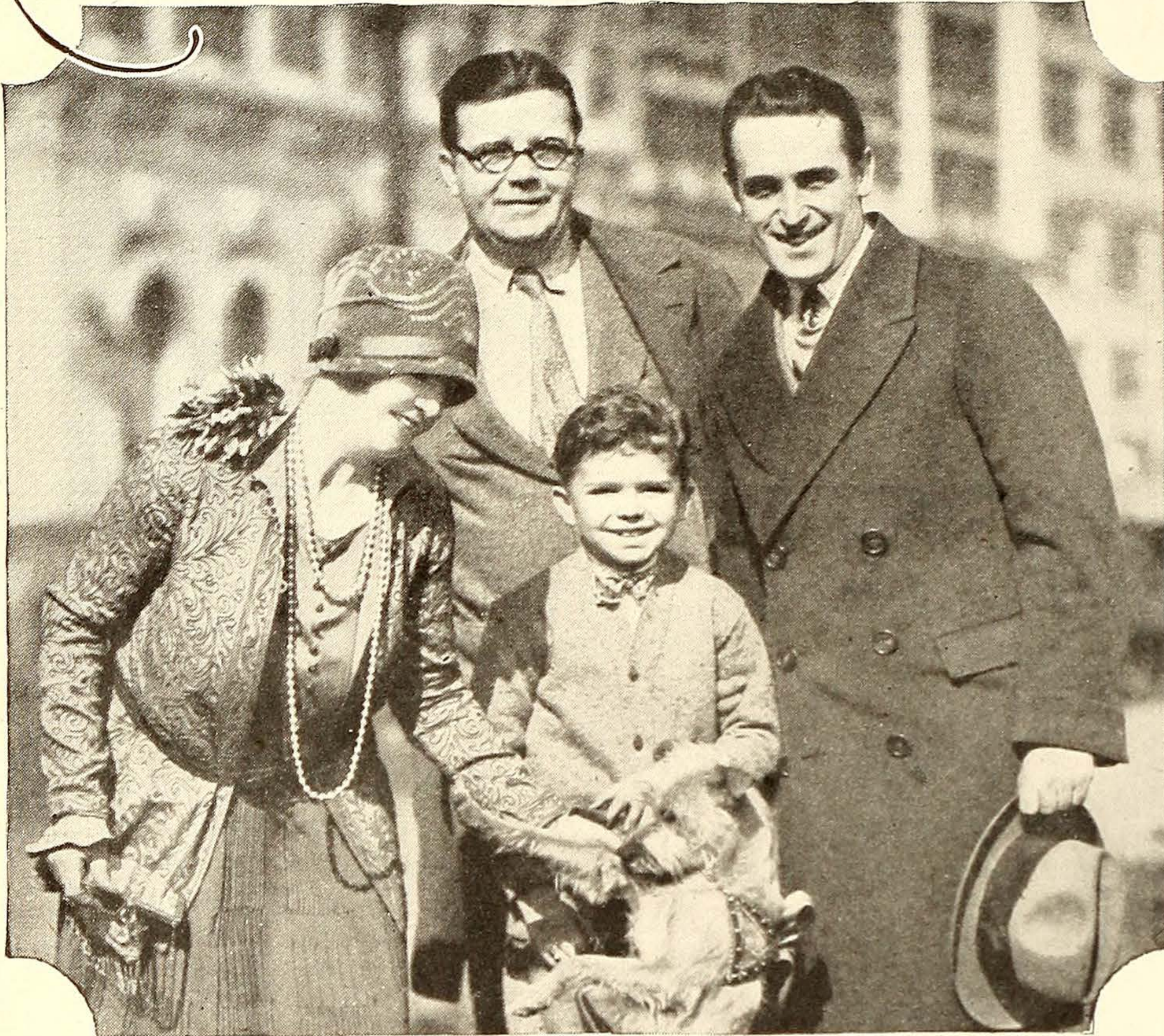


Why people like



wife but is also a devoted father. And considers his home and his family and his dogs more alluring than all the Cleopatras and Helens of Troy on earth. Here is a man who earns tremendous sums of money. And yet—so far as I know—he has been able to keep himself free from all sorry scandals and sordid entanglements. He is just a perfectly normal, hard-working, none-too-handsome comedian. But he has the country in his pocket. And because he is one of the most popular men in the world—he can do anything.

