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December 1920

The Magazine With a Heart

SCREENLAND

MAGAZINE

December, 1920  RALPH CUMMINS, Editor  Vol. 1, No. 4

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Copyright, 1920, by the Screenland Publishing Co., Inc., Los Angeles
Little Hints to the Playgoers
Short Reviews of the Month's Pictures

"Food for Scandal"
A clever little story of human nature with its weakness for gossip and delight in scandal.
Wanda Hawley plays in an entirely different role and surprises one with her versatility.

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

"The Restless Sex"
A Cosmopolitan Production by Robert Chambers, directed by Robert L. Leonard. The best thing about it is the Hearst publicity. The picture is apt to prove a keen disappointment after waiting in line on the strength of the elaborate advertising.
"The Ball of the Gods" is one really good scene in it, however, and Stephen Carr, who plays a juvenile role, gives us a bit of humorous relief for which we are duly grateful.

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

"Always Audacious"
is Wallace Reid's unique new picture. He plays a difficult dual role, in which he assumes two distinct personalities, entirely antagonistic to each other. As the hero, Wallie is his own superb self, but his portrayal of the crook leaves us doubtful. Wallie was never intended by Nature to play anything but "hero" roles. For villainy in any form, his face is against him.
"Always Audacious" is a Paramount Picture, directed by James Cruze. C. E. Schoenbaum is the cameraman.

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

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

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

"The Best Picture of the Month"
"WAY DOWN EAST"
A D. W. Griffith Production
Elaborated by A. R. Griffith from the Stage Play by Lottie Blair Parker.

CAST
Anna Moore  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Lillian Gish
Her Mother  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Mrs. David Landau
David Bartlett  .  .  .  .  .  .  . Richard Barthelmes
Lennox Sanderson  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  ..
Success---and Christmas

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christmas Time — and Success.
Starving children — and a four-figure salary.
Stars with warm hearts — and fashion-plate figureheads.
Oh, what's the use? Sada Montgomery and Verne St. John will celebrate their Christmas at the Swelldom Cafe as usual, while Annie Perkins and Jim O'Neil will wear themselves out distributing Christmas baskets.
ON THE HONEYMOON TRAIL

By George Emmett
Illustrated by Don Hix

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harvey shot a quiet glance at Flynn and stroked his smooth chin. Then he shrugged his big shoulders and turned to the reporters. "Josie Story's wedding meant much desirable publicity for the Western Star Corporation."

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

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

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

The bridegroom pulled at the saddle on the horse

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

arm across the bridegroom's shoulders. "We're glad she's found a real man. We want you to know that we're all for you strong. Here's wishing you a long and adventurous married life."
beside him and became still more uneasy. Suddenly Givens sobered and looked sharply at Flynn.

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

Flynn turned with a puzzled stare.

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

The prop boy came running from the studio lot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At once the little party on the stage hurried around to the big shed back of the dressing rooms where the studio machines were kept. Sure enough, Miss Story’s big green car was gone.

Struck with a sudden thought, Givens walked over to the window of Josie’s dressing-room, which opened on the alley within sight of the spot where the car had been parked. He peered at the ground under the window.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 46)
The Truth About Ruth

By Robin Dare

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

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

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

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

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

I knocked guiltily, with the feeling that I had been eavesdropping.

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

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

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

Miss Roland dropped into a deep over-stuffed chair, looking like a dainty piece of bisque herself, with the boudoir of cream enamel and rose draperies as her background. About her was a subtle fragrance that brought to my mind a field of wild flowers after a teasing spring rain. Her very dark blue eyes were sparkling as if they had caught a few rain drops themselves; her teeth flashed with every smile; her golden hair
seemed to be competing with the sun. Really, Ruth makes you rhapsodical in spite of yourself.

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

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

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

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

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

Here she looked at me impressively and added:

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 33)
Author! Author!

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

These mighty wielders of words seemed entirely human and unpretentious—regular people. So I approached a group of them at lunch in the studio commissary, expecting to hear a brilliant discussion on the relation of motion picture scenarios to the Greek drama. My ears pricked up when they caught the word "punch," an expression frequently used to describe what a story lacks.

Ah, I thought, here is conversation worthy of a young Boswell. On closer approach I heard Thompson Buchanan, author of "Civilian Clothes," tell J. G. Hawks that one M. Carpentier had greater punch than one M. Dempsey.

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

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

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

Rupert Hughes (right) and Rex Beach.
Above is Thomas Buchanan, author of "Civilian Clothes."
"Can you write?" To which he replied: "Consult my publishers." I asked him if he would return to Columbia this year, and to that he replied that he needed a rest from teaching, and that he was sure his students did. Which isn't bad at all for a professor.

On going out on the lawn, I heard a noise like unto the rumble of a motor. Inquiry elicited the information that the strange sound emanated from the portable typewriter which Gertrude Atherton manipulates with such skill and vigor. Cleves Kinkhead, who moulded "Common Clay" into play form, remarked in Southern drawl that the machine seemed better suited to the writing of grand opera than the silent drama.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gertrude Atherton (above). Gouverneur Morris in action (below).
"GOOD MORNING!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Snooky yawned again and withdrew into the most convenient dressing room. When I saw him again, a splashy tie and socks to match lent him a few of the graces of the fash'on plate.
“I wear red socks because they make me feel devilish,” he confided with a chuckle. “But I hate to think what my grandmother in Africa would say. In her day, Chimpanzees deported themselves differently. Imagine the dear old soul in red stockings. Ha ha!”

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

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

He flicked the ashes from his cigarette and sighed deeply.

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

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

He glowered darkly and turned to me.

“Gad! my man James is stupendously stupid. Wouldn’t you think he would know where I am apt to sit down next, without being told?”

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

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

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

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

“I have made a marvelous discovery—I haven’t told a living soul.”

He motioned to me and I drew my chair nearer.

“I have been reading various philosophies during my moments of leisure—such as Theosophy, Phycho-
(Continued on page 33)
Behind the Mask  
By  
Alstan Barke

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Eats ‘em alive!” one of them roared back at me, and then for no reason that I could see, they all laughed.

