.

Remember Margaret Morris, pretty little leading lady in several Paramount westerns?

Well, Margaret is in the east now, playing in a serial for Pathe, opposite Donald Reed—yes, the same handsome young man you saw with Colleen Moore in Naughty but Nice. A good team.

Natacha Rambova, the former Mrs. Valentino, is among those present in the cast of a Broadway play called Creoles. Natacha’s brunette beauty is seen to greater advantage behind the footlights than on the screen—she admits that she likes the stage better because she doesn’t screen so well! Helen Chandler is the heroine of the same play, and why some smart movie producer doesn’t star Helen is more than we can see.

Ben Lyon is back from Germany, where he made a picture which First National will release over here. While Ben was in Berlin, rumors flew thick and fast that he and Marilynn Miller, sojourning in Paris the while, weren’t going to get engaged after all. After all what? After Miss Miller’s divorce from Jack Pickford. But then Ben came back, and Miss Miller returned later. And just before Ben left for Hollywood to make pictures there, we heard that the engagement was on again. Legally, Marilynn is still Miss Pickford, however. What to do, what to do?

Hal Roach, daddy of Our Gang, came to town. He’s the young producer of the famous kid comedies, who started Harold Lloyd on the road to fame. Herbert Brenon paid us a visit, too. His first independent production, Sorrell and Son, is ready for release. Mr. Brenon may be borrowed from United Artists by Metro-Goldwyn to direct Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh.

That little Jewel, Betty, sailed for England to play the lead in one picture for
(Continued on page 99)
Win $50.00 to pay those Christmas bills!

Just answer GRETA GARBO'S five questions

T AM always amazed to find how much the public knows about pictures and people. Sometimes it seems that the public knows more about what is going on in the studios than those of us who work there in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios every day.

"If you are one of those with sharp eyes and retentive memories, try your hand at these five questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman, I will send a check for $50.00 and a fan I carry in my forthcoming production "The Divine Woman". The writer of the best set of answers from a man will receive a check for $50.00 and the cane used by Lars Hansen in the same picture. For the fifty next best answers, I have autographed copies of my favorite photographs.

Cordially yours, Greta Garbo"

Greata Garbo's Five Questions!

1. Of which M-G-M star is it said "He rides like the wind and ropes like a fool?"

2. What do you think of M-G-M's News reel? Name three points of superiority (in not over 100 words).

3. From what sign of the Zodiac does M-G-M's trade mark derive its name?

4. Name five mechanical tricks in picture making — for instance "The Close-Up".

5. What is M-G-M's "Screen Forecast"? (Your local Theatre manager can help you answer this.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of tie, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of Slogan Contest for September

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Cleveland, Ohio

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The Home of Ramona

By Mabel Livingstone

No story could have a more familiar name or a more romantic appeal for the American people than "Ramona," the famous and beloved novel by Helen Hunt Jackson, which will be produced for the screen by Inspiration Pictures and Edwin Carewe and in which Dolores Del Rio will be starred.

Ramona has been translated into nearly every civilized language. It was published in 1884 and is still one of the most popular classics in the public library. Tourists visit all the places in sunny California which claim any sort of historical reminiscence of the charming heroine of the old Mission days in the Southwest. Camulos Ranch is the most noted landmark. It is situated in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, about forty-five miles from Los Angeles. The ranch house, which is undoubtedly the finest specimen of old Spanish times of California, is almost entirely hidden in a mass of shrubbery, orange and almond trees. The house is low with a wide veranda on three sides of the inner court and a still broader one across the entire front which looks towards the South. Close by is the quaint little chapel where those who could not find room inside knelt outside the door and in the garden walks to pray.

As is generally understood, practically every incident in the story has fact for its foundation and the minutest detail of the home of the Morenos is described with great beauty and accuracy. Yet Helen Hunt Jackson only spent two short hours at Camulos. Her memory was remarkable and the descriptive powers which she displayed in Ramona have seldom been surpassed.

The Atlantic Monthly says of the author that she is "a Murillo in literature," and that the story of Ramona is one of the most artistic creations of American literature. We are indebted to Mrs. Jackson for a deeper and better understanding of the Mission Indians, whose quiet, peaceful ways she so sympathetically and dramatically portrayed.

The Californians honor the name of Helen Hunt Jackson and every year a great Ramona festival is staged, reviving the old memories of the romantic history and development of the State.

Edwin Carewe whose rare insight and understanding were responsible for the masterful direction of Toltoys' Resurrection, will direct Ramona, which is the second of the Inspiration-Carewe productions, and neither time, trouble nor expense will be spared to make the photoplay version of Ramona a faithful representation of the original story.

"I did not write 'Ramona,'" Helen Hunt Jackson once said. "It was written through me. My blood went into it."

In the summer of 1884, while in her Colorado home, Mrs. Jackson's leg was fractured by a fall. Her health was rapidly failing when she returned to San Francisco the following year. Emily Dickinson with whom an ardent friendship persisted ever since, as little girls, they played "beneath the syringas," wrote asking anxiously in reference to the fall: "Dear friend: Can you walk?" The simple and significant reply was: "Dear friend: I can fly."

Helen Hunt Jackson died August 12, 1885. The last poem she wrote was left unfinished and yet nothing could more fitly express her noble nature, her unconquerable spirit—"Ah, well! friend Death, good friend thou art! I shall be free when thou art through—Take all there is, take hand, take heart, There must be somewhere work to do!"
When I Rose to My Feet
I Turned to Stone

-But Now I Can Hold an Audience of Thousands Spell-Bound!!!

"WHAT do you think about it, Warren?" I rose to my feet and turned to stone. You could hear a pin drop. Everyone's eyes were glued on me. I stood there in dumb agony. I could utter only a few rambling words. Finally I slumped into my seat.

Yet I had prepared for this opportunity for weeks. I had some valuable suggestions to make that meant considerable money saved the firm. This was my big chance to show them that I had brains, ability and was important to them in a higher capacity than my present position. I had failed miserably.

In the midst of these harried reflections, I realized that Dickens was talking. Gradually I found myself intent on what he was saying. He talked clearly, with point and direct business.

He knew what he wanted to say and said it in a way that impressed everyone there. He had nothing startling to say. In fact, my suggestions were of a good deal more value than his. But when he sat down, flushed and satisfied, a thunder clap of hearty applause filled the room.

A few days later I saw Dickens come out of the boss' office, grinning from ear to ear. There was only one way to interpret that grin. It meant a substantial promotion. My heart sank. I had been with the firm a long while. He had just entered a short time ago. I saw him pass my office—hesitate a few seconds and the next thing I knew he had a chair hunched close to mine and was talking to me in a low, excited voice.

"Warren, I know what's the matter with you. You had more to say at the conference the other day than I did. But you're scared of your own voice. Two months ago, I was even worse than you. I couldn't even carry on a civil conversation stand up in front of a group of people. How did I change?"

"And today I laugh at the memory of that awful experience.

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How to talk before your club or lodge
How to prepare and respond to notes
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell convincing stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write splendid letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence and poise
How to acquire a magnetic, winning personality

In 20 Minutes a Day
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NOW I can sway an audience of one—or thousands.

I trained myself to say "I" and "me"-self-consciously. I have learned how to forget my audience completely and concentrate on what I am saying, I can make others think as I do and carry out my suggestions. I have a new inner confidence and self-confidence. I have talked before the same men who witnessed my timid stage fright at that conference, many times since then, I have held them spell-bound—breathless. They have showered me with applause and compliments on my eloquence. I have received rapid, worthwhile promotions—more than I dared hope for.

Not only that, but I am a leader in my lodge and realize that my company is sought after and enjoyed by both men and women, wherever I meet them. Before I was always on the sidelines. Now I find myself in the center of things.

But the best part of it all was the amazingly easy, simple way I accomplished all this by merely giving 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, to this most fascinating subject.

There is no "special ability" or gift needed to become a fluent, forceful speaker. Everyone is born with the power of convincing speech. You, too, can overcome self-consciousness, timidity, stage-fright, shyness—any handicaps that prevent you from using this hidden power. You, too, can easily learn how to put yourself across—be decisive, definite, magnetic and make yourself a leader. It is this magic power of verbal speech that will win you salary increases, advancements in business and social recognition and popularity.

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This entirely new method of training is fully described in a very interesting, informative booklet, How to Work Wonders With Words. It is now FREE. It tells you how to overcome your handicaps and develop and bring out your priceless, natural gift, in only 20 minutes a day at home. This amazing booklet shows you how thousands have jumped from obscurity, underpaid jobs into high-paying positions and social prominence—making their lives a brilliant success.

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WHAT'S

DOING IN TIMES SQUARE

By Helen Ludlam

LIKE New York's changing skyline, nothing ever remains the same in Times Square. Innovations constantly are crowding in on the street that in the old days was lovingly referred to by the Thespians as 'The Ruilla.' The latest innovation was possibly a result of the bitter complaints launched by wretched dramatic critics who wilily nily must see every picture, or a part of it, every week, and as one reviewer put it he 'had to carry a brief case to accommodate the number of passes necessary to get into all the gosh darn theatres.' The above mentioned innovation is a golden key sent out by Glen Allvine, Director of Publicity of the Colony Theatre which Universal has just taken over, renovated and made a generally cheering place to be. The history of the key is this. The reviewer is given a blank key which he takes to Tiffany and Company along with his own door key, automobile, or safety deposit box key. Tiffany models the pure gold key into the shape desired by the reviewer. On one side is engraved the name of the reviewer, on the other the words, 'Pass key to Colony Theatre.' Thus the reviewer has only to show his own door key, which he must carry anyway, and is therefore free of excess baggage. A very kindly and thoughtful idea we say. Roxy did a similar thing at the opening of his theatre. His 'open sesame' was a golden pencil with the name of the reviewer engraved upon it. Which

(Continued on page 98)
What's the "book-of-the-month" this month ~ and why?

Let us send you—free—the current Issue of the Book-of-the-Month Club News

THIS is a fascinating little publication, part of the service given by the Book-of-the-Month Club to its subscribers. Send for the current issue. Learn what book the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club selected, this month, as the "book-of-the-month." It is a very remarkable work, and is described at length, giving the interesting reasons why the judges chose it. Read also the extremely illuminating reports upon other new and important books, just out. Over forty thousand of the most notable people in the country, judicious and perspicacious readers like yourself, now use the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club to make sure they will "keep up with the best new books." It absolutely prevents you from missing the new books you are anxious to read. You can't overlook or forget them, as you now do so frequently. And you have a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you take. Yet this service, unique and convenient though it is, does not cost you one cent. You pay only for the books you take, and the same price as if you got them from the publisher himself—by mail. You owe it to yourself at least to find out what this unique service does for you. Mail the coupon below. The current issue of the News will be sent to you, absolutely without any obligation, and also complete information as to the many conveniences you receive without any cost to you.

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City .................................................. State ..........................
Richard Barthelmess, Poet

Oh, you boy with the cleft chin and the dark eyes of mystery, who never can grow up. You are our poet, our day-dreaming, charming, irresponsible boy. Your pictures have been terrible but did you lose one single friend? No!
The Patent Leather Kid found them all back again.

Best Christmas wishes to you and the charming fiancée. And when, Dick, you look into the eyes of the wise little daughter remember there are ten million fans who will back her love for you.
In Underworld, that excellent picture, we found great pleasure. It is thrilling, real and thought giving. Bancroft won you and hasn’t Clive Brook been fine lately?

This drama of crooks and gangsters, of dives and down-and-outs was contrived by a clever writer, Ben Hecht, with Von Sternberg directing. In order that you should like ‘Bull,’ the thief, played by Bancroft, he was endowed with the priceless gift of unselfish generosity. ‘Nobody helps me,’ he says, ‘I help other people.’

His moral sense may have been as crooked as his own fifty cent pieces but he walked the straight way to your affection and ours, a pathway as old as Christmas. ‘I help other people.’
Some Good "Bits"

That You Mustn't Miss

A picture is only as good as its bits and sometimes an excellent bit will put a picture over. For example the unforgettable tango dance of Rudolph Valentino in The Four Horsemen. There are some good bits in the current pictures.

After the name of the director has been forgotten, after the title has slipped from memory still there will glow warmly in your heart some minor scene, which was minted from true genius.

C. In The Drop Kick
Richard Barthelmess and Barbara Kent achieve perfection. "I don't mind kissing," says she, "when it's you."

C. In What Price Glory
Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio discuss muscular development. You'll never forget it.

C. In A Gentleman From Paris
Adolphe Menjou and Nicholas Soussanis touch a note of sincerity rarely equaled.

C. In The Student Prince
Ramon Novarro and Jean Hersholt mingle with the flagons, and never has there been screened a more convincing sequence. It is one of those bits blossoming with laughter and with the dew of tears.

C. In Sunrise
Murnau has a bit where George O'Brien walks alone through a long sequence which is remarkable photographically and which also lends an appreciable sincerity to the spirit of the rendezvous.
A genius is anybody who can get away with anything—any time, anywhere, anyhow—without being pinched. A genius can stay out late, scatter ashes on the parlor rug, make faces at his mother-in-law, be rude to his children, wear white spats, and everybody exclaims: "Isn't he cute?" But just let John Smith try it, and see what happens. People will say, "Oh, John's just a darned fool!" and they will be right. A genius can have several wives, including his own, and fight it out in the papers without losing prestige. But when John makes a little slip such as buying his new stenographer a double chocolate, folks raise their eyebrows and say that John is old enough to know better. What passes as the eccentricities of genius on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard may be regarded as just plain cuckoo on Main Street. Everybody can't be a genius, which is just as well.

Genius is the infinite capacity for giving me a pain—but there's something exciting about it. You never know which way a genius is going to jump. Once upon a time you could tell a genius by looking at him. In the good old days, a genius wore lavender shirts, or lead a leopard on a leash, or smoked perfumed cigarettes, or had a diamond in his front tooth. At the very least, a genius used to be known by his long hair and flowing ties. But now geniuses dress just about like everybody else, only maybe a little more so. They lead normal lives, have their hair cut regularly, and six days out of seven behave...
"Once on a time a turbulent temperament dallied with leopards to advertise her talents, but those days are gone forever.

Like human beings. They are geniuses on the side, so to speak. They save their idiosyncrasies for occasions where they will do the most good. Just another case of what the movies are doing for humanity.

The films are full of geniuses. Every other director has a touch of genius. Every comedian or two has the mark of genius in his acting. The studios are swarming with it. Even Rin Tin Tin has the bark of genius in his work. I never saw anything like it. And not a flowing tie or open collar in the lot.

A Genius can do as he pleases. Take Harold Lloyd, for instance. Harold has a Great Dane dog—probably the greatest Dane of them all. The kind of dog that belongs in the great open spaces which are none too big for it, either.

Now Harold likes nothing better than to let his dog race into the drawing room and electrify the audience. (Cont. on page 84)
Down in the South Seas, which, if you will consult your blood pressure lies in 50 Lassitude and 50 Lounge-a-tude, there are little groups of islands lying lazily on their backs, lagooning all over the neighboring antipodes, if that's what you call 'em. Any Islandographer of your acquaintance will, when questioned, tell you that on these islands there is much pulchritude, there is also a turpitude. But let us not get too far above our heads. This is not to be a sex story.

Let us begin all over again and see if we can’t keep women out of it.

Down in the South Seas, there is a group of girls... I mean islands, where languor and lassitude hold constant volup... tut-tut... On these islands, I am told, there are to be found the most seductively beautiful girls... There I go again. Let's gird our loins and crush out this sex complex.

Speaking of complexes, do you know that four out of every five of us in addition to having to buy lots and lots of Listerine, get our wires all crossed up every four or five times a day? Any Wire-Doctor knows that your entire inner works are all tangled over with countless wires. As
I understand it, our whole inner man or auditorium as you may call it, looks like a piano.

Well, when one or more of these countless wires gets crossed with some of its mates, it's called a crossed wire or complex and one of these complexes, in fact the major picadillo as it is called, is the South Sea Island Complex.

As it was explained to me, this wire crosses you somewhere in the Equine or Horse Sense belt, midway between the Nomad and the Arab zodics.

Of course, this is all too scientific for you to fathom. But I'll try to tell you in plain words, because it's a very important and a very serious matter. You could get all sorts of things from ignorance of this vital complex, but why frighten you?

When you get this complex, I understand it plays the very devil with you. It's something like the Bottle Imp in Stevenson's story of that name. Maybe you remember how the little imp would ooze up out of the bottle in clouds of blue vapor and scare you into a cocked eye? Well as nearly as I can make it out this zodiac or equinocial or whatever it is, will squirm up like the Bottle Imp, or better still like a hook worm and suggest all kind of radical ideas to you. When it gets you into that lazy, indolent or adolescent state of being in which you don't care half a whoop, it will whisper the most seductive things into your ear.

"Life," for instance it will tell you, "Life is made for song and laughter. You'll be a long time dead, old Cherry Stone. Don't be a worm," and such alluring advice as that.

(Continued on page 74)
Two men stood on a busy corner in Hollywood gesticulating wildly and pointing to the various high buildings around them. "Oscar," I said to Patsy Ruth Miller's father who was walking with me, "I'll bet those fellows are had-a-chancers." As we passed them one was saying: "Ten years ago I had a chance to buy that corner for—" I won the bet. Hollywood is full of had-a-chancers. Ten years hence they will be pulling the same old hoke, for there are as many chances today as ever.

The same is true of motion pictures. Their growth has been quite—if not more—phenomenal than Los Angeles real estate, but the chances of success are not all gone by any means. Standing on the sidelines, as I have, from the very birth of this despised 'game' to its growth into the greatest of the world's arts, I have seen its countless failures and noted its outstanding triumphs, and it has been my observation that none of its artistic successes have been accidental. Work and a fine spirit have pushed them up. Work and a fine spirit are pushing others up and will continue to do so in the future.

I well recall a little black-eyed girl on the Sennett lot by the name of Swanson. She wasn't sensationally beau-
CHANGE

By Rob Wagner

Esther Ralston's work in Fashions For Women helped Dorothy Arzner a lot, but her years in the cutting room insured her success.

Old Father Time is the best elevator boy in Hollywood. He takes them up and he brings them down and Rob Wagner has seen many players make the trip.

She landed among the stars.

Yesterday on the Metro lot I saw a little extra girl, amazingly like Gloria in looks, who, while the other girls sat around and chewed gum, and told how they'd never had a chance, got permission to sneak away from the set so that she could watch Greta Garbo enacting a very difficult emotional scene. The assistant director told me that she never missed an opportunity to study the technic of successful actresses. Of course she'll be heard from. She'll know her ladder when she begins climbing.

We were putting on some plays at the Writers' Club and needed two girls to stand at the side of the stage and shift the cards for the various acts. Not much of a job, I'll admit. (Cont. on page 101)
If you have misplaced a friend in Darkest Africa or lost contact with a few dozen fighting men in many climes how can you renew the ties of never-to-be-forgotten friendship, how reach friends who are the nomads of earth, happy-go-lucky, here today and gone tomorrow? 

"Easy," Victor McLaglen would tell you, "go into the movies."

The omnipresent screen will track them down each one, and out of their many far hiding places will come their greetings of remembrance.

Rarely indeed does it happen that the player in real life has lived the life of the character he is called upon to portray on the screen. Yet this is true of Victor McLaglen, the Captain Flagg of the screen version of What Price Glory. He is the man Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings created for their world war play, the hard-boiled captain of marines who wages

(Cont. on page 88)
His MAIL comes from the ODD CORNERS of the Earth.

By Paul Thompson

"Dear Victor,

Cairo is no great shakes these days. I saw your movie.

Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton"

As the Torero in Carmen and above in Winds of Chance.
The Brilliant Contest Winners

The Halperin-Kane Mentality Contest Winner is Miss Anna Blake Mezquida
969 Pine St., San Francisco, California

The Edna Marion Radio set was won by Mr. C. H. Baker
59 West 46th St., New York City

If you never know your luck. Try everything.

There were six questions to be answered in the Mentality Contest. We print the first question and the winning answer sent in by Miss Mezquida. There were two questions asked in the Edna Marion Contest and the winning answer to the first question also follows.

Question: If a girl goes to a party with a young man and meets another more appealing to her, should she stick to the first or should she try to attract the second?

Answer: What an unfortunate situation for our heroine! However, there is only one possible answer.

A girl owes a duty to her escort which she cannot escape. The young man who takes her to a party is in a way of speaking her host, and she is his guest, and every law of good breeding demands that she show him the courtesy of a guest to a host. She has no right to make him feel that she has accepted his services merely for convenience and that at the first opportunity she is eager to leave him for another. No selfish interest in someone else can excuse such rudeness.

A girl’s first obligation is to the man who has accompanied her, and that also obligates her not to act as though she were accepting his attentions grudgingly, with eyes and thought all for the other man. Out and out neglect would be more pardonable than a martyred civility. If you are going to do a gracious act, do it graciously. If you are going to do a generous thing, do it generously.

But even with this, the case is not hopeless from the girl’s standpoint. No girl is expected to cling every instant to her escort. If courtesy demands that she show him attention, it also exacts from her a certain detachment which permits her escort the freedom of seeking the society of other women for a time. The girl may then seek her opportunity with the other man. She may have but a single dance with him perhaps, or a few moments conversation following the introduction. But if she is a true daughter of Eve she ought to be able to arouse his interest sufficiently in that brief time to make him want to see more of her. If she has made so little impression that he is utterly indifferent to her, she has small hope of winning anything from him later that would be worth while.

One other element enters into the situation; the exact status of the girl’s relationship with the first man. If he is simply a friend, or her companion of the evening, and she has not encouraged him in serious intentions towards her, she is free, apart from the courtesy she owes him as her escort, to accept and attract other attention when opportunity offers. But if she is engaged to the first man, or if there is an understanding between them, or if she herself has deliberately led him on, then she should forget the other man, or be honest with the first one and tell him frankly that there is another who interests her. It is then his place to hold her if he can. A certain type of girl may find good sport in collecting scalps, but the tomahawk, like the boomerang, sometimes strikes home, and the girl may find that her conquests have cost her the one real love that would bring a lasting happiness.

Mr. Baker’s winning answer to the first question in the Radio Contest, What kind of comedy do you like best? Why?

Answering Question 1: Ever since the first days of Chaplin and the Sid Drews I have liked those comedies which deal with the everyday average problems of life—courtship, marriage, marital troubles and lovers’ quarrels, all the mixture of joy and sorrow and humor which makes life worth bothering about anyway. But in such comedies I much prefer those of character acting ability to those of situation only. Let me try to explain: Harold Lloyd in his best comedies usually depends entirely on extravagant ideas and trick practical types of humor to get his laughs. He and his directors are a marvel at it—but to me it merely involves time to think out sequences of crazy happenings, and little credit for acting given to any member of his cast.

Chaplin in the old days did not have all the huge equipments and studio staffs at his disposal, yet his business had a combination of laughs and tears that had made him the comedy idol of millions the world over. He, of course, depended a great deal upon the practical sort of humor but also was second to none in wringing your heart by his acting in the same second that he was making your sides ache from laughing. To illustrate briefly: a man who puts the loose egg in the unsuspecting father-in-law’s hat makes an audience laugh when the unsuspecting old devil claps down on his head—practical humor, but not anything involving acting ability. Give Harry Langdon the same idea and not only does the audience laugh at the father-in-law being messed up but Harry tears out your heart by his expressions during the moment when the hat is being raised to be put on. His expression is half pity, half joy, half a wild looking around for an avenue of escape when the storm breaks. I firmly believe that if motion picture producers would realize this one fact there would be less horrors released under the name of comedies; the best form of humor, the funniest, the most lastling and the most appealing, is that which while funny also has a hint of tears. Charlie Chaplin’s much over-rated Kid shows this point. There is always the audience in certain sections that will practically laugh itself to death at seeing someone sit on a tack or fall downstairs, but the average American audience is now so picture-wise, and so critical; the reviewers so much more able to judge than years back—that it takes a good comedy to make a hit nowadays, and the ones that do have most of the things I like and mention here.

The Halperin-Kane contest aroused more interest than any contest ever held in Screenland. The answers were all intelligent and for the most part well thought out. The Edna Marion contest also attracted worth while comments.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MILTON SILLS
in
The Valley of the Giants

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves.

JOHN MILTON
LOVE and Greta Garbo! Can you wait?
It isn't that the languorous siren brings a
new kind of loving, it's just that she has so
much of the original brand.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
MARY PICKFORD, though the one and only queen of the moving picture world, enslaves the rest of us by her beauty. *My Best Girl* comes soon.
RENEE ADOREE happily back again with John Gilbert making *The Cossacks* and doing for Russia what she did for France.

*Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise*
A Daughter of the Sawdust

By Katherine Albert

Renee Adoree has brought the loyal spirit of the Circus to the screen.

WONDER if it would be possible to write a story about Renee Adoree without mentioning the fact that her father was a famous circus clown in France, that she was literally born of the circus, and that she was dancing on a stage in Brussels when news of the German invasion came which forced her to escape on a freight train into England. You see it isn't possible. These things are woven into the pattern of Renee's life and you simply must tell about them. Well, it's off my chest now in the first paragraph and we can get on to the real Renee.

I've never read a story about La Adoree that satisfied me. I'm not sure that I can knock out one myself. You see Renee defies the

(Cont. on page 82)
COURAGE is a requisite to screen stardom that you don't hear much about. Not that plenty of the big strong men of the cinema, and the frail little starlets haven't exhibited plenty of that highly praised ingredient of character, for they have. But the boy of boys in all Hollywood who deserves the red badge of courage, in the opinion of his numerous friends, is Richard Arlen.

The bald facts about Mr. Arlen at the present time are these: After playing one of the principal roles in Wings, Paramount's big aviation spectacle, Arlen played leads in Rolled Stockings, Figures Don't Lie and other films. Not so long ago Jesse L. Lasky is reported to have informed Arlen publicly that his future holds as much promise as that of any man in pictures. Paramount is grooming Arlen for stardom. And he has won the girl of his dreams, Jobyna Ralston. Events seem to be shaping themselves.
Richard Arlen has written his name across the sky of the movies, indelibly and unforgottably.

By

Blake McVeigh

Richard Arlen is Jobyna Ralston's husband but that doesn't prevent his being our most idolized he-man.

very well indeed for him.

But how he did it makes another story. It is a narrative replete with incidents of struggle, risks, disappointment, and poverty. Chances are that not even in Hollywood, that community of envious souls, would many begrudge Arlen his richly earned fame.

Briefly, courage played its mighty factor in the young man's rise when, as one of the heroic American aces in Wings he was in the air for 150 hours. This would be a long time even for straight flying, but Arlen spent those 150 interminable hours in stunt flying such as only the most daredevil aviators would undertake.

Arlen has been in pictures five years. When he reached Los Angeles he had only twenty-two dollars, a limited wardrobe and his determination.

The 'I knew him whens' will have plenty of tales to tell about Arlen back in those gloomy days when he was just a young man trying to get along in the studios, but probably no story can equal the account he himself relates of subsisting for three weeks on fourteen cents a day (Cont. on page 76)
At Westbury the nabobs of the horse set gathered to see the blue bloods—both ponies and riders.

When the "4-0-0" puts down its tea cup and comes ashore from the palatial yacht it is for Society's only game—Polo. A strange transformation takes place when its scions stride a polo pony and you have only to see Watson Webb 'riding off' an Englishman to realize that blue blood can develop brutality today as well as in the days of Bunker Hill.

In this grand old country of opportunity why shouldn't an aristocrat have a chance? Why shouldn't we of the pictures give the high-hats a hand? Let's popularize their croquet game for them. If Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Fred Thompson and Bill Hart will organize and play a chukker or two just to get the spirit of the sequence they have our backing against the civilized or uncivilized world of India and Maharajahville included. And would they draw a crowd! Tex Rickard better start on the stadium right away.

It would probably be necessary to have each hero in a close-up to keep the temperament soothed and possibly at each goal our trusty cinema gallopers would have to be humored a little, say, letting the guy who whanged the little while ball through, ride hell-bent for the grand

What a polo team the moving picture riders could put into the field; cowpunchers and dare devils all.

Tom Mix, millionaire also, would give a good account of himself cameras or not.

Buck Jones might forget his mallet and pull a couple six shooters.
stand, seize a sub-deb Vanderbilt or a Whitney of the Younger Set and ride over and jump into Long Island Sound.

All these little touches would however only add zest and pep to a game which, while standing well in Bombay, is looked upon without enthusiasm by the baseball roosters of the Bronx.

Do not gather from these remarks that our American Polo Team is not worthy of our loyal affection and pride. In fact if Tommy Hitchcock will sign to do a series of two reel 'Easterns' with the same zippy-rip-riding, hell-hooting ponies that he tore up the Westbury Polo field with, we'll guarantee to produce some pictures that will prove to be whams and Berukas.
Lazy cloud-shadows slip over the foothills as the wagon train creeps forward to put Wyoming on the map.

Dorothy Sebastian and Tim McCoy supply a love interest triumphantly in color midst the desert's arid wastes.

When we stepped off the train at Lander, Wyoming, Dorothy Sebastian thought it was the set. So did I, but it developed that it wasn't a set at all, it was the town itself.

There are two thousand people in Lander. I fancy they live in houses like other people but during the day they inhabit the main street to spin yarns and whittle and spit—say, Karl Dane could take lessons from the men in that town! I believe in the movies after seeing Lander.

Although they're boarded up, the saloons are still there. The little shacks that hug the ground are old and western. There are but two new buildings in the town, the Nobel Hotel, where we stopped and the movie palace, where they show western films. Outside of this modernity has kept its hand off Lander.

Don't make any mistakes, Dorothy and I were not in Lander on pleasure—but it turned out to be a pleasure trip—almost. Dorothy was sent up to play the lead in Tim McCoy's new picture Wyoming. I tagged along on the location to tell SCREENLAND readers all about it. There were about 40 of us all together. Tim McCoy had gone on ahead for a rest at his ranch. We came up with Van Dyke, the director and the rest of the crew.

It has been McCoy's dream to film his pictures in Wyoming. Knowing and loving the Indians as he does, he has felt cramped in working with them at the studios. For the old Indians, those who speak no English, will not leave the reservations and it is with these that McCoy is so much at home. It is these red men he wants to bring to the screen.

It is twenty-seven miles from Lander to the Indian reservation. The company worked there every day. Dorothy and I know what an alarm clock sounds like at five A.M. Believe it or not, gentle reader, that is the hour at which we arose every day for three weeks!

The first day's work was a revelation to me. I remember
Tim McCoy makes a 'Western' and Dorothy Sebastian makes a hit.

By Kitty Hubert

that back in Hollywood Tim McCoy had told me that Indians had a sense of humor and I, naturally, put this down to Tim's ability to say the interesting thing.

I first saw—when we got to the reservation—Tim standing talking sign language to Goes-in-the-Lodge, a chief of some hundred winters. When Tim talks sign language it's a poem. He is grace personified.

The women seemed more morose than the men, creeping out of their little houses to watch us furiously.

They all worked in the picture and McCoy proved himself a genius with them.

Dorothy found another affinity with the Indians. She was born and reared in Birmingham, Alabama, as you know and her lackadaisical manner caused no end of amusement. Immediately that a scene was finished we discovered that the Indians lost no time in squatting on the ground. Even if they had only a few minutes to rest they took it big. 'Here's right where I belong,' Dorothy said. 'Why aren't there more Indians at the studio so that we wouldn't have to work so hard? They know how to relax and I certainly love that.'

While the company worked—and how they worked!—I wandered around that fascinating
Once upon a time—why it must have been over two centuries ago—there was a famine in the brave old country of Erin. All summer long there had been no food—no potatoes at all. Staunch hearts and strong backs could bear the hunger and pain during the warm, heat-laden days. But when the autumn came, and the winter, with long dripping nights and short dripping days—and when even the night before Christmas came—and in the leaky, thatched roof cottage there wasn’t a single shilling to buy a stick of bright-striped candy or a bright yellow orange for a single one of his nine children, the father, Padraig, was beside himself.

"Wisha, thin, what shall I do?" the troubled man cried and wrung his knotted, work-worn hands.

And just then in walked his wife, Maureen. She had been over to the church the whole afternoon. Helping to fix the Manger and the Shepherds and the Animals for the little tableaux of the Christ Child which was always placed before the altar on Christmas Day.

"Be lookin’ now," said she, "at what I found right here at the dure near the small, little bush of Christmas roses."

She held a half-penny in her hand. "The roses are after bloomin’ even with the bit of frost that struck them yesterday mornin’. So sure, it must be the good sign, then.”

"Shall I be taking the copper up to the village," the father asked
The great thing about having the Christmas Spirit is applying it today and every day to everyday life.

By Rosa Reilly

eagerly, "and buying the bit of sup for the childer?"

Maureen shook her head. "Go over to the church, instid, and get a blessed Christmas candle to set in the window this night."

"But the childer—they have the great hunger on them."

"Never you mind them," replied she, "do as I say, and all will be well this blessed night."

"Whira! ye'd better have let the Master take the childer along to the Big House that time whin he wanted to," said the father, for the moment thinking only of the hungry little stomachs he could not feed.

"Arrah Padraig. Ye don't mean it surely. 'Tis only the fear in ye that's talkin'. The Blessed Lord sent us our childer and with us they will stay. Go ye now, darlin', and get the candles as I said. Ye will see, all will be well."

Uncertainly the father went up the slippery road to the thin-spired church. Candles were candles. But food was food. And his wrecked stomach had known no touch of bread nor broth these two days past.

Down in the cottage, the mother gathered her children around her.

"We'll be sayin' the Rosary now," said she. "We'll be saying the Rosary (Cont. on page 80)"
It was preordained that Lois Moran should act. When a little girl reaches her fifth birthday and mimics everyone about her—when she shows a preference for balancing on one toe to pampering her dolls,—then, the chances are that she will eventually substitute the three R's of art Rhythm, Rhapsody and Rhetoric for the three R's of ordinary learning.

Lois, however, acquired both. Her education was developed along slightly different lines to other young girls. She went to boarding school when she was six, because her mother believed that mingling freely with other youngsters would develop poise. And at ten, when most young girls are preparing for higher education away from the maternal hearth, Lois was brought home. From then on, her studies in art, music and dancing received the whole-hearted attention of a wise little mother.

There is an unmistakable stamp of refinement about Lois Moran, due, no doubt, to her gentle rearing. At the same time she is as spirited and enthusiastic as any college freshman. She is a frank contradiction. Her film roles in the
past two years have led people to regard her as the sweet girl of the movies. When Samuel Goldwyn selected Lois to play the child Laurel in Stella Dallas the whole movie colony was astounded. Here was a little ‘unknown’ receiving one of the movie ‘plums’ of the year.

The story spread that Mr. Goldwyn had met Miss Moran, quite by accident, while touring France and had chosen her for the part of Laurel because she typified all that was wholesome, sweet and unsophisticated. The word ‘unsophisticated’ and Lois Moran became synonymous. As a matter of fact Lois had already appeared in two French movies and the one Samuel Goldwyn had viewed in a tiny French cinema house, was a war film featuring Lois as a harassed young mother. Beneath the curly black wig and trying French make-up, the producer sensed the extreme youth and appeal of the player and subsequently made a search for her.

According to Noah Webster, ‘unsophisticated’ means lack of worldliness. Lois at fifteen (her age when she affixed her signature to the Stella Dallas contract) was, naturally, unworldly. During the past three years, as a movie star, she has rubbed shoulders with the great, and near great, and yet it hasn’t robbed her of her most exquisite possession—an indefinable, naive charm that attracts everyone to her.

Lois has portrayed so many demure, sweet girls on the screen, that even those about her have overlooked the fact that she possesses something more vital and compelling than the obvious, physical attraction dubbed ‘it.’ One motion picture director, who admires her acting ability immensely and foresees a great future for her in pictures, recently declared that Lois definitely lacked ‘sex appeal.’

Sex-appeal, according to the knowing ones, is an all important asset for financial success on the screen. That Lois has prospered in her brief movie career, no one can deny. And take a canvass of your gentleman friends some day making a mental note of the ‘eyes’ and ‘nos’ of Lois appeal. When the score-card is tallied, you will undoubtedly find that demure Miss Moran has captured all the masculine votes!

Possibly it is her fresh charm, her unassuming, reticent manner, or the understanding light in her sea-blue eyes that attracts men and women alike to this eighteen year old child. There must be something—just as intangible and interesting as that overworked word ‘it’—that make her the toast of several universities . . .

Ever since Stella Dallas you have wanted to write to Lois Moran and here’s your chance.

The best letter about Lois Moran will win the beautiful evening wrap. Best letter means the most entertaining and most sincere expression of your own thoughts.

Lois Moran has played in many pictures among them Stella Dallas, The Whirlwind of Youth, and The Irresistible Lover. She has just finished Publicity Madness at the Fox Studio.

Address—LOIS MORA Screenland Contest Dept. 49 West 45th St. New York City. Contest closes December 15, 1927.
GILDA GRAY, DANCER

and PROUD of IT

As she offers this contest, the winner of which will receive a Ned Wayburn Dance Scholarship with fares and living expenses.

The road to fame and fortune, will you dare it? If you feel willing to face the days of work and stout-heartedly withstand disappointment and weariness, there is no better way than to go dancing forward to your goal.

Gilda Gray offers a scholarship in Ned Wayburn's wonderful dancing school, where there are over a thousand girls studying and rehearsing. Board and room for the winner will be secured through the Y. W. C. A. if desired.

This Gilda Gray scholarship will be awarded to the girl whose letter shows her to be most eligible, and whose photograph taken in a bathing suit shows greatest dance possibilities.
Another of the Buddha-like positions of the dance in The Devil Dancer.

State your age, weight and experience if any.
Write your name and address on the back of each picture.
If you want the picture returned you must send a stamped and addressed envelope.
The winner of this contest will be given a part after she finishes the Ned Wayburn course of training if she makes good, and from then on she will be self-supporting. Should she for any reason not qualify her fare home will be furnished.

Address—GILDA GRAY
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 15, 1927
Delight Evans has so wisely distributed laurel wreaths of praise and hurled javelins of criticism in her reviews that we are printing her picture—we are so proud of her.

CARMEN

THE new fall model of Carmen is now on display. Step right up and take a look. Take several looks. This new Carmen is the snappiest so far. She makes all those other Carmens of opera and screen look like so many Elsie Dinsmores. She's the Tobasco Kid, this Spanish sweetheart, and there's no bull about that, either.

The original story of Carmen is around somewhere; but Director Raoul Walsh and his talented troupe have dressed it up and given it some place to go. The Loves of Carmen is a modern version, with humorous touches—oh, there are all sorts of touches in this picture. At times you suspect that Mr. Walsh and his actors are kidding the old girl; but Carmen can stand it; she's stood a lot already; and she'll probably thank Mr. Walsh for the nice street-car ride. For after all, it's been a long time since she was such a red-hair number. Dolores Del Rio plays the great big little cigarette and castanet girl of old Spain. She makes ciggies and matches—especially matches. Don Jose—played by another Don, Alvarado—is crazy for Carmen but she can't see him. Instead, she sets her heart on a hard-boiled toreador, Escamillo—in private life Captain Flagg—no, no—Victor McLaglen. Vic wears a different uniform but he'll always be just Capt. Flagg to me. He and Miss Del Rio make a great team. Dolores just lets herself go as Carmen. Her Charmaine was a country girl compared to this fiery daughter of Castile. And speaking of soap—some of the love scenes are far from being ninety-nine per cent pure. What Price censors?

ROSE of the GOLDEN WEST

Young men won't need to be urged to go west after seeing this picture. Neither will young women. Mary Astor plays a California maid of long ago—in the days when the Spanish had missions: while Gilbert Roland plays the best damn' caballero in all the sun-kissed state. Just in case some of Rosita's and Juan's descendants may be romping around out there, the Chamber of Commerce had better prepare for a bumper crop of tourists this winter. Rose of the Golden West is the best little advertisement California ever had.

George Fitzmaurice has made a beautiful picture. It's not pretentious; just charming. It shows the softer side of Spanish romance, in contrast to the peppery Carmen; and it's a much more restful way to spend an evening. All about a plot to do away with the ingratiating Spanish overlord, General Romero, played by Montagu Love, so that California may be free of foreign supervision—but intrigue and politics are only the background for a delightful young-love affair between Mary and Gilbert. Mary never looked so beautiful—and never was so seductive. In fact, I can't remember her as ever being seductive before. But thanks to the Fitzmaurice direction, she blossoms into an early-American beauty. Roland, all boyish bravado and naive swagger, will amuse you; at the same time you'll like him better than ever. Montagu Love has a real part, and about time, too. As the dictator who is so bored with politics that he welcomes a change in administration with open arms, even turning his daughter over to his would-be assassin, Mr. Love shows that all he needs to prove his worth as a fine actor is a chance. Gustav von Seyffertitz and Flora Finch
add to the interest. *Rose of the Golden West* is prettier than any of those postcards that enthusiastic visitors send back from the Golden State, and you won’t have to read any of those messages wishing that you were there.

*SA nightmare that becomes a radiant picture*

**SUNRISE**

GET up and see this Sunrise, you lazy things. Even if you never saw one before in your life, don’t miss this. It’s that F. W. Murnau picture you have been hearing so much about—the director’s first with the ‘Made in America’ label. It’s a weird and fascinating picture. If you’re all for sweetness and light you may think you are having a nightmare instead of seeing the sun rise. The first of it, particularly, rather resembles a bad dream. But then a human note is sounded, and Sunrise changes its tempo and becomes a radiant picture.

It’s Sudermann’s Song of Two Humans sung in a minor key by Murnau. That is, Murnau starts to wail a mournful melody; but American strains creep in; and pretty soon he is crooning what sounds suspiciously like a Rhapsody in Boo-hoo. The result is an artistic mixture which will probably please almost everybody, except those sad birds who think that Art must have an unhappy ending. Sunrise is not the perfect picture that the same director’s *Last Laugh* was; but Mr. Murnau can still be the last one to guffaw if he wants to. Because he has more imagination than any other director; he is a master of lights and shadows. Wake up, you sleepy-heads; here’s a new school of direction. Rub those eyes and take a good look at some of the scenes in Sunrise, especially those mist effects. You’ll see lots of ’em this winter.

Sunrise is an account of what might happen to anyone—according to the caption. Well, I should hope not! It may be a lesson to young wives never to go out in a rowboat with their own husbands, unless they want another American Tragedy. Janet Gaynor plays a peasant wife, George O’Brien the husband who has fallen for a fast dame from the city—(Margaret Livingston.) Margaret has been putting bad thoughts in George’s head, and finally has the bright idea that a good way out of all their difficulties would be for George to take Janet out for a boat ride and then rock the boat. Yes, I know it sounds funny. That’s the trouble with Sunrise. You don’t believe it could really happen to anyone you know. And it’s supposed to be about you—and me—and our next-door neighbors. Maybe we don’t know our own strength. Anyway, it doesn’t seem real to me—just a bad dream that Mr. Murnau had one night and decided to turn into a picture. Janet and George are so lovable, so human that they show up their surroundings. And it isn’t that the two youngsters don’t do good work. They do. Some of you may think that Miss Gaynor may not be equal to the role of the peasant wife. Others—like me—may think that the role isn’t equal to Janet. She looks the sweet, placid wife with a deep-rooted love and loyalty for her erring husband; but neither Murnau’s direction nor the demands of the role call forth the intense emotions of Diane. O’Brien fares better. It’s his first really serious part. He can’t depend upon bulging biceps or bountiful smile; he must act his way through. And he does. What other popular young actor—Irish, too—could have buried his own personality as George does in Sunrise? He’s my favorite actor this month.

*You’ll remember Sue Carol in her harem suit*

**SOFT CUSHIONS**

It’s the little things that count. For instance, that little thing, Sue Carol. What would Soft Cushions be without Sue carolling around. You may find a few genuinely amusing moments in Douglas MacLean’s latest comedy, but you’ll carry away memories of Miss Carol in her harem suit. There isn’t much of it, but what there is is good. The same can be said of Sue. Doug discovered this split-pint soubrette, so we can forgive him for this somewhat tedious burlesque of the other Doug’s Thief of Bagdad. It should have been awfully funny, but something slipped up somewhere—perhaps on one of those soft cushions. Doug grins his way through the oriental travesty, occasionally exhibiting a flash of real comedy. He’s an engaging thief who wins the beautiful dancing-girl away from the Sultan—no small achievement—even stopping to pull the Sultan’s sacred beard. Well, there’s something about Douglas you’ll like. And it’s Sue Carol this time.
Oh Heidelberg, oh, Heidelberg—thy sons will ne'er forget—or thy daughters, either. Not as long as Ramon Novarro plays that darling Stew-dent Prince, and all those handsome boys of the Corps Saxonia pound their steins on the table. I'm just being flippant to hide my tears, folks. I loved The Student Prince, and so will you, though you may not be a fool and admit it. I know it's sentimental, and faded, and flowerly; but as Ernest Lubitsch has directed it, and Ramon, Norma, and Jean Hersholt and the rest have acted it, the picture will linger long in your memory. And oh, that beer! So near, and yet so far.

Just when you think that mythical kingdom princes are absolutely out-of-date, and you couldn't face another one to save your life, or his, so help you, along comes Novarro—and to think I never really liked him before! As Karl Heinrich he is simply beautiful, that's all. The appealing prince who finds freedom for a few brief months before he is called to the service of his country is one of the most charming characters in screen fiction. Wally Reid played him years ago. Ramon plays him now—and only these two could play him. Novarro is just the right mixture of boyish eagerness and pathos. And you know how few of our boys can be boyish without an effort. Norma Shearer is a quaint Kathi, who wins the prince's heart—and not just because she serves such excellent beer, either. Jean Hersholt almost steals the picture as Karl Heinrich's tutor, the genial, Dr. Juttner. But then Jean's gentlemanly larceny is an old story. Every Hersholt characterization is perfect; that's all there is to it. And of course Dr. Juttner is the sort of thing Hersholt does better than anybody else. His scenes with Novarro are just as lovely as those between the hero and the heroine—just as touching, just as tender. Altogether, Lubitsch has outdone himself in The Student Prince. Lubitsch—the guy, the sophisticated—hasn't grown old. He is so young that he can take his tongue out of his cheek and give us pure, unadulterated Romance—as delicate, as fragile, as beautiful as the screen has ever seen. He hasn't forgotten the comedy, either; he's put in several sly digs at his own German customs. He and von Stroheim never make mistakes. What is it about these Germans? "With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear—"

The American Beauty

Roses are red, violets are blue; sugar is sweet, and so is Billie Dove. But Billie's brand of sweetness is bearable. Even in a part like The American Beauty, you can't help liking the girl. By any other name this would be as sweet. It might have been called 'How She Caught the Train—and How.' There's a chase which will doubtless go down in screen history as the most exciting ever staged—in the opinion of the male portion of the audience, anyway. It's a race between Time and Billie Dove, object, matrimony with Lloyd Hughes. Billie wins—but not before she has us gasping. She has left a party in a Spanish shawl—that's all, just a shawl—to catch a train which will take her, and Lloyd, to Paradise. She catches the train, and probably a cold; while the gents in the audience try to catch their breaths. Billie is a vision as she races through Grand Central Station; she dashes through the gates and her shawl falls off. Oh, porter—ice-water, please! Five men have fainted.

It's another Cinderella story, with Billie playing a food-checker with high ambitions to crash the gates of society. Walter McGrail accepts her at her face value, and Billie is getting away with her role of society débutante in great shape, I'll say so, when Margaret Livingston reveals her as an imposter. Hisses for Margaret; she's causing too much trouble this month. A swell actress, though, Billie decides to end her masquerade; she loved poor Lloyd Hughes all the time—a way First National heroines have. And who can blame them?

Dick is in College at last

There'll be few kicks coming on Dick Bartholmes' latest—except that drop kick that wins the game for Alma Mater, or whatever her name is. It's about time Dick went to college. Almost every star of consequence has graduated lately. And of course it's no surprise to see that Richard is the idol of his class, the champ dropkicker and a wow with the sorority sisters. It's a good part for Dick and he makes the most of it.

There are as many girls as in the average musical comedy, which won't make anybody mad. There's Alberta Vaughn, and Barbara Kent, and Dorothy Revier, and Hedda Hopper. Beg pardon—Hedda plays Richard's
mother. But she's the prettiest girl in the cast all the same. She's too young to play anybody's mother, really, except her own small sons'—and you can't help thinking what a lovely leading lady she would have made. Still, she upsets all the traditions of movie motherhood by being a good scout. She's young, spirited, handsome, and wears smart clothes. No cane and a cap for Hedda. She's sympathetic and snatches her son right out of the jaws of the vamp. Dorothy Revier is the vamp, and maybe it wasn't her fault but she out-bares Theda, and gives the proceedings a touch of uncalled-for comedy. The Drop Kick might have been a very good picture. As it is, what with the girls, and Richard, and all, it's entertaining enough, especially in these days of raccoon coats and chrysanthemums. I declare if The Drop Kick doesn't make me feel almost collegiate myself!

C Ronnie in a dual role and Vilma in a backless gown

**THE MAGIC FLAME**

The Magic Flame won't burn anybody up. There's nothing very fiery about it. Maybe I expect too much when I see Ronald and Vilma billed together. Well, I didn't get it, anyway.

To begin with, casting Ronald Colman as a clown isn't my idea of fun. There's nothing clownish about Ronald. He belongs in shaggy tweeds, you know, with a pipe, and dogs, striding over the—the moors, or whatever it is that Englishmen stride over. Colman is England—at least the England of story-books; he's stern, shy, quixotic. In other words, he's just swell. Of course, he's such a good actor that he is perfectly capable in this dual role business of a clown and a dastardly count; but no wonder he seemed to walk through it, looking awfully bored. It bored me too, Ronnie. I wish Mr. Goldwyn would discover some nice fresh rosy-cheeked boy and hire him to make love to Miss Banky, and give Colman a chance to do a little serious acting. The Magic Flame is a lucky break for the beautiful Banky. It shows her in a circus girl's ballet skirts, and a long, slinky, backless gown. It is filled with gorgeous close-ups of her. And while I like to look at Vilma as much as anybody—except, perhaps, Rod La Rocque—I hate to see Ronald just standing around waiting to be called on to do his stuff and seize the girl and give her a good smack. That's all he has to do in this, it seemed to me—darn it! Always a best man! But better luck next time, Ronald.

C Clara is just the cut-up every tourist longs to meet

**HULA**

Gilda Gray isn't the only girl with a grass skirt and a wicked wiggle—not by a couple of blades.

Look at Clara Bow. Oh, go on—look at Clara. It won't hurt you, and that's what she's here for. Paramount put her in Hula just to soothe your eyes. You're supposed to look at her; she'll be hurt if you don't.

Cupid's Bow does it again in Hula, as a little cutie down in Honolulu where the ukuleles come from. Clara practically goes native as Hula. She's just the cut-up that every tourist hopes to run across in Hawaii where every girl is supposed to look so sweet, dressed up in her shredded-wheat. Well, leave it to Clara. She can, and she does.

Victor Fleming has made lively, almost exciting entertainment out of a story as light as a hula-dancer's costume. Clara falls in love with Clive Brook, an interesting engineer who, however, happens to have a wife already. It's up to Clara to win him for herself, and this little feminine southwest mountie shows you how she always gets her man. Clara is wild and untamed—as you like her. No, she doesn't have to do any acting to speak of. And it's a shame, too, when you stop to think of it, because Miss Bow is a real, live actress when she gets started. But who wants to stop to think when Clara does her hula?

C filled with the elixir of love

**The CRYSTAL CUP**

The Crystal Cup, in case you don't know—I didn't—is just filled with the elixir of love. Gertrude Atherton says so, and Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall bear her out in this film version of the novel. My, what a liquid diet we're on! Beer, love, and kisses. Here Dorothy plays a man-hating maiden who turns into a man-eater before your very eyes. Dorothy, as Gita Carteret, is prejudiced against the stronger sex but they, as you might guess, are prejudiced in her favor. So although she wears a boyish hair-cut and a dinner jacket she can't scare 'em off—especially Jack and Rockcliffe Fellowes. She marries one of them—at a time. Before she makes up her mind to drink, drink out of that crystal cup, she shares sometimes interesting adventures with you; but mostly Gita's film existence is pretty dull. Dorothy does all she can to put it over, and she's so lovely she almost succeeds. Jack, Mr. Fellowes—good actor, isn't he—and pretty Jane Winton are able aids. But after it's all over you'll want something stronger in the way of refreshment than The Crystal Cup affords. (Continued on page 93)
The beach shack parties at Santa Monica set a high water mark for gaiety, only it isn't water.

By Grace Kingsley

On Bebe's Beach

"Outdoor parties at the beach and on the ranches belonging to the stars are going to be the fashion all the year round," prophesied Patsy, as we sped down to Bebe Daniels' house with Syl Stokes, the young New York millionaire who is just going into pictures.

Bebe and her mother live in a big, beautiful Spanish house on the beach at Santa Monica, and Bebe was to give a big party that day. You can almost hop from Bebe's little Moorish veranda right into the ocean. I'm sure Charlie Paddock could do it in a couple of leaps.
What a thrill! Norma Shearer, Virginia Valli and Athol Shearer, Norma's sister. The Pacific is looking better since Cortez took an eyeful.

We found Charlie Paddock there when we arrived, in fact. He wasn't in a bathing suit right then, but was playing ping-pong down in the basement with Matt Moore.

Bebe dashed out to greet us, and then dragged us into the basement where the ping-pong was going on, with Pauline Starke, Micky Neilan, Jack White and Blanche Sweet, looking on. Bebe was clad in her sensible one-piece bathing suit, with a gorgiously colored beach cape around her shoulders, and she looked lovely, with her sparkling brown eyes and her red cheeks. Bebe's feet are so pretty, as Patsy remarked, that somebody really ought to sculpt them.

Patsy put on a bathing suit and splashed into the water with Kathryn Perry, Patricia Carron, and Owen Moore, who is Kathryn's husband, you know.

Pauline Starke and Jack White

(Cont. on page 94)
The stars of movie heaven step before the camera for Screenland in their Jack Frost protectors.

Almost everybody can scare up a thrill for Christmas—it means snappy, healthy weather, furs, perfumes, violets, theatres and candle light. There is something bewitching about the late fall and Christmas atmosphere and every woman plans her wardrobe for this delightful season. The movie stars have a pretty complete fashion salon in Hollywood—they get the Paris fashions as soon as New York does, but just the same the girls can’t resist jumping on the California Limited for a day of shopping in New York. And that isn’t much of an exaggeration either. Louise

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© June Marlowe, all set for her location trip for The Grip of the Yukon in a stunning coat of natural pony and Alaskan seal.

© The Hollywood flappers envy Barbara Kent her snappy tan pony coat trimmed with scarlet leather.

© When Barbara Worth steps out in this gorgeous Japanese ermine wrap with collar and cuffs of natural kolinsky even the Hollywood sunshine blinks.
Seductive — that's what Mary Philbin is in her black fur coat with white fox collar and cuffs that she flashed in her new picture Surrender.

Louise Brooks made everyone gasp in a Jacqueminot rose chiffon velvet with a tight bodice and very full skirt. Clusters of tiny pin tucks in sunburst effect appeared on either side of the waist. Her only ornament was a graceful corsage of rhinestones with spirals of the glittering stones to represent the tendrils of flowers dangling from it. Rhinestones, by the way, are replacing pearls as an accessory in the wardrobe of the smart woman this season. Another innovation is that the ornaments on necklaces are worn in the back instead of in front. That is to say the chain hangs down one's back.

Peppy little Barbara Kent sporting her youthful-looking fur coat of black and white with collar and cuffs of white fox.
THE WINNING OAR

No film season would be complete unless George Walsh went intercollegiate and scored the winning touchdown, knocked a Frank Merriwell last-inning home run, or stroked the victorious crew for dear old Rutgers. And so George’s campus contribution this season is The Winning Oar.

A little untimely, you might say, considering that the eight-oared shells have been put away in mothballs and that the boys who die for dear old Rutgers are doing it now on the football field.

