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We have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said certain things. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, there are little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and what we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, when the embarrassing blunder is made every day by people who do not know what to do.

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to calm and well-poised at all times — to be6 respected, honored, and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most formal ball or the most simple barn dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordina­

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Etiquette is not a fad. It is a principle or theory or belief. It is meant not only for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress others with their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world, and to women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment, and not know the correct way to excuse yourself to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

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You have often wondered how to word invitations, how to acknowledge introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, or to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. Here is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions.

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At last the secret that scientists have been searching for—more self-denials or discomfort. Just follow the simple rule, eat a pound or more of your weight each day—the very first week! Most people begin to see actual results in 48 hours!

This new way to reduce is different from anything you have ever heard before. In a word, it is the sure way! Men and women who have been struggling for years against constantly increasing flesh, who have tried every method of a painful diet to strenuous exercising, and this new method to food combinations. Previously, women who have had to wear special corsets and inconspicuous clothes, have been amazed at the suddenness with which their clothes seemed to wear the gayest colors and the most flashy styles. Many men who, because of their excess flesh, made them listless and inactive, who puffed when they walked quickly, who were deprived of outdoor pleasures are aston­ished at this new discovery. Not only quickly reduced their weight, but it has given them renewed strength and vigor.

You'll enjoy reducing this new way—it's so simple and easy. Nearly everyone can count on a pound a day from the very start. You'll be down to your normal weight before you realize it—and without the least bit of discomfort. They walk quickly, who were deprived of outdoor pleasures are aston­ished at this new discovery. Not only quickly reduced their weight, but it has given them renewed strength and vigor.

Here's the Secret

Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian, the famous Food specialist, has discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, are converted only into blood, tissues and bone. And in the meantime your excess flesh is eaten up in energy and the rate of a pound or more of weight.

For instance, if you eat two certain kinds of foods together in the same meal, they are immediately converted into fat. But if you eat them at different times, they are converted only into blood, tissues and bone. And in the meantime your excess flesh is eaten up in energy and the rate of a pound or more of weight.

What Users Say

Takes off 40 pounds

"Before I tried your method my weight was 158 pounds. My blood was all bad; my heart was weak. I constantly had sour stomach and sick headaches. I went to different doctors for help but I got worse instead. I then read about your new discovery. I am now in perfect health; sleep perfectly, and my blood test is 100 per cent pure. I had begun to get wrinkles when I was fat, but my flesh is now free from them. My hair is beautiful. As you can see, I now weigh only 128 pounds."

Mrs. Hazel Vermilye, Bloomfield, N. Y.

Now 40 pounds lighter

"I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost 40 pounds."

Mrs. — Glen Falls, N. Y.

Reduces 32 pounds

"Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions given in Weight Control. I lost 32 pounds. . . . We find our general health very much benefited."

Mrs. — Charleston, W. Va.

Weighs 39 pounds less

"I am happy to say that no attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. I have that active lift around your 'silhouette' which helps one."

"When I first started reading weight control I weighed 267 pounds, and could hardly walk without stopping. Since then I have walked ten miles by section lines every morning, weather permitting, and do it easily." Mr. — Holton, Kansas.

The above excerpts from only a few hundreds of letters on file at our office describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control.

How You Can Have Free Proof

Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all this valuable information into 12 simple lessons called "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. This lesson shows you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new method. They reveal all the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat a pound or more of weight a day.

Let us send you Eugene Christian's Course in Weight Control on free trial.

This is the only sure way to lose weight quickly and safely. We want to prove it. We want you to see your own unnecessary flesh disappear. Dieting, medicines and exercising touch only the surface; this new discovery gets right down to the root of the matter. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally?

How you may have free proof:

(1) Take the free course contained in 12 lessons of Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I send you the complete 12 lesson course, containing all of the valuable information regarding the wonderful new food combination discoveries, and the course will be sent free to your door.

(2) Just mail the coupon and the course will be sent to you at once.

You may send me, in plain container, as per proof offer, and if I am not satisfied after a five day trial, my money is to be refunded.

A Lovely Figure—The Birthright of Every Woman

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Here's the coupon. Clip it and get it into the mail box at once. Remember many people lose a pound or more a day—from the very start. Mail the coupon NOW.

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New York City

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FOR DECEMBER 1921
Vol. III MYRON ZOBEL, Editor No. 4

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Who Professor Feuchtinger Is

Abroad, the name of Feuchtinger is one to conjure with. The grandfather of the professor was Court Director for the Duke of Waldeck; his father was a great musical leader during the reign of Charles, King of Wurttemberg. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M., is well known in the musical world for the work he has done in discovering and perfecting a series of exercises that will develop the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in any throat—the same training that is being offered you thru the Perfect Voice Institute. He has lectured before many universities and colleges here and abroad. His personal pupils run into the hundreds.

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Singing

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Weak

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There is nothing hard or complicated about the professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes a day—that's all. The exercises are silent. The results are sure. If ambitious to improve or restore your voice, you owe it to yourself to learn more about the function and the importance of the singing muscle—the Hyo-Glossus. Inform yourself about this new and scientific method of voice culture. The literature we send will be a revelation and an education.

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Every reader of SCREENLAND is cordially invited to send for Professor Feuchtinger's great book on this subject. It's free if you fill out the coupon below. The number of these books is limited. Don't delay! Don't wait! Act today! Filling out the coupon below may be the turning point in your life. Send it right away.
MORE CENSORSHIP
Not only Motion Pictures, but the newspaper, magazine and book press of the United States now faces censorship.

Internal revenue officers plan to forbid the press from making mirth of prohibition violations.

Possibly the revenue agents misunderstand the point.

Nobody believes prohibition violation is a joke. The joke is prohibition enforcement.

DISARMAMENT
Thousands of picturegoers all over America have recently applauded a news reel showing the launching of our latest dreadnought, the Washington.

Now a world conference, urged by thousands of citizens who demand world peace, deliberates on disarmament and the proposal to scuttle the navies of the world.

The world wants peace but is always ready to fight for it, as the anonymous Irishman has so often said.

PRESCRIPTION PICTURES
Long has the laugh been recognized as a healing agency but Dr. J. C. Horton of Los Angeles is first to set up a projection machine and screen in the room of a hospital patient. The good doctor then prescribed several slapstick comedies and had them projected. The experiment was apparently a success because the patient recovered.

Perhaps the cinemedical specialist of the future will go about his daily visits with a theatre directory in his hand instead of a materia medica, prescribing ribticklers instead of bitter pills.

Then the science of medicine will be added to the arts that go toward making up the Motion Picture.

THE SEX PLAY
Sex plays on the screen threaten public morals, say reformers.

The popularity of certain "sex successes" they point to as a sign of the degeneracy of public taste.

Will the reformers allow us to mention the embarrassing fact that Three Hours After Marriage was the name of a play staged at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, in the year 1717.

It is further chronicled that Three Hours After Marriage was a dull, unsuccessful farce and lasted but a few nights.

We do not agree with the reformers in that the world is getting worse. Rather, we suspect that sex plays are getting better.

GLYCERINE TEARS
It is unfortunate that some cynic has seriously convinced most of the world that screen players secure the required lachrymose effect in emotional scenes with a bottle of glycerine and a medicine dropper.

"Ten years have I been in pictures," a famous director said to us the other day, "and I have yet to see a glycerine tear."

There is an anecdote of three extra girls who used to lunch together at the Ince Studios.

After eating, they would cry. The last to bring tears to her cheeks was obliged to pay the luncheon checks for all three.

It was a ludicrous sight but excellent dramatic practice.

Ah! We nearly forgot to tell you. Those three little extra girls are now stars! If you must have names, Mabel Normand can tell you who the other two girls were.
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW
A California Camera Study
by Edwin Bower Hesser.
©1921
A Successful Marriage

says Lorna Moon, is one in which, when the hectic passion of romantic love has passed, friendship and respect have struck root.

Miss Moon is an authority on how to be happy though married. For five years she wrote a daily newspaper syndicate column under the heading: "Talking It Over with Lorna Moon." Cecil B. DeMille read some of the articles and visualized in each the fundamental theme for motion pictures of the satirical type. So Miss Moon joined the DeMille literary staff, where she worked for a year. She is now writing original screen vehicles for Paramount stars. The following article was prepared by her for SCREENLAND readers.

The Shirtsleeves of Matrimony

By LORNA MOON

Illustration by Everett Wynn

makes us willing to give up our freedom) is an emotion beyond our control. We might just as well promise never to be run over by a street-car.

Love doesn't last anyway beyond a few years; the fever passes and we become normal again. It would be a terrible thing if it didn't, like having a continuous attack of measles. A successful marriage is one in which, when the hectic passion of romantic love has passed, friendship and respect have struck root and started to bloom, and mutual courtesy is the soil in which these blossoms grow.

I am not belittling marriage or love. I think it a blessing that we have this temporary insanity; otherwise we might never marry, and so lose the chance to know the perfect friendship which a successful marriage can give.
THE POVERTY

THE story opens with a short prologue which is a charming picture of childhood. The time is spring, and the scene is a beautiful garden in full bloom. Katherine, six years old, the mother of the story, is wheeling her doll carriage busily to and fro in the walk of the flower garden, trying to put her doll to sleep and showing most serious concern in this maternal endeavor. Her mother sits near by fondly watching her. The doll falls asleep and Katherine tucks her baby in. She then takes an ecstatic interest in all living things about her, tenderly kissing the flowers, etc. Her every act reveals her as the instinctive mother.

While she is doing this, John, aged eight, comes over to play. He is as fine a boy as she is a girl. Katherine puts fingers on her lips as signal to him not to waken the doll. John falls at once into the spirit of make-believe. They are exclaiming softly over the flowers, when Katherine calls to her mother and shows her a budding plant just sending its first delicate leaf through the ground. "Look, mother, here's a baby flower." The mother, a modern and very wise woman, admires it with her, and on the child's question regarding the origin of the baby plant, she takes a flower, and loosening some of the seed from its center, and dropping it on the ground, tells how everything in nature has babies. "The seed from the flower falls to the ground, where Mother Nature takes it to her breast, and holds it warm, and nurses it, until it is strong enough to come out into the world." She goes on to explain how this principle holds true of all creation—birds and animals and human beings. The children nod understandingly.

By accident John upsets the doll carriage. With the terrified cry of a real mother, throbbing with profoundest emotion, Katherine picks up doll, thinking it mortally injured. John and the mother try to comfort her. The mother finally convinces Katherine that the doll is not hurt; and Katherine wheels the carriage to her part of the garden, where she and John proceed to play house with several other of her dolls. She says she is the mother in this house and he is the father. There follows business and talk which is full of the appealing unconscious humor of unsophisticated childhood. She says, "When I grow up I am going to have a hundred children, and you're going to be their father." John says, "Of course I am—but I'll have to earn as much as fifty cents or a dollar a week to support them." While they are seriously busy over the affairs of their make-believe home, and of the problems of this tremendous family, the picture FADES OUT.

Second Episode

We have various atmospheric and introductory shots of River City, a bustling, active town of the middle west, principally dependent on one factory. We show this factory, its size and something of its activities. We show the fashionable residential district and the country club, both of these the goal of all the young people of the town.

It is Saturday—around noon. We introduce John, (the boy of the prologue) now a young man of about twenty-three, college graduate, and for the past year employed in the factory, as middleman between the factory itself and the executives of the corporation or important visiting executives of companies who are its customers. We find him on an inspection tour of a certain part of the factory, showing Mr. Lyons, General Manager of the factory, a certain development in that particular branch, the exact nature of which will depend on the factory we select for our background. Lyons, looking and showing his approbation of John's intimate knowledge of his affairs, leaves him to go back to his office.

Now we go to Katherine's home. (Katherine is the little girl of the prologue.) It is Katherine's birthday, but since her mother is ill and failing, the party is during the day instead of at night, and it is being rather quietly celebrated. Girls are in the majority, though there are a number of young men, more of these drifting in right after work. Katherine takes Grace, who is her closest chum, upstairs to the sewing room, which is locked. Katherine having the key with her. Grace, who has been married only about a year or two, has her baby with her; Katherine shows extreme fondness for the child. She plays with it and hugs it, lavishing all her affection on it. In the sewing room, the two girls exclaim over the trousseau, which is in the making. Get over here that John and Katherine have been engaged for a year past, but secretly, and that Grace is the only one who knows about it. All the preparations are complete, the young people just waiting for John's promotion to make an immediate marriage financially possible.