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

“Is the set ready? — the rain wet? (He was not content to have the lake wet alone; he must have the rain wet. Monster!) Where’s the dog? Where’s the cat? How the devil can you find a black cat in a black night? All right, I’ll cut it out. I’ll cut out the big set. Bah! Where’s the girl? (I started to run.) Here kitty—kitty—kit-ty! There’s the cat. Hold it up by the back of the neck. (Poor cat! Imagine holding a cat by the neck!) There’s the girl! All right Miss Armstrong! That’s a good cat! Let’s go! Step lively! Ah, dear girl, we two are alone in the midst of a black and stormy night—we

Hey! Cam-er-a! You fools — can’t you see I’m acting — not directing? What’s

(Continued on page 42)
Laughing Eyes

By
Frank Granger

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

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

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

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

Laughing eyes peer out at you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She admits that she would rather ride a horse.
Personal Notes of Picture Goats

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

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

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

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

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* * *

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

* * *

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

Systematizing the Movies

By Edgar Watt Muley

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

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

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

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

"Without a question or a doubt."

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

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

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

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

"Of what use is an assistant-director?"

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

"What does your property man do?"

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

I thanked him and arose to go.

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

It wasn't his fault the picture was punk,

He did all he could to put it across,

He took out the scenes he considered the bunk

And rid all the others of odor and moss.

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

A bird cage and window nearby;

A black velvet drape where the victim appears,

Some papers and such for the spy.

He added some titles—"Month later"

"That night"

And others equally as good.

He lengthened the scenes of the terrible fight

And iris ed the shot of the wood.

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

He did all he could to get it across.

Why, the script he received was a big piece of junk,

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

For Sale—Men's pants one-half off. Buy before they go up. E. Z. Mark, Tailor.
Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven
Merry Christmas,
from Bebe.

Naomi Childers invites you to join her.

Blonde Betty Francisco enjoys a California "snow."

"Merry Christmas," from Bebe.

This must have been taken last Christmas — Molly Malone is now grown up.
The Leading Man Who Is Not Afraid to Muss His Hair

By Marie Ethelyn Dubree

I was standing on the side lines watching fight scenes.

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

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

“Cut!” yelled the director. “Hurt you, Eddie?”

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

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

“I always have a fear that I will come out of a fight scene with my hair nice and smooth,” he confided to me. “That’s a thing that disgusts me with a lot of pictures. The hero goes into a big fight looking sleek and handsome — and comes out the same way. I’ve had just ten scenes in this picture with my hair combed.”

“Come on, Eddie,” called the director, “we’ve got to take that over. I don’t like that crack with the chair. Technically, as they say in sham-battle maneuvers, that smash should have made you a casualty right there — and we need another fifty feet of this fight.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A fact of real interest to writers as well as the spectators of the Screen Story is the formation of the SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD OF THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA. Thompson Buchanan, author of CIVILIAN CLOTHES, is the president of this new organization which already contains one hundred and seventy-five of the most prominent members of the profession, amongst them such names as those of Jeanie MacPherson, Marion Fairfax, Jack Cunningham, Frank E. Woods and Bayard Veiller. Headquarters of the SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD is in the Markham Building, Room 224, Hollywood, California.

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

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

Now Edna Ferber's stories are an example to the contrary. Everybody has read them; everybody enjoys them; and yet only two of them—EMMA McCHESEY and one other—have ever seen screen production. The reason for this is simple. Miss Ferber is a specialist in character studies. She dons on detail. What she gives us are little miniatures of people we all know. We recognize all of them; but we do not see them doing very much—only being. That is why they are so hard to film—to interpret into screen action. They are delightful little literary thumb-nail sketches, but you cannot photograph that.
LOOK, Dabney! There she goes again! Every mornin', regular, slippin' off on th' stage t' Redburn t' hang round Barney Shayne's whiskey-sellin' cafe till all hours o' night. Y' can't tell me no girl that's decent 'ud be doin' a thing like that! — Y've jis' gotta make Chet stop keepin' company with her! She ain't fitt'n t' — — — "

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

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

"Steady; steady now, Neevey. Don't you get het up 'bout Chet. Good girls attract good boys. If she weren't a good girl she wouldn't be attractive to Chet."

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

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

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

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

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

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

He loved the girl and held to his faith in her and generally-speaking the villagers were careful not to allow him to directly hear their sentiments. Only Martin Doover, the village-loafer and would-be sport was less tactful than the rest and when, on this morning, Chet turned from the open doorway with a dull pain in his heart and a lump in his throat to discover that worthy grinning at him from the shadows, his first blind impulse was murder. He wanted to take out on that leering face all the resentment he felt against the fate that kept him from his happiness.

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

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

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

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

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

Reaching the scraggy little farm bequeathed to Nancy, Larry had discovered that his radiator had run dry and had stopped to refill it from a brackish pool just over the fence. The two men had stepped out to stretch their legs and one of them had suddenly noticed something peculiar about the odor of water. When Larry's back was turned he stooped quickly, tasted it and beckoned to his companion. The other had repeated the
operation with an expression of amazement at the results, then while Larry still bent to his task, had hastily snatched a pocket-flask, emptied its contents, filled it with the water and slipped it out of sight again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But next morning before Nancy could leave the house Larry's big red car snorted up to the curb among the eager, covert glances of all the neighbors and Larry himself leaped out with a flourish and hurried to the door just as Chet Todd paused in his own doorway trying to make up his mind to call on his sweetheart before going to his daily work. Of course Chet saw Larry, and boy-like waited only long enough to see his neighbor's door opened and his rival received. Then, crest-fallen, he shuffled toward the shop trying to force back a flash of resentment and convince himself that he did not care.

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

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

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

And Nancy went. Concerned only with the "business" he made such a secret of, she thought nothing of
the effect of her action upon the watching neighborhood; thought not of them at all, although the Reverend Blake
and Neeve Todd and several of the village-gossips "happened" to be lining the sidewalk as she drove away.
But when she caught a glimpse of Chet's white face staring after her as she passed the blacksmith shop she
was reminded of all this and read in his accusing glance all that her neighbors were even then whispering.
Nancy was a proud girl. Her first impulse was to cry out to Chet that it wasn't true; to spring out of the car
and run to him begging him to believe in her; but her
next thought was born of a woman's pride and suffering.
"If he loves me he will believe in me. Let him think
what he likes. It won't make the truth any different.
If he can't trust me I don't want any thing to
with him," and she turned her head, frowned
and bit her lips.

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

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

B ack in New Canaan
things were no less
dark and miserable for the
young blacksmith. The
sight of the girl he loved
thus closely associated in an
apparent intimacy with the
man he hated brought to a focus in his mind
all the whisperings he had been hearing
of late among the gossips, male and fe-
male, about the general store and postoffice. The
nasty allusion of Martin Doover and the forthright
objections of his mother came back to him. Grant-
ing that there was nothing wrong between Nancy and
his rival, still what was there to keep her from loving
Larry? Nancy had never said she loved him. The fact
that he had said nothing about his own love to her did
not enter his man's mind. He was too busy thinking of
his misery and the more he mulled over it the more
certain he became that Shayne had won her while he
himself had been toiling to get her a home.