But the boat race in The Winning Oar is only half the story. Knowing your celluloid spoils as you do, you would say, off hand, that the hero of the boat race wins the girl. Now wouldn’t you? Well, George wins the race but not the girl. This time the girl throws down the handsome lad who can hold hands for the ugly ducklings who holds the mortgage on the family homestead. Yes sir, she marries Shylock, to save home and father.

George hangs up his oar, studies law and later hangs up his shingle as District Attorney. One day a husband is shot. Nothing unusual in that; they’re even teaching college girls to shoot these days. But this particular husband is old Shylock himself. And George’s former sweethearts is accused.

The class will now adjourn with me to the courtroom and we’ll take up the story there. But I’ve promised not to tell what happened when the case was tried.

Old Shylock, by the way, believed that the husband’s place is in the home. He neglected to say whose home. A trifling oversight. But that’s about all he did overlook.

You’ll know what I mean when you see him play the gay Lothario—away from home.

CLANCY’S KOSHER WEDDING

In Arabian Nights the Sultan Schahriar, convinced of the faithlessness of women, had sworn to put to death each of his wives, after the first night. But the beautiful Sultana Scheherazade saved her white throat by diverting him with a story which she told him during a thousand and one nights. The story was about the locusts which came to the granary. ‘And then,’ Scheherazade went on, ‘another locust came and took another grain of corn. And then another locust, and still another locust’ . . . and so on far, far into the endless nights.

A thousand and one years ago, or was it only fifty months ago, Anne Nichols produced Abie’s Irish Rose. And so, we hear on all sides, ‘it seems there was an Irishman and a Jew.’
Which is perfect so far as I am concerned. Corn on the cob and low comedy are two things I’ve never had enough of. And Abie’s Irish Rose did not begin to exhaust the mother lode of Irish-Jewish lore. And dozens of Abie’s little sisters and brothers sprang up on the screen. And that is also perfect . . . But Clancy’s Kosher Wedding is one of Abie’s kid brothers dressed in short pants . . . But the pants have no seat. In fact, they have nothing at all. They are just a strip or two of ragged, poorly-spun material,—unworthy covering for Jew and Irishman alike.

THE DESIRED WOMAN

Hot sands!

Give me a picture about a military garrison in the desert, and I’m satisfied if the rest of the movie program is an educational epic of how the wack-wack bird treats its mother-in-law.

Anything can happen in a military garrison in the desert. Hearts ache. Men can be brutes, or gallant lovers. Arabs always menace. And never-failingly, there is a fierce love flaming under the sandy palms. These sun-stricken outposts are breeding spots for drama and all her tragic brood.

Irene Rich in The Desired Woman did not let me down in my fondness for desert stuff. Irene Rich is always lovely, most times pathetic—one of our rare picture patricians. Here she is the harassed wife of the cruel commander, William Russell. And she is beloved by the boy, Buster Collier. The outpost is Heartbreak House. Age has a cruel memory. Youth has none. There is suffering; a court martial; a man goes mad. The fatal scene between the crazed officer, John Miljan, and Buster Collier, is a life-sized canvas of tragedy, superbly interpreted.

The Desired Woman is not a Sahara sister of Desire Under the Elms, but nevertheless it is a big theme strongly handled by a fine cast.

HIDDEN ACES

Hidden Aces sounds like Bret Harte and his boy friend, the Heathen Chinee. But it has nothing to do with poker, unless you believe, with the vaudeville monologist, that ‘life is but a game of cards.’

The aces that are concealed in this case lie up the scenarist’s sleeve, clever situations in a clever crook yarn. And unlike Captain Applejack’s cards the scenarist’s deck is not ‘Aces, all aces’, but is half filled with jokers. In fact, Hidden Jokers’ might well be the title of the picture.

Usually when an emerald tiara or a pearl dog collar is in the plot, the story moves with all the heavy suspense of a Shubert musical comedy. But this time the ‘jools’ are handled by some very lightfingered comedy gentry.

And who do you think is the star in this right little, tight little movie play? None other than our old serial friend, Charles Hutchison. Yep, strue. Charles used to rescue gals from the clinging—I mean swinging—vine, hurdle railroad trains on his motorcycle, and vault over anything from a pinto to a pyramid. In Hidden Aces he leaps just as nimbly as ever, but over and through well timed melodramatic and comedy sequences. In an automobile chase at the finish Charles gets in some of his hair raising stunt performances.

Alice Calhoun and Barbara Tennent bring home the pulchritude for papa.

Hidden Aces has nothing to conceal. It’s a fine picture very much according to Hoyle of Hollywood.

(Continued on page 100)
WHAT could be more restful than tea served in this early American drawing room? A room that breathes the very air of our fore-fathers! It was over the teacups that it had its resurrection.

Sitting in a tea-room, on a rather uncomfortable 'Grand Rapids' chair interviewing Miss Wilson, I asked her in just what atmosphere she enjoyed her tea hour best. Tilting back her pretty head she answered reflectively, as though she had actually transported herself back a century or two.

"Early American—and it rests one so. There is so much romance woven 'round this period—so much to dream about. Let me tell you about the living room in my house."

"Why I can just see the pretty 'Dames' with powdered wigs—spreading their graceful crinolines over the lovely Sheraton sofas and coquetting with gallant satin-kneed suitors. How I wish you could see it! The spinet——" (Cont. on page 78)
THE wallops of the Tunney-Dempsey fight shook all Hollywood and shook Leila Hyams right into One Round Hogan.

Photograph by Preston Duncan
It takes a few years for a beauty to win recognition for her talents and Esther Ralston has qualified. She's in Spotlight next.

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
ALLENE RAY has many adventures and as many people worry over the weekly installments of them as there are shivers in Alaska. Next in *The Terrible People.*

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr
LUCILLA MENDEZ is in *Chicago After Midnight*. The machine-gun bandits will doubtless surrender to her beauty as Hollywood has.

*Photograph by Irving Cludnoff*
What happened to part them is unrecorded history. Suffice to say that during the intervening years, rumor has had Pauline engaged first to Howard Hawkes, then a scenarist, now a director, and not so long ago to Donald Freeman, managing editor of Vanity Fair.

To say that Hollywood was surprised when Jack and Pauline took out a marriage license at San Francisco is to put it mildly. But it was the kind of surprise that the gossip-loving, match-making film colony likes. By the time the pair were wed, a few days later, the story of their early engagement had been dug up and passed around. Yes, says Hollywood, Cupid can come back.

Two years ago, it seems to me, I went up to the Hollywood Hospital to see Cullen Landis, who was recuperating from an operation, and found there a red-haired girl, who lived up to the best traditions of what a girl with that color of hair is supposed to look like. She was Loca Hearne, and forthwith I wormed out of them the fact that they were engaged.

Unlike most long engagements, however, it resulted in a wedding. For contrast to their leisurely courtship, Cullen and Loca scorned to give the three days’ notice required under the new law. Instead they motored to Tia Juana, Mexico, where the ceremony was performed with dispatch. They have a nice house now in Beverly Hills.

And two more couples, as I said, will be wed by the time you read this. They are Helene Costello and John Regan and Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.

If ever a young man came a wooing, it was this same John Regan. To be sure he was a little late in starting. He had known Helene when she was a little girl back in Long Island. That was ten years ago. They met again when her mother took her East with sister, Dolores. She returned to California, he came to California. She said yes, the engagement was announced not a month back and they will be married within the week. Helene will remain on the screen and her young husband will find himself a niche in these new surroundings. He comes of an army family, his father being a colonel in Washington, D. C.

Helene allows herself the luxury of one regret at this exciting time. She wanted a honeymoon voyage to Honolulu. (I cross myself to think of what seasickness of either party would do to a honeymoon.) But young Regan is to be broken in early to the bad features of being married to an actress under contract. Helene has to start a new picture within a week or so after her marriage. They’ll get away somewhere though.

Since it will all be over by the time you read this, I will let you in on the surprise which Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements are planning to spring upon their friends in Hollywood.

Lest you not know them I will say that they are two scenarists at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Let respectful silence reign because the scenarist is becoming a person of importance these days in Hollywood.

And unlike some scenarists, Florence and Colin are willing to spring one ‘gag’ before it is copyrighted. They are going to turn an ostensible housewarming into a marriage. A week ago they got the license. Tomorrow night a hundred guests are invited to a housewarming at Florence’s new Beverly Hills home. As soon as they arrive, Florence will slip away
and change into a bridal gown. The minister will be spirited in. The first inkling which the guests will have will be the wedding march. Then the ceremony will take place. At least that is how the coup is planned. I hope it works. Only five people, including myself, know of the plan. A day and night intervene. Let's see; five times five is twenty-five and five times twenty-five is one hundred and twenty-five. It ought not to spread any further than that in twenty-four hours.

It will be a relief when Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, publicity man at Warner Brothers set the date for their wedding. Hal, like Helene Costello's young man, is suffering from being engaged to an actress under contract. He and Louise will be married as soon as she can escape from the camera.

At present she is working with Will Rogers in The Texas Steer. Allowing just about time for a marriage ceremony, she will then start on Tillie's Punctured Romance for Laskys. Being in the game himself, Hal knows how it is. Still he and Louise do deserve a better break than to be married one day and go to work the next.

I may be stressing romance too much, but it would hardly do to overlook the engagement of Anna Q. Nilsson and her millionaire investment broker, Earnest J. Krause of Beverly Hills. Their wedding date is not even thought of yet. Anna Q. says she wants to be sure of herself this time. Perhaps here is a patient for Judge Lindsey.

Oh yes. Lena Malena, of Berlin, and Melbourne Spur, of Hollywood, admit without a great deal of urging that they are engaged. Lena is a comely player under contract to Cecil B. De Mille. She was a dancer and actress in Europe. And she's a fine swimmer in fresh water or salt.

Thereupon hangs a tale. Lena and Melbourne, who takes beautiful pictures, but who cannot swim, were rowing one day in the Catalina channel, made famous by Mr. Wrigley's swimming marathon. Melbourne lost an oar. Lena plunged in after it. She missed. There was a strong current. The channel is a big place and beyond it the ocean is a lot bigger. So Lena put over her shoulder a rope at the other end of which was the boat with her fiancé in it. Then she started swimming for shallow water several miles away. A boat saved them but not until the plucky swimmer had been in the water for almost an hour. Can you blame Mr. Spur for aspiring to marry the girl?

Just one more word about the flurry caused in Hollywood by the reported engagement of F. Richard Jones, Doug Fairbank's director, and Lupe Velez, the irrepressible young Mexican girl who is making her first screen appearance opposite Doug in The Gauchero.

Lupe denied it and Jones denied it, but for twenty-four hours it was a sensation. Some are not sure yet they will not marry.

Despite the reticence of her family, it is known in Hollywood that Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Jack and Lottie is in a very serious condition at her Beverly Hills home. In fact Mary is so worried
her makeup on, nevertheless, and was going out to work when the Los Angeles doctor happened to be introduced to her at the lodge where the company was staying.

He ordered her to bed and began to take heroic measures to ward off pneumonia, which almost surely would have been fatal in that altitude.

By the time that Oscar Miller, Pat’s father, arrived, the crisis had been passed and as soon as she was able to be moved in a closed car, Pat was rushed to the railroad a hundred miles away and brought home.

F. B. O., the company for which she was making the picture, likes her so well, that they are using a

that she and Douglas Fairbanks have moved from their home to that of her mothers where Mary spends day and night with Mrs. Pickford.

This was the reason Doug didn’t go to the fight.

At one time he and Joseph Schenck talked of chartering a car. This fell through when Doug declined to go if Mary couldn’t go with him.

Instead he went right to work on his new story, a sequel to The Three Musketeers. It is the subsequent work of Dumas, Twenty Years After.

It was sad for us all to learn this month that Diana Miller (Mrs. George Melford) lies critically ill in a nearby sanitarium where she has been for more than two months. Physicians are not sure that she will ever be able to return to the screen. It is too bad for she was one of the most beautiful girls who ever came to Hollywood.

Before her marriage to George Melford, the director, she appeared in several of his pictures which were made for Paramount. At present Melford is with Universal.

No one would think of connecting the facts that Patsy Ruth Miller started on a mountain location trip on the same day that a Los Angeles doctor decided to take a three weeks’ vacation with his fishing rod.

And yet, if the doctor had not decided to take his vacation on that day, it is probable that Pat would have lost her life. For she was taken ill with a severe bronchitis the moment she arrived at Lone Pine. She had
Lindy is gone, the big fight is over, and now we can settle back to normal and get down to business again. Somehow or other, though, I muse a bit at the ghost of a chance that Hollywood has of ever keeping out of anything which matters much. First thing Jack Dempsey thinks of is "getting back to Hollywood," and even Lindy was the guest of about two-hundred of screenland's movie stars when he was here. The movies aren't out of anything for very long! Why, even this fellow O. O. McIntyre, who only left our happy camping grounds a few short days ago, can thank the movies for at least another constant reader. Maybe you've heard of a youth called Richard Dix? Well, Richard has been getting mail from some young lady who writes a very beautiful letter. In one of her notes she asks if Richard reads the words of friend O. O., and then she proceeds to say that O. O.'s stuff is very good and should be read. Now, every day, I read his wit, glance at his 'photograph' and announce to him that if it weren't for this good old movie game he would have at least one less booster to his name.

And before I go any further, I would like to try to settle up this beastly argument about our mutual boy-friend, young Rob Wagner. Maybe you read the wicked line intimating that Rob is just a 'red-faced stiff,' and who can blame the lad if he objects to names like that? Neither am I upholding Rob for gently-like implying that Hobart Bosworth and Peter B. Kyne are not exactly Apollos, but you really cannot blame a man if he gets pretty much excited and forgets himself when he is called a 'red-faced stiff.' Especially it is so when you understand about Rob's nice wife and two fine boys, who never will be able to live it down or shake it off. If I were Rob, I'd absolutely leave that town of Beverly, and straightway take my household goods across the line to Hollywood, where men are men and mayors don't lose their jobs. Even Will Rogers knows that Beverley is just a sixth-rate place, at best, and certainly if a chap like K. C. B., whose kids...
are always losing tooth-paste covers, can get away with calling a soft-skinned, handsome guy like Rob a 'big red-faced stiff,' all movie-land should up in arms and make it right by Little Nell 'ere roseate dawn slips quietly over the asphalt Boulevard.

* * *

Arguments, arguments! It's all we're having out this way right now. First, you remember, Al Rogell pulled in a great three-hundred pound fish; then up came Richard Dix and made us believe that he hooked one even larger, and next arrives that irresistible Chester Conklin, saying that he has caught a huge affair much larger than the other two. I wouldn't even dare mention who I think the champion fish-catcher is, and as for the best fish-storyteller — well, I fear I'd never say a word if there was any chance of making a decision!

* * *

"Just a minute, Mr. De Mille, please. I-I'd like to say a word or two to you if you can spare the time."

Mr. De Mille paused as he went to step into his roadster. One of the gardeners of his estate had stopped him.

"Certainly. Can I do anything for you?" was the answer of the man who spends a million just like falling off a log.

"I-I-I'd like to have you read a story I have written and see if you can possibly use it for a motion picture theme."

The rest is film history. The maker of The King of Kings read the story within a few days, and right this minute preparations are being made to produce the picture written by one of the men who cuts the film king's lawns.

So once again just let me say that life is pretty darn nice even if it's hard and rough in spots! * * *

Mary Jo at last is satisfied, and Pinto sure has played in happy luck! You remember Mary Jo, I know, even though she's growing up to be a great big girl of six. Her Daddy's name is big Bill Desmond, and he has settled the momentous question of taking Mary Jo over to see Bill Hart's pinto pony. Yessir, he is going to build their house right side of Ponto's so that now Mary Jo can take her sugar to him every day. Not so bad to have a little girl climb up the fence every day, and with a tiny hand feed you nice sweet sugar, is it?

* * *

Bill Powell is a nippy, villing villain, all right! He takes the wicked prize, and should be thoroughly chastized. When Dick Barthelmes announced his engagement and coming
wedding, the first thing he did was to wire his pal Bill from New York and ask him to be best man at the ceremony. Bill, fooling as usual, wired back thusly and signed his tailor’s name to the missive:

“William Powell has ordered cutaway for your wedding. Says he is to be best man. Cannot go ahead until you forward down payment on suit as fear Powell slippery villain.”

Now what do you think of that? Dick says he knew immediately who was at the bottom of the whole thing, but Bill says that he thinks Dick wasn’t so sure, because the next day someone in New York wired the tailor that Bill really isn’t as bad as the movies make him look, and anyway, as a handsome hero in a new cutaway, he’d be a great walking ad for the tailor!

Another nice thing this month—little Bennie Markson, as we teasingly call him, pulled right out of the ranks of publicity men, settled down in a beautiful office with his name in gold letters on the door, and writing an original story for Adolphe Menjou’s next starring picture! Not so bad, is it, and doesn’t it look as if it pays to keep on plugging and plugging even if things do look slow in coming? I have met Ben many a time when he was discouraged and down-hearted and felt that the game wasn’t anywhere near worth the candle, but hand it to him now because he stuck and then stuck some more until now the clouds have passed away and the sun is shining so hard he’s getting a good old-fashioned sunburn. Life is such a great game after all!

* * *

Anyway, there’s this about these folks who come to us from foreign lands:—they know what they want when they want it, and then after that, the best part of it is that they get it! This time I’m thinking about Maria Corda. With Helen of Troy one-third finished, Maria hasn’t been able to find any musicians who can play the tunes she’d like to hear while she is going through her scenes. Do you think she tears her hair, flies into passions and makes everyone around quite miserable? I’ll say that’s farthest from her mind. After trying and trying to get an orchestra that knew her famous songs, one morning a limousine rolled in through the studio gates onto her set, and out came a Victrola with
enough records to keep music going on the set to Maria’s liking for a year or so. Not such a bad idea, was it? And pretty quick all Hollywood will know the folk-lore tunes of Maria’s own homeland.

It’s really an imposition to be paging Bill Tilden every month, but this time if he takes a trip to Hollywood I don’t think he’ll find his task so very, very irksome. Guess who’s getting most excellent in the art of running around the tennis court? None other than the fair Gloria Swanson! I am informed by very good authority that it won’t be long before our expert Ronald Colman will lose the moving picture tennis championship to our Gloria. Now do you think Bill Tilden will object to being paged again by us out here?

This month another beautiful romance takes us to the parson’s study. It gives my romance-loving heart another thrill! By the time this is in print, Norma Shearer will be Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and old cupid around for Mr. Oldman Stork to fly over their domains, business certainly is picking up for him this fall. I met him on the Boulevard the other day and he complained that things were awful slow. I reminded him of the heavy run he had some time back with young Mr. Sills, Mr. Hughes, Jr. and the like, but he said office rent in Hollywood is something fierce and if it hadn’t been for this fall business picking up, he’d have had to move right out of Hollywood. So you see, maybe it’s not such a bad thing that cupid’s on the job so thoroughly this month!

Which reminds me of John Gilbert, Leatrice Joy and little Leatrice the second. You hear so many things around Hollywood, and perhaps there’s nothing in the gossip that John Gilbert is spending a tremendous amount of time visiting Leatrice and their little Leatrice, but wouldn’t it be the sweetest thing if it were so and they should start right over from the first again? That baby al-

C, June Marlowe put some fur on her bathing suit and is all set for the winter.

"If Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe are watching..."
They Say—Continued from page 73

Personally, I don’t know now why Doug Junior didn’t slip him into his own car and show the fellow how to come down Cahuenas Pass without burning up the brakes. Poor Sam! Picture him with his bright pink shirt, his loud tie and louder suit, trailing down the Pass with a thick cloud of smoke behind him and everyone pointing to his back with a “Say, your brakes are burning up!” Then along came Doug and did his best to help. Of course, I’m not putting this down as gospel, but folks do say as how a woman from a house near by came out with a pitcher of water, took one look at Sam’s bright suit and tricky vest and rushed back in the house again! It’s hard on Sam to know the truth, but he’s a wonder when he see him all dressed up in pinks and greens and spats and stripes and patent-leather shoes.

I suppose Monty Banks has a lot of fun flashing his new fangled cane on all his friends. I have to admit, too, that it is a beauty and causes many admiring glances on the Boulevard. It looks like any other cane, except that all of a sudden, while you’re looking at it, a light flashes out of its middle. Monty explained to me that he got it from Europe, that it is hollow, and in this hollow carries the battery that makes the spotlight.

He can be carrying it, simply press a button where the thumb catcher holds and presto, it’s as if he had a regular flash-light in his hand. Some time he says I’m going to get to carry it down the Boulevard myself.

Maybe Tom Geraghty’s chest didn’t stick out when he unconcernedly announced to me that his gal Carmella is so popular that she’s playing in two pictures at once out here! Tom announced it very casually of course, but you can’t keep a good thing down, and I don’t blame him the tiniest bit for being so proud of his black-eyed Carmella. Carmella has been playing a nice part with curly-locks Mary Pickford, and at the same time played a lead in a two-reel Sennett comedy. Tom’s a pretty lucky fellow, what with two nice girls, the same charming wife of years gone by, and a fine young son just shipped away to college.

That South Sea Complex—Continued from page 19

But the South Sea Islands are far away. Life is like that a lot. The reddest apples are usually up on the top of wabby, treacherous branches. Everything worth having is just out of reach. I often think Life is made difficult just so a lot of epi- grams can stick their hands in their vest’s, strike a pose and get off a lot of recitation stuff like: “Anything worth having is worth working for,” or “May the Best Man Win.”

“Well,” you’ll ask me, “what are we to do about this South Sea Island Complex?” Must we submit to being juggled between the Bottle Imp and the South Seas? Is there nothing we can do about it?

I wish there was something I could tell you. But I don’t know. I can only tell you what my Wire Doctor told me when he wired for him. “You’ve got to get this thing out of your system,” said he as if it had been water in my carburetor or sand in my piston. “Get it out of your system once and for all,” said he.

All I could say in answer to him was, “Yes.”

“How long have you felt like this?” he asked me.

“Ever since I read Stevenson, Maugham, Conrad,” I answered.

“You feel it worst in the Springs,” he said.

“No, in the pit of my stomach,” I told him, “and particularly just before going to the office, all day long and . . . ."

“But that’s pretty nearly all the time,” said the Doctor.

“Yes,” I said.

“You’re in a bad case,” said the Wire Doctor and he thought for a long time. “I tried to shake it off one night,” I suggested.

“Yes,” I said.

“Yes, I went to see Ram.”

“The play?”

“Yes,” but it didn’t seem to do much good. It came out in spots all over me and I couldn’t make the office next day or the next.

“Tough, I know,” said the Doctor brokenly.

“Say, doctor,” I suddenly bunched, “don’t you think you could come up with a good long sea voyage for me, you see what I mean?”

“Yes,” said the Doctor, “I see, but it will cost you so much money you won’t have enough left over to pay me my fee.”

At this I broke down and began to cry. Suddenly the Doctor clicked his fingers together and uttered a long drawn war- whoop:

“I have it,” he cried, “I have it. I have a clue,” or whatever it is Wire Docs have.

At this I began to grow better and acquire a voice.

“Did you ever see a cinema?” he asked me.

I learned people, you will notice al- ways call the Movies: Cinemas.

“Yes,” I said. “I’ve been to the Movies.”

“Do you remember a picture called,
Easy as A-B-C!

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SCREENLAND

Where the Pavement Ends?

"Yes, and I can go back to Ebb Tide," I came back at him.

His eyes dilated, his lips dilated, his ears dilated in his enthusiasm.

"And if I don't miss my onions," said the Doctor, "you saw a picture called, Soul Fire."

This was beginning to look like mind-reading, not wire-tapping.

"Yes, I saw Soul Fire," said I and to see if I could shake him off my trail I lied, "I liked Norma Talmadge in it very much."

"Norma Talmadge," he shrieked like a maniac, "Besie Love."

I was beginning to become alarmed for the Doctor . . . his eyes were no longer dilating, they were hanging out in his excitement.

And now, as he warmed to his subject he shot his words at me like so much machine gun fire.

"What about Paradise with Betty Bronson and Milton Sills, Never the Twin Shell Meet, with Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell, Tell the Man to Bring You the Blue Lagoon, They Lost Their Way and Caramel Myers,"

"Not Caramel, Carmel," I interrupted to correct him.

"He ignored me: "And what'shinnamon Haines..." he snapped his fingers.

"Aloma with Gilda Gray and Warner Baxter . . ." he paused for breath and as he stopped, I shot my one drive, "Hula with Clara Bow and Clive Brook."

"Yes," he panted.

"Let me see your tongue." I asked him.

He put it out and I saw that if he was to be saved something must be done and quickly.

I opened his vest and applied an improvised tourniquet just above the wound, between the wound and the heart to stop the circulation of blood. Next I placed him on his stomach or abdomen, removed from his mouth all foreign bodies, such as false teeth, tobacco and gum, pulled and kept the tongue forward and rubbed the facts of the body most liable to be affected such as the eyes, nose, ears, fingers and toes till the danger was well past.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"I told him."

"I'm sorry," he lisped, "I had an idea or a dream or a hallucination that I had gone to the South Seas."

"We were only talking about it," I said soothing him, "You look to me as if you had a pretty bad case of the South Seas Complex yourself," I suggested.

"I've had it ever since I was a boy," said he. "Everybody has it. Wherever you see five men together, all five of them have the blue lagoon and give the shirts to go to the South Seas."

"Oh!" he moaned, "to get away-out of it all! Away!"

"Apta boy," said I, "I've got a pass for Roxy's."

"Hurray," said the Doc, and we went off hand in hand. So another South Seas Complex was satisfied.

MORAL: A grass skirt covers a multitude of cinemas, or Keep those School Girl complexes.

Arlen—Continued from page 31

while he was making the rounds of all the cinema plants in search of work.

Arlen was born about twenty-seven years ago in Charlottesville, Virginia, the son of James and Mary van Mattimore. When he was a young boy his family moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, and he was educated there. At St. Thomas prep school he achieved local fame in both baseball and hockey. He entered the University of Pennsylvania and made the freshman football team, as well as the hockey team.

The United States entered the war and Arlen tried to enlist. He was too young. He did what many other adventurous Americans did and joined the British Army. Arlen enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He trained in England and won a lieutenant's commission. He served as a pilot in taking new planes to the front.

After the war he returned to St. Paul and planned to resume his college career at the University of Minnesota but changed his mind and entered a brokerage office in St. Paul. He also played on the hockey team of the St. Paul Athletic Club, one of the great sevens of the country. Seemingly market quotations didn't satisfy his longing for action, for soon he quit his job and went to Duluth where, for a spell he worked as a paper writer on the News-Tribune.

About this time much was being written about the vast wealth in the Oklahoma fields. Arlen thought that he might as well get in on some of it but after spending five or six months in the rough and ready environs of Breckenridge, Texas he decided that there was nothing in it for him and continued his odyssey to southern California.

Arlen worked as extra in scores of pictures but he never got a break—that is, he never was recognized as a prospective leading man by any important director or studio official until he suffered a broken leg.

Being a healthy young man Arlen had accepted, temporarily, a job in a film laboratory, and not in front of a camera. He was delivering some negative on a motorcycle when the accident occurred. It happened right in front of the casting office of the joint studio and the agent was standing in there. The casting director (who probably had seen him casually scores of times before) took a good look at him and wasn't impressed by appearance. He was a face fairly alive with character. The casting director gave him his first encouragement since he had come to the movies by promising him work as extra when his leg had healed.

Arlen was given, at last, that eagerly sought document, a long term contract with a big producing organization. The company was Paramount, and, unknown to Arlen, none other than Jesse L. Lasky himself was taking an interest in his development. He was cast in a bit in, In the Name of Love and what little he had to do, he did well. So he was placed in juvenile leads in Beyond the Fringe, The Enchanted Hill and Pedalocked. His stock took a slump when he was little more than an extra in South Winds.

Along with nearly every other juvenile in Hollywood Arlen was given a test by Director William Wellman for the role of David Armstrong in Wings. Arlen risked his life story. And when he turned in a fine acting performance which made him one of the most eagerly sought after actors on the Paramount lot, when directors were casting their films.
"Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

The personal story of a woman who was never 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.

"W HY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?"
I knew what Frances Knight meant. She hadn't seen me for over a year. We were chums until she married and moved away. The last time she saw me I was on the verge of a breakdown. Now she found me the picture of health.
A year ago, yes, even six months ago, I was an object of pity. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.
Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still I had every ache and pain one could suffer with. I kept on growing weaker. I had no energy to dance, or join in the sports of my friends. My entire physical condition became that of an aging woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out. I had to give up nearly all my social activities, because I was too weary to exert myself.
My poor physical condition was reflected in my appearance. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly-looking. my complexion was "pasty" and colorless.
Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt! But my anger soon gave place to a feeling of shame that I should become an object of pity.
I decided then and there to find the "way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.
My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read, in a magazine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.
The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful" which describes her methods.
To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today. It opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do.
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.
Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, my body is slender and graceful. I dance again as I used to. I play tennis again as I used to. I am gloriously happy as I used to be.
And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, because I know every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I am glad to tell them about this simple way out of their troubles.
Miss Kellermann is now anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple, 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below for her new book, "The Body Beautiful." There is no charge or obligation. No salesman will bother you. The book will be sent free, if you will only write for it. And you can judge at your leisure whether or not you can afford to miss this opportunity to make a "new woman" of yourself, as over thirty thousand women have done.
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Lois Wilson's Fad
(Continued from page 52)
and she paused.
Of course seeing it was out of the question. But she described her treasures of antiquity and I was delighted with the mental picture; so much so that it occurred to me, mayhap, her fan friends would like also to know the charm that emanates from lovely furniture. Just as of old, when Alladin rubbed his Lamp, and presto! the wish was a reality—Lord & Taylor per
formed the miracle and almost to a letter, reproduced the lovely fantasy. "Why can earth don't they show us a picture of Lois's own room instead of this?" I exclaim. Well the reason will be obvious to any house-wife when she hears that Lois's lovely room and Lois's lovely house in sunny California is going through a period of renovation and it would be several weeks before it was in a condition to be photo
graphed, and, as Screenland was going to press almost immediately, we thought up this idea which gave Lois as much pleasure as it did me.

The room itself, it seems a most entrancing one. It has a distinct " Georgian" air. The walls are panelled and painted a chalk blue. The cheery fireplace has an "Adam
esque" appearance, being quite plain and dignified, lacking a shelf piece and lacking for its chief adornment a very fine Adam mirror.

Under the mirror hand are some interesting silhouettes—the one on the left being Uncle Miles himself! How intimate! The Chippendale chair at the left seems to spread a warm welcome. It is covered in rose-colored silk damask, the arms being covered in a fretwork design. The legs are Gabri
er. Near it is a tilt-top mahogany table that had its birth in Virginia about 1790. Let us stop to dream a minute. Who knows what famous Revolutionary General may have picked up his teacup from this very table. The unusual spinet comes from Lan
caster. The reed legs are very beautiful and the piano itself is most graceful. Over this hangs a Moorland Print, an original and very choice.

A flood of sunlight comes thru the small windows, that make such lovely frames for the apple blossoms peeping thru. They are dressed in perfect harmony with the buds, a blush rose-colored brocade edged with gold and caught back with original gilt tie-backs in the oak leaf and acorn design. An American Hepplewhite card table is at the left wall, one of the most beautifully grained pieces of red mahogany I have ever seen. The top is finished in satinwood.

The group at the lower right is distinctly Chippendale. The mirror is a very fine example of early American style, having its origin in Massachusetts. It is mahogany with gilt-edge and gold Eagle Pediment. The drop leaf table is simple but a lovely piece, very good legs with ball and claw feet.

There are innumerable other things that I would like to describe for you if space permitted, such as the Staffordshire figures, china, etc., but I must save enough space to tell you that I believe Miss Wilson should be complimented for her exquisite taste in creating the lovely vision for us.

Now is it not easy to see the joy one would get from these associations? The lore is bewitching. It has been said that "collecting" is a d - ich grows on one. Well, it is a pleasant one, and imaginative and can have a lot of fun dreaming in a room like this.
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Learning to speak, read and write a foreign language may seem the most difficult of tasks.

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[ ] French  [ ] Spanish  [ ] German  [ ] Italian
The Christmas Guest—Continued from page 37

SCREENLAND

now for all those souls out on the road this night without a bit of heat to warn their coldid bones." "But we're hungry," spoke up Terence and then Shanus, the lanky, pale-faced young.

"Yera' now, no more out of ye. Just be thinkin' of our Lord carryin' the cross to Calvary. Just be thinkin' if your two hands and two feet were gripped in the coldid, hard nails that were rustin' with yere blood. Just be thinkin' of all that was done and suffered for ye and I'll be any to bear yere little old heart." To her eldest she called: "Catherine, kneel there by the fire before the sugar chair and hold Joseph Patrick in your arms. He's old enough now to be joinin' in with us... And you Michael, and you Tinsly, and you dear Mary there, none of your tricks now." Catherine knelt before the fire—two pitiful bits of clannish turf mouldering on the damp earth—so did the children begin to cry. "And now we'll begin," said the mother, "But wait—here comes your father.

Padraig walked wearily in. Took the blessed candle from his wet pocket. Lighted it. And placed it in the window—just as the deep-toned voice of his wife began to plead to the Lady of Sorrows Whose Aid is Never Sought in Vain.

But the father couldn't follow the Rosary. Between the gaps of his beads, his tortured mind dwelt on the morrow—with no Christmas for his well-loved family. For getting everything else the man made one last heart-wring plea: "Send me food this night; food and a little somethin' for the child, and so long as I live, and so long as they live, and so long as their children live, we'll ne'er be forgettin' the stranger who stands at our gate.

Joseph Patrick let out a thin, hungry wail. The father took his in mercy. But the full rich tones of the mother went steadily onward:

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A cold breath of wind swept through the soggy room. A head stuck itself through the half-door.

"God rest all here. The fishing feet is in and there's wurrck for us all! Come ye down to the shore Padraig, for there's all mighty good to rest. God rest all here!" said he, heartily, stamping off into the dripping night.

And the whole family Kennedy—moved by a sudden burst of praise, crossed themselves quickly and shoved gaily after him:

"God rest you kindly, too... The whole family—all but the mother. She had fallen on her knees beside the snug chair.

"Glory be to You, My God, and peace on earth to men of good will." Long hidden tears were streaming down her cheeks: "We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We glorify Thee. . . . O Thienra, O Thienra, O Thienra!"

And that, my friends, is how little Patrick Moynihan—aged six months, with blue eyes, red hair and two straggling teeth—little Patrick Moynihan, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is spending the Christmas holidays of 1927 as the guest of Mr. Joseph Patrick Kennedy, President and owner of Film Booking Office, 1760 South St., New York City, who, legend says, is descended from the courageous and loyal Maureen Kennedy.

And what would Joseph P. Kennedy be wanting with a six-months old child as a Christmas Guest? you'd be asking, "when he has seven children of his own at home?"

Well, thereby hangs a tale.

You remember don't you, a couple of months ago when Joseph P. Kennedy, through SCREENLAND, offered a young man a job in his radio station in New York, with all expenses paid to New York? The job was guaranteed for eight weeks, and lost if the lad made $4.00 a week.

You remember, don't you, how with high hearts many, many of you sat down and wrote to Mr. Kennedy, telling him you were just the right person for the job.

Those letters were read—every one of them. And Mr. Kennedy read many of the best ones three or four times. It was hard to choose among the thirty excellent ones. But finally the winner was selected, because he wrote a letter full of humor, of intelligence, and of sparkling imagination, that will send a step ahead of all the others.

Now don't be unhappy. The winner wasn't you. But you still have your chance. Now, through SCREENLAND, are awaiting contests and who knows but you will be the lucky one and win the grand New Year's gift for yourself!

The young lad who won the contest is... but let's shift our story for a few minutes. The Managing Editor of a famous Tulsa newspaper had his financial editor on the carpet: "I tell you. John Moynihan, you're a fool!"

William Moynihan, twenty four years old, red-haired and stubborn-looking, rubbed a stocky foot against his chief's desk: "Maybe I am. But I'm going to win a prize someday!" —that's all. To give up your home and your job on this paper where you earn twice what they offer you to go to New York on some harum-scarum movie contest how do you know they won't kick you out after the first eight weeks. And then where will you be?

"They're not going to kick me out after eight weeks. I've heard of this man Kennedy before. He's a square guy. And I'm going to deliver 'em goods!"

"Ye're? I know all about that. A movie magnate has as much heart as a coal. You're going to get all the credit and a dollar a week job in a publicity department. What do you know about publicity—Now be sensible. Listen to reason. Stick to what you've got. And don't be a sucker!"

But John Moynihan scarcely heard his editor. He was thinking that that's just what many folks told Herbert Hoover when he was waiting on table to earn his way through college. That's what they told Charles Evans Hughes, when he was teaching in a little college and for magazines when he'd be a great lawyer. That's what they told the famous singer Chaliapin, too, when he was a poor, peasant boy, trying to wrest a living out of Russia without a pair of shoes to cover his feet. Fools, all of them. Well, maybe. But divine fools, too.

"Now listen here, Moynihan. If you won't think of yourself, think of your wife and kids. What are you going to do with them? Leave them behind? What will they live on? If you take them with you, it'll cost a couple of hundred dollars and I've yet to see the newspaper man who said no to that.

A great pang shot through Moynihan's heart. He hadn't thought of that. To leave
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**S C R E E N L A N D**

little Pat behind, and pretty slim, black-haired Margaret Ann. Why they couldn't be separated. They never had. That just couldn't happen.

"I'm going out home now to see Margaret Ann. I'll be back in an hour," Moyhnan said gruffly.

Out Cheyne Street, he tore, clutching in his pocket the urgent telegram from the editor of SCREENLAND. It read: "You have won the Joseph P. Kennedy Contest. Telegram when you can report and money will be sent for your expenses." John Moyhnan and his wife, Margaret Ann, had in the few years of their married life established a nice home. Five comfortable rooms in a beautiful apartment house with a shiny white tiled bath, where little Pat every night splash around in his tub with the two china tiny ducks to keep him company.

"Shh," said Margaret Ann, as John rushed in like a fire engine. "Pat's taking his nap.

"I've won the contest—the SCREENLAND contest," John bellowed, waving the yellow telegram.

"Well, that's not to be wondered at," Margaret Ann replied, her brown eyes shining.

You wrote a wonderful letter. And you have more sense than any man your age in the world."

"Ah—quite teasing."

"I'm not teasing. It's true. Out least, you see, that we deserve.

What do you leave?" Margaret Ann's eyes were wet.

"God—I don't know. The contest only promised fare for one. And I can't leave you here alone with Pat. And I can't take you with me. It would take our last dime. I just have to go through—"

"You're crazy. Wasn't I as good a trained nurse as there was in the State of Kentucky before I married you? And can't I go back to it now? They need a nurse up at the hospital—I heard only the other day. And I can get a room across the street for Pat if I can do night duty and I'll share my room with some nice trust-worthy girl who'll be glad to look after Pat to have her rent free. And once or twice each night I can pop out to see you and read to John Moyhnan swallowed hard: "I won't hear of any such arrangement—you working night and day."

But it doesn't matter about me. It's your career. Your very life, maybe—and Pat's too. For your sake, for Pat's sake, you're going to go through.

He leaned over and took her in his arms, pressing his head against her shoulder so that she couldn't see how his eyes were. "I'm happy here with you. And I'll stay with you always," he said. And then he kissed her.

How long they stayed like that, neither one knew. But in the end—

A Daughter of the Sawdust

Continued from page 29

I have another more recent impression of Renee. After what the society editors call a whirlwind courtship the clerk issued a marriage license to William Gill and Renee Adoree. Her friends were not surprised—they seldom are at anything that Renee does.

Gill is a big Irishman who towers above the petite Renee. Renee introduces him with a shy pride. And when he has left she says, elegantly, "Do you like him. And I'll stay with you always," she said. And then he kissed her.

How long they stayed like that, neither one knew. But in the end—

He left the house and returned to an hour with an arm load of 'Easy lessons in French,' 'How to speak French in fifteen minutes a day' and a dozen or so French grammar books.

"I didn't say a word but in a minute I heard him mumbling to himself, 'La plume de ma mere,' 'la plume de ma mere' and then I said, 'Please, please, and his best Irish. There I've got that right' and he went on to the next easy lesson. If I ever say anything about my mother's penis he's sure to know what I'm talking about.

There is so much tenderness in those great eyes, so much of sweetness and beauty in that aquiline profile face, when I see her on the screen I am simply unable to analyse her. I cannot tell when she gives a good performance or when she gives a bad. Her
WHAT I THINK OF

PELMANISM

By Judge

Ben B. Lindsey

Pelmanism is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have swept of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were Pelmansing in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first because I have always felt that every mind needs regular, systematic and scientific training, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By failure I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student discover himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is exercise, not of the hazardous sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is not an automatic device. It will not "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is not an automatic device. It will not "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) Ben Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absolutely interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with the wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting edition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing. It obliges you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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old, soft velvet, and I was haled as the Duse of the screen, as her wonderful acting in the D. W. Griffith pictures. I spent a week-end at her home.  

written by the little Canadian who has adopted these big Canadian  

renowned and passionate, but she was not yet frightened. She told me that she had given up the idea, she glowed in her own shy way over the prospects of the picture. I believe she’s more enthusiastic about the only thing that anything she’s done since "The Big Parade."  

renowned and passionate, but she was not yet frightened. She told me that she had given up the idea, she glowed in her own shy way over the prospects of the picture. I believe she’s more enthusiastic about the only thing that anything she’s done since "The Big Parade."  

She's said to be a doleful person, and she's always been that sort of clown, the kind you might be near and yet be afraid of letting herself go and getting "silly," so she makes a face at the troubled one and tells her that she's just a goof and immediately sets out to rectify the trouble.  

her white blouse, and the little man to you on a level with your fellow man.  

with a woman, making a wardrobe test for "Rose Marie." I've never seen her look lovelier, Renee, I must say is not the sort of girl who can wear anything and get away with it.  

grown with the ubiquitous peppercot motif and the long slinky train she is all wrong and she would tell you that she just looked silly. But in "Rose Marie" she wears the uniform of the New York Mounted Police. You know the story, of course, the little waf who is adopted by these big Canadian  

renowned and passionate, but she was not yet frightened. She told me that she had given up the idea, she glowed in her own shy way over the prospects of the picture. I believe she’s more enthusiastic about the only thing that anything she’s done since "The Big Parade."  

"That was theatricalism," she said, "my favorite scene in the picture was the one on the barrel in the yard, where the girl discovers that the boy has a sweethearts in America. That was real,"  

and that is the only compliment I have ever heard her make about her work. It must be very close to her and very dear to her—this art of hers—too near and too dear to mention.  

There is another picture of Renee, vivid in my mind. She, of course, attended the formal opening of "Mr. Wau." The role of the Chinese girl was one that she particularly wanted to play and she had had a struggle to get it, because the great ones of the stage had said she could not look Oriental enough. So the picture meant something to her, as anything that is gotten after a struggle does. However, she did not expect the opening night of the role to be anything that it necessitated. I watched her sitting in the theatre nervously pressing her right hand against the hand of the person next to her. She felt that some comment was necessary. "I don’t know why I’m so nervous," she whispered. "Silly of me, isn’t it?"  

When the players were introduced Renee got up and made two quick, little bows and flashed her sweet smile over the audience and won them all immediately and didn’t—bless her heart—know that she had won them.  

And that is one of the secrets of her charm. She doesn’t know that she simply radiates sweetness and tenderness and warmth. And when you tell her something about these things she looks at you in amazement and says, "But this is Renee. You don’t need to give me that." And what can you do with a girl like that?  

The third and last interview I had with her—the one I gave up with, swearing that I’d never interview her again, that from then on it would be two girl friends having a girl talk—that she would make a wardrobe test for "Rose Marie." I’ve never seen her look lovelier. Renee, I must say is not the sort of girl who can wear anything and get away with it. In an exotic evening  

room when he, Harold is all dressed up for the theatre. The dog shows his appreciation by standing over his lap, loving and missing him all up. Then Harold has to change his clothes or go as he is. Just try that over with your own dog in your own house and see how far you’ll get especially with the Little Woman. Mildred Davis doesn’t mind. Maybe she’s a little genius herself. Incidentally, Harold has a mad passion for wearing white shirts, black ties and black patent leather shoes. If that is genius, make the most of it. It sounds like common sense to me.  

John Barrymore is America’s greatest legitimate actor, they say; so he’s probably a genius. When he plays Hamlet, the snobs and the mob all applaud him. He’s always in demand socially and professionally. He’s a lion, is John. And yet he is said to be a pet monkey, which has a special room to itself in John’s home. Now just suppose the man next next to you kept a monkey! Wouldn’t the town talk, though? It talks anyway; but that would give it something to talk about.  

Genius isn’t what it used to be. You can hardly tell a genius from a human being these days. John Gilber is a real genius. And temperamental!—He talks back to his bosses and pans his own pictures in public. He hates to have his picture of him made, and much having had three interviews with her.  

But here it is for what it is worth, just a little peep into the most tender, most loving heart in Hollywood.

Old Stuff — Continued from page 17
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a never-ceasing conflict with his better looking subaltern, Sergeant Quirt, for the favor of the fair.
Vic McElroy's career in life has been as colorful as that of any fictitious marine or army man who ever left the pages and disappeared, or rather probable, death in the French Foreign Legion. Unlike the latter the Marines do not harbor murderers, cut-throats, purse snatchers and other sociopaths living today, but rather are they gentlemen rankers all soldiers of fortune seeking adventure in the remote corners of the world, indifferent as to where the fight is staged as long as they may participate therein. As such Victor McElroy is the ideal marine in the moving picture as he would be in real life in the corps headed by Major General John Lejeune. His entire life has been of the stuff of which these soldiers of the sea or sailors of the land are made. Soldier in the Boer and the World War, professional puglist, fighting Jack Johnson, the champion, in his prime for six grueling rounds, silver prospector in Cobalt, Canada, side show wrestler with a circus, in a gold rush to Kalgoorlie, Australia, vaudeville performer, wanderer over the face of the earth knowing almost every corner of the world as you and I know our own city, town or village; these are the things that served as an apprenticeship for Victor McElroy's entry into the moving picture world, that world of lights and shadows trying to reproduce on the silver screen life in its various manifestations.

It is hardly to be wondered at that his portrayal of the hard-boiled sergeant—and the lieutenant—of marines is realistic and well able to stand comparison with Louis Wolheim's interpretation of the same part in Arthur Hopkins's stage version. And that was a most potent point when the inevitable picture was announced. How would the performance of an ex-sergeant turned ex-provost marshal of Mesopotamia—after the rescue of bottled up General Townsend at Kut-el-Amara—compare with that on the speaking screen? But young Clipper Boy McElroy, where is your World's TITUS? McElroy separated from the test certainly without discredit: from the point of view of many in the high places of authority as producers and critics and from those in lower places who had seen both the play and the picture.

Accepting the popular conclusion, Victor McElroy is a typical minister's son. It is not surprising, then, to discover that his father for many years was a bishop of Clermont, a diocese of the Church of England in South Africa. This father had been born in that country of Dutch and English parentage and was related to many prominent families there. He was a cousin to the famous General DeWitt, of Boer war fame. The son, Victor, came into the world in a suburb of London but spent his early boyhood in South Africa in Clermont where his father held the aforementioned bishopric.

The McElroy family were all potential grenadier guardsmen; the father was more than six feet, the mother was an inch above average height. The seven children, six boys and one girl, were all over six feet. Victor himself towers six feet, three inches. Veritably a family of giants! When the Boer was broke the future moving picture star was living in England. He was only fourteen but when his brother Fred enlisted and started almost immediately for South Africa the kid begged to be permitted to enter some branch of the service that would make it possible for him to accompany this brother. His father refused, telling McElroy in away that it was all a matter of age: all members must be more than six feet tall. He served in the Guards for three years at Windsor, the home of the king and queen. Finally his father purchased his release because he was still under age.

Three years in the army and being kept in England had increased his desire to travel as his brothers had done, they by this time being scattered all over the globe. Alluring, seductive steamship posters made Victor decide on Canada as the scene for his migration to the unbroken lands where he could make a fortune. His father having purchased him a ten dollar a month job as a farm hand and join the rush to the silver mines.

Having no money for transportation the energetic lad jobs in all towns and thus gradually worked his way toward the promised land. Ultimately he arrived in Cobalt. There he joined a prospecting party and set out for the fallow lands searching for silver. When the party finally struck the precious metal McElroy discovered that it meant nothing to him because he failed to sign a contract for his work with the outfit and he was deliberately cheated out of his share. Because judicial machinery was lacking there was no chance of redress on his part so Victor left the prospectors and returned alone to Cobalt.

Back at the starting point of the expedition the Londoner bought himself a log cabin and the shorts and settled down to work. There he spent a winter characterized by the most frugal sort of living, as the exchequerer was low, waiting for the coming of spring. His work was marking timbers so he decided to do some silver prospecting on his own. It was because the funds had reached such a low point that around Christmas time Mac decided to try the prize ring as a medium of raising some much-needed money. This idea was inspired by his having done a lot of wrestling and boxing when a member of the Life Guards at Windsor Castle.

Logically the Mecca for thousands of fortune hunters from all parts of the world because of the discovery of the silver deposits, Cobalt had become filled with amusement-hungry men. Among these was a Frenchman named Paul LeFebre, with some fame as a wrestler. He and Victor wrestled, charging two dollars a head for admission to their match. They collected five hundred dollars which they split. Shortly after this McElroy met and became a good friend with an ex-Life Guard and he became the favorite of the camp's sportfaring fraternity. He then fought all comers and won all his matches. And to his great delight his adoration came when the town burned down. He consequently had to seek other fields where he could display his prowess.
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His reputation as a wrestler and boxer had spread by this time throughout Canada so he found many matches. Several sections of Ontario and Quebec saw some of the most spectacular of these. Ultimately he was dubbed Champion of Western Canada.

At Winnipeg he was joined by his brother Fred, the one having the bad fortune to trail with to the Boer war in South Africa. This one of the fighting McLaglins had also gained some considerable measure of fame for him, having been picked to represent the United States, through the bouts he fought under the name "Fred McKay." He suggested to Vic that he, the kid, unquestionably could stay the strain and time with a side-show wrestler named Duval and win the twenty-five dollars offered for such an accomplishment. Victor took his advice and won the twenty-five. Later he succeeded Duval when the latter resigned his job and for a season toured the country wrestling all-comers. He also displayed his muscular development and physical prowess. One night he wrestled the eleven members of a football team in the town where the show was appearing and threw nine out of the studipated one hour's time.

Next McLaglen joined the J. W. Parker carnival and wild animal show. Teaming up with Duval, the wrestler whom he had outlasted the previous season, they put on a double act. Duval did a physical culture and weight-lifting act. McLaglen met all-comers in four-round wrestling matches offering twenty-five dollars to the man who could stay the limit. This meant wrestling every night as lacking local aspirants for the money offered by McLaglen, there were some members of the carnival crew who was ambitious to win the twenty-five. Few, indeed, were the tunes when the prize money had to be paid out.

With the breakup of the circle at Colfax, Washington, Messrs. McLaglen and Duval started a business men's gymnasium in that town. Boxing, wrestling and any sort of exercise that would keep the Colfax males in physical condition were taught by the two ex-troopers. Then when they tired of that rather eventless but agreeable existence the athletes secured looking over the Pantages circuit. They toured for a long time as the Romanos Brothers from Australia, doing a physical culture act for the edification of their devotees. Finally the partnership was dissolved and McLaglen went back to boxing. Under the management of Biddy Bishop, sporting editor of the Tacoma News, the peripatetic Victor fought many victorious fights around that section of the north-west. In Vancouver he was his greatest feat. He fought a six-round, no-decision bout with Jack Johnson just after the negro had won the championship from Tommy Burns and before he displaced Jim Jeffries from the boxing throne. McLaglen will afford the warring world an excellent idea of how good a pugilist the future Captain Flagg of What Price Victory was in his hey-day.

He was no chocolate soldier fighter in the ring but an honest-to-goodness scrappy. Partly because of Vic's success in standing off Johnson for four rounds and partly because he worked quite as hard on his h溆ds as he did on his brother Arthur and once more toured the vaudeville circuits.

This vaudeville incursion proved to be profitable because the money worked them both and also because they wished to see more of the world the two brothers cancelled future bookings and sailed for Hawaii. From there they went to the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and Australia. They arrived on the latter continent just before the gold rush to Kalgoorlie started. What more was there to do in such a country than just to start? In the latter part of August, 1914, arriving in London they found the four other brothers there for the same purpose. Leo, an older brother, had arrived from China where he was working a gold claim. Lewis and Clifford from South America and Fred from Canada. Within a few days all of the six foot—and over—brothers had enlisted and been despatched to different sections of the world.

As the result of his bravery and efficiency as an officer in these engagements McLaglen was promoted to a captaincy. He also was made assistant provost marshal to Sheik Saad. This was virtually becoming chief of police over between forty and fifty thousand men. As one of his numerous duties was raiding the district of spics—mostly Arabs—many of whom were caught and adjudged guilty, Captain McLaglen's firing squad was kept decidedly busy lining the condemned up inside the city's walls.

Promotion to be provost marshal of Bagdad followed. Several times he was attacked and twice killed by natives sentenced by his court for breach of peace. He was also disarmed by Arabs who died through poisoned dates given by an Arab who had served ninety days in the British prison after conviction in the provost marshal's court.

In the city of Bagdad he discovered one of the native boys with a natural talent for boxing. McLaglen trained and developed him and at the conclusion of the war took him back with him to England. This Arab fought several bouts in England, returned to Bagdad and then once more to London where he now is. He is now member of the Sporting Club but with no perceptible future as a member of the boxing fraternity although Vic thought at one time he had the makings of a champion.

After the Arabian nights—and days—Vic McLaglen returned to England. He tried the fighting game thinking that possibly it was his vocation. He had been too envious of the story of his brothers. He was too old. He gave up the idea of the big purses which he had visualized. Then diplomacy as a profession came to him. He used his knowledge gained from his brothers and told all types of men in all corners of the world; all these things were bound to help him be of the greatest possible advantage in the
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Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost, fishing for gold in the sea.
“Comment ça va?”
she said, with a laugh

— and I astounded her with my reply

PEGGY took great delight in jollying me.
One day, when I was calling on her,
she greeted me in French. “Comment ça va?” she said.

“Oh, no,” I warned, with a grin, “no French. You know I can’t understand it.”
Peggy chuckled. “Oh, yes, I keep forgetting,” she apologized.

It was a habit with Peggy to break frequently into French. Sometimes I half suspected she did this intentionally, because she knew it embarrassed me.

“You know, Bob,” remarked Peggy, after we had chatted awhile, “it’s a pity you didn’t take French at school.”

I nodded, feeling rather small. “Yes, I wish I had taken French, Peg. I didn’t realize when I was in school the value of learning a foreign language. I didn’t realize how much it would help me—in business and in social life, I certainly feel like an outsider nowadays among some of my friends who do speak French.”

There was a pause. “I suppose it’s too late to learn now,” I added, looking at her questioningly.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. “Yes, I suppose so,” she agreed.

We chatted a while longer. Finally I rose to go.

“Good-bye,” I said, as I was leaving.

“Au revoir,” replied Peggy, with a faint smile.

* * *

A Big Surprise

Several months passed before I saw Peggy again. Once more she greeted me with her usual, “Comment ça va?” She was not prepared for my reply.

“Je me porte très bien,” I answered, in perfect French.

Peggy’s eyes opened wide. I rattled off in French—talked about the weather—the latest shows, anything I could think of. To Peggy’s amazement, I talked only in French.

Finally I said in English, “Don’t you agree with me, Peg?”

“Peggy’s face was a blank. “Wh-where on earth did you learn to speak French?” she gasped.

I laughed. “Remember the last time I was here, Peg? ... Well, after I left I began thinking. I realized that a foreign language is part of every cultured person’s education. I determined I would learn French. But how, was a problem. I didn’t have time to go to school. I couldn’t afford to engage a private teacher. I didn’t know what to do . . .