At the factory we show Lyons about to leave the place with Steve, saying just a word to Hendron, office manager. With Lyons is Steve, son of the president of the concern, and who is actively working in the factory, that he may become familiar with all the routine. After Steve and Lyons have gone, Hendron sends Tom, a young clerk in a minor executive position, to get John.
OF RICHES

(Tom is Grace's husband.) Downstairs, Lyons and Steve part company. Steve getting into a smart roadster.

Tom brings John to Hendron, and Hendron, in a most kindly way, tells him that they are all so pleased with him, that they have decided to give him a relatively substantial increase in salary, at the same time promoting him to a job of greatly increased responsibility. John is over-joyed, telling Hendron that this is just what he needs to get married to the sweetest girl in the world. Hendron, now feeling very friendly and a bit patronizing to the boy, tells him that if he will only watch his step, there is no reason why he should not very quickly rise to the top of the ladder of success. He tells him he must be careful, however; that people must maintain a certain appearance; that the impression of success is necessary if one is to be successful. He says: "Spend your money to make people think you are a success, and you will be a success." He expounds to him the great American gospel of "getting on," which means not only working hard, but putting on "a front."

These words, said in greatest kindness, have their immediate effect on the boy; the impression made, he promises to digest and remember them, especially as Hendron points out to him various instances of people who are respectively successful and failures because they have or have not followed this course of action.

John thanks Hendron for the advice. The whistle blows; the day (Saturday) is over, and John leaves with Tom, his closest friend, bubbling over with enthusiasm and joy as he tells him what has happened.

At the country club we see Lyons arrive in his car; he is immediately greeted by Mrs. Stanton, a widow, of about thirty-five. It is evident that he is very fond of her, in a quiet and dignified way, and that she responds to this affection. As they make their way to a secluded table, they are followed by the admiring and approving eyes of the other guests of the club. We feel here that these people are to be married, and that it is the ideal marriage of their set.

Steve arrives at Katherine's home, just as Grace is leaving. Katherine is taking her to the gate. Steve plays for a moment fondly with the baby, and then tells Katherine that he wants to talk with her privately. They go to the rear of the garden (the garden back of the house). There they sit, and, in a very charming and lovable way, Steve starts to tell Katherine how fond he is of her.

At a nearby corner, we see Tom and John dropping off the street car, or, they can be coming along the street and, at a certain corner, go off in two different directions. We see Tom arriving home, he kisses Grace and the baby. A moment later John arrives outside Katherine's house. The mother is on a chair at the front porch, and tells John that Katherine is in the garden in back. John, bubbling over with the good news, rushes off to find her.

Steve, entirely unconscious of the fact that Katherine is already engaged, asks her to marry him, not noting the embarrassment she feels. But now, without taking her hand from his, she tells him, very gently, that she is already engaged, and to whom. It is this scene that John interrupts when he dashes into the garden. There is the obvious momentary embarrassment on the part of Steve and Katherine; Steve makes hurried excuses and apologies, and goes quickly out of the garden. John has seen just enough to make him jealous, and boyishly he pouts. Katherine can see no reason for this; she is more mature than he in many ways, and quickly laughs him out of his momentary distemper. Then, bursting with pride, he tells her the great news of his promotion and the increased salary, and tells her that now they can be married within a month. She is infinitely happy at this. He urges that they tell the guests, and Katherine is perfectly willing. They rush inside, and surrounded by their friends, John tells the great news... They are showered with congratulations, jokes, etc. To escape the good-natured frolicery, Katherine escapes from the house. John follows her. They make their way to the arbor. They kiss long and endearingly, and then sit down, he still embracing her. In their dreamy happiness, she absent-mindedly picks a flower, and gently breaks it, somehow as her mother did in the prologue. And we see in her face and eyes her great love and hunger for little ones, for her own flesh and blood, and how much they will mean to her. He notices this in her and tells her that he wants children,—that he loves them. But for the first year or so, they had better wait. Let him get established first. So that when their children come, they will be able to give them Don't you see, dear? But Katherine cannot see. And then John dives into his memory bag, and he repeats what Hendron had told him just an hour before. And he pleads his case so earnestly, and Katherine loves him so much, and desires him to be successful and happy, that though she has bitter misgivings, she agrees with a smile, with all that John has said. Seeing the little tear in her eye, John kisses it away, and she is happy, expectant and youthful again.
SIR OLIVER LODGE

World-famed authority on psychic phenomena, says—

The mental and physical are so interwoven, the possibilities of clairvoyance are so unexplored, that I do not feel constrained to abandon the traditional idea that the coming or going of a great personality may be heralded and accompanied by strange occurrences in the region of physical force. The mind of man is competent to enchain and enthral the forces of nature, and to produce strange and weird effects that would not otherwise have occurred. Shall the power be limited to his conscious intelligence? May it not also be within the power of the subconscious intelligence, at moments of ecstasy, or at epochs of strong emotion or of transition?

Read the amazing story of V irgini a Rap p e's re-appear- ance.

In this issue on page 20

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TWO years have passed since the last episode. Meantime things have been going fairly well for John and Katherine. His salary has been raised six times, his circle of business acquaintances has widened, and his position is one of considerably more importance in the affairs of the company. Katherine, in the meantime, has done wonders in making the house beautiful, in representing him socially. She is enormously clever at things around the house, has the most charming personality which make her worth-while in the social set to which they are aspiring. They are living in a rather pretentious house in a very good neighborhood.

IT is about four-thirty in the afternoon a few months later. We see Katherine in her home, making final arrangements for dinner that night. She loves this kind of thing, and is sparkling and radiant. She has both a cook and a maid for this occasion, and she is helping the maid to set the table, occasionally rushing out to the kitchen to supervise things there. Grace, although she has two children now, is helping Katherine. Katherine is enjoying the talents of her fine children in the household and says to Grace that she is only waiting for John's success and advancement. But Grace tells her that the children mean more than anything else. Besides the fact that they will bring her more joy than she ever dreamed of, they will all be young together. Katherine, deeply moved, agrees, and they go upstairs to look at the new infants. They are very small, and the new Mrs. Lyons, both mother and husband, is panicky for the first night. They have just arrived, and Katherine has brought a few things for the baby. There is a moment of dignified excitement. The young girl; Grace is about to go to bed, and Katherine is very anxious and longs for her to be there. She goes upstairs to get Grace. Katherine is nearly beautiful in her evening dress, which she always finds. She is smiling and happy.

JOHN arrives in his new car. This might be the occasion for making a present of it to her. In that case, he would call her out of the house, where she is wearing a bright, clean all-over apron to protect her dress. She would come out to him, and with delight over the present, though there might be a momentary shade, only indicated and by no means stressed, of regret that so much money should go for an inanimate object. Here the nearness of an expected, very important promotion first spoken of, and John expresses his intense desire to get that new job.

THE dinner to be given that night is in honor of the visit of River City of Mr. Phillips, who is President of the company, and the father of Steve. He is to be a guest that evening. The house is all over apron to protect her dress. She would come out to him, and with delight over the present, though there might be a momentary shade, only indicated and by no means stressed, of regret that so much money should go for an inanimate object. Here the nearness of an expected, very important promotion first spoken of, and John expresses his intense desire to get that new job.

NOW we go to Tom's house. They still have the same house, but have been able to buy new things. They, too, are dressing for dinner, but with them it is a complicated process. First, there is the hair to be done, and then the clothes to be chosen over the present, though there might be a momentary shade, only indicated and by no means stressed, of regret that so much money should go for an inanimate object. Here the nearness of an expected, very important promotion first spoken of, and John expresses his intense desire to get that new job.

WILE this scene is in progress, the young girl from Tom's house arrives. The maid being busy, Katherine opens the door for her; the girl asks for Grace, and Grace comes quickly on. Hurried, nervous and frightened, she asks for Grace. Katherine is heart torn with emotion, he begs Katherine to excuse him. By this time the other guests have noticed the commotion in the hallway, and there is a moment of dignified excitement. Tom does not bother even to say goodbye to Phillips; he has no time for that. Katherine offers to go with them, and even starts to get a cloak, when John, noticing this, excuses himself to Phillips, and joining her in the hallway, just a bit sternly tells her that no matter how pathetic with the Donaldsons in their trouble, she has her guests to consider, and, also, she must not forget that they have still to win
PHILLIPS; that he has not been caught yet. Then he leaves her to continue paying respects to Phillips. Katherine is hurt and a bit shocked at his apparent callousness and brusqueness, but overcomes this quickly and goes back into the drawing room. She joins her husband and Phillips; the men rise to speak to her; she is most gracious to Phillips; then she passes on to some other guests, and as the two men sit again, Phillips remarks to John that he considers him a success, but that he considers Katherine responsible for at least half of the success he is attaining.

NOW we go to Tom's house. Grace arrives first, breathless, with the young girl and rushes to the children. She quickly sends the baby (not affected) downstairs to another room, and then does what she can to soothe and comfort the little one. A moment later the doctor arrives with Tom, probably in a little Ford. They, too, rush upstairs. The doctor's diagnosis is that the child is in a very serious condition, has fever, etc. Grace and Tom are frightened to death, but Tom, manlike, shows it more than Grace, who, with the supreme sacrifice of motherhood, controls the emotions which are threatening to choke and overcome her, that she may be of service to her child. Notwithstanding her blinding tears, she moves quickly and unhesitatingly about the room, doing the dozen little things the doctor demands, holding the child, etc. etc. Phillips puts down the child, and tells the parents to leave it alone. All lights except one are turned out; the doctor remains at the bed, but Tom and Grace keep as far away as they can. Wonderfully takes Grace in his arms, trying to soothe and quiet her; but it is hard work. Suddenly they turn to the doctor, tense and frightened, he lifts his head from the child's breast, turns to them and says quietly: "It's all right; the danger is past." Crying with tears of unrestrained happiness, Tom and Grace go to the other side of the bed. The doctor wipes his eyes and leaves the room.

AT John's home. The party is over. Katherine is at the doorstep bidding good-bye to the guests. She stands a moment longer until they have gone down the steps, then starts back to the rooms, as a million women have been doing a million times, to straighten up just a little before going to bed.

JOHN accompanies Phillips to the car. The ladies are ahead, and Hendron is in the car on the other side. Just as Phillips is about to enter his car, he turns to John and tells him, with a few friendly words and a shake of the hand, that the vacancy position of assistant manager at the factory will be his (John's) on the following Monday. John tries to thank him, but his joy and exultancy are so great that this is a difficult procedure. Phillips slaps him on the back and enters his car, which drives off. Hendron is still waiting for his own car; he has seen what has just happened, he is, if anything, just as pleased as John, and as he congratulates him, he cannot forget the little, "I told you so, didn't I?" He tells something about John's wisdom followed his advance. And he Bigger things are brewing—he step, and continue doing what he has done in the past, and promotion will follow promotion. Then John rushes back into the home.

HERE he finds Katherine straightening up things. Like a boy he rushes to her, kisses her, hugs her, dances around with her, explaining, "We've got it; I'm assistant manager; we're getting right to the top. And I have you to thank for it, as much as myself; Mr. Phillips said so." Katherine is as happy as he; but soon her first enjoyment receives a bigger note as she remembers how much else it means; the sacred meaning of the success comes to her and she joyfully brothers to him that at last they are free to realize the dream of having children. John starts at this; his manner frightens her; she questions its cause, nervously apprehensive and fearful of his answer. And finally he tells her that, in addition to his promotion, he has had the hint that Lyons will retire in a year or two, and that he has hinted it might be possible to continue presenting the face to the world of a man big enough to fill such a position, and if he is in a position to take over at least a part of the stock now being held by Lyons. To consummate this final step they must put off all other considerations for a little while longer. Katherine is ready to break at this new blow to her hopes. She starts to cry; he tries to pacify her, but she starts to be angry now, and does not hesitate to tell him. But John is ever tender and pleading, the gentle lover she has known. And he says, "I can forgive even now the denial of her great right. She puts her arms about his neck, and kisses him, even though her tears are blinding her.

T is perhaps two years later. We find Katherine, prosperous, glowing, although a bit older; she is not quite so buoyant, the reflection of his briskness; his slight is noticeable in a certain very faint melancholia. But we see her at the conclusion of a meeting of society women, discussing plans for the party. Mrs. Lyons, social leader, is presiding over a meeting of a dozen women; everyone is opposed to something that Mrs. Lyons has proposed. When Katherine gets up, and presents the case in such a way that everyone changes sides, amidst applause for Katherine. Katherine is glovably happy at this triumph, for which she is gratefully thanked by Mrs. Lyons. Then the gathering breaks up, and Katherine leaves.