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

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

Dropping down wearily Chet had refused all food and
gloomed into the embers with his face between his hands
(Continued on page 35)
The Six-string Bow
By John Graham

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

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

"The Sympathizer" and "In for Thirty Days" are the latest plays for which Mr. Schertzinger has written the music and lyrics. He composed these scores in the evenings after having spent his days in piloting Mabel Normand through a series of Goldwyn cinema adventures. Writing the music for plays isn't a new experience with him, however, for he has already had three to his credit. "The Tik Tok Man" and "The Pretty Mrs. Smith," with Kitty Gordon starred in the latter, are the best known. Mr. Schertzinger has directed all of Mabel Normand's recent pictures. He is now supervising for Goldwyn a magnificent all-star production of "The Concert," from Bahr's play in which Leo Ditrichstein starred for

Here we see him collaborating with his trusty typewriter.

A striking triple exposure — pianist, violinist and composer.

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

This director-musician-composer-conductor-lyricist-scenarioist has written many popular songs which have been sung the country over. Two of his numbers have just been accepted for the next edition of the Ziegfeld "Follies." He has a gift for rhyming that is remarkable. When an idea for a song comes to him he writes it down immediately. The words come easily and very few changes are needed after the (Continued on page 47)
Everybody's Mother
By Truth Wallace

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

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

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

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

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

“Was so young when I made my first appearance,” she began, “that all I can remember about it is the applause. I had very wonderful hair in those days — perhaps it was that — but —”

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

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

Here she glanced at me suspiciously and I was careful not to appear incredulous. But imagine our “little mother” doing rough stuff!

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

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

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

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

“How did you happen to come into moving pictures?”

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

(Continued on page 48)
A Glimpse of "Smiling" Bill
By Helen Ludlam

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

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

'I reminded him that our fishing date had been two days ago and that he was rather late about informing me. But he didn't get the sarcasm. His face was beaming with delight and pride and a three day's growth of beard. Nothing on earth had existed for him until the bottom of the boat was painted — then he had remembered our date and had run right over from Wilmington, a little matter of thirty miles which he does in 45 minutes in 'Miss Los Angeles', to tell me about it."

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

'Oh no, I hate to fuss with things — and I can't do it, anyway,' he added boyishly. "One day at Sag Harbor I thought I would paint the ceiling of a little one room den I had built. I was wearing white flannels but that didn't matter. I don't know yet how it happened, but the paint, a dark brown it was, dripped off the brush down my arm along the inside of my sleeve and on until it ran out of my trouser leg. I was an absolute mess and I decided then that painting was not my profession."

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

When, after a trying day at the studio, Mr Farnum reaches his gate at the foot of the Hollywood Hills he feels the cares of the day slip from him one by one, until by the time he has reached the top of the hill they are all smoothed away.
OBVIOUSLY, after that, one could not ask her to pose in the conventional at home attitudes which are a result of the ordinary interview. That — meaning a queer little book shelf tucked behind the door of her bedroom as much out of sight as possible, and containing worn copies of Lafcadio Hearn, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tagore, Khayyam, and a strange collection of unpronounceable philosophies. But the thing which absolutely ended the conventional pictures prospect was a much thumbed copy of Kipling's "Kim."

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

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

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

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

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

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

No periodicals of the latest fashions, or illustrated plates of imported gowns are to be found among Mollie Malone's books. The only current event magazine she reads is "Asia" and she pores lovingly over its exquisite color tones. Old copies of Grimm's and Andersen's fairy tales, still bearing the pencil written comments of childhood, are read by this unusual little actress with the same big eyed wonderment as when the bewitching world of faerie was first opened to her. After living in South Africa, the Orient and other such places where her mining-man father took her, it is not to be wondered that her imagination is tuned to such subjects, and that she lives in a little world all alone, to which unbelievers may not penetrate. That and that unexplained twinkle in the depths of her eyes — the manner that makes people to observe, "a pretty little ingenue, but — she doesn't think much!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was a real test.

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

And it was so. The change satisfied the eternal craving for variety — opened a new and untouched field of appeal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued from page 9)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Gentleman of the Screen

(Continued from page 13)

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

He put a warning finger against his lips.

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

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

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

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

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

"I distinctly recollect an occasion when I was given a small toy dog to play with. Every time, without exception, when I squeezed its stomach, it squeaked. I have spent hours squeezing this one’s stomach, without effect. It worries me exceedingly. There must be something wrong. It hasn’t squeaked once."

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

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

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

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

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

He escorted me to the door and grinned gratefully.

"It’s a strange coincidence that all my interviewers leave about the same time," he remarked, "just before I have quite finished playing for them."

Once more he winked slyly.

"Beastly bores — interviews — eh?" he asked.
Who Says Mack Sennett Bathing Girls Can't Act?

Who says the Sennett Bathing Girls can't act?
Here are six of them, far removed from the billows that break to the horse that has been broken.

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

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

From right to left, these rural beauties are:

A Double Exposure

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

The Journal soon were put on sale,
But each contained a different tale
About the famous actress and her steed.
The first announced it was her own,
The next one said 'twas carved from stone,
Another swore it was a goat of finest breed,
A little Editor who seemed to have a lot to say,
Claimed she rode the animal to work most every day.

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

Frank Freihofer, Seattle, Wash. can honestly say that I hate the very image. I have become exclusive-Chicagoan, Mr. John D. Cahill. Discussing our magazine, Mr. Cahill says—"Here is Queen Mabel!"—then he slams the door! Admitting that Miss Normand possesses more talent, spontaneity, and dash than the average, what is the Goldwyn-Normand combination shown us in the way of good pictures? In three years we have seen just two good Normand pictures: "Pinto" and "Joan of Plattsburg." ("Mickey" was not a Goldwyn picture.) Constance Talmadge, aided by Harrison Ford, in a "sexy" Emerson-Loos story is a good comedienne—alone, she is a mediocre performer. In Chicago, Dorothy Gish is not considered a high-class comedienne. Her work is forced, and lacks spontaneity; she reminds me of one of the little jumping monkeys you see in the Zoo. Our only hope seems to lie in Viola Dana, since Mabel refuses to cut out the pathetic stuff. Miss Dana seems to have finally dropped many of her cutie mannerisms, and, in her last two pictures, gets back in the good graces of critics and fans who had given up all hopes of ever seeing Miss Dana back in her old-time form. Yours for good comedy, 

BILL STEELE.

Editor "Your Own Page."