“But one day I heard a fellow at the office talking about a marvellous new way to learn French! I asked him about it.”

“He told me that it was a course by mail—a course of lessons that you studied at home.”

“I was disappointed. I laughed at the idea of learning a language by mail, ‘Impossible!’ I exclaimed.”

“But he protested that it was not at all impossible. He told me how his sister had taken the course—and how she had actually learned to speak French in a short time.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

“Well, I sent for the course . . . Have you ever heard of the Hugo Language Institute, Peg?”

“Peg?” nodded. “It’s located in London, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied. “It’s one of the oldest, most conservative language institutes in the world. They recently made a remarkable achievement in the teaching of languages. They put their expert knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their quick, accurate method—into a set of printed lessons—lessons which anyone can study at home.

“The course is really wonderful. Peg. It’s called the ‘At-Sight’ method. It’s utterly different from the old-fashioned methods. Just think—only a short time ago I didn’t know a word of French. Now I can speak French—read French books and magazines—understand spoken French and use French phrases in conversation.

“And I only studied a few minutes a day! No tiresome exercises to do—no boring classroom drills. It was real fun learning. Every thing was so clear—simple—easy. Honestly, Peg, the Hugo ‘At-Sight’ French Course is a wonderful accomplishment in language instruction!”

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On Bebe’s Beach---Continued from page 47

had just been married, after being in love for many years, and they seemed ideally happy. "A Ping-Pong love is true, it is worth the test of time," Pauline told Patsy with a quiet, sweet sort of conviction. Pauline is one of the sweetest girls in pictures, with great deal of quiet depth. No wonder she is such a good actress.

James Kirkwood, clad in his bathing suit, seemed seized with a sudden yen for life on the Main, even in a small way, and, grabbing Bebe’s canoe, he got it through the waves with the help of Charlie Aldick, who donned a bathing suit and left off ping-pong for the purpose.

Lila Lee wasn’t there, as she was entertaining some of her family at home of herself and Jim next door, but their small son was there, a lively little husky of whom his dad is quite inordinately proud.

"Don’t you think Bebe looks just cute and young in that bright gingham frock?" exclaimed Patsy. "What a sensible dress for the beach!"

At the beach parties, you dress as you please. Some of the girls wore little silk afternoon frocks, but most of them were in sport clothes, some plain, some elaborate. "Chinampa," ran through her vena-
dars, where there is a comy swing ham-
mock, and discussed the latest books. Chi-
anche is a lively and entertaining;' and knows along with every book that comes out, it seems to

As we were chatting, Kirkwood and Charlie Paddock returned from their sea-
life. Charlie began doing some handsprings and other of his athletic
stunts in Bebe’s beach yard. Of course, Mrs. Norma had gone along in her jokester.
"Hey, there, Charlie!" he shouted.
"More exercise and less liquor!"

Which is very funny to us who know Charlie well, since ginger ale is the stron-
gest drink he knows, and he doesn’t even think well of coffee and tea.

Louie Brooks sat gazing pensively out to sea from a front window.
"She must be watching for Eddie Suther-
land’s return!" exclaimed Patsy jokingly.
Eddie has gone to Europe, you know. When we first arrived, we were all gathered in the house for a buffet supper, and there was a lively air in the big fire-
place. Some of the harder spirits took their food out to the patio, which is a charming place with a big fountain, made cheerful with its yellow point and blue stenciling, and very picturesque, but a little cool of an evening.

Mrs. Daniels, Bebe’s mother, had to rush off to visit a friend who was ill, but she left us to the transformed her and Mrs. Billie Sunday, Jr., who acted as assistant host and hostess with Bebe.

The Sundays, Jr., proved charming people, with absolutely no evangelical tendencies so far as our party was concerned at least.

Presently cards were introduced and

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn popped in

and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sato de Sano, to take places at the card tables.

We all voted Bebe the ideal hostess as we raced homeward in Syl’s wonderful Lincoln.

"Dancing out of doors is the newest fad, I see," remarked Patsy, as we neared the home of Louis B. Mayer, which is very near, on the opposite side of the street.

"We had come out with Eduardo Raquello, that very handsome young actor lately arrived in this country, and as we ap-

proached the house, despite the tall garden wall, we caught glimpses of the gaiter

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Janece Meredith
The Leather Pushers
Little Old New York
Main Street
Michael Stroghoff
Monsieur Beaucaire
One Minute to Play
The Three Musketeers
The Sea Wolf
The River's End
The Vanishing American
The Turmoil

Mayer do his famous diving and swimming stunts, nor Claire Windsor and Norma in their bathing suits. And as it was a bit cold for swimming in the evening, nobody went in.

"I'm glad the Mayers are staying down at the beach all winter, and I do hope they won't forget to ask us to their next party," observed Patsy as under the moonlight we sped homeward in Eduardo Raquello's comfy car.

Speaking of outdoor parties—

"Is it a sit-down or a grab-it-off luncheon?" I inquired of Patsy.

"Oh, a grab-it-off luncheon, I think," responded Patsy.

"Then it won't matter a bit to our hostess if we are a little bit late," I said. But the affair turned out to be a barbecue, and we found all the guests gathered together at long tables under the great trees when we arrived. Beef had been barbecued, and proved delicious, but there was also turkey and many kinds of salads. Lois and the Captain didn't depend entirely on their servants, but kept circulating to see that all their guests were being properly served.

Leatrice Joy, brown as a berry from much tennis playing, sat next me, and was telling me how delighted she is at looking forward to her trip to New Orleans, her native city, which she has not visited since she became a moving picture star. But she said that she knew her visit would be saddened to a certain extent by the havoc wrought by the terrible floods in the south. Some of her old family friends' fortunes and estates suffered heavily.

Jean Hersholt's young son sat next me, and was looking forward to riding a horse and swimming in the pool later in the afternoon. He is a fine looking youngster, and may later adopt the stage or screen, but just at present he has his mind on play and school.

Svend Gade, the director, and his wife talked German with Hersholt and his wife, off at one end of the table. Claire Windsor exhibited her gold-and-white loveliness in a new sport outfit, and chatted charmingly with all the men that gathered about her like bees around a honey-pot, as per usual.

Priscilla Dean brought her current aviation, and is looking slim and charming these days. She is preparing to take a flyer into vaudeville. We were rather surprised to hear that Priscilla is getting a divorce from Wheeler Oakman. She had told us one day—

"I'm not going to get a divorce, because I'm afraid I should be foolish enough to get married again!" she declared.

We hear that Wheeler is going to marry a stage actress.

Bill Boyd and his wife, Eleanor Faire, were there, and Oretta Tuttle.

Mitchell Lyon brought his lovely wife, and Lenore Coffey came with her nice husband.

Joseph Schenkraft and Elise Bartlett were there, and later went swimming in the swimming pool, a great reservoir on a knoll. Elise is a fine swimmer, and challenged all the men. Joseph and Elise had brought their small dogs, which were so immoderately clean that nobody minded.
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that his character is worth-while. The whole story is based on the quest for spiritual satisfaction, and thus leads the audience into a religious maze of monasteries and Meccas. Director Ingram knows the way out, however; and despite the leisurely unfoldment of the plot, succeeds in holding your interest to the very end. While The Garden of Allah is not what you'd call an oasis in the desert of movies, it is nevertheless a fascinating picture, as Ingram's pictures always are.

It's a long, long way from Hollywood to the Sahara. The Garden of Allah illustrates the artistic difference. No stock movie sets here. Just Mr. Ingram and Mrs. Nature, at their best. Some of the desert scenes are breathtakingly beautiful. In theme, treatment, and acting Ingram's productions are European. I'm not saying I'd like to see one very often. Too much caviar never did agree with me. But once in a while there's nothing like it. Oh you desert moon!

"Screen News from Broadway"

(Continued from page 6)

British First National. She'll be back in a month or so. You remember Betty was reported engaged to Ronnie Colman not so long ago. But that wasn't a word of truth in it—not a word.

After almost a year in Hollywood, Johnny Hines came back for a vacation, with his director-brother, Charlie Hines, and the producer of his pictures, Charles C. Burr. Johnny journeyed eastward to see the new shows, confer on future stories, and to say hello to all his friends. The comedian is enthusiastic over his new find, a youngster from the extra ranks named Edna May. He gave her a bit as a comic telephone operator in his latest, Home-Made, and Edna put it over so well that Hines and Burr signed her to a contract, and the lucky kid will be Johnny's new leading lady. They say she's a combination of Bessie Love and Laura La Plante with a piquancy all her own. Watch for her.

Among others in our midst were Dorothy Devore, the dashing little star of Educational Comedies; and Buck Jones, the big gun-and-sombrero man from the Fox lot. To even things up, Ann Chryste finished her work in Harold Lloyd's New York comedy and left for California, stopping en route to visit in Logansport, Indiana, her home town.

That little cut-up, Eddie Cantor, is back on Broadway in Ziegfeld's new Follies; and of course all of Eddie's movie friends harken to the New Amsterdam to watch him work. Eddie has a last line, including some cracks at the famous folk of the film world—but all in fun. He talks about Elmor's 'Ie, and among other remarks states his feelings when kissed by Clara Bow—for camera purposes. "And when Clara kisses you—you, boy—you know you've been oscilated!" Madame Glyn herself was in the audience one night and smiled good-naturedly at Cantor's references to her famous discovery. And by the way—the new prima donna of the Follies, a lovely girl named Bessie Delroy, Irene Delroy, is going to make a picture in New York soon, playing the part of Betsy Ross. Look out for Irene. You'll like her.
Phantom Lipstick Red

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Screenland

The reason you haven't seen Hope Hampton on the screen lately is that she is The Golden Girl, an operetta with Hope as the star. Miss Hampton has been studying voice culture for a long time, and now she blossoms forth as a full-fledged prima donna. Her warblings are well worth while her luscious red hair and exquisite coloring, never completely captured by the movie camera, are having their fling. In fact, Hope is a huge success as a musical comedy queen.

Making Wyoming

Continued from page 35

reservation, though the graveyards, where the dead are buried in their bed — the four posters sticking up through the ground. The spot where the graves are has been selected just so far away. This is a grove of trees, the branches meeting in the center, with one large tree in the very middle of the enclosure, to which they tie themselves with long ropes and weave in and out in a manner reminiscent of maypole dances. Years ago they lacerated themselves in their religious ecstasy. Now this is taboo — the white man's law — yet they still dance for three days and nights, stopping only for rest but allowing no food or water to pass their lips.

Wyoming, the story was written as well as directed by W. S. Van Dyke. It is a melodrama; but it is far from being hokum. The Indian characters are handled as they are, some of them friendly, others cruel. McCoy, a cavalry lieutenant stationed at the army post, proves himself not only a very good actor, but a dashing romantic figure. He was so overjoyed to be working in Wyoming, right among the Indians, bringing them to the screen as they really are. He, as is always, technical director as well as star.

Dorothy's role of Samantha Farrell is no weak-kneed, weepy part. We first see her as the leader of an immigrant caravan attempting to cross the plains to the best lands farther on. And her predominant characteristic in the story is defiance. The story is good to begin with and the local color that was noted in the setting and not on the back lot of the studio, makes it ring true.

Dorothy always dressed in her room at the hotel, in the quaint costume of 1880 and when she stood waiting for the car she blended into the main street of Lander and seemed to completely fit into his surroundings.

We hoped to stay on a few days after the picture finished. The company was remaining to do another picture there with Mary Daw in the starring role and Dorothy and I wanted to see what Wyoming looked like when you didn't have to get up at five o'clock in the morning, but one afternoon a telegram arrived calling Dorothy back to work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as soon as the picture was completed.

There are a lot of things about Wyoming that you wouldn't believe if you saw in a movie. But you must believe them since they're so and Tim McCoy's dream is reality. Wyoming has been filmed. The Indians are shown as they are. The color, the atmosphere, the sweep of Wyoming forms the background for a picture that is not just another western.

New Screenplays

Continued from page 51

Shanghaied

What I want Santa Claus to bring me is a picture with Ralph Ince playing triplets. I'll hang up the stocks, one for each reel, and if Santa doesn't bring me what I want, it won't be because I haven't used my soap appeal.

I went to see Shanghaied, hoping to find Ralph Ince in a triple role, but, of course, there was no Santa Claus outside the theatre. A little too early. I suppose. But I'll get my wish yet — out of the stockings by Christmas.

Patsy Ruth Miller has been directed in the past by some of our biggest Comedies and Tragedy Men from Los Angeles. Under Ralph Ince's direction (for he directs as well as stars in the picture) she gives the best performances of her career. Pass the laurel to Mr. Ince, will you, Jeems? Big hearted, Ralph Ince. In Shanghaied he let Patsy Ruth Miller be the shanghaied one. Lor' bless ye, I think the days when a woman had no more chance o' gittin' herself shanghaied in one o' them movies than a one legged man has o' bein' a Mack Bennet girl. Yes sir, them actor fellers had to git themselves shanghaied or they'd pick up their make-up boxes and go home. A woman shanghaied or a shanghaied woman didn't have waitin' lists o' men beggin' to play them parts!

It just shows you how times will change.

You can bet that Shanghaied is none of this drawing room two-lumps-and-candy business. Ralph Ince's drawing room is always one of the more open Spaces.

He is Skipper Halsey here, a sea-going strong arm expert. And Patsy Ruth Miller is a dancer in a San Francisco waterfront cafe. The skipper, never a man for the ladies, checks his own conscience for revenge.

In this case revenge is sweet. (P. S.—Do you like gun metal horse, Santa? Or shall I hang something nice in champagne or peach blow?)

Ailas the Lone Wolf

Lois Wilson always wanted to play a part in which she did not have to wear a sunbonnet. She has her chance in Ailas the Lone Wolf and makes the most of the opportunity. Partly, I suppose, out of sheer gratefulness and partly, I know, because she could herself, she turns out an excellent piece of work.

Bert Lytell continues his Lone Wolf adventures. The international jewel thieves are at it again and Bert, in the best Louis Joseph Vance style, matches wits and secret passageways with them.

You never fully appreciate what jewelry has to do with munition until you go to the movies. And when I say jewelry I do not mean engagement rings. I mean gleaming ropes of sapphires, bracelets of rubies and rings that glitter. Whenever, in the movies, I see a sweet young thing in possession of such precious stones I know the current is going to arrest her and that a handsome male is going to step in and protect her. The next step after protection is proposal.

But I'm all for anything that leads to
sweet love and rousing adventure. When you get love and adventure as you do in Alias the Lone Wolf they're cheap even at the price of ropes of rubies and sacks of sapphires.

**Cruise of the Hellion**

Little groups of serious thinkers will soon be building bigger and better platforms for the presidential campaign. As for me, my platform will continue to be: Who are Santschi and the Get the Girl! I'm going to fight it out along that line if it takes all my typewriter ribbon.

In *The Cruise of the Hellion* Tom Santschi puts up another fight for the girl—Edna Murphy—this time—only to come out on the losing end again. Did I say another fight? I meant to say a half dozen more fights. An enterprising young hero couldn't go out on deck without a fight to the captain or the first mate spoiling for combat.

Even though Tom Santschi did not get the girl, it's a good picture. And even though it hurts, I'll admit that Donald Keith deserved the girl after all the punishment he took to win her.

More old friends are due to greet you here, Sheldon Lewis and Francis Ford. They are well in their parts, these old friends. The Hellion is as well named. When they ran out of places to fight on board—when the gold was thrown overboard. You certainly get your money's worth for a ringside seat at this "Battle of the Century."

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The Stage Coach --- Continued from page 57

League Club discusses something else except the party Vincent Astor threw last night, and the value of the refunded Liberty Loan bonds.

What we are trying to say is that circumstances alter cases. Had we never read Charles Dickens, we probably would have seen the stage moving first act of Pickwick, it is probable that we would have taken our hat in one hand, our female companion in the other, and slipped into a speakeasy to try and forget it all. The play moves as slowly as the traffic between 42nd and 59th streets in New York.

But we have read Dickens. We have laughed and cried with the old crocker, almost forgotten these days. And so we stayed. It wasn't a thrilling evening, perhaps, but it was a sentimental one. And if you've ever loved Pickwick and Sam Weller, it is just possible that you too may go and spend a duty evening looking over the old family album. Here they are, old chums come to not-exactly-life, but done in wax works. If, however, Dickens is nothing to you but an old maid's cuss word, stay away. This is only for us old fogies. Flamboyant youth will have a better time in the neighborhood movie, where Greta Garbo is giving a complete demonstration of it.

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**Times Do Not Change in Hollywood**

Continued from page 21

I was directing Will Rogers on the Roach lot at the time, so I rounded up about fifteen and volunteered to go. When I told them what the "part" was most of them turned up their noses, and then when I added that the two-week job carried no salary they gave me the meerkatha. Two girls, however, came forward and said they would be glad to help out in any way. They were Martha Sleeper and Fay Wray! And look where Martha and Fay have landed.

Five years ago when I was on the Lasky lot there were probably fifty screenwriters that had started in at $12 a week—all with identical chances for advancement. There were three of them, however, who because of certain qualities were destined to rise to extraordinary heights. They were Dorothy Arzner, Ethel Doherty and Louise Long. After carefully studying the ladder they decided that the first rung up was labeled Cutting Room, and so within a few months they had left the luxury of fine offices and entered those stuffy boxes where miles upon miles of celluloid ribbons are cut down to their required lengths of some five or ten thousand feet. It is the most bewildering job in motion pictures.

Other girls had no intention of remaining cutters even though they achieved the ultimate salary of seventy-five dollars a week, so after they had learned their trade they went to the studio manager and asked permission to act as script girls on the pictures they were to cut.

"But how can you sit on the set all day checking continuity and then cut the picture?" asked the studio manager.

"We cut nights and Sundays," they answered.

"Well, that's oak with me," came back the S. M., "but you don't draw two salaries for it."

And that was "ok" with the girls. All they wanted was a chance to learn how pictures were made.

For five years this went on. Then they went to the bat with their demands and the studio simply could not refuse them their chances.

Dorothy Arzner, choosing a 'man's job,' was given a picture to direct—*Fashions for Women*, with Esther Ralphon and immediately made good. She is now one of the only two women directors in motion pictures—and one of the youngest directors of either sex.

Ethel and Louise choose the story department where they tackled continuities, the most highly technical branch of the industry, and their records have been marvelous of achievement.

Ethel wrote the scripts for *The Vanishing American*, *Behind the Front*, *The Runaway and Mantrap*, Louise in collaboration with another writer, wrote the original story and the continuity of *The Campus Flirt*, and with the two girls, Ralston, Paramount, *Stranded in Paris*, *Figures Don't Lie* and *Rough-house Route*.

Their salaries? Four or five hundred dollars a week.

There are present at the Lasky lot probably one hundred screenwriters and among them no doubt there are other Ethels, Louises and Dorothys.

No, times have not changed in Hollywood.

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to enjoy. It is almost as pungent as Broadway, and, in fact it is reminiscent of that swell show without being an imitation. As a matter of fact, it combines some of the best features of Broadway and The Spider.

And as those who memorize our every word will recall, we gushed over both of those shows.

But what's right is right and we might as well tell you now that Burlesque doesn't quite measure up to the standard of Broadway. It has its weak moments, whereas the Jed Harris production looked as impregnable as the Yankees in the World Series.

It tells the story of life behind the burlesque footlights. The hero is a typical ham, tremendously much of a booh, some God-given dancing and comic talents keeping him from the harm that afunctionless brain had in store. And—oh, yes, there was The Wife. The Wife in this instance happened to be Barbara Stanwyck, whom we fell in love with when she first met our eye in The Noose. The Wife is one of those boohs—and the world apparently is full of them—who keeps on loving when the party of the first part has ceased to honor and obey her. She pushes him up from the tank-towns to the golden lights of Broadway.

Inevitably, she loses him as the lights blind him. Just as inevitably, when the lights have forgotten him, she comes back to help him work out his salvation. Forget the footlights, and it's an old story and a banal one. But Hal Skelly as the booh and Miss Stanwyck as the wife give us unforgettable moments.

High praise has been lavished on the second act curtain, when Skelly, thinking he has lost his wife forever, goes on a grandiose bat and does a grand dance, existing off-stage for applause. We withhold our salutations from what seems to us after all only a cold-blooded working out of an effectively written moment. We present the salutations to the end of the third act, where in a lovely and delici-ously underplayed moment, the curtain comes down with no fanfare. And the old heartstrings—or at any rate, those we have—are touched as no noise and tumult could ever touch them. See Burlesque is what we are trying to say.

Ask Me---Continued from page 4

10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Ronald is now playing in Leatherface for Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal. Do the stars care anything about the letters they receive? Yes—in one prolonged loud yes!

Fern Ray. If there were more at home or abroad like you, my job would be an easy one, and here is my sincere "Thank you." You want to know if Pola Negri ever had a part in any comedy? Several of Pola's films had comedy touches, placing them in the light comedy class. Forbidden Paradise was a comedy of this type—or more of a comedy-drama, perhaps.

April Fool. Well, don't let any one else fool you. No, a screen test cannot be taken from a photograph—no foolin' there. You need a camera. Click-click! Thanks and many more thanks for the request to see my picture in SCREENLAND, but I don't want my friends to think less of me, but more—well, it's a subject I haven't the heart to joke about. You ask for Clara Bow's age and address and that is something I can give you and not ruin any good photographer's camera. Clara is 22 years old and you can write her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

K. S. S. Parkersburg, W. Va. Jean Arthur played the leading woman in The Poor Nut with Jack Mulhall, for First National. She has appeared opposite Monty Banks in Harlan, co-leads with William Collier, Jr., in Broken Gates; also with Charles Delaney in Husband Hunters.

Granny, Hastings, Mich. You can reach Elinor Faire and William Boyd at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. I have heard that Bill is going to take a vacation from pictures and will appear on the stage in "Jarragan". By Jim Tully, a story of movie life. You are the lucky lady, to have both pictures and letters from Alberta and Adamae Vaughn—but don't break the spell, by wanting too much. You are right, the dears are busy, very busy, trying to earn the silent applause of their public—and their salaries. So the Vaughn sisters told you to ask me how old they were? That's too cute for words! Now you can write right back and ask them!

Helene of Milwaukee. Now, that's a promise—if I answer just half of your questions, you'll pin your faith on me—and let the answer men just try to get that medal away from me! John Patrick can be reached at Warner Bros. Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. The principal characters in Letter are Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro and Edward Strong. The blonde Gertrude Lenagan in Thin Hats, who was George Cooper's girl friend, is Eileen Sedgwick.

L. R., Greensboro, N. C. Please kiss and make up with the girl friend, Lee. You were both wrong—Olive Borden is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. You saw Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon in The New Commandment. Lars Hanson is a rather recent star. He played in The Scarlet Letter with Lillian Gish. He also played in Captain Salvation. Eddie Polo is back now with a circus. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw in Upstage.

Kay of Dayton, Ohio. Red Grange's first film was One Minute to Play for FBO. He is not making a picture right now. SCREENLAND will let you know when he starts to work again. Oh, Kay?

D. J. F., Texas. I hope it isn't too late for the address of Billy Sullivan. I'm sorry I can't help you order the picture of Billy—but I can tell you where to write, and you can ask him yourself. Are you sure your boy friend won't care or be jealous when he views his counter-part? Well, I'm game if you are. If I never hear from you again, I'll know he cared a lot. Address Billy Sullivan, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

C. C., El Dorado, Ariz. You want a brief history of Madge Bellamy, is that it? Madge was born in Hillsboro, Texas, June 30, 1903. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is blonde and her eyes, they are brown, and married—she is not! She is working at the Fx Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Holly- wood, Cal.
Billy L. of Alabom. Spoken like a real Southern gentleman. "Give me Screenland or give me death!" Better take Screenland, Billy. After that explanation you deserve some reward, and how. You can reach James Murray at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal. He has been in The Crowd with Eleanor Boardman. Josephine Dunn was the pretty blonde girl in Swin Girl, Swin with Bebe Daniels and James Hall. Write to him at Paramount Studios, Holly- wood, Cal. Nita Naldi has been absent from Hollywood for some time. When she comes back from Europe, we may see her on the screen again.

A. H. S. of Ill. Lost! Somewhere in Illinois, the Movie Fans Friendship Club. Any one seen that club? Sorry, but we no longer have a Fan Club Department.

H. B. W., New York. Now that the ice is broken, step lively, there are others that may want to fall in. William Haines was born Jan. 5, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown. West Point is his latest film. Richard Dix is about 32 years old and is not engaged to Lois Wilson.

Two Chums, Reading, Mass. Now here come two nice talented, ambitious girls who want a director! Just try and get a director. My dears, there are hundreds of girls in Hollywood, waiting for a chance just to look for a director. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli are playing in East Side, West Side. Laura La Plante's latest film is Thanks for the Buggy Ride.

Miss Eunice, S. Dekota. Of course, I'll give you the information, just as I do the rest of the folks. Thanks for the great words of praise. Try that line again. I'll fall for it. Larry Gray played opposite Bebe Daniels in The Palm Beach Girl. No one in pictures by the name of Naomi as far as I know. There used to be Naomi Childers, now retired, who married the di- rector, Luther Reed.

Alice of Chicago. You might write to First National Publicity Dept., 363 Madison Ave., N.Y. C. They may be able to furnish you with a picture of the late Barbara La Marr.

Nestie W., Hempstead, N. Y. Will the History class now please take their ringside seats? Norma Talmadge was born in 1897, her sister Connie in 1900. Alice Terry in 1896, Ronald Colman in 1891. Tony Moreno in 1888. Dick Barthelmess was born in 1895. And how old is Miss Vee Dee? Yes, how old is she or am I? Write to the Screenland Circulation Dept. for old issues of the magazine.

Dot of Fox Lake. I know you'll make a dash for your best gld-edged stationery when I tell you how to address Polly Moran. Yes, Polly is in the movies—very much so. She was a Success in The Cal- lahans and Murphys. Write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dorothy Garland and Douglas Fairbanks, all at United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. John Gilbert can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miss D., Pimpl, Wiz. At last you are going to have the handsome young man who is played opposite Constance Tal- magg in The Duchess of Buffalo. Tullio Carminati was the lucky feller. Watch for him in Honeymoon Haze; playing oppo-
improved by the galaxy itself. And you want to know about Clara Bow, too. She is 22 years old and was born in Broome, N. Y. George Loane Tucker directed The Miracle Man. Theodore Roberts has been a very sick man, but is recovering slowly and hopes to be back on the lot again, with the same old cigar. Screenland will let you know all about it. We have all missed the "grand old man."

L. A. B. Wilson, Pa. You can address Victor Seastrom, the director at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He directed Lillian Gish in The Scarlet Letter.

A Friend from Cebu, Philippine Isles. You haven't made any trouble. I am delighted to give you the addresses you asked for. You can reach Rod La Rocque and Joseph Schildkraut at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lola Todd at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Lya de Putti can be addressed, Drawer B, Post office, Hollywood, Cal. Natasha Rambova is on the stage now. Drop us a line again.

Marion S., Los Angeles. Write to Paramount Publicity Dept., Hollywood, Cal., describing the particular photograph of Warner Baxter that you want, or better still, enclose a clipping of it, and perhaps they will be able to supply you with a copy. Warner's wife is Winifred Bryson, who gave up a promising screen career when she married. Yes, Warner's acting is indeed finished, if by that you mean polished. He is now playing in The Coward for F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Heavenly Eyes, from Missouri. Look this way. I want to see 'em. You can't fool me, and I have never even passed through your state. But you are my friend and like my department so much, we won't get cross-eyed over the frequent ha-ha's from your pointed pen. If you write to Virginia Lee Corbin and Edna Murphy, address them at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo. Now, she and her husband moved to Los Angeles, Cal.

M. H. Y., Bellevue, Pa. Your favorite, Neil Hamilton, would be glad to know how firm a place he has in your movie affection—sure, he would! Why don't you write to him and he may send you a picture. He was born in Lynn, Mass. He is now playing in The Arm of the Law at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. He played opposite Esther Ralston in The Ten Commandments and was one of the three brothers in Beau Geste.

Grace D. P., Detroit. That's right, old faithful; just watch my smoke! You can count on me; I may be a little slow, but through no fault of my own—lack of space and countless letters are my ails. Are you sure you have Buck Jones' correct address? Write to him at Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, Charles De Riche played in The Ten Commandments, but he is now in vaudeville. He was born in France and is about 30 years old. He uses his own name. He has brown eyes and hair. As far as I know, he is not married. If your are interested in Roches, there is John Roche who is playing in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Colleen Moore really has one blue and one brown eye but she has dark brown hair and not red hair as someone told you. Colleen's real name is Kathleen Morrison, until she married John McCormick.

Dot, Grand Rapids, Mich. Lon Chaney appeared in Tell it to the Marines without makeup, except a uniform. Yes, Delight Evans reviewed the film in the March issue of Screenland. Clarence Brown directed Flesh and the Devil. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, about 20 years ago. Oh, no, Louise isn't as serious as she looks in some of her pictures. Her smile is dazzling. You are a sensible girl—content to go to the movies but not wanting to jump into 'em.
MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash will bring back the golden hue to naturally blonde hair that has become darkened. It will also transform black or brown hair to beautiful auburn or chestnut tints, and if lighter or golden shades are desired, applications are repeated until the result is achieved.

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MADGE BELLAMY in "Silk Legs"  
JUNE COLLYER and WILLIAM RUSSELL in "Woman Wise"  
MADGE BELLAMY and MARY DUNCAN in "Very Confidential"

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stars of a new world

Gone are the days! Gone are the days when the sweet, simpering doll-faced heroine ruled the world of shadows! Gone are the days of too-heroic heroes, of bushy-browed "heavies" and their deep, dark villainies.

It's a new world! A new public, impatient of the old, eager for the new, is demanding new screen personalities attuned to these changing times. And Paramount has them! Here they are, all your favorites, all united in one common cause—keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.

In her next picture, Clara Bow shows you how to "Get Your Man". Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a struggling violinist in "Scarecrow".

"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic role. Thomas Meighan is in a story of the underworld, "The City Gone Wild".

Pola Negri is in "The Secret Hour", a story of the California orange groves. Esther Ralston is starring in "The Spotlight".

W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. You've no idea what a great comedy team they make together!

Paramount Pictures

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THE ROMANCE OF THE ROLES THEY PLAY

YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURS, ALSO

To you who know the singularly vivid Rod LaRocque—
The winsomeness of the lovely Leatrice Joy—
The orchid-like Jetta Goudal—
The brave masculinity of William Boyd—
The lithe and alluring Vera Reynolds—
The blonde beauty of Phyllis Haver—
The perfect poise of the ultra-modern Marie Prevost—
They, the stars that shine in the PATHE-DeMILLE features, are more than names. They are your highly valued friends, bringing the romance of their roles into your life. Laughter and tears, thrills and heart throbs—under the supervision of Cecil B. DeMille, the man who has personally directed fifty great pictures without one failure, they have been magically invoked to make you happier!

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LEATRICE JOY in
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JETTA GOUDAL in
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Paul Stein, Director

MARIE PREVOST in
"On To Reno."
James Cruze, Director

WILLIAM BOYD in
"Dress Parade"
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VERA REYNOLDS in
"The Main Event"
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HIS human document by the intimate friend of the lovable Valentino is being offered by Screenland, probably for the last time.

Eminent critics speak of this book as "almost a divine portrayal of one of the greatest adventurers of the screen."

There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.

Offered by Screenland at $2.00 prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada.

AL JOHNSON has been a Broadway celebrity for years. He has played season in and season out at the huge Wintergarden Theatre right on Broadway at Fifty-fifth Street. And as far as we know, nobody ever hung around the stage door waiting for Al to come out. Now look at him! When his first motion picture opened at Warners' Theatre a block or two down Broadway, the whole town turned out to see the star—Al Jolson—who was making a personal appearance in connection with his picture. Fans crowded around begging for his autograph. Some were satisfied just to look at him. Others wrung his hand and a few tore off the buttons of his coat.

It was a great night for Jolson—the most exciting that Broadway has ever given him, probably, since he first began to sing his Mammy songs. Yes, it takes the movies to do these things!

The occasion was The Jazz Singer, in which Al makes his debut with the aid of Vitaphone. The audience went wild at intervals during the picture when Jolson sang his songs; and, while it was a professional audience with members of the company present, as someone remarked, "They can't all be Warner Brothers." No—it was a real ovation; and when Al left his loge seat to come down the aisle and face the audience from the stage, it assumed the proportions of a small riot. We sat on the aisle, and we could see the tears running down Al's face as he thanked the folks for their enthusiasm. He said he was happy—and somehow we believe it.

Jolson is one of Broadway's favorite playboys. Born Asa Joelson, in Russia, and raised on the east side of Manhattan, he amazed his orthodox family by going on the stage. He is as unspoil'd today as when he started. Samson Raphaelson, author of The Jazz Singer, says that Jolson's own life supplied him with the theme of the play. Al doesn't deny it.

If you've seen Carmel Myers in The Girl from Rio you probably think of her as a flashing, exotic creature. You should have seen her as I saw her during her recent visit to Manhattan. It was a far cry from the alluring Iris of Ben Hur or the vamp of Sorrel and Son—this sad, subdued girl who could scarcely stop from bursting into tears. Carmel had lost her mother—who was her constant companion and pal. Her good friends, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer—wife of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive—and the two Mayer girls had hustled her away from California, hoping that the shops and sights of Manhattan would divert her. Carmel tried to respond to their efforts to cheer her up. And she was succeeding pretty well when, one day, a reporter from an important national magazine came to interview her. The subject he had selected was, the paradox of a Jewish rabbi's daughter playing vamps on the screen. Carmel appreciated the value of such a story and started to answer his questions. But when he asked her about her home life—the sheltered home circle provided by her devoted father and mother—the happy memories conjured up were too much for the little actress. For once, she couldn't act. She burst into tears. And the story—well, that story will probably not be written. She's a game little scout, Carmel Myers. Incidentally, she's a little tired of playing vamps all the time, and will welcome a chance to do some other part for a change—a 'tailor-made girl,' as she says—meaning an honest-to-

(Continued on page 100)
THE flaming star of the North!
SOON she will appear
IN a brilliant, new screen play.
MORE exciting than "Ibánez Torrent."
MORE seductive than "The Temptress."
MORE romantic than even "FLESH and the Devil"
GRETA Garbo is indeed "THE Divine Woman."

GRETA GARBO in "THE DIVINE WOMAN"

LARS HANSON and LOWELL SHERMAN
Adapted by Dorothy Farnum from Gladys Ipaner’s play, "Starlight."
A VICTOR SEASTROM PRODUCTION
Directed by VICTOR SEASTROM

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"Look, See and Remember" Contest
Win Norma Shearer’s $50.00 This Month!

If you don’t think the millions of eyes out there in the darkened house see things, you ought to read our mail here in the M-G-M Studios. If our stage director uses a new kind of telephone cover, appearing for only a few feet of film, some woman will write in to find out where she can get one. If our costume director creates a new negligée, a dozen women will write in and ask where it may be obtained. Indeed there are seeing and remembering eyes out there in the seats.

Come now, you folks who see below the surface, and have a try at answering these questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman I will send a check for $50.00 and the tiara head-dress worn by Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman."
To the writer of the best set of answers from a man I will send a check for $50.00 and the beret cap worn by Lars Hanson in the same picture.
To the writers of the fifty next best answers, whether from men or women, I will send an autographed copy of my latest photograph.

Yours sincerely,
NORMA SHEARER

Norma’s Five Questions
1 Which do you consider Greta Garbo’s greatest M-G-M picture to date, and why?
3 What member of a famous stage family appears in M-G-M’s “The Thirteenth Hour”?
4 Name the M-G-M stars whose names are commonly associated with these slogans: “The Smart Alec,” “The Prince of Romance,” “The Man of 1000 Faces.”
5 Name four pictures in the production of which M-G-M has received cooperation of the U.S. Government.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Composition Editor, 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, N.Y. All answers must be received by January 15th. Winners’ names will be published in later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or console motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of “The Big Parade” Contest of October
WILLIAM H. DILLARD
U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Tallapoosa
Mobile, Alabama
ELIZABETH COLLIERS
Wills Point, Texas

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.
Girls Wanted for Stage—Big Pay

Learn Stage Dancing at Home—
I Teach You

Let Yeovonne Vestoff, former cab dancer with Pacific, teach you in your spare time at home for free. In, out the Door. Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the stage—or in the movies—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Classical, Kneeling, Great Interpretation, Figures and Toe Dance—chest
Most delightful way to develop graceful body, showing health and vitality.

Learn in Three Weeks With
My Famous Picture Method

Many leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to me. You too, can acquire the same method
by taking the course at home, and it enables any person to do a complete classical dance in a professional way in three short weeks.

Many persons who have just begun dancing are now secure in my method. No previously

Dancing with you by mail just as if you were dancing before me in my studio. I put you through a month's examination to be sure you are making progress. My system of dancing never fails. My method absolutely eliminates guess work.

Costs Only A Few Cents

A Day

Send for INFORMATION

Just send coupon or write for details of my home course in dancing. Right now, a wonderful offer is being made.

V. VESTOFF, Acade de Danse, Studio 131
10 W. 17th St., N. Y. E. W.

Dear M. Vestoff: Please send me FREE information on VESTOFF Académie de Danse, Studio 131—10 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. X invites you to your course for the following reasons: (check appropriate)

□ To develop gracefulness.
□ To learn to dance.
□ To become a dancing teacher.
□ To reduce weight.

Home: ____________ State: ____________

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The Latest Trends! Two sizes. Cure eyes and your name on 50 perfect little name cards. Size No. 1, size 1 x 1½ inches, with genuine leatherette booklets, round corners. Size No. 2, size 1½ x 2½ inches, with black leatherette booklets, round corners. Extra cards, 25 each, stamped or printed also, 20 extra. Phone No. 15 extra. Additional sizes 50 cents. Send stamped addressed envelope or money order. AGENTS WANTED.

231 W. 55th St., Dept. 835, New York.

SCREENLAND

UBooks for Fans

Valley of the Giants

By Milton Sills

Whenever I read a novel, even when my reading is for pure enjoyment of the tale, in the background of my mind I am always watching for picture possibilities. You see, I have been on the screen for a number of years now and I have always taken an active interest in all parts of picture production, from the selection of the story to its preparation in continuity form and finally in direction. One of the most difficult problems I have always faced is that of finding suitable dramatic material.

One day I was talking about stories with Mrs. Sills (Doris Kenyon) when the name of Peter B. Kyne was mentioned. She asked me if I had read his Valley of the Giants and I said that I had not. That night, when I arrived home, I found a copy of the book on my study table and as I had nothing to do that evening, I started reading. The more I read the story the more I liked it. It seemed to breathe fresh air and the contrast of strong emotions in a fine free country, untamed by civilization. I sensed a real opportunity for a character portrayal in the figure of Bryce Cardigan. When I went to bed that night my mind was filled with the possibilities of Kyne's story and already I had started planning my development of the character I wanted to play.

While I do not believe it is wise to attempt too literal a transfer of a book to the screen, I do believe that the spirit of the original work may be and should be preserved. We have tried to do this in our picturization of Valley of the Giants. Many of the scenes were photographed in the Northern California forests, home of the Big Redwoods, Humboldt County, California, noted for its giant trees. All of us did our best to become imbued with the atmosphere of the story.

The question is sometimes raised whether or not the enjoyment of a picture is increased by having read the story in book form.

The answer, it seems to me, depends upon the temperament of the reader. If one is concerned only with the plot and loses interest when there is no uncertainty as to the development of the story, I suppose there is more thrill when a picture is seen without previous knowledge of the ending. But I think that most of us can lose ourselves in a good yarn even when we know the outcome.

A faithful picturization of a book should serve to visualize the characters as they are already known to the reader. When this is done, the picture-goer experiences an added satisfaction if he has already become acquainted with the author's characters. If the actors are successful, they give form and substance to the people already ready living in the imagination of the spectator, and this surely is a pleasurable experience—something like meeting an old friend face to face on the street.

I can think of few higher compliments than to have Peter B. Kyne see our version of his story and feel that we have given true expression to the characters of his imagination.
"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak"

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it! As I started to get up, I heard aitter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.""He'll die on his feet" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than Abie's Irish Rose!"

I knew that they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous. But I only raised my head and stood squarely on my feet and started in:

"But When I Commenced To Speak—"

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and decision faded from their faces. They were incredulously amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflustered—ran out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I set myself to—swallow a smugging smile that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—continuous, evident, thrilling! Somebody nudged forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once. "Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!"

"You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once A "Human Claim"

After it was all over, Jack Harty fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 10 per cent in the eyes of every person in that room tonight. And yet they used to call you 'a human claim'—and the quaintest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All over the world I had been handicapped with a shabby, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I was denied the chance of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I had decided to do something about it. I knew that a little book entitled How to Work Wonders With Words, and it had brought success to thousands of other men who had failed to make their marks, was the answer. It was the book that I had been searching for. Without hesitation I bought it and read it through. It did the trick! My new knowledge and self-confidence gave me the right impression. A lucky accident!

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You:

How to speak before your club or before thousands
How to address board meetings
How to propose and present to the board
How to make a political speech
How to make entertaining speeches
How to overawe a special audience
How to become interestingly

How to write letters
How to get help
How to train your brain
How to make a winning personality
How to be the master of any situation

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

Each day, and the results were certainly worth it! Today I hold the seat of position that I had always coveted. My salary has been increased! I am not only in requests demoted as a speaker in public, but I am asked to give social affairs, to which time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthy people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of constructing speech has been the big secret of my success!

Send for This Amazing Booklet!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of How to Work Wonders With Words. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the otherwise "hidden hand" of effective speech that has brought success to thousands of other men. It will open the way to the wealth of self-improvement. It will show you how to become a man who masters the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain this amazing, something absolutely free, simply by mailing the envelope that comes with this booklet.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

361 Michigan Ave., Dept. 5213, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me FREE, without obligation, my copy of your fascinating booklet How to Work Wonders With Words and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name ___________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________
That's Done by Times Square

Dorothy Devore of Educational Com-
edies, looks out from the Paramount
Building and discovers Forty-Second St.

By Helen Ludlam

PATHIE WEEK on Broadway with
eleven first run theatres showing
Pathé stuff. Nine houses showing
feature films and two additional
houses showing news reels and fables.
Up to this time the record for one company
was five features during the same week.
This was done by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Some one over at Pathe shows a decided
aptitude for generalship, for whether the
pictures are very good or not does not
matter a great deal. As a matter of fact
most of them were way above the average,
but competition is so keen that for a single
company to monopolize nine first run
houses for feature films is a feat not to
be sneezed at.

This is the layout. The Paramount
Theatre showing The Forbidden Woman
with Jetta Goudal; the Gaity showing The
King of Kings with an all star cast. B. S.
Moss' Broadway showing A Harp in Hand
with Rudolph Schildkraut and Bessie Love;
the Cameo showing The Wise Wife with
Phyllis Haver; Loew's State showing Mack
Sennett's The Girl from Everywhere, the
Strand showing The Dress Parade with
William Boyd and Bessie Love; the Colony
showing The Angel of Broadway with
Leatrice Joy, the Hippodrome showing The
Girl in the Pullman with Marie Prevost and
the Roxy showing The Main Event with
Vera Reynolds. The Capitol and B. F.
Keith's Palace offered Pathé News reels and
fables only. Darn good, darn good.

What's left over from the Pathé whirl-
wind is pretty good too. For instance
there was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer open-
ing of Quality Street at Metro's charming
little theatre, the Embassy. The picture was
adapted from the famous play by Sir James
M. Barrie and the star was Marion Davies.

The consensus of opinion was that Barrie's
whimsical, wistful charm is as fascinating
on the screen as on the stage, and that
those who remember Maude Adams in the
play will want to see the picture, too, even
though the screen story does not stick
strictly to the text.

The usual salutation of triple spotlights
greeted the first nighters and singled out
of the decidedly unmannerly mob who
were not first nighters. Constance, the
beautiful daughter of Richard Bennett and
Adrienne Morrison. This statuesque girl
with her perfect features and vivid blonde
coloring is my idea of what a duchess
should look like but seldom does. Well,
anyway, Constance was there wrapped in a
royal blue evening cloak that took nothing
away from the before mentioned loveliness.

Then the lady who made a pronoun
famous glided in escorted by a personable
young man whom the world knew all
about long before Madame Glyn discovered
his potentialities for screen stardom.
It was Art Goebel, the handsome young aviator
who braved the waves above the Pacific
Ocean and won through to Honolulu.

Another opening this month was Uni-
versal's long heralded Uncle Tom's Cabin.
There were no spots in front of the Cen-
tral Theatre, and consequently not too
much of a crowd which allowed the audien-
ance to get into the house in some com-
fort. And there were many celebrities too
that the spots would have picked up had
there been any. I saw Bessie Love, Willie
Wyle, Universal director; Hope Hampton,
Lee Shubert, William A. Brady, Will
Hays and 'Uncle' Carl Laemmle, smiling
and proud and being congratulated by
swarms of people. Everyone was given a
(Continued on page 101)
10,000,000 people who've read it will tell you that

The Shepherd of the Hills
presented by RICHARD A. ROWLAND

is one of the greatest American novels ever written by the most popular of all American authors—

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

—and that you cannot afford to miss the powerful screen version of this tremendously human, soul-lifting story just completed by

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

—especially since the cast includes

MOLLY O'DAY

ALEC FRANCIS • JOHN BOLES • MATHEW BETZ

under the masterly Direction of

ALBERT ROGELL

with Adaptation and Continuity by

MARION JACKSON

in a superbly beautiful production by

CHARLES R. ROGERS

See these famous characters come to vivid life—

The Shepherd
one of the noblest characters ever portrayed in fiction

'Sammy' Lane
bare, foot, rugged, wild—but lovely

Young Matt
who loves her with devotion, as changeless as the hills themselves

'By Thunder'
who makes the mountains echo with his boisterous laughter

Wash Gibbs
strongest man in the hills, and the most trenchant

--in this great
First National Picture

COMING SOON TO LEADING THEATRES
Mary Astor

BY REINICKE

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE PORTRAIT SERIES
Mary Astor the Adorable

In The Rose of the Golden West Mary Astor carried on the career begun in 1906 in Quincy, Ill. In Don Q Mary established once and for all that her lovely hair photographed "Spanish." So now she just naturally senoritas all over the screen and is Screenland's candidate this month for the much desired title:

'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE GIRL.'
HERE it is—the January number of Screenland marking a new year and a time of celebration. Before we draw up our chairs we will have to put a leaf in the table, for our family of Screenland readers has grown amazingly. We (the cook and editor) are glad you like the fare and feel very pleased that you are with us in spirit.

In Spirit. "The Spirit of the Movies"—that is our secret. When others look for faults, for scandals and for failures in the movies we try to tell you of the wonderful spirit of sincerity the players put into their pictures, the spirit of adventure which infuses their lives and the generous spirit that controls their actions. Such is the spirit of Screenland.

Happy 1928 to you or as a little girl wrote on a Christmas card to our wife: "We send you many loves."
Inventions are only as great as the men who apply them. When Vitaphone arrived they gave it an idea to start with, the idea of 'playing the picture' instead of having a theatre orchestra. It was a wonderful idea. Movietone is another invention equally marvelous and the Fox organization has given it a great idea to carry it over. This idea is that events have interesting sounds. By means of this device we have heard and seen the exploding motors of departing trans-Atlantic flyers and cheering football crowds.

The future is bright for these devices for everyone likes them. While Movietone is making the news weeklies more real, Vitaphone has caught the town with Al Jolson. Every invention of this nature makes us know our neighbors on this earth better. They become human beings to us whom we better understand. And universal peace will come when there is universal understanding and love.

C President Coolidge welcomes Colonel Lindbergh.
C Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh whose modest speech was photographed on the side of the film.
There is no dramatic story in Harold Lloyd. No more than there is in a five year old child. For all great comedians are children. They never grow up like other folk. And they never lose the glistening gifts of wonderment and laughter.

There is absolutely no story in Harold Lloyd at all. Here is a man who loves his wife. And that naturally sounds any male’s dramatic knell—so far as story telling purposes go. Here is a man who not only loves his wife but is also a devoted father. And considers his home and his family and his dogs more alluring than all the Cleopatras and Helens of Troy on earth. Here is a man who earns tremendous sums of money. And yet—so far as I know—he has been able to keep himself free from all sorry scandals and sordid entanglements. He is just a perfectly normal, hard-working, none-too-handsome comedian. But he has the country in his pocket. And because he is one of the most popular men in the world—he can do anything.

Why only the other day, New York stood still and permitted Harold Lloyd to take a picture on one of the busiest streets in the city—Park Row. And nobody was angry. Millionaires in their foreign made cars halted willingly while the country comedian shot some scenes for his next picture—scenes using an old horse car—the method of transportation which was quite the mode in the mustached nineties. Silk-legged stenographers, hollow-chested clerks and round-shouldered bookkeepers all willingly crowded back from the sidewalks, breathlessly awaitting Harold’s appearance. All the time realizing that they...
He stops off in Chicago and tries to square himself with Charlie Heck.

By Rosa Reilly

would be docked one hour from their day's pay for even a few minutes lateness. And a big Irish policeman went around with a grin on his face like somebody had given him a couple of bottles of potheen. And the sole reason for the grin was that he could tell his children that evening that he had been looking after Harold Lloyd.

And the tough east side kids. What a problem they presented to Harold's director. "They'll cut into our scenes and ruin everything," he said.

"No they won't," the great clown answered. "Those kids will be all right. You wait and see." And they were. Instead of

(Cont. on page 78)
Across the hot sands of the Desert of Ambition where scoffers leer and Despair pursues, lies the trail of the would-be Scenario Writer. Some succeed.

By G. W. Sayre

(Dear Sir: I am enclosing a story entitled Mable's Romance which I hope you will be able to use——

But that modest sentence held all the hope of a life time.

Every year thousands and thousands of such letters accompany the 'brain children' of professional and near professional writers sent to the editorial offices of the moving picture companies. The letters differ though. Some contain fervent pleas and entreaties while others are more business-like; simply stating that they are enclosing their story.

But with each story sent out by these writers an unuttered prayer goes with it, hoping that the return mail will bring them a check. Alas! In a very short time——too short in fact——the story comes back and the dreams of the writer are shattered.

In spite of this fact I know that good original stories do sell. I know that there are writers today who are selling their scripts and getting good money. I know there is a way to market good stories. 'How? How?' You ask.

Now don't crowd and I'll tell you. I'll tell you how others have succeeded in corralling honest to goodness moving picture money instead of a printed rejection slip. But please do now think that this information is some magic, some twist of the hand, or a rug like the Thief of Bagdad used which will suddenly, without any effort on your part, carry you to success as a screen writer. Such is not the case.

First of all you must have a good story to sell——a piece of merchandise, we will say, which will not only attract, but will demand attention. You wouldn't expect a moving picture company to buy something that wasn't good any more than you would pay good money for an old worn toothbrush with the bristles half out. First let your story be good.

Now let us go back. I said that I know good stories sell to the screen. I do. In the past six months I have come in contact with nine authors who had worthwhile material and who have sold their stories to picture companies. Some of these writers are practically unknown——I say this reservedly because the statement is made in the popular sense that their names have not blazed forth in the white lights of Broadway, and neither have their names been heralded from the printed page.

In no case, however, were these authors apprentices at their trade. But like you they had failed and tried again. In the end they mastered the difficult art of writing and consequently reaped the reward——a just reward for their perseverance.

(Cent. on page 86)
A scene from 'Oh! What a Nurse' with Syd Chaplin. This was the first scenario of two experienced writers.

'The Perfect Sap' with Virginia Lee Corbin and Ben Lyon was sold to First National Pictures Inc., through an agent.

Colleen Moore, shown in this scene with Larry Kent in 'Her Wild Oats.' This scenario was an original, that is, had never been printed nor played on the stage.

Jetta Goudal in 'White Gold' which was a very successful film. It was a failure as a play. Success at the end of a heart-breaking road.
Myrna Loy finds that to get the breaks it is well to be pretty in a different way—then if you’ve got the goods—

By Eve Bernstein

You’d expect to see a sinuous sort of person with long heavy ear rings and oriental beads. Certainly you would expect to find her bathed in the most exotic of perfumes and wearing the most ravishing of gowns.

But Myrna proves to be a complete surprise. You don’t get the idea that she is a sophisticated woman of the world or that she is a calculating siren. There is a spontaneity about her that you simply cannot associate with her screen personality, but which rather reminds you of a naughty school girl. She has almond shaped green eyes which make the best vamping eyes that ever vamped on the screen, but in real life they’re just devilish. She has red hair and a freckled face. I was glad to see that she didn’t lounge on soft couches and wear flowing garments. When I saw her she was sitting on a wicker rocking chair with one foot under her, reading a book and munching chocolates. She was wearing a green canton crepe two piece sport frock with a pleated skirt. A white collar and cuffs gave the dress a distinctly school girl appearance. Her hair was a bit awry, and her face was unpowdered, but she didn’t seem to mind a bit. In fact, she did not even think of it. So

She told me her people were Welsh and Scotch, and that she came from a small town in Montana.

"I cut the funniest figure, with my red hair and freckled face, dancing ecstatically with a flowing veil thrown over my skinny arms and shoulders. When the other girls were mothering their dolls and playing games, I danced. I had
set my heart on going on the stage."

"And how did you get there—from that town in Montana?" I wanted to know.

"Well, we moved to Los Angeles where I studied dancing first with a teacher from India and then with Ruth St. Denis. After that things happened pretty quickly. I worked as a sculptor's model for a time, and then was given a part in Syd Granman's ballet for 'The Thief of Bagdad.'"

I knew what happened after that. Somebody introduced her to Natacha Rambova, who gave her a part in 'What Price Beauty,' and dressed her up in the strangest fashion—tight gowns and a grotesque blonde wig with straggling bangs over her forehead. Then Warner Bros., seeing that she photographed so excellently, put her under contract.

And suddenly the Myrna of the freckled face and red hair became something she had never even thought about—a slant eyed, oriental looking vamp who has it all over the Valeska Suratt, Theda Bara, and Nita Naldi type. One wonders if her ancestors were Chinese or Egyptian. She is submerged in a flood of fan letter asking her for the secret of her origin. The fans would need to see her in real life only once to know that she is not oriental. There is a charming directness about her speech that immediately brands her as a practical, ambitious young girl who knows what she's talking about and won't stand for any monkey business from anyone. Contrary to the languorous atmosphere she creates on the screen, there is not the slightest suggestion of languor about her when you talk to her.

She speaks rather quickly and

(Cont. on page 84)
Every little muscle has a meaning of its own. Ask Gilda Gray; she knows. But on second thought you'd better not ask Gilda. Because if we once get talking about Gilda we may not be able to stop. And this is supposed to be about something entirely different. A different set of muscles—just as good in their own way, though. Oh, yes. And warranted to give us girls a thrill. And I must say it's about time we girls were having our innings, to say nothing of outings.

You may think that girls aren't interested in muscles. You're wrong.

Take the cave-girl for instance. She usually managed to start a scrap between the rival heavy-weights of the cave-dwellers athletic association so they would fight it out in her front-yard, while she stood by and cheered or hissed. The weapons were clubs and muscles, mostly muscles. And how she loved to see 'em ripple. The big thrill for her, however, came not with the final punch that left one less cave-man in the community, but in winding the champion...
around her little finger. She promptly took all the conceit out of the conqueror by making him run errands for her. She kept him in training. And so it goes.

The fighter: strong as Samson, and you know what happened to him. Tough as a rhino—but muscle-bound at the slightest personal touch. The big sock-and-wallop boys win the applause from the little Delilahs—a hand where they need it most. Ladies have always loved fighters—but ladies have never stood in line to see one before. Now—meet the champ!

George O'Brien—168 pounds, ringside. The mitt-and-emotion man of the movies. Ta-Ta!