NOW we go to John at his office. He is now in his executive position, and as he walks through the outer office, we get something of the new man who has been born, forceful, dominant, the complete executive. He is a bit hard and harsh; his commands have a sharpness to them that is unnecessary. He has become a leader of other men, just as he relentlessly drives himself. As he crosses to his own door Tom, sitting at one of the desks, rises to speak to him. We see immediately that Tom has not grown much in the world. He asks a question about his desk, and John enters his room. Steve is waiting. The two men nod to each other. There is an air of equality between them now. John sits sharply at his desk. Steve asks a question about something or other, pointing to a typewritten report he has brought in. John takes it and says: "I'll go over it; I feel like working. I've been absent-mindedly; it doesn't make much difference to him one way or the other. John remembers that he is not going home. He picks up the telephone and calls his home; the maid answers; he learns that Katherine is not yet at home, and tells the maid to inform her that he will not be home for dinner. He hangs up and buries himself in work.

(Continued on page fifty-six)
C. Gardner Sullivan has written an epic of the harsh, New England hills and of their people: the farm house built foursquare to the wind and the simple greatness of a chosen few. Left to right: Tully Marshall, Madge Bellamy, Theodore Roberts and Lloyd Hughes.

An exceptionally brilliant and powerful cast is headed by Florence Vidor in an expressive leading part. Muriel Frances Dana is the child.

Madge Bellamy carries the pathos of weak humanity to the city's department stores, tenements and hall bedrooms.

Charles Meredith and Florence Vidor.

"Hail the Woman"
Deeper-than-Skin BEAUTY
HOW TO ACQUIRE IT

by Dorothy Devore
Christie Comedy Star

The novelty of a physical culture stunt helps make it popular. Perhaps sweeping or dusting the top of a piano is just as good exercise as many bends, twists and dips, but it isn’t nearly the fun for most girls.

Nevertheless, systematic exercise should be a regular part of each day’s routine for girls who are occupied indoors—(and men, too.) A few minutes, night or morning, indulged in exercise, is time well invested.

The accompanying poses show a few of my favorite muscle stretchers. I think they are particularly well worth remembering because they can be done anywhere, anytime, without the aid of an elaborate gymnasium equipment.

The push-up exercise. You can do this yourself, thrusting the strength of one arm against the other. An exercise designed for the muscles of the arm, shoulders and bust.

Raise one leg at a time until the knee is bent as far as possible, leaving the foot flat on the floor. Raise the hands as shown so they cannot aid the back by pressing on the floor. This strengthens the abdomen.

Try this on your hubby or brother. One pulls up while the other pulls down. It is splendid drill for developing the muscles of the chest and under arms.

A swaying movement, holding the arms at length for balance, is a good back exercise and develops a litheness prized by those who would become good dancers.
Is VIRGINIA

The Most Amazing Message Ever Published

Do the dead return? From the Beyond can a soul perceive the frailties of human justice? Is psychic phenomena, close fettered by mortal skepticism, truly an expression from departed spirits or is it a hallucination of the corporeal mind? In the long annals of psychic investigation, no demonstration ever aroused more solemn consideration than this agonized cry, rung from a wraith that confronted an amazed audience:

"Roscoe Arbuckle is not guilty and I want justice done."

The following letter, addressed to Myron Zobel, Editor of SCREENLAND, contains the first intimation of this striking case, the facts of which are here presented for the first time:

Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to write direct to you after reading the November number of your wonderful magazine SCREENLAND and the article written by Gouverneur Morris about the Arbuckle case.

There are people and also some representatives of the law who are satisfied if they can prove a person guilty, it doesn't matter if they are guilty or not, just as long as they feel they have performed their duty and it appears that way in the eyes of the public.

I have been told this by Virginia Rappe herself. She has returned in a materialized form before a large audience. Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Tomson was the psychic in the meeting of the International Psychical Research Society where she appeared. We say psychic instead of medium as there is a difference. Some claim to be mediums only to defraud the public, while psychical research and the word "psychic" have not that reputation. Mrs. Tomson is too well known here and abroad by many noted scientists for us to have any doubt as to her work being genuine. We know it was Virginia Rappe, as she was recognized. She said Arbuckle was not guilty and wished that justice be done. She wanted the public to know it, she said.

If you can use her statement or if we can be of any assistance just let me know as I would be only too glad to help Arbuckle. Please let me have an early reply.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Roy Jefferson,
Secretary, International Psychical Research Society,
State and Randolph Streets, Chicago, Ill.

In response to a rain of telegrams, the following wire was received by SCREENLAND a few days later, bearing the name of Halma Tomson, daughter of the psychic and her secretary:

"Roy Jefferson's letter true and approved by Dr. Rowell, president of the International Psychical Research Society. It was at a regular meeting of the society on October second before about four hundred and fifty people that the surprise took place. Elizabeth Allen Tomson, the psychic, removed all her clothing to her nude body before a committee of six lady investigators to show them she had nothing by which to practice fraud. They were all sure of this before she was placed in an enclosure which was examined and built by six gentlemen investigators.

"Shortly after the meeting had started and during a violin solo Virginia Rappe appeared as in a beautiful cloud. She gradually became a materialized form and was recognized by many. We were all astonished as she had not even been spoken of by anyone present. She was visible to all and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by many:

"'Roscoe Arbuckle is not guilty and I want justice done.'

"She called a well known press woman to her and said: 'As a press woman you can help me and I want you to give this to the press so the world will know he is innocent.'

"She seemed very deeply grieved as she said she wanted to help him out of the trouble that she had been innocent cause of through her carelessness. She said she wanted all that could to help her by seeing justice was done. That is why Roy Jefferson wrote direct to you.

"He says he thought her wishes were being neglected or held back for future use. My mother is in a state of coma inside the enclosure during these experiments and does not realize what transpires. But I act as her secretary and was present when she heard the story. She was more surprised, if possible, than the spectators.

"TOMSON, Secretary."

In order to secure additional verification and if possible more interesting facts in relation to the Rappe appearance, SCREENLAND detailed the W. J. Burns Detective Agency to this extraordinary case. Mr. G. P. Pross, manager of the Los Angeles branch, wired Chicago to put their most skilled men on the work. The operative at-
RAPPE still ALIVE?

Attended a meeting of the society. Below is his telegraphed report:

"Attended meeting which opened at seven thirty p. m. Short program of music and reading and lecture by Dr. Tomson, husband of Elizabeth Allen Tomson, on the subject: "There Is No Death." The meeting was presided over by Dr. L. W. Rowell, president of the local International.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Tomson then entered a cabinet on the platform and gave a seance producing white robed spirits in material form. I was among six volunteer men from the audience who inspected the cabinet before the Tomson woman entered it.

"After the lights were turned out I was twice led up on the platform to gaze into the face of a white robed figure who emerged from the cabinet but who did not speak to me. I was asked by a man on the platform if I recognized the face as that of Virginia Rappe whom he said had appeared some three weeks ago and declared that Fatty Arbuckle was not guilty of causing her death.

"I was requested to sign my name as one of the committee inspecting the cabinet used. At no other time was Virginia Rappe's name or Arbuckle's name mentioned. After the meeting I endeavored to see Elizabeth Allen Tomson, the psychic, but was informed by her daughter, Halma, that her mother could not be seen tonight as she was in no condition after the seance. But Halma Tomson and President Rowell told me of previous seance, saying white-robed figure with black curly hair hanging loosely down her back appeared from the cabinet and walked to the edge of the platform and called to a Chicago newspaper woman who occupied a front seat, and laying great stress on her words said:

"I am Virginia Rappe and must say that Roscoe Arbuckle is absolutely innocent of causing my death. Miss Rappe's vision then returned to the cabinet and faded away.

"Miss Tomson, Dr. Rowell and others said they recognized the vision as Miss Rappe. The audience of this occasion numbered about two hundred and fifty.

"While talking with Dr. Rowell who substantiated Halma Tomson's story, she came over and told the doctor to remember 'some things are personal' and to be careful what he said.

"About 150 attended the meeting tonight. Miss Tomson seemingly anxious publicity be given the visionary appearance of Virginia Rappe and also her utterances. I did not mention SCREENLAND in my conversation. The meeting closed at ten twenty five p. m."

Added details concerning the Rappe appearance were supplied in a second telegram from Miss Tomson. It follows:

"Will respect your wishes. Rappe has not appeared since. She had made no other statement but we are hoping to see her at every meeting.

"She came from the curtains in a bright blue light, wearing beautiful pure, white flowing robes. She had wonderful dark brown eyes and hair which hung over her shoulders and appeared to have a dark skin. The enclosure in which my mother is placed is made of two sides and a top of one thickness of half inch wood securely fastened together and absolutely void of any traps or trickery. It is six feet high, about four and a half feet deep and four feet wide. The front is closed with one thickness of gray French velour drapery in which nothing could be concealed, with an opening in the center where the apparitions appear.

"Following are the names and addresses of eye and ear witnesses who formed the committee: Mrs. J. K. Moorehead, 632 Maryland Street, Gary, Indiana; Mrs. R. Warner, 4051 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Jane Brooks, Morrison Hotel, Room 1244, Chicago; Mrs. Mary Gallagher, 5237 Harper Avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Edna Bacon Blackwell, Oklahoma; Alex A. Norton, 109 North Dearborn Street, Chicago; Patrick Leahy, Night Superintendent of Masonic Temple; Professor Irving Hamlin Evans-ton, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; Geo. Perlman, 1537 North Robey Street; Dr. Lawrence H. Rowell, Western Springs, Ill.; J. G. Kliss, 200 North Jefferson Street, Chicago. Miss Tomson."

A short message affirming the previous ones came from Dr. Rowell president of the society. It reads:

"The circumstances and statement of Rappe appearance as sent to you by our secretary, Roy Jefferson, are correct in every detail. I can add nothing more to the report. LAWRENCE H. ROWELL, M.D."

©Screenland Publishing Co.
When Frank R. Adams wrote *Manhandling Ethel*, little did he believe that the novel would bring to the brow of this regal young lady a glittering diadem of pearls. Had he foreseen it—and her—he would have known why the screen version is named *Enchantment*.

*Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston*
A BIT O' SCOTCH

The Thrums district of Scotland, a few miles from Dundee, already made picture-famous in *Sentimental Tommy*, is the setting for *The Little Minister*, another Barrie play just filmed. Betty Compson is the star and Penrhyn Stanlaws (a Scotchman himself, by the way) is director.

Mr. Stanlaws, being an artist, will doubtlessly contrive to have genuine thistle bloom drifting across the camera lens by the time it is finished for showing in your theatre.
DOUBLING FOR ROMEO—Goldwyn

Will Rogers in tights! Now it is easy to see why he stayed five years in the Follies. Don't laugh at his legs, though. They need encouragement. The story is as thin as nickel-plating, but sparkling subtitles, a laugh in every one, makes you forget even if you left home with the cat locked in. Is it necessary to add that this is Rogers' own satire of Shakespeare?

A TRIP TO PARADISE—Metro

They say New Yorkers who have seen the Theatre Guild play *Lillian* will not care for this, its picture version. But there are many without prejudice for its early life. It is as good as a sight-seeing excursion to Coney Island, even if you do not care for Bert Lytell and his perfect profile—which, of course, you probably do, anyway. Save shoe leather and see Coney Island in *A Trip to Paradise*.

THE MASKED AVENGER

Western Pictures

Nothing to set the world afire, yet better than most modern tales of the poor, old, storied-to-death West. Red-blooded ribbon clerks of Muskegon and Plainsville will get many kicks from it. And small boys will watch it wide-eyed.

Of course, everyone will be interested in this return of Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid) to the screen, opposite Lester Cuneo, the Western hero star, whom you must try to forgive for riding the wave of the renaissance of Western melodrama.
THE SHEIK—Paramount

A Sheik's clean-shaven jaw! It is the first time in motion picture history that an Arabian gentleman without a mattress on his face has reached the screen. For this we are indebted to Rudolfo Valentino.