Dear Sir: I am assistant to a certain well known director, and I have a bone to pick. This well-known man is called "brilliant," "remarkable," and "a genius." He never needs a story when he directs a picture, for his brain in supposed to create it automatically as he directs. Some have even called him the most wonderful man in pictures. His assistant is never mentioned. At present said director professes to be a sick man—brain fever or something. He puts all the active work upon my shoulders and sits around a day to think—and think. He makes an impressive picture with one finger against his brow.

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

"Rotten!" says he.

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

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

Long live SCREENLAND!

OUT OF SORTS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor "Your Own Page."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Good Lord intended most of the directors for butchers and brick layers. I heartily and cordially wish them all the worst of luck.

IVAN CHERRELL, Riverside, Cal.

Editor of "Your Own Page."

Care of SCREENLAND.

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

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

Picture her kneeling in a quiet little chapel with only the light from many candles and the soft red lamp that swings above the altar, while all about her the shadowy saints were peering skeptically from their corners. I never actually saw her saying a rosary, but as she would probably say in her latest picture, "You Never Can Tell." Anyway, she was a cutie from an old schoolmate, I will say, that in spite of her past, Bebe is the cutest little devil on the screen. Sincerely,

BETTY BURKE, Los Angeles, Cal.
What They're Doing

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

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

Edwin Carewe has been selected to direct Alice Brady, from a magazine story which will be a screen version of Irvin S. Cobb's widely read story, "The Five Dollar Baby."

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

Work has been started at Universal City on "The Story of the Waves," a modern melodrama, with Gladys Walton in the title role and Rollin Sturgeon at the megaphone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Val Paul, directing Harry Carey, left Universal City for a flying visit to Jerome, Arizona, to see if the mining town has changed considerably since a few years ago when he was located there as engineer in the employ of Senator Clark, of Montana, owner of the United Verde Mines. As Paul remembers the town and mines, Jerome would make an ideal setting for Harry Carey's next story, "West Is West," and a possible change in the gold ore to "Black Friday."

Paul was accompanied by Lee Lawson, Universal technical director, who will make plans to reproduce some of the most important scenes and the interior settings at Universal City.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Emerson and Anita Loos have been chosen by Joseph M. Schenck to make the adaptation for the screen of the well known Broadway play, "Mama's Affair," which Mr. Schenck has purchased for Constance Talmadge's new production. Victor Fleming will be Constance's new director for this story and Chet Withey will direct her in the two succeeding stories. Albert Parker will continue as Norma's director.
"Down Home" (Continued from page 27)

Daddy:

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

It was only a brief note scribbled in a hurry and Nancy had no idea how unfortunate her choice of words or how ambiguous her meaning, or in the whole world for that matter, but Bailey had seen too many boys in love to be dissuaded, and before long Chet had told him the whole story, ending with:

"Cash, between him and me to win a girl!"

"Get out of your rut. Do something worth while. No man succeeds who is satisfied with himself."

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

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

"That's it! Fine! That's the way to make a woman want you. Sell automobiles. Do something!" but the next moment the self-assured, self-grasping enthusiasm for his found him in the grip of a young whirlwind as Chet grasped the idea more fully and set to work to sell him his first automobile.

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

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

Then Fate led a card in the game by throwing Martin Doover in Shayne's path; he offered a contract and, of course, Chet was loath to let go of anything bearing from Chet for remarks against the girl and who whispered in his evil nature for some chance to "get back" at both of them.

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

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

With a joyous chuckle he crowed a roll of bills on the astonished Doover, thrust a bottle of liquor into his pocket, whipped a few inches of heavy wire about a match box, and, sending the package to New Canaan in a hurry; and Doover went, grinning maliciously as the scheme seeped through his brain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chet met him column-like, squarely, without a thought of science or tactics; met him midway and slashed into him right and left with every ounce of his youthful strength and pent-up emotions, and Doover, deaf to all reason and blinded by his own blood and his own pain, fought back blow for blow ever seeking by some foul trick to best his adversary, ever resorting to some new device to break down that terrible assault.
Back and forth across the blood-sprinkled floor they swayed, turning over the stove, tumbling down the shelves with their pathetic contents, hurling the frail chairs at each other while poor Joe Pelot crawled from one protection to another whimpering and clutching his money.

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

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

Gulping and trembling Doover sidled past him, but when he reached the threshold the heavy door closed on it and rolled into the night would have been comical had it not been so disgusting.

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

Daddy:

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

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

As his eyes drifted up from the note they held the look that men wear when their souls leave their bodies, seeing nothing yet seeing everything—Larry!—smug in its self-conceit; the worshipful surrender of the girl to such a beast; the grinning face of Larry and as his foot descended Chet's guardian angel flashed a signal to his head, then with a mad rush bore down upon Chet. They rolled and fought and clawed each other like maddened tigers till finally Doover broke away and seizing a heavy chair raised it above his head, then with a mad rush bore down upon Chet. The time consumed by Doover in securing his weapon gave Chet ample opportunity to set himself and he met Doover's dastardly onslaught with a quick move and a well planted blow to the chin. The one hundred and eighty pounds of clean bone and muscle had its effect. The chair fell from Doover's upraised arms as his limp body sagged to the floor.

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

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

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

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

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

Despite herself Nancy shrank a bit as she realized this meant the loss of her job. She saw her hopes, about the cajoling piano and the surprise paused to ask what she was doing there and why she had not gone home. She told him then of the message asking her to wait. Astonished, he demanded to know who had dared to send it and had not rested until the little phone-operator had confessed that Larry had been the instigator.

With a quick word of rebuke to the switchboard girl he turned away and for a moment was lost in deep study as he tried to divine his son's purpose, his lips silently repeating the name "Larry," then with a sudden decision and a shake of his head that indicated he knew no good was back of it he reached into his pocket, withdrew a roll of bills and pushed off handed it to Nancy. She couldn't let him go further. It made her sick, this sight of the father she had striven so hard to lift from the gutter. She didn't realize what she was denying herself as she silenced him but holding up her hand she said hopelessly as one talking to an infant that could not be expected to understand:

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

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

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

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In time Cash Bailey's new automobile was delivered and Cash covered van on a truck-chassis, the first monster of its kind ever seen in the village, and proud of the advertisement it brought him, Bailey parked it in the yard just as he saw casually.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And so time passed and the Thanksgiving season arrived with its promise of snow and its balancing of the summer's accounts. Things had not been going just "right" in the community, according to the Rev. Mr. Blake's way of thinking. In the pressure of material interests people had fallen away from the church and given themselves over to the easy-going service of the flesh and the devil.