I can remember when the only O'Brien we knew was a dish of potatoes. That was in the days when movie heroes were sheiks. They had to have that something that calls to mind gondolas and garlic, romance and ravioli. If they did any fighting it was with swords; no fisticuffs—dear me, no. Nothing so vulgar. But they received their body blow, my dears, when G. O'Brien came into the movies, though they didn't realize it right away. It took the movies some time to become accustomed to the change. But once the girls began appreciating Mr. O'Brien's uncouth, rough ways, they gave in—caved in, in fact. And now the screen is just one big, happy prize-ring. There's a perpetual championship bout being waged, and we're (Continued on page 102)
Estelle Taylor’s WRIST WATCH

Estelle’s days are spent in the fascinating study of other people. When she sees an arrogant lady she compares her every posture with her own interpretation of ‘The Borgia’ in Don Juan; when she sees a girl of the tenements she thinks of her own part in New York. Out of her careful observation of human nature has come her great success. So with our crowd psychology all bright and shining we approached her upon the subject of a gift for a contest in SCREENLAND.

"Anything of yours will be prized for sentimental reasons," we murmured.

"Fiddlesticks," said the wise Estelle and hubby Dempsey looked up amused at his little spit-fire wife. "The picture fans know more than you think," continued Estelle.

So away she went from the Ambassador to Cartier’s and picked out for SCREENLAND readers the dearest, expensivest of watches.

It will be sent free to the writer of the most sincere and most entertaining letter. Your subject must be Estelle Taylor, and what a subject.

As the wife of the World’s Heavyweight Champion she lived through his unhappy days with him. A brilliant actress, a loyal wife—can you write about such a girl?

Address—ESTELLE TAYLOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes January 15, 1928

Estelle Taylor holding the beautiful wrist watch which she offers to you.

You will soon see Estelle in ‘The Whip Woman.’

This is the price $175. gold watch, full size. You can enter the contest free.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

JOHN T. PRINCE and DOLORES DEL RIO

in

RAMONA

"She kneel there in meekness, penitent, sighing,
While o'er the tree tops her heart went a-flying."

—ANONYMOUS
NOW that everyone is making Westerns, Mary Brian wends her Wendy way through Under the Tonto Rim.

Photograph by Hommel
FAY WRAY has trouped from *The Wedding March* to a role opposite Jannings and is now making *The Legion of the Condemned*. Pretty good for one little Wray of sunshine.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee
DOLores Costello is making Glorious Betsy to give you an idea of the meaning of the word.

Photograph by Preston Duncan
“The torrent strikes, the combers race
But yet serene my heart can trace
The course that leads to thee.”

The Love Pilot

“The white hand of Beauty still swings
the tiller of the good ship Romance.

By Kenneth Adams

WHEN George Blackthorne signed a five year contract with the Imperial Players, Inc., he wasn't the least bit enthusiastic about it, as you'd expect him to be. He had directed five years before that, saved his money and then produced an independent picture. It was a fine, entertaining and intelligent picture, but he was bucking the big companies. They shut down on him. He peddled his wares from one distributor to another, but they were all sewed up and didn't dare buy it. Finally Imperial made him an offer. They'd buy his product outright at cost and give him a five year contract.

That offer proved that he was good, but it didn't make him happy. It would mean working according to schedule, have a continuity put in his hands and then like a school kid, follow it,—so many scenes each day, so many days to go, and then on to the next one.

To prevent getting into the rut of their general routine, he asked for a stenographer, instead of a script clerk. He wanted some one who could take notes with accuracy and speed and learn to work his way. They gave him Pat. She was eighteen at the time and fresh from business school. The first day he saw her, he called her into his private office and said, "We're going to work together and I hope we'll get along amicably. What is your name?"

He was sitting behind his desk when he spoke and she was standing. She was a small girl, with chestnut hair, clear gray-green eyes and a little tip-tilted nose. Her mouth was firm and not roughed and the chin below it made you feel that she could stick it out, and then—well, the devil take you. But even though she was small, her wholesomeness seemed to fill the entire room.

"My name is Patricia O’Reilly," she answered him, in a low round voice, and Blackthorne grinned.

"Sit down Pat, I'm glad to know you," he said, motioning for her to draw up a chair. "They've told you my name, I suppose? It's George Blackthorne, in case they've overlooked it. I'm going to tell you a tale of woe and why I've asked for someone without experience on the set."

Pat gave him a sympathetic ear, and as he watched her face while he explained that together they would try to work out some of his ideas, he noticed the flashes of fire that turned her eyes a dark smoky green and saw that little jaw come out in that 'we shall and the devil take them' attitude. When he got through talking, he knew he would like Pat and that she would be loyal to him to the last ditch. They shook hands on it and started on their five year stretch.

Three years went by. Pat and Blackthorne worked hand in glove. A perfect team. On the set her stool was next to his in the angle of the tripod legs. In the projection room she sat in front of him so he could talk into her ear to overcome the racket of the projector. After the day’s work, she typed her notes. Sometimes she left the studio at six, but more often at eight in the evening. Every morning from eight-thirty to nine-thirty she went over the notes with him and together they planned the day’s work.

The officials were more than satisfied with Blackthorne’s work, in fact, rather proud of it. Every one of his pictures had been a money maker and the censors in the various states could never find anything to do for their sheets when his name was on the credit title.

Blackthorne wasn’t satisfied though. He never could get the cast he wanted, and when he and Fred, his camera man, went on the carpet to fight for just a little time to experiment on some special effects, the answer was always the same.

"We’re satisfied with your work, Blackthorne,” the G. M. would say, “and can’t afford to spend money on experiments.”

So there you are... What could he do? Pat would try and comfort him. She would wrack her brains to help him think up original ideas to make the old, cut and dried stuff more interesting and he appreciated that.

"Pat," he’d say, more than once, "you’re a smart little scout. I’m salting it away, and someday we’ll show ‘em what a real picture looks like.”
He regarded Pat as a pal. He didn’t realize how hard she worked, because he worked the same way. And another thing. He didn’t regard her as a woman,—didn’t stop to think that she had a heart and could love somebody with every fibre of her being. Not until the end of the third year, when Jack Kennedy joined the Imperial stock company for juvenile business.

Jack Kennedy was the sort of a chap you felt like walking right up to, slapping on the back and saying, “Hello, brother, how’re they treating you?” He was of medium height, slender, blonde, blue-eyed and full of life and energy. You couldn’t help liking him, and he worked like a dog for his fifty dollars a week.

The first day he walked on the set, when Blackthorne introduced him to Pat, you just knew what was going to happen. He held his hand out to her and pump-handled her little arm in real joy.

“I hope we’ll be friends, Pat,” he said and grinned. Then his grin vanished and he went on, “I want to do something here, honestly, I do.”

Pat had smiled right back into his eyes, and wasn’t in the least bit of a hurry to free her hand. She said, “All right, Jack, we’ll be friends, and if you’ll knock down and work, there’s no reason why you shouldn’t get ahead.”

Blackthorne heard their conversation. It was the first time Pat had ever let down her usual wall of reserve, and if she approved of the boy, he must be all right.

He wasn’t wrong either. Jack had a tough part in that production. The heavy slammed him harder than was necessary, because he was the only man who could go right up to Pat and be welcomed with a smile. You see the heavy had tried it in his own way, which was the wrong way to approach a girl like Pat, so she had frozen him on the spot. When Jack came on the set and was greeted warmly for no reason at all, that just riled the heavy and made him nasty.

Jack learned from Pat the reason the fist that was to have grazed him had landed solid. She warned him to watch out. Jack promised he would,—and he did. The same day after the day’s shooting was over, he invited the heavy out on the lot and returned the compliment. Pat was waiting for him when he punched the clock to go home, and when she saw his swollen lip, she asked him to come up to her office.

She bawled him out unmercifully for taking the chance of having his face banged up and made him carry another typewriter into her room and help her with the reports. Jack had nothing to say for himself. He was very much ashamed and went to work with a will. It was eighty-five dollars when Blackthorne returned for some papers he had forgotten and found them both together.

A great many things may be said about Blackthorne, but above all, he was clean and straight. He expected the same thing from those who worked with him. When he saw Jack in the office at that hour, where he had no business, he called him into his private office and closed the door. He didn’t sit down either nor beat about the bush, but asked point blank, “Jack, just what are you doing up here and what are your intentions toward Pat?”

That from Blackthorne made Jack boil. Only a few hours ago he had slammed one man with all his might to teach him to respect Pat, and now his own attitude toward Pat was being questioned. He looked Blackthorne straight in the eyes, in fact he looked beyond them and seemed to search his mind. Then he answered, and his voice trembled with tenseness.

“I love Pat, Mr. Blackthorne. I think she’s the sweetest, most wholesome girl God ever made. Now what’ve you got to say about it?” And as he said that, he stepped back a pace, his feet shifted noiselessly, his shoulders sort of eased forward and his eyes drilled into Blackthorne.

Blackthorne looked him over carefully, from head to foot. His heart was singing within himself at the sight of this boy who was ready to fight for the right of loving Pat; who wasn’t afraid to tell him to go to hell, instead of crawling and fawning for favors like too many others did. Then he grinned and held out his hand to Jack. They gripped, long and hard, both grinning like kids, but not a word was said.

As Blackthorne left, he stopped beside Pat’s desk and watched her nimble fingers flash over the keys. She looked up at him and smiled, and for the first time he noticed that she was lovely. He patted her on the head as though she were a child, called Jack in and asked, “How much more have you kids got to do here?”

“The report in Jack’s machine and this one page of notes,” Pat answered him.

“Well, the eats are on me tonight,” and saying that, Blackthorne tossed a bill on Pat’s typewriter and with a “Good night, kids, see you both early in the morning,” he left the office.

Pat fingered the bill thoughtfully and studied Jack’s profile as he pecked away at the report.

“What did Mr. Blackthorne say to you, Jack,” she interrupted him.

For a moment, Jack didn’t know how to tell her what he’d told Blackthorne. He played aimlessly with the keys, for it was one thing to tell a man who doubted your intentions that you loved, but quite another to describe your feelings to the beloved. He looked at her for encouragement and got it. Her eyes were dark green pools that just seemed to surround him with caresses. There was no
A script girl in love can out-wit Fate and give Love the close-ups.

"Don't you dare call yourself a ham," she blazed.

kind that will make people laugh with a lump in their throats and make the kids glad too. I know I'm only a ham now,—fifty a week doesn't go far when I have to supply my own wardrobe. Will you wait, will you, huh—?

A change had suddenly come into Pat's eyes, that stopped him. Little spots of fire glowed in the center of those dark green pools and she took him by the ear and scolded:

"Jack Kennedy, don't you ever dare call yourself a ham again. The idea. Do you think I've been wracking my brains for little bits of business to make you stand out, to be told it's for a ham—?"

But she didn't get any further. Jack just gathered her into his arms and sealed her lips. Pat returned his kisses. He was her boy; clean, sincere and ambitious. She would see to it that he got to the top.

After a little while,—let's not speak about the things they said, or the promises they made each other, but you can believe me, that people who deal in emotions every day to make you laugh and cry, are just as hungry for clean love and affection as anyone else,—well, after awhile then, they walked hand in hand through the huge quiet studio.

Only the work lamps, forty feet up and just below the grids, were going. Their dim light threw fantastic shadows over the sets, that during the day hummed with activity and looked like a million dollars. But now, they were like the dead skeletons of old, forgotten romances. There is nothing so dead as a dead (Cont. on page 92)
“Kisses have as much

There is always a satyr-like challenge in a man's kisses which every girl answers unconsciously.

Screen kisses have advanced the art of petting and carried it upward so that now instead of being a matter of heart speaking to heart it has reached the neck.

The censors have done very well in this matter of putting sense into sensualities. They found that the time duration and longevity of a kiss was the cause of its hellish characteristics and while this smacks of the old fiery gospel of our forefathers it has nothing to do with the four-flushers. No siree! No weak, enfeebled Lothario ever braves the jaws of Death nor the lips of the lovely. Time is the essence of the contact everytime. Be she ever so homely there’s no place like the ruby stained lips of the willing sheba where this matter of time has so much influence upon the lives and fortunes of men. Suppose for example that one were chastely saluting a cutie during the gathering dusk. If this salutation be continued until the dusk is all gathered and even the milkmen are beginning to flit about, it will be found on examination that the chaste element has almost if not quite evaporated or in a manner of speaking, boiled away.

So the censors are right about
Observe John Gilbert

timing the osculations and if we are interested in the scientific principles involved we shall be obliged to carry on the experiments ourselves.

"But what about the individuality of kisses?" asks our pet student and we can only recommend that you learn these secrets from the lips of youth when fauns scamper through your veins and when by the shining stars in the eyes of your love you can set your course to happiness.

"See, Garbo, Garbo what have you done to our John?"

"In Elinor Glyn's opus Aileen Pringle's kisses were the white flags of surrender.

"Bardeleys," Eleanor Boardman and beauty unyielding.

"Joan Crawford and Gilbert in 'Twelve Miles Out' and sinking."
Moeying around the De Mille lot, fed up on the tumultuous rough-stuff of Chicago I wandered back through the decaying palace of Caiaphas, and soon found myself in Thibet. Surrounded by the shaven priests of that land, suddenly a Mongolian dancing girl with a boyish figure stood before me and began to smile, and through her smile I seemed to recognize a little Chinese friend of the long ago.

"I've been thinking about you lately," she said, "and—" But this gracious beginning was cut short as she was called to the set. And so I perched upon a camera case and watched Anna May Wong do a very dramatic scene under the patient and genial direction of Fred Niblo. I had never seen her work before and I marveled at her artistry.

"She's a great little trouper, Bob," said Fred in one of his smiling asides. "I only wish I could direct her in something worthy of her talents."

As I sat there and watched, my mind went back ten years—a time when I was living up in the Arroyo Seco, and two little Chinese girls, ten and eleven, used to trudge up the hill, leave a heavy bundle of laundry on the back porch, and then come to visit me in my writing shack among the giant eucalyptus trees. They were Liu Ying—we called her Lulu—and Anna May, daughters of dear old Wong, who for thirty years had added cleanliness to his transparent godliness.

At that time Lulu was studying music but Anna May wished to become a writer and so she would bring her little compositions to me for criticism. We became great friends.

The years went by and as Chinese crowds were
Her oriental soul knows the lotus flower and temple bells are within her understanding but the four-flushers around Hollywood were too much for Anna May Wong.

constantly in demand it was inevitable that Anna May should participate. Her bright mind and good English brought her rapidly to the front in these exciting adventures and it was not long before the diminutive child was acting as interpreter and doing foreground bits.

In the meantime we had moved to Beverly Hills and after that I saw little of Anna May, though I had occasionally heard how she had been gradually advanced into small parts. I often wondered how she was accepting her growing honors.

Then on a certain memorable night of a great Movie Revue at the Auditorium we saw our little friend again, charmingly dressed in her native costume, as one of the 'Baby Stars' in a lively number.

Each of the pretty young things carried a spotlight which at a given cue was turned upon some 'notable' in the audience, who would then rise and take his bow. Leave it to these wise youngsters—undoubtedly coached by their still wiser parents—to flatter the big studio executives. One after another they turned their smiles and lights upon those from whom they might expect future favors. All but Anna May—she preferred to honor her friend! Nor was her embarrassed friend able to hide behind the more or less ample skirts of his tall
Richard Dix — he's good on the screen but at a party — a la-la!

Grace Kingsley

lovely Lois Wilson.

Jean Hersholt's drawing room, and met a bewildering array of Pierrots, Bo-Peeps, Robinhoods, Russian princesses and other picturesque characters.

It was hot and everybody had unmasked. Only Albert Gran protested.

"You shouldn't unmask until twelve o'clock!" he exclaimed.

"And," confided Patsy with a laugh, "You couldn't possibly miss Albert, whether he had a mask on or not, he's so fat and so tall!"

Jean Hersholt was a roaring forty-niner, red nose and all, and it was good to see his beaming face, after our long drive, as he handed out near-beer to everybody across the long tables in his big party den, where we all sat down to supper. It is a sound proof den, and a party can make all the noise it wants to, and even the people in Jean's drawing room won't be dis-
Jean Hersholt in his masquerade costume representing a plastered placer miner, and with him his wife Pierrette.

Party

Jean Hersholt, actor, gentleman and genial host.

Can you imagine! When a great character actor wants fun he dresses up in another character.

Fascinating Patsy Ruth Miller always wreaks the stag hit.

Johnny Mack Brown smiling along.

Beautiful Billie Dove.

Charles Farrell one of Hollywood’s most popular men.

gala gaucho costume, like the one which Douglas Fairbanks wears in his new picture, The Gaucho—wide, red sash, high, flaring boots, wide hat and all. Donald was quite the beau of the ball.

“Now wonder women are slaves to the men in countries where the men dress like that!” whispered Patsy.

Leah Baird overheard—

(Cont. on page 76)

unset, much less his neighbors.

Mrs. Hersholt looked radiantly lovely in a Pierrette costume. Little Jean, their son, was on hand for a little while, but was sent early to bed. However, I caught a glimpse of him, clad in his pajamas, looking wistfully over the balustrade from upstairs at the revellers below.

Donald Crisp was gorgeous in a South American
"Thank thee, O Lord, for Greta Garbo, is the paen of flendom's new favorites, "the perfect thirty-fours."

Greta has done three things:
1. Made flapper and cutie types passé.
2. Reinstated tall women with curves.
3. Compelled leading men to build up the heels of their shoes and pad their shoulders.

A sizable accomplishment, starting a new fad in figures. Greta, of course, is not entirely responsible, but she is the most picturesque of the new school of screen heroines, and has, in a sense, popularized the prevailing mode of figures in Hollywood.

To be a flat-chested
Get your tape measures girls. Here are the measurements of the beauties who have changed the movie traditions of Hollywood.

And curves

Like all great beauties with distinctive charm, Greta departs from perfect measurements, but she has raised the hue and cry for the type which has supplanted the flappers' 'perfect thirty,' or whatever flappers were.

In no other instance, here recorded, has any actress admitted to more than 5 feet 6 inches in height. Greta, as I said, is distinctive. But in other measurements many of the new film favorites approach very closely the Garbo model.

Three of the new beauties, one a star, and the other two supporting players of increasing prominence, give their height as 5 feet 6 inches. That, however, is not the limit. The prevailing height is 5 feet 8 inches. To get down, or up, to actual measurements, and using Greta Garbo as the model, we find that the screen heroine of today aspires to the following specifications:

- **Height**: 5' 8"
- **Weight**: 120 lbs.
- **Bust**: 34 1/2"
- **Waist**: 27 1/2"
- **Hips**: 36"
- **Ankle**: 8"
- **Wrist**: 6 1/2"
- **Shoulder to waist**: 18 1/2"
- **Shoe size**: 5 1/2.

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Eve Southern. These three actresses, though on the screen for some time, did not gain their real prominence until after Garbo flamed her passage across the screen firmament. Esther now is a star for Paramount, Jane is a free-lance who was seen on four different screens in Los Angeles this week; and Eve Southern is to be one of the two feminine leads in the new Fairbanks opus which will bear the amazing billing, "Douglas Fairbanks as the Gaucho in Over The Andes." I am afraid there will be no room for Eve's name in the electric lights after all that has been spelled out.

The measurements of these three are as follows:

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<th>Esther Ralston</th>
<th>Jane Winton</th>
<th>Eve Southern</th>
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<tr>
<td>Height</td>
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Many people in Hollywood who should know think that Esther Ralston has the most beautiful figure on the screen. It certainly is a pleasant sub-

ject to speculate upon, even if one might have preferences elsewhere.

At any rate Esther's figure is being featured on an equal basis with her acting in Paramount productions. Very much the same policy is being carried out by First National with reference to Billie Dove.

But before I get to Billie, there's Lilyan Tashman to be considered. Lilyan, as anyone on the in will tell you, is one of the most sought after free-lances in the business. She's tallish, too, and in the old days would have been looked at doubtfully by casting directors.

She is the only actress of my list who is exactly 5 feet 1/2 inches tall. Lilyan's other measurements are: weight, 115 pounds (this represents a lot of determined reducing); bust, 33; hips, 34 1/2; and waist, 26.

Coming down a half inch in height, one reaches another
of the screen’s recent and outstanding successes, Billie Dove. Where was Billie Dove in the other years? It is a question which puzzles everybody in Hollywood. Of course, the answer is she was in the Follies and dubbing around pictures, but until about the time that Garbo brought curves back to the screen, Billie’s light shone unseen.

Aside from a surpassing facial beauty, Billie is conceded by all in the film colony to represent perfection in figures, down to the waist. There is no real cause for discriminating against the rest of Billie. It only suffers by comparison with her other charms.

As I have said, she is 5 feet 5 inches in height. Her weight, apparently undeviating, is 116 pounds. It is the sensation and the envy of Hollywood that Billie could eat potatoes and white bread if she wanted to and still maintain her figure. Her bosom, the acme of her charm, is 34 1/2; her hips, 37 1/2; her waist, 27; her wrist, 6; her ankle 7.

And her admirers, if I may digress, number nine-tenths of the population of the film colony. The other tenth, needless to say, are women.

Similar in height to Billie is Myrna Loy, whose odd-shaped eyes look out from Warner Brothers pictures. Myrna is not a perfect 34; except in height she is nearer flapper measurements than any of the other players here included. But she is of the new school, and, I feel, should be included.

Myrna’s height is 5 feet 5 inches. Her weight is 120 pounds; her bust, 32; her hips, 34; her waist, 24; her shoe, 9 1/2; and, for good measure, her glove size, 5 3/4.

Two names much on the lips, two figures much in the eye of Hollywood today are possessed by Maria Corda and Gilda Gray. Opposite (Continued on page 97)
O, Mammy! Yes, and oh Pop, and Uncle and Auntie, and all the kids, too. You'll all want to see The Jazz Singer. Did I say see? I mean, hear. This Al Jolson picture is the worst wallop the silent drama has ever had. Now, now, Al—keep your burnt cork on. You're a swell movie actor, but is it your fault that you're a better singer? Boy, you're the greatest coon shouter there is; and it's your shoutin' that makes The Jazz Singer such grand entertainment. Considered as a movie, it's just another slice of apple strudel. But as a show—say, as a show, Al, you never gave us any better at the Winter Garden. That's why folks who have never had a chance to see you will flock to see your picture. And the old-timers will go crazy when they hear—I mean, see you as Jackie Robinowitz. The only trouble is, the spoken parts of The Jazz Singer make the silent parts seem pretty dumb. After that scene at the piano with your ma, Al, when you kid her along—after being away all those years—and tell her how cute she is, and sing to her—and then, all of a sudden, the drama goes back to silent—it's a terrible shock. Everybody wanted you to go on talking or singing. Movies will have to go Vitaphone all the way, now, in self-defence.

The Jazz Singer is to blame, but nobody is going to hold that against it. The story of the Jewish cantor's son who runs away from home to sing on the stage instead of in the synagogue is sure-fire. It follows Jackie while he becomes Jack Robin, a famous Broadway star, and brings him to his Big Struggle—the choice of singing in the church, to comfort his dying father, or keeping his date to open in a big show. Hokum—but good. And when Jolson intersperses his acting with 'Blue Skies,' 'Kol Nidre,' and 'Mammy,' The Jazz Singer assumes the proportions of big-time entertainment. May McAvo, Otto Lederer, Warner Oland, Eugenie Besserer, and Cantor Josef Rosenblatt make up the good cast directed by Alan Crosland. But it's Jolson who puts it over. Ask Mammy—she knows! (She ought to, by this time.)

EAST SIDE W WEST SIDE

If you want to get the 'feel' of little old New York, see East Side, West Side. Director Allan Dwan knows his Manhattan. So does Felix Riesenberg, who wrote the story. The sights and smells and sounds are all here—and it's no Movietone such either. For the first time, I think, a director has really captured the elusive spirit of that gay old girl, Madame Manhattan. Most of the pictures with a metropolitan background have pictured a Father Knickerbocker, whereas N. Y. C. is nothing but a jade. That's why New Yorkers are so frequently referred to as 'jaded.'

But of course, you probably suspect by this time that I am just working up to George O'Brien. You're right. It's O'Brien's picture. He plays a boy from a river barge, with a wallop in both fists. He's a fighter with a soul—ah, there, you Gene Tunney! George is just a combination of Gene and Jack, with an extra muscle. He cleans up in the prize-ring, thrilling his east-side sweetheart, Virginia Valli; and also interesting a rich man from west-side, Holmes Herbert, and his ward, June Collyer. And now the fun begins. The west-side in George isn't satisfied with what the east-side does. He wants to be a builder—to have a hand in the making of this mighty Manhattan. His rich patron makes it possible, and from then on it's west-side against east-side—and may the best girl win. It ends with a glorious drunk for George. He paints the town red and wakes up black and blue next morning. Oh, it's a part he can get his
teeth into. It suits his own east-side west-side personality—fighter-dreamer; tough and tender. That's George. I don't know which I'd rather watch—O'Brien the actor or O'Brien the fighter. Well, in this picture he does both at once. Actually an expert boxer, George does a bit in the ring at the beginning of his character's career that would almost convince you George was green to the gloves, himself. He knows the ropes.

Virginia Valli makes the east-side sweetheart picturesque and appealing. And in case you're interested in the ladder love scene, let me tell you that Miss Valli never uses a double—no, never. Next time Mr. Dwan and company take a tour of the Town I hope they ask us to go along.

The FAIR Co-ED

Perk up, everybody—you're in for a real, live thrill. You've seen football and baseball games and crew races in collegiate pictures. But now—in The Fair Co-Ed—you'll see a rousing girls' basket-ball game! Can you bear it? May I drop a stitch if I ever see anything half as blood-curdling?

Good, clean sport—that's The Fair Co-Ed. George Ade would never know his little girl. He'd give her a hand but not where she'd expect. Marion Davies plays Marion Bright, who makes the basket every time. She's a sort of feminine Bill Haines—a dainty smart-aleck who learns to practice college spirit as Bill did in Brown of Harvard. Marion never looked prettier nor acted wittier. But as usual, she gets little or no support from her surroundings, though John Mack Brown does his stalwart best. There's plenty of college spirits in The Fair Co-Ed. But I think it could stand a little more gin in it.

NO PLACE TO GO

If you want to witness the transformation of Mary Astor, don't miss No Place to Go. And when I say transformation, that's just what I mean. Mary has hidden her own abundant tresses under a super-smart, short, wavy wig; and the result is simply astounding. It leads Mary on to do all sorts of things she never did before. Smoke, flirt, and get cast up on a desert island. Girls, take a hint from Mary and stage a little transformation scene all your own. If it does half as much for you as it does for Mary, you'll never be sorry. The emancipation of the gentle Miss Astor is something to write poems about—free verse, preferably. For Mary even does a black bottom. Is there anything a home girl won't do once she lets herself go? Of course, any time Mary wants to go back to the sweetly simple again, all she has to do is to take off the wig. But I hope she won't. She's a splendid soubrette.

No Place to Go was directed by Mervyn Le Roy, and it's all very young. There are scenes that Mr. Le Roy will blush to look at when he has grown up, directorially speaking. They are downright childish. But just the same, there's a refreshing atmosphere about the whole thing. Naive, but nice. Mary is a modern girl with old-fashioned ideas of romance. She wants her cave-man and she wants him rough and ready. But when she and Lloyd Hughes try to live up to her dreams on that little old desert isle, it rains. And Mary finds out, as all her screen sisters have before her, that romance begins at home. (Try and find it.)
If you're fond of running to fires, whether they turn out to be big blazes or little Willie's back-yard bonfire, Fireman Save My Child has a message for you. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are in the fire department now, and maybe you'll think they ring the bell. Josephine Dunn is the fire chief's daughter who calls out the department every time she wants her dress hooked up, or to put out the cat. She just burns 'em up until her father issues orders not to answer any more calls from his home, come what may. And it does. There's a real fire, and Fire Chief is compelled to cry, 'Firemen'—(see title). The boys oblige. The real laugh of the evening, especially if you go in the afternoon, has nothing to do with fires. It concerns the efforts of the hard-working co-stars to carry a piano up seven flights of stairs. Laugh that off. It's the only chance you get. Otherwise this is just another false alarm.

Another idol smashed. Fred Thomson comes along and tells us that Jesse James was a good boy at heart. He was kind to his mother, and although he did hold up a stage-coach or rob a bank occasionally, he did it all for the best. Just a great, big, honest square-shooter, that's what he was. And here I always thought Jesse was a bad man to be proud of—no nonsense about him. Next thing we know we're hearing that Lucrecia Borgia was a nice little thing with a mothering heart. (Well, she was.)

Fred Thomson rides Silver King right into Broadway and Broadway seemed glad to give 'em a hand. Jesse James marks Fred's graduation into the big-time class of movie stars, and it seems too bad that his vehicle isn't big-time, too. No, Silver King, I don't mean you. You're a beautiful hoss, you're magnificent, and you'll go down in screen history as the first horse who isn't addressed as 'Pardner.' Thomson never once breathes into his noble steed's ear. And what a relief that is. Although this white-washed Jesse James makes a dull movie plot, Thomson's superb riding and his spectacular stunts give the picture some claim to interest. One thing about a western—if you don't like the story, there's always a lovely horse, a riding fool, and Mother Nature spreading herself in the background.
Two ARABIAN Knights

You may go in a perfect little lady or little gentleman, but more than likely you'll come out a rough-neck. This isn't one of those genteel little farces. It's a good old-fashioned rough-house. It's uproarious and rowdy, and you'll like it whether you like it or not. It's one of those comedies that makes an audience just one big happy, informal family—first names and everything. After all, if you poke a perfect stranger in the ribs by way of appreciation of Louis Wolheim's whimsicalities (polite for L. Wolheim's face) you can't object if he pokes you back. That starts things; and before you know it you're old friends. So it goes all the way through the hectic adventures of those two doughnuts who turn nights into daze and otherwise upset Arabia. Add to your not because she is wearing a veil, either. She's a Turkish delight. Both boys declare they'll die for her—and they have a chance to prove it. Mary's Turkish fiancé, Ian Keith, is against them, but the director is for them, so they ride away with the pearl of the Orient—Bill's bride-to-be. If certain ladies in the audience looked back over their shoulders at Ian Keith in that becoming Turkish uniform, just whose business is that?

SPRING Fever

Don't blame me if I take Spring Fever as a matter of course. That's all I know about golf. Billy Haines' fans must feel like golf widows after seeing him in this. He plays a shipping clerk with a golf bug and big social ideas. He swanks around country-clubs, object, money via matrimony. But there's real stuff in the way—about he must have suspected after his last three pictures—and he comes through—clean. That's the sort of a boy he is. Besides, he plays a darned good game of golf. Edward Sedgwick directed Spring Fever, and you don't have to like golf to like the picture; but it's nice if you do. The only links I understand are sausages, so Spring Fever left me pretty much as it found me. One thing I could give three cheers about, though—Joan Crawford has stopped looking and acting alternately like Gloria Swanson and Pauline Frederick and is beginning to look and act like Joan Crawford. One of these days the girl is going to be absolutely herself, and then—watch out! In other words,—Fore! (Cont. on page 98)
California might well be called the Loving Mother State. Flowers from all over the world thrive in riotous profusion upon her hillsides and beauties from far places grow rich, famous, and more beautiful beneath her beatific sun. It is as if each country sent its fairest as a tribute to this blessed land where King Cinema is enthroned.

For California, rich in gold and climate, was not always so rich in beauty. The grizzled '49'er was no Barrymore and the sage brush had few blossoms. But she was a wise state even then for she had the money to attract New Englanders and after that California was indeed blessed. The story is told how Mr. Rock, once great in Vitagraph, sent scouts to find a land of sunshine for the movies, and though the sun of Sunset Land set as far as the Movies were concerned the butterflies of beauty came even thicker to the flaming Keigs and sun arcs. California owes much to its aliens but she has done well by them and to her they give love without measure and beauty beyond compare.

Jetta Goudel from sunny France whence also came the double white blac.

Dorothy Mackall is an English girl and the daisy and the ivy are also British.
Dolores Del Rio from Mexico came to Hollywood and found her home flower, the fuchsia, already settled.

The poppy is California's and it's flaming beauty suggests Alma Rubens who is California's daughter.

The pale red rose of Sweden now flourishes by the Pacific's coast and Greta Nissen is blooming the year around in Hollywood.
The garments worn by Miss Livingston are supplied through the courtesy of Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

Especially posed for SCREENLAND by Margaret Livingston.

In Sunrise Murnau, master director, wanted someone to symbolize 'The Woman From the City.' Someone whose personality reflected the shimmering lure of silk, the subtle enticement of style. He selected Margaret Livingston and her performance justifies his choice. The ever changing modes of fashion in turn glorify many types of figures, but this year the short skirts and the simple lines find their perfect expression in the slim and graceful figure of poised enigmatic Margaret Livingston.

A dinner gown of black lace emphasizing the uneven hemline. Floating panels and rhinestone ornament on shoulder are chic details.

This three piece sports outfit of beige jersey has a cardigan jacket of brown velvet with a belt to match. Reboux hat of brown felt.
Clothes must give expression to the temperament of the wearer but not too much expression and not too many clothes.

Margaret Livingston and pajamas of black silk with startling design in bright blue, green and orange. What could be more alluring?

Margaret Livingston in a very charming afternoon frock of black chiffon velvet trimmed with ermine tails and an Alphonseine turban of black velvet.

"A Woman's Delight and Distraction"

Margaret Livingston

Photographs by Nicholas Has.
PUBLICITY MADNESS

In the primer of every young debutante, the first chapter should deal with Sex Appeal.

Now, don't get me wrong, sisters. You don't have to be in society to be a debutante. But every young girl between sixteen and eighteen years old is a debutante. A Debutante of Life. And what she needs—more than anything else in the world—is that most fascinating of all things—Sex Appeal.

You won't get a good job without it. And you won't get a good husband without it. You won't be invited to the Christmas Ball at the Elks Club. Nor will Johnny Gates come down to New York from Harvard and take you over to the Biltmore to the Christmas Eve tea dansant.

Sex Appeal helps a competent girl to hold down a secretarial job. And keeps a five years' married woman from hunting a divorce. Do you get me or don't you? If you've got that intangible 'It,' everybody will give the little girl a hand and do right by our Nell. And if you haven't got it, the best thing you can do is to let your hair grow and take up social service work.

If things aren't going so well for you; if that boy you met last week called on you once and then didn't come back—go to see Lois Moran in Publicity Madness and learn about women from her.

Lois Moran started out as one of the loveliest things in life—a sweet young girl, with shy eyes and long wavy hair shadowing a pretty, innocent face. And when I saw her in Stella
Reviewed by Rosa Reilly

Dallas I cried so hard I was ashamed for the lights to go up. I cried because never—no matter how hard I tried—would I be eighteen years old meeting life with that brimming bravery that Lois Moran brought to it.

But Lois Moran found out—just like you and I—have—that this is a different age and we must change our hair and our hearts to meet the situation. But as I said before, go see Publicity Madness and watch Lois Moran. Because she has emerged into the smartest young thing in womanhood and yet retained her fragrance of sweetness and innocence—a difficult thing to do. But it can be done.

In this same picture you will get a great laugh out of Edmund Lowe. Because he stole a march on Wally Beery and Raymond Hatton. He did a comedy transoceanic flight and Wally and Raymond will probably gnash their teeth when they see Publicity Madness and note that Edmund Lowe takes off in his plane for Hawaii without having the runway greased with banana peels. But even without the banana peels, Edmund Lowe puts over a real bit of comedy.

Everybody's flying now. But Edmund Lowe didn't want to fly. However, if he didn't the company for which he was publicity agent would be out one hundred thousand dollars prize money. So he

Go find out for yourself. I've told you too much already. I can only add that seldom do you find a picture which gives you your money's worth in humor and at the same time deals you a correspondence course in How to be Popular though Unmarried.

A MAN'S PAST

Honest, now, I don't like that title. A Man's Past or A Woman's Past either gives me the creeps. Because everybody—no matter how old nor how young—has an incident or so buried that they would rather not drag up.

But all indiscretions to one side, this picture A Man's Past is a really remarkable picture. And you must not fail to see it. Because in it Conrad Veidt—the man John Barrymore brought over from Europe—gives a fine performance. Maybe he's not exactly your ideal—because certainly he isn't the usual type of leading man—but nevertheless let's forget about leading men for a day and give a great actor a chance. For Veidt is all of that.

The story deals with the case of a French doctor who has been imprisoned for a number of years in a dreary old French prison on the Island of St. Moir. The doctor wasn't a criminal. But the court adjudged him one because he had considered it merciful to end the lives of patients afflicted with incurable illnesses.

There is a tremendous climax and a terrible physical pull throughout the film. And after the usual marshmallow moving picture—this tense story of a man struggling with his past will give a decided fillip to your monotony.

WILD BEAUTY

There's just one cure for heartbreak that I know,—the kind of heartbreak (Cont. on page 90)
She made the grade in two months.

This queer ornament, twelve inches long, was made by Jeweler Crouch of Los Angeles and presented to Miss Velez as a souvenir of The Gaucho. It is a replica of the one used in the picture.

This is interesting more for its association than for its intrinsic value. It will be sent to the writer submitting the best answer to the following question:

Do you like costume pictures and why? The sincerest, most interesting letter will win the Boleadoras. That's what the ornament is.

Address—
LUPE VELEZ
SCREENLAND Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City.
Contest closes January 15, 1928.
LUEPE VELEZ wearing the trinket which is a souvenir of her part in The Gaucho.

Photograph by Charles E. Lynch
The modern girl slim, tall, chic and fascinating—take Gwen Lee for example.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
THERE are valleys in Virginia, then there is Virginia Valli whose eyes are flowers and whose smiles chase one another across her face like cloud shadows.

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff
AILEEN PRINGLE is next in *Mixed Marriages*. As long as she pringles it's all right with us.

Photograph by Russell Ball
won't you please, please call me up and tell me what that picture is before I wreck my jovial landlady's perfectly good music box?

* * *

Of course there are all kinds of fine places to be living in this old U. S. A. of ours, but I'll bet a rusty collar-button that there's not a very much finer place than Hollywood—at least, at times. Last Saturday Lizzie and I were flying along Sunset Boulevard, and all of a sudden were almost wrecked by a startling sign of great dimensions, which read as follows: 'All day Saturday there will be a free circus with free lunch for all children who care to come.' What do you think of that? I looked further, and there on the used-to-be vacant lot, a great circus tent had been erected, big power wagons were standing around and all sorts of weird sounds were coming forth. Lizzie and I parked, alighted and investigated. There they were, every kid in Hollywood, I believe—enjoying the wildest, wooliest circus show and munching every kind of hot-dog, popcorn and peanuts, all for nothing. All of a sudden something grabbed me from behind. I turned, and there was that Chester Conklin, dressed up in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, without walrus mus-
be no flat tires in their romance, which has been going on now for over a year and which will be taken up before the minister in just about two weeks from the time I am writing this for you. There’s just one bug trouble about it, and that is that this Fazenda girl can’t get any time for a honeymoon or anything. I can see that that is one thing I am going to have to remedy out this here way! I believe in honeymoons—‘matrimoonials,’ as Art Stone is like to say—and honeymoons that last longer than two days. Anyway, very best of luck, Louise and Hal. You know we’re all wishing you that. And Hal, possibly in all the excitement the other day I forgot to tell you how sweet a girl we know your ‘Tillie’ is. For three whole months I watched her with her mother on the set, and there’s no doubt but this could be the perfect mother book—Mother of Mine by Louise Fazenda.

**

It’s funny what a source of satisfaction our actor-folks seem to be to their teachers. And not only that—I don’t think I’d ever be tired listening to the stories these same teachers tell of their now-famous pupils. The latest one is Ray Hatton. I met him at the Paramount studio the other day, and his face was wreathed in smiles over a letter he was reading. It was from a teacher back in the good old days of readin’, writin’ and ‘rithmetic. She
As though it were yesterday, I can see you rise from your seat, and with all the force of your ten years, announce to the class and me: 'Of course it was good, Miss Petty. You know, when I get big I'm going to be an actor.'

What do you think of Bill Fields going and getting himself into such a terrible accident that he is going to be laid up in the hospital for at least six weeks? That little mustache of his won't know how to act when he's up and around again and starts to work. Bill says he needed a rest, and figured he'd get it even if he had to break his neck. Between you and me, Bill is having a peach of a time, and the only one who is really taking it to heart is Bill's beautiful police dog. His master isn't home and he's sure that an awful tragedy has come to the house of Fields. And if the truth must out, even Bill doesn't realize what a close, close call he had.

Colleen Moore tells me that she is right now experiencing one of the pleasantest, most delightful rewards of having stuck it out through all the years of hardship until she won success. A friend from the good old school days is visiting her, and simply having the time of her life. There do not have to be parties, theatres or dances to entertain Marie—no sir.

Julia Faye All Colleen has to do is drive her to the studio in Burbank, open the gates and say—"Here you are, Marie. Wander around the stages to your heart's content." Then when it's time to close up, Marie, tired to death, but the happiest girl in all California, drives home again with Irish Colleen. Pretty nice, isn't it, to know you can make an old pal like that so happy?

He got the past three weeks ago, after he had just about decided to quit the game. I think I never
Of all the twelve ‘Beautiful Stills’ that SCREENLAND published in 1927 this one has been selected as the best of the year.

From ‘The Crimson Flash’
A PATHE PICTURE

saw anyone so elated in my life. The plans he immediately made were nothing short of marvelous. I warned him not to get too gay about his luck, that Hollywood, of all the world, was full of things that meant to be a go. He laughed my tears away—why, hadn’t he been told that this great part would last at least twelve weeks, and after it was filmed and shown, for him the long, hard road would be behind? I told him not to hope so high. I told him to expect the least, and then the most would be extra joy. It’s such an old, old story here in Hollywood. Well anyway, I met him on the Boulevard a week ago, and when I saw him, simply figured he was having luck—a day of rest between two working days. And then I saw it in his eyes. Yes the twelve glorious weeks and marvelous part had tapered down and down to three short days! I figured then that he would call it square and quit the game. Quit? The last thing in his mind was quit! The director had spoken to Jimmie Cruze about him, and he was on the way to Culver City then to see about another part. He called me up last night, to tell me that it looks as if he’ll get the part with Jim. And so again, he’s up on air, enthused, and full of pep and joy. He’ll never ‘quit’ until he’s made the grade, and then I’ll just remind myself that all you have to do to reach your goal is stick and stick and then stick on some more.

* * *

I’ve been in the picture business for a long, long time, but this month is the first time I ever knew that Percy Marmont had three children. I have known Percy for a long, long time, too, and that’s why the surprise was so much greater. He arrived this week from England, and as we were talking I asked him if it was true that he had recently purchased a beautiful home over there. “I have,” he replied, “and Mrs. Marmont and the children simply love it.” “Children?” I gasped, “I never knew you grew that sort of thing around your house. To make a long story short, there are three of them, but Percy does not believe in talking much about them. The babies are two little girls of four and six, with red, red hair, and full of the ‘very old nick,’ as admitted by their Dad. As I said, Percy does not believe in talking about them—much—but I’d just like to say, between us, of course, that Percy doesn’t really like to talk about them any more than a little boy likes to fly a kite or a little girl likes to play at dolls.

* * *

I’m sure we all, at some time or other, been in as much of a predicament as young Tim Holt. I happen to know about it because the shoemaker who makes Tim’s dad’s boots, felt talkative the other morning and told me all about it. Tim—he’s six, of course—came into the store and ordered for himself a nice little pair of boots. In fact, he even drew them out and fixed it plainly exactly what he had in mind. A week or so later, Jack happened in and the shoemaker handed him the boots. “Who ordered these?” asks Jack. “Your son,” came the reply. “Well, he’s free-lancing now and I suppose he knows how much money he’s earning, because he’ll have to pay for them,” says Jack. Then he went to the phone, called the house, and asked for Tim. Jack then came back to the shoemaker. “He says of course he’s got the money to pay for them, or he wouldn’t have bought them, but you’ll have to hold them until tomorrow because he’s sorry he can’t get to his bank today.” And if you don’t think Jack Holt almost broke the buttons off his vest to think what a business man his six-year-old son was, the shoemaker says you don’t know much about folks with kids!

News item and note of hope to all the Richard Dix love lorn: Ye fortune teller hath quoth that the said young Apollo shall remain in good health and without taking unto himself a spouse for at least five years. And, without mentioning any names, I wouldn’t tell that to at least five young ladies here in Hollywood for anything in this wide world!

The contest for the Pathex Camera offered to a SCREENLAND reader by WILLIAM HAINES has been awarded to MRS. CHARLES STEVENSON
Box 316 Carson City, Nevada

Mrs. Stevenson’s excellent letter shows an understanding of William Haines’s cocky personality that is sincere as well as intuitive. We wish to congratulate her upon her easy expression of her thoughts and also congratulate her son. He has a mother who keeps his ideals brightly shining and her selection of William Haines as a hero to be admired for his “American Grin Spirit” is as nice a compliment as could have been paid this excellent star.
They Thought I Was Bluffing

When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

You could have heard a pin drop in the room! I had just finished playing Rubinstein's "Melody in E." My friends were actually dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the center of attraction instead of a mere outlooker! It was just like a dream come true!

"Why you didn't know a single thing about music not so long ago, Bob"—"How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration, unconsiously crept into their voices after they had recovered from the unexpected surprise which I had just furnished. "Yes," said Jim, "what sort of a trick have you played on us—I thought you weren't musically inclined." "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret"—followed Betty and Sue in rapid-fire succession. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

"Well," you're all wrong—every one of you," I replied, chuckling with glee. "I'll admit that a short time ago I didn't know how to play. And as far as special talent goes—well, I never had any. And although I always longed to be able to play the piano, it was more or less of an empty dream. For I just couldn't stand the thought of learning music from a teacher and going through a lot of monotonous scales and exercises. It just went against my grain.

"So I've just contented myself with sitting around caving others who could play—watching them have all the fun. Until one night I was reading a popular magazine and suddenly an announcement caught my eye. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. At first I laughed, like you folks, I thought that such a thing was a joke. Some-how or other I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. But that announcement set me wondering. So I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to investigate. And—well, you know the rest."

From the very beginning I was enthusiastic about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple that a child of eight could understand it. It was great fun—actually as fascinating as learning a new game. And I always played real notes and catchy tunes. No tricks, puzzles or make-shifts of any kind.

Now I can play any piece of music, whether it's a ballad, jazz or classical number. And I never have to refuse when I'm called upon to entertain. No more lonely nights for me. Now my life is just a joyous round of gay parties and admiring friends.

* * *

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time through this startling method, which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instrument by note. 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 hear 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.

Send For Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

In order to make it clear to you—to show you just how and why it gets results twice as fast as any old-time method—we will send you upon request an interesting Free Booklet and a valuable Demonstration Lesson that will make clear the method by which so many thousands have learned. The method is the same for all instruments.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really do want to gain the proficiency in music that will add to your happiness, increase your popularity, and open the way to greater income—ask at once for the Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. Getting them will cost you nothing and place you under no obligation.

Now—before it's too late—sign and send the convenient coupon. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3221 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lessons and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Piano Organ Oboe Violin Clarinet Trumpet

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Banjo (Tenor, Pianoforte or S-Bching)

Piano Accordion
Jean Hersholt's Party

Continued from page 37

exclaimed Patsy to George O'Hara, who was having tea with Patsy and me in her lovely rose garden.

"Why?" asked George.

"We're all invited to a Lorelei party, which Mal St. Clair, the director, is giving for Ruth Taylor, who plays Lorelei in Gentleman Prefer Blondes, and for Alice White, who plays the lively Dorothy in that work of art."

When we entered, we found Alice dancing with her fiancé, Count Hurlock, who was taking it very seriously.

"That music always makes me feel serious," he explained when he had finished.

Alice did an impromptu Spanish dance very beautifully, and then a lively Black Bottom.

Alice is a brilliant little wise-cracker, pretty, charming, and altogether delightful. She had come with Victor Bemingo, to whom some people say she is engaged. We asked her, and she admitted that she was quite crazy about Victor, but as yet there was no formal engagement.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Patsy, "if they would go off and get married without ever having been engaged! It would be just like them."

Mal St. Clair is a great host, and his wife is a great hostess, and so everybody enjoyed himself and herself hugely.

Aldo Alvarado was there with his lovely wife, Ann. Don had just had a big success in Carmen, but it doesn't seem to have gone to his head, for in his new picture, which is playing in D. W. Griffith's picture, doing a Spanish part, wore her screen costume, saying that she was saving money that way!

Louis Moomaw's serious, earnest face looked out above a clown costume. Moomaw, by the way, has just come from Alaska, where he has spent many months making a picture.

Anders Randolph plucked off a little comedy relief for himself by wearing a tramp make-up, very funny, and he turned out to be the real comedian of the evening. Mel Brown, the director, wore an orchestra leader's costume, with little goatee, and we hardly knew him even unmasked. He carried his violin, but said that he could not play for us, because his G-string was broken.

Dave Upright was a fascinating Robin Hood, and sang for us in his splendid songs about Robin Hood songs, which he is now making. And so it goes, at a film studio, where new faces are always appearing. But little Jean is growing up," suggested Patsy, "and will probably remedy all that.

The big tables being removed from the den, we went back there to find a Hawaiian orchestra holding forth lustily, and everybody danced, except those who preferred card playing. The latter included Ralph Lewis and Vera, who danced one dance together and then became absorbed in bridge.

Patsy decided, along about 2 o'clock, that she needed some beauty sleep, but Jean Hersholt exclaimed—

"Why, you're going to stay to breakfast with us, aren't you?"

However, we didn't, but trudged homeward, leaving the party still going strong.

"Prepare to be vamped and revamped!"
Wanted Your---Services
As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made $100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in? Are you stuck in the rut of hard work and poor pay? Are you dissatisfied with your job, your income or your prospects? Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?
Are you putting up with the crumbs of life while others are getting all the cake? Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!
When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of $100 a month.
I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked. I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.
In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly one thousand dollars a month. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.
To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains my history and your opportunity.

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And now is the time to get started.
I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.
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If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—without cost or obligation—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-

Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.
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### Why People Like Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 17)

causing trouble, they organized themselves quietly and quickly into gangs and policed the whole street. They were as efficient and as orderly as any drugged squad—and a hundred times as thrilled. People just couldn't seem to do enough for Harold Lloyd.

"Perhaps," says Harold, "people are kind to me because I am supposed to be funny." Undoubtedly that is true. The world owes Harold Lloyd an immeasurable gift because he has brought to them the rarest treasure in the world—laughter. Not just raucous, side-splitting, custard pie laughter. But laughter that is soft. Laughter that has tears not far behind it. And that is what is called genius.

Last June and July SCREENLAND ran a contest. Harold Lloyd needed a dog for his new comedy. And he offered three hundred dollars—a hundred dollars a week for three weeks—to the boy or girl who would send in the photograph of the best comedy dog.

Photographs came in by thousands. It seemed as if every kid in the country had sent in a snapshot. Every boy and every girl was 'just sure' that 'Rover' or 'King' or 'Laddie' was the one dog in all the world that Harold Lloyd could use.

But none of them suited Harold. He needed a dog with a funny face and sad eyes. Or with a sad face and funny eyes.

And then one day, just as Harold had become discouraged thinking he would never find the dog he needed, he opened a letter and there stood Tipper—an impish wire-haired terrier, belonging to little Charlie Heck of Chicago.

According to the terms of the contract, Harold Lloyd sat right down himself and sent Charlie Heck a letter, telling him that Tipper had won the prize and enclosing three hundred dollars . . . .

And Charlie almost died with joy. And his pretty mother was happy too. And his father—who is a famous dental surgeon and who looks like Babe Ruth—was as proud as if it had been his dog that had been selected. Gaiety lay over that Chicago household as softly as rare old lace rests upon the shoulders of a fair woman. But this gaiety wasn't felt by Tipper. For suddenly with no reason at all—since there wasn't a full moon or illness in the family—suddenly Tipper raised his short blunt muzzle towards the sky and whimpered a long terrible wail. A wail that sounded like a lean, wild wolf on a still, white night.

There is no question about it. Tipper knew he was about to be separated from his beloved little master.

All over the neighborhood, Charlie took the letter from Harold Lloyd and showed it to the other boys. And how they envied him. Every afternoon when school for the day was finished, the kids would flock over to Charlie's big house.

"Who'll feed and water Tipper on the train?" a boy asked.

"For the first time a worried look chased the smile of Charlie's face. For Charlie always fed and watered Tipper himself. And he never forgot. Now had to be reminded. For the first time Charlie actually realized that he was going to be separated from his little pal. And grief stood in his eyes. But only for a second. For the dog was not going to a stranger—but to his idol, Harold Lloyd.

"I don't know who will look after Tipper," Charlie said softly, "but he'll be all..."
"Once I Too Was Weak and Ailing"

The Story of
ANNETTE KELLERMANN
As Told By Herself

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was so weak, so puny, that I was considered an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. My mother put long skirts on me, down to my ankles, to hide my bow legs and braces.

No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. No one ever dreamed that I would some day travel the world over, appearing on the stage, at great universities, on lecture platforms, explaining my methods of acquiring and maintaining perfect health and a perfect figure. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life, and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day through the same methods that I myself use, the methods which have kept my health perfect, and my figure at exactly the same proportions during the past fifteen years.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail me the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you, at once, my interesting illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just send the coupon or letter now. Do this at once, before my present supply of Free books is exhausted. Address.

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City.
right. Harold wouldn't do anything that isn't all right.  

Out in Hollywood, Harold Lloyd's comedy was developing slowly. Accidently, after incident arose to check its tempo. Finally the stage was reached where everything had to be "shot through" in the midst of all the worry and detail, nobody had had time to send for and train Charlie Heck's dog for his part in the picture.  

One day Joe, Harold's friend and assistant came into Harold's office and said: "It just looks like we can't use that dog. We haven't had a chance to train it; We'll have to use one of the studio dogs."

"But I can't disappoint that kid, Joe," Harold answered. "I just can't."

"I know, boss," and Joe looked thoughtful. Because Joe has a son, too. Born on Christmas day. And Joe feels kid's disappointments like all real fathers do. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's use one of the studio dogs for this picture and then we can use Charlie Heck's in the next one—when we're not so darn rushed."

The camera nodded his head. But he wasn't satisfied.  

Meantime in Chicago, as the weeks went by and no call came for Tipper, Charlie Heck's smile grew dimmer and dimmer. Always he had a brave, bright smile. But suddenly he found he couldn't smile any more. Of the millions of dollars. And it had been put in the bank to help pay for his first year in college. Charlie had always wanted to go first to Culver and then to West Point. But he couldn't smile because Harold Lloyd was his idol. And Harold hadn't done what he said he would do.

One day when Charlie Heck came home from school, his mother stood in the door, waving a letter. But Tipper was nowhere to be seen. Tipper was always the first one to greet Charlie.

"Is it from Hollywood, Mama?" Charlie yelled as he ran up the steps.

The Mother nodded her head.

"You open it. Mama. I'm sure Harold has sent for my dog. But you open it, Mama, and Charlie smiles the biggest smile."

But his mother enveloped the letter to him. "You open it. It'll be more fun."

The boy tore open the flap and stared to read. But what he read was the realization that his idol, his smile faded, and tears fell down his cheeks:

"A change in plans," he read, "has made it impossible to get Tipper at the moment but... There was more. But Charlie didn't care. He let the letter slide to the floor and put his rough head against his mother's shoulder.

But just then something warm melted up against Charlie's knee. And there was Tipper with his ball in his mouth, pleading for Charlie to come and play. And Tipper was smiling. For Tipper KNED..."

Then Harold came to New York and too a special train, direct to the 5th Ave, so that his little daughter and his wife might have plenty of sun and air. And one day my editor said to me: "You go up to the Lloyd's apartment. And get him to tell you about the picture he is making."

As I walked down the long hall leading toward the comedian's dressing room I could see, through the open doorway, little Gloria 'going on three' sitting on the floor. And Mildred Davis by the window—reading. It was a lovely room.

"Oh, you're from SCREENLAND, aren't you?" Harold asked, after he had introduced me to his family and they had left the room.