The Sheik is actually worth all its ballyhooing. It has everything that a money-maker should have to be intriguing. An Arabian prince with an intoxicating harem, the exotic mysticism of the desert and a picturesque marriage fair with all the damsels looking as if they enjoyed being auctioned off; all this besides Agnes Ayres, splendidly dramatic. Monte M. Katterjohn, who adapted the novel, made its torrid passages censor-proof.

MORE reviews of the month's best productions on Page 44.)
Advice for the Screenlorn

Epigrams & Diagrams

By EVERETT WYNN

SCREENLAND, never backward about coming forward, and hoping to remain so, presents herewith its own exclusive correspondence course in fitting yourself for the screen. If you desire personal advice and criticism write your favorite name and address on a souvenir postcard, attach a Patagonian two-mark stamp, address to SCREENLAND Correspondence Course Editor and take to any postoffice and see if they'll take it.

Don't lose any portion of your beauty naps trying to look like the pictures of the stars on the magazine covers. Ever since the first movie magazine was published the stars themselves have been trying to do this.

The finest intensive training for the ups and downs of the life of a persecuted serial heroine—Give hubby's single remaining copy of pre-war Scotch to the janitor and contribute your allowance to the Blue Law Society. When you tell hubby what you've done he'll spare no pains giving you the experience necessary for a career in serials.

For those craving a career in bathing girl comedies. By adding a bit of material to a ball-gown you will have an acceptable bathing suit. Catch the cook when she's baking custard pies and attempt to discharge her.

For the mere male person there is nothing better than an attempt to purchase a Christmas present for the missus in a department store filled with lady-holiday shoppers. Try it, you may have the latent staying powers of a Fairbanks or a Farnum.

An excellent idea of how to go about playing a part in classical negligée plays such as "The Queen of Sheba" may be gained from an exhaustive study of the nude head of an American husband. Your own husband will do.
There's a reason for the popularity of picture stars, aside from their handsome appeal. The photoplay camera records more than just the face and form, gestures and mannerisms; or the subtle acting tricks that sometimes win one's favor.

Character and personality are the greatest assets for screen success and the celluloid drama soon reveals the fabric of these qualities. In other words, as a man is, so he photographs.

A certain screen actor begins to win your favor, but if asked you could not tell why you like him. His character and personality have reached out from the silver sheet and captured your admiration. Repetition, then, makes for popularity.

There is "Dick" Barthelmess, the farmer boy of Griffith's *Way Down East*, and in your own words, perhaps, "a peach of a fellow"—yes, a regular boy.

Now, why do you like him, aside from the fact that he is a finished actor? It is because of his character, that merits admiration. He is growing more popular every day, it might also be added.

In considering the features of Mr. Barthelmess, it should be remembered that no one indication denotes his character.

SCREENLAND's authority on physiognomy has analyzed the popular Richard and the captions beneath the accompanying photographs reveal why you like him.

His perceptive forehead denotes great mental and physical energy. While quick to think, he is apt to jump to conclusions, lacking a balance of caution and tact, due perhaps, to his abundance of personal magnetism and self-confidence.

He has a well-balanced head, two-thirds of which are before the ear, measuring from the inner orifice of the ear to the outer prominence of the brow, and one-third behind, measuring straight back from the opening in the ear. He belongs to the near-perfect mental physical type. His chin denotes an amorous, impulsive and passionate nature.

His arched eyebrows depict a negative rather than a positive nature; imaginative with a tendency to live in dreams and yet his brown eyes reflect a strong intellect. The eyes are almost perfect and indicate a keen sensibility, optimism tempered with reason, enthusiasm and strong mental force. His nose is well formed and indicates tension and energy. His mouth and lip betray a trace of vanity, though characteristic of concentration, ambition and genius.
Furs are such a bother but

The stars don't mind

One might think Hollywood was near the North Pole to see the furs the stars wear. But then modes are never dictated by utility, except in certain remote instances, such as the popular African custom of wearing a string of beads.

I suppose most women should be thankful that they do not have to wear these heavy, expensive wraps. There is so much worry and responsibility attached. In the summer, they must be hung in cold storage and moth drives made on them regularly. In the winter, one must carry theft insurance. Yes, large furs are an awful bother. Still—

A lustrous sealskin coat with raccoon collar and cuffs is the favorite evening wrap of Anita Stewart.

This heavy cape of stole marten is Arctic-proof in texture and censure-proof in style. Note the quaint large collar effect.

This regal white ermine evening coat makes Betty Compson perfectly adorable. I saw her wear it at the Opera. I dare not even venture an estimate of its cost.

Advance styles in select winter millinery will be shown by the stars in next month's SCREENLAND. What star do you want to see in her latest hat? Just write me a note and I'll ask your favorite player to pose for next month's page. Address SCREENLAND Fashion Editor.

Cape, where are you going with that little girl? It took a whole woods full of squirrels to supply Viola Dana with this rich garment.
They DANCED their Way into the MOVIES
Six Light-Footed Beauties who appear in Popular Productions

Alice Maison is a dancer known on Broadway as well as in picturedom. She appeared in Mack Sennett's "Heartbalm" and now is a featured Christie player.
Photo by Evans

Just a glimpse of Shannon Day, whom you will see in "After the Show" and in Goldwyn's "His Back Against the Wall." Miss Day is a Follies graduate.
Photo by C. S. Bull

Ruth Miller adorned in a fantastic costume she wore in C. B. DeMille's "Fool's Paradise.
Photo by Karl Struz

Consuela Flowerton as she appears in "Camille" with Alla Nazimova. She is another Ziegfeld beauty.

Miss DuPont (Margaret Armstrong) one of von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives.
Photo by Freulich

One of the breath-taking scenes in "Man, Woman, Marriage" was enacted by Derelys Perdue on the top of a banquet table, as you see her in this picture.
Photo by Kopac
Eileen attends Larry's house party.

The opening night of the musical comedy right. (Ruth Miller as the bride)

Photographed by James N. Doolittle.

In Larry's charming company Eileen is introduced to the bright lights (Lila Lee and Jack Holt).

The great love and sacrifice of Pop (Charles Ogle) awakens Eileen to her true self.
William Wallace Reid, aged four. Whatever daddy does is the correct thing, as you can see for yourself.

One of the reasons why Conrad Nagel doesn’t have to play golf; he gets enough walking at home at nights. Introducing Ruth Margaret Nagel.

The Irish heart of Tom Moore is owned, controlled and operated by his wee lassie, Alice Joyce Moore.

When he isn’t playing in pictures, Jack Holt plays papa to three happy youngsters, one of whom is this thoughtful youth, Jack Holt Jr.

Will Rogers is training his kiddies’ literary tastes by reading to them his own book “Prohibition”. Jimmy, Mary and Will Junior are the ones who seem to be interested. Teddy, lying on the floor, looks like he is taking a nap.
MARY MILES MINTER

She says that from now on she will play in "real woman" parts. "No more frivolous, hoity-toity, silly girl stories, if you please," the Realart star demanded when she returned from abroad. Incidentally, this is her very latest photograph, made since her return. (Yes, this is a Paris frock.)

Art portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.
“If Mary Pickford will ever have a successor, it will be this little lady,” says Frank O’Connor. And of course Mr. O’Connor should know. He directed the tiny, new star in *The Happy Ending, Everything For Sale* and *A Virginia Courtship.*

Art portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.
HE Motion Picture in our case has been the mountain; and Screenland has been obliged to play the role of the prophet.

For the industry of the Motion Picture belongs to the West, just as the publishing business has appeared, in the past, to belong exclusively to the East.

And SCREENLAND has felt that in order to properly represent the Motion Picture it would be necessary to be in the heart of the industry, itself a part of the Romance and Adventure of the Playworld wherein it dwells.

When this principle was first put in practice — about eighteen months ago — many great obstacles confronted us. What hardships those first few issues represented! The returns on those first stories published months ahead of other magazines. Two others came within call of our office, responded to our efforts for greater names and greater talents in a motion picture magazine. They lent most bountifully of their efforts and support.

Soon SCREENLAND was enabled to offer to its readers work of contributors whose names were household words. To Elinor Glyn, to Rupert Hughes, to Rita Wiman, to Peter B. Kyne, to Gouverneur Morris, to Penrhyn Stanlaws, to Rob Wagner, to Byron Morgan, to Monte M. Katterjohn our gratitude is particularly due.

Although many of the greatest obstacles in founding a new magazine in a new environment are already overcome, there remain many more to be surmounted. Backed by youth, vigor and enthusiasm, the policy of SCREENLAND is prepared for those obstacles with the foundation created by its accomplishments of the past few months.

These accomplishments have been to secure the best pictures and the best stories for our readers. We have fought constantly against the insidious influence of "easy writing" — against that vastly abused form, the "star interview." We have kept the faith as printed in our April issue: to print interviews that say something about people who have done things; or failing these, to publish none at all.

During the past eight months only eight interviews have appeared in SCREENLAND. One of these was secured at the bedside of Erich von Stroheim after he had completed the greatest picture of his career and the most stupendous production of all times. Two others came from our Paris correspondent — an interview with Mary Miles Minter abroad and another of Chaplin first reaching Europe. And lastly, an interview at the bottom of the sea was had with Irvin V. Willat, producer of Below the Surface.

Every month SCREENLAND has contained "scopos"—stories published months ahead of other magazines. The Arbuckle Case in the November issue was an article made...
ATHENS OF AMERICA

PENRHYN STAN-LAWS

MONTE M. KATTER-JOHN
Screen Author. Born—Boonville, Ind., 1878.
Career—Born in the literary belt of Indiana 29 years ago. He turned devotee of the shadow-drama while in his puppy years and has been writing of, for and about “his art” ever since. Paramount pays his salary for his exclusive scenario efforts and he came to Hollywood in 1915 and contributed to SCREENLAND in the present issue.

GOUVENNEUR MORRIS
Author. Born—New York City, 1876.

RUPERT HUGHES

RITA WEIMAN

The Athenaeum of America—home of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League—where one hundred and twenty prominent authors and artists have established the nucleus of a center of intellect and creative genius which has made Hollywood "The Athens of America."
Although Miss Aye is no bathing girl, she demonstrates here the coming vogue for bathing beauties—the rag costume. If Miss Aye takes Mama’s tip she will not go near the water; for a stitch on dry land is worth nine when this rather shaky costume gets weighted with moisture.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser.
EILEEN PERCY

One would naturally think that a big concern like the Fox Film Co. could afford to pay its stars enough to get some winter clothes. But we are not complaining if Miss Percy isn’t.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.
The famous Booth Tarkington tales of the boyhood adventures of Penrod Scofield are being brought to life on the screen. Marshall Neilan has begun a screen production starring Wesley Barry in the title role and surrounded by as typical a cast of small boys as one could find in a day's march through his childhood reminiscences. This cave scene was taken during the first day of production, in mid-October.

We have here, ladies and gentlemen, Marshall Neilan, movie ventriloquist. He pulls the strings and "Wes" does the rest. And that doesn't make "Wes" a dummy either.

"I am sure that your production of Penrod will have the success your long and careful preparation for it deserves. Please accept for yourself and that fine actor, Wesley Barry, my heartiest good wishes."

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

The Royal Exalted Ruler is planning to commandeer his father's red flannel underwear which he believes will make him a good pair of tights—a splendidly effective costume for a Royal Exalted Ruler.
San Francisco lost a promising newsboy when Marshall Neilan “found” Wesley Barry—a freckled, fighting urchin on a street corner. Wesley’s leap to featured player and then a star was made in one-tenth of the proverbial three years that it takes to “make” a star.
Spirit photography, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, has been accomplished. But Artist Treichler claims he has something new in spirit drawing. By a remarkably sparing use of line, he has secured a convincing spiritual likeness of Constance Talmadge.
Captain Fremont's little band of wayfarers from Boonville, Mo., find themselves in a land where no foot has trod before, making history of the vast plains, deserts and mountains of the West. We congratulate the Director because there isn't a telegraph pole in sight.

Art Standish (Art Acord) is the finest Indian fighter and trapper in the expedition and he has many thrilling exploits, including a near-broiling at the stake.

The world must be becoming a better place; for the boyhood of Yesterday there was the dime novel; Today we have The Winners of the West, Universal serial starring Art Acord, peopled with national figures and woven from the cloth of historic adventures.

There is that dashing fighter and pathfinder, Captain John C. Fremont, and Kit Carson, heroic scout and plainsman beloved of every American boy. And in it is the thrill of the gold rush of '49, the mad-riding Sioux in war-paint, prairie fires and all the gripping fights and struggles of our pioneer forefathers.