He had determined therefore in the face of every opposition from his more conservative, old-fashioned, "moss-bound" associates to hold a "Revival" and to stir the people to a deeper realization of their obligations to God.

"I have submitted to your old-fashioned way of thinking. In the pressure of material interests people have fallen away from the church and given themselves over to the easy-going service of the flesh and the devil. I have determined therefore to hold a "Revival" and to stir the people to a deeper realization of their obligations to God."

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

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

Gradually as the minister's earnest prayers were lifted to mingle with the echoes of the simple hymns whispering through sun-tinted shadows, a spirit of humility and self-consciousness settled over the congregation; they forgot their neighbors' failings, forgot the mote in their brother's eye, and as their thoughts turned inward saw more plainly the long-neglected beams in their own eyes, the signs of omission or commission, and were sorry, therefore when with sudden emphasis...
Lifting a radiant face toward his with the tears of love and hope and sympathy streaming from his face, he whispered tenderly, "Go on! You be the first to go up, Daddy; you lead the way," and gently she lifted him to his trembling feet. But Dabney had clearly done his duty afraid, and then he looked down into her eyes and took courage from what he saw there and straightened up. Something fine and strong and radiantly beautiful had entered his wide open; and all regardless of the falling snow or the fact that in the blizzard every trace of a highway had been eliminated, he scrambled into his rig and turned the horse homeward, sobbing to remove the tears.

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

BACK in New Canaan as the storm continued to make its weird and wonderful exhibitions, and the pregnant odor of stale beer worked its havoc. His flesh relaxed to the heat and with it this became as water. He felt the desire to steal over him and fought it with all his strength as the storm outside raged and the thermometer fell lower as the drifts rose higher. Finally, when he could stand it no longer, he stumbled through the door blindly praying only to be allowed to get outside before he weakened.

But the astonished bar-keeper stopped him.

"Hey! Vain't gonna try to ride home in that blizzard, are you? You'll freeze 'death! Here. You gotta throw this yer belt 'long as you're alive, and he filled a glass brimful of the dregs liquor and shoved it across the bar.

"No! - No!" the tortured man cried. "I'm with you."

But the barkeeper in mistaken friendliness only laughed, took Joe's hand, set the glass in it and clamped the trembling fingers about it. He knew whom the minister had been and instinctively he rolled his eyes.

"Don't be a fool. One drink ain't gonna hurt you," and Pelot fell—and he drank it.

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

"I didn't go to do it. Oh God forgive me. I didn't go to do it."
lips moved stiffly as he whispered like a child confessing, “I’ve broke my pledge to you. I did so want to keep it — with Him —” He paused there and closed his eyes, and she thought he had finished; but presently he opened his eyes again, a new tenderness and transfiguration as of one seeing clearly at last, and added almost in a whisper “— and with you — Nancy.” And then he smiled as though he felt for a moment that his forehead and his grizzled head dropped forward on her shoulder and a little tremor ran through his body as he sank into his eternal rest.

Nancy stood there — cried utterly and abandonly, clinging to the still form while Chet stood awkward and helpless before her, unable to say anything — say anything — but the words between them were insurmountable and he could only stand and suffer in silence.

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

There’s never a winter so cold and drear; Never a snow so deep Bound by the subtle touch of Spring

The flowers of Hope will peep.

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

At this time the Syracuse men had arrived in New Canaan and Dabney (who had been appointed trustee and guardian for Nancy) was now the loudest in her praise. Mr. Brewster has explained all that satisfactorily to me. In fact he has just made this payment as an advance on future royalties.

It seemed to take the wind out of Larry’s sails for a moment, and he could only glower from one to the other. Then snatching a folded document from his pocket he almost shrieked at Nancy as he shook it before her.

“You can’t sell this property. It belongs to me. I bought it from your father.”

Every eye turned toward him as Brewster grabbed a pen and imitated the signature. Turning to Nancy he asked:

“Is that your father’s writing?”

Brewster had turned to an eyew in the doorway waiting, for since her entry the group had been showing them over the handsome automobiles from Chet’s new garage. Chet had been impressed as chauffeur and had performed to all the discussions, interested suspensions had been raised and unfounded and Dabney’s graven image, Dalney Todd turned to the grizzled that there’s a rich salt deposit under your proposed golf-course, have you?

If he thought his words would serve to prove a bombshell he was badly disappointed, for after an instant’s silence in which everyone looked at Brewster, who remained as grave as a grizzled grey, he turned to the intruder with the certified check in his hand and said calmly:

“You've never questioned me about them. You don’t want to know about them?”

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

“I didn’t have any right to question you, Nancy. You don’t think I doubted you, do you?”

She smiled sadly and shook her head and all at once she began to cry, softly, noiselessly, the big tears stealing down her cheeks, but the sight of them had confounded even to his own awkwardness, and remembered only that he was a man and she was a woman and he loved her. Dropping the zig he swept the door shut behind him.

Five minutes later, out at the front gate Neavey suddenly remembered that time was starting to look long, but Dabney laid his hand on her and asked wisely:

“Don’t bother. We'll not waste Youth. You don’t think I knew how it was with us, don’t we, Neavey?”

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

One of the largest studios in the West was opened this week when the Sesuce Hayakawa Feature Play Company moved from their old quarters on the Hawthorne lot to the new Robertson-Cole Studios at Melrose and Cower. Hayakawa is the first star to occupy the new studio and was frightening the prospects to start shooting within the next week.

There are fond memories connected with the old Griffith lot for the Japanese star and working staff since Babbit made six of his early successes while there. At this time the Syracuse men had arrived in New Canaan and Dabney (who had been appointed trustee and guardian for Nancy) was now the loudest in her praise. Nancy took all her courage in her hands and met him drunk. Then he gave him money and he turned to flee. Brewster sprang after him, but Chet stepped forward and said: “I don’t think he’ll bother the folks in New Canaan any more,” as he tapped the deed significantly and thrust it into his pocket, and with that Chet turned to the door, stepped through, slammed it and dashed for his car utterly dumbfounded.

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

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

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

He paused on the threshold and looked back. He came nearer, shyly looking up at him while he tried to avoid her gaze awkwardly. "You’ve never questioned me about my trips to Redburn or when I return from the city.”

He realized that he was helpless to save the little one and had depended on himself until one day in the early spring, while running through his father’s files, he had stumbled on an I. O. U. for a few paltry dollars signed by Joe Pelot and the sight of it seemed to give him an inspiration. He grinned to himself as he slipped it into his wallet and stole unnoticed to his den.

As the door was thrust open and Larry Shayne launched him forward, he came near, shyly looking up at him while he tried to avoid her gaze awkwardly. "You’ve never questioned me about my trips to Redburn or when I return from the city.”