"Yes, I am. And our editor is most anxious to hear about your next picture.

What will it be called?"

"It's not named yet. Say, I was terribly sorry about that dog."

"What dog?"

"When the dog that I was using in my picture—Tipper—"

I answered: "Sittingly, when will your new film be released?"

But Harold was silent and then spoke musingly: "It certainly was too bad about that."  

"Well, you sent him the three hundred dollars."

"I know. But that won't make up for a kid's disappointment."

"Say, you wait here a moment. I'll be right back" and out he dashed leaving me to cobble my thumbs.

The camera went by. And then he came back. And was most charming and polite.

"Did you get what you wanted?" genial Joe Reddy asked as I came out.

"No I didn't. All I heard about was Charlie Heck and his dog."

"Tell me about the boy. Harold has been worried ever since he had to turn the kid's dog down."

But just now he came out and fixed everything up. With all the worries he has on his mind—getting this new film finished, that kid's disappointment seems more important. And I had he telegraph just now asking Charlie Heck that when he comes back to Hollywood, he'll stop off at Chicago and see Tipper. And they'll have a party together. And get some pictures taken. And then, next year, when his work is not so rushed, he'll have Charlie and Tipper and Charlie's mother come out to California. And Tipper will have a real screen test.

"Yes? But how about my story. My editor won't like it at all when I come back without anything."

"A forget it, stories come and stories go—but a boy's heartache—that might go on forever unless—"

And I went out and closed the door softly. For I realized that behind me in that drawing room I had left something priceless and beautiful...

When Harold Lloyd stopped off at the hotels Limited at Chicago that bright luminous morning in October, Charlie Heck remembered how to smile. And he couldn't have smiled any wider if it had been King himself, with all the worries he has on his mind. On the Round Table all attending him, instead of Harold Lloyd—the Herald of Laughter.

And with Harold came his wife and his daughter and Joe Reddy and secretaries and maids and valets. And last—but not least—Harold's new Great Dane. Illo Von Der Rhone, one of the finest specimens in the world.

And never was a younger so thrilled as that boy Charlie Heck, as he stood at the foot of the steps with his pretty mother and father and where anyone had a chance to say anything. Baby Gloria walked right up to Charlie and gave him a big, fat hug. Then Harold took them all for a drive through Grant Park. And then he and the boy got out of the car and stood for a while near the Lake and talked. And what they said, nobody will ever know. Because everybody expected the greatest moment of her son's life. And left the boy alone with his idol.

And now Charlie has his old brave brown smile again. The kind of smile that only comes when a boy's beliefs are unshaken. And when a boy's heart—the knight Sir Galahad's—to pure.

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**Better a Laundry** — Continued from page 35

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Gothic wife. He was stood up before a frankly puzzled audience.

Other he went by and as Anna May grew to success I heard how she had left the ancient roof-tree and had gone to live in Hollywood. According to the publicity stuff I gathered, the author had gone to her head and she had become just another flapper. I regretted this, for it seemed so out of key with her natural and exotic charm.

"Curt" called Niblo, as he finished the scene, and in an instant the little Mongolian girl stood all for one again.

"I've gone back home," she said as though reading my thoughts, "and I want you to come down and dine with us to- night. Father often asks after you and the kids will love to see you again."

Way down into the old Spanish and Chinese quarter of the town I went, and as I crossed the threshold of the dimly lighted but immaculate old building, with its mysterious shadows and plangent odors of the Orient, I was instantly transported to another world.

What a greeting I received from the patricial Wong and the dear little other of the company! There was Wall —now James—grown to splendid manhood and attending the University of Southern California. He is specializing in Business Administration so that he can carry on the honorable enterprise so laboriously built up by his father during forty hardworking years.

"Complete with the big steam laundries? Yes, indeed; so long as people wish fine hand work. Why, many of the customers have been retained for twenty and thirty years," Anna says.

"There are many laundries but the question is, are they good laundries. Father's, of course, is the best." Parenthetically, one might observe that there are many log cabins, but they do not all bring forth Lincolnian scoring. There are many Chinese laundry women, but they do not send all their children to college and bring forth Anna May.

Then there was Liu Heung—called Mary—and the younger brothers, Frank, Roger and Richard. Yes, and four other Wongs, grown mothers —who have wives in China whom they are supporting much better by living in America.

It was the old, medieval, patriarchal family—one for all and all for one. They welcomed me with the warmth of heart that the Chinese genuinely feel toward us Americans.

Such a dinner! Not a familiar thing! No bread, butter, pepper or salt—no need for them. Strange vegetables, water chestnuts, mushrooms, basting sauce, jerked pork, rice, chutney, delicate tea, candied cLuxmotes. Mme. Wong insisted I be permitted a fork, for which I was grateful as I should have had hard sledding with the chopsticks. I wondered while I was eating—everything was so well seasoned and delicious—why we went to the French for so many of our dishes.

Following dinner — cigarettes, Chinese wine and Chinese music on the Victrola. The latter utterly beyond me—greatly to the amusement of my fellow guests. Then to visit with Anna May in her little bungalow behind the laundry. American in structure, the only occidental 'props' in a room, a flattering and perspiring portrait of Doug and Mary, and a piano, which Ana has had to give up because of her finger nails —long pointed symbols of genius so necessary in her pictures.

"Yes," she said, "I had my fling in Hollywood. After my first big success as the Metolian girl in the 'Thief of Bagdad' I thought living there the thing to do. The publicity men were doing the best to Americanize me and I appreciated it, for in Hollywood an American also appreciated the confidence placed in me by my father when he allowed me to leave home, a very hard thing to do for a Chinese girl. I am employed a sort of goatherd who tried to make an American 'lady' of me but all the time she was instructing me I could only keep from becoming a madam; be yourself! In fact I grew to think there was no use in learning to act, for in Hollywood everybody was acting. Even the houses seemed artificial and finally I began to feel that I was dwelling within a world of sets.'

"Then I decided to go back to the laundry where my family's been going on thoughtfully, 'where I would hear the truth!'"

"But isn't the truth sometimes disappointing?" I asked.

"Not so it hurts," she answered, a sense of humor playing in the corners of her mouth. "In the old days at home there was Wall —now James—grown to splendid manhood and attending the University of Southern California. He is specializing in Business Administration so that he can carry on the honorable enterprise so laboriously built up by his father during forty hardworking years. Complete with the big steam laundries? Yes, indeed; so long as people wish fine hand work. Why, many of the customers have been retained for twenty and thirty years," Anna says.

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Phoebe Foster is adequate as the wife with the past. And Kathleen Macdonnell does as well as you could expect with the Gail Kane lines that have been thrust upon her. Still, the part remains a hole. And yet interference gave us a nice evening.

"The Taming of the Shrew"

We doubt that the New York police will close the comedy at the Garrick, but the fact remains that it is the most radical, most mimetic to our modern standards, most dangerous for our attitude, most fascinating play on our boards to-day. Indeed, except for the fact that the name William Shakespeare, a man who has done some notable dramas, is attached to it, we should believe that it was written by some sworn foe of American like H. L. Mencken.

Shakespeare abolished circa 1764-1766, which was sometime before the American Mercury, or even Smart Set had been established; however, and Mencken has a clean alibi. As presented by the Garrick players, it is not what we motion picture fans would call a costume play. The clothes are strictly up-to-date and there is even a Ford in it.

But there is more in it than that. There is an evening of perfectly gorgeous entertainment, made possible by the realization that Shakespeare's comedy is ageless and dateless; that it is just as true and just as funny in 1928 as it was back in 16th century. It might have been written yesterday by Frank Craven, who wrote The First Year.

And, while I'm about it, let's give some boosts to the Garrick players, who do so very vivaciously. Her almond shaped eyes that are so enigmatic on the screen, sparkle with delightful ingenuousness.

You wouldn't know, about the way she dresses her hair. On the screen she often wears straight blonde wigs with peculiar cut bangs over her forehead, but off the screen her own hair, which is naturally wavy is bobbed in a very conservative fashion, with her cars not showing the least bit. She doesn't wear ear rings or elaborate brooches or necklaces, as she usually does in pictures, and she doesn't like the heavy exotic perfume that is so reminiscent of her as a character. However, I shall always admire her choice of colors. She wears green usually because it matches her eyes and goes very well with her red hair. She never wears other bright colors, but confines herself to pastel shades and black.

She took me through her house, and again I received the same surprise that I did when I saw Myrna herself. Her bedroom is furnished simply in early American furniture with colorful hook rugs and pulled back curtains and match coloring, and the walls are decorated with charming water colors. She has no chaise longue in her room. The same period design is carried out throughout the house and there is no attempt at the utmost simplicity and charm. She has a garden of asters and tulips, and tiny red roses lining the walls is not adverse to kitchen work. When her maid is out, she puts on an apron and starts experimenting with all sorts of recipes. She likes to try difficult ones just to see how they will turn out.

Myrna admits to many failures, but says she is not ashamed of her pies.

The more I talked to her, the more different she seemed from the Myrna I had seen on the screen. Once in a while, and always she talked with refreshment enthusiasm. She told me she loved sports, and I understand she is an inveterate gambler. Can you imagine a vamp loving sports? She confessed to a strong desire to travel, but that just now is impossible because she is attending a brother to school on her salary. And, of course, she has bought a house out of her earnings.

She served coffee and sandwiches and rich chocolate cake, late in the afternoon. After we had made quite a visit of it, I noticed that she ate everything, even the cake, apparently not thinking of calories. I asked Myrna how it was that she was perfectly willing to give up her dancing which she had really intended to pursue from childhood.

"Well, you see," she explained, "when I wanted to dance, I knew nothing of pictures. Now that I have tried them, I find so much to my liking that I am willing to abandon my dancing. In pictures there is a marvelous opportunity to portray all the emotions and types of work I want to make a specialty of."

And you have given up dancing entirely? I asked. Not at all. I dance every day at home. Dancing is my recreation as well as my daily exercise. It keeps me fit and gives me more pleasure than any other kind of exercise I can think of. I am very fond of tennis, but it is more strenuous and I can't
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around to the editorial offices personally. He had a reputable agent—the American Play Company—handle his material for him. This agent of course knew the field and knew the best place to submit the type of story which Mr. Rath wrote. No magic about this sale.

Still another instance where a writer broke into the movie game at the time that Jack Larric, a playwright. A year or so ago, Mr. Larric wrote a play called Easy Mark. Before it opened at the time that it was considered, by several Broadway Managers for production. As it often happens in the theatre, delay after delay held up the stage production for such a long time that finally when Mr. Larric received an offer from Paramount, he accepted it. His play was made into a picture starring Thomas Meighan. Shortly after this Mr. Larric was engaged by Paramount to join their writing staff. So without any magic, Mr. Larric made a connection with a picture company which meant the world to him.

J. Palmer Parsons, another playwright, had a production of a play he wrote but it was not successful and closed after a short run. But although it was not as good as a play it was excellent picture material. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Parsons sold the moving picture rights of this play to the De Mille Company and it was made into a picture called White Gold starring Jetta Goudal. Since then, Mr. Parsons has been living his dream by writing his own plays—this is meticulously studying the particular requirements of the picture companies and he has undoubtedly won through. The sale of Mr. Parsons was not effected entirely through the efforts of an agent. He got busy himself and helped things along.

Here's another case of a sale which is very interesting. The writer is Kenyon Nicholson who has been living at front of the author of the successful play The Barker produced in New York last year and still running. Early last summer, Mr. Nicholson was approached by Paramount to go to their studios in Hollywood, study their productions and write them an original story on Circus Life, this being the locale around which he had written his play.

Mr. Nicholson consented to go and upon arriving at the Coast Studios he was shown around the set and then given a desk, typewriter, paper, etc., and told to write his tale. After a reasonable length of time the story was finished and Mr. Nicholson confidently handed in the script. Now it appears that at the time Mr. Nicholson's story was handed in, the editorial office was virtually flooded with material which also had to be considered. So the story which was so eagerly waited for at first, took its place in line with several hundred others.

Mr. Nicholson waited and waited, soon, getting impatient, he sat down and wrote another story. In a little while the time which his company had to write the first story was up, and Mr. Nicholson marched out of the Paramount Studios with the second story he had written under his arm and went directly to the First National Studios. He talked with the Editor there and in practically twenty-four hours time he had effected a sale. If you have any magic, all I can tell you is when a case of where an author had the rare combination of being a writer and a salesman as well.

Only recently an original called Her Wild Oats written by Howard Irving Young was sold to First National Pictures for Colleen Moore and is now in production. This is another sale which was made by The American Play Company. Mr. Young is also the author of the stage play called Not Herbert which was bought some time ago by First National Pictures and is now in production under the title The Perfect Sap starring Ben Lyon.

There has been no lack of tricks connected with the sale of the stories so far. Many times a writer will write a story which he feels has a terrific potential story and write has sold a story. There doesn't seem to be anything particularly exceptional about that. But there is still a case made to the scenario game. Let us take a look into the workings of the unrecognised author—the writer who has had a mediocre success but is still holding out. He writes, writing with the hope that some day, somehow, he will sell the big story which will put him over. This writer is really the best. He has hundreds of others before him have done. A good market for him to try is the smaller Independent Companies. As a general rule the picture companies spend anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars for an entire production. It's called the Quickie and the small Indepenents, to ten days. The author of these stories is not paid as much as the larger companies would pay, but their demands are not nearly as exacting, and a story is not nearly as hard to sell.

Only recently, Myles Connolly the pro-life editor of the Columbia, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus sold an original to an Independent Company which he called Children of Despair. In this ease as in some of the others the deal was made to the American Play Company and the name of the company which bought it is, The Quality Picture Corporation, located at 1401 Broadway, New York City.

A young writer by the name of William B. Laub has been quite successful in selling stories to the Independents. In no case though did Mr. Laub use an agent. He went around himself and sold his stories. In a short time he wrote and sold five stories. They were, Out of the Chorus for Alice Brady; The Phantom of the Opera for Dorothy Mackall; The Broadway Drifter for George Walsh; Daughters Who Pay for Marguerite de la Motte and Combat for George Walsh.

So there we have the story of how originals have been sold. The path of the writer who writes original for the screen or starts with his own story is not hard and cannot be overcome. When one does sell an original for the screen the rewards are quite worth while the price is much more the exception than the rule.

If you were to ask me how to sell an original for the screen I would tell you to first learn the trade, or rather the production of the American Play Company which is located at 33 West 42nd Street, New York City. Robert Thomas Hardy located at 47 West 42nd Street, New York City and the Charles Larric Company located at 515 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mr. Thompson also has an office in Hollywood located at 1930 Canyon Drive.

We will always have the ambitious writer who is striving to break through the barriers no matter how insurmountable they seem, and some day, some one of the courageous ones, who has learned how to write a good story, will succeed.
They Winked in Derision
when Mlle. Chaumont greeted me in French
... but a second later they got the shock of their lives!

As I look back on the strange beginnings of that romantic adventure, and its amazing outcome—I have to laugh.

It was cleverly contrived—that deep-blend plot of my friends to entangle me in a web of folly and embarrassment. Today they have to close one eye and cross the other to see anything funny in a situation that brought me happiness.

I caught my first glimpse of Mlle. Chaumont at one of our charity bazaars, where she appeared as a guest of the Robinsons. I had arrived late, just as the Robinson party was leaving. But the vision of that gorgeous girl, fresh from Paris, hung like a picture in my memory; and I'm not ashamed to confess that from that moment there was one perfectly eligible young bachelor who began to take a new and excited interest in life.

My Friends Plan a Joke on Me

In other words, I was "hard hit"; and like any other romantic young enthusiast, I went about among my friends asking eager, foolish questions, and singing aloud the beautiful sentiments I so ardently felt. I simply had to meet her—to know her. All of which amused my friends enormously, and set on foot a conspiracy to let me make a monkey of myself.

The upshot of their base designs was a dinner-dance given in Mademoiselle's honor by the Robinsons. I was invited, of course. The plan was to present me to Mlle. Chaumont who spoke scarcely a word of English, then leave me stranded and stuttering in her company while they sat back to enjoy the fun. It was a tricky little plot, and so far as my ignorance of it was concerned—perfect. But...

Well, the big night came. When I entered the Robinson home I was as nervous as a bridegroom who has forgotten the wedding ring. Then through an opening in a little group I caught sight of HER—and from that moment I forgot everything else.

What a picture she made! To describe her as lovely, charming, and delightful simply proves the poverty of the English tongue. Briefly, she was the kind of girl for whose adorable feet any modern Raleigh would gladly spread his dinner coat in the mud.

My appearance was greeted with delighted shouts of welcome—a sort of prelude to the evening's "comedy." Then, with a grand display of mock formality, I was led forward to be presented to Mademoiselle. As I bowed low over her hand in approved Continental fashion, she murmured:

"Je suis charmé, Monsieur."

"Comme vous êtes adorable !" I replied.

"Et vous, Monsieur," she exclaimed softly, "comme vous êtes gentil !"

And while my dear, foolish friends stood by, gaping with amusement at this rapid exchange of musical French, the first note of the orchestra announced the opening dance. I bowed to Mademoiselle.

"Voulez-vous me faire le plaisir de danser avec moi ?"

She rose gracefully, flashing me a bright smile, "Oui, volontiers," she said.

Whereupon she tucked her arm into mine, and I triumphantly led her off to the dance floor, to the consternation and deep chagrin of every one else.

If I had suspected it before, I became certain during that dance that there was only one girl in the world for me.

At the end of the dance I led her out onto the balcony, where we found a comfortable corner and continued to get acquainted. And there we sat through several dances, exchanging confidences that I sincerely hoped would eventually lead to wedding bells for me.

I Tell My Friends the Secret

When we re-entered the house the storm broke. From all sides the noisy, excited revellers rushed down upon us, firing a volley of questions and shafts of reproach. Some one pinned on me from behind and whipped me away from my companion. Another poked me in the ribs, while an envious voice cried;

"You old beggar, where did you learn to speak French?"

I laughed and kept them guessing. Then, when I thought I had carried my triumph far enough, I told them about the famous Hugo Method which I had taken up some time before as the simplest, quickest way in the world of learning to speak and read French.

A knowledge of French, I told them, had proved to me the most useful of all the nuts, facts, and methods, and in advancing one's self in a business and social way. Anyway, I had heard of the Hugo Method, and had thought it worth trying. They had seen the results for themselves, and without giving them a chance to ask further questions, off I went in search of "the only girl."

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New Screenplays—Continued from page 51

you have when you find your boy friend doesn’t mean matrimony when he says ‘I love you.’ Go to a good animal picture when that happens to you and you’ll feel like that old wisecracker who said, ‘The more I see of men the better I like dogs.’ Only you’ll have to substitute horses instead of dogs.

Wild Beauty has your old friend Rex in it and another horse called Valerie who, by the way, almost steals the picture right from under Rex’s snorting nose.

There’s much real beauty in the film—some lovely, romantic, and exciting moments when the wild horses stampedede.

Good old melodrama it is. And that’s what folks like as the successes on Broadway clearly demonstrate. We like our drama and we like it mellow. At least I do. When I go out for an evening’s amusement I don’t aim to step over to the graveyard and see my uncle’s grave nor sit down in a picture house and watch an unhappy matron be ‘misunderstood.’

Slightly Used

You remember the May McAvoy of The Enchanted Cottage. That is a picture most folks will never forget. Well, it’s a treat to see another star and another plot for her as excellent as that one was because she certainly gets a bad break in the new film Slightly Used.

May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel do their best—struggling through one of those comedies that—as an old picture producer once said—is ‘ain’t to be laughed at.’ But even the lack of humor can’t mar the beauty of the settings and the excellence of the photography. Slightly Used tells the story of a girl who pretends to be married to a distant aviator, so that her two younger sisters may get engaged. An irate papa has declared all bets off on the younger two until he gets his eldest off his hands.

This would have made a great hit when Lupe Velez could make half the females in America weep over life’s cruelty. Or when that old sob-getter The Wide, Wide World was considered a literary masterpiece.

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Put your foot down, May, and make the boys in the back room give you a better deal on some of those dear French heroes and have them draw a couple of sawed off shot guns on whoever picks out your stories.

Ladies At Ease

Now if you are one of those people who like to read Swinburne and prefer a melancholy night room with a volume of Nietzsche to a sun-smothered beach with a white-jacketed jazz band, don’t go to see Ladies at Ease. But I like my beach and I like my band and I like Ladies at Ease. And do you know why?

Because Gertrude Short as the plump comedienne with sore feet gave me some great laughs. Why that girl is down-right appealing. Of Course, Pauline Garon is the pretty one who gets the sympathy. But Gertrude Short is the one that gets the laughs. And I like laughter—what every playright knows—it’s harder to make people laugh than it is to make them cry.

It’s the Will Rogers of this world—and the Ring Lardner and the Sam Hellmans—who ride in, jokes and it’s the long haired poet who writes about heroes that give us such hardy heroics.

Go to see this picture girls and boys, give yourself a good laugh and take it home with you. There are a lot of dreary winter days ahead with worries about the price of coal and coats and how to make one dollar do the work of five. But as long as you can keep the family circle laughing you’ve got no need to fear. And Bertrand Russell—one of the sanest of contemporary writers—tells us that that is what more than anything else—poisons the dreams of our life. Go to see this picture and then come home and read How to Be Free and Happy by Russell and I prophesy a good winter for all.

Chatter from Hollywood

Continued from page 69

Lupe Velez. Douglas Fairbanks’ leading woman in his new film that the parents of this Mexican actress were named: Jacobo Dillalobos and Josefina Velez de Dillalobos. Lupe was christened Maria Guadalupe.

Strange Hollywood attracts fakers. This month a sewing machine agent fooled several of the studios into believing he was Joe Dundee, ex-welterweight champion of the world, while a little French dancer, almost got away with being a sister of Anna Pavlova, famous Russian dancer.

If all the fake counts and princes in Hollywood were placed end-on-end they would stretch from the Metro-Goldwyn- Mayer studio to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

No star is complete without her operations this season. During the last month, Marie Prevost, Vera Reynolds, Patsy Ruth Miller and Betty Blythe have gone under the surgeon’s knife.

Both Adolphe Menjou and Jack Holt have been seriously ill, while W. C. Fields cracked a couple of vertebrae in a fall. His injury held up production of the Christie 1927 version of Tillie’s Punctured Romance.

Sally O’Neill almost went the way of Lew Cody at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this month. The option on Sally’s contract was not renewed when the time came and there was much daring back and forth between the star and the producers. The final result has not been made public, but I believe she will remain at M. G. M. for another year at least.

Sally has the reputation of having a little too much advice to offer on how pictures are made.
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ibilities, and look what they made out of it. Hell, I wish it was over with. The fools! Haven't they any sense at all? Pat, I'm tempted to ask them to sell that story to me, but they never would. It'll make money for them, and that's all they care about. Well, see you in the morning. Study it over tonight. We'll do the best we can, anyway. Goodnight," and away he went.

That was Blackthorne for you, always willing to give his best, even when you tied his hands.

And they started in—with Wimbleton as the redeeming angel and Jack as the black sheep. But trouble began to brew from another quarter. Since Jack had spoken to Wimbleton, that worthy gentleman got the idea into his head that the officials had sent Jack to him because they were afraid to call their star on the carpet. In the past three pictures he had been manageable, reported on time, appeared on the set when called from his bungalow dressing room and took direction after a fashion. But now nothing could hold him. He came when he pleased, refused to take direction and high hatted everybody left and right.

The electricians, a democratic, hall-fellow-well-met bunch were tempted to drop a spot light on hisdone, in spite of all that Blackthorne and Fred the cameraman could do to pacify them. When the rushes came through, there would be a high light and a shadow where it shouldn't be. At the critical moment, when Wimbleton would try to appear as elegant and refined as he knew how, and the cameras were grinding away, an important spot would dim or sputter, with disastrous results to the star when the scene appeared on the screen. It takes team work to make a picture.

All this worried Blackthorne because he realized that it spelt ruin for his picture. If Wimbleton pulled this sort of stuff at the beginning of the picture there was no telling what he might do before it ended. If bitterness against a fancied wrong was the cause of his actions he might carry it to the extent of walking off the set altogether. And then where would Blackthorne be? He wanted nothing to defer the date set for the finish of this picture and his contract either. After a particularly disagreeable day with the star Blackthorne had a conference with Pat.

It was six o'clock when he left. By ten Pat was banging her typewriter sixty miles an hour. Her eyes were bright, her face flushed, yet her hands were like ice.

At four in the morning, Pat was still typing. Her eyes were still bright, although the lids drooped a little. Her face was pale, except for two bright spots on the cheekbones, and her hands and feet were numb. But her heart was warm and happy. Weren't she doing it for her boy?

When Blackthorne came to the office at eight in the morning, he found a little girl fast asleep with her arms on the typewriter and her head pillowed on them.

He called to her anxiously, 'Pat girl, what's wrong?' and receiving no reply, he knelt beside her and lifted the tired head. There didn't wake Pat either, so he put her head on his shoulder and chafed her hands and wrists. Finally she opened her eyes sleepily and realizing Blackthorne's presence she grinned and wrinkled her nose at him. Before he had a chance to say anything, she was up and gathered together a pile of typewritten sheets. She begged him to go into his private office and read them.

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that way out I have anticipated."

"What," exploded from every person in the room. "Then you did have a hint from Wimbledon," the G. M. began a little nastily.

"Not in the form you mean," Blackthorne replied smoothly, rather enjoying himself. "But Wimbledon has been acting queerly ever since the beginning of this picture. He has been late for his calls, sometimes cutting an entire day and offering no explanation. He has been insolent to members of the cast and intolerant of direction. His whole attitude began to worry me and set me thinking. I felt if the picture began so badly it might end worse and decided to take some cover shots which would change the story a trifle but would save us from disaster if the worst came to the worst. These shots were taken as 'test shots' and not even Jack knew why they were being taken."

"Jack?" asked the G. M. "Do you mean Jack Kennedy? That fifty dollar a week 'bit' man? You must be crazy."

"Well now, think a minute," Blackthorne soothed. "You must admit that his work stood out like a sore thumb in the last three pictures he has been in. And after all the successes I have made for Imperial you must admit that I ought to know a screen type when I see one. And I consider this young man a genuine find."

Blackthorne could see that he had his audience in hand. The hundred and twenty-five thousand dollar loss was beginning to hang like the sword of Damocles too directly above their heads. Wimbledon's walk-out had placed every card in Blackthorne's hand.

"Now I'll make you a proposition. Every picture I've made for you has made money. Ask Edwards, he can tell you in a minute. Now—let me finish this picture my own way. If it flops, I'll buy it from you at cost—you remember I sold you a success at cost five years ago—and if this picture makes a success, I want a one year contract on my own terms. What say?"

"Let us understand you right, Mr. Blackthorne," Schwartz, Sr. put in here. "If the picture fails you will buy it at cost. If it succeeds, what are the terms of the one year contract you ask us?"

"Now we're talking business. The terms are, that I select the stories, choose the cast, write my own version and, not more than three pictures to the year. I must have it so that I know where the stories are, and they will not cost more than ten thousand apiece. The cast—I've worked with everyone I have in mind and know their ability. Each picture will not exceed the cost of your average production."

The Schwartzes, Cohens and Katz all moved closer. Even the G. M. leaned his elbows on the table and looked interested. "Will you repeat those terms," he asked Blackthorne.

"No need," the younger Katz spoke up. "I have every condition noted. Leave it to the young fellow. He passed no bets. He read them aloud carefully and slowly. His daddy grinned and when he had finished, spoke up with, "I advise the organization to accept Mr. Blackthorne's proposition."

"Yes, we are proud of your record, Mr. Blackthorne," the G. M. spoke up, now that the legal department had taken the responsibility from his shoulders. "And on the strength of your past achievements, we give you carte blanche with the present production and a new contract will be drawn from the notes of M. Katz, Jr."

"So long folks," and Blackthorne was out
of that office like a shot.

Three steps at a time brought him downstairs in fifteen seconds. From the door leading to the stage he bellowed, "Pat, oh Pat, come up to the office," and away he went with Pat after him.

The moment she came in, he slammed the door shut and chuckled, "Pat girl, we win. Now give me your notes and hot foot it up to the cutting room, Jack is in. Cut Wimbledon out. I'll finish with Donald Colbert as double for Wimbled-
ton. Thank God we have a barrel of close ups of Wimbledon to cut in. Colbert will look like his twin brother in the long shots.

But Pat didn't move. She just stood and looked at him, and slowly her eyes filled with tears. Her chin quivered as she stammered, "Y-you mean they have given th— their permission to feature my J-J-Jack?"

The next swoop gathered her into his arms. "Yes Pat, your Jack is in. And, what's more, your idea will get us all a good contract with Jack as the lead."

What two weeks followed that memorable Monday. Every day from eight in the morning till twelve at night. Pat was next to the cutter. Every foot of film passed over her hands, as she walked and sat, patiently, she constructed the story according to the script she had written that one night. With skill and cunning she made the younger brother, the Black Sheep of the family, the hero of the story.

On the set Blackthorne drove the players unmercifully. He told them nothing. Jack asked no questions. From that night, when Blackthorne had asked him what his intentions were towards Pat, and they had stood face to face and then silently shook hands, he had had the utmost respect and confidence in him. He followed direction to the detail, and when he thought he could do better in any take, he asked for it and Blackthorne put him through again. So finally with the use of Donald Colbert as double for Wimbledon, the story was finished. Every official of the Imperial Players, Inc., was in the little theatre that could only be reached by a private passage from the G. M. R. T. Not even that journey traversed that passage. It had to be a high and mighty occasion, as was the first showing of Black Sheep, featuring the coming young star, Jack Kennedy.

The sales force were given the choicest seats for it depended largely on their verdict. It was their business to sell Imperial's products and if they said thumbs down, somebody would die for a tumble.

Pat and Jack were huddled together in a corner. She was shaking like a leaf. Her nerved were torn to a frazzle and in her mind only one thought ran round and round; "they have to like it, they have to like it." She refused to think of anything else. Even when fed whispered little en-
dearing terms into her ear, and squeezed her hands tightly, she only answered, "they have to like it—they have to like it." For exactly seventyeight minutes not a sound was heard except the whirring of the projectors. These men were not enthu-
astic like a movie audience. They had come to pass judgment and criticize. Even if they were pleased, they would not show it until the last foot of film had gone through the machine, and then they showed it grudgingly. They were hard boiled.

At last the blank leader flashed across the screen and the lights went up. But not a sound. For perhaps thirty seconds this heartrending silence prevailed, then Bill Callahan, head of the sales department barked, "Gentlemen, I'll undertake to sell this picture. And that picture is shown in every territory. It's the best damned comedy you've given me in a dog's age. At last this studio is getting sense," and added as an afterthought to take the sting out of his remark, "I'll turn that into dollars for you."

After that everybody became human and friendly. They wanted to know how Black
thorne did it, who this Jack Kennedy was and where was he.

He wasn't in the theatre anymore, nor was Pat, Blackthorne told the whole story and when he finished, Bill Callahan asked, "What did you say her name was?"

Blackthorne told him and Bill shouldered his way out of the room to find this little bit of shamrock that made the picture.

"Try the main stage," Blackthorne whisp-
ered to him as he passed and Bill nodded. He found her, or rather them, but he tip-
toed away without a word.

He had seen the little bit o' shamrock sit-
ting on a folding stool and kneeling before her with his blond head buried in her arms as a boy. Both were crying, but their tears were the kind that make life sweet.

What Size Glory—Continued from page 41

in many ways, these two are similar in height at least, 5 feet 4 inches.

Marie Corda, a European importation by First National, will be seen as the fabled Helen of Troy in this company's rendition of John Erskine's 'Private Life' of that beautiful girl.

Frau Corda (Herr Corda is a director) has an exquisite figure, which the censors at least, will see quite a bit of in the pictures.

In measurement, it is as follows: Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 120 pounds; bust, 36; waist, 26; hips, 37; 1/2; wrist, 66; ankle, 7.

Gilda Gray—Give the little girl a big hand—dances the shimmy, the black bottom, the devil dance or whatever have you on a pair of tapping feet which take a size 3 shoe. Gilda is 5 feet 4 inches in height. Her bust is 34; her hips, 36; her waist, 26; her neck, 15 1/2; her thigh, 17 4/4; her calf, 13; her ankle, 75; her length from knee to toe, 22; and her length of foot, 8.

Here the wonder—Gilda has kept this size figure in all that Gilda a little mystery. It is a mystery to me. Another triumph for Samuel Goldwyn, I suppose.

Since there will be an exception to prove every rule, I am adding the measurements of Dolores Del Rio. Dolores is small, just 5 feet 2 1/2 inches shorter than Greta Garbo, and she doesn't belong to all the new type doesn't belong to all the other type. Dolores has a little heroine heroine referred to. Her success has been outstanding in the last two years. And as I said she is the exception that proves the rule.

Dolores is 5 feet 2 1/2 inches in height. Her bust is 34; her hips, 37; her waist, 23; her shoe size, 4. She weighs 112 pounds.

Of these recent film successes, only two have long hair, Dolores and Eve Southern. Greta is a long bob.

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DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS

(Continued from page 45)

"Quality Street"

Come for a walk up Quality Street with Mr. James D. Baugh and Ms. Marion Davies. Good exercise—and good food, too, at the posh Quality Street Tea Room. Quality Street is a quaint and charming thoroughfare—no place for a sports roadster, but just right for a quiet stroll. That neat little, sweet little house is where Miss Phoebe lives—dainty, delightful Miss Phoebe, and her sister Sue, completely surrounded by their flower beds. La—this is the age of the ladylike girl—along about the middle of the last century—before ankles were invented and为广大 conceited her feelings as she did her legs—began limbs. Believe me if all those endearing young charmers walked up the street to day they wouldn't get a second glance. And still—I don't know. Miss Phoebe is a knock-out in her way. All her prop—perts didn't seem to come of Doctor Brown from calling on her. Quality Street was watching and waiting for him to declare himself when—well, a man named Napoleon—Papa Napoleon—served up all good Englishmen to forget their Phoebes and rush to the defense of Miss Britania. He loved her—and he rode away. Quality Street was crying; Miss Phoebe slipped from radiant girlhood to sad old-maidenhood—in those days it didn't take long. And then—Mr. Brown—Captain Brown—wound his way from war, resendent in a superb uniform, ready to pop the question. You may say it wasn't much but at that time Napoleon kicked out of it than a dozen floods, ship wreck or smash climates. There's real suspense when Captain Brown calls once more to see Miss Phoebe, expecting to find her just as he left her. Whether she will win him back, and how she'll go about it—that's the question. See the answer for yourself.

Quality Street is an enriching comedy-drama of manners—good manners. It has all the flavor of Scott Crittenden—his best. And it is also an important picture from a directorial stand-point. Sidney Franklin did it, and if he had a "tone of his own" in front of his name, he probably would be credited with starting a new school, or something. Here he has taken a simple, slow-moving story, and endowed it with interest and action. He has created color against an old-fashioned, leisurely background which might have held the picture back in the "quaint" class. The sets look as if somebody had been living in 'em for years. The props are positively mellow—it's as good as a visit to your favorite antique shop. Yes—Franklin has retained all that mignonette-at-moonlight atmosphere, and has also supplied a dash that has hitherto been lacking in costume things. That's speed, and humor, and modern camera angles in his method. This is one of those pictures with rhythm—Phoebe. Sir James will be tapping his foot when he sees his Phoebe and her Captain tripping the light fantastic.

As for the acting—it's just about perfect. Marion Davies has always been ornamental around a picture; now she is useful as well. Wait till you see her as Phoebe. Of course, she's as beautiful as the costumes. But it isn't her beauty that you'll remember. Her very best work is done in those scenes which shows Phoebe as
Meet The Movie Stars In

Dress Parade

Dress Parade has all the thrills of all those news-reel pictures of West Point—and then some. It takes you right up to the U. S. Military Academy and shows you through—not as the tourist sees it, but the real thing. You stroll Flat质检 Walk, you see the view from Fort Pungam; you peek into General Pershing's old room, and you dance at the hop. There's nothing more you can do at West Point—except study. The Academy is a pictorially perfect setting for any picture. It furnishes all the sets—not a studio shot in the lot. All the boys who wanted to be sailors will now change their minds and begin to nag their congressmen. Dress Parade is excellent propaganda.

William Boyd is seen in a William Haines character—a fresh cadet who congratulates West Point on its luck. Through the tough discipline and the sweet censure of the Commandant's daughter he learns to be a Man. This is my last smart-aleck so help me. Boyd, a sincere actor and a pleasant personality, is no smart-aleck and no amount of making is going to make him one. He is just mis-cast, that's all—but it's enough to hand the honors to Hugh Allan as a rival cadet for the hand of Bessie Love—and Bessie, by the way, at her pert best. From the start the sympathy is for Hugh. The audience is with him to the last woman, and when Bessie turns him down everybody thinks she is just having her little joke. Young Mr. Allan has plenty of promise and if he keeps just half of it no heroine will ever turn him down again. He's the boy who was about to become Mary Pickford's leading man when he broke his arm. All I can say is, if Mr. Allan doesn't break his neck he is going to be a great, big star some day.

Home-Made

Extra—Johnny Hines Gets In Jam! Hold on—it's all right. It's good jam, that kind that mother makes. And Johnny's efforts to put mother's jam on the market make Home-Made a funny picture. It has bigger and better gags. This is a gag year, as you know if you have been seeing any comedies at all lately. Johnny's gags are all home-made. Unlike some home-made products, these fit. They occur at the right time and the right place, and rather than retard the development of the story. Home-Made also contains tips for young men trying to get along. For instance, it tells you boys how to spend an evening with your girl when that's all you have to spend. Go to a phonograph shop with her and ask to hear the newest dance records. Then while the clerk waits without, ask your girl to dance, and pass a pleasant evening. It is desirable to be an excellent dancer in order to put this over, and Johnny is a good teacher. Johnny sets a splendid example to boys, anyway. He's the personalification in his picture of all the young go-getters in the world. Take the Hines comedy course. It will pay you in laughs while learning.

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Screen News—Continued from page 6

goodness, normal, interesting American femme. However, she may do another vaude-
some if Herbert Brenon decides to
write in a part for her in his next for
United Artists, Laugh, Clown, Laugh. It
isn't settled yet.

Monte Blue hasn't changed a bit! We
used to know him when he worked for
Griffith—quite some time ago, while he was
in the movies. He played Danton in D. W.'s Orphans of the Storm, you recall.
And before that was a sort of actor-
maintenance work and D. W.'s studio
since Intolerance days. But Monte was al-
ways easiest, always hard-working. No job
has ever been too small for him to tackle
—and the jobs are getting bigger and better. He's been a
full-fledged star for several years, and his drawing power is steadily increasing. We're
glad of it, because in these days of swift
success and, sometimes, just as quick failure, we need a few like Monte. He likes his
work; he likes his company. Warnier Bros—he likes the parts they give him to
play. Satisfied, and sincere—that's Mr. Blue.

Tommy Meighan has been here. No, not
in New York, but in Great Neck, Long
Island. Tommy is a real country-boy, as
country goes around this town. His plan
at Great Neck is a neat little farm-house
with private bathing-beach and fixings.
Meighan spends practically all his time out
there while in the east, playing golf. When
he does come in to town to see a show or
do business, he always catches an early
train back to the island. Tommy Meighan
may seem indifferent to you in his pictures
these days. Sometimes it seems that he
walks through them. But just give him a
good story—and he can believe in—and
watch the change. That's what he wants
more than anything—a good story. He
admits he needs it. We wouldn't be sur-
sprised to hear of his signing with another
company one of these days. But of course
he has a few more films to make under his
Paramount contract.

'Mable Normand Previews Lew Cody'—
that's the way an act was billed at the
Palace vaudeville theatre on Broadway. Lew
wise-cracks also to the effect that he brought
greetings from 'the luckiest girl in the
world'—lucky, says Lew, because she mar-
mied me. Cody is a capital kidder; he has
a suave, easy line on the stage, and we're
not surprised to hear that he is consider-
ing an offer to star in a new play.

Mabel came east to see her husband—a
Mabel who looks more like the fresh, vivi-
cious Mabel of Sennett days than we have
seen for a long time. She's still pert, and
pretty; her great big eyes still snap, her
wills still sparkle. Some day she'll make her
screen come-back, see if she doesn't. Right
now she is thinking of going into vaude-
ville. The Codys are a gay, debonair team;
they remind us of that old vaudeville act
billed as That Klassy Kare-free Couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were in
town. Seems funny to call them that. They
look just like a couple of kids. Natalie
Keaton—the youngest Talmadge—that was,
and still is, for a Talmadge, always
—is a little bit of a thing; a miniature edi-
tion of her famous sister Norma. You'd never
guess she's the proudest mother of two
bouncing boys. Buster is a shy, quiet chap
with a rich vein of real humor. That
frozen face is for screen purposes only. We
wore the picture that Buster nearly laughed himself out of
his seat over the antics of a brother come-
dian. It takes a comedian to appreciate another
one's gags. For instance, all the
funny fellows of the screen are enthusiastic
about each other's work. Buster thinks
Tonny Helms is a swell fellow. Jack
at Buster and at Harry Langdon and Harold
Lloyd. And of course they all howl at
Chaplin.

Connie Talmadge came back from Europe
with a brand-new divorce. Whenever Con-
nie comes to town, things liven up. When
you watch her on the screen, you don't
see the half of it. Really, she's ten times
more vivacious, more impish, more fasci-
nating on the screen. She seems to be
adored by all of the movie queens. The ex-Mrs. Alas-
tair McIntosh is heart-whole and fancy-free
now; but we don't mind telling you that
she was in Buster Collier with him at the same time.
What? Oh, he was just doing a vaudeville
turn with his dad, William Collier, Sr.
That's all.

There's an exotic lady in the movies
named Rosa Rudama. An Italian, discov-
ered by Cecil De Mille, who has raven-
black tresses reaching below her knees,
languorous eyes, and an intriguing accent.
The latter doesn't show on the screen but
she's a good business woman and is a
longer to the De Mille yet she's so
swift that she's likely to be seen in the same picture
as well as a stage appearance in
a new play, she tells us. Anyway, she
made the Algonquin scene last week.

George Bancroft, the star of Underworld,
is now on top of the world. He's one of
the few stars to have several pictures play-
ing on Broadway simultaneously, so he had
to come east to see for himself. There's
nothing rough or uncouth about Mr. Ban-
croft, it seems. He was as much at home
in George's dining room at the 'Gonk' as
any member of the intelligentsia. And why
not?

Virginia Valli was in town for a vaca-
tion—just in time to see herself on the
screen at the Roxy in East Side, West Side.
Virginia went to see her picture, all by
herself. She paid to get in, and nobody
paid any attention to her—except, of course,
on the screen. She says she is not rec-
ognized—and when she is, she is mistaken
for somebody else! That's an Irishism, and
Virginia has a right to it, because her real
name is Sweeney. She has often been ad-
dressed as 'Miss Vidor' or 'Miss Talmadge.'
(Norma.) Somebody suggested that
the reason she's never recognized is that she
didn't have an ermine coat. So on this
trip east she remedied that. Just the same,
we've seen fans rush up to her in theatres
and ask her for her autograph, and not
seen in the least surprised to discover that
it was Virginia Valli. She's just about the
favorite film star up in Portland, Maine.
She went up there to be a beauty contest to select 'Miss Maine,' and came
close to being chosen herself.

Those Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, have given up a trip to England to
star in Topsy and Eva over there—the
the musical comedy version—in favor of
California, where he has been busy involved in
Vivian's engagement to Nils Aither, the
handsome new leading man seems very
definitely on. Nils' work keeps him in
California, where he has been busy involved in
Lillian’s picture plans are still indefinite, chiefly be-
cause she has still two more releases coming
under her contract with M-G-M. The Wind
and The Enemy. She worked so hard for
the past year or two that she feels she has earned
equally enough time for a new contract when she feels like getting
into harness again. The Wind, incidentally,
is the only movie Miss Gish has ever
made for which she has a word of praise. She worked harder in this picture
than she did even in Way Down East. The scenery which endured by her com-
pany were no joke, what with sand, and
wind, machines, and heat. So when Lillian
says I'm pleased with it, you know it
must be good.

Billie Dove came east at a half-hour's
notice. She was packing her husband's
to Washington, D.C., for a conference with government officials
about his forthcoming special "Big Guns,
for Universal, when both of them suddenly
realized they couldn't stand the separation. Billie
got in touch with the studio and begged
for a leave of absence. Nobody
can refuse her anything, so schedule were
switched and she hopped on the train at the very last minute, regardless of the fact
that she had no time to pack any trunks for herself. And what an excuse to indulge in a shopping orgy when she arrived!

Walking up Fifth Avenue with Billie
Dove was like participating in a queen's
trip. The girls never looked as if all of the movies fans in town had gathered to
cheer her. Every time she went shopping she was followed by bevy of excited girls,
and if you think all movie stars are hard-
boiled, you should have seen Billie blush! The presence of the pretty picture star in
the audience at the first night of the Zieg-
feld Folies made that always thrilling event
even more exciting than usual. She left
town a little girl who had won some notice
as one of the most beautiful of Mr. Zieg-
feld's many beautiful decorations. She
returned a movie star, with a reputation as
a good actress and a great box-office bet.

They say that in a year or two Miss Dove
will be second to none as a feminine draw-
ing card. In private life, however, she's
very much Mrs. Irwin Willat. She’s really
a devoted, old-fashioned wife, and proud of
it. Some day, the Willats hope to work to
gether again on the films. You remem-
ber the Zane Grey westerns they made
together, notably "Wanderer of the Waste-
". Although he’s a long-time director,
and she’s a rapidly rising star, they remain,
outside the studio, just a nice, young mar-
brried couple. And in these days, what
time this year, if there aren’t many
beauties who remain unspoiled and retain
their sense of humor. Maybe that’s
why everybody, including Mr. Willat, is rooting for Billie Dove

An interesting new series is now in pro-
duction at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New
York. It is the Rainbow series of six
two-reel productions, made entirely in color.
Lars Moen, a former writer on movie sub-
titles, is the script writer. Mr. Moen
studied German camera methods during a
recent sojourn abroad, and brought back
many ideas for developing this unique new series. Edna Murphy came on
from California to play the leading role.
She was chosen for her beautiful blonde
coloring. Other stars are Mabel
Swor, Follies beauty, and Walter Tennyson,
promising juvenile who will also be seen in
the William Boyd picture filmed at West
Point.

Leila Hyams became Mrs. Phil Berg at a
wedding at Thursday's on Park Avenue,
New York early in November. The little
blonde Warner star had a real wedding—a
hundred-year-old wedding veil, and all
the trimmings. The young bride's hus-
band five years—in fact, it's a sort of child-
hood romance, for Leila is only twenty
and he's just five years older. Mr. Berg is
the son of a huge building contractor,
but he has gone into business for himself in Hollywood as a casting agent.
His wife is not one of his clients. Her
own manager is a woman. But Mr. Berg
is exceedingly proud of her just the same.
Leila Hyams is a very beautiful blonde,
with some of the stuff that is the affection of a former "child star." She, instead,
resembles a young lady fresh from a smart finishing-
school—but not very fresh. She used
to play in vaudeville with her parents,
the well-known team of Hyams and McIntyre.
She says she played "dead bodies and off-
stage voices." When she first tried her
luck in pictures, no one knew she was
around. She did extra work and bits; and
finally got the part in Summer Bachel-
ces which started her on the road to
fame. Now she has a five-year contract with Warner Brothers, and has lately been
contracting with Monty Blue. Johnny Hines,
whose leading lady she was in White Pants Willie, calls her a second Corinne Griffith.
She has much the same patrician quality.

What's Doing in Times Square
Continued from page 10
special copy of Harriet Beecher Stowe's
famous novel with illustrations from the
picture. One woman had three volumes
under her arm and each of her two com-
panions had a book. It was the excited,
eager look of the hundreds on her shoulders
and as I passed she was sending one of
her companions back for still another copy.
Avarice, it seems, is still with us.

For the rest there was Tea for Three at
the Capitol with Lew Cody, Aileen Prin-
gle and Tom Moore; Two Arabian Knights
at the Rivoli with Corinne Griffith and Ray-
mond Hatton and then there was My Best
Girl at the Rialto with the girl who is
and ever will be the Sweetheart of America
and Queen of the Screen—Mary Pickford.
George O'Brien, Cavalier

Continued from page 23

all of us big-hearted bums. Sock 'im, Georgie! We've got our money on you.

O'Brien doesn't look like a movie actor. He looks like a fighter who wanted to be a prize-fighter once, but his folks wouldn't let him. They couldn't very well object to his becoming a movie drifter. And now he finds him, and he's been fighting practically ever since. However, George has shown them he can put it over without the aid of the gloves. In person he shows an artist's soul. Here's a fighter, who's as sensitive as a prima-donna. Director Murnau had his choice of all the leading men in Hollywood and he chose William Fox's white-hope, George. Justified the choice by a brilliant performance without a trace of Tunney technique.

Now that George has shown he is better than he thought, he hopes he goes back to fighting. For George may be a movie star to his mother but he is just a fighting fool to me. I don't think of him as an actor who keeps on make-up and goes through scenes at a director's bidding. He packs a prehistoric wallop that makes us all cave-sitters under the twinkling stars.

Don't get the idea that he's one of these strong, silent men. Wait till you hear him in the car or on the phone. Very soon, for he is going to be the first of the Fox stars to speak out. Just to tide you over until then, I'll let you in on that voice. It's one of those Irish twangers—rich, and soft, with a bit of a brogue. Something like John McCormack's in his best records. That voice has been in the family for generations.

George is Dan O'Brien's boy—the San Francisco O'Brien. Dan was chief of police in the city of the golden gate, and it looked as if George might follow in his footsteps. The folks wanted him to be a doctor, and George had his heart set in the prize-ring; so he became a movie star.

George says: "Dad thought every man in any walk of life should know how to protect himself. He taught me so. There are two things you must always remember: that you are a gentleman, and not to be afraid to fight."

And I understand George has a good memory. He seems to be able to protect himself pretty well, and that he is a gentleman clear through nobody will deny—even if he does have a trainer instead of a valet, and spends most of his spare time in a pool room or with dumb-bells. While he was in New York making a picture and, later, vacationing, he certainly concentrated on that pool room. Yes—the swimming pool room in his hotel. And he swings a mean dumb-bell. He tumbls out of bed at six o'clock a good many mornings to box with his trainer, too.

No—George hasn't forgotten the idea of learning to swim. And he has a concealed handball racket in his back seat. Before he discovered it was a landlady's handball racket, and practically the whole house has been playing Barbara Stanwyck's game of "hot potato" since.

He admits he knows a lot more about developing muscles than about defining them. He was sent to college to study medicine, but he soon began to catch and dethrone the gridiron, and did practically all of his studying there. As the time for anatomy examination came around, George was raring to become a star athlete. Fortunately for him, the war came along about the same time, and he joined the submarine division of the Pacific Fleet. He couldn't afford to fight all he wanted to. By the end of the war, George was light-heavy-weight champ of the Pacific!

Dan O'Brien said that was all right, but a little more college education wouldn't do any harm, either. So back George went to Santa Clara College. Summer saw him leading riders north to northern California, where he met Tom Tunney. The famous screen cowboy liked the Irish boy with the broad grin and broad shoulders. He told George, 'You're a fighter! Why don't you like him to carry a camera around. George took the job—and that was the last that college ever saw of him. Before long he was playing both the occasional part. He used to be like a boxing team, occasionally doubling for some player. His muscles—George admits it—wont him in big chance. Director John Ford had been watching him, and as he wanted an extraordinarily athletic young man for the part of the pony express rider in The Iron Horse, he offered it to the O'Brien boy, who looked like just about the strong set of muscles in Hollywood. The rest, as Anthony said to Cleopatra as he entered her tent that evening, is history.

Life for George became just one fight after another—on the screen. That was all. After his success in The Iron Horse, he was cast in The Fighting Heart, which called for a scrap with Victor McLaglen, Canadian champion of Canada. The platform was built, no preparations of any kind were made; and the motor launch was not in sight; but the star was coming, so—I jumped. When the stars came out, I found out.

I knew that Dan O'Brien had a son—but I didn't know his son was a darned fool!

George probably wouldn't tell you about it, but I know he once saved the life of a leading lady who couldn't swim. She found herself up to her ears in the swimming pool of the St. Regis, where the Mix's gymnasium instead of at parties; and he's a handball fiend and a basketball star. Apparently the only form of sport in which he does not indulge is flying; but I expect he is taking that up right now.

While he was in New York he attended a luncheon of the A. M. P. A.—short for Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, or hard-boiled press-agents. They are the boys who make a living extolling the virtues of stars and their pictures; so it wasn't strange that they view a star with slightly skeptical eyes. To get by this bunch, an actor has to be super-human. Every week some star, with the director as guest of honor, George got by. They liked him. And a story got around that put him over even better. Seems he was scheduled to make a personal appearance at a theater. No, many are called but few will go. At the last moment George regretted the kind in which he had 'promised to appear'—it was the same night as the Dempsey-Tunney fight! He could have called it off, and he wanted to, because he was going to see the fight. Fighting is a minor passion with him. But he kept his word to the theatre manager and went to Jersey instead. To anyone who knows movies, and movie actors, and—
Ohio School for Deaf. In a jiffy, are you? I'll bet a lemon-jelly, you've been sampling some gelatin desert. You can address Mildred Davis Lloyd at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Then don't you know. Northern Kingdom, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. May McAvoy, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Marcelline Day, Charlie Chaplin and Robert D. Cobb. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Baby Peggy, is in vaudeville now. Janet Gaynor and Dorothy O'Connell are working at the Fox Studios. 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fay Wray can be reached at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. As we no longer have a film club department, I'm sorry that I can't comply with your request, but let me hear from you again.


Jester, Mount Airy, N. C. I'm a modest little thing, but I agree with you that you can learn a lot from my department. I never answer any foolish questions, just fewer, so you're next. Art Acord was born in Stillwater, Okla., in 1890. He has been married but is now divorced. Host Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebr., in 1899.


Ask Me—Continued from page 4

L. L. Houston, Texas. In plain colors, you were 'ticked pink' to find some to write to for addresses of your 67 favorites. Haven't you forgotten a few? Miss Vee Dee has not posed on a tiger skin for her photograph lately, but when she does, SCREENLAND will show it and no kiddin' either. Johnny Hines can be addressed at 7146 Mead Ave., Hollywood, Cal., Los Wilson, Viola Dana, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studio, 780 Green St., Hollywood, Cal. Avonne Taylor, Sally O'Donnell and Sebastian Dwan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Barbara Worth, June Marlowe and Joan Gerrard are at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

S. S. of Jersey City, Help, reph, you omitted the Of! Harry Carey is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jack Hoxie, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You can reach Warner Miller, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studio, 780 Green St., Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Coogan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Blanche Sweet played opposite Warner Baxter in Singed, a William Fox Production. You can write to her at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

A Lover of Movies, Topoka, Kans. That's what you all say and one of these things. I'm going to my theater and believe you're kiddin' me. Ronald Colman is 36 years old, John Gilbert is 30. Bebe Daniels is 26 and Lew Cody don't or won't tell how old he is. John Gilbert is playing in Fire of Youth at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Some of Bebe Daniels' old pictures are, Nice People, Pink Gods, The Crowd's Hour and The Palm Beach Girl. Gloria Swanson has starred in Madame Sans Gene, The Coast of Plenty, Stage Struck and Fine Manners.

Josephine of Tankers, N. Y. Are you sure you have seen Miss Vee Dee in pictures? Perhaps you are thinking of Clara Bow or Jackie Coogan. Guess again, girlie.

M. V. Chicago, Ill. Thomas Meighan is now playing in The City Gone Wild at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Be game and write to him; he likes to hear from his friends. Miss O'Shea was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1906. Before going into show business she was a vaudeville picture was in vaudeville. Address Danny at F. B. O. Studio, 780 Green St., Hollywood, Cal. Miss Bertha George has not told me his age but when he does, I'll let you know.