If the exciting episodes of this educational serial are given conscientious attention to detail and historical accuracy, congratulations will be due Universal for lifting the serial to an acceptable form of entertainment.

The Sioux braves in all their war paint, just as if they stepped from the pages of your story-book.
After many vicissitudes, Billy learns that Joy isn't so bookwormish, after all. When Joy reveals her true identity he promptly falls in love with her. Being already married, they lived—somehow—ever after.
Their PASTS

Some Dark (or are they light?) Chapters out of the Early Careers of Four of the Biggest Paramount Stars

All the smart-Aleck magazine folks like to tease Gloria Swanson just because she used to be a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Just the other day a celebrated film authority said: "Gloria Swanson is now worth $300,000 in any picture she stars in." Perhaps this explains why Famous Players-Lasky doesn't complain at stringing out so many 0's on the right-hand side of her weekly pay check.

This reprint from an old photo supports the theory that great artists are born, not developed. The little ten-year-old lady scrutinizing the artillery is Agnes Ayres. The picture was taken when she was playing in an amateur Wild West show. How long ago? When she was ten, we told you!

This picture hearkens back to Wallace Reid's spear-carrying days. If you have been a picture fan for a long time, maybe you remember "Joan, the Woman." It was in this spectacle that Wallie achieved a leading role, costumed as you see him here. It was in 1916.

Photo by Hartsook

Not every admirer of the present-day piquant Betty Compson realizes that she was a comedienne in two-reelers not so many years ago. Since Betty started to lengthen her pictures and shorten her skirts, you would hardly recognize her as the slapstick queen, would you?
THE POVERTY OF RICHES—
Goldwyn

Goldwyn is wise in making pictures that deal with life as it is lived in River City and Chicago and Wichita and not just in the brain of a director $1000 a week removed from plain living. It is everyday creatures who reflect ourselves and our neighbors. Ambitions, children, soapy kitchens and one-room matrimony have been neglected too long. Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy will please you with their sincere interpretations of human beings.

(Continued from Page Twenty-five)

BING BANG BOOM—
Western Pictures

An old-fashioned love affair, town politics and David Butler working in a shoe store makes an interesting picture with comedy enough to make you enjoy it even if it doesn’t stir and excite you. A picture well adapted to invalids to whom the shock of sudden emotion might be disastrous. The title is somewhat misleading. Should be named Zif Zing Zowie or something a little milder.

THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal

Universal re-named Margaret Armstrong Miss DuPont and starred her. From long association with gunpowder, the name seems to have had flaming results. At least, in The Rage of Paris, Miss DuPont assumes the role of a married lady with the wanderlust and makes an excursion into the French capital’s wicked half world that is at least stimulating. With a ravishing wardrobe Miss DuPont shows that her year in Foolish Wives taught her a thing or two about fooling the men.

THE CHILD THOU GAVEST ME—John M. Stahl

Springing from an unsavory dramatic seedbed, your theatre billboards will declare that it has a “daring theme.” By the more or less delicate elimination of certain unspeakable scenes, it leaves things to the imagination which does nobody’s imagination good to have there. Three-year-old Richard Headrick, Lewis Stone and Barbara Castleton. Don’t take the children or you will have some unpleasant explaining on your hands when you get home.
THE JOURNEY'S END
—Hodkinson

Another subtitleless picture. The lack is supplied, though, by providing the star, Mabel Ballin, with two husbands. It's the modern tendency of spare parts in the home as well as in the garage.

Anyway, it's a good lesson for all girls who contemplate having two husbands, is entertaining for those who do not and is safe enough to allow your own husband to see.

THE CASE OF BECKY—
Realart

Another ghost of the past—a dual personality role. Why will they not let it rest in its grave. Periodically, this sere and yellow specter is marched from its tomb to rattle its ancient, dank bones before us.

However, since producers will not let moss grow on this theme, for once, at least, it is sincerely done and is convincing as possible. Constance Binney transforms her breezy likeable-ness into a striking though unpleasant Becky.

NEVER WEAKEN—Hal E. Roach

Harold Lloyd's popularity won't if he keeps making pictures like this. Here at last is a coming comedian who will give Chaplin a race for his laurels. His comedy is every bit as funny, his characterizations unusual, and to counterbalance the Chaplin pathos he has an air of injured innocence—even when hanging from the edge of a ten-story building. At its world premiere at a Los Angeles theatre, Never Weaken broke all known records, whatever they are.

(More "Little Hints to Playgoers' on Pages 64 and 66.)
PERSONALITY SNAPSHOTs

Thumb Nail Paragraphs about Your Screen Favorites in Their Climb along Stardom Orbit

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

They are human beings, even as you and I—these idols of the silver sheet. It has been my good fortune to know most of them since the days of "the Biograph girl." I have observed them in their climb along the orbit of stardom, and in this procession of personalities have known most of them "off stage." Here, then, are a few anecdotes, character observations and inside facts, proving that photoplay stars play and dream and strive and hope—"even as you and I."

For instance, when Charlie Ray was working before the camera with Frank Keenan in The Coward for the meager stipend of fifty dollars a week, he resentfully said:

"I don't think they'll ever give me a chance!" There was a defiant quiver in his voice. His work in that particular picture eventually resulted in his elevation to stardom. Two years later, when being featured as a small town rube in The Clodhopper, Charlie pleadingly objected:

"I don't want to become known as a player of rube parts. Don't you think I could do westerns or society heroes just as well?"

Let's see, what kind of a part did Charlie play in his last picture?

Clara Kimball Young might have settled our recent European unpleasantness with far more decisiveness than did the peace advocates at Versailles, judging from a scene once enacted at Vitagraph's Brooklyn Studios.

The director, James Young, was tearing both his hair and pages from a book, stamping the floor and subsequently the book, all in the exasperated presence of J. Stuart Blackton. Miss Young entered at the height of the argument, just when the adjectives became very plain.

On learning the cause of the spirited scene, Miss Young remarked:

"I have read the book. Mr. Blackton is right; it would make an excellent picture. But Mr. Young is also right. And as for my role, it is splendid, except that it is far too good for me. However, if you can agree I'll consent to work in it." Whereupon she departed and the surprised men fell to discussing motor boating.

Afterward another motion picture company successfully launched a new star in that particular story. And that was the price Miss Young paid for peace.

"Five years ago I caused a 21-year-old player of extra parts to be cast for a small bit in William S. Hart's The Apostle of Vengeance. He made good, and today John Gilbert is a star under the Fox banner. He climbed to the pinnacle on the ladder of praise. That is, when he had just heard a word or so of praise he could go before the camera and enact a lifelike scene almost without direction or rehearsal. But should he have some adverse criticism, he would half-heartedly go through the mechanics, a mannikin, stilted and lifeless.

During his journey upward he would boastingly remark:

"I'm going to be a success! Why, when I'm your age, I'll be making twice the money you're getting now. I'll be a big star one of these days!"

He would repeat this and like statements over and over, hypnotizing himself with the thought that he was among the best actors before the camera. His success today is due to his confidence in himself, and directors have learned that a generous amount of praise always results in a most perfect piece of work.

Yes, there are temperamental stars.

Alice Terry hails from my State—Indiana. When I used to work on a certain Vincennes daily paper Alice was studying her fifth reader and sucking a lemon through a stick of peppermint candy.

Six years afterward, I met her again. But this time she was a member of Inceville's famous stock players back in the days of Triangle-Kay-Bee pictures.

How that child loved candy! She spent most of her time before the candy counter in the cowboys' commissary buying chocolate-coated marshmallows or some other toothsome sweet. Meanwhile, she was just one of the mob, wondering why she was never given a "bit" in a small part. Day by day she was taking on weight.

Then she was offered a small part in Bessie Barriscale's Not My Sister with the proviso that she never eat another piece of candy as long as she was with the company.

That was the start which led to Rex Ingram's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, where I watched the triumph of a slender, graceful girl-woman who once was in competition with the jolly Almas of the sideshows.

Such is the price of fame.

Screenland News Service

Does your local paper carry it?

TWO WESTERN MAGAZINES

An Unusual Offer

for SCREENLAND READERS

See Page 56
These three eccentric portraits of famous stars partake of the extreme modernistic tendency in art, while at the same time they bear a striking resemblance to the conventional type of wood-cuts of the eighteenth century. Thus they supply the missing link connecting the modern faddists with their earnest but hungry predecessors.

The artist, Mr. George H. Fisher, has blithely dispensed with nearly every recognized art standard and yet has preserved a distinct likeness to Nazimova, Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson—something no conscientious cubist would dream of doing.

"I did these pictures in all sincerity," Mr. Fisher said when he turned them in to the Editor, "but you can have all the fun with them you want to."
THE KIND OF A GIRL
WHO MAKES A STAR

JUST the kind of a girl she hopes to find through the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest is told by Miss Marion Fairfax in the following absorbing article. The qualities that go toward making an exceptional star are more exacting, perhaps, than you have ever imagined.

The SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest will be open until April 15, 1922, and the winner, selected by the three judges named on the opposite page, will be announced in the June, 1922, issue of SCREENLAND. This arrangement of dates will make it possible for almost any girl to effect her trip to California in vacation-time from school or office.

Of course, any girl is eligible, no matter where she lives. The girls who have already entered, a few of the pictures of whom appear on the next page, live in all parts of the United States.

Carefully read the coupons at the bottom of this page before you mail your photograph. Please don't endanger your opportunity to get this glorious experience of a lifetime by sending a poor photograph or a stamp picture or a kodak snapshot. Your features must be clearly shown. The photograph must speak for itself.

Also, do not delay sending your picture. From month to month, selected ones will be published in SCREENLAND.

And last, but as important as anything else, do not write. Simply fill out the coupons. That is all the information the judges will need. They cannot enter correspondence with you. It would be unfair to other contestants, remember.

Will you be the one to travel this highway to success and stardom, perhaps? It is so easy to try. Just send your photograph—today!

During her stay in "SCREENLAND," the contest winner will be the home guest of Miss Fairfax. The above picture shows the west entry to the artistic Fairfax Spanish hacienda on Vine Street, Hollywood. How would you like to be driven up this driveway next June as the queen of the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest?

Miss Marion Fairfax, prominent woman motion picture producer and director, who will cast the Contest winner in a leading role in a feature production—the biggest "make good" opportunity ever offered an unknown screen aspirant.

PHOTO BY HOOVER

STAR DUST

By MARION FAIRFAX

JUST what constitutes good star material? What qualities, inherent or acquired, are demanded by the ambitious producer in his stars? Of course, the old adage "many men, many minds" applies to this problem as it does to all others, but in this case the producer is a woman—and the following items constitute my mind on the subject.

First—Personality; which I sum up as mental and physical attractiveness.

Second—Imagination; the ability to project that personality in and through the part or character to be interpreted—to pour it into and out of innumerable moulds and yet never become negative. The negative assuming of a character—the careless and accurate delineation of it—will make a fair character actor, but it does not necessarily make a star.

To this careful interpretation the star must add the positive creative qualities of a keen imagination and intellect.

Third—Intelligence; which I define, for screen purposes only, as the ability to think and act at one and the same time. Undoubtedly many people will say this should be the first, not the third, requirement. But many a good actor is gifted with a fine degree of intelligence and yet lacks the other qualifications that are required in a star.

Fourth—Stick-to-it-ive-ness; the work-appetite. The would-be star must be a glutton for work. Contradictory as it may seem, the imaginative, personality-plus star must also be a plodder if he or she is actually to cash in on said star-ability.

Fifth—Youth; because "art is long and time is fleeting"—and also because the camera is very cruel.

Sixth—Good looks; because the star is the peg upon which every spectator hangs his or her own private ideas of Romance.

Seventh—Charm; last, but by no means least. Charm has never been defined, but let's call it loveliness. To attract and hold the attention of the spectator is not enough. The true star must appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect. Half the world loves Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, and will risk being crushed in a mob just to get a glimpse of them.

Of course, when all seven of these requirements are found in any one person we have not only the star, but the super-star, the star par excellence—but what director does not dream of finding, training and presenting to a grateful world, star-material such as this? And on the other hand, what director is not thrilled when he finds a budding artist with any three or four of these seven qualifications of the super-star, working with what he has and hoping to develop the others?

SIX MORE MONTHS
Until the Winner of the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest Is Announced.
You Should Get Every Copy.
See Page 56
Have you mailed YOUR picture to the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX OPPORTUNITY CONTEST?