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

It was a great day for Charlie when Mother, Father and 'Tipper,' the dog, posed with Harold Lloyd.



THERE is no dramatic story in Harold Lloyd. No more than there is in a five year old child. For all great comedians are children. They never grow up like other folk. And they never lose the glistening gifts of wonderment and laughter.

There is absolutely no story in Harold Lloyd at all. Here is a man who loves his wife. And that naturally sounds any male's dramatic knell—so far as story telling purposes go. Here is a man who not only loves his

HAROLD LOYD

☞ Harold Lloyd, Charles Heck and the prize winning 'Tipper.' If Charlie's sweater is blurred a little it's because his heart was thumping so when the picture was being taken.

☞ He stops off in Chicago and tries to square himself with Charlie Heck.

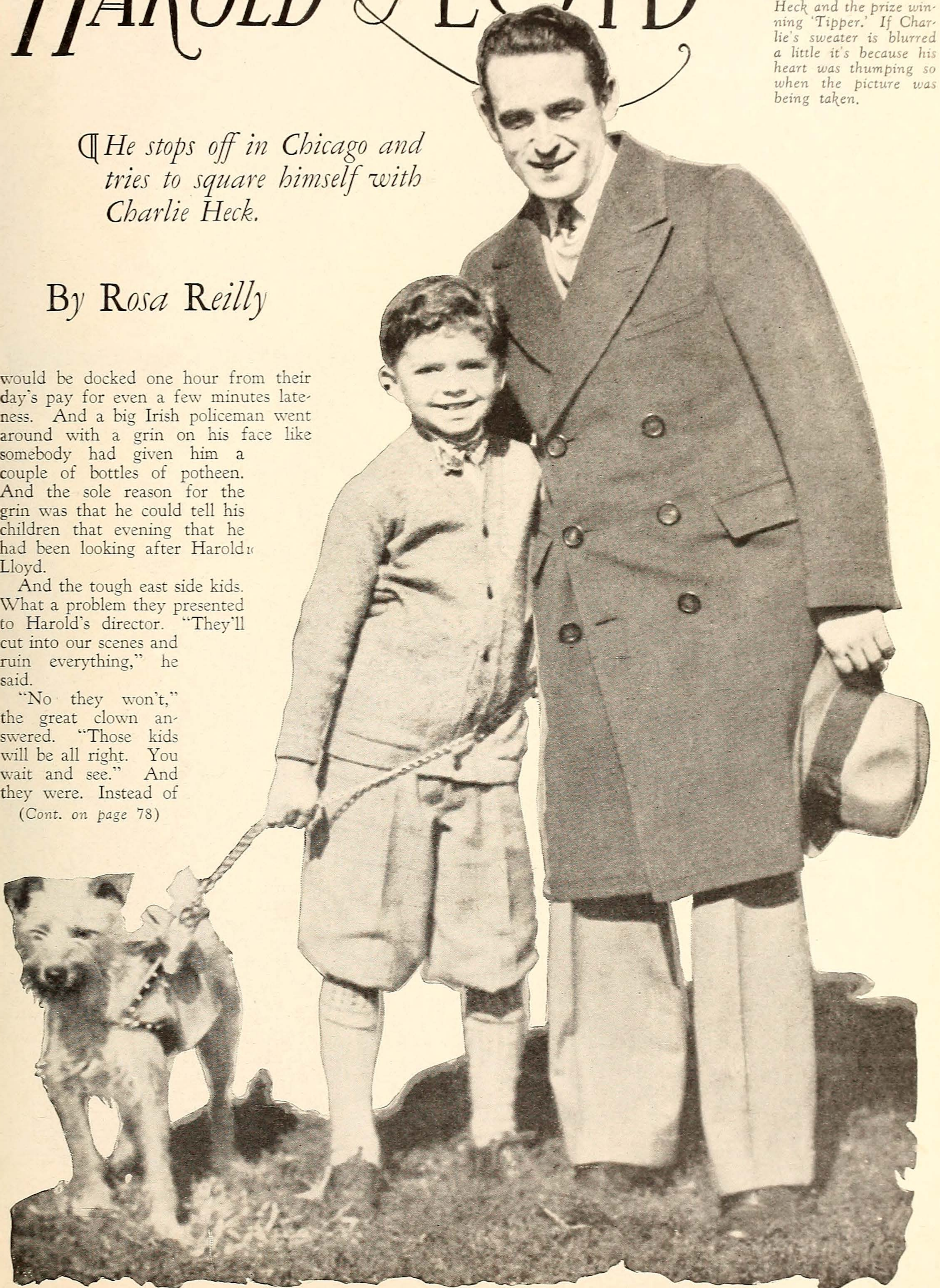
By Rosa Reilly

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

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

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

(Cont. on page 78)



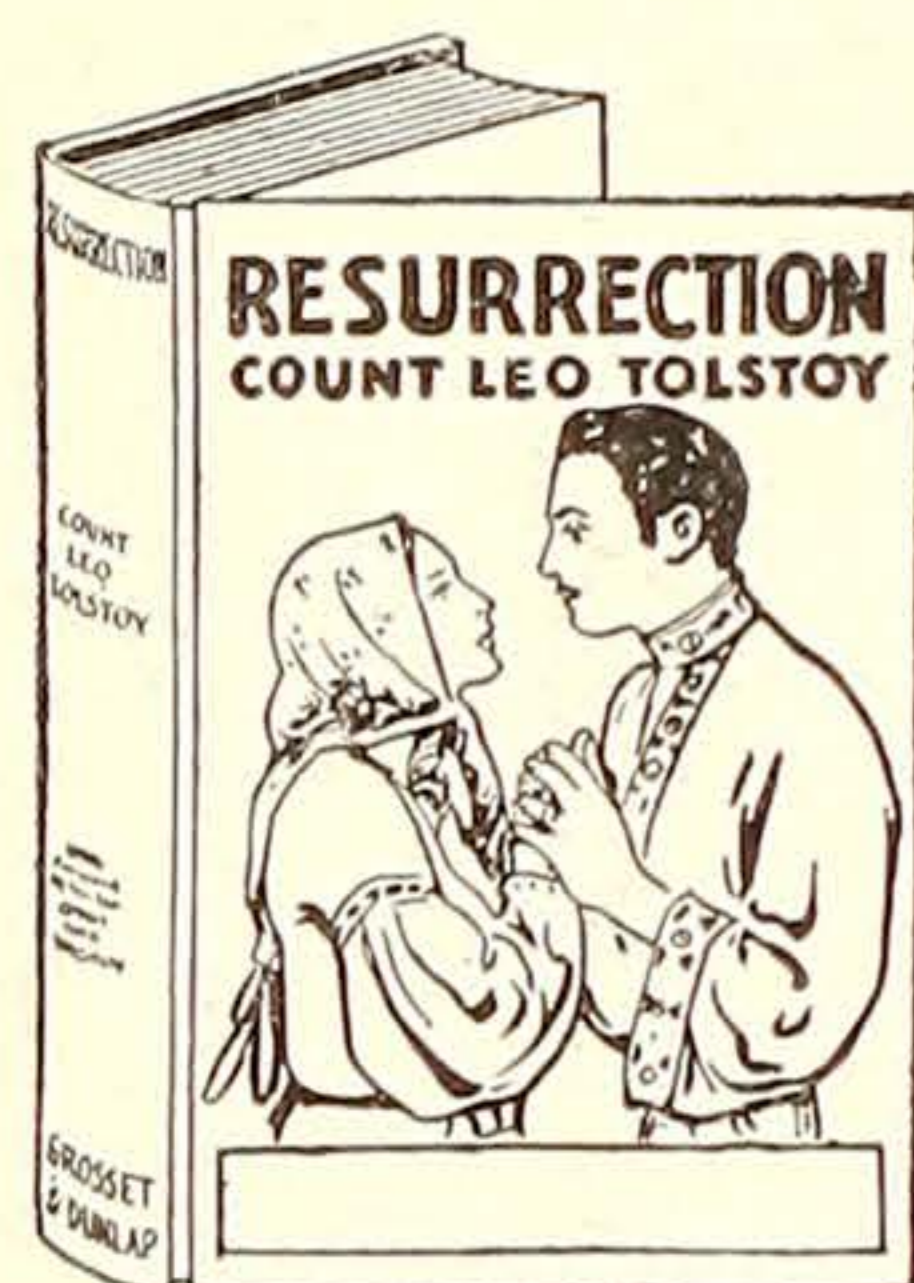
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Now is the time to be thinking of that old question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" We suggest books. Something which is enjoyed by everyone. Many of these books have been made into movies, which gave us some of our greatest SCREEN SUCCESSES.