But under the gentle touch of Spring ever a snow 0 d ep

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behind the mask

(Continued from page 14)

that? Look here, who wrote this anyway?"

I saw Mr. Von Stroheim aghast, standing
near me, to support me, I supposed, in
my hour of need. Instead, he looked at me
calmly.

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

The young man came up to me. I
gulpred and blinked hard. What I beheld was
a striking man with direct brown eyes and a
slow, engaging smile. He was standing very
close and it was unnecessary to move very
far to get a view of him of his appearance.
I am sure of it. Magnetism seemed to
ooze from him. He bowed perfectly,
exorted me to a high stool out of the mud,
and saw that I would not be dripped upon by
the drizzle. Then seeing, perhaps, that I
was momentarily bereft of speech, he bow d
me in case of attack. "I glanced around and
understand."

He added:

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

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

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

I got a new grip and he continued:

"He is a creative genius."

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

The young man struck an attitude. I
felt a sudden heaviness attach itself to
my hand. Had the young man collapsed
an instant? I'm getting in ahead of every one else. I think
I would have ducked instinctively. This
to tell you;

"I must apologize for the delay," smiled
Mr. Von Stroheim, as he paused by my stool.

"My pictures are my life."

Von Stroheim's assistant had appeared
with the boots but he was giving me a wide

Mr. Von Stroheim had stopped rehearsing
his lines and was resting his head against
the screen villain's boots as if sure of sym-
pathy.

I grinned weakly. "Most hated men"
didn't usually stop work to pet tired dogs.
I almost released the buttonhole — but not
quite. Better to have too long to go to a hole is not
reassuring. I observed Von Stroheim more
closely.

The close, military cropped hair, and the
long scar across his forehead are enough to
allow his Mr. Von to stand in wet boots any
longer than was necessary.

Mr. Von Stroheim had caught my eye and was
approaching me in an easy and friendly man-
ner. I watched him fascinated.

He said:

"Tell me something about hin, " I pleaded.

"It's easy," he said. Mr. Von is the

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

"Tell me something about him, " I pleaded.

"Nice! ICE! He's too nice. I want
to tell you, you know. And don't laugh. Try to be perfectly calm and
tell me something about him as rationally as you can.

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

"He stirred thousands with his splendid
interpretation of the fiend and devil incarnate.
And it was not an easy thing to portray the
heroics performed, I think they are
prompted merely by sex instinct — the de-
sire for feminine praise. I — well, I always
thought what jolly good stories they would
make to tell at the afternoon teas. The bloodier
the better — "

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

"I have no time for a hobby, " he replied.

George W. Hill has been engaged by
William Fox to direct Louise Lovely.
Mr. Hill, who served as a cameraman for D. W. Griffith, and who was
more recently associated with the Miltay
George Loane Tucker, is a veteran of the
World War and is now a captain in the
Reserve Corps of the Army.

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

Stephen Chalmers, novelist and news-
paperman, was hunting ducks at Laguna
Beach, his home, a few days ago when
he offered a group of motion picture
men doing likewise. He asked the name of the picture and they replied "Part-

how to write scenarios

By Tryden Field

Never write scenarios on thin paper.

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

Never use words you understand.

Always write a problem play. The editor will use his own discretion in changing it to Western, Slap-stick or Underworld.

Relate cancelled stamps. You won't
give your script back, anyway.

A good art director always chews art
gum.

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

Page 42 SCREENLAND MAGAZINE December 1920
HERO STUFF

By Mearle Green

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

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

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

"Dell Roberts left this morning to join you. She's been unswaying, but I was ready to start in when I snatched up the telegram which the clerk threw out to me. And this is what the boss had to say:

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bien, the usual little excuse for a cameraman, strolled into the lobby, and I handed him the Old Man's message. I was fiendishly enjoying his expression of hurt surprise when the phone rang. 'Hello, Harry. This Dell—in Antioch. Say, shall I come up to Rio Vista tonight with a speed boat, or wait for the steamer in the morning?"

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

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

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

"Everybody well?"

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

I whistled as I climbed the stair to my room with a fire boat. It was one of the fondest of all my dreams to see Dell Roberts back to us. I just knew that my troubles were over, and I went to bed at ten prepared to enjoy a perfect sleep.

"Have you seen Jane?" I yelled to Stover.

"No!" he called back. "But she's out. I pounded on her door, then I opened it to make sure.

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

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

"A fire boat!" yelled someone.

The flames broke through the front windows and whipped straight out with the powerful draft. The heavy wooden cornice brackets began crashing through the canvas awning that extended over the sidewalk. The racing boat, screeching like a lost soul, came rapidly near. With a final blast of its whistle it tore down a street corner and sent up a shower of sparks at the burning hotel. The pounding rush of feet clattered on the plank walk, then—

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

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

Orville Stover leaped upon a pile of salvaged furniture. "Jane Davis!" he yelled. "We've seen Miss Davis!"

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

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

Fifty men joined the first rush, but only three reached the sidewalk, and they fell back in the hurrying crowd. The windows of Jane's room were on fire in a hundred places. Through the blinding glare the crowd edging closer to the corner room I could see a light from the transom.

A commotion in the street attracted me. Twenty men under the leadership of Stover and myself jammed in a dugout of a speed boat. My eyes flashed back to the window—the face was gone. An age of suspense dragged on and on. A sharp cry indicated the other window. The sash had been thrown up and I could see the white face of the rescuer pressed against the screen.

Another scream from the crowd! The man in the room appeared again at the broken window. But he fell across the sill and hung there so long that I nearly burst with holding my breath. Then he moved with an effort, waved weakly to the men with the net, and then dropped into the burning hotel. As I blinked my stinging eyes, the limp bundle dropped into the net, and the rescuer shunned down the awning frame and fell to the ground. Immediately there was wild disorder in the crowd, and without the smouldering fire that clung to him.

The crowd went wild! A gripping something rose in my throat and choked me. Scalding tears sifted not from the eyes, but from the mouth of the surging mob toward the hero.

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

We drove her to a restaurant, and Miss Long and I examined her injuries. She was not badly burned, but there was a fearful bruise on her forehead. While Miss Long started with the first aid, I fought back the curious crowd. In reply to my inquiries, someone stated that the only doc-
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1, 1920.

State of California
County of Los Angeles

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James La Verne, Secy., and Tras., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposizes and says that he is the Secy., and Treas., of the SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above exhibition, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, is given; prepared to the best of my knowledge and belief, that nothing has been omitted that ought to be stated in such a report.