This will be the prize given to "the most beautiful girl in SCREENLAND:"

A free round trip to California—

A $100 a week contract with Marion Fairfax Productions to play a leading part in a feature production—

A month among the studios, during which time she will meet all the famous stars and directors in Movieland—

Her picture reproduced in a page portrait in SCREENLAND magazine—

An opportunity never before equalled in any motion picture contest.

On April 15, 1922, the most beautiful girl in the SCREENLAND-FAIRFAX Opportunity Contest will be chosen by three judges. The three judges will be Marion Fairfax, prominent woman motion picture director and producer; Penrhyn Stanlaws, internationally famous artist and director; and Myron Zobel, editor and publisher of SCREENLAND.

Paste this Coupon on Back of Photo

Name
Street Address
City
State
My height is
Weight
Age
Color Hair
Color Eyes

Paste this Coupon OUTSIDE of Package

SCREENLAND
Markham Building
Care Opportunity Contest Editor
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

No Photographs will be entered in the Contest without these Coupons attached. No Photograph entered in the Contest can be returned.
Perhaps this "honey-moon" plan is different than yours. If so, write to the "Home Editor" anyway. He can help you in any affair about your prospective home.

No, it isn't really. But wouldn't it be appropriate for a little dovecote? If anyone wants to copy it, SCREENLAND Home Editor will supply plans and specifications to prospective honeymooners.

The demi tasse cottage pictured here stands on the Realart Studio "lot" at Hollywood and it is occupied by Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley, Realart stars.

Bebe Daniels' suite is filled with all sorts of antiques and bizarre Oriental things are scattered about. Also, the kitchenette boasts real kitchen utensils so Bebe can entertain friends between scenes with all the comforts—or is it discomforts?—of a home.

The Daniels color scheme is blue and black, the furniture black lacquer, and it is the mirror-iest place you ever saw.

A corner of the Daniels suite.

Wanda Hawley's suite is gray-blue—to match her eyes, no doubt. A blue enameled screen hides the dressing room from the "lounge", a feature of which is the fireplace. The furniture is of enameled wicker typically Californian, and sunlight filters through chintz hangings.

Wanda Hawley in her dressing room.
As a result of this tie-up (beginning with the next release) all the interesting exclusive material appearing in SCREENLAND Magazine will be shown in motion pictures and all the unusual subjects incorporated in SCREEN SNAPSHOTs will appear, from time to time, in word and pictures in this magazine.

Screen Snapshots
Produced by
LOUIS LEWYN and JACK COHN
THE FILM FAN MAGAZINE ON THE SCREEN
Intimate glimpses behind the screen and at home with the famous stars of Screenland

Special Combination Release!
Screen Snapshots in Screenland
“Homelife Number”
In this Release:
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All your favorites in one reel

Screen Snapshots
One reel every other week
Shown in ten thousand theatres throughout America
If your favorite movie house is not showing SCREEN SNAPSHOTs
Ask the theatre manager to book it from any

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ALBANY
BUFFALO
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND

ATLANTA
CINCINNATI
DETROIT
DENVER
DALLAS
KANSAS CITY

LOS ANGELES
LITTLE ROCK
MINNEAPOLIS
MILWAUKEE
NEW YORK

NEW HAVEN
NEW ORLEANS
OMAHA
OKLAHOMA CITY
PITTSBURG

PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
SALT LAKE CITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CANADA—TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG
Anna K., of Kansas City, Mo., the kind soul, says: "What do I like best in SCREENLAND? Why, Your Own Page. It contains such splendid inducement." Miss K. also wants Monte Blue's address. The SCREENLAND Service Bureau by now has no doubt informed her that Monte is playing in stock at the D. W. Griffith Studios at Mamaroneck, L. I.

The world is awakening to the truth that the vast Motion Picture is not only usurping other amusements, but that the influence of the screen is traceable in every community, every home and in the life of every individual in every civilized portion of the globe.

Thus, in the motion picture field, a magazine faces one of the most splendid missions of service that any magazine can fulfill. The Motion Picture contains a tremendous power for elevating social ideals. The Motion Picture magazine must aid it.

"The only movie magazine that pleases everybody," kindly pens E. H. of Newcastle, Pa., "unless it is the man who inscribes tombstones." Any reader who inscribes tombstones: will you please write and tell us how we may interest you?

What the Editor of Your Own Page likes best in SCREENLAND—and why—is that so many readers (both interested and interesting) are writing letters—letters that help improve each issue.

Comments a-plenty came for every page this month except for the star bungalows—The Honeymoon Bungalow the page is called this month. What's the matter with the bungalow department? Don't any of you readers live in houses? The Home Editor is worried. Send in some questions and cheer him up. Or else tell him what is wrong with his page.

Thirty-one writers this month said they "happened to be standing in front of a news stand" and thus bought SCREENLAND. SCREENLAND is about to launch a national movement establishing benches in front of all news stands. Details later.

A $10 first prize will be paid every month to the Screenland reader who sends to the Editor of "Your Own Page" the best answer to the following three questions:

What I like best in Screenland, and why.
What I like least in Screenland, and why.
How I came to buy my first copy of Screenland, and why.

A second prize of $5 will be paid for the next best letter. A third prize of a year's subscription to Screenland will be awarded to the third best response to the three questions.

The letter that wins the first prize will be published each month in this space. Announcement will be made on this page in each issue of the winners of the second and third prizes.

Why do you read Screenland? Your answer may be a prize winner. Write it to "Editor, Your Own Page," Screenland, Markham Building, Hollywood, California.

THE $5 LETTER

What I Like Best and Why—
"SCREENLAND'S timelines. It is up to the minute."
What I Like Least and Why—
"I missed four copies."
How I came to Buy My First Copy—
"It stepped out after me from the news stand."

MRS. JOSEPH BASTIEN,
Los Angeles, Cal.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WEST

In Its Two Virile Magazines

See Special Offer on Page 56

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

What I Like Best and Why—
"Your Own Page, its personal touch."
What I Like Least and Why—
"It doesn't last long enough."
How I Came to Buy My First Copy—
"I saw it was made right where the movies are made—something more than I ever expected."

MISS MARY CROMPTON,
Toronto, Canada.

The story of SCREENLAND is on Page 34. Read it, for then you will realize the goal the Editors have set to help and entertain you through the forthcoming year. This bigger and better number of SCREENLAND, remember, is only a beginning.

"It is just the right size," writes an Oakland, Calif., young lady. We hope that Miss M. will not object to these added pages.

The 18 players represented in the Silhouette Contest are: Clara Kimball Young, Theodore Roberts, Sessee Hayakawa, "Bull" Montana, Norma Tal-madge, Thomas Meighan, Jackie Coogan, Ben Turpin, Tom Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Wm. S. Hart, Buster Keaton, Roscoe Arbuckle, Wallace Reid, Will Rogers, Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels.

Autographed contest photos will soon be sent to all the winners. The answers are being checked daily. Those who guessed all but one correctly will receive a partial set and guessers who missed just a few will be mailed pictures of the ones they missed so they'll know the stars better next time. Of course, no more guessers can be received now that the list is published.

"I read SCREENLAND'S reviews before I go to the movies," is a paragraph from a reader in New York City. For goodness sake, don't go to them all, friend reader! In this issue SCREENLAND prints 36 Little Hints to Playgoers.
Get Thin to music!

This offer removes the last doubt! I'll reduce you five pounds free. In five days' time, in your home, with your own phonograph. Send no money.

Read These Letters
(Printed by Permission)

I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all. You have brought a blessing into my life.
(Mrs.) Mildred M. Sykes, 300 N. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger.
(Mrs.) Grace Horchler 4629 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months.
(Mrs.) V. W. Skinkle, 914 N. 40th St., Omaha, Neb.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter.
(Mrs.) Esta Arbanch, Mandamin, la.

How I Reduce
Men and Women

Food does not cause fat. Many stout men and women eat less than a child of ten. My method lets you eat. But it causes your system to use all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Your new powers of elimination dispose of all waste. Nothing is left from which fat can be made. Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing—one lesson will do that. For 50, 60, or 75 lbs. I require a little longer. But the result is always the same. A normal figure, remaining flesh firm and smooth, symetrical body and limbs.

FREE PROOF

I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I will reduce you by Nature's own laws, with pleasing, permanent results.

Fill in coupon below and I'll send prepaid, free, plainly wrapped, full-size record for your first lesson. Try it five days. That's all I ask! Make the start today.

WARNING

It is Wallace's twenty years of experience as a physical director which make Wallace records valuable. Beware of pitiful attempts to imitate his methods and results.

Men Readers

of Screenland are just as welcome to this trial as women. My course reduces either sex. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Wallace

WALLACE 178 W. Jackson Boulevard
Chicago

Men Readers

Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name ____________________________
(Please write in s. after Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

St. & No. ____________________________

P. O. ____________________________

State ____________________________
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY STORY?

DOUBLE HUSBANDS
by J. L. R., Memphis, Tenn.

You say you have written many stories, some of which have taken you months to prepare, yet they always come back. And you want to know what is wrong.

A general criticism of your work is therefore of more value to you now than specific criticism of the manuscript you have submitted.

Scant material for a screen story appears in Double Husbands. The same is true of the comedy you have sent. You should closely study a good motion picture. Notice that it contains four or five, or maybe more, unusual, striking situations. Your drama contains nothing novel or unusual. Don't expect a studio to pay you for having a lion chase a man up a tree. In such a situation, the lion and the director do all the work. Anybody can write that.

In fact, you seem to fancy animal acts. In your comedy, the cat is obliged to produce a family of kittens in an oven. At another point, you put this stunt up to the kitty:

"Tweenie, with her family following, strolls into dining room, looks up to table, gets on table, tastes food, gets down and grabs kitten, jumps up on table and repeats act until all but one kitten are on table."

You can sell this story if you supply the studio with a cat that will do the tricks.

What you need are situations—human situations—not animal acts.

A FLYER IN MATRIMONY
by C. S. D., Washington, D. C.

Yours is the hardest manuscript to read that we have ever seen. How do you ever expect any scenario editor to wreck his constitution trying to glean a plot from the shocking jumble of utterly irrational stuff you have sent us? You state that the synopsis is the comedy you have sent. You should closely study a good motion picture. Notice that it contains four or five, or maybe more, unusual, striking situations. Your drama contains nothing novel or unusual. Don't expect a studio to pay you for having a lion chase a man up a tree. In such a situation, the lion and the director do all the work. Anybody can write that.

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What you need are situations—human situations—not animal acts.

A very wholesome little story up to the point where Jack aids a gang of thieves, being desperate for money so he could return home to visit his ill mother.

However, you will learn as you write more that the mechanism of a well-written drama is complete as the engine of an automobile. Some beginners have too many "spare parts"—non-essential characters and action. But you have not enough. Your story is more like a wheelbarrow.

But never mind. A wheelbarrow is a finer machine than a shovel and some scenarios we have seen are no more complicated than shovels. Keep trying and some day you may write an eight-cylinder drama.

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.
MY MAIDEN EFFORT
By BYRON MORGAN
(Paramount Scenarist)

My first picture story? Oh, boy, those were the days! And I knew that now I could wear a golf suit on Hollywood Boulevard and own a pair of riding breeches without the expense of feeding a horse. Then, too, Old J. D. Ward, Dorothy and Toddlies, the characters of my first magazine stories, were real people to me and the thought that they were actually going to live and tell me (as several of them did), what rotten parts I had created for them, was a real thrill. In fact, it was a triple thrill, a sort of machine gun affair. Just three months previous to the sale of my first picture story I had sold my first magazine stories—three of them in a bunch to the Saturday Evening Post. Is it any wonder I often long to twist the old clock back and live over those momentous days? You see, I didn't buy the golf suit and now I haven't the nerve. But if I could turn time back—well I guess Nature protects herself in mysterious ways.

The sale of my first magazine and picture stories so closely together was not a coincidence. For the picture producers had actually forced me to write for the magazines. With a regularity that was painfully monotonous, they had returned my original stories until I tried the magazine field, Sh-h-h-h—then they bought the same stories they had rejected in synopsis form and paid TRIPLE THE PRICE!

THE GREAT LAW
by J. A. H., Cleveland, Ohio

Let's be sociable, J. H., and outline enough of one sequence of your story so other readers will know what we're talking about:

Thomas Featherstone, convicted on faulty circumstantial evidence of the murder of Priscilla's husband, is sent to prison and obliged to work so as to devote his earnings to the support of Maura and her mother.