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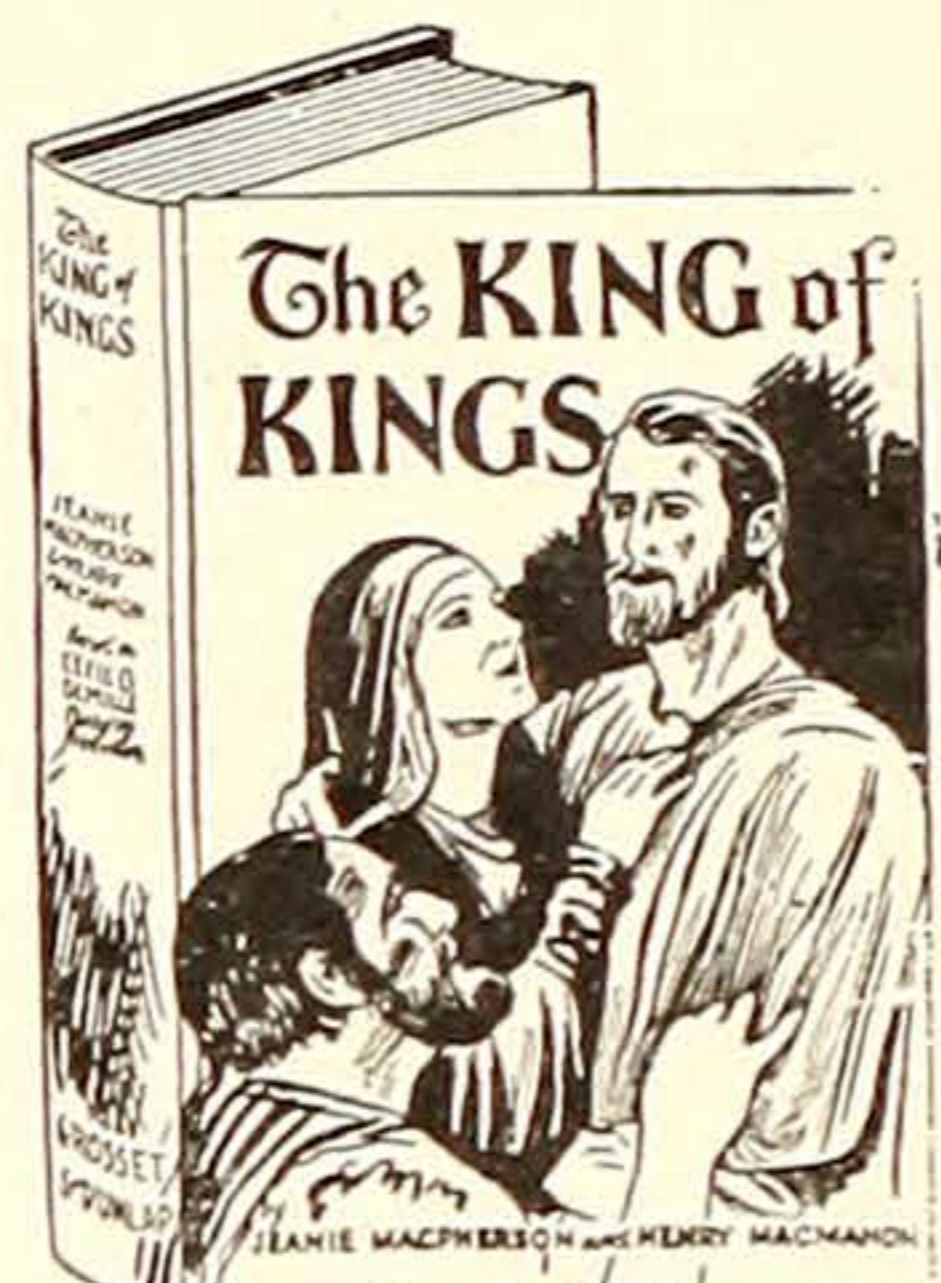


