“Close-Up”
Painted by
HENRY CLIVE

Myron Zobel
Publisher

“In This Issue—
What’s Wrong With Our Hollywood Women?”
by Penrhyn Stanlows
"Darling, we have loved each other through the ages. Sweethearts always since the beginning of time. Do you not remember the green gardens of Versailles . . . ."

Why not make some friend happy with a beautiful copy of Elinor Glyn’s thrilling story of a great love, “Beyond the Rocks,” illustrated from the Paramount photoplay of the same name? She will love the four handsome illustrations of Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson.

For a single year’s subscription to SCREENLAND, we will send to any address a FREE copy of “Beyond the Rocks,” as your Christmas gift. Or we will send the novel to you and the twelve issues of SCREENLAND to your friend.

Or we will send both the subscription and the novel to the same address, if you prefer. Don’t wait. The edition of “Beyond the Rocks” will soon be exhausted. Mail the coupon TODAY!
PARAMOUNT'S 1922 PROMISE was performed!

Last July Paramount announced 41 new pictures to be released from then till January, 1923.

Last July Paramount promised that these would be "the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment."

Starting with the very first new season picture, Paramount's promise was performed.

Think of "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "Manslaughter," "To Have and To Hold"—all Paramount Pictures.

Space is too limited to remind you of them all, but a few are listed here in the illustration.

Perhaps you missed seeing some of them?

If so, take this page to your favorite theatre and ask to have them booked.

By every test of enthusiastic audiences, of popular acclaim, of box office figures and of critics' appreciation, Paramount's famous forty-one are the lions of the season!

Looking backward to 1922 and looking forward to 1923, the bright beacon of Paramount's fame shines ever brighter, till, in more than eleven thousand theatres, the words ring truer than ever that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town
What Is the TITLE of This PICTURE?

$200 for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

Here is your chance to earn your Christmas-gift money. Non-subscribing contestants for the title contest may win:

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If you send in with your answer one dollar for a six-month trial subscription to SCREENLAND, you may win:

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SET YOUR BRAIN A-WORKING!

You have a good line! What does this picture, posed by Shannon Day, suggest to you? Write out your suggestions for a clever title to this picture—as many as you choose, on separate sheets of paper—and mail them in to the contest editor. Be sure your name and address are on each sheet. Envelopes should contain nothing but your address and your titles, unless you wish to compete for the GRAND PRIZES, headed by a first prize of $100. To be eligible for these big, worth-while prizes, enclose a one-dollar bill or money-order or your personal check with your title suggestions.

The titles to the picture shown above may be original, or may be quoted from some well-known author. It should not contain more than 20 words. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Make your titles short and snappy.

The contest will appear in four more issues of SCREENLAND and will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of SCREENLAND's staff and their decision will be final. The winners will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the contest and checks will be mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, both contestants will receive full prizes.

Members of SCREENLAND's staff are not eligible for this contest.

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR,
Hollywood, California.

This subscription, for the next six issues of SCREENLAND, for which I enclose one dollar, entitles me to compete for the grand prize offer in SCREENLAND. The titles I submit for the photograph of Shannon Day are enclosed herewith.

Name: 
Address: 
City: State: 

Every contestant who sends in a subscription to this contest will receive an autographed photograph of the lovely model for the title picture, Miss Shannon Day, as reproduced above. Attach your dollar to your title and send it in TODAY, with the attached coupon.

Tomorrow
Love, Drama and Sex
The Happy Ending
Waukesha's Idea
Banishing Love Stories

WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE

(Copyright, 1923)

LOVE may denote the sublimest and holiest spiritual affection or merely express selfish physical delights. It is the greatest thing in the world and embraces the widest meaning. Being the dominant human emotion, love has made movie production the fourth largest industry in America, enabling the screen to hurl a message to the polygot races of the world in the universal language.

SCREEN drama without love interest is impossible. As it smites the chords of earthly affection, there rises out of civilization convention the specter of Sex. Drama is a series of correlated, abnormal events. When sex becomes the motif, drama is forced to depict conditions beyond the barriers of conventional behavior. Then comes criticism of the screen.

LOVE normally leads to marriage, which is civilization's faltering attempt at submission of a complex emotional hypnosis which recognizes nothing but its desire. Allegiance to the ethical code demands that when love ranges the wide gamut of human experience, the last reel must record that love. This propels the "happy ending." The "happy ending" is proper ethics but it is the graveyard of drama.

SENTIMENTAL and emotional movie themes are "frivolous," according to the protest of five thousand farmers and business men of Waukesha, Wisconsin. They held a mass meeting and asked Will Hays to uplift economic and social welfare by purging pictures of love interest and supplanting it with Golden Rule precepts. Waukesha is asking ten thousand Middle West clergymen to aid them.

In the meantime, Waukesha is making a movie—one of the sort they want in their playhouses. The Waukesha idea will certainly prove a striking contrast to the Hollywood idea. Will film producers listen to the appeal of ten thousand pulpits? If they do, the screen may become the battleground of creeds. When love is erased from our films will public morals be benefited?

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at San Francisco, California.
Pages 5-14

Missing from source
Mae Busch has reason to be well pleased when glancing in her mirror, but for greater joy we recommend a full-length glass.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull.
The whole world is scoured for Beauty and the chosen few become screen stars. In them we think we see perfection of face and form. Because they have been selected from out of many thousands, they are regarded as the highest types of physical womanhood. Indeed, admirers of some of the great stars claim that their particular idol is beyond criticism. But this is not true. The stars possess the imperfections common to all beauties. None of them are perfect. Some, in fact, are not beautiful at all. There is no living perfect beauty, on the screen or off.

The greatest fault in the figure of modern woman is a head proportioned too large for the body. The most beautifully proportioned and delicately contoured figure loses its symmetry when surmounted by too large a head. Many noted beauties, almost flawless of feature and form, possess this imperfection. Perhaps ninety out of every one hundred beautiful women are abnormally large-skulled.

The ideal human figure is seven and one-half heads high. We find women —women popularly regarded as captivating—who are more nearly six than seven and one-half heads high.

In art, the ideal proportion is exaggerated. Some of the most famous artists, you will find, model their beautiful women nine and sometimes even ten heads tall.

In the female figure a common fault is short legs. The ideal demands that a mature woman's bodily proportions be equidistant from just below the pelvic bone to the top of the head and to the soles of the feet. But the center of the average short-legged female figure is found about the waistline.

Beauty specialists have found ingenious methods to correct defects in nearly every feature—eyes, nose, ears, eyebrows and eyelashes. Scientific lacing will even remold a faulty figure. But there is nothing that can correct the faults that impair the loveliness of ninety per cent of all beautiful women—a big head and short legs.

Many of the most popular screen stars have big heads. Mary Pickford shares this common blemish.
with Our Women?

star is eager to receive more beautiful she may interest in an authoritative of her charm. In this remarkable article Penryhn Stanlaws, famous artist and motion picture director, punctures a thousand vain fancies.

MAE MURRAY and Alla Nazimova both are afflicted with big heads. In addition, the lower part of Miss Murray's face is much too large and heavy for the upper part of her face, while Nazimova's eyes are too small for her face.

Pola Negri is a sensational actress, but she makes up so badly that nobody can tell what she really looks like. Her facial faults can be summed up in one expression: her face is too square.

Many women are afflicted with muscle-bound hips. Betty Compson's hips are muscle-bound and also too prominent. Muscle-bound hips affect the carriage. They stiffen the movements and limit the graceful action of the body. Her crooked nose and mouth lend a whimsical look to her face.

GLORIA SWANSON also has a head that is too ponderous for her slight body. Her jaw and chin are too heavy for ideal beauty standards, her nose is too retrousse.

Pauline Frederick is marred by eyelids that are too heavy. The vertebrae of the neck are curved, throwing the head too far forward.

Betty Blythe has been heralded as the modern Venus. But her figure is...
muscle-bound in the hips. She has poor hands. The chin is too small for the face. The underlip and chin recede pronouncedly and she has horse nostrils (to use the art studio term for nostrils that are bigger at the tip of the nose than at the base). The ideal nostril is well developed, vibrant and larger at the base than at the tip of the nose.

The nose is a conspicuous feature, and any defective nose immediately proclaims its discord with an otherwise harmonious set of features. Claire Windsor's nose is not perfect.

“Phyllis Haver is pointed out as an example of near-perfection, face and form combined. But her nose is too short, her eyes too small and her face is over-modeled like a diamond with too many facets. Her figure is better than her face.”

“Norma Talmadge has a bulbous nose. Her neck and jaw are too heavy.”
The center cartilage is too prominent. The eyes, too, are set too high in the head.

In Ruth Roland we find a figure in which both the hips and the breasts are too big. A large and too-prominent chin gives her a "half moon" face.

Marion Davies' face has a fault that is not common among beautiful women. Her brows are too low, too close to the eyes. The eyes are colorless, and the nose is too flat on the end.

Bebe Daniels has a very good figure of the soft or molle type, but she slouches. Her nostrils are too small for the size of her nose. The muscles around her mouth are undeveloped, possibly as a result of her small nostrils.

Lila Lee's figure is too stocky, her face is too flat and her head is too big.

SISTERS sometimes show very different faults. For instance, Viola Dana has a big nose. It is too heavy at the end and too wide. The jaw-
"Claire Windsor's nose is not perfect. The center cartilage is too prominent. The eyes, too, are set too high in the head."

Her nose doesn't match her eyes. Harmony of feature is like a chord of music—each feature must blend to produce beauty.

Mary Miles Minter is too matronly. This is because she carries herself stiffly. Her cheek bones are noticeably prominent. She is plump to the degree of being what in art is known as "cup-breasted." Venus de Milo is a cup-breasted figure. The term cup-breasted is used to distinguish from a "saucer-breasted" figure, commonly found in the page-boy type and among young girls verging on maturity.

Constance Talmadge is a saucer-breasted type.

AGNES AYRES' figure is technically termed one not under control; that is, she lacks the essential grace to display her charm to advantage. To use a common expression, she is "gawky." Her cheeks protrude too much at the base of the nose and the cheeks are too high at the cheekbones. The jaw is too wide and the feet too large.

May Allison owes the discordant appearance of the whole lower part of her face protruding to a badly constructed skull. The nasal base extends too far back into the head.

Phyllis Haver is pointed out as an outstanding figure wherein beauty of both face and form reach a high degree of perfection. But her nose is too short, her eyes too small and her face is over-modeled, like a diamond with too many facets. Her face possesses greater imperfection, however, than her figure.

An example of a figure that loses its artistic appeal because it is of the too-round type is exemplified in Shirley Mason. Her figure is slightly heavy. Her facial faults are horse nostrils and eyes a trifle deepset. The nostrils are not a serious blemish, however, as bones are too wide and her chin too prominent, while Shirley Mason has a striking regularity of features.

It is very hard to criticize Anita Stewart because she is a type. Of course, her nose is too large, the upper lip projects too much, and her eyes are too small for her head.

Marie Prevost's neck is too short, which makes the more conspicuous her large head. The entire figure is slightly heavy.

Wanda Hawley is another star who is too fat. Her ankles are too large and her mouth is too big.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has a peculiar composite face. The entire lower part of her face is out of drawing, and her eyelids, like Pauline Fredericks', are heavy and drooping.

"Bebe Daniels has a very good figure, but she slouches. Her nostrils are too small and the muscles around her mouth are undeveloped as a result of keeping her mouth open too much." Photo by Witzel.
they harmonize rather appealingly with her other features.

COLLEEN MOORE is exceptional in that she really has no beauty. She is dependent upon charm. Her charm consists of minor things, like the sparkle of her eyes.

May McAvoy's tininess accentuates her large head. Her eyebrows are too low and her nose projects too much from her face.

The Talmadge sisters are opposites. Norma has a neck and jaw too heavy, while Constance's fault is a mouth and chin badly formed, inadequate to her other features. Norma's nose is bulbous at the tip.

Enid Bennett's nose is not bulbous, but pointed. Her eyes are too heavy and the chin recedes. Hope Hampton is faulty in many features. Her eyes, nose and mouth are all too small for her face, and her eyebrows curve too much.

THE Gish sisters—Dorothy and Lillian—show the same imperfect noses, the tips being too large. Dorothy's eyes are too close together, her mouth and nose crooked, and Lillian's cheekbones are too prominent, her head too wide and too big for her body.

And so on they go, until one could catalogue the entire group of stars and feminine beauties of the screen, great and obscure, and still be seeking for the perfect beauty. Charm may exist where beauty is lacking, as with Colleen Moore. For instance, an aquiline nose, though perfectly formed, may mar some faces and be exquisitely harmonious to others, such as Maxine Elliott and Cleo de Merode. Dimples may be a blemish to some women and
won footlight glory with her back. Gloria Swanson's oriental eyes undoubtedly are the basis of her charm. Mary Pickford's childish figure, not ideal even as a "page-boy type," enables her to portray parts that win admiration and love for her everywhere.

In a forthcoming article I will discuss some of the points of perfection possessed by famous women of the film world. I will select a group which has the greatest number of perfect forms and faces and from them...
analyze their screen appeal by the difficult standard of true physical symmetry.

Who will Mr. Stanlaws select as Screenland's greatest beauty? Will she be a popular star or a little-known girl, striving for recognition? His next article, containing his selected choice of reigning beauties, will appear in Screenland for February Out January First

“Constance Talmadge has an inadequate mouth and chin.”

“Pauline Frederick is marred by eyelids that are too heavy. The vertebrae of the neck are curved, throwing the head too far forward.”

“Viola Dana has a big nose too heavy at the end. Her jawbones are too wide and the chin too prominent.”
Landru, the French Bluebeard who lost his head for mislaying at least ten of his two hundred wives, had no comeliness of person. Yet his power over women was uncanny:

"Those gorgeous eyes!" another will say. Dark and enigmatic, like dull coals smouldering, yet ready to leap suddenly into passionate flame, they are undoubtedly part of his lure.

His swash-buckling swagger and courtly bow, so different from the stiff and ungracious inclination of the American man, are other Valentino points. But probably his most potent charm, most responsible for his vogue, is his irresistible mingling of naiveté and sophistication.

Sometimes he looks exactly like a small boy who is being abused, so that every woman instinctively wants to pat his shiny black head and comfort him. Yet she knows perfectly well that he is not a small boy and that it would be rather like patting dynamite. Which, of course, makes him very interesting.

No analysis of masculine charms would be complete without an ode to Wallie Reid's eyebrow. Its temperamental vibrations typify the youthful insolence, the gay insouciance that has made Wallie beloved of thousands of fans. But it is his mouth, even more than his eloquent eyebrow or the undisputed excellence of his profile, that betrays the secret of his charm.

**Men Who**

An analysis of the **STARS**

Conrad Nagel’s flat, thin ears denote refinement and it is this quality that creates his appeal on the screen.

BEAUTY, saith an ancient and as yet undiscovered proverb, is "the bunk."

Napoleon was a pudgy little man with pompous ways. But the ladies were fascinated by him always.

Landru, the French Bluebeard who recently lost his head for the casual way in which he mislaid his score of wives, had no comeliness of person. Yet his power over women was uncanny and even his rivals admitted that as a gallant he was the cat’s miaow.

"I think Valentino is perfectly fascinating," said a Los Angeles woman recently. "He looks as if you couldn't believe a word he said to you."

Why?

They were the kind of men it is easy to love! They had the spark, the lure that strikes always a responsive chord upon feminine heart-strings.

Let us consider the most ravishing of our male screen stars, who are the adored of millions of sweet young things and some no longer young or sweet. What is this charm that swamps the post-office with fan mail?