Inex of Brooklyn. If your dreams come true, you'll become an actress and act, too. Loud applause—clap—clap! No, Lois Monroe is not married. Lois says she is 17 years old and she should know. She co-starred with him in Paid to Love and East Side West Side, and might reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced against him—for leading men and leading ladies, they are Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert, usually reserve all their affection for their love-says he is modest and friend. And you can ask anybody else and they'll tell you the same thing. But if you ever meet him don't ask him to let you feel his muscle. You might get a good, gentlemanly sock in the eye.

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S E E N A L A N D

Estelle Bradley, the Educational Mermaid, all set in case she has to shove home.

Joseph of Martins Mill Road. You know your onions, don't you Joe? I am sorry I can't send you pictures of your favorites, but I can tell you where to write, to get them—and how. Tom Mix can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Lon Chaney at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Write to Fred Thompson at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

C. C. Miami, Fla. You have a most inquisitive nature, did you say? And you'd like to know every thing like anything, about Buster Collier—well I'd call yours a very generous nature. William (Buster) Collier was born Feb. 12, 1902, in N. Y. City. He was 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Between the ages of 4 and 13 years, he was on the stage with his father, William Collier. A few of his pictures are: The Bucle Call, Soul of Youth, Pleasure Mad, The Wanderer and The Rainmakers. He is now playing in The Outpost, at Warner Bros. Studios, 58-52 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

My Dutch Auntie, San Pedro. Now I ask you, as one kind relative to another, what are we going to do about the needles and pins that you have been on while waiting for this issue of SCREENLAND? Get the point, Lorame? I feel all pulsed up with pride and thanks a lot for the wholesale praise of my department. I think it's pretty good, at that. See, how your flattering has gone to my head. You may recognize your favorite in the cast of Broken Hearts of Hollywood: Patsy Ruth Miller, Louise Dreser, Barbara Worth, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jerry Miles, Stuart Holmes, Dick Sutherland and Sam de Grasse.

Movie Struck, N. Y. So you are a good stepper and have acted in many Christmas plays? Face all made up—pardon me, I mean, you have your movie name all made up and are ready to hit the trail for good old Hollywood. That's a long, long walk, Helen. But at the age of 11 years, you have much to look forward to and I'm going to hope with you. I said hope, not hop.
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Paramount-Christie Comedies
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ASK ME

An Answer Page of Information,
Address:
Miss V. E. Dee
49 West 45th St.
New York City

Jean Darling,
the girl Our
Gang fights
for, over and
with.

Just Dimples, Brooklyn. As they say in
the movies, "along came dawn as it has a
habit of doing," and just as I seem to have
all the "dimples" settled for a time, along
comes another. But you may be sure I'm
glad to see you, for we couldn't get along
without dawn and I ask you, where would
we be without the movies? Richard Tal-
madge was born in New York City about
30 years ago. His real name is Matzetti.
The fact that Richard is not married, will
cause many a youthful feminine heart to re-
sume work again on its own power.
Because of legal entanglements Richard
Talmadge does not seem to be making any
pictures right now, but undoubtedly will
announce his future plans.

A. S. of St. Louis. You are right, Adele;
you haven't seen me play in pictures very
often, neither have you seen me work; but
let you in on a grand secret, I'm sort of
funny-looking and the directors think
the screen can worry along without me.
I am camera-shy, too, and haven't any pic-
tures to send out. Raymond Griffith who is
known as 'The Screen's High Hat Com-
dian,' was married not long ago to Bertha
Mann, the actress. A London honeymoon
for the newlyweds. Rex Lease, who played
with Tim McCoy in The Law of the Range,
is in the cast of Tim's new film, Riders of
the Dark.

New Windsor, New Burg, N. Y. Yes,
that sounds fine, but who lives in that
'burg'? You sent me two such pretty
stamps for a personal reply but failed to
give me your name. You can see how
heavy those stamps are on my conscience.
You can reach Leon Errol at the Lamb's
Club, 130 West 44th St., New York City.
Alex Francis at Fox Studios, 1401 N. West-
ern Ave., Hollywood, Cal. George Bun-
croft is a Paramount star and can be reached
at Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal., where he is playing in
Howdy Tonk.

Quotation, Milwaukee. So you want
the correct home addresses of your favor-
ites—won't the address of the place they
work do as well, for they are all perfectly
'at home' when they work? If you get
what I mean. Barbara Kent was 'Mimi'
in The Lone Eagle for Universal. Laura
LaPlante and Norman Kerry are also with
Universal Studios, Universal City. Cal.
There is a rumor that Norman Kerry may
go to England to reside. Don't go, Nor-
man; we want you over here. Greta Garbo,
(Continued on page 101)
Romance - You'll live it!
Drama - You'll thrill with it!
in these splendid
DeMille Studio Productions

"CHICAGO"—Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi.
Daring and sensational. Fresh from its
phenomenal success at the Gaiety, New York.
Lauded by critics as an outstanding attraction.
From the stage success by Maurine Watkins.
Frank Urson, Director.

"THE BLUE DANUBE"—Leatrice Joy, with
Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. A
delightful romance, with this favorite star at
her best. It's as appealing and alluring as Strauss'
famous waltz. Paul Sloane, Director, Ralph
Block, Associate Producer.

"STAND AND DELIVER"—Rod LaRocque. A
young veteran of the Great War tires of peace
and seeks romance and adventure in the
mountains of Greece. He finds it—in chunks.
See Lupe Velez in this stirring drama. You'll
not be surprised that the young officer finally
fell for her. How could he help it? A Donald
Crisp Production. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"SKYSCRAPER"—William Boyd, the fastest
rising young male star in pictures today.
You saw him as the spruce, debonair young cadet in
"Dress Parade." See him now as a hero in
overall. Alan Hale, Sue Carol and Alberta
Vaughan in the cast. Howard Higgin, Director.
Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"HOLD 'EM YALE"—Rod LaRocque. A drama
of youth, fizzy, frothy, yet sound at heart. As
up to date as tomorrow. E. H. Griffith, Direc-
tor, Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE NIGHT FLYER"—William Boyd. No
matter how blasé you are, you're going to get
a big kick out of this rarely entertaining rail-
road story. Jobyna Ralston is the girl. Walter
Lang, Director. James Cruze, Supervisor.

"MIDNIGHT MADNESS"—Jacqueline Logan,
with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. If you
like mystery—and who doesn't? you're going
to like this one sure. Harmon Weight, Direc-
tor, Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE LEOPARD LADY"—Jacqueline Logan.
Alan Hale and Robert Armstrong. One of
the most thoroughly satisfying mystery melo-
dramas of the year, from Edward Childs
Carpenter's stage success. Rupert Julian, Director,
Bertram Millhauser, Associate Producer.
THIS human document by the intimate friend of the lovable Valentino is being offered by Screenland, probably for the last time.

Eminent critics speak of this book as “almost a divine portrayal of one of the greatest adventurers of the screen.”

There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.

Offered by Screenland at $2.00 prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada.

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49 West 45th Street, New York City.

For the enclosed $2.00 please send me a copy of “Valentino as I Knew Him”.

Name ____________________________________________

Address __________________________________________

(Continued on page 98)
The Magic Power Revealed in This Strange Book

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Easy For Any One—Only 20 Minutes a Day Required

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about the power to work wonders with words. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, and fear. It makes no difference how embarrassed or self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. In this book are revealed certain principles that will show you how to rise head and shoulders above the masses, and how you can make yourself the dominating figure in any gathering. How to be a leader among men. How to rise to any occasion and demand what you want with force, vigor and conviction.

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Write today for your copy of How to Work Wonders with Words. This very interesting and informative book is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. It fully describes a new method of training which will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness, and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon now.

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6. Sub-standard cameras
7. Motion camera in use
8. Titles
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Name

Address

Lillian Gish has gone to California where she will be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. How's that for a society item? Portrait of a Lady: Irene Rich in New York. She came east to see her daughter Frances, in school at Smith College, in Massachusetts. Then she tarried in town a while, seeing the shows and shopping. Irene is one picture star who keeps her screen and private life strictly separate. She
never wears her personal wardrobe in the studio, and she doesn't talk shop outside studio hours unless pressed. She loves her work, but she loves her private life, too; and of all the important stars, she is perhaps the least 'movie.' Miss Rich is contented, which makes her all the more unusual. She says she likes the company she works for, likes most of the stories they give her, likes her directors, and her casts, and everything. What do you think of that? She has lighter hair than you'd expect, and a fair complexion, and the general effect is blonder than on the screen. But the deep brown eyes are the same—warm and friendly. Perhaps they're the reason that people turn around and look after her on the street, and smile, and say: 'There goes Irene Rich! Isn't she nice! They're right. She is.

Add Mysteries of the Movies: why we don't see more of Percy Marmont, that fine English gentleman? He's in New York now, and he looks just as fresh and as interesting as he did when he played the hero of J. W.inter Comes. He has a home in Sussex, England, where he'd rather be than anywhere else in the world; but how about Hollywood?

Charles and Clara Ray are still in these parts. In fact, Mrs. Ray has gone on the stage, having found a part to her liking. Charles may follow in her footsteps. He has a play of his own in which he may appear. It's a refreshing thing to see these two, anyway—perhaps the most conspicuous case of married devotion that ever came out of Hollywood. They are old married folks as matrimony is reckoned among stage and screen people; and they have not had easy sailing in the past few years. In fact, the financial vicissitudes the Rays have encountered might have wrecked more than one marriage. But Charles and Clara have carried on. And it looks as if they may soon be riding the crest of the wave again.

Meet Tim McCoy, an Irishman who likes Indians. He is one of the most picturesque figures in pictures, is Metro-Goldwyn's big western star. He's as much at home in a dinner jacket as he is in chaps and flannel shirt. He was born in the west of Ireland, and of course in New York: New York's first nights and night clubs. Tim McCoy has keen blue eyes and a blooming complexion that Hollywood ingenuity would have him say if it hadn't been for his Scotch brogue.

He married Agnes Heron Miller, daughter of the late Henry Miller, one of America's best-known actors; and the McCoy's have three children, the youngest of whom, 'Mike' McCoy, received honorable mention in a review in Screenland of Young Hollywood, the kid picture in which he played an important part. 'Mike's' real name is D'Arcy—after a role made famous by Grandfather Miller, in D'Arcy of the Guards, a stage play which was popular several generations ago.

Tim McCoy is a former colonel of the U.S. Cavalry. He is one of the few white men to have a working knowledge of the Indian sign language and tribal lore. He is known as 'Friend to the Indian,' and his Indian name is High Eagle. His ambition is to present the much-maligned Vanishing Americans in his true light to the youth of America. McCoy is happy making pictures, because he can say: 'I'm not an excited, and experience narrow escapes from death. He has been injured in practically every picture he has made, but he tells you, proudly. 'A fighting Irishman!'

Martha Sleeper! What a name for such

(Continued on page 91)
Once a Sennett bathing beauty, for good and sufficient reasons.

In 'The Way of All Flesh' with Emil Jannings Phyllis held her own.

Phyllis Haver in 'Chicago' had a smashing run on Broadway. Her next will be with Victor Varconi and is called 'Tenth Avenue.'

Irving Childs

We have been clamoring for a chance for Phyllis since 'The Golden Princess' and 'What Price Glory.'

Once a Sennett bathing beauty, for good and sufficient reasons.

In 'The Way of All Flesh' with Emil Jannings Phyllis held her own.

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Irving Childs

We have been clamoring for a chance for Phyllis since 'The Golden Princess' and 'What Price Glory.'
Whenever Emil Jannings comes out in a new film there is much sincere comment and it is all complimentary. You will also read praise for the other players; for the directors and scenarists, until it has become an accepted truism 'With Jannings they do better.'

Now from the coast comes the 'inside stories' of the making of The Last Command and of the helpfulness of Jannings. It was Jannings who suggested the story, we are told, and it was Jannings who helped this one and advised that one.

What a beautiful quality is unselfishness! It springs from sympathy for others and it's reward is understanding of others and the freely given key to our loyal affections.

Good luck, Emil Jannings.
NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

BILL HART

"Alive and well and always a good screen bet, William S. Hart is ranching within call of Hollywood."

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Bill and Pinto, Actors retired with honors.

Bill and Pinto rang the phone bell.

"Hello, hello! Gladstone 8924? Just a minute, please. Newhall calling." Bill Hart at last!

"Hello, hello! Marion? Bill Hart talking. Say, what's all this message about calling you way down in Hollywood the very first time I put Pinto in the paddock and take the time to come back to the house?"

Next from me:

"It's just about time I got word from you, you big two-gun man from the open plains! Where on earth have you been? And what are you doing up there at Horse Shoe Ranch and what have you got to say to all the fans that are asking about you?"

Bill laughed good and hearty over the phone all the way from Newhall to Hollywood.

"Say, don't be so hard on me, Marion. I've got this brand new house up here, eighty acres of land, and a little Pinto who's just itching to be on the go every hour of the day. We trail along together up over the mountains having too good a time to even think of coming back to civilization."

"But, Bill, Bill!" I called to him over the fifty miles of telephone wire. "What about your friends? What about all the millions of us who are wondering where you've been..." (Cont. on page 94)
Will Greta Garbo ever make a decision?

Richard Dix is a bachelor — Why not?

Gilbert Roland. He's Spanish and he knows his

Charles Rogers has the doozy of a born husband.

William Haines would make a wife happy, but whose?
Are you companionate?

That's the great, big question right now. Do you have that companionate feeling, or don’t you? Come now—make up your mind. If the answer is ‘Yes’—and it had better be—you’re in luck. You’re sitting pretty. The world is yours—yours, and Judge Lindsey’s. You can have just about everything you want. In a nice way, of course. Why, you could even marry a movie star.

I mean it. You may have thought all this time that, whatever other sweet things life might bring, it would never, alas, bring you bliss with one of those grand and gorgeous creatures whose images you have adored from the sixth row, centre aisle. You have sat at their feet, properly worshipful, wishing and wondering; you have written them letters, indited them poetry, framed their pictures, and read all about them. You have loved them—and lost them, to several other fellows. To enter the stiff competition for a screen queen’s heart and hand—don’t forget the hand—you thought you must possess the fire of Jack Gilbert, with maybe a dash of Ronald Colman’s charm and Billy Haines’ nerve. You believed you must know how to make love as they do—with eclat and esprit, whatever that means. I hope it’s something nice. You labored under the delusion that you must own looks, brains, money, and a steam yacht. You’re all wrong.

Helene Costello is married to a business man. Jack Regan knew her when she was a kid in Long Island. Helene grew up and got famous. Jack continued to remain unknown to the general public. But he followed Helene west one day and snatched her right from under the noses of the Hollywood stars.

You young men—perk up. If you feel a bad case of Garboitis or Bowfever coming on, don’t just give up and go to bed and die. Don’t let your family and your friends discourage you. Just you listen to me. You have a chance. Some day some young fellow like you is going to take a train to Hollywood, meet his ideal, pour out his manly heart in a sincere torrent of torrid passion—and win her. Stop laughing. I’m not Charlie Chaplin. I’m your good fairy. It might happen. It has happened.

Irene Rich married David Blankenhorn, a California banker. He knows nothing about movie technique and cares less. But he is a perfect husband. Irene says so.

The reason you don’t hear more about it is because most young men are licked before they start. They confide their burning ambition—and get laughed at. ‘What—you have a chance with that queen? You’re crazy!’ She even turned down Jack McWhistle, the Great Lover of the Screen. She wouldn’t even look at you!’ The lovelorn one hangs his head. He guesses they’re right. He wouldn’t have a chance. He—only a bond salesman, although studying the course at night. What’s the use?

Cheer up, boys. I bring you a message of good cheer. Read it and reap. You don’t have to eat your hearts out. Let the girls do that—the girls will leave behind you. You have your chance. Grab it. Here’s how—and stop crooking your elbow.

Jackie Logan, Dorothy Devore, and Corinne Griffith married business men. John McCormack wooed and won the pretty little Irish actress, Colleen Moore, when he was an advertising and publicity man. Now he’s an important film executive and Colleen’s favorite lover, and she has played opposite some famous ones.

Hollywood is a dream city. Some of the dreams come true; others turn into nightmares. It’s a town of illusion and delusion. Everybody’s acting. The favorite popular song seems to be: ‘Sometimes I love...’

(Cont. on page 50)
Ruth Taylor Offers Her Evening Wrap & Dress FREE for a Fan Letter

This beautiful dress and wrap will be sent to the writer of the best letter. Let your reply be brief, witty and original. The dress and wrap will be sent to the contestant who submits the cleverest letter.

Here is the question for you to answer: 'Why do gentlemen prefer gold-diggers?'

Gentlemen prefer blondes but ladies prefer the way blondes dress. I mean Ruth Taylor, of course, the gold-digging, sex-appealing female in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Ruth Taylor is the lucky gal selected for the much sought after role of Lorelei Lee. (Do you remember her in Mack Sennett comedies?) Every blonde in Hollywood said she was just the type and every brunette claimed she had a blonde personality, but Ruth won out and made good, thank you.

It was Ruth's first trip to New York and she was staying at the tony Savoy Plaza (the very nicest gentlemen live there).

We asked Ruth how she liked New York. "I don't know," said Ruth. "I haven't been shopping yet." That's Ruth. She is simply 'devine,' I mean she is awfully cute. You just know she'll slay 'em. No wonder Paramount signed her to a five year contract—obviously they

C. Ruth Taylor in the smart evening wrap of blue transparent velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers. The wrap gives a sort of dolman effect.

Address—RUTH TAYLOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York

Contest closes April 15, 1928
are Gentlemen.
Oh yes, we were speaking of clothes. We were sent to get some clothes from Ruth Taylor for our gift department. Think of our courage! Trying to dig a gold-digger. Try and do it, you say.
Well, we did and put it over without the slightest bit of trouble. Ruth was willing to give practically anything she owned. I told you she was divine, and I mean it, cross my heart. Imagine looking as beautiful as Ruth does in the wrap and gown and yet being able to give it away—it's too much for us but she was thrilled at the thought. Her beautiful blue eyes grew brighter and she was the picture of a blonde at her blond-est. She said, "Do you think they will like it?" You tell her, especially if you weigh about one hundred and two pounds and are five feet two inches tall. (Them's Ruth's dimensions.) See if you can Lorelei Lee Ruth Taylor for the gifts.
After all, she is simply divine.

Interviewed by
Evelyn Ballarine

C. The dress is knee length of white georgette heavily beaded in a beautiful design. A white silk slip goes with the dress.

C. Ruth Taylor displaying the gift wrap and dress to advantage. Her next picture is 14 Karat Gold. Sounds hot, doesn't it?
Amy S. Jennings is a new writer for Screenland and an unusual one for any magazine. Her picture knowledge is intimate and authoritative and sound; and her vision is limitless.

Writing in the Atlantic Monthly Miss Jennings startled the thinkers and artists of the world with her challenge that the motion picture is not only an art, but The GREATEST Art.

Pitts was recently making Sunlight, one of the new 'art pictures' which are becoming popular both among actors and audiences. She is one of our really great actresses. Selected by von Stroheim to play the leading woman in Greed, she certainly knows her stuff. And yet the director had more than once to suggest:

'Not quite so restrained Miss Pitts. This is an art picture and has to get over to the critics, and they like it quite as thick as any hick audience—except the kisses. Cut out the kisses and most of the Broadway critics will say you've come across with an artistic triumph. Idiots—don't know a thing about pictures—and probably no more about kissing.'

I thought at the time he was a bit hard on the critics, but I have since concluded that whatever the critic's knowledge of osculation, he does not as a rule know enough about practical picture making. It is like asking a man who has never seen anything but a black and white drawing to give his opinion of an oil painting. He will be able to give a true appreciation of form and line—but he will know nothing of color, its limits, or possible...
ities, and therefore he will not be able to give praise where praise is due. Most picture critics don't know the limits, or more important still, the possibilities of moving pictures.

A sequence amuses or pleases a critic because of what happens in it. He has little appreciation of how it is done—other than how the actors may twist their faces around or how gorgeous the sets and clothes are. He is usually a converted dramatic critic and is mainly interested in the

plot, the acting, or the titles, whereas the art of the movie lies mainly outside these.

The art of the movies is in expressing action, thought, emotion, growth, time itself—in pictures. The novel will say 'years passed.' The ordinary movie will insert a title to the same effect. But the real, the imaginative picture will picture for you the passage of time. In So Big, taken from Edna Ferber's famous novel, Colleen Moore is left in the cabbage field, dancing to amuse her baby son, with a bunch of radishes pinned behind one (Cont. on page 82)
A gag for Harry should suit his personality. Recall the many funny situations in 'The Strong Man' and in 'Long Pants' and then let your sense of humor be your guide.

Gags for Harry Langdon

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Of course, if I really had been wise I would have noted what that boy Harry Langdon was doing every moment of the time when we were talking, and then I could have taken the paper out of his hands before he crumpled it all in a ball and threw it in the basket.

If I had done that, I simply could have written labels underneath each drawing and you'd have had the interview complete, because everything we talked about was sketched there on the paper that he'd crumpled up and thrown away!

First there was the sketch of me—this sad-eyed Harry always draws a picture of the one he's talking to; then one of Gladys McConnell, The Chaser leading lady, about whom he had said some very complimentary things. Between Gladys and me, was the unmistakable brand new Ford, with a lady sitting at the wheel.

"What's that?" I said to him. "Why have you put a feminine gender at the wheel of this fine car? Do you want a girl to write the winning gag?"

"Oh, no," he assured me, "but it just happened to occur to me that we hear a tremendous lot about the gag-men in the movies, and it would simply be something a little different to have a gag-woman to be talking about."

That was an idea, too! It never seems to have entered any Hollywood producer's mind that a woman could be used to 'gag' a comedy.

The Langdons, the Lloyds, the Griffths, the Beerys and Battons, and all the rest, have anywhere from three to six or seven gag-men on their set, but women aren't even thought about as fun creators for their comedies. That was an idea sure enough!
The phone rang. Two minutes later, on the pad was a likeness of General Manager Don Eddy.

"That was—" he started.

"Never mind telling me," I laughed. "You don't have to tell me who you were talking to. I can see from here that it was Don Eddy."

Harry laughed and moved into a big leather chair, and curled up in it exactly as you've seen him do in his production.

"Yes, that was Don," he went on. "He wanted to know how I am getting along on the new 'idea' for our next picture. The Chaser is practically ready for release, and of course we have to get started on something else."

As the saying goes, this was 'right up my own street.' I have heard so many things about the way these comedy stars work out a picture idea, that I figured now I could get some actual first-hand information.

"I suppose you have the main part of the story, the skeleton, as it were, all set?" I questioned, as if it didn't make a great deal of difference to me one way or the other.

"Oh, no," he said. "As a matter of fact, that is what we do not do. Here's how we work: the whole staff gets together—Don, Arthur Ripley, myself, and all the rest of the gang. We bring up idea after idea, until at last we feel we have hit upon a corking good one of which everyone approves and in which everyone considers there is great promise. Then we start working on the idea. We build it up, keep on adding to it until it either works out perfectly or until we have hit a snag—a place where we can't finish it without forcing the action or without trying to make the action the comedy, instead of the action naturally carrying the comedy right along with it."

"What about this one on which you are working?" I asked.

"I don't know," he continued rather quizically, looking out of the window. (Cont. on page 88)
THE stork was all trimmed up with shamrocks, and the baby was as Irish as the colleen blun, acushla.

"New York next stop and it's yerself 'll be lavin' us," said God's air service delivery, to she who was to be Nancy Carroll.

And that, no foolin'; is how Nancy Carroll came to Manhattan.

Nancy is the girl in a hundred. She is the one picked from a coterie of five score actresses for the important and trying role of Rosemary Murphy in the picturization of that old stand-by, Abie's Irish Rose, which Anne Nichols wrote and produced back in New York and set the theatrical world agog as a result of its long run—five and a half years. Now Paramount is making it into a motion picture, and the studios in Hollywood are humming in an endeavor to make it the biggest thing since The Covered Wagon.

And little Nancy is the girl who will be glorified in the production. She's the lucky one, and has the luck that goes with her race.

Nancy Carroll is as red-headed as Clara Bow, and has the same eyes that make men topple off buildings, pray that locomotives run. 

(Cont. on page 99)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

ALEC B. FRANCIS

in

The Shepherd of the Hills

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
Thearks on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
 GOD's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!
ROBERT BROWNING.
GEORGE K. ARTHUR gives us louder and longer laughs. We are waiting for Monkey Business, his next comedy.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
JUNE COLLYER, a 1928 Wampas Baby Star, a five year contract with Fox and a great chance for success before her.
NENA QUARTARO the latest good-will ambassador from Mexico knows her Popocatepetl.

Photograph by Curtis Biltmore Studios
ridiculous requests that come in. For instance, in the last few months:

Rod La Rocque has been asked to endorse an invention to press pants by inserting them in a folder, which is to be put under the mattress. ‘Your pants pressed while you sleep.’

H. B. Warner, the dignified and immaculate, was asked to endorse a snap bow tie with a rubber around the neck.

D. W. Griffith was asked to endorse a new bath salts and bath perfume.

Jetta Goudsbl was requested to give a testimonial to an elastic band purported to reduce double chins if worn at night.

Tom Mix was asked to give his endorsement to a cough medicine manufactured in Australia.

Colleen Moore, whose name is box office perfume, gets a royalty for some toilet requisites.

(C) Bobby Vernon, Jimmy Adams, Jack Duffy and the Christie Girls would like to endorse a good line of wheelbarrows.

One of the most beautiful blonde stars in the film world was asked to allow her picture to be used on a face powder. (Cont. on page 56)
If, after they have made a success in pictures, we could guillotine our actors, one could plant flowers on the grave of a producer's worries," remarked Herbert Brenon recently. "One of his worries anyhow," he added with a whimsical smile, remembering that the worries of a producer are many and manifold. "Who was it said about Chang that the cleverest directorial stroke in the picture was shooting the actors after the film was completed? That was obviously a remark intended to be witty rather than truthful, for Chang was a brilliant picture. I have seen altogether too many fine actors," he continued, "constrained by box-office demand to the playing of one type of role. It would have been infinitely better, figuratively speaking, to drop the axe upon that first successful characterization and have them reborn to other and more varied glories."

You see, the star system is at once the death and the life of the producer, and Mr. Brenon, as the directorial egis of those Gods of the Cinema Olympus, perhaps has a right to feel bloodthirsty. Imagine trying to pick an actress for a definite and important part. She must fit it in appearance and in temperament as far as this is possible. She need not be well known, but it is desirable that she have some screen experience. Then the producer finds such a girl and perhaps she makes a tremendous hit and becomes famous over-night.
Now she is probably under contract for a year or longer so her fame won't make any difference in her pay envelope, but—she has become a definite type in the minds of the public and forevermore she is that to them. When they see her again, the part she first played keeps intruding its personality into her new role, often spoiling the entire picture for her audience. Mr. Brenon has found that sometimes this is a lack of technique or experience on the part of the actress. Sometimes it is just that she was herself in her first success and wasn’t acting at all, and never could act. But this is not always the trouble.

What of Betty Bronson, picked by Herbert Brenon from nowhere and put in Peter Pan? Can Betty ever live that down? She hasn’t yet. The very fact that she did Peter Pan so gorgeously is against her. Peter Pan parts are rare, so Betty is left to rest on the laurels of her one great triumph. Yet there are other things that Betty’s illusive, poetic charm would fit, and she can act, too. Could anything have been lovelier than her scenes in Ben Hur as the Virgin Mary? She was a flesh and blood Mary, but to her the purity and spirituality of the Virgin were believable and this showed in every inch of her characterization. That she was so still, so patient and so tender is one of the beautiful memories of the picture. The spiritual quality that she has is sometimes mistaken for superficiality. Her illusiveness for coldness. Betty Bronson is not cold. (Cont. on page 78)

Tom Mix exploited his type.

What COULD Director Herbert Brenon Mean!

By Helen Ludlam

C Herbert Brenon, who, as a great director, longs for actors who have not been tagged.

C Janet Gaynor, Lya de Putti, Lupe Velez, and Betty Bronson — great players handicapped by success.
When a maid repulses his advances and laughs at his pleading.

Posed by Lane Chandler and Clara Bow during the filming of 'Red Hair.'

The Bow influence in pictures, and we speak as one under the influence, is definitely up-lifting.

No sex of one and half a dozen of the other would satisfy her. Her meaning becomes Clara and Clara. When you see anyone tied into a true lovers' knot, you will find, on looking closely, that it is a Bow knot and Clara can do forty knots an hour.

The cosmic urge certainly screens well. Clara is the incarnation of the spirit of youth, the spirit of today. She is the personification of what is hidden in the heart of every girl. Deep down in the caves of the soul there is a Clara Bow in every maiden and this impish spirit comes forth flashing, alluring, devastating at the call of her own true love. Slow music, professor!
"Line"

Giving a Rough Idea of the meaning of the word

IT

When her lips say "no" and her look says "neck."

When she laughs into his eyes and provokes him with laughter.

Clara Bow. Her name rhymes with "no" but all the rest of her rhymes with "yes."

Then, there's a young lady with "It."

37
Where actors from the stage, now in pictures, can play directly to their audience.

The movies are making us a nation of actors.

Who says so—some half-baked correspondence-college professor?

No sir! I, Rob Wagner, the fellow who is always trying to say something important, says so.

Well, where did Rob get this wild idea?

Here’s where he got it, and I’ll leave it to the reader to decide whether he is all wet or just simply moist.

Way back in the Gay 90’s nobody except immoral stage people knew how to act. Uncle Ab would sometimes don an inflammable muff and give a bum imitation of Santa Claus. Or our neighborhood pests, the two Swasey girls, would recite Mrs. Boggs Goes Shopping. But of real acting all we ever saw was when The Broadway Stars came to the Opera House playing The Convict’s Daughter on Monday, East Lynn on Tuesday, Her Mother’s Sin on Wednesday, East Lynn on Thursday and so on throughout the week.

Then along came the movies and just naturally killed these grand old dramas. Why go to see Road Company No. 17 play The Pulse of New York, The Lights o’ London, The Heart of Maryland, The Liver of Minneapolis and other anatomical shows when for five cents we could see the same things ‘with a New York cast?’ Within five years after the coming of the movies The Grand Opera House had become the Superba Motion Picture Palace with ‘lickerish’ lights all over its shell-like entrance.

But our ‘legitimate’ appetites were submerged only for the nonce, as the writing fellas say. A few years later the old hunger for the spoken drama began to assert itself again, and as the road companies had all been swallowed up by vaudeville and tent shows, the villagers had to get up their own performances. Even I, who was architecturally designed as a piano mover, became an actor, and in one notable and daring Ibsen play (we tackled strong meat in them days!) I was privileged to kiss the local belle, to the kidding amusement of the villagers, but with domestic danger to my own fireside. I was accused of putting too much soul into my kiss.

Thus, out of a starved craving for legitimate drama, was born that extraordinary phenomenon known as The Community Playhouse. It was an epidemic that swept the country, even invading the colleges and high schools. Any
Out of this dramatic renaissance emerged many notable organizations, such as The Band Box, The Theatre Guild and The Provincetown Players. The enthusiastic young performers often made the professional actors look like hams. In fact many of the finest productions, performers and playwrights stepped forth from the Little Theatres into the professional dramatic life of America.

And it was all because the movies 'had killed the legitimate drama!'

Then out in Southern California a curious reversal took place. For ten years the movies had been ravishing the stage of its finest actors until Hollywood had become one of the great dramatic centers of the world. All the famous stage stars who thronged the new Rialto were happy in financial prosperity—but they were dramatically starved. Their glorious voices were no longer necessary and good looks outweighed histrionic ability. What they missed was their audience and the electric thrill of immediate applause. Acting before cameras in the noisy tumult of the studio lacked the lure of the grand old footlights.

Enter The Writers' Club. We decided to give some one act plays, not for the amateurs, but to allow our old stage members to strut their stuff. In fact, there were to be no amateurs even in the minor roles. The

(Cont. on page 93)
At a Mayfair Party all Hollywood danced with tinkling bells tied to wrists and ankles

By Grace Kingsley

"I cannot," said Patsy, "imagine anything cuter than Esther Ralston in rompers!"

"Well, there's Mary Brian ditto!" I answered.

No, I'm not referring to their infant pictures nor yet to a movie the girls were playing in. I was talking about Esther and Mary at a party which Esther and her husband, George Webb, were giving at their new, beautiful home on the side of a Hollywood mountain.

It was a kid party, with nearly everybody in kid costume.

As guests entered the big vestibule from which all the rooms on the ground floor radiate gracefully, each was handed a huge stick of red-and-white striped candy, and if you hadn't come in costume and wanted one, Esther and her sweet mamma—Esther's mother was in kid costume, too, and got away with it beautifully—provided you with some sort of kid outfit.

The party was held down in the den, fitted up especially for parties, in the basement. There was a splendid dance floor, and there were some comfortable chairs, with seats built in bay windows.

In an alcove the butler handed soda-pop and ginger ale across a quaint little bar to thirsty
If you would like to give a Mayfair Dance of your own we will buy the little bells for you. Write to the Editor and say how many and we will tell you the cost.

Dancers. An Hawaiian orchestra played, and there were few wall flowers, male or female, in the party.

Charles Rogers was amusing and picturesque as a Bowery boy, but not very convincing. I must say, because Buddy couldn't look tough if he tried.

"They may 'say such things and do such things on the Bowery, the Bowery,'" said Patsy, "but Buddy Rogers doesn't. He's always gallant and aristocratic looking."

George Bancroft was very funny as Peck's Bad Boy, but didn't get away with any of the jokes he tried to play on Mary Brian and Duane Thompson, demure as those youthful actresses appeared. When he sought to grab off Duane's red Eton tie, he suddenly found himself being scalped, and a merry time he had getting his wig back.

"I started out to be a Lord Fauntleroy, but ended up by being an Eton boy," said Duane. "The Eton jacket was too intriguing for me to pass it up."

Dottie Dimple, heroine of our childhood hours, would have been flattered to death if she could have seen Marian Douglas portray her, Marian used to be Ena Gregory, you know, and she is still Ena to her close friends.

"And I suppose there never was a cuter Boy Blue, plumed hat and all, than Priscilla Bonner," remarked Patsy.

Priscilla had come with her fiance, Dr. Bert Wolfan, whom she is shortly to wed, we hear. They certainly hold the long-time championship for engagements.

Dave Butler circulated, clad as Buster Brown, and Johnny Hines told Dave that now that he, Dave, had become a director, he had a lot of responsibility on him as to how he played the part! Dave said at least Buster wasn't supposed to have sex appeal.

Harry Morey was there in pink gingham rompers, and couldn't get over his delight in the party. He had just come from New York.

(Cont. on page 76)
The LAST Command

Here is a heart-breaking picture. It is what Broadway calls 'A natural.' It has everything. It is just naturally a knock-out, that's all. Great story—mighty back-ground—heroic love theme: masterful direction by Josef von Sternberg, magnificent acting by Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent—it is one of the three or four most memorable films I have ever seen. I can't say much more for it, can I?

If The Last Command never actually did happen, it is nearer the truth than most movies. There may be, among the extra mob storming the studio gates of the film capital, just such a wreck of former grandeur as Jannings portrays so splendidly. Among the many foreign directors, it's possible that there is another former revolutionary, like the Leo Andreyev so sardonically outlined by William Powell. When these two meet again, there is bound to be drama. It is strange, isn't it, that the story of a Russian Grand Duke, reduced by the revolution to the Hollywood extra ranks, could exert such a tremendous tug on the heart-strings, that New York audiences would stand to see it and applaud at the finish? That's where von Sternberg's artistry and Jannings' genius come in. Above all, The Last Command packs a universal appeal for understanding, which raises it to real heights. Motion pictures have made some progress when a picture like this draws the crowds.

From the first it is engrossing. Like that other 'Von,' von Sternberg possesses a perspective on the picture business, and proves it by cracking the whip of satire over the studios. Hollywood's seamiest side is revealed, and it isn't pretty. You will see the extras waging their frantic fight for existence. And among them, this former Grand Duke, once the pride of imperial Russia, reduced to taking direction from a former revolutionary whom he once flouted. Then, by means of the film mechanics known as 'cut-back,' we see the Russia of 1917 with the Duke in all his glory. He is arrogant, though ingratiating—just that a Grand Duke should be. Because he is Jannings, he is lovable, and your sympathies are with him when the crash comes and his world is over-turned. The girl he loves, a beautiful 'Red,' helps him to escape; but to what? Only to Hollywood, and the ranks of the extras. An old, broken man, he is dressed up in the trappings of a Russian general once again, and told to lead the extra 'troops' over the top. In fancy he is fighting once more for his beloved Russia that he tried to serve. And so he dies. It doesn't look as theatrical as it sounds. It is always believable, and I have a sneaking suspicion that The Last Command comes nearer to achieving genuine tragic heights than any picture yet produced.

DRUMS of Love

Or Cheating Cheaters. There's something about this very sombre film of Mr. Griffith's that makes me want to laugh. Perhaps it is the last scenes, which send you away with a lily in your hand. It's all very tragic. It will take you right back to those good old Middle Ages, when love was real and love was earnest and there was happiness in every knife. The scene on the picture is nineteenth-century South America, but the flavor is decidedly medieval, with accent on the evil. The Old Master has made a drama of exquisite beauty, whatever you may think about the plot. And the plot will make you think of the Medici and the Cenci and such things. It may provide a welcome change from twentieth-century speed and humor. I don't know. Go ahead and cut yourself a piece of throat. It's artisitic, anyway.

You've heard of Paolo and Francesca, the Italians who lived, loved and cheated once upon a time, and who have been immortalized in song and story. Well, Count Leonardo (Don Alvarado) and Princess Emanuela (Mary Philbin) are their counterparts. The lovely Princess is forced to marry a hunchback Duke for reasons of state, but she falls in love with the Duke's handsome young brother. Three becomes a crowd. While the Duke is away at war, Emanuela and Leonardo stage their love scenes. And when he returns—oh, see for yourself. Griffith has turned the frail, ethereal Mary Philbin into a slyly, seductive sweetie. I don't like the change, but then I'm fuzzy. Don Alvarado fares rather better as Leonardo. He has those smouldering eyes. Lionel Barrymore has the fat part of the Duke, and he makes the most of it. The love scenes might have been directed by a von Stroheim instead of a Griffith. There's nothing
lyrical about them. All of the scenes are beautifully composed, but there is a subterranean undercurrent that is—must I say it again?—as unsavory as medieval plumbing. When the Duke returns to his dishonored hearth, the audience wants to run and hide. It feels twice as guilty as the young lovers. Drums of Love, in fact, left me with the guilty feeling that I had been peeking through somebody's key-hole.

Don't forget those handkerchiefs

The NOOSE

Now, here's a picture for you! Go prepared to enjoy yourselves. You'll have the time of your lives, just crying those pretty little eyes out. Take plenty of handkerchiefs and several shoulders to lean on. This little melodrama is designed to play upon your heart-strings so unmercifully that you'll be lucky if you don't crumple up in a heap and have to be carried home. But not before you have found out What Happened to Nicky. No one could possibly leave the theatre before the dénouement, oh, dear, no! This boy Nicky goes through more agony than Lillian Gish ever did. He suffers and he suffers. Alice Joyce suffers, too; between them they make The Noose the best little tear-inducer ever recorded in celluloid, since the last one. The Noose got me, darned if it didn't. (Business of reviewer pretending to be hard-boiled.) All the levity is merely to hide my grief-stricken face, twitching lips, and red nose. Even a forced, unnatural ending, defying all the dramatic laws, couldn't efface my impression that The Noose is Dick Barthelmess' best picture since Tol'able David; that it's by far the best thing John Francis Dillon ever directed, and that it's Alice Joyce's best work in years and years. Take my advice and don't try to swallow your tears. Just let go when you see this because you'll have to, sooner or later, so you might as well begin sobbing when Nicky shoots Buck Gordon 'because he was no good.' Nicky is a nameless boy who has been forced into a lawless life by a brutal boot-legger, excellently delineated by Montagu Love. When Buck exposes the secret of Nicky's parentage, threatening to blackmail his mother, now the Governor's Lady, The Noose takes on thrilling interest, and holds it almost until the end. Will the boy save himself by revealing his relationship to the Governor's wife, or will he go to his death with sealed lips? Oh, well—maybe it does sound cheap and sensational on paper; but it is real drama on the screen. It is unfortunate that such an unreal ending should have been wished on such a splendid picture, but perhaps a logical finish would have been too much for the audiences. As it is, we were all pretty well played out. The acting is never overdone. Lina Basquette as the heroic little chorus girl who sticks by Nicky through everything measures up to the rest of the cast, which is practically perfect. Don't forget those handkerchiefs.

Dolores and a Spanish shawl

The Gateway of the MOON

Nice mans luff Toni, no? Never mind whether he does or not; Toni luffs him, and that's all that's necessary. She'll get him yet, see if she doesn't. These girls always do. No matter where they live—in the great north-west or the upper reaches of the Amazon, Toni's habitat—when they make up their mind on a man, he's as good as got. Toni—Dolores Del Rio this time—takes a tremendous fancy to Walter Pidgeon, and practices her jungle wiles on him until he succumbs. Toni's wiles, by the way, are downright primitive, but they work. Dolores's beauty explains a lot of incongruities in the plot; but can Dolores explain that marcell? How she kept her coiffure intact through all her escapades is one of those Secrets of the Jungle you have read about.

Toni practices her jungle wiles on Walter.
(Dolores Del Rio and Walter Pidgeon)
WEST POINT

Not a tourists’ view of West Point, but a personally-conducted tour by Billy Haines—and who could ask for a better guide? I couldn’t. Cadet Haines is the freshest fellow who ever entered the U. S. Military Academy, just as he was the freshest fellow who ever played on the Harvard Football Team, or the baseball team, or in the Marines. And Billy makes West Point a fresh picture—breezy and informal, perhaps not as dignified as it might be, but who asked for dignity with Billy around? I didn’t. He tries to make over the Academy; instead, it makes him over, into a model boy who is a credit to his Uncle Sammy. It’s the same old Haines story, but Bill freshens it up. He would. Joan Crawford is the girl who helps the good cause along; but you don’t see half enough of Joan, even in several scenes in which the screen’s most symmetrical figure is silhouetted against the West Point sky. This picture was made in the original locations. And it has all the necessary spirit of the corps. Could you ask for snappier direction, sweeter love-making, a prettier heroine or a more satisfactory hero? I couldn’t. Next stop in our scenic: On the Bear Mountain Bridge at Moonlight, with Bill Haines.

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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

Don’t miss this! I can recommend it unreservedly to wise old men with the gout, to middle-aged mamas who have missed something, and also to flappers who will take it all seriously and thus advance the gentle art of gold-digging, by imitating Lorelei Lee. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes deserves to go down in screen history, or even up, if for no other reason than that it explodes all previous theories about vamps. Screen vamps have never been under five feet six. Usually they are long and languorous, or broad-minded and buxom. Now comes Lorelei, in the petite person of Ruth Taylor, and establishes what I hope will turn out to be a new tradition. Give the little girls a hand, and stick a couple of diamond rings on that hand. Ruth wears her clothes like Park Avenue, and she thinks in terms of Tiffany’s. Her mind is just one great big money-bag, and how she does retain. She’s Helen of Troy and Cleo and Lilith, all rolled into one little parcel of convenient size for carrying home. Ruth Taylor is a great comfort to the little women who have hitherto been looked down on. She helps make Anita Loos’ story, as pictured by Mal St. Clair, a joy forever. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes isn’t the satire some hoped it might be; but it is good entertainment; and Mr. St. Clair has introduced several little subtleties for the benefit of those who must have their caviar. The serious business of educating Lorelei proceeds as hilariously, almost, as it did in the book. Alice White is Dorothy; Mack Swain is Francis Beekman, who crowns Lorelei with his wife’s tiara; Holmes Herbert is a spotless Henry Sopford, while Trixie Friganza and Chester Conklin help to make the welkin ring. It’s Ruth Taylor’s show, however, ably aided by Ford Sterling as Mr. Eisman, the great educator. Since Bennett days Mr. Sterling has been getting better and better until now, in his quiet comedy characterization, he rates as a star, even though the programs don’t say so. Send up a few sky-rockets for the new Ford!

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THE DOVE

The Dove doesn’t get any coos from me. It’s just too picturesque for anything; it has some grand camera angles. But what do I care for angles? Give me real, genu-ine, emotional curves, and the director can have his angles. Here’s Norma Talmadge, simply hurling herself away in a tawdry play—a price-less poppy in a field of dandelions. The Dove is the outstanding Horrible Example of what a rather interesting stage play can turn out to be in celluloid. Minus Mr. Belasco’s realism, its flavor is lost. Holbrook Blinn played the ‘best damn’ caballero’ in the stage version, and made him a suave, silken fellow—a caballero you could love. Noah Beery makes the same character an unappetizing brute—yes, I know Mr. Beery’s talents as well as you do, but I don’t like his caballero. Maybe he had to do it, but there he is, take him or leave him. I left him, running, not walking, to the nearest exit, muttering ‘air, give me air!’ It’s a cheap atmosphere in which The Dove does its fluttering. Even Gilbert Roland failed to make it exhilarating. And under ordinary circumstances Mr. Roland is just my little whiff of fresh air.
The CIRCUS

HAVE a circus! Charlie Chaplin's latest is funnier than any three circuses I ever saw. Charlie seems to have forgotten that the world ever hailed him as a genius, and goes back to having a good time and giving his audience one. He does all his old tricks and a few new ones. He even throws a pie, gets chased by a mule, and lathered with shaving-cream. The Circus, accordingly, may not be an artistic success for 'Charlot,' but it's good business for Charlie Chaplin, and fun for everybody.

Here's the familiar little tramp with baggy pants, big shoes, cane and derby. He falls in with a circus troupe and inadvertently becomes its star performer. He's a wow until he falls in love, and sees the Girl give her heart to another. Then he does a Pagliacci, clowning while his heart breaks. Finally, we see him saying goodbye to his circus sweetheart, married to a tight-rope walker; and going his way alone. Charlie has added what seems to me to be a new note to his characterization: a delicious haughtiness, a delicate distaste for the crudities of life, exemplified in the scene in which he shares his meal with the Girl and reproves her for her bad table manners. Here is true comedy. The fun in The Circus is something uneven, and some of the gags have long white whiskers—but what's the difference? Everybody is so glad to see Charlie again that anything he does is all right. And he does plenty.

Will Rogers can always be depended on for chuckles

A TEXAS STEER

NOT a bum steer—a good one. Will Rogers sees to that. His ambling humor is inimitable. He can always be counted on for chuckles, and we all love and remember anybody who makes us chuckle, while we often resent the boys who bring on convulsions, especially if they bust our buttons. I liked A Texas Steer, although it is as old-fashioned as prohibition. Washington supplies the background and the butt for Will's jokes. He plays a rough but honest Texan em-broiled in politics. He conquers the capitol with his rugged ways, while wife and daughter crash society. Rogers wrote the titles, some of which are funny. Doug, Junior, and Ann Rork supply the love interest, while Lilian Tashman stages her usual fashion show. Louise Fazenda is amazing and wonderful as Ma Brander. This female clown has the makings of a marvellous character actress if she ever loses her sense of humor—Hays forbid.

The story starts off with a bang

The Divine Woman

JUST Another Woman' would have been a better title. You'll have to excuse me, though—I'm just in the dumps, that's all. This picture is a huge disappointment, and, although I am trying to bear up, my emotions get the better of me at times; and those strange sounds will be grubs and chokes from one who can stand just so much, and no more. You see, I counted on Greta Garbo. I rooted myself hoarse for her. The most potent personality on the screen—the girl who made most Hollywood actresses look like stock company ingenues—the Swedish marvel at emotional massage—she was all of that. And now—just look at The Divine Woman. Here is a new Garbo, who flutters, who mugs. This interestingly reserved lady goes completely Hollywood, all at once. It may have been the part. It may have been the direction—but I don't think so. Seastrom's work, insofar as the silly story permits, is excellent. And the performance of Lars Hanson is a restrained and convincing piece of acting. Hanson has a chance to rant, but he nobly refrains. He is always interesting as Lucien, the French soldier who turns deserter for the sake of the Divine Woman. Lowell Sherman, too, gives the most polished performance of his screen career as the Other Man. The story starts off with a bang; for three reels or so it is unusual and believable, and so is Greta. A young, unsophisticated girl in the beginning, her new animation registers. But alas—Greta never grows up. She keeps right on being girlish, no matter what happens. Misfortune overtakes the charmer; from an idol of the Paris stage—Yes, it's one of those things—she falls into obscurity, until her devoted Lucien carries her off to the country, where she is seen, in the final scenes, setting the table for him. Miss Garbo seems to me to have only one scene in her usual marvellous quiet manner—at the door of her screen mother's house, where she is told 'Not at Home.' Here—with just a look, a gesture—she expresses futility. But for the rest—excuse me! 'I go now!'
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's REMARKABLE

The LION of Pictures

About eighteen years ago after returning from his South Sea Voyage with Jack London, Martin Johnson and his wife Osa whom he had recently married set out to see the world. Their first camera hunt together was in the South Seas where they explored the jungles of the Malay peninsula, but it was the unexplored dense jungles of Africa, where wild elephants come right in and steal sweet potatoes out of their back yard, where lions roar and hyenas cackle around their camps that they found their greatest thrills. For Africa is full of danger, and danger to the Martin Johnsons is thrills. Some of their best and most interesting work is done at the water holes. In July, the heat is so terrific it dries up all standing water except at the larger oases. A 'blind' or fence of thorn bushes is built near the water holes where the animals come to drink.

Thorn branches are also put in spots around the water where the camera cannot reach and in this way the game is kept before them. Martin and Osa Johnson begin their day's work at five o'clock in the morning. After breakfast the boys with the cameras are called and just as the sun is coming up all start out afoot to the 'blind' some distance away.

After the cameras are set up and the 'blind' is arranged the day's work begins in earnest and the writer often wonders what Martin and Osa Johnson's thoughts must be when a new day's adventures are about to unfold, for the slightest sound or the minutest carelessness on the part of either Johnson or his assistants might frighten the animals. (Continued on page 81)
African Picture

SIMBA

By Mollie B. Steinberg

A zebra—just a jackass in an evening.

Just before the lion hunt, Osa and Martin Johnson among the lion hunters of Tanganyika.

A leopard taken by flash beside a dead giraffe.

The many necklaces and bracelets of the Lumbwa beauties.
Frocks

Photographs by Gabor Edir

It requires a faultless figure to grace this spicy georgette frock from Boulangert, knee length in front to below the ankle in back.

C Fetched is this crisp satin evening frock of opalescent pink with diagonal bounce.
Hedda Hopper

selects some
for a lady

Gowns worn by Miss Hopper are supplied through the courtesy of Saks & Company, Fifth Avenue, New York.

"I'm theatre starved," cried Hedda Hopper the morning she breezed into Screenland. 'Breezed' is correctly used when applied to Hedda. Her personality is as fresh and stimulating as the mountain pine and she has the sparkle and dash of a young miss in her teens. In addition to which she is one of the really well dressed women of the screen, and as she mapped out the string of plays she had seen: Burlesque, The Royal Family and about ten others, we wondered how she kept 'that schoolgirl freshness' that is hers. "It's because I keep interested in something," said Hedda briskly. "I never allow myself to get in the dumps. Yesterday I had two hours on my hands with nothing to do—well—I just went window shopping. If I liked the things I ran in and bought them—well, some of them. I didn't need them all, and I can't abide a woman who buys things just because she can't hang onto herself. It's a lust," said wise, thrifty little Hedda.

This smart two piece frock of beige flat crepe with unpressed pleated skirt is just the thing for golf.

Hedda bought this yellow knitted material for the boat races. It is lined with brown and yellow checked silk.
THE HAUNTED SHIP

Most women feel highly flattered when the boy friend or the husband shows signs of jealousy. But perhaps they won't—after they've seen the Haunted Ship which proves that it never pays to underrate the devilish possibilities of a man thoroughly aroused by the Green Demon.

In this film, Captain Gant—maddened by the belief that his wife is in love with his first officer, sets her adrift in a small boat with her son. And then throws the officer down into a dungeon, in the bowels of the ship. Year after year the Captain holds this innocent man a prisoner, until the vessel gets a reputation for being haunted because of the horrible cries that float up from the depths.

A grisly, eerie, uncanny Flying Dutchman sort of picture. None too well directed or acted, but with such a powerful background of jealousy, revenge, hatred, lust, fire and death, that it stirs your imagination and holds your attention—despite its many drawbacks.

C"You'd think they were lovers, wouldn't you? So did the Captain, and what he made them suffer? Ray Hallor and Dorothy Sebastian in 'The Haunted Ship.'

C"Like most sacrifices, this mother's doesn't do much good. Audrey Ferris and Irene Rich in 'The Silver Slave.'
THE SILVER SLAVE

Now, young ladies and gentlemen, this film will help solve the all important question of whether you prefer love in a cottage or misery in a Rolls Royce.

Why can't you have both love and the Rolls?

That's too deep a question for me. You'll have to ask one of these philosophers—Count Keyserling or Emil Ludwig or some other big boy. For in my brief life I've never seen the two come together. If the boy friend has a Rolls, he usually has a punch, or a clip on his coin purse. But to get back to the picture—

Irene Rich marries the man she doesn't love so that her daughter by her first marriage, Audrey Ferris, can have all of life's little luxuries. And like most sacrifices, it does little good. For Audrey grows up a spoiled young one preferring a rich lout to a poor but honest hero. So what does mama do but get herself all tricked out in her most appealing clothes and manner and give daughter a little competition.

A really good picture of society life where you find as many heartaches in drawing rooms as you do over kitchen sinks.

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

Little, laughing Laura La Plante brings home the blue ribbon again. She and Glenn Tryon join forces and turn out an entirely credible and amusing comedy.

If you like Laura, with her shining eyes and teasing smile (and who doesn't?), you'll not want to miss this film. For it's packed full of high-powered fun.

Laura is a dancing teacher. And she breaks an engagement with her boy friend to give a dancing lesson to another young man. And then she gets mixed up with one of these smooth, dashing elderly gentlemen. Quite innocently? Oh, of course. But try to make the boy friend believe it.

It's well worth stepping up to the box office, coin in hand, to find out how this capricious comedienne extricates herself. It's one of the cleverest little films that has been flashed on the screen in some days. Laura at her funniest and Glenn better than I ever remember.

ON YOUR TOES

When you start picking out careers for your children or your grandchildren, trouble is bound to happen. If you just know little Alfred would make a fine musician, he'll probably spend his manurity in a garage.

Reginald Denny's grandma wanted him to be an aesthetic dancer. Just imagine that six feet of hard-hitting masculinity pussy-footing around a soft-shaded studio.

Denny tries his luck as a dancer—just to please grandma, but he ends up in a prize fight where he wins the championship bout.

From start to finish, this picture is a laugh. And while its appeal seems directed more towards men than women, Denny does such a good comic job that he turns out a film that will please everybody.

ARIZONA WILDCAT

A grand, two-fisted picture with Tom Mix in a spectacular, flamboyant climax that eclipses almost anything you've ever seen.

Tom is just a plain cowboy. But he goes in for breeding polo ponies. And so is dragged from his stark western background into a rapid moving society atmosphere. And he's good. Good all the way through.

There are two positively breath-choking situations in this unusual western: first, where Tom fills in on a polo team when one of the players is knocked out; and second: when he rescues his childhood sweetheart, Dorothy Sebastian, actually riding his famous horse up the broad stairway of a Spanish mission palace and into the chamber where the villain is about to—

Say, it's a fine western. Original. High colored. Quick on the trigger and quick on the hoof. Exaggerated, perhaps. But what of it? It carries you away to a far country where love and honor are always unconquerable.

FORTUNE HUNTER

If any of you boys are engaged and are disinclined to lead the young lady up to the altar, go and see Syd Chaplin in the Fortune Hunter and learn about women from him.

Syd manages to take a lot of sledge-hammer gags and by mingling them together he turns out an uproarious comedy—the best, I think, since Charlie's Aunt.