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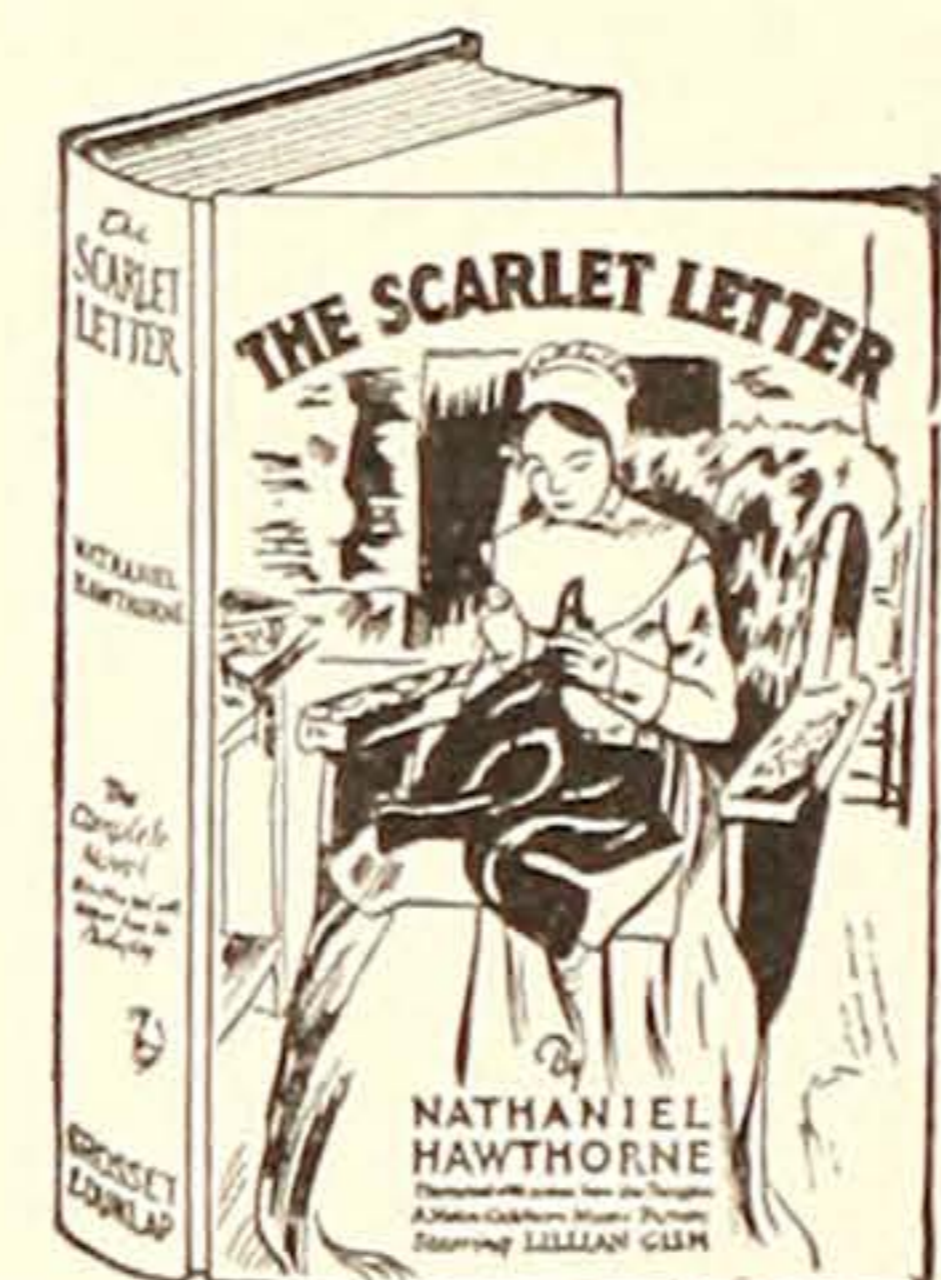