Not good looks, entirely.

RODOLPH Valentino, than whom there is not one more soul-stirring, is not handsome in the strict sense of the word. The back of his head is too straight up and down. Unless the camera gets him at just the right angle, his nose is too broad for beauty. Yet he is the idol of feminine America!

Ask half a dozen women why they find Valentino charming, and you will receive half a dozen different answers, probably.

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ARE EASY to Love

What is Male Charm?

By Eunice Marshall

A disposition to give lavishly of his youth is denoted by the wide, generous mouth of Wallie Reid. There is just a hint of a newly-acquired droop at the corners, as if disillusionment were setting in.

A humorous mouth is Wallie's, with just the hint of a newly-acquired droop at the corners, as if disillusionment were setting in; a wide, generous mouth betokening good fellowship and a disposition to give lavishly of his youth and his goods. A lovable mouth, is Wallie's.

Richard Dix has a wholesome charm. The round, wondering eyes have been narrowed a bit by experience with life, but they still meet your gaze squarely. With time also, Richard has acquired a perfectly good dimple, a nice, masculine cleft-dimple, which must not be ignored in any analysis of his charms. Dix doesn't look like an actor. He looks rather like a successful young architect or surgeon. And at one time, before the acting germ got in its deadly work, Richard was well on his way to being a surgeon, actually. He was a sophomore medico at the University of Minnesota when his opportunity to tread the boards came to him. A nice boy, Richard.

Conscientiousness, prudence, constancy... all these are indicated by Thomas Meighan's high, rather square head. But these characteristics never made woman's heart yearn. It is the Irish twinkle in his eyes and the humorous quirk to his lips that saves or damns him, as you will, in the ranks of the heart-smashers. Tommy has the distinction of having as many male admirers as feminine ones, in spite of the awful fact that he was not long since chosen as one of the ten handsomest men in pictures.

Have you seen Malcolm McGregor, as Lieutenant Fritz in The Prisoner of Zenda yet? When you do, hold on to your hearts, girls, for here is a new recruit to the matinee idols' league. Fresh from Yale, unheralded and unsung, this protegé of Rex Ingram is already collecting susceptible girlish hearts. His high forehead shows that Malcolm has that all-too-rare quality in Hollywood (and elsewhere)—high ideals. He is a trusting lad, his steady, level eyes prove. A strong jaw denotes determination and the firmly-closed lips mean self-control.

"I LIKE Conrad Nagel! He's so, so... well, he's so nice." And he is nice. Plenty of girlishes take their pens in hand every day to tell him so. Whether they know it or not, they are attracted by his consistent gentility, a much-abused word but which signifies exactly Conrad Nagel's charm. A clean-cut young chap, whose high forehead denotes a keen mentality. A student, as well as an actor of exceptional merit. An extremely affectionate disposition is indicated by his mouth. His well-chiseled nose and flat, thin ears denote refinement, and it is this quality that creates his appeal on the screen.
Hollywood—the City of Beautiful Girls

What Happens to the Ambitious Young Women who Flock by Thousands to the Studios? The Reigning Stars Recognize the Danger of New Beauties and Fight for their Thrones.

By Alma Whitaker

SHE may have been the belle of Red Gap. She may even have been the belle of New York. Nay, she may even be "Miss America," the belle of the United States by official proclamation, but bless her hair and pulchritudinous charms, when she gets to Hollywood she is just another girl!

For Hollywood is the ultimate goal of all Beauty. It flocks into the glamorous little city by the carload. Ships and railroads from all quarters of the earth bear it thither. It comes rich and it comes poor. It comes young and it comes mature. It comes blonde and it comes brunette. It comes brazen and it comes shy. It comes in all shapes and sizes and styles of female beauty,—peony and violet, orchid and geranium, Cecil Brunner or American beauty rose. It comes duchess and it comes milkmaid, it comes diamond and it comes crystal.

But as sure as any girl, once having gazed into her mirror and beheld herself revealed as generously endowed by a reckless and indiscreet Providence with rather more than the average share of feminine beauty (in her particular locality), no matter how geographically remote her residence, her goal is promptly Hollywood and picture fame.

And she always comes, sooner or later, duly fortified with suitable sartorial accessories, prepared to burst upon a waiting world and stagger it with her super-loveliness—via the studio with the perspicacity to make her the most dazzling financial reward, the most seductive contract.

But when the dear child reaches Hollywood, she is but doomed to make the disquieting discovery that Nature has abundantly acknowledged her responsibility to the movies, that the whole dashed world has been busy producing beautiful females and shipping them to Hollywood with a most unfortunate lack of regard for supply and demand.

Back in Red Gap, she couldn't walk down the street without creating a flutter. But when she gets off the train at Los Angeles, not even a railroad hireling, never a male, no matter how lowly, bats an eye or yet concedes an interested glance!

Just another girl—in a clime where all girls are beautiful, in a clime where exquisite complexions, soulful eyes, silken, curly tresses, statuesque figures, shapely legs, slender ankles, graceful carriage, all—all the concomitants that go with feminine charm and pulchritude are as common and as plentiful as beans. Just another little bean in the bursting sack.

She finds the men of Southern California just plain "fed up" on female beauty. Surfeited, stoked, utterly blasé. There may be traffic accidents in Los Angeles and Hollywood but, believe me, they are not through any masculine attention having been diverted by some passing vision of female beauty. A really homely girl might possibly create such a debacle. She, indeed, is a curious rarity. But Beauty—ye gods, the place is choked, blocked, heaped to their Thrones. One has to elbow beauties out of the way to make a passage down Hollywood Boulevard.

And, alas, where everybody is somebody, why no one's anybody. You might just as well try to get a Southern Californian excited about a geranium hedge as about a pretty girl. Geraniums grow abundantly everywhere, flower radiant, without a gardener nursing or even a water supply in Southern California—and so do lovely girls.

So much for, in fact, that the righteous business man intent upon securing a strictly homely and efficient stenographer is baffled at every turn. A department or drug store sternly anxious to acquire clerks with capacity exceeding beauty are forever confronted with an impossible task. Housewives, reared on the old-fashioned notion that pretty "help" is a
conspicuous mistake, find themselves reduced to beauty or nothing.

ANY advertisement for any sort of help in these parts brings such a bevy of wistful beauty to one's door as to deceive the innocent tourist into thinking it is a beauty competition.

Because, you see, this vast army of beauties must live. They must eat.
Hence, if one can stand them beautiful, if one can endure a perpetual association with beauty in the more menial offices of one's business or one's household, there are nursemaids and kitchen maids and chamber maids and salesladies and clerks to be had in abundance whose beauty is their only fault.

All over Hollywood, babies' things are being laundered by beautiful girls, dishes washed by lovely, young, embryo Mary Pickfords, rugs shaken by ambitious Gloria Swansons, beds made by wistful Betty Compsons, socks darned by yearning Elsie Fergusons, bathrooms swabbed by siren Theda Baras, pet dogs bathed by lovely Claire Windsors and chickens fed by dashing Norma Talmadges.

AND, mark you, even the housewives no longer fear the baneful effect of these too-exquisite charms in their kitchens and nurseries, for where there is such a surfeit of mere beauty madame can, in all confidence, count up monsieur's blase disinterestedness! You cannot buy cakes at a bakery, ice-cream sodas at a drug store, ties from a haberdasher, a packet of pins from a notion store without probably receiving it at the hands of some disconsolate beauty who would, had Nature been less artistically generous, have been a Picture Queen.

As for Lila Lees, Katherine McDonalts, Dorothy Daltons, Bebe Daniels, they are tapping a thousand typewriter, answering a thousand telephones, selling tons of candy, showing off stacks of clothes for homely women to buy, making change in restaurants, selling tickets to movies, all over Hollywood and Los Angeles.

One radiant beauty from Sydney, Australia, marking Enid Bennett's success, hied her hither with a sheaf of still photographs and a letter of introduction to a nice director a year ago, basking in the assurance that she had only to be seen to sign a nice, fat contract. But she was a stenographer in Australia and she is a stenographer in Hollywood.

Another dashing young beauty came to me from London, armed to the teeth with all the nicest picture requisites. Her friends had assured her she had Bebe Daniels beaten by a mile. She was a college professor's daughter in England; she was a neat little nursemaid here, until she married an honest young mechanic who was sorry for her and didn't mind her looks.

A dainty young creature from Chicago who had been wasting her charms in Marshall Field's employ arrived last summer, with Mary Pickford curls resting on her fair, young shoulders. She was Mary at her sweetest and best—but she made the worst and most incapable maid my kitchen has ever harbored. So I married her off to the ice-man, who had no particular objection to curls if she kept 'em pinned up.

A perfectly stunning young person who would have put Pauline Frederick in the shade if she had ever had the chance, came here armed with a letter to a leading producer. She walked with that conscious air that fame was hers. A letter to a producer ought to settle any little matter like that. But today she is shedding all that queenliness on a milliner's parlor, selling $75 hats to Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson.

One of our leading hotels harbors a perfectly gorgeous young creature, cut out for a Helen of Troy role. But her job today is making beds and gratefully accepting half-dollar tips.

Back in Kansas City they had considered her the most sumptuous thing the locality had ever produced. In Los Angeles she is a passing-good chambermaid!

SOMETIMES they come with a beauty competition prize as irrefutable backing. But Hollywood is full of beauty prize winners. One such dear child, who arrived so chic, so sportily gowned, so utterly debonair, has resignedly concluded a kindergarten course and now teaches the very young idea to sprout.

There was one ebullient young New Yorker, male, who came to Los Angeles to put over a newspaper subscription-culling campaign. He was simply bewildered to discover that two-thirds of the contestants were shimmering, shining young beauties on the verge of starvation. He thought they must have mistaken it for a beauty competition. But they hadn't. And one young woman of surpassing charms who won a Dodge car, is now
hiring herself out as a private jitney—often being employed by the very studio in which she hoped to become a glamorous star. That studio regards her as a good chauffeur—sure—but it never occurs to them to pick her for an exceptional beauty. There is no such thing as exceptional beauty in Hollywood.

But they do not all stay to prostitute their beauty to menial labors. No, sirs. A great many of them go back home. They do not like going back home but it is the "easiest way." When, however, they do go back home, they have to have a good alibi. And as often as not they tell in hoarse whispers how, in Hollywood, they haughtily refused to take the "easiest way." They refused to sell themselves for fame. They have preserved the fair virtue at the cost of glory and wealth. Red Gap is tremendously impressed—and it knows what to think about Hollywood.

PRODUCERS and directors, whose jaundiced, surfeited, blasé eyes may possibly have rested upon the belle of Red Gap—and seen naught but another pretty little bean—would indignantly repudiate these aspersions upon their sophistications, could they but know the dubious proposals ascribed to them. Gee whiz, one might as well accuse an orchid fancier of coveting a dandelion for his button-hole, as to accuse these beauty-jaded men in Hollywood of coveting the belle of Red Gap.

But, of course, many of these girls are radiant, sumptuous young beauties—with talent. And, you may suggest, it is still usual to employ beautiful femininity in the movies. Stars are still required to be super-lovely. Why, then, cannot at least some of these beauteous creatures break in?

An entirely pertinent question. But the answer is entirely sordid, human, but "moral" one—using moral in its accepted sense.

The probable real reason why your girl could not break into the movies, in spite of her very obvious charms and talents, is because the reigning stars wouldn’t let her.

M ost of these reigning movie queens got in on the ground floor, and they have formed dynasties, cabals, camarillas for the protection of their thrones. Like other royalties they suffer from strange qualms of insecurity and they exercise every known kind of diplomacy to maintain their influence. Many a starry queen who has outlived her screen value, is maintained at the pinnacle by every available kind of diplomacy to maintain their influence. Many a starry queen who has outlived her screen value, is maintained at the pinnacle by brilliant publicity—by keeping in strong with the powers that be, by vamping directors and publicity men and producers and newspaper writers. By seeing to it that friends of theirs play the contributing parts, by putting in a good word for the widowed sister-in-law of the assistant director as wardrobe woman, or by simply adoring the director's little boy, or by being utterly charming to the producer's wife at the hospital, by entertaining with luxurious parties, by being generous with her dashing automobile—by, in fact, making herself desirable in a hundred ways that have precious little to do with her screen value to the public.

THERE is nothing that a screen star fears so much as new stars. At the slightest hint that such an one is on the horizon, the cabal gets to work. In a hundred subtle ways the newcomer is belittled, cheapened, frozen out. Possession is nine points of the law. The enthroned movie star instinctively knows how short-lived her fame and fortune must be if all the glittering outside talent is permitted to compete. It is short enough in any case—just the life-time of her beauty, just the life-time of her charm. But she means to retain her position to the last—just like the rest of us—and there is no nose so keen for competition and rivalry as the charming re-troussé of a movie star.

But as long as she can keep the studio under her spell, so long as her contract calls for special publicity, so long as the newspaper critics remain loyal, so long as the billboards proclaim her starry, so long as she stands well with producer and director and author,—well, it takes a long time for the public to get wise, for the public to rebel, for the box-office to tell its dismal story.

So the belle of Red Gap, as often as not, does not have even a remote chance to (Continued on Page 76)
Is Your Lover a Primordial Brute in Modern Guise? The

DOWN through the ages, man’s cranial development has changed with the upward struggle of his thoughts toward higher and better ideals. But even today there still linger in many individuals the elemental traces of primitive bestiality. In some of these modern cave men, their primordial traits are swathed and sometimes nearly hidden by the effects of cultural environment. But no amount of suave gallantry can conceal the dormant strains of the brute from the eye of the trained phrenologist.

Illustration by Tom Wood.

THE screen teaches character analysis. By the heads and faces of such types as Clarence Burton, Walter Long, Noah Beery, so shall ye know their kind, according to the criminologists; projecting ears, prognathous chins and cranial bumps are telltale marks of nature that you may not be deceived, though the innocent heroines of the screen are painfully lacking in the faculty of discernment and must go through five reels of agony before they discover that the villain’s over-developed bump of destructiveness showed his ulterior motives all along.

We find, in the works of eminent phrenologists, the reasons for the screen villains’ manifestations of wickedness. This study teaches one to discern the character of an individual by charting his brain and head-formation, each section of which shows the seat of some instinctive faculty. For instance, in Rodolph Valentino and Ramon Navarro, we find the Seat of Amativeness, chronicled by the phrenologists as being at the base of the skull just above the neck, developed to an abnormal degree. You find, in Rodolph’s Amative Bump the source of his subtle wiles in ensnaring feminine hearts.

Many actions of our best villains, heretofore held inexplicable, are laid to nature’s fault in subdividing their skulls into the wrong proportions. When Stuart Holmes becomes erratic and foils his own plots by giving way to anger in the last reel, thereby unmasking himself, it is because his cerebral membranes are out of joint and need tinkering at the repair shop.

Man is two-fold: a child of nature in his instincts and the product of training. When his primary desires are discordant and constantly quarreling with his training and environment, he grows a mustache, learns to balance a monocle or a revolver and becomes a villain. Instincts are hereditary, knowledge never. Hence, though many of your own friends are embryonic villains, they must develop their powers along that line to become proficient.
Screen Teaches You How To Fathom His True Character

HOW to Recognize a Cave MAN

A Phrenological Analysis of Screen Villains

By Myrtle Gebhart

Let us sketch briefly the growth of phrenology and then apply it to our bad men of the movies. The primitive Romans believed the heart to be the seat of wisdom, agreeing with the Egyptians, Hebrews and Greeks, though the latter also attributed to the heart the origin of emotion. Pythagoras, in the sixth century B.C., claimed the brain as the center of understanding, an overture for the presentation of such men as the bad Beery brothers, whose crafty machinations are not emotional outbursts, but the product of cunning minds. Aristotle, two hundred years later, said that the heart was the organ of intelligence and that "the sole function of the brain is to temper the heart's excessive heat." Even today do we not find the exposition of this theory in our Latin lovers, who never, despite their fiery zeal for the lady, forget themselves to the point of marrying her?