In prison, Thomas becomes a great painter, his earnings enriching Maura, who moves to New York and joins the socially elite. Then comes the deathbed confession of a scorned woman who really killed Maura's father; Thomas is freed and marries Maura. You will surely agree with us that the most conspicuous feature of your story is the peculiar penury. Not a bad idea, making a prisoner work for the dependents of his victim. It is "the greatest law" since Moses' time.

Otherwise, The Greatest Law is more a narrative than a plot. You have not ascribed a convincing motive for Jessemine killing the heroine's father, nor divulged any episodes in your story which would lead up to the act.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS
by D. I. P., Lawrence, Mass.

Your story has one valuable situation—the one about forgiveness.

Build your plot around this Golden Rule idea, add a few other good situations and you may then have a marketable scenario.

To print your forgiveness idea on this page would be unfair to you; and without doing so, discussion of it is limited. As to other phases of your story, we advise you to find greater contrasts. It is somewhat wishy-washy. The wrongs should be big, elemental wrongs, so presented as to stir an audience. The hero should consist of great self-sacrifice, humble self-abnegation. This will give you greater contrasts—conflict.

THE SICK LIST
by L. T., Zanesville, Ohio

No amount of criticism would enable you to build a story from a common yarn if you have submitted, a salable story. Please remember, in making severe criticisms this department seeks to discourage no one. Also bear in mind that screen stories, although seemingly simple, are more difficult to write than printed fiction. Many famous authors have said so. So the fact that your efforts are inadequate should not discourage you. Bear in mind that picturing the seamy side does not mean to drag life's dregs from the shadows.

Q.—What percentage of scenarios submitted to studios are accepted?

A.—We were recently informed that out of more than 14,000 scripts received by Lois Weber Productions in a period of less than a month, that ONLY EIGHT were worthy of consideration. Miss Weber subsequently announced that outside story material would be accepted through authorized agencies.
The Screen Writers' Corner

Conducted by Frederick Palmer

THOUGH you amass the wealth of Croesus; though you acquire power, and all the catalogued and classified knowledge in the visible universe; though the world slaps you on the back and shouts "Success!"—Life has mocked you, and you know it down deep in your heart, if you've failed to express your real self.

The folks at home, and perhaps a score of so-called practical, dry-as-dust acquaintances, seriously warn you against the inevitable poorhouse or emit a sickening, patronizing smile—when you mention your determination to write.

LIFE is question of values. Those who are not sensitive to beauty—who neither feel exalted nor inwardly disturbed in some mysterious manner by a picture, a poem, a strain of music—measure success in terms of pieces of metal. Despite their precautions, despite their clinging pathetically to conventional and ephemeral guideposts, they often terminate Life's brief span with but few of these same pieces of metal, grudgingly wrested from the blighting mills of commerce.

The so-called practically minded always lack perspective; always confound their ounce of brass filings for a ton of gold dust; always lack a true, high-grade sense of humor. They cannot envision the terrible fact that this planet is probably millions of years old; that millions of people are being born or are dying every day, and that this process will continue for millions of years more; that every night myriad human automats sleep, rising with the morning sun like innumerable nails beneath a magnet.

Our practical friends do not realize that their fears make them automats from the cradle to the grave, their gold-dust filmed eyes rendering them blind to beauty; nor do they visualize their stories and factories and all their business enterprises passing as swiftly as flashes of lightning, in the presence of Eternity!

The writer of photoplays may create a drama that will bring light and laughter and love to grown-ups and children in all parts of the world, in populous cities and at the very outskirts of civilization.

---

We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thatcher never dreamed she could write a photoplay. To prove that she has that gift, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

For "born writers," but for story-tellers, the acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, is literally combing the country for new screen writers. It's Department of Education, Palmer Photoplay Corporation, is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Before you can discover if you have that gift, you should answer the following questions:

1. Have you a high-grade sense of humor?
2. Have you a story-telling instinct at all, send for the questionnaire. We will frankly advise you if you have that gift.
3. Will you pass the test, we will send you a short story to write. If you pass the test, we will send you a short story to write. If you pass this test, we will frankly advise you if you have that gift.

Send the questionnaire pre-paid by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, at the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, 5012 I.W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

We invite you to apply for the free test.

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Advisory Council

Thomas H. Ince
Vice-President
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

L. Frank Baum
Author and Producer

James J. Quirk
Editor and Publisher Photoplay Magazine.

Allan Dwan
A llan Dwan Productions.

Rob Wagner
Major and Screen Authority.
POVERTY OF RICHES

(Continued from page Seventeen)

As John calls up, Steve listens idly. After he has finished, Steve’s eye falls casually on the calendar, say April 27th, and then he remembers something; the calendar dissolves into a pair of chiming wedding bells, and then might dissolve into a vision of Katherine in her wedding veil; and then Steve remembers that this is John’s wedding anniversary. He pictures what it means to Katherine that John has forgotten the day; he turns to John as if to tell him what the day is; reconsiders and decides to let well enough alone. He leaves the office.

It is 5:30 anyway; he’ll go home.

Now Katherine comes home. She has a number of little presents with her, and goes immediately into the dining room, where the table has already been partly set for two for their wedding anniversary, which it has been their sacred custom to celebrate alone. But the table is not set prettily enough, for Katherine gets busy, with extreme joy, to finish the preparations. She puts down some flowers; she gets six wax candles (or whatever may be number of years they are married) in beautiful holders and places them on the table. She decorates the table as best she can, giving it the personal touch. Then she goes to her own room to dress for dinner.

A road in the country—or the suburbs, perhaps on the way to the country club. Steve, in his car, drives up, slows down, and then stops. We cut to him in a closeup as he is thinking something over very seriously.

We go to John, for a short scene, as he is dictating to a stenographer, or reading his report. Then we go to John’s house. Katherine is coming down the stairs in evening dress. She goes to the dining room, to give one final look around; everything seems ready, and she lights the candles. She looks at her watch; it is about time for John to come home; she begins to show concern—may start for ‘phone, when the maid enters and tells her that she forgot to report that John telephoned he would not be home for dinner. This comes as a distinct and terrible shock to Katherine. She dismisses the maid, telling her she does not care to eat at present. Then she walks slowly to the drawing room or library, fighting hard to control her tears and to keep up her masking the sorrow that is gnawing at her heart. She realizes immediately that John has forgotten entirely the nature of the day. She sinks into a divan, crying.

We cut back to Steve. By this time he has fully made up his mind what to do (closeup). He starts the engine, turns the car around, and quickly goes back in the direction in which he had come. We go to Katherine, sitting in loneliness, waiting. She turns and looks back to the brightly decorated dining room. We cut to a medium closeup of the table, the freshly lit candles burning brightly, and on this we FADE OUT.

We FADE IN on the table. The candles are almost completely burned out, some of them may be sputtering. We come to a longer shot, to show Katherine still sitting, lonely and alone, perhaps gazing into the fire, feeling rather bitter to the man who has given her so much materially, and so little of the real things which constitute life to her.

Then we cut to John, working in the dim loneliness of his office. There is a tray with some dishes, indicating that he has eaten a cold supper.

Now back to Katherine. She has about given up hope that John will ever come when the bell rings. The maid crosses through the hall to open the door. Katherine realizes it is not John, but a visitor. She tries to compose herself as Steve enters. Steve has on a Tuxedo, and carries a large box of flowers. She hides the trace of her tears, puts on her best smile, a thing she is used to doing. Before he can quite enter the room, she crosses quickly to the archway separating the library from the dining room, and pulls the curtains, to prevent Steve from seeing the untouched table.

Then she greets Steve in a friendly manner, he asking for John. She tells him that John had gone away again for a little while. Steve accepts the lie without even a smile, and throws her the box of flowers. She opens them with a glad smile, but when she reads the card: “For your wedding anniversary,” it touches a something in her; she buries her face in the flowers to prevent Steven from seeing the tears that have come. But Steve knows, even if he does not actually see them. He follows her across the room as she is about to put the flowers down somewhere. He takes them from her and turns her around, forcing her to look at him. It requires much will power on her part to look at him without betraying her secret of unhappiness. But Steve gives her no further chance to lie. Openly he faces her and tells her that he knows the full story of her tragedy; how John has been neglecting her, how hungry she is to have children, and how selfishly John has been denying her this great wish. He tells her that he (Steve) loves her immeasurably, as he has always loved her. That he knows she is not happy, and can never be happy under the circumstances. He urges her to seize Life while she may, and before it is denied her by old age. Tenderly he beggs her to secure a divorce, which can be easily arranged in the West, and then to marry him, to live in New York, and to fulfill her destiny—motherhood. Katherine listens eagerly; she forgets that she is married to another man, she only knows that maternity beckons to her.

What is “the poverty of riches?” Read Leroy Scott’s answer to this question in the concluding installment of his great story—in next month’s SCREENLAND.
We are the Greatest

FICTION reading public in the world. American magazines publish more short stories and better ones than the periodicals of any other country. Foreign observers who are travelling in America are struck with this fact. They remark upon it, but they hasten to add, as a rule, that there is a sameness about our fiction. Too often, they say, an American magazine story lacks the lift, the surprise, the inspiration which readers long for.

Metropolitan knows that there is some truth in this qualification. We study to avoid sameness. We search high and low for stories that are fresh, for tales with a tang.

When a story takes you out of yourself, when it makes you realize that life has a wonderful range of possibilities far beyond the routine to which most of us have become accustomed, when it pictures in unforgettable sentences characters who are brave, undaunted and ready to face life, and when it finds that life always yields to the attack of the unafraid—then the story has done something for the reader which is worth to him many times the price he pays for the magazine he reads it in.

Masters of Fiction

Who are the masters of fiction that, in recent years, have performed this miracle? Well, Kipling for one, all will agree; O. Henry for another, Stevenson and Conan Doyle, to go further back. Then there is Barrie, with his irresistible tenderness and sentiment, Barrie, who makes you think of Charles Dickens. What would you not give for a story which has some of the qualities of these writers, a story by a novelist who has proved that he lives in the same street with Kipling, O. Henry, Stevenson, Conan Doyle and Barrie?

Tristram Tupper

Within the last few months the Metropolitan has published several stories by a new writer, named Tristram Tupper. These stories were "Terwilliger," "Grit" and "The Man Who Knew Nothing on Earth." If you read them you will agree, we believe, that Tristram Tupper has some of the qualities of the great imaginative writers we have been talking about, that he lives in the same street with them, that a Tristram Tupper story does take you out of yourself and make the world all over anew.

The House of the Five Swords

In the December Metropolitan we are beginning the publication of Tristram Tupper's first big novel. It is called "The House of the Five Swords." The meaning of that romantic title we leave to you to find out as you read the story. But we must tell you that in "The House of the Five Swords" you will meet some characters which you are not accustomed to meet in everyday fiction. You will find romance as fresh and genuine as anything we could wish to offer you. In a story like this American fiction makes good its title, the best in the world. And Metropolitan lives up to its promise and its policy, to provide a genuine thrill, surprise, happiness and inspiration.

December Metropolitan is published November 15th. 25 cts. at your newsstand, or if you prefer—send us $3.00 and Metropolitan will be mailed to your home for a year.

Metropolitan

H. J. WHIGHAM, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue New York City
Alice Lake

This Famous Movie Star Writes:

“When you want a song you have written set to music, send your words to the Metropolitan Studios. Then you’re sure of a musical setting by the best of America’s creative genius.”

Write The Words For A Song

Be the author of a song, words and music copyrighted in your name. Take love, home, mother, patriotism, etc., for your subject. Just write the words for two verses and a chorus. Be simple, earnest, sincere. The idea counts. Small mistakes we correct. The whole world wants new songs. Make your bid for success by sending us the words for a song.

SEND FOR COPY OF OUR FAMOUS SONG WRITER’S GUIDE FREE

Get this wonderful help free. The “Song Writer’s Guide” tells how to write, what to write about, how copyright is obtained, how to deal with publishers, etc. Explains how we help song writers by editing poems, composing music, printing of artist’s copies, etc. Describes our staff, including such famous composers as Edouard Hesselberg, Leo Friedman and Edward Duffell. This Guide strips the mystery away and shows the simplicity of song writing once you know the easy principles. Don’t fail to get the Guide. It is absolutely free. Just send for it—and do so today!