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Scaramouche
Cobra
La Boheme
Brewster's Millions
Chickie
The Covered Wagon
The Flirt
The Fool
Gigolo
Janice Meredith
The Leather Pushers
Little Old New York
Main Street
Michael Strogoff
Monsieur Beaucaire
One Minute to Play
The Three Musketeers
The Sea Wolf
The River's End
The Vanishing American
The Turmoil



THE KING OF KINGS
Carries a message of the highest spiritual appeal



SCARLET LETTER
Hawthorne's Masterpiece



BEAU GESTE
A remarkable story of the French Foreign Legion

Why People Like Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 17)

causing trouble, they organized themselves quietly and quickly into gangs and policed the whole street. They were as efficient and as orderly as any drilled squad—and a hundred times as thrilled. People just couldn't seem to do enough for Harold Lloyd.

"Perhaps," says Harold, "people are kind to me because I am supposed to be funny." Undoubtedly that is true. The world owes Harold Lloyd an immeasurable gift because he has brought to them the rarest treasure in the world—laughter. Not just raucous, side-splitting, custard-pie laughter. But laughter that is soft. Laughter that has tears not far behind it. And that is what is called genius.

Last June and July SCREENLAND ran a contest. Harold Lloyd needed a dog for his new comedy. And he offered three hundred dollars—a hundred dollars a week for three weeks—to the boy or girl who would send in the photograph of the best comedy dog.

Photographs came in by thousands. It seemed as if every kid in the country had sent in a snapshot. Every boy and every girl was 'just sure' that 'Rover' or 'King' or 'Laddie' was the one dog in all the world that Harold Lloyd could use.

But none of them suited Harold. He needed a dog with a funny face and sad eyes. Or with a sad face and funny eyes.

And then one day, just as Harold had become discouraged thinking he would never find the dog he needed, he opened a letter and there stood 'Tipper' an impish wire-haired terrier, belonging to little Charlie Heck of Chicago.

According to the terms of the contract, Harold Lloyd sat right down himself and sent Charlie Heck a letter, telling him that Tipper had won the prize and enclosing three hundred dollars

And Charlie almost died with joy. And his pretty mother was happy too. And his father—who is a famous dental surgeon and who looks like Babe Ruth—was as proud as if it had been his dog that had been selected. Gaiety lay over that Chicago household as softly as rare old lace rests upon the shoulders of a fair woman. But this gaiety wasn't felt by Tipper. For suddenly with no reason at all—since there wasn't a full moon or illness in the family—suddenly Tipper raised his short blunt muzzle towards the sky and whimpered a long terrible wail. A wail that sounded like a lean, wild wolf on a still, white night. . . . There is no question about it, Tipper knew he was about to be separated from his beloved little master.

All over the neighborhood, Charlie took the letter from Harold Lloyd and showed it to the other boys. And how they envied him. Every afternoon when school for the day was finished, the lads would flock over to Charlie's big house.

"Who'll feed and water Tipper on the train?" a boy asked.

"For the first time a worried look chased the smile off Charlie's face. For Charlie always fed and watered Tipper himself. And he never forgot. Nor had to be reminded. For the first time Charlie actually realized that he was going to be separated from his little pal. And grief stood in his eyes. But only for a second. For the dog was not going to a stranger—but to his idol, Harold Lloyd.

"I don't know who will look after Tipper," Charlie said slowly, "but he'll be all