Plato voted for the heart as the origin of intelligence, though his theory was shot full of literary holes by Albertus Magnus who, in the thirteenth century, fell back on the brain as the impetus for all physical actions. Erasistratus and Herophilus advocated the brain as the seat of judgment, but it remained for Francis Joseph Gall, in the early nineteenth century, to localize the specific faculties in the cerebellum and to pigeonhole each sense-perception. A master of subdivision was Gall. What a marvelous real estate man would he make today!

In 1796 and again in 1802, Gall lectured at Vienna until ordered to stop by the Austrian government, those worthies fearing that the educators had progressed too far in this study of mental motivation. What if they could rise from their graves and see what lengths it has reached today, when we may merely examine Jean Hersholt's cranial bumps and discover why he is so mean to our Mary in Tess of the Storm Country?

Gall, possibly with the motion picture screen demands of the future in mind, located twenty-seven of the thirty-five special faculties now recognized as contributing to man's actions, his work being carried on by his pupil, John Gaspar Spurzheim, thanks to whose efforts you are now able to tell at a glance if your John Smith would make a wonderful Latin lover or if he should stay on the old farm.
The Gall Phrenological Chart

Deductions differed, as Gall's "murder instinct" being sugar-coated by Spurzheim as "destructiveness." So, according to Gall, when Wallace Beery, as the Chinese rascal, locks up the pale heroine in the torture chamber, he intends to let her die unless she'll succumb to his wiles; but, thanks to Spurzheim, we learn that Beery was only indulging in a destructive spree.

The skull is composed of twenty-two bones, eight of which form the skeleton of the cranium and the remainder of the face. From the skull of the Neanderthal Man—found in 1856 in the Feldhofen Cave near the village of Hochdal in Rhenish Prussia, and believed to have belonged to the oldest known race in Europe—down to the screen villains of our present day, these squares and ovals in the mind remain unchanged. Gall's system, which expanded the early empirical philosophy, charts the cranium in sections, each representing the seat of some specific instinct. By noting a few of his deductions, you may chart your own mental topography before a mirror and decide the pressing question of whether you'll become a hero or a villain.

To mention the most significant of man's pigeon-holed instincts:

1. The Seat of Amativeness, at the base of the skull, just above the neck, denotes one's qualities in the love-line, first detected by Gall when he perceived its heat in an hysterical widow. To make practical use of his theory, stand at your window when the handsome postman is passing and hold a thermometer against your Seat of Amativeness; if it registers alarmingly, you are certainly cut out for a vampire.

Examine the heads of Ramon Navarro and Clarence Burton and you will see that their Bumps of Amativeness are decidedly in evidence. Jean Hersholt also boasts a creditable

1—Amativeness.
2—Philoprogenitiveness—love of children.
3—Concentrativeness.
4—Adhesiveness.
5—Combativelessness.
6—Destructiveness.
6a—Alimentaryness—indicating a gourmand.
7—Secretiveness.
8—Acquisitiveness.
9—Constructiveness.
10—Self-esteem.
11—Love of approbation.
12—Cautiousness.
13—Beneficence.
14—Veneration.
15—Conscientiousness.
16—Firmness.
17—Hope.
18—Wonder.
19—Idealism.
20—Wit.
21—Imitation.
22—Individuality.
23—Form—capacity of recognizing faces.
24—Size—capacity of estimating space and distance.
25—Weight.
26—Color.
27—Locality.
28—Number—ability to calculate.
29—Order—capacity for orderliness.
30—Eventuality—seat of memory of events.
31—Time.
32—Tune—capacity for music.
33—Language—propensity for languages.
34—Comparison.
35—Casuality—the faculty of correlating causes and effects.

Lon Chaney is of the crafty type. His projecting ears and massive optic socket convey an impression of extreme cruelty.

Combativeness is a dominant characteristic of Walter Long, seasoned villain of Paramount dramas.
The misdeeds of Clarence Burton are impulsive rather than premeditated, because his bump of impulsiveness is strongly developed.

Untutored savagery, lack of control is portrayed by the remarkable visage of Dick Sutherland.

prominent in apes and women. If this bump is developed on your head, you are unquestionably born to be a misunderstood mother. We find the Bump of Philoprogenitiveness upon few of our villains, though it is unquestionably present upon the heads of Wallie Reid and other model heroes, precluding the possibility of their ever becoming bad men. It is discernable upon the head of Ernest Torrance, indicating that, though he may be cruel to others who cross him, love of home and his own children is strong in him. His head is that of a man who, though ruthless in extreme toward outsiders who infuriate him, has always a certain finesse of refinement even in his rapier-like cruelty, never crude, always the product of cultural training; the type of man who leads a double life, of which the home-part is one of model devotion. His cruelty, then, is motivated mentally and usually directed against business enemies and knows no physical outburst, as compared with the types portrayed by Jean Hersholt and Dick Sutherland, who lack control.

The "epicure bump" is so pronounced in Eric von Stroheim that his role as a monstrous diner in Foolish Wives made especially convincing portrayal of a gourmet.

center of the skull, said to be large in cats and clergymen, though if you’ll look closely you’ll find it prominent on the heads of some of our best villains, particularly those society-rascals whose machinations are carefully thought out. Stuart Holmes, William Torrance, Sam de Grasse, Nigel de Brulier, Von Stroheim—the list is endless. You do not find it, however, upon the heads of Noah Beery, Bull Montana, Walter Long and Clarence Burton, whose misdeeds are impulsive rather than results of carefully constructed plans.

Combativeness, just back of each ear. Next time you see Walter Long ensnaring the virtuous maiden, leave her fate to the scenario writer and examine his bump of combativeness as an excuse for his actions. In addition to Walter, Clarence Burton, Jean Hersholt and the Beerys show evidence, on their craniums, of nature’s attention to this bump.

Destructiveness, above each ear, denotes criminals of the worst type. Discernible upon the heads of Jean Hersholt and Lon Chaney. A subsidiary pigeonhole, just in front of the
top of the ear, indicates the gourmand and explains Von Stroheim's epicurean tendencies in *Foolish Wives* and why Stuart Holmes is such an artist at ordering a perfect dinner for the innocent country maiden.

10. Self-esteem, at the top, back of the skull. You will note that none of our villains lack this promontory.

17. Hope, located at the top-center of the head; to be seen on all trusting heroines who pray to be rescued instead of using their fists and hatpins.

20. Wit, the frontal eminence that enables the polished villain to scintillate and capture the maiden's heart before her blundering country squire.

23. Form, or the ability to recognize faces, is the width between the cheekbones. Stuart Holmes, Sam de Grasse, Theodore Kosloff, Walter Long and Lon Chaney have wonderful memories for faces.

33. Prominent eyeballs indicate mental development. You can gauge the size of a villain's brain by his eyeballs. The human brain at birth weighs one-tenth of the weight of the body, or about eleven ounces, and reaches its maximum size at thirty. According to their eyeballs, the brains of Walter Long, Theodore Kosloff and Noah Beery are all well developed. It is difficult, because of his habit of squinting, to thus determine the size of Lon Chaney's brain.

THE villain, then, is not to blame for capturing the heroine, for his evil genius is merely the result of nature's mis-take in allotting him a brain that is inclined to capture the maiden's heart before her blundering country squire.

Rodolph Valentino's head is a conflicting one, indicating that his embyronic forces may develop him into a hero or a villain, according to his spiritual growth or neglect of it. His massive, rather pyramidal head indicates a stubborness that will sweep aside all obstacles; his heavy jaws and chin bear out this aggressiveness; the promontory at the top of his head indicates pride. But his delicacy of eyes and eyebrows conflict with his dormant possibilities as a villain and lead one to prophesy that his more refined bumps and facial features will win and that he will cast his steps along paths of virtue. But there is that in the formation of his head which precludes his ever becoming a Pollyanna-hero; there is that intriguing possibility of his more villainous bumps conquering, which adds spice to his love-making.

Allied to phrenology is physiognomy, the science of determining character by facial appearances, as every instinct stamps itself ineradicably on the features. Plato says that Socrates predicted the promotion of Alcibiades from his facial characteristics. I, too, prophesy—that Conrad Nagel, who has the face and head of an aesthete, will play few parts such as his drunken reveler in *Nice People,* but will develop into a model hero.

THE instinct to follow a certain profession leaves an indelible impression on the face. Aristotle taught that thick-nosed people were insensitive; therefore such persons as Jean Hersholt, Walter Long and Von Stroheim should give up the screen for plugging or bootlegging. Paul Dickey has a hooked nose (Continued on Page 73)
This page is for the man and the woman who are bored by the average movie, who love both drama and art and cherish an illusion that the screen is incapable of expressing either.

Omar, the Tentmaker

—Associated First National

The dawn streaked gray across the sky. The fragrance of the roses and beek flowers overpoweringly saturated his senses, like sweet, heavy incense. The garden, so hot and stifling by day, was all cool and gorgeously purple now.

"Ah, my Shireen!" cried Omar passionately. "These love blossoms sweep down to hide us from the eyes of the world, Moon of my Delight. Ah, make the best of what we may yet spend before we too into dust descend."

This is one of the "big kicks," as they say on the boulevard, in Richard Walton Tully's exquisite screening of his sorrowful love lyric. But Tully has dealt with poesy instead of "big kicks," and the emotional flashes of Omar are subdued to a point of refinement that rich-fed tastes might find dull.

Guy Bates Post's performance as the love-blighted philosopher of Nishapur is intense. He is surrounded by a splendid cast, profusely rich scenic settings and striking costumery. Patsy Ruth Miller as "Shireen" and Wallace Beery as the lustful "Shah" dignify the stage-hallowed roles. But the picture indicates that the producer has deliberately turned his back on the public clamor for sensation and is trying to feed it nectar when the cry is for red, raw meat with a piece of the hide left on.

Given the same story and checkbook, any of a half dozen other Hollywood directors would have made a flamboyant sex-and-soul eruption that would have cooked the pitch out of America's billboards. There would have been a Hegira Follies in the tavern scene, "Shireen" would have been catapulted from the cliff in a close-up and the slave market would have been shown in all its wealth of realism, with forlorn and unclad maidens mounted on auction blocks.

In which case Omar, instead of a long-lived film classic, would have been a "box-office" picture and the theatre lobbies would be crowded, until a new stimulant caught popular fancy and it too—

"Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two is gone."

OMAR, the Tentmaker

—Associated First National

THE PICTURE of the Month
Little HINTS for PLAYGOERS

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD—Distinctive Prod.

By some strange circumstance, Gloria Swanson was given an intelligent story. When a virtuous wife sacrifices her spotless reputation to save a graceless husband from the gallows, entertaining complications follow. They follow rapidly with Mrs. Bellew (Miss Swanson) on to an ending that is quite unusual in screen annals. Such social drama as this, and as convincingly presented, should serve both the box-office and the highest motion picture ethics.

THE FACE IN THE FOG—Cosmopolitan

Perhaps this corking good picture will help to restore your lost hopes in the movies. It is a Boston Blackie story with Lionel Barrymore in the role of reformed crook, supported by Scene Oseen, Mary MacLaren, Lowell Sherman. For mystery, thrills, suspense and expert acting see this melodrama.

BROADWAY ROSE—Tiffany-Metro

Again comes the story of a little prairie flower who leaves her happy home and not so happy lover to bloom on Broadway. But Mac Murray almost makes it seem interesting and relieves the triteness of the tale with her bizarre dancing costumes and daring and indulgent footage in them. Monte Blue, prince of all bucolic swains, gives a sincere performance that entitles him to a more vigorous part in a less inconsequential play.

THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW—Paramount

By some strange circumstance, Gloria Swanson was given an intelligent story. When a virtuous wife sacrifices her spotless reputation to save a graceless husband from the gallows, entertaining complications follow. They follow rapidly with Mrs. Bellew (Miss Swanson) on to an ending that is quite unusual in screen annals. Such social drama as this, and as convincingly presented, should serve both the box-office and the highest motion picture ethics.

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A PUNCTURED PRINCE
—Metro

THERE'S a running chuckle in Bull Montana's second two-reel funmaker. It is slapstick, of course, but the abundance of fresh "gags" in it are like a breath of spring in the naggish slough where screen comedy has mired for so long. Bull isn't a whole of an actor, but the incongruity of his remarkable visage in "pathetic" scenes tickles the funny-bone.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—R-C Import

SHERLOCK HOLMES' charm of uncanny deduction doesn't film well. The screen version doesn't send creeps along one's vertebrae like the fiction tales of Conan Doyle's famous character. But the lack of thrills in this English production is offset in some degree by pleasant vistas of British landscape. Sightseers will enjoy it.

ON THE HIGH SEAS—Paramount

IT is hard to believe that the same director who made the first five reels of this rollicking salt water melodrama could seriously conceive such an assinine ending as occurs in the sixth. When you see the stupid climax it will give you the same feeling of incredulity that would come if you saw your best friend burst into demoniacal laughter in the midst of a rational conversation. This unfortunate lapse of Irvin Willat makes Jack Holt inexplicably foolish and transforms the otherwise satisfactory heroine, Dorothy Dalton, into a distinctly unlikable one.
When they give Director Irvin Willat a sea story to film, the results are spectacular. But all he had to work with in this case was some vague Arctic river—"a tributary of the Yukon," a sub-title says—so it sort of cramped his style. Of course there is a gambling hall and a "girl who is not really bad" and most of the other mellow bunk that the child that is in all of us will patiently sit and watch without resorting to mob violence and burning the theatre. Dorothy Dalton is the dance hall girl than whom there is nothing more pure but the driven wintry blanket of the silent North. This is a "jackass movie" that H. L. Mencken so feelingly categorized as the sort we will have as long as there are "jackasses" who like them.

From stroke oar in a winning Yale crew to chief of a tribal state in mystic India gives Rudolph Valentino a chance to be a versatile actor. Lacking the cast and more impressive dramatic opportunity that he had in Blood and Sand, he is compelled to sustain the story on his own ability and does so creditably well. Wanda Hawley is the girl he loves, but her response is somewhat "null and void." She is only lukewarm. Valentino needs a sharper emotional foil to inspire his own genius for heart throbs. Good, bad or indifferent, there is no use avoiding a Valentino film to be able to discuss Rudolph understandingly and well seems to have more social value than a knowledge of world politics or base-ball.

The Siren Call—Paramount

The Bond Boy—Inspiration Pictures

The Young Rajah—Paramount
How many mothers there are, unappreciated household drudges, whose latent abilities would gain praise in other endeavors. This theme is forcefully expanded by Mary Alden in the role of a mother who expands. There are weak and inconsistent parts in the plot that will make you fidget in your seat and wonder why the effort was not made to smooth them out. But it's a good "home picture" just the same.

THE POWER OF LOVE
—Perfect Pictures

It is a shame that the producers picked out a story as ancient as the pyramids and just as rough on the edges to introduce the new Fairall process of stereoscopic photography. The flatness of the usual screen is marvelously rounded out in full contour and relief—perfect perspective, marking a great leap in cinema progress.