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

**Post Office Address—**

**Publisher**, SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO., INC. 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

**Managing Editor**, Ralph Cummins 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

**Business Manager**, Jas. La Verne 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

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

K. F. La Verne, Pres. 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

P. O. Lohland, Vice Pres. 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Jas. La Verne, Secy. and Treas. 432 Wesley-Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

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

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

JAMES LA VERNE, Secy.
WM. CROP.

(Continued from page 35)

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE.
Editor "Your Own Page."

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

**MILLIE FAN.**

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

Percy—
You wonder what Wallie Reid puts on his hair to make it so shiny? So do I. I've asked him too, but he won't tell me, so I can't offer you much encouragement. You might address a real persuasive letter to the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif., however, and try your luck.
Suzanne R.—You guessed right the very first time. Lila Lee does sing. She has a voice like a little bird and occasionally when she is making personal appearances, she can be induced to warble. I will tell her what you said and maybe she will sing for you sometime. Now, don't get excited, Suzanne!

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

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

Los Angeles, Cal., October 30, 1920.

Editor SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,

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

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

Yours,

Charlie Murray.

Dear Charlie: I have your letter about Tom Bates.

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

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

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

The Editor.

From The Literary Digest "Topics of the Day:"

Manager: "Either you or the dog, madam, will have to leave this theater!" "Well, I'm going to leave it. I won't miss this film for anything." — Film Fun, N. Y.

Any: "If the lady who stuck her gum on my seat at the movies last night will call she may have the gum. If the gum won't come off, she can have the pants, too." — Wyne (Ark.) Progress.

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

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TOPICS AND COLLABORATORS


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


"Dramatic Suspense in the Photoplay," by Frank Lloyd, Director, Thomas H. Ince Studios.


"The Dramatic and Undramatic in the Photoplay," by Frank Lloyd, Director, Goldwyn.

"Photoplay Elements of Situation Comedy," by A. L. Christie, President, Christie and Tuttle and Strand Comedies.

"Picture Values From an Artist's Viewpoint," by Rob Wagner, motion-picture authority.


"The Photoplaywright and the Photoplaywright," by Joseph E. Whiting, Photoplay-wright and Director.

"Photoplay Writing can assist me. My vocation is:"

What is your vocation? Do you have any special interest in the field of photoplay writing and producing? If so, please share your experiences and insights.

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing offers an opportunity for aspiring writers to succeed in the motion-picture industry. The program is designed for literary people who construct photoplay plots in a practical way. It provides a platform for writers to showcase their talents and gain recognition in the field.

New Royalties

for literary people who construct photoplay plots in a practical way

Wanted, 5000 Photoplays

In 1921

Motion-picture producers in urgent need of acceptable material from authors well-versed in the new technique.

Attractive royalties await authors who meet the needs of the motion-picture industry. The demand for good plot material is acute. Two hundred Los Angeles producers are in the market for five thousand stories this year. These plots must be highly original and effective for portrayal on the screen.

Many plots are offered daily. In frequent cases, these come from shortstory writers, novelists, and dramatists of standing, and, as a rule, are not always skilled in the intricacies of his own technique. Though these plots may have the earmarks of literary excellence, invariably they must be judged according to their suitability for the screen. And this is a criterion which is based on new standards — absolutely.

This New Art

Cater to Camera

Photoplay writing is a new art, which is the natural offspring of cinematography. It is a new art, which caters to the eye of the camera, and to the idiosyncrasies of pantomimic action. Fundamentally, photoplay plots are involved — new principles of plot-structure, of sequence and suspense, of characterization, etc. New conditions have created new conventions and new devices. And these are the tools of a new craft. To a new writer, the public must learn to use skillfully for his success in this lucrative field of literary endeavor.

How this Problem is Solved

To acquaint literary men and women with the practical rudiments of present-day photoplay construction, Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer with Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) lately enlisted the aid of colleagues to compile a series of authoritative discussions on the technical phases of modern motion-picture practice.

Prominent producers, directors, script-writers and cinematographers lent their earnest cooperation to this task. Their contributions to the fruits of long experience in his or her branch of activity. And the culmination of their achievement is today known as the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing.

Many Los Angeles authorities have gone so far as to regard it as a truly epochal accomplishment in the history of the American motion-picture industry.

The Palmer Plan has been fully commended for its logical purpose and practical influence. Its purpose is primarily to afford the American literary public an opportunity to study the technical phases of photoplay construction; and, ultimately, to aid the author of a high grade of motion-picture production.

This is the natural off-spring of cinematography. It is a new art, which caters to the eye of the camera, and to the idiosyncrasies of pantomimic action. It is a new art, which caters to the eye of the camera, and to the idiosyncrasies of pantomimic action. It is a new art, which caters to the eye of the camera, and to the idiosyncrasies of pantomimic action. It is a new art, which caters to the eye of the camera, and to the idiosyncrasies of pantomimic action.

By bringing the author and the industry face-to-face — by furthering the contact between American literary men and women everywhere — a genuine influence of unblunted benefit is being exalted. And this is today universally recognized.

Many Los Angeles producers turn to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation for their available supply of high-grade photoplay material. An increasing number of authors are granted by the Palmer Plan a long-sought opportunity for wider range of imaginative expression — and truly gratifying reward.

Success is fairly certain to those readers of literary propensity who will adapt their talents to studio requirements. Ample proof is borne by the fact that some persons — utterly in lack of literary experience — have been enabled by the Palmer Plan to market their stories at sums surprisingly modest. One, a minister, sold his first photoplay for $300. Persons having the ambition and necessary literary experience will face prospects surely not less promising.

The interest of our readers is invited for an investigation of the Palmer Plan, which exists in the photoplay field today. Mr. Palmer, through personal contact with any person who will write to him, is fully prepared to meet the needs of the Los Angeles industry, he is often able to render a direct service to writers, to find their attempts fully repaid in many cases by a single, successful effort.

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From the Literary Digest "Topics of the Day:"

Manager: "Either you or the dog, madam, will have to leave this theater!" "Well, I'm going to leave it. I won't miss this film for anything." — Film Fun, N. Y.
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back of your wife's little bedroom, and I heard the big bird tell her to meet you at a certain place. That was gold nuggets for me—I met her there and said that you had sent the camp outfit up here on a rock and would meet her here." The big bandit's voice changed to a whiplike sharpness. "But now we'll forget that! I've got you, you nervous fool. I didn't think I'd let you get away—huh?"

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

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

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

The other laughed and his companions edged closer to him. "Nary gun. You jest figger that you're doin' this for your wife. If one of us was to get hurt in this little mix-up—well—I couldn't let the wife off so light."