The high spot in the picture is where he wants to break
his engagement to the small town belle and hasn't the heart to tell her so. By waiting until all the villagers are gathered at a bazaar, Syd sits down on a sofa, plainly visible through an open doorway, and makes wild love to a wax clothes model. He manages it all so cleverly, particularly his hands, that he makes it seem a bona fide necking affair.

A fast stepping picture, full of hot action and heavy laughter.

A RENO DIVORCE

If I were May McAvoy I would hunt out a gypsy and have her cross my palm with silver. Or make a literary novena and pray for a really strong story. For her present film, A Reno Divorce is no better than most of her recent pictures.

No matter how dejectedly she interprets her roles, no matter how pretty and wistful her delineations are, all her work is wiped out by bad direction or weak support. She is too charming an artist to be completely shrouded by second rate stories which nobody could transform into good, first class film productions.

FRECKLES

There are few of us to day who don't look back a decade or so to the happy, innocent time when Gene Stratton Porter's Freckles satisfied all our literary desires. It was a book that one read and re-read until Freckles became not a boy between pasteboard covers but our own little playfellow.

Now Freckles has reached the screen. And every person who likes clean fun and is never quite happy until he feels the wind on his cheek and hears the sound of bird music in his ears will want to see this film. Gene Stratton Porter's fifteen year old granddaughter plays one of the leading juvenile roles. And John Fox, Jr. as the little one-armed boy whose strong character conquers his deformed body gains the sympathy of all.

THE WARNING

Romanticism, swagger, color, love, opium smuggling, robbers' caves, fist-fights, machine guns, beautiful girl, hand grenades, mysterious ships, police raids, handsome hero—a cooking, fast-firing film with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier fighting for their lives and honor.

A sure cure for boredom.

THE NEST

Everybody loves Pauline Frederick—a beautiful woman and a consummate actress. But how seldom we get to see her. However, in The Nest, she comes back to us again, with Holmes Herbert, Jean Acker, and others.

You'll like this story because it is so simply and humanely handled—the sorrows of a widow with a wild son and an erratic daughter. Through all her difficulties, Miss Frederick fights to retain her own youth and loveliness, and finds in the end

But you must see it for yourself. It is marred considerably by bad photography but nothing could mar the aristocracy and technique of Pauline Frederick.

De Mille to Picture Reform Schools

With the full approval of governors of many of the forty eight United States, Cecil B. De Mille will make startling disclosures of conditions in state reform schools in his forthcoming production, The Godless Girl.

Before deciding on the subject matter for his next picture, De Mille and his scenarist, Jeanie Macpherson, were in correspondence with the chief executives of the various states. Tentative plans for the filming of a story in a reform school background were outlined to the governors, and their opinions and comment requested. The response was immediate, and emphatically in favor of a production which would bring to light the inadequacies of most of the institutions whose aim is to reform juvenile delinquents.

Every letter received by De Mille from governors throughout the country encouraged the producer in his plan to present a realistic reform school setting for The Godless Girl, the consensus of opinion being that such a production would serve the double purpose of instituting improvements in the method of handling young law offenders, and of dissuading the youth of America from committing criminal acts.

In gathering information on the subject for the story, which was prepared for the screen by Miss Macpherson, De Mille sent young men into several reformatories as inmates. In several cases not even the officials of the school were aware of the fact that these boys were not criminals, their commitment to the institutions having been arranged by state officials. Consequently, the information as obtained was authentic, and provided Miss Macpherson with material with which to present realistically life in a typical reform school.

De Mille has selected Lina Basquete for the title role of The Godless Girl, while Marie Prevost, George Duryea and Noah Beery also are featured.
THE languorous eyed Eve Southern played a spiritual lady in *The Gaucho* and a spirited one in *Wild Geese* which proves her versatility.

Photograph by Hesser
JAMES MURRAY has blond curly hair and blue eyes, a different type of screen hero. Don’t push, you’ll see him in The Crowd.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
MARY PHILBIN is doing big things these days with *Drums of Love* to her credit and *The Man Who Laughs* coming along.

Photograph by Freabel
JOHNNY MACK BROWN was Captain of the Alabama eleven. They slipped him the ball and he made the touchdown in Hollywood.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
bad plays are full of corkscrewing melodrama; what makes them bad is the frightful dialogue that encumbers them. But they have action, of which pantomime is made. The movies, we have maintained, can take this action, have it portrayed by skilled performers, eliminate the dialogue, and give you an hour of decent entertainment, instead of three hours of ennui.

Well, then, here is a perfect example, and the happy thought occurs to us that maybe some of the higher-ups at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer read these pages. Of course, they probably don’t, but that’s our thought and we’re going to stick to it. A Free Soul, dramatized by Willard Mack from Adela Rogers St. Johns’ novel, is Mack at his worst. There are stretches of good dialogue, but wisecracks don’t make a play. Here is a swell melodrama, that limps on being confined to the stage. What it needs are the broad stretches of the screen, somebody like Norma Shearer to spin around, and good direction. Metro has bought it for screening, and we hereby suggest to Delight Evans that she watch for it.

But, as we hinted above, if you really want to enjoy it, you can well afford to wait for the film. There is no necessity of running to the theatre. Still, if you don’t run, there is the possibility of the play having folded up its wings and its tents and gone to the storehouse.

"Cock Robin"

Here is a thoroughly enjoyable mystery play, written by two shrewd craftsmen, Philip Barry and Elmer Rice. A murder is committed in front of your eyes, and it isn’t until the final curtain that you’re sure of the murderer. The formula is an old one, but a good one. Everybody is suspected, until you get the feeling that maybe you’re the guilty person. The comedy is superb, handled in the main by Beatrice Herford, who makes one of those annual reports that Bob Benchley has made famous. A good show.

"The Queen’s Husband"

Robert Emmett Sherwood has done a much better play in this than in The Road to Rome. Whereas the latter was, perhaps, second-rate Shaw, this one is first-class theatre. It, too, shows the influence of Shaw, but we
prefer such a play to one showing the influence of Pinero.

Sherwood, like Shaw, sticks to the theory that a good love story is the best basis for a play. After all, the main question in drama, as in life, is, did the girl get her man? You can be as whimsical, as bitter, as philosophic, as sarcastic as you like, but it all goes better if the two lovers can get together at the end to begin a life of superb bliss. Now and then, we run across a young couple who married for love and didn't live a life of superb bliss, but that, we all take it, is the exception.

So, although Sherwood began by taking several superb digs at Queen Marie, and by putting in all sorts of whimsies, he had sense enough to wind the curtain on a love scene. Now, the lovers don't happen to be so important. The important character in this play is the hen-pecked King, played to perfection by Roland Young. But though you grow to like the King for his preoccupation with the penguins at the Royal Zoo, and for his checker games with his footman, you don't actually give him your complete allegiance until he, acting as deus ex machina, lets his daughter marry the man of her choice, who happens to be the son of a wholesale plumber.

A nice evening, full of fun. Give Roland Young first honors, Gladys Hanson as the Queen a bouquet, Edward Rigby as the footman a laurel wreath, Dwight Frye in a scintillating bit as the Prince who was left waiting at the Church a Bacardi, and Katherine Alexander as the flapper Princess a kiss when you go.

"The Optimists"

At the Casino de Paris, Melville Jones is presenting The Optimists, which happens to be the cream of five or six years of the revue, presented annually in London under the name of The Co-Optimists. It is intimate, it is cute, it is nice—what it lacks terrifically is one big punch, in the shape either of a song or a skit. The Optimists shows that it is possible to do a review with only one set and one costume; it shows, too, that just the lack of Ziegfeldian sets is not enough to weave a show around.

But if you go in a spirit of fun—and that's the way we go—you can have a pleasant evening. The humor, in the main, is mild, but sufficient. The lyrics, when they are good, are the British type—depending on sense as well as rhyme, and taking it for granted that an audienceruined by bad music. We have been brought up for a view of Owen Seaman, Gilbert and A. A. Milne has some intelligence. When the music is bad, they are of the American school that rhymes 'land' with 'fan.' And, as an occasional member of Tin Pan Alley, we ask what's the matter with that?

George Hassell as Master of Ceremonies is awfully nice; Luella Gear didn't seem to be trying very hard, in spite of the fact that the cast is working on a co-op basis. Richard Bold has a pleasant voice, and does nobly by Mr. Gideon's pleasant tunes. Sally Starr is a rounded eye-full. Flora Le Breton, who came over here several years ago billed as 'England's Mary Pickford' is just as lovely looking as ever. Bobby Watson and Fred Hildebrand are excellent in the English stuff, though Hildebrand is just a bit sickening when he does a single, using some typically cheap, American ten-cent vaudeville stuff.

A fair evening. You can come late, dance between the acts and get a glass of Nedick's free. Still, even the Nedick's don't make up for the missing punch.

"Strange Interlude"

It is, if you ask us, a fairly easy thing to review a play. It takes nothing but an intelligent reaction, and the citing of that reaction. The fact that you know all about the works of Aristophanes, and are practically an authority on the church plays of the Middle Ages, is no decided help to reviewing, say, Abie's Irish Rose. Give us a guy who knows the difference between Ethel Dell and H. G. Wells in literature, between A. E. Hausman and Edgar Guest in poetry, between Emil Jannings and Madge Bellamy on the screen, and we'll take his word—so far as we'll take anybody's word—on a play.

But Strange Interlude isn't only a play—it's an experience. And we're afraid that it takes a philosopher to comment on experience. So it is that we approach reviewing this new O'Neill play with a diffidence that is—as you will be the first to point out—not customary with us.

We can say, of course, that we liked it. But 'like' is a funny word. If you had asked Lindbergh how he felt about landing safely at Bourget Field after his epoch-making flight, and he had said he liked it, you might have understood him, but you would have felt that his vocabulary was...
not adequate for his emotions. That's
the way it is with us.
If you say that O'Neill made the
flight, you are wrong. Didn't we all
make that flight with Lindbergh? So
it is with Strange Interlude. We are
all—those of us who see it—partic-
pants in this hazardous flight of
O'Neill's.
Well, then, here is O'Neill off on
a strange journey to unfathomed
heights—and depths—of the drama.
He tries to picture for us not only
the actions, but the thoughts of a
group of people. And he pictures
again, as he did in The Great God
Brown, the masks we wear and never
take off until we are alone. This
time, he discards the clumsy device
of the actual mask, and takes on an-
other clumsy one, the old-fashioned
aside. Only, by the time he is
through, you have forgotten that the

a bit when he starts, and you make
wise cracks after it's
over, but you listen. And you know you'd have listened
were it longer. And the answer is, that, clumsy or not,
O'Neill has a yarn worth the spinning.
He could have done the same show in three acts and
two hours, it has been said. Certainly. And Dreiser could
have done An American Tragedy in one volume. And
Conrad could have made a short story out of Lord Jim.
And Lord Jim would have been a fine short story—but
not a great one. And An American Tragedy, stripped of
Dreiser's verbosity, his pounding away at words, would
have made an excellent novel. Dreiser sweats as he works,
and he makes his readers sweat with him as they carve
their way through his crude style. But when you've fin-
ished with Dreiser—and the second volume of the Tragedy
—you have come away with the impression of life that
Dreiser tried to convey. And therein lies the greatness of
Dreiser.
And in Strange Interlude, with its repetitions and banal
phrasing, lies the greatness of O'Neill. He is no sure,
deft workman. He makes outrageous blunders. He says
the same thing again and again. He lets his characters
soliloquize even when you
have learned to know
every word they will say.
But his errors are but the
broken arms of Venus de
 Milo; they are scars on a
noble face; and they are
forgotten—by us, we hasten
to add—in the grand-
deur of what the man
ultimately achieves.

We propose here to
make no mention of the
plot; no half-dozen sen-
tences can hope to picture
for you what O'Neill tries
to do in his nine acts. We
suggest, earnestly, that
you see the play, not as
any public-spirited gesture
of your devotion to any
better things, but as some-
th ing you owe yourself.
The Theatre Guild's com-
pany, headed by Lynn
Fontanne, and making use
of such excellent perform-
a ners as Tom Powers, Earl
Larimore, Glenn Anders
and Helen Westley, is re-
m arkably excellent—even
for the Guild. Philip Moeller directed, and is to be
envied for superb work on a superb play.

Morrie Ryskind sees the theatres from the Moving Picture angle
EVERY MONTH in SCREENLAND
ANOTHER economy wave hits Hollywood.
Four couples married over the holidays, making it possible to combine anniversary and Christmas presents in the future.
The four are:
Blanche Mehaffey and George Joseph Hausen.
Raymond Griffith and Bertha Mann.
Patty Dupont and Sylvanus Stokes.
Iris Stuart and Bert A. Mackinon.
In addition, Grace Darmond announced that she will wed R. P. Jennings, wealthy theater owner and oil operator of Mexico City and Beverly Hills, about February 1.
Hollywood enjoys being surprised. The announcement of the engagement of Blanche Mehaffey afforded it this pleasurable sensation.
For almost no one in the film colony knew her fiancé. He is George J. Hausen, millionaire oil man and big game hunter.
Adding a flash of daring to their romance the couple took an airplane to San Francisco after their wedding. They sailed for Cuba the next day.
Blanche Mehaffey is one of the real Follies graduates in Hollywood. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1924, and is well known on the screen.
While everyone knew that Raymond Griffith and Bertha Mann were engaged, their marriage came as a surprise. This couple hold a record for long engagements. They were betrothed nine years ago when the bride was the leading woman in the old Morosco Stock Company here—the same company in which Lewis Stone, Richard Dix, Edmund Lowe and dozens of other film celebrities got their start.
At that time Griffith was making two-reel comedies at the Mack Sennett Studio.
A cruise in the South Seas for a honeymoon. What could be more ideal than that?
This good
fortune is to come to Patty Dupont who married Sylvanus Stokes of the famous New York family in Hollywood after a brief courtship.

Patty Dupont was once the mysterious Miss Dupont, who created a furore in the film world under the direction of Erich von Stroheim.

Her new husband has ideas of breaking into the films himself. He has taken a flyer in several productions as an actor and has met with encouragement from directors and producers.

Another ex-baby-star to be married was Iris Stuart. She was of the vintage of 1927.

Friends in Hollywood are glad to see happiness come her way, because as she was on the verge of a long term contract with Paramount, having just been declared a Baby Star, she was taken seriously ill and had to give up the screen for almost a year.
She is back again now, however, determined to attain success.

Her marriage was a secret one, being discovered by friends who noticed she wore a new wedding ring. The man she married, Bert A. Mack

ion, is said to be a New York publisher of magazines.

At Las Vegas, Nev., where the couple took out their license, Miss Stuart revealed that her real name is Iris McCann.

Grace Darmond met her fiancé
theaters in Mexico. The romance culminated in Beverly Hills where her fiancé moved to be near her.

Fifteen years ago the wife of Carl Laemmle died. The owner of Universal City, with all his millions, in the midst of manifold activities, has never failed to hold a memorial ceremony in his office at the studio on each succeeding year.

Qualities such as this are what make him

one of the most beloved figures in the motion picture industry.

This year, as he was prepared to have his quiet ceremony, every branch of production at the studio ceased work, and the studio officials and men gathered to join him in his tribute.

The office was filled; it overflowed; hundreds stood outside with bared heads while the ceremony went on.

Fan mail, that interesting barometer of appeal, reveals that Louis Fazenda is most popular in England and the British Colonies.

We tried to account for it, Louise, her husband, Hal Wallis, and I, and came to the conclusion that it was because most of her comedy parts, particularly the earlier ones, have been servants.

The comic servant, or maid, is a stock figure in British wit.

Some of the English papers and film magazines carry weekly and monthly cartoon strips in which the heroine is Louise Fazenda, dressed as a maid.

As a result of these strips, and of her well-deserved popularity on the screen, Louise receives hundreds of letters a month from England and her colonies.

Estelle Taylor told me an interesting thing this month. She used to be an artist's model, while in her teens.

That was back in
New England.
Her face adorned the covers of numerous magazines at the time.

"For goodneth thakes!"
No more will the lisping exclamation startle and amuse visitors in Laura La Plante's home.
For Pol, her famous lisping parrot, is dead.
A victim of some obscure stomach complaint was Pol. She was found dead in her cage one morning by Miss La Plante's maid.
Pol was one of Hollywood's most amusing oddities. How she got the lip no one knew. She had it when Laura bought her.
Never an 's' could the bird say. It was always 'th.'
Accompanying her mistress to the studio, the parrot aroused gales of laughter on the set with her amusing affliction.

To Europe to make Blossomtime. Frank Borzage to direct her. Charles Farrell to play opposite her again.
No wonder Janet Gaynor appeared so gay the day we had lunch with her at the William Fox Studio.
To begin with she had just signed a new long term contract with Fox, and at a salary more in keeping with what she is worth.
Then she had been told of Blossomtime.
As you all know, this is the operetta written about the life of Franz Schubert, the composer.
Fox certainly wants to produce it right. The three who made Seventh Heaven one of

the best pictures of all time, will be together again—Janet, Charlie and Frank Borzage.
The company is planning to send them all abroad as soon as Janet completes The Four Devils, in which she now works under the direction of Murnau.

Murnau, by the way, is taking no chances of rain (Cont. on page 96)
Eva Grey and her Universal smile.

‘Snowy’ Baker uses an Australian stock whip so that Lupino Lane will be good in his next Educational release.

It’s a shame to take the money, as we used to say when we were kids, but every year around about this time in January, we Californians are moved to sit up and crow about the remarkable weather we are having! With all our papers trying to make us believe that blizzards, a hundred feet of snow, more or less, and something like a thousand degrees below zero are making it well nigh impossible for any Easterner to venture even a nose outside of the home (heated, of course, with difficulty!) here I sit on my Hollywood piazza, writing, and basking in the glory of our sun. Never mind. Think of how un-Christmasy our Christmas was without a ‘lick’ of snow; think of how we miss the thrill of that first day of flitting, whirling, softly-white flakes coming through the air. After all I guess it evens up before the so-called Judgment Day comes ‘round, and you back there can have your crowing, too. An eastern Springtime—Gosh, you’ve got it on us there! An eastern Springtime! Nothing in the world can take its place.

Last Sunday was an awful day for wives in Hollywood. Maybe I should say Wampas wives. You know that the Wampas have recently selected their 1928 crop of Baby Stars, and so on Sunday it was set for all the Baby Stars and all

Sally Edwards plays in Mack Sennett comedies.

Jeanette Log opposite Rod La Rocque in ‘Hold ‘Em Yale.’

C Flora Brans-
ley—a Wam-
pas Baby Star.
the Wampas boys to meet at First National's Burbank studio to take a bunch of photographs. Of course, it really was necessary that they all be there—you know, posing the girls, and all that sort of thing! Even Bert Levy was there, sketching them all. You know me—I wouldn't start any trouble for anybody for anything in the world, and if any of the wives should happen to read this, please be assured that every single one of them was working hard as could be, and absolutely indispensable! After all, Baby Stars are picked only once a year, and with the beautiful bunch they have this year, no wonder it takes a goodly crowd of Wampasites to pose them properly.

* * *

And while I was out there, I got to talk to Gwen Lee's mother, whom I haven't seen for about two years, when they lived next door to me. It certainly doesn't seem that long, and I want to tell you that Gwen's success hasn't hurt Mrs. Lee a single bit! She looks simply marvelous, is all smiles and happy as a queen, and looks more like Gwen's sister than her mother. I almost forgot—the bride was working out there, too—Mrs. Louise Fazenda Hal Wallis. The regalia she had on was certainly not my business! Picture Louise in a Grecian costume, which hangs way down just below the hips, her hair in funny little ringlets, and a paste-board gold crown tipped on the side of her head in that manner never duplicated by anyone else. Yes, Louise is the queen of the harem, with Charlie Murray, the king, in a cut-back for their newest comedy, and one look at them is enough to set you into gales of laughter.

* * *

Who'd like to speculate with me regarding the Duncan Sisters and a contract with Warner Brothers to do a Vitaphone picture? Also, did you hear them broadcast over KFWB on their return to Los Angeles? Golly, but we enjoyed it, and as soon as we knew they were going to broadcast over the studio radio station we started wondering if it means that they'll do a Vitaphone. Later, during the broadcasting, Vivian said something about there being a possibility, but you can't get a durn thing out of any of three brothers! By the time this is printed, it might be all settled, and announced; and if they can hold me as spellbound with a Vitaphone performance, where I can see them and get their personalities, as they did over the radio—why, bring 'em on, just bring 'em on with their 'Remembrin' and 'Sittin' on the Curbstone Blues!' 

* * *

I have before me a letter from a young lady named Jane Lyons, of Wilmette, Illinois. Among other things, she writes—

'Dear Marion, please, please, please don't ever write about Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky and end up with the line, 'Anyways, this is one marriage which will be lasting, etc. etc.' It's fatal, Marion. The magazine is hardly in circulation before the bride announces her intention of divorcing the ever-after groom.' Of course, Jane, I'll never write such a story about Rod and Vilma if you insist that tales like that turn out to be a jinx, but I must ask you and all the rest of the world if they have heard the nice new story about the La Rocque-Banky divorce? Oh, of course—that's the very latest thing in Hollywood! Yes, indeed, Vilma is going abroad and Rod is staying here! Could any reporter scent a keener
scoop* for his scowling boss? Shh-hh—keep it quiet for a while, but buzzzzzzzzz, didn’t you hear that Vilma and Rod are getting a divorce? Sure, that’s the story, and the best part of it is that Vilma and Rod don’t know a thing about it! Simply because Vilma has to rush away to get her vacation a week before Rod can rush with her, somebody has it that they aren’t happy and are about to be divorced. But, Jane, you do not have to get the teeniest, tiniest bit worried, because I am sure from the way they act, that the very, very last thing in the minds of the La Rocques is a divorce. And also, here’s my promise that I’ll keep away from the so-sure happiness ending you have read in other stories and so strenuously disapprove.

I had lunch with Dick Barhnel-ness and his Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come dog the other day. And say, it’s really weird the way he almost looks as if he stepped right out of Tol’able Dave of quite some years gone by. Absolutely, he looks just the same, and I kept wondering all through the hour we were there if this Dick-boy would ever have to grow up and leave his boyishness behind. I hope not, because it’s so becoming to him, and makes such sills out of all us women-folks!

Lost—one Wampas Baby Star, Ruth Lorelie Lee Taylor, the ‘Gentlemen Prefer’ type, supposed to be making personal appearance bows somewhere in the east. Remember, even scream or anything. Ruth, you have to be here for the mighty Wampas Ball affair. I’m warning you that there will be a terrible to-do if you’re not here in time.

It’s a very fine thing to work in the movies, but, according to Jack Richardson, it’s always wise to pick the kind of job to keep you out of trouble. Jack plays ‘Jake’ in Wally Beery’s and Ray Hatton’s new Partners in Crime, and in one of the fights he is supposed to be stabbed and just generally ‘bloodied’ up by Ray Hatton. Last week they worked the whole company until about eight o’clock, and Jack figured he’d jump right into the old Chevy without taking off the make-up. Along about half way home a couple of sirens ring out, and pretty quick two police cars come whizzing up and push him over to the curb. ‘Well, this is the time you don’t get away with it,’ said the first one out of the police-car. ‘You might as well come clean and give us the truth,’ Jack was stunned. He had forgotten all about the make-up bandage across his chest, the reddened shirt and the blood-smeared face. He tried to say something, but his lips simply wouldn’t move. ‘Wh-wh-wh—-,’ and that’s every sound his voice would make until he chanced to glimpse himself in the car mirror and saw the nice red make-up. ‘Gosh,’ he said to me, ‘I never knew such relief in all my life. I breathed a sigh they must have heard in New York City, and then proceeded to show the boys how easily it rubbed away.'

And that, you see, is Holly-wood.

They’ve moved into an apartment, all right, because Mary and her mother were so nervous about it. But I insist that Mary’s burglary simply was a lonesome youth who wanted a fleeting glimpse of so sweet a face as Mary Brian has. Mary saw him trying to get in the window of their front room, and she didn’t just the same, the little family of mother, Mary and brother Torrence have moved into an apartment where the fair part of the family feels much safer.

This new hero from the great open spaces — Lane Chandler — came in to see me the other day. Wait until the six feet of him starts breaking the hearts of the movie
crowd. They had been taking some 'still' pictures of him, in evening clothes, and as the saying goes, he certainly swung a mean looking 'tux!' You can keep all parts of you still except your heart, and I'm telling you that when you see Lane in this new Esther Ralston picture it won't do you one bit of good to try to hide the thumping up around the region of your 'vital organ.'

The happiest, most glorious bulletin of the month is the re-uniting of the Noah Beerys. Yes, they have decided that there don't have to be any difficulties as far as they are concerned, and once more the Beery home is really home. I'm so glad. You can't imagine how full of smiles Noah is these days, working as if he meant it and without the troubled, worried look this other lonesome year had brought upon him. Wicked, wicked villains on the screen generally are these men who have to have a woman to take care of and to baby them!

The going gets harder and harder for poor Neil Hamilton, with competition running keener and keener. Neil has been going along as undisputed Hollywood 'champ' at pulling rabbits out of hats, cards down from sleeves and turning red handkerchiefs pink, but now along comes Jack Mulhall doing all sorts of magic stuff, too. Jack had to learn some magic for his role in Lady Be Good, and learning a little got him so all-fired interested that Neil will have to be watching his title. I was kidding Neil about it. 'Bring him along, bring him along,' he laughed, 'We'll stage a combat at the American Legion Stadium; my honor shall be upheld, and once and for all I'll settle this dastardly stain upon the name of Hamilton.'

This is a funny old world, anyway,
"Why, in the east they simply can’t have parties like this," he said, "there isn’t room." Arriving late were Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks, Eddie still wearing that high silk hat made for him by hat designer Louise Adamson for her wedding. That is, he wore it when somebody else wasn’t wearing it, as it was passed around at her debutante affair, but not to me at all except fun. Louise Brooks looked like a little French doll, and has, I believe, the prettiest legs in Hollywood.

"Jobby Ralston, clad in rompers, and Richard Arlen, her husband, as little Rollo, hoop and all, were there; Esther’s brother Clarence was dressed as a Boy Scout, and Al Rogell, the director, declared that as a good Hollywoodite he represented the costume companies of that fair city!

Frank Tuttle wore a sort of nightie with wings, and declared he was one of the children from "The Blue Bird"—one of the children waiting to come to earth; and Florence Ryerson and Colm Clements wore picturesque kid clothes.

After supper Charles Rogers surprised everybody by showing what a musician he was. He played the piccolo, the mellophone and the drums, all very well indeed; but Johnny Hines came along and took the drumsticks away from him, and played the drums himself.

Johnny was in evening clothes. He said that everybody knew he was only a kid anyhow; and Chester Conklin likewise was in evening clothes, apparently thinking he had sufficiently disguised himself as a child by cutting off his mustache.

"Prizes to be given for the cleverest costume!" George Webb called out, and everybody lined up.

Honors were nearly even between Mary Brian and Jobyna Ralston, the voting of the crowd being done by hand-clapping, but the judges finally decided the prize should go to Mary. It was a manure suit, and Johnny Hines suggested that one girl should use the suit one week, and the other girl the next. The men’s prize was a cigarette lighter. Though Esther looked like a little girl from the Elsie Dinsmore books most fluently, and there was a little contest in which Mary Brian, the Bonner sisters and Jobyna took part with Esther.

Warner Baxter and his lovely wife, Winifred Bryson, came late, arriving from another party, and so weren’t dolled up as kids, but both danced and entered into all the fun with zest.

Dick Arlen and Jobyna, Ena Gregory, Marnie Douglas and Al Rogell, Priscilla and Bert wandered off after while into the gorgeous big living room, where they played ring-around-the-rosy and other games; while others of us went out into the court formed back of the house by a high wall and by the dressing rooms, and looked at the great swimming pool. But it was too cool for anybody to venture in, although Chester Conklin dared Mary Brian to take the leap.

"We hope," confided Patsy, as we were traveling homeward, "that Esther and George won’t forget to invite us to another party when the weather grows warmer so we can take a dive into that lovely swimming pool."

"This evening promises to be a awfully large evening!" declared Connie Keefe, as Patsy and I entered the portals of the Mayfair Dance at the Biltmore with him. "We’re due at the Breakfast Club at six in the morning—there’s the party at Alice Day’s after the Mayfair, too!"

Why use up every place in one evening nears us were guests of Alice and Marceline Day, their mother and Ona Brown; and Richard Dix brought Marceline, who is wearing a slave bracelet which was presented to her by her uncle. At the party, too, were Don Alvarado and his wife, Nat Goldstone, Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers, Grace Gordon, Harvey Barnes, Florrie and his wife, and others.

We noted all the faithfully engaged, engaged and married couples there, including Paul Kohner and Mary Philbin, Bobby Amick and Ann Rork, Syl Stokes and Patty Davenport, Jerry Miley and Lois Wilson, Roland Drew and Greta Nissen, Fola Negri and her prince, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Gertrude Olmsted and Robert Leonard, Jane Winton and Charlie Kenyon, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Warner Baxter and his wife, Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, and others too numerous to mention.

It seemed sad to see Balboi sitting at his table without June Mathis, who passed away, you remember, a few months ago. Amid all the gayety he was the one I didn’t see him dancing once.

Winifred Hart, divorced wife of William S. Hart, was there, and it seemed nice to see her again. It was her months of hiding away from the world.

Patty was dancing with Richard Dix just at midnight, and when the gong sounded everybody stopped and was silent for a moment, as the custom is at the Mayfair, to make a wish.

As luck would have it, Richard and Lois Wilson, who was dancing with Warner Baxter, found themselves standing quite near each other at the moment of wishing. They were engaged to each other once on a time, you know, and I’m sure their eyes met each other for an instant seriously. An engagement would mean a lot to the earner couple.

Everybody had been provided with aleigh-bell attached to a leather bracelet, which the guest fastened to his wrist or ankle, so that the dancing was musical with bells; and there were so many yards of serpentine flowing from the reels over our heads that half a dozen couples became so enmeshed they couldn’t dance until they had disentangled themselves.

The Marx Brothers came over after their show had closed and entertained us. Groucho with his wit and Harpo with his harp music. Nora Bayes was to have entertained but I hear she thought there was too much noise for her to be able to get into the spirit of her songs.

Connie Keefe, Richard Dix, Patsy, and I decamped to the Days’ apartment a little after midnight. We found that Robert had played the radio for an hour or two. Then we all piled into Alice Day’s big limousine. We all danced the entire evening at the Breakfast Club, where we found a lot of the Mayfair crowd had already preceded us.

We sat at tremendously long tables in the Hall of Brotherly Love, or whatever they call the huge pavilion,—though Patsy declares she never could possibly love such

FOR OUR BETTER ACQUAINTANCE—

Name ........................... Age ...........................
Address ........................................ Married ...........................
Hobby ........................................ What other publications do you read regularly? .........................

Do you (or if unmarried) does your family own your home? .....................

Automobile ................................... Radio ...................................

PLEASE STATE MAKE ................................ PIANO ........................................ Do you play any musical instruments? ..........................

How many people do you estimate read your copy of SCREENLAND? ........

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Contest closes April 15, 1928.
a large number of people at can assemble in that big place. The big orchestra played all the old songs such as "Sweet Rosie O'Grady, Bicycle Built for Two, After the Ball," and the rest of the old plish-album favorites, and everybody joined in the singing.

Breakfast was served, consisting of ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee, and despite the very nice dinner we had enjoyed at the Mayfair, we found it very good after the long, cold ride.

After the singing we danced to the music of the orchestra, and on the floor we said hello again to Jane Winton, Baxter and his wife, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, and scores of other Mayfairers.

"What time is it?" I asked Connie as she dropped me at my door.

"Seven, dearie," said Connie, "and you'd better hurry to bed if you want to go to sleep without the sun shining in your eyes."

PROGRESSIVE Sunday afternoon and evening partying! That's a great sport in Hollywood, where, though a very large proportion of the film folk really do go to church in the morning, they believe it not out of place to ride about in their cars to each other's houses or to the beaches or mountains in the afternoons.

Open house is the rule in many of the film stars' homes, and so it was that Patsy and I found ourselves booked up for at least four parties one Sunday afternoon.

The day was drizzly, but our car was easy, so it didn't matter, and we made a mad dash from the machine to Dolores Del Rio's front door to avoid the rain.

The weeping clouds were soon forgotten after we entered Dolores' hospitable door, where we found not only the star herself, but her father and mother, Senor and Senora J. L. Avensolo, of Mexico City, who are visiting her in her new home.

The new house is built in the Mexican style of architecture—broad verandas, overhanging a court enclosed on two sides by the house, on the other two sides by a high stone wall. In the court is a great, gnarled old sycamore tree, the fragrance of whose leaves will float into the house in the hot September afternoons and evenings, and a huge fountain with gaily tiled basin. You enter by a charming little garden gate opened in the wall, so that once inside, you feel as though you were in old California again, in the days of the dons.

Inside the great living room is furnished either with things Misa Del Rio has brought from Mexico with her from her old home, or with duplicates of those things—a great red divan, luxurious and roomy, great carved chairs, paintings, draperies, altar cloths beautiful in gold and lace, carved tables. I think I have never seen so restful a room.

Dolores looked gorgeous in a batik chiffon velvet gown, which became a gown, she explained, only after she had draped it over her figure, the batik material being in one large piece. Jean du Boullier, who makes the clothes of Pavlova and other notables, had designed it for her, and there wasn't another one in town.

Dolores' parents turned out to be the most charming people, as truly hospitable as one has always heard of the Spanish and Mexican people being.

Jaimie Del Rio was in New York, seeing after the production of a play of his, and we missed his warm greeting. Dolores said she couldn't possibly have passed Christmas without him but that her parents were with her.

"And we just couldn't do without her, our only child, another Christmas," declared Dolores' mother.

There were at least three devoted couples present.

Greta Nissen and Roland Drew were among these, and a handsome couple, Roland with his dark, stalwart face and figure, Greta with her soft, alluring femininity. They deny they are engaged, but if little glances and half articulate words and that magnetic something one feels in the air mean anything, they like each other very much. Greta has child-like violet eyes and lovely legs and an entirely disarming, effortless way about her. She told us how her mother, recently come from Norway, is gradually being educated to the speed of American motors.

There was the lovely blonde Jane Peters, Sennett star, Ruta Carewe, and Edwin Carewe, Warner Baxter and his wife, Don and Ann Alvarado, Charlie Farrell, and others.

There were a buffet tea and dancing, and an altogether nice entertainment, with glowing hospitality.

"We'll be due at Billie Dove's," whispered Patsy, and away we went to be greeted by Billie and Irvin, who, despite an overflowing house, managed to give every one a charming welcome.

We met Charlie Paddock right inside the door. He had just had a story printed in Liberty Magazine and was carrying it right around with him, as he brought it to the library—a story published than all of his famous sprinting records.

Bebe Daniels and Constance Talmadge came a few minutes, but were due at so many parties that day they couldn't do more than albeit for a minute or two at any one place.

Irvin Willat led us back into his den, where he showed us the newest movie projection machine, a trick affair looking like a phonograph. The movies are turned into little animal pictures, drawings, and as Charles Kenyon stood near, Irvin declared that the scenario was by Kenyon with direction by himself.

Pauline Garon was there, wearing the tiniest watch in the world. It is set in a diamond bracelet and it is a fraction of an inch in diameter! It was given her by Lowell Sherman, her ex-husband.

We met Douglas MacLean and his wife, who were on a tour of parties themselves; and there was Anita Stewart, but without her Dr. Monaco.

"The engagement is broken, Anita tells me," Patsy whispered.

Joan Crawford and Shirley Dorman were there; and told us how they have taken, together, Rex Ingram's house in Beverly Hills. I think Joan has bought it.

Lloyd Whitlock and his wife came a few minutes, and there were Arthur Lake, Gonna Gray, Jane Winton, Helen Cox, Montagu Love, and a crowd of others.

Over at Finis Fox's house, we found Loris had a home front candy where we managed to get in a shy, undate attentions.

Dollie and Sally had come, you see, to wait on the men and eat at the second table. Loris Fox's dining room being small! Ona Brown came in, too, to help and Patsy and I aided in the spoiling of masculinity.

Don and Ann Alvarado dashed in, and invited to remain, although Patsy said it wasn't fair, but Ann promised not to give Don any undue attentions, without staying.

After dinner— we feminine beings are all at the second table!—we hurried over to Jane Winton's who had managed to get horse, change her dress, and look as though she had just stepped out of a hand-box. Fresh and unwearied, too, as though she hadn't been either partying or preparing for a party all day.

There we found dozens of Kenyon's fellow scenarists and a score of Jane's actor friends, including the lovely Rosemary Cooper, Johnny Mack Brown and his wife Vera Reynolds, Marie Prevost, Ward Crane, and others.

"The end of a perfect day," yawned Patsy blissfully, as we swept homeward.

G. Lady, the leading feminine player, Rex the King of Wild horses and Starlight, the mount of the hero, Jack Perrin, all for Universal.
That scene in Ben Hur where she brushes a fly from the peasant baby's head shows it. And again in Peter Pan she wrings your heart in the scene where she has to choose between eternal youth and the earth people she has grown to love. A mother's tenderness is, for a moment, a thing more desirable than freedom, and as she stands at the door and watches Wendy's mother, her eyes fill with tears and she says, wistfully, 'Her mouth is full of thimbles.' Which, for the benefit of those who did not see the picture and are not familiar with Barrie's lines, meant, 'Her mouth is full of kisses.'

Then Betty was cast for A Kiss For Cinderella, another Barrie play, which made it even harder for her to step from her fanciful niche. Betty has done several other pictures and done them well, but memory of her as Peter Pan was so strong that for many people it spoiled the character she was then playing. Perhaps that is why Herbert Brenon has chosen Loretta Young to play in Laugh, Clown, Laugh with Lon Chaney, and not Betty Bronson. Perhaps he is afraid that Betty's success in Peter Pan would spoil anything else she may do. Loretta Young is a newcomer, picked from the ranks, as Betty was. Looks rather like her. Acts like her, too, I am told.

Ruth Taylor also was picked from obscurity and landed in the most talked of, the most enviable part in Hollywood. It was Lorelei Lee in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. What's she going to do now? She's a definite type. She's a Lorelei Lee. Is there another story in modern literature, another character to top or even equal Lorelei's type? Ruth Taylor will be a lucky girl if she is given a totally different sort of role for her next venture, and if she makes good at it.

But this is not the only uncomfortable part of the star system for the producer. There is another angle. When an actor makes a success it doesn't take long for him to develop what he likes to call 'temperament.' And it is according to the amount of grey matter he possesses whether it happens at once or whether it will take several years of flattery out of all proportion to what he has achieved, to let it break down his morale—and his sense of humor. Then the producer's troubles start in earnest if the actor is a real drawing power. By 'temperament' I don't mean the very real grievances some actor's have. I mean the expression which springs from over-fed and petty vanity.

In the early days pictures were taboo as far as the stage was concerned. But as they gained in popularity and quality they could be mentioned aloud in the Lambs Club without causing a blush. One by one the established 'legitimate' actor could be lured from his sacred calling for a consultation—a high salary, and his name in electric lights. All right, said the producer to himself. If that's what he has the nerve to ask for he must be good. The business man in the producer bowed to what he thought was sagacity in the actor. Nine times out of ten it was vanity and not business acumen. Having gone that far the producer had to go further. So he spent thousands of dollars advertising the fact that Billy Blank would appear for the next five years exclusively for XYZ productions. 'See Billy Blank as the grizzly bear in Buster in The Thrill of Alaska,' he cried.

And the public palate was tickled and its mind half made up as to whether they were going to like Billy Blank or not. If he lived up to their expectations they were wild to see him again. Immediately. And when he proved the same of opposite nature he became a cooperator, do you think they will relish the idea of seeing him the next time as Beau Brummel? I guess not. Billy has to be some actor to put Beau Brummel across when he is definitely set in the minds of the public as a cooperator.

So Billy Blank becomes, in the eyes of the public, a cooperator. And the public only wants to see Billy punch cows. And Billy gets the idea that he is a great cooperator and wants more and more money and more concessions. Such as bonuses, and weeks off 'rest,' and cars and a wardrobe. And he valet paid for, and his house in Hollywood paid for, and two or three secretaries, and a trainer, and drawingrooms for himself and his family when he travels, and—and—

And the first thing the producer knows he is paying as much for Billy's 'connections' as he pays for Billy. And the two things together amount to the cost of the whole picture—if it's a Western picture.

And then it becomes harder and harder to get stories to fit Billy. He can only do Westerns. The public won't see him in anything else. And Billy is going stale on Westerns. But the last one in the world to know this is Billy, who puffs up more and more and develops tantrums in his fingers. And suddenly the producer finds himself with a heavy overhead that will be a flop unless cleverly and expensively advertised and even then he has to hold his breath and pray that both works even.

But what can the producer do? He tries to beat the game by promoting new faces, and more new faces. He spends a fortune to tell the world that Sally Smart is the World's Most Wonderful Vampire. And does Sally Smart ever live it down? Well, ask Theda Bara.

I was looking over some pictures of Theda just the other day. Her face is lovely, and it is wholesome. There are many things Theda Bara could have done on the screen besides Salome. But she happened to make a hit in A Fool There Was (years before Estelle Taylor played it) and neither William Fox nor the public wanted to see Theda do anything else but vamp her man. Then, when Theda's long contract was up, she demanded what stars of her drawing power were getting at that time. But Mr. Fox saw that her particular style of vamp was over with, and what was there to do but let her out unless she could work for a smaller figure than she asked? Which she couldn't, or wouldn't. And could you blame her either? For years her pictures had been turning the millions into the Fox coffers and she had been drawing a small salary. It was her misfortune that her contract lasted over the period of her popularity and ended the day was done. With careful training though, and advertising, Theda could have been the new vamp that was beginning to be popular, but it is doubtful whether Mr. Fox would have thought so, or whether he would have
been interested if he had. Producers, like everyone else, are human.

It is thrilling to take an unknown person, build him, make them famous. Then begin on somebody else. Star No. 1 is still valued and worth nursing along if he keeps on as he speaks. If he does not it’s too short to get excited over him, there being many other nice, shiny, interesting fish in the sea. From that point on it is his opportunity to handle the situation. As Tom Mix once said to me: ‘While I have been on this lot (we were sitting in his dressing room) I have watched stars come and I have watched them go. When a little common sense would have saved them. The thing for an actor to do is to keep a level head and a steady eye on the horizon.’

And Tom Mix has stuck to his own advice. He’s the one to be. Can take the impersonal view of things that he can. Perhaps it is because he has always loved big things. He has loved the mountains and the desert and the ocean and the call of the wild. And perhaps he knows that, after all, one actor isn’t the Universe even if he does pull down seventeen thousand dollars a week for six or seven consecutive weeks. That’s where Tom has it over a good many of us. And when he does retire he’ll be a happier man because he has something big to retire to—his interest in real things.

Then there is Janet Gaynor. Everyone adored Janet in Seventh Heaven and though her work in Street with was very different and also very good it did not wipe out the impression Seventh Heaven made. Perhaps it was because Street was so somber while the high spots in Seventh Heaven made every older person remember the delirium of their own first love, and every flapper and her boy friend yearned for the fulfillment of their dreams.

Followed, for Janet, one or two rather sad program pictures, and now I see Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are appearing together in a picture the stills could easily be mistaken for some from Seventh Heaven. These two talented young players are drawn back in atmosphere simile to that of their first success simply because their chiefs lack the imagination to discover for them a totally different story background. Nevertheless, an equally thrilling love theme.

No one has ever forgotten Stella Dallas principally because of Lois Moran. Never since then has Lois Moran had the appeal for her public that she had in the part of the shrinking, innocent girl who faced the world so bravely. Just the last picture I saw her in, a lady in back of me remarked to her companion at its close, ‘My dear, you should have seen Lois Moran in Stella Dallas.’

And here is little Lupe Velez. Her vitality is tremendous and her intelligence apparently equals it. Moreover she has very deep, though latent, emotional power and sweetness. And Douglas Fairbanks should get two feathers in his cap for permitting this unknown girl to have such a splendid part. The first feather should be a very large one for generosity, and the second feather for showmanship. But what will be the fate of Lupe now? Will she have the same success here? The emotional power and the decided turn for romance that she has, or is she just going to be kept a ‘Gaucho’ girl. The abysm that Eike Southern might have fallen into be-
without announcing the name of any of the players and programmed his cast in this way:

Sally, the heroine, played by............1267
John, the hero, played by .............1964
Desmond, the villain, played by ...362
What would you say? What do you think would happen? My guess would be that in less time that it takes to see two pictures 'Number 1267' would have as definite a personality as the name Sally Smart, and the public would clamor to see 'Number 1267' in something else. And the producer would be right back where he started.

So long as we worship personalities there will be stars on the screen, and that, I fancy, will be a long, long time.

Alan Dwan once said to me, 'I have succeeded in keeping my public friendly because I have tried to get their thought off of me and what I am doing. When Robin Hood became so popular I was in danger of being tagged with it and of having everything else I did compared to it. But I succeeded in putting all the glory on the shoulders of its great star, Douglas Fairbanks, because I knew that Doug's versatility was already well established and that he could stand it. And by doing this I was free to try out other ideas I had in my next picture without exciting public comment in too dangerous a degree.'

So if Mr. Brenon drives his tumbl down Hollywood Boulevard collecting his victims for the sharp tongued lady, he will undoubtedly find swarming over the sides of his gruesome conveyance many stars with hands outstretched and eyes pleading that past successes be forgotten and they may be given another chance. It takes cooperation to make a picture. Co-operation, understanding, and friendliness as Mr. Brenon realizes. When strife and hatred are part of the brew the spirit of it gets out to the public and is felt at the box office. The true artist wants to give the best that is in him and resents labels. And for the true artist perfection has never been achieved—it lies always just around the corner.

In his sometimes short-sighted fashion, the great producer may wish to improve pictures for your entertainment and mine. But greater than our wish for good pictures is our love for the stars that endureth from box office unto box office.

Are You Companionate? — Continued from page 17

you, sometimes I hate you.' Which ever emotion the script calls for. Here today and beer tomorrow. Champagne in ginger-ale bottles and ginger-ale in Venetian glass goblets. Glycerine and glucose; lipstick and slapstick. It's a swell place. But you don't have to worry. You'll be welcome. You can go your own way and maybe tell them all a thing or two. You may bring the celluloid city something new. Yes—you'll have a brand of love-making that never took direction except from that arch-director, Mr. Q. Pidd. You'll be oh, so original. When you hear a call of 'Camera' from somewhere you won't go automatically into your best box-office Amorous Gesture.

Nothing will stop you—not even 'Cut!' Nobody will have seen your particular type of Passion before. Your dream girl will know that your love will be all hers—not shared with a dozen or so leading ladies. When you kiss her—if you get that far—you can safely murmur into that rose ear: 'This is a preview, darling—never before shown.' And she will murmur back: 'Show me again.'

When you hold her hand—am I going too fast for you?—you can tell her that hers' is the only hand you will want to hold. She'll believe you because she'll know you don't get paid for it. She will love you for yourself alone, not because any director makes her. She will appreciate the fact that you are not trying to steal the scene. What bliss—a close-up without a camera!

Imagine the plight of a poor movie queen, who goes with her latest and love-lust suitor to an opening at Grauman's Egyptian, and has to sit there and watch him make love to a new wide-eyed ingenue in the self-same manner he used on her last evening! It's enough to make a girl take up marriage in a serious way.

Famous screen lovers don't always carry on in real life—not in the same way. They see too much of each other in the studio. The few exceptions only prove the rule. Movie stars are marrying what are quaintly called 'non-professionals' right along—and staying married, too. The public may never have heard of the Only-Their-Husbands—but the stars are satisfied. And the Husbands will be heard from, sooner or later.

Some of the most dazzling damsel in pictures have turned their backs on famous actors and picked on merchants or bankers, and lived happily ever after. A man may not be famous when he marries a movie star, but before long he acquires a new value and is apt to be snapped by perspiring photographers every time he pokes his nose outside his office.

Fame is contagious. If one in a family has it, all are exposed. A short cut to fame, if that's what you want, is marriage to a movie star.

John Palaglou and Captain Alastair McIntosh could fill scrap-books with their press clippings if they didn't have business to attend to. And why? Because, they once married Constance Talmadge, though not at the same time. The fact that Connie is at present unmarried doesn't alter the fact that she married non-professional gentlemen and liked it. So did they. Both her former husbands are still her fans.

You may not be famous, but nobody can prove you aren't a Great Lover in your own home. You may not know your camera-angles, but you certainly know your clinches. Actors want their lighting to be just right. You don't care if there's no lighting at all. In fact, you prefer it. Knowing less.
than nothing about camera-lines, you won’t always be worrying about whether you’re within bounds. Your mind won’t be on the rushes, but on your work—only it’s more like playing. You may muss her hair and let her ruffle up your pompadour and there won’t be anybody to yell at you: ‘Stop that monkey business—less passion, and more art.’ Draging a third party into a love scene like that!

Greta Garbo and Clara Bow, the two stormy petrels of motion pictures, have never been married. But they may have been engaged—plenty. And their most prominent engagements have been to movie actors. At present all bets are off. Greta and Clara both admit they may marry some day but they are not making any rash promises. Perhaps they have not yet met the Right Man—apiece. He may not even exist at present. The Artist’s future may at present be hanging over a drawing-board in an architect’s office high up in a Manhattan building, getting the dimensions of a new house in the suburbs all mixed up with Clara’s. The lucky Mr. Garbo may even now be wondering how he can break away from the insurance business to take a peek at Hollywood, where the insurance most needed is love insurance. You can’t tell. Two of the handomest men in pictures have paid court to Greta and Clara at various times—John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland. Roland is now Norma Talmadge’s leading man, while Jack is still playing opposite Greta—both still to be seen in Love. The picture I mean. Meanwhile Greta’s yearning face

haunts a million men. That questing look always assures. Garbo seems always to be seeking something far away—and every man in his heart hopes that he may turn out to be the little pot of gold at the end of her rainbow. And he may be. One of the myriad male shadows who watch this glamorous girl in movie theatres all over the land may get up enough gumption some day to follow her into darkest Hollywood. Greta, a little weary after a turbulent scene time, may listen. Sincerity—unselfish love—may win her. And perhaps in such a love, even the greatest man could find her harbor of happiness. That sounds like a subtile, but life is sometimes stranger than even the wildest movie, or so I’ve been told.

As for the girls—if they have been reading over our shoulders, and I’ll bet they have, the little musclemen—the gladiators—perhaps I don’t have to remind you of those of your heroes who married home girls and are still happily married. More than one shy little flower who never stepped on stage or studio has captured the fancy of a famous actor and they’ve married. Styles in screen love-making may change with the seasons, but the real article survives the wear and tear of home life and stays pretty much the same year in and year out. Compromised Marriage is still new enough to be a novelty and more than one film star has expressed a wish to know more about it. It looks as if Hollywood will just naturally take to it. And why not? There are enough movie stars, who never seem to know where their next mate is coming from?

and perhaps result in instant death.

Not all of their work is done at the water holes, however. Lions and elephants afford interesting views while feeding or playing about, and very often a chance meeting with a rhino on the trail gives them much more action than the pictures they get sometimes.

In the four years they spent in the African Jungle while making Simba, their most recent picture of life in British East Africa, which had its world premiere at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York City, their days were filled with much more adventure and thrills than most of us here in the United States can boast of, with all the family troubles, fights, illnesses, childbirth and evil rumors of the natives in their galleries. Laborers, too, were nothing of wild elephants calmly emerging from the surrounding forests, rhinos blocking trails and leopards attacking their cattle, life was far from dull.

Many years sojourn on the Islands in the South Seas taught Johnson how to handle the natives. He chose his headmen at Nairobi and they helped him recruit a small army of workers from the local tribes.

Porters were used to assist with the baggage, teams to help build the small vil-

lages, cooks and servants to make them comfortable. Good hunters, who knew something of the habits of the beasts about them, were also important members of the party.

A native named Bocully was their best valuable guide. He knew more about the elephants than any other native living. He could tell their size and speed and the direction of their travel by a crushed leaf or a broken branch. A mere handful of tracks could reveal to him the number of elephants in the herd.

Camera hunting in the wilds of the African Jungle meant taking chances and although there were few tragedies, there were many narrow escapes. At one time, one of their helpers was badly mauled by a leopard while helping Mrs. Johnson. On another occasion Johnson was awakened at midnight by the yelling of one of his assistants. Grabbing his gun he rushed out and found a rhino had stuck his head into the white man’s tent. The assistant, however, had the presence of mind to kick the rhino in the face wherrupon the beast backed off only to come on again just missing the man and plunging through the tent. The fury of the beast was so great it pulled up all the pegs covering him with the khaki canvas. In his frenzy the rhino madly dashed down the hill carrying the tent with him. Shortly afterward word came that the assistant’s two friends were killed by rhinos. It seems that a young lady who was staying with friends nearby had gone out accompanied by a native armed with a knife. The pair encountered a rhino which charged and killed her after she had bravely fired six shots into it. Just about the same time a settler and his wife were returning to the village in a Ford. They saw the same rhino wounded on the road. Unfortunately the gun was tied to the seat and before they could get it loose the animal charged and killed the man right before the woman’s eyes.

One morning right after breakfast, Johnson, Osa and two friends went to the place where they had been told rhinos had been seen. The two men were to look for tracks when all of a sudden the Johnsons heard screams, then some shots, then more screams, then another shot and more screams. Johnson and his wife ran into the bushes as fast as they could and found one of the men stretched out on the ground with his clothing torn in a pool of blood. At first they thought the man was dead, but on raising him a bit they found the rhino had got him in the leg. He was rushed back to camp and the wound was dressed and dressed. When the injured man could talk he told them that he had nearly stepped on the old female rhinoceros immediately came for him. He managed to get in a few quick shots but they only glanced off her hide and she was killed. Finally knocking the gun out of his hands she gored him. The man died a few weeks later.

One day shortly after the encounter with rhinos, Mrs. Johnson disappeared. She had ridden out a little way from camp on a mule accompanied by some bearers, who reported that in some way unknown to him he had lost track of her. Only the man’s intense fright tempered
Johnson's fury at his carelessness. A search party was immediately organized, for not only were rhinos reported to be in the vicinity, but leopards and other ferocious wild beasts. If Mrs. Johnson had been hurt or unable to defend herself her fate would have been appalling. Being tried by wild beasts was not an uncommon experience to Osa, but the guide said there were no trees in the few miles of desert trail on which he lost her.

To every one's intense relief she was discovered, through Johnson's glasses, sitting alone on the ground about a mile away and even while Johnson was looking through the glasses, she rose and slowly started toward him. She later explained to them that the mule shed at a snake and she fell off evidently striking her head on a stone.

Some of their most dangerous and dramatic encounters, however, were with the elephants. These huge beasts go by no rule of attack or retreat. It is impossible to anticipate their movements as it is with the other game. Once their fury is aroused it is awe-inspiring, indeed.

Often through the dust they could hear the huge beasts, tons of peril, the Johnsons call them, thumping about as they pass on to the lake, where they splash about in the stillness of a quiet African evening.

In Simba, which means Lion in Africa, Johnson succeeded in recording for the first time in the history of animal photography, the most remarkable pictures of lions and a lion war against a tribe of natives in Tanganyika, ever filmed.

So great is the strength of the lion that with one swipe of his powerful paw, he broke the neck of one of the oxen belonging to the king of a Lumbwa tribe. War is declared on Simba by the natives and right in the thick of the fight are the Johnsons recording with cameras for the first time pictures of lions as they have never been filmed before.

A thrilling day with its precious reward of the prized lion shots deserved a fitting celebration, so the Johnsons had apple pie for dinner, far, far away from their own native shores where a world waited patiently for a picture that took four years to film. Yet who can measure the heart throngs and the anxiety they lived through when every minute seemed like a year and where danger lurks at every turn. Thrills indeed, ask Martin and Osa Johnson.