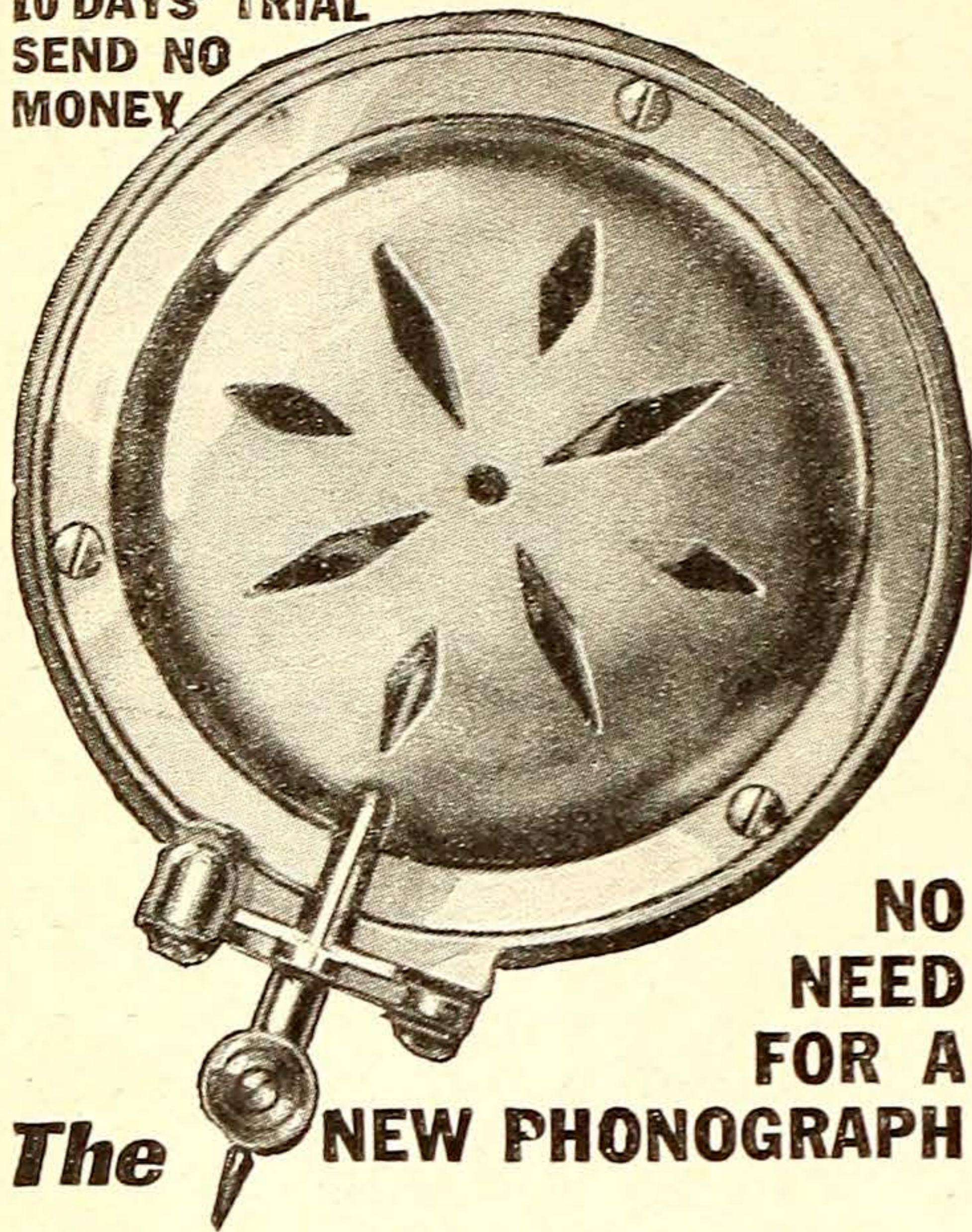
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right. Harold wouldn't do anything that isn't all right."

Out in Hollywood, Harold Lloyd's comedy was developing slowly. Incident after incident arose to check its tempo. Finally the stage was reached where everything had to be 'shot through' fast. And in the midst of all the worry and detail, nobody had had time to send for and train Charlie Heck's dog for his part in the picture.

One day Joe Reddy, Harold's friend and assistant came into Harold's office and said: "It just looks like we can't use that contest dog. We haven't got time to train it. We'll have to use one of the studio dogs."

"But I can't disappoint that kid, Joe," Harold, answered. "I just can't."

"I know, boss." And Joe looked thoughtful. Because Joe has a son, too. Born on Christmas day. And Joe feels kids' disappointments like all real fathers do. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's use one of the studio dogs for this picture and then we can use Charlie Heck's in the next one—when we're not so darn rushed."

The comedian nodded his head. But he wasn't satisfied.

Meantime in Chicago, as the weeks went by and no call came for Tipper, Charlie Heck's smile grew dimmer and dimmer. Always he had a brave, bright smile. But suddenly he found he couldn't smile any more. Of course, he had the three hundred dollars. And it had been put in the bank to help pay for his first year in college. Charlie had always wanted to go first to Culver and then to West Point. But he couldn't smile because Harold Lloyd was his idol. And Harold hadn't done what he said he would do.