The practicability of treating all screen stories by this method may be questioned. It limits the tricks and devices that directors have learned to use to build up dramatic effects. But it is interesting as an innovation, at the least. The principal drawback to the method is that the spectator has to wear goggles—one green glass and one red one—to get the stereoscopic effect. Looking at the screen with the naked eye, it appears to be a dancing maze of green and red color in which figures and action are almost indiscernible.

SKIN DEEP—First National

Here tofore, Milton Sills hasn't shown any histrionic ability that would win him a niche in the gallery of fame. But he knocks a home run in this unusual theme of a crook regenerated through facial surgery. It is a smashing melodrama of the tough meat variety that may not take well with cake tastes. Marcia Manon is the wicked Jezebel of the piece, while Florence Vidor's beauty rounds it off ornamental.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN
—United Artists

How many mothers there are, unappreciated household drudges, whose latent abilities would gain praise in other endeavors. This theme is forcefully expanded by Mary Alden in the role of a mother who expands. There are weak and inconsistent parts in the plot that will make you fidget in your seat and wonder why the effort was not made to smooth them out. But it's a good "home picture" just the same.
The Remarkable LOVE Prophecy of Charlie Chaplin

By Junior Irismegistus

HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SCREENLAND

THE STARS SAY THAT

Charlie has an ill-starred career in his relations with charming members of the opposite sex. He is a good chooser, but a poor picker, one infers from his horoscope, for the house of matrimony occurs in the sign of the goat.

Followers of the zodiac forecast at least three matrimonial ventures for Charles. But happy ones? Not if the stars are on to their business. For some occult reason (attributable, perhaps, to the kind of life le petit Charlot led in his past incarnation) the whole heavens frown upon his nuptial felicity.

This is the harder to bear because those same heavens (say the seers) fashioned him not ungenerously to look upon, and most tender-hearted. The planets seem determined to rain winsome-eyed descendants of Juno upon him. How, then, can a mere earth-child do aught but succumb to these starry lures? The tattle-tale horoscope says that he can't and hasn't, three times already this past year of 1922.

OARY-HEADED astrologers, delving in dens of mystery, have uncovered Charlie Chaplin's love career, past and to come.

And Charlie Chaplin is going to be married again. In fact, not only again, but with encores. Three times, say the stars!

You can't blame it on Charlie; Venus was in a rough mood the day he came into the world, being badly afflicted with Mars. And then his moon went and squared up to Saturn; and in astrology that is a ruinous thing to do. There is nothing the comedy king can do about it. He is so tangled up in meteors, Northern lights and zodiacs that his only recourse is to sit back and let the stars do the rest. They will. For five thousand years, according to astrologers, they have been good at that.

Some of them have a bright gift of two up their sleeves for him, but as far as nuptial bliss is concerned, Charlie's horoscope is dark and disastrous.

It is all due to that little flirtation of Venus with Mars in the twelfth house of Chaplin's horoscope. It is responsible for disappointments, sorrows and incompatibilities in love and marriage. But the zodiac won't let him off with anything so light as that. An opposition of the moon to Mars, and Venus squared to Saturn, complete the work by bringing calamity in domestic matters, loss of the marriage partner, and more than one marriage.

Charles Chaplin was born in the south of London, about 8 a.m. on April 16, 1889, under the above astral configuration.
Jupiter in the fifth house was the little fellow who did the mischief by bringing about the introduction of a new acquaintance (complexion, age, station, and habits of mind not disclosed by the stars) back in the winter of 1921-22. The latter part of August or the first part of September (anyone ought to be able to check up on this) there was another heaven-sent lady whose graces impressed themselves upon Charles's artistic mind; but, alas! although the configurations operated for love-luck again in November, the planets hold no hope of these episodes progressing beyond the platonic stage.

The trouble seems to be that Charles is a good picker but a bad chooser. He has had trouble with his stars from the beginning. Saturn disporting himself around in Leo gave him a love affair prior to his marriage to Mildred Harris, and the influence of malefics caused the lady to go out of his life.

Astrologically speaking, it will now probably be some years before Charles commits himself to the matrimonial again. And the advice of the horoscopes is, the longer the better! Just at present Venus is going backward in her orbit, in which position she naturally can spare little attention for Charles's affairs.

His only hope lies in astrology. The minute he feels himself falling in love, he should take a stern hold of himself, make a careful inspection of the lady's character, get her horoscope, fly to an astrologer and have the two charts mutually compared—and then telegraph her he has been called to South Africa.

His chart of nativity shows a wife fractions, self-willed, determined to have her own way, hard to control, and subject to ill-health. One wife will die. Chaplin's best chance for success lies in marrying a woman of intellectual type and broad sympathies; probably a woman not in his profession. Astrology tells him that one born between November 21 and December 21, between September 21 and October 21, or between July 21 and August 21 is the soul mate who is liable to give him some happiness. And then it winds up by saying she won't!

Even with this dire prediction, the constellations are not satisfied. Configurations indicate that no child of his would be likely to live; for the first, at least, is forecast death. An afflicted moon in his sixth house predestines uncertain health for Charlie, with danger of trouble to his throat, chest, respiratory organs, head and eyes, kidneys, aggravated by extreme nervousness. In later life he must be careful of his spine and heart.

Saturn taking up his abode in the third house will be productive of uncertainties toward the end of his career, and the stars advise Charlie's taking up his residence in England at that period, although not too near the place of his birth.
The aspects for this winter (1922-23) are decidedly bad for little Charlie. He must step lightly, for the malefic planets are greasing the slide for those famous feet. He will have money losses and business tribulations and it will be an unfortunate period in which to travel.

All of January and much of February, March and April will be decidedly evil. His health will suffer, the stars will be set against love and friendship, and will conduct to enemies, false friends, and dangers of slander. There will also be danger of the death of a relative or very close friend. This is no time for new transactions, changes, or enterprises; in fact, astrology advises Charlie to transact no business between December and the end of April.

SATURN in conjunction with Uranus and Jupiter squaring up to Saturn is what causes the perils; like many other luminaries, they do not make good neighbors. The stellar atmosphere will grow so hot that anyone standing in the way will be in danger of shooting stars. The result is, Charlie had better keep under cover, and double his insurance, for automobiles and other vehicles being under Saturn's domination (as anyone acquainted with the malevolent nature of this planet might suspect), he will be in grave danger of accident from these sources.

Outside of this, Charlie is perfectly all right. He has a horoscope that would arrest attention anywhere. It has the configurations necessary for an ascent from obscurity to greatness. This is partly due to the early-rising habits of four of his planets the morning he was born. They got the worm—which in this case were fame, honor and wealth. Five luminaries hanging over the earth and superintending his arrival, with Gemini on the ascendant, endowed him with talent, perseverance, ambition, an eager, scintillant mind, and proclivities for study; while the sun and Mercury, Charlie's ruling planet, having taken up their abode in his eleventh house as the most elevated planets in the horoscope, give great prominence and success in public work, and mental qualities of great strength.

He was born under the sign of the Ram, which gives him the hard head necessary to butt through all obstacles in life. Charlie should follow two or three different lines of business at the same time; in addition to picture producing, he should be speculating and investing, for much wealth and good fortune would come thereby.

THE moon has played him some rough tricks, but her consenting to look benevolently upon Jupiter, together with that planet's kindly regard for Venus and Mars, cause the accumulation of great wealth.

Charles has by no means reached the pinnacle of his fame! It is written in the stars that much more is to come in the same line of work. He will always do well in the United States, because of picking for a rising sign the same that govern this country—Gemini. Good success would await him, however, in his native land, on account of the predominance of Aries, the sign in which he was born. The Chamber of Commerce will be glad to hear that. It is a good horoscope for work in Southern California. The moon in Virgo and in the sixth house guarantees much good work in the west; and there are perhaps two or three hardened critics who will rise to remark, "Good old moon!"

The past year has been a very fortunate one for him. His health has been excellent, and the moon in Aquarius caused him to join new companies and societies, while this year it will bring him in touch with many new groups of persons and be auspicious for hopes and wishes. This year, 1923, and part of 1924 (on account of the progressed moon being in the ninth house) will be excellent for mental endeavors, is apt to bring long journeys, and will put Charlie in touch with deep philosophical (possibly occult) thinkers.

The first part of last October was but fairly good. But the latter part, and the first half of November (when Jupiter was in conjunction to the moon in the fifth house) showed promise for most matters—health, money, changes, business; while as to dealings with the fair sex—it was the month of Thanksgiving. The latter half of November and the first half of December, Jupiter was sextile with himself and consequently in good humor.

BUT the final half of December, Charlie begins to hit the slide. Life will be full of bumps until the end of next April. Things pick up, though, when Jupiter begins to transit the sixth house; this will benefit health and industry; and two years hence, when the sun enters Gemini, there will be a big shake-up in Charlie's life, and changes for the better. Which shows that it pays to stay on the good side of the stars.

Some highlights from Charlie's horoscope follow:

He was born under the head sign of the fire triplicity, Aries, the sign of sacrifice. Aries natives are lovers of scientific thought, reason, philosophy; and educational pursuits; they are executive, earnest, determined to accomplish their resolves; they are leaders and always desire to dominate. They are generous, bright, magnetic, capricious and intuitive; they never back out of a fight, but are fickle, inclined to selfishness, and should not indulge in stimulants or rich foods. They should always follow their own intuitions, but are apt to become inflated with their success and reach a recklessness that leads to disaster.

Aries people are noted for having their own ideas of right and wrong. To others they may seem stubborn, and the only way they can be controlled is through an appeal to their...
When W.

reason. They must do something in their own way.

Music has a tremendous appeal to them (well proven in Chaplin's prolific genius as well as dancing and all forms of art and beauty. Diseases go to their head; worry producing severe headaches; and harmony is essential to their well-being.

No Aries person should ever marry one born between May 29 and June 21, April 19 and May 20; and marriage with a person born between June 21 and July 22 can only be happy if there has been a thorough spiritualizing process in both natures.

Mercury being in the eleventh house gives him friends that will be of great assistance to him. Being in the sign Aries gives very strong brain power and great endurance in thought and study, but is apt to lead to morbid sex thoughts. It gives strong materialistic tendencies and special business qualifications.

Mercury, being in a good aspect to Mars, Venus and Saturn, will give a fondness for young persons, high ambition, fine mental abilities, an active spirit, steadiness, and good judgment.

Venus in Taurus makes the native idealize all matters pertaining to the affections, frequently giving an ardent love nature, but one not always enduring or constant. It gives a keen sense of pain and pleasure, strong likes and dislikes, a love of nature, and agricultural tendencies. Venus in the twelfth house makes few enemies and tends toward success.

The aspects of Mars and Venus in this chart give a fondness for pleasure and a Bohemian attitude toward life. The bad aspect of Saturn brings disappointment in courtship or marriage and grief through women. The aspect of Uranus makes the native skilful in the arts.

The sun in the eleventh house gives him notable friends; and in Aries, with the moon in Scorpio, gives positiveness, high temper and strong passions, and increases the liability to paralysis and heart trouble. This polarity results from the minds of the parents acting on the lower plane and being in a combative attitude toward the affairs of life.

The moon in the sixth house is bad for the health, giving bronchitis and internal troubles, and the native will probably die of kidney trouble. The moon in good aspect to Jupiter is one of the best indications in the zodiac for success, prosperity, and the acquisition of wealth.
If you remember your science, you will recall that Nature occasionally amuses herself by producing a new type. For instance, should a goat be born without horns, this goat, when mated with a horned goat, would produce both horned and hornless progeny. The hornless goats would be a new and distinct genus among the goat family.

Similarly, it would seem logical and scientifically reasonable to argue that constant interbreeding among screen players, generation after generation, would ultimately produce a distinct race of actors, with highly developed dramatic instincts and with characteristics peculiar to their kind.

It cannot be denied that screen acting is becoming more and more a family affair. Many of the most famous stars today are of the second theatrical generation.

Jackie Coogan, for instance. What part has heredity played in making Jackie the finished little actor that he is? Would he have the poise and dramatic genius if his father had been a clergyman or a bookkeeper, instead of one of the best soft-shoe dancers that ever worked in the "three-a-day"?

Pa Keaton used to hit little Buster with everything but the kitchen stove, until the S. P. C. A. or the Humane Society would bring him on the carpet for abusing the child. They never could find a bruise on the boy, however, he took his acrobatic falls so lightly. And now that Buster is the father of a bouncing baby boy, it will be of interest to note the tendencies of the third generation of Keatons. If heredity has anything to do with it, the little Buster should be born with the close-up complex.

BERT LYTELL was brought up in a dressing-room trunk, another stage child. His father and mother were both stage folk, and little Bert used to earn his pocket-money by appearing in occasional child roles. Then there is Wally Reid, son of Hal Reid, the actor; and Mary Pickford, whose mother was a Canadian actress and who was herself a child actress, and a score of other film favorites of today.

Stan Laurel, Metro comedian, is the son of a Scotch theatre owner.

It would be interesting to contemplate Hollywood in the year 2000. During the century four generations of stars would have been born and in the very light of the Kliegs.

From father to son certain dominant characteristics of the actor would have been handed down. They would be born with the lure of the camera.

What characteristics would these Hollywood folk of that far-off day possess?

Enlarged lachrymal glands, doubtless. After generations of emotional scenes before the camera, the persecuted heroine of the year 2000 will need neither glycerine nor the hidden onion in the hankie to produce copious tears on demand.

Cupid-bow lips, perhaps. It may even come to pass that, after ancestral use of grease-paint, mascara and lipstick, the cinemese will be born with a No. 4 complexion, naturally blackened brows and carmined lips.

When a baby boy in Hollywood, Anno Domini 2000, throws aside his rattle and vociferously demands a toy megaphone, make no mistake about it. He is a Griffith in miniature. If he evinces undue interest in bathtubs, he has a C. B. complex.

CONSTANT delineation of certain roles must inevitably react upon the character of the actor, in the second or third generation. Today the most
Strange New Race of

villainous “heavy” may be as a nestling dove in the bosom of his family. But after several generations of villainy, not so. The year 2000 will see the “heavy” a villain in deed. It may even be necessary to keep the villains under surveillance, outside of working hours. How quaint to picture a casting director calling up the warden of the Hollywood Home for Heavies, saying: “Send me up six whiskers and a one-eyed Mexican. Make 'em hard.”

But consider how noble the heroes would be, how virtuous the heroines! The question of temperament brings up a fascinating problem. If you are a reader of the Sunday supplements, you may have noticed that one artist in a family is often one too many for domestic harmony. When two artists are numbered in a family, the neighbors move away. But ponder, the while holding your breath, the situation of a family of artists, the children and grandchildren of artists. Consider the heaping up of temperaments throughout the generations! It would truly be a case of the survival of the fittest.

The eugenicist should delight in the prospect of felicitous combinations resulting from the intermarrying of the screen folk. The flappers of the year 2000 may yet palpitate over a matinee idol with Herbert Rawlinson’s blond curls, Jack Mulhall’s beautiful profile and Richard Dix’s dimple. Or consider the possibilities opened up by the marriage of a descendant of Rodolph Valentino with a granddaughter of Pola Negri!

But there is a darker side to this question. What a tragedy, think you, should a granddaughter of Will Rogers inherit, along with her grandfather’s bowed legs, his proclivities for the Follies!

Hollywood of 2000 A. D. will be an aristocracy, if surnames have aught to do with it. Nary a common or garden variety will disgrace its Blue Book. When Smiths become Pickfords and Farnums and Rubens, when Appels become Lees, then, after several generations all trace of the proletarian origin will be forgotten as completely as last year’s matinee idol.