Metropolitan Studios, Room 376, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please send me copy of “Song Writer’s Guide” free. (Note—If you send song poem for free opinion, be sure to fill in name of your song).

Title of Song ____________________________

Your Name ______________________________

Street Address __________________________

City ____________ State _________________

Atascadero Press
Instant Bunion Relief
Prove It FREE

FAIRYFOOT

is a wonderful yet simple home remedy. It removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain also is gone—all while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever.

Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation INSTANTLY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size.

Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to over 72,000 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success— I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you just for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or post card.

FAIRYFOOT Accomplishes Wonders

Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense. I promise to use it as you direct. Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation INSTANTLY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size.

Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to over 72,000 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success— I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you just for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or post card.

FAIRYFOOT REMEDY CO., 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 164 Chicago

FREE Fairyfoot Coupon

FOOT REMEDY CO., 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 164 Chicago

I send your offer to send me FREE Fairyfoot, so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what beautiful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I promise to use it as you direct.

Name: ________________________
Address: ______________________

MRS. F. W. WILDESS, 89 Liberty St., Cumberland, Me.

Send the Coupon Today for Free Treatment

Read the testimonials in this ad. See what FAIRYFOOT has done for others. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation or promise on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card today.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 164 Chicago
IN SCREENLAND

By MYRTLE GEBHART

TWO wishes of my young life have been gratified, both at once. I have seen Stuart Holmes make love to Gloria Swanson, in person, and I have been to a barbecue! What more, I ask blantly, can life offer?

The scene was the Paramount ranch, whence the Lasky publicity chiefs, had carted some fifty of us magazine and newspaper scribes on a barbecue jaunt. There were long tables, behind which white-aproned, yellow-sashed Mexican chefs concocted wicked-looking foods. There was a big bump of ground under which, I was told, the beef was cooking. We had a wonderful spread of tortillas, enchiladas and other pepperish things.

The picture in the making was The Husband's Trademark and Gloria is boasting a wickedly handsome new leading man, Richard Wayne.

All Screenland turned out to welcome Scotti and his troupe of songbirds during their operatic engagement in Los Angeles. On the opening night "Manon Lescaut" was sung. The cynosure of all eyes was Enid Bennett (Mrs. Fred Niblo), radiant in the possession of a beautiful new baby and an ermine wrap. I noted Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan, wife of the rapid-trigger writer, gowned in black satin with blue and silver embroidery; Mrs. Charles Ray, also in black with a cape of chinchilla fur and gray satin; Mrs. Jesse Lasky and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille.

"Zaza" night, however, was the gala occasion, for all movieland applauded Geraldine Farrar, guest artist, who sang the title role. Betty Blythe was gorgeous in black and silver brocade, with an exotic Spanish shawl—to match the opera!—of cream with red and green embroidery. Kathryn Williams was in white satin with crystal beads; Mrs. Charles Ray in black with jet trimmings and Blanche Sweet in embroidered gold cloth. Bebe Daniels wore a gown of white sequins, Colleen Moore a Colonial frock of jade and silver, and Mrs. Eric von Stroheim cerise velvet and mink. Farrar was in wonderful voice.

“Parisian Night” at the Ambassador Hotel Cocoanut Grove found Claire West, designer of costumes for Cecil de Mille, an honored guest from soup to demi tasse. For a dozen of her intriguing creations were shown, on living models, as a special feature of the entertainment. Miss West has also received the special honor of having some of her frocks exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City—and to society women of San Francisco, where she addressed the Fine Arts League of that city on the relation of screen clothes to those for real life. Frenzied wires come to her from all over the country anent the threatened long skirt—which she says will never become popular. But maybe the rest of the country doesn't boast the beautiful ankles of the de Mille garden of beauties!

I wish Jack Dempsey would hurry up and get married. His reported affaires de coeur are causing me almost as much worry as Chaplin's. I am afraid to go to sleep at night, for fear he will be "off with the old and on with the new" before I wake—and I won't be in on the details. But Bebe Daniels is wearing his gift, a bedecked wrist watch—which is prophetic. May Collins seems to favor Richard Dix at the moment. Chaplin's heart is

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In Screenland
(Continued from page sixty)

volplaning—say the rumors—between Paris and Claire Windsor.

Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd are seen continually together; and it seems pretty certain that nuptials will ring out one day for Martha Mansfield and Crane Wilbur, who are now in vaudeville together, she having turned down a starring offer in the films to appear with him. That's what love does to you.

A new flivver coupe has replaced Eddie Sutherland's big car. But may MacAvoy is such a tiny thing, she doesn't need more'n an inch or two of space. And Eddie doesn't ride with anyone but May!

The Ambassador Cocoanut Grove—one of filmdom's favorite congregating places—was the scene of a Scottish party the other night. Julian Eltinge was there, convalescent from his recent operation for appendicitis; Thomas Meighan and his wife; and Ruth Roland with, I do believe, her ex-husband! I also noticed Mary Miles Minter, Lottie Pickford, Ella Hall with Emory Johnson (who has a better right to be with Emory?), Ford Sterling and Eileen Percy.

Here's a little tip about Eileen Percy—never make her angry at you! For 'tis said by those who work on the set with the little lady that she can beat Billy Sunday in the choice of words—but doesn't always apply them with the evangelist's intention. Also that Eileen swings a wicked fist—and puffs a ferocious cigarette. Wonder when Eileen will adopt the pipe—and be a perfect gentleman?

Girls have nothing on Pat Moore. Had a birthday himself, the other day, and took all the kids to a party down to the show where The Queen of Sheba was holding forth. Pat made a speech up on the big stage and presented his five-year-old brother, Mickey Moore, and his shetland pony, on which he rode to visit Solomon, in the film. Jackie Coogan, Bennie Alexander and "Breezie" Eason said they had a great time. Betty Blythe felt honored, being the only grown-up invited to the party. Though cool breezes attack the rest of the country, California still... (Continued on page sixty-three)
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COLLEEN MOORE CREAM OF ARTICHOKE SOUP

5 artichokes.
3 cups boiling water.
2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 teaspoon salt.
Cayenne
Nutmeg.
1 cup scalded cream.
1 egg.
cucumbers.

Boil artichokes until soft; sieve. Melt
butter, add flour and seasoning, pour on
hot liquor and cook one minute. Add
egg slightly beaten and cream. Saute
cubed cucumbers and add to soup.

WILL ROGERS
MASHED TURKEY

(Will says this is a regular "he-
dish.")

Wash, pare and cube turnips. Cook
cubes in boiling salted water until soft.
Drain, mash and season with salt, pep-
per and butter.

LEATRICE JOY
PLUM PUDDING

(Leatrice prefers the old-fashioned
plum pudding of Grandmother's days.)

5 ozs. flour.
5 ozs. stale bread crumbs
3/4 lb. raisins, seedd.
3/4 lb. suet, chopped fine.
3/4 lb. sugar.
1 cup molasses.
3 ozs. candied orange peel, cut fine.
1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.
3/4 teaspoon mace.
1 1/2 teaspoons salt.
5 eggs, well beaten.

Mix ingredients, pour into thickly
floured unbleached cotton cloth. Tie,
leaving space for swelling, drop into
kettle of boiling water. Cook this way
for five hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Have Christmas Dinner with the STARS

THE STARS themselves gave these recipes to SCREENLAND's Menu Editor
as suggestions for the big Yuletide meal. Beginning next month, a series
of special candy recipes, written by the stars, will appear in this space. If
you have a sweet tooth, write the Menu Editor and tell her the kind of candy you
want to learn to make.

The following menu for the big Yuletide meal was especially prepared for
SCREENLAND readers by the stars themselves:

Blue Points

Colleen Moore Cream of Artichoke Soup
Salted Almonds

Anita Stewart Roast Stuffed Turkey

Leatrice Joy Plum Pudding

Cafe Noir

Bread Sticks
Celery
Cranberry Jelly

Will Rogers Mashed Turnips
Cheese

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leaving space for swelling, drop into
kettle of boiling water. Cook this way
for five hours. Serve with hard sauce.
In Screenland
(Continued from Page Sixty-one)

basks under her sun—and mermaids go out and whisper to the waves. At Crystal Pier the other day I saw Marshall Neilan acting very gallant to Mary Miles Minter. Gaston Glass was attentive to Mary's sister, Margaret Shelby, even to the point of asking her if he could go in the water. When she gave her gracious permission, Gaston frolicked in the Ocean—not very far in the Ocean—with Mary, while Margaret sat on the beach and admired the intricate castles Mr. Neilan's little son was erecting in the sand. Margaret was all in white broadcloth, wearing the new long skirt. Rosemary Thoby looked younger than ever, in her trim suit of gray, with a jaunty red turban. And Mary wore a stunning blue and yellow bathing suit—noticeably modest—with a cap of little petals and fringes of green rubber which she brought with her from Paris.

I don't as a rule go into ecstasies over gentlemen in bathing suits, but I must admit that Marshall Neilan is a handsome thing in his sky-blue affair, with his muscular body and gloriously tanned skin. Bert Lytell was wearing a nice tan and May Collins a worried expression—Richard Dix wasn't there. Constance Binney—having migrated here recently from the cold clime of Gotham—thought the water "nice" and stayed in for ever so long, though most other folks were chilly toward late afternoon.

Well, at last "the Bool" has won his fight. The toughest encounter this gentleman of the cauliflower ear has ever had was with a party named American Constitution, for Bull Montana had to floor his adversary and learn all his personal history as a part of his course in Americanization necessary to obtain voting rights. However, after numerous failures, it was at last accomplished; and Luigi Montagna, ice-man, pugilist and actor, is now Louis Montana, a citizen of the United States and Hollywood.

Natalie Talmadge Keaton is so happy she can't make her feet behave—for Norma and Constance are packing up their thousand or so frocks, preparatory to migrating to Hollywood, where Norma's first picture will be Robert Hichens' "Voice in the Minaret".
**Little Hints to Picturegoers**

**THE BLUEBIRD—Artcraft**
Maurice Tourneur’s idea of Maitrelinck’s Enchanted Woods, Palace of Night and other fantasies of the Belgian poet. Will be welcomed by teachers and welfare societies.

**I ACCUSE—United Artists (French)**
The intense French war-time novel reaches the screen somewhat tardy.

**ONE ARABIAN NIGHT—Associated First National**
a beautiful, unusual continental drama, but unfortunately based on a moral plane abhorrent to American picturegoers. Pola Negri voluptuous, fascinating.

**THE LEISURE CLASS—Chaplin**
Charlie accomplishes a double role. As a tramp he is mistaken for the husband of a society woman. His fans will not be disappointed.

**HEADIN’ HOME—Babe Ruth**
as a screen actor the Bambino makes a good ballplayer. Babe Ruth, a home run and a girl.

**MORAL FIBRE—Vitagraph**
Corinne Griffith and topheavy drammer.

**SHAME—Fox**
Chinatown blood and thunder.

**PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT—Assoc. Prod.**
Rubye de Remer emotes in English aristocracy.

**PLAY SQUARE—Fox**
Another mother picture. She worries for likeable Johnny Walker.

**SHAMS OF SOCIETY—Robertson Cola**
Slushy start, C. B. DeMille stuffing, fair ending.

**THUNDERCLAP—Fox**
Plot goes off like popgun in nervous hands. You can sleep through most of it.

**PASSING THRU—Ince**
Douglas MacLean is a little improbable, but funny.

(Continued on Page 68)
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**Little Hints to Picturegoers**

(Continued from Page Sixty-four)

**THE NIGHT HORSEMEN—Fox**
A seltzer-water picture. Try black coffee afterwards.

**OPEN SHUTTERS—Universal**
Edith Roberts tacks up frayed edges of worn plot.

**A VIRGIN PARADISE—Fox**
Pearl White as a wild savage lady.

**SOMETHING NEW—Nell Shipman**
It is. Literary lady, captured in Mexico, gets rescued by motor instead of bronco. Fit for gentlemen under 10.

**PERJURY—Fox**
William Farnum and heroics.

**CAPPY RICKS—Paramount**
A he-picture the ladies will be wild about. Thomas Meighan on a five-reel sea journey with Agnes Ayres for a port well worth struggling for.

**QUO VADIS—**
Even the youngsters recognize this as a re-issue. All the marble is strangely reminiscent of Childs'.

**THE GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Nell Shipman**
A modern melodrama that will make you glad you're not a hick-brow, so you can enjoy it.

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