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

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

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

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

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

"Shore—soon as I roll a pill."

While one of the masked men held the torch Flynn produced papers and tobacco and rolled a cigarette. Without a tremor he replaced the makings in his shirt pocket and cupped his hands around a lighted match.

In the match's glare his face showed pale and calm.

"This here—yuh big devil!" he drawled, snapping the match into the sand. "Start yore fire-works."

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

Half way to the turn in the Slot Flynn stumbled over a boulder and paused uncertainly. There was no sound from behind.

The expected shots did not crash in the narrow passage. He inhaled deeply, growled a curse at the heartlessness of his enemy, and strode on.

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

"Why don't yuh shoot, damn yuh!" he shouted, and shook his fist at the sinister figures standing in the narrow passage. He then saw that he was beyond the projecting point of rocks. Also he understood the reason for the added light. The camp fire around which the masked gang had waited was burning beside the canyon wall. There was camp equipment and—

The Six-string Bow

(Continued from page 28)

first writing. Recently, while eating dinner, he had an inspiration for a song. He stopped his meal and within ten minutes had written a lyric which was immediately accepted by his publishers.

Mr. Schertzinger composes in the evening after a day's work as a relaxation from the day's strenuous duties. He says he finds in this more recreation than in anything else. He puts his musical ideas down on paper and then his sister plays them to him. He then goes to the piano and works out any necessary changes in the melody.

This artist, with six strings to his bow, first became interested in motion pictures when he was engaged by Thomas H. Ince to write original musical scores to accompany feature films. He was the first in this field and wrote the music for "Civilization" and other notable productions.

To establish him as a scenario writer it is only necessary to state that he was the author of "Pinto," one of Mabel Normand's greatest successes.

As a violinist his record is distinguished. He received his early training in Philadelphia and was a member of the boy prodigy. He studied later for three years in Brussels and toured with Nordica, Sembrich and other opera stars. The Boston, Minneapolis and Philadelphia symphony orchestras, and he has himself conducted in New York and other large cities.

Mr. Schertzinger combines his talents in an interesting way. After he has read a scenario which he is to direct he analyzes the chief characters and frequently writes melodies which he uses as temperaments. Then he has these played over and over to the actors until the compositions become a part of their mental attitude. He also adopts a musical theme which is kept uppermost throughout a film production. This is to enable the picture exhibitor to know what music will best interpret the spirit of the play.

This versatile artist is a big man—he tips the scales at some 205 pounds. Like most of the other greats in the music world he has a jovial disposition, but beneath his smile is a serious nature, acutely sensitive to any form of emotional stimulus. He is extremely modest about his accomplishments, but keeps right on until he does, as he expresses it, "something worth while."

He has lots of time yet—this genius of thirty-one years, appropriately named Victor.

WHO CAN TELL THE BIGGEST?

Buster Keaton, Metro's sad-faced comedian, was walking down a street in Hollywood, Calif., near his studio, when he noticed a crowd ofurchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree. Buster takes a fatherly interest in all the little fellows, and stopped.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. The feller that tells the biggest one gets a copper."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Buster. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling a lie."

"You're outta yer league," chomped the urchins, "the dog's yours, mister."

Buck Jones, William Fox Western star, plays the part of an evangelist in his latest picture, "Fighting Back," now being made at the Fox Studios. It is being directed by Jack Ford.

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I have been a constant user of Yucca Tone Hair Shampoo and Shampoo for the past year and find it a wonderful preparation to stimulate the growth and keep my hair lustrous and beautiful. Sincerely.

ORA CAREW.

Yuccaza Products Company

827 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ON THE HONEYMOON TRAIL

Bert rubbed his eyes and moved slowly toward the fire. A canvas fly was hung to catch the heat of the blazing fire. A number of pots and pans had been sent off beyond the fly, and a blanket covered with dishes and—fussing over the dishes was Josie! She found of his stumbling footsteps the girl sprang up.

"Bert!" she cried softly and ran into the half-darkness to meet him. "Why, I thought you never would come. What made you so late?"

"Why—I—" the act of taking her in his arms helped him to stall.

"Oh, I think this was the most wonderful plan! How could I think of it? And the truck with our stuff—it was all here."

The benumbed bridgeroom kissed her again and tried to clear his befuddled brain. As she led him playfully to the camp he was sure he heard footsteps, and rumbling voices in the rocks behind.

"Isn't this wonderful?" bubbled Josie, "and see the scrumptious wedding dinner! You weren't looking for such a feast, were you?"

Flynn stared down at the camp service spread upon the blanket. His fast-blinking eyes took in the ten or more plates. Plainly now he heard the voices in the darkness down the Slot.

Again he looked curiously at the places for the wedding guests. Piled near two of the plates were a number of packages, and just beyond was a large bundle sewed in burlap. Its shape betrayed its contents. It was a saddle. Bert Flynn swallowed hard—then grinned.

"Come on in, Bill Davis," he drawled. "Bring that borrlah gang uh youahs in tuh th' weddin' feast. Yuh must be some hungh yuh come on these trails."

He chuckled as the crash of feet approached the camp. "Come on, Missis Davis, an' tell my—my wife about that send-off I gi'ne you."

"Bill when yuh was married."

Wycliff A. Hill, scenario editor, and author of "A Million Photoplay Plots," is the picture of screen writers known as The Photoplaywrights' League of America, which has been recently organized in Los Angeles and incorporated under the laws of California.

According to Mr. Hill, some of the purposes of the League are: "To protect its members from having story material stolen by unscrupulous producers and writers, to sell stories of members at a standard price."

An organization of the League members is: "To protect its members from having story material stolen by unscrupulous producers and writers, to sell stories of members at a standard price, and to obtain recognition and proper screen and advertising credit for members whose scripts are marketed through the League."

The League maintains a manuscript sales service which undertakes to place the stories of members for a commission of ten per cent.

It is the purpose of the League to form one or more literary clubs in the United States eligible to membership in the Photoplaywrights' League.

The Mystery of the Desert Revealed is an account of the League's activities, and the story of its origin and development.

Everyday's Mother

(Continued from page 29)

Collectively and individually, I intend to die.

There was a humorous twinkle in her eyes and I presumed to make some remark about the fabled "One Hoss Shay," at the same time expressing the thought that it seemed a little premature for one so full of vitality to be talking about death.

"No," she disagreed, "the world is made for the young—and rightly so."

Again that mother look was softening the fine lines in her face. "I love young people. And think fifteen or twenty more years!"

"Yes, I have had more than my share ofCase and other writers in the United States eligible to membership in the Photoplaywrights' League.

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