O N E characteristic it is certain will distinguish the screen actor of 2000 A. D. He will be generous to a point of communism. Even today this trait is most marked. No appeal for a worthy cause ever falls on deaf ears in Hollywood. Intensified through four generations, the screen actor will be a lovable person indeed.

Surely, Hollywood a hundred years from now has its possibilities. What a pity none of us will be here to see it!
Are Hollywood Writers

From what levels of life Read how one hundred to success on the slippery then judge for yourself.

By Patrick

Every little while somebody writes a piece for a newspaper or a magazine, asserting that the moving pictures would be better if the men who write the scenarios were of a higher order of intelligence. Men and women, influenced by these criticisms, come to the studios to volunteer to take the places of the incompetents. Maybe they could do the work more capably than it is being done. Maybe they could not. There is no way of knowing, because the number of them who are given a chance is negligible. More would be hired if they could only show that they had done something that would justify their employment.

Let's see what those whom this army of volunteers would replace have done, who they are, where they came from, how they got in.

C. Gardner Sullivan, who sold his first scenario for twenty-five dollars and who now draws two thousand dollars a week from Thomas H. Ince, was a reporter in New York, whither he had gone from the University of Minnesota. He's still under forty and until he went into the pictures had done no writing except for newspapers. Rupert Hughes, another top-notcher, who, like Mr. Sullivan, dictates his stuff, had written novels and plays. He is a Yale man who got much of his Irish material at first hand while serving as an officer in the Sixty-ninth, New York's crack Irish-American regiment.

Jeanie McPherson, who writes the scripts that C. B. De Mille directs, was a reporter in New York, whither she had gone from Thomas H. Ince. She is from Arkansas, as is Louis Duryea Lighton, who, with his father, was a successful actress in the 1880s. Both of them are married to well-known producers and directors.

Monte Katterjohn, who was a scenario writer fourteen years ago, when both the profession and Miss Swanson were in pigtailed, is still a professional writer in the New York Herald. He helped edit the paper while he was in charge of the drama department, had been on the staff of the Dramatic Mirror, Miss O'Connor, who is now in charge of Lasky's story department, had been in the newspaper business, and Monte Katterjohn, whose The Flame of the Yukon was one of the big pictures of the screen, is one of the innumerable host of Indiana authors. He was writing scenarios as long ago as 1908, at which time he also was issuing the first magazine ever published in the interest of writers for the screen.

Another Indiana author is Leroy Scott, who, after having been assistant editor of Woman's Home Companion for two years, took to writing crook stories! Another is Tom J. Geraghty, who once edited the Rushville Republican, and then became a reporter on the New York Herald. Luther Reed, whose wife is Naomi Childers, was on the Herald at the same time, and so was Randolph Lewis, who collaborated with Rudyard Kipling on the scenario of Without Benefit of Clergy. So was Harvey Thew and so was John B. Clymer.

Ouida Bergere, whose husband, George Fitzmaurice, directs the scripts which she writes, was a successful actress before she began to write for the pictures. She is from Arkansas, as is Louis Duryea Lighton, who, with his father,
wood Scenario

LUCKY?

do the screen authors come?
and fifty of them climbed ladder of movie fame and

Tarsney

W. R. Lighton, wrote the Billy Fortune stories. Louise Lighton's wife is Hope Loring, who was so anxious to get into pictures that she quit a six-hundred-dollar-a-week job dancing at Rector's in New York to accept twenty-five dollars a week as a scenario reader. Now she writes them and earns as much with her head as she once earned with her feet.

BRADLEY KING is not a man, as many people suppose, but is a remarkably attractive young woman. She was educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Albany, N. Y., began to write for the magazines, and was induced to write for moving pictures by her friend, Mrs. Kate Corbally. Frances Marion drew pictures for magazines. June Mathis went on the stage when she was a child and had become a leading woman before she tried her hand at free lance scenario writing. Ann Maxwell was in the real estate business, and Mary Murillo, who was born in England, was educated in a convent. She wrote some of the masterpieces in which Theda Bara became a household word.

Jack Cunningham was a New York reporter, and Ralph Spence had a newspaper of his own, he having conducted a daily in Houston, Texas. Arthur F. Statter was an assistant United States Treasurer during President Roosevelt's administration, and Paul Schofield also was in the government service, as was Emmett Campbell Hall, who was connected with the Department of State. Jasper Ewing Brady once got his pay checks through the War Department. He was an officer in the United States Army for fourteen years.

Anthony Paul Kelly, who wrote the scenario of Way Down East and who also wrote the play Three Faces East, was once a reporter in Chicago, in which city E. Richard Schayer, once a leading man, put aside grease paint in favor of a reporter's badge.

In the same city H. Tipton Steck attended a business college, and in New York, Joseph Franklin Poland was in business in Wall Street. Karl Coolidge, who was born in Scranton, Pa., a city which is notable also as the birthplace of John Blackwood, was once an entomologist. He once wrote fluently about bugs, and J. Grubb Alexander, who also is from Scranton, wrote just as fluently about bacteriology. Mr. Blackwood once managed Mrs. Leslie Carter.

NOR is Scranton the only town that has produced more than one scenario writer. Eustace Hale Ball and Oscar Eagle are natives of Gallipolis, Ohio, and C. Gardner Sullivan and Harvey Thew are the source of as much pride to the citizens of Stillwater, Minn., as Anita Loos and Ruth Ann Baldwin are to San Diego, Calif. They all began their writing careers in the newspaper business. Miss Loos' husband is John Emerson, the director, and her father also writes scenarios. Gertrude Andrews' nephew, Rowland Lee, is a director, and Marion Fairfax's husband is Tully Marshall, the actor.

Waldemar Young, like Heywood, Broun, was first a sporting editor and then a dramatic editor. But Broun never was an actor. Wally was. He appeared on the Orpheum Circuit in a sketch of his composition, whereas Eugene B. Lewis did not sell his newspaper in Idaho and go on the stage until he could appear in a play written by William Shakespeare and directed by Jimmie Cruz. Arthur B. Reeve, of Craig Kennedy fame, was a lawyer in New York, as was Elmer Rice, whose name was once Rezenstein.

(Continued on Page 65)
A VINE-CLAD cottage in Culver City appealed to the artistic eye of Director Mason E. Hopper. He asked the owner if he would rent the place for a few scenes.

"Sure," said the man, "you can use it for nothin' if you give the front porch a new coat of paint."

"But if we paint the porch we will have to tear down the vines, and they give the effect I particularly want," patiently explained Hopper. "Let me shoot the place and paint it afterward."

"Nope. Paint; then shoot," insisted the owner.

A half hour later it was agreed to "shoot first" and paint the entire house afterward. Hopper is still wondering if he made a good bargain.

A CRUEL rumor has circulated to the effect that Bull Montana had to leave New York for Southern California.

We asked Bull's press agent why.

"Because he couldn't find a pair of earmuffs to fit him," we were told.

WITH Merry-go-round half finished, Erich Von Stroheim suddenly resigned from Universal. Differences arose over high costs of production, it was announced at Universal City. In the meantime, another director is proceeding with the picture, the original title of which was Reigen, which means, freely translated, Ring Around the Rosie. The ring consists of five men and five women who successively fall in love with one another. The high spots in the written story consist of a series of little stars. It will be interesting to see how "Mr. Von" has photographed the asterisks.

RADIO programs are attracting the talents of picture folks. Rupert Hughes lectured one night on How I Started in the Movies. Clara Kimball Young recited a children's bedtime tale. And in a later occasion a "funologue" by Larry Semon and his leading lady, Lucille Carlisle, was broadcast. Plans are being attempted to hook up the ether to Hollywood's next lively divorce suit.

THIS happened while a party of tourists were boulevarding, taking in Southern California. In the party was an extra girl, who acted as guide. They motored past The Plantation, an artistic colonial style road-house.
"Is that George Washington's home?" someone asked.

"I don't know," the young lady responded. "I've only been in pictures two weeks."

A HOLLYWOOD man, Will Denny, has left for Africa to film scenes of gorillas in their native habitat. This in no way implies censure as to the quality of work being done by our leading western stars.

AN event which will assume the aspects of a national exposition is being planned by the Motion Picture Producers' Association, to take place in June, 1923, in celebration of the centennial of the Monroe Doctrine. All the old-timers in the film colony are enthusiastic over the prospect. Although a little foggy in the matter of political history, most of them remember one Judge A. S. Monroe as the Los Angeles County leading ex-divorce court judge.

THE Hollywood branch of the Actors' Equity Association gave a benefit performance one night at the Hollywood Woman's Club house.

Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Fred Niblo, Tully Marshall and Theodore Roberts took part. Bebe Daniels was guilty of the following:

Bebe: "I have just been to a wooden wedding."

Wanda: "How come, a wooden wedding?"

Bebe: "My sister married a Pole."

THE lure of the silver screen extends even to the ends of the earth. At the Studio Club, the home of ambitious young girls connected with the pictures, there are three girls from London, one from Vienna, one from New Zealand, one from Norway, two from Australia, one from Mexico and one from Russia.

WALLACE BEERY, one of the screen's most villainous "heavies" and Gloria's first ex-husband, is rumored to be about to take to himself a second wife, Rita Gilman, a Hollywood actress, his next bride.

HAROLD LLOYD is putting the last touches to his newest picture, as yet untitled. He plays the part of a department store clerk. If the scene we saw filmed, in which he is torn to pieces by a crowd of bargain sale shoppers, is a true sample, the picture will be alive with humor. It has some of the thrill stuff in it that made High and Dizzy such a hit. And as everyone knows, when Harold does thrill stuff, he does it himself without doubles and without fakes.

THE wife of one of our leading western characters alleges that he dragged her out of bed and shot her with a revolver. The fact that the lady survived to file a divorce complaint indicates that her absent-minded spouse must have fired blanks.

BEFORE his profile became in demand among the studios, Milton Sills was being educated for the ministry at the University of Chicago. Consequently, when called upon one Sunday to take the pulpit of the Wilshire Congregational Church in Los Angeles, Sills delivered a powerful sermon on the virtues of courage and kindness, secondary, he said, to the virtue of sex as exploited by the photoplay.

SILLS' sermon reminded luncheon table circles of a famous speech of one of Hollywood's famous authors, which was made in a small community which the speaker wished to lend. In so doing, he committed one of those dreaded faux pas of public
“Bad” Films Prove People Are “Good!”

speakers by reversing a significant phrase as follows: “And I pay tribute to the valor of your women and the virtue of your men.”

HAROLD LLOYD is the latest star to join the ranks of business men. Harold and Lewis Lewyn, director of Screen Snapshots, are partners in a Hollywood foothills realty tract. With every deed they are throwing in free a grand view of a landscape sweeping from downtown Los Angeles to the sea, fourteen miles away. Harold has to do something to make both ends meet, because Grandma's Boy hasn't yet cleared more than a measly $400,000.

RUTH ROLAND is one of the picture colony's greatest landowners. They say that to ride along almost any street in Hollywood with Miss Roland is like touring in a rubberneck wagon, for with both hands the serial star keeps busy gesticulating from left to right as she says: “This is mine and this is mine and that is mine,” etc.

MAJOR RUPERT HUGHES, author and Goldwyn director, is perhaps the kindliest of literary celebrities when importuned for criticism and advice by amateur writers. An aspiring young lady novelist recently gave him a five thousand word hunk out of her maiden novel, asking for criticism. The major made marginal notes with a lead pencil, and when the script was returned to the hopeful author she found that his comments almost equaled the length of the original story.

A YOUNG leading lady resigned an enviable role opposite a popular male star because he shocked her one day when they lunched together by noisily devouring a plate of mountain trout, heads and all.

LON CHANEY is so popular as a portrayer of unusual characters that his time is engaged by various movie companies for a period of four or five months ahead. At $1000 a week—his reputed salary—making terrible faces should be “the fondest thing he is of”, as the “cullud folks of Bummin’ham” say.

WHEN celebrity meets celebrity—they pull hair. Vera Gordon, celebrated Jewish character actress, whose accent is charmingly foreign, but who can read press notices at a glance, says of Pola Negri’s well-advertised lack of familiarity with the English language: “Don’t let her keep you! That woman can spic English as well as I can, if nod better. This interpreter stuff is the bunk!”

EVER since a certain beautiful ex-Follies girl, sued for re-possession of an automobile by a former admirer, answered sweetly that the paltry little twelve thousand dollar car was a birthday gift, other more-or-less beauties have been trying the pretty little skin game. A certain well-known wig-maker is the latest victim. The vivacious, high-spirited star of a late classic on the evils of modern tendencies to speed, etc, is said to have ordered a very expensive wig, to order, of course, and then refused payment on the ground that it was a gift from the infatuated wig-maker. Since the wig-maker himself took the measurements of the lady's head, the star's story is a trifle weak in spots. For—have you ever seen a beauty with her hair slicked back, ears exposed, forehead bare? Quick, the smelling salts!

IT'S really dreadful the way the daily papers just won't let the Harts live apart in peace. At least three Los Angeles reporters have been assigned to effect a reconciliation between Bill and Winifred, and the stubborn things simply haven't reconciled worth a darn at date of writing. What shocks the public so is that the well-known movie formula has failed so completely in this instance—the babe in the mother’s arms, tears on Daddy’s strong face, “all is forgiven—come to my arms” —you know. And yet there are those skeptics who will say that this whole blamed Hart row is for the purpose of publicity! But if the Harts don’t go back together, there are some swell reporters doomed to walk the weary.

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR’S press agent in the Great Beyond is certainly a busy little chap, for the papers are still dished out a bi-weekly murder solution, heir or heiress story. The latest claimant bases his pretensions to a slice of the Taylor fortune—only twenty-five thousand dollars—on the slant of his eye. He probably got that way cocking one eye at the fortune and the other eye at threatened notoriety.

A CONTINUITY turned out by one of the high-salaried writers at Lasky’s read: “Lord Cyril scowled with a snort.” Another masterpiece solemnly asseverated that the hero went to the window and drank in the landscape. Each situation must have given the director quite a strenuous day.
Who Wants to Be a Movie Actor?

The first picture on this page shows the imposing battery of cameras used in filming the thrilling falls scene of Quincy Adams Sawyer. The second picture shows the raft, tossing in the rapids and being drawn toward destruction with its human cargo. The third picture shows the raft lodged against a shoal on the brink, where it was drawn from midstream by a fragile cable. In the last picture, John Bowers and Blanche Sweet are shown, reaching safety on a ledge of rock just before the raft dashes over the falls. Metro promises that this will be the biggest water thrill since Griffith's ice jam scenes in Way Down East.
HIRE AN ORPHAN ASYLUM

When a bunch of youngsters were needed for a picture starring Lew Sargent, a fertile-minded casting director killed two birds with one stone by giving the wards of an orphan asylum a happy day's outing, during which they all became movie actors.

THE SHEIK

"Valentino wasn't the hero in Blood and Sand," said Will Rogers at the policies. "The real hero is the fellow who held back the bull!" Rudolph got a laugh out of this sally himself, while in New York, where he complained in court that he had to pay a torcador $50 a week out of his own pocket to teach him to bull-fight.

International photo.

THE SAD MAN OF HOLLYWOOD

Baby Joseph shakes a mean fist at the camera as Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, mother and daddy, halt for their son's first "close-up."

International photo.