There's More to a Picture

Continued from page 21

ear. We see the child's little feet firmly planted in a furrow. This dissolves into a large pair of shoes. This wear out before our eyes and are replaced with a new pair of real boy's shoes. And again these dissolve into the feet of a man standing on a carpet. And in the next shot we see the child grown and the girl-mother a grey-haired woman.

So easily we pass over the intervening years, and yet how well we know their wear and tear! How the struggle strikes home to anyone who has confronted the problem of keeping a family in shoes— the shine gone, the hole, the patch, the gape!

Perhaps the critics never wrestled with such problems, or else it was so long ago they have forgotten them. But picture people are mostly young and ardent, with the struggle not so far behind them (if at all) and in such homely ways they express their humanity. It strikes the audience right enough, but the critics hardly notices it. He is looking to see how the star acts.

It is not his fault. He simply doesn't know the very basis of movies and movie production—the basis of youth, rough, gay, exquisite, tender, conquering, stupid, youth. And to give a little of this atmosphere, and a verymovies speaking of shoes, we will begin with Gareth Hughes, who a few weeks since arrived on the set without any pedal garments at all.

Not that he was broke to that extent, but a rival company, hoping to prevent his finishing a certain picture on time, had kidnapped him, locked him up far outside the city, and taken his shoes. However, Mr. Hughes had 'borrowed' a farmer's car, and arrived not too late.

"O, shucks, movies stuff," you will say. But ask Gary Cooper where he spent the last week before Paramount signed him up on a five year contract. Ask him how many people tried to hinder him in strange ways, how many shyster agents had marvelous offers which his own agent could not possibly equal, and which could only be revealed in the strictest confidence.

That's pictures—raw, rough, young—but an art nevertheless. And in my opinion an art which will soon outdistance its elder sisters. For its possibilities are almost infinite, and it is bound by none of the elder dogmas.

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EEDIT: A POOR MAN'S JOURNAL TO spins of, horsepower is how much gas needed to spin the wheel.

Name _________________________
Address ________________________
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State ____________________________
How many people in America would dare stand up to a famous interior decorator, and tell him that his work may be 'artistic' but it is not pleasing? But consider John Gilbert. Naturally he hired an interior decorator to beautify his house. And this personage 'did' the walls of the dining room in genuine illuminated Spanish leather—antique and dark. He conceived that this was a fitting and dignified setting for a handsome, dark-haired, bachelor star.

But Mr. Gilbert did not like the effect. And when the decorator called, he found the young actor in the middle of the room with a pall of white wash and a brush 'lightening up' the gloomy walls. And not all the authentic horror of the authoritative decorator could stop him. Mr. Gilbert's tastes are simple and he does not see why he should not indulge them.

This is the attitude of picture making—young, experimental, and only someone who knows pictures realizes the difficult and daring innovations, and can give praise where praise is due. Take Sunset, hailed generally as one of the best pictures so far produced. 'Excellent,' the critics tell us, 'but of course one unusual shot does not make a picture.' Meaning of course the shot where George O'Brien walks around one side of a tree and the camera walks round the other.

And of course it is an unusual shot. But one unusual shot? Is it usual to get shots of the mist rising in just such quantities and just knee high? Is it usual to get shots of gulls sleeping on the water before sunset? Or to take a completely roofed interior, and a low, dark, roof at that?

Why a blond wig for Janet Gaynor? the critics complain. Because the background at the most dramatic moments is always dark—the dark cottage, the dark stormy sea, the dark background of watching men when she dances. The critics do not think of a picture pictorially, the director must. And few people realize that the great thing about this picture is not the acting or the shots, but the tempo which flows and changes and vibrates like the movements of a symphony till it reaches its climax in the storm at sea. And so gripping is the tempo that the audience is swept along with it, and hardly one will realize that during the storm the music ceases, and the rhythm is carried along without a break by sheer movement, and by movement only. Then the quiet after the storm, the slow tempo of the blind moving boats, the hopeless leader return—finally the great cry for the found one—and the picture suddenly crumbles together with a sob of relief, with laughter, with absolute finality.

There's art for you—part due to direction, part to cutting—but it's young art, with plenty of errors. The horrible miscasting of the vamp, the technical errors which should never have had a place in a picture of such proportions, the confusion of close ups of George O'Brien shaved and unshaved, the sudden appearance and disappearance of Janet Gaynor's hat, etc.

Or take The Last Command. A very difficult story to make and von Sternberg has done a splendid job. The change from a prince in Imperial Russia to an extra in Hollywood is one reeking with sentimentality, yet there is not a single moment of false sentiment in the picture. Even when the extra, sitting next the general, takes his decoration and dangles it out of the old man's reach, the situation is not carried too far, and the absolute simplicity of Emil Jannings' acting covers the only danger spot in the picture.

Every trick of melodrama and hokum is employed, but with an artistry that makes this picture nothing less than a masterpiece. There is the sequence in which Evelyn Brent intends to shoot Jannings. Baldly stated, she is a revolutionist, ought to kill Jannings, but she loves him and at the last moment cannot go through with it. This does not sound startling—but see how it is done.

She hears Jannings coming up the stairs to her room and draws her gun. Jannings reaches the door—enters. He stands there. We are in suspense, for the camera angle is such that we cannot see her hands and do not realize that she has hidden the gun under a sofa pillow. In no other medium in the world is it possible to create suspense in this way—for in a movie we see only
They gave me the "ha-ha"
when I offered to play
... but I was the life of the party after that

They first day of Dorothy's house party
at her cottage on the shore had been
a huge success. With an afternoon
of swimming, boating and golfing we were all
set for the wonderful dinner that followed,
"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically,
as we were leaving the table, "I don't
know how you feel, but I'm all pep-
up for a good dance."
"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts
has his banjo and can sure make it hum.
Now who can play the piano?"
Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased.
All looked at one another foolishly. But no one
said a word.
I asked Dick, "Have you any wish you
play for us?"
"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim
"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"
"I love the piano."
"OK, I think it's a good idea."
It certainly looked as if the party were
getting some fun. Plenty of banjo but no one to play.

I Offered to Play
"I promise to play whatever you wish," I offered shyly,
"I'll play for you."
"The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst
out in laughter.
"You may be able to play football, Jack, but
you can't tackle a piano."
"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've
never heard you play a note and I'm known
you all your life."
"There's a bed of music in your whole
make-up," laughed Mabel.
A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came
over me. But as I strode to the
piano I couldn't help chuck-
ing to myself when I thought of
the surprise I had in store for
them.
No one knew what to expect.
They thought I was about to
make an fool of myself. Some
laughed. Others watched me
wide-eyed.
First—I struck the first
snappy chords of that foot-
loosing fox trot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumb-
fooled he almost dropped his
banjo. But in a flash he had
picked up the
rhythm and was
strumming away
like mad.

Although they
could hardly believe
their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in
a jiffy. And how they danced! Footsteps,
averted—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to
give them some real music and began a beau-
tiful Indian love byte. The
violins, who but a moment before had been
dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about
the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.
No sooner had the last soft notes died away
than I was surrounded by my astonished
friends. Questions were fired at me from all
sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you
played for us before?"
"Why long have you been studying?"
"Why have you kept it a secret all these
years when you might have been playing for
us?"
"Who gave you lessons? He must be won-
derful!"

I Reveal My Secret
Then I explained how some time before I
made up my mind to go in for something be-
sides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to
entertain others—to be popular. But when I
thought of the great expense
and the years of study and practice
required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an an-
ouncement in a movie theatre of a
new, quick and easy way to
learn music at home, without a
teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I
sent for the book and demo-
nstration lesson. The moment I saw
it I was convinced and sent for the
complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived I started
right in, putting a few minutes of
my spare time each day. And what fun it
was—even from the very beginning.

No monotonous scales—no tedious
express—no tricky methods—just a
simple, common-sense system that even a
child could understand. And best of all
I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the
start.

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How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

You, too, Can Remove These Unsightly Blemishes by Simple, Painless, Harmless, Inexpensive Method

Uneasy, unsightly hair is the bane of many women's existence—a source of annoyance and embarrassment. Self-consciousness is the result. Why continue to put up with it when this disfigurement is simple, unnecessary? Rid yourself of all superfluous hair. You can—for I did—I found a way after years of discouragement.

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth on my head. I tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, powders, liquids, everything. I found them far from satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded, not only for me but for thousands of other women.

I can't tell you all you should know about my research before I began writing this book. I'm giving you the way I finally rid myself of all superfluous hair. You'll find it interesting and highly instructive, for it gives actual historical and scientific references to back up my theories and method. If you are annoyed by unsightly superfluous hair, by all means write for my book. No obligation! I want everyone so afflicted to at least know the method that ended this misery for me and others, who are now loud in their praise of me and this simple and painless way to remove superfluous hair.

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S C R E E N L A N D

what the director allows us to do. But to continue our story. She sends him across the room for a cigarette; in order to get a chance to draw the gun. He goes slowly, and the camera pans slowly from him back to the lady, until he follows her eyes, and to me, that we set at the same time as the fine between them, and the emotional tension which spans that distance. She draws the gun across to him. This time the camera pans very rapidly from him to her, just as her eye in aiming leaps from the gun to the man. And this increased speed makes us realize the increased emotional tension. The distance itself is less, for the gun can cover it in a second. She is about to shoot him, but cannot — and drops to the sofa. This time there is no pausing. The distance between them does not matter — they might be miles apart or close together — for the emotional tension is broken. The shot is broken, too, we do not pan, but cut direct. It is an illusion of speeds by the means of angles that pictures are interpreting emotions which, on the stage, can only be expressed perhaps by a gasping breath; words, committed to ink, can only be tedious descriptions. Pictures are expression emotion more perfectly, more tersely, and more intensely than any other art, and for this reason I believe they will outstrip the other arts in the not too distant future.

And the last shot of this picture! The old general has for a moment relived his former greatness — in a movie — has led the charge against the enemy and won. He falls to his death among the Klieg lights and the imitation snow of the. The director, knowing his greatness, covers him with the folds of the flag he loved — now a prop flag.

It is a moment of high tragedy. And the audience that night at the scene at such an angle that the lights, gobos, cameras, and other studio paraphernalia gradually rise up and form a pattern between us and the dying man. And then, showing us that these everyday things of a work-a-day world will assume their ordinary proportions, and blout out even the treasured emotions we have shared during the picture.

The picture fades out as the camera is still in the scene. For this is not the end. Everything will forever blot out high motion, but everyday things will move again to reveal the drama of a sincere life. Only a movie could express this thought so quietly at the end of a great picture. And only a great director would employ movie technique to express such a thought. For a director's greatness is largely shown in the quality of his comments on the story. The story is the same, but the scene, angles, speeds, dissolves, cuts—the whole picture technique—these are the director's comments. They show his attitude to the story. They are his style, they reveal him as an individual. They show von Sternberg in this picture not only as a Catholic and sympathetic observer of life, but as something of a philosopher and a real emotional artist.

Now that picture technique has developed to such an extent, what the industry needs most is critics who realize this technique, who know its limitations, and can imagine its possibilities. And I believe such critics are more likely to come from independent movie fans who love and study their subject, than from even the best converted critics of the drama.

Those Ad Endorsements

Continued from page 53

der to sell exclusively to negroes, with the inference that an application of the powder would assuage a complexion equal to the star.

Dolores Del Rio has been requested to endorse a false eye-brow, a boudoir cap, a shoe polish, a wine tonic and a line of bath fixtures.

Anything from a plaster to a printing press may be included in the list.

Some of the stars refuse to allow their names to be used in endorsements. Among these are Pola Negri, Ronald Colman, Vilma Bandy, Marion Davies, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Tallmadge, Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, Mary Astor and many others.

In the old days, a small fortune could be obtained by the stars for the endorse- ments. Jackie Coogan, at the height of his popularity, is said to have drawn $25,000 a year royalty from a single product named after him.

Under the new system, very few stars get money for the use of their names. What they get is simply a percentage.

One breakfast-food tie-up which is eagerly sought by all the stars today puts out their pictures on 6,000 billboards and more than 20,000 window cards throughout the country.

Frequently, now, there is no endorsement required by the manufacturer, merely the privilege of printing the picture of the star in his advertisement. The inference, of course, is that the star uses the product, but the advertisement does not say so.

Billie Dove's picture is used by a certain manufacturer of rubber heels in a tie-up of this sort.

Paramount-Famous-Lasky has a fixed rule that there shall be no tie-ups with any of its stars, only their pictures printed with the advertisement.

Many years ago a woman got a stiff judgment against a star for endorsing a cosmetic which scarred her face. Since then, Paramount has been down on cosmetics. They also refuse to allow their stars to consent to the use of their pictures with any product claiming to create beauty. This is done on the theory that the public likes to think of the stars as born beautiful and not as manufactured beauty.

Another ban of Paramount is on under- wear advertisements.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a ban on bath例行.

First National, on the other hand, believes that these are all right for young stars.

Anything that a star uses, or normally may use, is no tie-up against a star for endorsing a cosmetic, according to the theory of this company.

It didn't take long, with this in mind, for First National to turn down a request for Billie Dove's endorsement of a wrinkle remover, or for that of Milton Sils for a saxophone.

Colleen Moore and Richard Barthelmess are the only two stars under contract to First National who are exempt from advertising tie-ups if the company wishes them.
FREE TRIAL

GROWS HAIR

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and Dermo-Ray has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use Dermo-Ray in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

THE LARSON INSTITUTE
316 N. Wabash Ave. Dept. 151
Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of Dermo-Ray.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:
SKINNY PEOPLE

Made-up w/ KOD-LEAN, the great flesh pro-
ducer that makes any face look as though it were
24 hours old. In mere cases of acne, pimples, black-
heads, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin,
simply spread on your nose and address today—no cost
when看不出eden to 245th Dept., New York.

PIMPLES

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you
can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eru-
cptions on your face, body, back, chest, or
nose. It removes the blemishes, makes you look
and feel younger. Only you can tell the power
with this medical preparation. Send us name
and address and a postman will call on you.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Infants with defective hearing and Hard
of hearing, unaided, are taught conversation,
and a hearing aid, which is very expensive.

DIRECT FROM THE WORLD'S MOVIE CAPITAL

Loving-Kist

Perfume of Entanglement

An eminently delightful flama-
titude young and old, and rental
oes in keeping with the tone
and atmosphere of the film.

R Such... Continue}

C. S. THORN

A New Ford from Harry Langdon

Continued from page 23

...next page
Glorious Betsy
(Continued from page 31)
which some rogue had the ill breeding to put up for sale.

The chidren were discussing a young man lately come to town who called himself Jerome Laverne, and whose accomplish-
ments seemed more in keeping with the character of an adventurer than those of a
scholar and tutor.

And indeed he was a mystery even to Madame Betsy, whose Frenchman, he arrived a few minutes late for his lesson with Betsy Patterson and found in her place a note pinned to the trunk of the tree in whose shade they were wont to meet.

"A gentleman may keep only his wife or sweetheart waiting," the note read, "I am neither, and you should mend your manners.

But back of the tree he saw a fluttering bit of lace, so taking Betsy's miniature from his pocket he looked at it critically and addressed her:

"Your note, Mistress Patterson, is as importunate as you are—am I glad I missed you last night. I am the effect of the efforts for a man of learning. Your eyes are green and your saucy nose annoys me."

She poked her head out from behind the tree:

"Where did you find my miniature—or did you find it? And since it annoys you, you'd better give it back,

"Blame yourself, Mademoiselle," he answered, gallantly, "if your beauty intoxicates your poor tutor."

"Sometimes I find myself wishing you were not merely—a teacher," Betsy said teasingly.

"Reasure yourself, Mademoiselle, I am only a man."

"If you were truly a man, a Frenchman, you would be in France with the great Napoleen. Think of his strength—his ambition, which dash of little corporal the First Consul of France."

"Ah, Mistress Betsy, ambition is but a shadow—love is the only reality. Say that it is Betsy."

"Mistress Patterson, if you please."

"I will be ready for your lesson at ten."

When the bell tolled a chatter ing im-

pertinent nod of the head, she left him with the miniature which he kissed tenderly and slipped into his pocket.

For hours Laverne had been looking for
ward to the French hour with Betsy, but he had no sooner greeted her in the read-

ing room than something he saw through the window forced him to excuse himself hur-
riedly. He would have done much to have been able to explain to Betsy, who was obviously at a sudden departure, but just then it would not have been the wisest thing to do. Outside the house he inter-
ted two men as they were about to go in, and took them around the back where they could not be seen.

After a long and heated discussion he sent them away with a prom-
ise, and returned to the hotel.

When he entered the drawing room, Betsy was in the midst of a group of men, listen-
ing to their amusing chatter and laughing at their jokes.

"We can deliberately ignore the entrance of Laverne and disregard the lesson hour. As he was about to leave, Major Patterson came in to make an inter-

vention of your own effect that they were to return to Baltimore at once to give a

reception in honor of Captain Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. This was another opportunity for Betsy to show Laverne that

INSTEA D of wasting your time—instead of risk ing your health by weakening diets, ex-
hausting exercises and pil ltaking, in an effort to get rid of harmful Waistline Fat—try the popular Well Reducing Belt for 10 days—
at your expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a peculiar, unmeasured action as it comes in contact with Sabby flesh. So that with every move you make unwanted fat is being melted away—and kept away for good—and at a fraction of the price charged by

Look Thinner Instantly!
Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the dif-

ference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee, you must be thoroughly satisfied with the results secured or you pay nothing.

To advertise our product we are going to give over $100,000.00 in prizes. Here are the for-

mula for success in making up a prize:

$3500.00 for the Twins?—or whichever twin

gets the most money, just find two twins, mark them, answer today.

G. A. Culver,
Advertising Mgr., Room 441
$500.00, Dearborn St., Chicago.

$1000.00 Extra for Promptness—Faster winners get their share of the total

$3500.00. Send credentials, one envelope, and $1.00. Send us the name, address of your two winners.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE

HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!
M. Trilley's new Re-

shape, together with its thick lip astringent lotion will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick, unshapely lips to normal, and thus im-

prove your facial feat-

ure 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfort-

able, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

M. TRILLEY, Specialist
Binghamton, N. Y.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT
Free Trial Treatment
sent on request. Ask for our 'just-washed' mohair sheets. A few have already reduced thousands of persons, without starvation diet or strenuous exercise, often at a marked rate.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ALL GONE

Forever removed by the Mohair Mole which kills the hair root without pain or injury whatever, at the privacy of your own home.

Send today 2 red stamps for Free Booklet

We Teach Beauty Culture
D. J. MAHLER Co.
34-36 Mohair Park, Providence, R. I.
there could be other men for her, and that
his sudden departure had been an unfor-
givable breach of etiquette.

"They say," she cried, "that Captain
Bonaparte is much handsomer than his
brother—and that he is a great gallant."

She looked over at Laverne for a second
and then turned back to her admirer.

"I know I shall fail madly in love with
him."

On her way upstairs she invited all the
gentlemen present to be their guests, at
Baltimore, and, turning to Laverne she
added:

"And you shall have a place in our house-
hold, for I shall continue my French with
you."

"I am sorry—I cannot," he pleaded,
but Lesty was accustomed to being obeyed.

"You will ride with me," she told him,
and went up to prepare for their trip which
was to take place that noon.

But she was soon to find out that Laverne
had plans of his own. As she came out
to the coach that was ready to leave for
Baltimore, she found him waiting to say
goodbye to her, so, with her usual mood
of indifference, she accepted his decision
and entered the carriage with one of the
young men who accompanied her and her
father.

In the home of Major Patterson, in Balti-
more, the aristocracy of Maryland had
assembled to pay homage to the brother of
the great Napoleon. The ladies particularly
were impatient—for they knew that Captain
Bonaparte was a handsome and most charm-
ing gentleman, and for this gala occasion
they had put on their prettiest frocks. Even
the men of the party were in suspense to
meet young Bonaparte, and when it was
announced that the carriage was coming up
the road, they crowded on the porch to
greet him. The carriage door was opened,
but the carriage was empty. The emissaries
of Napoleon realized that again a trick had
been played on them. Apparently Napo-
leon's handsome brother was fond of these
sudden disappearances. He had done the
same thing in Philadelphia. In Philadel-
phia, it was embarrassing enough, but here—here
it was unforgivable.

This delay gave Betsy an opportunity to
slip into the garden in response to an
urgent note from Laverne. Before a word
had been spoken he took her into his arms.
There was, he decided, no time to lose.

"I will not let you go until you say you
love me—and promise to be my wife," he
whispered, kissing her over and over again.
"I must go—Captain Bonaparte may
arrive at any moment," but she clung to
him.

"Tell me you love me," he kept repeat-
ing. Her kisses told him she loved him
before her lips formed the words. Yes, she
loved him, but she could not marry a penni-
less tutor.

"Then I will never see you again, Betsy."

She hesitated only a moment.

"Oh, Jerome, I love you and will marry
you, regardless of who you are."

He kissed her again and was gone, and, as
Betsy walked back to the reception hall, she
felt, for the first time, a complete dis-
interestedness in the arrival of Captain Bona-
parte. Now she was in the reception room,
and, as if in a dream, she heard someone
announce: "Captain Bonaparte, Brother of the First
Consul and Envoy Extraordinary of the Re-
public of France."

And there, at the head of the stairs,
stood none other than her penniless tutor—who
really was the brother of Napoleon.

During the course of the evening, Jerome

C Dolores Del Rio is now making 'The
Red Dancer' of Moscow.
Bonaparte, for so we will call him now, received a note informing him that his bride had been declared Emperor of France, and, knowing that he would be expected to marry a girl of a titled family, he decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to celebrate his wedding at once. All he needed was Betsy's consent, and that was soon given.

Several weeks later what he had anticipated came to pass in a letter from Napoleon commanding his return to France to marry the Princess Frederika of Wurtemburg. Jerome decided to take his wife to France and fight it out with his brother.

It was a beautiful honeymoon, the calm nights with cool summer breezes—the warm, sunny days, and the thought that they were coming into France, his country, lent enchantment to the voyage. Then one day their ship anchored and Napoleon came aboard.

Napoleon knew there was no way of persuading Jerome that he could not take Betsy with him to the court of France, so great general, that great persuader of men and women talked to Betsy alone. He did not have to coax or command. He had only to tell her that her husband's duty was to France. He had only to tell her that love that could not bear sacrifice was not worthy of the name, and Betsy consented to go back. They explained to Jerome that he would land alone, and she would follow the next day. But when tomorrow came Betsy was well on her way back to Baltimore.

Betsy's sudden return home became a general topic of gossip among the people in the town, and her hasty excuse that Jerome had to be away for awhile for reasons of state was quickly penetrable. Everybody was certain that the young couple had quarreled and were separated, and the women of the town looked upon her with the usual contemptuous glances that gossips take delight in giving one who is trying to lie out of an obvious difficulty. Betsy hated to walk through the street, and when people came to see her, she knew it was just to look for information which they could report to their friends.

When it became generally known that Betsy was going to become a mother, the talk was something like this:

"If it hadn't been a quarrel, surely he would be here, now, at a time like this."

Jerome had been gone many months, and still his brother showed no sign of allowing him to return home.

The fact, Napoleon had annulled his marriage to Betsy and was arranging for the marriage of Jerome and the Princess Frederika of Wurtemburg, after which event he would make him King of Westphalia. All plans had been made for the wedding, and now Jerome knew that if he was to get back at all, he would have to act at once. He made a few very necessary plans, and continued to prepare for the wedding as though everything was all right. When the day came, he stepped into his carriage, and, as soon as it started for the palace of the Princess, he stepped out of the other side and disappeared in the forest. At a certain point he found clothes which he had left there several days before, and, while everybody was on the way to celebrate his wedding, Jerome was on his way to America.

Every time he thought of the empty carriage and the expression on the faces of the guards when they found that he was not inside, he laughed until tears came to his eyes.

He was leaving France forever, and he was giving up a great kingdom, but Betsy Patterson was worth more to him than all the kingdoms in Europe together.
BUST DEVELOPED

Life's Secrets!

HENRY'S LIZZIE

When the remodelled flucker appeared, the motion pictures with unprecedented excitement.

But it was nothing compared to the enthusiasm and comment aroused when the famous screen comedians, Harry Langdon, announced in the pages of SCREENLAND, that he would give one of these new Ford's to the winner who submitted the best gag in his contest.

When the offer was announced in the last issue, letters poured into SCREENLAND and are still pouring in.

The contest is still open. Read about it on page 22 and then try your hand at a gag. Similar contests, with prizes equally valuable, are offered every month to fans through the pages of SCREENLAND.

Send No Money

Franklin Pub. Co.

G. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will co-star no more and their farewell show again the tender charm which has been theirs as 'The Dark Angel.'
At the Writers' Club - Continued from page 39

result? For four years now we have given every winter a monthly program of four plays containing probably the greatest casts that have ever been gathered together.

Glancing over some old programs I come across the following names, given at random. A few of them appeared singly, many in small groups, and often as a large cast. Raymond Hatton, Hedda Hopper, Lionel Belmore, Maud Fulton, Herbert Rawlinson, Pasy Ruth Miller, Mitchell Lewis, Eleanor Boardman, Wm. H. Crane, Mabel Taliafero, Tallly Marshall, May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Otis Harlan, Louise Dresser, William Farnum, Tyrone Power, Doris Lloyd, Brandon Hurst, Charles A. Stevenson, Enid Bennett, Jean Hersholt, Irene Rich, Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Hoyt, Donald Crisp, Greighton Hale, Dorothy Devore, Fay Wray, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Liliyan Tashman, Taylor Holmes, Renee Adoree, Beverly Bayne, John Reach, Los Wilson, DeWitt Jennings, Carmel Myers, Hobart Bosworth, Belle Bennett, Burr McIntosh, Mary Carr, George K. Arthur, Gladys Brockwell, the Moore boys—Tom, Owen and Matt, Helen Jerome, Eddy, Virginia Valli, Charlie Ray . . . Gee, that isn't half of them!

Can you imagine casting from such material?

Nor is this the only notable feature of the Writers' Club plays. Our little stage has been the birthplace of innumerable original sketches written especially for us, many of which have gone into vaudeville with huge success. Here are a few of our private playwrights. Maud Fulton, George Ade, Frances Marion, Thompson Buchanan, Marion Fairfax, Waldemar Young, Sara Padden, Joseph Jackson, Jane Murfin, Montague Glass, Frank Condon, Rupert Hughes, Donald Crisp and Gouverneur Morris.

No, the public is not admitted; just members and their friends. Our clubhouse is a beautiful old vine-covered residence in the heart of Hollywood, set back from the street and shaded by a cypress tree. The Playhouse is an addition built on behind, but as it seats only three hundred we could not possibly admit the clamoring public. While I was president of the club my biggest job was saving off important people who wished to attend. Rupert Hughes now has that thankless task.

Next month I'll tell you of the happy consequences that have come to some of the younger people because they have appeared in Writers' Club plays.
The Book of Yesterday

The Picture of To-day

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. A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came 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.

Order any one for $1.00 or 6 for $5.00

Sorrell & Son
The Freshman
Mother
Wings
The Patent Leather Kid
The Garden of Allah
Old San Francisco
Uncle Tom's Cabin
Beau Geste
Ben Hur
The King of Kings
Resurrection
Seventh Heaven
Stella Dallas
Bardelys the Magnificent
Moby Dick (The Sea Hawk)
The Ten Commandments
When a Man Loves
Old Ironsides
Captain Salvation
The Volga Boatman
Monseur Beaucarne
Loves Greatest Mistake
The Blood Ship
The Country Beyond
The Black Pirate
The Iron Horse
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Anna Karenina
(Movie Title "Love")
The Jazz Singer
London After Midnight
The Valley of the Giants
Wild Goose
Alona of the South Seas
Camille
Pony Express
The Music Master

Screen News from Broadway
(Continued from page 11)

a wide-awake, stunning young lady. But she's her very own name, and she is very proud of it, and her family is proud of her, etc. etc. She is going to play in lots of pictures for FBO this year—the first one opposite Bryant Washburn in Skinner's Big Idea. Martha though only seventeen, has been in pictures four years. She's tall, stately, and splendidly dressed, with dark-gold hair and fascinating grey eyes with rather droopy lids and lashes. Her uncle is J. J. Murdock, an important executive with the Pathé company; and she is completely surrounded by wealth and admiring relatives; but she has had to work just as hard as any struggling extra; and her three years in Hal Roach comedies have given her poise and a piquant sense of humor. Keep your eye on Martha.

The opening of the Griffith picture, Drums of Love, was the best picture premier New York has had lately. For one thing, 'D. W.' himself was there, and made one of his characteristic speeches after the picture had run its course. D. W., a little grayer, but still the courtly gentleman who deserves the applause of all the movie youngsters, referred in his speech particularly to his delight in directing Lionel Barrymore again—you see Griffith and Barrymore were colleagues back in the old Biograph days. Irene Fenwick, who is Mrs. Barrymore, was there. So was Morris Gist, Fannie Ward, Lya de Putti and Hope Hampton, were among the lovely ladies present. George Jean Nathan and David Belasco were there, though not together. George Jean Nathan attends first nights alone now that Lillian Gish has gone back to California.

A Page for Old Friends
(Continued from page 15)

and when you're coming back? Whadd'll I tell 'em? What am I goin' to say?'

This time I could just see Bill smile and beam all over.

"Tell them, Marion, that today, in our travels over the hills, Pinto spied a moving picture company at work making some of these here out-door scenes. Tell them I tried to keep him from seeing the actors and hearing the cameras; but I might as well have tried to tell him I don't care for him any more. He saw them all. He pricked up his ears, and then I simply had to let him take me over to where the company was shooting. Pinto says we've simply got to come back. Maybe we will. Marion, maybe we will—tell my friends that—just tell them that. So long—and come on out to this wonder place of mine the first day you possibly can spare."

I hung up the receiver. Bill Hart, way out on the Painted Desert, with his painted Pinto, having a great old time! Of course, maybe he belongs there—maybe it's the place for him to stay. But golly, if he comes back to us for even a few more pictures, with his Pinto, his guns and his thrilling hero stuff, won't we be the boosters who first welcome him home with joy in our hearts and smiles on our lips?
I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience

My heart went fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York— the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me. Why did my heart beat fastest? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker, I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here’s what the letter said:

"Is it true you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "I don’t believe it. David W. Bush—America’s greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to get thinner. How— by dieting, exercising, and mechanical appliances— Everything you do is the reverse of our customarily told— how to care for ourselves mentally and physically. And yet you have nothing to say about my own stoutness." This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer— my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce
For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried long, dieting exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I continued to be over-weight. I couldn’t figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not an over-eater, but to look at any round figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—fried temperably and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery
That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people’s inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself. I have no fancy. Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 2 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overwhelming with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to think through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue.

Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed.

Nature’s Method of Reducing
It Works or It Costs Nothing!
I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic. I don’t care how you are now. I don’t care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, healthy! Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won’t cost you a single penny! She gave you a body to live in—not external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You are already equipped with the means. A few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

Send No Money
Merely send me your name and address. When the package brings you my complete instructions. You reduce simply by living—eating—loving—nothing else! A few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. Write today.


PLEASE send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postage here with a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I will have your money refunded and I will refund your money at once.

NAME

ADDRESS
OPPORTUNITIES

Rate 20c a Word—Forms Close 10th—Two Months Preceding Issue

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo.
For experience, write Norton, 25 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED


AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—WE START YOU IN BUSINESS and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Square or full time. You can earn $50-$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 564 Broadway, New York.


WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? Employ agents yourself. Make your own products. Take orders. Articles, $0.00 to $2.00 profit. Valuable booklet free. National Scientific Laboratory, 1976 Broadway, Richmond, Va.

HELP WANTED INSTRUCTIONS

MEN WANTING OUTDOOR WORK, qualify for Forest Service. Start $125 monthly. cabin and vacation; paid the forests; protect the game; give timber information. Write, Petrie Institute, 54-60, Denver, Colo.


A BUNNERioneer. Earn from $25 to $100 per day. Send for large illustrated Catalogue, also, how to become a BUNNERioneer. Course free of charge. Address: Report, BUNNERier's Auction School and Business College, Box 120, Dearborn, Indiana.

EARN $250 to $800 MONTHLY. Men needed at once by 10,000 stores to sell radios and use electric phonographs. We train you by mail and help place you in any part of U. S. No 7th experience necessary. Write for details. National Radio and Phonograph Institute, Dept. 6, 1031 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

DETECTIVES

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent paying work. Write NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 169 East 83rd Street, New York.

"BE A SECRET SERVICE MAN! $5.00 covers year's membership, official detective journal, button and credentials. Continental Secret Service System, Box 814, Waukegan, Illinois."

SONG AND POEM WRITERS

SONG WRITERS WANTED, Address, Monarch, 256 West 55th St., Dept. 156, New York.

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1894 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nickel (and Buffalo). Big premiums paid for. Send to Mr. Fred De Lorraine, Old Mint, 112 Liberty Head Nick...
There are several unique angles to this film. For one thing, it is the first motion picture, to my knowledge, to use black titles.

Nothing could be more natural. Newspapers are printed in black type upon white stock; books, music, almost every other kind of printing, are done in black.

Carewe uses backgrounds nearer gray than white, photographing most of his titles on parchment scrolls. Shading relieves the whiteness, obviating possible glare.

To me the new title is very satisfactory.

The feeling with which Carewe has directed the scenes of the Indian’s mistreatment in Early California springs from a source deep in his nature.

He is an Indian himself.

Finis Fox, his brother, who adapted the story, also has written with sympathy of the Indian.

Ten years ago in Germany, Ernst Lubitsch, Emil Jannings and Pola Negri started on Passion, a picture which was to be a stepping-stone to fame for each.

This month in Hollywood, the three gathered again at the same studio—Paramount—not to make a picture together, it is true, but at least together.

It is a small world.

I have often wondered what becomes of the screen children when they grow up.

A partial answer is to be found in The Godless Girl, which Cecil B. DeMille now is directing.

Seven former child players, all of whom had been in the director’s earlier pictures, are in the cast.

They are in their teens now and are playing grownup or semi-grownup parts.

Pat Moore, Mickey Moore, Peaches Jackson are the better known ones.

Hollywood won’t be the same without Tom Mix. With him passes one of its most picturesque figures.

I don’t mean that Tom is retiring. But he’s going away for two years to Buenos Aires. He has just signed a contract with the Hollywood-Argentine Cinema Company.

Fred Kley, one of the pioneer studio officials in the film business, heads the new organization. It is backed by Argentine capital.

With Tom, when he goes, will be his own camera department, as well as picked American cowboys and their horses.

Tony goes, of course.

The rest of the actors will be selected from the South American film colony. This, by the way, is quite extensive, as numerous pictures have been made there.

I saw Buster Keaton at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other day, preparing to start on the first picture under his new contract.

Buster, you know, is supposed to have not so much to say about what goes into the film as he used to.

But I noticed that he was talking and the three gag men were listening.

The Gags already received in the
Harry Langdon Gag Contest for the New Ford
Show real understanding of the requirements.

As Don Eddy has said, “Action must tell the point. In fact the gag which will win will probably be the one which has the best action and the most emotional opportunity.”

See Contest on Page 22 of this issue.

C-Raymond Hatton and his springer spaniels, champion hunters, Boghurst Billy Boy and Boghurst Roxy.
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What is 'Doing in Times Square

(Continued from page 6)

The Private Life of Helen of Troy, when she stopped playing at the Globe went to the Paramount for a week. With the capture following Will Rogers. Helen seems to like Broadway and Broadway to like Helen quite as well as Paris did. Then, of course, there was Screenland Prefer Blondes with Ruth Taylor. It seems a coincidence, but perhaps it isn't, that pictures are beginning to satirize the law. Both in Gentleman Prefer Blondes and in Chicago the human weaknesses of the Judge, jury and public are shown up and the soul less little doll-faced babies are however, which see merely because they know men and how to manage them. Well, why not? If I had my way no one would ever be executed. But the theme certainly provides material for many dandy films.

But pictures, that have such power to arouse the emotions of the human race and influence public opinion, prove wonderful it would be if those who are instrumental in their making could keep an impersonal view of things and deal in human and animal. Some, do but we need more. Really, the sky's the limit. Why not?

Reviews by Delight Evans

(Continued from page 45)

"BEWARE OF MARRIED MEN"

But why? According to this picture, they help make life interesting. If it hadn't been for a particularly married man, Stuart Holmes, and an especially married woman, Irene Rich's home and office. She plays the secretary to a lawyer—Richard Tucker—who is handling what looks at the outset like a simple case. She sorts out into how it might develop into one of those front-page cases: "Wife Sues for Divorce—Says Hubby Strayed for Sweddy." The girl in this case is none other than Irene's baby sister, Audrey Forsy; so you're not surprised when Miss Rich dons a disguise and inter- venes in the case to save his reputation, even if it means losing her married love. Complications ensue like every- thing when Irene, Audrey and Mr. Tucker are in hiding in the Married Mart- men, with his wife on the trail and a comedy detective, aided by Clyde Cook, blundering around. This sequence may amuse you. It is the principal plot, and it's impossible to guess Beware of Married Men its claim on your attention. She's a clever and charming lady, and this is a change from her usual neglected wife parts. As if anybody would ever neglect Irene! Complicated and everything.

"SAILORS' WIVES"

Pity the poor players in a plight like this! Don't be fooled. This isn't a single sailor in the picture, or even a married one. Sailors' Wives is a picture of the lives of the wives of Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. Lloyd wants to marry Mary—he always wants to marry the girl; if they'd only let him alone. He wants to marry Mary, but how? Lloyd says that when he is on his hands and knees trying to court Mary, Mary says no, because she knows something about the connection between his legs and his heart, and how he is living on the edge of Tommy the Hun, and hea- }
over them and halt their crushed hearts—in fact, those eyes are typically Irish.

Nancy came from New York, as we’ve said before, and her birthplace still stands on Tenth Avenue. Eighty-sixth Street is the avenue which passes alongside of the house.

She was born La Hill, and if La Hill isn’t an Irish name, there’s no use talking.

Nancy’s dad, Thomas La Hill, came from County Clare, while Anne, the other half, calls County Roscommon her native heart.

So between the two of them, their offspring is an all-Irish production.

Now, whether you know it or not, it might be interesting to note that this red head, a girl who has just been signed to a long-term contract, with possible stardom on the horizon, does not come from an overly rich family. There were twelve children in the La Hill home, and it wasn’t so easy for the father, a contractor, to make both ends meet with material left over for automobiles and other luxuries.

So, Nancy was brought up in a home of average means, and learned all there was to this business of making a living for one’s self.

“I wanted to travel, ever since I was a little kid,” the actress avers in no uncertain terms. “I started out in life as a school girl—now look at me.”

That travel idea struck me at an early age, and was one of two ambitions, the other being to be a clerk behind a soda fountain counter. Someday, I’m going to own a soda fountain and thrive on ice cream.

“By the time I was seventeen I had made up my mind to step out of house and home, if necessary, in order to see the world. You see, I had never been south of Coney Island, and newspapers and magazines are always filled with attractive, hip-plugging advertisements concerning the glories of the wide, wide realm.

“Coney Island is a wonderful spot, but not the sort of place one would like to reside in or let it suffice for a summer vacation. For from such, it’s nothing like Catalina Island or the Hawaiian group. It’s more like what I imagine the Sandwich Isles to be—one hot dog after another, and there my sister, Terry, and myself would have our rendezvous. With our feet tapping heavily on the floor and our heads doing sickening thuds on the rafters, we would practice dance steps, with ultimate hopes of going on the stage. You see, we did our combined ages would make us thirty-four and that is a ripe, mature age. So why shouldn’t we step out on our own.”

Well, Nancy and Terry did just that. They read in a paper that there would be a local talent contest at one of Loew’s theaters on the east side—for east sides, naturally. The most fact that they were from the west side was just a matter of geography and conditions and no fault of theirs, so they entered.

It was a Friday night. The house was packed.

The two tiny tots, filled with Irish ambition and get-ahead-ness, stepped onto the stage, and waited their turn.

An acrobatic act preceded them. The stage shook; so did four shapely and dimpled knees. Their feet began to get chilly, for they suddenly found themselves abandoned a stage career and going back to the family washtub and see what the future might bring there. So they stepped right into the arms of the theater’s press agent, Nils Granlund.

They stammered and blushed. So did he.

“What’s the thought?”

“Well, we’ve just found out that this is a contest for east sides, and we come from Tenth Avenue and Eighty-sixth,” they confessed.

“We want to go home.”

Granlund was apparently a sympathetic chap, despite his gruff tones at times over the radio network. He had them on the back and told them not to worry. Just then, the stage manager howled for the Carroll Sisters. The music began to thunder, and the scared girls ran out.

“We looked at each other and there were tears in our eyes,” Nancy says now, for it’s a big joke with her today.

“Then someone’s silence laughed out loud. That made us furious and we danced as we never danced before. When the laughter was over, we had a silver loving cup to show for our efforts.

“That cup was secreted in the attic, far from the eyes of either Mother or Dad. We would have been cut off for Mother didn’t approve of the stage.”

The one success fured their ambitions, and the Carroll Sisters tried for a chorus job in The Passing Show in 1923. Rehearsals went on, without Mother La Hill getting even an inkling of what was occurring.

Until—

That night of the final dress rehearsal! Oh what a night!

A pair of dancers dropped out, and the Carroll Sisters were picked to do a specialty. Just about that time, their ankles began to feel chilly once again, especially when the hands of the clock struck the midnight hour. Neither had even been out after ten o’clock, and they pictured Mother home ready to do unclean things with a switch.

It was the time we met Jimmy Hall,” Nancy explains. Jimmy was none other than James Hall, now a Paramount leading man. He, too, was making his stage debut in the production and he was equally anxious and frightened.

“Jimmy saw how flustered we were and gave us some encouragement. The rehearsal got out at five o’clock, and the following morning—and still Mother had no idea what we were doing. We thought we might have to confess and give it all up, but we told her that we were at a friend’s house.

“About eight o’clock in the morning, we...
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*Screenland* - Luther Reed, the director of 'Hell's Angels,' which is the new aviation picture, and his mascot.
Ask Me--Continued from page 4

John Gilbert and Lawrence Gray are at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Monte Blue can be reached at Warner Bros. Studios, 5745 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Pathe Ruth Miller is working at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. You can write to Elinor Fair and Learie Joy at Pathe-L. M. St. Studios, Culver City, Calif. Alice White is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. A letter addressed to Douglas Fairbanks, Pickford Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. will reach him. Lois Moran can be addressed at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

M. K. of Franklin Square, N. Y. You are right, Margie. You won't find many fellows as good-looking as Richard Dix, unattached—whatever that means. Now, as far as I know, Richard is not engaged as we go to press. He is busy making Sporin Goodies at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Write to him and ask for a picture—you bet I would if I wanted one.

Virginia of Cincinnati, Ohio. No, I didn't think you were a boy because you asked so many personal questions about Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, for we girls know the last word in asking questions. And when you say last word I don't mean maybe or else. I think the whole world knows now that Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky are married. Mrs. La Rocque was born Jan. 9, 1905. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Her pretty golden hair is all her own. Her home is in California. Never mind. Ronald, we are going to tell something on you too. Mr. Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, and is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Tads, Seattle, Wash. I can't compete with your radio movie clubs but I can give you the last two films in which your favorite, Antonio Moreno, appears. He made Come to My House with Olive Borden at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. He is now playing in The Whip Woman opposite Estelle Taylor for First National. No doubt when Tony returned from his vacation, he found all your letters; lucky Tony! But as for the cute mustache, I can only surmise that it grew on him—a habit that will appear now and then, if not properly rebuked. I am sorry I can't tell you why your letters never reach. Did you address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.? He played with Florence Vidor in Honeymoon Hate and with Belle Daniels in Swim. Girls, Swims. Both pictures were made at the Paramount Studios. Try again, Tads, and better luck next time.

A Question, Portland, Oregon. Now you have started something and if our screen friends read this—wow! The tennis courts and golf links are going to suffer. Who is the best tennis player and best golfer in the movies? Just let anybody answer that if they can! White Gold and The Forbidden Woman are two of Jesta Gould's latest films. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894. Mary Pickford was born in 1893 in Toronto, Canada. George K. Arthur is in the cast of Baby Mine, a side-splitting-be-careful-you'll-roll-down-the-aisle comedy. Karl Dane is another reason for mirth in the same film.

C. A. D. of Atlanta, Ga. If I don't tell the world what you can do with Clar-Bow, you'll dance at my next wedding, will you? Why not dance at my first? See if I care! Clara uses her real name in pictures. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905, is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her hair is auburn and her eyes dark brown. Her next film is Red Hair for Paramount. You can ad- dress her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Pearl White has not made any pictures for a long time. Thank you for the sincere praise of SCREENLAND.

G. P. S. of Michigan. Our family, for a time, was the means of restoring peace in your family. I'll settle this argument about Bebe Daniels. She was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901, has black hair, dark brown eyes and weighs 110 pounds. You can ad- dress her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. If you have an estate you want settled, I'll try that, too. Barry Norton, who was the 'adorable Modo.' Mary Gene. Jonesboro, Ark. Never in my wildest flights of fancy have I broken up happy homes but if you feel sure I will be the means of restoring peace in your family, I'll settle this argument about Bebe Daniels. She was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901, has black hair, dark brown eyes and weighs 110 pounds. You can ad- dress her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. If you have an estate you want settled, I'll try that, too. Barry Norton, who was the 'adorable Moth-
er's Boy" in What Price Glory, was born in Buenos Aires about 60 years ago. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben, Jr. Dorothy Gulliver was born in Salt Lake City Sept. 6, 1908. She is a brunette, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and her friends call her Dolly. She is married. George Lewis can be addressed at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., where he is now working on his film, 

Wille Mae of Columbus, Miss. Mary Pickford can be addressed at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. But don't ask Mary to send you the addresses of the various screen stars, as it would take up too many pages if we attempted to list them. Better let me do that. You will find the address of Richard Dix elsewhere in this department. You can write to Jackie Cooper at 673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Elinor of Stamford, Conn. So you think I'm not particularly pretty? Don't know why you love makes the world go round—and they say, when that fails, try homemade gin. I'm not boasting, just laughing at myself. Raymond Hatton, Edna and Earl Hanley are all in the play with Esther Rashton in Fashions for Women. You can address Raymond at Paramount Studios, 5419 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

J. A. Z. and Many Others. Please endorse stamped envelopes. We'll ask one of our grand personal letters. I have all the personal mail I can take care of but if you would really rejoice to hear from your Vie personally just tell me—she's that type—wears a smart jersey and I'll get all round to yours in time. Quite a side-step from French Dressing to The Gorilla but I can give you the principals of that film. No letter tell at all. Charlie Murray, Frank Kelsey, Al Ice Day, Tully Marshall, Claude Gillant, and the rest. Contributed some of the success of The Gorilla. No, J. A. Z., the film French Dressing isn't something you eat—it's something you put on before you eat—that's all. I won't say it's the new Eat Velvet but I can tell you what-nots. In French Dressing you saw Lois Wilson, Lilian Tashman, H. B. Warner and Clive Brook.

A Charles Delaney Fan, Calif. Your favorite laughed himself into a picture contract after several years of hard luck, trying to get a foot-hold. But aside from being able to see the funny lining to every cloud, Charlie can act, too. He was born in New York City. He enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and at the close of the World War he went in for stunt flying and began to do what we call movie stars in aviation films. So after many ups and downs, Charlie has landed—with both feet on the M-G-M lot, still laughing like nobody's business. His latest films are The Lovelorn, The Main Event and The Thirteenth Hour for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. He is married.

Nadine, Utica, N. Y. All of the William Haines fans, including Frenchy and Miss C. of All About Eve, will be interested in the circle in the studio and we'll collect chippings for our movie scrapbooks. Bill Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900, in Staunton, Va. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is not married and you can put it down in your memory books, that he is not engaged yet. His latest picture is West Point and it's good. It was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Hope you won't have to wait long for his photograph. Here, Frenchy, is your signet ring to go with Billie. Billie is a Canadian, Nov. 8, 1898. She has dark hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is not married. Nor is Billie. They were born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1901. He has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. That's what I call news in a nutshell.

Francis B. of Queen Creek, Oklah. Allow me to hand you the biographies. I suppose you'll take the cake for 'knowing every star in the movie world on sight.' I'll say that is some flickering film knowledge. Both father and mother you picture mention has never come under my observation. I'm sorry not to be able to tell you anything about Conway Tearle's movie plans. There is talk of his return to the stage. It's been some time since he made a picture. Come on, Conway, and give your fans friends something to think about. Performance in Jack Hoxie in The Fighting Three, a Universal picture directed by Al Rogell.

Golden Locks from Conn. I like a candied confession like yours—you say you have the good looks but are afraid that they'll be a hindrance in the films. Good looks will take you far but not all the way to Hollywood and stardom. No, John Gilbert is not married to Greta Garbo—but both are enjoying single blessedness, if you follow me, and I hope you do. This seems to be a Jack Gilbert month, as usual. You'll have him about you, many times and oft before, and I'm going to stick to my original story, so here goes. Jack was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His real name is Jack. The hair and eyes, it's 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is working in The Commodities at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., and if you write him for a picture, that address will bring one, if you are lucky.

Becky, Kalamazoo, Mich. You have a joke on me, have you? Why didn't you tell me you had a joke? As long as I seem quite bright, can I tell you Clara Bow's real name? Funny question! I don't have to be bright, long to tell you that. And I don't believe all America is funny. Becky; Clara hasn't changed her name, is not married and as far as I know, she is not engaged. Colleen Moore is now filmig Lilac Time for First National. You can write to Sally Blane at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in Dead Man's Curve.

Betty P. of Wilmette, Ill. What happened to Raymond Griffith, you ask? If you will kindly read the answer to Adele of St. Louis, you'll see what has happened to him. Ray, Billie Dove can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marie Prevost is playing in A Blonde for a Night at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Ewing Vaile, Australia. Billie is a Red Rider of Canada for FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. John Barrymore is following Tracey at Universal Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Simple Sue of St. Louis. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4
Brown Eyed Julia, W. Va. I answer letters so nice we do I. Well, why shouldn't I, when I get such nice letters from all the fans? So you have long brunette curls. Not very girls can boast of long curls in my day—may you never have a shingle-bob. Never mind, Julia, I don't lisp. Sally Phipps made her first screen appearance at the age of 6 years with "Broncho Billy" Anderson. She was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1909. She has red golden hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Sally played with Nick Sturat in "Man's The Word." You can write to her at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Address Ruth Mix at the same studio. Ruth is about 17 years old and is the oldest of Tom's two daughters. She is in the cast of Grandma Bernie Learns Her Letters. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He came to the U. S. at the age of 14, but he is now an American citizen, after a long delay in obtaining his naturalization papers. Who is the oldest star in the movies? You can ask lots of questions, can't you, Julia?

S. C. LaPorte, Ind. Here is another good-looking girl, but why don't the boys speak up? Pola Negri was born in Poland, Jan. 3, 1897. Gilda Gray was born in Cracow, Poland, Oct. 24, 1897. And you are Polish, too; no wonder you are interested in Pola and Gilda. Barbara Worth, a featured player for Universal, was born Jan. 6, 1908, in Columbus, Ohio. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds, has large blue eyes andauburn hair. She plays opposite Reginald Denny in "On Tour Toes." Barbara is the wife of Tamar Lane. Ted Wells, the Universal Western Star, was born 24 years ago on a ranch in Texas. After several years of 'breaking in,' he was rewarded with a contract with Universal. His first feature was 'A Made-to-Order Hero.' Listen, girls! Ted was awarded a medal by his University, as the best all-round athlete in the history of the school, and he was no mean student either, for he graduated second high man in his class. Rex Lease, a young juvenile actor who has been in films for several years, was born in Central City, Va. He has brown hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. You remember Rex in "Moulders of Men and Not for Publication under the FBO banner. He is free-lancing, in his early twenties and not married. Leatrice Joy is playing in "The Blue Danube" for Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Curious E. C. of Iroquois Falls. You are right, my job depends on just how curious I can be. Let me be a joy-spreader so long as I give you the correct information about your favorites. Raymond Keane was born in Denver, Colo., in 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He sold diamonds in his father's jewelry store, or whatever they sell in jewelry stores, but to get into the movies and how, was Raymond's greatest ambition. He has arrived, as his performance in "The Midnight Sun" will testify. He played the leading role in "The Lone Eagle" with Barbara Kent. Address him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Malcolm MacGregor was born in New York City. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He played in "The Kid Sister," produced by Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Marion Nixon was born Oct. 20, 1904, in Superior, Wis. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Address her at

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Name

Address

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C. Russell Mathews, assistant director.

Gary Cooper and Evelyn Brent in the Paramount lunch room.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Charles Rogers is quoted as being 23 years old. He will have his big fat part in the forthcoming production of Able's Irish Rose. Nancy Carroll will be Rose.

Evening Star of Middleton, Pa. You have a marvelous sense of diagnosis, scientific thinking, and a strong mind. How do I know? You tell me. When you ask me, are there more blondes than brunettes in the cinema world? If I don't know, I don't have any illusions about you, all I will say is that Claire Bow is engaged? That's one on me; I haven't heard it. Lastly, how can you get into the movies? That question is going to age me long before my time. I'd like to put all the screen aspirants on a fast train for Hollywood, with a fat contract in their hands and sit back and say I told you so—but I haven't any influence with the powers that be, worse luck!

Evelyn H. from Tonawanda, N. Y. Who will advise you to have for your favorite actor and what is his address? That's rather a leading question. See, I hold the fate of someone in my little hand! Lack of space is my only alibi. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Me., in 1902. She is the wife of George Webb. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Esther is playing in Love and Learn at the Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

H. S. Lee, P. O. Box 1355, Victoria, British Columbia. Because you are a sailor, you prefer both blondes and brunettes or what do I think? I'm not saying just what I think but your choice is a darned good one. As far as I know Mary Astor is not married. It is reported that she is engaged, however, to Kenneth Hawks. She was born March 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 120 pounds. Sorry I can't tell you what May McAvoy's salary was when she finished Ben Hur. We are speaking of the picture. Lois Moran was born March 3, 1910. Lots is a beautiful dancer—she was in Opera Ballet in Paris before going into pictures. As John Barrymore has been five times, I will say he was the best. As three years old, I hardly think he has had time to be a regular sea captain, but I'll bet he could be if he set his heart on it. He owns a marvelous yacht and loves the nautical life.

Lillian Kazemierski, 562 Ames Ave., Hammond, Ind. You are a good girl not to want me to work so hard on one letter so you are asking just two questions. Well, here is a great bundle of warm thanks from me—look out, born the baby! Priscilla Bonner was born in Washington, D. C. She has blonde hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was Faith Cable in Prince of Head Waiters and recently appeared in a vaudeville sketch, making stops at the big cities. How large is your town?

Mary E. Sagin, 405 Arsenal St., Watertown, N. Y. I don't believe you saw Mr. Wu as long ago as 1919, as the film was released in March, 1927. Lon Chaney was Mr. Wu and playing with him were Rene Adoree, Louise Dresser, Ralph Forbes and Holmes Herbert. It was adapted from a stage play. Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton, who were recently married, are going to be seen in a vaudeville sketch, making stops at the big cities. How large is your town?

Gretchen Macdonald, 422 So. 20th Ave., Maywood, Ill. With all the good luck you are wishing yourself, may I add a few for myself? But if all we movie fans would be pictures, would the pictures be improved a lot? That's the question, but where is the answer? No, Lois Moran is not married. Fay Wray is one of the popular new-comers in films. She was born in Wayland, Alberta, Canada. She has red-brown hair and blue eyes. You will see her playing with Gary Cooper, Barry Norton and Lane Chandler in The Legion of the Condemned. Oh, boy—what a cast! I don't blame you for your burning ambition to be a star.

Miss Marianne Almy, 4625 N. Pauliste St., Chicago, Ill. Yes, Lars Hanton uses his own name in pictures. He has recently completed his work in The Divine Woman, playing opposite Greta Garbo, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He is now vacationing in Sweden with his wife Larrin Nolander. He has the leading male role in Wind with Lillian Gish.
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