One day when Charlie Heck came home from school, his mother stood in the door, waving a letter. But Tipper was nowhere to be seen. And Tipper was always the first one to greet Charlie.

"Is it from Hollywood, Mama?" Charlie yelled as he ran up the steps.

The Mother nodded her head. "You open it, Mama. I'm sure Harold has sent for my dog. But you open it, Mama," and Charlie smiled a timid smile.

But his mother held the envelope out to him. "You open it. It'll be more fun."

The boy tore open the flap and started to read. But suddenly, stout fellow that he is, his smile faded, and tears fell down his cheeks:

"A change in plans" he read, "has made it impossible for me to use Tipper at the moment but" . . . There was more. But Charlie didn't care. He let the letter slide to the floor and put his rough head against his mother's shoulder.

But just then something warm muzzled up against Charlie's knee. And there was Tipper with his ball in his mouth, pleading for Charlie to come and play. And Tipper was smiling. For Tipper KNEW . . .

Then Harold came to New York and took a spacious apartment on 5th Ave. so that his little daughter and his wife might have plenty of sun and air. And one day my editor said to me: "You go up to Harold Lloyd's apartment. And get him to tell you about the picture he is making."

As I walked down the long hall leading toward the comedian's drawing room I could see, through the open doorway, little Gloria 'going on three' sitting on the floor. And Mildred Davis by the window—reading. It was a lovely room.

"Oh, you're from SCREENLAND, aren't you?" Harold asked, after he had introduced me to his family and they had left the room.

"Yes, I am. And our editor is most anxious to hear about your next picture.

What will it be called?"

"It's not named yet. Say, I was terribly sorry about that dog."

"What dog?"

"Why the dog that I was going to use in my picture—Tipper."

"Yes," said I ingratiatingly, "when will your new film be released?"

But Harold was silent and then spoke musingly: "It certainly was too bad about that dog. I can't get that kid off my mind."

"Well, you sent him the three hundred dollars."

"I know. But that won't make up for a kid's disappointment."

"Say, you wait here a moment, I'll be right back" and out he dashed leaving me to coddle my thumbs.

A long ten minutes went by. And then he came back. And was most charming and polite.

"Did you get what you wanted?" genial Joe Reddy asked as I came out.

"No I didn't. All I heard about was Charlie Heck and his dog."

"To tell you the truth, Harold has been worried ever since he had to turn the kid's dog down."

"But just now he came out and fixed everything up. With all the worries he has on his mind—getting this new film finished, that kid's disappointment seems more important. So he had me telegraph just now to Charlie Heck that on his way back to Hollywood, he'll stop off at Chicago and see Tipper. And they'll have a party together. And get some pictures taken. And then, next year, when his work is not so rushed, he'll have Charlie and Tipper and Charlie's mother come out to California. And Tipper will have a real screen test."

"Yes? But how about my story. My editor won't like it at all when I come back without anything."

"Oh forget it, stories come and stories go—but a boy's heartache—that might go on forever unless—"

And I went out and closed the door softly. For I realized that behind me in that drawing room I had left something priceless and beautiful . . .

When Harold Lloyd stepped off the Broadway Limited at Chicago that bright sunshiny morning in October, Charlie Heck remembered how to smile. And he couldn't have smiled any wider if it had been King Arthur himself, with the Knights of the Round Table all attending him, instead of Harold Lloyd—the Herald of Laughter.

And with Harold came his wife and his daughter and Joe Reddy and secretaries and maids and valets. And last—but not least—Harold's new Great Dane, Illo Von Der Rhone, one of the finest specimens in the world.

And never was a youngster so thrilled as that boy Charlie Heck, as he stood at the foot of the steps with his pretty mother and his big father. But before anyone had a chance to say anything, Baby Gloria walked right up to Charlie and gave him a big, fat hug. Then Harold took them all for a ride through Grant Park. And then he and the boy got out of the car and stood for a while near the Lake and talked. And what they said, nobody will ever know. Because even Charlie's mother respected the greatest moment of her son's life. And left the boy alone with his idol.

And now Charlie has his old brave bright smile again. The kind of smile that only comes when a boy's beliefs are untarnished. And when a boy's heart—like the knight Sir Galahad's—is pure.

That's one reason why people like Harold Lloyd.