ROUGHING IT BEFORE THE LENN

(Left) Bill Duncan, the Vitaphone star, on location in Northern Oregon, tried to strike a pose like the flapjack miner on the billboards. The whiskers and coffee pot are real.
HUMOR'S PENALTY

The man about to sneeze, owing to the dust kicked up by the man-eating shark in the terrific battle with its captor, is Tod Browning, director; while the preoccupied gentleman is none other than H. C. Witwer, the famous humorist.

STAR GOES TO LONDON

(Left) Mac Marsh and her baby daughter on shipboard. They are now in England, where Miss Marsh is doing a series of special pictures. International photo.

FISHING FOR FAMF

(Right) This is how Patsy Ruth Miller won success in the movies, she says.
WHEN DIRECTORS WORK

A fire at Universal City destroyed the only print of Under Two Flags. So Director Todd Browning, for the second time, found it necessary to sort out the 180,000 feet of negative and reassemble the picture.

THE ARLISS FAMILY

A Screenland photographer greets George Arliss, the screen star, and his wife on their return from a visit to Arliss' homeland, England.

International photo.

A CRUEL PARENT

Patsy Ruth Miller's cruel father used a pair of ice tongs to pierce his daughter's dainty Goldwyn lobes for earrings.
REVEREND GROUP VISITS MOVIELAND

Members of a ministerial convention paid a call on Gladys Walton, who showed them the sights in Movieland and explained that emotional music, played on the sets, was not for the purpose of entertaining the actors, but to inspire their work.

ART'S STERN REQUIREMENTS

Director John M. Stahl rehearses Edith Roberts in a scene for the instruction of Cleo Madison and Helen Lynch. You have read that sometimes directors have to rehearse and re-take a scene like this seventeen times or more and now everybody knows why.
This device is the invention of an Englishman by which he effects to coordinate the music of a phonograph with film plays, so that they may be shown in a private house at small cost.

And it is such a gadget on the street below. Later it was reported that Doug Fairbanks had been indulging in a little hobby - that cost him.

The Silverwood Forest

A HOME FILM SHOW

This device is the invention of an Englishman by which he effects to coordinate the music of a phonograph with film plays, so that they may be shown in a private house at small cost.

And it is such a gadget on the street below. Later it was reported that Doug Fairbanks had been indulging in a little hobby - that cost him.
A 10TH ENCLM:

STORY

"Mike," who played several seasons with Laurette Taylor in her stage production of Peg o' My Heart, had always been a faithful and irreproachable supernumerary until Miss Taylor brought him—or her—to Hollywood to appear with her in the film version of her success. Two weeks in Hollywood and "Mike" announced twins.

KILT COMEDIAN IS CURIOUS

Sir Harry and Lady Lauder may associate with the films, it was rumored on the latest of their farewell tours of America. International photo.

ANOTHER CLIM . . . STORY

An interesting unconventional glimpse of a part of the magnificent ballroom set in His American Wife, Gloria Swanson's next picture. More than 300 actors appeared in the scene when the orchestra struck up a jazz tune and the cameras began to grind.

Paramount Photo by Keyes.
**HOW CAN YOU TELL A STAR?**

In the flesh a star seems quite like a plain human being. Unless you knew that this group was composed of F. J. Godsil, Goldwyn president; Douglas Fairbanks, Marshall Neilan and Abraham Lehr, Goldwyn production superintendent, which would you believe was a famous actor?

**DAYLIGHT MOVIES**

If this inventor (A. E. Ryeland) succeeds, his daylight movie plan will do away with darkened theatres. The screen is illuminated by a 1000-candle power lamp, almost equal in intensity to the direct rays of the sun.

International photo.

**PLASTIC ART IN MOVIELAND**

(Right) A corner of a temple set to be seen in von Stroheim's Merry-Go-Round suggests massive backings like those seen in old-world pictures.
“Puck” as ever scampered before the footlights was Viola Dana. Viola got a great hand and had the audience with her to a man. In fact, the Flu-grath family did itself proud that night. Shirley Mason, the party of the second part, made a most appealing “Hermia.”

Wallace Reid was down on the program as a captain of the legionaires. But evidently Wally considered that his spear-carrying days were over, for he did not show up. The flappers, thus robbed of...
her little bouffant costume of yellow tulle, the audience murmured with delight.

Charlie Chaplin did not appear on the stage, but he directed the orchestra during the entr'act, with sundry waveings of hair and baton, while the audience cheered and craned necks to discover who was the ermine-wrapped lady who came with him. Charlie bowed graciously, in response to the cheers, and scratched his nose with the baton.

At a quarter of one, the seventy-foot curtain fell for the last time, after a curtain speech by Daniel Frohman, beloved president of the Actors' Fund, and the crowds, cheering, rose stiffly from the expensive but austere camp chairs, and went out into the night to struggle with embattled street-car conductors or to "bum" rides from plutocratic friends with machines. It had been a very large evening, indeed.

**Girl Stars Compliment Mr. Frohman**

Counted among the blessings bestowed upon Daniel Frohman during his recent visit in Hollywood, was the attention showered upon him by a coterie of beautiful young stars of the Junior League.

At a charming little dinner given in his honor at the home of Mrs. Tully Marshall (Marion Fairfax), a group of rare buds who were guests included Miss Bessie Love, Miss Edith Roberts, Miss Patsy (Continued on Page 74).
The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!

Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.

One of the most fascinating boys, said business—yours, after a few minutes' training a day.

Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.

An invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas. New way makes it easy to learn drawing.

This wonderful new method makes it possible for anyone to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them have touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists:—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holecomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time—study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a 'gift.'" Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more. Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing.

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, YOU can earn big money as an artist, regardless of your present ability. Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our student——and their wonderful progress——and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.

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Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

Name (State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address
THEY tell that one time while Rex Ingram was filming *The Four Horsemen* at the Metro studio, a squad of extras hired for a military scene, and new to the place, reported for work at the casting office. They were told Ingram was shooting on the "next lot," and started off. Two hours later a frantic call from Ingram for his extras disclosed the fact that they had not arrived at his set. A searching party was quickly formed and fifteen minutes later the extras, weary and peevish, were found wandering desperately through a maze of sets a quarter of a mile away. After that they instituted the guide system at Metro.

Which is supposed to break the news gently that the monster Metro plant fronting on Romaine avenue, where the two colonial entrances can be seen, is one of the biggest in Hollywood, covering something like eighteen acres and flung over four city squares. And Hollywood squares are oversize.

The left-hand entrance formerly led into the publicity department, but that was in the good old days when the Bell-Howells were humming in batteries and every stage was drowned in the blue-white flood of the Kleigs. Now with a tranquil pace settled upon Hollywood, the publicity writers are housed more compactly beyond the left-hand entrance, in the long, low building which touches Cole avenue, and also contains the business offices and scenario row.
WHEN you walk up to the main entrance these days you find a sign hanging on the door to the effect that "This entrance is not in use. enter by the Cahuenga avenue entrance." No one seems to know just why the main entrance isn't in use, but then, things aren't explained around a studio — they're just accepted. So going around to the Cahuenga avenue entrance you enter the casting office, where a non-committal individual seated in a chair regards you through a grated window with profound suspicion, and if you succeed in convincing him you are all right, lets you in; whereupon the guide takes you in hand, inquires your particular business and conducts you to the spot where that business may be transacted.

DIRECTLY back of the business offices you see two low buildings shaded by a tree. These are the dressing rooms. One long room for the extras, with benches and mirrors and no-privacy to mention, and in the building directly under the trees are the stars' dressing rooms with privacy galore, where one steps with proper hushed reverence and where such folks as Laurette Taylor, who is just finishing Peg o' My Heart, dons the grease paint. And they do tell, you know, such things about her and her temperament. Why, she would fly into a fit of temper and upbraid some player before the whole community if his or her makeup didn't suit her, or something. But then, one's (Continued on Page 72)
The Editors' PAGE

Myron Zobel, Editor
Syl. MacDowell, Managing Editor

What Would YOU "The Secrets of Hollywood Telephones" will give you a glimpse of a phase of movie life that you never have read before. This is SCREENLAND's aim in every issue—to abandon the jaded subjects that have for so long obscured the wealth of intensely intriguing thoughts of the studios and the strange race that lives in this play world.

To most of us a smile is a means to cheer the people with whom we daily come in contact; or to lighten our own burdens. But in Hollywood, the smile has a market value. A smile is a money-maker. "Why Smiles Make You Happy" is the title of an article by Virginia Woods in SCREENLAND for February. The experience of everyone will divide into this "common denominator."

Who is "the most beautiful star in the world?" Penrhyn Stanlaws, who contributed "What's Wrong With Our Hollywood Women?" in this issue, is one of America's most noted connoisseurs of feminine beauty. Get SCREENLAND for February and learn if your ideals agree with Director Stanlaws' concluding article.

Have you ever realized that movie stars have changed the faces of thousands, maybe tens of thousands, of young men in this and in other countries? Let us consider Wallace Reid's rambling facial features. He has accomplished something which a corps of skilled surgeons might have taken years and years to accomplish. He began the "eyebrow craze." Now, every modern young man, to be in vogue, must manipulate an eyebrow like a cat's whiskers.

When Is Nudity Immodest?"

is a frank discussion of the foibles of modern convention applied to the motion picture screen. You will delight in this latest article from the unsparing pen of Alma Whitaker in SCREENLAND for February

Out January First
He Sold Two Stories
The First Year

This sentence from J. Leo Meekan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that this young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attract himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a short time ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever said, or felt like saying, as you left the theatre, "Why, I could write better stories than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meekan proceeded to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He Tested Himself

DOUBTFUL, but "willing to be shown," as he expressed it, Mr. Meekan proved conclusively to himself and to us that he had undeveloped talent. The rest was a simple matter of training. The Palmer Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him.

We Offer $1000 and Royalties

THOUGH we are daily discovering among men and women in every walk of life, new screen writers, like Mr. Meekan, we continue this nation-wide search, because the demands for good screen stories are far beyond the supply. We are now offering $1000 and royalties to new writers trained in our Educational Department whose stories are accepted for our productions. This is the first time that new writers and photoplaywrights have had the opportunity to share in the success of screen stories of their own creation.

One hundred and sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories, offering from $500 to $2000 for each one that is acceptable. Yet their demands are not filled. Our Sales Department, the biggest single outlet for film plays, cannot begin to supply the needs of producers.

One Way to Know About Yourself
The Palmer Test Questionnaire, intensely interesting in itself, has many times proved its usefulness in discovering in men and women the ability to write screen stories.

Among those whom we have recently discovered, developed, and whose stories have been accepted are a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennsylvania newspaper man, an under-paid office man in Utah, and others.

Still others, men and women of all ages, are enrolled, not because they want to become screen writers, but because they realize that Creative Imagination, properly developed, is the power which lifts those who have it to lofty heights in any field of endeavor and they appreciate the opportunities for training presented through this new channel.

You may have this same ability. It is for you to decide whether these opportunities are attractive enough to make you want to test yourself, free. It costs nothing and involves no obligation.

All you do is send the coupon for the Palmer Test Questionnaire, answer the questions asked and return it to us. We will tell you frankly and sincerely what your answers show. Your answers are confidential, of course. If you prove that you are endowed with creative imagination, we will send you further information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. If not, we will tell you so courteously.

The Chance is Yours
You Must Decide

KNOWING as you do the rich rewards, can you afford to pass this opportunity to test yourself? It costs nothing—no obligation.

And if you are endowed with creative imagination a simple matter of training will prepare you for photoplay writing, for many other highly paid positions in the film producing field which now await properly trained men and women, or for higher places in some other lines of endeavor.

Send the coupon. Make this intensely interesting test. Keep it if you are waiting these hidden talents which bring rich rewards in any field of endeavor.

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Little Mistakes In English Make Others Judge You Unfairly

You are sized up every day by what you say and write. The words you use, how you use them; your spelling, grammar, punctuation—these tell the measure of your ability, your experience, your training, more clearly than anything else. Your English says to all the world, "This is what I am!"

How Poor English Hurts You

English is the advertisement of your ability. Your language determines your position in the social and business scale. Charming personality, fine clothes, wonderful appearance, count for little if handicapped by imperfect or "sloppy" English.

People will think you are lacking in education and culture if you spell incorrectly such common words as "business," "table," etc.; if you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me;" if you use "who" for "whom" when speaking, or "its" for "it's." What do you expect people to think if you don't know when to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or when to use "of" or "off," or if you say "boo-PITable" when you should say "HOSPitable." Fairly or unfairly, everybody everywhere judges you the same way. Poor English is an unnecessary handicap.

15 Minutes a Day Perfects Your English

If your English does not make people think the best of you then it must be improved. Extensive tests show that most men and women are but 61% efficient in the essential points of English.

But now there is a way to improve your English: SHERWIN CODY, perhaps the best known teacher of practical English, has perfected and patented a remarkable device which quickly gives you the commanding mastery of English. He has thrown aside all the "junk" which makes the old methods so inefficient. The time-wasting, tiresome drudgery is discarded. Each evening you are assigned an easy 15 minute lesson. No time is wasted on what you already know. You are quickly shown your mistakes in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and pronunciation, and you concentrate on the points that need attention. By actual use correct English soon becomes a habit.

Astonishing Book on English Sent Free

Make your English proclaim you in the most favorable light—make it a help instead of a hindrance. Poor English makes poor judges judge you unfairly. Good English is invariably the surest sign of education and culture. You can quickly acquire a masterly command of English through Mr. Cody's remarkable device.

Write for our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Mastery English." It describes Mr. Cody's invention thoroughly, and explains just what it will do for you. Merely mail the coupon, a letter, or postcard. You will immediately be notified of the possibilities in business and social life which will be reached only when you know and use correct English. Write today.

ARE HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO WRITERS LUCKY?

(Continued from Page 65)

had such a hard time getting into. Jean Havez is from Poe's old town, Baltimore, but instead of writing The Raven Mr. Havez wrote the song Everybody Works But Father. He has written a great deal of stage material, as has Frank X. Finnegan.

H. Thompson Rich, an alumnus of Dartmouth, thought of the title for which Daniel Webster once spoke a few kind words, was a teacher, and then the editor of the Forum Magazine. E. Stanley Olmstead was an associate editor of McClure's, Douglas Doty of the Century, Sony Levenin and Henry Albert Phillips of the Metropolitan, Harry Durant of Munsey's, Eric Howard of the same, and Willet Willox traveled the world in quest of material for magazine articles.

WALTER WOODS managed stock companies in seven cities, and A. B. Barringer, with whom he wrote One Glorious Day, was a newspaper man in Florida. Lloyd Lonergan was educated at the United States Naval Academy and Albert Shelby Le Vino at Bucknell, another distinguished alumnus of which is Christopher Matthewson, the base ball pitcher. Will M. Ritchey went to college at Wooster, Ohio, and published a newspaper for twelve years before he turned his attention to scenarios. Helen Starr attended Stanford, as did Myron Stearns, Julian Josephson and Charles Kenyon. The last named wrote Kindling, a stage play in which Margaret Illington had the greatest success of her career.

But more widely known than Kindling was In Old Kentucky, which was written for the stage by Charles T. Daze, who was a student at Harvard many years before Agnes Christine Johnston, now his daughter-in-law, went there to learn playwriting in the Workshop course. The younger Daze, Frank, is also a scenario writer.

The elder Daze has written many scenarios, as has another playwright, Philip Bartholomae, some of whose stage plays were Over Night, Little Miss Brown and Very Good, Eddie. Douglas Bronston was a press agent and at one time general manager for Rev. Thomas Dixon, whose novel The Clansman furnished the basis of The Birth of a Nation. Fred Chapin wrote plays instead of writing about them. His musical comedy The Storks was a success many years ago. Alvin Neitz was on the stage in burlesque.

Fred Buckley, who once edited Uncle Sam's Magazine and for Guy Empey acted in the capacity that Douglas Bronston did for the Rev. Thomas Dixon, was born in Ireland, as was Walter McNamara, whose Traffic in Souls was one of the biggest money-makers the pictures have seen. One of its managers was John B. Ritchie, now scenario editor for Thomas H. Ince and once manager of the lecture tours of Mark Twain and other celebrities.

George Proctor is a Yale man who once edited a moving picture magazine, and H. H. Van Loan was in charge of the first moving picture department to appear in a New York daily newspaper. It does not seem possible, does it, that the daily newspapers did not pay any attention to moving pictures before 1914? Rex Taylor was an insurance agent, and Finis Fox, then a newspaper editor, was a member of the state legislature of Oklahoma. Edwin Hesser could have got a lot of material for his picture Virtuous Men had he been a lawyer. As it was, he had to depend upon information he had gathered while a newspaper man, a soldier, and manager of the Boston Opera Company.

MART REARDON, a lawyer, who was a first lieutenant in the A. E. F., and Francis Paget, Lieutenant Paget in the British Army, fought under Kitchener and in the Boer War was in Ian Hamilton's column. With that experience behind him he began to write scenarios for Louise Glaum.

Lewis Allen Browne, once a reporter, wrote the stage play Please Get Married, and Frank Carpenter, also a reporter, wrote novels, as did Edfrid Bingham, who for seven years was in the Paris office of the New York Herald. Frank Condon is a well-known short-story writer, and Ruth Ashe Miller collaborated on novels and stories with the late John Fleming Wilson.

(Continued on Page 68)
Do YOU Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?

The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.

She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.

Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.

The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand in marriage by an acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled something about being 'Glad to meet you.' By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.

Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the dining room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.

The Book of Etiquette Sent for FREE Examination

If you do not already own the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, send for a set at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don't be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

It costs you nothing to examine the Book of Etiquette. You are not obligated to keep the set if you are not delighted with it. You be the judge—just mail the coupon and let us send you the Book of Etiquette for free examination. But do it NOW!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 771, Garden City, N. Y.

I accept your free examination offer. You may send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. During that time I will examine the books, read some of the chapters, examine the illustrations. I understand that all phases of etiquette are covered—wedding etiquette, the etiquette of dress, of speech, of manners, dance, party, tea etiquette, etc. Within the 5 day free period I will either return the books or keep them as my own and send you only $2.50 in full payment. I need not keep the set unless I am delighted with it.

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"OUR DICK" has surpassed our greatest expectations in producing pictures of unusual artistic merit, pictures that fascinate and delight everyone. You already know what wonderful pictures he made in "Tol'able David" and "Sonny.

We can safely promise you that you will like "The Bondboy" even better. Like "Tol'able David," it is the story of a Southern boy in which "Dick" will have the same type of heroic and chivalrous role. There is a notable supporting cast, including Mary Alden, Mary Thurman, Virginia MacGee, Charles Hill Mailes, Ned Sparks and Lawrence D'Oestay.

And it was made by the same directorial genius, Henry King. The picture is presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc., Charles H. Duell, president, and was written by George Washington Ogden.

Keep this picture in mind and watch for the play date at your theatre, for you have a most unusual treat in store.

And don't forget to watch for First National's trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the sign of a clean, wholesome and fascinating pictures.

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

"You have stolen my money and my wife."

Are Hollywood Scenario Writers Lucky?

(Continued from page 66)

Russell, another reporter, is the son of the widely known writer, Charles Edward Russell, and Louis Stevens was a protege of Jack London. Jack Strumwasser could have helped him with his English, for Jack was a school teacher before he began to write scenarios for Fox.

Byron Morgan is from Missouri, a state which has produced almost as many writers as has Indiana. Dorothy Yost comes from Missouri, as does George Hively, while L. V. Jeffers, one of the old guard of scenario writers, also is a native of that state and was a stock broker before he left the tape for the typewriter. He did not begin to write as early as Hal Hoadley, who at fourteen was a newspaper reporter.

OLGA PRINTZLAU is from Philadelphia, and Doris Schroeder from Brooklyn. They and Frances Guinan, another Missourian, are only a few of the many women scenario writers who are as good-looking as the stars for whom they write.

Phil Hurn studied art at the Art Institute in Chicago and right now can draw lions that are almost as lifelike as the celebrated lions of his old teacher Lorado Taft. Wyckoff Hill, author of the book "Ten Million Photoplay Plots," has used a few of his collections in the scenarios he has written. Jack Jevne was an actor and once played with Annie Kiskadden, whose daughter, Maude Adams, has been quite successful on the stage.

George Bronson Howard, whose play "The Only Law," written in collaboration with Wilson Mizner, who now writes scenarios, started the epidemic of crook plays a few years ago, was born in Howard County, Md., and at one time was in the service of the Chinese Imperial Government at Canton. Robert McLaughlin, who lives in Cleveland, Ohio, also is the author of several stage plays, while Charles A. Logue wrote short stories before writing scenarios. He was born in Boston, educated at Boston College, and when he went to Porto Rico to make pictures did not find the heat oppressive. He had been a war correspondent in Mexico, where the days are considerably warmer than they are in Toronto.

(Continued on page 70)
$1 Brings You This Wonderful Bargain! A complete outfit of bed equipment—9 useful pieces
- sent to you for only $1.00 down! Use them as your own for 30 days. Then if satisfied, pay only $2.00 a month until you have paid $19.95 in all. Think of the value! If you were to buy these singly they would cost you almost twice as much as we ask on this great combination offer. But we make this big slash in prices on the complete outfit to introduce thousands more to the great bargain values offered by Straus & Schram. Look at the fluffy blanket, the soft, cozy comforter. See the 2 fine sheets, 2 pillow cases, bedspread, and 2 pairs of curtains. Mail the coupon today with only $1 and have these articles shipped on approval. Seize this opportunity—We take all the risk. (Pieces not sold separately.)

30 Days Trial! When you get this complete 9-piece bedroom outfit, use it freely for 30 days before you pay another penny. See for yourself the beauty and quality of each piece. Note how the curtains and handsome bedding beautify your bedroom. Then, if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund you $1.00 at once.

Easy Payments If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $2.00 a month until you have paid $19.95—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. About a year to pay at the rate of only a few cents a day. We trust honest people anywhere in U.S. One price, cash or credit. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. As C.O.D.

Send Coupon! Don’t delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit. If you wish to return set after using it for 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all express or parcel post charges you paid. A special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. Send coupon.

9 Pieces Read This Description Soft Cotton Comforter—A good night companion, rich, soft thickness. Scroll stitch. Filled with cotton, wool, and silk, white cotton, with a good warming cotton cover, in 8 different designs, both size alike. Measures about 123 x 72 inches. Weight about 85 pounds. Double Faced Blankets—Here is an unusually fine texture wool finished double cotton blanket. Has carefully stitched selvage binding. Made with a wool-like finish which is produced by a special process of manufacturing and the use of China cotton. By actual test these blankets prove to be practically as warm as all-wool blankets. Popular colors. Size about 96 x 65. Weight about 30 lbs. Scalloped Bedspread—A magnificent crocheted edging spread. Made of close wovens long staple New England cotton yarn. Bleached to a silvery white. launderers perfectly. Choices patterns. Size about 96 x 60. Weight about 4 lbs. Commer and spread 100% cotton. Can’t cut and spread 100% cotton. Can’t cut and spread 100% cotton. Valued at $12.00. With overlocked stitch scalloped edging.

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Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Jewelry, Men’s, Women’s, Children’s Clothing

69
Lucie have preferred to have had acted and so of Mines. Fred stiff actor. He played with Whittaker and who, quaintly enough, to school at Columbia and be although there are some Mines reporter Viola Clark from Omaha, Neb. for Douglas Fairbanks, war work abroad, in written, Everard active in people and from page 68, newspaper business was was a good sporting editor. Daniel was Kinky of Kansas Justice, who He once worked for by Channing Pollock, whose work appears on the, Walla, Wash., and was a newspaper A Heikes of short Curl now' A Hecks of short CURL

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ARE HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO WRITERS LUCKY?

(Continued from page 68)

which city is the birthplace of Scott Darling.

KENNETH DAVENPORT, who with William Parker wrote The Nut for Douglas Fairbanks, was once an actor. He played with Wilton Lackaye in The Pit, which was written by Channing Pollock, some of whose work appears on the screen and who, quaintly enough, calls his residence on Long Island "The Parsonage." Channing Pollock's wife wrote Baby Mine and other comedies. Another young woman who has written both for the stage and the screen is Jane Murfin, who comes from Detroit. William Parker was born in Walla Walla, Wash., and was an newspaper reporter before he began to write scenarios. He once worked for Jesse D. Hampton, where one of his colleagues was Fred Myton. Myton's home town is Garden City, Kansas. Walla Walla, Wash., and Garden City, Kan. Some towns.

George Rolands once played in Peter Pan, although there are some music-loving scenario writers who would have preferred to have had Lee Royal's job. He was with The Merry Widow.

RICHARD BARRY formerly was on the staff of Collier's Weekly, and Edward Montagne was on the staffs of several daily newspapers in New York. He has written ten more than three hundred scenarios, and Charles Uhrlrich, who has traveled extensively in South America, has written almost as many plays for the professional and amateur stage. He has acted in some of them.

Louis Sherwin, who was born in England, was for eight years the dramatic editor of the New York Globe. Roy Somerville, who was born in New Orleans, had a long career in the newspaper business before going into pictures. R. Cecil Smith, who was born in Parkersburg, West Va., had none at all, he having been a juvenile and character actor and a theatrical manager before invading what the people in Louis Sherwin's home town call "the cinema."

Charles Everard Whittaker was educated in New College, Oxford, and was a writer for magazines. T. Shelley Sutton—Shelley is a good name for a writer—isn't it?—was a writer for newspapers for eighteen years. Albert Payson Terhune, who was educated at Columbia and in Paris, Geneva and Florence, writes for the magazines and once played in a picture called The Love Defender.

William Lord Wright went to only one institution of learning—The Ohio Northern University. James Serpico went to school in Italy, and Vernon Hoagland to the Colorado School of Mines. Frederick Henry Smith, a native of New York, was educated abroad. Maibelle Heickes Justice, who was active in war work abroad, as were Mary Ashe Miller, Hope Loring and other scenario writers, was born in Indiana, Eleanor Flori, in Carada, and Catherine Carr in Texas. She was a writer of short stories, and Rosalie Ashton was a reporter in New York. Marian Ainslee did not get that far east, but was a reporter in St. Louis and in Kansas City. Kathryne Stuart went to school at Columbia and became a reporter in New York. Arthur Zelner, who went to school at the University of Louisiana, was a reporter in southern cities. Lois Zelner comes from Macon, Ga., and Viola Clark from Omaha, Neb. She was educated at Mills College and at the University of Chicago.

WILLIAM E. WING came all the way from Maine to California, where he was in the newspaper business before the studio attracted him. Rita Weiman was a short story writer and author of the play The Acquittal. Lucien Hubbard was a reporter in New York, and Tom Fallon was an actor. Sam Taylor comes from Fordham University, and H. M. Walker, another Harold Lloyd, author, and a pupil of the late Charles E. Van Loan, was a good sporting editor. Daniel Whitcomb was a reporter and so was Jules Furthman.

In the matter of experience, education and training for writing they stack up pretty well, don't they? Certainly those who would like to replace them will have to show as much or more.
See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone—can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

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71
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THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

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So This Is Hollywood!

(Continued from Page 63)

not supposed to tell such things about the stars, you know. Then there are other famous folks who live in that celebrated little house during their working days. That delicious little devil, Viola Dana, makes a lot of noise in Hollywood in that car of hers. Then there's Billy Dove, that utterly indescribable morsel of adorable feminine angel cake, which those wise folks out there in the business office stole away from Mr. Zeigfeld in New York and carefully imported to Hollywood. Each day now she's making up in her dressing room for Irvin Willat's direction of All the Brothers Were Valiant, and Lon Chaney has a dressing room there, too, now, for he's doing a heavy in the same picture, and William V. Mong, Robert McKim and Malcolm MacGregor are also donning their paint at the Metro studio these days, to play in that picture.

THEN, oh then, we must mention that very exclusive dressing room at the far, far end, with large letters above the door to the effect that one Signor Bull Montana sometimes hangs out there when he is preparing to work in They Call It Dancing, which has just started. "De Bool," as they love to call him when he referees wrestling matches at the Legion arena, has his dressing room painted in bright red. It is gossip that there is a clause in his contract that there is a clause in his contract demanding that his dressing room be finished in that color. We asked Bull, but he told us it was none of our business, anyway; so there you are.

Right back of the dressing rooms you see a long, high building, and there we have the indoor stages, where the blue-white flash and gleam of the Kleig bashes in ghastly color the players who are filming Quincy Adams Sawyer, and you can find beauteous Blanche Sweet lounging in a chair, watching Barbara LaMarr emote. Or again, at the other end, they are working on Willard Mack's sketches. Your Friend and Mine. Very soon, too, Jesse D. Hampton will be filming Rex Beach's The Spoilers on the big stage, having rented space from Metro.

OH, and then, we forgot. Between the office building and the dressing rooms you see that little plot of garden. Those are the Japanese gardens which aren't the least bit spooky and remain put. Whenever they want to go to Japan they just go out into the backyard. We're glad we remembered to mention those gardens, because Metro's awfully proud of them.

Then, to the left of the stages, you see the property rooms and the wardrobe departments, where there are dummies and bogus dead men and live men and startling creatures of all sorts scattered about. In the next long room there are some stages too, and then the carpentering department, where they can do anything that needs to be done, and a complete furniture factory where they manufacture all prop furniture instead of sending away down town to hire it. That's a handy thing about Metro, there is not one item needed in the making of a set that cannot be made in the big factories on the grounds. Some director says he wants something and they make it for him. In that same building is the plaster department where they make models and all that. Then 'way, 'way beyond that, across the street, are storeyards, and a big lot where they sometimes shoot scenes if they feel inclined that way. Too, we must mention Metro's electrical plant, housed in a corner of that first large building. It's one of the most complete and powerful to be found. In that same corner of the building they have three projection rooms for reeling off finished pictures to see what the director did to it. One of these is all fitted out like a miniature theatre, plush cushions and all. They call it the "Boss's Room." They have a machine shop, too, and a force of expert workmen that can apparently make anything or do anything that can be done in that line.

NOW going to the far corner of the lot we hop across Cahuenga avenue, which splits the Metro studio property in half. In the far corner, which marks the furthermost boundary of the studio, we see two tall towers. Rex Ingram used those in filming The Prisoner of Zenda, and it is the castle where the film prisoner was incarcerated. Then, in the corner, this way from the castle sets, is another set used (Continued on Page 78)
How to Recognize a Cave Man
(Continued from Page 34)
nose and, therefore, is grasping and makes an admirable politician or screen-villain. Women's round-tipped, retroussé noses indicate a love of luxury and disinclination to work, proving that their possessors are cut out for cinema stars.

The villain sticks to his business, is not easily deflected from his purpose as is the weak hero; this, of course, results from his Bump of Concentrativeness.

The prevalence of the new type of foreign villain may be traced to the growth of Bump No. 1 on our women's heads, tired as they are of their sturdy but undemonstrative American oaks. Owing to the American's greed for wealth that his wife may show-case his prosperity—evidence of his No. 10 Bump—the fiery lover has vaulted to his starlit place in the cinematic sky. Women love riddles, though they despair of solving them and often give them up for rock-bound realities; this crude longing for the unattainable results from too prominent Bumps of Inquisitiveness.

NOAH BEERY has an overdeveloped Concealment Bump, for, in his screen villaining, he conceals his real identity under a false front. If it weren't for an exaggeration of his Destructive Promontory, Beery would have gone in the real estate business, a lesser form of villainy.

With these few examples, and employing the preceding chart, you may prolong this study indefinitely. Examine the photograph of each screen villain and see if his humane bumps are developing, which indicates his early reformation. You may discover on your favorite hero an unsuspected exaggeration of criminal bumps which predict his assuming more malignant guise as time passes and takes from him his beautiful freshness. Many heroes of today will be the bold bad men of tomorrow; several of our present villains will reform and be shown in the films of five years hence as moral fathers. Their bumps alone can foretell their futures; and thus, by locating these seats of instinctive faculties, did Plato, Gall and Spurzheim bestow upon us modern movie fans a great blessing.

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Louis B. Mayer star says:
"I commend most heartily the California Beauty Secret Balm. It is a real aid to beauty. The Beauty Course given by the originators of the Balm is a splendid opportunity for women who wish expert advice on questions concerning charm and loveliness."

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In our Beauty Course we penetrate below the surface. We do not forget the brilliancy of your hair, the sparkle of your eyes, your Carriage, your Personality, your very soul that shines out and compels love and admiration.

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If you expect to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose $2.00 as your deposit, and your jar will come prepaid, with the same guarantee.

High Life in Hollywood

(Continued from Page 60)

Ruth Miller, Miss May McAvoy and Miss Gertrude Olmstead. The fair maidens who were chosen to meet Mr. Frohman are Miss Carmelita Geraghty, Miss Virginia Fox, Miss Shannon Day Miss Madge Bellingham, Miss Maryon Aye, Miss Helen Ferguson, Miss Kathleen Huntington, Miss Julianne Johnston, Miss Pauine Curle, Miss Edith Roberts and Miss Carmel Meyers.

Another dinner was given by the Mayos for Miss Helen Foxe of New York, who is Mrs. Mayo’s cousin.

Mrs. Mayo’s distinguished father, Leopold Godowsky, is on a concert tour in the Orient in company with Mrs. Godowsky and Leopold, Jr.

Robin Hood O f the most brilliant opening nights in Hollywood’s young life was marked by the world premiere of Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood at Hollywood’s magnificent new Egyptian picture house on the boulevard—completed just in the nick of time.

The edifice is a thing of beauty, and the open foyer, leading back from the boulevard to the great pillars of a hundred or more painted Egyptian characters, at the theatre entrance, was a pageant of high society and important film folk.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were not in attendance, having left Hollywood for New York to attend the eastern premiere of Robin Hood at the Lyric Theatre. They are to return by way of Cuba and Mexico.

Swimming M Y DEAR, what perfectly thrilling times they do have, these flapperesque debutante stars who call their coterie “Our Club,” and include Lois Wilson, Mildred Davis, May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mrs. Lloyd Hughes (Gloria Hope), Helen Ferguson, Vola Vale, Lillian Rich, Gertrude Olmstead, Edna Murphy, Virginia Fox and Claire Adams. One of their favorite diversions has been the series of swims at the private pools where they have been guests.

Mme. Alla Nazimova was hostess recently at such an affair in the perfectly appointed pool of her home at 8088 Sunset Boulevard.

Another party was given for the girls in Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ray’s home in Beverly Hills, where feminine souls revel in the dainty dressing rooms designed by piquant little Mrs. Ray.

Then there was the party to which Harold Lloyd asked Mildred to invite the “Our Club” girls to be his guests.
**Brings this 110-Piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set**

Send only $1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with this superb, gold decorated dishes, return them and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay on easy terms.

Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece—5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold

Wonderful artistic effect is given not only by the new and attractive shape of every dish, but by the wreath and the rich design surrounding the initial. Your initial with these superb decorations of scrolls, leaves and roses in natural colors, put on by special fired process, appears in 2 places on every piece. As handsome as enameling you see on fine jewelry.

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Every handle is covered with polished gold. The ware itself is beautiful, lustrous, snowy white. No other pattern to equal the famous "Martha Washington." Elegant, refined, artistic, and yours now at a bargain price. Shipped on 30 days' free trial direct from our Chicago warehouse. Shipping weight about 90 lbs. You must not miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon today.


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A radiant bride at twenty-five—what?

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Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?
Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

"Women and the New Race" is a book that will be read with interest by womankind. It is published with the ever-present danger of too many children. It is a startling, mighty revelation of a new truth, a work that will open the eyes of tirole, women-kind. It can with truth and honesty be called woman's salvation.

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The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, with artistic black lettering and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 246 pages of priceless information. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. It is sent to you in a plain wrapper. When "Woman and the New Race" is delivered to you by the postman, pay him $2.00 plus postage—but send no money with the coupon. There will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—once.

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Strange Tales are Told of the Pitiful Vanity of Aging Beauty in—Mysterious Ways of the Beauty Glutton

By Anne Austin

One great star enters a beauty parlor by the side door and as silently departs after receiving a "beauty" from Mary Miles Minter. She gives the manicure girl a mission in the nails. By accident, Jetty Compton stumbled upon the secret of hair that sparkles before the camera. Norma Talmadge reveals the secret that makes famous blonde leading lady wear a wig and a celebrated screen villain is adorned by a bright red toupee. These are some of the ludicrous truths uncovered by this unusual article in—

SCREENLAND for FEBRUARY
out January first

Twenty big feature stories—things about the movies you have never read before. Don't miss Screenland for February.

Hollywood—the City of Beautiful Girls

(Continued from Page 29)

sell her virtue or any other talent or charm she may have to offer. The chances are that even the extras are the sisters and nieces and cousins of reigning stars, or the relatives of the directors and cameramen, of publicity men and newspaper critics, and unless the little belle of Red Gap has some very special sort of a pull, just mere beauty and talent are unlikely to prove the open sesame.

You see, she isn't just up against entrenched dynasties, she isn't just up against relations and favoritism, but she is up against the competition of the belles of Red Gap from everywhere on the face of the globe—and about the only thing she is not up against is that too-too-covetous admiration of the influential male whom she suspects of wishing to make her home in his household to be hers. In fact, there is nothing of which that young person is so poignantly aware after she has been in Hollywood a few days as the fact that masculinity in this part of the world is completely immune from excitability about pretty women. He is much more likely to hunt up and marry an interesting homely one. Hollywood is probably the only spot on God's earth where the homely woman comes into her own. She is so pleasantly rare, so delightfully "different," so piquantly unusual.

YOU have heard people say how the everlasting sunshine palls in those parts of the earth where clouds and rain are rare. Well, that is just how it is with Beauty in Southern California—where they say a rain storm is worth a million dollars a drip and give it big headlines in the newspapers, where they beg of you to gaze aloft at the snow-capped mountains and go hence for their vacations to escape the persistent comfortable warmth.
Magnetic Clay Makes Bad Complexions Good in 30 Minutes

Marvelous Discovery Instantly Draws Out Every Blemish and Impurity—Revealing a Wonderfully Clear and Beautiful Skin

HOW would you like an entirely new complexion—a complexion radiant with the fresh coloring of youth—smooth and firm as a child's—and free from even the slightest trace of unsightly blemishes?

You can have it—and in only 30 minutes! Yes, in one short half hour you can have a brand new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost unbelievable. Yet in just 30 minutes by your watch, tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimples are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

How Are These “Miracles” Performed? The explanation is really very simple. The face contains millions of tiny pores. It is through these pores that impurities are expelled. When dust, bits of dead skin, and other accumulations bunch up these tiny openings, the impurities cannot escape. They remain in the skin—and soon pimplies, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes make their appearance.

But once you remove the dead scales on the surface—you remove the blemishes beneath the surface—your complexion is left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty. For under the poorest complexion—under the most unsightly skin—there is exquisite beauty!

Up to now it was almost impossible to completely remove these harmful accumulations beneath the skin. Soap and water cleaned only the surface. Massage offered only temporary help, and caused wrinkles.

Now, however, after years of research and experimentation, Science has found the one positive, natural way of relieving clogged pores of once.

Watch the Results! Certain elements, when scientifically compounded, have been found to completely remove these harmful actions—a magnetic action. These elements have been blended into cream-like clay of delicate fragrance. It is applied to the face with the finger tips.

This new discovery is known as Domino Complexion Clay. The minute it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores is stirred to life. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the clogged pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the poisons that clogged and stiffened them.

Allow Domino Complexion Clay to remain for 30 minutes. You may read or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you feel the wonderful clay gently absorbing the blemishes. Then soften the clay with a warm towel. As it rolls off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish, comes with it. A hidden beauty will be revealed. Beneath the old complexion will be disclosed an entirely new one—soft, clear, fresh, with a new smooth texture and glowing youthfol bloom.

Reveals the Skin’s True Beauty Domino Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them instantly. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a wonderfully pleasing sensation as the facial pores are relieved of their accumulated poisons and impurities. Not only your friends, but you yourself will be amazed when you see the results of this very first treatment. The true beauty of your skin will be brought to the surface, and your face will appear completely rejuvenated.

Mail coupon now—no money

In order to enable every one to test this wonderful new preparation we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Merely mail the coupon below and we will send you a freshly compounded jar of Domino Complexion Clay in a plain container—no markings to indicate contents. Although it is a $3.50 product you may pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

You do not risk a single penny in trying Domino Complexion Clay, for if you are not more than delighted with the results you may return the jar within ten days and your money will be instantly refunded without question. That is our positive money-back guarantee to you. We have backed it up with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Publishers and Consumers Bank in Philadelphia. Thus you have new beauty to gain—and not one penny to risk.

ONLY $1.95

You have always longed for a clear, soft, youthful complexion. Here is your opportunity to have one—easily, quickly and positively. Already Domino Complexion Clay has given new complexions for old to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you.

Mail the coupon today—now. Remember, on this special offer, which may never be made again, you get Domino Complexion Clay at a greatly reduced price. So act at once. Mail the coupon today.

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You may send me a 32/36 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman only $1.95 plus postage on arrival. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing this first jar with the absolute guarantee privilege of returning it within 16 days, and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name

Address

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So This Is Hollywood!

(Continued from page 72)

in the same picture, and beside it are a number of old sets. Now, hopping across the street, we are in the next lot, the one which is the backyard of the building which we were told was no longer in use. This is Rex Ingram's favorite place to work, and here he mostly likes to work during the day. He says he gets better results at day. There is a medley of old sets scattered about this lot, used in various pictures, and in the center where that very white spot is, several used during the filming of The Four Horsemen, including the South American street set, which is said to have been one of the most realistic ever constructed.

Now, in the far right-hand corner, right back of the lot, is one of the studio's sets, one of the stock sets. This is the building which looks like a bungalow. It has the prop rooms in the rear, the set for Metro. This has the frozen-faced comedy, one of the most realistic ever constructed.

Then you see the little square building on Cahuenga avenue, right across from the stage building; that is the blacksmith shop and they find lots of use for it. In a low shed right back of it is one of the most interesting exhibits of the Metro plant, the big electric transformer mounted on a specially built truck, and which they speed out to supply power when shooting outside the studio. It is said to be the biggest in captivity, even in Hollywood, the electric transformer. Also, in the lot is a medley of old sets scattered around. There is a medley of old sets scattered about this lot, used in various pictures, and in the center where that very white spot is, several used during the filming of The Four Horsemen, including the South American street set, which is said to have been one of the most realistic ever constructed.

Now, in the lower right-hand corner is another matter altogether. That one square tract with the big barnlike building in the center, is an ice plant. It is there that Buster Keaton, the frozen-faced comedian, manufactures that frigid product which has such a warming effect on the risibilities. In that big studio Buster shoots all his interior stuff, and in the lot immediately back of it most of his exterior stuff. The business offices are in the front building which looks like a bungalow, the prop rooms in the low building directly facing Metro, and the other buildings are supply rooms.

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One Hollywood Night

It looked like a furrier's fashion show at the premiere of Robin Hood in Hollywood the other evening. Premiers in the film capital are very dressy occasions indeed, and ermine wraps are the visible symbols of stardom. Therefore the feminine portion of the audience came swathed in royal furs, glittering with jewels.

The proletariat, that could not or would not part with five dollars to see a movie, thronged the court in front of the theatre to see the stars roll up in their limousines. Of all the lovely ladies that passed in review between a file of soldiers standing at attention, none was lovelier than Enid Bennett, the fair "Maid Marian" of Robin Hood. With her husband, Fred Niblo, Miss Bennett graciously posed for the camera men before the floral offerings sent by motion picture colleagues. The opening of a new theatre in Hollywood reminds the onlooker strangely of a snappy, first-class funeral. All that was lacking among the set pieces was a "Gates Ajar."

Gloria Swanson edified the crowd with her new dusky makeup that she brought back with her from Paris. The brown powder and deeply-shaded eyes are very striking and the latest thing from dear Parce, my dears, but it gives an undeniable South Seas appearance. It's getting very dark along Los Angeles' Broadway, too.

Pola Negri is new to Hollywood yet, so her wrap was only mink. Her gorgeous black eyes and olive skin were set off by her favorite headdress—a broad band of cloth-of-gold.

Charlie Chaplin was called upon to make a speech, and was hailed with cheers. He proved his right to them by his speech: "Let's get to the picture." This after an hour of speaking by other speakers.
STUDIOS AND ADDRESSES

Astra Studios
Glendale, Calif.

Balboa Studio
East Long Beach, Calif.

Belasco Studios
833 Market St., San Francisco

Chester Bennett Prod.

3800 Mission Road, Hollywood

Blue Ribbon Comedies
1438 Gower St., Hollywood

Brunton Studio
5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood

Burrillva Studios
8211 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood

Century Film Corp.
6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

C. L. Chester Productions
1438 Gower St., Hollywood

Christie Comedies

Doublenay Prod.

Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood

Earl Rolfe Prod.

Hollywood Studios, Hollywood

Wm. Fox

West Coast Studio

Fine Arts Studios

4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

J. L. Frothingham Prod.

Brunton Studio

Garson Studios

1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale

Goldwyn Studio

Culver City

Great Western Producing Co.

6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Thos H. Ince Prod.

Culver City

Lasky Studios

5000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Lois B. Mayer Studios

3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles

Metro Studio

Morocco Productions

3800 Mission Road

New York

Rudolph Tourtellot Prod.

1329 Gordon St., Los Angeles

Will Rogers Prod.

Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.

Russel Grier Russell Studio, 6070 Sunset Blvd.

Hal E. Roach Studio

Culver City

Morrie R. Schland Prod.

6050 Sunset Blvd.

Chas. R. Reelng Prod.

Los Angeles

Selig-Rork

3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles

Universal Studio

Universal City, Calif.

King Vitagraph

Culver City

Vitagraph Studio

1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles

Cyrus J. Williams Co.

5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood

Los Angeles

4811 Fountain Ave., Hollywood

Willnat Films, Inc.

Los Angeles

Ben Wilson Productions

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EASTERN STUDIOS

Biograph Studios
607 E 175th St., N. Y. C.

Blackston Studio

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Estee Studios

124 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.

Fox Studios

West 55th St., N. Y. C.

D. W. Griffith Studios

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International Film Co.

Chas. C. Harry Levy Prod.

230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

Lincoln Studio

Grantswood, N. J.

Mirror Studios, Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.

Pathé

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